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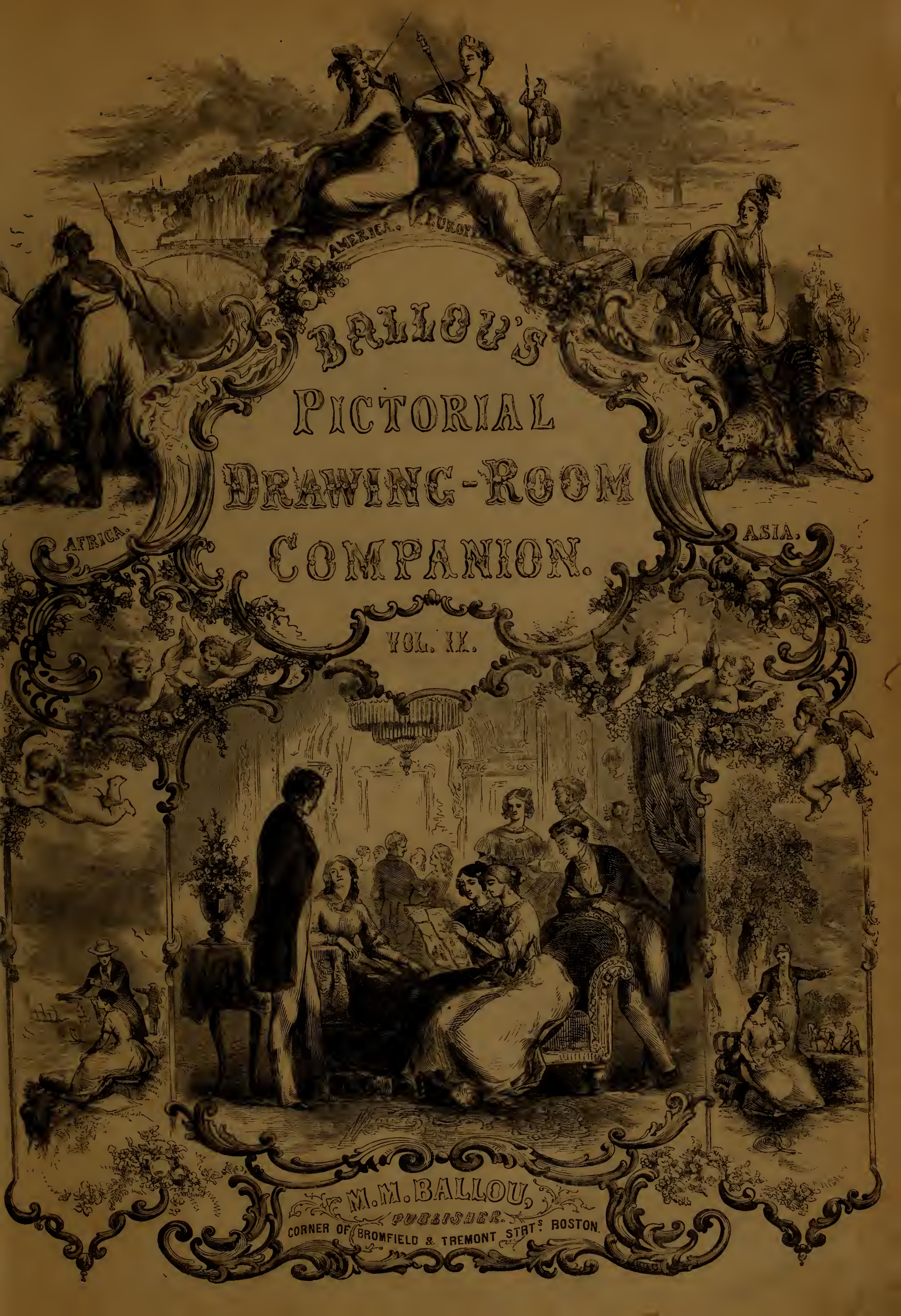
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AMERICA. EUROPE.

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BALLOU'S
PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM
COMPANION.

VOL. IX.

M.M. BALLOU,
PUBLISHER.
CORNER OF BROMFIELD & TREMONT STS. BOSTON.



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6 CENTS SINGLE.

WASHINGTON TAKING COMMAND AT CAMBRIDGE.

The second of July, 1775, was a day of the deepest import to our country. On that day, George Washington, entrusted by the Continental Congress with the chief command of the American army, and thus made the foremost man of the Revolution, entered upon the active duties of his office, and was received with enthusiasm by the little band of heroes assembled at Cambridge. Mr. Warren, the artist, has caught the spirit of the scene which Irving has thus described in a few graphic lines. "As he entered the confines of the camp, the shouts of the multitude and the thundering of artillery gave note to the enemy beleaguered in Boston, of his arrival. His military reputation had preceded him and ex-

cited great expectations. They were not disappointed. His personal appearance, notwithstanding the dust of travel, was calculated to captivate the public eye; as he rode through the camp amidst a throng of officers, he was the admiration of the soldiery and of a curious throng collected from the surrounding country. Happy was the countryman who could get a full view of him to carry home an account of it to his neighbors. 'I have been much gratified this day, with a view of General Washington,' writes a contemporary chronicler. 'His excellency was on horseback, accompanied by several military gentlemen. It was not difficult to distinguish him from all others. He is tall and well proportioned, and his personal appearance truly noble and majestic.' The fair

sex were still more enthusiastic in their admiration, it we may judge from the following passage of a letter written by the accomplished wife of John Adams, to her husband. "Dignity, ease and complacency, the gentleman and the soldier, look agreeably blended in him. Modesty marks every line and feature of his face. Those lines of Dryden instantly occurred to me:

'Mark his majestic fabric! He's a temple
Sacred by birth, and built by hands divine;
His soul's the deity that lodges there;
Nor is the pile unworthy of the god!'

The incident we have illustrated marks the commencement of Washington's career in the service of his country. How gloriously was the promise given by his bearing redeemed!



WASHINGTON TAKING COMMAND OF THE ARMY AT CAMBRIDGE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DUCAL CORONET:

—OR—

THE HEIR AND THE USURPER.

A ROMANCE OF ITALY IN THE 16TH CENTURY.

BY ARTHUR MORTON, A. M.

CHAPTER I.

THE VILLA AND ITS INMATES.

"Dear brother, do leave your pencils and your palette, and come forth upon the terrace with me and see the glorious sunset."

These words were addressed by a beautiful girl to a person, who, though still young, was many years her elder, and who, clad in a dark velvet tunic and wearing a cap of the same material, sat before an easel in a darkened apartment, busily engaged in the completion of a female head of exquisite loveliness. The earnest speaker, though a daughter of Italy, had not the dark eyes and hair and the deep complexion that usually characterize her countrywomen. On the contrary, her skin was white and transparent as the marble of Carrara, her eyes light blue, and her hair flowing in waves of gold over her shoulders. It was the Saxon type of beauty. Still her figure, though she could scarcely have seen eighteen summers, had that full and early development which only belongs to the daughters of the south. Her brother, though resembling her somewhat, had the true national stamp in the manly beauty of his face. His hair was black as a midnight wave and escaped from his cap in broad statuesque curls; his eyes were dark and lustrous, his complexion very dark, and his features pure in outline, though bold and striking. His figure, as he rose to his feet, and laid aside the implements of his calling or amusement, appeared tall and well moulded, and there was something almost regal in the grace of his attitude and movement.

"You are ever my dear, judicious monitress," he replied, with a smile. "It is getting too dark to paint, and I am afraid my last touches have rather injured my performance. What say you, Estella?"

"You never do anything amiss, Giulio," answered the fond girl, "and I see nothing but perfection in that lovely face. But you have never told me the subject. Is it a Madonna? The meek expression—the soft, pitying purity of those eyes—would make me think so, and yet the dress is almost of our times."

"It is not a Madonna," replied Giulio, with a half sigh.

"Who is it then? There is a strange fascination in the face. Is it a dream or a memory?"

"It is painted from recollection."

"Then, brother, sometime you shall show me the original."

"You will never see her on earth, Estella," said the painter, sadly, as he drew a curtain before his picture, after a last, lingering gaze at his handiwork. "But come—or we shall lose the golden glory of the sunset."

The brother and sister left the apartment, descended a stairway, and stood upon the highest terrace of the villa of Monte Rosa. It was an old edifice with two square towers built of stone, and perched upon a little plateau, near the summit of a considerable elevation of land, and facing the south. Behind it rose a dark forest that crowned the mountain. Before it, terrace on terrace, planted with fruit trees, with vines and flowering shrubs, with here and there a white vase gleaming among the shrubbery, the territory descended, till the garden merged in a wide tract devoted to agriculture, and far down in the valley was seen a cluster of peasants' cottages, reflected in the river that flowed through it, while the land again rose abruptly and wooded on the other side of the valley, nearly to the height of Monte Rosa. From the latter, a brawling torrent, affluent in numerous springs, descended to meet the river in many a turbulent cascade, crossed here and there by rustic bridges, built rather for ornament than use, for the stream was but a single pace in breadth. The whole scene was suffused now in the matchless glow of an Italian sunset, which burned in the west in cloudless glory, bronzed the heavy woods and feathery shrubs, and made the mountain torrent and the river in the valley glow like streams of molten gold.

"Estella," said the young man, after they had both gazed for some moments in silent admiration on the scene, "how poorly does a scene like this make us think of art! How impossible it is for the pencil and the colors to counterfeit glories like those before us! The world is enraptured at the master's landscape—but he himself feels how far short he falls of the original, and blushes at the praises of his skill."

"And yet you devote many hours to your art, brother."

"Yes—I require variety of occupation. I cannot always be in the fields, superintending my laborers, nor in the forest hunting the boar, nor in the plain flying my hawk. I should find time hang heavy at those seasons when the weather confines me within doors, were it not for some such pursuit."

"Yes—you would soon tire of my poor company," said the girl, reproachfully.

"Never, dearest Estella," replied the young man, "never, unless I were weary of myself—and Heaven knows that happens frequently enough."

"Then you must have some secret grief, Giulio, that you have never imparted to me. I confide all my thoughts to you—but you—you are moody and abstracted oftentimes. Surely you are not poor?"

"Poverty is one of the lighter ills we have to contend with. No, Estella, I—rather we—have broad and productive lands, that my skill has increased tenfold in value since I came into posses-

sion of them; my peasants are industrious, contented, and love me; there is a bit of forest, where, on my own soil, I can hunt the wild boar, and none to forbid the ringing of my bugle and the footfall of my steed."

"Why, we are rich, brother!"

"Wealth is comparative, Estella. If I look below me, I am rich indeed; if above me, I am poor."

"Then why not look below?" asked Estella.

"Because I come of a race trained like the eagles, to look upward—not to the lowly valley with its miserable peasants' huts—but to the mountain height crowned with feudal battlements, over which the silken banner blazoned with arms in gold embroidery, flaps defiance at the foe."

"I, too, have been taught to look upward," said Estella, meekly; "but I look beyond the battlement and banner, and see only the serene smile of heaven itself."

At that instant the sound of a convent bell from the valley far below them, stole upward like a prayer. Both of the listeners bowed to its influence, and side by side they kneeled and prayed. When their devotions were ended, Giulio led his sister to a seat, and then said:

"You questioned me just now about your picture—Estella, it is the image of your mother. Who scarcely saw you, sister," continued the young man, with emotion. "The date of your birth was that of her death. She but pressed her wan lips to yours, gave you to our father's arms and died."

"And our father?"

"He followed our sainted mother to the grave in a few weeks, broken-hearted. His last request was that you might be educated in the convent of Our Lady of Merce. At the age of sixteen you were to decide whether you would come out into a world so full of trouble, or pass the remainder of your life with the peaceful sisters. I need not say with what joy I learned that you wished to abandon your life of seclusion, and with what delight I welcomed to the walls of Monte Rosa, as its mistress, so charming a companion."

"And it may please you to know that your little sister is perfectly happy here, Giulio."

"Perfectly?"

"Except when I see a shadow on your brow, brother. But you have only told me half your tale. Your skill has produced on canvass an image of our mother—so that I already know her features by heart—you must paint our father one day, but in the meanwhile, tell me what manner of man he was."

"He was taller than I am, Estella, and erect as a standard staff. As I remember him, his close cut curls were black with threads of silver. Splendor of attire well became the elegance of his person—but to my eyes he never looked so glorious as when he was sheathed in steel from head to foot, and reined with a light hand the barbed steed that curvetted beneath his weight."

"Then he was a soldier?"

"Ay—Estella, and a leader of soldiers—while I—I only command a few peaceful peasants, and perform no higher achievement than couching my spear against the spring of a wild boar."

"Is war the only pursuit worthy of man's attention, brother?" asked Estella, reproachfully.

"No, dearest, there are other spheres worthy of ambition. There is the council chamber. Is it not something to manage the affairs of a wide territory—to develop the resources of numerous subjects—to foil the cunning of neighboring potentates—to make wise laws, and, what is more, to enforce them? I administer a little estate—my father ruled over a wide domain: I am lord of Monte Rosa—my father was duke of Parma."

"Our father is dead—why are not you duke of Parma?"

"Because a villain has stolen my right, Estella; because the Parmese ducal coronet rests on the brows of an usurper."

"And that usurper?"

"Francisco Veroni—our father's brother, our uncle, a man that our poor father loaded with favors, with whom he shared his heart and purse, his table and his palace. It were long to tell you, Estella, how, even during the life of our father, that bold, bad man tampered with the people and the troops—how the odium of every severe measure was made to rest upon our father's shoulders, the merit of every favor claimed by this man. You cannot yet understand the wiles and machinations and treacheries of bad men. Here it is needless that you should do so—did we enjoy our rights it would become you to study them."

"Then I thank Heaven I am not princess of Parma," said Estella, fervently.

"Hush! hush! Estella. Do not tell me that now I have given you a glimpse at the glories from which we have fallen, you are content to lead this ignoble life here."

"I have known no other. Let me enjoy it. And now that I have the secret of your unrest, dear brother, let me conjure you to lay aside all thoughts of your wrongs and the evil deeds of others, and adapt yourself to your present condition."

"I have essayed to do so," replied Giulio. "And since you came hither, I thought I had succeeded, and that Giulio Brigaldi—for my ancestral name, even, was denied me—the painter, farmer, vine-dresser, hunter and student, might be quite as happy a man as the wearer of the ducal coronet of Parma. But I am afraid I have deceived myself—a single spark suffices to kindle the pride of birth and fire of ambition. I am ready to gnaw my heart out like a prisoned wolf—and you know I am a prisoner, Estella."

"How so, dear brother?"

"The usurper assigned me this domain, banishing me from his court, and forbidding me to enter a foreign service. Hence the glorious career of arms and the equally glorious career of diplomacy are closed against me. I must vegetate here, within a brief

ride of his capital, so that if I show the slightest symptom of rebellion, his bravoes can surround me and make me prisoner. Malediction! what a defence I could make here, if my peasants had not hearts of hares. I could easily turn the parapet of the villa into battlements and plant them with culverins, loophole the walls for musketry, have a store of rocks to roll down on the invaders, and then, if it came to the worst, and they overcame my defenses, it would be but a match to the magazine, and good-by to Monte Rosa."

"O, pray, brother!" said Estella, "do not abandon yourself to these wild fancies. Do not try to fancy you are unhappy here—and if you dwell on the usurpation, remember that in its own good time Heaven punishes the wicked and rewards the good. We have many blessings, if we do not have power—let us enjoy them."

"You are right, dear sister," said Giulio, "and I stand rebuked. My wild fit has passed, and my ordinary philosophical mood returned. I was ungrateful—I am no longer so. But the oists are rising from the valley, and there is a chill in the air. Go in. Blame me not if my bugle breaks your slumbers at an early hour to-morrow. I am bound for the chase."

CHAPTER II.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN.—THE DUKE AND THE EQUEERY.

From country to city, from the villa to the palace—let us hasten on the swift wings of fancy. At sunset we stood upon the slope of Monte Rosa: the night has passed—morning, bright, dewy and effulgent, has dawned upon the earth, and we have now passed the threshold of the most closely-guarded apartment of all Parma—the cabinet of its duke. In the hall without, halberdiers are pacing to and fro: night and day they keep watch and ward over the repose of their sovereign lord. In that hall, from night-fall to day-dawn torches blaze in their sockets, throwing their ruddy glare upon steel corslets and gleaming pikes. When the prince goes forth, it is between walls of steel—troops line the streets when he rides abroad. And when he goes to church, clad in the silken and velvet robes of his rank, and wearing, to the popular eye, a serene and smiling aspect, next to his heart he wears a coat of Milan steel, curiously fashioned by a cunning artificer, and so finely wrought and tempered as to turn the point of an assassin's dagger, should any impious hand be raised against the life of the Lord's anointed. And Francisco Veroni, duke of Parma, sees that hand raised at every moment of his life—for the imagination of an unjust man is ever haunted by spectres. Guilt is constantly conjuring up the phantom of retribution. Sumptuous is the fire beneath the weight of which his table groans; yet fears he that death lurks in the tempting viands spread before him; so that of no dish dares he partake until his chamberlain has first eaten of its contents. Yet he has for some years enjoyed his usurped authority unchallenged. No attempt upon his life has yet been made. His brother's son lives in exile, and no powerful friends have raised their voices in his behalf. Why then, should not Duke Francisco eat, drink and be merry? Because for the criminal there is no real enjoyment, because the worm that never dies cannot be quieted by music, by feasting, by wine, by pomp or luxury.

But let us pass the threshold of his cabinet. It is sumptuously furnished: hangings of crimson velvet with gold bullion fringes swing from the gilded cornice to the floor, curiously wrought in mosaic of many colored and perfumed woods. Against this dark background stand, on richly carved pedestals, beautiful statues of snowy marble, some the handiwork of modern artists, others the work of those immortal Greek sculptors whose skill has never yet been equalled. The daylight streams in many colors through a high window of stained glass; the furniture is richly carved and gilded; every article is costly and tasteful.

In a richly carved chair, beneath a splendid canopy, sat a man past the middle age, attired in a robe of purple velvet richly embroidered with gold, one hand resting on the arm of his chair, the other playing with the chased hilt of a dagger. The long locks that escaped from his velvet cap were thickly threaded with gray, yet there was nothing venerable in his aspect. He was approaching the confines of age, without deriving from years that dignity which commands reverential homage. His features were regular and even noble, yet there was a sinister expression in the mouth and eye, a mingled sensuality and cruelty which chilled and repelled the observer without awing him. His dark eyes rolled restlessly in their orbits, and there was an habitual contraction of the brows which indicated physical or mental pain.

The Duke of Parma was not alone. Standing before him in an attitude of respectful deference, was a young man of fine figure and handsome countenance, with bright hazel eyes, rich brown curly hair and mustache, and a glow of health in his cheeks which contrasted strongly with the sallow and livid hue of the duke. The young man held a plumed hat in his left hand, and wore a pair of golden spurs upon his heels, for he was the duke's equerry or master of the horse, as well as a relative. He bore the name of Ferrado Montaldo.

"How slept your grace last night?" inquired the master of horse.

"As usual, kinsman," replied the duke, who generally adopted a familiar tone in his private conversations with this young man. "Sleep and I are becoming strangers. Or if sleep, coaxed by the wine cup, does visit my eyelids, it comes attended by such a troop of dreams, that, faith! I prefer a wakeful night."

"Your grace must be unwell."

"My physicians tell me otherwise. They say I have no bodily ailment. Yet they tell me I must take more exercise. How is the weather to-day? Does it promise well for our sport?"

"A glorious morning, my lord. There's not a cloud in the sky. You will trace the falcon in his flight far up in the stainless blue, and lose not a motion of his wing as he sweeps upon his prey."

"And you bade the huntsmen be in readiness?"

"The whole train has been ordered, my lord. Your attendants are already in the saddle. The beaters are ready for their work. The falconers sit with the hooded hawks upon their wrists, and black Astolfo is stamping with impatience in the court-yard."

"And our daughter, the Princess Margarita?" asked the duke.

"She hath signified her intention of riding forth with us," replied the equerry, "and her horse is saddled beside yours. We shall have glorious sport, my lord. In what direction will you be pleased to ride?"

"Towards Monte Rosa."

"The villa of Giulio Veroni?"

"That name?" cried the duke, a dark frown, like a cloud, passing over his sinister countenance. "No one now bears the name of Veroni but myself. But you mean," he added, with an attempt at a smile, "Brigaldi—the untitled tiller of the soil, the amateur dauber, the exile, my hopeful nephew. To think his dotting father once dreamed of bestowing the coronet of Parma on his brows!" Ferrado looked down and was silent.

"Why are you so mute, man? stricken dumb in a moment!" pursued the duke. "Are you thinking that this boy ought to have filled the throne we occupy?"

"Nay, my lord, I was thinking only of the ordering of the hunt to-day."

"I believe on my honor your soul is utterly engrossed with your employment. It is well. I would have such men about me," said the duke. "Yet you must help me in my need in other ways than seeing that I am well mounted. Know, then, Ferrado, that something more than chasing the heron and hunting the wild boar enters into my plans to-day."

"Indeed, my lord?"

"Yes—and it is fitting that I give you some inkling of the part that you are to play."

"Your grace may always command my poor services."

"Of course, my good kinsman—for have I not made you all that you are? I found you a poor relative; I have given you rank, occupation and emolument. You are not overtaxed. Your purse is ever full, you wear fine apparel, you ride forth as well mounted and appointed as myself. There is no limit to the fortune of a man on whom the sunshine of a prince's favor falls. When he inclines to wed, he may raise his eyes to any height. Ay, my good Ferrado, even should he covet the hand of a princess." The duke watched his equerry narrowly as he uttered the last words with marked emphasis, and smiled slightly as he noted the color mounting in the young man's cheek, and animation sparkling in his eyes. "Tell me," he continued, "could you have hoped for any such fortune, had yonder exile ruled over Parma instead of myself?"

"Your grace has been my benefactor—my best friend—I owe you all!" replied the equerry. "Only tell me in what way I can serve you. My head, my heart and my hand—every faculty of my being—are yours."

"I trust you—I trust you entirely," said the duke. "You shall see that I place implicit confidence in you. Come nearer, Ferrado. Think you my throne is firmly established?"

"It is impregnable," answered the equerry.

"And yet the rightful heir lives!" said the duke.

"Your authority is acknowledged without a murmur. Your brother's hold upon the people was weakened before he died. The nobles, the masses, acquiesced in the bold step by which you grasped the reins of power and gave them a firm government. Even the duke of Milan did not protest against it. Surely, after so long an undisturbed enjoyment of your authority, you cannot now doubt its stability!"

"My brother's son yet lives."

"He lives in exile," replied the equerry, "in contented exile, so says the popular rumor. He divides his time between the culture of the lands your grace's bounty bestowed on him, the sports of the chase, and the pursuits of an artist. His vineyards are flourishing, his rooms are crowded with pictures by his own hand—would this be the case if he were a discontented, ambitious aspirant?"

"You reason well, Ferrado," said the duke.

"And again—must he not feel that he owes his liberty and life to your grace's favor?"

"You remind me," said the duke, gloomily, "that I might have held him in a dungeon, or given his head to the block."

"Pardon me, your grace, but extreme measures like those, would not, in my opinion, have been politic, granting that self-preservation authorized your adopting them. Instead of martyrdom, you gave him exile—instead of a dungeon, an estate. It was the wisest plan—it disarmed his friends."

"They are only quiet, Ferrado, so long as he is contented."

"And he is so, my lord. Report speaks him quiet and happy."

"We must not trust to hearsay," said the duke. "And this brings me to my project. We shall hunt to-day in the direction of Monte Rosa."

"We shall find the game abundant, my liege."

"No matter for the game—that is merely a secondary object. You must contrive to separate yourself from us and to penetrate the enchanted abode of the exile."

"That is not difficult, my lord. It is protected by neither walls nor gates."

"You must contrive to see this Giulio—and that by chance. Let it not appear to be a premeditated interview. You have strayed from your companions, you will say, you are thirsty and

crave a cup of wine; frame any plausible tale that may occur to you as an apology. Speak to him; win his confidence, as you know how to win it—and learn his feelings, his views and his intentions."

"My life upon it, my lord, that you will find him contented with his lot."

"Pray Heaven, it be so; for his sake as well as mine," said the duke. "If it be otherwise, I will find a way to crush this young englet. I have tasted the sweets of power, and will not abandon them except with life. Ferrado, I have not forgotten the old life I led as a dependent on the bounty of my brother. Think you I could bear to resign this state, the environment of guards, the salutations of the people, the wealth of the treasure-house, and all that wealth procures me? No—though there be dreams that haunt my slumbers—though there be phantom shapes that stand and mock me in the shadows of the hangings when night comes down upon the palace—though I see the shadow of the assassin falling across my path."

"These are but evil dreams, my lord."

"They are! they are!" cried the duke. "They vanish in broad daylight, do they not? Wine has the power to dispel them, has it not?"

With these words the duke raised a golden goblet, brimming with wine, from the table, and carried it to his lips. But as he was about to drink, he shuddered and turned deadly pale.

"Ferrado," he said, almost imploringly, and extending the goblet to him, "will you be my taster?"

"Willingly, my lord," replied the young man, and bowing low, he received the goblet from the hands of the sovereign, and quaffed a draught from it before returning it.

"Behold one of the conditions of high estate," said the duke, with a bitter smile. "The peasant churl drinks without a fear of the juice of his vine—but the crowned monarch must timorously sip the leavings of a subject's cup. Envy me, Ferrado. To your health."

The duke drank off the wine and set down the empty goblet on the table.

"There is fire in that Xeres," said he. "It warms my blood. And now to horse. I will drive these shadows from my brain."

Escorted by his equerry, and joined by his nobles in the ante-chamber, the duke of Parma descended through glittering files of halberdiers to the court-yard, which presented an animated scene—horses pawing with impatience, dogs yelling in their leashes, plumes waving, spurs jingling, and hawk-bells tinkling on the trained falcons. Radiant in beauty and brilliant in attire, Margarita, the duke's daughter, sat upon her snow white palfrey, which she reined with consummate grace. The duke saluted her kindly as he vaulted into his saddle. The bugles rang out a merry blast, the great gates of the court-yard were thrown wide open, and forth rode the trampling cavalcade amidst the vivas of the populace of Parma. Ah, how few of the envious crowd that gazed upon that goodly company were aware that beneath those smooth brows and smiling lips lurked agony and care? The countenance of the duke himself was particularly radiant, and he lavished his sunniest smiles upon his loyal subjects.

CHAPTER III.

THE FAIRIES' GLEN.

ON one of the sides of Monte Rosa was a glen, a deep furrow ploughed by the hand of nature, and extending far down the mountain side. It was a singularly romantic place. The luxuriant soil that covered its sides had given birth to a multitude of trees, embracing every variety peculiar to the latitude. They clustered on the ridges of the ravine, and stealing down into its depths, plunged their strong roots into its dark, stony heart, so that even at noonday, there were points in the glen where the green arch overhead was so dense as to be almost impervious to sunlight and to make a midnight in the lonely dell. But it could never be said to be gloomy. From early dawn the birds were singing in the leaves, and after sunset the plaintive nightingale took up the thread of melody, and continued it till morning. Nor was this the only music of this enchanted spot. From the head of the glen poured down a little mountain streamlet, now springing like a chamois from rock to rock, now gliding swiftly and noiselessly along like a bright serpent, now scattering into a hundred threads, and now united in a broad circling pool. The pool was often black as night with tree shadows, but sometimes a gleam of sunshine penetrating the interstices of the foliage, would dart into the sullen water, revealing its very depths, just as a sudden glimpse of fortune in the life of a lonely man brings forth qualities, the existence of which you never suspected. It would have been a weird place at midnight but for the smiles of the moon, whose light trembled in patches on the surface like glimmering silver fish. But the loneliness of the fairies' glen, for so it was called, was not unfrequently invaded. In the pool the heron came to drink, but scared by a sudden noise would expand his wings and glide away, his long legs trailing behind him, for a bridle road wound through the whole extent of the glen, which it entered by the summit, and following the course of the stream in a zigzag direction, crossed a rustic bridge that had been thrown over the torrent and then came down the other side of the water. Unlike the passage of Avernus, the ascent of this road was safe and easy, the descent precipitous and even dangerous.

The reader will now suppose himself transported into the heart of this lovely and romantic glen on the very morning ushered in by the last chapter. The place was as solitary as if the foot of man had never intruded there, and indeed, the evidences of his handiwork in the bridge across the stream and in the road were so slight that you might imagine that both had been produced by

the unaided will of nature. The rustic bridge might have been a clump of trees casually thrown across the water by a tempest; the road might have been the dry furrow tracing the path of some former torrent. The small birds twittered among the dewy branches, the fishes leaped in the pool, breaking the dark steel mirror into silvery flashes, and overhead, seen through the opening of the trees formed by the little lake, the sky was serene and cloudless. It looked an unwritten page of Arcadia. The hush was that sort of summer stillness which is not absolute silence—for as gentle airs stirred now and then, the leaves whispered to each other, and myriads of insect wings made their small music heard. The throbbing of the great heart of nature is always audible, except in those lonely deserts or those Siberian wastes where she appears at times to be parched or frozen to death. Still, if not perfectly silent, the murmur of the stream was slumberous and quiet. A deer might have drank fearlessly of the water without once pausing to listen if danger were at hand.

Suddenly there swept across the pool the shadow of wings. A large bird darted over it, and instantly glided off over the upper part of the glen. Swift as an arrow from a bow followed a second bird in pursuit—a small, fierce creature of the hawk species—and almost simultaneously a horse crashed through the branches at full gallop. The rider was a bold one who forced him across the stream and up the rocky bank, but that rider was a woman. With her long hair floating on the breeze created by the rapidity of her motion, her eyes flashing like diamonds with excitement, her rosy lips parted, the Princess Margarita followed the course of the heron and the falcon up the glen. Without a moment's hesitation she dashed over the bridge that a man would have crossed warily on foot, and disappeared through the trees.

"Heavens! she will be lost, if she rides at that rate," cried a man, emerging from the bushes. He was dressed in a hunting-suit of green velvet, with a silver bugle hanging at his side, a white plume in his hat and a light spear in his hand. It was no other than Giulio Brigaldi.

"I should have warned her," he added, addressing a companion who now made his appearance.

The second comer was fantastically attired in a parti-colored dress of red and yellow. On his head he wore a cap of the same colors, decked with silver bells, the token of his calling, for this queer personage was no other than a fool, or jester, in those days an indispensable attendant of a man of rank.

"I should have warned her, should I not, Tonio?" he repeated.

"To what purpose, master of mine?" replied Tonio. "They say a wilful man must have his own way, and I am sure on't, a wilful woman must. You can as soon stop a runaway horse with a bit of straw and a rein of packthread, as hinder a woman from following her whimsies."

"You malign them, knave. You are always speaking ill of women."

"It is but returning the compliment, then," said the jester.

"Go up the glen, sirrah," said Giulio, "and post yourself in the pathway at the stone cross, and warn the lady or any other rider, not to return by this road. It were perilous."

"To think of my running after a woman to hinder her breaking her neck!" said Tonio to himself, as he scrambled up the rocky pathway and disappeared in the distance to execute his master's mandate.

Giulio leaned upon his spear musingly.

"What a vision of beauty!" thought he. "Who would have dreamed of these solitudes being blessed with such a dazzling image? Who could she be? she was splendidly attired, and in her cap she wore gems worth a duke's ransom. Yet they were dim in the brightness of her eyes."

As he gazed mechanically in the direction which the lady had taken, the sky was suddenly darkened. Down swept the heron with the falcon above him in full pursuit.

"Bravely flown, my gallant hawk!" cried Giulio, the ardor of the sportsman banishing every other emotion for the moment.

But the current of his thought was speedily changed by the re-appearance of the princess. She came down the dangerous path at full speed, with a careless rein, her eyes raised to view the progress of the chase. Giulio dared not shout a warning, for fear of startling her horse. He could but wait the result of her rashness in breathless agony. The horse passed the bridge safely, but at the sudden turn of the rocky path, he missed his footing, fell, and as he rolled over, the fair rider was thrown into the torrent, and instantly swept like a floating feather to the pool. The whole scene occupied scarcely a minute, and almost before that period had elapsed, Giulio had plunged into the lake and seizing the precious waif had borne her in safety to the bank. How he hung over her lovely face, watching her return to consciousness! It was not long before she opened her eyes, and perceiving a stranger bending over, the color mounted to her late pallid cheeks.

"Where am I?" she asked, gazing around her.

"Safe, lady," answered Giulio. "But I fear the consequences of this plunge in the cold stream."

"Nay—it was but an unasked-for bath. Nature is bountiful to me," said the princess, with a slight smile.

"But your garments are dripping," answered Giulio.

"The sun will dry them," replied the lady.

"Nay, lady. If you will permit me to offer you the poor shelter of my house, your wants shall be cared for."

"It matters not, signor. I must rejoin my friends," said the lady. "Where is Orlando?"

The question annoyed Giulio. Was he already in love? Did his heart beat at the mention of a supposed rival?

"Orlando?" he repeated.

"Ay, signor—my horse."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

himself in the presence of the Swiss. Those artists have succeeded best and shown the most intimate knowledge of human nature, who have represented the Father of his Country "in his habit as he lived," not as a Roman consul or a Greek archon. The dress which a man has worn acquires something of his personality. Thus we recognize a friend at a distance by the air of his garments long before we can distinguish his features. The garb of a hero becomes a part of history, and as we gaze upon the articles he has worn, when happily they have been preserved from the ravages of time, we seem to acquire a more perfect conception of the man; imagination and memory supplying a distinct image of the form on which they have rested. Hence it is no idle or unworthy curiosity which impels us to study and to prize these relics of the past. Of the relics of Washington, depicted on this page, some are preserved in the Patent Office at Washington, and others belong to the corporation of Alexandria, Virginia, and are deposited in a room over the market house of that city. We have first the coat of Washington. It is of the old revolutionary cut, and made of blue cloth, with collars, cuffs and facings of buff, and gilt buttons. The vest and small-clothes are represented in another engraving. Below the coat are seen a chair, staff, small sword and belt which belonged to Washington. Lower down are sketches of the bier upon which his honored remains were taken to the tomb at Mount Vernon, and the flag of his Life-guard. On the other side of the page are his masonic chair, regalia and emblems. All these objects, originally of small intrinsic value, are now priceless. They are gazed upon yearly by thousands of our countrymen, and by strangers from abroad, for the fame and the love of Washington belongs to the whole world. In him and through him, all humanity was dignified, and the memory of the "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen," is cherished by the friends of freedom in the old world almost as reverentially as by the freemen of the new. If virtue be regarded as an indispensable element of greatness, as it undoubtedly should be, then our Washington stands on record as the greatest man that ever lived. Cromwell was great—Napoleon was great—in intellect unapproachable, but there are dark spots on the lustre of their reputation. Personal ambition sullied the character of these wonderful men, and darkened the close of their career. But Washington



COAT OF WASHINGTON.

REVOLUTIONARY RELICS.

We present our readers, on this page, with accurate drawings of some of the relics of the revolution—humble objects in themselves, but deeply interesting, nay sacred, from association. We all know how closely identified the garment becomes with the wearer.



RELICS OF WASHINGTON.

The mantle of the dead Caesar exhibited by Mark Antony moved his countrymen to "mutiny and rage." The gray surtout and cocked hat of Napoleon were enough of themselves to set all Paris in a ferment; the cap of Gessler was made to represent



WASHINGTON'S BIER—BODY GUARD FLAG.



FLAG OF MORGAN'S REGIMENT—RICHMOND RIFLE RANGERS' FLAG—CAMP CHEST—PACK SADDLE.

was from first to last free from the slightest taint of selfishness. Moreover, his "modesty was equal to his merit." From his lips never fell a syllable about his "mission." He never claimed to be a "man of destiny," not even when he had emerged unscathed from the rifle balls of Braddock's defeat. Love of country was his ruling passion, steadfastness of purpose the secret of his success. The victor of the enemies of his country, he was master of himself. Undazzled by the tempting offers of friend and foe, he accepted at the hands of his grateful countrymen only their authority to serve them, and he resigned that authority into the hands of his countrymen, when his term of service had expired, without a regret. History has no other record of self-denial like this. In the centre of this page are sketches of the flag of General Morgan's regiment, the Richmond Rifle Rangers' flag, carried at the siege of Yorktown, a leathern camp chest and a pack-saddle. Daniel Morgan, whose flag we have here displayed, was one of the bravest soldiers of the revolution. He was born in New Jersey in 1738. At the age of seventeen, he accompanied Braddock as a teamster in his fatal campaign against the French and Indians. For an alleged insult to a British officer, he received five hundred lashes without flinching, and an apology for the wrong done him with equal indifference. He afterwards received a commission in the provincial army, made the acquaintance of Washington, and distinguished himself by his bravery and adroitness in fighting the Indians. In 1775 he received a captaincy from Congress, and with ninety-six rifles, the germ of his famous rifle regiment, marched to Boston. He was in the van of Arnold's perilous and trying expedition to Canada in the autumn of 1775, and at the siege of Quebec, took command when the leader was wounded. Though he fought desperately, he was made prisoner, and such was the enemy's respect for his courage, that he was offered a colonelcy in the British army, which he indignantly refused. Arnold, the American leader in that expedition, was afterwards made a brigadier general by King George, subsequently to his treason at West Point. When restored by exchange to the American lines, Morgan was made a colonel, and did good service with his regiment of riflemen. He was next promoted to a brigadier generalship and marched to the South. Here he performed his most brilliant exploit, the defeat of the British under Tarleton at the Cowpens, January 17, 1781. For that service he received the thanks of the nation by a vote of Congress, and a gold medal. He died full of years and honors, July 6, 1800. The last engraving on this page represents two glorious trophies—the upper one a flag taken at Yorktown, at the surrender of Cornwallis, and a camp chest and flag captured from the Hessians at Trenton.



DRESS OF WASHINGTON.



WASHINGTON'S MASONIC CHAIR—INSIGNIA OF OFFICE.



FLAG TAKEN AT YORKTOWN—FLAG TAKEN FROM THE HESSIANS—CAMP CHEST.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Our artist has presented us with a spirited sketch of an event which, at this period of universal national rejoicing, is uppermost in the popular mind, an event which "opened a new page in the history of the world." The prominent actors in this thrilling scene of a great historical drama can be no more forgotten than the deed itself, which pledged their lives, fortunes and honor in their country's service. Hancock, Jefferson, Adams, and their noble compeers, are figures which the pencil of the artist will never tire of repeating. "It was the wish of Mr. Adams," says Edward Everett (Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson), "and probably of Mr. Jefferson, that independence should be declared in the fall of 1775, but the country seemed not then ripe for the measure. At length the accepted time arrived. In May, 1776, the colonies, on the proposition of Mr. Adams, were invited by the General Congress to establish their several State governments. On the seventh of June, the resolution of independence was moved by Richard Henry Lee. On the eleventh, a committee of five was chosen to announce this resolution to the world, and Thomas Jefferson and John Adams stood at the head of this committee. From their designation by ballot to this most honorable duty, their prominent standing in the Congress might alone be inferred. In their amicable deference each to the other, respecting the great trust of

of the times, was not publicly and generally entertained until a few months before the adoption of the Declaration. Patrick Henry espoused the idea, and enthusiastically predicted its adoption in 1773; but in the Congress of 1774, no such extreme measure was broached. Loyalty and the hope of reconciliation were still adhered to. But the events of 1775 produced a change in the popular mind. The occupation of Boston by armed hirelings, the events of April 19 and June 17 rapidly ripened public sentiment to a consummation that became inevitable. In his pamphlet, entitled "Common Sense," published early in 1776, scattered broadcast through the country, read by the troops at their bivouacs, by the yeomen at their firesides, and commented on by speakers at town meetings, Thomas Paine employed language that admitted of no misconstruction. He declared himself emphatically in favor of independence, and he justified his conclusion by impregnable logic and undeniable facts. "It matters very little now," he says, in his bold, direct manner, "what the king of England either says or does, he hath wickedly broken through every moral and human obligation, trampled nature and conscience beneath his feet, and by a steady and constitutional spirit of insolence and cruelty, procured for himself a universal hatred. It is now for the interest of America to provide for herself. She hath already a large and young family, whom it is more her duty to take care of, than to be

east the die by proposing the following resolution: "That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; and that all political connection between us and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved." John Adams immediately seconded the resolution, and thus Massachusetts and Virginia stood shoulder to shoulder in the momentous crisis. The resolution was taken up three days afterwards, and then postponed till the first of July, a committee being appointed to draft a declaration in the interval. That committee consisted of Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, John Adams of Massachusetts, Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania, Roger Sherman of Connecticut, and Robert R. Livingston of New York. Jefferson was the youngest member of the committee. To him was delegated the task of writing the Declaration, which by Mr. Lee's resolution was taken up in committee of the whole on the first of July, the chair being filled by Benjamin Harrison, father of William Henry Harrison, President of the United States in 1840. Jefferson's draft of the Declaration was debated, slightly modified and agreed to in the course of a three days' session. No record of that thrilling debate has come down, only some fragmentary reminiscences of the participants of the drama. The genius of Webster broke that silence by an imaginary eloquence, and his sentence, "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration!"



THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE REPORTED TO CONGRESS.

composing the all-important document, we witness their patriotic disinterestedness and their mutual respect. This trust devolved on Jefferson, and with it rests on him the imperishable renown of having penned the Declaration of Independence. To have been the instrument of expressing, in one brief, decisive act, the concentrated will and resolution of a whole family of States; of unfolding, in one all-important manifesto, the causes, the motives and the justification of this great movement in human affairs; to have been permitted to give the impress and peculiarity of his own mind to a charter of human right, destined, or, rather, let me say, already elevated to an importance, in the estimation of men, equal to anything human ever borne on parchment, or expressed in the visible signs of thought,—this is the glory of Thomas Jefferson. To have been among the first of those who foresaw and broke the way for this great consummation; to have been the mover of numerous decisive acts, its undoubted precursors; to have been among many able and generous spirits, united in this perilous adventure, by acknowledgment unsurpassed in zeal, and unequalled in ability; to have been exclusively associated with the author of the Declaration; and then, with a fervid and overwhelming eloquence, to have taken the lead in inspiring the Congress to adopt and proclaim it,—this is the glory of John Adams." The idea of a separation from the mother country, though unquestionably latent, for a long time previous, in the minds of the leading spirits

granting away her property to support a power which has become a reproach to men and Christians." The note of defiance was sounded, the colonies were not backward in repeating the challenge. North Carolina authorized her congressional delegation to concur in the Declaration of Independence; Massachusetts spoke in the same strain; Virginia directed her delegates to propose the measure; Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Hampshire were for the measure; the people of Pennsylvania sanctioned it; the Maryland convention forbade their delegates to vote for independence, but rescinded the prohibition at the instance of Charles Carroll and other patriots. The delegates in Congress from ten of the thirteen colonies were specially authorized to support the measure, which, when adopted, was universally ratified. On the 10th of May, 1776, the Congress "Resolved,—that it be recommended to the several assemblies and conventions of the united colonies, where no government sufficient to the exigencies of their affairs hath hitherto been established, to adopt such a government as shall, in the opinions of the representatives of the people, best conduce to the happiness and safety of their constituents in particular and Americans in general." A preamble to this resolution declared that it was "irreconcilable to reason and a good conscience for the colonists to take the oaths required for the support of the government under the crown of Great Britain." This was the initiative step, but it was reserved for Richard Henry Lee to

Living, it is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment—*independence now and independence forever!*" rings like the actual utterance of the patriotic lips to which he attributed the words. Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, is said to have exclaimed: "I should advise persisting in our struggle for liberty and independence, though it were revealed from Heaven that nine hundred and ninety-nine were to perish, and only one of a thousand were to survive and retain his liberty." When John Dickinson, who thought the Declaration premature, was urging delay, declaring that the people were not ripe for the measure, the Rev. Dr. Witherspoon replied: "Not ripe, sir! In my judgment, we are not only ripe but rotting! Almost every colony has dropped from its parent stem, and your own province, sir, needs no more sunshine to mature it." The Declaration was adopted, by a unanimous vote, a little past noon on the 4th of July. "Now, gentlemen," said the witty Dr. Franklin, to his colleagues, "we must all hang together, or we shall surely hang separately." The old bell, yet extant, and hanging in the cupola of the State House, at Philadelphia, pealed out the glad tidings to the gathered multitudes in the streets. There were no telegraphs in those days, but the news spread like wildfire. Fast as man could ride, the intelligence spread north, south, east and west, till the thirteen colonies were apprized that their representatives had been true to their trust, and a new empire was born into the world.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LITTLE TEACHERS.

BY H. D. L. WEBSTER.

Little things do teach us, often,
More than greater objects do:
Nestling low, in obscure places,
Lifting up their speaking faces—
Giving lessons ever new.

Yester morn, down in the meadow,
And while yet the grass was wet,
Blooming midst the scented clover,
Peeping up from its green cover,
Was a blue-eyed violet.

Dallying with a crystal dew-drop
It had caught when night was on,
Smiled this unambitious flower,
Teaching with unconscious power,
Unsupported and alone.

Little words are oft suggestive
More than learned essays are:
Oft convey correcter meaning
Than our speeches, which go glenning
In the mystic past afar.

Little children, that go laughing
Through the years of childhood sweet,
Serve us up lessons truer,
Questions, answers, fresher, newer,
Than from sages oft we get.

That "a little child should lead us—"
Does it strike us with surprise?
That a knowledge past our guessing,
Rich with prophecy and blessing,
Should gleam forth from those bright eyes?

Little things do teach us, often,
More than greater objects do:
Nestling low, in obscure places,
Speaking from their upturned faces
Lessons ever fresh and new.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RIVAL MAIDENS.

A STORY OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

CHAPTER I.

"Belle rose porporine,
Che tra spine
Sull' aurora non aprite."

Thus sang Niccolo Caneta, the goldsmith of Strada Colonna, as, bending over his work, he ever and anon threw a glance toward a back window of his shop. Through this window, albeit somewhat dimmed with dust, he could easily reconnoitre a little group whose pantomime possessed him, for the time being, with scarce less interest than did the fashioning of the jewel work before him. Now humming, stealthily, a line of song, now peering, with sharp eye, at the action of file and burnisher, and anon, with a lurking smile at the corner of his mouth, taking fresh note of the party out of door, the worthy smith made himself as busy as a bee.

"I faith," he said, as, at last, a shadow of impatience crossed his brow; "this 'prentice of mine finds more attractive stuff in yon damsel than he meets with in the shop. I think it well for my affairs that Messer Antonio and his daughter sojourn some few leagues from our city of Bologna. And yet I cannot blame the lad; for the girl is as fair to see as my best opal, and that is a gem which the noblest prince of all Italy might be proud to wear."

The car of Messer Antonio was drawn up at the back entrance of the shop, as if it had been placed there by its owner, to escape comparison with the pretentious equipages which the wants of luxury so often brought to the front door of the skilful jeweller. Yet Antonio was, after his fashion, a man of substance, and, as such, by no means wanting in proper estimation of self. He was a prosperous wool-grower of Spoleto, and had come to Bologna, with his wife and two daughters, to see the town and pick up a few such fashions as might befit their purse and station. His especial errand at the jeweller's was to see his nephew Giulio, who, from a child, had dwelt in his own family until the commencement of the youth's apprenticeship to master Niccolo. Giulio had thriven well, both in workmanly skill and in personal appearance; and though the shrewd wool-grower looked with more satisfaction to the former acquirement, it might be suspected that the eyes of his fair daughter, Francesca, were more attracted by the latter particular. At all events, her countenance acknowledged the attentions of Giulio, who, while answering his uncle's questions, contrived to hold a little aside converse with Francesca, in which, if words of mouth were scanty, smiles and glances were sufficient for every necessary purpose. The youngest sister, a bright-eyed girl of some six or seven years, was busily engaged in observing the various wonders which attracted her view in the appearance of the city, which she now saw for the first time. Her exclamations indicated the emotion which she felt on beholding these unaccustomed scenes.

"Francesca! sister Francesca!" she petulantly exclaimed, as she perceived the disregard paid to her queries and interjections. "Why cannot you tell me a little about all these things? There you sit, looking, you and Giulio, as though you did not meet at least every three weeks. One would think that neither of you had eyes for anything else in the whole world."

This interruption effectually diverted the attention of Francesca,

who, blushing with shame, rebuked Rosa. The latter pointed a silent rejoinder; but the jolly wool-grower burst into a loud laugh.

"Ho, ho! Sits the wind so?" he said. "You should have a care, little one, how you carelessly fling your words about. They may hit harder than you wot of. But prithee, dame, we keep master Giulio idle, beside neglecting our own work. So let us be jogging. Addio, Giulio! We shall expect to see you at the usual season. Flip, Jaquetto."

At this signal, Antonio's mule started nimbly off, and presently Giulio, drawing a long breath, re-entered the shop. As he came in, Niccolo looked up with a sly twinkle of the eye.

"So the uncle and the pretty ones are gone. But, now that I think of it, how comes on that piece ordered by the Signora Margarita? You know that it is not yet done, and that it is near the time when it should be called for."

"Pardon me, master," replied the apprentice; "it has not advanced much this last half hour, it is true, but I will endeavor to make up for lost time."

"O it does not matter much," replied the smith, bending over his lathe and speaking by snatches. "'Belle rose porporine'—that is to say, I was once young myself. 'Che tra spine'—and we must expect a little light-headedness at that season of life."

No comment being made on this morsel of philosophy, the two labored for some time in silence, till the attention of Giulio was at length irresistibly engaged by a cause which presently communicated itself to the ears of his master, who turned to the front window.

"Ha!" he said; "as I live, those roysterers across the street are going to set us all by the ears. As for myself, I am a man of peace, and will have nothing to do with these broils. Come, then, Giulio, up with these shutters, else some of the rogues will presently be helping themselves to our wares amidst the confusion."

But the youth seemed wholly heedless of his master's command.

"Ten upon two!" he exclaimed, flushed with indignation; and, seizing a sword which lay near, he rushed out of the shop. Niccolo, for a moment, remained motionless with amazement.

"The evil one hath possessed the lad!" he said. "Cannot he suffer these men to brain each other, but he must have a finger in the matter? However," he added, with another glance through the window, "it behooves me to look after the lad; for am I not, for the time being, his lawful guardian? I wish he had not such a waspish spirit."

So saying, he quickly secured the inner fastenings of the shop, and, snatching a good Milan blade (for the worthy smith, like others of his trade, dealt a little in fine cutlery), sallied forth to the fray, in which he presently manifested more heat of temper than his pacific words had promised. His own indignation became hardly less vivid than that of Giulio on perceiving a dignified-looking person defending himself singly against a crowd of assailants, having been, at the first onset, forsaken by his servant. Heartily as the assistance of Giulio and his master was rendered, it, nevertheless, came too late; for they had only time to exchange a few thrusts, when their companion fell to the ground, mortally wounded. The brunt of assault was now turned on the two craftsmen, when the leader of the bravoes cried out with a peremptory voice:

"Hold there! We have done our work, and that shall be sufficient. Let them go their way. We meddle not with them, if they choose not to with us."

So saying, he forthwith drew off his followers, a course partly dictated by motives of prudence, now that numbers of the citizens were hastening to the scene of blood. Niccolo and Giulio were soon surrounded by a crowd of eager questioners.

"How happens this?" was the inquiry. "Here lies Signor Annibale slain, and who is it that hath done the deed?"

"It is a foul act and a cowardly," said another, "but one well worthy the name of Canneschi. It was Battista Canneschi, the Bentivoglio's own marriage relative, who did the treachery."

"I have lost my best customer," said Niccolo, as he brushed the moisture from his eyes. "Always for the very best, and never hated me a *paolo* in the price. I shall never see his like again."

While each gave utterance to his grief after his own fashion, Giulio supported the head of the dying man, and carried to his lips a cup of water which some one hastily brought in answer to the 'prentice's demand. The Bentivoglio, opening his eyes, turned them on the youth.

"A priest," he said, in a faint whisper. "Nay—too late. Raise thy sword hilt, friend."

Giulio raised the sword, which, with its handle bearing the rude similitude of a cross, oft served, in that period, both as cause and consoler of closing life. The wounded man clasped his hands, his lips moved for an instant, and then Annibale Bentivoglio was numbered with the dead. A shutter from Niccolo's shop, and the pikes which two citizens had borne, formed the bier on which the body was conveyed to the family mansion. By the time they had reached the gateway of the court, the crowd had increased to near two hundred in number. The bearers of the corpse, with a few others, passed through the court into an inner room, when they lay down their burden. As they thus deposited the body, the daughter of Bentivoglio, hastily entering, knelt by the lifeless form, and threw her arms about its neck. After a brief and passionate embrace, she arose, and throwing back her jetty and dishevelled tresses:

"Who of ye," she exclaimed, with eyes flashing through the tears which dimmed them, "who of ye stood by him at the last moment? Did he die alone, without a single arm raised in his defence? Where are those who placed their good swords between him and his murderers?"

"Signora," replied one of the citizens, "the onset was so sudden and unexpected that there was scarce chance for help. But

that brave youth yonder (pointing to Giulio) is, as you may perceive, wounded in his behalf, and Messer Niccolo was but a moment behind him. Others of us hastened at the alarm, but it was then too late. Your noble father had fallen. It now only remains for those who loved him to avenge him."

Margarita came forward a step or two, and extending her hands towards Giulio, whose arm was bound with a bloody kerchief, she said:

"The thanks of the orphaned are yours, fair sir. Most freely would I have given my own life, instead of that which we have lost; and what can I say to him who offered himself in my place?"

Giulio bowed low.

"I have but attempted my duty, fair lady, as others also have vainly done. Would that we could have been in better season."

"Ay; but we can *revenge* him!" said a deep voice from the crowd, who were gathering round.

The form of Margarita dilated as she cast a glance around the apartment.

"Fellow-citizens, my father was yours also. He was the friend of all that was good and brave. He was the protector of the poor, the guardian of the widow and the fatherless. There he lies, basely murdered. Shall he die unavenged?"

Her beautiful features, lit with orbs as dark as night, and flashing with Pythonic fire, sent an electric thrill through every bosom.

"No!" was the answering cry. "We *will* avenge him!"

"And *you*?" she continued, turning her glowing glance full upon Giulio. "You, who saw him fall,—who felt the blow which struck him down?"

"Lady," answered the youth, with a quivering lip, "blood I can willingly shed in defence, but—"

"Citizens," interrupted a voice from the crowd, "know ye that Battista Canneschi hath done this foul deed, purposing to deliver up the city to the Duke of Milan? Know ye also that the duke is already marching hither? To arms, all those who would not lose their freedom!"

"Then heart and hand I freely join!" exclaimed Giulio.

A stern exultation lighted up the face of Margarita. A hoarse murmur, thrilling through the assembly, deepened in the cry:

"To the Palazzo Canneschi! The Palazzo Canneschi!"

CHAPTER II.

At the first sight they have changed eyes.—Tempest.

"A bloody deed, and one most honorably requited."

"The punishment followed quick upon it," said Count Poppi. "It appears that Battista was deceived with regard to the near approach of the duke, to whom, as you well know, he purposed to deliver the city. Neither had he counted on the spirit of the people, who were so inflamed by the vile assassination that they almost immediately combined to attack him. He retired to the neighborhood of his palace, where his retainers and partizans were assembled, and whither he was quickly pursued. The Canneschi could not withstand the ardor of the citizens who assailed them, but were cut down or dispersed. Battista himself, having hidden in a cellar, was presently discovered, dragged forth to the scene of his crime, and then ignominiously dispatched."

"What purpose you concerning this youth—Giulio Casere, as he is termed?" said a third speaker, a man of spare frame, whose thin and sallow features expressed firmness and deliberate thought. It was Neri Capponi, co-adjutor of Cosmo de Medici, to whom the question was addressed. These two, accompanied by Count Poppi, were standing at the upper end of a large hall in the Palazzo Bentivoglio. At the opposite extremity of the hall, at a window overlooking the garden, sat Margarita Bentivoglio; at her side a boy of some six years, her only brother. Thither the eagle glance of Cosmo was for an instant thrown, and as instantly withdrawn.

"My own opinion," he replied, "is not fully formed. We should see what metal this stripling is of. Will he prove answerable to our purpose, or otherwise? My good count, can you assure me that there is no error in this singular story which you have related concerning the youth?"

"It is not possible," replied Count Poppi. "Let me recount to you the particulars, and you will judge if I can be mistaken, unless *wilfully*. Many years since, when I was still young, and while my father was yet living, Ercole, the cousin of Annibale Bentivoglio, visited our castle. In the neighborhood he became acquainted with a village girl by the name of Verna. She was beautiful, virtuous and of a sprightly disposition, and inspired Ercole with so great a passion that, perceiving he could obtain her on no other terms, he married her. Mark the result. In a few months' time he became weary of his acquisition. His pride, also, revolted at the thought of her inferior birth, and incited him to sunder the tie which he had so unhappily formed. He forsook her. His cruel conduct entirely alienated her affection; and the boy to whom she soon gave birth never bore his father's name. Some time afterward, a young man, Andrea Casere by name, knowing her story, sought and obtained her in marriage. The pair removed a few miles from their former habitation, and, on their death, the child of Ercole, passing as Giulio Casere, was taken into the family of Antonio, the brother of Andrea. The youth has always been known as the nephew of Antonio, the wool-grower. The original fact was mostly forgotten even in the vicinity of the castle; for it had been fully known to but few, and Ercole procured the silence of those who were likely to let loose the tongue. Nevertheless, the means of proof are at hand. Such, my lord, are the facts of the case. It remains for you to use them as you will."

"A romantic story, in good sooth," replied Cosmo, musingly. "But I do not doubt it now. Your own assurance is all that is necessary to my belief. But nothing of this has, as yet, been told in Bologna?"

The countenance of Poppi discovered some confusion. "My lord," he said, "I may have been somewhat imprudent. I cannot deny but that some rumor of this has gone abroad in the city. Nevertheless, it is *only* a rumor. I have said nothing distinctly. The story can easily be made to destroy itself, if such a course be deemed necessary. But I trust that it will not be so. The people are bent on having a Bentivoglio to govern them. Since the only known male representative is a mere infant, what other than the youth Giulio can we find adapted to our purpose?"

"You say well," rejoined Cosmo. "But consider how great are the interests which lie at stake. Imagine this youth become the ruler of Bologna. Let him prove unwisely ambitious, weak, or vicious. How fatal might be the chance for all Italy. The duke lying ready, like a wild beast about to spring from ambush on its prey. One unguarded moment, and all is lost! Bologna is no longer free. The scale is turned. The cause of freedom fails, and the most deadly danger threatens our own dear Florence, Venice, and every other bulwark of liberty. But enough. I mean only that we ought to proceed with prudence. I have summoned this youth to meet us here on some indifferent pretext. Let me question him, I pray you. By his bearing let us judge whether he be the true steel of which we may form a chain to bind the common cause. And, look you, here he arrives at the instant."

A servant opened a side door, and Giulio, entering, paused near the threshold. Cosmo turned upon him a quick and penetrating regard.

"As I suspected," he said, to Neri. "The eaglet hath already learned its parentage. And, in truth, the face does not belie it."

Advancing a step or two, he motioned Giulio to approach. The youth did so.

"Know you aught," inquired Cosmo, "of a certain report which nearly concerns your family story? Yes, I perceive that you do. And I would have you attend my words closely, as it is in reference to this that I have sent for you. The recent sad events have brought notice upon you, which may open the way to some small measure of fortune and authority. You will understand me, doubtless, when I say that though your birthright may not, to speak plainly, be strictly legitimate, yet it may stand in the place of one legally recognized."

The speech was interpreted as its author had partly intended. A hot flush rose to the cheek of Giulio as he answered:

"Sir, if you be indeed the noble Medici of whom I hear men speak, you must surely think my nature very different from your own, when you suppose that I can pride myself on a family stain, or that I am willing to rise to fortune by its means."

"Hold, my dear youth," replied Cosmo. "Have a little patience, and I think you will find reason to judge me less harshly. Let us, then, suppose placed within your grasp the means of power, the opportunity to wield the fortunes of a state. Is there no ambitious throb in your bosom at the thought?"

"Sire," answered Giulio, slowly and sadly, "the prospect which you have displayed is a bright one. But the other matter lies nearer to my heart. Wealth and power are well. But I do not worship them. If some unhappy fortune has stained my name, I will not blazon its disgrace to the world, nor will I make that shame a stepping-stone to my rise."

The brow of Cosmo became clouded and stern.

"You have your choice," he said. "On the one hand, as the son of Andrea Casere, inherit a life of toil and drudgery—ignoble lot! On the other,—but let me try you with one more question. Let us suppose that your claim to a Bentivoglio's right is indisputable, that no stain rests upon your name. What then the path you would pursue?"

"Can you ask me?" said Giulio, fixing his flashing eyes on the countenance of the Medici. "A Bentivoglio, I would act as a Bentivoglio should. Need I say more?"

"Enough!" exclaimed Cosmo, turning quickly to his companions, while his hand fell heavily on Giulio's shoulder. "Here stands the man!" And once more addressing Giulio, he continued: "A Bentivoglio you are, in very truth and honor, without a shadow on your fair name. See that you uphold it worthily. The fortunes of Bologna now rest on you. With your life answer for her safety, and for that of Annibale's children, whose rightful guardian you are."

Taking Giulio by the hand, and, beckoning to Neri and Poppi, he proceeded toward the window where sat Margarita, who rose as they approached.

"Fair lady," said Cosmo, "I present to you the new found son of Ercole Bentivoglio. On him now rests the government of Bologna. May he prove as worthy of the honor as I now believe him. And, pardon me, I am an old man, and albeit sometimes abrupt of speech, said to be one not devoid of judgment. My age gives me liberty to speak when younger tongues should be silent. I would that a nearer tie, even than that which now exists, might bind this youth to the interests which Annibale Bentivoglio so long and so worthily sustained. Giulio, Margarita, I have more power than most to read countenances and to interpret their fates aright. If I mistake not much, your future fortunes will flow not far apart. I have said sufficient to display my meaning. Neri, Poppi, the hour passes, and we must bid adieu to these fair youths."

The three elders, leaving the mansion, turned toward the market-place.

"Beshrew me, my-good lord," said Poppi, to Cosmo. "You are disposed to hasten the fortunes of this stripling in more ways than one."

"The opportunity is ripe," replied the other. "Remember you not a story of the erudite Boccaccio, wherein the wit is that the heiress is in love with her guardian? Now, if there be any truth in the signs which I learned me in my boyish days, then this pair,

whom we have just left, are ready to re-enact the play. And I am well content that it should be so. Such a marriage would bar the youth from future dangerous connection, and bind his heart close to the support of the policy of the Bentivoglios, and to the support of our Florentine league."

"Well said, my lord," exclaimed Neri. "You are, in mental faculty, as the elephant is in bodily apprehension. You can, with equal ease, marshal the onset of an army, or bend yourself to knit a wedding match."

CHAPTER III.

O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day!
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

MARGARITA was in her twentieth year. Her form possessed that full Venetian development which Titian loved so well to portray. A close fitting velvet disclosed the perfect outline of her shape. Her features were finely chiselled, and somewhat haughty in expression. Her complexion, glowing with southern warmth, yet richly transparent, was well set off by the deep black of her attire. A short, looped-up sleeve revealed an arm more lustrous than Parian marble; how poor a comparison, when we consider that the marble can never give the warmth and life of motion! She was a glorious creature. Nor was she ignorant of this, standing now, in motionless regard, before her chamber mirror. Yet the image, which now reflected herself, possessed unwonted paleness. The lurid eyes, the contracted brow, echoed the agitation which ruled the bosom of Margarita. Claspings her hands with a gesture of pain, she turned from the glass.

"Am I, then," she said, "to be the subject of his caprice? I, never tamed till now, to bend submissively at his feet, content to share his uncertain fancy with the baby face of an untutored rustic? No,—it shall never be; and this youth shall rue the day wherein he sought to trifle with Margarita. But let me not give way to this troubled mood. I will try the power of verse to calm its agitation."

Striking a silver bell which lay on the toilet, her maid appeared. "Giovanna, bring to me the book of Petrarch, which you will find upon the marble stand in the library. You will know it by the purple and curiously-wrought binding. Why delay you?"

"Signora," said the maid, "a lady waits below, who would speak with you. She is veiled, and a stranger, if I judge rightly."

Her mistress changed color. "Surely," she murmured, "some strange presentiment has seized me. Giovanna, I will receive her in the ante-chamber."

So saying, she clasped a bracelet about her waist, and passed into an adjoining apartment. Soon after, Giovanna ushered in her visitor. As the maid withdrew, the stranger cast back the veil from her face, and fell at the feet of the Bentivoglio.

"Lady," she said, "I entreat you to forgive this unwonted intrusion. I would behold that beauty which is the source of my wretchedness, even though it add a double pang to my regrets. I have looked on you, and having so done, I blame not the fickleness of him whom fortune has elevated to be your equal."

Margarita had already withdrawn a slight distance from the kneeling Francesca.

"My presentiment was correct," said the Bentivoglio. "But know you not the tale which other tongues have bruited? That she, whose praises you pretend to echo, has been but the passing caprice of this gallant cavalier! that she doth receive only such courtesy of affection as may readily be spared by a low-born girl, his more befitting mate? Rise!" she added, in a voice of unnatural hoarseness. "Let me behold more narrowly her who thus dares to mock my discomfiture!"

Francesca rose, and, casting off her veil, stood before the Bentivoglio. Her brown hair clustered in ringlets round an oval face of purest sweetness. The long eyelashes rendered more softly deep the gentle eyes which lay beneath. The mouth was delicately carved, expressing natural dignity amid the mildness which dwelt in its gently undulating lines.

"Lady," she said, "your words are harsh and unjust, but my intrusion has, perhaps, deserved them. I came hither impelled by an impulse which I was not able to resist. I had thought that the homage which I honestly paid might excuse my error. I find myself mistaken; yet I bid you farewell, knowing that you yourself will presently regret the cruelty which you have shown."

"And so I do already," exclaimed Margarita, springing quickly forward and clasping her arms about the maiden's neck. I have been harsh and cruel, but am so no longer. Look, dearest, and behold how quickly you have tamed my proud, rebellious heart. I resign to you the lover. It is I whom he has forsaken,—I whose pride he has humiliated. But, for your sake, he shall be forgiven. True, his heart, for a space, forgot its former mistress; but I know full well that it has returned to its old allegiance. Say, fair Francesca, what punishment shall we bestow on this recreant, when he doth present himself? I have it. Myself will accuse him of his ill-doing, and you shall afterwards enact the judge and pronounce the words of doom. Nay, weep not. Dry your eyes, pretty one, and go you into my bower, while I here await the coming of the criminal. What vengeance shall flash upon him from mine eyes! How will he tremble at the terror of my look! How will he shrink from the fearful sentence which your justice shall inflict upon him!"

Thus saying, she printed a sisterly salutation on the lips of her companion, and drew her into the inner chamber, whence she herself returned to the outer apartment; for here she soon expected to meet Giulio, who had appointed to wait upon her at this hour. But a few moments passed, when his step was heard on the stairway, and, as she caught sight of him slowly advancing toward the door of her apartment, she moved quickly forward with a smiling

countenance, and extended her hand in greeting. Giulio, bowing his head, touched it slightly with his lips. But his face was overcast with gloom, as, raising it, he said, without returning the friendly regard of his hostess:

"Signora, I am not worthy to take, or even to touch, that fair hand. How shall I undertake to confess the unworthiness which I must not conceal?"

"What mean you?" exclaimed Margarita, in a tone of much surprise.

Giulio folded his arms on his breast, and looked in her face with a steady though sorrowful gaze.

"Signora," he said, "when first the wealth of your charms cast its lustre on me, what wonder is it that all my senses were enchained? It was then that I forgot all former love,—all former obligations. Ay, I do merit all the scorn which you can shower upon me. But hear me through, even were it to add to the measure of my condemnation. I adjured, with scarce a thought of self-reproach, a maid, who, though of humble rank, might even equal yourself in her peculiar grace. The fairest, gentlest of her sex. Signora, I have said enough. To-day I resign that promotion which can but serve to disgrace me the more in your eyes, and in those of her to whom, if she deign to accept it, I now return my allegiance. Signora, what more can I say? O how freely would I make whatever expiation my folly deserves!"

While he spoke, Margarita enacted well the part of an injured indignant. But, as he paused, the mighty emotions which agitated her countenance were tempered with generous clemency. Her eyes kindled with mischievous light, as she replied:

"And think you, sir, that fair lady will part with her knight so easily? Not so, by my faith. Or, if it must be, then the slight shall indeed be requited as it deserves. Good cousin, come forth and avenge me on this false recreant!"

She vanished, but quickly re-appeared, leading Francesca, who, blushing deeply, averted her face from the astonished Giulio.

"See," cried Margarita, "in those features your doom most clearly spoken. Kneel, fickle knight, and receive it with all the obedience which is her due!"

The sequel of our story remains to be told. Giulio's meditated penance was overruled by the united authority of Margarita and her adopted sister. Another penance, however, was afterward substituted in its place, to the effect that Giulio's marriage should be deferred till that of Margarita should also take place. The latter had, at length, relented toward a certain Count Sevola, who had long annoyed her with his admiration. The fair Bentivoglio declared, however, that she did so only that she might afford some countenance to the inconstancy of Giulio.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE STARS.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

How radiant the evening skies,
Broad wing of blue in heaven unfurled,—
God watching with a thousand eyes,
The welfare of a sleeping world.

He lights the wild flower in the wood,
And rocks the sparrow in her nest;
He guides the angels on their road,
That come to guard us while we rest.

When the bee blows his tiny horn,
To wake the sisterhood of flowers,
And God shall kindle up the morn,
Praise shall expand these hearts of ours.

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE.

Beyond all question, it is the unalterable constitution of nature that there is efficacy, divine, unspeakable efficacy, in love. The exhibition of kindness has the power to bring even the irrational animal into subjection. Show kindness to a dog, and he will remember it; he will be grateful; he will infallibly return love for love. Show kindness to a lion, and you can lead him by the mane; you can thrust your head into his mouth; you can melt the untamed ferocity of his heart into an affection stronger than death. In all of God's vast unbounded creation, there is not a living and sentient being, from the least to the largest, not one, not even the outcast and degraded serpent, that is insensible to acts of kindness. If love, such as our blessed Saviour manifested, could be introduced into the world, and exert its appropriate dominion, it would restore a state of things far brighter than the fabulous age of gold; it would annihilate every sting; it would pluck every poisonous tooth; it would hush every discordant voice. Even the inanimate creation is not insensible to this divine influence. The bud, and flower, and fruit put forth most abundantly and beautifully, where the hand of kindness is extended for their culture. And if this blessed influence should extend itself over the earth, a moral garden of Eden would exist in every land; instead of the thorn and brier, would spring up the fir-tree and the myrtle; the desert would blossom, and the solitary place be made glad.—*Bishop Upham.*

THE SOURCE OF FRENCH BRAVERY.

A young Zouave, who had entered the army as a volunteer, excited the greatest astonishment and admiration amongst the English and French officers by his gymnastic powers. He attempted the most extraordinary feats, and always succeeded. An English captain asked him, one day, why, gifted as he was with such marvellous agility, he had entered the army voluntarily, when, in a circus, he could earn ten—nay, twenty times as much as in the army. The Zouave colored to the very temples, and, in a tone of wounded pride, replied: "Because I hope to die a French general, and not a riding-master. The French soldier looks to something besides money." Then, plunging his hands into his side-pockets, he turned round and took his departure; but from that day nothing in the world would tempt him to give any specimen of his wonderful powers before an English officer.—*French paper.*

Some men, like pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light.—*Seneca.*



CIVIC HEROES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

[For description, see page 13.]



MILITARY HEROES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

[For description, see page 13.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CAPTIVE'S RELEASE.

BY MRS. SARAH E. DAWES.

Does the Pale Lily pine for her far distant home?
For the dark city walls and the stately dome?
Our forests are nobler, our prairies more fair,
Our skies are far brighter, and sweeter our air.

Does the voice of her kindred come soft on the breeze,
Like whispers sweet through the murmuring trees?
She hears not the music of nature's wild hymn,
As it echoes along through the woodland so dim.

Why droops the Pale Lily? her form is more frail,
She bows her young head like the flowers of the vale;
She mourns for her brave, she dreams of her love,
She would leave the wild-wood, and homeward would rove.

No more shall her sigh on the breezes be borne,
Her heart shall no more with wild sorrow be torn;
For Red Bird will brave her father's dark frown,
And rescue Pale Lily ere the moon shall go down.

She hath taught her dark sister the faith of her land,
And pointed to heaven with her tiny white hand,
And Red Bird will meet the Pale Lily there,
And roam with her ever those regions so fair.

Ere long thou wilt reach thy white father's home,
While back to her tribe poor Red Bird will roam;
Thou canst not be happy in the forest to dwell,
Thou go thy kindred—Pale Lily, farewell!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE KNIGHT'S DOG.

AN ANCIENT CHRONICLE.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

SIR LEONHART ZOLLIKOFER was a notable gentleman of the brave old Swiss cantons. He devoutly revered his Maker, loved his dear wife Benigna, and held open hand to friends and dependents, high and low. But not alone did the lady Benigna enjoy his affection, or claim his undivided solicitude; it must be told that the good knight preserved in his heart a warm corner for another—and that was his—dog.

Curl not thy lip, sweet ladies, at this canine favoritism of Sir Leonhart's. And ye malicious bachelors, who would gladly find cause for mirth in the singular division of regard manifested by our Swiss gentleman, I pray ye husband your jokes; for it shall presently be made known what good reasons were at the bottom of the noble Zollikofer's partiality.

It was in the year 1582 (if ancient chroniclers do tell us rightly), that the assembled councils of the cantons held grave debate at St. Gale, and chose divers worthy and honorable Swiss gentlemen to form the deputation which was to proceed to Paris, for the purpose of ratifying a new treaty of alliance concluded between the French king and the Swiss magnates. Sir Leonhart Zollikofer was one of these noble deputies.

Now, although the knight was both willing and proud to assist in the important embassy to which he had been called, nevertheless the thought of that long journey which he must take, gave him no small uneasiness; not indeed that our good Switzer dreaded either hardship or danger to himself, but that he reflected upon the disquiet which a protracted absence on his part might occasion to his beloved dog Fidelis. Full of anxiety upon this subject, as he made ready to depart, Sir Leonhart tenderly addressed his lady-wife: "Watch my Fidelis well," said he; "let him not want for anything."

The knight was buckling on his sword, as he spoke these words to his wife, and the lady Benigna made no reply; but as her lord bent to tighten his spurs, she placed her lips close to his, as if to remind him, by a kiss, that he was about to part from her, as well as from his dog Fidelis.

Sir Leonhart, however, did not appear inclined to repress his anxiety concerning the favorite, though, indeed, as a courteous husband, he acknowledged the lady Benigna's salute by a corresponding pressure of his bearded lip. Continuing, therefore, his exhortation, he resumed:

"Watch Fidelis well, and be sure that he wants for nothing during my sojourn abroad. Gladly would I permit the good fellow to accompany me, but the road is long and difficult of travel; moreover, I am not quite sure that it would be according to etiquette for him to present himself at court. So, I pray thee, dear wife, let him be chained in the yard during a fortnight at least, and be kind to the poor animal, if thou lovest me."

When Sir Leonhart had expressed himself thus far concerning the dog, his lady began to think it time that a word should be spoken regarding herself; so looking up to her grave lord's face with a smile, she said:

"It would almost seem, my dear lord, that Fidelis were nearer to your heart than your true wife! Who, I pray thee, will shorten and enliven my hours during your long absence? And if (which may God graciously forbid!) there should any mischance befall my husband, who will comfort me, and where shall I find help and counsel in time of need?"

Sir Leonhart Zollikofer stroked his beard, and replied in a jocose way:

"Good lady mine, I have never interfered when you permitted more liberties to your worthy cats Tabirha and Grimalkin than I ever allowed to my Fidelis; nor indeed did I blame you (knowing very well how apt we are to be more foolish than others can understand). Let me, then, continue to manage Fidelis, and I will

find no fault with your pets. Besides, dear Benigna," pursued the good knight, kindly pressing the lady's hand—"thou wilt not be altogether lonely, since our sister, Count Lorenzo's wife, Dorothea Von Griefenstein, will come hither during the absence of her husband, who is chosen a delegate like myself."

As Sir Leonhart said this, he drew himself up with a stately motion, and looked down upon his gentle spouse with the dignity befitting one who was shortly to represent his canton at the court of a king. Then, perceiving that a tear was upon the lady Benigna's cheek, he said, more tenderly: "Rest thee, sweet-heart! Dorothea will console and sustain thee. She will likewise assist thee to take good care of Fidelis."

To these words of her lord, the dutiful Benigna responded with another kiss, assuring him at the same time that she was well convinced he had not forgotten her. Thereupon, Sir Leonhart, having accoutred himself completely, called up the dog Fidelis, and with his own hands confined him in a corner of the stone courtyard. Then, imprinting a parting salute upon his lady's forehead, he mounted his horse, and rode forth with his attendants, to join the deputation, then on its road to France.

Now it may seem strange or trivial to such persons as have not the fortune to possess a good dog—or, having one, care not to appreciate his qualities—that the noble knight Zollikofer should bestow so much consideration upon a four-footed animal; but it must be related that Sir Leonhart had not been blessed with children, and that, consequently, more than is common, he attached himself to the dumb creatures about him, one of which was the oft-mentioned Fidelis—a white pointer dog, with brown spots.

In acknowledgment, doubtless, of his master's regard, Fidelis was particularly devoted to Sir Leonhart, and as often as the knight rode out to the hunt, or visited the neighboring castles, so often was he his well-pleased companion. On the other hand, when the Zollikofer remained at home, there also might be found Fidelis, reposing upon a rug near his master's chair, or with great gravity sitting opposite to him at meals. Only when the knight attended the Sessions, or other civic meetings, did the dog linger behind, and at such times no caress nor dainty offered by the household, could either satisfy or quiet him. He roved restlessly about, until he perceived the approach of his noble friend, and then his delight appeared to be beyond control.

Well, Sir Leonhart Zollikofer went on his travels to France, in company with his distinguished friends, the members of our Helvetic embassy, to ratify the treaty of peace with King Henry III.; and the good lady Benigna, as in duty bound, did her best to obey his commands concerning Fidelis, even neglecting at seasons the claims of her own favorite cats, because of solicitude concerning her husband's dog. But, alas! no sooner had the animal become aware of the absence of his master, than he obstinately refused both to eat and drink, would answer no one's call, and scarcely crept out from the shadow of the wall where he was chained.

All the servants of the castle thought him mad, and the lady Benigna wished fervently that a fortnight might pass, when the disconsolate animal could be released. But old Jost, the steward, shook his head, saying:

"Much I fear, if he be unchained, he will set out to seek Sir Leonhart the next moment."

"Dost thou really think thus, Jost?" asked the lady Benigna.

"In truth do I," answered the honest steward. "He will most surely run to St. Gale, and not finding my master there, without doubt he will set off for Paris. Ah, no!" continued Jost; "I do not like to prophesy evil, but our Fidelis has never been to France, and how can he inquire the way, seeing that he is but a dumb animal, after all?" So Jost shook his head again.

But on the ninth day, after a family council had been held between the lady Benigna, her sister-in-law Dorothea, and old Jost himself, it was decided to let the dog go free; so, with a shrug of his shoulders, the good steward unfastened the chain that secured him. New life seemed at once to be imparted to Fidelis. Every corner of the house was speedily visited, and as promptly left. At last he was no longer seen.

His disappearance did not please the lady Benigna, who recalled the hints of Jost, and began to grow alarmed.

"Ah, dear Dorothea!" said she, to her sister-in-law, "do you think Fidelis would indeed venture to follow his master? Once, indeed, I remember he did seek Sir Leonhart full half the way to Constanx, whence my lord was returning."

"Ay, indeed! Constanx?" returned Dorothea. "But Paris is not Constanx. What trace, think you, my brother could leave that would serve to guide the dog through all the great towns which he must pass through to reach Paris? O, no indeed, dear Benigna! Fidelis will never venture on such a wild goose chase."

But when, after vespers, the dog was searched for, high and low, and the tidings came that no one had seen him, both ladies began to take the matter heavily to heart.

"Alas! how my good lord will be afflicted!" murmured Benigna. And Dorothea ceased to jest about Fidelis, but endeavored to console her friend.

The next morning, at daybreak, runners were despatched in every direction—to Constanx, Bishoffzell, Wyl, Sonnenburg, and to the Count Lorenzo's castle of Griefenstein. Even old Jost wandered down to a neighboring country seat of his master.

"I know very well," said he, shaking his head, "that it will be a useless journey; but I would not be the last to stir myself to please our good lord Sir Leonhart."

Several days passed before the messengers returned, and then they came straggling, one after another, bringing nothing but tired feet and the complaint that they were everywhere laughed at for their pains in running after a vagrant dog.

We may fancy how the good Lady Zollikofer worried herself. She declared to all her friends that she would give her best jewel,

could she once more get possession of the dog. Indeed, there was no end to her lamentations.

Only Jost, at last, retained any hope, though he continued to shake his head.

"The messenger to Wyl and Sonnenburg is not yet back, and till he returns I don't give up. I wager," said he, one morning, when his mistress and Dorothea conversed with him about the matter, "I wager that our runner hath traced him, and, perhaps, followed him to Paris. Yes—I wager this, as sure as my name is Jost."

The runner did not come back, Lady Zollikofer, fearing some ill had befallen him, sent another messenger, who soon returned with the news that her first runner had been encountered, here and there, hunting after a dog, but what course he had at last taken was not known.

But, one evening, when there was company in the house of Sir Leonhart, and the conversation as usual, turned on the missing messenger and dog, a boy entered, inquiring for the Lady Zollikofer. The mistress called him to her and questioned him, when the lad, pulling a paper from his vest, said:

"A grand gentleman in Basel sent me here. He said you knew him well, and the letter will tell you the rest."

The lady Benigna forthwith opened the letter, and immediately a glow of satisfaction overspread her countenance. It was from M. Felix Burkhardt, Van Basel, a friend of the family, who wrote that Sir Leonhart's dog had visited his house, just sixteen days after he had received a call from his friend Zollikofer, then on his road to Paris. Van Basel wrote likewise that the messenger had also sought the dog at his house, and he had furnished him with money to pursue his search to Mulhausen, on the direct route to France.

Joy became general among all the company. The lad was seized immediately, his pockets filled with dainties, and a bright new piece of silver put into his hand. Then questioning him closely they learned that the dog Fidelis had entered all the hostleries on the road, at which the deputation had put up, or even stopped.

Now, indeed, all would have been happiness in Zollikofer's mansion, had not one present unluckily mentioned how large was Paris, how many and extensive its streets, and how numerous its palaces and houses.

"Ah, then," said old Jost, to himself, "Fidelis may, after all, be stolen or perish in that fearful Paris."

But while all this was happening, and the story of it spread through St. Gale and the country round, Fidelis actually arrived in Paris, and, by a concurrence of circumstances, at the same hour in which the Helvetic deputies were admitted to an audience with the king of France. The faithful dog was no respecter of persons, and in the midst of the ceremonies at court, whilst everybody was standing silently before the monarch, in burst Fidelis to the saloon, and, with a loud bark, sprang to his master, overwhelming him with the wildest tokens of joy.

The king, much surprised, demanded an explanation, which the knight immediately gave, so far as was in his power.

"I left strict orders to have him kept at home," said Sir Leonhart. "Your majesty can judge how much the animal is attached to me, to find me thus, after more than twenty days, and so far away from home."

On hearing this, King Henry spoke, astonished and graciously.

"If the dogs of Switzerland prove so trusty, what faith may we not expect from you, beloved allies!"

Thus said the monarch; and very soon, not only at the tables of the palace, but in all the assemblies of the royal city, Fidelis became the topic of conversation and interest. All who had eyes desired to behold the Swiss noble and his wonderful dog, and everybody was delighted to find a brute possessed of qualities so rare in reasonable beings. So Sir Leonhart and Fidelis became the lions of the court.

OLD AGE.

Some one asked the philosopher Fontenelle, when ninety-five years of age, which twenty years of his life he regretted the most. "I regret little," he replied, "and yet the happiest years of my life were those between the fifty-fifth and seventy-fifth. At fifty-five years a man's fortune is established, his reputation made, consideration is obtained, the state of life fixed, pretensions given up or satisfied, projects overthrown or established, the passions for the most part calmed or cooled, the career nearly completed, as regards the labors which every man owes to society; there are fewer enemies, or, rather, fewer envious persons who are capable of injuring us, because the counterpoise of merit is acknowledged by the public voice."

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Corner of Tremont and Brimfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY LOVE IS ON THE SEA.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.

My love is on the sea to-night, my love is on the sea,
O, when will come the blessed day that brings him back to me?
My peace has flown away, and time goes by so drearily,
For ah! my gentle sailor lad is out upon the sea.

When'er I hear the rising wind, my soul is filled with fears,
I watch the foaming, swelling waves with bitter, blinding tears;
Each billow seems a winding-sheet, that shrouds my love from me—
The gasping wind his drowning cry, for he is out at sea.

Yet e'en when stilled to rest the blast and billows peaceful are,
My fancy hears the stormy rush of wind and waves afar—
Alas! that anxious care should come, where'er true love may be,
Its shadow chills my heart to-night, for he is out at sea.

My love is on the sea to-night, my love is on the sea,
And O, I weary for the day that brings him back to me;
For grief's wan blight is over all where joy's sweet bloom would be,
If he was at my side to-night, and not upon the sea.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

At five o'clock on Thanksgiving morning, Deacon Wilson arose as was his wont. No holiday made any change in his hours. Yet now he no longer sprang from his bed with the alacrity which changed duty into pleasure; he rose because imperious necessity commanded it. There were the cattle to be fed and watered, and the poultry to receive the same attention, and there was, moreover, a fire to be made in the huge old kitchen fire-place; for the deacon had now no servant or helper, and in the gray winter of his life, the whole burthen of managing his place had fallen on his shoulders. Fortunately they were broad and strong—fortunately his constitution was good, his spirits elastic and his piety sincere, for his burthens and trials were indeed weighty. He had been comparatively rich—he was now in embarrassed circumstances. He had looked forward to the time when a son should relieve him of the most laborious of his toils, while a daughter performed the same kind office for his wife. Both had been disappointed—and now the old couple were the solitary tenants of that lone New England farm-house.

The deacon went mechanically about his morning labors; he drove the cattle to the water tank; he supplied them with fresh fodder, and after seeing that they were comfortable, returned to the old kitchen. By this time the good wife had prepared a breakfast, and a genial fire of walnut was diffusing its heat through the apartment.

The old couple sat down to breakfast, after a blessing by the farmer, but the meal passed in silence. It was followed by fervent prayer and the reading of a portion of the Scripture. After this, they adjourned to the sitting room, where a good fire was burning, and where the old dame assumed her knitting, one of those incomprehensible pieces of female industry which seem to have neither beginning nor end.

"Well," said she, with a sigh, "this is Thanksgiving day. It doesn't seem like old times at all. We used to have a house full of company, frolicsome young folks, and cheerful old people; and now we are alone, alone."

"Last Thanksgiving," said the old man, "there was one with us, who seemed, to my old eyes, like an angel of light, with her fairy golden hair floating like a glory on her shoulders, and her little foot making music as she moved about the old house. But even then there was a hectic flush upon her cheek, like the red upon the maple leaf in autumn. When the January snows lay deep on the hills and in the hollows, we carried her to her last home—but God's will be done."

"You forget we have another child alive."

"No, I do not forget it," said the old man, bitterly. "There is one living somewhere, who has brought disgrace upon our name, who has forgotten his parents and his God; who has drunk deep of the cup of iniquity, and who has brought ruin and woe upon his name and family."

"Do not speak so harshly of poor William," pleaded the mother.

"Why should I not? Was he not insensible to kindness—stealed against affection? Did he not scatter my hard earnings to the wind? Is it not to him that I owe the prospect of beggary and destitution? Remember the first of February. That is the last day of grace. If the money comes not then, and God knows whence it is to come, we are driven from beneath this roof-tree—a pair of houseless beggars. Who will care for us then?"

"God will care for us," said the aged woman, raising her eyes reverently to heaven.

The old man made no reply, for his utterance was choked. At that moment the old clock that stood ticking in the corner, struck the hour of nine. The deacon rose.

"It is time to harness up old Dobbin," said he, "for we have a long way to ride to meeting, and the roads are in bad condition."

Their preparations were soon made, and the old couple, poorly, but decently attired, sallied forth to their public devotions. The services ended, the deacon and his wife, as they issued from the porch, were kindly greeted by many old friends and neighbors, more than one of whom pressed them to come and partake of their Thanksgiving cheer. But the deacon shook his head.

"Many thanks, my friends," he said, "but ever since I have been a householder, I have kept my Thanksgiving at home, and I

shall continue to do so, as long as I have a house remaining over my head."

So they rode home together. While the deacon drove up to the barn to put up his horse, the old lady opened the back door, which was always on the latch, and entered the kitchen. As she did so, she started back. A stranger was seated by the kitchen fire, who rose on her entrance. He was a tall, stalwart man, dressed in a rough suit, with a broad-leaved hat, his countenance embrowned by exposure to the sun and wind, and his upper lip almost concealed by a heavy and luxuriant black mustache.

"Good morning, ma'am," he said, with some embarrassment. "Finding no one answered my knocks, I took the liberty of walking in. I believe I owe you no apology, for I have officiated as turnspit, and saved your Thanksgiving turkey from burning."

"I am very much obliged to you, I'm sure," answered the old lady, pulling off her mittens. "But did you want to see me or the deacon?"

"Both of you," answered the stranger. "You have a son, I believe?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Wilson, with hesitation, and casting down her eyes.

"I have seen him lately."

"Where?" inquired the mother, with increasing agitation.

"In California."

"Was he doing well?"

"Admirably. Mother! mother!" he added, impetuously throwing back his hat, "don't you know me—don't you know your William?"

He rushed into his mother's arms, and was clasped to her beating heart, while the tears streamed freely from the eyes of both. After the first passionate greeting was over, the young man asked:

"Where is sister Emmy?"

"Gone!" answered the mother, as her tears flowed forth anew.

William sank into a seat, and hiding his face in his hands, wept bitterly. The mother did not attempt to check him. She knew those tears were precious.

"And my father?" asked the young man, when he regained his composure.

"He is well. But you had better retire for a while. Go to your old room, my son, it is just as you left it, and wait until I summon you."

It was with a fluttering heart that the overjoyed mother went about the preparations for dinner, and when the table was neatly set, every dish in its place, and the turkey, smoking hot, waiting to be carved, she summoned the old man. He made his appearance at once, and took his seat. Glancing round the table, he said:

"What is this, wife? you have set plates for three."

"I thought perhaps somebody might drop in unexpectedly."

"There is little danger—hope, I mean of that," answered the deacon, sadly.

At this juncture, Mrs. Wilson, with a mysterious expression, rang the little hand-bell, with which, in happier days, she was wont to summon her tardy children to their meals.

It was answered by the appearance of the long-lost William.

The deacon, who recognized him after a moment, gazed upon him with a stern eye, but with a quivering lip that betrayed the force of his ill-suppressed emotions.

"So you have come back at last?" he said.

"Yes, father, but not as I left you. Father—last Thanksgiving day I went into my lonely room, and there, kneeling down, addressed myself to Heaven, and solemnly abjured the fatal cup which had brought ruin upon me, and woe upon this once happy family. From that day to this I have not touched a drop. Is my probation enough? Can you now welcome back your son, and bless him?"

"Bless him? Yes! yes! bless you, my dear, dear boy!" said the old deacon, placing his trembling hand on the dark locks of the pleader. "You are welcome, William, though you come only to witness the downfall of our house."

"Not so, father," answered the young man, joyously. "I have come back to save you—to atone for my prodigality, for all my errors. It was this hope that sustained me in the lone heart of the Sierra Nevada, when I was panting with thirst and dying of hunger. Thoughts of home, of you and mother, and of her who is now one of God's angels, enabled me to conquer fortune. I have come back with store of gold—you shall not be a beggar in your old age: father, we shall keep the farm."

After this, it is unnecessary to add, that joy entered that old New England homestead. It was a chastened joy, for the shadows of the past yet mingled with the sunshine of the present, but the felicity which attended the prodigal's return was enough to compensate for many sorrows.

BEAUTY.

Beauty in itself and of itself, has, I believe, less power in determining matrimonial choice than at first sight it might seem natural that it should have. The charm of mere physical and corporeal beauty is, perhaps, too open and immediate to involve consequences; its first effect is too strong in proportion to its farther effects; for the imagination of man wishes to feel that it has something to come to; and there is a charm more insidiously winning in that which turns to beauty as you advance, than in that which declares itself as beauty from the first. * * * There may be much beauty, eminent in its way, which is but "the perfume and suppliance of a minute;" but there exists also a species and quality of beauty, the effect whereof (as I conceive) it would not be possible for daily familiarity to deaden, and the power whereof may be expected to last as long as the beauty itself lasts, and perhaps much longer.—Henry Taylor.

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good.—Lavater.

AUSTRIANS, TURKS AND RUSSIANS.

Upon the military capacity of Austrians, Turks and Russians, we cite this important testimony from a Pole, who has been thirty years a soldier, and served with Austrians, Russians and Turks—General Chrzamowski.

"What is your estimate," I inquired of him, "of the Austrian army?"

"The officers," he answered, "are excellent—perhaps the best in Europe! They have the spirit and the influence which belongs to gentlemen, and they know their duties—which is not the case always with yours. The men are strong and well trained, but they hate the service. They are not volunteers, like yours, or conscripts, like the French. Each commune has to furnish a certain number of men. The government officers select them arbitrarily. Those who are chosen feel oppressed, and never have the good-will of a volunteer, who has taken to the army as a profession, or a conscript, who is paying his debt to his country. The generals are good. Hesse is fit to command 200,000 men, and I know of no one else in Europe who is so!"

"Have the Russians any good generals?" I said.

"None," he answered, "on a great scale. Luders is the best. I would trust him with 30,000 or 40,000 men, but not with more. Their regimental officers are ignorant and bad. The men are good—the best, perhaps, in the world, after the French, the English and the Turks."

"Do you put the Turks so high?" I asked.

"I put them," he answered, "at the very top. Not the officers, still less the generals—but the privates have every soldierly quality. The Turk is strong, he is docile, he is sober, he is intelligent, he has a contempt for life which is both fatalist and fanatic, and can live on nothing. When their military organization was at its best, two centuries ago, no European armies could stand against them. But their officers are detestable, ignorant, conceited, idle and corrupt. The very best people that I know are the Turks of the lower orders. The very worst people that I know are the Turks in office. Power is gained and preserved there by bribery, treachery and extortion. Every man in authority is a rogue. If you ally yourself to Turkey against Russia, and place any reliance on a Turkish *corps d'armée* with Turkish officers and a Turkish commander, you will be disappointed. Train and officer them as you did the Portuguese, and you will make them the best troops in Europe: as good as your own—perhaps better. But I never should feel comfortable in action, if I knew that any important part of my line was held by a purely Turkish force. I should be constantly expecting to see the officers running and the men following them. But to Turks as privates and Englishmen as officers, I would entrust the key of my position.—North British Review.

WOMAN'S NATURE.—I should not say, from my experience of my own sex, that a woman's nature is flexible and impressible, though her feelings are. I know very few instances of a very inferior man ruling the mind of a superior woman, whereas I know twenty—fifty—of a very inferior woman ruling a superior man. If he love her, the chances are that she will in the end weaken and demoralize him. If a superior woman marry a vulgar or inferior man, he makes her miserable, but he seldom governs her mind, or vulgarizes her nature, and if there be love on his side, the chances are that in the end she will elevate and refine him.—Mrs. Jameson.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A COMMONPLACE BOOK OF THOUGHTS, MEMORIES AND FANCIES. By Mrs. JAMESON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 329.

"A little of everything, and nothing at all—in the French style," is the literal translation of the sentence from Montaigne, which the authoress has placed upon her title page, and which gives the reader a slight inkling of the miscellaneous banquet to which he is invited. Mrs. Jameson is one of the most accomplished, talented, and elegant of living female writers. The present work is a most acceptable gift. We have many bright, brief and sparkling original essays, which, with her quotations, make a most brilliant mosaic work. She touches on a variety of topics connected with morals, literature and art, with exquisite felicity. Her book reminds us of that delightful mélange, "Quesses at Truth," but it is far more readable. For sale by Redding & Co.

BLANCHE DEARWOOD. A Tale of Modern Life. New York: Buncce & Brother. 1855. 12mo. pp. 407.

Another American novel. We can no longer complain of the unproductiveness of our authors, or their want of nationality. Here is a book depicting society as it exists with us, American characters, incidents and scenery. The author has proved that he need not go abroad for romantic material, or manners suited to artistic purposes. The story is highly interesting, and we predict popularity for the book, and fame for the author. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

THE MISSING BRIDE: or, Miriam the Avenger. By Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 12mo. pp. 635.

Mrs. Southworth is a very prolific writer, but notwithstanding her industry, each new production of her pen gives proof of increased vigor and fire. She is not without ability as a delineator of character, but she is most successful in the narration of stirring incident and action. As we are hurried through the pages of the "Missing Bride," we do not stop to question the probability of many of the incidents, and we close the volume with regret that it is ended. For sale by Redding & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson & Co., 115 Washington St., has published and for sale, the "Thibodeaux Waltz," "Our Own," a Polka Mazurka, by Joseph Jimenes; "La Californienne," a polka by Herz; "Home, where there's one to love me," a duet for two voices; "Masaniello Quadrille," by Thos. Baker; Prayer from the opera of Othello, by Strakosch; "The Happiest Time when we were Young," by T. P. J. Magoun, and "Vive la Bagatelle," by W. J. Hammersley, music by Barnett.

STAR PAPERS: or, Experiences of Art and Nature. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. New York: J. C. Derby. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 359.

This is one of the most readable books that has issued from the press for a long time. It is written in the frank, candid style that characterizes its author, and sparkles with brilliant and original ideas. The first part embraces some very pleasant letters from Europe; the second part consists of essays on a variety of themes, such as "Flowers," "Trees," "Inland vs. Seashore," "Trouting," the "Mountain Ride," "Dream Culture." The various themes are treated with great felicity. The book is both a summer and a winter book—it may be read under the shadow of umbrageous trees, or by the cosy fire-side. There are no controversial articles in this volume, though we are promised them in another, which is soon to be given to the public. Though the papers before us have all made their appearance in the "New York Independent," there are thousands of book readers to whom they will be fresh.

LE CURE MANQUE (The Unfinished Clergyman). By EUGENE DE COURCILLON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 255.

This work undertakes to delineate, in a narrative form, the social and religious customs of France—the hero of the tale, commencing his career as a student for the priesthood, which he enters, and taking leave of his readers as a private in the 9th hussars. Of course he is not inclined to speak very favorably of the profession he abandoned; and there are slashing cuts as well as sly digs at the French priesthood throughout the work. It must be conceded that the book is written with great vivacity. For sale by Burnham Brothers and Redding & Co.

LEAVES FROM A FAMILY JOURNAL. By EMILE SOUVETRE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 277.

To those who labor under the mistaken impression that the French people are incapable of deep feeling, and that domestic ties are universally lax in France, we commend the perusal of this charming book by an author too early lost to literature. There is a freshness, purity and earnestness about it which reminds us of the "Vicar of Wakefield." Its moral tone is equally unexceptionable. The simple story is made interesting by the manner in which it is told; and it contains many passages which, once read, can never be forgotten. The translation is admirably executed. For sale by Redding & Co.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, THE SONG-WRITER.

The name of George P. Morris, whose likeness, drawn for us by Mr. Barry, we here present, has long been familiar in literary and musical circles. He first won distinction as a journalist; and the old weekly New York Mirror bears evidence to the taste, ability and enterprise which he transferred into periodical literature at an early day. He is still at the head of a weekly newspaper, which exercises as wide an influence upon the literary mind of the country, as any that can be named. We allude, of course, to the Home Journal, to which he and his confrere, Willis, continue to give their best efforts, and which are successful in securing hosts of readers and subscribers. It is as a song-writer, however, rather than a journalist, that General Morris (for he has had military honors also) will be known to the grand-children of our great-grand-children. He has been more successful than any other American poet in making the vibrations of his lyre accord with those of the popular heart. Very simple and easy, many of his most popular pieces may seem; but their high finish and art—the very “heart of their mystery”—will be found to lie in that apparent simplicity and ease, which may tempt the unpractised reader to say: “There is nothing here that I could not have said myself.” The gifted Horace Binney Wallace, whose early death has blighted so many hopes, in an article on song-writing, a few years since, remarked of Morris: “There is no professed writer of songs, in this day, who has conceived the true character of this delicate, or peculiar creation of art, with greater precision and justness than Gen. Morris, or been more felicitous than he in dealing with the subtle and multifarious difficulties that beset its execution. An eminent English authoress, well-known on both sides of the Atlantic, says: “There is one quality in his songs to which we cannot but direct attention—and this is their almost feminine purity. The propensities have had their laureates; and genius, alas! has often defiled its angel wings by contact with the sensual and the impure; but Morris has never attempted to robe vice in beauty; and his lays can bring to the cheek of purity no blush save that of pleasure.” “He is, indeed, the poet of home joys. None have described more eloquently the beauty and dignity of true affection—of passion based upon esteem; and his fame is certain to endure while the Anglo-Saxon woman has a hearth-stone over which to repeat her most cherished household words.” O the wide-spread popularity of many of Morris's songs, and of their earnest appreciation, not only by lovers of literature, but by the popular mind, we need not speak. His “Woodman, spare that tree,” and “On the lake,” etc., have probably been translated into all the languages of Europe; and we have a dim recollection of seeing the “Woodman” in a Latin version, for which its classic simplicity is well suited. This song was recited, on one occasion, in the British House of Commons, and the speaker seemed to take it for granted that every one of his hearers was acquainted with it. “Mr. Cagley, a member from Yorkshire,” says the London Times, “concluded a long speech in favor of protection, by quoting the ballad of ‘Woodman, spare that tree,’ (which was received with the applause of the whole house), the tree, according to Mr. Cagley, being the Constitution, and Sir Robert Peel the woodman, about to cut it down.” Morris became editor of the New York Mirror in 1822, he being then in his twentieth year. Before that, however, he had written and published a good deal. In 1825, he wrote the drama of Brier Cliff, a play, in five acts, founded on events in the American Revolution. He received for it the liberal sum of \$3500,



GEN. GEORGE P. MORRIS.

and its great success warranted the price. In 1842, he wrote the libretto of an opera, the “Maid of Saxony,” for Charles E. Horn, which was produced at the Park Theatre with success. In 1840, the Appletons published an edition of his poems, beautifully illustrated by Weir and Chapman, and in 1842 an edition of his songs and ballads was published. In 1854, a beautifully illustrated edition of all his poetical works appeared from the press of Charles Scribner. A collection of Morris's humorous prose-writings was published, a few years since, in Philadelphia. He has edited a number of works, which speak well for the literary industry and tact which he has brought to the task. The Home Journal, under the efficient management of Morris & Willis, has reached a very profitable circulation of twenty thousand. General Morris is still, to all external appearance, in the prime and vigor of life. He is what a French friend would call *bien conservé*. His residence is principally at Undercliff, a beautiful place on the Hudson, near Cold Spring. No man is more genial in his sympathies, or more truly friendly in his activities. His cordiality is not merely of the lip, but of the heart and hand. He is the author of many poems in action (in the way of kindness), which have all the charm and aroma of his best songs. The fountain of both is, we believe, far from being dry. It seems to run more copiously and clearly with time. May it flow, and continue to flow.

ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

This old Titan, after remaining quiet for some time, has, within a few weeks, been again vomiting forth flames and lava, and making himself the terror of the neighborhood. The accompanying design was drawn on the spot by a careful artist, and shows the lower part of that river of fire which, having its source in the crater, opened in the cone of Vesuvius, flowed through the valley of Somma, fell in a vast sheet one thousand feet in depth, and ran more than ten miles, laying waste many vineyards and destroying many houses. The cone is hidden from view by the great height of the lower part of the mountain. On the left, is the villa of the Marquis of San Angelo. The sketch was made at the time when the Cardinal Nuncio Sforza visited the spot to supplicate to Heaven to stay a calamity which Almighty Power alone can avert. The priest is seen on the left, with his mitre and crozier, surrounded by his clergy, while throngs of the poor contadini are kneeling round him. The picture affords as good an idea of the sublime and terrific spectacle as pencil and graver can convey. A tremendous explosion, following premonitory symptoms, well understood by the natives in the neighborhood, took place on the 30th of April. On the 1st of May, at 7 o'clock in the morning, another crater opened, and at half-past nine o'clock a third. The inhabitants of the towns of Portici, Herculaneum and Resina were terror-stricken, and watched with fright the direction of the lava, prepared to take to flight, carrying off their most valuable effects. Many hours were thus passed in indescribable anguish; it was feared that Portici, and, particularly Resina, which is situated at the foot of Vesuvius, on the road from Naples to Salerno, would be overwhelmed. At Olteano, the inhabitants, who suffered so severely from the eruption of 1850, were very much alarmed. Fortunately, the lava took the direction of that of 1830, and slowly descended into the Vitralla, a vast valley situated at the foot of Vesuvius on the opposite side to Naples. After sunset the scene of the eruption was grand. A dark night added to the majesty of the sinister fires which lighted up the wide expanse of the Bay of Naples, and gave it the appearance of a furnace five leagues in diameter. The road to Portici and Resina, where the ascent of Vesuvius commences, was crowded with strangers, the English being particularly remarked for their coolness. Many of them brought tents with them, which they pitched at the commencement of the eruption, encamping comfortably, so that they might have a good view of this tremendous convulsion of nature. They brought mattresses and provisions, and regularly took up their residence at the foot of the mountain. The Prince d'Aquila, the king's brother, was on the mountain, close to the crater, soon after the eruption began, and might be seen riding on horseback in every direction. Many strangers followed the example of the prince, among them the Countess de Banneville, the wife of the first secretary of the French embassy. The ladies indeed emulated the audacity of the guides, and approached so near the crater that it was frequently necessary to restrain their ardor. At one time it was reported that a clerk, in the employ of the Rothschilds, and an English lady had been killed by fragments of lava launched from the crater, but fortunately this story proved unfounded, and no loss of life, we believe, actually took place. One would think that the peasantry in the neighborhood of Vesuvius would lead an unhappy life. Such, however, is not the case. An eruption is soon forgotten, and each new catastrophe takes them by surprise.



ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS—BED OF LAVA IN THE VALLEY OF SOMMA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
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BEAUTY.—No two nations agree exactly with each other in what constitutes perfect female beauty. The Moors estimate women by their weight, and probably by them at so much a hundred. The favorites of the Chinese have deformed feet, black teeth and long nails—too long, luckily, to be dangerous. A girl painted sky-blue, with a two pound ring through her nose, would be the idol of a Tonga island; and the Venetians admire red hair. Who shall decide?

SUBMARINE RAILROAD.—They talk of a submarine railroad from Dover to Calais. It will cost only about forty millions of dollars. It is a curious idea. Hitherto *throwing cold water* on an enterprise was sure to kill it; but this one will derive its value from being under water. We suppose the company will have a large sinking fund to enable them to keep their heads above water.

ANACHRONISMS OF OLD PAINTERS.—The famous old masters, so much talked about, painted a great number of anachronisms. One of the most glaring was that of a Dutch artist, who painted the "Sacrifice of Abraham." Abraham was represented as taking aim at his son with a musket, while an angel interposed and wet the priming.

OUR DOLLAR MONTHLY.—At the present rate of increase we shall in a few weeks print *one hundred thousand copies* of our Dollar Monthly Magazine. The cheapest magazine ever printed, in the new or the old world!

FIRE-WORKS.—We shall next week present our readers with views of three of the principal pieces at the exhibition of Fire-Works on Boston Common, this year.

SPLINTERS.

.... Captain Pratt, the diver, with divers men, is going to fish up the treasure of the Hussar at Hurlgate. Huzza!

.... It is said that ex-Governor Boutwell, of this State, is going to relinquish his business and study law.

.... Pork was so high lately at Cincinnati, that the people had to eat strawberries at eight cents a quart.

.... The farmers hope to have full crops everywhere—and the turkeys and chickabiddies ditto. Christmas is coming.

.... Cotton has been coming down at the South—coming down the rivers we mean—plenty of water now.

.... The English photographers have taken Sebastopol on paper—the cheapest and easiest way to take it, we suspect.

.... François Ravel was lately the defendant in an action of damages in this city, and gained his cause.

.... The canker worms seem to be working their way from the seaboard to the interior. Look out for them next year.

.... Alderman Clark urged on the city government the establishment of a rural cemetery in the vicinity of Boston.

.... A lunatic at Utica proposes to put elastic springs under Niagara to ease the water when it jumps.

.... Another unfortunate is engaged in the construction of a six-bladed horse and a leather frying-pan.

.... The parquette of the Boston Theatre is to be remodelled during the summer recess, and the seats raised.

.... Ball Hughes, the talented sculptor, has modelled a small figure illustrative of Miss Cummings's "Lamp-lighter."

.... It is a singular fact that there is no express law against duelling in this State. Murder is provided for, however.

.... The Hadley Manufacturing Company have succeeded in making paper from broom corn stalks.

.... The Great Republic and Queen of the Clippers, built here by McKay, have been carrying guns for the French to the east.

.... A Missouri hurricane strips the feathers off poultry, so that they are all ready for the spit or gridiron.

CIVIC AND MILITARY HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION.

We have selected the present number of the Pictorial, as appropriate in date, for the presentation of the portraits, drawn expressly for us from authentic original pictures, of some of the principal actors, civil and military, in the great drama of the American Revolution. We cannot too often refer to that period and to those men. If ever the fire of patriotism burns low in the heart of an American citizen, it is kindled to a flame, whenever turning back the pages of history, he reads the story of the struggles, sacrifices and heroism of the statesmen who first declared the rights of the country, and the soldiers who did battle in defence of those just rights against the hirelings of tyranny. As peaceful remonstrances, petitions and arguments preceded the stern appeal to arms, let us glance first at the civic heroes of 1776. Here we behold Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, one of the brightest names on the roll of Virginia's great men. Beside him is the honest and intelligent countenance of Robert Morris, an Englishman by birth, an American by heart, a member of the Continental Congress—a man who, in 1776, when the American army was suffering for food and raiment, loaned the government ten thousand dollars on his own responsibility. "I want money," said he, to a Quaker friend, "for the use of the army." "What security canst thou give?" asked the lender. "My note and my honor," replied Morris. "Robert, thou shalt have it," was the prompt reply. Then there is Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, of cavalier descent, who was the first man to propose independence in the Congress, and the first U. S. Senator chosen from the gallant "Old Dominion." There is John Jay, of New York, the author of the address of Congress to the people of Great Britain, and first chief justice of the United States. There is Henry, of Virginia, the Demosthenes of the Revolution. There is John Rutledge, of Charleston, who represented the soul of the patriotism of South Carolina during the darkest period of the Revolution—a statesman, a soldier, and a chief justice of the United States. There is Samuel Adams, of the old Puritan stock of Boston, whose eulogy was unwittingly pronounced by the royal governor of Massachusetts (Hutchinson), when he said, "Such is the obstinacy and inflexible disposition of the man that he can never be conciliated by any office or gift whatever." There is John Hancock, of Boston, President of the Continental Congress of 1776, who, when he affixed his bold and handsome signature to the Declaration, remarked: "The British ministry can read that name without spectacles; let them double their reward." There is James Otis, of Barnstable, Massachusetts, a "flame of fire," an ardent patriot, whose reason was destroyed by a blow from the bludgeon of an enemy of the country in 1769. There is John Adams, of Massachusetts, one of the most active members of the Congress of 1776, second chief magistrate of the Union, who died July 4, 1826, on the same day with Jefferson, with the words "Independence forever!" on his lips. Benjamin Franklin, the printer, statesman, philosopher, poet, he who "plucked the lightning from the clouds and the sceptre from tyrants," closes the page of our revolutionary statesmen.

What thrilling memories crowd upon the mind as we contemplate the page of military heroes. We behold there Benjamin Lincoln, of Hingham, Massachusetts, who went, like Cincinnatus, from the plough to the field of honor, first secretary of the war department, an honest, fearless and intelligent man; Israel Putnam, of Connecticut, the hero of Horseneck, the "bravest of the brave;" Daniel Morgan, whose rifles were the terror of the foe; William Moultrie, of South Carolina, whose defence of Charleston gained him imperishable renown; Thomas Sumter, the South Carolina "game-cock," the hero of Hanging Rock, and the victor of Tarleton; Thaddeus Kosciuszko, the Polish hero, who fought for liberty here and in his own country; General John Stark, of New Hampshire, the hero of the battle of Bennington; Joseph Warren, of Massachusetts, who sealed with his life-blood his devotion to his country on the battle height of Bunker's Hill; Gen. Nathaniel Greene, of Rhode Island, whose campaign in the South won him the admiration of the country, and the especial gratitude of the South; Francis Marion of South Carolina, the most brilliant partizan leader of the revolutionary struggle, and Henry Knox, of Boston, the founder and chief of the artillery service of the Continental army, the successor of General Lincoln as Secretary of War, and the founder of the celebrated Society of the Cincinnati. We have but glanced at these great men, whose achievements fill volumes, and whose names will never be forgotten so long as a free heart beats on this shore of the Atlantic.

THE PRESENT NUMBER.—We present the number of the Pictorial, now in the reader's hands, with feelings of pride, as it regards its typographical and artistic appearance. It is literally *new* in every respect, every type, head-line and rule. The font of type upon which it is printed was manufactured expressly for us by Messrs. Phelps & Dalton, and is one of exceeding beauty and excellence of finish. The Pictorial shall continue to deserve the extraordinary popularity it enjoys.

AS IT SHOULD BE.—Some of the New York hotels lately raised the charge to travellers from \$2 50 to \$3 per day for board. One or two better class houses refused to make this exorbitant advance, and took the trade entirely away from the rest, compelling the parties who had made the charge to return to old prices, which are high enough in all reason.

THE WAR.—Under the energetic lead of Gen. Pelissier, the allies, within a few weeks, seem to have accomplished wonders in the Crimea, though victory has been obtained by an enormous loss of life.

BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT.

On our last page Mr. Billings, the designer, has given us a spirited artistic conception of the tragic episode of the campaign of 1755, in which the British General Braddock was defeated by the French and Indians, receiving a mortal wound in the affair. We behold the fierce savages, unrivalled in their mode of warfare, dealing death from their fatal weapons, decimating the English and colonial troops by the accuracy of their fire. The mingled horror and romance of this wildwood combat rise up vividly before us as we gaze upon the sketch. Braddock's fight was an event of two-fold importance; in the first place it destroyed that belief in the superiority and invincibility of British arms, which the colonists had previously entertained; in the second place it brought forward conspicuously the gallantry and military talent of our beloved Washington—and both these facts sinking into the public mind, bore precious fruit when the colonies, a few years subsequently, were arrayed against the mother country. "This whole transaction," observes Franklin, "gave us the first suspicion that our exalted ideas of the prowess of British regular troops had not been well founded." Washington, writing to his mother just after the battle, says: "The Virginia troops showed a good deal of bravery, and were nearly all killed." Of the regulars he says: "They ran like sheep pursued by dogs, and it was impossible to rally them." The disaster might have been avoided had Washington, then a Virginia colonel, and a volunteer aid to General Braddock, been listened to. The entire body of regulars and provincials formed a column of nearly two thousand men. Their destination was Du Quesne, a French fortress which stands on the spot where Pittsburgh is now built. When within a few miles of this place, Colonel Washington advised Braddock to march cautiously, and to send out scouting and flanking parties. Tradition says that Braddock answered him, with an oath: "High times I high times! when a young backskin can teach a British general how to fight." In consequence of his obstinacy, Braddock's column was surprised, decimated and routed by a vastly inferior force, while he himself fell, mortally wounded, and expired four days afterwards. The "young backskin," who lived to defeat in after years the finest armies that Great Britain could send to the continent, covered the retreat of the expedition, and prevented the defeat from becoming a massacre. A noted Indian warrior, who fought against the English on the day, was often heard to declare, that Washington was not born to be killed by a bullet. "For," said he, "I had seventeen fair shots at him with my rifle, and after all could not bring him to the ground." In a letter to his brother, John Augustine, dated at Fort Cumberland, Washington writes: "As I have heard, since my arrival at this place, a circumstantial account of my death and dying speech, I take this early opportunity of contradicting the first, and of assuring you that I have not composed the latter. But, by the all-powerful dispensations of Providence, I have been protected beyond all human probability or expectation; for I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me, yet escaped unhurt, though death was levelling my companions on every side of me!"

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Cook, Mr. J. M. W. Williams to Miss Mary L. Whiteley; by Rev. Dr. Blagden, Mr. George O. Wilson to Mrs. Ruth Vinal; by Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Arnold B. Hargett to Miss Sarah W. Clifford, of Edgecomb, Me.; by Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. Albert Bissell to Miss Cornelia A. Thompson, both of Avon, Conn.; by Rev. Dr. Vinton, Mr. T. B. Wallis to Miss Mary A. Riganose of Toronto, C. W.; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Silas A. Atwood to Miss Hannah K. Atwood.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Dr. Putnam, Rev. J. T. Sargent to Miss Mary E. Flske.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. Benj. F. Rogers to Miss Blanche Y. D'Eon.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Lambert, U. S. N., Mr. Joseph W. Rogers to Miss Mary Hoar.—At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Emerson, Mr. T. C. Gilmer, of Boston, to Miss Harriet Robinson.—At Stoneham, by Rev. Mr. Whitecomb, Mr. Charles P. Patten to Miss Laura Ann Tyler.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Jackson Kennedy to Miss Mary E. Goodwin, of South Danvers.—At Ashland, by Rev. Mr. Thayer, Mr. George F. Seaver to Miss Emily M. L., daughter of James H. Jones, Esq.—At Philadelphia, by Rev. Mr. Willmer, Dr. David Burpee, of Sheffield, New Brunswick, to Miss Kate A., daughter of Washington L. Atlee, M. D.—At Bridgeport, Conn., by Rev. Mr. Towne, Mr. James E. Root, of Boston, to Miss Adelaide Wire.—At Jacksonville, Ill., Mr. Lyman F. Joy to Miss Angeline Hazeltine.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Lewis W. Homer, 21; Mrs. Adelaide Maria Prescott, 21; Mrs. Sarah H., widow of the late Mr. Aaron Sargent, of Newburyport; Mrs. Elizabeth Hunnewell, 86; John R. Bradlee, Esq., 44; Miss Anna Clarke, 72.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Lynn, 52; Mrs. Elizabeth A. Hutchinson, 40; Mrs. Julia Schluter, 17.—At Cambridge, Miss Harriet Carver Capen.—At North Chelsea, Capt. John Slade, 75.—At Jamaica Plain, Mr. Leonard Hyde, 67.—At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Anna Knights, formerly of Exeter, N. H., 67.—At Melrose, Mr. James G. Ayers, 20.—At Abington, Dea. Nathan Stoddard, 83.—At Lynn, Mrs. Ruth P. Appleton, 18; Mrs. Mary Ann Packer, 44; Mr. James McCaffrey, 19.—At Salem, Mrs. Ellen Allard, 42; Miss Sarah Bateman, 13.—Mrs. Mary Frances Fowler, 22.—At South Danvers, Miss Eliza Adeline Flint, 27; Mr. George F. Leonard, 20.—At Greenfield, Rev. Titus Strong, D. D., for more than 40 years rector of St. James's Church in that town.—At Great Barrington, Mr. Isaac Whitehead, a soldier of the Revolution, 97.—At Lakewood, N. H., Col. Moses Young, 86.—At Sebec, Me., Mr. Ezra Gould, 90.—At West Meriden, Conn., Mr. Eben Lee, 94.—At New York, Rev. Jacob Brodhead, D. D., 74.—At Holland Patent, Oneida Co., N. Y., Mr. Samuel Rockwell, 104.—At New Orleans, Rev. Alexander Campbell, D. D., 63.

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DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.
[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL]

This paper presents in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is *beautifully illustrated* with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world; and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements. The immense circulation of the Pictorial (being over one hundred thousand copies weekly) forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the Pictorial as an advertising medium is, that it is preserved, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the inside of the paper) becomes a permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.

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AGENTS WANTED—to sell throughout the Union and Canada **THE COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE MAINE LAW**. It sells quick to all parties. Inducements great. Address **HALL & BROTHIER, Publishers**, July 7 2t 115 and 117 Nassau St., New York.

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Printers and publishers are respectfully requested to call and examine specimens of work, of every variety adapted to their wants in business.

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ASK FOR IT WHEN SHOPPING.

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It is unsurpassed for neatness and utility, and should meet with the sale it richly deserves.—Tribune.

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July 7 NATH. WATERMAN.

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July 7 1t

THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM EXHIBITION IN BEACON STREET, now contains, besides the beautiful PAINTINGS and STATUARY with which it opened, a special collection of PICTURES by American artists, with Crawford's classical group of "HEBE AND OAXYMEDE," and Story's "STATUE OF JUDGE STORY," both just arrived from Rome.

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June 9 3m

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July 7 4t

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Spring Street, New York.

July 7 2t

LETTER FROM D. FANSHAW, ESQ.

THE following testimonial in relation to RUSHTON'S NEW REMEDY FOR FEVER AND AGUE, is one of many voluntary commendations which the new preparation has received, and calculated to explain its qualifications.

New York, Monday, June 4, 1855.

To Mr. F. V. RUSHTON—Dear Sir: I have for about a dozen years past resided in a rural district. Five years ago I had a Fever, and was cured by an emetic and several days dosing with quinine.

Last year I had the Fever and Ague, and an emetic and five days dosing with prepared arsenic restored me to health; but in neither case was I left as comfortable as when disease found me. During the process of curing, my head seemed to have some sort of delicate machinery in it, something of the spinning-wheel cast, which was accompanied with dull, heavy, and occasional shooting pains; and I had only to close my eyes to seem to see a variety of nondescript beings. For weeks after each cure I was troubled with slow moving and shooting pains in different parts of the body; whether from the medicine, or the partially annihilated disease, I know not.

Some weeks since I was again visited with the Fever and Ague, but had heard of RUSHTON'S NEW REMEDY FOR FEVER AND AGUE, and BILIOUS FEVER, prepared from the prescription of Dr. Griswold, and that you had it for sale; but remembering my former sufferings in the process of curing, and my pains afterwards, I concluded to have a conversation with the doctor concerning this specific, before I ventured to use it; and as he had for years resided in fever districts, I believed I might depend upon what he said. From him I had positive assurance that the medicine could not in any way injure the patient's future health, and that its operation in eradicating the disorder could not be felt, and that in twelve hours the disease would be completely conquered; but that in some instances, where it had taken firm hold of the system, it might return on the fourteenth or twenty-first day after the last shaking.

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As I have frequently witnessed the distressing effects of this disorder on others, as well as having a little experience in it myself, I am pleased with the opportunity of proclaiming what I know concerning the cure of it in my case, and hope that very many other sufferers may be induced to try this Annihilator of Fever and Ague.

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1t July 7

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may 12 coply

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AND 519 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. (St. Nicholas Hotel.)

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cop1f jan 13

WOOD ENGRAVING.

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MASSASOIT SALVE cures Piles, Burns, Scalds, Inflammations, etc. SULLIVAN BLACKING COMPANY, Proprietors, 127 Congress St. tf June 16

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BEST SPANISH CURLED HAIR MATTERSES. LIVE GEESE FEATHERS, KILN DRIED.

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I hereby constitute Mr. SIMON WILLARD, No. 9 Congress Street, Boston, sole agent for the sale of my Watches in the United States of America.

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April, 15, 1855.

The undersigned having been appointed sole agent in the United States for the sale of CHARLES FRODSHAM'S IMPROVED TIMEKEEPERS, would respectfully call public attention to his extensive and valuable stock of compensated Chronometer Watches made by Charles Frodsam, and styled his "New Series." The great importance of the Improved Watches is a perfect regularity of time under every variety, climate, motion and position. So perfect are the adjustments, that the most violent exercise, such as horseback riding, jumping, etc., produces on them no sensible effect. They are, therefore, peculiarly adapted to railroad purposes. The undersigned is permitted to refer to the following gentlemen, who, among others, have proved the excellence of Frodsam's Watches as timekeepers:

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E. C. Bates, Esq., G. M. Thacher, Esq.,
F. W. Thayer, Esq., David Dyer, Esq.

SIMON WILLARD,

9 Congress St., Boston.

mar 31

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FAMILIES should not fail to secure a box of **WILSON'S DYSENTERY POWDERS**, sold by Dr. J. V. WILSON, Norwich, Ct., WEEKS & POTTER, 154 Washington St., Boston.

July 7

STAFFORD'S HALF HUNDRED RECEIPTS.

A PAMPHLET OF EIGHTEEN OCTAVO PAGES.

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Inclose SIX CENTS, or two letter stamps, to J. R. STAFFORD, PRACTICAL CHEMIST, No. 4 New Street, New York, and the return mail will bring you the book, with the postage paid thereon.

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Your own Fault—If you will suffer from a protracted cough when relief may be easily obtained. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is the most reliable of all preparations for the cure of throat and lung complaints, asthma, etc.

CALL at the Druggists, and get a pamphlet containing an account of the cures effected by the use of DYER'S HEALING EMBOCATION.

July 7

IT is our good fortune to know Dr. Wilson very well; we have ever found him an honest, reliable man, and never given to humbug. Let all who may be afflicted with this terrible disorder (Dysentery), secure his preventive.

—Trumpet. July 7

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OF

AMERICAN FIELD SPORTS.

We have just published a valuable book, containing

TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS,



DEFEAT OF GENERAL BRADDOCK, IN THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR, IN VIRGINIA, IN 1755.

[For description, see page 12.]

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1855.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM } VOL. IX., No. 2.—WHOLE No. 210.
6 CENTS SINGLE.

LAUNCH OF THE STEAM FRIGATE MERRIMAC.

We present our readers with a spirited and accurate view of the recent launch of the steam frigate *Merrimac* from the first ship-house of the navy yard at Charlestown, drawn expressly for this paper,—a scene witnessed by at least twenty thousand of the inhabitants of this city and its vicinity. It was a magnificent spectacle, and not an accident occurred to mar the pleasure of the multitude who gazed upon it. All the bridges, shores, wharves, shipping, house-tops, from which a view of the scene could be obtained, were thronged with people, while hundreds of sail and row-boats, crowded to the utmost capacity, covered the water. Many hundreds of ladies and gentlemen were stationed on the line-of-battle ships *Ohio* and *Vermont*, the latter of which we remember seeing launched a few years since. As the time approached for the first rush of the leviathan into the element she is destined to ride for many years, we trust, the excitement was

breathless, and a delay of some minutes seemed an age. All eyes were rivetted on the dim-discerned hull. At last a universal shout of "Here she comes!" followed instantly by the crash of cannon, announced that she had left her cradle. With cheer on cheer, mingling with the roar of the guns, she glided forward to the water like a Naiad, and took her first bath. All anxiety as to her performance was immediately dispelled as she rode onward, light and graceful as a swan. Her exquisite symmetry and beautiful proportion rendered it too difficult to realize her size (4000 tons), till the eye made a comparison with adjacent craft. The *Merrimac* is the first of a fleet of six steam frigates ordered to be built, and if the remainder of them are equal to her, we shall, at last, have something like a steam navy. The utmost alacrity has been displayed in building her, and the mechanics employed on her have reason to be proud of their handiwork. The model was furnished by Mr. Lenthall, chief of the bureau of construction, and she has

been built under the superintendence of Com. Gregory, and by the direction of Mr. Delano, naval constructor of the Charlestown navy yard, and Mr. Melvin Simmons, master carpenter. The keel was laid one year since. She is now to be fitted for the service with the utmost despatch, and the only delay likely to occur will be in the casting of the guns, at Alger's foundry,—a very nice as well as tedious progress. When the *Merrimac* and her sister steam frigates are once equipped and fairly afloat, bearing aloft the stars and stripes, we shall have no reason to be ashamed of our steam navy. This squadron will form a nucleus, at least, around which, in time of need, may be gathered, as circumstances warrant the addition, a formidable fleet of ships, independent of wind and tide. The time had really arrived for government to take hold of this matter, and redeem our credit. The English and French were, as, indeed, they still are, far ahead of us in their steam defences, but we can now overtake them when necessary.



LAUNCH OF THE UNITED STATES STEAMER MERRIMAC, FROM THE NAVY YARD, CHARLESTOWN.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

THE DUCAL CORONET:

—OR,—

THE HEIR AND THE USURPER.

A ROMANCE OF ITALY IN THE 16TH CENTURY.

BY ARTHUR MORTON, A. M.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

The reply was ready. The animal was near at hand, quietly cropping the grass by the side of the path. The princess held out her tiny hand and called. At the sound of her familiar voice the beautiful animal raised his head, and after gazing at her for a moment with his bright eyes, trotted up to her side and put down his head for the expected caress.

"Ah, Orlando!" said the princess, "you are a good and faithful servant. But I taxed your powers too severely, or, rather you missed the hand that should have sustained you when you fell."

"Let me," said Giulio, who gazed upon the princess with increasing interest, "permit me to repeat my offer. Let me urge you to accompany me to my villa. You shall be waited on by female attendants, and a blast from my bugle will summon my sister to minister to your needs; she is riding in the forest."

The princess appeared to hesitate, as she glanced from the speaker to her wet garments.

"Is it far hence to your villa?" she asked.

"But a short distance, signora. Nay, you must have seen the towers of Monte Rosa as you approached the glen."

"Monte Rosa!" exclaimed the princess. "Methinks I have heard that name before."

"It is a retired abode with no pretensions to more than comfort," said Giulio.

"And Monte Rosa is your residence, signor?"

"It is."

"You, then, are—" said the princess.

"Giulio Brigaldi, at your service, signora."

"I—I—have heard your name," said the princess, with a confusion she could ill conceal. "Men speak of you as a skilful painter and farmer."

"I am proud of their commendation," replied Giulio, biting his lips. "Yes—the pencil and the pruning knife are my implements, and at a time when the sword and lance are grasped by manly hands. But enough of this. I shall be happy to offer such comforts as the villa affords."

"I thank you with all my heart, signor. Next to Heaven, my thanks are due to you for the very breath with which I coldly utter them; and to-night, when I kneel at the virgin's shrine, to pour out my gratitude for my deliverance, your name will mingle with my supplications."

"I am more than repaid for an involuntary act," answered Giulio.

"The time may come when I may be able to testify my gratitude," continued the princess. "Now I can only thank you in words, while I decline your offer. Nay, urge me not, my friends are hunting in the forest. I shall soon be with them. A note upon this silver whistle will bring my attendants to my side."

Giulio's whole frame thrilled as he lifted the princess to her saddle, and placed the rein in her hand. He even fancied that she pressed his hand. She certainly blushed as she bowed to him and wheeled her horse, and once more she looked back before she disappeared from view, and smiled a kind farewell.

"No longer," said Giulio, "shall I pursue the ideal in my day-dreams. It is found—brighter, fairer far, than any vision that ever dawned upon my path. O, that my skill were equal to my wishes. Such a face should beam upon the canvass, that the world would pay it homage as my heart does now. Who can this enchantress be?"

Thus musing, he slowly ascended the glen, and crossed the bridge. As he emerged from the denser portion of the road, he encountered Tonio, his tawdry finery soiled with dust, and his garments in a state of strange disorder.

"How now, sirrah!" cried his master. "Can you give me a good reason why I should not break every bone in your worthless carcass with my spear-staff?"

"Do it! do it!" cried the jester. "The wise man's body is ever the butt for the fool's blows."

"What mean you, rascal?"

"I mean you will o'-the-wisp on horseback ran away with your wits when she caused you to send me up the glen to stop her progress to destruction. Here I stood, like a sentinel on duty, to say that no one could pass the line—when, slam! bang! the first thing I knew I was rolling in the dust, with a vision of horse's heels passing over, and the long garments of a flying witch trailing on the wind."

"Poor fellow! I forgive you," said Giulio.

"It is very easy to forgive those we have injured," said the jester.

"Get you to the villa, Tonio," said Giulio, "and here's compensation for your injuries," he added, giving him a piece.

"There's no ointment for broken bones like gold," said the jester. "One can pocket any ailment in this shape."

With these words he retired, leaving Giulio to indulge in day-dreams—for he was in love. Enthusiastic, impressionable, imaginable, more of a poet than a practical man, it was not difficult to interest and excite him, and the person and manners of the princess would have moved a statue.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CROSS OF GOLD.—THE WARNING AND THE SPY.

IN another part of the forest, Ferrado, who had dismounted from his horse and sent him away in charge of a groom to a certain spot which the duke had indicated as a rendezvous for his hunting party, was slowly pacing the shaded footpath, reflecting upon the mission with which he had been entrusted by his master, and revolving the manner in which he should acquit himself thereof. As he thus advanced, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, he suddenly discovered a sparkling object half hidden by the grass. He picked it up and examined it. It was a small golden cross of elaborate workmanship, covered with minute carved figures which the skill of Benvenuto Cellini might have been proud to acknowledge. He turned it over in his hand and saw the name of "Estella" engraven on the back. The lustre of the ornament was undimmed, and it had evidently been but just lost by the owner. While he stood contemplating the cross, a horsewoman, whose approach the velvet turf had prevented him from hearing, suddenly reined up before him. He looked up and gazed with involuntary admiration on the exquisite beauty of the fair apparition. The lady, on her part, somewhat disconcerted by the close attention of the courtier, blushed deeply, a circumstance which added to the effect of her charms already flushed by the animation of exercise.

"Signora," said the equerry, respectfully, "I am induced to hope that in you I have found the owner of this little article," and he extended the glittering cross he had just been contemplating.

"It is indeed mine, signor," replied Estella. "That cross is one of my highest-prized treasures—it belonged to my mother. I missed it this moment, and turned back in the forlorn hope of finding it in the path I had just traversed."

"It gives me great pleasure to be the means of restoring it," said Ferrado, bowing.

"I thank you most heartily, signor," replied the lady, as she received the ornament; and then bowing to the stranger she wheeled her horse round and prepared to ride off.

"Stay one moment, lady," said the equerry, anxious to prolong the interview upon any pretext. "I am seeking the villa of Monte Rosa—and this wood is a perfect labyrinth. Perhaps you can direct me thither."

"You were in the right road," replied Estella. "You have only to follow the path, you will soon come to an opening in the wood from which you will see the towers."

"Are you acquainted with the inmates, signora?"

"I am one of them, signor," replied the lady.

"Indeed! then you can perhaps inform me whether Signor Brigaldi is at home?"

"My brother went forth early this morning," replied Estella. "But he should be returned by this hour. If he is not there, I will send one of the servants for him. *Addio*, signor."

And bowing to the equerry, the fair equestrian touched her horse and cantered off through the greenwood.

"She is a glorious creature!" thought Ferrado. "Born to grace a court. Which of the dames of Parma can compare with her in attraction? I ever thought the duke's daughter a peerless creature—but beside this lady, her beauty would be lustreless. Estella! I shall see her again, perhaps at the villa."

With this reflection he resumed his walk. Ferrado was peculiarly susceptible to the influence of female charms, and was, moreover, just of the age when beauty exerts its greatest sway over the human heart. This vision of loveliness imparted a new charm to his existence; the day seemed brighter, the sunshine more golden, the air more perfumed. Perhaps it would have been better for the success of his diplomacy had he not encountered this radiant fairy. Beauty has more than once foiled the arts of a practised politician.

Meanwhile Estella rode on towards the villa. She, too, had been favorably impressed by the appearance of the cavalier she had just encountered. He was handsome, courteous and richly attired—and accustomed as she was to see herself surrounded only by peasants, she could not fail to note the contrast he presented to those men of toil. He realized, or, at least, approached very near to that ideal of an accomplished suitor which she had dared to dream of in her lonely reveries. And what girl of eighteen, at least what Italian girl, has not such day-dreams? If Ferrado had the person of Romeo, Estella had the passionate heart of Juliet.

Musing on this little adventure, she had insensibly drawn her bridle-rein, and was walking her horse along the velvet pathway, when she met her brother coming in an opposite direction. She blushed scarlet, scarce knowing why.

"You here, brother!" she exclaimed.

"You appear very much astonished, Estella. Pray, where should I be?"

"O, I thought you were at the villa."

"It is not unusual for me to wander for hours in the woods on such a day as this."

"Well, brother, there is a cavalier going there to pay you a visit."

"How did you know that?"

"I met him by chance inquiring his way to the villa."

"What manner of man was he?"

"I did not take particular note of him," (O, Estella!) "but he was a gentleman, richly dressed in a hunting garb, and he wore golden spurs."

"'Tis he! Where is he, Estella?"

"He is following this path on foot."

"Very well. Ride on to the villa. I will join you there before long."

"Shall you bring the cavalier with you?"

"Perhaps—I cannot tell."

Estella rode on, hoping that she should before long again meet the stranger.

Now, a few moments before Giulio had encountered his sister, he had met a groom in the forest, who, after inquiring his name, gave him a note and immediately rode off. The note contained the following lines:

"Forewarned, forearmed. You are an object of suspicion to the Duke of Parma. He has sent a spy to interrogate you, Ferrado Montaldo, his master of horse, a dark haired man, wearing a gold bugle horn and golden spurs. If you are discontented with your lot, conceal it from him. Foil Italian diplomacy by Italian shrewdness. I cannot say how much depends on your discretion. Destroy this as soon as read.
YOUR FRIEND."

Giulio obeyed the injunction, tore the missive into minute fragments and scattered them to the winds, curious to know who could have thus become interested in his fate and fortune. At first he thought the warning might be a jest, but his brief interview with his sister dispelled this idea. He hastened therefore to meet the spy, dismissing every trace of suspicion from his countenance, and wearing the serene expression which was habitual to him. He had not advanced many paces from the spot where he had encountered his sister, before he saw the master of horse coming towards him. Ferrado, as he approached, paused and raised his cap in salutation.

"Can you inform me, signor," he asked, "if I am in the right direction for the villa of Monte Rosa?"

"This path leads directly to the villa, signor."

"I am in quest of the owner," said Ferrado.

"I am at your service," replied Giulio.

"What!" exclaimed Ferrado, with a joyous air. "Am I indeed addressing Giulio Veroni?"

"That is a name I have renounced, signor," replied Giulio, calmly. "I am known as Giulio Brigaldi."

"Pardon me—I cannot forget that you are entitled to a name intimately associated with the historical glories of Parma. Let me make myself known to you. My name is Ferrado Montaldo. Straitened circumstances compelled me to take service under the reigning duke. I am his kinsman, and consequently yours. Give me your hand, my dear cousin. We should have met long ago."

Giulio accepted the proffered hand of his kinsman, and shook it warmly.

"Come," said he, "you must see how I am lodged in the Villa Rosa. It must never be said that my kinsman was within arrow-flight of my house and went away without drinking one cup of wine, or breaking a morsel of bread with me. My sister, too, will aid to make her kinsman welcome."

"The temptation is very great," said Ferrado, with apparent hesitation. "I have met your sister. She is indeed charming, cousin. But you forget I am a slave, Giulio. The very spurs upon my heels are not given me that I may ride where I will, but that I may hasten to obey the mandates of a—tyrant—yes! that is the word, kinsman. In your ear, I may breathe it without fear of the consequence. I escaped from the ducal retinue in the hope of gaining a brief interview with you, but I must not go out of ear shot of the duke's bugles. He is a hard taskmaster."

"You do him injustice, Montaldo. Report speaks him a good ruler. It is said that the people of Parma were never so happy as under his sway. A judicious management of the finances has lightened the taxes of the people. The reigning duke is not immoderate in his pleasures, he has placed good judges on the bench, he has kept peace with his neighbors, at the same time that he has repelled aggression, not by force, but by dignity and firmness."

"All this is true to a certain extent," said Ferrado, "though if I were disposed to contest the point with you, I could easily show that you have exaggerated the merits of the sovereign. But it matters not how good a use he has made of his power—he is a usurper."

"There are times when men of ability are justified in grasping the reins of power," replied Giulio. "Usurpation is palliated by the acquiescence of the people governed. You forget that I was a mere boy when my father died."

"Why did not Francisco administer the duchy as regent during your minority, and resign the throne to you when you came of age? You inherited the blood and talent of a noble race; the ducal coronet of Parma was and is a prize worth grasping."

"An empire is worth nothing, if the heir has no ambition."

"And do you tell me that you have no ambition, Giulio?" asked Ferrado, fixing his eyes keenly upon his kinsman.

"Yes—I have ambition," answered Giulio. "I desire to transmit my name to posterity; I were else unworthy of my lineage. But there is more than one path to fame. Think you the ruler or the soldier monopolizes the glory of this world? Is it nothing to paint like Raphael or Michael Angelo? Is it nothing to be a poet? Is it nothing even to cover these hillsides with vines and fruit trees and flowers?"

"In truth, you have a noble estate here."

"I hold it from my uncle."

"Very true," replied Ferrado, with a sneer. "He robbed you of the whole duchy, which was yours, and gave you a mountain side to vegetate upon! Truly you ought to be very grateful."

"A man has always enough when he has content."

"I cannot think of your wrongs without indignation!" exclaimed Ferrado. "You, a noble, tilling the soil like a base peasant! You, gifted and learned, wasting your time in daubing pictures! You, trimming vines and planting olive trees, when you ought to

he reining a war horse, and leading the Italian chivalry to deeds of prowess! How can you exist in such a state of mediocrity?"

"My dear kinsman," replied Giulio, mildly, "you forget that a fall is most to be feared in the loftiest station. The blast that prostrates the tall oak but bends the flower at its foot. Books have served me in lieu of experience, and I know that greatness is but another word for care and unrest. I am under obligations to the duke for sparing me the miseries and temptations of a more exalted station."

"Do you never think, then, of the injuries he has inflicted on you?" asked the persevering Ferrado.

"I think only of enjoying this peaceful villa, which contains within its narrow limits more than you can find in builded palaces. What pictures can compare to the thousand ever varying and ever charming views that nature presents? What canopy of Genoa velvet so rich as this elm which droops its pendulous branches over glorious in the wealth of its unrivalled verdure? What Venetian mirror truer, brighter than the pools in the greenwood? What broodery of fair hands can equal the myriad flowers that gem the velvet turf? None of these grow old; they renew themselves annually without cost. Those riches which are not subject to the vicissitudes of fortune, are dearer to me than those which you seem to imagine I regret."

"Do you not desire to triumph over a cruel avidity?"

"All my desires are confined to the enjoyment of the blessings of the country, and to the continuance of the sweet society of my sister. Nature never deceives my hopes."

"Is it possible for a man to forget to this extent that he was born to reign?" exclaimed Ferrado.

"Power is a vain dream. Of all worldly vanities, what does man really possess? Food, clothing. Why should I crave for possessions I could not enjoy?"

"Solitude has made you a misanthrope."

"On the contrary, it has made me a philosopher. But enough of this. Will you walk to the villa?"

"No, no, Giulio. I should fear a spell would come upon me. I like fine garments, fine horses, lovely ladies, splendid pageantry, the glitter and whirl of the court circle. I should stifle in these solitudes. But I may take occasion to visit you."

"You will always be sure of a welcome."

"That I doubt not, and I thank you for the offer."

The equerry raised his bugle to his lips and blew a call. In a few moments a mounted groom appeared, leading a saddled charger. Without touching his foot to the stirrup, Ferrado vaulted into the saddle, and giving the spur to his horse, rode sharply away.

"Farewell, minion of the court!" said Giulio, to himself. "A few such specimens of the satellites of power, willing slaves, and I could indeed be content to pass my life in these solitudes. Nor should I ever crave place or power, the throne or the battle field, had I a partner in my lot; such a one as this lady of the Fairies' Glen. Shall I never see her again? Yet how unlikely that we shall ever meet. She is evidently one of the ladies of the court, and I am forbidden to set foot in the city. I could almost risk my head on the chance of meeting her again. But I must curb the swellings of my heart, and learn to endure my lot."

CHAPTER V.

THE ASTROLOGER AND HIS PATRON. THE MIDNIGHT MARCH.

In the cabinet of Francesco Veroni, the usurping Duke of Parma, there was a certain panel in the wainscoting, concealed by the rich hangings, which was furnished with a spring that, on being pressed, the panel slid back, disclosing a narrow, winding stairway. In fact, the ducal palace was a perfect labyrinth of secret passages, places of concealment and acoustic apparatus for conveying a whisper from one part of the edifice to another. Many of these devices were of older date than the period of our story, but Francesco had added to them, for he was by nature a coward, and the arms of timidity are cunning and concealment. The passage to which particular allusion has been made, conducted to the apartments of a learned man, in the employ of the duke as his astrologer. Superstition still attributed to the stars a mysterious influence over the destinies of men, and to the fallen science of astrology the power of fathoming those starry influences and of reading in the combinations and movements of the heavenly bodies the story of their fate. There was something flattering to the vanity of the great in the belief that their destinies were recorded on the crystal battlements of heaven in letters of undying fire; that, at the period of their birth, a new star burst forth on high, commissioned to be the beacon of their hopes, or the lurid index of their woes. No honors, no treasures, were too great for the gifted one who possessed this pretended gift of divination, and the learning, which would have been neglected by the ignorant and brutal princes of the dark ages had it appealed directly for their support, was encouraged indirectly under the guise of astrology, so that the accurate science of the present day owes much of its perfection to the superstition of the past. The belief in astrology, however, was so universal, it formed so certain a portion of the creed of the age, that few of the astrologers could fairly be called impostors. Most of them believed what they taught, at least at the outset of their career.

Magnus, the astrologer, had been but a few years resident at the court of Parma. Whence he came, no one knew, but it was supposed from the East, the birth-place of science. Men said, indeed, that he possessed strange gifts, that he had discovered the elixir of life while pursuing his studies in Egypt, and that he bore a charmed existence, proof against disease and violence.

He had suddenly appeared one day before the gates of Parma, a tall, majestic looking man, with a long silver beard, clad in the richest Oriental costume, and accompanied by a train of Nubians

splendidly attired and armed. A file of pack horses were laden with his goods. To the captain of the guard, whom he addressed in choice Italian, he presented a pass from the duke, authorizing the entrance of himself and train, and commanding that the utmost respect should be paid him. He was accordingly admitted within the city, and moved directly to the palace, where he had a long private interview with the duke. While this conference lasted, the courtiers and hangers on of the palace endeavored to obtain some information of the stranger's attendants respecting their master. But not one of the sable servitors proffered a word. They shook their heads on being addressed, and on being closely plied with questions, frowned savagely and laid their hands upon their yataghans. At the conclusion of the interview between the duke and his mysterious visitor, orders came from the former to transport the effects of the stranger into the upper story of one of the wings of the palace. This done, the train which had escorted the guest into the city took its departure, moving forth in a glittering cavalcade, and from that day not one of them had returned. Nor was the astrologer, for such it was soon rumored that he was, ever seen, save by the duke himself and two or three old and confidential servants, who went into the tower where he lodged, from time to time, to put it in order, and to carry thither fuel, of which he used large quantities, stores of food and wine, and other necessities of life.

These men were, of course, at first closely questioned as to what they beheld in the mysterious apartments which they had the privilege of visiting; but they refused any answer, and the duke, finding how much they were annoyed, hinted that such interrogations would not be permitted. A hint was found quite sufficient, as no one cared to brave the indignation of the duke, and so the life of Magnus, the astrologer, remained an impenetrable mystery to the court. Men and women contented themselves with watching and surmises, and there was no end of the stories circulated with regard to the avocations and attributes of the stranger. The sentinels on duty in the night observed that lights were never extinguished in the astrologer's tower. And these lights were of changeful hue. Sometimes, through the loopholes of his apartment, strange crimson rays shot forth like arrows on the night. At other times, ghastly blue and green flames rose from the chimneys, lighting up the surrounding turrets and tree-tops with a spectral glare. More than once a dull explosion had been heard. Of course, the superstitious minds of the observers of these phenomena attributed to the stranger a commerce with the enemy of man, and many a credulous eye saw, in the midnight storm-cloud, the wing of the familiar demon, sweeping through the sky, to visit his mortal ally and associate. We have thus rapidly indicated the position and popular character of a personage about to be introduced to the reader, in connection with our narrative. We will now pass to the apartment of the duke on the evening of the day of the hunting party.

He had laid aside his hunting dress for a richer and easier garb, and was engaged in conversation with his equerry, all other attendants having been dismissed.

"Now, then, Ferrado," said the duke, "I have had no opportunity of questioning you before. You saw him?"

"Ay, my lord."

"And questioned him?"

"Carefully and closely. Machiavelli himself could not have conducted the examination more adroitly or plausibly, nor have found a franker or more unsuspecting subject to deal with."

"Well, go on."

"My lord, he is as harmless as a dove. He is void of ambition as a cloistered man. He is a philosopher."

"What did he say?"

"In the first place, I must ask your grace's pardon for the liberty I took in representing myself to Giulio as a discontented subject—as strongly attached to the old duke and his son."

"I believe my brother was an especial favorite with you," said the duke, drily.

"With me, my lord!" said the courtier. "He scarcely knew me. I was a mere boy when he died, and was indebted to him for no favors,—while to you I owe all."

"Leave out protestations of loyalty," said the duke, impatiently. "What said this Giulio Brigaldi?"

"He talked like a poet, a peasant, a philosopher. Babbled about his fields, and nature, railed against the follies of the court, lauded your grace's administration, your bounty to himself, and proclaimed himself a perfectly contented man."

"A Phoenix which philosophers and divines have never yet been able to discover!" said the duke, sarcastically. "I congratulate you on your fortunate discovery."

"Your highness seems to doubt my tale."

"I doubt not, Ferrado, that you have reported the words of this young gentleman correctly. But the countenance often gives the tongue the lie. How looked he when he made his declaration?"

"His expression was that of perfect candor; I can conceive of nothing more guileless. I think you may trust his declaration implicitly, my lord," said the equerry.

"Ferrado," said the duke, rising, and laying his hand on the arm of the equerry, "I doubt, I doubt! He has deceived you; he cannot hoodwink me. But enough for the present. You must be weary; get you to your bed. You can sleep. Restlessness and vigil are my lot. But stay—is there not in my troop of horse-guards a man who was lately in the employ of Giulio?"

"Ay, my lord,—Ramon Castro, a Catalan of Spain."

"It is well. Adieu, Ferrado! pleasant dreams to you."

The master of horse retired with a low obeisance.

"I must see this man myself," muttered the duke. "His image haunts me day and night, and portends danger. If the astrologer confirms my fears, my resolution is taken."

Lifting the hanging, and pressing the secret spring, the panel flew back, and the duke entered the secret passage and ascended to the astrologer's apartment.

The room he entered was a laboratory; a furnace, retorts, chemical apparatus, mingled with implements of unknown utility, crowded the room, which was pervaded by a pungent odor. The astrologer was seated at a table, with a parchment filled with cabalistic signs and figures, spread out before him.

He did not rise on the entrance of the duke, but contented himself with a salutation of the head. The duke seated himself near him, and addressed him rather with the manner of a client conferring with his advocate, than a ruler addressing his subject.

"Thou hast perused the stars lately, my friend!" asked the duke, with a tremulous voice.

"Every night I study them," replied the astrologer, "and every day I base my calculations on the observations."

"And what is their aspect?"

"They portend danger to thee."

"Danger!" exclaimed the duke.

"Ay, danger to thy throne. There is a star whose influence threatens to eclipse yours. I know not who he is,—that my art cannot tell; but there is a mortal who, I am convinced, is plotting against your security."

"And is the danger near or distant?"

"It is near at hand."

"Thanks for the warning; I shall know how to meet it. I have had a presentiment of this."

"There are ever, my lord, invisible spirits, the messengers of yonder bright luminaries, who are whispering in our ears the timely warning. Woe to those who turn a deaf ear to their suggestions!"

"I am not one of those," said the duke. "I am ever hearken- ing to thy mysterious voice. Once more thanks, and good-night."

The duke rose, and as he departed, laid a purse, filled with gold, upon the astrologer's table. The wise man gave no heed to the tribute,—at least, in the presence of the duke; but when the latter retired, he clutched it convulsively, poured out the contents on the table, counted them piece by piece, and then restoring them to the purse, locked it up carefully in a huge iron chest that stood beside him.

"Gold! gold!—glorious gold!" he muttered. "I shall be rich—rich to the extent of my heart's desire!"

Meanwhile the duke descended to his cabinet, and blew a shrill note upon the silver whistle which he always wore, suspended to his girdle by a gold chain.

In a moment an attendant stood before him, craving his commands.

"Send me the captain of my cavalier guard."

In a very few moments, for night and day he awaited the bidding of his master, a bronzed warrior, sheathed in steel, entered the apartment and saluted the duke.

"You can read, I believe, Gonelli?" said the duke.

"Like a clerk, my liege."

"Here are your orders, then," said the duke, giving him a paper he had been writing. "Take ten picked men, among them Ramon Castro, the Spaniard, and fail not, on your head, to execute the mission confided to you. By an hour after sunrise, to-morrow, I shall expect your return."

"My life shall answer for me," said the soldier.

Ten minutes afterward, the trampling of horse was heard in the court-yard, and the file detailed by the duke rode through the palace gateway at a sharp trot.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MUSIC FROM THE IRON HORSE!

A Worcester paper says that an enterprising mechanic of that town has made an invention by which steam whistles can be made to discourse sweet music—thus, says the authority from which we quote, making those nuisances quite as ornamental as useful. What an improvement that will be when it comes into general use! For instance, suppose we are a young married man (requires some imagination, we admit), and have to leave the endearments of home for business elsewhere. We get into the cars feeling dreadfully, if not worse,—the bell gives the parting tinkle, the wheels rumble slowly out of the depot, and, at that moment, the whistle strikes up "O, Susannah! don't you cry for me!"—shouldn't we be touched, and yet consoled? Then, further along, an ignoramus, as ignoramuses will, is seen walking on the track, and immediately "Git out of the way, old Dan Tucker!" starts him one side as promptly as the hiss of a rattlesnake, but still with an agreeable exhilaration. But a dog is just to be run over—the thing is inevitable; but there is some consolation in "Old Dog Tray," played as a complimentary requiem. When not otherwise employed, didactic strains might be given, as, "Wake up, Jake! the fire wants poking," or the night train might soliloquize, "We won't go home till morning." And one instance more—the young married man, so ingeniously supposed above, having got through his business, is returning; as the cars begin to slacken their pace, what would be more touchingly appropriate than "Home again, home again," played with a forty horse-power pathos! We have said enough—hurry up the musical engines!

ADVICE TO PARENTS.

Be ever gentle with the children God has given to you; watch them constantly; reprove them earnestly, but not in anger. In the forcible language of Scripture, "Be not bitter against them." "Yes, they are good boys," I once heard a kind father say, "I talk to them pretty much, but I do not like to beat my children—the world will beat them." It was a beautiful thought, though not elegantly expressed. Yes, there is not one child in the circle round the table, healthy and happy as they look now, on whose head, if long spared, the storm will not beat. Adversity may wither them, sickness fade, a cold world frown on them; but, amid all, let memory carry them back to a home where a law of kindness reigned, where the mother's reproving eye was moistened with a tear, and the father frowned "more in sorrow than in anger."—*Mason.*

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

THE DEPARTURE FROM SUEZ.

Our engraving presents a view of this once noted place, occupied by the French during the expedition of Napoleon. It is a city of Egypt, remarkable for its situation on the borders of Arabia, at the north end of the Red Sea, and on the south border of the isthmus from which it derives its name. It was once a place of great importance, the seat of a flourishing commerce, the

emporium of the India trade, and the great rallying point of the multitudes of pilgrims who gathered from all parts of the Turkish empire to perform the sacred journey to Mecca. This floating population, constantly arriving and departing, filled the streets of Suez with animation and bustle. But like many other cities of the East, it has suffered a rapid decline. The trade has fallen off, the number of pilgrims has decreased, and since the

French expedition, the city is no longer what it was. The canal which formerly connected the Gulf of Suez with the Nile is now choked up, many of the houses were destroyed by the French, and it has never been rebuilt. The Egyptian campaign of Napoleon is one of the most poetical and thrilling acts in the great drama of his life. Very few on board the fleet which carried him thither were aware until the low shores of Egypt appeared in sight on the first of July, 1798, what their destination was; but they were all ready to follow their gallant young leader to the end of the world, for to them his name was the synonym of victory. The troops were landed the same day. Napoleon explained the importance of the expedition. "You are about to undertake," he said, "a conquest fraught with incalculable effects upon the commerce and civilization of the world. You will inflict upon England the most grievous stroke she can sustain before receiving her death blow." His first exploit was to carry the city of Alexandria by assault. Here he remained six days, and then leaving three thousand men to garrison the place, under command of General Kleber, afterwards assassinated at Cairo, he marched across the desert in the direction of the latter place. The attacks of the Mameluke cavalry were brilliantly repelled by the squares of French infantry. The battle of the Pyramids was a decisive action. Mourad Bey, at the head of his superb cavalry, had sworn to "cut the Frenchmen up like gourds," and with his numerous infantry he wanted but discipline to make his vaunting good. On the eve of the encounter between these antagonistic forces, Napoleon stimulated the heroic valor of his soldiers by the utterance of one of those immortal laconisms which are so celebrated. "Soldiers," said he, "from the summit of yonder pyramids forty centuries look down on you this day!" The terrible battle which ensued proved the destruction of the Mamelukes and left Napoleon master of Egypt. But if victorious on land, the hopes inspired by his successes were blasted by the intelligence of the naval battle in which Lord Nelson utterly annihilated the French fleet, and cut off, it was supposed, the retreat of the French army to France. Dessaix, obeying the instructions of Napoleon, made himself master of Upper Egypt, while Napoleon in person marched across the desert to Syria, took Jaffa and laid siege to Acre. While this was progressing, he marched to meet a large Turkish army which had rallied to attack him, and defeated them at Mount Tabor. Returning to Acre, finding himself crippled in his resources, and large reinforcements arriving to the aid of Sir Sidney Smith who defended it, he was reluctantly compelled to raise the siege and return to Cairo, where he again defeated the Turks after a fierce engagement. A little more than a year from the date of his first landing in Egypt, Napoleon succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the British cruisers and returned to France.

MAJORCA, IVICA, MINORCA—PORT MAHON.

On the next page we present views of these, the principal islands of the Balearic group. The whole number of the islands is five, and they are situated in the Mediterranean, off the coast of Spain, about fifty miles from the main-land. The name given to this group is derived from a Greek word, signifying "to throw," and was applied to the ancient inhabitants on account of their remarkable dexterity in the use of the sling, a formidable weapon in practised hands, as the scriptural history of the encounter of David and Goliath proves. The name was given originally to the islands of Majorca and Minorca. The Balearic slingers were an effective part of the army of the Carthaginian Hannibal. In later times they were conquered by the Romans. They afterwards came into possession of the Vandals under Genserich, and in the eighth century fell into the hands of the Moors. They, in turn, were conquered by James I, king of Arragon, and the islands formed a kingdom afterwards united to Spain (in 1375). In 1708 the English conquered Minorca, but lost it again in 1782, to a combined force of French and Spaniards. In 1798 it was again surrendered to the British, who relinquished it to Spain in 1814. The fate of Admiral Byng will always be remembered in connection with Minorca. His abortive attempts to relieve fort St. Philip and his hesitation to attack a superior force of the enemy, raised a popular clamor against him, which should have been directed against the ministry. He was condemned to death by a court martial, and though recommended to mercy, was suffered to be shot. Minorca is not a fertile island, and owes its principal importance to the fine harbor of Port Mahon, which is sketched with spirit in our illustration. Majorca is quite a large island, comprising 1410 square miles. The climate is temperate, and the soil produces in abundance grain, flax, figs, olives, grapes, almonds, oranges and other fruits. There are manufactures here of blankets, linen, sailcloth, etc. The inhabitants are described by Fischer as bearing a striking resemblance, "both in their external appearance and general character to the Catalans, being equally hardy and courageous, equally blunt and jealous of their honor, equally industrious and ingenious, equally good sailors and skilful farmers with their continental neighbors; and their language is, in fact, nothing but a corrupt dialect of the Catalan." Numerous detached farms and country houses are scattered over different parts of the island; and in all the fine valleys one may meet with numbers of elegant villas, in which the higher classes, who are usually much attached to a country life, spend the greater part of the year. The roads have also been considerably improved within the last eight years, and there is a tolerably good communication between the different parts. The coral fishery and the manufacture of brandy are profitably pursued. Palma, its capital, is a place of about forty thousand inhabitants. It is agreeably placed in a delightful country, and is pretty strongly fortified. The houses are large and well built, but the streets, being narrow, dark and ill paved, give it a wretched and mean appearance. Ivica, Iviza or Ibiza, anciently Ebusus, is also highly fertile and productive. The principal exports are salt, fish and wood. It has a capital of the same name, containing a population of about 7000; it is fifty-two miles from Majorca.

DEPARTURE FROM SUEZ, ONCE THE RESIDENCE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.





ISLAND OF MAJORCA



PORT MAION, MINORCA



ISLAND OF IVICA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DREAMS.

BY T. D. WILKINS.

Dreams are the bright creatures of poem and legend, who sport on the earth in the night season, and melt away with the first beam of the sun, which lights grim care and stern reality on their daily pilgrimage through the world.—Charles Dickens.

They are spirits, whose swift pinions
Cleave the cooling air of night.
When the eve has spread her mantle
O'er the sun's retiring light,
And when silence soft has fallen
O'er the meadow and the hill,
And the weary earth reposing,
Sinks to slumbers deep and still.

Then they hover round the pillow
Where we lay our tired head,
And their web of magic power
They about our being spread.
And a land of heavenly beauty
Opens to our wondering sight,
Clothed in everlasting verdure,
Radiant with eternal light.

There the skies are always glowing,
And the flowers ever bloom,
And the zephyrs cool are bearing
A sweet burden of perfume,
And swift rivers e'er are flowing,
O'er their beds of golden sand,
For a world of fairest beauty
Is this magic spirit land.

There, each scene that charmed our vision,
In the happy days gone by,
Comes again with brighter radiance
To enchant our raptured eye,
Bright eyes once more are beaming
Sweetest lustre to our own,
And fond memory brings the treasures
Of the times we thought were gone.

But alas, the sun is beaming
In the dawning of the day,
And now slowly, softly fading
The sweet visions pass away,
While they vanish like dim phantoms
Back into the viewless air.
The sad heart once more awakens
To another day of care.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

QUEEN PHILIPPA.

BY FRANCES P. PIPPERELL.

The sultry day, among the Highlands, was drawing to a close, while the round, red sun shone, divested of his beams, through a bank of dun, golden mist, down on the ominously smooth surface of the loch, where gaily, in their painted skiff, rocked the children of the dead Baron Duncan.

Little Marion shook back her golden curls, and showered a spray of glittering drops upon her brother from her uplifted oar, when, raising her eyes, she saw the singular array of sunset clouds, and attracted his attention to them.

"Ah!" said the older Jamie, scanning sky and wave, "this forebodes no good. Quick! take thine oar, little sister; we are full a mile from shore, and the squall rolls up apace."

Speedily the measured strokes of the two well-practised play-mates flashed through the water, which already a slight wind was rippling. Marion bent anew over her oar at each encouraging word of her brother; but the increasing wind, blowing the foam in their faces, flapped the snowy sail from side to side, and rocked the little boat fearfully.

"Hold, Marion!" at length said Jamie, "while I lower this sail;" and he rose to do so, but the skiff, careening with the sudden movement, lay over on its side, and the shifting sail swung, full of wind, heavily across the boat, and struck him from his balance, deep into the angry waters of the loch. As he rose to sight, a rod distant, the hitherto petrified Marion seized her oar afresh, and, exerting all her might, quickly reached him, and flinging down the oar, she extended both her little hands to aid him in climbing the side. Jamie caught them, intending to spring up, when, with a heavy lurch, the treacherous boat glided out of reach, and Marion was left clinging to his hands in the water. For a long time they buoyed themselves above the now furiously lashing waves, when Marion murmured, bowing her head so low that the water bubbled round her lips:

"Let me go, Jamie,—I cannot any longer—my strength is gone—save thyself for my sake!" and, clasping her hands, she dreamily sighed to herself the last words of a little prayer, as she drifted slowly down through the green water; they would have been her last words, indeed, had not the arm of a strong swimmer snatched her up, and, throwing her light and almost senseless form across his shoulder, seized the arm of the drowning Jamie, and boldly made for shore. The vigorous limbs of the preserver battled stoutly with the elements, and ere many moments his encumbrances lay high and dry upon the beach. Running up the cliff, whence he had leaped on seeing the danger of the children, the young man caught his large cloak, and, returning, wrapped it round Marion, then chafing the limbs of Jamie, he rubbed his lips with a cordial, and tried all the restoratives in his power,—but in vain. Had not the boy's whole life first ebbed away, never would he have suffered his sister to drop from his support into the bosom of the loch. And now Marion was left defenceless on the world; for the lids of Jamie's eyes would never drift like snow from early

violets again, nor ever, as for twelve years they had already done, sweetly answer Marion's loving glances.

The stranger lifted himself to gaze around, and seeing, above the distant grove and hill, the gray towers and battlements of the late Baron's Hall, he lifted Marion gently in his arms, and bent his way thither. A lady, into whose arms he resigned his burden, met him at the door with tears and exclamations, and, followed by the porter, he departed, and once more returned, bearing, this time, the corpse of the young baron.

The next day, as the stranger inquired at the lodge for Marion's health, the child, pale and wan, ran forth, and, falling on her knees, covered his hand with kisses and with tears. Then rising, she took from her neck a string of jewels, with a small silver whistle attached, and wound them round his waist. It was the falcon-call of Jamie, the most precious gift she could bestow, and turning, she paced slowly up the long walk, weeping wildly. * *

In the court-yard of one of the royal palaces of Scotland, at some five years subsequent to the opening of our narrative, a noble hunting party were assembled. The king, David II., himself (as all the world knew, a gay bachelor), sat, curbing his eager steed, as if expectant of others not yet arrived.

"Waiteth the king?" inquired a young English nobleman of a Scotch chamberlain, "and for whom?"

"Ye maun weel say that!" was the last reply. "He waiteth never for any but her, who alway enforceth delay. The procrastinating good-for-naught! The Baroness Marion Duncan it is, to whom he showeth singular favor, and even letteth retain her father's rank and wealth. This, maun, be she!"

The merry laughs approaching without the gates had already told the stranger as much, and when the gates were thrown open, and two ladies, attended by cavaliers, rode in, he was at no loss to distinguish the baroness; indeed a few years had not materially altered her. Clad in a habit of royal purple, with a broad collar of white linen around the throat, and black plumes depending from a close cloth cap, and mingling with her shining curls, her dazzling beauty and rosy smiles turned all eyes upon her, while sitting lightly on the side of her white Arabian courser, she took the court-yard in a ring, and, throwing her steed on his haunches before the king, doffed her cap to his majesty, and with superb horsemanship, bounded forward to her bashful aunt, who had gone, timidly, in the opposite direction, and was stationed among the other ladies.

As the whole party now issued from the gates, it was quite evident which one was to be the king's companion, when he galloped forward and dropped into the center of the hunt, beside the Baroness Marion. But curvetting slightly, the lady glanced quickly round the party, till her eye lighted upon the Englishman once and twice again, as if she sought some well-remembered object, surveyed him, then turning with a well-satisfied smile to the king, she waved her hand across the plain, and they stretched into a gallop towards the distant cover.

"The ground is rough for sae braw ladies," said the cross old chamberlain; "but hist! mon, doth she but mention it, and a' the way frae Paris wad come upholsterers to carpet it. Weel, wha brooks a gaberlunzie's interference? She will like make a gude queen enow!"

Ere long the bay of the hounds proclaimed the trail, and on the edge of the cover the party begun to spread. Thus soon, in the centre of a small grove, the young Englishman found himself by Marion's side. With suitable propriety, she bent her head in a dignified salute; but, then frankly extending her hand, said:

"Thou hast forgotten me?"

Raising the chain of jewels with Jamie's whistle, while he grasped her hand:

"It is not possible," he answered.

Tears suffused Marion's eyes beneath the kindly gaze of the stranger, and all that day of sadness came rushing back on her memory. But she dashed them off, saying:

"Thy remembrance is very pleasant. Hast never revisited the loch?"

"Nay," was the reply. "I was then but a boy, journeying for idleness; now I bring hither despatches from my master's court."

"Thou art not, then, Scotch?"

"On the contrary. I am a faithful subject of Edward III., of England, whom God preserve!"

"Amen!" answered Marion, her smile full of mischievous merriment. "Is that treason, in my case?" she asked.

"A true subject of Scotland could not say it," was the reply.

"So am I no true subject!" then she cried.

"I have heard before," said the stranger, archly, "the Baroness Marion would soon be queen."

"Then thou hearest amiss!" she answered, turning flashing eyes upon him. "I am no true subject, because I hate the king. Thus, surely, I shall not be queen."

"I entreat thy forgiveness," said the Englishman. "Not willingly would I wound thee. We are surely friends."

Looking up, smilingly:

"I am captious," she answered, "and frequently troubled of late. I know not if I have any friends, unless, indeed, thou, to whom I owe my life, art one." At this moment the clear call of the bugle sounded, and approaching steeds were heard. "Thou wilt visit us at the loch this summer?" said Marion, as they separated.

"I shall not fail," he answered; and, turning his horse's head, he had not taken two steps ere he confronted the king, sitting savagely upright in the saddle, having unmistakably overheard the whole conversation. Marion saw him, too; for, turning her beautiful face, as she rode away, she pointed at him with her whip, and her clear laugh echoed through the arches of the forest.

"Thy despatches for home, young man," said the king, hoarsely, "are on thy table. Take them and be gone!"

The Englishman bowed and left him. But when the despatches were safely in the hands of Edward of England, once more the stranger sought Scotland, and was welcomed at the loch by Marion, careless concerning her kingly suitor.

Two months fled by on the wings of summer with Marion and the stranger. Music, rides and sails, lonely wanderings over purple heaths, and lively conversations, wiled away the hours, and if love came in at the feast, neither said it to the other. But it was not to be supposed that the presence of one fascinating and love-some as the handsome Englishman, could be endured with her whose hand the king sought, without his royal knowledge and anger; and thus, one noon, the king entered the drawing-room of the baroness, and the stranger was politely, yet decidedly, banished from the kingdom.

When he had departed, the king, ordering his attendants to retire, seated himself beside Marion, and, for a long time, a rigid silence was maintained by both. Slowly raising her eyes at last, Marion surveyed the king from head to foot. The hair of the king was light and bushy, his forehead high and wrinkled, his eyes small and gray, a thick, tawny beard adorned, or, rather, hid the lower part of his face, and the expression of his whole countenance was exceedingly repulsive. A tall, powerful man he was, with a singular and almost disproportionate breadth of chest, a feature almost always observable in men of a strong will, impatient of restraint. Marion's eyes fell again, and a scornful smile curled her lip.

"Thou dost not find me charming?" said the king, in a fine English accent.

"Far from it," she answered.

"I suspected as much from a lady of thy penetration. Are there no charms of character to atone for defects elsewhere?"

"None that I am aware of."

"What, then, is the opinion of the Baroness Marion concerning me?"

"I am thy majesty's subject."

"Forget it. Think me thy slave, as I am!"

"I think, then, the king comporteth himself as becometh no king."

"That is not an opinion concerning my mind or person, simply my manners."

"Then, if thou commandest me—"

"I do command!"

"Then, if thou commandest me to speak truth,—thou art loathsome and vile! Thou hast neither beauty of person nor soul. Virtue enters into no action of thine. Vice is thy counsellor and abettor!"

"I do not know," said the king, "if Lord Murray—the other name of my counsellor and abettor—would agree with the last proposition. Then the baroness finds me disgusting!"

"Entirely so!"

The king bent his head down toward her; he laid his hand on her arm as if to compel her to listen, and his voice was low and hissing, as he said:

"But Marion, loathsome, vile, hideous, vicious, disgusting, as I may be, thou, too, shalt be so; for as the husband is, the wife becomes, since both are one. And thou shalt be my wife! I swear it, and call God to witness!"

Marion rose before him, her hand uplifted, her face glowing.

"I, too, call God to witness!" she said; "and I will never be your wife, so may he help me!"

"A woman's oath is of no account in my kingdom, and thine shall not avail thee. Thou shalt never wed this Englishman,—this Lord Guy!" said the king.

But the indignant Marion had swept from the room, and he was alone, far more amused and perplexed than enraged at her presumption. Yet offended he certainly was, both at the hatred her words expressed, and at the prior presence of Lord Guy; but more eager in his suit he became, and he vowed, with shut teeth, to revenge himself by success. * * *

David II., of Scotland, was a man haughty, determined and revengeful, therefore, it was not at all to be wondered at, that when Edward and his young son, the Black Prince, were absent, prosecuting the war in France, the Scotch king should presume on the proverbial timidity of woman, and invade the realm left under the care of Queen Philippa. He knew there was but one warrior of renown left with the queen, and he, only for a sufficient space of time to summon his retainers and collect a new battalion. Thus it behooved King David, both from prudence and hatred, to secure by treachery the person of this warrior, Lord Guy Vere de Vere; and, sending an embassy to Philippa, he declared that he had important despatches for the king's royal ear, which he would trust into no hands but those of Vere de Vere, whose honor he had acknowledged, and whose banishment he had revoked.

When, obedient to his queen's command, Lord Guy presented himself at Edinburg, he was thrown into a dungeon keep far below the moat of a nearly deserted castle, a month's provision laid before him, and, with the great key hanging in the king's own girdle, he, in like manner, waylaid and secured Marion, and guarding her in a tent near his own, numbered his forces and marched into England. Burning towns and devastating plains, he had not advanced a day's journey ere the news reached the lovely Philippa, who instantly penetrated the treachery toward Lord Guy, and, buckling on her helmet and haranguing her soldiery, she placed herself at their head, and valiantly prepared to meet the royal foe.

Two days Guy had lain in the cell, and though the darkness was growing familiar to his eye, yet the spirit within chafed for release, for he knew what villainous doings were at hand without.

It might have been mid-noon of the third day when the key grated in the lock, and the door opening slowly, displayed a spectre whose skull, and ribs, and limbs were lines of fire. Suspecting it to be some ruse of the king's, Guy feigned sleep, till a soft hand was placed on his brow, and the well-known voice of Marion said:

"Lord Guy! arise, my lord, and flee while thou mayest."

He started in amazement; but she had opened a little lantern, and Guy saw that her disguise was but lines of phosphorescence drawn on a dark surface, to deceive and frighten the few attendants, should any meet her in the subterranean passages.

"Marion! dear Marion!" he cried. He had never spoken so before, and it brought a color to her cheek and a sparkle to her eye.

"Hush!" she said. "I learned where thou wert from the council! I overheard, and when the king slept, stealing into his tent. I took this key from his girdle and placed another in its stead, and, having eluded all vigilance, here I am!"

Guy's heart beat quick as her own, while he said:

"Thou riskest thine own life for me!"

"I but repay a debt, then," replied the baroness. "King David entereth England to-night; to-morrow he burneth and slayeth, and then advanceth again. Do thou hasten and join thy queen, and terrify him in the battle, and, mayhap, slay him; he will think it thy ghost."

"Thou wilt come with me, Marion?"

"Nay; should I be gone, the king will suspect concerning thee, and would, perchance, waylay thee, ere thou wert at a safe distance. I order every day that I shall not be disturbed from noon till twilight, thus I am undiscovered. Never fear. I keep the lion at bay for awhile. Come!" And silently closing the door they traversed the stony vaults and emerged into open air beyond the moat, and in the edge of a thicket, where two steeds were tethered. Mounting these, they galloped out between the hills and across the moors, and fording the Tweed, after a three hours' ride, separated, Marion having first detailed what plans she had learned, and what array of forces the king could command; and then Guy galloped on to meet Philippa, while Marion sought her tent adjoining the king's, both being brave and joyful.

Turning loose her horse, as she drew near the army, at twilight, Marion advanced slowly, pondering on the words she had exchanged with Guy. She wondered why the crimson flushed her cheek, and why her heart beat thick and fast when he called her "dear Marion!" and then, with a little pang, she remembered that he did not urge her departure from the king, nor even kiss her hand at adieu. "I love him, wretched girl that I am! and he disregards me!" she murmured, weeping over her unrequited love, and angry with herself at its unwomanly bestowal.

"What gangs?" cried the sentinel.

"Scotch," she answered, shortly.

"Gie the password!"

The soldier lowered his spear as she replied:

"Conquered kingdoms!" and, suffering her to pass, she glided silently into her tent, a few moments before the king commanded her presence at a banquet, which she haughtily refused.

Before dawn of the next day the tents were struck, the troops marshalled, the march taken up, and the scene of carnage begun. But neither was Philippa idle; and the king having bivouacked with the night, was struck with dismay when the morning sun shone on the white tents of Philippa, pitched on the hill confronting him. Pennons waved and armor glistened there; steeds were neighing, trumpets braying, spears were clashing, and all was in lively commotion; and when, as the king placed himself in the van, with characteristic courage, and saw the unhelmeted Vere de Vere ride along the battle line, wonder, indignation and trembling filled his heart, and he knew the day was lost.

A short, fierce conflict ensued, and by noon the boastful Scotch were flying across the distance, hotly chased by Lord Guy Vere de Vere. And Marion, whom Guy had rescued in the retreat, was sitting with the brave Queen Philippa.

"We shall maintain our position," said the queen, "though I count not on the rascal's return! But I am sufficient. Lord Guy must attend our royal spouse in France; for he said decisive struggle would chance at Crecy, and Vere de Vere must aid him. Hast thou known my dear hero long?" she added, playfully filipping Marion's chin.

"He saved my life when a child," was the tearful answer.

"Ah! and thou hast saved his, I know. But, dear child, attending our person, thou shalt no longer be in danger. I must light on a husband for thee, since this fine king must surely be thwarted!" and the Amazon laughed gaily, as any happy woman could.

On the morrow, Lord Guy, after a hasty yet warm adieu, journeyed south with his retainers, and crossed the channel to join his royal lord.

A few days, marked only by hostile skirmishes, elapsed, and Philippa found it necessary to send documents to King Edward, and bemoaned the absence of all her faithful servitors to bear them.

"I could trust them with thee, Marion," said the queen, "for I have tried thy honor and faith every way."

"I will make them, dear lady," said Marion.

The idea pleased the queen, and, ordering a suit from the armor, she clad Marion in cuirass, greaves and helmet, gave her the despatches and a purse of gold, kissed her on both cheeks with the affable condescension that she alone could use, and bade her god-speed on her way.

Meeting with no detention, Marion rapidly advanced, and, ere many days, stood on the plains of France, some few leagues distant from Crecy. A noise like the rumbling of an earthquake, or

like low thunder rolling perpetually, far away, at first terrified her, but remembering that Philippa had said the English, for the first time, would use the infernal enginery of cannon in the battle, she accounted for it, and knew that the contest had begun. Her heart trembled for Vere de Vere, but shunning the coward fear angrily away, she rode gaily on in security.

The growing tumult, as she proceeded, soon warned her that the struggle was at the highest, and riding leisurely down the hill into the scene of conflict, she carefully scanned the proceedings. On a distant elevation stood Edward and his staff, content to relinquish all honor; but, with heart and hand, like beacons in the fight, battled the Black Prince and Vere de Vere. From point to point of the English forces the huge cannon belched forth flame, and swept long lanes through the French ranks; here and there the French had seized and turned one advantageously against its owners, and all the subjects of the house of Valois fought as though death were in the other balance. Spears flew like lightning through the air, breaking against the shields; eager horses rolled, wounded into death, over upon their riders, and wild trumpet charges but half drowned the shrieks and moans of the dying.

It was impossible for Marion to tell which conquered, and her attention was somewhat withdrawn from the scene as her eyes followed Lord Guy, who was summoned to the king. When she again looked on the field, the French were concentrating for a mighty and final onset, obedient to the commands of a powerful leader, who continually shouted through his golden horn. Marion recognized from the standard of this knight, with its three ostrich plumes above the noble motto *Ich Dien*, the great king of Bohemia. One instant a sudden stillness reigned throughout the plain, the next, and the trumpets harshly clanged; the French bore down in a wedge-like mass, and spread themselves upon the broken English army; the cannon were dismounted; panic and confusion raged beneath the irresistible tide rolling on behind the Bohemian king, and the lily of France seemed everywhere victorious.

"Lost! lost!" cried Marion; but scarcely had she spoken ere she was aware of Guy, the scarf she wrought for him in his helm, madly dashing down the hill, followed by the king and his guard, and, striking spurs to her own horse, she joined them and rushed onward to the fight.

The eyes of Lord Guy Vere de Vere flashed fire, and their glances smote his soldiery like javelins, pricking their fainting hearts forward. His battle axe swung around him in great circles.

"Shame, Englishmen!" he cried. "On! on! For God and the lion of St. George!" and, with a wilder shout of defiance, he flew along furiously and sought the Bohemian hero, who offered himself with no less alacrity to strife. Fiercely locking themselves together "armor to armor, lance to lance opposed," their combat heightened, while they drew apart from the army in their eagerness. Tremendous were the blows exchanged, and dexterous the movements; both horses were slain, and they fought hand to hand on foot. Suddenly, when the king of Bohemia had raised his arm to deal a more savage blow than he had yet attempted, it dropped powerless by his side, he staggered and fell, leaving Guy conqueror, although a torrent of blood streamed from his shoulder, bearing life and strength with it.

As he leaned on his spear to recover himself, Marion, in her disguise of an armed page, laid her hand on his arm and led him to the brookside; there, bathing, cleansing and dressing his wound with balsams which ladies, in those chivalrous times, carried always about them, she bound it up with her scarf, closed the armor over it, and, gathering the standard and spoils of the Bohemian, she gave them into Guy's hand, who, shortly after, when the French, having thrown aside their swords, were making use of their spears alone, laid them at the feet of the Black Prince, into whose heraldry they were thenceforth adopted.

Marion, having delivered her despatches to the now triumphant king, took her leave, and was leading a fresh steed by the bridle out beyond the battle-field on her homeward way, when Lord Vere de Vere stood beside her. Her visor was down, and she turned towards him.

"Pretty page," said the warrior, "thou hast rendered me great service; hast no favor to seek? no request? Thou needest but ask."

The eyes of the page seemed to wander wistfully over the person of the knight, and, at last, the slender fingers touched, hesitatingly, the chain of jewels given long since by Marion.

"I would thou hadst asked anything but that!" cried Guy, startled, "the half of mine inheritance rather!" But he proceeded to unwind it.

Marion threw up her visor and laughed lightly at the thunder-struck knight, as she said:

"Thou dost value it, then?"

"Marion!" said Guy, when somewhat less stupefied, "thou hast dared to venture here and encounter danger and death once more? Didst thou thus for my sake? Again I owe life to thee,—more than life, hope, happiness—love! otherwise, thou hadst better have left me to die. Marion! dear Marion!" His eyes were dewy and full of tenderness, his face glowing with unspoken words.

What more he would have said, as Marion's hand trembled in his, she well knew, but heard not, for the prince, riding up, called Vere de Vere away, and bade the little page hasten home.

"Thou must leave us, with thy laurels, and return to my mother—my brave mother!" said the prince, to Guy. "Thou wilt hold thyself in readiness after refreshment, my lord."

Guy assented, well pleased; and Marion, mounting, was soon out of sight.

Lord Guy had scarcely started on his journey ere Marion, having reached its completion, had related her adventures to the queen, and, desirous of fame, had donned shield and sword once more, and was by her side in the famous battle that won Philippa

undying renown. Wearing a jerkin of net, golden armor above a light blue satin skirt, and the white plumes of her helmet waving behind her on the horse, she animated the soldiers to equal feats of daring with herself, and flashed like a vengeance before the bewildered eyes of King David.

"He's nae sac glib-gablet now wi' the lassie!" grumbled the old Scotch chamberlain. "Deil-ma-care! Ise nae be fashin' mesel anent it, and will just serieve all' while I can!" he added, as he ran away.

When David found himself, after a desperate struggle, seized from behind by a band of men, securely gyved and thrown upon his back, looking up he saw Marion bent above him; her roguish face dimpled with laughter, as she cried:

"Thus does your majesty's wooing end!" and ordered him borne away into the queen's presence.

The Scotch army was so completely routed and destroyed that the war was evidently at an end, and Philippa, resting among her ermines, called Marion before her. Beside the cushions of the queen stood a tall knight, with closed visor, in an armor of burnished steel and blue enamel.

"Thou hast demeaned thyself so bravely, and the Scotch king is so near at hand," said Philippa, "that I have determined to have thee wed this knight, this very hour!"

"Forgive me, your majesty," said Marion; "I cannot!"

"Speakest thus to thy adopted queen? Canst not! And why, prithee?"

Marion stood erect, pale with grief that now, when she was so sure of Lord Guy's love, all the happiness that had gushed over her in a delicious trill, must be snatched away, and sorrow shut down like a pall around her; and shame suffused her white face with blushes, as she answered:

"Madam, I love another. I cannot!"

"Tush! What of that? By my troth! thou shalt be his wife ere sunset!"

"Madam, I will not!"

The queen laughed.

"I think thou mayest declare thyself!" she said, to the knight, who, lifting off his helmet, suffered bright chestnut tresses to roll over his rich collar, and displayed the smiling countenance of Lord Guy Vere de Vere.

Marion raised her splendid eyes, and, unable in her pain to comprehend the queen's pleasant artifice, sprung to his arms.

"Protect me, Guy!" she cried. "Save me, as thou hast done before!"

"Here thou art ever safe," he answered.

"Thou wilt find it easier now to obey," said Philippa, archly. Shortly after, as Guy held the joyful Marion in his loving clasp: "This is the wretched lass who spoke treason to her queen a half hour since! Let the prisoner be brought hither, and bid the presence of Priest Robin in my tent!" she cried, to an entering attendant. "Let flowers be brought," added her majesty, "and perfumes, and the Moorish vases!"

In a few moments, large vines of fragrant cedar and roses festooned the long silken curtains of the tent, and lay piled in high golden vases, half hiding glorified white statues, lately unpacked from the great treasure chests; Persian carpets were spread around; in a brazier, at one corner, sweet spices were burning, till the whole place "smelt like a summer in blest Araby," and never any palace presented a more light and sumptuous appearance than did this tent when the royal prisoner, expectant of death alone, was marshalled within it. Death, King David awaited, but the tableau that met his glance was worse than death to him, as, grinding his teeth in impotent rage, he encountered the merry eyes of Philippa, and beheld the happy confidence of Marion more beautiful than ever, as she leaned on the arm of Lord Guy Vere de Vere, and the holy Father Robin pronounced them one!

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

New Music. Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street, has sent us some very choice new music. Among the lot is a song entitled "My bark is floating o'er the tide," "The Gainsville Waltz," "The Royal Waltz"—a ballad, "I'm weary of my life now," and "Thy face no more I'll see."

THE HISTORY OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. Splendidly Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 2 vols 8vo. pp. 1277.

The serial publication of this important work in "Harper's Magazine" proved amazingly popular; and we have seen it asserted that the author refused \$20,000 for the copyright from a shrewd publisher. It is written in a very captivating style, and has all the fascination of a romance by Scott. So extraordinary was the career of the great man it commemorates, that the interest inspired by his life increases, rather than diminishes, in the course of time. The American idea of Napoleon, prior to this publication, was, to a certain extent, the reflex of British opinion. The "Life" by Hazlitt, whose hero the great emperor was, was little known here—and perhaps nine out of ten general readers regarded him as a sort of Corsican ogre. Abbott has taken an opposite view of his character, and his work is a highly colored eulogy. He seeks to palliate even the least defensible acts of his hero's life; and must, therefore, be read with some caution. Still, it is the fairest popular biography that has yet appeared of the greatest general that ever lived, and a man of unparalleled genius. Had he lived to carry out all his projects, he would undoubtedly have atoned for many of his errors. As it was, his political conduct, compared with that of the other potentates of Europe, was pure as ermine. The part which England played during the Napoleonic era was infamous; and her present dependence on the usurping ruler of France, the nephew of the man she ungenerously crushed, is part of her historic retribution. Abbott's Napoleon is for sale in this city by Burnham Brothers, Cornhill, and by Redding and Co., State Street.

CONSTANCE HERBERT. By GERALDINE E. JEWSELY.

This is the title of a very clever novel published by Harper & Brothers, in their Library of Select Novels, which will have thousands of readers. Redding & Co. and Burnham Brothers have it for sale.

CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE. A NOVEL. By CHARLES READE. PEG WOFFINGTON. By the same author.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields deserve the thanks of every person of taste for publishing simultaneously, and in such elegant style, two works of fiction, which the popular verdict will place among the standard classical novels. The stories are alike in talent, though widely different in subject. They are felicitous examples of the very best style of novel writing—very interesting in plot, vivid in description, vigorous in delineation of character, and highly dramatic in their effects. Mr. Reade has the ability to shine as a dramatist and as a novelist—he has preferred to adopt the career of the latter, and we think wisely. The modern stage offers few inducements to talent of a first-rate order.

SPENCER'S BOSTON THEATRE. Nos. 15, 16 and 17.—Wm. V. Spencer, 128 Washington Street, has published, in his usual style of excellence, Mrs. Mowatt's "Armand," Buckstone's effective drama, "Presumptive Evidence," and James Pilgrim's amusing farce—the "Limerick."

RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER ROCK RIVER.

This bridge, on the line of the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, is near Colona, Illinois, 11 miles east of Rock Island, and 170 miles west from Chicago. The view was drawn expressly for our paper, on the spot. The structure it represents was erected by Messrs. Stone & Boomer, bridge builders for the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad Company. It is about 1300 feet in length, and rests on nine stone piers, covered the entire length. The gentlemen above referred to have contracted to build the great bridge across the Mississippi, at Rock Island. These magnificent works illustrate the remarkable rapidity with which useful science has advanced among us. Nothing can check its career. The greatest physical obstructions no longer daunt the energies of civil engineers when backed by capital—the sinews of peace as well as war. Roads are either carried over mountains, or conducted in tunnels through their bases; mighty rivers are spanned by arches, which defy the power of storms and the hand of time; States the most remote from each other are brought into immediate communion as it were, and art, in thus triumphing over nature, accomplishes more than a mere physical victory, the iron bands that bind remote parts of the continent together, also link our citizens in ties of amity and fellowship.

LAKE DUNMORE HOUSE.

On this page we present a view of the hotel at Lake Dunmore, and on the opposite page a representation of the beautiful sheet of water which gives its name to the establishment, both drawn expressly for the Pictorial by a lady artist, who prepared her sketches on the spot. The first view shows the west front of the hotel, which has recently been erected. Lake Dunmore is in the town of Salisbury, Addison County, Vt., and eight miles from the Middlebury and Brandon stations on the Rutland and Burlington Railroad, and five miles from Salisbury station. The main front of the hotel is to the south, towards the lake, and is 75 feet long. The building is three stories high, with wide halls and airy and commodious rooms. The wing leading back contains a dining and a dancing hall, each 75 feet long and 36 feet wide. On the east of the hotel are four cottages, fitted up and furnished for visitors, who can room in them and take their meals in the hotel. They are particularly commodious for families spending the summer in the country. The view from the rooms in the hotel, and from the cottages, of the lake and its surroundings, is universally admired and is thought by many to be unequalled in this country. The scenery of Lake Dunmore and vicinity is Italian in its character, and is exceedingly picturesque and beautiful. The lake is surrounded by mountains, except to the south. The view from the tops of the mountains is extensive and grand, especially that from Mount Moosalamoo, which rises from the east shore of the lake to a great height. On the east shore of the lake is a cave called Warner's Cave, which is associated with the exploits of Colonel Seth Warner, in the early history of Vermont. It is geologically considered a great curiosity. On the same side of the lake is a remarkable waterfall, called "The Falls of Lana." The scenery of these falls is very wild and picturesque, and by many who have visited them is considered to surpass the Falls of Trenton as a natural curiosity. On the top of one of the mountains, on the east shore of the lake, is another lake about one mile in length. Lake Dunmore is about five miles long, and from one to one and a half broad. A very large number of visitors last season went up to Lake Dunmore from this city, and we have not seen a single person who was not

enraptured at the beauties of the spot. Artists were and are there sketching the delightful features. The fact is, that the natural beauties of our country have never been fully explored, made patent and appreciated; but a spirit of investigation is now abroad, and also a spirit of nationality, which does not require that a beautiful place should be a thousand miles off, and have a legendary reputation, to be admired.

RUSSIA.

Russia is a book, the table of whose contents is magnificent, but beware of going further. If you turn over the leaves, you will find no performance answering to the promise; all the chapters are headed, but all have to be filled up. How many of the Russian forests are only marshes where you will never cut a fagot! How many distant regiments are there without men, and cities and roads which exist only in idea! The nation itself is as yet nothing

of manners, is this: when a criminal is condemned to more than a hundred strokes of the knout, the executioner, who understands the meaning of such a sentence, kills him through humanity, by striking him, at the third blow, on a mortal part. And yet the punishment of death is abolished! To making the law thus lie, the proclamation of the most audacious tyranny would be preferable. Should it be thought that I judge Russia too severely, I must plead the involuntary impression that I receive each day from persons and from things, and which every friend of humanity would receive in my place, if, like me, he endeavored to look beyond the surface that would be exhibited to him. This empire, immense as it is, is no more than a prison, of which the emperor keeps the key. Nothing can exceed the misery of the subjects, unless it be that of the prince. The life of the goaler has always appeared to me so similar to that of the prisoner, that I am astonished at the mental illusion which makes the one believe himself

so much less pitied than the other. Man, here, knows neither the real social enjoyments of cultivated minds, nor the absolute and animal liberty of the savage, nor yet the independence of action of the half-savage—the barbarian; I can see no compensation for the misery of being born under this system, except the dreams of vanity and the love of command; on these passions I stumble every time I return to the endeavor of analyzing the moral life of the inhabitants of Russia. Russia thinks and lives as a soldier. A soldier, to whatever country he may belong, is scarcely a citizen, and here less than anywhere can he be called one; he is rather a prisoner for life, condemned to look after other prisoners. It should be observed that the word prison signifies something more here than it does elsewhere. When one thinks on all the subterranean cruelties concealed from our pity by the discipline of silence, in a land where every man serves an apprenticeship to discretion, it makes one tremble. He who would cherish a hatred for reserve should come here. Every little check in conversation,

every change of expression, every inflexion of voice, teaches me the dangers of confidence and candor. The very appearance of the horses brings to my mind the unhappy condition of human existence in this land.—*Marquis de Custine.*

THE WEAR OF GOLD.

It has been ascertained, by carefully conducted experiments, that the loss by friction or wear upon gold coin, when in use as currency, does not exceed a twentieth of one per cent. per annum. In other words, a golden coin, kept constantly in circulation, would last two thousand years before it would entirely disappear; a silver coin would last two hundred years; 900 new eagles outweigh 901 which have had one year's circulation; 900 dimes outweigh 907 under similar circumstances. After the surface of the coin becomes smooth, the friction becomes less, like the surface of a bar of railroad iron. The average cost, therefore, of an exclusively metallic currency would be an eleventh of one per cent. per annum on the amount required. The amount of bank notes in circulation, at the present time, in the United States is estimated at \$160,000,000, and the amount of specie in the vaults of the banks to be \$60,000,000. If, therefore, an addition of \$100,000,000 were made the specie basis of our currency, and bank notes entirely dispensed with, it would cost \$100,000 to maintain it—an amount far below the annual average loss occasioned by depreciated bank notes, to say nothing of the losses consequent upon the expansions and subsequent sudden contractions of paper issues.—*Boston Post.*



BRIDGE OVER ROCK RIVER, CHICAGO AND ROCK ISLAND RAILROAD.

more than a puff placarded upon Europe, drape of a diplomatic fiction. I have found here no real life, except that of the emperor; no constitution, except that of the court. The trades-people, who ought to form a middle class, are too few in number to possess any influence in the state; besides, they are almost all foreigners. The authors amount to one or two in each generation; the artists are like the authors, their scarcity causes them to be esteemed; but though this favors their personal prospects, it is injurious to their social influence. There are no legal pleaders in a country where there is no justice; where, then, is to be found that middle class which constitutes the strength of other states, and without which the people are only a flock, guided by a few well-trained watch-dogs? I have not mentioned another class of men who are not to be reckoned either among the great or the little. These are the sons of the priests, who almost all become subaltern employes—the commissioners and deputies who are the plagues of Russia. They form a species of obscure noblesse, very hostile to the great nobles; a noblesse whose spirit is anti-aristocratic, in the true political signification of the word, and who, at the same time, are very burdensome to the serfs. These are the men (inconvenient to the state, and fruits of the schism which permits the priest to marry) who will commence the approaching revolution of Russia. The punishment of death does not exist in this land, except for the crime of high treason; but there are certain criminals whom they, nevertheless, kill. The way in which they reconcile the mildness of the code with the traditional ferocity



LAKE DUNMORE HOUSE, AT SALISBURY, VERMONT.

RAILROAD BRIDGE AT LASALLE, ILLINOIS.

Our artist has here drawn for us an accurate representation of the bridge and viaduct over the Illinois River at LaSalle, ninety miles west of Chicago. It is indeed a noble piece of workmanship, twenty-five hundred feet in length, and constructed to admit of the passage both of railroad trains and ordinary carriages. It is furnished with a draw which, however, will be seldom required since steamboats rarely ascend higher than LaSalle. It was built by the Illinois Central Railroad Co., which has now more than seven hundred miles of road in operation. The Chicago and Rock Island road, and the canal connecting the Illinois River and Lake Michigan, pass under this bridge, but are not visible from the point of sight selected by our artist. Not many years ago the country now intersected by these lines of communication, was unsettled and uncivilized. The traveller who penetrated into these then remote wildernesses, might indeed admire nature in her uncultured luxuriance, but he saw no traces of the hand of man. Now, the works achieved by human skill receive a large share of his attention, and he beholds with wonder what the energy of the Anglo-Saxon race has achieved within the space of a few years. To those who would appreciate intelligent labor and perseverance, and know to what results they conduct, we would say, go to the great West and study its progress. The whole country will soon be covered with an iron web-work of railroads, wherever navigable rivers do not afford sufficient natural means of intercommunication. There is no longer any danger, we think, of overdoing the construction of railroads; the severe lessons of the past are such that capitalists will not very soon forget them—and henceforth none but paying railroads will be constructed. Sound calculation, based on facts, has taken the place of a wild, speculative mania, that prevailed for a time both in England and this country, and threatened to make railroads as numerous as county roads.

BAYONET DRILL OF THE CADETS.

On page 28, we present our readers with a view of the bayonet drill of the Independent Company of Cadets, under command of Lt. Col. Thomas C. Amory, on Boston Common, May 30th, from a sketch made by our artist, Mr. Champney, on the spot. The bayonet exercise has long been recognized as an important portion of the regular infantry drill in every European service, and under the recommendation of Lieut. Gen. Scott, its introduction has been commenced in the corps d'élite (i. e., engineers, sappers and artillery), of the United States army, but we believe the Independent Cadets are the first militia corps in the country who have adopted the system, and during the past nine months under the energetic instructions of Lieut. A. C. Baldwin, they have attained a proficiency highly creditable to the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. In the commencement of the drill the men are rigorously exercised in all the formations and deployments of the French chasseurs, with the *gymnastic step*, as a subordinate part of their duty, to give them a celerity in attack and in rally which

would not be acquired in the ordinary infantry movements. When they have acquired a sufficient ease and activity in these, they are drilled in the bayonet manual as found in Captain McLellan's admirable compilation. Our artist has shown the company drawn up in battalion in the background, and two lines of skirmishers. The line most advanced is formed in fours, as though surrounded by a superior force, or menaced by cavalry. Each group of four exhibits a different position of the bayonet manual. The group nearest is at the *parry in tierce*, intended to guard against blows or thrusts directed at the left upper portion of the body. The next is at the position of *guard*, which of course is the basis of all the movements. The third is at the position of *parry in seconde*, which protects the left lower portion of the body. The fourth is in the *parry in high quarte*, defending the head and right shoulder, as from a blow or thrust from cavalry, and the fifth gives the *lunge* with bayonet, as directed against infantry. The general use and efficiency of this drill can be easily seen from these illustrations—



VIADUCT ON THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD, AT LASALLE, ILLINOIS.

the other thrusts and parries, together with the three blows with the stock, being equally simple and effective. The second line is advancing fully deployed at the gymnastic step, as though to sustain the first in their position, and in the foreground we find a portion of the detachment with their officer *in retreat by fours*, running in to group themselves on the advanced line and (with the reinforcements) to maintain the position occupied by the line formed in fours. In conclusion, we will give two from the many hundred instances in which the skilful use of the bayonet against overwhelming forces has proved its efficiency. There is an instance on record of a French grenadier, who, in the battle of Polotsk defended himself with the bayonet against the simultaneous attack of eleven Russian grenadiers, eight of whom he killed. In the battle of Languessa, two soldiers of Abbé's division defended themselves with their bayonets against twenty-five Spanish cavalry, and after having inflicted several severe wounds rejoined their regiment without a scratch. It is perhaps proper to add that recommendation and approval were received from headquarters before the introduction of a drill not laid down in Scott's Infantry Tactics, and that the commander-in-chief was present and expressed his satisfaction at the performance of which our artist has made the sketch. The Cadets certainly deserve great credit for the manner in which they applied themselves to the mastery of the bayonet drill. They have shown that they are not a mere guard of honor, but that they are a body of men imbued with the true military spirit, and able to do good service when called upon.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION BUILDING.

Instead of being constructed of iron and glass, and easily removable, like the Crystal Palace of 1851, the Paris building is a substantial, oblong freestone one, the roof only being of glass. It is about seven hundred feet in length, and three hundred and sixty in width, with projections at each corner, and an entrance in the centre of each of its four fronts; the principal one, fronting on the main avenue of the Champs Elysées, being a sort of tower, very handsome and ornate, and higher than any other part of the building. This tower is surmounted by a colossal figure crowned with stars, holding laurels which seem to be destined for the heads of Art and Industry, two other colossal figures reclining at her feet. This tower is covered with emblematic devices, in bas-relief; Cupids, trees, shields, eagles, laurel-leaves, crowns and the letter N; its various compartments are supported by pillars, and furnished with magnificent iron gates. Besides the glass roof, the light is admitted to the interior by a double row of windows. The

names of the great inventors and industrialists of the past and present are carved on the walls between the windows, which are also ornamented with profiles of distinguished savans, carved in bas-relief, in medallions. With the exception of the floor, little or no wood has been used in the building. A fine arched nave, 700 feet in length, 190 feet in width and 190 feet in height, occupies the centre of the building, running from end to end; and on either side of this nave are lateral galleries, lighted by windows in the wall, of the same length as the nave, and 85 feet in

width. A gallery of the same width runs entirely round the building on the upper floor, crossing both ends of the central nave below; its total length being 2400 feet. Iron ribs spring from the nave and support the upper gallery, and from this gallery springs another set of ribs that support the upper roof. The nave having its own arch roof and the four sides of the gallery having each its own, the exterior of the palace presents a cluster of fine round glass roofs—a central one, higher than the others, surrounded by four lower ones. At each corner of the ground floor is a magnificent stone staircase, giving access to the gallery, and offering, perhaps, the finest effect of perspective to be found in the palace. With the exception of a delicately moulded white cornice, and the gaily painted and gilded escutcheons introduced into an elegant pierced fringe running round the galleries, the whole of the inner surfaces of the building are painted in soft, pale gray. A small additional structure, called the "Supplement," stands near the western entrance of the palace. Further off is the vast gallery, four hundred feet long, running along the Seine, called the "Annexe," and destined to receive machinery and raw produce. Still further off, again, is the "Palace of the Exhibition of Fine Arts," a vast building containing three grand halls, two galleries divided into saloons, two side galleries, a wing, and a gallery up stairs, running round the entire building. The interior of this building is colored in dark olive-green, and the lighting is perfect. A separate building is to be put up for carriages and harness.—*London News*.



LAKE DUNMORE, SALISBURY, VERMONT.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO WILLIE E. PABOR.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

Like the dew in the heart of a blossom,
Like a pearl in its rosy cell,
Thus have I kept thy memory
As a rare and radiant spell;
Fresh as the winds of morning
When they break the violet's sleep,
True as the stars of evening
Is the tender thought I keep.

Pure as the red, red roses,
That bloom where the waters fall,
Thus would I keep thy memory,
Like a rainbow, spanning all.
O, the flame of friendship holy
Still burns on her sacred shrine;
It is decked with fateless jewels,
Those bright thoughts of thine.

I have brought no garland to thee
Of love's dark passion-flowers,
I have brought no spell to woo thee
From thy pleasant dreamy hours;
But I kneel in the purple gloaming,
While the day and evening blend,
And pray that thy restless roaming
May an angel fair attend.

O, still when amid the roses,
Or away where the fresh bloom bells
Are bending over green billowy grass,
To the south wind's music swell;
As I kneel in the summer splendor,
That floodeth the earth and sea,
I'll say with an accent tender,
May a blessing rest on thee!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

OUT OF WORK.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"It is no use, Maria, I've tried everywhere."
"But you are not going to give up, Peter?"
"Give up? How can I help it? Within four days I have been to every book-binding in the city, and not a bit of work can I get."
"But have you tried anything else?"
"What else can I try?"
"Why, anything that you can do."
"Yes; I've tried other things. I have been to more than a dozen of my friends and offered to help them if they would hire me."
"And what did you mean to do for them?"
"I offered either to post their accounts, make out bills, or to attend at the counter."
Mrs. Stanwood smiled as her husband thus spoke.
"What makes you smile?" he asked.
"To think you should have imagined that you would find work in such places. But how is Mark Leeds?"
"He is worse off than I am."
"How so?"
"He has nothing in his house to eat."
It was a shudder that crept over the wife's frame now.
"Why do you tremble, wife?"
"Because, when we shall have eaten our breakfast to-morrow morning, we shall have nothing."
"What?" cried Peter Stanwood, half starting from his chair.
"Do you mean that?"
"I do."
"But our flour?"
"All gone. I baked the last this afternoon."
"But we have pork."
"You ate the last this noon."
"Then we must starve!" groaned the stricken man, starting across the room.

Peter Stanwood was a book-binder by trade, and had now been out of employment over a month. He was one of those who generally calculate to keep about square with the world, and who consider themselves particularly fortunate if they keep out of debt. He was now thirty years of age, and had been married eight years. He had three children to provide for, besides himself and wife, and this, together with house rent, was a heavy draught upon his purse even when work was plenty, but now—there was nothing.

"Maria," he said, stopping and gazing his wife in the face, "we must starve. I have not a single penny in the world."

"But do not despair, Peter. Try again to-morrow for work. You may find something to do. Anything that is honest will be honorable. Should you make but a shilling a day, we should not starve."

"But our house rent?"

"Trust to me for that. The landlord shall not turn us out. If you will engage to find some work to do, I will see that we have house-room."

"I'll make one more trial," uttered Peter, despairingly.

"But you must go prepared to do anything."

"Anything reasonable, Maria."

"But what do you call reasonable?"

"Why—anything decent."

The wife felt almost inclined to smile, but the matter was too serious for that, and a cloud passed over her face. She knew her husband's disposition, and she felt sure that he would find no

work. She knew that he would look about for some sort of work which would not lower him in the social scale, as he had once or twice expressed it. However, she knew it would be of no use to say anything to him now, and she let the matter pass.

On the following morning, the last bit of food in the house was put upon the table. Stanwood could hardly realize that he was penniless and without food. For years he had been gay, thoughtless and fortunate, making the most of the present, forgetting the past, and leaving the future to look out for itself. Yet the truth was naked and clear; and when he left the house he said, "something must be done."

No sooner had the husband gone than Mrs. Stanwood put on her bonnet and shawl. Her eldest child was a girl seven years old, and her youngest, four. She asked her next door neighbor if she would take care of her children until noon. These children were known to be good and quiet, and they were taken cheerfully. Then Mrs. Stanwood locked up her house and went away. She returned at noon, bringing some dinner for her children, and then went away again. She got home in the evening before her husband, carrying a heavy basket upon her arm.

"Well, Peter," she asked, after her husband had entered and sat down, "what luck?"

"Nothing! nothing!" he groaned. "I made out to squeeze a dinner out of an old chum, but I can't find work."

"And where have you looked to-day?"

"O—everywhere. I've been to a hundred places, but it's the same in every place. It is nothing but one eternal 'no—no—no.' I'm sick and tired of it."

"But what sort of work have you offered to do?"

"Why, I even went so far as to offer to tend in a liquor store down town."

The wife smiled.

"Now what shall we do?" uttered Peter, spasmodically.

"Why, we'll eat supper first, and then talk the matter over."

"Supper! Have you got any?"

"Yes—plenty of it."

"But you told me you had none."

"Neither had we this morning, but I've been after work to-day, and found some."

"You? You been after work?" uttered the husband, in surprise.

"Yes."

"But how? where? what?"

"Why, first I went to Mrs. Snow's. I knew her girl was sick, and I hoped she might have work to be done. I went to her and told her my story, and she set me at work at once doing her washing. She gave me food to bring home for the children, and paid me three shillings when I got through."

"What! You been out washing for our butcher's wife?" said Peter, looking very much surprised.

"Of course I have, and have thereby earned enough to keep us in food through to-morrow, at any rate; so to-morrow you may come home to dinner."

"But how about the rent?"

"O, I have seen Mr. Simpson, told him just how we were situated, and offered him my watch as a pledge for the payment of our rent within two months, with the interest on all arrears up to that date. I told him I did the business because you were away hunting up work."

"So he's got your gold watch?"

"No—he wouldn't take it. He said if I would become responsible for the payment he would let it rest."

"Then we've got a roof to cover us, and food for to-morrow. But what next? O, what a curse these hard times are!"

"Don't despair, Peter, for we shall not starve. I've got work enough engaged to keep us alive."

"Ah—eh! What's that?"

"Why, Mr. Snow has engaged me to carry small packages, baskets, bundles, and so forth, to his rich customers. He has had to give up one of his horses."

"What do you mean, Maria?"

"Just what I say. When Mr. Snow came home to dinner, I was there, and I asked him if he ever had light articles which he wished to send around to his customers. Never mind all that was said. He did happen to want just such work done, though he had meant to call upon some of the idlers who lounge about the market. He promised to give me all the work he could, and I am to be there in good season in the morning."

"Well, this is a pretty go. My wife turned butcher's boy! You won't do any such thing."

"And why not?"

"Why not? Because—because—"

"Say, because it will lower me in the social scale."

"Well, and so it will."

"Then it is more honorable to lie still and starve, and see one's children starve, too, than to earn honest bread by honest work. I tell you, Peter, if you cannot find work, I must. We should have been without bread to-night had not I found work to-day. You know that all kinds of light, agreeable business are seized upon by those who have particular friends or relatives engaged in them. At such a time as this it is not for us to consider what kind of work we will do so long as it is honest. O, give me the liberty of living upon my own deserts, and the independence to be governed by my own convictions of right."

"But, my wife, only think—you carrying out butcher's stuff! Why I would sooner go and do it myself."

"If you will go," said the wife, with a smile, "I will stay at home and take care of the children."

It was hard for Peter Stanwood, but the more he thought upon the matter the more he saw the justice and right of the path into

which his wife thus led him. Before he went to bed he promised that he would go to the butcher's in the morning.

And Peter Stanwood went upon his new business. Mr. Snow greeted him warmly, praised his faithful wife, and then sent him off with two baskets, one to go to a Mr. Smith's, and the other to a Mrs. Dixall's. And the new carrier worked all day, and when it came night he had earned just ninety-seven cents. It had been a day of trials to him, but no one had sneered at him, and all his acquaintances whom he had met had greeted him the same as usual. He was far happier than he was when he went home the night before, for now he was independent.

On the next day he earned over a dollar; and thus he continued to work for a week, and at the end of that time he had five dollars and seventy-five cents in his pocket, besides having paid for all the food for his family, save some few pieces of meat Snow had given him. Saturday evening he met Mark Leeds, another binder who had been discharged from work with himself. Leeds looked careworn and rusty.

"How goes it?" asked Peter.

"Don't ask me," groaned Mark. "My family are half starved."

"But can't you find anything to do?"

"Nothing."

"Have you tried?"

"Everywhere; but it's no use. I've pawned all my clothes save those I have on. I've been down to the bindery to-day, and what d'ye suppose the old man offered me?"

"What was it?"

"Why, he offered to let me do his hand-carting! He had just turned off his nigger for drunkenness, and offered me the place! The old curmudgeon! By the powers, I'd a great mind to pitch him into the hand-cart and run him to the —"

Mark mentioned the name of an individual who is supposed to dwell somewhere in a region a little warmer than our tropics.

"Well," said Peter, "if I had been in your place I should have taken up with the offer."

Mark mentioned the name of that same individual again.

"Why," resumed Peter, "I have been doing the work of a butcher's boy for a whole week."

Mark was incredulous, but his companion soon convinced him, and then they separated, one going home happy and contented, and the other going away from home to find some sort of excitement in which to drown his misery.

One day Peter had a basket of provisions to carry to Mr. W—. It was his former employer. He took the load upon his arm and started off, and just as he was entering the yard of the customer, he met Mr. W— coming out.

"Ah, Stanwood, is this you?" asked his old employer, kindly.

"Yes, sir."

"What are you up to now?"

"I'm a butcher's boy, sir."

"A what?"

"You see I've brought your provisions for you, sir. I am a regular butcher's boy."

"And how long have you been at work thus?"

"This is the tenth day, sir."

"But don't it come hard?"

"Nothing comes hard so long as it is honest, and will furnish my family with bread."

"And how much can you make a day at this?"

"Sometimes over a dollar, and sometimes not over fifty cents."

"Well, now look here, Stanwood, there have been no less than a dozen of my old hands hanging round my counting-room for a fortnight, whining for work. They are stout, able men, and yet they lie still because I have no work for them. Last Saturday I took pity on Leeds, and offered him the job to do my hand-carting. I told him I would give him a dollar and a quarter a day; but he turned up his nose and asked me not to insult him! And yet he owned that his family were suffering. But do you come to my place to-morrow morning, and you shall have something to do, if it is only to hold your bench up. I honor you for your manly independence."

Peter grasped the old man's hand with a joyous, grateful grip, and blessed him fervently.

That night he gave Mr. Snow notice that he must quit, and on the following morning he went to the bindery. For two days he had little to do, but on the third day a heavy job came in, and Peter Stanwood had steady work. He was happy—more happy than ever, for he had learned two things: first, what a noble wife he had; and second, how much resource for good he held within his own energies.

Our simple picture has two points to its moral. One is—no man can be lowered by any kind of honest labor. The second—while you are enjoying the fruits of the present, forget not to provide for the future; for no man is so secure but that the day may come when he will need the squanderings of the past.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

It is not difficult to conceive that, for many reasons, a man writes much better than he lives. For, without entering into refined speculations, it may be shown to be much easier to design than to perform. A man proposes his schemes of life in a state of abstraction and disengagement, exempt from the enticements of hope, the solicitations of affection, the importunities of appetite, or the depressions of fear, and is in the same state with him that teaches upon the land the art of navigation, to whom the sea is always smooth and the wind always prosperous. Nothing is more unjust, however common, than to charge with hypocrisy him that expresses zeal for those virtues which he neglects to practise; since he may be sincere, convinced of the advantages of conquering his passions, without having yet obtained the victory; as a man may be confident of the advantages of a voyage or a journey, without having courage or industry to undertake it, and may honestly recommend to others those attempts which he neglects himself.—Johnson.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

JUNE.

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

June is here! month of cheer,
Summer showers, bringlog flowers,
Sun and shade, o'er the glade
Alternate.

June has come—list the hum
Of the bee, chirpeth he,
Happy ever, pining never.
June has come.

Zephyrs play o'er forests gay,
While the birds, ever heard,
Chanting lays in the praise
Of our God.

Flowers bloom o'er the tomb,
Where they've lain 'neath the rain,
And the sleet's cold retreat
In the earth.

June is here! month of cheer,
Glad are we to be free
From ice chains and cold rains.
Summer's near.

THE RESCUE.

A STORY OF THE GAMING HOUSE.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

AMID the throng of carriages, phaetons, cabriolets and single horses with their noble riders, that crowded Hyde Park, London, one sunny afternoon of June, there rolled along a heavy, richly mounted vehicle, drawn by four milk white horses, and attended by servants in the most fashionable style of livery and of the richest material. Lounging, with an air of abandon, on the spacious seat of the carriage, sat a female of faultless beauty. As the carriages of the nobility rolled past the one we have named, their lordly occupants turned for a second glance at those fascinating eyes through the open windows of the vehicle. The equestrians, who had the road more in command, not unfrequently wheeled their horses, and managed to pass and repass the vehicle at several points, and ever and anon some gallant horseman lifted his beaver to the peerless occupant, or rode by the side of the window for a moment, to exchange words of gallantry and politeness.

All this was taken as a matter of course, by Lady Clara Dalton, the rich and beautiful widow of the late gouty old Lord Dalton. Born and educated in the hot-bed of English aristocracy, Lady Clara had been taught that the ultimatum of her purpose in life should be to procure by marriage a title and a fortune. These were easily enough obtained by means of her charms, and uniting herself with the old superannuated Lord Dalton, who having dropped away at just about the time Lady Clara had anticipated, she now found herself, at the age of twenty-three, a titled lady, with a fortune beyond the reach of any casualty. Her plans, or perhaps more properly speaking, those of her mother, had succeeded, and now she was just entering upon the gay and dissipated stage of London life, free and untrammelled. Already had she become the brilliant light around which many a gallant heart revolved, the object of the most devoted attention of many a noble, whose fortune and standing in society equalled her own. Such was Lady Clara Dalton, the rich and beautiful widow, who was the object of so much admiration in the park.

To all she returned the same easy, unaffected, yet graceful recognition, while the dreamy languor of her large blue eyes told that the soul was unmoved by any. Her mind seemed intent upon other thoughts than those that the associations of the place might be supposed to induce. The panneling of that carriage that passes her now, shows that the occupant bears the title of a duke; still his ready and polite recognition of Lady Clara is received in the same easy and unmoved manner. Stay, there is a single horseman riding by her window now; see, she no longer reclines so negligently upon her cushions; her eyes no longer slumber in dreamy apathy. Ah! she is all animation now; those eyes have a fire that must come direct from her heart. How soft and sweetly does she smile upon the gallant rider by her side, how gaily she laughs at his repartees and witty remarks upon the throng that passes them. But this is singular, for that is only young Lord Holland, hardly more than a boy, and with a fortune all out at the elbows. It must be the heart that is at play here, not the cool and well trained calculation of the beautiful Lady Clara. What, not rise from your position at the flattering notice of the duke, and now leaning forward to the very window the better to hear the voice of Lord Holland! Lady Clara! Lady Clara! we would bet a trifle now that the increased swelling of thy beautiful bosom is caused by love for this same young Lord Holland!

Lady Clara, in spite of the school of philosophy in which she had been educated, had not had her heart entirely seared. There was still a germ of its native truthfulness and purity left. Favored with the most unquestionable perfection of beauty, still she was no coquette; with a large fortune at her command, she was not a spendthrift, but yet charitable to the fullest extent. Her good qualities had been perhaps a little shaded by the plan laid and mainly carried out by her designing mother, but this effected, and over, she was now her own mistress. That she loved young Lord Holland was now too apparent to admit of a doubt, and this love seemed to have drawn out and developed all the finer and better feelings of her gentle soul. Holland himself was a gay man of the town, but still an honorable one. He had but one

glaring fault, and that the reader will soon learn. As to the Lady Clara, he loved her most devotedly, not for her immense wealth; no, he truly loved her for herself. Lady Clara realized this, and was won before she was fully aware of it. Holland had enjoyed at the decease of his parents a large fortune, which, by expensive living, he had now exhausted; but then he possessed a wealth that fortune could not exhaust—a powerful mind, well stored with native wit and with learning. He was Lady Clara's senior by just two years, and the unusual personal beauty possessed by both rendered their attachment a matter of no little note among the loungers of the park, and frequenters at Almack's.

As we have intimated, Lady Clara had many admirers who paid their court at her house, and when it became obvious to them that Lord Holland was to be the successful swain, they looked about them, to attempt, if possible, to defeat his success. They sought in what manner they might best attack him, and wherein lay his most vulnerable point. They were not long in finding out that there was material enough all fitted to their hands, and it was soon whispered in the ear of Lady Clara that Lord Holland was a noted gambler! The charge was at first scornfully rejected, nor would she even for a moment entertain it. But at last such evidence was adduced as constrained her to believe the accusation true. She could not bear to speak to Holland upon the subject, and to tell the truth, she knew in her own bosom that there must be some extenuating points in the affair. She knew full well that he was scrupulously temperate, and honorable to the last degree in every other relation, if faulty in this, and she relieved the aching of her heart by consoling herself with these reflections, but she resolved to fathom the mystery, cost what it might, and never to cease in her endeavors until she should reclaim him.

The charge brought against young Holland was in a great degree true. That he was in the habit of frequenting the gaming house was a fact, but that he was a professed gambler was false. He had by a liberal and easy mode of life run out the fortune that fell to his share, and he had resorted to the dice to replenish his empty purse, if possible, reasoning that if he did so, he but gained a living from those who had lived upon him, for nearly all his fortune had been expended upon a certain class of young and reckless men, who beset him as long as they found that he had money to be fleeced of. At the time up to which we have brought the reader in the history of young Lord Holland, he had exchanged promises with Lady Clara, and plighted his heart in exchange for hers. He felt deeply his want of means, and though he had resolved to leave the seductive vice of gaming altogether on his union with her, yet his actual distress for money led him to seek the gaming table to try and win back if possible a portion of his lost property. It was a desperate attempt, but one night having borrowed five hundred pounds from a friend, he resolved for the last time to tempt the fickle goddess, and with this intent he repaired to the gaming house.

At the very hour in which he formed this resolution and borrowed the money, Lady Clara Dalton, the rich and lovely being who was his betrothed, sat in her chamber, surrounded by every luxury that ingenuity could devise, her hand supporting her forehead, while there dropped a single pearly tear upon the open volume before her—it was the Bible! Ay, all the pomp and wealth that surrounded her could afford no consolation like this; she was in misery, and she went to Him who is alone able to afford comfort to the sorrowing soul. Lady Clara was weeping, and for Lord Holland. She had become fully aware of his propensity, and it rendered her more miserable at heart than our pen can tell.

It was eleven o'clock, on the night of that day when Lord Holland borrowed the five hundred pounds of a friend, that he entered St. James Street, and bent his steps towards the celebrated gaming house of the metropolis. It was not without feelings of remorse that he entered the establishment at the hour we have named, it being that at which its doors are always thrown open for the night. He had resolved to play no more, as we have before said, but his means being completely exhausted, he determined to make one last attempt to win back at least a portion of the fortune he had lost there. He entered, lounged for a short time about the apartments, partook of the sumptuous repast that the cunning proprietor supplies gratis to his patrons, taking care that they drink enough wine for his purpose. But Lord Holland partook sparingly, he looked gloomy and ill at ease, until at length the play began. Still he only watched the players, taking no part with them until the sight warmed him into excitement—his mind reverted to his five hundred pounds.

"Shall I stake and lose my all?" he asked himself. "Not all at once—I will be cautious this time at least. I will be wise." He drew towards a table and staked one hundred pounds. The minutes passed over his feverish head, the result was decided, and his hundred pounds had won an equal amount. The stakes were allowed to remain, and the banker added two hundred more; again the dice were thrown and again did Lord Holland win. The four hundred pounds remained upon the table, and the banker quietly added the same amount to the stake. The dice were again cast, and again did Lord Holland win. He was soon deeply excited, and drawing two hundred pounds from his pocket, he added them to his winnings, and called upon the bank to stake with him a thousand pounds! The money was placed upon the cloth—the box was raised and Lord Holland looked anxiously to see the result. It was declared again he had won. Still the two thousand pounds were permitted to lay upon the table.

A little knot of friends had gathered about the spot, drawn thither by the good fortune that appeared to beset their companion, and among others one apparently more deeply interested than the rest, whose eyes were bent intently upon those of Lord Holland, though unobserved by him. The two thousand pounds were still on the cloth, and Lord Holland called upon the banker to meet his

stake. It was met, and four thousand depended upon the cast of the dice. The banker threw for himself, the number was *nine*—it was very high, and young Holland's friends were sure his luck had turned; he threw, and his number was the highest possible—*twelve*. One or two of the more cautious of his friends now urged him to desist, adding that such luck could not follow him any longer.

"Nay," he answered, in a hoarse whisper; "I am but getting back what I have lost here. Do not dissuade me; fortune for once will be just."

"But try a smaller sum," said another, as he observed him about to stake the four thousand.

"Trust me, my friends," he said, indicating to the bank that he would stake the whole sum.

"Certainly, your lordship," said the banker, and the sum was instantly doubled.

The dice were thrown again, and the banker uttered a slight exclamation of surprise, when it was apparent that the bank had lost again. Now somewhat excited himself, the unusually calm and collected gamester asked:

"Will my lord continue the stake?"

Eight thousand pounds now lay upon the cloth, which, by the rules of the game, were his own property. He gazed upon them for a moment; his better judgment was urging him to quit the table and the hazard, but his passion urged him on. He hesitated but for a moment, and then said: "I will meet the stakes."

And in the next moment sixteen thousand pounds lay upon the cloth, and again did the dice most wonderfully favor him; the whole amount was his. The gamblers began to leave the neighboring tables, and crowd about that where Lord Holland had been playing. Some urged him to continue, and some to desist, while he might do so with a full purse, and others began to bet largely on his next throw. All this tended still more to excite the winner. He believed himself favored of fortune; he drew the two hundred pounds yet remaining in his pocket, as if wildly to tempt her, and then called on the banker to meet his sixteen thousand two hundred pounds. The stakes were laid, and the excitement of the whole company was intense. Lord Holland himself could see nothing but the dice boxes, and these he watched with an intensity that approached near to madness.

"Is your lordship ready?" asked the banker.

"Perfectly," was the reply.

The stillness of death reigned in the room—even old Crockford had limped from his desk and approached the table where all the players were now gathered. So great was the excitement, that the next moment when the result was declared, and Lord Holland was still the winner, a loud shout arose from the spectators, a circumstance of most rare occurrence. Lord Holland looked upon the thirty-two thousand four hundred pounds, a fortune for any man, and, as if actually mad with excitement, pointed to it, saying: "Meet it, meet it!"

"Stay!" said old Crockford; "there is a rule in the club that no stake shall exceed in amount fifty thousand pounds; this will do so. I see a majority of the shareholders of the club present. Shall I put it to the vote?"

"Ay, ay!" said a dozen voices; "put it to vote."

And it was put to vote; Crockford received the sanction of the club, and, stepping into the banker's place, doubled the sum already upon the table.

"Stay!" said Lord Holland; "I recognize no change in my banker. I play with the same, or not at all."

Crockford unwillingly relinquished the dice, and the regular banker of the table received them. The stake was over sixty thousand pounds, and all depended upon the fickle chance of the throw. You might have heard a pin drop in the apartment; every one appeared to hold his breath, awaiting the result. The dice sounded, they lay upon the cloth—and Lord Holland was a beggar!

He pressed his hands against his forehead for a moment, then looked wildly about him; the next instant a dagger was raised in his right hand, and, gleaming in the brilliant light of the room, was about to descend into his heart, when it was snatched from his hand, and dashed through one of the nearest windows into the street. All this passed in a moment of time, and Lord Holland, finding himself foiled in his attempt, sprang furiously towards the door. He was followed closely by the figure of the person of whom we have once before spoken, and the same who had just now prevented him from taking his own life. He reached the open air, when a hand was laid upon his arm and the stranger whispered a word in his ear, that made him start and tremble like a leaf, at the same time pointing towards a carriage that stood hard by on Piccadilly. He bowed his head as if in submission, and was led by the stranger towards the vehicle, which they entered together.

One or two of the club, attracted by the desperate appearance of Lord Holland, had followed him into the open street. They saw the mysterious influence of the stranger, and witnessed their entrance to the carriage; they followed still closer, and beheld upon the panels of the vehicle the *Dalton coat of arms*!

It was four o'clock on the following morning, when Lady Clara Dalton entered her chamber, and throwing from her shoulders a large broadcloth cloak, discovered in herself the person of the stranger who had saved the life of Lord Holland, that night in the hazard-room at "Crockford's hell!"

Before the close of the season at Almack's, Lord and Lady Holland appeared in public—a devoted and noble-looking couple. Her heroic conduct had completely won his heart, and it knew no other passion save love for her. He never forgot the incidents of that terrible night; they were indelibly impressed upon his mind and heart. He was fully reformed.



BAYONET DRILL OF THE INDEPENDENT CADETS, UNDER COMMAND OF LIEUTENANT COLONEL THOMAS C. AMORY, ON BOSTON COMMON, MAY 30.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

ONE IDEA MEN.

The greatest bores of society, when they do not rise to the bad eminence of general scourges, are people of one idea, who cling to a single theory or measure, discuss it morning, noon and night, "sleep to the conceiving of it, and wake to the doing of it." Men of a single idea end in monomania, of which they are happily unconscious, they themselves being always perfectly sane, and all the rest of the world mad. They forget that harmony in variety is the law of mind as well as matter, and that the too sedulous culture of a single idea will infallibly weaken the general powers. Where a man's one idea relates to a trifling subject, his delusion is harmless, and he himself a mere bore, like the old marquis in Vivian Grey, who thinks and talks of nothing but Louis Quatorze snuff-boxes. But it is melancholy to see the way in which any truly great, powerful, fertile and good principle is ruined, effectually, by falling into noddles which have room for nothing else. Many a great wrong, by being seized upon and made the sole hobby of a set of men who have only brains enough to entertain one idea at a time, has become a great right; disgusted, wearied and sickened with the incessant harping on one string of its Quixotic antagonists, the world will embrace error from very weariness, at attacks on it in season and out of season. The sort of perversity that we have alluded to is expressed by the homely phrase of "running the thing into the ground." People can no more thrive on one idea than they can be nourished by one kind of food. Manna palls after a season; "always partridge" is as sickening as perpetual salt pork. One idea men are often dangerous nuisances.

THE LIGHT ARTILLERY.—The parade of Captain Cobb's Light Artillery, on Boston Common, on the occasion of their anniversary, was witnessed by thousands, and was an admirable exhibition of military efficiency. They fired one hundred guns in four minutes, and dismounted their guns, took the carriages to pieces, and put them together again in the space of eight minutes. Their continuous firing on the retreat and in motion was a manœuvre which excited the greatest surprise and pleasure. There never was a better spirit in the Boston military than at present, nor did they ever stand higher in public favor.

BOYS IN THE NAVY.—There have been recently enlisted under regulations established by the Secretary of the Navy, 127 boys; 20 at Boston, 27 at New York, 59 at Philadelphia, 13 at Baltimore, and 8 at Norfolk.

OPERA.—Another new opera house is going up in New York. Perseverance in pursuit of music is a strong characteristic of the New Yorkers.

SPLINTERS.

.... A fellow lately robbed a blind man of his dog in this city. We can conceive of no meaner rascal on the face of the earth.
.... The French are getting a strong hold at Constantinople. Can they mean to supplant the crescent by the tri-color?
.... The heart of a coquette is harder to take by storm than the fortress of Sebastopol. Vanity wars against love.
.... The ladies of New York wear bonnet ribbons four feet in length. They stream in the wind like a ship's pennant.
.... An apothecary in London offers to conceal black eyes on moderate terms. He must live in a nice neighborhood.
.... A policeman in Maine lately informed a disorderly group of persons that they were "authorized to disperse."
.... The French displayed the utmost gallantry in the Crimea. It was they who stormed the Mamelon and White Tower.
.... Forty-seven emigrants in the Portuguese ship *Defensore*, bound to Para from Oporto, died of starvation on board.
.... A beautiful young lady at Munroe, Me., poisoned herself lately from disappointment in love, the all-conquering passion.
.... A doctor in Indiana went home intoxicated, fired his house, and perished in the flames like Sardanapalus.
.... The Indians in the Northwest seem bent on serious mischief, and partial successes have emboldened them.
.... In England recruiting is now a very slow process. Russia does not ask the wishes of her people, but enrolls them.
.... One week lately, there were but two deaths in Manchester, N. H. Doctors must be in a starving state there.
.... A baker in Brunswick, N. J., was lately requested ironically by a lady to pass his loaves through the key hole.
.... Business is looking up in our great cities, and next fall trade will be as active as ever it was.
.... The fire at Bayou Sara, Louisiana, destroyed a million dollars worth of property, it is asserted.
.... Twenty-five immigrants, mostly ladies, lately left this city for Kansas. The ladies showed their spirit and courage.

The Wild Rover and the Midnight sailed from Calcutta and arrived in Boston the same day.
.... Miss Elise Hensler, the American prima donna, was warmly received home to Boston, her native place.
.... The French "Athenæum" transmogrifies our John Jacob Astor into Sir John Astor, an Englishman.

The squirrels on the trees on Boston Common will have to make war upon the birds to keep from starving, it is said.
.... Signora Steffanone has arrived in Europe. Grisi has been making a "positively" last farewell of the stage.

MOBS AND THE MILITARY.

In turning over a file of a leading English journal, lately, we were pained and surprised at the following sentence in an article suggested by a riot in the provinces:—"Let the effect of blank cartridge then be tried; fear, after the first discharge, will take the place of irritation; the air of earnestness will appal, and an insurrection possibly be suppressed without even the mutilation of a poor journeyman's hand, or the dislocation of an innocent girl's arm." Unquestionably the motive which prompted the suggestion was a good one—the whole spirit of the article proves it; but it betrays the most lamentable ignorance of human nature, and particularly of mob nature. The adoption of such advice as the foregoing has changed many a riot that might have been quelled by the loss of one or two lives, into a prolonged struggle between rioters and troops, resulting in the loss of many lives. It is true, that mobs are cowardly as well as cruel, and that a military demonstration often quells them; but, if the mob does not give ground when troops are paraded before them—if they refuse to disperse on the summons of the civil magistrate—then the order to fire, when given, must be obeyed with rigid fidelity. There must be no firing over the heads of the actual rioters. The firing of a volley in the air is an act of ruthless atrocity; it is the preliminary of a savage butchery. The moment a riotous assembly of men perceives that the military hesitate to fire upon them, their tiger spirit is roused. It seems as if the victory were conceded to them, and they rush upon the troops like wild animals.

After the wasted volley is discharged, each man thinks himself safe from harm; and it requires more than one deadly discharge to convince the mob that they are in real danger. Whereas, if at the very first fire one or two are killed, the whole mass is terror-stricken, and they are dispersed—unless, indeed, the resistance to authority is general, and then it is not a riot, but a revolution. When Louis XVI. was informed of the attack on the Bastille, he said to the messenger, "This is riot." "No, sire," was the reply, "It is revolution." But we are treating of mobs, not revolutionists. Napoleon's clear mind comprehended the question fully, and defined the proper course of conduct with his usual expressive brevity. "Ball cartridge first; blanks afterwards." But in the dire necessity of employing troops against a tumultuous assemblage of citizens, the efficiency of horse companies is unquestionable; and hence no large city should be without its troop of horse to meet an emergency. Many a mob that would have stood a bayonet charge and a volley of infantry, has been swept from the streets by a charge of cavalry, without the loss of a single life.

In this country, the sure reliance of the civil authority, in crises when the majesty of the law has been violated, is the gallantry, the fidelity, the loyalty of our citizen soldiery. But what an awful responsibility rests upon the civil magistrate who calls them into action! He must be a man true to the heart's core; brave in the highest kind of bravery—moral courage. He must be sure when he calls upon the troops, that the emergency justifies it;—that he has exhausted every other means of quelling the riot before he resorts to military force. He must present himself before the mob without bravado; he has no right to exhibit either cowardice or arrogance. He must be perfectly self-possessed. After that, when he calls the troops to act, the mob must know that he is in earnest. The muskets that are levelled at his word must deal death. Such a magistrate can sleep calmly when the terrible event that calls forth his energies has passed away. But the man who falters in his task—who unnecessarily calls out troops against his fellow-citizens—who attempts to scare misguided rioters by firing blank cartridges at them—who neglects to give fair warning of his deadly purpose—must look to no peace of mind thereafter. It is fortunate that in this country there are so few occasions of this trying nature.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH SOLDIERS.—The battle of Inkermann was called the "soldiers' battle," by the English papers, because it was fought out successfully rather by the privates than by their commanders. With the French, in all the great battles of the Crimea, the honors were shared by both officers and men, showing to what a state of perfection the military system of France has been carried. In the last century the French army was much in the condition of the British at present. When Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick succeeded the Duke of Cumberland in the command of the Hanoverian army, after the battle of Hastenbeck, won by Marshal d'Estree, July 31, 1757, Frederick the Great said to him, "You are going to fight the French, cousin; it will be easy for you, perhaps, to beat the generals, but never the soldiers."

A FLORAL MARVEL.—Last month, Mr. Joseph Cousins, of Green Point, Long Island, N. Y., had in his garden, in full bloom, a *Coup de Hebe* rose, grafted on a sweet brier stalk, of three years of age, which exhibited the following extraordinary dimensions. Height of stalk, 3 feet 3 inches; height of bush, 7 feet 3 inches; circumference of bush, 28 feet, and estimated to contain 6000 buds and flowers. If this growth, size and bloom have been surpassed, we are ignorant of the fact.

BOSTON HOTELS.—The Revere and Tremont Houses have both been much improved and renovated in their interior belongings, lately. There are not two better hotels than these in the world, and few in this country of excellent public houses, that are equal to them in elegance, comfort, and general advantages.

BONDS SUNDERED.—The Supreme Court of Rhode Island, at its late session, granted decrees of divorce in thirty-nine cases, twenty-nine of which were on petitions of wives to be divorced from their husbands.

HISTORICAL.—Bancroft, the historian, has many MS. letters relating to early American history, to be published in a volume.

LIFE INSURANCE.

The vast importance of the institution of mutual benefit companies for the purpose of life insurance, has long since been fully demonstrated in this country and Europe. A fact which has lately come to the public in this community, strikingly illustrates its operation. A young mechanic in East Cambridge, with a wife and one child, found that his daily earnings would but just support his little family, and became possessed of a fear for their future comfort if he should be suddenly taken away from them by death. He bethought himself of the advantages of life insurance, and collecting together *twenty-five dollars*, paid for a year's premium on \$2000, payable to his wife, in case of his death. Singularly enough, in eight days after he was on his death-bed; his last moments were soothed by the idea that he had left moderate means of comfort for his wife and child, for a long period to come. The company who paid the \$2000 premium, as above, may be found by referring to our advertising columns of the present number.

It requires but little exertion on the part of a man who receives rather more than he expends, to make provision for those who would otherwise be left destitute in case of his death. An individual thus circumstanced, who can only acquire property—we will say real estate—by the long and slow process of partial payments, and whose investments are overshadowed by a mortgage, would do well to set apart something towards keeping his life insured. The peace of mind thus secured as to the future of his family, is worth ten-fold the amount paid for a premium. Even comparatively wealthy people should not neglect this mode of investment. Unless the property held by an individual is positive and tangible, beyond the reach of any casualty, a life insurance investment is money wisely laid out. We have quoted above, a single illustrative case, but hundreds could be cited if the principle were called in question. We remember reading the case of a distinguished officer in the United States army, who died of fever at the South, and was thought to have left his family in destitute circumstances, until it appeared that they had a claim on a Life Insurance Company for \$10,000, which was promptly paid upon its presentation.

MUSICAL INDISPOSITIONS.—No opera-goer can have failed to remark that the dear creatures, whose voices we pay for at something like a dollar a note, are painfully subject to sudden indispositions, which no remedies can subdue. This liability to sudden illness has been the bane of the lyric stage from time immemorial. Mademoiselle Augusta, a famous singer, was once called upon by Frederick the Great to entertain him; but the spoiled favorite was "suddenly indisposed"—a very convenient excuse. The monarch, in high dudgeon, sent his chamberlain to her with this message: "The king demands a song, and is not accustomed to denials."—"Sir," replied the prima donna, "tell the king that he has a thousand ways to make me weep, but not one to make me sing!" True enough.

PICTURES AND STATUES.—The Athenæum gallery is very attractive the present season, and offers a delightful means of whiling away a leisure hour pleasantly and profitably. Among the features of the present exhibition is a collection of paintings by living American artists, several of which are noble specimens. It is refreshing to turn from dingy copies of old masters to the fresh, dewy landscapes of Kensett, Casilear, Cropsy and Champney. The gallery ought to attract crowds of visitors.

CANKER WORMS.—Muriate of lime spread under trees and dug into the soil, is said to be an effective remedy for these destructive insects. It has been tested here and in England with good success. It is also an excellent fertilizer.

GOOD.—England will be flooded with cheap newspapers now that the stamp on papers has been abolished.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. George Sampson to Miss Rebecca F. Hovey; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. John Cowen to Miss Susan Perkins; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Alexander Campbell, of Glasgow, Scotland, to Miss Caroline Smith; by Rev. Dr. Adams, Mr. Franklin Jones to Miss Mary Turner; by Rev. Mr. Gaylord, Mr. William Locke to Miss Emeline Wiggins; Mr. Samuel Rogers to Mrs. Caroline Tisdale.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, Mr. William P. H. Oliver to Mrs. Sarah A. Baker.—At Somerville, by Rev. Dr. Ballou, Rev. R. A. Ballou, of West Bridgewater, to Miss Harriet E., daughter of the officiating clergyman.—At Watertown, by Marshall George, Esq., Mr. T. Andrew Otis to Miss Martha Ann Wood.—At Milton, by Rev. Mr. Teel, Mr. Robert V. Tucker to Miss Fanny A. Todd.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Clapp, William H. Hodges, Esq. to Miss Eliza Hodges Holman.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Allen, Mr. Benjamin Washington Caswell to Miss Abby Stevens.—At Wrenham, by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. John J. Averill, of Salem, to Miss Octavia W. Oliver, of Bath, Me.—At Hingham, by Rev. Mr. Lincoln, Freeman Rice, Esq., of Boston, to Miss Harriet Hill.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Reed, Mr. Orrin W. Clark to Miss Mary A. Stockman.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Sweetser, Mr. J. F. Weston, of Bethel, Va., to Mrs. Jennie Whitney.—At Fitchburg, by Rev. Mr. Wilcox, Mr. Charles C. Crossman, of Portland, Me., to Miss Merrill Gould.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Blanchard, Dea. Sumner L. Cristy, of New Boston, N. H., to Miss Emily Whiting, of Charlestown.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Robert F. Kennehan; Mrs. Mary S., wife of Mr. Tenny K. Gage, 46.—At Charlestown, Widow Mary A. Davis, 52; Mr. John Matthews, 57.—At Lynn, Mr. John Gove, 83; Mr. Francis Johnson, 62; Miss Eliza Cox; Mrs. Anne Taylor, 54; Mrs. Rachel Gilman, 37; Mrs. Esther P. Mace, 28.—At Salem, Mr. Jeremiah Henchion, 35.—At Hyfield, Rev. Greenleaf Cheney, 44.—At Plymouth, Mr. Micah Richmond, 52.—At Worcester, Miss Jane E. Rogers, 15; Mr. Samuel Bacon, 34.—At Blackstone, General Lapham, 60.—At Shrewsbury, Mrs. Rebecca Pease, 85.—At Southbridge, Miss Mary Burns, 19.—At Lowell, Mrs. Lydia E., wife of Mr. Charles S. Wilder, 23.—At Westport, Mr. John Shaw, of Fairhaven, 50.—At Northampton, Mr. Robert T. Thayer, 39; Mrs. Emeline M. Phinney, wife of Mr. Henry Bright, 47.—At Easthampton, Mrs. Dorothy C. Perry, 68; also, four days subsequently, her husband, Mr. Solomon Perry, 83.—At Northboro', Mrs. Grace, formerly postmaster in that city, 66.—At Hattlettsboro', Vt., Dr. James G. Murphy, formerly of Ludlow, 31.—At New York, Mrs. D. Annie, wife of Mr. George W. Taylor.—At Brooklyn, N. Y., Miss Harriet Newell, daughter of Rev. Samuel Lanson, 17.—At Montreal, Mrs. Susanah W. W., widow of the late Mr. Theodore Lyman, of Northampton, Mass., 68.—At Lawrence, Kansas, Dr. H. Clark, formerly of Massachusetts, 40.—At Weston, Mo., Mrs. Ann, wife of the Rev. William Patton, agent of the American Bible Society.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

A highly respectable Quaker in New York, has been disowned by the Hicksite Friends in that city, because he had purchased a piano-forte and had the same in his house in Madison Street. The decision was sustained by the yearly meeting. There are said to be about forty families in that city liable to the same charge. — In giving your hand to a person whose hand is gloved, do not take your own glove off; in a word, never persist in withdrawing your glove, if there is any difficulty in so doing. — One of the numerous suggestions made to the Duke of Newcastle, was "hydraulic warfare," the plan being 20,000 horse steam power to force water from the sea or Crimean rivers, with ten thousand hose or spouts, to deluge the trenches, pits, and men, their guns, fuses, rifles, gunpowder, etc., and to keep the men the whole time dripping wet. — At a Sunday school celebration on Walker's Point, Milwaukee, a few weeks since, fifty-three barrels of *lager beer* were consumed by those who were present. — A complimentary dinner was given at the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, to J. H. Smith, on his return from the consulate at Syria and Palestine, and a silver pitcher was presented to him on the occasion by gentlemen who had enjoyed his courtesies in the East. — Spectacles should be worn so that the glasses may come as close to the eyes as possible, without touching the eye-lashes. The glasses should be parallel to the paper when the head is in an easy position. — A Frenchman in San Francisco has fitted up an ingenious travelling bathing establishment, which is drawn about the city by four stylish horses. He calls at all respectable houses, and if persons require a bath, he waits till the operation is performed and paid for, and then drives on. — Mr. James Sheridan Knowles has written a pamphlet with the object of proving that "the Gospel attributed to Matthew" was composed by all the apostles together, who employed Matthew as a penman! — The Lynn Bay State says that John Bailey, a colored man, who formerly lived with Isaiah Breed, Esq., and left a little over two years ago for Australia, has returned to Lynn, bringing quite a "pile" of dust with him. He has deposited in the Lynn Mechanics' Bank about \$5000, and has more of the same sort still in hand. — The New York Post contradicts "by authority" the story that the distinguished Mr. Tom Thumb is married, and says that the Miss Vinton to whom rumor had assigned the unspeakable felicity of a union with the little man, has merely been engaged to take charge of him and attend to his wardrobe. — The alumni of Leicester Academy, comprising such men as Dr. Chandler, superintendent of the State Hospital, Hon. Emory Washburn and Joseph A. Dennis, have held a meeting and voted to have an assembly of the past and present pupils of that institution, in August next. — The Lawrence Courier says it is a noticeable fact that those who had large quantities of beer and other liquors sent to them from Boston previous to the passage of the liquor law, now have a still larger quantity of freight in the shape of flour. Secret—every barrel of flour contains a keg of liquor. — Rev. Williamson W. Wright, of Covington, was married at Louisville, Kentucky, lately, while he lay in bed seriously ill. The bride was a Miss Lucy E. Moore. — Some time ago, the family of Mr. Stevenson, a fishmonger of Colchester, England, were alarmed by a great noise in the shop, and suspecting that some persons had broken in, one of them went to the place, when, to his surprise, he found the disturber of his repose, not a two-footed, but a four-footed thief, namely, a rat, who on trying to help himself to an oyster lying on the shopboard, had his intruding paw so firmly grasped in the shell of the oyster, as to render his escape impossible. — A crowd gathered around a dashing carriage standing front of Stuart's store lately, in New York, having on its panels a crest, and decorated with various devices, all of *California gold*. It belonged to a "returned Californian."

INGENIOUS INVENTION.—Dr. Kreil, formerly director of the observatory at Prague, has invented an ingenious instrument to measure the force, duration, and direction of earthquakes. It consists of a pendulum so contrived that, whilst it can move in any direction, it cannot return. A perpendicular cylinder is attached, which, by means of clock work, turns on its vertical axis in twenty-four hours. A pole with a thin, elastic arm is fixed near the pendulum; this arm points toward the cylinder, and presses on it gently a pencil, by which means an unbroken line is formed on the surface of the cylinder as long as the pendulum is at rest; but if it is put in motion by an earthquake, the pencil makes broken marks, which show the strength, duration and period of it.

SARDINES.—A vast sum is made in Europe, annually, by preparing and putting up this delicious fish for exportation. It is not generally known that the smelt, found in abundance in this country, is a fish very similar, and, to our taste, of a finer flavor. If prepared in the same way as the sardine in France and Italy, we have no doubt it would have the preference in foreign markets.

THOS. RESTIEUX.—One of the best apothecary's shops in this city, is kept by this experienced chemist and gentleman, at No. 29 Tremont Street. Mr. R. has large experience in his profession, and gives his entire personal attention to his responsible business. His store is an ornament to the street and the city.

PAINTINGS.—Frederick Parker & Co., Cornhill, have been exhibiting some fine paintings by an English artist. They were much admired, but from the subjects, you could not help making game of them.

MARLAND & CO.'S SAFES.—An improvement applied to safes, the invention of Mr. Marland, seems to us well worthy of attention by the public. See advertisement.

Wayside Gatherings.

Anthony Burns has gone to Oberlin College, Ohio, to fit himself for the duties of a clergyman.

Four new school-houses are to be erected in Dorchester the present season, at an average cost of \$10,000.

Two thousand shad were taken at one haul of the seine in Matapoisett.

Ephraim Swett, of Belfast, Me., has been appointed superintendent of the construction of the new custom house at that place.

Billy Caldwell, the notorious counterfeiter of the West, who signs all the bills, has never been seen to sign one, not even by any of his gang.

The Perth Courier mentions that a gardener at Keir House has patented an invention for fabricating paper and rope from the common garden hollyhock.

The great literary question is, "Is 'Moredun' the work of Sir Walter Scott?" Those who have read the opening chapter say they guess not.

Judge Story has charged the grand jury of Suffolk and Westchester counties, New York, that ale is not strong drink, and that its sale, therefore, is not illegal.

"The memory of Eastern lands" was one of the toasts at the dinner in New York to the late consul at Beyrout. That's a sentiment never to be forgotten.

Mrs. Slingerland, a crazy woman, who murdered her child last fall in Bethlehem, N. Y., has been sentenced to one year's confinement in the penitentiary, and to a fine of \$500.

The Bavarian government has just taken possession of the vast estates belonging to the Leuchtenberg family, which it purchased some time back for 3,000,000 of florins.

It is said in Paris that a contract has been entered into between the Ottoman government and M. Lionel Osborn for the establishment of a submarine telegraph to unite the Dardanelles to Egypt.

A quantity of provisions has been seized in the public markets of Montreal, by the authorities, for deficiency in weight, and distributed among the charitable institutions of that city.

A New Haven paper remarks that, in that city, the Medical College is on the road to the cemetery, the Divinity College on the road to the poor house, and the Law School on the road to the jail!

A grocery storekeeper in Wilmington, Del., was brought before Esquire Buzine, lately, charged with violating the late "act for the suppression of intemperance," by selling *burning fluid*.

A letter from Turin states that the veteran General Pepe is dangerously ill, to the great grief of the liberal Italian party of all shades. General Pepe is 72 years of age.

A warehouse at Port Hope, in Canada, containing 3000 barrels of flour, large quantities of grain and other produce, was destroyed by fire, on the 15th ult., with all its contents. Some 300,000 feet of lumber were also burned at the same time.

Antoinette Brown is not the only reverend among the gentler sex. Among the names of ministers attending the yearly meeting of Friends, at Newport, R. I., are those of Phoebe Bishop, of Canada West, and Mary Ann Fisher, of New York.

The profits of the St. Nicholas, New York, during 1854, were reported to be \$51,600; those of the Metropolitan, \$45,300; of the Astor House, \$49,000, and of the New York hotel no less than \$100,000.

Elias Long, a wealthy farmer of Whitewater, Wisconsin, has been sent to the state prison for ten years, for putting arsenic in the well of a neighbor with whom his wife had taken refuge. He had attempted before to poison her.

The journeymen printers of Cincinnati have formed themselves into a military company, being the first organization of the craft in the United States. In the Mexican war, numbers of them followed the national colors to battle, to victory and to death.

Among the Bostonians lately in London were Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., and family, H. T. Parker, Esq., and family, Mr. James Parker and family, Miss Revere, David Sears, Jr., H. Parker, C. L. Perkins, John L. Tucker, T. T. Barker, Esqrs.

The total value of horses in the State of Connecticut is \$2,328,263; of neat cattle, \$5,150,921; carriages, \$887,275; clocks and watches, \$134,095; of pianos and musical instruments, \$303,911; railroad, city and other bonds, \$978,511. The total value of property in the State is \$203,739,831.

The hogs of Cincinnati having been ejected from the streets of that city, the gutters by the side of the walks are gradually filling up with kitchen refuse and garbage. The papers there suggest that either human scavengers be employed, or that the porkers be let loose again.

The two Russian privateers, Kamschatka and Nicholas I., are still in the harbor of San Francisco, afraid to venture out, as the British frigate Pique is laying near the Heads, watching for them. The Kamschatka carries ten guns, and could do some mischief in a fleet of English or French merchantmen.

A monument was inaugurated with great pomp in the municipal palace of Genoa, Italy, on the 13th of May last, to the memory of the Genoese, who fell in the Italian war of Independence of 1848-49, by the Syndic and the Municipality, in the presence of the staff of the National Guard and deputations from the army and navy.

The total amount of funds appropriated to the purposes of education in Ohio, during the year 1854, was \$2,266,457 12. The enumeration of youth of the school age, furnishes an aggregate of 816,408. The number of school-houses in the State is about 10,300, estimated to be worth \$3,704,720. The amount paid to teachers is set down at \$1,364,431 21.

A large and magnificent bronze inscription has been placed in the navy museum of the Louvre, Paris, in memory of the French officer, Lieutenant Bellot, who died in the Polar seas during a voyage in search of Sir John Franklin. The inscription is in French and English, and is surmounted by the imperial arms of France and the royal arms of England.

On Thursday, the 14th ult., in Newport, R. I., the elegant silver salver which was voted by the General Assembly of Rhode Island to Commodore Perry, as a token of their appreciation of his services to his country in negotiating a treaty of commerce with Japan, was publicly presented to that gentleman by Governor Hoppin, in behalf of the State.

Two young conscripts, recently arrived at Paris for enrolment in the army, limped very badly, and affected to have such malformation of the toes as would render them unfit for military service. The surgeon administered chloroform to them, and, on examining their feet at pleasure, found that the malformation which they complained of was artificial, they having resorted to this artifice to evade service. They were perplexed and mortified, on waking from their stupor, to see that their secret was discovered.

Foreign Items.

Zelpha Shum, a "lady of color," has been preaching in the pulpits of various Primitive Methodist chapels in England. Her discourses are said to be much admired.

Official information has, it is said, reached the British consul at Elsinore that the Russian government had given orders to sink all their men-of-war at Cronstadt, except eight sail of the line.

It is said that the queen and his highness Prince Albert will arrive in Paris on the 16th or 17th of August, as the guests of the emperor and empress of the French, and to visit the French Exhibition.

The Czar Alexander has caused the pamphlet entitled "The Last Hours and Dying Words of the Emperor Nicholas," to be translated into several Oriental languages, and printed at the government press.

The Lyons journals state that three lions from Africa are now being exhibited in that city without being in a cage or even secured by any chain. The visitors on entering behind a curtain which is drawn across the booth, suddenly find themselves in the presence of the animals.

Queen Victoria's state coach is bullet proof, and the glass of the windows is six inches thick. When George IV. was fired at, the glass was only broken by the ball. In this coach Louis Napoleon proceeded on his late visit to the Guildhall, to receive the address of the corporation of London.

M. Hugaly Meyrand, a distinguished musician, has just died at an advanced age, and left a legacy of 150,000*fr.* to the poor of Paris, and Clermont-Ferrand, his native place, besides other legacies to the establishment of Petites Sœurs des Pauvres at Paris, and to the Association of Musicians.

In the course of a violent tempest which burst on the 20th of April over the valley of Arran, in Catalonia, Spain, some enormous masses of snow fell from the Pyrenees, and completely buried three large villages, named, Ura, Vauquerque, and Lladely, each containing from 500 to 700 inhabitants.

The John o'Groat Journal says there is an Established Church Manse, not fifty miles from the ancient burgh of St. Duthus (1641), so insecure that when it rains the minister's family, in passing through some of the rooms, are obliged to have an umbrella placed over their heads in order to keep them dry!

Sands of Gold.

.... The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.—*Socrates*.

.... Friendship is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed.—*Cicero*.

.... Whatever disgrace we have merited, it is almost always in our power to re-establish our reputation.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

.... The qualities of your friends will be those of your enemies; cold friends, cold enemies; half friends, half enemies; treacherous friends, warm enemies.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

.... Love is a secondary passion in those who love most, a primary in those who love least; he who is inspired by it in the strongest degree is inspired by honor in a greater.—*Landor*.

.... Blessed is the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted from the world! Yet more blessed and more dear the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted in the world!—*Mrs. Jameson*.

.... Duke Chartres used to boast that no man could have less real value for character than himself; yet he would gladly give twenty thousand pounds for a good one, because he could immediately make double the sum by means of it.—*Colton*.

.... Get and preserve a good name, if it were but for the public service; for one of a deserved reputation hath oftentimes an opportunity to do that good, which another cannot that wants it. And he may practise it with more security and success.—*Fallax*.

.... To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.—*Shakespeare*.

.... A man who has been brought up among books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent companion, and what we call a pedant. But we should enlarge the title, and give it to every one that does not know how to think out of his profession and particular way of life.—*Addison*.

Joker's Budget.

A Maine Law physician's prescription on the city agency: "West India rum, 1 pint; aqua (water), 5 drops."

Mrs. Snuzzle, my pa wants to know if he mayn't lend himself to your axe a little while. He had allers rather lend than borrow.

A man lately, inquiring for letters at the Lexington (Mo.) post-office, was told there was none, upon which he asked if there was not another post-office in town.

An article in an exchange paper, announcing the decease of a person, says: "His remains were committed to that bourn whence no traveller returns attended by his friends."

A dandy in Broadway, wishing to be witty, accosted the old bell-man as follows: "You take all sorts of trumpery in your cart, don't you?" "Yes, jump in, jump in."

It seems to me I have seen your physiognomy somewhere before, but I cannot imagine where. "Very likely; I have been the keeper of a prison for the last twenty years."

The editor of the Louisville (Ky.) Times says the shape of a kiss is elliptical. This must be derived from the sensation one experiences when enjoying the luxury, for it is certainly a lip tickle.

An exchange, speaking of a correspondent, says: "We are always glad to hear from you, fair 'Sissie.' Heaven has bestowed on you the gift of fire." What a flaming contributor she must be!

A very absent-minded individual, being upset from a boat in the river, sank twice before he remembered that he could swim. He fortunately remembered it just before he sank the last and third time. A great invention is memory!

Two Quaker girls of our acquaintance were ironing on the same table. One asked the other which side she would take, the right or left. She answered promptly, "It will be right for me to take the left, and then it will be left for thee to take the right."

There is said to be a woman in Pittsburg, Pa., who takes in children to wash. She gives them a good scrubbing with soap and sand, and then sets them in the sun to dry. She washes at four shillings per dozen. Pittsburg is such a smoky town, that the children have to be washed all over twice every day.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements. The immense circulation of the PICTORIAL (being over one hundred thousand copies weekly) forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the PICTORIAL as an advertising medium is, that it is preserved, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the inside of the paper) becomes a permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.

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Assayer to the State of Massachusetts.
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RECEIPTS.
Balance per statement, Jan. 1st, 1854, \$1,774,005 46
Premiums received during the year, \$487,946 33
Interest, 109,197 93

Total receipts for 1854, \$597,144 26
Paid losses and expenses in 1854, 200,903 81 306,240 45

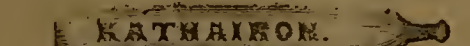
Balance, \$2,170,245 91
Paid Dividends during the year 1854, 136,386 45

Net Balance, January 1, 1855, \$2,033,859 46
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June 9 3m

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N. B. BOSTON.** tf June 16

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ADVENTURES,
BIOGRAPHIES,
WIT AND HUMOR,**

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—A—

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Ballou's Pictorial leads all the embellished publications in the world.—*Christian Advocate, Buffalo, N. Y.*

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Mr. BalloU seems resolved to make a paper which shall be a credit to the whole country.—*Middletown (Penn.) Advertiser.*

It comes out dressed in very white paper, clear and beautiful type, superior illustrations, and a rich table of contents.—*Clinton (Ms.) Courant.*

It is a splendid paper and can defy competition.—*Newark (N. Y.) Whig.*

A truly national work that should gladden every domestic fire-side of the great West.—*Waverille (Arkansas) Star.*

There is not a handsomer sheet published in the world.—*Lycornet Gazette, Williamsport, Pa.*

Your paper is the most pleasant and valuable visitor that enters my family circle.—*Subscriber's letter, Beaufort, So. Carolina.*

We have the means of knowing that 107,000 of BalloU's Pictorial are now printed.—*Evening Gazette, Boston.*

It is the best paper of the kind ever printed in this country, abounding with handsome illustrations of scenes, views and men of the past and present.—*Fredericksburg (Va.) Herald.*

It is printed on the finest of satin surface paper, and contains eight super royal quarto pages of engravings in each number. We commend it to our readers.—*Republican, Charlottesville, Va.*

The only American illustrated weekly worth having.—*Attica (N. Y.) Atlas.*

It is fully equal to anything in the art of printing we have seen.—*Monmouth Democrat, Freehold, N. J.*

A sterling Boston Pictorial, the pride of this city and the Union.—*South Boston Gazette.*

I have yet to find the first indelicate word or immoral allusion in your beautiful Pictorial. I give it to my wife and daughters with confidence and with pleasure.—*Subscriber's letter, Dover, N. H.*

The numbers from week to week are a brilliant record of the times in pictorial form, and few persons of taste will be without it.—*Boston Daily Times.*

The object of the paper is to present in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary mélange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in its design. In this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female. Sketches of beautiful scenery, taken from life, will also be given, with numerous specimens from the animal kingdom, the birds of the air and the fish of the sea. It is printed on fine satin surface paper, with new and beautiful type, presenting in its mechanical execution, an elegant specimen of art. The whole forms a mammoth weekly paper of sixteen octavo pages. Each six months making a volume of 416 pages, with about one thousand splendid engravings.

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FOURTH OF JULY FIREWORKS.

We have placed on this page an accurate representation of three of the pieces of fireworks which figured with the most brilliant *éclat* in the recent city celebration of the 4th of July, and which reflected so much credit on the taste, ingenuity and extraordinary skill of Messrs. Sanderson & Lanergan, of the Aetna Laboratory. Fireworks have become an *obligato* finale to the celebration of Independence Day, and the Common, during the exhibition of these *feux de joie*, presents the most striking spectacle. There are congregated a formidable body of the representatives of the local population—old and young, male and female; and not these only, but immense delegations from neighboring towns and counties, and even from other States, whom the railroad facilities accorded by the different corporations on this day bring to the centre of attraction. It is a curious spectacle to witness, as day closes, the masses of people pouring towards our unrivalled Common. They take up their line of march long before the hour appointed for the commencement of the exhibition. From the number of chairs and stools carried by the vast moving columns of citizens who deploy upon the Common, a stranger would fancy that an enemy's fleet were menacing the city and that inhabitants were moving out with their personal effects. This yearly moving of furniture to the Common for the accommodation of feminine delicacy, juvenile weakness and dilapidated age, is a comparatively novel feature, and shows that we, of the present generation, are as far ahead of our progenitors in matters of personal luxury, as we are in the splendor of our pyrotechnic exhibitions. In our schoolboy days the only resort for excessive weariness on these occasions, was a seat upon the grass, and when that was thoroughly saturated with dew or the moisture of a recent shower, it was rather a dangerous experiment. Then, too, the sufferings of a father of a family were intense. With a young flock clustering at his feet, each clamoring to be lifted to the altitude of a full grown biped at every wonderful outburst of fire, the poor man had to perform in the course of an hour a labor to which any one of the labors of Hercules was a trifle, though compensated, of course, by the ecstatic delight of the juveniles. It is wonderful to reflect how easily we were pleased in those days, when about five hundred dollars worth of fireworks were shot off, with very long "waits" between the pieces. And what rockets there were in those days! Why, young America would turn up its little nose at a whole flight of them, and even express its disapprobation audibly, were they introduced into one of our modern shows. There were then none of those heaven-defying messengers that we have now, that soar high up into the night-black vault with the furious scream of a deadly shell, mounting up, up, up, like eagles, and then bursting with a terrific explosion, spilling over the sky a galaxy of many colored stars of the intensest brilliancy, fading and flickering away in wavering scintillations, beautiful to the very last dying spark. And then what glorious signal fires we have, illuminating a vast area and turning the mass of upturned faces into a perfect green sea—dying the trees of a deeper emerald, lighting up every spray, and searing the birds in the branches more even than the terrific exclamations that follow the display. Pyrotechny has grown into the dignity of a fine art. Its triumphs are truly astonishing. We have flower pieces, in which a vast bouquet is represented in all the natural colors, intensified by the element which delineates them. The complicated movements, the magical changes, the exciting explosions, the intricate forms given to modern pyrotechnics, render a truly fine exhibition deeply interesting, and are enough to turn the spectators into a multitude of fire-worshippers. Messrs. Sanderson & Lanergan, entrusted with the display of the present year, are among the first pyrotechnists of this country, and it must be remembered that a great amount of scientific knowledge is required in the construction of fireworks. It is impossible to convey in black and white any adequate idea of the brilliancy of the exhibition of this year, but we were so much pleased with three of the designs, that we commissioned Mr. Barry to sketch them for our Pictorial, and he has executed the task with his usual skill and ability. One of these beautiful pieces represented "Tri-mount," or "Boston as it was," and another, "Boston as it is." The very artistic simplicity of the "Tri-mount" piece rendered it peculiarly pleasing.



TRI-MOUNT, OR BOSTON AS IT WAS.

In the distance were seen the three hills, a portion of the shore with the wigwams of the red men, and, in the foreground, an Indian chieftain, paddling his canoe over the waters now covered with the gigantic shipping of the pale faces. The whole design was enclosed in a wreath of pine—an appropriate emblem of the sons of the forest. This piece changed to "Boston as it is," shown in our second engraving, an elaborate piece of pyrotechny, representing the seal of the city, over which hung the arms of Massachusetts, while at the sides were emblems expressive of the



BOSTON, AS IT IS.

improvement and advancement of our city. A ribbon encircled the whole, bearing the city motto in letters of fire. These two struck us as the artistic gems of the minor pieces. The grand concluding portion of the display—the elaborate character of which is indicated in our design—was truly a triumph of pyrotechny. In the centre was a colossal armed figure of Liberty, standing on a massive pedestal formed of large foliated columns, supporting the eagle. On the entablature in front, the word "Liberty" appeared conspicuously, surrounded by a halo of stars, and connected

with a brilliant exhibition of runners, called the Courantines. No. 2, a French Scroll, was very tasteful in design and execution. No. 3, Old Ironsides, roused the patriotic feelings of the audience to a high degree of excitement. The name alone was a stirring appeal. No. 4, Mechanics, was a very pretty emblematic piece, as was No. 6, entitled Commerce. The Aurora, No. 7, was a wonderful display of pyrotechnic skill; while the closing piece, already noticed, was a worthy finale to the grand exhibition. Shells of very heavy calibre were fired during the evening, bursting in the air, filled with all the minutiae of the pyrotechnic art. Messrs. Sanderson & Lanergan have had the contract for supplying the city fireworks for several successive years, and their work has given very general satisfaction. They have also supplied many of the principal cities and towns of New England with pyrotechnic displays for our national anniversary. These gentlemen, to a thorough mastery of the technical details of their business, add, likewise, great artistic taste, an all-important requisite to success in this art. In addition to the public displays, it is fast becoming customary for wealthy individuals to exhibit fireworks at their country residences, for the amusement of their friends. Standing on a hill in the vicinity of Boston, on the night of the Fourth, the whole horizon appeared, at intervals blazing with rockets, as it illuminated by flashes of lightning. A similar sight is witnessed in New York, where there is an incredible consumption of gunpowder on the occasion. Surely the wish of the patriot Adams, with regard to the manner of celebrating this anniversary, has been more than accomplished. If the spirits of the patriots are permitted to revisit our sphere, and take cognizance of the enthusiasm of their descendants, they must rejoice at the proof that the fire of patriotism has not died out in the bosoms of the masses; but the people of this country are true to their principles, and devotedly attached to Liberty and Union. The ingredients used in pyrotechny are very costly, and the manufacture of fireworks is a dangerous business, and requires great caution in the use of the materials. The bases of the operations are saltpetre, purified for the purpose; sulphur, charcoal and gunpowder, used in its manufactured state, where explosions are required, or "mealed," as it is technically termed, that is ground very fine, when instantaneous explosion is not desirable. Camphor, alcohol and antimony are employed in the manufacture of colored stars, and filings of different metals, together with strontian, to produce brilliant-colored flames. Sal ammoniac produces a green, antimony a reddish, and resin a copper-color. The science of pyrotechny—for it is a science—is constantly advancing, as the memory and observation of any one at all familiar with this subject will prove.



GRAND FINALE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1855.

\$3.00 PER ANNUM { VOL. IX., No. 3.—WHOLE No. 211.
6 CENTS SINGLE }

VIEW OF NAHANT HOTEL.

There are few watering-places in the United States more widely known than Nahant. Few strangers come to our Northern metropolis, in the summer season, without paying it a visit. It is almost like going to sea to go to the extremity of the peninsula, which pushes its bold front far out into the ocean, and breasts the Atlantic surges which dash continuously against its iron base. The brief voyage thither in the steamboat is one of the most delightful trips that can be taken. It gives new life to the feeble frame, to be wafted on the deck of the Nelly Baker, Captain Rowell, from the warm atmosphere of the inner bay to the gloriously cool surface of the open sea, and to see before you the long rocky peninsula dotted with pleasant summer residences, stretching far out from

the mainland. But many give the preference to the land route; the drive across the beaches, with a fine level floor of sand for the horses' feet, and the rollers curving in incessantly on the seaward side, rendering it a most delightful excursion. Nahant is by no means a mere arid waste of rock and sand, however. The variety of scenery comprised within its limits is a feature in which it has the advantage of most seaside resorts. Right in the centre of Nahant proper, where the surface sinks into a deep hollow, there is a green oasis full of waving trees, and gardens, and flowers, and fruits, which is quite as rural as many a rustic dale a thousand miles away from the seaboard. Hence Nahant has for more than forty years been a favorite resort, and representatives from almost every State in the Union have been found here in the summer sea-

son. Hitherto the hotel has always been well patronized, but although well kept by Mr. Drew, it was not extensive enough for the accommodation of the public. Col. Stevens, of the Revere, so soon as he came into possession of it, enlarged and fitted it up throughout in the most sumptuous manner. It now possesses every requirement of comfort and luxury. It is provided with a costly apparatus for warming the apartments, so that now the guests are no longer obliged to take wing for the city so soon as there is an easterly spell of weather. Thus the season at Nahant begins early and ends late. The house is thronged with company, the table is liberally catered for, and within doors everything is as agreeable as the scenery is attractive without. Our representation gives a fine view of this pleasant hotel.



VIEW OF NAHANT HOTEL.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DUCAL CORONET:

—OR,—

THE HEIR AND THE USURPER.

A ROMANCE OF ITALY IN THE 16TH CENTURY.

BY ARTHUR MORTON, A. M.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VI.

THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR.—A PRINCE'S INVITATION.

THE night had commenced fair and cloudless, but in proportion as the hour advanced, a change had gradually been coming on the scene. Mists had risen from the valley, chilling the frame of the benighted travellers, and now portentous clouds were rising rapidly, pushing each other along, their black drapery almost sweeping the hills. A deep hush pervaded all nature; but it was not a soothing quiet, it was that unnatural calm which is the prophet of commotion. Captain Gonelli rode in advance of his troop, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, his brows knit in the effort to penetrate the darkness, his bridle-hand steady and firm, feeling his horse's mouth, but not pulling on the heavy bit. From time to time he loosened his sword in its steel sheath, and from time to time striking back his rowels, he mended the pace of his powerful but somewhat sluggish charger.

Meanwhile the men conversed with each other in whispers. Pierre flows, who passed their time between the guard-room and the saddle, who bartered hard blows for hard coin, would have charged through a legion in the broad daylight, they liked not this midnight excursion to which they had been summoned from the flagon and the dice-box. It is said that the bravest men are cowards in the dark, and though these bravoes rode stirrup to stirrup, and were not insensible to the cheering influence of companionship, still the gathering storm and the midnight darkness, acting on their superstitious minds, produced a vague feeling of terror.

"I would it were six hours later or earlier," muttered Pianori, a Corsican, through his thick moustache to his flank comrade. "Everything betokens a storm, and the lightning loves to play with a steel corset, and often finds a crevice in a gorget that lancepoint could never discover. And they do say," he added, "that the evil one rides abroad on such nights as this, with a train of spirits from the place of torment for attendants. Mortal foe I fear not—but I can't fight with phantoms in the dark."

"Tush!" replied his comrade. "I am proof against the spirits of the air. I wear a blessed relic next my heart, which cost me a round score of ducats. I grudged the red gold, when I was chaffering with the Capuchin about the bargain, for the golden sunshine was blazing through the guard-room windows, and I thought, had the huckster been other than a priest and no lookers on at hand, I would have paid him with steel from my dagger sheath rather than coin from my purse. But now the relic of the blessed saint I feel to be beyond all price."

"Look!" said the Corsican. "Do you see that pale blue flame on the lance-points of our file leaders? By all the saints! my own spear-head is blazing! It is an evil omen." And the savage hireling crossed himself.

The phenomenon that alarmed him was a manifestation of the condition of the atmosphere, the steel lance-points of the riders having attracted the electricity of the low hung clouds, but in those days it was quite sufficient to excite the fears of the ignorant. Other soldiers perceived it, and murmurs arose.

"Silence in the ranks!" cried the stern voice of the leader, as he reined back his horse to allow the troop to close up. "What is the reason of these unseemly murmurs? Gottfried, what is it?"

The man he addressed was a veteran German, who, though sixty years of age, was as erect and active as any man in the command.

"Noble captain," said the veteran, saluting his officer, "if you will but look around you, you will see cause enough for the murmuring. The foul fiend and his imps are abroad to-night, I verily believe, and he hath affixed his signal-lights to every lance-point."

"And if he were here with a legion of his imps," replied the leader, raising his voice so that every one of the men heard him, "I should spit at and defy him. Are we not the soldiers of a Christian prince, and true children of the church, every cut-throat of us? The powers of darkness cannot prevail against us."

"But, noble captain," continued the veteran, "the signs of the heavens are portentous. We are on the eve of a fearful storm. Don't you hear the batteries of heaven opening overhead?"

"The sooner then that we accomplish our orders the better. The prince hath sent us forth for a certain purpose, and it shall be accomplished, if the heavens rain fire and the earth opens beneath my horse's feet. Forward then, comrades; make good use of your rowels, and the sooner will you return to camp and trencher."

Stirring his horse with the steel, Gonelli dashed onward, followed by his troop at a sharp trot, and for a few minutes nothing interrupted the unnatural hush of the night but the clatter of hoof, the ringing of curb-chains, and the clash of scabbard and stirrup.

They had not ridden far, however, when the storm overtook them. It burst down with fearful fury; the wind, a perfect hurricane, roaring through the gorges of the hills, twisting branches from trees and strewing them in the road, while peal on peal of thunder shook the very earth. The lightning blazed from every point of the compass—piercing, blinding flashes, cleaving the air

at every moment, and terrifying the horses so that it required the utmost efforts of the riders to control them. The plumage was tost and torn on the crests of the cavaliers, and they were compelled to bend forward over their saddle-bows to resist the fury of the sweeping blast. The rain, at first pattering in huge drops, came down at last in a deluge, so that the whole country, sheeted with water, and blazing with lightning, looked like a sea of fire.

Captain Gonelli summoned the Spaniard, Ramon, to his side.

"Know you whereabouts we are now?" he asked.

"Ay, captain, I could find my way hither like a sleuth-hound in the dark, and there is light enough, by the mass! to discern the smallest object. We are almost at the turn now."

"And then?"

"I will lead you, if you like."

"Do so," replied Gonelli, "and beware of misleading me."

"Never fear," replied the Spaniard, riding to the front.

The troop followed in single file. The guide suddenly wheeled his horse, and stooping, to avoid the hanging branches of a sturdy oak, turned to the left into a bridle-path through a wood. The ground here was very slippery, and the riders necessarily slackened their pace as they advanced. They soon came to a torrent, commonly a mere thread of water, but now increased prodigiously in volume by the rain. Through this they boldly dashed, though the water rose to their saddle girths, and then struggled up the opposite bank. After riding a few hundred yards farther, the guide drew rein.

"Captain," he whispered, "we have reached the spot."

"Tis well," answered Gonelli, and wheeling his horse, he gave the command to halt, in a low but perfectly audible tone. "You will keep the men here, Gottfried," he added, addressing the German veteran, "till I return. See that no man leaves his saddle."

He then moved forward with the Spaniard. They soon reached a building of some size, when the captain halted, and giving his bridle-rein to Ramon, dismounted, and approaching a low door studded with spikes, knocked loudly on it with his mailed hand. There was no reply for some minutes. He repeated the summons, and after another delay a wicket in the door was opened, and a voice inquired:

"Who goes there?"

"A friend," was the reply. "A benighted traveller, overtaken by the storm."

"Wait, friend, till I undo the bolts, and then you shall find a welcome entrance," replied the voice.

In a short time the door was opened, and Gonelli sprang into the building, and closed it behind him. At the sight of an armed man, Tonio, the jester, for it was he who had opened the door, started back, nearly extinguishing the torch he held, and uttered an exclamation of surprise and terror.

"Not a whisper, knave!" said the soldier, sternly, "or—" and he laid his hand menacingly on his dagger.

"Good signor soldier," said the jester, between his chattering teeth, "you would not harm a poor fool."

"Not if the poor fool acts the part of a wise man, and keeps his tongue within his teeth."

"There's many a wise man who cannot govern his tongue, and you expect a poor fool to do so. Marry, sir, methinks I should hail you as a brother."

"Silence, dog; is your master within?"

"My master is within, most noble signor, but he is not visible on account of the darkness of the night. He is suffering an occultation—an eclipse."

"Lead me to him, sirrah," said the soldier, fiercely, grasping the jester by the collar. "I am weary of this bantering."

"If you mean him harm," said the jester, warning in turn, and shaking off the soldier's grasp, "you shall only reach him over my dead body."

"Bravely said!" exclaimed the soldier. "The spirit of a man-at-arms is in that fool's head of thine. I seek not to harm your master, that I tell you on the word of a soldier. Does that suit you?"

"Since there is no better pledge, I must e'en rest contented. And there is something in your looks that assures me you would not deceive. Then follow, most noble signor, and I will conduct you to the apartment of the lord of the villa, without the slightest fear that you will stab me in the back as I precede you. March on—folly first, valor afterward."

Treading close upon the heels of Tonio, the captain ascended to the second floor, and then, after passing through a long corridor, paused, with his conductor, before a door.

"Shall I disturb the sweet slumbers of my lord?" asked Tonio.

"Knock, sirrah, without more ado!" said Gonelli.

The jester knocked.

"Who goes there?" said a voice from within.

"It is I—Tonio, your friend and counsellor," replied the jester.

"Is it morning—is it time to rise?" asked Giulio, from within.

"It is not morning, but it is time to rise," replied Tonio. "Here is a gallant gentleman to pay his service to your greatness."

"This is some foolery of thine, knave," replied Giulio, in an angry voice. "But if thou art playing me a trick at this unreasonable hour, thy back and the scourge shall be made acquainted."

"No need of an introduction, they are old friends," muttered Tonio, as he pushed open the door, and holding his torch on high, led the visitor to his master's bedside.

As soon as Giulio's eyes became accustomed to the light, he sprang from the bed and grasped for his sword, which usually lay beside him—but it was gone.

"Traitor!" he cried, grasping Tonio by the throat. "You have betrayed and disarmed me!"

"Don't harm the fool," said the captain. "Here is your weapon. The moment my eyes rested on it, I seized it. Not that it

would avail anything against a coat of mail, but gentlemen roused suddenly out of their slumbers, are apt to do rash things when they first waken."

"Whence come you? Who are you? What is your purpose?" asked Giulio.

"From Parma—captain of the ducal guard—to conduct you to court," answered Gonelli.

"Where are your credentials?"

"Here," replied the captain, presenting a parchment scroll to Giulio.

The latter perused it thoughtfully. He appeared somewhat disturbed, but he answered:

"Retire for a moment. I will dress myself, inform my sister of this circumstance, and then be ready to depart."

"Pardon me," said the soldier, "I cannot permit you to communicate with any one."

"Not with my sister?"

"With no one whomsoever."

Giulio glanced at Tonio in a peculiar manner, the latter replied by a look of intelligence, and nodded. The keen eye of the soldier noted these signs. Without saying a word he beckoned to the jester, and they left Giulio alone to perform his toilet.

"Now, my friend," said Gonelli, "isn't this a fine night, or rather morning, for time is verging on the latter, for a ride?"

"The storm is hardly over," said the jester. "But for them that like the saddle, all hours are propitious."

"Well, how should you like to accompany your master?"

"Well enough, for the matter of that," replied Tonio. "And now I think of it, I'll go and saddle my mule."

"You shall do no such thing, my friend," said the captain, laying an iron grasp upon his shoulder.

The jester looked disconcerted.

"You are fond of my company," he muttered, ironically.

"So much so that I cannot spare you from my sight a single moment. And yet so jealous am I, that if you attempt to desert me, I'll cut your throat from ear to ear."

"I shouldn't like to have such an open countenance," said the jester uneasily. "Is that the way you cut your acquaintances?"

"When they show an inclination to cut and run," replied the captain, grimly.

At this moment Giulio appeared. He was plainly attired, and had thrown his cloak over his shoulders. He wore a sheathed rapier at his belt. He looked pale and firm.

"Tonio, you will remain here until my return," said he.

"Answer him 'yes,'" whispered Gonelli, in the jester's ear.

"Certainly, certainly, signor," replied Tonio.

"Will you give me your word as a soldier," continued Giulio, addressing Gonelli, "that you have shown me all your instructions, and that, to the best of your knowledge, no harm is designed to me or mine?"

"Upon my honor," replied the captain, "I have dealt fairly with you, and know of no evil beyond this compulsory visit to the court."

"I am satisfied, signor; lead on."

They stood without the villa, when at a signal from their leader the troop advanced from the thicket where they had been posted.

"You give me a numerous guard of honor," said Giulio.

The captain made no reply. One of the troopers led up a horse which Giulio mounted. He was then confided to the care of the lieutenant of the troop, who was ordered to commence his march.

"Remember what I told you, Tonio," he said, as he rode away.

"Ay, signor, I shall not forget it."

When they had all ridden off except the captain, he turned to the jester, and said:

"And now, my man, we'll follow."

"Ay, noble captain—I will but go and get my mule."

"Nay, you shall be better mounted," said the soldier, laying on the jester's arm that same mailed hand the weight of which he had before felt. "You shall have a seat behind me on my own good charger."

He changed his grasp to the jester's collar, and used it as an assistance in mounting his horse; then, swinging the man off his feet with an exertion of his giant strength, he placed him on the saddle.

"Now take a firm hold of my belt," said he, "for my horse is a high stepper."

Striking the rowels into his charger's flanks, the captain followed the trail of his hand, the rear of which they soon overtook. Tonio was very uneasy. Daylight was approaching, and he knew that, should the Lady Estella discover the doors of the villa open and her brother gone, she would suspect foul play, and be nearly distracted at the event. He was anxious to relate the affair exactly as it stood. He could conceive no better plan than slipping quickly off the horse, even at the risk of breaking his neck, but the captain must have divined his intentions, for suddenly drawing his rein, he remarked:

"Tonio, I see you're a bad horseman, and if I don't have a care for you, you will catch a bad fall."

Thereupon this benevolent officer unbuckled his belt and passing it round both Tonio and himself, buckled it firmly, taking care to secure the jester's arms beneath the cinch.

"Now you are safe," said he, pleasantly, "and you can enjoy your ride."

In this manner, the captain silent from habit and the jester from wrath and disappointment, they rode on some miles, keeping a little in the rear of the escort. At last, after a period of time which seemed an age to the poor jester, the cavalier halted his horse and unbuckled his belt, and suffered Tonio to slide to the ground.

"Now, my friend," said the captain, "you are at liberty to return to the villa which I had forgotten your master told you not to leave. How thoughtless of me! And how sorry I am not to have a horse to offer you. It will take you full two hours to walk back. Farewell."

With this, the captain rode off sharply, leaving the jester standing in the middle of the road.

"The fiends seize you!" muttered the jester. "What a thorough knave that is. But he reckons without his host. Two hours to the villa! He little knows how fleet of foot I am. Now for it. If I die on the track, that iron-coated, iron-hearted villain will pay for it some day or other, if there is justice anywhere."

And girding up his loins, Tonio started back at a flight of speed which justified his boasting. In less than one hour he reached the villa, panting, it is true, with his exertions, but sound in wind and limb.

It was high time. Morning had dawned, and the Signora Estella, who was the earliest riser at Monte Rosa, had already discovered the absence of her brother. Tonio encountered her on the threshold, and her first words were:

"Where is my brother? What has befallen him?"

"He is gone to Parma," gasped the jester.

"Alone?"

"No, signora. Carried off by a troop of the duke's horse. They took me half way, the villains, and then dropped me like a bad bargain, in the road."

"His life is in danger!" shrieked Estella.

"Not so bad as that," answered the jester, "but his liberty perhaps."

Estella wrung her hands and burst into tears.

"Alas! alas!" she cried, "this usurping duke is destined to be the ruin of our house! But I must dry my tears, and think and act!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE DUCAL COURT.—A SURPRISE.

AFTER Captain Gonelli had dismissed Tonio he rode forward and joined Giulio Brigaldi, to whom he addressed a few words, but as they were answered with monosyllabic brevity, the conversation was not continued. Giulio rode on absorbed in his own thoughts. His position was somewhat anomalous. Captain Gonelli had been sent with instructions to *incite* him to court, but to bring him thither by force, if he were recalcitrant. Inestimable courtesy! The aggravating circumstances of instant departure and of non-intercourse with his household, might or might not have been a subordinate assumption of power, and yet Giulio strongly suspected the duke of verbally ordering every detail of his arrest and abduction. Once or twice, when he thought of his sister, he conceived the idea of escaping by a sudden dash, but the moment he glanced at his escort, he perceived the impossibility of executing any such project. The riders were formed in a deep, compact column, in the centre of which he was placed. On his left rode Gonelli, a man of giant strength, while his lieutenant, a perfect Hercules, flanked him on the other side. He was in the centre of a moving steel fortress, a huge machine, as it were, which he could no more penetrate than he could leap through a wall of solid rock. Bitter as these reflections were to him, his high spirit came to his aid, and he resolved to brave whatever might befall him with a courage worthy of his blood.

It was broad day when Captain Gonelli answered the challenge of the sentinel at the gate he had selected for his entrance to the city and rode within the walls. Clattering over the stones the troop trotted through the streets, approached the palace and entered by a broad gateway the vast enclosure formed by the quadrangular pile.

A few persons were sauntering about the courtyard. The first that Giulio recognized, expecting indeed to see no one he knew, was Ferrado. The latter rushed forward, aided him to alight and shook hands with him with unfeigned cordiality.

"My dear cousin," said the master of horse, "you are the very last person I expected to see here! Has the duke rescinded his order of banishment, and have you tired so soon of solitude?"

"I am here by invitation of the duke," answered Giulio, bitterly. "He was so bent on my company that he would not take no for an answer—would not even give me time to make preparations for my journey—and you see what a splendid escort he has given me!"

Gonelli beckoned Ferrado out of ear-shot, and they whispered together very earnestly for a few moments. At last Ferrado returned to his relation's side, the horses of the troopers were led off to their stables, and the officers repaired to their barracks.

"Do you mean to tell me, Ferrado, that you knew nothing of my arrest?" asked Giulio.

"Nothing, upon my honor, nor can I conjecture what the duke's intentions are with regard to you. Gonelli has just given me verbal instructions to attend to your wants, and to present you to the duke."

"I am glad he has given me so gentlemanly a jailor at least."

"Don't persist in calling yourself a prisoner. The duke may intend to open a brilliant career to you, in atonement for his errors and neglect in the past. But, in the meantime, come to my apartments."

"Ferrado!" said the young man, "this Parma I revisit has changed from the city I remember—the city of my heart. The same palaces, the same villas, the same fountains, and the same gardens meet my eye—but the population of the streets is different. Not in my father's time were troops of male and female mendicants, in sordid rags, hollow-eyed, wan and sickly, seen moving through the streets."

"They are disgusting objects, these beggars," answered Ferrado, "they are eyesores—they must be removed from the public way."

"Better remove the poverty," answered Giulio, as they entered the palace.

The apartments of the equerry were sumptuously furnished. Gilded chairs covered with three-pile Genoa velvet, were arranged around the walls, on which hung huge Venetian mirrors and pictures, while silver branches holding wax candles were profusely introduced.

"What do you think of a prince who lodges his subjects in this style?" said Ferrado, pointing out this magnificence to the attention of his guest.

"I should rather see plain furniture in the palace, and fewer rags in the streets."

"Pooh! still harping on the beggars! The priests tell us that the poor are always with us."

"And so we must seek to increase poverty! Admirable logic!"

"I have no disposition to discuss political economy with you, Signor Philosopher, but had much rather discuss a good breakfast which is waiting for us in the next room. Will you honor my repast by sharing it?"

Giulio had half a mind not to break bread in the palace of the duke, but an instant's reflection taught him the absurdity of such a proceeding, and to say the truth, his ride had given him a keen appetite. He accordingly sat down with Ferrado in the next room, and did ample justice to his cheer. When the repast was over, Ferrado showed him his wardrobe.

"There," said he, "take your choice of these dresses; they are new and will fit you. How will you array yourself for presentation to the duke? Here's a suit of blue and silver. Or do you prefer one of purple velvet and gold? Suit your fancy."

"I thank you, Ferrado," answered Giulio, coldly. "When I have cleansed the travel stains from my own dress, I shall be sufficiently presentable. I do not wish to appear in the borrowed plumage of a courtier."

"As you please," replied the equerry, a little piqued at the refusal.

Yet the manly beauty of Giulio's face and figure needed no adventitious aid from dress. His plain, dark suit well became his person, which was both elastic and muscular, and when he had completed the arrangements of his costume, even Ferrado could not help envying his appearance, notwithstanding the simplicity of his apparel, though he himself blazed with purple velvet, embroidery, lace, gold, jewels and plumes.

At last an usher appeared to conduct Ferrado and his companion to the presence of the duke. They passed up a long marble staircase and reached a spacious ante-chamber, lined with the steel-clad halberdiers of the ducal guard. Thence they were ushered into a magnificent saloon, the frescoed ceiling of which was supported by a double row of Corinthian pillars of cream-colored marble, while ladies and courtiers crowding the floor in dazzling array, gave it the appearance of a brilliant flower garden, and dazzled the eye of the spectator. On a marble platform raised above the level of the floor, on a carved and gilded throne overhung with a canopy of crimson velvet, richly embroidered with gold, sat the Duke of Parma, in his splendid robes.

But Giulio was unmoved by this display. He moved towards the throne with a firm and elastic step, and a serene countenance, and respectfully paid his obeisance to the sovereign. The duke arose, and descending to meet him, took his hand.

"Nephew," said he, while the courtiers fell back to a respectful distance, so that the interview was in a measure private, "it is a long time since we have met."

"That was not entirely my fault, my liege," replied Giulio.

"It is needless to remind us of that," said the duke, a slight shade of color mantling his usually pallid cheek. "I trust your ride from Monte Rosa did not fatigue you too much."

"I am a hunter and hardened by the exertions of the chase. But I was hurried hither somewhat rudely."

"What! did Gonelli dare affront a relation of mine? He shall pay dearly for it," said the duke, with affected anger.

"Nay, my lord, he did but follow out the spirit of your orders, which he showed me."

The duke bit his lip.

"The change of scene must appear striking to you," he resumed, after a few minutes' silence. "Do you not think we are worthy to sustain the honors of our station? There is no ducal court that is said to surpass ours in magnificence."

"I should appreciate it better, my lord," replied Giulio, "had I not witnessed so much misery in the street. In my humble judgment, the true glory of a ruler lies in the comfort of his people."

"Giulio, you were born for a courtier," said the duke, ironically.

"I was born to utter my free thoughts as they sprung from my heart to my lips," replied the young man.

"You are not unlike your father—my poor, poor brother!" said the duke. "You have grown up his very image," he added, gazing keenly upon his nephew; "the very figure, air, voice and sentiments! They tell," he continued, after a pause, "that you are wedded to a rural life."

"They have informed you truly, my lord," replied Giulio. "Nothing can tempt me to abandon it. I have had, indeed, to be frank with you, ambitious dreams at times, but I am satisfied they were only idle illusions, and that my heart is at Monte Rosa."

"Nay," said the duke, in a tone of affected kindness, "you have no right to bury yourself in obscurity, your talents deserve another sphere."

"I am content," replied Giulio. "And the more so, since I

have again witnessed with my own eyes, the hollow splendors of high station."

"Nephew," said the duke, "I wish to make friends with you. I propose to attach you to our person; to give you rank, splendid apparel, fortune! What say you to the offer?"

"That I respectfully decline it, my lord. It would not add to my happiness, nor is it in my power to do you service."

"I am not used," said the duke, in a tone of vexation, "to have my good offices rejected. But if you imagine you cannot serve me, you are mistaken. What say you to a commission in my guards?"

"The rank has no temptation for me. We live in a period of peace. It would vex my soul to command a guard of honor; day after day to go through the same dull routine, to marshal a band of idle men, to be the director of a mere court pageant. I could not endure it."

"Yet the profession of arms," said the duke, "is usually tempting to a young man of spirit."

"Ay, when the war-trumpet wakes the land," replied Giulio, fire flashing from his eyes. "Were the state menaced, were my country in danger, then I would not wait for rank and emolument to win me to your service. If not otherwise, then, forgetful and disdainful of rank, I would enter the ranks as a volunteer, asking nothing but where I might meet the enemy. But O, I feel the temptation—the intoxication of a command in time of war. I know how glorious it must be, at the head of a gallant band of lances, to hurl destruction on the foe—to carry the colors of your country into the heart of the enemy's array, to raise the shout of victory upon the hard-fought field, or even to die in achieving it, with that shout ringing in your ears."

At this moment, the crimson drapery behind them parted, and a beautiful woman, splendidly attired, her countenance flushed with warm color, her eyes shaming the diamonds that blazed upon her person, advanced upon the platform. Giulio stood transfixed as this radiant vision burst upon his sight. He had recognized, with astonishment, the lady of the fairies' glen.

"Margarita—daughter—" said the duke, "this is Giulio, your cousin."

The lady, trembling and blushing, extended her hand. Giulio knelt, and with a hand that trembled also, raised hers to his lips, and imprinted thereon a respectful kiss of homage.

"We have met before," murmured the princess to her father.

"How? where?" cried the duke.

"At the hunting party in the forest. Our brave young kinsman saved my life."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PRINCESS MARGARITA.

THE duke was surprised when he learned from the lips of his daughter the fact that it was her cousin who had rendered her such important assistance on the occasion of her accident on the day of the hunting party. Secretly he was displeased with the occurrence, but he could do no less than thank Giulio in warm terms, which contrasted, however, with the coldness of his tone and expression, for the service he had rendered. After thus expressing himself, he retired with the Princess Margarita, leaving the young man bewildered and yet pleasantly excited by the unexpected meeting.

Ferrado came up to him, and affected to congratulate him warmly.

"Bravo, kinsman," said he, "your fortune is made. You have placed our duke under the deepest obligations. He cannot do too much to repay you. Either as courtier or soldier, a brilliant career lies before you. Why man!" he added, "how thoughtful and absent-minded you appear. What are you thinking of?"

"Of Monte Rosa," replied Giulio.

"You are perfectly incorrigible," said Ferrado.

At this moment, a beautiful young page made his appearance, and approached Giulio.

"You will please to follow me, signor," said he.

"And pray, young sir, whom have I the honor of addressing?" asked Giulio.

"Hush!" whispered Ferrado. "He is Selim, the Princess Margarita's page."

"Lead on, sir," said Giulio, before the boy had time to reply to his question, and they retired together.

"He loves her!" thought Ferrado. "Loves the woman whom the duke hinted was not too high for my aspirations. Does she love him? He has saved her life. The princess is romantic. But the duke—what will he do? Will he seek to disarm Giulio's enmity by favoring the alliance? Yet the maid of Monte Rosa is fairer in my eyes, and that brief interview I had with her was fraught with fascination. I am tossed by conflicting passions—love, ambition—and know not which to choose. Time will decide."

In the mean time Giulio had followed the elastic step of his youthful guide, until the latter opened a door, and passing the threshold, he again stood in the presence of the lovely princess. If she had looked beautiful in the lonely forest green—if fairest of the fair in the brilliant circle of the court, her loveliness was still more dazzling now that she sat alone, in a sumptuous dress that enhanced her charms, and in an apartment where the colors of the drapery were artfully contrived to give the fullest effect to her attractions. Yet there was an air of conscious dignity which awed the beholder and checked the current of his youthful blood. With an imposing gesture, she dismissed her attendant, and beckoned her cousin to approach.

"I little thought," she said, calmly, and as if acquitting herself of a duty, "that I should so soon meet you again, and to repeat my thanks for the inappreciable service that you rendered me."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 40.]

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.
AUTHOR OF "TWICE TOLD TALES."

Mr. Barry has been successful in catching from the daguerreotype plate, the true character and expression of Mr. Hawthorne's head. It is the face of a scholar, a man of thought and refinement, and a poet; for though we are not aware that Mr. Hawthorne has ever written a line of verse in his life, his volumes are as full of true poetry as any creations of the American mind. Nathaniel Hawthorne was born in the good old town of Salem, Massachusetts, about the year 1812. After the usual term of preparation, he went to Bowdoin College, where an intimacy sprang up between himself and Franklin Pierce, his classmate, that has subsisted to the present day. Little did the sensitive, shrinking scholar dream then, probably, that his pen would one day shed a lustre on the literature of his country, though it is possible that his prophetic eye might have seen in his high-spirited friend, the future president of the United States. We know little of Mr. Hawthorne for some years after leaving college. Shunning observation, he pursued his studies quietly, and nursed in solitude those fancies to which he afterwards gave shape and permanence. Like many men of poetical temperament, Mr. Hawthorne is exceedingly modest and retiring, a character which we Americans can hardly comprehend. We are very apt to set down a man who shrinks from society, courts retirement, and cannot make speeches, as proud and aristocratic, and have thus branded many a gentle and ingenious nature. We do not reflect that possibly a man who never presided at a town meeting, and never took his turn at the American eagle on a fourth of July dinner, may do as much for the mind and heart of his country, as if he had a face of brass and lungs of Stentor, and followed the beaten public way of our million great men. A little more than twenty years ago, Mr. Hawthorne sent to Mr. S. G. Goodrich, then a Boston publisher, a MS. volume of tales and sketches, linked together by a very slight connecting thread. These were Mr. Hawthorne's maiden efforts. Mr. Goodrich appreciated them, as no critical reader could fail to have done, and published most, if not all of them, in the "Token," an annual then under his charge. The "Gentle Boy," and "Sights from a Steeple," were among these tales. They made a deep impression on the judicious few. The playful fancy, the beautiful diction, the dash of quaintness, the knowledge of the human heart and mind which they displayed, the strongly marked individuality of these fresh productions, endeared the author to all who could appreciate true genius. Mr. Hawthorne did not acknowledge these productions for a long time, and when his name was first attached to his contributions to periodical literature, it was deemed too romantic to be a real one. From the time of his *début*, our young author wrote more or less for the annuals and periodicals, for several years. He was a regular contributor to the Democratic Review and to the New England Magazine when under the charge of Park Benjamin. He was soon known as an author, to all literary men, and his tales circulated throughout the press yet he was but slowly, though surely, laying the foundations of his future renown. A collection of his stories in two volumes, 12mo., published in 1837, under the title of "Twice-Told Tales," a work that is now a standard classic, found a moderate circulation. In this collection appeared the "Legends of the Province House," the "Gentle Boy," the "Prophetic Pictures," the "Vision of the



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.—From a Daguerreotype by WHIPPLE & BLACK

Fountain,' and other gems that are as imperishable as written language. About this time, we think, Mr. Hawthorne's friends procured him an appointment in the Boston custom-house, which he held for a short period, we believe. After this he married and went to reside at Concord, Massachusetts, in the old parsonage house he has immortalized in his "Mosses from an old Manse." From this quiet retreat, where he enjoyed the companionship of Emerson and a few other literary friends, but where he lived in almost cloistered seclusion, communing with nature and with books, and weaving those delicious day-dreams, for which the souls of remote generations will bless him, he removed to Salem, prudential considerations inducing him to accept the surveyorship tendered him by President Polk. In the introduction to his most powerful work of fiction, he has given us a most amusing picture of the Salem custom-house, which reminds us in some particulars, of Charles Lamb's sketch of the South Sea House. Strictly at-

tentive to his official duties, Hawthorne ceased for a while to "strictly meditate the thankless muse." But when the political revolution of 1848 occurred, he was punished for the sin of entertaining democratic sentiments by a removal from his small office, an act which it is but justice to remark was severely denounced by the respectable organs of the victorious party. Mr. Hawthorne was thus thrown upon his literary abilities for support, and now it was that his genius sustained him in his loftiest flight. He gave to the world, instead of a collection of sketches, a complete romance, the "Scarlet Letter," one of the most brilliant and powerful fictions ever written. Messrs. Ticknor, Reed & Fields were the publishers. Never, before or since, have the human passions, errors, sorrows and agonies been drawn with more power and truth. The "Scarlet Letter" sped through the land with the speed of the fiery cross of the Scottish Highlands. It crossed the Atlantic and set the old world in a blaze. The fame of the author was instantly established. It was followed at no long interval, by the "House of Seven Gables," a less tragic and thrilling story, but no less artistic and enchanting. Like the "Scarlet Letter," it has been translated into several European languages. The "Blithedale Romance," a work suggested by the Brook Farm community, appeared next, and then a brief biography of Franklin Pierce, his college classmate and constant friend. As soon as General Pierce took possession of the White House, he conferred upon his author-friend the most lucrative office in his gift, the Liverpool consulship; a post then worth some twenty-five thousand dollars a year, but the emoluments of which Congress has since reduced to a little less than the expenses of living in a style befitting the hospitality of a commercial representative of a great nation. We have heard that it is the intention of Mr. Hawthorne to resign his post, and to travel on the continent before returning to his native land. We have not attempted, in this brief sketch, to furnish a full list of Mr. Hawthorne's productions. He has written some very charming books for children, which are deservedly popular, and which are not unworthy of his genius. Among the most pleasing of his minor productions, are those tales in which he rescues from oblivion incidents and characters of colonial history, typifying the spirit of the past. Wholly original in his cast of thought and manner of observation, he clothes with a peculiar charm the commonest materials. Under his hands the dry bones of chronicle and history become clothed with flesh, animated with vitality and move and act again. Religious persecution is better hated and better understood, after we have read the "Gentle Boy." The key-note of the Revolution vibrates when Endicott cuts the red cross from the English banner. Of his power to produce pleasing effects from the simplest materials, we may mention "A Rill from the Town Pump." Nor are his purely fanciful creations less pleasing. Into them he breathes the true spirit of poetry. We trust that he will soon find time to present us with another of his glorious romances. Should his plan of continental travel be carried out, we may anticipate some European sketches from his pen, which will rival in interest anything which the inspiration of the old world has yet produced from the genius of the new. We should think that in Venice, that dream-like city, Hawthorne's fancy would hold high carnival; nor can we imagine him straying by the castled banks of the Rhine or the Danube, without gleaning ample materials for many a romantic tale.



VIEW OF MILLDAM ROAD, LOOKING FROM FOOT OF BEACON STREET.



ENTRANCE TO THE NEW BOSTON THEATRE, WASHINGTON STREET.

THE MILLDAM ROAD, FROM BEACON STREET.

The view on page 36, which will be recognized by all who are familiar with our city, was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Warren, the grace and fidelity of whose pencil our readers have frequently had occasion to admire, and is taken from a point at the lower part of Beacon Street. It shows the fine row of elegant houses on the right; on the left, the public garden, the long, straight avenue which forms the western entrance to the city, called the Mill Dam road, with its line of silver-leaved abeilles that have struggled so long against the sea-blast, the hotel and group of buildings a mile from the city, and the Charles River on the right where the regatta of the 4th of July took place. The Mill Dam road is an excellent one, and leading, as it does, to Brookline, Brighton and to Watertown, is often crowded with elegant equipages, while at morning and at evening, there are always promenaders, enjoying the fresh air and pleasant views. The Western Avenue, we think, is one of the most agreeable lines of egress from the city, and the roads diverging from it afford most beautiful drives.

ENTRANCE TO THE NEW BOSTON THEATRE.

The accompanying sketch of the entrance to the new Boston Theatre from Washington Street, was drawn for us by Mr. Champney. It is a neat, but unpretending structure, three stories in height and twenty-four feet in width, covered with mastic. The box offices are on the right and left, and the flooring rises in an inclined plane to the level of the lobbies, an excellent arrangement, as all persons who have entered or retired from a public building in a large crowd, can testify. It is not improbable, that, as the Theatre Company own a wide frontage, they may erect, at some future time, an elegant façade, which the magnificent interior of the main building would almost seem to require. The first season of the theatre, under the management of Thomas Barry, Esq., a fine actor and a gentleman of taste and education, was remarkably prosperous, and proved that a well conducted theatre is certain of receiving liberal patronage from our citizens. Tragedy, comedy, farce, opera, ballet and burlesque have been played upon its boards in the most admirable manner.

PRESENT CITY LIBRARY BUILDING.

Mr. Champney, the artist, has presented us here with an accurate representation of the present City Library building in Mason Street, showing also the rear of the new Boston Theatre. This library was instituted in 1852, and the reading-room connected with it was opened to the public on the 20th of March, and for the circulation of books for home use on the 2d of May, 1854. The plan of the trustees embraces a reading-room and circulating library. The reading-room is furnished with files of all the leading American, and several of the foreign journals and reviews, while the public have access at all times to works of reference. The library is most admirably classified and catalogued on a system by which the librarian and his assistants can find any book in their possession at a few moments' notice. The plan of the catalogue system adopted here, originated with Dr. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, one of the trustees. There are now over 17,000 volumes in the library, and it is confidently anticipated that fourteen years hence, the number will be increased to 100,000.



PRESENT CITY LIBRARY BUILDING, BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD CROW.

BY GRACE A. WILSON.

Quick, dearest, quick! don't move so slow,
Or you'll not get a glimpse of the old poaching crow!
He pulled up our cornfields, last spring, you know,
And saved us the trouble of using the hoe—
Cunning old crow—cunning old crow!

See how fast and stately he can walk,
I wish we could catch him, and teach him to talk,
And tell how he spoiled the kernel and the stalk,
When he flew o'er the meadow like the shadow of a hawk,
And chattered, as he vanished, with his caw-caw mock.

How much blacker he seems on the snow,
Than he did in the orchard where the corn used to grow;
But scant are the pickings, which he appears to know,
And many a day shall the cold winds blow,—
While he sits in the tree-top, the picture of woe.

But though he has been our last summer's foe,
We can't let him starve in the winter, you know;
So hold up the window, and generously throw
The crumbs of our table to the poor old crow—
For the ravens fed Elijah in the days "long ago."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN.

BY J. S. COOK.

A LOFTY mountain rose before us, and after the toil of the day's travel seemed rather unwelcome, yet being desirous of seeing nature in our own New England, in her wildest forms, we were not disposed to turn back to the village, about five miles distant. We commenced our ascent with as much courage as possible, hoping, before the deep darkness of night was upon us, we might be able to construct some rude shelter for the night, among the rocks and crags on the mountain; the ruder, the more to our minds. Being each of us provided with a travelling sack, we had made some provision for the wants of nature, and were anticipating a fine relish for our evening meal, when an incident occurred which put far from our minds all thoughts of self or weariness. A shriek, and that of a female in distress; did you not hear it, Charles? Who can it be, and at this hour, in such an unfrequented spot? Hark! there it is again. We both turned our eyes in the direction of the sound, and through the dark mist beheld, on a lofty overhanging crag, the form of a female.

William Motley—for that was my friend's name—was one of those impulsive beings who never wait for a second thought, and, with one bound, was off and away, from steep to steep, to relieve, if possible, the distress of one who, to us, seemed in such danger, little dreaming that our presence was the cause of such fright, as we afterwards learned.

With great difficulty we succeeded in reaching the rock, often wondering how it was possible she could ever have gained, unassisted, so dangerous a point. Judge, then, of our surprise when, on reaching the summit, she was nowhere to be found. We groped around, and were on the point of giving up in despair, when I was nearly thrown to the ground by coming suddenly upon the apparently lifeless form of her whom we sought, as she lay prostrate where she had fallen in her fright, when attempting to escape us.

We raised her from the ground, and endeavored to restore her to consciousness, but our utmost efforts were unavailing; for an hour it seemed that life was wholly extinct. At last she moved her hand, and attempted to rise, and we induced her to take some wine, which we had brought with us. It was now wholly dark, and a cold sleet was falling, which, to us, was very uncomfortable. But what were we to do with the fragile being who was thus providentially thrown upon our protection? We knew not where to go. We thought of the aching hearts that probably at that moment were mourning her absence, or searching for her. We addressed ourselves in kindly tones to her, but she heeded us not; she was conversing with one who was invisible to us, but who alone occupied her thoughts.

At last she commenced to sing her favorite air:

"O, Willie, tarry not so long;
My heart is aching now!"

A voice so sweet, so plaintive, I had never listened to before, and when I would have spoken to my companion, he seemed wholly unconscious of me, and only exclaimed: "Gracious! what do I hear! Am I mad! What spell has come over me!"

Again that voice:

"How can I sing my evening song,
When thou art far away?"

What was there in that song that so affected my friend? Could it be he had ever heard it before, and that visions of past joys were thus brought to his mind?

When the sweet sounds had died away, I felt that it was our duty, if possible, to find some shelter from the chilly dampness of the night, though I knew not whither to go. A darkness that could almost be felt was upon us; but to remain where we were was not to be thought of. We made an effort to lead our friend down the steep rocks; but she only said: "My Willie's not here now, and I must go alone." And we silently followed, only knowing where she was by the gentle rustling of the bushes, as she passed along. At last the sound was no longer heard. We spoke, but spoke in vain; we called, no answer came. Again we were bewildered; we listened, not a breath save the moaning wind and storm. We gathered some sticks and lighted a fire, and, with

our simple torches, searched about to find the fairy being we had lost. At last I discovered a slight path, and following its windings, soon found myself at the door of a rude cave, which I was fully determined to enter, not knowing but it was the abode of some wild beast that would meet me with anything but a welcome embrace. William was near, and with our torches we lighted the rude hall, made in nature's roughest manner. We had not proceeded far, when we found the object of our search, standing like a statue of stone, seemingly paralyzed with fear. Heretofore her palace had been sacred to herself; for five long years had she reigned alone in that forest, and not once been greeted by a human voice. Now the sound that met her ears seemed to awaken dreams of the past. She listened; her eye wandered from one to the other, as we addressed her; but when William spoke, the change of countenance told a tale that words, at that time, could not tell. I had not known him long, therefore all to me was mystery; not so with him, and unable longer to restrain his feelings, he sprang forward, and, seizing her hand, exclaimed:

"Tell me, thou long lost idol of my heart, dost thou know me once again? Thy Willie has come home; speak, speak, and tell him thou art all his own!"

She stood unmoved, and in a low monotonous tone soliloquized: "Why has he staid so long? One year, he said, was all, and then, O then, what joy would be mine! But no; the weary years have passed, and I am still alone."

He spoke again:

"This is indeed too much; how can I bear it! Mary, my own; look, look upon my face, and see that I am come!"

She raised her melting eyes, and said:

"I dream, and hush! did I not hear his voice? did he not beckon me and say, 'I come?' O yes; I knew he would be true!" and she clasped her hands in ecstasy of joy.

'Twas indeed a painful scene to me; reader, do not think I could stand unmoved and witness that almost agony of my friend, and that dreadful loss of reason in one so lovely, so true to him she held so dear.

The night had nearly passed, and I proposed, with the early dawn, to go to the nearest village, procure a conveyance, and having taken the direction to her father's mansion, proceed immediately thither (a distance of about fifteen miles), and bear the glad tidings to those parents who had long mourned her as dead. As I have before said, we were five miles from the nearest village, and thither, with hurried steps, I proceeded, scarcely having a thought save that of speed, lest some unseen cloud might cover the bright vision that wholly absorbed me.

Long before the sun reached its meridian height, I drove up to the door of the paternal mansion, and with a trembling hand rang the bell. It was answered by a servant, who ushered me in, and to my inquiry if Mr. and Mrs. Metcalf were in, replied they were, but that he was now at the bedside of his wife, who was dangerously ill of fever. I gave my card with the name of a stranger, but solicited the attention of Mr. Metcalf for a few moments, on business of the utmost importance.

He soon entered the parlor. I arose and introduced myself as Mr. Charles Montague, at the same time making a sincere and heartfelt apology for thus intruding upon his time and attention at such an hour, and then, as delicately as possible, made known the object of my mission. The father bowed his head and wept; the heart that was well nigh bursting before could throb in silence no longer. I sat a silent witness of the scene; words, alas! are weak in such an hour. Joy and grief were mingled in his cup. His first thought, when he could express himself, was to fly to his beloved, and, before it was too late, unite the mother and daughter again on earth; but the flickering lamp seemed too near its close, and I was despatched with many blessings, while he returned to the bedside of death, as we thought, where he found his wife in a quiet slumber, and as she slept, she breathed the name of Mary. The father knelt, and, in earnest prayer, poured forth his soul to Him who watches over all, and giveth strength to all who ask it.

While I was gone, preparations were going on at the mansion, as far as practicable, for our return. Mary's room was put in order; everything arranged as nearly as possible as when she left it, and a bright light stood on the table, with an open book beside it, as though it had been left but for a moment. The piano, whose keys had never yielded to the touch of gentle fingers since she left, was opened, and one of her favorite airs placed upon it. With what anxiety we thought of the effect the sight of home would have on her mind.

It was about ten o'clock at evening when we arrived, and she had not spoken during the ride, except an occasional murmur of the name of Willie. As we drew near her home, she grew restless, but we ventured not to speak. At length we reached the door; she sprang from the carriage, like one at home; with one bound entered the house, and stopped not till she had reached her own room.

Her mother was again in sleep, after an hour of great distress, and we feared lest the slightest noise might disturb her. What could we do? Mary's next thought might be of her mother, and, with the swiftness of a fawn, she would fly to embrace her.

We waited an hour; nothing was heard save her gentle step, as she walked about her room. At last the father could restrain himself no longer; he felt he must embrace his long-lost child, yet much prudence was necessary. He called a servant; requested him to knock gently at her door, and, as in former years, present his wish to hear her play and sing. O, who could tell, at that moment, the deep feelings of that father's heart! He had taken his easy chair, which, for years, had been his favorite seat, when listening to her song, and William, with his flute, placed himself, as he was wont, behind her seat, ready to accompany her in playing.

Her light step was soon heard on the stair, and in a moment more she stood before us, robed in white, a picture of grace and loveliness. The scene before us was a reality; reason, for a moment, was restored, and "my father!" was all she could say, ere he caught her in his arms, as she fell, fainting, to the floor.

We bore her to her room, but were obliged to call medical aid, before any signs of life again appeared. Anon the delicate tint was seen upon the cheek; it was but for a moment, and all was blanched again, and thus it was for long and weary hours. It seemed as if the casket was really broken, and the jewel must be lost. O what a night in the memory of those who tarried beneath that roof!

The physician obliged all to leave the room, whom she had ever seen before, and she was left in the care of a lady, who was stopping there, from a distant part of the country, while he remained in an adjoining room, that his assistance could be given at a moment's warning. Again the broken-hearted father is at the couch of his wife; she wakes, and smiles: "I have dreamed," she said, "and Mary stood before me." It was all she could utter, and sunk into a feverish slumber.

Thus passed the night; but the dawn of the morning seemed to herald brighter hopes; the crisis was past, and although there scarcely appeared sufficient strength to support life, yet now there was hope, and the husband wept tears of gratitude.

Let us now look in upon Mary. She still lies insensible; she breathes, and that is all we can say. The slightest change to her might extinguish forever that little glimmering spark. Thus she remained for nearly two days, when she opened her eyes, and with a look that gave hope to aching hearts, smiled, as though conscious of being again in her own dear home. The shock had indeed been severe, but we now felt that nature would have strength to survive.

Weeks passed, and from William, who had remained at the mansion, I almost daily heard of the slow but gradual improvement of both mother and daughter. Mary's reason was restored, but she was yet as sensitive as the delicate hare-bell that droops at the slightest touch. She was now able to hear her father and William converse for a little time, as they sat by her; but she had not yet seen her mother. She had been told of her sickness, and was waiting patiently the time when she could be folded in her arms, and rest again upon her bosom.

Another month, and it was thought they had gained sufficient strength for the meeting. I will not attempt to describe the scene. The mother had mourned her child as dead, and knew not till the day previous that such was not the case. Now she beheld her, and exclaimed: "This my child was dead and is alive again!"

A few evenings later and you might have seen a happy group in that parlor, where sadness so long had reigned. I was again with them. Mr. Metcalf sat in his easy chair; Mrs. Metcalf and Mary sat opposite on a lounge, and William at her side, eager to catch every sound of her voice. At length she turned suddenly to him, and asked:

"Will you not tell us now the story of your sufferings, when we thought you were separated from us forever? I have long wished to know, but till now have not dared trust myself to ask."

An unbidden tear moistened every eye, as William briefly told his story. It ran thus:

"Five years ago, as you well remember, our ship left its moorings, bearing me on a proposed voyage to Europe, that I might, if possible, regain my health, which had become somewhat impaired by too close application to study. I tried to feel cheerful, but a dark cloud hung over me. I had not suffered, as many do, from that horrible sea-sickness which so often destroys the pleasure of a sea voyage, and was hoping, in a few days more, to welcome the shores of England, when a cry was heard that sent a pang through every heart.

"It was at midnight, and the cry was loud and shrill: 'Fire, fire, fire! the ship is on fire!' In a moment every man was roused, and all that human power could do was done, but all was fruitless, towards saving the ship. To save life was now the only thought. The boats were lowered and filled as rapidly as possible, but some were burned, so as to be unsafe; all could not be saved, if saved, indeed, any might be in that way, and I, with many others, remained on deck, till the last boat left the wreck, and then fastening myself to a spar, launched forth on the open sea, trusting alone to the mercy of Him who holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hand. Ask me not to describe the awful horrors of that night; fain would I blot them from the tablet of my memory, and the shrieks and groans of those that were engulfed, as that burning wreck went down, still ring in my ears. O, merciful Heaven, spare me the remembrance! Of the fate of many of my companions, I have never learned; but with the dawn of the morning I beheld a distant sail. It was outward bound; I was discovered by them, taken on board, and treated with all the kindness I could have asked, but must be borne a long, long way from home, unless we should chance to meet some vessel homeward bound.

"Canton was the port for which they were destined, and I must submit. After sailing two months, we hailed a merchant ship on its return to Liverpool; they willingly received me on board, and, to my great joy, I now felt that my face was once more turned towards home.

"Our voyage was prosperous, and in little more than two months we landed safely in Liverpool. I waited not for rest, but, that night, mailed the first letter to 'my dear Mary,' since leaving the shores of Boston. It told all—all that words could tell, and the hope that the next steamer would bear me again to my native shores. That letter your parents received. When I returned, you were not here, and all was blank. I felt, for a time, that life was wearisome to me, and almost wished I had never known your parents' grief.

"But now, my own Mary, now that we are all happy together again, let us sing one of our songs, as in days long past, before we separate for the night."

Reader, I will now tell you all that was known of Mary, after William sailed, until the time our simple story commences.

An only child, the idol of her parents, she was the light and joy of home, and their fear of the dangers of the voyage was the only obstacle in the way of her being married and accompanying her husband to Europe. He left, and she thought of the long months before he would return; but one year was the promised time. How little we know or can dream of the future!

The first tidings they received was of the total loss of the ship, as we have already been told, and that many lives were lost. A list of the names of those saved, as far as could be ascertained, was given, but the name of William Motley was not among them. Mary had been unusually cheerful a few days before the arrival of this sad intelligence, as she was almost hourly expecting the promised and much wished for letter.

The steamer came, but the letter came not. What could it mean? And when, by the early despatches in the papers, she read the awful tidings, she sank into an insensible state, in which she remained for several hours, and from that time until the evening we brought her home, she had never been heard to speak, except in low murmurs to William.

One morning, about a month after the sad news came, she did not answer the summons to breakfast, and, on going to her room, it was found empty. Search was made, but she could not be found, and after weeks of fruitless search, she was given up as dead. It was thought that, in one of her hours of deep despondency, she had destroyed herself.

A few evenings after the one in which William recounted his troubles, Mary said to him: "Can it be five years since you left us on that eventful voyage? Is it indeed a reality? To me it seems a long and troubled dream, from which I have been but a short time awakened, and as your look expresses a desire to hear, I will relate it."

"All was bright with me after you left, and I was counting the days when I should hear from you; when I dreamed you were wrecked, they told me you were lost, and, at first, I believed them. But soon other tidings came to me. You called me; I heard your voice from the distant mountain, and thither I hastened to meet you. I knew you were not dead, for often I heard that voice, yet still you were nowhere to be found. I wandered, it seemed, long weary months in search of you, often climbing almost inaccessible rocks, that from their summits I might, if possible, see you in the distance."

"At last, when, almost in despair, I climbed the highest crag and sung, in tones loud and shrill: 'O, Willie, tarry not so long!' You heard and answered in the distance. My joy was so great that, for a time, my senses were bewildered, but, at last, I became fully conscious you were near me, that I heard your pleading accents, though, as yet, I could not see you. Other remembrances are indistinct, compared with the all-absorbing thought of finding you. Sometimes hunger almost overpowered me, and then some fairy hand would bring the nicest berries and fruits, and when cold or weary, that little being would lead me to a palace made by nature, and then leave me to repose. Thus was my dream. At last I woke; you were standing by my bed-side, and all was bright again."

The next morning being a lovely one in June, I proposed a ride, which was readily assented to by all, and we were off at an early hour. Our ride lay through a fine country, and we were all in excellent spirits when we came to the foot of the mountain. We left our carriage at the base, and commenced the ascent. As we proceeded, I observed Mary grew thoughtful, and disposed to say but very little.

In a short time we came near the cave, when she bounded forwards towards the entrance, exclaiming: "Here, here is the palace of my dream, and here let us spend the remainder of our days."

The thought was not an unpleasant one to William, and he was able, before the close of another year, to take her, as his wife, to one of the most beautiful homes in that region. The house was surrounded by fine walks and avenues; but the little path to the cave was left untouched. An observatory was erected on that lofty crag where we had first seen her, and there, in after years, would she sit with friends, and repeat the story of the "Maid of the Mountain."

A RESTLESS WOMAN.

Madame George Sand, or Dudevant, in the last *feuilleton* of her life in *La Presse*, gives an amusing account of her deceased mother, who had a hatred of repose:—"She would buy, for instance, a bonnet, because she thought it charming. The evening of the day she bought it, she would find it hideous—take off the ribbons, and then the flowers—take out the lace, and change the arrangement with readiness and taste. Her bonnet would please her all the next day. But the day after there must be another radical reform—and so on, for some eight days, until the unlucky bonnet, always in a state of metamorphosis, became totally indifferent to her. Then she would wear it with the utmost disdain, professing that she did not care what she put on—till the fancy should seize her to buy another new bonnet! Her black hair was still very fine. She got tired of being a brunette, and put on a blonde wig; yet by doing so she could not manage to disfigure herself. She took a fancy for herself as a blonde for awhile, then she abused herself for being flaxen, and chose to be a bright chestnut. Presently she returned to ashy-pale locks—then went back to her own mellow black hair—and this to such purpose that I saw her with different hair for every day in the week. The childish frivolity did not exclude laborious occupations and very minute domestic cares. She had her own delights of imagination, and would read the romances of M. d'Arlincourt with positive frenzy, far into the night, but that did not hinder her from being astir at six in the morning, to begin anew her toilettes, her excursions, her needlework, her merriment, her despair, and her fits of passion."—*London News*.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO JULIA.

BY WILLIE E. FADOR.

Fair Julia! in the grand parterre
Of thought I wander—there to find
Some simple floweret of the mind
To be the soul's interpreter.

The starwort of the bower shall be
The symbol of the thought I breathe;
And poesy shall round it wreath
Its purple fringed tapestry.

About its golden disc I see
The fairest colors, sweetly blent,
As, in the far off firmament
The rainbow's cincture meets the sea.

The earth, the air, the sea, the sky
Continue to give it loveliness;
And, queenly in its own address,
It lifts to heaven a royal eye.

So round thy heart the varied charms
Of youth and beauty, grace and truth,
Will keep thee in perpetual youth
The while thy life's stern toil disarms.

And hope and happiness are given
To lead thy thoughts to things above,
While, winged as the carrier-dove,
Faith bears life's promise up to heaven.

"The shell sings ever of the sea,"
And so thy varied charms but speak
Of yon fair clime we daily seek;
And, as we muse, we think of thee.

And, as we watch thee, then we say,
That when thou goest thou wilt take
The fragments of the hearts that break,
Because of thee—upon the way.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A LETTER FROM A TROUT BROOK.

TWENTY years have gone by since I last stood upon the bank of this laughing little thread of water. Twenty years is a long time, and yet—ah, ha! a bite? no—only a nibble—twenty years have wrought some changes here—some in myself, doubtless—yes, clearly, more in myself than in the scene. I am now thirty-five—not married—a bachelor—an old bachelor—wild oats sown, sprung up, grown, ripened—harvest far from satisfactory. Ah! a sigh—who for? what for? Surely it can't be for the return of youth—no man in his senses would desire to live over again thirty-five years of his life, however fortunate may have been his lot. Is it for wealth? I think not—I am comfortable in that particular. For friends? no—I have many real friends, and more professed ones who are not real. For fame? I am sure it is not that—nearly all famous men who have died lived very unhappy lives, and I very much like comfort and ease—fame don't pay.

There you are, my beauty! I wonder if a trout feels pain as sensibly as an animal of the earth? I don't like to cause pain—I am not cruel—I always shrank from scenes of pain—never go shooting—hate every one who loves to hunt what he calls game. I suppose a trout does feel pain, though, when hooked, but it don't seem so to me.

This little knoll—this stump—yes, I remember now when I was here last, where this stump stands, grew an elm—a fine spreading tree, which always threw a shade over the knoll, especially just at evening. Why, the stump is rotten! the elm was cut down many years ago, doubtless. I wonder who did it, the Vandal—fool—I would give more than he got for the tree for the privilege of looking upon it a single hour.

Who comes here, to disturb me in my fishing? He is a properly dressed man—good appearance—fishing-rod neat—nice line—a gentleman, doubtless, but I don't want to see gentlemen, to-day, nor—

"Good morning, sir—fine morning—caught anything?"

"Only one—don't bite well—I think it is better further up the stream."

"The hook you are using is not the best."

"I know it is not; nor is the line, either, of the best description. It is difficult to procure proper tackle here."

"I dare say. Allow me to present you with a line and a few hooks such as I use; I am sure you will like them, and I have plenty."

"Thank you."

He is a gentleman, and doubtless thinks me a boor. That "thank you" was pronounced in a manner calculated to end our conversation—I knew it—felt it—felt sorry for it, but could not help it. He looks back, wonders who I am—I have not treated him civilly—have a good mind to follow him and invite him to dinner. No I won't, either; shall dine alone to-day; besides, what business had he to criticize my tackle? it was an insult to the kind old lady who made the line, and to her little son, who selected the hook. Didn't she furnish me with lines twenty years ago, and her boys select my hooks? She knows, and her boys know, what the trout in this brook like, at all events. He may be a gentleman—I think he is—but he don't belong here; he has no right here; he was not born here; he only comes to criticize us, and our style of fishing. He is a trespasser, and I mean to quarrel with him the next time I meet him. And yet I believe I agreed with him about the hook and line.

Another nibble—glad he didn't get hooked—don't care about catching any more, to-day—shan't try much.

"Well, my fine lad, you have been fortunate this morning; seven beautiful fellows. Will you tell me your name?"

"George —"

"What is your father's Christian name?"

"James."

"What was your mother's name before your father married her?"

"Mary —"

"Do you know whom you were named for?"

"O, yes; he was an old schoolmate of my mother's; he was born and used to live in that white house on the hill, yonder. He has not been here in a good many years, but they say he is coming this summer. When he does come, I am going up to see him, because mother says he'll be sure to make me a present."

"I dare say he will."

"Why, what makes your eyes run water so?"

"I think they are a little inflamed, and the brightness of the sun affects them."

"You ought to wear green specs, the same as the schoolmaster. He has had eyes."

"Perhaps I ought; I will think of it; but if you will run up to that deep hole just above the bridge, you will be sure to catch another trout."

A fine lad, that, and I am very much of the opinion that he will receive a present before the close of the summer from the "man he was named for."

Thirty-five—twenty—let me see; the boy's mother is just two years my junior—thirty-three—twenty from thirty-three leaves thirteen—thirteen and fifteen—I wonder if she has grown old as I have—that Jim—was a brute in his youth—a cub—he has no business with a wife of any sort, much less with such a wife as I am sure Mary is. He never harmed me, but I begin to hate him, and if his wife does not exhibit a cheerful face, when I see her, I am certain I shall quarrel with him before the trouting season closes. I wonder why she married the brute. She could have done much better. Why didn't she write to me and inform me that the young scamp had proposed to her? I would have secured her a much better husband; I always told her I would look up one for her, and she always promised she would never, never, marry anybody unless I approved the selection. Here she is, now, joined to, bound to, and as good as sworn always to "cleave to" that vagabond, who, of everybody else I should not have selected. So fully in her confidence, too, and she so fully in mine—not a juvenile trouble or care that was not confided to each other; how bitterly she cried when my dog was shot, and how cheerfully, and with what pleasure I waded into the middle of the brook to secure her glove, when she accidentally dropped it from the bridge. No longer ago than when we sat side by side on this very bank under the shade of this very elm—ah, I forgot, that was twenty years ago—the elm is not here—I am sitting on its half-decayed stump, and the shade I mistook for its shadow, is that of the hill yonder, behind which the sun is going down. Half-past six! I ought to have been at dinner by three, and have a mile and a half to walk. I shall dine alone to-day, and the prohibitory law, notwithstanding, I mean to drink a full bottle in communion with the shadows of the past, that gathered around me at the Trout Brook.

G. H. C.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WINKLES: OR, *The Merry Monomaniacs*. By the author of "Wild Western Scenes." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 424.

This work professes to be an "American picture with portraits of the natives," and it is certainly a large gallery of originals. The charm of the book is its inexhaustible vivacity—the author's flow of spirits never deserts him, and is so contagious that it carries the reader along with it in the pleasantest manner. There is an air of exaggeration about some of the sketches, which are, in fact, caricatures; but there is plenty of genuine humor in the book to redeem its faults. For sale by Redding & Co.

BOSTON DIRECTORY FOR 1855. Geo. Adams, 91 Washington Street.

This is one of those works which require no puffing to ensure its sale. The compiler and publisher is well known for his industry and activity; and the directory is not only perfectly reliable as a directory, but contains a vast amount of miscellaneous business items of information, affording an accurate commercial view of the metropolis.

TALES FOR THE MARINES. By HARRY ORINOO, author of "Los Gringos." Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 436.

This book (by Lieut. Henry A. Wise, of the Navy) has been in the market several weeks, has met with a large sale, and is one of the most promising literary speculations of the season. A series of adventures—some natural and probable, others "rather wergin' on the poetick," as Old Weller says—narrated in a pleasant, spirited, racy manner, carry the reader along swimmingly to the close of the volume. A few characters are so well drawn that they stand out from the canvass in a lifelike manner—Captain Percy, of the Junia, is one example of this vigorous portrait painting. The author is also very happy in his descriptions, particularly of nautical manoeuvres—the chase of the "Clara," in the first part of the book, may be mentioned as a good illustration. The zoological retribution which overtakes the villain Lowther, at the end of the narrative, is one of the few things introduced apparently to justify the title and epigraph of this spirited book.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street, has just published the following new songs, "They tell me thou'rt forgot," by Amelia H. Bliss; "May I not love thee," by Harrison Millard; "We are one," by Rev. Samuel Gilman, and the "Kentucky Mazurka," by M. Hoefner.

COUNTRY MARGINS AND RAMBLES OF A JOURNALIST. By S. H. HAMMOND and L. W. MANSFIELD. New York: J. C. Derby. 1855. 12mo. pp. 356.

A most delightful book for summer and winter, which will find its way to the hearts of all who recognize "country contentments" as true pleasures. Here are leaves from the book of nature—fresh with the dew on them—flowers gathered from the valleys and hillsides, woven by skilful hands into a graceful and fragrant bouquet. The authors are eloquent interpreters of the voices of nature. Rural trifles and rural grandeur are equally well handled in their pleasant essays, and there is a fine, healthy, moral tone to their incubations. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS, an elegant little volume issued by Luther Tucker, at the Cultivator office, New York, ought to be in the hands of every man who farms or gardens, professionally or *en amateur*. It contains an almanac for the current year, tells what to do, and when to do it, in the farm and garden—and, in short, is a perfect miniature encyclopedia of rural affairs.

CONE CUT CORNERS: OR, *Experiences of a Conservative Family in Fanatical Times, etc.* By BENJAMIN. New York: Mason Brothers. 12mo. pp. 456.

Novels have become so popular now-a-days, that almost every party and sect employs fiction to defend its principles and practice. The leading idea of the present cleverly-written book is a defence of the Maine liquor law. The story is ingenious and interesting, and the characters are sketched with spirit. A hint in the preface leads us to the belief that they were drawn from life. The book will not be judged at present by its intrinsic merit, for it is of too partisan a character to secure an impartial verdict. Its fate will be to be both overpraised and underrated. For sale by Petridge & Co.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

"It was a service I would have rendered any one in your situation," replied Giulio; "a mere act of humanity; but for you, I would have braved a still greater peril."

The princess inclined her head to the compliment, but with little animation in her manner.

"I learn," she said, "that you visit Parma at my father's invitation."

Giulio could not help smiling.

"I indeed received a very pressing invitation from your father, lady," he replied. "He was so very anxious to see me, that he sent a troop of horse to bring me; and his messenger, the captain of his guard, made me rise from my bed to accompany him."

"But you were not harshly treated on your arrival?"

"Nay; presented at court, the duke offered to attach me to his person, to give me rank in his army."

"And you answered him—"

"That I preferred the peaceful shades of Monte Rosa."

"The life of a hermit, rather than the life of a man!" said the princess, sarcastically.

"The life of a philosopher, a painter, a poet, an agriculturist; is there baseness in the choice?"

"She taunts me with baseness," said Giulio, as he paced the apartment. "Yet Heaven knows I do not deserve it. I love her—and I feel that this passion, the birth of a moment, has become a part of my life. Yet to win her can I not accept rank and employment at her father's hand; the hand of a usurper. So long as I deemed him a worthy ruler, I could acquiesce in his possession of the ducal coronet that is mine of right. But now that my own eyes have witnessed his lavish prodigality, the misery that crowds the streets of my native city, the arbitrary character of this man, my soul rebels against longer inaction. The Duke of Milan, my father's friend and mine, has offered me his aid to regain my rights and depose the usurper. I will not harm a hair of his head, but I will reduce him to the rank from which he rose. He become my patron! He shall live to do me homage, to acknowledge his wrongs to his own blood, before the world."

At this moment a light step entered the apartment. It was the princess's page. He looked cautiously around him, then came close up to Giulio, and laying his hand upon his arm, uttered a single word in a low tone:

"Danger!"

"Did the princess send you to me?"

The boy shook his head, and smiled disdainfully.

Two spearmen posted in the corridor, levelled their weapons at his breast. The page hastily closed the door, and was retracing his steps, accompanied by Giulio, when directly opposite them appeared Gonelli, with a file of dismounted troopers.

"I arrest you!" said the soldier.

"In whose name?" said Giulio, drawing his sword.

"In the name of the Duke of Parma!"

"I deny your authority."

"Disarm the rebel!" cried the duke, suddenly appearing.

"Rebel!" exclaimed Giulio, as the soldiers wrenched the weapon from his hand. "Thou art the rebel. The armed ruffians that do your bidding make not your right. My right is the blood that flows in my veins, and that you know full well, usurper."

"You shall utter your lofty apostrophes to stone walls," said the duke. "Away with him to the dungeon!"

"You have entrapped me like a coward!" cried Giulio. "Your minions surprised me in my bed. Yet this very morning you spoke me fair. Lately I saved your daughter's life—is this your gratitude?"

"I will hear no more!" said the duke, stamping furiously. "Remove the prisoner."

"Think not," said Giulio, "that this outrage can be perpe-



CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE BOSPHORUS

"Yes; when a nobler career is open to you," replied the princess.

"How nobler?" said Giulio. "Is it nobler to flaunt in silk and velvet, with the idle minions of the court? Is it nobler to wear a useless sword, and grace an idle pageant as a carpet-knight?"

"But peace cannot always endure," said the princess.

"You have not studied the position of Parma," replied Giulio. "She is weaker than the surrounding states."

"Then why not seek a state which will give you an opportunity to win your spurs?"

"That opportunity has offered."

"And you have refused it?" said the princess.

"I have refused it."

"Are you incapable of a daring enterprise?"

"I know one happiness which I would give worlds to reach; a prize worthy the best efforts of my heart and hand," he said, meaningly, as he fixed his dark eyes on the princess.

"You will never attain any lofty aim," said the princess hurriedly, as the color mounted to her cheek, "unless you boldly venture. I counsel you to accept my father's offer. At least reflect on it; I am going this moment to seek him, and shall perhaps return with him. Remain here—reflect on what I have said."

"I came of my own accord."

"Speak out then, and explain yourself."

"You are in danger, signor."

"I am always in danger at the court of Francisco Veroni."

"Do you prize liberty?"

"More dearly than life."

"Then fly!"

"That were the part of cowardice—and from an unknown danger."

"Hear me!" said the boy, hurriedly. "I have played the eavesdropper; and I know that the duke means to arrest you presently and cast you into a dungeon."

"Ha!" cried Giulio. "Is he capable of such treachery?"

"Stay not to reflect on my words, but fly!"

"I have no means of escape."

"Follow me, and quickly," said the page. "I will give you an Arab steed, fleet as the wind. I can guide you past the sentinels and the guards at the city gate. This way, stop not to consider."

The earnestness of the boy, the frankness of his manner and expression, banished all scruples from Giulio's mind. He motioned his youthful friend to lead the way. The boy directed him to the door by which Giulio had entered, and threw it open.

trated with impunity. Think not I am friendless. Milan is near to Parma. And when this news reaches her brave duke, who, but for me, would long ago have thundered at your gates, he will summon his brave lances to the rescue, and they will flock hither to award stern justice."

"They may come too late for you," said the duke, with a sinister look.

"But not too late to avenge me," retorted Giulio.

"I cannot hear my noble master abused thus!" cried the page. "Gonelli, why do you not close the ruffian's mouth?"

"I thank you, boy," said the duke with an applauding smile.

"I was aware," said Giulio, "that I had no friends in this accursed place. Lead me to prison, then," he added, addressing the captain, "a dungeon is preferable to the presence of this crowned villain."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Never get a reputation for a small perfection, if you are trying for fame in a loftier area. The world can only judge by generals; and it sees that those who pay considerable attention to minutiae, seldom have their minds occupied with great things. There are, it is true, exceptions; but to exceptions the world does not attend.—*Bulwer.*

CONSTANTINOPLE FROM THE SERAI.

The view herewith presented is from a different point from any which we have previously examined, and conveys a vivid impression of the city of minarets and mosques, the gorgeous home of Orientalism, the glittering prize on which the eyes of Russian sovereigns, for more than a century, have been fixed with an unwavering avid gaze. This city, called, by the Turks, Istambul, by the Wallachians, Zaregrad, the royal city, perpetuates the magnificence and greatness of its founder—Constantine the Great, and marks the site of the ancient city of Byzantium. Constantine occupies a large space in the volume of history, many circumstances combining to add *éclat* to his reputation. Caius Flavius Valerius Aurelius Claudius Constantine was the son of the Emperor Chlorus and his wife Helena, and was born A. D. 274. He was educated with care at the court of Diocletian, where he was retained as a hostage, while his father was acting as the associate of Diocletian in the government of the empire. When Diocletian had resigned the sceptre, Constantine, fearing for his safety, menaced by the machinations of Galerius, fled to his father, who was in Britain, and on the death of the latter, was chosen emperor by the troops. He soon gave proof of ability and daring, took possession of Gallia, Hispania and Britain, defeated the Franks, and marched against Maxentius, who was leagued with Maximian to oppose him. During his Italian campaign, it is said that he had a vision of the following nature: He beheld in the heavens a vast cross of fire, beneath which was the following inscription: "In hoc signo vinces"—Under this sign shalt thou be victorious. And the legend

the new city; thither the tributary nations sent their representatives and treasure. In the year 337, Constantine fell sick in the neighborhood of Nicomedia, was baptized, and died after a reign of thirty-one years. Gibbon has painted his character with great minuteness and care. On his death, he divided the empire between his three sons, Constantine, Constantius and Constans, a great error, which led to its dismemberment. The city of Constantinople remained the capital and residence of the emperors of the East until 1453, when it fell into the hands of the Turks, who have ever since retained possession of it; the crescent usurping the place of the cross—the minaret that of the Christian spire. The city has been besieged twenty-four times. Alcibiades, Severus, Constantine, Dandolo (doge of Venice), Michael Paleologus and Mohammed, were all, in their day, victors of Byzantium, or Constantinople. Its site lies in the government of Rumelia, on the sea of Marmora, at the south-western opening of the Thracian Bosphorus, which separates Europe from Asia. The chief feature which strikes a stranger is the size of the harbor, which is deep and secure, and which, covered with the sails of many nations, with the curiously-rigged Mediterranean craft, and the brilliant caiques of the Moslem, presents a very animated and interesting spectacle. Next the splendid sweep of the swelling shores on which it stands challenges admiration. The splendid mosques and palaces, imposing by their masses, and by the elegance and peculiarity of their architecture, are viewed with pleasure and interest. But in sad contrast with these beauties is the interior condition of the place. Like many, in fact, most Oriental cities, there

kiosks, gardens and groves of cypress. However the lower orders may fare, the sultans are sumptuously lodged in their palace of delights. The seraglio is called by the Turks Padisha Serai, or imperial palace. The palace is protected by a wall mounted with cannon, which are almost daily fired to salute the sultan. The ancient church of St. Sophia is a most beautiful specimen of the brilliant architecture of the East. It would require much space to describe all the buildings of the royal residence. In the centre of the city is the Eski Serai, built by Mohammed II., in which are shut up the wives and slaves of the deceased sultans, who have the privilege of marrying and leaving it, if they choose. There are about five hundred mosques in Constantinople, of which the oldest is the mosque of St. Sophia, built originally for a Christian church by Justinian. It is 270 feet long, and 240 broad. It is sacred from the intrusion of infidels, except by special permission of the sultan. The vast dome is covered with marble, and its immense weight is supported by elegant pillars and buttresses. The pavement is composed of porphyry and verd antique; while splendid carpets are spread here and there upon it. The exterior will hardly bear a critical examination, as it is a confused mass of architecture; but its defects are lost sight of in the majestic swell of the symmetrical dome. The four minarets built by Selim II. are entirely detached from the main building, and soar into the air to a great height. There is an immense number of schools in the city, and yet education is at a very low ebb. A curious feature of social life is the great number of immense caravanseries for the accommodation of travellers. The coffee houses and opium booths



FROM THE POINT OF THE SERAI.

goes on to add that on the night after this apparition, our Saviour appeared to the emperor, and commanded him to adopt the cross for his standard. Constantine accordingly procured a banner bearing the cross in a white field, which was called the *labarum*. A few days afterwards (A. D. 312), he defeated Maxentius under the walls of Rome with great slaughter, and entered in triumph the imperial city, where the senate hailed him as Augustus and Pontifex Maximus. One of his most memorable acts was an edict of toleration in favor of the Christians, published in the following year. The liberality of decreeing perfect freedom in religious matters to members of every sect, and of requiring no religious test as a preliminary to eligibility to office, showed a mind of the highest order, and contrasts with the conduct of British statesmen in our enlightened times. "The edict marked the triumph of the cross and the downfall of paganism." Licinius, emperor of the East, and who had married a daughter of Constantine, urged by a bitter enmity to the Christians, took up arms against Constantine. Twice defeated in battle, he was finally put to death by Constantine's order. Thus Constantine became the sole head of the eastern and western empires. He immediately set himself about the reformation of abuses, the melioration of the condition of the poor, of criminals, in fact, the entire social and political system of the empire. The foundation of the splendid city which bears his name was laid on the Bosphorus, in Thrace, November 26, 329. The city of Byzantium, which had occupied the site, had been almost wholly destroyed by Severus. Constantine adorned it with squares, fountains, a circus and sumptuous palaces. It soon became the rival of Rome. The wealth of the empire poured into

is a great want of accommodation and of cleanliness. The streets are narrow and dirty, and steep, infested with savage dogs. The houses of the inhabitants are low and dirty. Hence the plague, which is annually introduced here from Egypt, committing fearful ravages, fed by the miasma arising from the filthy condition of the streets, though the air of Constantinople is naturally pure and the site healthy. The only drawback to a residence in an airy quarter of the city is the sudden changes from hot to cold, incident to a change of wind. The area and extent of the city is another marvel. Reckoning the suburbs, it is fifty-miles in extent. The site is in the form of a triangle, the apex of which borders on the straits, the north side on the harbor and the south upon the sea of Marmora. The largest of these sides is the western, which curves from the harbor to the sea of Marmora. An object of interest to strangers is the famous fortress of the Seven Towers. That part of the city which is comprehended under the name of Kassum Paschi, comprises the residence of the captain pacha, the arsenal, the navy yard, and the galley-slaves' prison. Opposite the seraglio is the suburb of Galatz, which is surrounded by a wall of its own, and here many European merchants reside. Tophana, where is the cannon foundry, lies further along. The suburb of Pera, the residence of the foreign ambassadors, lies opposite Tophana. The European burial ground is not far from this. The Greeks mostly reside in the suburb of St. Demetrius. Leander's tower is situated on a rock near the Asiatic side. Beyond lies the extensive suburb of Scutari. The fortifications of the city are unimportant, and would afford little obstacle to a siege by European troops and arms. The seraglio is a vast collection of baths, mosques,

afford excellent opportunities to the traveller to study Oriental character and manners. Here you find the story-tellers, many of whose fictions are as interesting as those of the Arabian Nights. The bazaars, filled with costly wares, are well worthy of frequent visits. Willis has described them admirably in his "Pencilings by the Way." The baths are also very attractive to a stranger. In short, if one has time only to visit a single city of the East, Constantinople should be the place selected for a temporary residence.

ENGLISH GENERAL POST OFFICE.

The English post-office has adopted the American plan of making a yearly report of its business, and the first report has just been issued. According to this report, there are 9773 post-offices in the kingdom. Mails are conveyed daily over 57,000 miles, at an average charge of 8 1-2d per mile by railway, and 2 1-4d per mile by coach. The number of chargeable letters which passed through the post last year was 443,000,000. The number of newspapers was 53,000,000, and of book packages, 375,000. The number of money orders granted during 1854, was 5,466,214; their total amount was £10,462,411 16s 4d, the profit on which, after paying expense, was £16,538. The gross revenue from postage on letters and books, and commission on money orders last year, was £2,689,000, and the gross expenditure £1,413,000. In Russia, Spain and Chili, the lowest inland postal rate has been reduced to less than 4d. In France, the United States, Bavaria, Hanover, Portugal, Sardinia and Brazil, it has been reduced to less than 2d, and in Belgium and Denmark to 1d.—*Scientific American*.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

THE RAINBOW.

BY FREDERICK J. KEYES.

It comes—the rainbow in silence comes,
While clearer it grows in form,
Like a girle of beauty by angels wove
From the grandeur of the storm.

Like a glittering zone it encircles earth,
While the troubled sky grows still;
As the booming note of the thunderbolt
Dies along the distant hill.

I love to gaze on the rainbow's form,
As it spans the summer sky;
And I weep to see it fade, and leave
But a blank of blue on high.

As it wakens thoughts of those whose forms
Were as lovely and as gay;
Who faded like rainbows of promise and hope,
From a bright and summer day.

They passed away to the spirit-land,
Where the ages smoothly roll,
Where the smiling countenance of God
Is the rainbow of the soul.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

LA CHIFFONNIERE.

BY MRS. SOPHRONIA CURRIER.

"Misfortunes never come singly!" The old adage was never more fully verified than in the case of Monsieur Adolphe Brulon, the young law student; for within the very week in which he lost his best friend—the distinguished advocate who had interested himself so much in the youth's education, and who had promised him a partnership in business as soon as his studies were completed—his godfather, who had long before signified his intention to make Adolphe his heir, died without a will; and more than that, his mother, Madame Brulon, caught such a severe cold on her return from the old gentleman's funeral, that it was feared the fever consequent on it would terminate her life.

Nor was this all. There was another bitter grief, but that was a secret one; it would have made poor Adolphe quite frantic to know one conjectured what it might be, and therefore we will not imagine its cause. We will just observe, however, that it did not pass away, nor had Adolphe philosophy enough to rise superior to it; for when after some weeks Madame Brulon was pronounced out of danger—though it was months before she was able to leave her chamber—and her son found time to collect his scattered thoughts and plans for the future, this one grief became a broader, darker cloud, in proportion as the sunlight glimmered through the others. And when, as very early one morning, to the great astonishment and vexation of his mother, whose pride had long outlived her fortune, Adolphe presented himself before her in a ribbed cap, short jacket, trimmed with bright buttons, and wide blue trousers, gaily whistling an air from the last opera, it was only by bursting into a loud laugh, that he smothered that great sob which well nigh choked him—that nameless grief which welled up in his heart.

As he had failed to find a more lucrative employment, it was without even a momentary feeling of pain that he donned the dress of the omnibus conductor; he was only pleased that the three hundred francs, all the wealth at his command, was sufficient to establish himself in his new employment, two hundred being required for a guarantee to his master, and the other furnishing him with his livery. His young, hopeful heart could not believe that the times would always be so hard; he would not long be obliged to perform such a menial labor; before many years had passed he would be well versed in the profession he had chosen, his clients would be some of the best men in Paris, and Madame Brulon, his mother, should preside over as fine an establishment as she had been mistress of years ago.

And with this thought animating him, Adolphe got very comfortably through that inauguration day, smiling to himself at the well-bred stares and contemptuous glances with which his friendly word or look of recognition was returned by those he had formerly considered his friends. One would have thought, to look on that fair, ruddy countenance, and those bright, laughing eyes, as Adolphe sat there beneath the projecting roof of the vehicle, busying himself with his account book or a newspaper, that he was one of the happiest little fellows in the world, especially when, in passing a tall, old-fashioned, but well-preserved dwelling-house, a portion of whose upper story had recently been painted a lively green, he caught sight, through a half uncurtained window and between clusters of Provence roses and sweet-scented verbenas, of a pale but gentle, ladylike matron, dressed in a white muslin robe, and neat coiffure of delicate lace, and lilac-colored ribbon.

I am not sure, however, that a spectator might have retained that opinion for a great length of time, for there was another building which the omnibus passed equally as often as that in which Madame Brulon rented a suite of rooms, a sight of which seemed entirely to change the current of the young man's thoughts. He grew pale and red by turns, fidgeted nervously in his seat, striving to turn his back towards the dwelling, and yet casting furtive glances over his shoulder; and when, in his last route for the day, he caught the note of a guitar issuing from that princely mansion, it was altogether more than poor Adolphe could do to maintain his composure. But we must not seek to penetrate his secret. Of course it was in no ways connected with either of the two indi-

viduals who resided beneath that roof—the old, eccentric, purse-proud banker, M. de Latour, or that angel of beauty and goodness, his daughter Emma.

Days and weeks passed away. Cheerfully, but not so hopefully as at first, Adolphe followed the business he had undertaken. His three francs each night procured for himself and his mother a comfortable support, but not a sou could be saved from his earnings. Sometimes, when that bitter grief was weighing heavily on his heart, Adolphe would think that the love of his mother was the only tie which bound him to life; but he struggled so right manfully with despair, that he was never for once quite overcome.

But though Adolphe was not doing a great business for himself, his employer had never been so fortunate before in the choice of a conductor. There was not a public conveyance in the city so well patronized as that under the care of the young man; and so distinguished did he become for his gentlemanly deportment, where all were civil and courteous, and for the excellent order in which his carriage was kept, where all were obliged to keep cleanly, that it was soon the best class of citizens in the quarter where the vehicle plied that became its patrons—the handsome *remise* even being passed by for the vulgar omnibus; and the proprietor was planning to make Adolphe a neat present at the expiration of six months, when his patronage suddenly fell off, and his employer became so incensed at the cause of it, that poor Adolphe lost his situation.

It has been remarked that the carriage under his care was patronized by the better class of citizens; but one evening, to the vexation of a very genteel company of both sexes, the holder of the ticket to the only seat which was unoccupied was a miserable old creature, in an attire half masculine, half feminine, who came hobbling out of the station-house, scolding at the top of a harsh, cracked voice, and gesticulating furiously.

"It is not so often that I treat myself to a ride, that every one need trouble himself to prevent me from enjoying it!" she exclaimed. "First, the attendant demurs at giving me a ticket, advising me to keep my sous for a more necessary purpose; next, the carriage is half an hour behind its time, and then it comes dragging along at such a snail-like pace, that a woman of my business could do better to walk than to ride; and lastly—"

"Lastly, *grand-mère*," interrupted one of the gentlemen within the carriage, as the chiffonniere, such was the individual supposed to be, sought to press the matter, "lastly, there is no room for you here. See, the dial tells that the omnibus is full!" and he moved the hands to another point. "The evening is fine, and a walk will do you good. I dare say you will meet with some old crony; here is something to make your gossip lively."

The chiffonniere eagerly clutched the bit of silver, and poured forth a volume of thanks; but it did not blind her to the fact that there had been a vacant seat in the omnibus had not the gentleman's hat and cloak been thrown upon it, nor diminish her desire for a ride—and she again attempted to enter the vehicle. Her ingress was now opposed, however, by more than one of the company; and so determined were they that she should not enter the carriage, that the conductor was appealed to.

"Monsieur Adolphe remembers very well," said a pretty little black-eyed demoiselle, "that he promised me this chair for my basket of flowers. Please, Adolphe, make Monsieur Emerle take away his old cloak!"

"Yes, yes, you know very well, Adolphe, that you promised it to Susette!" cried several voices, and Emerle's cloak was torn from the chair, and the basket of flowers placed upon it.

Poor Adolphe!—he would have been very sorry to disoblige Monsieur Emerle, or any other of the gentlemen present, most of whom were his regular patrons; but it seemed utterly impossible to deny that dear little Susette anything she asked; for Adolphe had often thought that but for the kind care, the sunny smiles, and the strong, cheerful words of his little neighbor, Madame Brulon had long ago sunk into despair or the grave.

And the manner in which he was addressed by the old chiffonniere did not much encourage him to risk the displeasure of Susette. With her staff half raised, she stood in a menacing attitude, turning her fierce gray eyes attentively on the conductor and his passengers, and talking in such a rapid, furious manner that her words were utterly unintelligible.

"Good mother," said Adolphe, at length addressing the chiffonniere, at the same time casting an imploring glance on Susette, "the ladies and gentlemen are not really wishing to deprive you of your seat; they are only making themselves merry at my expense." And offering her the support of his arm, an assistance she seemed very little to need, he lifted her into the carriage.

Susette and the other young ladies arose quickly from their seats, and gathering their rich dresses around them, lest they should come in contact with the soiled garments of the intruder, stepped from the carriage, and only one or two gentlemen retained their chairs.

Adolphe was vexed, though no one would have imagined it, as he sat replying respectfully to the not very polite queries of the chiffonniere, who, holding the carriage door slightly ajar that she might converse with the young man, was now as amiable with him as she had before been the reverse. And he was able to thank her with a very good grace when she informed him that since she had found his carriage so comfortable, and his company so agreeable, she intended to treat herself to a ride on every fortunate day; at any rate, she would have a ride every evening till the bit of silver Monsieur Emerle had given her was gone. To his great satisfaction, however, the old chiffonniere did not make her appearance the next day, but at the close of the second week, he found her again at the station-house.

It was a cold, rainy evening, the wind was blowing furiously down the streets, and the pavements were covered with ice. Every

public conveyance was filled to overflowing, as the omnibus under the care of Adolphe had not been honored with the presence of Monsieur Emerle, the violinist, and Susette, the little cantatrice, who were going out to a rehearsal; for neither of them had yet forgotten the insult, as they chose to consider it, which was shown them two weeks before, and their displeasure had considerably affected the business of the carriage. Susette had not spoken to him since; but this evening, whenever he had occasion to look into the omnibus, the bright light of the lanterns showed that pretty face to be as pleasant and smiling as ever.

It was, however, soon to be clouded again; for, as the omnibus stopped at one of the stations, the first individual who stepped forward to obtain a seat was the old chiffonniere. Her dress was more squalid than it had been two weeks before; her tall form was bowed as if with infirmity, and a dry cough almost choked her utterance. She was in a high dispute with the chief of the station-house, as the vehicle drove up to the door—he averring that the ticket she held had been given to a gentleman, whose dress he could particularly describe, and that he would call in a policeman if she did not account for the manner in which she had obtained it; and she proving, to his confusion, by exhibiting the bits of silver he had given her in exchange for her five franc piece, that it was herself who purchased the ticket. And the dispute was not confined to the two. The people who were waiting for seats in the omnibus, as well as those already within the vehicle, were determined that the old woman should not be one of the company, several offering her money if she would relinquish her ticket peaceably, others endeavoring forcibly to prevent her from entering the carriage, and others still threatening the conductor that thenceforth his business should be ruined, if he allowed her to take her seat.

Adolphe thought little of their threats, but he was sorely perplexed. He feared that neither the good but wilful Susette, nor the neat little grisettes who were waiting for a ride, would sit in the carriage with that miserable old creature; but would it be right to deny her the seat she had paid for, and compel that aged, feeble woman to take a long walk, on that cold, stormy night, over the icy pavements?

Who could tell but his own mother might some time be reduced to a like extremity? He was not aware that he uttered the words in a tone sufficiently audible to reach the ear of the chiffonniere, or that she muttered some reply as he assisted her to get into the omnibus.

The next day and the day following, Adolphe had a comparatively empty carriage, only a few strangers taking seats in it; and then he was dismissed by his employer. The young man had never felt so near despair as at the moment when he received again the sum he had deposited with his employer, and turned his steps homeward. It was at a season of the year when labor was most difficult to obtain, and the means of living, high priced. Madame Brulon knew nothing of economy, and how soon would his two hundred francs disappear!

"Where is monsieur's light step and sunny smile?" said a harsh voice, and the old cloak and slouched hat of the chiffonniere was by his side. "Is his heart growing cold, and his foot weary?"

"No, no, good mother," said the young man, cheerfully, "not while there is a being dependent on my care, or a Heaven for me to serve!"

"Spoken bravely, Adolphe Brulon!"

The young man turned quickly at the sound of that voice, which was no longer that of an aged, feeble woman; and the countenance which he before had but imperfectly obtained a view of—concealed as it had been by that coarse, soiled coiffure, the grizzly hair which had now disappeared, and the wide-brimmed hat—was now fully exposed to his view.

"Monsieur de Latour!" he exclaimed, the blood mounting to his temples.

"The author of all your misfortunes!" calmly added the rich, eccentric banker—for he it was in the disguise of a chiffonniere. "First, he obtained possession of all the wealth which he well knew your godfather intended should become yours; next, he refused you admittance to his house, though it well nigh broke the heart of his daughter; and now he has been the means of turning you out of employment!"

"Monsieur de Latour, you have made me the happiest of men!" exclaimed Adolphe, his voice tremulous with emotion. "If Emma thinks of me with kindness, I can scorn all else the world could bestow!"

"What, even her father's free gift of her hand and fortune?" exclaimed the banker, laying his hand heavily on the young man's arm, and looking smilingly in his face.

Somehow from that night Adolphe forgot that great grief which had so long hung over him, and the next day he resumed his studies, the old chiffonniere, so he informed his acquaintances, furnishing him with such means as enabled him to do so; and when at the end of a year he received from her father the hand of the beautiful Emma de Latour, he declared to the bridal party, the banker himself affirming it to be a fact, that it was wholly owing to the interference of the old chiffonniere that the wedding had been brought about.

MEERSCHAUM.

This is a mineral of a white earthy appearance; it is composed of silica and carbonic acid. It is found in many parts of the world—Piedmont in Italy, Wales, in Great Britain, etc. When first dug up it is soft and greasy, and lathers like soap, and on that account is used by some Tartar tribes for washing their clothes in place of soap. The well-known Turkey tobacco pipes are made of it, by a process like that for making pottery ware. The bowls of these pipes are prepared for sale in Germany by soaking them first in tallow, then in wax, after which they are polished up.—*Scientific American*.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HAST THOU BEEN TRUE TO ME, LOVE?

BY REBECCA B. PIERCE.

Hast thou been true to me, love?
O, tell me, is the vow
You breathed when last we met, love,
As sacred to thee now?
Canst thou look into mine eyes, love,
With the same unfaltering light?
With that unchanging smile, love,
You wore that trysting night?

Dost thou remember, still, love,
That balmy night in June,
When we wandered side by side, love,
Beneath the silver moon?
When the shadows were a-sleeping
In the valley and the grave,
And the stars their watch were keeping
With gentle eyes of love.

The summer hours have gone, love,
Its fleeting beauties dead;
And summer friends have all, love,
Like summer glories fled;
But tell me is thy heart, love,
As free from sin and blight,
As true, as when we parted
Upon that trysting night?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

REMINISCENCES OF CALIFORNIA.

BY FREDERICK STANHOPE.

A TRIP UP THE COAST.

STROLLING one fine summer afternoon down Long Wharf, I encountered my friend L—, who had lately purchased a fine yacht boat of some thirty tons burthen.

"Should you like to join me in a trip up the coast to a wreck?" said he.

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure, my dear fellow," I replied.

It was just the thing; I had become heartily sick of the monotony of city life, and the change, with a prospect of adventure, exactly suited me. So putting a few clothes in a carpet bag, I was on board in an hour.

It seemed that a barque from Malaga, laden with wine and fruit, had made the coast some fifty miles to the northward of San Francisco, in a thick fog, and the captain, from the appearance of the land, fancied he was off the mouth of the harbor, and had accordingly stood directly into the breakers before had discovered his mistake; then letting go his anchors, in a great fright at the appearance of Indians on the coast, he had jumped into a boat and pulled lustily away, leaving his vessel to her fate. They were picked up the next day by a ship and brought into San Francisco.

This was the whole story of the captain; he judged she was some fifty miles up the coast, and with this meagre information, she was put up at auction, to be sold for the benefit (!) of the underwriters. Not knowing whether she was above water or not, people did not dare to bid, until after a long while a man on speculation ventured fifteen hundred dollars, and for that sum she was knocked down. Vessel and cargo could not have been worth less than seventy-five thousand dollars, and probably more, but just so loosely was business transacted in San Francisco, when the master eye and hand were not there to supervise. The purchaser was a person entirely unacquainted with maritime affairs, and employed L— with his boat to carry himself and a party of men up to the wreck, if she could be found.

We got away from the wharf with a fine breeze and fair tide, and soon cleared the outer harbor, but the wind drawing round ahead, we made little progress, and at dusk were off Balavinas Point becalmed, with a current setting us back towards the place we had left; so as nothing was to be gained we concluded to pull in shore and come to anchor. Getting close in we found a small stream running into the sea, with a good harbor; so we down ketch, and in the jolly boat pulled up the creek, where we espied a house standing some little distance back.

It was a perfect specimen of the old Californian rancho, enclosed by a straggling fence, with outbuildings for the servants; and with horns, boxes and old hides scattered about in a particularly untidy manner.

The building was in a state of decay and filth, and the usual retinue of Indians and dogs were to be seen loitering about. The owner proved to be an old Dutch sailor, who, some twenty-five years previous had, after leaving his ship, got a grant of this land from a former governor, and scraping together by degrees a sufficient stock, had settled down quietly to vegetate away the remainder of his existence, having Indians enough to do all the labor necessary.

We arrived at an unpropitious moment; he had, in his old age, taken to himself a young wife, the daughter of his next neighbor (some fifteen miles off), whose years were scarcely a third of his own. As he did not feel that his person was such as to win a fair damsel's heart, he judged that a proper degree of surveillance would be advisable; so, after living together a short time, he came to the conclusion that a handsome young male cousin, who was in the habit of riding over very often, bringing a bottle of gin as an excuse, was rather too affectionate for the degree of relationship existing; and waking up suddenly one afternoon, from his siesta, he discovered what would, if proved, make up a delightful case of "crim. con." Remonstrating, albeit quite gently, the

youthful swain took it so much to heart that he not only soundly thrashed the old man, but putting the bride on his horse, actually rode off with her, saying he should take her to her father's.

This was a few days previous to our arrival, and the old man was so stricken down, that he had not seen a sober moment from that time. After relating his story, and in the most liberal manner placing his whole household absolutely at our disposal, he relapsed into grief (and a bottle of brandy we had presented to him), and was during the night utterly oblivious. Finding one of the most intelligent of the Indian girls, who bore a strong likeness to our host, a silk handkerchief bestowed procured us a supper and a place to spread our blankets, and we retired in due time to rest.

In the morning our landlord aroused us and as his stock of liquor was exhausted, his grief seemed most wonderfully abated. From him we learned that he had seen some natives from the wreck, that she was ashore and at low water nearly dry. This was to us glorious news, but her precise locality he did not know. After consultation, the owner, tired of the boat, hired the old fellow to accompany him with horses up the coast range, while we were to proceed by water; and either party reaching the wreck was to make a fire, the smoke to be a signal.

The breeze had sprung up, and we embarked. During the day we made some twenty-five miles, and found ourselves at night to leeward of a point that made out several miles. On the other side of this we hoped to find the barque, but not liking to trust the navigation at night, we came to anchor close in shore. The next day we soon doubled the point, and there, sure enough, was the object of our search—but in a perfectly inaccessible position. She lay in a bay formed by two arms of land, but across the entrance was a reef of rocks, with a surf beating over them, that no boat could have lived in for an instant. How she ever got in there was, and is, a mystery to me. Here was a tantalizing position—the object in sight, but beyond our reach; a fortune no doubt lying there, but not to be had; for though she might be approached by land, the rocky coast, precipitous heights and distance, prevented any possibility of packing the cargo on mules or horses to the city.

We ran over to the other point, but not a spot could be seen that was not white with surf, and if thus in so light a breeze, what would it be in a gale? At last a bright thought came to our aid; there was a creek at Balavinas running into the interior, why not find one here? So returning to our previous anchorage, we began a tour of investigation. After trying several little inlets unsuccessfully, we at last hit on what seemed to be a "de facto" stream, with good deep water, so into it we ran, and of all the tortuous creeks it has ever been my fortune to happen on, I will give this the palm; however, we went on, staking out a channel, naming it, by right, as we assumed, of discovery, Buenfortuna (good luck). After going up some six miles, we were brought to by want of water, and hauled in shore for a land survey. The bank of the stream was a gentle ascent, and then came a level extent of prairie. By our compass bearings, the wreck must lay about due west from us; so well armed, we started on foot.

We had made but a short distance, when a herd of wild cattle we had seen grazing and should have passed unnoticed, attracted probably by our red shirts, made at us, bellowing furiously, with their tails in the air. The way we 'bout ship for the creek was a caution, every man for himself, and no trees to dodge behind. I was rather in the rear of the party at the time, and on turning was of course ahead, so pulling foot I soon reached the bank, where I was comparatively safe, as they would not be likely to run into the water, and turned to see the race.

L—, being stout and heavily clad, was behind them all, and in fearfully close proximity to his stern sheets was a villanous old black bull, who was evidently bent on giving him a toss; though his danger was imminent, I could not for my life refrain from laughter. He had abandoned his gun, but clung, apparently unwittingly, to a large ham which we had taken as provisions; it was miss and go, now bull, now L—, but at last he reached the bank, and as he leaped down the bull held up and the race was won. A shot from a musket taking effect in his flank, he started off with his fellows and was soon out of sight.

Taking the precaution to cover our shirts with jackets, we ventured again, and with better success. At the end of two or three hours' walk we reached the end of the prairie, and the ship was in sight. The creek ran up directly opposite her, with only a strip of land intervening. Only transport the cargo across and we could lighter it to the ocean.

Making a huge fire, the signal agreed on, we proceeded to inspect the wreck. The tide was in and she was sitting perfectly upright in a bed of sand, with the chains all run out and one anchor under the bow. In such haste had she been abandoned that the sails were still flying, and had the weather for the past fortnight not been remarkably good, she must have gone to pieces. The Indians had evidently been on board, as there were raisin boxes strewn about. As the tide was running out, we were soon able to get on board, where we found the hatches broken open, and some little of the top cargo taken out, but comparatively nothing. The tide ebbed and flowed in her, but as the lower tiers were casks of wine, little damage had been done by the water. We at once proceeded to unbend the sails and get out the long boat, and by night we had made all snug, and brought on shore spars and sails, to construct a square tent house, deciding to sleep that night on the beach.

The next morning the owner, with his guide, arrived, and was in great glee at our good fortune; he at once despatched the old fellow back to his rancho for a drove of pack mules, and, in the meanwhile, we went on discharging the cargo. The second night we had our first experience of the grizzlies, attracted by the raisins,

of which they seemed very fond; they came down to the beach and devoured them in quantities, we not daring to make any demonstration from our tent; but determined to be ready for them the next night. The following day, of the spare spars and water-casks we built a regular barricade; inside of this were piled up the boxes, many tiers high, and we thus had a most capital fort. They came at night, as before; but no sooner did we catch sight of them than we drew trigger, and, after several shots, or rather broadsides, managed to disable two, one of them a cub, so that we easily despatched them; the rest retreated. These fellows furnished us with steaks for a long while.

Never did I see such quantities of game; immense herds of elk occasionally appeared on a neighboring bluff, apparently numbering hundreds, and, gazing down on us curiously, would toss their heads and dash off, making the earth tremble. We often found their horns on the prairie, some of them would stand six feet in height, branching out like a tree. From the creek we had a continual supply of wild fowl, geese, and ducks, and teal, in the greatest abundance. Our table used to groan with good cheer; and wine being *ad libitum*, how we managed to work was a mystery.

There was something peculiarly fascinating in this life, so wild and strange did it seem; it appeared as though we were cast on some barren coast, and cut off from all the world beside. Myself and L— having nothing particular to do with the wreck, our duty being confined to our boat, had a great deal of leisure, and while waiting for the horses, we amused ourselves by shooting and exploring the creek, marking the channel, etc. Being, at one time, in our boat down by the mouth where the stream was affected by the tide, we had moored for the night and turned in. In the morning I awoke, and, poking my head up from the euddy, found we were fast aground, and directly abreast of us on the shore, was a monstrous grizzly with two cubs; she was as large as a small cow, and must have weighed fourteen or fifteen hundred. Here we were hard and fast, and liable at any time to a visit from bruin, when what were we to do? Quietly awakening L—, I stated the case. "If they attempt to board us," said he, "we must go aloft and take our chance to shoot her. For an hour did we remain motionless, watching her proceedings, while the cubs, sitting up on their hind quarters, tossed stones about like children; the mother remained meditative. She seemed to be discussing the propriety of paying us a visit; but, finally, off they moved, crashing through the woods like elephants. If we had only been afloat, we might have had a crack at them, but, as it was, we judged discretion to be the better part of valor.

The mules arrived; the work of transit began, and it was wonderful to see what weight the arrieras would pile on the poor beasts. While busily engaged, one morning, the fog, which, at that hour, was always dense, was this day remarkably so, and seemed to hang low, shutting the bay completely out from the sea; one of our men from the bluff sang out, "sail ho!" and there, sure enough, was a vessel, standing directly in for those deceptive "heads" that had caused the first wreck. On she came, with all sail set, seemingly to certain destruction; and some of the men were already speculating as to her cargo and their share of salvage, when, providentially, the fog lifted for a moment, and revealed the breakers to her crew. "Hard down! hard down!" sang out the captain. The order was obeyed, but so suddenly did she come to the wind that her small spars snapped like pipe stems. Under so much headway it seemed as though she could not go clear; but there was just room, and as she came round, she must have grazed the reef. They were so near that a strong arm could have thrown from the bluff a stone on board.

While the cargo was in course of transit, we took in a load and started for the city, having orders to charter a couple of schooners, and pilot them up to the mouth of the creek, where we were to supply them with freight. We had a good run, and were back again within the week, and then began the work in good earnest. From this time we had little leisure, and soon had the cargo sent to San Francisco; when firing the wreck, we abandoned her as she burned, leaving her lighting up the country for miles, and frightening the wild beasts from their lairs. The clear profit, after paying large expenses, was nearly twenty thousand dollars.

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.

It was a fine Sabbath morning, in the year 1777, that the inhabitants of a little parish in the State of Vermont, and on the borders of New Hampshire, assembled in their accustomed place of worship. The cares of that fearful and long to be remembered summer had imprinted an unusually serious look upon the rough though not unpleasant countenance of the male members of that little congregation. The rigid features relaxed, however, as they entered that hallowed place, and felt the genial influence of a summer's sun, whose rays illuminated the sanctuary, and played upon the desk and upon the countenance of him who ministered there. He was a venerable man, and his whitened locks and tottering frame evidenced that he had numbered threescore and ten years. Opening the sacred volume, the minister was about to commence the services of the morning, when a messenger, almost breathless, rushed into the church, exclaiming: "The enemy are marching upon our western counties!" The man looked around upon his congregation and announced his text: "He that hath a garment let him sell it and buy a sword." After a few preliminary remarks, he added: "Go up, my friends, I beseech you, to the help of your neighbors, against the mighty. Advance into the field of battle, for God will muster the hosts of war. Religion is too much interested in the success of this day not to lend your influence. As for myself, ago sits heavily upon me, and I cannot go with you; neither have I representatives of my family to send. My daughters—my daughters cannot draw the sword, nor handle the musket in defence of their country, but they can use the hoe—so that when the toil-worn soldier returns from the field of battle, he may not suffer for the necessities of life." The venerable pastor bowed his head in devotion. When he again looked around, his audience was gone. One by one they had silently left the house of God, and ere the sun had that day set, the male inhabitants of that little parish, who were able to bear arms, were on their way to meet the enemies of their country on the field of Bennington.—*Boston Transcript*.

PEREKOP.

Our engraving conveys to the reader an excellent idea of this important place, Perekop in the Crimea—its military character being indicated by the passage of a Russian column, with horse, artillery, and all the pomp, pride and circumstance of war. The buildings delineated are a port station and a depot for salt, which is manufactured here. The old minaret on the right marks the road to Simpheropol; on the left of the town is a fortress containing a palace, barracks, a mosque and a Greek church. The village is principally occupied by government employes, and persons engaged in the salt manufacture. It is a very important point of the Crimea, as shown in the Russian have been in the habit of retaining their supplies. From the Russian side the village is entered by a bridge which crosses a deep and wide cut across the isthmus, and this has undoubtedly given its name to the isthmus—Perekop signifying a ditch, in the Russian language. The isthmus of Perekop separates the Black from the Puntic Sea, and is about seven miles long and five broad. It is the principal entrance to the Crimea. There is another, however—a narrow tongue of land seventy miles long—running between the Sivash, or Puntic Sea, and the Sea of Azov, and separated from the main land at the northern extremity by a narrow channel. There are several port stations along this coast, and a small fortress at the southern extremity where it joins the main land. The communication between the Russian main land and the Crimea was completed not many years ago by the construction of a bridge, and by this way the principal intercourse between the eastern part of Russia and the Crimea is now carried on. The Russians, in occupying and fortifying the Crimea, appear

to have guarded well their approaches, and to have provided against every possible contingency that might arise in case of war. Not only have they rendered Sebastopol impregnable (a perfect Gibraltar of the East, as events have proved), but military science has been exhausted in improving the nature of the ground in every direction throughout the entire Crimea peninsula.

of Russia has not evinced that lack of discipline and effectiveness which was generally believed it would. Men fighting on their own soil, and for their own homesteads likewise, are not unfrequently animated by a more valorous and enduring spirit of resistance than are those who are not moved by the same patriotic impulses.

The events of the present fearful campaign, with its continuous firing and fighting, its victories even so dearly purchased by the allies, have demonstrated that Russia is the most powerful military nation on the face of the globe. If, in the midst of a tragedy so vast, deplorable and heart-rending as this war in the East, we could indulge in mirth, we might smile at the predictions which were so confidently uttered by the allies when they commenced it, and at their depreciation of the power of a government military in its organization. We were told that the Russian government was invariably cheated by its officials; that its ships were rotten and leaky; that the walls of its fortresses were so badly constructed, and made of such wretched stone, that the recoil of their own guns would shatter them. The English were foremost in the gullibility with which they swallowed every story of this kind; so that we suppose nine-tenths of the officers and men who embarked for the Crimea, fancied the reduction of Sebastopol a mere bagatelle—the affair of a few weeks' campaign. They have now ceased to despise their enemy, even when they have as yet obtained no successes commensurate with the treasure and blood lavished in the campaign. We are well aware that the popular feeling in our country has pretty generally sided with the allies against Russia; but one thing is certain—thus far the military energy



ST. LAWRENCE HALL, TORONTO, CANADA.

[See page 45.]



PEREKOP, IN THE CRIMEA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL. LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DUHIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

ENVY.

The world is full of envious people, who, in defiance of the commandment, covet their neighbor's goods, while they rail at the partiality of fortune, which raises one individual and depresses another without rhyme or reason. Few of these envious gentlemen are willing to trace effects to causes, and accept the conditions on which the success they hate is really based. An individual of this kind was one day dining with Marshal Moncey, a survivor of the glories of the Napoleonic era.

"Ah!" said he, "I should like to be a marshal of France, with a retired pension. What a fine life! Now you have seven or eight hundred thousand francs income, hotels, castles, all sorts of honors; fortune has loaded you with her favors, and these have all come to you by good luck, marshal."

"Do you think so?" replied the marshal. "Well, I will surrender all I have to you for the hundred thousandth part of what it cost me."

"O, you're joking!"

"Not at all. My fortune is an incumbrance to me, and I shall be glad to get rid of it; in fact I was looking for some one to take it off my hands at a bargain. Now post yourself at the end of this alley, at seventy-five paces distant, or I'll give you a hundred paces, to show how liberal I am; I will send for thirty grenadiers, all good shots—you see I treat you as a friend. You shall give the word of command yourself: they shall fire on you once only, and if you are not touched, my fortune shall be yours after this little trial."

The gentleman to whom this liberal proposition was presented, made a wry face and refused it, though the marshal had been shot at, during twenty years, by two or three million soldiers, who had always missed their mark.

ST. LAWRENCE HALL, TORONTO, CANADA.

The first engraving on page 44 is an accurate representation of this fine building. It was erected from designs furnished by W. Thomas, Esq., of Toronto, in 1849—50, for the accommodation of public meetings and assemblies. It is substantially built of brick. Its total length is one hundred and forty feet, including the wings; the height of the pediment is seventy-five feet, and of the cupola one hundred and twenty feet. The facing is of Queens-town and Ohio freestone. The arcade shown in our view opens into the St. Lawrence, a glimpse of which is given. The two wings of the building, which add to its extent and appearance, are private property; but the architecture is made to conform to the design of the hall. The hall occupies the whole of the interior of the main building. It is a fine room, one hundred feet long, forty-five feet wide and twenty-six feet high. On the second floor are the news-room, the office of the board of trade, and other offices. The rents accruing from the market-house and from the stores in the lower part of the building, will, it is estimated, defray not only the cost of the building, but its current yearly expenses. St. Lawrence Hall is a fine structure, and a great addition to the architectural beauties of Toronto.

THE DIFFERENCE.—An English lord Tom Noddy who had a dispute with one of the wealthiest London bankers, said: "I would have you to know, sir, that I am a man of quality." "Very true," replied the banker, "and I am a man of quantity."

SPLINTERS.

.... The quidnuncs who prognosticated a cold summer have been obliged to confess themselves false prophets of late.

.... Mrs. Mary Chandler, who sang in a choir before General Washington, lately died at Harvard, Mass., aged over ninety.

.... A villanous old bachelor said women were as fond of retailing slander as of hearing compliments.

.... The old red walls of the auditorium of the Boston Theatre are to be painted of a lighter hue.

.... The Phi Beta Kappa of this year is a man of true genius—Mr. Wm. H. Hurlburt, author of Gan-Eden.

.... Dog hunting has been a very profitable business in New York. The mayor paid fifty cents for each capture.

.... The story that the historian Bancroft had turned Roman Catholic, is said to be mere idle gossip.

.... The Newfoundland cod and herring fisheries have been remunerative during the present season.

.... The best novels published for many years, are Charles Reade's "Peg Woffington" and "Christie Johnson."

.... If prophets find no favor in their native land, vocalists do—witness Miss Hensler's success in Boston.

.... Daniel Pratt, Jr., denies the assertion of Mellen, that he is raising a foreign legion to destroy Boston and the Habeas Corpus.

.... All the prisoners in the Easton (Pa.) jail lately gave leg bail to the janitor, without asking if he liked it.

.... Capt. Rodman of the army has a machine that casts sixty Minié bullets in a minute—beating the British by twenty.

.... Mr. Wilson, of Texas, produces from six to eight hundred dollars worth of honey yearly. "How doth the little busy bee," etc.

.... A light-house, surpassing in massiveness and strength the famous Eddystone light-house, is to be erected on Minot's Ledge.

.... The operations of the squirrels in the trees on Boston Common excite as much attention as the Eastern war.

.... The handsomest continental company we have yet seen is the Amoskeag (N. H.) Veterans, who lately visited our city.

WEALTH IN AMERICA.

Is it not a great pity that the law of primogeniture no longer exists in these United States?—a burning shame that the eldest son cannot monopolize all the pinelings, and savings, and shavings of his father Dives? It would be so luxurious for the eldest son, especially if he happened to be a fool, to have his brothers and sisters dependent on him for their bread and butter, or on themselves or strangers for a start in the world. "What a confounded blundah it was," cries young snob, "in our ancestors to repeal the English laws of succession! It plays the very deuce with the aristocracy—fact, we can't have any aristocracy in consequence of this blundah. When the governor goes off, I sha'n't have but three thousand dollars; for there are nine other individuals in our interesting family, so my brothers and sisters will cheat me out of twenty-seven thousand dollars—exactly. What an infamous boah!" Yes, young snob is right; the aristocracy of money in this country is not transmissible. With very few exceptions, our rich men have made their money themselves. Our friend Mr. Ormolu is worth three hundred thousand dollars, which he made in land speculations; beginning life with one dime, which he possessed when he was a very small boy of no particular parentage. He was very happy so long as he was busy, but he has now foolishly, we think, given up business, and is neither so happy nor hearty as he used to be. He dined of old on crackers and cheese at a grocer's counter, and enjoyed a good appetite and digestion. Now he has a French cook and dyspepsia. It used to be a great treat to him to ride ten miles out of town on the top of a stage coach; he is very ill at ease now in his splendid carriage, with the varnished panels bearing his arms—an invention of a seal-cutter, and very fine, being a heterogeneous mass of armor, griffins, lance-heads, unicorns and flying dragons. The little Irish boy who surreptitiously rides on his foot-board enjoys the motion of his carriage far more than he himself. Mrs. Ormolu was a deal happier when she was making overalls at seven cents the pair, than she is now when she affects a taste for the fine arts, and listens to "O dolce contento" through a double-barrelled opera-glass. Now the Ormolus have a very large family, who are being brought up very luxuriously and expensively, and each of them is capable of spending a very large fortune individually. What will be the consequence? Ormolu will not, as he would like, found a family of nabobs. Those young Ormolus will not be rich men. The divided hoards of the parent Ormolu will be rapidly squandered, and very likely, in the course of a few years after the death of the successful speculator, Byron Ormolu will be driving a cab, and John Jacob Ormolu retailing liquor on a race course. Seriously, we have reason to rejoice that hereditary wealth in this country is only an exceptional occurrence. The tide of wealth dammed up in a single channel for a brief space is soon scattered again in a thousand rills, and flows off in a thousand directions. Men must make money by their own exertions. And another very healthy feature in our social system is the necessity of useful exertion which public opinion imposes on every citizen. The few who inherit wealth do not command respect simply from that fact. If they wish to stand well with society, they must bestir themselves and actively engage in enterprises which will give circulation to their revenues. In no country are there fewer idlers among the rich than in ours; and some of our very busiest men are those who are under the least necessity of exertion, and employ themselves voluntarily to escape ennui and censure.

STRAWBERRIES.—The yield of the Jenny Lind strawberry this season demonstrated the excellence of this variety. They were raised by Mr. Fay, of Cambridgeport, and the plants sold this spring at three dollars a dozen; rather a high figure, but the rarity warranted it. Anybody can raise fine strawberries who has time and patience. They do not require a rich soil, but they expect perfect cleanliness of culture, and plenty of soft water. A moderate dressing of ashes is recommended for them.

CONSOLATIONS FOR THE HUNGRY.—We commend the following wise maxims of the Persians to those clerical employes who are required to work seven hours on a stretch without a morsel of food: "Hunger is a cloud from which issues a rain of eloquence and science; satiety is a cloud whence comes a rain of ignorance and grossness." "When the stomach is empty, the body becomes mind; but when it is too full, the mind becomes body."

A VENERABLE CLERGYMAN.—The Rev. John Sawyer (Father Sawyer, as he is fondly termed by his friends), a native of Hebron, Connecticut, and now in his hundredth year, lately made a pilgrimage, from his present residence in Maine, to his birthplace, and preached there. He found only two persons who were living at the time he left, when twelve years of age.

E. L. DAVENPORT.—We understand that Mr. Barry, of the Boston Theatre, is in treaty with this favorite actor for an early engagement at his theatre. We hope to see Mr. Davenport here again, and to witness his chaste and correct delineations of his role of characters.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are being constantly addressed from all parts of the country, with letters of inquiry, relating to various subjects. Such of these as contain letter-stamps to prepay the postage in return, are answered promptly, otherwise the letters are taken no further notice of. We adhere strictly to this rule.

PICTORIAL, VOLUME EIGHT.—We have now on hand and for sale the eighth volume of our Pictorial, elegantly bound, in uniform style with the previous numbers, full gilt and in best manner. We sell the set of eight volumes complete for sixteen dollars.

YANKEE TWIGS AND YANKEE WHERRIES.

General Peaslee, the collector of this port, a citizen of New Hampshire, in the course of his speech at the Rovers House dinner to that fine corps, the "Amoskeag Veterans," related the following anecdote with the happiest effect:—"The splendid packet ship New World was launched from the ship-yard of the celebrated Mr. Donald McKay, of East Boston, some time about the year 1843, and was immediately placed in the Liverpool line of Messrs. Grinnell, Minturn & Co., of New York. Her masts and timbers were of New Hampshire growth, and fully worth their place in the then most magnificent specimen of naval architecture that had been set afloat. Her appearance at Liverpool, as she sailed up the Mersey, attracted a crowd of spectators to the pier, and when she had found her place in the dock, her decks were thronged with a press of curious visitors, anxious to condemn, but compelled to admire. It was very hard for John Bull to acknowledge himself beaten on his own boasted element, and one of the visitors, glancing his eyes up the shrouds, endeavored to save the national credit by the discovery and sapient remark that 'probably the masts were of Canadian growth.' The remark was overheard by a sailor, whose home was among the granite hills, then at work furling the sails aloft. Quick as thought he slid down the rigging, and pulling up his waistbands as he advanced towards the stranger, indignantly exclaimed: 'No, sir! them are twigs—grew under Moose Hillock; and, let me tell you, we've got a few more saplings up in them same woods, and when they get their growth we'll quit crossin' the Atlantic any more in such wherries as this!' The Great Republic, equal to a large fleet of old-fashioned merchantmen, as she was launched from the same ship-yard, and built up, too, from the same forests, made the threat of the indignant sailor something more than a vain boast."

EXTRAORDINARY LEGISLATION.

An exchange has the following:

"STATUTE OF GENERAL WARREN.—The Committee of the Board of Directors of the Bunker Hill Monument Association, on the subject of procuring a statute of General Warren, has reported that the subscription for that object having been completed, a contract has been made with Mr. Henry Dexter for the execution of the statute, and that a model of the proposed statute, in small, had been already made by him."

We were not aware that the Bunker Hill Monument Association had any authority to procure "statutes" for the Commonwealth, the law-making power being vested in the legislature. Yet it seems that they have delegated the law-making power to Mr. Dexter. The latter gentleman had better stick to his business of making "statutes," and leave the making of statutes to the constitutional authorities.

PARK BENJAMIN.—Our friend Park Benjamin, the poet, critic and lecturer, is now located at West Fourteenth Street, New York, where he acts as counsellor and attorney for authors, negotiates with booksellers for the sale of MSS., and receives application from managers of lyceums for lectures, enough we should think, to keep his active mind from rusting. Mr. Benjamin's advertising card was inserted in our last number.

"DOESTICKS."—This name, the *nom de plume* of Mr. Mortimer Thompson, will be rendered famous by his volume of sketches entitled "DOESTICKS and what he says." Genuine humor and sharp satirical hits at the follies and humbugs of the day, conveyed in a very original style, are the staple of the book, of which we shall have more to say anon.

THE SPORTSMAN'S PORTFOLIO.—Enclose us twenty-five cents, and receive this centre-table ornament, elegantly illustrated, by return of mail. To young persons studying drawing, it is indispensable, and a beautiful pictorial gem for all.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.—This favorite magazine is for sale at all the periodical depots throughout the country for ten cents per single copy, each number complete in itself.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. William H. Simpson to Mrs. Susan L. A. Jones; by Rev. Theodore Parker, Richard Wilson, Esq., of Philadelphia, to Maria A., youngest daughter of the late Peter Howard, of this city, by Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. Eliphalet M. Robbins to Mrs. Harriet Bacon; by Rev. Mr. Gaylord, Mr. Joseph B. Allen, of Boston, to Miss Caroline M. Furber, of Somerville; by Rev. Mr. Stone, Mr. A. L. Davis to Miss Sarah J. H. Hiley—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Lanier, Mr. Daniel L. Seward, Jr., to Miss Susan A. Morgan;—At Cambridgeport, Mr. George A. Wadley, of Boston, to Miss Mary T. Lovejoy;—At Waltham, by Rev. Mr. Hill, Mr. Benjamin F. Coleigh, of Watertown, to Miss Mary E. Walcott;—At Dedham, Mr. W. D. Hartshorn, of Westbury, to Miss Sarah A. Perkins;—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. Samuel L. Allen to Miss Kate Day, of Berwick, Me.—At Haverhill, by Rev. Mr. Tucker, Rev. William E. Caldwell, of Jamesville, New York, to Miss Jenny S. Whiting;—At Springfield, by Rev. Mr. Seelye, Mr. Charles G. Baldwin to Miss Susan Wilson;—At South Plymouth, Mr. Wm. H. Short, of Providence, R. I., to Miss Eunice B., daughter of Capt. Nathan King;—At Bilerica, by Rev. Mr. Stearns, Mr. George H. Russell to Miss Helen F. Bowen;—At Lenox, Mr. Frederick William Raskaman, of New York, to Miss Elizabeth Dwight Sedgwick;—At Nashua, N. H., by Rev. Mr. Wiggs, Mr. Charles F. Stebbins, of Milford, Mass., to Miss Ellen S. Colburn;—At Louisville, Ky., Mr. James McKie to Miss Mary M., daughter of Hon. B. H. Burlingham, of Boston.

DEATHS.

In this city, Hon. Samuel Sumner Wilde, 85; Mrs. Jane Catherine, wife of Mr. Joseph D. Whiton, 32; Mrs. Abigail, wife of Mr. Austin Fisk, 62; Charles Everett, Esq., 63;—At Charlestown, Mrs. Miriam W., widow of Chester Shattuck, 70; Miss Mary L. Everett, 25;—At Cambridge, Dr. Charles H. Pierce, 41, formerly of Salem;—At Dorchester, Mr. John Kettell, 70;—At Auburn, Mrs. Catherine S., wife of Mr. J. E. Woodbridge, 48;—At Newton Corner, Mrs. Elizabeth H. Johnson, 66;—At Dedham, Mr. George Ellis, 62;—At West Dedham, Miss Mary J. Thompson, 22;—At Melrose, Miss Mary Tufts, 73;—At Lynn, Mrs. Mary F. Briel, 27;—At Lynnfield, Mr. David Augustus Swasey, 21;—At South Danvers, Miss Fanny Felton, 64;—At Swampscott, Mr. Sarah Perrett, 55;—At Marblehead, Samuel S. Trefry, Esq., 61;—At Essex, Mr. Caleb Haskell, 62;—At Newburyport, Mrs. Johnna Jones, 85;—At Plymouth, Mr. Micah Richmond, 52;—At Worcester, Mr. Justin Weston, 5;—At Canton, Mr. William S. Jewett, of Bolton, 41;—At Attleboro, Dr. William H. Williams, 63;—At Barre, Mr. Abraham Jenkins, 81;—At Franklin, Mr. Robert Lathrop, Esq., of Sharon, 70;—At New Bedford, Mrs. Mary Ann Thompson, 21;—At Montpelier, Vt., Mrs. Lucretia Prentiss, 70;—At Cambridge, Mr. Daniel Moore, printer, 27, formerly of Salem;—At Bangor, Me., Mrs. Ann Sawyer, 63;—At New York, Mrs. Edna Jane Hopper, 27;—At Philadelphia, Mr. Jesse Everett, 77;—At Washington, D. C., Mr. Jacob B. Martin, of Newburyport, 22;—At Detroit, Michigan, George Hanscom, 57.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

A Frenchman arrived at Cincinnati, recently, who said he was an officer in Napoleon's body guard, and was absent on leave of the emperor. He exhibited signs of insanity, and was placed in a room in the fourth story of his hotel. He had been there but a short time, when he leaped from a window to the pavement, breaking his limbs in a horrid manner. He was taken to the hospital, and \$600 found in his possession. — A number of flags have been received at the Navy Department, captured by Lieut. Preble, from piratical junks in the Chinese seas. — General Quitman delivered a lecture, a few days ago, at Jackson, Miss., before a large audience, in favor of the private conquest of Cuba. He argued that this was the only plan, as the attempt to purchase had failed, and its public conquest would be rendered barren by the emancipation of the blacks before the island could come in possession of the United States. — Henry Amory Pratt, the celebrated rough-rider in the 2d regiment of life guards, quartered at Windsor, England, blew his brains out with his carbine. — At Cincinnati an interesting daughter of a respected German died very suddenly. On the following morning the mother died of cholera. This sudden breaking up of the family so worked upon the mind of the father that he sprang from the third story window of his residence down to the sidewalk, injuring himself so that he died in a few hours after. His name was Gottwell. — The Chicago Democrat says that immense numbers of cattle and hogs are now being shipped from that city for Eastern markets. — State elections will take place on the first Monday of August in Alabama, Arkansas, Iowa, Kentucky, Missouri and Texas; in Tennessee on the first Thursday of the same month, and in North Carolina on the second Thursday thereof; in Maine, on the second Monday of September, and in Vermont on the first Tuesday of the same month. — In Europe, people take off their hats to great men; in America, great men take off their hats to the people. — Several young men, some of them sons of the most respected citizens of Winsted, Conn., have been engaged, during the winter and spring, in a series of burglaries. By the use of false keys, they had been in the habit of entering stores in the village, and were making preparations for a visit to the Winsted Bank when they were discovered. — The mayor of St. Louis has issued a proclamation, ordering the closing of all confectionery stores, barber-shops, and cigar stores, and stopping the sale of papers on Sunday. — The Mail says that a young lady of the highest social position, now visiting a family here, has been detected in stealing jewelry—that the property was found upon her person by its owner, and was given up by the thief. — James M. Pendleton, one of the seconds in the late New York duel, has escaped to England. — Harris Stratton, of Northfield, Mass., who was in Kansas for eight months, gives glowing accounts of the territory, and considers it far superior to Illinois or any of the Western States for agricultural purposes or healthiness. — There are 212 convicts in the Alabama penitentiary, four more than there are cells in the prison. — The Johnstown Echo says, the Pennsylvania Canal and Railroad have sold their entire stock of cars to the Pennsylvania Railroad for \$100,000, although the estimate of the stock did not reach \$50,000. — The Athens, Ala., Herald says that a youth died there, lately, from the sting of a locust. — The earliest instance of a double Christian name, which has been found in England, is that of Sir Thomas Richard Ellys, who, in 1408, levied troops in Yorkshire. — A curious case of the recovery of the sense of hearing, after it had been lost for a long time, occurred the other day in New Haven. John Connelly, a gardener, who had been wholly deaf for a great many years, was startled while going across the green by hearing a passing carriage, and since then his hearing has been restored so that he can detect the slightest sound. — A new steamer, to be built by George Steers, the builder of the yacht America, is to be added to the Collins' line.

MODEL ORGAN HARMONIUMS.—We were recently shown, at the establishment of Messrs. Mason & Hamlin, a new instrument brought out by them, called the Organ Harmonium. This instrument embraces all the desirable qualities of the organ, having two manuals, or rows of keys, and eight stops, by which nearly every effect can be obtained that is produced upon the organ. Being supplied at reduced rates, it is placed within the reach of almost every society, and, in our opinion, a neater or more desirable instrument for church use cannot be found. Their Model Melodeons fully sustain the reputation which they have gained as unrivalled instruments, and which they well deserve.

THE HARVEST.—Our exchanges from every quarter bring cheering accounts of the growing crops, and there is now every reason to believe that the harvest of 1855 will be the largest ever realized in this country. Stimulated by short supplies and high prices, and by the prospect of a ready market in Europe, an unusual breadth of land has been seeded.

DEMANDING INDEMNITY.—The London News, under the hopes inspired by the news from the Crimea, urges the necessity of imposing sharp terms upon the court of St. Petersburg. "Russia," says that journal, "must be made to give an indemnity, to defray all the expenses of the war." The czar does not yet see the matter in the same light as the News.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT!—According to the Paris fashions, every gentleman should wear a fancy silk cravat with a large bow, and his morning pocket handkerchief should be of the finest linen cambric with a small vine in a delicate color, gray, pink or blue, running under the hem of the handkerchief!

WORTH REMEMBERING.—Two minutes is the extent that any one should trespass upon an editor's time, unless he is upon business of importance.

Wayside Gatherings.

All the gambling saloons in San Francisco have been closed. The Astor House, New York, has been newly refitted, and its former attractions added to.

A woman's hospital has been opened in New York, at 83 Madison Avenue.

At the present day, there are nowhere such good tanners as in Russia, and nowhere are furs so well dressed and prepared for use.

Sir Joseph Paxton calculates that his proposed boulevards round London would cost \$11,300,000, and would make it the most magnificent city in the world.

President Pierce, ex-President Tyler and Secretary Marcy have each received land warrants of one hundred and sixty acres, for services in the war of 1812, and the war against Mexico.

It is now announced that the unexampled coolness of the season is owing to "spots on the sun," which can be seen through a telescope.

The eldest daughter of John Y. Mason, minister to France, has been married, in Paris, to Mr. R. Heath, of Virginia, and came passenger to America in the steamer Atlantic.

The New York and New Haven Railroad Company are held responsible for the over-issues of stock by Robert Schuyler, by the decision of the Superior Court of New York.

It is said that oiled sawdust, acted on by the rays of the sun, will undergo the process of ignition spontaneously in about sixteen hours.

An indignant correspondent of the London Record calls attention to an iniquitous manufacture at Birmingham—that of Hindoo idols for exportation.

The convents which are to be immediately suppressed in Piedmont, in consequence of the new law, amount to thirty-four, viz., twenty-one of monks, and twelve of nuns.

A stranger in Mexico is struck with the appearance of the milliners' shops, where twenty or thirty stout men with moustaches are employed in making muslin gowns, caps and artificial flowers.

The new homestead law of this State exempts a man's implements or tools from the law's clutch. This is supposed to cover the libraries of lawyers and scholars, as well as the adzes and squares of carpenters.

Archdeacon Jeffreys, a missionary in the East Indies, states that "for one really converted Christian as the fruit of missionary labor, the drinking practice of the English has made fully one thousand drunkards in India."

The New York Herald complains that its fashionable hotels are emptying, and scarcely any of the travelling public are in town. The proprietors of the hotels are endeavoring to coax their customers back by lowering their prices of board.

The Cincinnati Gazette says that there are more stores and houses for rent in that city at present, than at any previous period in the last ten years. A large number of citizens have been compelled to go to the country and elsewhere in consequence of "hard times."

On the day of the Bunker Hill celebration, the tolls collected on Warren and Charles River bridges amounted to the enormous sum of *six hundred and forty dollars*, being the largest amount ever collected in this section of the country for tolls during twenty-four hours.

Pow-e-shick, principal chief of the Foxes, of the confederated band of the Sacs and Foxes of the Mississippi River, died recently on the Osage River, in Kansas Territory. He was something of a man; pity he drank. The name of his successor is Pee-she-she-moon. Our respects to the distinguished native.

A letter from Eaton, O., dated 18th ult., says: "Several thousand able-bodied men are needed here. They would receive twelve to eighteen dollars per month and found. Several hundred could find employment in this section from now until fall, and receive good wages, and be otherwise well cared for."

A resolution was passed by both houses of the Connecticut Legislature, on the 23d ult., providing that "George Hoyt and others, of Norwalk, be permitted to enter their petition for a law relating to the *planting of oysters in the Secretary's office*, any rule or law to the contrary notwithstanding."

A correspondent of the Post has sent that paper a communication ridiculing the immense, broad-brimmed straw hats young ladies wear in the vicinity of Boston, where they are anxious to appear strikingly rural. One of them frightened the writer's horse so much that he tossed the rider from his back.

Miss Harriet S. Russell has received the appointment of post-master at Great Falls, N. H., in place of Hon. Richard Russell, deceased. Miss Russell has had the charge of the office during the time her father held the appointment, and has proved herself a faithful and efficient public servant.

The Culpepper (Va.) Observer advertises for an apprentice as follows: "Boys that are in the habit of smoking cigars, or carrying a watch, will not be taken. We want good boys, who will attend church, Sunday-school, and are not apt to be spoilt when they get a genteel suit of clothes upon their backs."

The Sultan of Turkey has recently conferred on Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston, the decoration of the Imperial Order of the Mejidich, of the fifth class (chevalier), for the discovery of the pain-subduing properties of ether vapor, which is now so favorably manifesting its beneficial influence in the armies of the Crimea.

There is quite a ferment among the Saugeen Indians in Upper Canada, who complain of having been over-reached by the government in a treaty respecting their lands, which they agreed, on certain conditions, to cede to the crown. The provincial newspapers say a rebellion is threatened, which may cost both blood and treasure.

We learn from the Herald that Louis Adolphe Estrampes, brother of Francisco Estrampes, lately garroted at Havana, is now in New York, and about to become a citizen. Senor Estrampes, who is twenty-five years old, and a well-accomplished gentleman, is, we believe, about to adopt some pursuit in life there suited to his abilities.

A most notable instance of real kind-heartedness is recorded of Mr. Stetson, of the Astor House, who, on the day previous to the sailing of the Arctic expedition, went down to the vessels in the yacht "Mystery," with a load of delicacies suitable for a sea voyage, and distributed them among the officers and men of the expedition.

Watches, equal to the best imported, are manufactured in the suburban town of Waltham. The prices for which these are sold range from \$20 to \$200 each, at retail. A large building has been erected on the south side of Charles River, which is kept closed against intrusive eyes. The company is doing a large business, and the day is not far distant, we apprehend, when Waltham watches will be as famous and valuable as the best from London, Paris and the European cities generally.

Foreign Items.

Dr. William C. Starbuck, a skilful American dentist, and a native of Nantucket, but recently a resident at Lisbon, has been appointed dentist to the royal family in Portugal.

The Nuremberg Courier states, under the head of Stuttgart, that the corporation of Baisingen, in the province of Horb, have sold their poorhouse to the Jews, and sent their poor to America.

The Limerick Chronicle gives the following in its army news:—"The widow of Corporal John Brown, of the royal sappers and miners, has married the Emperor of Morocco. She is an Irish woman."

Lavigne, one of the oldest *pensionnaires* of the Académie Impériale de Musique, and the predecessor of Nouritt and Dupré, died a few weeks ago at Pau, his native town. He was much distinguished at the opera for his fine tenor voice from 1808 to 1825.

An Italian actress, forty years old, and the mother of six or seven children, is startling the Parisians. Her name is Adelaide Ristori. Her "beauty is angelic"—and she is tragedian like Rachel, and comedian like Mars.

At the Paris Exhibition there are no less than 388 exhibitors of musical instruments. Of these, four only are from the United States. The Palace of Industry is occasionally open to the public gratuitously. On such days the number of visitors exceeds 80,000.

According to an official return, at least two hundred Tartar villages had abandoned the Russian side and taken that of the allies. The emperor had ordered that at the end of the war lands in the former occupation of these Tartars should be divided among the Greek volunteers.

The Duke and Duchess of Montpensier have recently caused the old convent of La Rabida, near Cadiz, in which Christopher Columbus resided on his return from his first voyage, to be repaired, and afterwards partook of breakfast in the cell the great navigator had occupied.

One of the curiosities to be sent from Prague to the Paris Exhibition is a mine of jewelry, consisting of 14,000 garnets, which vary in dimensions from the smallest size to such larger ones as are no longer to be met with in the trade. Added to the garnets are 6000 other stones, and the workmanship is said to be as exquisite as unique.

Sands of Gold.

.... Extreme vanity hides under the garb of ultra modesty.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

.... Nothing more dangerous than a friend without discretion; even a prudent enemy is preferable.—*La Fontaine.*

.... A character which combines the love of enjoyment with the love of duty, and the ability to perform it, is the one whose unfoldings give the greatest promise of perfection.—*Kozlay.*

.... Every work so merely and basely mechanical, that a man can throw into it no part of his own life and soul, does, in the long run, degrade the human being.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

.... The attachments of mere birth are but the shadows of that true friendship, of which the sincere affections of the heart are the substance.—*Burton.*

.... He whose first emotion, on the view of an excellent production, is to undervalue it, will never have one of his own to show.—*Aikin.*

.... I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods, who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.—*Cato.*

.... There is no being eloquent for Atheism. In that exhausted receiver the mind cannot use its wings—the clearest proof that it is out of its element.—*Hare.*

.... The disposition to give a cup of cold water to a disciple is a far nobler property than the finest intellect. Satan has a fine intellect, but not the image of God.—*Howells.*

.... Sorrow is a kind of rust of the soul, which every new idea contributes in its passage to scour away. It is the putrefaction of stagnant life, and is remedied by exercise and motion.—*Johnson.*

.... He who comes from the kitchen smells of its smoke; he who adheres to a sect has something of its cant; the college air pursues the student, and dry inhumanity him who herds with literary pedants.—*Lavater.*

.... In politics, as in religion, it so happens that we have less charity for those who believe the half of our creed, than for those who deny the whole of it, since if Servetus had been a Mohammedan, he would not have been burnt by Calvin.—*Cotton.*

Joker's Budget.

A love-sick young gentleman, who has taken very much of late to writing sonnets, has just hung himself with one of his own lines.

If a man is detected in an attempt to take a pint-pot, is it to be proceeded against as an act of felony, or simply regarded as a strong desire for carrying out a *measure*?

Lunatics live proverbially to a good old age, and one of the proverbs upon which the fact is founded is, we suppose, the old household truism that "cracked vessels last the longest."

The Ohio River is *still very low*; at the latest dates it could not leave its *bed*; its physicians have given it up—but we understand that hopes are entertained that the water-cure is adapted to its complaint, and that it will be tried upon it.

A city editor says that a man in New York got himself into trouble by marrying two wives. A Western editor replies by assuring his cotemporary that a good many men in Michigan have done the same thing by only marrying one.

"Would you like to subscribe for Dickens's Household Words?" inquired a sombre-looking magazine agent. "Household words have played the dickens with me long enough!" was the feeling reply of the henpecked husband.

Speaking of strawberries, Jones says that, as a chemical analysis shows them to be 90 per cent. water, he thinks it will be cheaper for him to use water only. He can obtain an imaginary taste of the fruit by sucking the water through a *straw*.

Economic Botany—Scientific definition by a young wife. Buying three bad geraniums with the price of Frederick's second best vest and trousers, that frock coat, two hats, a pair of Wellingtons—they did want soling—and the horrid rough outside great coat you always hated to see him in.

Miserable—The man who is out of money, and in debt. The only medicine for such a person is a dollar's worth of philosophy, or a shilling's worth of strychnine. The former may be had of those wood-sawyers who support six children and a pair of bull-pups on seventy-five cents a day.

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A BOULOGNE AND AMIENS DILIGENCE—THE LAST OF ITS RACE.

SCENES IN BOULOGNE.

Boulogne is a famous seaport on the northwest coast of France, twenty-nine miles from the English port of Dover, on the opposite side of the channel. It is finely situated for trade, and lies in the direct road from Paris to London. It abounds with objects of interest, natural and artificial. The costumes of the fishwomen and the peasantry of the neighborhood are picturesque and peculiar, and there are many local customs well worthy of study. We

was called the *coupe*, the middle, the *interieur*, and the rear division, the *rotonde*. The seat behind the driver, furnished with a top like a chaise, was styled the *banquette*. The horses are harnessed, as our engraving shows, in a singular manner; three horses on the lead, and two next to the carriage. They were rather slow-moving arks—five or six miles an hour being their utmost speed. The church is certainly a very curious place, and was discovered, not many years since, while the workmen were engaged in making excava-

Byzantine style, and are said to have a "grimly gorgeous effect." The altar piece is a representation of "our lady of Boulogne." Numerous vaults and chapels adjoin the main church, and are adorned with portraits of Catholic saints, kings and priests. The church is only 42 feet long, by 34 broad. The urns seen at the tops of the columns contain human bones, which were found in the course of the excavations. Taken altogether, this church is one of the most curious relics of antiquity in France.



SUBTERRANEAN CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME.

have selected for illustration, in the present number of the Pictorial, a singular subterranean church, that of Notre Dame, and a peculiar, old-fashioned Amiens diligence, the last of its race—the railroad having driven coaches off the track, as with us. These diligences were curious affairs, massive and lumbering, perfect houses on wheels. They were divided into three compartments, varying in price according to eligibility. The front compartment

tions for a new church. It is said to be the oldest place of worship in France. A flight of fifteen or twenty steps, divided half-way by a landing place, conducts the visitor to the entrance. The walls are adorned with a large number of curious old paintings, illustrative of scenes in scriptural history. On reaching the choir, you behold a portrait of Clovis, who flourished long before the time of Charlemagne. The pillars on each side are pointed in the

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MISSOURI.

This young giant of the West is destined to become the nucleus of American traffic, and the "iron horse," on its way from ocean to ocean, will soon traverse the prairies, over which the Indians now follow the setting sun, driven before the advancing wave of civilization. An epitome in the early history of the State is wrought into the story on page 59. The sons of the forest journey as our artist has represented them. The head of the family leads the way, followed by the patient females and children of his family, in single file, bending beneath heavy burthens. Occasionally a horse or a dog is made to draw a primitive conveyance, loaded with household goods. The chiefs never carry a pound weight, except their weapons. Upon the shield of Missouri, supported by two bears, we see the federal eagle, the bear and the rising moon, with two

noble legends worthy of remembrance. Missouri is noted for superior stock, and at the last census, returned, 225,319 horses, 41,667 mules, 230,169 cows, 112,168 oxen, 449,173 other cattle, 762,511 sheep, and 1,702,625 swine, all valued at \$19,887,580. This immense herd has probably nearly doubled itself by this time. The French colonized Missouri in 1763, and added it to the United States by treaty in 1803. It was admitted into the Union August 10, 1821, and in 1850, numbered 682,044 inhabitants, of whom 87,422 were slaves. Within its limits are mountains of iron, beds of coal, rich veins of lead, inexhaustible salt springs—everything, in fact, to make the State wealthy and powerful. Even now, Missouri is the highway of the overland emigrants to California and Oregon, of the Santa Fe merchants and the hunters of the upper Mississippi, of the zealous Mormon and the enterprising colonist

of Kansas. This is but a shadow of the travel over the "Pacific Railroad," which will probably be finished to the State line—360 miles—in a few years. The State has lent its credit to this road to the amount of three millions of dollars, and has also aided other long and important lines. Missouri has 880 churches, of which 300 are Baptist, 250 Methodist, 125 Presbyterian, and 65 Roman Catholic. The value of the church property is set down at \$280,245. In the cause of education, Missouri has taken a noble stand. There are nine colleges, with many private schools of a high grade, and the public schools are generously supported. The principal of the school fund exceeds half a million of dollars, the interest of which is semi-annually distributed, according to the number of children in each school. Missouri has 61 newspapers, most of them political sheets, published weekly. The aggregate circulation is 6,195,560.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

THE DUCAL CORONET:

—OR,—

THE HEIR AND THE USURPER.

A ROMANCE OF ITALY IN THE 16TH CENTURY.

BY ARTHUR MORTON, A. M.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VIII.—[CONTINUED.]

At this moment the Princess Margarita appeared. The guard paused a moment to present arms, and Giulio took the opportunity to address her.

"To you, lady," he said, bowing with mock humility, "I am indebted for the fair lodging to which your father has consigned me. It was at your bidding I came hither. While I was listening to your fair words, your noble father was planning my arrest."

"Answer him not," said the duke, peremptorily, addressing his daughter. "He is beneath your indignation. He will have time enough to reflect upon his threats and the charges he has uttered, in his cell."

Giulio folded his arms in proud disdain, and without uttering another word, followed Gonelli, while the armed troop closed around him. They passed into a corridor, and after traversing a long gallery came to an iron door, which was opened on a summons from the captain, admitting the party upon the landing-place of a long flight of stone steps. These they descended, and came to another iron door which was opened by a stern, gray-haired man, dressed in a shirt of leather and wearing a bunch of huge keys at his girdle.

"Matteo," said the captain, "behold your prisoner."

The jailor smiled grimly, and bowing with mock courtesy to Giulio, said:

"This way, noble signor, this way. I am only too proud to wait upon your lordship."

Giulio followed his new guide, while the soldiers returned to the palace.

"To a gentleman fond of retirement," said the jailor, with a sardonic smile, "this place offers a pleasant, agreeable retreat; easy of access, though not so easy of egress."

While he spoke he put one of the keys in the lock of a low door, and the bolt shot back with a jarring sound. He then ushered his visitor into a small cell, dimly lighted, where there were a pallet bed, a stone bench, a water jug and a table.

"You would find it much cooler," said the jailor, "if you wore irons on your wrists and ankles, but it seems the duke did not order these additions to your comfort."

"Leave me, ruffian!" cried the prisoner, stung to madness by the cold, taunting tone of the jailor. "At least you were not commissioned to affront me."

Chuckling at having roused the indignation of his victim, the jailor slowly withdrew, locking the heavy door behind him, while Giulio threw himself upon the bench, a prey to agonizing thought. Heavily rolled on the hours of the morning, and it seemed to the weary prisoner as if he had passed days in the dungeon, when he was roused from his gloomy reflections by hearing the key turning in the huge lock of his cell door. His eye had now become accustomed to the light, and as the door opened, he discerned the features of Selim, Margarita's page.

"Jailor!" shouted Giulio, fiercely, "do not let that young viper enter here. I would be alone."

"Prisoners are choosers no more than beggars," replied the grim janitor, chuckling, as he withdrew, leaving the page and prisoner together.

Selim approached Giulio, and, to his surprise, fell upon his knees at his feet, burst into tears, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

"Did you come hither to perform a farce, boy?" said the prisoner, sternly. "Rise, and cease this foolery."

"Prince," said the page, "I will not rise till you forgive me for seeming to desert your cause in the princess's apartment just now. The look you gave me pierced me to the heart. Yet, sir, it gave me the acutest pain to side with your enemies; but it was done that I might have the power of serving you. The duke now reposes confidence in me, and sends me to you as a spy to win from you all your plans and hopes."

"How do I know that you are not one?" asked Giulio, though softening somewhat from his former severity of manner.

The page sprang to his feet, took the prince's hand, pressed it to his heart, and then covered it with kisses.

"I would pour out my life-blood for you," he said. "But tell me—if I succeed in procuring the means of evasion for you, will you permit me to accompany you in your flight?"

"I think not of escaping now," said the prince, "but I would give my hand for a trusty messenger to my friend and kinsman, the Duke of Milan."

"Hush!" said the page. "Speak low; prison walls have ears. Confide in me; I will be your messenger."

"Can I trust you?"

"As your other self."

"Boy! if you redeem your promise, you may rely upon my gratitude and friendship; your fortune will be made."

"I care not for fortune," said the page, "but only for your good opinion."

"Is the princess aware of your visit to me?"

A dark shade crossed the handsome face of the youth.

"She is your enemy," said he; "speak not of her."

"So fair and yet so false!" exclaimed Giulio.

"Lose no time," said the page, impatiently. "The message!"

"Go to the duke; tell of my hard case, of the treachery and enmity of the usurper; leave the rest to him."

"Consider your message as delivered," said the boy. "I bear a charmed life, and will traverse the space between here and Milan like an arrow. Sleep in peace, noble prince; the tyrant shall be foiled."

He summoned the jailor and departed, taking care, before the grim functionary, to address an insulting remark to the prisoner, to lull any suspicions the jailor might have entertained. The visit of the page was a ray of sunshine in the dungeon's gloom.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MESSENGER.—PLANS OF GUILT.

SELIM, the princess's page, was a youth of rare beauty—a beauty of a character that might have been charged with effeminacy but for the redeeming fire of dark eyes, bright and dazzling as a falcon's, and wild and daring in their expression. The rose and lily were blent in his complexion, and the curls that clustered on his head, were of that intense blackness which has a glittering metallic brilliancy where it catches the light. He had come to court in the train of the astrologer, and a few words of recommendation from him secured his appointment as page to the duke's daughter. At first, he spoke but little and with difficulty, and that with a strong foreign accent, but when afterwards he had learned to speak Italian, he was scarcely more communicative, and associated little with the other youths of his own age, the pages of the duke and sons of the courtiers. He rarely stirred from the side of the princess. When she rode abroad, his horse was ever beside her bridle-rein; when she sat in her apartments, surrounded by her ladies, his place was on a cushion at her feet, either playing some plaintive air on his guitar, or reading to her from a favorite volume. Yet for all this, he possessed a sufficiency of manly spirit. He brooked no insult—at the shadow of one, the color would rush to his cheek, and his hand sought his dagger hilt instantly. Then he rode with grace and fearlessness; no one but himself dared back Abdallah, the dapple Arabian appropriated to his use. Yet the desert-born would obey the lightest whisper of the page, and whenever he approached to mount him, that half-wild horse, the terror of the grooms, would express his delight with a neigh, and gently stoop his head for the expected caress.

Such was the youth who now sought the ducal stables, and quietly directed a serving man to saddle his Arab. Springing on the back of the priceless animal, Selim then, by unfrequented streets, gained one of the city gates, and passing the guard unchallenged, rode moderately forth. It was only when he found himself beyond the reach of curious eyes, that he ventured to mend his pace.

"Now, Abdallah!" said he, addressing his horse, "desert child of a desert sire—offspring of fire and wind—show thy blood and breeding, for thy master has sore need of them. Nearest thou, Abdallah? One lieth in a dungeon yonder—beautiful, brave, unfortunate, the least hair of whose head is worth a thousand of thy race. So now, Abdallah, stretch thy beautiful limbs, and fly with me like the arrow to the target. Away! Away!"

It really seemed as if the intelligent animal understood the language of his master. Snorting joyously, he stretched himself like a greyhound, and sprang at once into his swiftest gallop. His footfalls were as rapid as the pattering of raindrops in a summer shower. Horse and rider moved in unison and seemed animated by the same spirit. The wind sung by them—the trees danced past—the ground disappeared, as if the velocity of the earth were suddenly made manifest; up hill and down hill sped the matchless gray, never once faltering, each stroke of his gallop being as clearly executed and vigorous as when he started on his race. And still the page encouraged him by word and rein. Mile after mile was thus passed in an incredibly short space of time.

At last Abdallah slackened in his speed—changed from a gallop to a canter, then dropped into a walk, and came to a full standstill. It was not weariness, for he erected his head, and after listening intently for a moment, with his small, delicate ears pointing forward, uttered a loud, clarion neigh.

"What is it, Abdallah?" said the page.

The horse tossed his head playfully and resumed his gallop with redoubled ardor. The page now entered a deep chestnut wood, where the road wound, broad and level, through the cool shadows.

All at once Selim heard a sound of horses' feet approaching, which the quick ear of his Arabian had detected long before, and presently there came sweeping towards him, round a turn in the road, a file of horsemen in bright armor, preceded by an officer of gallant bearing, who wore his beaver up, displaying a frank, handsome and determined face. As soon as this person saw the page, he reined in his horse; and obeying a command, uttered in a low tone, his men came into line, and occupied the entire breadth of the road with a close front.

"Sir knight," said the page, "I am in great haste—on a message of life and death. I pray thee stay me not, but give me passage."

"Not so, fair sir," replied the stranger, "till I know whence thou comest and whither thou art going."

"You are hardly courteous," said the page. "And yet I care not to conceal that I come from Parma, and am hastening to Milan."

"To Milan?"

"Ay, signor; with a message to the duke."

"You will not have far to ride then," said the stranger, "and I myself will be your escort."

He whispered a few words to a subaltern officer, and the horsemen, breaking their line, resumed their march, leaving part of the broad road free.

The commander of this little party then wheeled his horse, and he and Selim galloped on together, leaving the soldiers to pursue their march. But few words were exchanged between the riders, until, reaching the brow of a hill, they emerged from the forest, and the road sloped down from the high table land they had been traversing, into a wide, open plain.

What was the astonishment of Selim to find it covered with a large army. In the centre of the plain was a group of tents, over one of which floated an emblazoned banner, while horses were picketted round it, and men-at-arms marching to and fro, flung back the sunbeams from their glittering appointments. Dark masses of troops extended on the right and left.

"What is the meaning of this warlike array?" asked the page, in astonishment.

"That is a question which the duke alone can answer," replied his companion, with a smile.

"O, lead me to him at once!" cried the page, impatiently.

"That I should have done without your asking," replied the officer, as they rode forward once more.

A few moments brought them to the front of a magnificent silken tent, the head-quarters of the army. Leaving Selim sitting on his horse, the guide dismounted and entered the tent. After a few moments, he re-appeared, and told Selim that he might enter.

The boy complied with the invitation, and soon stood in the presence of the Duke of the Milanese. He was a man in the prime of life, with a frank, handsome face, and sitting in a loose robe on a couch of velvet. The page saluted him and waited for him to speak.

"What is your name, my lad?"

"Selim, my lord."

"You are a page, by your habit. In whose service are you?"

"In that of the most noble lady, Margarita, Princess of Parma."

"We have heard of that peerless lady," replied the duke; "any commands of hers will be respectfully received."

"But I come not from her, my lord," said the page.

"Not from the duke, I trust," said the sovereign of Milan, a frown darkening his handsome countenance.

"No, my lord—but from one of his victims—a prisoner in the ducal dungeons."

"Ha!" cried the duke, "his name?"

"Giulio Brigaldi is the name he bears," answered the page.

"But his rightful name is Giulio Veroni."

"Boy!" cried the duke, vehemently, "if you have deceived me in this matter, a short shrift and a long halter shall be your reward. Is Giulio in the hands of the usurper?"

"He is, my lord."

"How came he in Parma?"

"He was arrested at midnight in his villa, and brought to the city. At first the duke plied him with fair words, but he was suddenly seized and thrown into a dungeon. The duke suspected not my sympathy, and hence I gained access to the noble prisoner. He bade me inform you of his position and beg your aid in his sore distress."

"Swear," said the duke, holding up a crucifix before the page, "swear by this holy sign, that you have spoken the truth."

"I swear it," said the boy, reverently, and touching the cross with his lips.

"Then I have taken the field not a moment too soon," cried the duke. "The martial array you have witnessed was intended as a demonstration against Parma. I was on the march thither with a thousand lances at my back, and heavy artillery to boot, to demand the restoration of Giulio's heritage. And now he is your villain's prisoner. Go back, boy—go back as fast as horse can carry you, and tell Giulio that ere many hours my trumpets shall be ringing at the gates of Parma. If the usurper dare to harm a hair of his head, he shall swing like a felon from the battlements of his own city. Go—yet stay; you have ridden on the spur hither, have you not?"

"Ay, my lord."

"Then your horse must be jaded. Leave him with us. You shall have the fleetest horse in camp."

The page smiled.

"Abdallah and I are too good friends to be parted," replied he. "And he is fresh and strong as though he had not galloped a mile. And for fleetness—he has not his match in Italy."

"Away then, in Heaven's name!" said the duke, "and I will follow with my utmost speed."

The page bowed and retired from the tent. In a moment he was mounted and riding swiftly out of camp, accompanied by the same officer who had been his escort thither. His guide rode with him till they had passed the farthest videttes, and then bade him adieu.

Abdallah needed no urging. He flew rather than galloped over the surface of the ground, and soon the towers of Parma appeared close at hand. Selim halted in a little skirt of wood, beside a babbling stream, and dismounting, washed the foam and dust from his horse's flanks, and waited till he was cool and dry—the work of a few moments only, for the hardy steed of the desert had suffered little from the ride. This precaution taken, the page again mounted, and rode into the city as carelessly and calmly as if he had been just riding out for exercise.

About this time, the Duke of Parma was closeted with Magnus the astrologer, in the apartments of the latter.

"Your science, then," said the duke, in continuation of their

train of remark, "has made you as familiar with those subtle poisons which destroy life, as with those wonderful elixirs which promote and prolong it?"

"Ay, my lord," replied the astrologer. "I understand the compounding of deadly substances, and have brought with me from the East, ingredients known only to those adepts who have derived their lore from the ancient sages and magicians. In Egypt I have seen a light finger-ring, with a secret hollow that contains a single drop of poison. That single drop of poison—tasteless, colorless, has the property of instantly destroying life. The man who should swallow it would instantly fall a lifeless corpse, annihilated as by lightning. Medical skill would vainly search the frame to discover the cause of death, and would conclude it to be the effect of a sudden dispensation of Providence."

"It is wonderful!" said the duke.

"There are other poisons," said the astrologer, calmly, "which do their work with equal certainty, though their operation is slow. I know of one, a few drops of which may be administered in any liquid without awakening suspicion by its flavor. He who drinks it is doomed. Thenceforth the world begins to fade before him. His cheek grows gradually pale, his eye loses its lustre and its power, his hearing is impaired, his blood turns to ice and water in his veins, his frame is bowed, his hair is bleached, food does not nourish him nor wine sustain him, his bones become brittle as glass, and finally he sinks into the grave, though dead to all intents and purposes long before the breath has left his body. This poison is for the use of those to whom vengeance is a luxury, who love to gloat over the prolonged misery of their victims. The impatient heir asks for the quick poison—the epicure of vengeance for the slowly-working weapon."

"I would kill," said the duke, hoarsely. "But I would slay speedily—at once. But there must be no trace of my work. Can you aid me?"

"Will you reward me?" said the astrologer, in a low whisper.

"Ay—with an unsparing hand."

"But I must know the subject my art is to deal with."

"I will tell you all," replied the duke. "I will repose entire confidence in you. The man against whom you warned me, is now within my grasp—lying in a cell of my prison-house."

"Giulio Veroni?"

"Giulio Veroni."

"The heir to the throne of Parma?"

"Ay. There is no safety for me while he lives. Yet I dare not put him to death—he has too many friends and allies. *He must die a natural death.* Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly."

"You are interested in this catastrophe as well as myself. While he lives there is yet a chance of his recovering his rights. In case of his success, what becomes of you? Think you he would retain you at his court? Never—for he is one of those fools, who, wise in their own science, laugh at the lore of the stars—one of those who despise all secret dealings, and act their will in the broad face of day. He would drive you from Parma—nay, more, he would probably confiscate your wealth!"

"My wealth!" cried the astrologer. "I have none, I am poor, All your bounty is consumed in the costly pursuit of the occult sciences—in the search for the philosopher's stone; in the which if I succeed, my noble patron will be wealthier than Solomon. I am poor—I am poor."

"Be it so. Then he will put an end to your pursuit of the occult sciences. Now you understand your position, will you furnish me with the means of ridding myself of this enemy—speedily, at one stroke?"

"I am not by trade a poisoner," said the astrologer. "I must be largely bribed to do that at which my soul revolts. You must give me the means of bribing priests, of enriching altars, of purchasing salvation—and it is expensive in these hard times."

"You know me," said the duke. "My largesse shall exceed your wildest expectations."

"I will do it," said the astrologer, setting his teeth and drawing his breath hard.

"Enough. Have you the ingredients for compounding that swift poison that you spoke of?"

"I have—but it will take some time to compound it. It is a difficult and dangerous process."

"Set about it then at once," said the duke. "By nightfall it must be in my possession."

"You shall have it, noble duke. And my reward?"

"It shall be yours—fear not. Farewell."

He rose, as did the astrologer. The latter followed his patron to the outer door, cringing obsequiously till he was alone in his mystic chamber. Then he drew himself up to his full height and paced the apartment with long strides.

"I shall be rich—I shall be rich!" he cried, in an exulting tone, tossing his arms aloft. "But not for myself do I covet the red gold and sparkling gems. Zelic—child of my heart—daughter of the loveliest of Cirenassia's children, she shall be the pride of the world in magnificence as well as beauty. She has served me faithfully, at once my slave and daughter; but she has won my entire heart. We will not live here. We will go to the far East; I will build a palace on the banks of the Ganges. Its minarets shall point to heaven and their golden crescents shall be studded with diamonds. And deep—deep in the bowels of the earth will I build me a treasure house that shall be ever full. I know where the river sand is full of gold. I know of valleys where the diamonds are sown thick. We will have horsemen, and slaves, and camels and troops of elephants. My daughter shall be mated with an eastern prince—and for me, I shall discover—I have approached the threshold of discovery—the elixir of life, and I and mine shall enjoy perpetual youth. This it is to

have a fool for a patron. The poison! I told him not that it is already prepared, ready to do its office on any enemy of mine."

Lifting a small jar from a shelter, he carefully took therefrom a few drops of a colorless liquid which he put in a small phial that stood upon a table, and then replaced the larger vessel. As he turned away after the completion of his task, a clear, musical voice, yet thrilling withal, uttered these emphatic words:

"Thou shalt do no murder!"

CHAPTER X.

THE ASTROLOGER'S DAUGHTER.

THE astrologer turned as that voice fell upon his ear. His expression, at first dismayed and confused, changed to one of the sunniest delight; his eyes moistened, his lips, his whole frame trembled, and he stretched forth his arms in the direction of the voice, as, gliding from behind a mass of drapery that concealed her, a woman of dazzling beauty, in all the glory of youth, stood before him. She wore a turban on her head, from which, fastened by a diamond of prodigious size, which blazed like a star, fell a parted veil of gold tissue to her very feet. A tunic of azure blue silk, with loose, hanging sleeves was girt to her slender waist by a cineture of diamonds and amethysts. She wore very loose trousers of rose-colored silk, and her blue-veined, high-arched instep, guiltless of any covering, was seen as her foot entered the embroidered Persian slipper. Such was the dazzling creature who stood before the astrologer, and whom he sought to clasp to his heart. But she avoided his embrace with a shudder.

"Wouldst thou sell thy very soul for gold?" said the maiden, with indignant emphasis.

"Nay, nay—Zelic; what are these Christians other than dogs, that we should shrink from ridding ourselves of them without compunction? It is but an animal less in the world—but to me one stride nearer the end."

"And that end?"

"Thy happiness, my daughter—thy joy, my delight—thy greatness, light of my eyes—star of my existence—thou, memory of the past, hope of the future."

"Father," said the beautiful girl, drawing nearer to the astrologer, and no longer shunning his embrace, "I know that you love me, idolize me, all unworthy as I am."

"And I will make you happy, Zelic. You shall mate with a prince."

"I love a prince."

"You!" exclaimed the astrologer, in astonishment.

"Ay—father. A noble I have seen at this court."

"It cannot be the Duke of Parma!"

"It should be the Duke of Parma."

"Francisco Veroni?"

"No! Giulio Veroni—the rightful heir to the throne."

"It cannot be!" said the astrologer, trembling with excitement. "You have not dared to fix your affections on that man."

"Have you not often told me, father, that we cannot fix our affections—that they are decided by fate? Have you not told me that two souls destined for each other, coalesce the moment they approach each other?"

"But this Giulio has but to-day arrived at court. Scarcely arrived he was arrested and thrown into a dungeon."

"He has been here long enough. To see him was to love him. He was the realization of my maiden dreams. My page's disguise, which I assumed, you know how reluctantly, to favor your enterprise, to obtain you information and enable you to play your part successfully, allowed me to see him as I might not have done had I worn the garb of my sex. I know the nobility of his soul equals the perfection of his form and face. I sought him in his dungeon, and became his messenger; I would have undertaken for his sake to go to the end of the world. I carried a message for him to the Duke of Milan."

"Zelic! Zelic!" cried the astrologer, wringing his hands, "you have ruined me. But go on—did you see the duke?"

"I saw him. He is approaching Parma in arms at the head of a powerful force."

"Instantly will I apprise my master. Mad girl! you know not what you have done. Our fortunes—perhaps our lives hang on the breath of the reigning duke. If he falls, we are driven hence—branded as charlatans, impostors—enemies of the state—stripped of our treasure—turned adrift upon the world without a ducat."

"Nay, father; I hope more from the kindness of Giulio than from the caprice of Duke Francisco."

"You know nothing of him; you are bewitched—enchanted; you are blighted by the evil spirit. O, Zelic! it was a fatal hour when you saw this youth."

"Father!" cried the girl, passionately, "hear me—I love him; you have consented to give the duke the means of destroying his life, and too well I know your fatal skill. Now hear me—and obey me, or even you, my father, shall incur my deadly hatred. If you have labored for me, I have in turn labored for you. We are partners in imposture. To please you, I have laid aside the garments of my sex—crushed the sensitive feelings of a woman's nature—been the slave of a woman's caprice—the companion of men with whom I could not sympathize. I demand some requital. I can love but once—I have fixed my affections on this man whose life you seek—a man who has never wronged you. Spare him for my sake, and my blessing and the forgiveness of Heaven shall rest upon your head."

"Were you in your senses, I might listen to you, Zelic," replied the astrologer, "but you are mad. This sudden fancy for the stranger is stark insanity. When he is no more, you will look back on this passion as a fevered dream."

"Never, father; my mind is unshaken even in the midst of my distress. Spare the life of this young prince!"

"My word is pledged to the duke," replied the astrologer, gloomily.

"Revoke it."

"It cannot be."

"Then behold the alternative!" exclaimed Zelic. Springing to the table, where the astrologer had placed it, she seized the phial containing the deadly poison and uncorked it.

"Hold, Zelic!" cried the astrologer. "Pause! a single drop of that deadly venom will lay you a quivering corpse at my feet."

"I know it," said the girl, approaching it to her lips. "I have no wish to live."

"Zelic! Zelic!" cried the agonized father, "I will do all you promise. Come ruin, come want—anything, but harm to you. I will break with the duke."

"You swear it?"

"I swear it by the prophet of our faith!" said the astrologer, solemnly.

"It is well," said the girl, calmly, as she closed the phial.

"Give me that fatal draught," said the astrologer.

"Nay, father," said the girl; "you have furnished me a weapon that I will never part with. Not against yourself, but in the chances of life, should the storm clouds gather too darkly overhead, should shame and disappointment ever render life a burthen, then this precious draught would give me peace and quiet." As she ended, she hid the phial in her bosom.

"You have the soul of the bravest man in the loveliest form of woman," said the astrologer, half-admiring, half-shuddering at her energy. "Now you have my word. But how am I to deal with the duke?"

"Listen to me, dear father," said Zelic. "You have often told me that your art enables you to compound a potion the effect of which, seemingly, is to destroy life utterly, but which, in reality, simply suspended animation for many hours, without injuring the patient."

"I do indeed possess that secret," replied the astrologer. "It is one of the simplest of my craft. Nay more—I have some of that potion already prepared."

"Well then, give it to the duke, instead of the fatal mixture that you promised him. You pledge me your word that it will not injure Giulio."

"I should not fear to administer it to your own dear self."

"I trust you then. Give this to the duke. Let him administer it to the prisoner, and then we will watch the course of events."

"I fear—I fear the issue," said the astrologer, doubtfully.

"Fear nothing. You look already brighter—already more like your truer and nobler self, now that your soul is relieved from the weight of guilt you were ready to assume. And O, father, if you value my love, believe me that I love you now more dearly than ever!"

"Zelic," said the astrologer, kissing the fair forehead of his daughter, "you can do with me what you like. Your love is the gleam of pure sunshine that traverses my wild and dull existence. So that you are near me and happy, I care not what befalls. These stolen visits give a perception of the bliss of the blessed."

"Adieu, father. We shall meet again soon. I must put off these garments, and appear once more in those I hate. It is only in disguise that I can now serve the man I love."

With a light step she glided behind the drapery that hung on one side of the apartment, and vanished through some secret egress.

"It is destiny that shapes our ends," said the astrologer, as he busied himself with the preparation he was to deliver to the duke, in the place of the deadly composition he had promised. "What is to be will be. It is useless to strive against the decrees of fate. This sudden passion has even mastered the girl. But it may pass like a delusion—a dream. Not even gratitude will induce this prince to marry Zelic, though she be a mate for a monarch. Yet if he prove insensible—if he break her heart, her father will know how to avenge her."

In a few moments the duke again sought the presence of the astrologer.

"I came," he suddenly said, "to urge your utmost diligence in the matter we agreed upon. I shall have occasion speedily to use the preparation. How soon can you place it in my hands?"

"It is ready, my liege," said the astrologer, handing a small phial to his patron.

"Thanks, thanks!" cried the duke, joyously.

"When murder is to be done, the stroke should be speedy," said the astrologer.

"And when work is performed, the recompense should be swift," answered the duke. "Look at these, they are some diamonds I purchased in an extravagant moment of an Eastern merchant. See if they are worth your acceptance," and he placed a small casket in the hands of the astrologer.

The latter was a man accustomed to veil his emotions; yet, when he opened the case and the blaze of the gems shone forth, he could not conceal his satisfaction.

"They are magnificent," he said. "It is a gift worthy of a monarch."

"If the product of your skill fulfil your promises, the reward shall be doubled," said the duke.

The astrologer bowed low, and poured forth his acknowledgments, following the duke to the door, and taking leave of him with the utmost obsequiousness.

"Wonderful art!" said the duke, as he regained his cabinet. "A death in every drop of liquid. How much better than the steel and axe!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WEST ARCH ST. CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

This edifice, of which the accompanying engraving, drawn and executed for the Pictorial, is a front view, is fast approaching completion, and promises to be one of the finest specimens of Roman architecture in the country. It is located on the southeast corner of Arch and Eighteenth Streets, and stands entirely isolated from the neighboring buildings. The lot upon which it stands is 120 feet on Arch Street, 150 feet on Eighteenth Street, and extends back to a small street, 20 feet in width, giving the building three street fronts, and a clear space of 20 feet on the east side. The plan of the building resembles the Latin cross, in outline. Its external dimensions are as follows: nave, 75 feet wide by 150 feet deep; transepts projecting 6 feet, with 48 feet front; height from pavement to crowning member of cornice, 45 feet; height of bell tower, 115 feet—centre tower, 170 feet; dome, 45 feet in diameter. In the interior we have an audience room, including transept, 80 feet by 92 feet; lecture-room, 29 feet by 43 feet; infant school-room, 29 feet by 12 feet; study, 12 feet by 29 feet; Sunday school-room, 29 feet by 43 feet, and so arranged by folding doors, that it can be increased to 29 feet by 72 feet. The ceiling in the audience room will average 45 feet in height, that of the dome in the centre being 60 feet. The ceiling in all other rooms is 18 feet high in the clear. The ceiling of the audience room is supported by sixteen Corinthian columns, and twenty-two antæ against the wall, all being surmounted with the richest specimen of Corinthian entablature. The ceiling of the nave and transepts is circular, rising about 10 feet in the width of the nave. Above this the dome rises 12 feet, forming pendentives, which are ornamented, and present a beautiful effect. The entire ceiling and dome are panelled with enriched mouldings, and glass, partly opaque, is introduced in the panels alternately, and directly under corresponding lights in the roof, which gives a soft and subdued light in the interior. The audience room will accommodate on the main floor about 1200 persons, galleries and choir, about 250. The pews in the centre blocks are straight, and the outside blocks circled, so that the congregation will all face towards the pulpit. The manner of ventilating in warm weather is by openings in the ceilings and floor of the audience room—the latter to admit cool, fresh air from the basement, and the former for the escape of the impure air as it rises to the ceiling. The manner of heating is by hot air from the furnaces, let in through registers in the floor; but to obviate the unpleasantness of a strong draught of hot air in the aisles during the time the audience is gathering, provision is made for changing the place of its introduction from the floor registers to others, raised about ten feet from the floor, at such times as it may be more desirable to introduce it in this way. This edifice has been erected after designs and under the directions of J. C. Hoxie, Esq., architect, of Philadelphia. Great credit is due Mr. Joseph Denegre, and James



ARCH STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

Bowns, his foreman (under whose supervision the work has been executed), for the substantial and workmanlike manner in which the building has been completed. The exquisite plaster work has been done by Henry Pasco & Son. All the ornamental work has been modelled expressly for this building by William Pasco, junior partner of the firm, to whom much credit is due for the beautiful manner in which the ornaments have been executed.

MAP OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The map herewith presented is from the establishment of C. W. Morse, 96 Nassau Street, New York, and is executed with great neatness and accuracy. These islands, supplying so vast a field for our commercial and missionary enterprise, have lately acquired a political importance from certain movements towards annexation to the United States. They were discovered by Captains Cook and King, in 1778, and were named in honor of Lord Sandwich, then at the head of the British admiralty. They are at about one-third of the distance from the western coast of Mexico to China, and were at the time of their discovery, pretty densely populated, but the native population has decreased very rapidly, not only in consequence of sanguinary wars among the natives, but in obedience to that general law by which the colored races decrease in proportion as the Caucasian race is brought in contact with them. The total superficial extent of these islands is 6000 square miles. The soil is, in general, admirable, and adapted to the cultivation of the finest fruits and vegetables. Large fortunes were formerly made by American traders in purchasing sandal wood at these islands, and in re-selling it to the Chinese to a large profit. In every point of view this portion of the world is an interesting one. The islands vary in extent; Hawaii (Owhyhee), the largest, contains some four thousand miles, with a population of more than a hundred thousand inhabitants. Honolulu, the capital of Oahu (Woahoo), is the royal residence, and here the foreign merchants, chiefly American, are settled, many of them having large establishments. The Americans possess a great influence in these islands, the British and French government being regarded with more or less distrust by the young king. The islands of Kanai (Atovi) and Nihau (Onechow) are famous for the large crops which the culture of the yam affords, and thither large numbers of vessels resort to procure supplies of this valuable product. Most of the islands are volcanic, and abound in mountains, which rise to a bold elevation above the level of the sea. The climate is warm, but not unhealthy, and the thermometer rarely rises above 88 degrees Fahrenheit, so that in mid-summer the inhabitants never suffer from that uncomfortable amount of caloric of which we, even in this high latitude, have been recently complaining. Snow never falls there, and the winter season is only marked by the heavy rains that descend, with intermissions, between the months of December and March.

The fertility of the soil, in a large proportion of the surface, is truly admirable, and in this favored clime, light labor suffices to provide the necessities of life. Its luxuries are the pure air and the spontaneous gifts of nature. The weather is so warm throughout the year that little raiment is necessary, and the good missionaries experienced no little difficulty in inducing their converts to sacrifice their freedom to that quantity of millinery and tailoring which our ideas of propriety require. The native islanders are a handsome race, the women generally being strikingly beautiful in figure if not in face, with olive complexions and fine hair. They are gentle and intelligent, and since the introduction of Christianity have made rapid progress in the arts of civilized life. Printing presses have been founded, books printed in the native language, which has been reduced to a system, and one or more newspapers have been established by the American residents, and printed in the English language. Every fruit and vegetable introduced into the island thrives, as do the domestic animals which Europeans have transported thither, of which there is now an abundant stock. These islands are interesting in several points of view, religious, political, social and commercial, and their position has engaged the attention of our ablest statesmen. The time, perhaps, is not far distant, when they will be represented in our halls of legislation. So frequent mention is made of the towns and ports of the Sandwich Islands, that the map we present will be found very useful for reference.





ENGLISH STEAMER MAKING THE HARBOR OF BOULOGNE.

pointed if he does not discover in these boats the same amplitude, elegance and accommodation which invariably characterizes even our steam ferry-boats. The passage across the channel is a brief one, and he must be satisfied if the craft he embarks in is simply seaworthy. The steamer in our engraving has sufficient breadth of beam, and is, moreover, well rigged, and it is well that she has these recommendations, for there is often an ugly sea going in the channel, and the little boat before us rolls quite enough for those unfortunate voyagers who are subject to that most aggravating malady, sea sickness. Travellers going from London to Boulogne find Folkestone the nearest and most convenient port of embarkation, and the Folkestone steamers are almost always sure to be crowded. On clearing the mouth of the harbor, a fine view presents itself, embracing the south coast of Kent, commencing with the South Foreland, at an altitude of 500 feet, and running to Dungeness, thirty-three miles, where it sinks into a level. The harbor house forms the centre of a beautiful picture, in which the venerable houses of the fishing town seem to be running inland from their new and showy neighbors on the hills, while, high above all, the mighty viaduct is seen crossing the valley of Foord in the background, and bearing on its back a train whose rocket wreath of smoke points like a huge comet London-ward. Five miles from land, the current of the flood tide dashes gently against the starboard side of the vessel. This mysterious advance of the water sets into the "narrow seas" midway between Portland Bill, near Weymouth, and Cape de la Hogue, in France, runs 120 miles to the bay of Hastings; strikes against the southwest side of Dungeness; passes sharp round the "nose," sweeps Romney Bay; safely heaves the boat in the Folkestone ship track; rolls close in upon Dover; strikes against the forelands, and slips round them into the estuary of the Thames. This flood race, setting more upon the English than the French coast, makes a difference of one foot in the height of the tide, the rise of water at Folkestone being twenty feet, while at Boulogne it is only nineteen. Objects of interest crowd in rapid succession on the traveller as he approaches Boulogne, while the memory is busy in conjuring up the scenes of the past. Here is Caligula's light-house; there rises the column of Napoleon; there was encamped that enormous army, destined to carry out his gigantic scheme of the invasion of England, and on yonder eminence stood the great chief, scanning through the glass the cliffs of Albion. The deep tone of a bell strikes on the ear. It is rung from the belfry tower, shown in our second engraving, and the same peal boomed forth centuries ago, when Godfrey and Bouillon marched at the head of the fiery crusaders for the conquest of Jerusalem. Our third engraving shows the picturesque and peculiar head-gear worn by the Boulogne fisherwomen. The last view is taken on the river Liane, near its mouth, and shows the fortifications, as well as the peculiar craft that ply in the Boulogne waters. The view is accurate and characteristic.



A BOULOGNE FISHERWOMAN.



TOWER IN BOULOGNE.

BOULOGNE SCENES.

In our last number we briefly noticed the site and attractions of Boulogne, in connection with the views of local scenes, and we now resume our illustrations and descriptions. The first engraving is a very spirited scene, representing one of the small passenger steamers belonging to the South Eastern and Continental Steam Company, performing the passage from Folkestone, England, to Boulogne. The American traveller abroad must not be disap-



SCENE AT THE MOUTH OF THE LIANE. BOULOGNE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO LEWIS.

They tell me thou must die—
They wake the dazzling dreams of buried years;
And as the last light fades from thy blue eye,
I ask its trembling tears.

I would not have thee live,
For life is weariness—the grave is rest!
And the death-angel's hand alone can give
Peace to a dreamer's breast.

My childhood's memories still
Are wildly warm—but now I will not weep—
For O, clay's chartered coldness cannot chill
Thy early, envied sleep!

Yet boy! I could not bear
Night's sullen storm sweep proudly o'er thy head—
Even twilight's murmuring music might not cheer,
If thou wert with the dead.

I've dreamed that mind, unchained,
Had power to grasp the maddening mysteries
That mocked it *here* when startling splendor reigned
Bright in the far-off skies.

If so, when thou art free,
And thy soul's wild wing waves in starlit space,
O, wilt thou not return and paint for me
The spirit's dwelling-place?

But this must change—the night
Whispers a strange spell with a voice like thine,
And mocks me with a brow whereon its light
Shall ere long cease to shine.

Then farewell! Pride aspires
Too high for tears—would that I too could die,
And rove with thee amid the quivering fires
That light infinity!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BARON DE PLASSY.

BY CHARLES A. HOWARD.

“Here over hills with peaky tops engrafted,
And many a tract of palm and rice,
The throne of Indian Cama slowly sailed,
A summer fanned with spice.”

TOWARDS the latter part of the last century, Hester, the daughter of a prominent member of the East Indian Company, set sail with her father from London, and shortly after her arrival in India, being indifferently led into a marriage with a weak rajah, became Queen of Ceylon, and, by force of her energetic character, a powerful controller both in the native and mercantile affairs, of course swaying her sceptre to her own advantage and that of the East Indian Company. Several years subsequent to her marriage, a fresh force of the English army, under Colonel Heath, was stationed on the island in communication with the larger body on the mainland, in the command of Lord Clive, Baron de Plassy. The natives, too timid and injured to remonstrate, succumbed visibly to the superior strength of the English, but secretly nursed a wrath, all the more deadly from restraint, and watching with jealous eyes every concession their inefficient rajah or his daring queen might render, they only prayed for his death that thus Queen Hester might perish in her suttee, and give room for some bold leader of the Hindoo race to free them from foreign thralldom.

In his early life, Colonel Heath had striven in a successful rivalry with Clive for the hand of a lovely peasant-girl, Cordelia, and having betrayed, he saw her perish in woe and want, fully aware of the dreadful revenge with which Clive had vowed to visit him. Many years' fear of this vengeance had dogged him, and when, one sultry night, as he caroused with his brother officers, and looking up, had several times fancied he saw two eyes sparkling at the open window, he braced himself with fresh draughts of wine, and experienced a hearty relief as his servant, entering, whispered him only a summons from the island queen, and rising, Colonel Heath left the room. A native met him at the door, who, saying that as his excellency would go through private places and great treasure, he must be blinded, clapped an extinguisher over his head, and drew the string securely; then turning the officer thrice round, he led him by the hand several times about the square, and rapidly started off in a straight direction. Delaying his guide a moment, as if to adjust his boot, Colonel Heath so slipped his spur that, tearing the ground, it would inevitably leave its trace, and proceeded.

When they had walked a mile or two, low murmurs of voices fell on his ear, and being raised in the arms of other men, he was placed in a palanquin and borne along with no other sound than the splashing of water around the feet of his bearers, and a continual murmur of the leaves of the Indian forest. At last even these ceased, and after further progress, being placed upon his feet and his eyes unbandaged, he found himself alone, with the one who had first spoken to him, in a long vault hewn from the solid rock, whose roof, covered with aged lichens, dripped a perpetual moisture, slowly hissing on the torch of his attendant. It was one of those wonderful works of art, built for inscrutable purposes by mighty races, long since mouldered to dust.

Moving swiftly on, and many times hastily selecting one intricate passage from those branching off in every direction, they ultimately descended and ascended flight after flight of steps, and, suddenly, without knowing how he came there, Colonel Heath found himself in the open air, beneath the golden southern planets, and among the roses, bulbuls and luscious scents of a tropical garden. After a slight rest, they again advanced through fragrant

alleys of tamarisk and myrrh, and shoving away the panel of a wall, stood in a large hall, where were assembled a motley group of natives and officials. His guide led him across the hall, and widely sweeping aside long curtains, ushered him into the presence of Queen Hester.

The apartment was dimly lighted, and on a distant couch lay the Rajah of Ceylon, drawing breath heavily. Queen Hester rose lightly, as if waving her majesty aside, and, advancing to the colonel, said:

“Sir, my infatuated husband insists, owing to some vain dream, that you can lighten the malady he labors under. If you have any knowledge by which you may prolong his life, I pray you to exert it.”

“I know but little concerning the healing art, madam,” replied Heath, “but that is at your service.”

“Save him!” said the queen, hoarsely. “I have no notion of being hurried off in a *suttee*!”

With the practised eye of one who necessarily, with his profession as a soldier, had seen much disease, Colonel Heath had perceived that the present apathy of the prince was but a crisis, and calmly seated himself beside the queen.

As they sat in dead silence, a round small arm, whiter and more polished than alabaster, and circled with rich bracelets of massy gold, insinuated itself among the folds of the adjacent curtains, and quietly waving them away, a young girl, tall and slender as a palm, stepped within. A turban of the light fabric of Dacca, finer than the gossamer hoar-frosts of an autumnal morning, and woven with broad stripes and fringes of gold, was lightly set above the streaming, black hair, hung with showers of yellow zequins; a long white robe scarcely concealed her symmetry, nor did slippers, curling over at the toes and flashing with gems, hide her white arching foot. But in her face of pallidest olive, reigned a bewitching beauty, chastened by the perfect purity and sweetness that irradiated it. The slight tinge of henna around the inner surface of her long-rayed eyelids only enhanced the dark splendor of the large shining circles sparkling underneath, and the crimson lips, parted in faint surprise, displayed teeth that were, in very truth, a “radiant portecullis of pearl.”

Colonel Heath started to his feet and bowed, but, half giving a graceful salaam, the apparition glided past, and, lifting the head of the sufferer, gave him to drink from a goblet she bore. The rajah, somewhat aroused, smiling languidly, signed her to sing, and taking his head on her bosom, she chanted, unhesitatingly, the low, monotonous, yet utterly musical tones of a Hindoo sleeping song, in a voice sweet as the subsidence of bell-ringing.

She had ceased, and lain the soothed invalid back on the couch, when Colonel Heath, trusting to her ignorance of English, said to Hester:

“The crisis of his highness's malady approaches. I can enure him, but only for a price. Sell me you beautiful slave, and no funeral flames shall wreath around Queen Hester.”

“Sell Narjilah!” cried the amazed queen. “Sell my daughter! Kingdoms could not buy her!”

“Nevertheless, a suttee may,” answered Heath, significantly.

But Hester, who relied on the promised aid of Lord Clive, should her husband die, was not at all alarmed at his implied threat.

As he turned, Narjilah, regarding him with an expression of contemptuous pity, her swan-like throat curved forward, and her form, drawn to its height, stood by the couch of the sleeping rajah, but not alone, for by her side, with flashing eyes and uplifted arm, stood one who needed neither the gauzy turban torn aside, disclosing the long, low brow, wreathed with diamond stars, nor the Cashmerian girdle, wrought in the holy symbols of lute and lily, to proclaim his royalty.

And Heath, as he found himself in the power of Ayin Vaisaya, Prince of the Deccan, and of the holiest Aryararta, sprung again, trembling, to his feet. The young prince advanced, and, touching his shoulder lightly with the point of his naked yataghan, urged him away, and gave him silently to Seid, the attendant who had brought him hither, fastened conspicuously in whose turban gleamed the very spur that Heath, on starting, had attached to his own foot.

Seid, with an inarticulate exclamation, seized Colonel Heath's hand, and, blinding him, again quickly and harshly traversed the devious ways. When he finally relieved his eyes, the colonel stood on the step of the barrack house, and Seid, triumphantly smiling, restored him his spur, and glided away among the broken pilasters.

The next day, Heath, determined to obtain another interview with Hester, or with Narjilah, set about discovering traces of his march the previous night. He had not searched long ere he found the grass torn up at regular paces, and concluding the spur had been detached upon entering or leaving the palanquin, he followed the marks for a long distance. At last they ceased by the side of a brook, too small for reptiles, where he had probably entered the conveyance, and stepping in, he waded along by the margin, as he felt sure his bearers had done. “I have counted six hundred,” said he, after a while, “and I counted six hundred then, before the noise of the water round their ankles ceased, and allowing for fast and slow, here must be the place.” It was the hollow trunk of a great monarch of the wood, half-choked with vines and undergrowth, standing where the stream made a bend, and wandered away into the heart of the forest; and tearing away the vines, Heath entered the trunk, and stood at the entrance of a cavern.

He had not proceeded far, in the confused darkness, before he was aware of the beautiful Narjilah, floating along in her thin drapery, torch in hand, and singing lightly to herself. Startling her, he placed himself in the path, and finding that all his graceful arts provoked no response from the already calm girl, as she would have passed on, he twined his arm round her waist, and, regard-

less of shrieks and sounds, turned with her to retrace his steps. He walked on rapidly, a much longer distance than he had come; he could not surely have mistaken the way; passages began to arch into long, gloomy vistas around him; strange murmurs fell on his ear; the torch he had snatched from Narjilah dropped extinguished from his hand, and he was in perfect consternation and perplexity.

Suddenly innumerable tiny flames blazed on all sides of him; a heavy blow on his head struck him down; Narjilah was caught from his arms, and recovering himself, he met the stern glance of the holy Prince Ayin Vaisaya, with Seid of the imperturbable countenance, while scores of Hindoos, with torches and naked swords, stood silently among the arches, displaying their shining teeth through lips distended in malicious pleasure. The prince spoke to Seid in a low tone, who once more took the unresisting Heath's hand and moved forward. Three men, leading some object in chains, followed, and they speedily issued into daylight.

“Is this no temptation?” asked Heath, lifting a heavy purse, as they paused.

Seid threw open his robe, and disclosed a breastplate of solid gold, inscribed with Brahminical talismans, whose every letter was a sparkling emerald.

“Narjilah, Star of Heaven, thus decks her slaves!” said Seid. “Can his excellency do more?”

The followers, meantime, were securing the chains they held to the trunk of the hollow tree, and when, with Seid, they plunged back into the vaults, Heath saw that they had left a huge Asiatic lion to guard the entrance, and, affrighted, the sturdy hero took himself away.

The moon hung large over the motionless lagoon which lay like a great, yellow shield, reflecting its brilliance, below the lattices of the royal palace of Ceylon, at eve of the same day, and beneath the illumination of a thousand silver cressets; the lawn sloped in a damask sheen of flower and *jet d'eau*, down to the water's edge, from the long curtains of the apartment where sat Ayin Vaisaya and Narjilah. The prince had been reading to her from the great epic Mahabharata, and they now sat silent and meditative.

Ayin Vaisaya was young and thoroughly skilled in the abstruse sciences taught by the Brahmins; he was, moreover, an invincible warrior. He had learned many languages at the court of his guardian, the Rajah of Ceylon, and being a sincere and noble Christian, he was possessed of an enlightenment of soul far superior to his race or country, fully fitting him for companionship with the delicate refinement of Narjilah, who combined the lovely qualities of both northern and southern nations, and for whose love he had stood a proud competitor of many princes, and had won. His face wore the pale tinge of his race who dwelt among the Himalaya hills, and was flushed with a narrow crimson, that gave a rich character to the perfectly regular features, with their thin, curving lips and dilating nostrils; and the eyes, with which he now regarded Narjilah, were as glorious as if Lucifer, Star of the Morning, hung enthroned on the iris of each.

“When you read to me so glorious deeds, dear Ayin,” said the maiden, breaking silence, “my heart bounds within me to accomplish greater, to regenerate the races of our native land, to spread peace around us.”

“You are right, Pearl of Ceylon,” said the prince, his dark eye sparkling with enthusiasm. “And it shall be done. They trample our plains and our laws equally. They oppress the people of Brahma, and profane his temples. A faith is not to be torn from a people; nor will they relinquish it till a fairer is shown them. But what care our foes for aught but gain? Are we pariahs, to endure such outrage? By Heaven, no! You and I will free the races old as the world, and will build up codes and dynasties imperishable as adamant.”

“But they will conquer your inheritance, the Deccan, ere you meet them with the spears.”

“Not they. Mine inheritance in the Deccan is impregnable. There are the Mahrattas. But *should* they, I have left to me the holy Aryavarta, the country of the five rivers and the valleys beyond Cashmere, fertile and blooming, and walled by the snowy peaks of the Himalaya, between the blue waves of the Hindh, and the rocks where, sweeter than honey, drip the sources of the Ganges into the pellucid pool whence the goddess rolls out her mighty tide. *That*, they can never conquer. For so the gods, speaking from Mount Moru, have promised, and let the people believe it, you and I will count on will and strength, and will *never* be subdued!”

As he spoke, Queen Hester, attended by a train of mutes and by a swarthy native in the scanty garb of a pearl-diver, entered the palace, and, tossing a pearl larger than a pigeon's egg into the lap of the prince, said:

“Here is a brawny slave who fished that up on our invaluable coasts, and he tells of a cavern free from water, down below the sea, of a curious spiral construction, and which would be well worth attending to.”

The prince asked the man many questions in the Hindoo tongue, and rising, finally said to Hester:

“I will explore it with him. We may have need of it;” and, bidding the queen and her daughter adieu, he departed with his guide.

Meanwhile, Heath, who was a stubborn man and not to be turned aside, having bribed a band of Scapoys, waylaid the prince, who, well pleased with the submarine grotto, was returning unattended, and who wore his turban both so as to veil his face and conceal his rank; and the colonel, giving his orders to the Scapoy, departed happily.

Riding swiftly home, he sent heralds through the streets demanding, in his name, an interview with Queen Hester, which, being

thus publicly required, could not be denied, and the next evening he was once more with Hester, who sat beside the rajah, now rapidly recovering.

"This, your majesty," said Hester, to her husband,—“this is the man whose touch you fondly believe has healed you; it is also the man who has irreparably insulted us in the person of our child. What is to be done with him?”

"Load him with jewels, in that he saved my life," replied the rajah, as he sleepily ate sweetmeats; "and for the other, as he goes out the palace gate, let his head be struck off!"

Heath stood disconcerted at this, when Hester, addressing him, said:

"Do not fear. It is like your threat of the suttee—not to be fulfilled."

"Who speaks of a suttee?" cried the querulous rajah. "When the Prince of Ceylon dies, his wife goes after him, and they roam new plains in new forms. Is it so, Hester?"

The queen quieted him, and Heath, having regained courage, began his plan of business, demanding the person of Narjilah, and threatening Hester yet with a suttee.

"If," said he, finally, "within ten days, slaves do not conduct the Princess Narjilah to my quarters, I will not leave one stone upon another in the palace of Ceylon!"

Hester's eyes flashed at the insolence, but knowing that such proceedings would be entirely contrary both to the will of Lord Clive, the commander of the campaign, and to the intentions of the East Indian Company, with whom her welfare was a paramount object, as her power was one of their mainsprings of wealth, she believed his threat impossible to be executed, and, clapping her hands, ordered the Hindoos to throw him from the gates.

Nowise intimidated by rough treatment, the gallant colonel waited his five days, depending on some hoped-for timidity of the queen, and congratulating himself that at least one obstacle, in the shape of Narjilah's lover, was forever removed. Judge, then, of his amazement when, at the great ceremony of the Hindoo temple of Ceylon, two days thereafter, in the prince who unfurled the banner of the faith, he recognized Ayin Vaisaya. * * *

When the Seapoys had taken his highness, Prince Ayin Vaisaya, placing him in a boat, they rowed across the sea, skirting the islands, till night brought them to the Coromandel coast of the mainland. Here they mounted rapid mules, and halting only to change them, they reached, next day, Hyderabad and the mines.

Blindfolding their prisoner, they descended shafts, crawled along empty river-beds, and receiving a guide, threaded a thousand labyrinths ere they finally struck a gong, whose sound was more fearful than roaring thunders, or the rushing of many waters, as it boomed and bellowed through the excavations and abysses; and when they had taken the bandage from Ayin Vaisaya's eyes, he was standing in the vast diamond mines of Golconda, his own possession.

As the roar of the gong subsided to a faint tintinabulum, straggling, swarthy workers collected around, resting from labor; in the distance, great furnace fires raged constantly, while those who tended them seemed like sooty gnomes bending over hellish tasks. Here the slaves, stooping in the subterranean torrent, perpetually washed for diamonds and gold sand, and there, in sullen silence, dark underground giants struck their picks into the precious soil, while all above and around, answering to the torches from countless chinks and crevices, the adamantine treasures sparkled in untouched magnificence.

As the director of the mines brought the scanty, leathern girdle and the glowing iron with which to brand the new slave, Ayin stepped forward, threw off the turban that had heretofore partly hidden his face, and with a wave of the hand, where shone the signet of the lord of Golconda, struck the director dumb with horror. Falling on his knees, the man would have implored pardon could he have commanded speech; but Ayin, raising him, rewarded and applauded his fidelity, and with all possible haste re-sought Ceylon, and reached it on the fourth day allowed by Heath for deliberation.

The gorgeous sunset of that day was already waning, when two slaves, by the command of Ayin Vaisaya, were dragged before Hester, and made to confess to a plot between Colonel Heath and others for scouring the palace that night, in order to obtain the Princess Narjilah. Within half an hour, by Hester's command, the heads of the four conspirators, in her own household, were spiked on the marine gates, where all the world might behold them. And Ayin Vaisaya, taking Narjilah in his arms, and accompanied by the faithful Seid, turned his horse's head to the seashore.

After reaching their destination, and having dived to assure himself that all was right and to leave a package of provision within the grotto, Ayin rose to sight, and standing on a peak of rock, with Narjilah clasped closely, once more leaped down. A moment her white robes fluttered on the surface, the next they vanished, and Seid, holding his breath in suspense, waited long and anxiously, ere Ayin, having bade his love a tender farewell, again stood beside him.

Two days had passed, with Narjilah in her sea-chamber, when an unusual noise in the water beneath, and not at all the signal that Ayin had agreed to give, caused her to secrete herself in a crevice which was quite imperceptible to a superficial observer, but which Ayin had pointed out to her, and almost instantly two men, wet and dripping, entered. They were Heath and the pearl-diver.

"The bird has flown!" cried the former, as he glanced around. "Liar!" he added, calling on his companion, "why tell me she was here?"

"Hither, your excellency, she must have been," was the response, as he picked up a bracelet, which Narjilah, in her haste, had dropped.

"O for the dainty arm it clasped!" cried Heath.

"I heard, when I listened, as I said before, that she was to seek his excellency, Lord Clive, and there she probably is," said the pearl-diver, in a half-Indian, half-English jargon, and motioning to the colonel, they both dropped themselves into the water and disappeared.

Hardly had they had time to gain their steeds and follow on the route of the supposed fugitive, ere three quick, preconcerted taps were heard against the rock, and Ayin Vaisaya, wrapped in skins, sprung within the place.

"Thank God! you are here and safe, my love," he cried, as he threw off his wrappings and embraced her. "Hamadeva never leaves us," said he, "but constantly brings us nearer to the home below the snow palaces of Heaven on Himmaleh."

In few words Narjilah related to him what had happened, and Ayin informed her what track they had taken, and how he and she must take a shorter one:

"For, as they said, you must seek Lord Clive," said he.

"And why?" asked Narjilah.

"Listen, my love," he answered, taking her tenderly to him. "Yon villain, who can find no way to obtain you but through your mother's death, last night attacked the palace. Your dear mother and I myself were there, and though they forced an entrance, we speedily repulsed them, but not till Heath, in passing, plunged a dagger into the breast of—"

"O Heavens! of whom?"

"Nay, not so," he answered, understanding her fear, "but of your father, who is no more! Dearest Narjilah, weep, if you will, here on your lover's bosom, but faint not; for your mother lives, and you must determine if she shall yet live!"

"I?"

"Yes. This accursed practice of the suttee, that you and I have sworn to do away with, is, here in these southern provinces, too mighty to withstand single-handed, and you must seek the Baron de Plassy and give him this ring, by which he swore to aid your mother whenever she should thus require him, provided only if you brought it. Hasten, then; he lies with a force of five thousand on the island nearest us, and I will attend thee;" and taking her in his arms again, he sprung from the ledge into the green depth, and rose near the shore, where they waded out upon dry land.

Following the bend of the shore for some time, the rapid motion and the torrid air of noon drying the thin garments of Narjilah, in a few moments they reached a cove, where Seid held a boat, and entering, an hour's rowing brought them to an extending point of the island they sought.

In the distance, the English flag drooped languidly, and Narjilah and Ayin went onward. Now where some tuberoses sent up clouds of perfume, where great pomegranate trees showered down crimson petals, where mystic aloes silently stretched their broad, wierd leaves, or bloomed fair with one dear blossom, they paced along; and then by creeks of lilies and of lotus, where the wind, if any sighed, came laden with cassia and spicy aroma. Here a huge white elephant trampled along, crashing the tender undergrowth; there a serpent, whose skin was a meteoric splendor, glided by them, hissing in the grass. Far away, lithe natives plunged into jungles of rank vegetation, in the tiger hunt, and over their heads, amid the everlasting shade of the peepul, sat the gorgeous macaw and the shrill-voiced Indian pheasant, or sailed

"The long-tailed birds of Paradise
Who float through heaven and cannot light."

At last, the boles of the peepul grew slender and few, and at a stone's throw was pitched the tent of Clive. The guards slept in the sun, and Ayin Vaisaya led Narjilah to the entrance, and waited without. Hanging her turban on a bough, and wringing out her long black hair, still wet, she parted the curtains and looked in. Purple discs of passion-flowers, yellow jasmine stars, rosy plumes of oleander, grew within the edge of the tent, among tall grass and brake, trodden and broken in many places, and insect-swarming in the heat of noon. Arms, costumes, feathers, vases, trophies, flags and jewels were tossed round mid the furniture indiscriminately; and thrown carelessly on the cushions, drawing long clouds of fragrant smoke from his graceful *chibouque*, in mock siesta, lay the lord of the armies.

Had his tent been pitched by any sheet of water, my Lord Clive, Baron de Plassy, would have thought some Naiad had risen from stream and urn to visit him, as he caught sight of the two small hands holding apart the dripping black hair and disclosing so beautiful a face, and one so suddenly sad. As it was, he started to his feet, and received the princess, whom he next instant recognized, in his most courteous manner.

The Baron de Plassy was a man of great height and of a very slender figure; his long, dark hair, his sallow skin, his fine features, were nothing peculiar either to the race he led or that he conquered. But the singular spell of his face, and which brought all to look twice thereon, were the eyes, glittering and restless, now gray and fitful, now jet black and fiery. Burning coals might have been snoudering behind them. The natives averred that he had struck powerless whole armies with a single flash of their lustre, and that their fascination fastened the poisonous reptiles upon their glances,—reptiles who mould other men by like means; and they fabled that the cobra de capella, the cockatrice and the basilisk slept in the bosom of their conqueror. Be that as it may, those eyes were paternally gentle as he beheld Narjilah, and led her to a seat.

Narjilah drew the ring from her finger, and gave it to him.

"My father is dead," she said; "my mother requires your promised aid. All the revenues of the cinnamon forests of Ceylon and the pearl fisheries of the coast,—revenues not to be counted

in a march from Seringapatam to Lahore,—will be the Baron de Plassy's, doth he but remember his oath."

"Let Narjilah keep her revenues," responded the baron, in that low, clear tone which can be heard distinctly without disturbing the one nearest the speaker. "Her mother shall be saved. Where will the funeral pyre be builded?"

"The princes of Ceylon leave their ashes on Adam's Peak, where first the father of the world drew breath. To-morrow the obsequies; next day the pyre will be in flames, and my mother then, unless—O, my lord, save my mother!"

"Suffer no fear. I shall be there. She shall be rescued, and thou, my child, be happy. Now depart, sweet Narjilah!"

Narjilah rose and gave him her hand, but gravely putting it aside, he stooped, and slowly kissed her pale cheek with his burning lips, and giving her silently into the hands of Prince Ayin Vaisaya without the tent, they were speedily lost to sight, while he sought other tents to give orders and receive counsel.

Meanwhile, his secretary, entering the tent and finding no one there, threw himself upon the cushions and fell into a deep sleep. No great while had elapsed, ere, creeping on hand and foot through the rank weeds, and cautiously having lifted bolt-rope and staple, Heath and the pearl-diver stood within the tent.

"They have not been here yet. See, he sleeps!" whispered the pearl-diver.

"Let us prevent his interference," then responded Heath. "Drive this through his brain!" and he handed the other a long rapier.

The pearl-diver advanced noiselessly, lifted the rapier perpendicularly, high above the sleeper's head, and bringing it down with tremendous force, pinned the sleeper to the earth.

"He will trouble you no more!" said he; and again hiding themselves in the grass and rushes, they glided like serpents out of the view of Lord Clive and his lieutenant, who boldly watched them. On so slight a chance hangs many a valued life.

That night, a force, three thousand strong, were under arms and en route for Adam's Peak, led by the Baron de Plassy, in a direction contrary to that the funeral march would take; and that night, in the presence of Queen Hester and the dead rajah, her maidens casting on her hair the white rice gathered from the plains, and Prince Ayin Vaisaya having thrown the marriage band around her neck, Narjilah arose a wedded wife.

Sunset of the third day saw the funeral pyre raised on the green slope of Adam's Peak, high above the valley filled with hundreds of Hindoos, and the Brahmins, bearing the corse, winding in solemn and imposing procession up the hill, followed by Ayin and Narjilah, draped both in white and gold, and supporting between them Hester, the queen, who was loaded with jewels, perfumes and luxurious apparel.

Scarcely had they defiled before the pyre, when Heath, who, with a small body of soldiery, had promised to enforce the queen's obedience, should that be necessary, drew the Prince Ayin Vaisaya aside, and enringing him with the bayonets of his minions, defied the inexplicable smile of calm scorn which the prince wore on his curling lip.

The corse was lain upon the pile, the spices heaped about it, the incense was in the burners, the queen was lifted to her place, and the torch was in the high priest's hands.

"What think you of my threat now?" said Heath, tauntingly.

But Hester only glanced proudly at him, as she stood aloft, above the people who waited silently to hear her death-song.

The little flames already leaped out around the base, and grew into smoky spires, ere, opening her lips, she thrice called in a clear singing voice the magical name dreaded by Hindostan from peak to peak.

"He is dead!" muttered Heath; "he cannot hear!"

But, nevertheless, responsive to her cry, in a solid front around the hill-side, marched the blest three thousand, led on by him whose eye subdued. But although a cowl, drawn over his head, prevented any recognition, yet, as if at dreadful, supernatural agency, Brahmin and slave drew back, and Hester was saved to rule yet many years over Ceylon, while Narjilah flew to the feet of the leader, and embracing his knees, fell fainting to the ground.

The leader raised her in his arms, and stepping aside, his junior in command addressed the bewildered Heath, whom others had conducted and left in an open space, confronting a platform drawn out before him.

"Harville Heath," he said, solemnly, "the commander-in-chief takes upon himself the responsibility of condemning you for murder, high treason and military insubordination! Five minutes you have to make your peace with Heaven!"

A dead silence reigned while the appointed time wheeled slowly towards eternity.

"Men of the seventeenth, perform your duty!"

"By whose command am I to die?" cried Heath, at this last instant.

The leader moved forward and threw back the cowl, while his glittering eyes arrested the fascinating ones of the thunderstruck villain, whose last glance beheld in the instrument of just punishment, the vindicator of Hester, the preserver of Narjilah, the avenger of Cordelia,—it was the Baron de Plassy!

EXCITEMENT.—The beasts show us plainly how much our diseases are owing to the perturbation of our minds. We are told that the inhabitants of Brazil die merely of old age, owing to the serenity and tranquillity of the air in which they live; but I ascribe it rather to the serenity and tranquillity of their souls, which are free from all passion, thought, or laborious and unpleasant employment. As great enmities spring from great friendships, and mortal distempers from vigorous health, so do the most surprising and the wildest frenzies from the high and lively agitations of our souls.—*Montaigne*.

SWAMPSCOT, NAHANT.

In this scorching month, roasted by the torrid sunbeams and in a condition to appreciate the sufferings of St. Lawrence, who was "done to death," on a gridiron, it is well to escape, at least in fancy, to the cool seaside; to conjure up the salt breezes that sweep in from the ocean, and behold the rollers coming in on the smooth beach sand, or dashed to shivers on the frowning rocks. Thanks to our artist, Mr. Kilburn, we are enabled to present our readers with a series of very faithful sketches, showing various localities in and about Swampscot. The first of our series is a view of Egg Rock and Nahant, taken from Mr. Bates's residence near the Ocean House, Phillips Beach. We see the Messrs. Stevens' hotel looming up like a fortress, while the outline of the strange isolated rock is admirably true to nature. Egg Rock is nearly three miles east from Nahant, and though apparently of limited extent, it contains three acres of land. It belongs to Salem, and is said formerly to have been used as a sheep pasture, though this statement has been questioned. The peninsula of Nahant was formerly covered with woods, which were the haunt of foxes and wolves, and we find by the

pestle stones." William Wood, in "New England's Prospect," written in 1633, gives a very graphic and particular account of Nahant, as follows: "The next plantation is Saugus, six miles Northeast from Winnesimet. This Towne is pleasant for situation, seated at the bottom of a Bay, which is made on the one side with the surrounding shore, and on the other side with a long

Marshes, which are made two by a pleasant River which runs between them. Northward up this river goes great store of Alewives, of which they make good Red Herrings; inasmuch that they have been at charges to make them a wayre, and a Herring house, to dry these Herrings in; the last year were dried some 4 or 5 Last [about 150 barrels] for an experiment, which proved

present it is onely used to put young Cattle in, and weather goats, and Swine, to secure them from the Woolves; a few posts and rayles, from the low water markes to the shore, keepes out the Woolves and keepes in the Cattle. One Black William, an Indian Duke, out of his generosity, gave this place in generall to this plantation of Saugus, so that no other can appropriate it to himselfe. Upon the South side of the sandy Beach, the Sea beateth, which is a true prognostication to presage stormes and foule weather, and the breaking up of the Frost. For when a storme hath beene, or is likely to be, it will roare like Thunder, being heard sixe miles; and after stormes casta up great stores of great Clammes, which the Indians, taking out of their shels, carry home in baskets. On the North side of this Bay is two great



EGG ROCK, NAHANT—AS SEEN FROM PHILLIPS BEACH.



VIEW OF SWAMPSCOT.

Lynn records, that on training day in 1632, "Captain Turner went with his company to Nahant, to hunt the wolves by which it was infested." In 1629, Nahant was the property of an Indian chief, who was called by the English, Duke William or Black Will, and whose father, a sachem of Swampscot, died before the arrival of the English. This gentleman, having a turn for land speculation, sold his property several times to different individuals, and the peninsula was used to pasture sheep and swine, though the wolves annoyed the sheep owners more or less. In 1630, Black Will sold Nahant to Thomas Dexter, an enterprising man who lived on the west bank of the Saugus River, for a suit of clothes. Afterwards Dexter brought a suit against the town of Lynn for occupying Nahant. Though it appeared on the trial that the Indian chief had actually sold the peninsula to Mr. Dexter, yet he failed to show that he had ever held possession of it. One of the witnesses testified as follows: "1630. William Witter was a farmer, and resided at Swampscot. He says: 'Blacke will, or duke william, so called, came to my house (which was two or three miles from Nahant), when Thomas Dexter had bought Nahant for a suit of clothes, the said Black will Asked me what I would give him for the Land my house stood vpon, it being his land, and his ffather's wigwame stood their abouts, James Sagomere and John, and the Sagomere of Agawame, and diuers more, And George Sagomere, being a youth was present, all of them acknowledginge Blacke will to be the Right owner of the Land my house stood on, and Sagomere Hill and Nahant was all his;' and adds 'that he bought Nahant and Sagomer Hill and Swamscote of Black William for two

sandy Beach. This sandy Beach is two miles long, at the end whereof is a necke of land called Nahant. It is sixe miles in circumference, well wooded with Oakes, Pineas, and Cedars. It is beside well watered, having, beside the fresh Springs, a great Pond in the middle, before which is a spacious Marsh. In this necke is a store of good ground, fit for the Plow; but for the

very good; this is like to prove a great enrichment to the land (being a staple commoditie in other Countries), for there be such innumerable companies in every river, that I have seen ten thousand taken in two houres, by two men, without any weire at all, saving a few stones to stone their passage up the river. There likewise come store of Basse, which the Indians and English catch with hooke and line, some fifty or three score at a tide. At the mouth of this river runnes up a great creeke into that great Marsh, which is called Rumny Marsh, which is 4 miles long, and 2 miles broad, halfe of it being Marsh ground, and halfe upland grasse, without tree or bush; this Marsh is crossed with diuers creekes, wherein lye great store of Geese and Duckes. There be convenient ponds for the planting of Duck enyes. Here is likewise belonging to this place, diuers fresh meadowes, which afford good grasse; and four spacious ponds, like little lakes, wherein is store of fresh fish, within a mile of the town; out of which runnes a curious fresh brooke, that is seldom frozen by reason of the warmnesse of the water; upon this stream is built a water Milne, and up this river come smelts and frost fish, much bigger than a Gudgeon. For wood there is no want, there being store of good Oakes, Wallnut, Cedar, Ashe, Elm. The ground is very good, in many places without trees, and fit for the plough. In this place is more English tillage than in all New England and Virginia besides, which proved as well as could be expected, the Corn being very good, especially the Barley, Rye and Oates. The land affordeth to the inhabitants as many varieties as any place else, and the sea more; the Basse continuing from the middle of April to Micholmas



RESIDENCE OF MR. MUDGE, LYNN, NEAR SWAMPSCOT.

(29th September), which stays not half that time in the Bay (Boston Harbor); besides, here is a great deal of Rock Cod and Macrill, insomuch that shoals of Basse have driven up shoals of Macrill, from one end of the Sandie beach to the other, which the inhabitants have gathered up in wheelbarrows. The bay which lyeth before the Towne, at a low spring tide, will be all flats for two miles together, upon which is great store of Muscle bankes, and Clam bankes, and Lobsters, among the rocks and grassie holes. These flats make it unnavigable for shippes; yet, at high water, great Boates, Loiters, and Pinnaes, of 20 and 30 tun, may saile up to the Plantation; but they neede have a skillful Pilote, because of many dangerous rockes, and foaming breakers, that lye at the mouth of that Bay. The very aspect of the place is fortification enough to keep off an unknowne enemy; yet it may be fortified at little charge, being but few landing-places thereabout, and those obscure." Ill luck seems to have attended both the seller and purchaser of Nahant, for in 1634 Dexter was ordered to be "set in the billowes, disfranchised and fined X.L. for *speaking* reproachful and seditious *words* against the government here established," and



CHARACTERISTIC SCENE, PHILLIPS BEACH.

pistol-shooting, riding and driving. The man or woman who cannot make himself or herself contented at the Nahant Hotel, is not constructed with a capacity for enjoyment. Our third view is of the residence of Mr. Mudge, at Swampscot. It is a very tasteful dwelling, situated on a rise of ground, is built substantially of stone, and has a fine lawn and many beautiful ornamental trees.

and very well kept by Mr. Wardwell. The region we have described does not depend for patronage on the caprice of fashion. Its salubrity and accessibility from Boston, Salem, Lowell, and other large places, renders it a favorite resort, and increases its floating population year by year. There are few individuals whose systems are not re-invigorated by sea air and sea bathing during

on Phillips' Beach, is very accurate. Our other beach scene is an animated picture, crowded as it is with the dories of the fishermen, arriving with their sealy prey, the horizon being bounded by a range of pleasant dwelling-houses. In another engraving, we also give a characteristic scene—a fish-dealer bargaining for mackerel; one fisherman busy with his sail, and another arriving with a bucket of clams—bait. The residence of Mr. Bates forms the subject of another sketch. It is situated on a point near the Ocean House, and the grounds by which it is surrounded are very extensive, and cultivated and ornamented with great taste. It was from this point that our view of Nahant was sketched. There are several places in Swampscot where board can be obtained during the summer season; among others, a fine house, occupied



OCEAN HOUSE, PHILLIPS BEACH.

in the same year, Black Will was hung at Richman's Island, Scarborough, Me., "in revenge for the murder of Walter Bagnall, who was killed by the Indians on the 3d of October, 1631." It does not appear that Black William had any part in the murder, and if he had, Governor Winthrop says that Bagnall was "a wicked fellow, and had much wronged the Indians." In 1660, three acres of Nahant were sold for £6. Land has risen considerably since. In the great snow-storm of 1717, a great number of deer came from the woods for food, and some fled to Nahant, and being chased by the wolves, leaped into the sea, and were drowned. Before 1800, there were only three houses at Nahant. In 1820, the hotel was built by Hon. Thomas H. Perkins, Edward H. Robbins and others. In the briefest chronicle of Nahant, we should not forget to mention that the sea-serpent was seen between the peninsula and Gloucester in 1817, and that in July, 1820, it was again seen off Nahant. On the 5th of August, it was seen off Phillips' Point, about a quarter of a mile distant—sea calm. J. B. Lewis, Andrew Reynolds and Benjamin King went out in a boat after him, and got within thirty yards of him. One of them counted twenty-three bunches on his back; head black, resembling common serpents, two feet above the water, and about the size of a common fire-bucket. Was seen again the next day. Nahant will be now more attractive than ever, in consequence of the enlarged size and admirable arrangements of the Messrs. Stevens' hotel, which has more than three hundred rooms, gas, water and steam-pipes throughout, splendid furniture, admirable attendance, an excellent table, and every facility for fishing and yachting, to say nothing of billiards, bowling, bathing and

Swampscot was formerly a part of Lynn, but has lately been erected into a separate town. It is peopled chiefly by hardy fishermen, who supply Boston and the neighboring towns with fish. From its beautiful location and fine beaches, it has become a popular resort for those who wish to enjoy sea breezes and sea bathing. The view we present of the Ocean House, kept by Mrs. Putnam,

the summer. Some few cases require inland air, but nine persons out of ten, perhaps, are benefited by a temporary sojourn at a watering-place. The merchant worn down by the toils of business, the student drooping from close application to books, the fine lady debilitated by the hot rooms and late hours of the "season," recover the tone of nerve and appetite by daily walks on the sea-

beach and daily dips in the fresh salt waves. And there is ever a poetry in the great deep which elevates the mind and soothes the spirit. There is an indescribable charm in the approach of night on the bosom of the ocean, in the fading of the sun-flush from the surface, the deepening tone of the sky, and the gradual darkening of the mighty waters. It is pleasant to sit on the piazza of the Nahant Hotel, or at the door of the Ocean House, and watch the stars coming forth one by one, like lamps kindled by angel hands, while on the headlands the faithful sentinels on duty kindle their signal fires. It is a pleasing occupation to watch the outward-bound vessels, their canvases first becoming dim as they tend towards the distant horizon, and finally blotted out in the misty obscurity of the sea distance. The imagination loves to follow them in their flight, and picture their adventures on that vast watering expanse whose daily history is full of marvel, and whose dark depths shroud mysteries never to be unfolded to mortal ken. Not many miles away, not many years ago, that dark waste of water was lighted up by the flash of a terrible engagement, for yonder was the battle-ground of the Chesapeake and Shannon. From this shore hundreds of excited men gazed in the direction of the combat. But the gallant rashness of Lawrence could not command success, though, at least, he died a glorious death.



RESIDENCE OF MR. BATES, SWAMPSCOT.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AN ANGEL IN THE AIR.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Methought the clouds in heaven so fair,
Were isles with cities filled—
With spire and turrets gleaming there,
Just like the castles in the air
We sometimes build.

These islands in the realm of space,
Sailed on through seas of blue,
And there I could distinctly trace
The azure wing and angel face
Of one I knew.

She sat upon a sapphire throne,
And wore a crown of light,
More glorious than the sun at noon,
A heavenly halo round her shone,
Her robes were white.

She was a pleasant angel here,
Ere angel wings were given,
To bear her to that blissful sphere,
Beyond the silver cloud so near
Her native heaven.

I've seen her at the sick child's bed,
Watch with unsleeping eye,
Till its gentle spirit fled,
On rosy pinions from the dead,
To God on high.

When sunlit clouds are floating by,
I often bow to hear
The sweep of wings from yonder sky,
Where ministering spirits fly
From sphere to sphere.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

"My dear friend," said lively little Mrs. Elmer to her sleepy husband, one lovely morning in spring, at the same time shaking him by the shoulder, "my dear friend, it cannot be possible that you have forgotten we are to move to-day!—and the sun rising, too, as fast as he can! Just think of the multitude of things we have both to do. I am *so* busy, and have been this hour. Now, *do* get up, Arthur, and help me. I want, actually, six pairs of hands."

Suddenly rousing himself, with an air of consternation, the young man proceeded to obey his wife's mandate. Now Arthur was a good fellow—generous, open-hearted, and possessing an excellent disposition; but he had fairly forgotten his very firmly uttered resolution of the preceding evening, to rise at four in the morning, and help Elsie to finish "packing up." He had really intended to get up at the appointed time, and had, in fact, been half awake when he heard the clock strike four; but he was fairly tired out with the labor of the previous day, and, in consequence, yielded inactively to the gentle influence of a morning nap. So, while he was hastily making his toilet at five, instead of four, Elsie was down stairs flying about from one thing to another with all possible diligence, indulging at the same time in a lively strain of censure directed to that good-for-nothing Arthur. Not that Elsie meant it truly, for she loved her husband dearly; but she would "talk nonsense" once in a while. It was, in fact, however, some inconvenience to her not to have her husband to help her; for she was in a great hurry, and the little girl whom she hired was not of much use after all. Despite her want of efficient assistance, however, she managed to accomplish a good deal before he came down. Breakfast was ready, the light biscuit smoking hot, and the tea waiting to be made, when he finally appeared.

"Why, Elsie," he said, in a tone of repentance, "I had no idea it was so late; but I must confess I never felt more tired in my life. And you have been up and doing without me, poor, little Elsie! Scold me, dear." And he gave her an affectionate kiss.

"O, never mind, Arthur," she returned, cheerfully, "you have plenty of time to help me now; but come, breakfast for the present. You don't know how hungry my work has made me this morning." And her musical laugh sounded pleasantly through the pretty breakfast room.

All wives, it is true, would not have been so ready to overlook a dereliction from duty, and especially on such an occasion as this; but Elsie Elmer had only been married a year.

When breakfast was concluded, Arthur went to work in right good earnest; and together, the young husband and wife managed to make considerable progress during the following two hours. They were to remove that day from the little brick cottage which they occupied just out of the city, to a house farther in the country, and Elsie was expecting the man to come for the furniture at eight o'clock; so you may know she was in something of a hurry.

"By the way," she said, as she locked the last trunk, that had Arthur's best clothes in it, "Mr. Miller promised he would come *exactly* at eight, didn't he?"—for the clock was at half past seven.

Her husband stood a moment, with a blank, confounded face.

"Elsie," he said, at length, "I forgot—actually forgot to tell him to come." And catching up his hat, he sprang through the door, and up the street at full speed.

"O, dear," sighed Elsie, "suppose he shouldn't come after all, and my trouble and hurry all go for nothing! How *could* Arthur forget!"

The fact is, Elsie had strenuously urged upon Arthur the preceding day the need of engaging the man in good season. He promised to go after him in the afternoon, and then being busy with one thing and another, found he could not go just then; it would do in the evening when he went to town, where he was to order some provisions at the market. He did go to town in the evening, but he met a friend there, and accompanied him home to look at some books which he wished to purchase of him. The result was that he forgot Mr. Miller, the baggage man, entirely, and leaving his friend's house with the books under his arm, hastened out home. Elsie was so pleased with the purchase he had made, that she, in her turn, forgot to make any inquiry concerning his other errand, and so the matter passed without further thought or mention until the following morning.

With a rueful countenance, and a little twinge of conscience, he remembered all this, as, hastening along the road, he hailed the first omnibus, and made the best of his way in town to repair his error. The chance was that Mr. Miller might have been engaged by some other person, and then there was a hunt (nobody could foresee how long) for another man. It was ten minutes of eight when he reached Mr. Miller's, and then (provoking chance!) he was engaged—"spoken for" last night at nine. With proper directions, Arthur went to seek another, half a mile distant from the first. He, too, was engaged; and the young man, heated, weary, and provoked at his own fault, hurried on to find somebody else. Thus it was ten o'clock before he came across one who could help him; and then they must wait an hour before he could come.

What would Elsie say? She could scarcely feel pleased to be hurried—and hurried she must be now; for, as the new tenant was coming to occupy their house to-morrow, they were obliged to go to-day at all events. And Elsie had said so many times that she wanted to get all the furniture carried away by three or four in the afternoon, so as to have everything safely stowed away in the new house before nightfall; there was no hope of that now—it was too late. A cloud passed over the sun just then, as if to add to his disturbance. What if it should rain to help along! "If I had only *gone* for Miller yesterday," he said to himself, "instead of *saying* I would go, and then putting it off, and forgetting it after all."

When he got back he told Elsie about his search for a baggage-wagon, and expressed himself as sincerely sorry for the delay. She looked weary and heated, as well as himself; she said little, but with a slight shadow of anxiety on her brow, proceeded to see that the last preparations were made.

It must be acknowledged that Elsie silently blamed (for the first time since her marriage) this particular failing of her husband—the too frequent want of immediate action accompanying his perfect willingness to do everything. She had felt it before, and regretted it, but never so sincerely as now, when it put them both to extreme inconvenience. Arthur noticed her grave countenance, and felt that the tacit reproof was no more than he deserved; he repented severely his error, but it was too late now to help matters along. The furniture would not be all removed until evening, and then there was a chance of its being spoilt, for the clouds had continued to gather. At eleven the wagon came and took the first load. The man strapped on her best chairs rather carelessly, Elsie thought; he was evidently a new hand at the business. She sighed for the quick, yet careful handling of Mr. Miller. "Do tell him to mind those chairs, Arthur!" she said, anxiously.

Arthur, intent on pleasing her, attended to them himself, but he was equally inexperienced with the man. In three hours, when the wagon returned, she learned that two of her chairs were broken beyond repair—fallen in the road. Still the disposition to shed a few tears over the misfortune, she helped to attend to the things. The second load went. Arthur accompanied the man on his subsequent journeys to and fro, that nothing more might be lost.

With this load, fortunately, there was no accident. At half past five the wagon returned, and the last things, her piano and the centre-table, were taken. Arthur had advised that they should make up the final load. Weary and faint, as soon as it had departed, Elsie put on her bonnet and mantilla, and got into an omnibus to go, too. But her troubles were not yet terminated. To her uneasiness, the clouds, which had been collecting gradually during the afternoon, began to grow darker, and in a little time had spread over nearly one half the heavens. She had not proceeded far when the rain commenced falling. "O, dear," she thought, anxiously, "my beloved piano will be ruined!" There was not the slightest use in tormenting herself now, but poor little Elsie really could not help it. The soft light clouds passed slowly over, dispensing their cool showers in gentle abundance. The rain fell so silently—so beautifully; and the drooping flowers and leaves and grass unclosed and erected themselves to receive it, as if grateful for the blessing of the spring, while ever and anon, a broad sheet of sunshine gleamed goldenly athwart the glittering drops.

At another time, in other circumstances, Elsie would have beheld this lovely scene with delightful interest, but she had no heart for it now. Her thoughts were continually reverting to the troubles of this unlucky moving day, and she could not help saying to herself, that they might have been prevented, if Arthur—but here the young wife paused, rebuking herself for the half-uttered thoughts. The fault was truly that of Arthur, for her furniture would have been safely housed two hours earlier, if Mr. Miller had been engaged at the right time. But Arthur would surely feel it keenly enough himself; and pitying him more than she pitied herself, Elsie prepared to meet him with a cheerful countenance.

Arrived at the garden gate, she would have entered with wet feet into her new house but for a pair of rubbers, which a lady passenger kindly lent her to take her as far as the door, and a

gentleman accompanied her to carry them back. The rain had ceased now, and the sun was setting gloriously; the clear air and lovely evening sunshine revived her spirits, and endeavoring to take affairs in a philosophical way, she sat down by a window in the parlor, and waited for Arthur and the furniture. Her patience was somewhat severely tried, for they did not make their appearance for an hour. Finally, however, they came in sight, and the wagon drew up to the gate. As soon as Arthur and the man had alighted, she saw at a glance that everything was as she had anticipated—soaking wet with the rain. Having prepared herself for it, however, she seemed to take little notice of her ruined furniture, only persuading Arthur, after it had been brought in, to hasten and change his drenched garments. He was looking grave and chagrined, for he had been blaming himself severely for his indirect instrumentality in the destruction of Alice's pet piano, to say nothing of the other articles which had been spoiled, and the money out of pocket, in consequence—but his wife's kind tones and pleasant smiles, her anxiety for his safety, and her utter obliviousness of self, chased away the shadows. Arthur Elmer silently blessed her from the bottom of his heart. He took off his coat and vest as he stood in the doorway, and gave them both a hearty shaking, laughingly warning Elsie, at the same time, to keep her distance as the water-drops flew. Then taking the key of his trunks from her, he proceeded up stairs to change his garments, while Elsie, having kindled a bright fire, set the table, and got up in a short time a very comfortable and tempting little extempore supper, of which they both partook with considerable relish, after this troublesome and fatiguing day.

A more unpalatable morsel, however, to Arthur was the thought that would occasionally intrude, of the loss he had sustained that day. No slight loss it was to him either, for he was comparatively a poor man, and it would take many months of close and anxious attention to business to repair it.

As the twilight deepened, the young husband and wife sat by the open door of the hall, talking in low tones of what had passed, and Arthur, taking the blame readily for his besetting error, said to Elsie, "My lesson is a good one; the loss is trifling in comparison with it. This fault of mine never brought me serious occasion of thought before. It is well the forfeit is no greater; I will henceforth substitute actions for words."

With many a gambol and playful frolic, their little dog was playing before them on the grass, in the moonlight.

"What is he playing with?" asked Elsie, after they had observed him a little time with some amusement. Arthur left her side and bent down; he took up from the grass some fragments of soft, thin paper wet with the rain. Very small fragments they were, for Rollo had not been playing with them for nothing. After examining them an instant by the moonlight, "Elsie," he called, "where is my vest—the one I wore out here this afternoon?" There was haste and trouble in his tone. He took from his wife the garment she handed him, and examined the pockets with trembling earnestness one after another. Even by the moonlight, Elsie could see that his face was very pale.

Over and over again he searched the pockets of the vest, and then the coat which he had taken off at the same time, when he stood on the piazza before tea. Worse than useless! He threw them down in despair.

"Alice," he said, bitterly, "Alice, I have lost five hundred dollars. Not mine, either, or I might feel less like a robber."

"Not yours!" Elsie trembled. "Whose, then?"

"My employer's—Mr. Markham's. He entrusted it to me yesterday morning, to be paid to-morrow to a man in B. Where will be Arthur Elmer's honest name! O, *who* will believe it an accident!"

Alice stood a moment with her troubled eyes fixed on him.

"How did you lose it?" she asked, faintly, at length.

He looked up. "It must have been this afternoon, when I was shaking the water from my vest at the door. It fell from the pocket, I suppose. I put it there before I left the city, and those are the fragments on the grass. O, Elsie, what *shall* I do?"

"Let us gather up what we may," she said, hopelessly.

Searching in the moonlight, they found a few torn remnants, and examined them by a lamp. To their inexpressible joy, there were portions of each of the bills; small, yet sufficient to identify them as the money entrusted to Arthur. How unutterably thankful they were! The young man's employer might himself see the proof of the accident, and believe him innocent of crime. For it seemed impossible that the imputation should not have followed want of evidence in his favor.

It was little to them now, after they had been relieved from that terrible fear, that they must strain every nerve to repay this loss. They were only too thankful that the opportunity was allowed them. Looking back, when he grew calmer, over the events of the past day, Arthur traced every loss, trouble, or misfortune that had occurred during its flight to his own fault. If he had gone at once for Mr. Miller, on the preceding day, instead of saying so often that he *would* go, the furniture would have been removed much earlier, and under Mr. Miller's careful management nothing would have been broken; the last load would have reached its destination before the rain came on; Arthur would not have had the severe cold which tormented him for a week afterwards; and above all, he would not have lost his employer's money.

It was mortifying, humiliating to him, to refer all this trouble to one fault of his, but the severe lesson which he that day received, lasted him his life long. Mr. Markham passed over his carelessness with a short but indulgent lecture, for he rightly judged that he was sufficiently punished already; and now there is not a more prompt, scrupulous, punctual man, or a stricter man of his word, or a more prosperous one, for since that eventful day, his motto has been, "Deeds, not Words."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ON A SMALL LANDSCAPE.*

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

I sit this pleasant spring-time day—
 One of those days that April brings
 So full of promise it seems May—
 That May which many a poet slings—
 I sit within my cloistered room,
 Pent in by overlooking walls,
 From which a strange, peculiar gloom,
 Which shades, yet doth not darken, falls—
 I sit at my large table, strewn
 With many papers, many books,
 And, fondly thinking how the known
 But hidden face of Nature looks,
 How sweetly glide the little brooks,
 How greenly grows the tender grass,
 What early violets bloom in nooks,
 Along the winds what perfumes pass.

I sit, and, failing to delight,
 Cool and refresh my weary sight
 With aught through city windows seen,
 Gaze up on artificial green,
 Depicted in a landscape small,
 That hangs against my study wall,
 Just overhead, and solace find
 In fancy of a painter's mind.
 It is a reminiscence, caught
 From a deep mirror, somewhat slight,
 Yet full of that mild, dewy light
 With which a painter's dreams are fraught,
 When summer balm his senses steep,
 And hush him in the lap of sleep.

It is a scene, where mountain haze
 Melts off in that fine golden blaze
 The old Italian masters threw
 Into their backgrounds—with the blue
 Of their supernal sky above—
 A coveted and precious hue,
 The hue of money and of love!
 Nearer, a broken, brilliant mass
 Of trees, and flowers, and shrubs, and grass,
 And water falling from a height
 Gently, yet with a dash of foam,
 Just to relieve and cheer the sight.

When first I brought the picture home,
 It seemed a trifle, fair enough
 And pleasing, but not made of stuff
 That lasts, and strengthens, and pervades—
 But something in its gradual shades,
 And something in its colors soft,
 And something in its forms serene
 Won me to gaze upon it oft,
 And wish it were a real scene,
 To which, fatigued with men and books,
 And longing for dear Nature's looks,
 And converse with the perfect peace
 And loveliness of leaves and plains,
 I might, oblivious of pains
 And anxious cares, that seldom cease,
 Resort at times—ah, happy times!—
 And weave my idle thoughts in rhymes,
 And be a boy, whose need is none
 Except for fields, and air and sun.

* By Jesse Talbot.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BLUE DOVE.

A LEGEND OF THE TUNAS OF MISSOURI.*

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

It was the green-corn festival of the Tuna tribe, a fine race of red men who dwelt near the base of the famed "iron mountain," in what is now the State of Missouri. Surrounded by all that could render the wilderness attractive, and inheriting proud recollections of victorious contests with the tribes around them, they were in the ascendancy at the grand council-fires of the united tribes. Nor was there, in the whole alliance of the Missourians, a more beautiful maiden than the Blue Dove, whose voice was music to the decaying spirit of the War Eagle, her father, and the chieftain of the tribe. As she brought him bowls of hominy, or put on his moccasins, the work of her own hands, a light would come into the coldness of the old warrior's eye, and her glances were the sun of his thoughts—the light of his rejoicing.

The corn, encased in its bright green husks, simmered in the large earthen pots over smouldering fires, and the rejoicings in honor of the harvest were about to commence, but the Blue Dove, usually the gayest of the attendant maidens, was sad. Occasionally she would leave the fire under her charge and walk to the edge of a cliff upon which the tribe celebrated its rites, as if watching for some absent one, but she could discover no form among the hunters who were returning laden with spoil, that brought a smile to her olive cheeks.

"The Blue Dove is sad," said her mother. "Does she wait the coming of the adopted warrior?"

"The Blue Dove will not abide in the buzzard's nest," said the Arrow Head, who was her brother, and the heir-presumptive to the chieftainship. He was a cruel man, with a tattooed face, over which the shadows of his evil passions passed like clouds over the windows of the stormy heaven, while his wrath, once excited, raged like an undying pestilence. Among the objects of his hatred was the Hunter, a young warrior whom he had taken prisoner in a

foray against the Kansas, and whose dying agonies he had hoped to enjoy. But just as the young man had been bound to the stake, a widow, whose only son had been slain in the expedition, came forward and claimed her privilege of adopting the prisoner. There was no appeal, but from that time the wrath of the Arrow Head to the Hunter was inextinguishable. Nay, when in a subsequent skirmish with the Kaskaskias the valiant hunter saved the life of his former conqueror, it only added fuel to the flame. The chance of defeat and the thirst of revenge gnawed into the heart of the young chief like vultures, for he would rather have fallen beneath the war-club of his foe, than have owed his life to the valor of his old captive.

Yet with every other member of the tribe, the Hunter was a favorite. No one returned from the chase with more grace, and when at last his valor gave him the right to recount his adventures at the council-fires, his unassuming manners gained for him the friendship of all, and called forth the most generous feelings from the ruthless warriors. Soon it became evident that he had made a favorable impression upon the beloved Blue Dove, and the old gossips hoped that his suit would be reciprocated. In his heart there was no doubt. The Blue Dove was untutored in those arts which refinement has adopted to conceal the wildest passions of the soul, and as she accepted his carefully dressed skins, or gay feathers, she gave him evidence of an ardent attachment which no artifice could have heightened.

Meanwhile the evening star rose slowly up over the iron mountains, and the Blue Dove's dark eye gazed sadly upon it. The Hunter had not returned, although a week had elapsed since he had gone out to set traps for beaver upon the mountain streams, and this was a time when every warrior should be present. Soon the festivities commenced, and after the customary invocations to the Great Spirit, the sweet ears were devoured, with roasted beaver-tail, baked buffalo hump, and other delicacies of the forest. The feast concluded, the hunters grouped around the council-fire, where the fragrant tobacco was kindled, and the warriors, with impassioned gestures, related the deeds of their prowess. Their wives and daughters, grouped around the outside of the circle, listened with undisguised exultation to the cruel narrations, and all seemed happy save the Blue Dove, who reclined listlessly upon a buffalo robe behind her aged father, her fair young brow supported by her taper hands.

At last the Arrow Head arose, and looked angrily around.

"No one wishes to hear the exploits of the young chieftain," said he, "nor do I intend to recount them. My string of scalps is well filled, and a look at its bloody treasures is enough for me. But I arise to speak for the good of the tribe. Are not the pale faces on their way hither? Have not we heard of their progress with their sharp weapons, and those mighty animals that carry them to victory? Is this true, or does Arrow Head lie like a dog?"

"Wagh! It is well," exclaimed several warriors, and every one listened attentively. The advent of the chivalrous De Soto had been heralded from tribe to tribe, and his progress was regarded with superstitious awe. The Blue Dove rising to her feet, gazed with intense anxiety upon her brother as he proceeded.

"No, it is not well. We have nourished a traitor here—an ungrateful hound, who would destroy his preservers. Know, Tuna warriors, that the Hunter, stolen from my vengeance, has been false to the tribe. Nay, he is even now, if I am not deceived, giving information to the pale faces!"

"Liar!" shouted a clear voice, and the Hunter stood before his accuser.

"Nay, the Arrow Head cannot be deceived. Look at the warrior—his matted hair is full of burrs; his buffalo robe is wet; his leggins and moccasins are torn and travel-stained. Where has he been? Let the medicine men search his pouch. Wagh! We shall see."

Alas for the Blue Dove! On searching her lover, they found in his pouch a war-gorget and a chief's wampum sash—they bore the emblems of the Kansas.

There was now no doubt that the Hunter had been engaged in treasonable correspondence, and he did not even attempt to deny it.

"Now, dog, I will dance around thy funeral pile," exclaimed Arrow Head, advancing towards him.

"Stand back!" exclaimed the Hunter. "I will not have the hand of a spy laid upon me, although his sister is one for whom I would die. Let the medicine men do their duty, and they will find me ready for the trial or the torment."

The Arrow Head gnashed his teeth with rage, but a smile of demoniac triumph gleamed over his features as he saw his hated victim bound with green withes. The trial was fixed for the next day, but so certain appeared its result, that the maidens were sent abroad to gather dry wood for the death-fire.

Night came on, and as the full moon rose high in the heavens, the Blue Dove stepped silently from the wigwam of her father, and gazed upon the slumbering warriors. After scrutinizing them with anxious glances, she silently glided to where her lover was bound.

"Does the Hunter watch?" she whispered.

"For the Blue Dove," he replied, "and she is here to gladden his heart."

Just then one of the prisoner's sleeping guardians awakened, and she saw there was no time to be lost. Taking the flint-edged war-axe of her father which she had brought, she severed the withes, and the Hunter was free. Springing to his feet, he bounded over the sleeping warriors, and was soon lost in the forest. The Blue Dove, exultant at having rescued her lover, returned unnoticed to her father's lodge, and dreamed of a wigwam in a secluded valley, where she cheered the evening hours of the Hunter with her forest song.

Day dawned, and the revengeful Arrow Head hastened to feast

his eyes with the captive, who, as he thought, was so soon to expiate treason at the stake. But he found him gone. Giving the war-whoop, he was soon surrounded by the warriors, and finding the trail of the fugitive, they started in hot pursuit.

But the pursuers were soon checked, for a trumpet's clangor responded to their war-whoops. De Soto, guided by a Kaskaskian chief, had endeavored to surprise the Tuna village at daylight, and now encountered the warriors, with foot and the dreaded horse. The Arrow Head was no coward, and the warriors, reinforced from the village, fought with desperation. But he soon fell, and his followers became discouraged; there was no resisting the charges of cavalry; no penetrating the bright armor; and soon the remnant of the hitherto invincible Tunas fled to their village, there to die among their wives.

Wounded and faltering, they reached the camp, singing their death-songs, and pursued by the merciless Spaniards. But then there pealed forth another war-cry, and as the retreating Tunas entered the palisades around their wigwams, a well armed band of painted warriors rushed between them and the advancing Spaniards. Nor did this opportune reserve remain idle, for they let fly such a cloud of arrows, that the horsemen wheeled about their steeds, already severely wounded. In vain did De Soto raise his war-cry of "Santiago," the Indians advancing boldly, plied their cross-bows with deadly aim and great rapidity. The horses of the Spaniards were of no avail; and whilst their arquebusiers could reload their pieces once, an Indian would launch half a dozen arrows—scarce had one been sent on its deadly flight before another was in the bow. At last the Spaniards retreated, and then the conquering party returned to the village, where the surviving Tunas greeted them with loud cries of joyous welcome. And how was their delight increased, as they recognized their deliverers as warriors of the Kansas tribe, led by—the Hunter.

Yes! For many months he had been in intercourse with the tribe of his fathers, who had urged him to escape from captivity and head their war-parties. But he refused to leave until he had won the bride of his choice, and that without doing anything derogatory to his reputation as a "brave." Learning De Soto's approach, he had started for his tribe, enlisted a valiant band, and had returned with them to the vicinity of the Tuna village. But knowing the jealousy between the tribes, he went forward alone, in order to give an explanation of his conduct. This was anticipated by the malicious accusation of the Arrow Head, and he refused to betray his secret, lest it should be said that he did so under the influence of fear. Death would have been preferable to such an indication of cowardice.

Soon the scalp-pole was erected, and the conquerors having arranged their toilets, danced the dance of victory. The Hunter was at their head, dressed in a splendid mantle of buffalo skins, ornamented with small tufts of owls' feathers, and around his neck was a necklace formed of the claws of the grizzly bear. His leggins and moccasins were made of white fox skins, profusely embroidered with porcupine quills. Vermilion stripes covered his features in the highest style of art, and in his plaited hair were the wing feathers of the gray eagle.

Was it to be wondered at that the Blue Dove, as she sat by the side of her aged father, loved the Hunter more than ever? When the dance was concluded, he made her a sign, and then leaving the camp, she followed him to a running brook.

"Will the Blue Dove smile upon the Hunter?" said he, "and will she go to his wigwam? He will keep the lodge supplied with venison, and tend her with care."

"Lead the way," she replied, "and I will follow with thy burdens. I will make your moccasins, and keep your quiver filled with arrows."

Then, springing across the brook, she scooped up some of the crystal water in her hand, and held it across to him. He leaned forward, drank a swallow of it, and they clasped hands. Thenceforth they were betrothed, and when the Hunter offered the War Eagle two packs of buffalo skins for his daughter, the old chief exclaimed, "Wagh!"

That night the Blue Dove went to the wigwam of her bold lover, and became his wife. There was no surpliced priest, or legal form, but angels heard their vows of mutual fidelity, and their marriage was recorded on high.

The Tunas were perfectly infatuated with their deliverer, especially admiring the secrecy with which he had made his journey, and the firmness with which he had refused to disclose his secret. They urged him to become heir to their chieftainship, as the Arrow Head was now no more, but he declined. "The Pale Faces," he said, "are now driven back, but they will return, and I wish to lay my bones as far as possible towards the setting sun."

In a few days the war party was broken up, and the members set out in small parties for the fertile plains of the Kansas. One of these was composed of the Hunter, followed by the admiring Blue Dove. A horse (captured from the Spaniards, and ridden by a lad) dragged one of the Indian vehicles, hitherto used by them on a smaller scale for their dogs. And in the rear, proud of her relationship to the great chief, came the widow who had adopted the renowned Hunter.

Agas have passed, but even now that the neat cabin has supplanted the wigwam, and the pioneer yeoman herds his flocks on the hunting-grounds of the Tunas, the beauty and the devotion of the Blue Dove is remembered in central Missouri.

LOVE OF NATURE.—I believe it is no wrong observation, that persons of genius, and those who are most capable of art, are always most fond of nature—as such are chiefly sensible that all art consists in the imitation and study of nature. On the contrary, people of the common level of understanding are principally delighted with the little niceties and fantastical operations of art, and constantly think that finest which is least natural.—Pope.

* This tale belongs to our series of "Chronicles of the States," and is connected with the emblematical engraving on the first page of this paper.

**COL. HIRAM FULLER,
EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK MIRROR.**

We herewith present our readers with a portrait from the pencil of Mr. Barry, of Col. Hiram Fuller, of the city of New York, editor and proprietor of the "Daily Evening (and Weekly) Mirror," of that city, and a gentleman long and familiarly known in the American editorial ranks. Mr. Fuller, like many of the prominent journalists scattered over the Union—Prentice, Kendall, Colfax, Greeley, etc., among them—is a native of New England. He was born at Halifax, Plymouth county, in the "Old Bay State," about the year 1820, and is consequently in the prime and blossom of life. He is a direct descendant from the celebrated Rev. Thomas Fuller, whose sons or grandsons came over in the "Mayflower," and was born on the soil originally owned by those sturdy and pious pilgrims. In common with New England boys, his education commenced in the village school, where he enjoyed the almost continuous honor of standing at "the head" of his class. At the age of twelve he passed from the village school to the country academy, continuing there his progress and honors. At the age of sixteen he became the teacher of the village school at Plympton, a town adjoining the place of his birth. At the age of eighteen, he took charge of a private academy in Plymouth, Massachusetts, and soon after accepted the post of principal of the Green Street Seminary, at Providence, Rhode Island, of which popular institution he stood at the head before he had reached twenty-one years of age. In this beautiful Grecian temple he had as assistant, for a year and a half, the gifted Margaret Fuller—a remote kin of blood—afterwards the Marchioness d'Ossoli, whose brilliant genius and mournful fate have been a fertile theme for elegy and eulogy. Still later, Col. Fuller was, for a short period, engaged in the book business at Providence. In 1843, he planted himself in the city of New York, where he became associated with George P. Morris and N. P. Willis in the publication of the "New Mirror." A year later was started the "Daily Evening Mirror," by the firm of Morris, Willis and Fuller. About a year and a half afterwards, Col. Fuller purchased the entire concern (daily and weekly), since which time the *Mirror* has been under his sole conduct as editor and proprietor, and it is a fact worthy of honest pride, that its circulation and reputation have constantly increased in his hands. As editor and proprietor of the "New York Evening Mirror," Col. Fuller has achieved a reputation of which any journalist might be proud. He has faithfully illustrated, not by timid neutrality, but by evincing a bold and manly independence, the motto of his paper:

"Pledged to no party's arbitrary sway,
We follow truth where'er she leads the way."

Fearlessly independent in religion, literature and politics, a sturdy

defender of Protestantism, and enthusiastically American, as becomes "a son of Pilgrim sires," Mr. Fuller has secured for the *Mirror*, what is most difficult to attain, the respect and admiration of the editorial profession for his frankness and honesty, as well as ability, even where there is marked difference of sentiment and

opinion. Of his ability as a journalist the best proof is the frequency of quotation from the *Mirror's* columns by the contemporary press. No journal in the Union is more widely quoted, or more accredited for correctness and independence. Mr. Fuller ranks with the conservative portion of his profession; and while a stickler for the largest freedom of discussion, opening his columns to both and all sides of the question, his final verdict is always against fanaticism and oppression. His most marked characteristics as a journalist are, perhaps, unbending industry and energy, and a never failing fund of *jeux d'esprit*, with which his paragraphs abundantly sparkle. A notable event in the history of the *Mirror* was its nomination of Gen. Taylor for the Presidency, in advance of all other presses and parties. Col. Fuller has thoroughly vindicated his claims to the honor of placing the old hero of Buena Vista on the political campaign track, and no one battled more persistently or successfully than Col. Fuller to secure his election—though very many were far better rewarded for their toils. Mr. Fuller, on the accession of Gen. Taylor to the Presidency, was appointed to a highly responsible post in the Navy Department, which placed millions of public property in his charge, and on the day of his removal by Gen. Pierce, his accounts were squared to a fraction, and his bonds cancelled. But we have unduly passed one important event—Mr. Fuller's marriage soon after his advent in New York to a fair Knickerbocker lady, a daughter of Mr. John F. Delaplaine, a lately deceased millionaire—proving Mr. Fuller a friend of the Union, marital as well as federal. Mr. Fuller in social position is not surpassed by any of his compeers. As he "positively declines to tamper with his own life," we have been obliged to gather our facts from one who has "known him long and well," and is one of his most ardent admirers. Col. Fuller is a successful and popular journalist, a warm friend, a courteous enemy, and a frank, honest man.

MARCH OF A TURKISH COLUMN.

Our spirited and well executed engraving represents one of the eastern war scenes, which cannot be contemplated without interest. The figure in the centre on horseback is the gallant Omar Pacha, and he is supposed to be leading his troops from Kamiesch to Balaklava. There is something singular in the present appearance of the Ottoman troops—they may be more effective with their European drill and semi-European dress, but what they have gained in utility they have lost in picturesqueness of appearance. They now look like denationalized Turks and unfinished European troops. Yet for actual service they have been prodigiously improved, and behave exceedingly well in the field. Every one remembers their brilliant feats of arms in the opening campaign in the principalities. They there exhibited the most heroic valor, and were victorious against heavy odds.



HIRAM FULLER, OF NEW YORK.—From a Photograph. by BRADY.



TURKISH COLUMN ON THE MARCH IN THE CRIMEA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DUHIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE FASHIONABLE EXODUS.

For weeks past the annual migration of town residents in easy circumstances has been going on. Railroad cars have been crammed to suffocation, steamboats crowded, private carriages filled and loaded down with males, females, trunks, hand-boxes and hat-cases. Some go to climb the picturesque Catskills; others to ascend to the summit of Mount Washington. Thousands fly to Niagara, to gaze upon and listen to the ceaseless rush of the mighty waters; while other thousands, distributed along the seaboard, are disporting in the briny wave, or rocking on its surface, piscatorially employed, and drinking health at every puff of the sea breeze. During July and August, the only rule for preserving life is to live under water as much as possible. The fashionable quarters of our cities seem utterly deserted. Venetian blinds usurp the place of plate glass, and the grass would grow upon the doorsteps were they not the camping ground of weary watchmen and homeless boys. Yet anon the returning tide of life will fill up its old channels; the city will again become populous; theatres will reopen, and concert-rooms again ring with music and plaudits. Such is life!

MELTING WEATHER.—We have had some days, lately, well calculated to try the patience of Job, albeit perfectly aware that our sufferings were for our good, and that the torrid heat of the sun rushed hay and vegetables to perfection in double quick time, and had a prospective influence on the price of corn, flour and potatoes. But to lose your confidence in starch, to be betrayed by dickies, to be abandoned by neckcloths, to be ruined by gloves, to be made aware of the inadequacy of soda fountains to slake a burning thirst, to perceive that mosquitoes thrive in an atmosphere of 100 Fahrenheit, to whistle for a wind in vain, to think madly of sea breezes as you toss on an arid, sleepless mattress, these are pain or penalties which well nigh dethrone reason, and make us believe that exile to Siberia is one of the most blessed prerogatives of a native born Russian.

NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE.—We are glad, for the honor of our country, that arrangements have been made for the re-shipment to Europe of the contributions of foreign exhibitors, and while we regret that Mr. Greeley, of the Tribune, suffered imprisonment on account of this unhappy affair, yet we cannot wonder at the exasperation which compelled the French artist, who brought a suit against him, to try to obtain some remuneration for his property.

FISHING.—The fishing along shore, this season, has been quite successful. At the Glades, in Lynn Bay, and along the south shore, the "scaly prey," in the shape of mammoth cod and glittering mackerel, have abundantly rewarded piscatorial perseverance.

SPLINTERS.

.... The society for the amelioration of the Jews, in New York, is extinct, for want of encouragement.

A number of persons have died lately from exposure and imprudence, during the heat of the weather.

.... A gentleman by the name of Paradise was married to Miss Peers, of New York, lately. The name promises bliss.

.... Prince Albert, in a late speech, snubbed the people for meddling with ministerial affairs.

.... The French are still winning laurels in the Crimea, while the English are behind them in the field.

.... The New York Crystal Palace affairs are settled with French exhibitors at least.

.... The Independent and Evangelist, N. Y. religious papers, are fighting about ministers wearing beards and slouched hats.

.... The iron dealers of Boston will keep their stores closed during the hot weather. A good plan.

.... The Gauls first discovered soap, says Pliny. How are they off for soap now? That is the question.

.... Archdeacon Sinclair, of London, has been censuring the London clergy for their stupid sermons.

.... In one fortnight, lately, 9668 books were taken out of our City Library. It increases in favor.

.... The poet of our city celebration was Mrs. Sarah E. Dawes, one of our contributors.

.... A new vocalist, named Jenny Ney, is astonishing the London music-lovers by her voice.

.... A mile and a half of flowers were lately exhibited at the Sydenham Crystal Palace, England.

.... Jenny Lind is said to be more of a nightingale than ever. Her voice has improved.

.... Work is prohibited to the London needlewomen between ten at night and eight in the morning.

.... The Princess de Sagan has prosecuted Gervinus for saying she rode a horse *en cavalier*.

.... Sir Francis Moon, lord mayor of London, acquired his large fortune by selling prints.

.... There were lately two ex-presidents of the United States in London—Van Buren and Fillmore, both looking well.

.... Lord Eglinton sold a horse, lately, for 7500 dollars—a pretty good price for a bit of blood.

.... A new theatre is building in Troy, which will be opened in the middle of October.

THE FRENCH ZOUAVES AND CHASSEURS.

The light troops of the French, with their exploits in the Crimea, are so often mentioned in the letters, news and despatches from the seat of the Eastern war, that our readers will doubtless be pleased with a brief account of them, compiled from authentic sources. The formation of the Zouaves dates back twenty-five years. They were among the first military organizations of the French after the conquest of Algeria. It was their flag that floated first on the breach of Constantine, and may be yet the first to float upon the conquered walls of Sebastopol. In the latter months of 1830, General, afterwards Marshal Clauzel, organized them in two battalions and gave them the name of Zouaves, derived from the Zouaoua, a warlike confederation of Kabyles. At first only Kabyles and Arabs were admitted into their ranks, with the approval and under the command of French officers, but soon the corps, raised to a full regiment, was recruited more from the French than the Arabs, and the corps thus changed its character. It became a nursery of brilliant officers, and many of the most distinguished commanders in the French army commenced their career by serving in the Zouaves. Their uniform, loose trousers gathered just below the knee, light jackets, flowing sleeves and turbans—is a memorial of their African origin. They now number three regiments before Sebastopol. It is a somewhat striking fact in their history, that nine years ago, the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia passed them in review at the foot of Mt. Atlas, and admired their martial bearing, their celerity, the precision of their movements and their extraordinary zeal, little dreaming that in 1854 they would be fighting against his own country and countrymen. He was very much pleased with their appearance; but admiration was heightened by astonishment when he learned that the men he beheld had just come in from a severe campaign, that they had slept on the ground in the open air for six months, and that they had marched nearly eighteen miles the very morning of the review.

The *chasseurs a pied* (foot chasseurs), usually spoken of as the Chasseurs de Vincennes, whose drill has recently been introduced at West Point, and learned by the Independent Company of Cadets in this city, were originally established by the lamented Duke of Orleans, the eldest son and heir of Louis Philippe, the following eulogy of whom is scarcely exaggerated:

"Loving France passionately, he had profoundly investigated every question that might affect its power and glory. To the happiest natural faculties, to a basis of sound and severe study, he had incessantly added by observation and labor; he had read much, and reflected much on the science of war; he had neglected no opportunity to witness it, and conduct it valiantly in person. The organization of foreign armies was as familiar to him as that of our army, in the ranks of which he had figured from his adolescence; not a single interesting treatise appeared in or out of France which he had not examined. He was familiar with every progressive movement, and with all new discoveries, and knew how to gauge their value; his good sense often distrusted the ardor of his imagination; enlightened by his military information, which was very extensive, although he never paraded it, he separated the true from the false. Employing the legitimate influence which belongs in a monarchy to the heir of the throne, but never using it except for the public interest, and never attempting to exercise it beyond the limits of the constitution, he propagated those ideas which seemed to him correct, with all the ardor of his nature, with the keenest reasoning and the most animated eloquence; for rarely have so many seductive qualities been seen united to such sterling merit."

It is to the Duke of Orleans, then, the French are indebted for one of the most effective arms in their services. The chasseurs sprang into existence from the necessity of opposing certain similar bodies of sharpshooters, armed with rifles of long range, in other European armies. Their original weapon was the Delvigne rifle, afterwards perfected by Colonel Minié, and now forming, with the sabre-bayonet, a most potent "hand-artillery." For this special corps it was necessary to select vigorous, active and light-footed men, capable of forming ambuscade by the aid of very slight depressions of ground, and marking them by inconsiderable elevations. Small men were and are, for these reasons, selected by preference for the chasseurs. They are trained to deploy and extend themselves with a speed unknown and, perhaps, useless to troops of the line, to sustain long marches, or, rather, runs at the rapid pace called the "gymnastic step," to remain on occasion for hours, lying flat on the ground, and to fire from this position with the accuracy of a musketeer standing. The organization of such a school of manoeuvres was no trifling task, to say nothing of the numberless essays and experiments requisite to secure perfection for this weapon. The Duke of Orleans, when entrusted with the organization of ten battalions of chasseurs, in 1840, feeling the importance and delicacy of the service, associated with himself the most experienced officers of the army, and the result was a system the results of which have been brilliantly conspicuous in the feats of arms enacted in this Eastern war. Our government have done well to introduce the drill of the chasseurs at West Point.

LAKE WINNIPISOGEE.—Those persons who are desirous of seeing a fine specimen of lake and mountain scenery ought to visit Lake Winnipisogee, the "Smile of the Great Spirit," which is accessible from Boston in a four hours' railroad ride. It is one of the loveliest and most striking sheets of water in this country.

A NEW CEMETERY.—A beautiful tract of ground, comprising an area of ten acres, has recently been consecrated at Gloucester, Mass., as a place of sepulture. These rural cities of the dead are multiplying among us.

PROFESSIONAL.—According to the Boston Directory for 1855, there are in the city, 420 lawyers, 110 physicians, and 98 clergymen acting as pastors of religious societies.

OFFICERS OF THE CRIMEA.

At the head of the group of distinguished officers of the present great European war, all of which were drawn expressly for our Pictorial by Mr. C. A. Barry, from authentic portraits, we have placed Sir Charles Napier, now admiral of the Baltic fleet. He is a gallant officer, and, like his cousin, the general of the same name, wields the pen as well as the sword. He was born at Falkirk, March 6, 1786, and entered the navy at an early age. He served as a volunteer in the peninsular war, captured, in 1811, the island of Ponza, became an admiral in the service of Don Pedro, returned to the British service and was knighted for his proceedings against Mehmet Ali and Ibrahim Pacha. He is a member of parliament, and has written and spoken much against the imbecility and mismanagement of the admiralty. Lower down, on the left, we have the gallant Omar Pacha, whose brilliant exploits at the opening of the war have been so justly celebrated. He is a German by birth. On the opposite side is the fine head of Gen. Canrobert, recently commander-in-chief of the French army in the East. He is a firm officer, and his name is associated with the glories of the Alma and Inkerman. In the centre of the page is Prince Menschikoff, an illustrious member of a an honorable Russian family, who has distinguished himself in this war of the East by superior military attainments and perseverance. Below him is Ivan Feodorovitch Paskewitch, Prince of Warsaw. He was born at Pultova, in Southern Russia, in 1782, entered the army at an early age, and was made a general in 1812. He distinguished himself that year against the French, fought at Leipsic, afterwards against the Persians, and for the part he took in suppressing the Polish revolution, was made a prince of the empire. Lord Raglan is known to those familiar with the peninsular war as Lord Fitzroy Somerset, aid and military secretary to the Duke of Wellington. He lost one arm at Waterloo. He possesses much of the energy and dogged endurance of the Iron Duke. On the other side of the page is Gen. Jean Jacques Pelissier, now commander-in-chief of the French army in the Crimea. He was born at Maromme, near Rouen, A. D., 1796. He entered the army at an early age, and has been in service ever since. He distinguished himself particularly against the Arabs. He is a stern, daring and thoroughly educated officer, and the best man Louis Napoleon could have placed in command.

CROPS AND PRICES.

The grain crop is abundant, and prices have declined; facts for which every one is justly grateful; but there will be no such prodigious surplus as the sanguine anticipated, and prices will be prevented from falling to the lowest notch by the demand caused by the Eastern war. It is a common mistake to suppose that because this country can raise a large surplus of wheat, it necessarily does so. It is stated that with the largest crops of wheat ever raised, no more than 20 per cent. can be spared for exportation; but still, in the absence of a great surplus, the abundance of potatoes and other nutritive crops may and will keep the prices of living within reasonable limits.

CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY.—The contributions of the Orthodox churches in this city to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, during the past year, amounted to the sum of \$26,488 30, an increase of \$2000 over the preceding year, notwithstanding hard times.

M. J. WHIPPLE, 35 Cornhill.—Any of our friends who may be in want of artists' materials of any sort whatever, can obtain them as above, at the *lowest* rates. Mr. Whipple devotes his entire attention to this business, and is a gentleman of long experience and unquestioned taste in his line.

THE STATE HOUSE.—The corner stone of the State House was laid on the 4th of July, 1795, with great ceremonies. The total cost of building and land was \$146,333; a less sum than has recently been appropriated for additions and improvements.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Rufus A. Junkin to Miss Abigail Sawyer; Mr. Alexander Marshall to Miss Emeline S. Gardiner; Mr. Patrick Laughlin to Mrs. Mary Gray; by Rev. Mr. Clarke, Mr. Daniel Seaverns to Miss Maria H. Vannevar; by Rev. Mr. Stone, Mr. Robert Kirby, of New York, to Miss Augusta M. Stafford; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. John D. F. Brooks to Miss Amanda Trotter; by Rev. Mr. Barnard, Mr. Charles O. Shute, of Roxbury, to Miss Harriet A. Savage.—At Jamaica Plain, by Rev. Christopher Marsh, Mr. James Garriek to Miss Mary Dally.—At Dedham, by Rev. Dr. Burgess, Mr. George W. Macbeth to Miss Almira C. Davis.—At Milton, by Rev. Dr. Cox, Mr. B. D. Burley, of Boston, to Miss Mary Dorell.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Means, Mr. Ephraim A. Taylor, of Chatham, to Miss Ann L. Wight.—At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Reding, Mr. Stephen Cross, Jr., to Miss Elizabeth Ann Ober.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, Mr. Charles W. Ordway, of West Newbury, to Miss Caroline Adams.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Hithaway, Mr. Albert G. Anthony, of Portsmouth, to Miss Susan A. Arnold.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Nathaniel Delano to Miss Evelyn C. Perry.—At Springfield, by Rev. Mr. Seeley, Mr. George A. Noyes to Miss Mary T. Carter.—At Pittsfield, by Rev. Mr. Harris, Mr. George W. Howe to Miss Amy P. Miliken, both of Chester.—At Portland, Me., by Rev. Mr. Bailey, Mr. Alpheus D. Cobb to Miss Philinda S. Edwards.—At Philadelphia, J. G. Wood, M. D., of Salem, to Miss Helen M. Walter.

DEATHS.

In this city, Dr. John B. Cross, 52; Miss Mary Wiliston, 68; Jonathan Kilham, Esq., 80; Mr. Isaac F. Jones, 28; Miss Mary A. Ladd, 36; Mr. John Somes, 61; Mr. Charles A. Whitman, 21; Mrs. Mary Ann Taylor, 47; Rebecca Catherine, only child of Mr. William and Mrs. Rebecca Miller, 5 months.—At Charlestown, Miss Hannah Gill, 61; Miss Eleanor Josephine Shea, 20.—At Somerville, Mrs. Susan Snow, wife of Mr. Hiram Allen, 40.—At Malden, Mrs. Anna Russell, 81.—At Salem, Mr. James Devine, 75; Miss Louisa Rogers, 75.—At Essex, Mr. William Bowers, 85.—At Wilmington, Mrs. Anna, relict of the late Rev. Freegate Reynolds, 80.—At Dedham, Mrs. Sarah A. Ellis, 35.—At South Scituate, Miss Louisa A. Mann, 22.—At Clinton, Mr. William S. Jewett, of Bolton.—At Westport, Mr. Alexander Devoll, 38.—At Tisbury, Mr. Peter Norton, 60.—At Gloucester, Mrs. Betsey Davis, 70; Mr. Edward Babcock, 53.—At West Boxford, Widow Sarah Reynolds, 93.—At Scituate, Mrs. Joanna White Prouty, a lineal descendant of Peregrine White, 79.—At Newburyport, Mr. George Blaisdell, of Boston, 30.—At Worcester, Mr. Ezra Bennett, 74.—At Fall River, Capt. Thomas Borden, 7.—At Franklin, Mr. Chickery Shepard, formerly of Wrentham, 71.—At Athol, Dr. Wm. H. Williams, 63.—At Portsmouth, N. H., Alexander Ladd, Esq., 81.—At East Greenwich, R. I., Mr. Oliver Weeks, 100. He fought at the battle of Bunker Hill.—At Fitzwilliam, N. H., Capt. Nathan Smith, formerly of Lexington, Mass., and the last revolutionary prisoner in Cheshire county, N. H., 91.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

A little girl, eight years old, at Edgeworth, the daughter of Mr. Walsh, was instantly killed, lately, on the Boston and Maine Railroad. She had been to carry her father his supper, and was waiting, on her return home, at the crossing, for an outward train to pass, apparently not seeing an engine approaching on the other track. She attempted to cross when the train had passed, and was instantly crushed beneath the engine. — A trip to Nahant by the "Nelly Baker" is just the thing at the present time, and we are glad that so large a number of our citizens avail themselves of the luxury. — Fort Laramie is at the junction of the River Laramie with the north fork of the Platte River, in Nebraska Territory, and on the north fork route to Utah. It is the most distant military post in the wilderness before reaching Salt Lake. It is garrisoned by a portion of the sixth infantry, under the command of Lieut. Garnett. — Rev. J. C. Fletcher's exhibition of American manufactures at Rio Janeiro met the favor of the emperor, and has been completely successful. — In the Circuit Court for Lewis County, Kentucky, a suit of slander—Miss Eliza Barkley vs. Wm. Giddings—was tried, and a verdict rendered for \$10,000 damages. It appeared on the trial that Giddings had paid his addresses to Miss Barkley, and had been rejected previous to making the slanderous charges which the jury has so signally punished in damages. — James Keenan, in an interesting letter about Japan, says that "sacé," the principal drink of the country is supposed to consist of sour whiskey, tobacco juice and aquafortis. Pleasant beverage! — There is now to be seen at Savannah an aloe tree, otherwise called a century plant, twenty-six feet high, and containing more than a thousand buds, all of which are ready to bloom. This remarkable tree is a native product of Wilmington Island. Since 1804, when it was transplanted upon the island, it has been thriving, the admiration of all, on the farm of Col. Hunter. — It has recently been discovered that young fry of salmon must remain two years in fresh water before they migrate to the sea. It had been supposed that they only remained one year. — The National Intelligencer says that choice varieties of the fig have been imported from the south of France, under the auspices of the agricultural department of the patent office. They are intended for distribution in our southern and south-western States, where it is known that they will grow and thrive. — More than half the congregation left the church of the Holy Trinity at Toronto, because the creed was chanted instead of being repeated in the usual manner. — Switzerland has a telegraph station for every 20,000 of her inhabitants; England one for every 50,000; Sardinia one to every 70,000; Belgium one to every 130,000; the United States one to every 240,000; France one to every 320,000. — A married lady may take the arm of her intimate friends of the other sex. Two ladies should not walk arm in arm, unless one of them is much older than the other. — M. Baudin says, in his *Annals of Public Hygiene*, that a lady of Lugano, sitting near a window during a thunder storm, received a shock, which was not followed by any dangerous consequence; but a flower, which happened to lie in the way of the electric current, was figured upon her leg, and remained so during her life. — A young resident of Philadelphia, whose lady love suddenly married another man, attempted to commit suicide, recently, by swallowing melted lead. — Ex-Presidents Van Buren and Fillmore were in the galleries of the House of Commons, in England, recently, listening to the debates. Mr. Bright alluded to the fact, and pronounced a high eulogium on the United States of America. — Rev. W. W. Dakins having been seized for his wine bill, the English Court decided that his being a royal chaplain secured him from arrest. — The encampment of the 1st division, M. V. M., will take place at Quincy, on the 25th, 26th, and 27th instant. General Edmonds is determined that this encampment shall excel all its predecessors. — The Naval Department has received official intelligence by which it is satisfied of the loss of the U. S. brig Porpoise, with her officers and crew.

PENSIONS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.—The finance accounts, just published, give the following as the "annuities" of various royal personages charged on the consolidated fund of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, viz., that of the Duchess of Gloucester, £16,000; the King of the Belgians, £50,000; the Duchess of Kent, £30,000; Prince Albert, £30,000; the Duke of Cambridge, £12,000; Princess Mary of Cambridge, £3000; the dowager Duchess of Cambridge, £6000; and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, £3000.

THE ARMIES OF EUROPE.—A table of the land forces of the European powers gives England 230,000 men, exclusive of the East Indian army of 348,000 men; France, 566,000; Russia, 1,154,000; Turkey, 457,680; Austria, 893,000; Prussia, 580,800; Germany, 224,000; Sweden and Norway, 167,000; Denmark, 69,450; Belgium, 61,190; Netherlands, 57,648; Sardinia, 47,559. This table shows that the military resources of Russia equal the combined military resources of England, France and Turkey.

DR. J. V. WILSON.—Being personally acquainted with this gentleman, we take pleasure in assuring the public that we have the utmost confidence in his skill as a physician, and his character as a gentleman, and cannot too highly recommend the specific which he has recently brought out, and advertisements of which may be found in our columns.

PERSONAL.—Mrs. Barney Williams has recovered from her recent severe illness, and has performed a most successful engagement at the Broadway Theatre, New York.

WEAR AND TEAR.—A gold coin, kept constantly in circulation, would last two thousand years before it would entirely disappear; a silver coin would last two hundred years.

Wayside Gatherings.

Billy Caldwell, the notorious counterfeiter of the West, who signs all the bills, has never been seen to sign one, not even by any of his gang.

It is a singular fact, that of the class which has just graduated at West Point, only five, or less than one-sixth of them, are from the Southern States.

Several females have lately been detected in robbing grave-mounds of flowers in Lowell. It is an unfortunate mind that can coolly contemplate such vandalism.

The bills of mortality this season show Boston to be nearly the most healthy city in the country. What are called "summer complaints," are scarcely known.

There were 95,332 persons married in England in the last quarter of the year 1854. This is above the usual average, although less than the corresponding quarter of 1853.

The press of New York city are unanimous in the opinion that, under Mayor Wood's instructions to the police, the prohibitory law will be an absolute nullity, so far as that city is concerned.

The Montpelier (Vt.) Patriot says that a lady residing in that place, recently walked seven miles to a fishing brook, and brought home with her seventy-five trout, all of her own catching.

A short time since, a parent of this city, chastising his son of four years, accidentally knocked him against a bureau, by which his leg was broken. The boy was taken to the hospital for treatment.

A lad named Reuben Haskins, one of the city carriers of the Republican at Springfield, was very seriously, if not fatally injured, by being accidentally shot through the arm-pit, while leaning upon his gun.

Arabat, bombarded by the allies, is a fortress on the Crimea side of the Sea of Azoff, some eighty or ninety miles northeast of Sebastopol. It was originally fortified by the Turks, to whom it is now restored.

The Princess de Sagan has commenced an action, at Berlin, against Professor Gervinus, for having stated, in his "History of the 19th Century," that she had been seen on horseback, seated *en croupe* behind a Cossack!

One of the conductors on the New York Central Railroad has been mulcted in \$700 damages, because he thrust a passenger from the cars for refusing to surrender his ticket until he reached the station to which he had paid.

A sailor on board a vessel in the harbor of Zante, having been struck by lightning, there was found on his breast the number 44, being an exact copy of the same figures in metal which were on a part of the ship's rigging.

Sheep-shearing is now done by machinery in Michigan. Some lazy fellow has patented an invention which supersedes the old-fashioned sheep shears. The machine is small and simple, and makes the fur fly in the most approved fashion.

The Hallowell (Me.) Gazette says there is now descending the Kennebec River a greater run of logs than has been seen there before at this season, for many years. The shores, for miles and miles, are lined with logs, booms and rafts.

An Italian engineer, it is stated, has invented a "locomotive telegraph," by means of which, a train while in motion may not only announce its coming or its position along the whole line, but messages may be sent by the passengers themselves.

Mrs. Prentice Whiting of Uxbridge, a woman over fifty years of age, hung herself with a rope, in the wood-shed near her house. Her mind had been somewhat impaired for the last six months, and she had before attempted self-destruction.

The journeymen printers of Cincinnati have formed themselves into a military company, being the first organization of the craft in the United States. In the Mexican war, numbers of them followed the national colors to battle, to victory and to death.

A man in Knox county, Illinois, found a wolf's den in a hollow stump, from which he extracted eight little sheep stealers. He demands of the county \$50 for the litter, that sum being the bounty which was offered by the board of supervisors for eight wolf scalps.

A regiment of Highlanders, the pride of the English army, left Constantinople 800 strong, and after their arrival in the Crimea, received an addition of 350 men. The remains of this regiment, on its return to Constantinople, were reduced by death to fourteen men and five officers.

The captured wild horse of the Cape is being broken in, but he evidently doesn't like it a "bit." He snorts disdainfully and kicks away at a great rate, but we believe he will turn out right at last. His owner, Deacon Snow, has refused large offers for him, and intends taking him to Boston.

A workman at Vierzén gambled, and having lost every article of clothing, staked one of his ears upon the game. He lost it, and his antagonist, like another Shylock, actually proceeded to cut off with a pair of scissors that which had become forfeited to him. The police has arrested him for the inhuman act.

An iron bell boat is anchored near the Graves Ledge in Boston Bay, to warn neighboring vessels of their proximity to the rocks. The bell weighs five hundred pounds. It will be sounded by the action of the sea, is hung twelve feet above the surface of the water, and can be heard a distance of about one mile.

Near Akron, Ohio, Mr. Daniel Terryman killed a rattlesnake six feet eleven inches long, and nine and one-half inches in circumference. The monster pursued the man for quite a distance, and he escaped only by the chance finding of a club, with which he turned upon and knocked off the head of the formidable reptile.

Alfred Nobles was tried in the Superior Court of Burke county, N. C., lately, for the murder of John Davis. The evidence was altogether circumstantial, but, after twelve hours deliberation, the jury found the prisoner guilty. He thereupon confessed his guilt, and implicated the principal witness, Vaughn, who was forthwith arrested.

The New York Evening Post understands that the old North American Hotel, at the corner of Bayard Street and the Bowery, is soon to be demolished. It is owned by George Law, who, it is said, intends to erect handsome stores upon the ground. The Bowery has been much improved within the last few months by the building of a number of large freestone and marble fronted stores.

A Portland paper contains a list of firms who pay taxes to the amount of \$100 and over for the present year, which list numbers two hundred and ninety. Hon. John M. Wood pays the highest tax, which is \$4233 80. The whole amount to be raised by taxation this year, is \$148,935 74, and the ratio is seventy cents on a hundred dollars. The whole number of polls is 3262. The total valuation of property is 20,501,363.

Foreign Items.

Forty-three thousand teachers are employed in the schools of Austria, of whom about half are females.

For the last two years bread has been sold in Paris at less than cost, the difference being made up to the bakers by the government.

Carmichael, the distinguished marine painter, has joined the Baltic fleet, intending to give the public his views respecting the marine operations during the war.

There are, in round numbers, about three millions of dogs in France, which cost in food eighty millions of francs, and communicate hydrophobia to two hundred persons annually.

A copy of Shakspeare's plays, the only own known containing the two leaves which were cancelled in "As You Like It," sold for £163 16s. recently, at a London auction, to an American.

In England no doubt is entertained that the queen, under Lord Palmerston's advice, will extend a full pardon to Smith O'Brien. And, no doubt, that gentleman will also go into parliament again.

Mr. Dickens is writing a new story, and Mr. Thackeray is going to deliver a new series of lectures. His subject is the "Men of the World"—the Rochefoucauld, and Chesterfield, and Selwyn class. Mr. Thackeray was specially created to discuss such a set.

An English subject named Rolfe was recently arrested at Hamburg, on a charge of enlisting men for the British foreign legion. The British government demanded his liberation, and sent the ship-of-war Otter with the request. In the meantime, Rolfe had been liberated and expelled from the city.

The London papers speak of an invention which has just been submitted to the test by the scientific authorities—a leather cement, so strong and adhesive that boots and shoes are made with it, in which not a single stitch is seen or required, and the process of mending is so simple, that every man may be, if not his boot-maker, at least, his boot-mender.

The preparations for the Queen of England's reception at Paris are already far advanced—the choice of furniture, liveries and persons to attend upon her majesty, being already decided upon. The Prefet de la Seine, the Municipal Councillors, and some of the Aides-de-Camp of the Emperor, are to proceed to meet the queen on her landing at Paris.

Sands of Gold.

.... The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. —*Shakspeare*.

.... Let friendship creep gently to a height. If it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath. —*Fuller*.

.... The extreme pleasure we take in talking of ourselves, should make us fear that we give very little to those who listen to us. —*La Rochefoucauld*.

.... Make not thy friends too cheap to thee, nor thyself to thy friends. Purchase not thy friends by gifts; when thou ceasest to give, such will cease to love. —*Fuller*.

.... There is as much greatness of mind in the owning of a good turn as in the doing of it: and we must no more force a requital, out of season, than be wanting in it. —*Seneca*.

.... Take heed of jesting: many have been ruined by it. It's hard to jest, and not sometimes jeer, too; which oftentimes sinks deeper than was intended, or expected. —*Fuller*.

.... Times of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm. —*Lacon*.

.... Some men are very entertaining for a first interview, but after that they are exhausted, and run out; on a second meeting we shall find them very flat and monotonous: like hand-organs, we have heard all their tunes. —*Colton*.

.... He that sees ever so accurately, ever so finely, into the motives of other people's acting, may possibly be entirely ignorant as to his own. It is by the mental as the corporeal eye—the object may be placed too near the sight to be seen truly, as well as too far off; nay, too near to be seen at all. —*Greville*.

.... If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teachings. —*Shakspeare*.

Joker's Budget.

On one of the rivers in Iowa, the only ferry is a sorrel horse. He crosses three at a time—two on his back, and one fastened to his tail.

"It is well to leave something for those who come after us," as the gentleman said, who threw a barrel in the way of a constable who was chasing him.

We asked a hard case the other day, if he had anything stored up in heaven? "Sartain, sartain," replied he, "I guess they must be laid up there if anywhere, for I aint got any laid up at home."

Don't think of knocking out another person's brains, because he differs in opinion from you. It will be as rational to knock yourself on the head, because you differ from yourself ten years ago.

"Mr. Jones, don't you think marriage is a means of grace?" — "Certainly; anything is a means of grace that breaks up pride and leads to repentance." Scene closes with a broom handle.

Gentility covers up much. Our friend Silkfuzzy lives on five crackers and a cup of lean tea to enable him to sport a ruffle shirt; while Miss Showso boards at a seven shilling house, just for the gentility of appearing on the promenade Sunday afternoon, in satin and flounces.

The following advertisement appeared a few days ago in one of the New York dailies: "NOTICE.—If the gentleman who keeps a store in Cedar Street with a red head, will return the umbrella he borrowed from a lady with an ivory handle, he will hear of something to his advantage."

Vegetables are so scarce at Sebastopol, that a man with three potatoes in his pocket is such an "object of interest," that he will only dine with Lord Raglan. A fellow with three heads of cabbage has just opened a museum at Balaklava, admission two shillings, sixpence extra if you smell of the stalks.

On board a North River steamboat an old lady said to a very pompous looking gentleman who was talking about a communication: "Pray, sir, what is steam?"—"Steam, ma'am, is—ah! steam is—ch! ah!—steam is steam."—"I knew that chap couldn't tell ye," said a rough-looking fellow standing by, "but steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration!"

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements. The immense circulation of the PICTORIAL (being over one hundred thousand copies weekly) forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the PICTORIAL as an advertising medium is, that it is preserved, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the inside of the paper) becomes a permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.

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IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF
CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, AND OTHER
DISEASES OF THE RESPIRATORY ORGANS,
BY MEDICAL INHALATION.

WITH NOTES AND ADDITIONS BY DR. CHAS. GREENE.
First American edition, from fifth London edition, where it has had an unprecedented sale.

This is a valuable work, and should be in the hands of all invalids, and the medical profession generally. Forwarded free of charge, by mail, on receipt of fifty cents; cloth (gilt), one dollar. C. W. VAN HORN & Co.,
No. 92 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia.

We subjoin a few, from many commendatory notices and reviews from the English and American medical and other journals:

We recommend the work to our readers. It will repay, not only a serious consideration, but a patient trial of its merits.—*London Medical Journal*, Dec. 13, 1845.

This is a valuable work, and for the sake of those who suffer from Consumption, Asthma, or Bronchitis, should be brought into extensive circulation.—*Oxford University Herald*, Nov. 7, 1846.

Dr. Maddock is evidently a man of considerable intelligence, and whatever there is good in inhalation of medicated vapor, he seems to have ability to extract. We fear the profession have not given sufficient attention to this mode of alleviating the sufferings of those laboring under this class of diseases.—*New Jersey Medical Reporter*, June, 1855.

[From Prof. James Bryan, editor of the "Philadelphia Medical and Surgical Journal."]

Dr. Maddock's book on inhalation is one of the few which have been issued from the English press on this subject. Its republication in this country, with the judicious notes of Dr. Greene, will add to the medical literature of the United States, and it is hoped, excite some interest in the medical profession on the subject of inhalation, as a means of treating pulmonary affections. With the addition of modern discoveries in physiology, this mode of treating these diseases should have a fair trial, and some atonement made for the long neglect which inhalation has suffered at the hands of medical men.

JAMES BRYAN, M. D.,
Prof. of Surgery in Philadelphia College of Medicine,
July 28

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NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION.

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Miss Cooper has rendered a service to those who love the beauty of the external world, by collecting in one volume such a mass of poetic thought relating to nature.—*New York Crayon*.

G. P. PUTNAM & Co., Publishers,
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PIANO FORTES.



IT is now conceded by competent judges that these are the BEST SQUARE PIANO FORTES MADE IN THE WORLD. For Evenness, Purity and Brilliance of Tone they stand UNRIVALED. Among the many improvements which we have made during the past year, is our 7 octave Piano Forte, constructed upon an entire new principle—the base strings being elevated above the others, and running diagonally, by which we get a longer string, increasing the volume of tone, and combining all the qualities of the Grand Piano, with a beautiful exterior. We were the ONLY BOSTON HOUSE to whom a MEDAL was awarded for superior Pianos exhibited at the

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AND 519 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
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DANIEL BURGESS & Co., Publishers,
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6 CENTS SINGLE.

CHANTREY'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

Many of our readers will recognize with pleasure the accompanying sketch of Chantrey's statue of Washington, which adorns the lower hall of the State House. The drawing was made expressly for our paper. This statue is seen by many thousands of visitors annually, standing as it does in a place which every stranger is sure to visit. The head is modelled from Stuart's famous portrait, and its expression is dignified and commanding. Yet, as a whole, we do not admire this statue. The costume is a compromise between the classic and historical drapery, and the result is far from satisfactory to our taste. The outer garment is neither a Roman toga, nor a military cloak, nor a collegiate robe, and whatever it is, it always struck us as being clumsily draped and concealing quite too much of the figure. Washington's figure was worthy of being displayed; it was a model for the imitation of art. We always associate his presence with the military or civic garb of the close of the last century, and we prefer to see him represented in one or the other. Whatever be the rules or practice of art, the draping of our Washington is an exceptional case. He should neither be stripped to the skin, like a Roman athlete

decked in the trappings of a pro-consul, nor muffled up like an old woman. We prefer to see him in his habit as he lived. But there are many good points about this statue, and it is not unworthy of the hand that wrought it. Chantrey was a man of undoubted genius, and he was no servile follower of particular schools and particular sculptors. He was bold, original and natural, and exerted, in his day, a great influence on the plastic art of his country. He was born, in 1782, in Morton, a little town of Derbyshire, and was destined for the legal profession. At an early age, however, while at school, he gave evidence of ability and tastes for a very different pursuit. He was fond of making models in clay of different objects, which his companions considered triumphs of art. One day, as he passed through the streets of Sheffield, on his way to a school in which he had been entered, his eye chanced to be attracted by some images displayed at the window of a sculptor and gilder, named Ramsay. One glance sufficed to fix his destiny. Firmly resolved to be an artist, he announced his intention to his mother, who was the widow of a wealthy farmer, and was permitted to commence a course of study under Ramsay. For three years he remained at Sheffield, drawing, modelling and study-

ing from nature with unremitting ardor. In 1802, he went to London, and at once produced a sensation by his vigorous and freely-handled bust of Horne Tooke. He then succeeded in obtaining from the city of London an order to execute a statue of George III., which met with general approbation. One of his finest works, and one well known by the medium of engravings, was a monument in Litchfield Cathedral, representing two sisters lying in each other's arms, in the gentle sleep of death. The ease and naturalness of the attitudes, the simplicity and purity of this group, its high sentiment, stamp it with the signet of true genius, and place it among the finest efforts of modern art. Chantrey travelled in France and Italy, to study the works of the great masters of his art, but he never departed from the freedom and force of his own natural style. His busts are admirable productions, and his statues of great men have a certain vigor and grandeur which attest the hand of a master. His bronze statue of Pitt executed for the city of London, is twelve feet high, and is a fine specimen of his manner of treating historical portraiture. Although Chantrey did not possess the prolific faculty of Canova, he did enough to win a name for industry as well as genius.



CHANTREY'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON, AT THE STATE HOUSE, BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DUCAL CORONET:

—OR,—

THE HEIR AND THE USURPER.

A ROMANCE OF ITALY IN THE 16TH CENTURY.

BY ARTHUR MORTON, A. M.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]

He concealed the phial, and summoned Montaldo, his equerry. "Ferrado," said he, "the evil days are upon us."

"I trust not, my liege."

"I will not disguise it. Evils menace the state. Giulio is in my power."

"That danger is conjured then."

"Not so; he has friends. If the news of his arrest and imprisonment take air, they will be swarming about my ears."

"Let them come; we will fight."

"Ferrado, I am no longer young," said the duke. "A suit of armor would chafe my limbs. These latter years of luxury have weakened my courage. I must have a strong arm to lean upon."

"Your grace knows that my arm and life are at your disposal."

"I think so," said the duke. "Ferrado, you must be nearer yet to me. I give you the command of my troops—absolute over them; you will only be subjected to my pleasure."

"I accept the post with gratitude," replied Ferrado.

"That is not all. I must bind you in yet closer bonds."

"The gratitude I owe you is a sufficient pledge of my good conduct," said the equerry.

"Nay," said the duke, "hear me out. My daughter, Margarita, is reported lovely."

"None lovelier in all Parma."

"When she is your bride, Ferrado, you will be as dear to me as herself."

"The princess my bride!" exclaimed Ferrado. "Am I dreaming?"

"You have my full permission to address her."

"My liege, my liege!" cried Ferrado, "you will drive me wild! Never dared I raise my eyes so high as you have bid me look."

"Go, good Ferrado," said the duke, pressing his hand, "marshal our men, and see what effective force we can rely on in case the enemy should suddenly assail us."

Ferrado, after a warm expression of thanks, retired from the presence of the duke. Had he really forgotten Estella?

An usher presented himself, and announced that the vassal of a lady of rank craved an audience with his highness.

"Admit him," said the duke.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MISFORTUNES OF TONIO AND HIS MISTRESS.

The duke's usher, after receiving his orders, withdrew, and immediately afterwards introduced our acquaintance of the villa of Monte Rosa, Tonio the jester. This marvellous individual was attired in a brand new parti-colored suit which he had been reserving for a great occasion. The orange-tawney and scarlet of his garments was absolutely dazzling, in his opinion at least; and he had, moreover, to increase the effect of his presence, bedizened himself with a multitude of ribbons of various hues, which flaunted and fluttered about him as he moved. Such was the extraordinary personage who, not one whit abashed by the rank of the duke, now went through a series of the most grotesque salutations.

"Cease those unmeaning gyrations, fellow," said the duke, angrily. "I need not ask what thou art, I perceive thou art a fool."

"Any fool can see that with half an eye," replied the jester. "You have hit my calling exactly, most serene and transparent highness. I am witty and wise enough to play the fool; it is my profession. But there are so many amateur fools in the world, they are spoiling the business."

"Will you tell me your name?" said the duke, impatiently.

"That will I incontinently, most high-minded, illustrious, and never-to-be-addressed-without-the-utmost-respect potentate."

"What is it, then?"

"Tonio, for default of a better."

"And whose livery do you wear?"

"The livery of folly; hence I am everybody's knave, your Serene Transparency. But most particularly and especially am I affected to the service of a very high, very mighty, very noble, worthy, accomplished, beneficent, refined and amiable prince, who dwelleth on the elevated summit of the hill, monticule or mountain, called by the vulgar, Monte Rosa."

"Giulio Brigaldi?"

"Your immaculate and effulgent excellency has named him."

"And what brought you hither?"

"Marry, your magnanimous highness, these same well-knit and elegantly modelled legs of mine, after which those of the Apollo would have been moulded had I lived a couple of thousand years ago. Not that I am compelled always to go on foot, tremendous sovereign; for in this world folly rides and wisdom walks. But on this occasion, my mule was affected to the use of a lady—and she was a noble beast; I mean the mule, craving your excellency's pardon."

"And pray, sirrah, what is the object of your visit?"

"If I were to tell you it was to see the glories of your illustrious court, I should be telling a falsehood, like your courtiers, my luxu-

rious liege, and should deserve a flogging as they do. We, that is the lady and myself, come thither to crave a boon of your high and mighty excellency; a boon that involves the happiness of two worthy friends of mine—the lady I have been speaking of, and her brother, the excellent Signor Giulio."

"He is well cared for," said the duke.

"Your serene highness's information is exceedingly acceptable," said the jester.

"And you shall be lodged as he is," said the duke.

"Your highness is exceedingly polite," said the jester.

"What, ho! there! Who waits?" called the duke.

The usher who had introduced the jester, entered. The duke whispered a few words in his ear, the man bowed, retired, and presently a tall, stout fellow of sinister aspect entered.

"Take this fellow to the place you wot of," said the duke. The man nodded with a grim smile.

"This way," said he, laying hold of the jester, and pointing to a door opposite to that by which he had entered.

"No, *this* way, my unknown friend," said the jester. "Here's a lady without."

"Away with him!" said the duke.

"But your highness—" pleaded the jester.

"Remove the villain from my sight!" cried the duke, waving his hand.

So, in spite of struggles, and of onteries that made the vaulted chamber ring, the unfortunate jester was borne away to durance vile.

During the interview between the duke and the jester, Ferrado Montaldo, in retiring from the audience-room, unexpectedly encountered Estella. He could not but feel flattered by the warm glow of pleasure that lighted up her face as she recognized him. She advanced to meet him as if he had been an old friend; for she lacked the experience which would have taught her to suppress her frank emotions.

"You here, signor!" she exclaimed. "I am glad to find one face I can recognize among all these stranger countenances."

While she was speaking, Ferrado was mentally comparing her attractions with those of the princess, and his heart could not help acknowledging that they far outshone those of the titled lady.

"I care not to ask by what chance we have again met, lady," said the equerry. "Whatever it is, it is a blessed one."

"My errand is a sad one," said Estella. "I came to seek my brother, hurried away from me, by a troop of the duke's men, in the middle of the night."

"I had the pleasure of meeting him here," said the equerry, evasively.

"Why was he brought hither, sir? You can tell me all about him—you belong to the court."

"I am Ferrado Montaldo, late master of the horse, now raised to the command of the troops by the generosity of my prince."

"Then you are in favor with him, sir," exclaimed Estella. "And you will place his sister in the way to aid him."

"I cannot think your brother is in danger, signora."

"In danger, Signor Montaldo! No! What has he done to endanger him? But he may be deprived of his liberty. Perhaps, however, you can procure me an interview with him."

"For that privilege, lady, you must apply to the duke," replied Ferrado.

"But you will be my friend—will you not?" asked Estella, persuasively. "You will not desert the cause of two innocent persons, Signor Montaldo."

"You may rely upon my services when they can be effectively rendered," said Ferrado. And he meant what he said. The impression the beauty and gentleness of Estella had produced upon him at first sight was deepened by the second interview.

"Will you not go before the duke with me now?"

"I regret to say that I cannot. He has just assigned me a duty to perform. As soon as that task is despatched, I will hasten back to the palace to receive your commands. But you need no friend with the duke. Your own beauty and eloquence will be the best advocates of your cause. Adieu, lady—you can rely upon my sympathy and aid."

Estella felt animated and encouraged by this brief interview. She had secured one friend—and a powerful one—at the court of Parma. While she awaited with some anxiety a summons to the presence of the duke, she was startled by the shouts and outcries of Tonio, as he was borne away. Alarmed beyond expression at this occurrence, and unwilling to desert her servant in his hour of need, she suddenly made her way into the presence of the duke, and to her astonishment, found him alone. The drapery which masked the door by which the jester had been carried away had dropped and hung as motionless as if it had never been disturbed.

The duke rose and saluted his visitor.

"If I mistake not," said he, "you are one so near to me in blood, that I should recognize you at the first glance, as my brother's child."

"You see before you, my lord," said the maiden, simply, "Estella—Giulio's sister."

"And is it to see Giulio or myself that you have visited Parma?" asked the duke, with a bland smile.

"Both, your grace," replied Estella, falteringly. "I am aware that it is only through you that I can see my brother."

"Why this anxiety about your brother, maiden? I had an urgent desire to see him—I sent an escort for him and he is here."

"Where, my lord?" inquired Estella, fixing her bright eyes on the sovereign.

"Where he has no longer the power to harm me," replied the duke, sternly.

"Duke of Parma!" said Estella, shaking off her embarrassment

at once, and assuming a tone of command, "I demand an explicit answer to my question. What have you done with my brother?"

"He is within a dungeon," said the duke.

"Ah! You have not dared to do it!" cried Estella.

"Dared?" retorted the duke. "You forget, girl, whom you are addressing. Am I not Duke of Parma?"

"By what title?"

"By the title of my iron will—a will that has hitherto broken every obstacle that crossed its path."

"What has my brother done," exclaimed Estella, "that you should treat him in this manner—so unnaturally? He lived quietly at Monte Rosa."

"Ay—but he lived!" retorted the duke.

"I understand you," said Estella: and though the blood curdled at her heart, she maintained a bold front, and continued to speak with an unflinching voice. "So long as Giulio was at liberty, your throne seemed insecure. I know but little, it is true, of public affairs, but yet my common sense tells me you have made a mistake. Giulio at liberty is less dangerous than Giulio in prison."

"Indeed!" said the duke, sarcastically, raising his eyebrows as he emphasized the exclamation.

"Yes, my lord, a great mistake," continued Estella. "We have friends, my lord, humble as we seem. So long as Giulio was permitted to remain on his estate undisturbed—and I did my best to make him love retirement—those friends remained quiescent. You have deprived him of the dearest blessing of life—liberty, and have thus absolved them from the implied obligation to keep the peace."

"You talk like a politician," said the duke. "These ideas cannot have come to you intuitively. No, no, I see it all. Your brother has canvassed with you all the chances of success—estimated his strength, and prepared for rebellion."

"You wrong him—foully wrong him," cried Estella, warmly. "I have often heard him deny the right of an individual to risk the misery of a people in the convulsion of a civil war, even to regain a throne of which he was wrongfully dispossessed. The peace of Parma was dearer to Giulio than his personal aggrandizement."

"I believe it not," said the duke. "I believe he was secretly concluding measures with the Duke of Milan to strike for the ducal coronet of Parma."

"You have been grossly deceived—or your fears have deceived you," said Estella. "No such thought ever entered Giulio's soul."

"He never allowed you to fathom its dark depths, then," replied the duke. "I am convinced that he was in league with the Duke of Milan."

"O, beware of Milan, my lord!" said Estella. "Her duke is the soul of chivalry—his lances are the best in Italy. When he marches against Parma, the knell of your power is tolled."

"I laugh to scorn the prophecy, girl," was the duke's reply. "I feared but one man—and that man is in my power."

"Set him free, and you are safe," said Estella.

"I accept no counsel from your lips," said the duke.

"Duke of Parma!" cried the maiden, "I came hither to implore my brother's liberation. I now no longer ask it for my sake—I warn you to set him free for yours."

"Were an angel to plead for him, I would spurn the suppliant."

"Then hear me!" said Estella. "Christendom shall know from these lips that you are a false and traitorous sovereign. I will go from court to court and proclaim that Francisco of Parma is a false knight—unworthy of the spurs he wears. I will set up my banner, and summon all true knights to rally round it. These towers may be stormed, for mighty as they seem, while there is justice in Heaven and valor on earth, there is hope for us. My tongue shall become a trumpet to proclaim thy shame and my brother's wrongs."

"Verily you are transformed, maiden!" cried the duke, in a tone of affected admiration. "Minerva—Bellona—what shall I call you?"

"You know not, proud duke, what a woman—a young maiden—may achieve, when stung by a sense of intolerable injury."

"Nay, fair one, I know full well the power of a woman's pleading. I grant that your enmity would prove most formidable. I frankly confess that you might, in a few days, by the influence of your beauty and your admirable eloquence, arouse a mighty host against me. But there is one condition to your success that you have doubtless overlooked."

"Name it!"

"Your liberty."

"I do not understand you."

"When an individual becomes dangerous to the state," pursued the duke, "sex is no longer regarded. Though we may deem the limbs of a woman too delicate to wear chains, yet we may restrain her fury within solid walls."

"You cannot mean—"

"I mean simply—that as your relative, and, consequently, your natural guardian, in the incompetency of your brother—to hold you a prisoner."

"Ah!" cried Estella, perceiving at a glance the position in which she was placed. "Why did I come hither unarmed!"

The duke clapped his hands thrice. Three or four attendants answered the summons.

"Convey this lady to my daughter's apartments," said he. "Place a guard without, and see that she leaves them not, on peril of your lives. Now, maiden," he added, "I think your eloquence will do me little harm."

"False duke!" retorted Estella, "we shall yet be avenged."

With these words on her lips, she was hurried away.

CHAPTER XII.

SUNSHINE IN THE PRISON.

GIULIO, sitting in his lonely cell, a prey to those anxieties and irritations which beset the bravest hearts in the first hours of imprisonment, was roused from his unpleasant reveries, as the shades of evening began to darken, by the heavy footstep of the jailor, which he had already learned to distinguish from that of his fellows. But he could not hear, for it was light as a snow-flake, the footstep of a companion. The heavy iron door was cautiously swung back, the burly figure of the jailor darkened the threshold as it passed it, and the sudden radiance from the lamp he carried in his hand, at first prevented the prisoner from seeing that the man was not alone. As his custodian withdrew, after placing the lamp in a socket attached to one of the stone pillars, Giulio became aware of a tall and slender figure, shrouded in a mantle, that remained behind. Deeming this personage a companion in misfortune, he advanced and said:

"Stranger, I know not your name, but I welcome you to a gloomy lot."

"I am no stranger," said a silvery voice, in reply, and as the veil parted and the mantle fell, Giulio recognized the Princess Margarita.

He bowed coldly.

"Signora," said he, "methinks you might have spared yourself the trouble of coming to witness the triumph of your father's tyranny and of your contrivance."

"My contrivance! Giulio—prince!" cried the duke's daughter, tears succeeding to the passing glow of indignation which had at first tinged her cheeks.

"Are you not my enemy?" asked Giulio, sternly.

"Your enemy?" She could say no more—her heart was too full.

"Was I not arrested in your own apartment, whither you had invited me?"

"True—but I knew not my father's intentions toward you. I was thunderstruck when you were seized—the atrocity of the act paralyzed my powers, and believe me, I experienced the deepest shame, the greatest distress, at this violation of the rites of hospitality and the claims of blood. Were not such my feelings, believe me, prince, I should not be here alone, at this hour. What—who could have induced you to form so unfavorable an opinion of me—to think me so mean, so guilty a wretch?"

Giulio was on the point of replying, "your own page," but he closed his lips ere the words found utterance. Though thoroughly convinced by the manner no less than by the words of the princess, that she had been grossly slandered, he could not in honor surrender the page—guilty of libel though he were—to her legitimate indignation. The boy had undertaken to perform a dangerous and fatiguing service, and that obligation should cancel his other fault, however great.

"Lady," said the prisoner, "I have sinned against you in my thoughts, prompted by appearances which, to the excited mind of a man in my situation, seemed convincing proof. But I blush to have entertained them, even for a moment—to have thought you for a moment other than the angel you are."

"I have ventured hither," said the princess, in a low tone, "using the authority my rank gives me, and abusing the confidence my father reposes in me, in obedience to an uncontrollable impulse, which bade me see you—beg you be of good cheer, and tell you that in the very heart of your enemy's stronghold, you had one powerful friend, devoted to your cause."

"Then I have friends within and without the garrison!" cried Giulio.

"I have other news for you," said the princess. "Your sister is at Parma."

"My sister here!"

"She came hither to seek you, and demand your liberation of the duke."

"Alas! why did she place herself in his power? Why did she not remain at Monte Rosa?"

"She is imprisoned here."

"Estella imprisoned! Her delicate form stretched on the cold floor of a cell!"

"Nay—hear me!" said the princess, with a smile. "The duke is not so hard-hearted as to treat a woman with that severity. She has a gentler jailor than yourself. She is entrusted to my charge and secluded within my apartments."

"I have nothing to fear, then, so long as she is with you. But tell me, signora—my sister came not to Parma alone?"

"No; your faithful servant, the jester, came with her."

"Faithful fellow! We are all then in the power of our enemy."

"I am sorry to tell you that the jester is imprisoned. I could not procure his immediate liberation. But I have ordered Matteo to place him in your cell."

"Thanks—thanks—you are indeed an angel of mercy, and your presence to-night is like a gleam of sunshine in the dark chambers of my heart. Beautiful princess, it was a providence by which we met; you are now my Providence, as you come on your errand of mercy. I lift my eyes to you as a superior being; and yet, in spite of your dazzling attributes, I dare to love you, and confess it."

The princess trembled with emotion. Giulio took her hand and knelt at her feet.

"O, say not that you deride my suit and are offended at my daring. I cannot control my emotions, I cannot conceal my wishes. There is a wide, wide gulf between yourself and me; but it may be overleaped. Fortune may smile upon me."

"Your fortune would be my father's ruin," said the princess.

"For your dear sake, I would not harm a hair of his head. In

any event his life shall be sacred. But you turn away—you are offended."

The princess had concealed her face, but her tears fell upon the hand that grasped hers. Those tears were a revelation.

"Dearest Margarita, you do not hate me; those are not tears of grief and anger."

A gentle pressure of the hand was the reply.

"It is not walls of stone that make a prison!" cried Giulio, joyously, as he clasped the princess in his arms, and dared to imprint a first kiss on her lips. "You have made this cell an Eden; you have given me more than life—you have given me a motive for living."

The princess gently extricated herself from his embrace.

"Giulio," she said, "I have remained here too long. My place is elsewhere. I must be active in your behalf."

"Go then, dearest, since it must be so," said Giulio, "and tell my sister that I am happy. Tell her all; tell her that we love each other. And for my part, whatever may be my fate, this moment of bliss will atone for every pang that tyranny can inflict on me. Good night, sweetest, I must not detain you, though every moment of your presence is a priceless joy."

And so, with one more embrace, the lovers parted. Giulio paced his narrow cell with as light a step as if he were in the enjoyment of full liberty. He forgot the scene. The prison walls crumbled away. The blue sky of Italy was overhead, flowers springing up at his feet, the melody of birds and falling waters in his ears, and she beside him, the charm and joy of his existence. From this paradisaical dream he was recalled to earth by the grating of his door upon its hinges. A light figure stole to his side. It was the page.

"So soon returned, my Mercury?" said Giulio.

"I returned long ago," said the page, "but I could not come hither before. Indeed, I had not many leagues to ride, for I met the Duke of Milan in arms, and on the march."

"Hither?"

"Ay, my lord."

"Then Heaven be praised. Liberty is not far distant."

"Ere to-morrow's dawn you will hear the trumpets of Milan at the gates."

"Gallant kinsman!" cried Giulio. "Would I were free to share your danger and mount with you to the assault. Boy, you have done me a priceless service; if fortune smile, I will requite you loyally."

"Your words are an ample compensation," said the page.

"But if I might crave a boon, I would pray you to bestow on me that little ring I see on your left hand."

"It has no value, it is a simple circlet of gold," said the prince, drawing off the ring.

"Have you not worn it?" asked the page, reproachfully.

"You are sentimental," said the prince, smiling; "but take it, and let it be a token of friendship. And if, intoxicated by freedom and success, Giulio Veroni forget his obligation to you, the sight of that ring will recall it to his mind. But fear not, boy—I shall never forget. I shall not, I think, exhibit the infirmity of princes—ingratitude. And now, good night."

The page knelt and kissed the prince's hand. His lips were warm and soft, and he shed tears as he performed this act of homage. Giulio smiled, though he was touched at this boy's enthusiasm.

"I have certainly the faculty of making friends," he thought, as the door closed on his retiring visitor.

Some time after this, he was making preparations to retire for the night, when the door again swung open to admit another prisoner, and was then again locked. The new comer rushed forward and threw himself at the prince's feet. It was Tonio, the jester.

"Master! master!" said the faithful fellow, "we have fallen on evil days. Don't blame me. I would have prevented the scoundrels from getting at you in the villa, but they surprised me. I was helpless."

"I do not blame you. I never doubted your fidelity," said the prince, raising him.

"We are all in the power of the tyrant," said the jester, dismally. "Yourself, the signorina and the poor fool. What will become of us? Marry, I fear that they will send the signorina to a convent for life—you will be beheaded, and as for me, they'll make minced meat of me with their chopping knives and toss me to the dogs."

"You talk like a fool," said the prince.

"Then I speak in character," moaned the jester, "and that's a great consolation. It doesn't much matter about me. For I've lived like a fool, and it's a sort of promotion to die like a martyr. But you, my noble young master, the flower of Italy, to be cut off in the prime of life, by the ferocity of an avuncular relative. O, why were uncles ever invented? I am glad I was a foundling, and never troubled with relations. Once I had great expectations—cultivated a red mark on my left shoulder and expected to prove the heir to a title and a principality. But I don't want my relatives to come forward now. I'm afraid of 'em."

"I didn't expect you to be downcast," said the prince.

"O, of course not! It's my duty to be funny under every circumstance. But let me tell you, master of mine, that professional gayety is the least reliable of all resources, and if they were to hang me to-morrow morning, I don't think I should have the least bit of a joke with Jack Ketch. It's your sad dogs that are merry ones in the last of the drama."

"But we haven't got to the *exunt omnes* yet, my friend," said the prince, smiling. "I have good news for you."

"Not before they're wanted."

"Hear me—if you can be rational one moment."

"I'm all ears, like a donkey," said the jester.

"The Duke of Milan is marching on Parma."

"Good!" cried the jester.

"He will be here to-morrow morning, at the furthest."

"Better!" exclaimed Tonio. "Go on, my lord, this is fine."

"You can conjecture what will happen next."

"Or I were no conjuror," replied the jester. "A demand for the unconditional surrender of the prisoners. Refusal. Slam bang! ent and slash, kick and hack, gunpowder and steel, broken heads, battering rams, lots of smoke—glory and victory. We are free—the usurper falls into our hands. We torture him a little, just by way of pastime, then chop off his head and set it on the city gates as a warning to all such carrion scoundrels."

"No, Tonio, banishment is the heaviest penalty I could find it in my heart to inflict on my worst enemy."

"You are too merciful by half. But are you sure of your intelligence, my lord?"

"As of my life."

"Who informed you?"

"An angel."

"Enough. I doubt no longer. And now, master—let us go to sleep and dream of a glorious awakening on the morrow."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

WE paused on the margin of a lake in the valley of the Mississippi. It was near the hour of sunset, and a bright golden tinge fell upon the waters, gilding the glassy surface beautifully.

"Look across in that direction," said my companion.

"I see a precipice of imposing height," I replied.

"There is a singular legend connected with the history of yon pile of jagged rocks; every foot of this soil was once trodden by red men; the original and just owners of this wide and fertile valley," returned my friend. "Yonder was an Indian village, but no mementoes remain to tell us that this romantic place was formerly the home of a powerful tribe. The children of Wapesha sported on these verdant banks, and the maidens bathed in these waters, and listened to love-tales beneath these sylvan shades."

"It chanced that a young hunter became enamored of one of the fairest of the daughters of his tribe. He was brave and handsome. There was none swifter in the chase or more cunning on the war-path. He was successful with the maiden, but not with her parents, for he was without rank; while a notable chief was his rival. Unfortunately, the red men, like the pale faces, have regard to earthly distinctions, and titles have charms for their ears. The untitled suitor was bidden to go his way, and treated with marked harshness and contempt by the relations of the Indian damsel. She was closely watched to prevent stolen interviews, and every artifice was used to keep the lovers apart."

"One day the hunter had the good luck to meet her in the forest, when he again repeated the oft-told tale of devotion, and she renewed her promise to wed him, or never become the wife of warrior or chief. The sharp eyes of the hunter detected a form gliding from tree to tree, and presently he heard the click of a lock, admonishing him of his peril. A timely change of position saved his life; a ball cut the air close to his head, striking an oak beyond."

"You do well!" cried the hunter, calling the young man by name, "to come forth to shoot a neighbor as you would kill a pale-face. What is my crime, that I deserve to be hunted like a buck?"

"You have been told that my sister is promised to a powerful chief, and that you must have no more love-talk with her. You deserve to die for your audacity!" replied the girl's brother.

"The hunter had his gun in his hand, and his knife and tomahawk at his belt."

"You are in my power!" he proudly replied. "I can kill you in a moment, but I scorn such wickedness. Besides, your death would distress the maiden I love; depart in safety, unpunished for your treachery, and remember I have given you your life."

"I will go, but my sister shall go with me, and you can go to your lodge and weep like a squaw," retorted the young man.

"Come, foolish one, your future husband awaits you at the lodge," added her brother.

"My future husband is before you, if I am destined to have one on the earth!" she exclaimed. "I despise the man you name!"

"Her brother laughed contemptuously, and taking her by the arm, led her toward his father's lodge. When she was taken before her relatives, they covered her with reproaches, accusing her of unmaidenly conduct. All her spirit was aroused by their taunts."

"I see plainly," she said, "that you are not my parents. My father and mother and brothers must have died when I was an infant, leaving me to the care and affection of strangers! I will go to seek my relations in the land of shadows. They will be glad to see me, and console me for the misery I have suffered."

"She hastened from the lodge, stepped into a canoe, and paddled swiftly for yonder cliff. Her friends watched her movements with silent terror, until they saw her touch the shore and climb the jagged height; then they cried out in remorse, and ran to arrest her purpose. But they were too late to reach the spot. They saw her upon the summit, and the words of her death song were borne mournfully to their ears. They shouted their sorrow, they promised in vain; if she heard their wild adjurations, she heeded them not, but scorned their late repentance. She chanted her wrongs, called on the Great Spirit, raised her arms in the air, and leaped from the dizzy height. The waters of the lake closed over her, and her conscience-stricken relatives saw her no more."

EAST INDIA SILK WORM. *BOMBYX CYNTHIA*.

We present our readers with an accurate and beautiful representation of the *Bombyx Cynthia*, locally called the *Arrindy Erria*, which produces the silk from which are wrought the famous Indian foulards, so noted for their solidity, as well as furnishing material for the fabrication of the stuff which clothes entire populations in the British East Indies. The engraving represents a branch of the Palma Christi, on which is seen the chenille or silk worm, arrived at that stage where it spins its cocoons. Attached to the branch are two cocoons, and in the upper part of the picture the perfect animal, a magnificent dark butterfly, shaded with brown, yellow and black. In the East Indies this worm produces at least seven crops annually. Its prolific nature and the excellence of the silk it yields, have long rendered it an object of attention to the silk growers of Europe, and various attempts have been made to acclimate it in that continent. It appears that latterly these efforts have been crowned with success. The introduction of this worm was not an easy matter. As it has a number of generations every year, the phases of its life are so short that it was found impossible to transport to Europe eggs or living cocoons, because they hatched out and died on the passage. Two learned gentlemen, Messrs. Baruffi and Bergonzi, who experimented on the subject, annoyed at receiving eggs and cocoons hatched or dead, conceived the idea of abridging the duration of the journey by dividing it into two parts. Governor Reid of Malta, aided them by his efforts, and some eggs having arrived at Malta at the moment of hatching out, the young worms were raised in that island, spun cocoons that produced butterflies, and consequently, eggs. These cocoons and eggs of a first generation arrived safely at Turin. They are now being raised in many parts of Italy, and promise to reward amply the care and attention which has been bestowed on their introduction into Europe. They feed upon the common *ricinus* plant, and may thus be raised in localities where the mulberry tree is unknown. The successful raising of silk-worms is quite a complicated and scientific process. Still, when we consider this science at its point of departure, it presents itself in forms of the greatest simplicity. It is well known that the bombyx which produces silk is a native of China. Now in China there are entire provinces where the silk worm is raised by the following process. When the mulberry trees, grafted on dwarf stocks, begin to be clothed with foliage, little open boxes containing the eggs of the silk worm are attached here and there to the branches. In proportion as the heat hatches out the eggs, the worms spread themselves over the foliage of the tree without any other guide than their natural instinct. There they undergo their different transformations and suspend their cocoons. All the trouble of raising them is confined to keeping off the birds, who have a singular fondness for silk worms; then, as the cocoons form they are collected to extract the silk. This is the infancy of sericulture. The eggs of the silk worm are about the size of the head of a small pin, and when just hatched out the worms are barely discernible. When full grown, they are two inches long. In European establishments they are hatched indoors, and artificial heat is generally employed to accelerate their progress. As the worms advance in size their voracity is extraordinary. Where their rations are apportioned to them it is sometimes necessary to feed them six or seven times a day, and the noise they make in consuming their food has been compared to that of a heavy rain falling on thick foliage. When the cocoon is ripe the chrysalis is destroyed by baking, by carbonic or sulphuric acid, camphor or steam, otherwise the butterfly would pierce its envelop, and the silk be lost. Most of our readers will remember the *morus multicaulis* fever a few years since, when everybody was about to make a fortune by raising mulberry trees and silk worms. In some places cities were laid out, to be built up and grow rich on the products of the worm. The first frosts of autumn killed the young mulberry trees, and the bubble burst about as quick as it was inflated. Many a prospective fortune was dissipated into thin air, and hundreds of thousands of dollars were utterly lost by the new speculating mania. It was worse than the hen-fever.

FRESCO PAINTING IN THE CAPITOL.

A correspondent of the Baltimore American says that a very beautiful and interesting fresco painting is now in process of completion, in one of the rooms of the Capitol at Washington. The name of the artist is Constantino Brumidi, and the subject of his painting is the Summons to Cincinnatus—when the voice of his country called him to leave the labors of his farm, to assume the dictatorship of Rome. The work is not an ordinary water color painting, like those we see in our churches and public buildings, but is a genuine fresco painting, executed upon fresh plaster, and is said to be the only one of the kind in the country. The colors, incorporating with the moist lime, and drying with it, become very durable. As much of the plastering is laid on from day to day as the artist can cover with his colors, and if he does not succeed in painting over all which has been laid, the part which is not painted upon is cut away and re-laid again. The scene of the picture is upon the farm of Cincinnatus. In the back-ground, beyond the



EAST INDIA SILK WORM.

flowing Tiber, appear the buildings of Rome, and moored in the river floats the galley which conveyed the delegation of conscript-fathers from the "eternal city." The chief of the delegation, clothed in his senatorial robe, with a laurel wreath encircling his brow, is in the act of offering to Cincinnatus his helmet, sword and other military insignia. Around him are other senators, including among them one comparatively youthful face, and near at hand are a group of soldiers bearing the fasces. Cincinnatus, the chief figure of the painting, stands in a dignified attitude, with one hand resting upon his ploughshare, and the other pointing to his breast, apparently half incredulous of the fact that Rome really wished to confer such honors upon himself, a retired citizen. The accessories of the painting, as well as the principal figures, are said to be admirably executed, and a little boy, who is represented in the foreground playing with a dog, is said to be a most excellent portrait of a son of Captain Meigs, of the United States Engineers corps, who temporarily occupied the room upon the wall of which the picture is being painted.

A VISIT TO THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

The dangers attendant upon a visit to the catacombs of Paris were proved, by frequent and fatal experience, to be so great, that the government resolved, some years past, to close these vast charnel houses. In bygone days it used to be the fashion to make up parties to explore these gloomy cities of the dead, and it frequently happened that some of those who had extended their rambles, unattended by a guide, never discovered their way back, and were therefore compelled to remain in the Court of King Death. It was in consequence of these repeated disasters that the French government ordered the gates to be bricked up. Since that period, many persons of influence and high station have made fruitless applications to obtain permission to enter the gloomy portals of the "*Citta dolente, nel eterno dolore*." At last, however, the government has yielded to the entreaties of certain public functionaries and members of the corps diplomatique; and a few days ago, the long-sought-for permission was granted to a party consisting of

100 persons. Amongst them was M. Haussmann, the Prefect of the Seine, the Ottoman ambassador, an Armenian bishop, Dr. Paul Gaimard the traveller, a number of savans, authors and artists, and some ladies. The party entered by a door in the inner court of the Oetroi Office, at the Barriere d'Enfer. Each gentleman carried a long wax candle and a box of matches. After descending a long, narrow, spiral staircase to a depth of more than one hundred feet, the party placed themselves under the direction of the engineers specially attached to the catacombs. They proceeded along a narrow gallery, five or six feet high, neatly cut in the stone. From this gallery others branch off in different directions. The names of the different quarters of Paris and the suburbs, beneath which the main gallery runs, are inscribed on the walls, and on the roof is a black line to indicate the road to be taken; but as this line is interrupted in several places by the branches, any visitor who should trust to it alone, and attempt to proceed unaccompanied by a guide, would be very likely to lose himself. Here and there water penetrates through the roof and sides of the gallery, but not in sufficient quantities to render it impracticable. After half an hour's walk, the visitors arrive at a sort of a large edifice in stone, the entrance to which is by a door kept constantly locked. Above the door are inscribed in large letters, the words, *Memoria Majorum*, and on both sides of it are funeral inscriptions in Latin and French. The door being opened, the visitors entered the catacombs, properly so called. The galleries there are wider and the roof higher. The air is sharper, but impregnated with the odor of the dead, and this odor soon becomes fixed upon the clothes, and even the hands and faces of visitors. It is known that all the remains of the dead in the different cemeteries of Paris were at one time conveyed to the catacombs. These remains, which are more or less intact, more or less dark or brown, damp or mouldy, are arranged somewhat like books in a library. The arrangement is effected with a deal of symmetry. The bones, according to their dimensions, are placed one on the other in the form of a cross or lozenge, of two or three

feet high, and each cross or lozenge is surmounted by a row of skulls, which serves as a basis for a new structure. Here and there a larger cross has been formed of skulls which present any singularity of form. At intervals, there are stones which divide the bones into categories; and on these stones are inscribed the cemetery from which, and the date at which, the bones were removed. Some categories consist of the remains of entire communities of monks and nuns. In a corner are those of the prisoners massacred in September, 1792, but these bones have not yet become so worn by time as to enable them to be classified. On a table are exposed such skeletons or bones as present any peculiarity, either in conformation, or from the effect which time has had on them—some having become hardened, others mouldy. It is calculated that the catacombs altogether contain the remains of not fewer than eight to ten millions of human beings; and they are so divided into streets and squares as to form a complete subterranean town. The streets or galleries, run, on the whole, to the length of several leagues.—*London Illustrated News*.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

The engraving below gives a lively idea of this bustling provincial seaport, the trade of which with the United States is very extensive, and which has been largely increased since the passage of the reciprocity treaty. A large proportion of the "Johnnies," as the small British provincial craft are popularly termed, to be seen loading and unloading in our northern seaports, hail from St. John, from which, also, sail many vessels of large tonnage, fine specimens of naval architecture. The point selected by our artist affords the most striking and varied view of this thriving place. To the bold and broken foreground, succeeds a bright expanse of water, enlivened with a quantity of shipping, while beyond rises the town, with its dwelling-houses, churches, spires, stores and warehouses, grouped agreeably and backed by an undulating chain of hills. The British provinces are associated with some of the most stirring incidents in the early annals of American history. To Sebastian Cabot belongs the honor of their discovery. He set sail from Bristol, England, in March, 1495, with a small fleet, and steering for the unknown west, discovered the island, called by his crew, and since known as Newfoundland. Prince Edward Island was next visited, and hence, under the guidance of some of the natives, the adventurers, in July, 1495—more than three centuries and a half ago,—reached the mainland, and effected the first landing of Europeans on the great continent of the West. Cabot's discoveries were not immediately made available by the English, but the French soon resorted to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to carry on the fishing business, which proved very lucrative. The French expedition, commanded by the Sieur des Monts, in 1604 discovered the Bay of Fundy and the River St. John, which they named thus because it was entered on St. John's Day (June 24), 1604. This band of adventurers founded Annapolis and various fishing stations in the neighborhood. Under a grant of nearly the whole of British Ameri-



SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS, AT SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

ca from Charles I.—for European kings were very liberal with American territory in those days,—the grantee, Sir William Alexander, afterwards the Earl of Stirling, made a few unimportant settlements; while French colonists, who had received similar grants from the French crown, also established themselves in the new country. The French and English settlers naturally came into collision, and disputes and bloodshed were frequent, until, in 1667, the whole country was formally ceded to France by treaty. From 1670 to 1688, hostilities broke out between England and France, and the English obtained possession of the territory, which has ever since been maintained. In 1783, considerable numbers of loyalists flocked thither, and landed on the rocky peninsula where the city of St. John now stands. It was then a dense forest, which soon yielded to the labors of the settlers, and the basis of a flourishing town was established. Its population is about 25,000, and its trade is quite extensive.

INHABITANTS OF N. S. WALES.

The accompanying engraving represents a group of the natives of New South Wales, who range very low in the scale of humanity. According to Blumenbach's system, the Australian must be classed with the Ethiopian or negro, but Mr. Crawford asserts that "each insular negro is a distinct variety of the human species." Captain Cook's description of this race has been verified by every succeeding observer. "The skin," says he, "is of the color of wood soot, or what is commonly called chocolate color. Their features are far from disagreeable; their noses are not flat, nor are their lips thick; their teeth are white and even, and their hair naturally long and black, it is, however, cropped short; in general it is straight, but sometimes it has a slight curl; we saw none that was not matted and filthy, though without grease, and, to our great astonishment, free from vermin. Their beards were of the same color as their hair, bushy and thick; but they are not suffered to grow long."



VIEW OF ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CATIARINE TO HEATHCLIFF.*

BY S. L. SPENCER.

Yes, you may weep, and wring your hands,
And kiss my cheek, and pray,
But you cannot keep me from my home
Within yon churchyard gray.
We've often strayed among these graves,
And braved their ghosts together,
When next we go, you'll lay me down,
And leave me there forever.

My kindred lie within the church,
'Neath sculptured marble fair,
But the church is old, and gloomy, and cold,
And you shall not bury me there.
You shall make my grave on the green hill-side,
In the free and open air,
Where the dews may fall, and the grass may spring,
And the floweret blossom fair.

Yet summer winds may sigh around,
And wild flowers o'er me wave,
But I shall never rest in peace
Within that lonely grave.
You may bury me ten feet under ground,
You may hallow the spot with prayer,
You broke my heart, but I never will rest,
Till you are with me there.

Do you think to forget me when I am gone,
And the sun of my life has set?
The dead are seldom remembered long,
But you shall never forget
I shall haunt your footsteps wherever you roam,
At your side forever be;
You shall feel my presence in every place,
But my form you shall never see.

My voice will speak in the murmuring brook,
And sigh in the passing breeze,
You shall hear it in spring, when the first south wind
Is rustling the dark fir trees.
You shall hear it and start, I shall seem so near,
And listen, and call in vain;
But I shall be deaf to your prayers and tears,
And answer not again.

You shall hear my voice in the silent night,
And your dreams shall be filled with me,
Till you wake with an eager and straining gaze,
My vanishing form to see.
When you wander abroad on the lonely moor,
You shall think to meet me there,
And when you return, you shall fancy you hear
My feet on the narrow stair.

My spirit will roam through my ancient home,
Though you never will see me there,
You shall feel my presence, and stretch your arms
To clasp but empty air.
My face will start up from the flags at your feet,
My eyes will look down from the wall,
And your spirit will faint, and your brain turn wild,
To think it is a mockery all.

Your nerves shall be racked, and your heart shall be wrung,
With longing, and looking and looking in vain,
Till you long for a rest in the quiet earth,
And never to wake again.
And when you have broken your bonds and fled,
They must make your grave by my side;
In life we were severed and sundered here,
But in death I will be your bride.

* See Wuthering Heights, by Currier Bell.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SCULPTOR OF VERONA.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

A SHORT distance from the city of Verona, near the banks of the Adige, dwelt Henri Narboni, with his son and niece. Narboni was a sculptor of considerable talent and more industry, and early and late he could be seen bending over his task. The little cottage was small but neat, and almost hidden from sight by vines and orange trees. The day on which my story opens was uncommon sultry and oppressive, and Narboni bent wearily over his work, ever and anon sighing as if oppressed by some sadness.

His beautiful niece, Madeline, had been watching him for some moments, and she now rose and stood beside his chair.

"My dear uncle," she said, gently, "I do not like to have you keep so steadily at work. You look wearied and sigh frequently; lay aside your chisel, and walk with me in the garden."

Narboni looked up sadly at his bright child, but shook his head as he replied:

"Dear Madeline, I am not weary, but in thinking of you I sighed."

"Sigh for me? You must tell me why."

"Have you no longings to go back to my friend Lacour's, at Brescia? He is rich, and his house is a more suitable home for you than this poor cottage, and he loves you like a father, my dear child. It makes me sigh to think, that since we left France, you have been obliged to share all my toil and poverty. It is very hard for you, dear Madeline."

"You must say no more, my uncle," replied Madeline, kissing the old man affectionately. "I was too young when you left France to feel the change, and I am only happy while near you. The visit I made to your friend was pleasant to be sure, but I was longing all the time to get back to you, and fearing you were missing me very much."

"So I did miss you, and the days dragged slowly and wearily by while you were absent, my darling child," and the old man fondly stroked Madeline's bright curls. After a pause, he inquired somewhat anxiously if she had seen his son Julio while there.

Madeline's bright face was overclouded, and she hesitated before she gave the reply, which she knew would cause the old man sorrow and disappointment.

"No, uncle. Julio came to see me but once, and then he seemed abstracted and in haste."

Narboni bent his head lower and sighed heavily, as he remarked more to himself than his companion:

"Much do I fear my son is forgetting his duty."

"Why, uncle?"

"Because, my child, he shrouds his course through life in mystery, and seems unwilling that even his father should know how and where he spends his time and money, and his associates are anything but creditable."

"I pray you may be wrong, uncle," Madeline replied, but her face was averted, and she resumed her seat by the window, and her bright eyes were full of tears, for she felt that the good old man was right. What kind of a son was he? Young and vigorous, he saw his old white-haired father toiling day by day to earn a support, and permitted him to do so. She knew too that Julio rejoiced at all the misfortunes the French met with, as no true-hearted Frenchman would do. Madeline and her uncle pursued their separate tasks in silence, each one occupied by their own sad thoughts. While they were thus employed, Julio entered the cottage. He saluted both pleasantly, then throwing himself into a chair, he turned to his father, and asked if he had heard the news. Narboni, without raising his eyes, replied in the negative.

"Listen, then, father, and rejoice. General Bonaparte has passed the Riva, and is engaged in the mountains of Tyrol."

The old man looked up, with his face lighted with joy.

"Blessed news!" he exclaimed. "The undertaking is hazardous, but the general is skilful, and adored by his troops. Without doubt, the French will find in Tyrol a still more glorious name."

"They will find death there! The French will perish to a man in the mountain defiles, and even Bonaparte will find an unconquerable adversary in the Archduke Charles," said Julio, bitterly.

"What do you say, Julio? Have you become an Austrian, that you speak so?"

"No; but I am an enemy to revolutionary hordes."

Narboni made a sign to Madeline to leave the room, which she quietly obeyed. Julio asked his father why he had sent his cousin away.

"Because," replied the old man, with a proud and bitter air, "I did not wish her to lose the little esteem and love she has left for you."

"It is a great crime to hate one's enemies then?" sneeringly asked Julio.

"Whatever are the crimes of the human race in these sad times, France is your country, and I blush with shame to hear you speak of her people as your enemies. I see how you have occupied the time spent away from home. Believe me, Julio, your quarrels with the officers of the garrison have opened my eyes. Do not to your other bad deeds add the crime of hatred of your country."

"I am not conspiring against it, father."

"If not, why are you so frequently absent from Verona? Why did you only make one hurried visit in Brescia while your cousin was there? What do you do? How do you employ your time?"

"My father, I swear—"

"Do not swear, my son, but remember that love of country is a great virtue. Go—leave me now."

Julio rose.

"I obey, father, and rest assured that whatever happens I shall never forget my duty to you." He bowed and left.

Narboni sunk back in his chair, lost in profound thought; after a few minutes he was aroused by a knock at the door. He rose hastily and opened it. Standing before him was a young French soldier.

"Signor Narboni?" he inquired.

"It is me. How can I serve you?"

"I have a billet from the commandant of the garrison," and he presented him a small note.

Narboni opened and read, then turning to the soldier, he said:

"Although this house is one of the poorest in the environs of Verona, your colonel is welcome to its hospitality."

The soldier stepped inside the cottage, and placed a valise he carried upon a chair.

"Here comes my colonel. Allow me, my colonel, to present to you Signor Narboni, master of this house."

Colonel Victor bowed very gracefully, saying:

"I feel sorry that I come, by my forced stay, to add to the care which the war makes sufficiently heavy. I will do all in my power to lighten the burden."

Just then Madeline entered the room; she blushed on first perceiving a stranger, but her embarrassment turned to pleasure as she recognized in him a friend she had met while visiting in Brescia. A few moments passed in conversation, and they left the room to go to dinner. While they are dining, it is as well to record a scene which took place in the garden. Julio entered, accompanied by two Italian friends. One whom we will call Antonio first spoke.

"I have just returned from Venice. Fortune favors our projects. Never was there a better chance to crush the French in Italy. General Bonaparte has been defeated in the Tyrol, and his army entirely destroyed."

"Is it true?" demanded Julio.

"Yes; I saw the despatch from Archduke Charles."

"What are the designs of the council of Ten?"

"I brought with me twenty thousand muskets with which to arm our peasants; everything is ready for the insurrection, and you, Julio, have been chosen by Venice to give the signal."

"Me?"

"Yes, at the head of your band. The rest will be ready to sustain your first movements."

"Where are the proofs?" asked Julio, somewhat doubtfully.

"Here is a letter from the podesta of Brescia, who informs me that the people swear they wait only for the signal, and contains a list of the principal leaders of the conspiracy. Success is inevitable. God blesses our arms."

"Ah, well! let us go," said Julio, with a slight hesitation in his manner.

"No, no!" exclaimed Antonio; "no delay. I have this very afternoon to leave for Venice, and must carry to the senate your adhesion. See, you must sign this list—there, at the head of all."

Julio turned slightly pale, but even if he had wished to, he had gone too far to recede. Seizing the pen and ink Antonio held towards him, he rapidly signed his name. His companions then left him, and Julio slowly entered the house and found himself face to face with Colonel Victor.

"Wretch! you here!" exclaimed the colonel, his eye flashing with anger.

"Silence, sir, in the name of Heaven! I am in my father's house," pleaded Julio.

"That noble old man your father!" exclaimed Victor, with scorn. "It is impossible."

"What I tell you is no lie. I am at your mercy."

"So your father is ignorant that his son has his hands stained with the blood of Frenchmen, and that he escapes only by a miracle the chastisement he deserves."

"O, worse, worse, sir!"

"Do you not fear that you will bring his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, and sully the honor of his name by cowardly assassinations?"

"Sir?"

"Yes, by cowardly assassinations! I repeat it; for he who glides in the dark, even to the door of his own home, and listens to murderous words, is only a coward."

"Must I bear this!" exclaimed Julio, trembling with rage.

"Listen, wretch! I have sworn that wherever I met you, I would deliver you up to the vengeance of the law; but, for the sake of your father, your family, to save them from the knowledge of your infamy, I spare you."

"Sir?"

"Do not think, however," added Colonel Victor, sternly, "that you will be free to carry out your plans; no, I demand, I demand, do you hear? that you swear by the head of your good old father to renounce all guilty projects against us; that you remain perfectly quiet by your fireside, and render me an account, as long as I shall judge proper, of your conduct and actions. Swear to me that, and on that condition only will I promise secrecy."

"I swear it."

"That is well. Now we are strangers to each other, but forget not," and with that warning, Victor passed from the room, leaving Julio pacing the room in impatient rage.

"Am I never to be rid of that man? I will hasten and find Antonio, the only one I can safely trust, and tell him how I am bound, and he may rid me of that cursed man. I cannot kill him, for he spared me." So saying, Julio hastened to Verona.

A few days after the foregoing scene, Madeline might be seen sitting at work, and Victor standing by her.

"Always at work, mademoiselle?"

"I must not rest to-day, monsieur, for to-morrow is the second Easter Sunday."

"So it is. I had nearly forgotten it."

"Every year I have been accustomed to go to Verona to perform my devotions, but I fear this year I must relinquish my pious pilgrimage."

"Why?" asked Victor.

"My uncle is too feeble to accompany me; it is a long journey for one of his age, and on the other hand, my cousin pays me so little attention that I do not wish to engage him in my service."

"But if I should obtain permission from your uncle to accompany you?"

"Then, colonel—"

"Then?"

"Frankly then, I should have a pleasant journey," replied Madeline. After a thoughtful pause, Madeline said, in low voice: "The feast of the Passover is still dear among the Italians for one reason in particular. It is a day when all families and friends reunite and renew the ties broken by quarrels and discords, and cement anew their union. I have heard it said it is the same in France, and, doubtless, this moment your absence is deeply regretted by your friends and your family."

"My family?" repeated Victor, with an agitated air.

"Yes, your family, colonel, ought to pray Heaven for your happiness. It is a consolation to pray for those we love."

"But, mademoiselle, I am loved by no one. I have no mother. I left no one to love me in France," said Victor, sadly, and his fine face was overshadowed.

"Frankly, Colonel Victor, you are not communicative. You have been with us fifteen days, and we know neither your name nor your country."

"My country is France. Pardon me Mademoiselle Madeline, but very powerful motives compel me to keep silence; one day, if you do not refuse my love, if I am happy enough to touch your heart, you shall know all."

"You promise me that?"

"It is nearly like making me a promise yourself, which, some day, I shall demand the fulfilment of," replied Victor, with a smile.

Madeline laughed, as she remarked:

"In truth, colonel, you should be all-powerful in war; you know how to profit so skilfully by the faults of your enemies."

"With an enemy like you, Madeline, peace is more pleasant and advantageous than war, and I swear faith and obedience to you always," and he raised her soft hand to his lips.

Just at that moment Julio entered.

"I see with pleasure, my dear cousin, that you know well the duties of hospitality."

"Julio!" exclaimed Madeline, her eyes flashing and her cheeks flushing with indignation.

"Sir!" exclaimed the colonel, his hand instinctively grasping his sword hilt.

"Pardon me, sir," said Julio, bowing haughtily. "It was to my cousin my words were addressed; when she has answered, I may request of you an explanation."

"Perhaps, sir; but do not forget that I demand the explanation," as haughtily replied the colonel.

"You shall be satisfied, sir."

"I hope so," and Colonel Victor, bowing to Madeline, retired into the garden, and might be seen from the window pacing to and fro.

"What do you wish to know, Julio?" asked Madeline, gently, for she knew her cousin's temper, and hoped to quiet him.

"I wish to know how far she, whom my father calls daughter, and whom I called my betrothed, can forget her duty and her promises."

"This is too much!" exclaimed Madeline, and tears of indignation and wounded feeling filled her eyes; but she felt that Julio's aim was a quarrel with Victor, and while telling the truth she endeavored to calm his anger. "This is too much, and since you have put to me that question, I will tell you without evasion if you have not seen yourself any change in my manners to you that I have changed. There was a time when I entered with joy into the plans formed by my uncle, and would have been happy in that way to have repaid his devoted care; you have taken precaution yourself to destroy the dream; your indifference proved that you cared very little for the realization of his cherished projects, and my heart, wounded in its affections, has returned to me, and can never again entertain any feeling of love for you."

"I cannot compel you to love me, Madeline, but, if my suspicions are correct, it is of that man that I must demand my lost happiness," and Julio prepared to go out.

"Great Heaven! what do you say?" and Madeline sprang from her chair to leave the room.

"Return instantly, Madeline," commanded Julio.

"How, sir?" Madeline questioned, every feature expressing haughty surprise and indignation.

"You must return, dear mademoiselle. My father is not here, and you know it, and, in his absence, you must obey me. Return and be seated." This was said in a cold, sneering tone.

"Has it come to this? God help me!" and with firm step, but pale face, Madeline left the room.

Julio rushed into the garden and confronted Victor, who was standing leaning against a tree.

"I have lost my only valued treasure in the love of Madeline, and your blood alone can atone for the outrage. Draw!"

Victor concealed his fierce rage, and his sword remained sheathed, though his hand played nervously with his sword knot.

"A duel with you! a duel with you, wretch!"

"Take care, sir! Pride will not cover cowardice."

This was too much even for Victor, who had determined to avoid a combat with the son of his host. Eagerly he demanded the time, place and weapons, and, with looks of bitter hatred, they separated, to meet again in two hours with crossed swords.

Just as they separated, Narboni entered. He noticed the angry glances, and instantly comprehended all. Julio passed quickly out of the garden, but Victor remained. When Julio had gone, old Narboni sank upon a seat.

"O, my son! my son!" he sighed, then making an effort he raised himself and turned to Victor, who was regarding him mournfully. "My son has provoked—insulted you, and you intend to fight him. Tell me the truth."

"You are right. I would have avoided this, if I could have done so with honor."

"I was sure. Alas! here in Italy, as well as in France, misfortune follows my family; here I see my son about to strike his friend, as in France, in the chateau Cadenet, I saw my wife assassinated by a man I called friend."

"At the chateau Cadenet! Great heavens! you are then—"

"I am a Frenchman and an exile," said Narboni, mournfully.

"Will you tell me this sad history?"

"I do not think I ought to—"

"Speak, sir, for upon your recital depends the life of your son."

After a moment's undecided pause, Narboni began thus:

"I lived in the chateau Cadenet, with my wife and son, my brother and my niece. When the revolution, which overturned the throne, broke out, my brother and myself hastened to the national convention to offer our swords. We fought side by side upon the frontier in defence of our country, until my brother fell, mortally wounded, at my feet, and commending to me with his last breath his little daughter. I was severely wounded and compelled to return home. I left happiness there, and returned only to find despair and desolation. During my absence, a neighbor and a friend, who had loved my wife, but been rejected, renewed his attentions, and upon being justly treated with scorn and indig-

nation, had, with his own hand, stabbed my beautiful, adored wife."

"Great heavens! But the name of this man?"

"His name was Stephen Bonneville. But what does it signify to you? he is dead."

"Nothing, sir. You are then the Count de St. Prix. I can say nothing to you yet, but rest assured I will never cross swords with your son."

"Is it possible?"

"I swear to you upon the honor of a soldier, this duel shall not take place, no matter what the refusal may cost me."

"Whatever is the reason for your resolution, I thank you, and upon your head will rest the blessing of a father," said Narboni, grasping the young colonel's hand.

Easter Sunday came, and Madeline set out for Verona, accompanied by Colonel Victor. When they reached the public square, in front of the church, the scene which was presented to their eyes was truly brilliant. All the peasants were dressed in bright holiday attire; some were standing talking together in very picturesque groups; others were dancing, while a large number of the men were lounging round the doors of the church, into which many more had entered. Various groups of French soldiers were scattered here and there. Madeline and Victor sauntered slowly across the square, taking notice of the many little scenes passing. Just before Madeline and her companion reached the church, Julio Narboni met them.

"Madeline, here with the colonel!" he exclaimed, sneeringly.

"How is it you leave without my father, mademoiselle?"

Madeline held more firmly the colonel's arm, but she said gently to her choleric cousin:

"Each year brings my uncle one infirmity more, you should remember, Julio, and in order to attend the morning mass, I accepted the protection of Colonel Victor."

"A fit protector! He is one who will make a lady respected."

This was said with such bitter scorn that Madeline's suppressed anger burst forth.

"He who spends his time in dissipations and pleasures cannot complain if his family abandon him, and—"

"And place themselves under the protection of a coward! Madeline, you must relinquish his arm and return with me to my father. I cannot suffer you to go farther, guarded only by a coward!"

"Sir!" exclaimed Victor, and his sword flew part way from its scabbard, but was replaced, for Madeline held his arm firmly, and made a step forward, saying to Julio:

"I certainly shall not put myself under the protection of a man who forgets himself so far as to insult his friends. You are impeding our progress. Step aside. My uncle gave his permission, and I shall not return to him until I have attended divine service, or under the protection of any other person, save Colonel Victor."

"Both you and he will rue this, Madeline," and Julio was lost in the crowd.

Madeline and her companion now bent their way towards the church, but as they were mounting the steps, Pierre, Victor's servant, stopped them and whispered, in an earnest voice:

"Stop! for the love of God, do not enter the church! One step more and you are dead! The church is filled with cowards and assassins!"

"What do you mean, Pierre? Explain."

"For a long while, as you know, the Italians have been very surly and insulting, and to-day they have been impudent, and have kept by themselves, refusing to mingle, as they are wont to do, with us. I had watched many Italians stealthily entering the church, and suspecting mischief, I crept in and hid behind a pillar, and heard an old man, who seemed to be leader, say to the others: 'At the first sound of the tocsin, be ready, that is the signal for the massacre of the French!'"

"Run to the citadel, Pierre, and warn the general to call together all the soldiers at the gates of the city. I will put myself at the head of my men, and we will sell our lives dearly."

"I go, but I shall return, my colonel, to die beside you," and with that Pierre was gone.

"O, sir!" exclaimed Madeline, her face pale with horror. "What have you done? Return to the citadel while there is yet time."

"My place is with my soldiers. If I fly, who will forwarn them? No—I cannot fly like a coward."

"But to remain here is certain death!" pleaded Madeline.

"Of what importance is life?" sadly replied the colonel. "I am loved by none. Nobody, after my death, will shed a tear."

"O, Victor! speak not so; for if you die, I will not live!"

"What do I hear! Is that true, Madeline?"

"Yes! yes!" she replied, frantically. "I love you; but fly!"

His only answer was to fold her to his heart, and as he did so the dreadful sound of the tocsin fell upon their ears with a fatal significance. Madeline struggled from his embrace, white with terror.

"O, hear that! It is the signal! Fly!"

"Impossible, dear Madeline! See, the unfortunate soldiers are already flying before their relentless pursuers. I must to their defence," and in one moment Madeline saw Victor, sword in hand, cheering on his men. She remained motionless, where she stood, for a second, then, with a wild cry, she fled to her home. There she found her uncle preparing to go in search of her, for the noise of the strife had reached him, and filled him with terror. Too well he knew what it meant. He had heard the same sound in his own France.

"Do not go, uncle, for you are old and feeble, and will be instantly killed," and Madeline led the old man back into the house. Just then Pierre rushed in.

"The cowards have assassinated him! My poor colonel!"

Madeline fell forward on to the floor insensible. Her uncle raised her gently, and was about placing her on a couch, when Victor entered, pale and wounded. At the sound of his voice, Madeline recovered her senses. Victor staggered into the room, and they tenderly placed him on a couch, and Madeline bent over him. While they were endeavoring to revive him, for he had fainted from loss of blood, Julio entered. Upon seeing the colonel, he exclaimed:

"The colonel—and living!"

"That is the villain!" exclaimed Pierre, springing forward, with a pistol in his hand.

"Silence!" commanded his colonel.

"My son," said old Narboni. "Unhappy one! You have forgotten that France is your country. You have forgotten that he who strikes his compatriots is a traitor and a coward! Yes—a traitor and a coward even in the eyes of those who profit by his treason. Your conduct is infamous, and he whom you pursue with hatred is more worthy of the esteem of your father and cousin than yourself."

"I care no longer to hide it. I have sought the life of that man because he is the spoiler of all my happiness. You will not be so ready to succor him when you know his name,—when I tell you he is Victor Bonneville, the son of the murderer of my mother!"

"It cannot be! You are mistaken!" gasped Narboni.

Madeline stood pale and speechless with horror.

"Pardon me, sir," faintly spoke Victor. "You are not mistaken. Your son is justified in his hatred. My hope through life has been to find you out in your exile, and by my good deeds atone for my father's crime, and make you in a manner forget the name of Bonneville. But I am punished for my presumption. I will go from your presence," and he strove to rise.

"You are mistaken," said Narboni, gently holding him back upon the couch. "The hatred does not extend to the son."

A great noise in front of the cottage, and cries of "Death to the Frenchman!" "Death to the colonel!" were heard. Julio, turning to his father, said:

"Since a Bonneville finds a place in your heart, one or the other must die. The people demand the death of the Frenchman. They shall be satisfied," and he sprang to the door and flung it wide open. "Here, friends! here he is!"

"Coward!" exclaimed Madeline, springing to the couch and shielding Victor with her body as several Italians rushed in. "Touch him not! He is sacred! He saved my uncle's life and mine! For that good deed he must be spared!"

Narboni had seized a sword, and placed himself beside the brave girl. While this was going on, a party of French soldiers reached the scene, and dispersed the rabble. The Italians were made prisoners, and one officer stood with his sword pointed at Julio's breast.

"Stop!" exclaimed Victor, springing from his couch; "that man saved my life!"

"That man saved your life?" rather doubtfully asked the young officer, for he knew Julio to have been one of the principal movers of the conspiracy.

"Yes. But one instant ago a crowd entered, demanding my life, and Julio Narboni's courage and skill alone saved me."

The officer seized Julio's hand and pressed it warmly, saying:

"The whole regiment will bless you," and retired.

Victor approached Narboni, and knelt before him.

"Will the Count de St. Prix pardon the son of Bonneville?"

The old man raised him, and placing the hand of Madeline in Victor's, said, with emotion:

"I can give you no greater proof of my esteem. Take her, and God's blessing be upon you!"

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SPENCER'S BOSTON TREASURE.—No 8 of this popular series of acting plays, contains Arnold's popular comedy, "Man and Wife," which has kept the stage for half a century. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 128 Washington Street.

THE ENGLISH ORPHANS: OR, *A Home in the New World*. By MRS. MARY J. HOLMES, author of "Tempest and Sunshine, or, Life in Kentucky." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 331.

Only a lady could have sketched female character as truthfully and spiritingly as the author of this interesting volume. Add to this that the narrative is ingenious and well conducted, and you have an idea of a book which will repay the time of reading it more than once.

THE SURE ANCHOR: OR, *The Young Christian Exhorted, Admonished and Encouraged*. By REV. H. P. ANDREWS. Boston: James French & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 216.

This little work describes life as a voyage—not an original idea, by the way, but popular, and very well managed by our author. He has succeeded in inculcating excellent principles and good morals, without wearying the attention of the reader.

SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES. By HENRY W. HILLIARD. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 8vo. pp. 495.

A collection of congressional and occasional speeches, made after the events which called them forth have passed away, must possess great and intrinsic merits, or the questions discussed must have been of the highest importance, to warrant their re-publication. Both these conditions are fulfilled in the series before us. These are truly eloquent, scholarly and manly speeches, and exhibit great power. The address on the genius and character of Daniel Webster is a noble tribute to the memory of the great New England statesman. The book is for sale by Redding & Co.

MOUNTAINS AND MOLEHILLS: OR, *Recollections of a Burnt Journal*. By FRANK MARYATT. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 393.

A liberally illustrated book of adventure in the land of gold, written by a man who knows how to see and to describe, and who inherits no small share of the literary talent of his distinguished father, the nautical novelist. It is a nice book for summer reading. For sale by Redding & Co.

WHICH: THE RIGHT OR THE LEFT? New York: Garrett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 534.

This work, just published, has already created a very great sensation, and sells with rapidity. It is written to illustrate the author's idea of true and of false religion, and is remarkably severe upon what he terms the church of society—the church of business, made up of members who profess religion because it pays well, and whose religion begins and ends with outward observances. The book is written in a daring and severe spirit, and its thrusts are those of a sharp and keen-edged weapon. Merely regarded as a story, it is interesting and artistic. For sale by Redding & Co.

LETTERS TO THE RIGHT. REV. JOHN HUGHES, ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP OF NEW YORK. By KIEWAN. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 379.

This is a new edition of a work which has had a very great sale. The writer was originally a Roman Catholic, but having embraced Protestantism, turns his arms against the church he has abandoned with the zeal of a convert. For sale by Redding & Co.

TRAIN & CO.'S WAREHOUSE, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

We take great pleasure in laying before our readers an engraving, prepared for us from a drawing made upon the spot, of this splendid stone warehouse, the finest in Australia, erected by a Boston boy, a gentleman of first rate business talent, Mr. George Francis Train, who left his native city for the antipodes a little more than two years ago. The building before us is a tangible proof of Yankee enterprise, and the nationality of its origin is indicated to the natives it astonishes, some sixteen thousand miles away from the United States, by the stars and stripes which are kept floating over it, as shown in the engraving. The warehouse is situated on Flinders Street, near the east corner of Elizabeth Street, opposite the Melbourne and Hobson's Bay Railroad Terminus. It was erected last year, is built throughout of colonial blue granite, and has throughout a number of dwarf walls extending three feet deep, and of a breadth of two feet, upon which rests the lower floor of the structure. The front has a most massive appearance, and the building is entered by means of three large circular-headed doorways, the centre being considerably the largest, over which is the sign "G. F. Train & Co., Commission Merchants, White Star Line of Liverpool Packets." This takes the height of the first floor; above are five large square-headed windows, which light the upper floor, and surmounting these, an imposing stone cornice is flanked at either end by square corniced stone towers, and in the middle by one of broader dimensions, relieved on either side by gracefully disposed ornamental scrolls in stone work. The store-room, on the lower floor, is 125 feet in length. Throughout the lower floor, at easy distances, are disposed massive teak columns, nearly a foot square, which act as supporters to the floor over; the rafters are placed on end in close proximity, and to ensure extra strength, are what is technically called "herring boned," a contrivance which adds considerably to the amount of the weight a floor can sustain. Mr. Train's office, and the clerk's rooms on the second floor, are all fitted with polished colonial cedar. There is a spacious yard attached to the establishment, with stables and hayloft, and a very large water-tank. The length of the entire building is 125 feet; its breadth, 40 feet; in height it is 31 feet; the walls up to the height of the second floor are two feet in thickness; and above this to the roof, one foot six inches. Its capacity is equal to 2700 tons of measurement goods, and full 1600 tons of stone were used in its erection. The architects were Messrs. Knight, Kemp & Kerr, and the builders, Messrs. Sinclair & Sons. The original contract of the entire building was \$32,500; and the total cost, with offices, extras, stables, etc., was about \$40,000. At the time of its completion, a very full description of the building was published in the "Melbourne Age," a well-conducted and handsomely printed commercial newspaper, to which we are indebted for the above particulars. The editor, in winding up his notice, remarks:—"We will con-

KANZAS, MO.

The representation below, of the city of Kansas, was drawn for the Pictorial by Mr. Kilburn, the view being taken on the spot, and executed with his accustomed fidelity. The city is in Jackson county, Missouri, and is located on the south bank of the Missouri River, one hundred and thirty miles from Jefferson city. It is a place of considerable business, and embraces all the elements of future greatness. We present it as it appears to-day, but the cities of the West grow out of all recognition in a very few years. In the old world, the view of a town taken to-day would exhibit few changes from one a century old—the little settlements on the Rhine, for instance, are quite stationary—while rapid expansion and perpetual improvement are the features of our settlements, particularly in the great West, which is dotted here and there with foci of life and business, often a marvel even to us of New England, with whom progress and extension are watchwords.



TRAIN & CO.'S FIRE PROOF WAREHOUSE, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

SEA OF AZOFF.

What they call the Sea of Azoff is in reality nothing more than a vast pond or gulf, noted for its shallowness, and united to the Black Sea by the Strait of Yenikale. The Sea of Azoff is inaccessible to what would be properly called vessels of war; it is defended on the south by Kertch and Yenikale, and on the north by Taganrog and Azoff. It will be now no longer traversed, as it has hitherto been, by a multitude of small vessels, conveying troops and provisions for Sebastopol, for it is without doubt part of the plan of the allied commanders to send in a number of their own vessels and maintain the command of the whole sea. Kertch is a small town, the chief place of the peninsula of that name. It is remarkable for its commanding position on the Strait of Yenikale.

Its roadstead is very fine, and it is celebrated for its fine museum of antiquated medals, sculpture, etc., found in the neighborhood. There are several constructions of enormous size near it, which are known by the name of the House of the Cyclops. Yenikale is a small town, but important on account of its citadel, which commands the strait, and which has always been highly considered by the Russians as a fortress. The distance from Yenikale to Kertch is about nine miles, across a verdant plain. Kertch is completely built of stone, and the houses are handsome. It contains a population of about ten thousand souls. It was a place of only slight importance when it was ceded by the Porte to Russia, in 1774, but it soon after partly recovered its original splendor to the detriment of Theodosia, the ancient Caffa. All the commerce carried on at Theodosia was removed by the Russian government to Kertch, where all vessels bound to the Sea of Azoff were compelled to undergo a quarantine of four days. The larger vessels had their cargoes brought to them in lighters from Taganrog or from Rostof, but those of lighter draught of water crossed the bar and loaded at Taganrog. On their return they were obliged to transfer half their cargoes at Yenikale into lighters, and to reship it at Kertch, after having passed over the shallows. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the commerce of Kertch, and of the Sea of Azoff, rapidly increased, and in 1851, not fewer than one thousand vessels entered the Sea of Azoff. About forty-six miles from Kertch is Anapa, a post of very considerable importance, both in a military and commercial point of view. The fortifications consist of a long sea-wall, a citadel on a perpendicular calcareous rock, and some bastions on the land side. The town is inhabited by a miscellaneous population of Circassians, Tartars, Greeks, Jews, Armenians, Russians, and others, to the number of five thousand. The tribes in the country in its rear have almost neutralized the great advantages offered by its situation, and prevented its growth. It is as a military post that it has been most prized by Russia, most deplored by Turkey. The fort was built by the Turks in 1784.—*Letter from the Crimea.*



SQUAW ROCK, AT SQUANTUM, MASS.

clude this article with the remark, that Mr. Train seems to have gone the right way to work to construct, in all its departments, a building suited to his extensive business; and if we can judge from so short an observation, he has reduced the matter to such system as to have a place for everything, and everything in its place. An extensive commercial library, containing valuable works of reference, and other details which space alone forbids our mentioning, are among the embellishments of these perfectly unique business premises. The famous "White Star Line" of packets, of which Mr. Train is agent, and which embraces some of the finest American built clippers, has even benten the steamers. That the "Yankee ships take the passengers and gold" is the grumbling acknowledgment of more than one commander of an English liner; and while Donald McKay continues to build clippers, they are likely to keep the lead they have taken. In noticing the enterprise which furnished us this sketch, we cannot but congratulate Mr. Train on his success. He has troops of friends in this city, who watch his career with interest, and read with pleasure his occasional reports of progress in his correspondence with the Boston Post.

SQUAW ROCK, SQUANTUM.

This locality, sketched for us by Mr. Kilburn, is as well known as any point on our seacoast. It projects into the sea between Dorchester and Quincy Bay, and is in a part of the town of Quincy, called Squantum. It is a bold, rocky promontory, the profile of which stands forth in bold relief, as our engraving shows. The neighborhood of this rock is a place of great resort, at this season, to parties piscatorially and socially inclined, and showing a joyous scene of sport, as it is looked down upon. The "oldest inhabitant," as well as the youngest, is familiar with its features. The whole line of the New England coast abounds in spots possessing similar attraction, and each one can reckon its hundreds of admirers, who make their annual pilgrimage to the shrine during the summer season, carrying away memories of pleasure which endure till the next visit. There is not a rocky headland, nor a silent cove, that is not prolific of pleasant or inspiring associations. And yet there are many unexplored localities, which will doubtless become treasures to a future and more crowded population.



KANZAS CITY.

CITY OF MUSCATINE, IOWA.

This young and thriving city, the illustrative view of which was drawn for us by Mr. W. Mull, takes its name from an island situated just below it. It was incorporated as a town in 1839, and was then called Bloomington. In the year 1849 its name was changed to Muscatine; and in 1851 it was incorporated as a city. The city of Muscatine derives its importance, in a commercial point, mainly from its peculiar location. It is situated on the extreme western bend of the Mississippi River, and is thus thrown into the interior, as it were, of the State. It is the landing point on the river for a large tract of country, and in this respect has the advantage over every other city in Iowa. The Mississippi and Missouri Railroad—being a continuation of the Rock Island and Chicago road, which crosses the Mississippi River at Rock Island, thirty miles above, is located through Muscatine, on its route westward. It is also the terminus of the Muscatine and Cedar Valley Railroad. A railroad is located also from Muscatine to Keokuk. When these roads are completed, Muscatine will have added to her natural advantages greater railroad facilities than any city in Iowa. The number of inhabitants is about 6000, and is increasing rapidly. The trade at this point is immense; far beyond any calculations that would be made by any one not cognizant of the fact. New branches of business are being constantly introduced, and all classes of labor are in demand. A contract has been entered into by the city council to have the city lighted by gas during the present year. There was a very large emigration last year to this portion of Iowa, and from present indications it will be much larger during this year. It would occupy too much space to go into any detailed description of the city or its business. Let it suffice, that she is not behind any of her sisters in Iowa, in her public improvements, her public buildings, the industry and enterprise of her citizens, or in any of the elements of prosperity.

VIEW OF FORT SNELLING, MINNESOTA.

The engraving given above is from an original drawing made for us on the spot by Mr. Killburn. The scene is strikingly picturesque, with the sweep of water in front, and the strong walls of the fort crowning the natural escarpments of rock which defend the eminence on which it is built. Fort Snelling is the military post of the United States, and is the capital of Dakota county, Minnesota. It is named after Col. Snelling, a gallant officer of the last war, and father of the late William J. Snelling, the well-known author and editor. The point on which it stands is at the confluence of the Minnesota and Mississippi Rivers. A large village is located within the jurisdiction of the fort, which stands in the midst of some of the very finest scenery of the western country. Minnesota formed a part of the vast territory acquired by our government by its purchase in 1803. The territorial government was established by Congress, March 3, 1849. It comprises an area of 83,000 square miles. In the centre of the territory the face of the country is undulating, about equally divided between prairie and timber land, and intersected by the waters of the Mississippi and Minnesota or St. Peter's Rivers. The vast valley of the Red River on the north is exceedingly fertile. Indeed a large proportion of the soil of Minnesota is admirably adapted to agriculture.



FORT SNELLING, MINNESOTA.

PRINTING FOR THE BLIND.

The benevolent Abbe Haury, superintendent of the institution for the blind, was the first to whom the idea was suggested, in 1784, of printing raised letters for the blind. It is a merciful dispensation, that with persons deprived of one of their senses, those that are left become doubly sensitive—a fact which, in the case of the blind, is perhaps more observable, their sense of touch being proverbially acute. Observing a proof sheet which had only been printed on one side, on which consequently the letters appeared at the back in considerable relief, Haury imagined that by some such process the blind might be taught to read. The idea was happily improved upon, and thus an opportunity has been afforded to those so afflicted of becoming acquainted, not only with the ideas and sentiments of those masters of knowledge who had preceded them, but also as well as of those of their companions who were suffering from the same misfortune. Nay, even the blind themselves have been taught the art, and are employed in printing some of their own books. For the purpose of the blind, the letters are cast in an angular form, as being more easily distinguishable. They are also, under the name of fretted letters, formed of a succession of points in printing, with which the paper is almost perforated; the types employed are always large, similar to those used in pulpit Bibles, and are cast in relief. The pupil is taught to read with the first and second fingers of the right hand, whilst he keeps the line he is upon with the forefinger of his left; and his sense of touch is ordinarily so acute, that he is generally able to read after a few lessons, even when the hand is covered with a glove. The pupil acquires a facility truly astonishing, tracing the words with a rapidity one can hardly imagine possible to the mere sense of feeling.—*New York Tribune.*

AN ITALIAN RAMBLE.

I went to Verona and to Mantua, and now I am at Milan—just come up from under ground, and earthy all over, from seeing that extraordinary tomb in which the dead saint lies in an alabaster case, with sparkling jewels all about him to mock his dusty eyes, not to mention the twenty-franc pieces which devout votaries were ringing down upon a sort of skylight in the cathedral pavement above, as if it were the counter of his heavenly shop. You know Verona? You know everything in Italy, I know. I am not learned in geography, and it was a great blow to me to find that Romeo was only banished five-and-twenty miles. It was a greater blow to me to see the old house of the Capulets with their cognizance, still carved in stone, over the gateway of the courtyard. It is a most miserable little inn, at this time ankle-deep in dirt; and noisy vetturini and muddy market-carts were disputing possession of the yard with a brood of geese, all splashed and bespattered as if they had their yesterday's white trousers on. There was nothing to connect it with the beautiful story but a very unsentimental middle-aged lady (the Padrona, I suppose) in the doorway, who resembled old Capulet in the one particular of being very great indeed in the family way. The Roman amphitheatre then delighted me beyond expression. I never saw anything so full of solemn, ancient interest. There are four-and-forty rows of seats, as fresh and perfect as if their occupants had vacated them but yesterday; the entrances, passages, dens, rooms, corridors; the numbers over some of the arches. An equestrian troop had been there some days before, and had scooped out a little ring at one end of the arena, and had their performances in that spot. I should like to have seen it, of all things, for its very dreariness. Fancy a handful of people sprinkled over one corner of the great place (the whole population of Verona wouldn't fill it now), and a spangled cavalier bowing to the echoes and the grass-grown walls! I climbed to the topmost seat, and looked at the beautiful view for some minutes; when I turned round and looked down into the theatre again, it had exactly the appearance of an immense straw hat, to which the helmet in the castle of Otranto was a baby—the rows of seats representing the different plaits of straw, and the arena the inside of the crown. I had great expectations of Venice, but they fell immeasurably short of the wonderful reality. The short time I passed there went by me in a dream. I hardly think it possible to exaggerate its beauties, its sonrees of interest, its uncommon novelty and freshness. Naples disappointed me greatly. The weather was bad during a great part of my stay there. But, if I had not had mud, I should have had dust, and though I had had sun I must still have had the Lazzaroni; and they are so ragged, so dirty, so abject, so full of degradation, that they would make heaven uncomfortable, if they could ever get there. I didn't expect to see a handsome city, but I expected something better than that long, dull line of squalid houses, which stretches from the Chiaja to the quarter of the Capuana; and while I was quite prepared for a miserable populace, I had some dim belief that there were bright rags among them, and dancing legs, and shining sun-brown faces; whereas the honest truth is, that connected with Naples itself I have not one solitary recollection. The country round it charmed me, I need not say. Who can forget Herculaneum and Pompeii?—*Charles Dickens.*



CITY OF MUSCATINE, IOWA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MOTHER.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDREDGE.

Breathe it gently in a whisper,
 'Tis a sweet, a hallowed word,
 Saddened hearts swell with emotion,
 When the thrilling sound is heard.
 Breathe it fondly, very fondly,
 Touch a chord in every heart;
 Many a voice will grow more tender,
 Many a pearly tear will start.

Mother! name that all hearts cherish,
 E'en the child of sin and shame
 Speaks in accents softer, milder,
 When he breathes the hallowed name.
 Breathe it gently in a whisper,
 Lest some bleeding heart be riven;
 There's but one name dearer to us,
 And that cherished name is HEAVEN!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A REMINISCENCE OF THE LAST WAR.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

On a September afternoon in 18—, two men left Eastham in a whaleboat for Boston. The distance to be traversed was some seventy or eighty miles, and the purpose of the voyagers was to evade the cruisers of the enemy, and to procure provisions and needful supplies for their families and friends at home. The weather was not especially threatening at the time of their departure, but as evening set in, the skies began to lower and assume an ominous aspect. At last it came to blow so violently the boat was obliged to take refuge under Billingsgate Point, where it lay until the force of the gale seemed to be spent. After several hours' delay, the adventurers set forth once more, shaping their course toward the western shore of the bay, which would afford them some protection from the southwest gale. But as they got athwart Barnstable Bay, and felt the force of the wind, they nearly repented their undertaking. With a double-reefed foresail the boat dashed over the waves, which seemed every instant about to overwhelm her. Their situation was one of no little danger.

"Skipper Noyes," said young Holmes, to his companion, "if we get through *this* safely, I guess I'll take a pretty good lookout not to be caught again crossing the bay with a whale boat in such a storm as this."

However, after hours of constant struggle with wind and water, they got under the lee of Plymouth, and their voyage was continued in comparative safety. Having arrived at Boston, they fell in with a Scituate man who offered them, at a great bargain, a well built boat of eleven tons, partly decked. It was arranged that they should convey the former owner back to Scituate, where he was to be paid the price agreed upon. They took on board, also, a boy and two or three passengers; ran down the harbor, passed the light, and hugged the shore southward. As they neared Scituate they kept a wary lookout lest some of the Englishmen might be cruising off and on. But they saw nothing to excite their fears. A small fishing schooner lay near the entrance of the harbor, and two or three men were tending their lines.

"Let's run alongside," said Noyes. "Who knows but they've a few 'bloaters' aboard?"

"Schooner, hullo!" he shouted presently. "Got a fresh mackerel or two to spare?"

"Yes," was the answer. And up started a row of men, who levelled their muskets point-blank at the astonished Yankees.

"Surrender yourselves!" was now the word. And two brass swivels showed their muzzles with a most pressing invitation.

The Yankees were unable to resist such persuasion. Noyes and Holmes were ordered to the schooner, and their places being supplied by the captors, the boat was allowed to follow at leisure.

"This is a pretty scrape, aren't it, Holmes?" said Noyes, to his younger companion. "To be come round in this sort of way! What do you s'pose the folks 'll say, when we get home?"

"Better wait till we get there," sulkily replied Holmes. "I don't see much chance of that now."

"Hem—how many men do you think you could manage?" said Noyes, cautiously edging away, while his hands were thrust deep into his breeches' pockets, and his face, wearing a most dolorous look, seemed to be regarding the main shrouds abstractedly.

"Don't know," replied Holmes, in a low voice. "How many can *you*?"

"Wal, two or three."

"I can manage as many as *you* can."

"Wal," rejoined Noyes, casting a stealthy glance fore and aft, for they were standing nearly in the waist, "wait a bit till this other chap gets well forward. Then you take aft and I'll look out for the fore-castle."

The time seemed to them propitious, for most of the men were below, and only five or six were on deck. But in the very second when the two were in their mind's eye swinging their handspikes in action, the officer in command sprang up from the fore-castle, where he had been lying with his spy-glass directed to the offing. He stepped lightly aft, his eyes fixed intently on his prisoners. Noyes was vacantly chewing a quid of tobacco, while Holmes was counting the nails in the deck plank. The chance failed them.

The English frigate Endymion, just at this time, lay about fifteen miles from Boston light; and hither the schooner now proceeded with her prisoners. The captain of the frigate, on hearing their story, gave Noyes and Holmes to understand that they might redeem themselves, the boat and its contents, passengers and all, for two hundred dollars.

Holmes was suffered on parole to go in his boat to Boston to procure the ransom. The boy, a half-witted youngster, accompanied him. Holmes now bore away for Boston light, and having nearly made his run up the harbor, was overhauled by a boat from the Constitution—"Old Ironsides"—which lay moored in the stream. He was now informed to his great surprise, that he was taken into custody on charge of having been engaged in supplying the enemy. No regard was paid to his protestations. It was about the middle of the afternoon that he was brought alongside, and here he was detained till the following morning, when the boat and its crew were sent in charge of a midshipman, to the navy yard. Holmes was taken to the office of Commodore Bainbridge, at that time commanding at Charlestown. He was in his apartment awaiting them.

"I did not know who he was," said Holmes, "for no one told me; but I supposed he must be some big 'don' or other."

Bainbridge eyed the young man for a moment in silence. Holmes, whose temper had got pretty well aroused by vexation and delay, was the first to speak.

"I would like to know, sir, if you please, by what right I am made a prisoner in this way."

"Silence!" exclaimed the commodore, darting a withering look at his questioner. "You have been supplying the enemy with provisions, you traitorous scoundrel."

"I have not been doing anything of the kind," answered Holmes; and then related his story.

"It is all a lie," replied Bainbridge.

"Well," returned Holmes, now thoroughly exasperated, "it seems to me a hard case that I should be worse treated and worse plundered by my own countrymen than by the enemy."

"You villain," roared Bainbridge, "how dare you talk to me in this style? Do you know who I am?"

"No; nor I don't care, neither. I—"

"Stop!" interrupted Bainbridge, whose face now fairly boiled with rage. "Mr. Johnson, take this fellow off and anchor him at the buoy of the Constitution for twenty-four hours. Perhaps it will cool him down a little and bring him to his reason. And you, sir, recollect that you are to be here to-morrow morn, at nine o'clock."

"I will not fail, you may depend," said Holmes, in reply, as he turned to follow the midshipman, who had witnessed his audacious conduct with amazement.

"You *have* made a pretty mess of it, my friend," he said, as they re-entered the yard. "I should not wonder if you were swinging at the yard-arm before to-morrow noon."

At the appointed hour, Holmes was again in attendance at the yard. The commodore had not yet made his appearance; and while Holmes, seated on a post, was awaiting his arrival, he heard the sound of his own name. Turning his head, he saw before him his eldest brother, then residing in Charlestown, to whose ears report had come of his situation.

"What, in the name of Heaven, have you been about, William?" said Alexander, with not a little agitation in his voice.

"About?" returned the other. "Nothing I'm ashamed of."

"I had rather give a thousand dollars, than had this happen."

"Now I wouldn't give one cent—so there's the difference."

At this moment Bainbridge was seen to enter his office, and Alexander, desiring his brother to remain where he was for the present, followed the commodore, with whom he had some acquaintance. Holmes was soon after summoned, and going in, found that the representations of his brother had disposed the fiery commodore to a much more placable mood. The latter now went on to say, very considerably, that from what he had just learned, he had no doubt of the truth of Holmes's story. He added, however, that there was no doubt the boat in question had been actively engaged in supplying the enemy up to the time of Holmes coming into possession.

"I have in my desk, a letter from Captain Hull, received but the other day, describing the boat and various facts relative to the business she has been engaged in, and desiring me to seize her on the first opportunity. It seems that you have not actually paid the money for her, either. So you must perceive that there is no alternative. The boat must be condemned. You have leave to take from her everything which is yours, that does not belong to the first property of the boat. I have no desire to harm you, and the more you can get out of her the better."

Meanwhile, Skipper Noyes had been returned as pilot to the fishing schooner in which he had been captured. He bore every appearance of a simple-hearted fisherman, and as such, Mr. Richmond, the midshipman commanding, was glad of his company. The "pink-stern" had not been cruising many hours, when the wind set in stiff from the northeast, with every sign of a storm. Noyes was called into the cabin, where sat Mr. Richmond with a chart before him.

"Master pilot, where shall we make harbor?"

"Either Wellfleet or Plymouth, sir."

"No, no, that won't do. Cannot you anchor somewhere along shore, in an out-of-the-way place? Some creek or other?"

"Why, yes, sir," said Noyes, pointing on the chart to a certain inlet near Plymouth. "I think we might run in there by Brandt Point and anchor."

"Ah!" he used afterwards to say with a chuckle, "I knew what I was about. Knew we couldn't lay there long."

They ran into Brandt Creek and anchored. The gale increased in violence as the night came on, till the schooner lurched and pitched in such a fashion that it was evident she could not long remain as she was.

"This will never do, Master Noyes," said Richmond. "We shall soon go ashore at this rate. We must get away from this."

"I've been thinking that myself this half hour," replied Noyes,

with a voice of deep concern. "But the tide is so now that we certainly can't get in anywhere else along shore. I don't know what we shall do. We can't stay here, that's sartin. But the wind's eased a leetle, and I guess we'd better up and run under the lee of Billingsgate Point, down there."

They hove up with some difficulty, and in due time got under Billingsgate, where they lay somewhat more at ease. During the last hours, however, Noyes had seized opportunity to prosecute a little discovery in the hold. He had cautiously, also, introduced himself to the arm-chest, from whence he abstracted a chisel, a gimlet, and two good brass pistols. He had carefully started the edges of one or two boards in the partition which separated the forehold, or temporary fore-castle, from the mainhold. The men had now gone down into their little den forward, where they lay, wet, tired and grumbling. Noyes seized the first chance to slide down among them.

"O, lud!" he exclaimed, looking round with a piteous air while the little lamp cast just one feeble ray through the steaming damp. "I'm most g'n out. I don't no what I'd done if it hadn't been for that cask o' rum in the hold."

"Eh, what's that?" said his hearers, roused to sudden animation. "Say that again, old bos'n!"

"Wal, it is tu bad," rejoined Noyes. "I'm wet and tired, and so be you. You *ort* tu have some, that's a fact. Tell ye what. The barrel is most chuck agin this here bulk-head on the star-b'd side. You can start one or two of these boards, and get in; there, I've most done it a'ready, I du believe. They're only jest tacked on. Take my gimlet and help yourselves, but don't let the cap'n catch you, 'cos he'll lather you for it."

The men eagerly proceeded in search of the "ammunition," and Noyes returned on deck. Taking a station close in the bows, he might have appeared from his attitude to be anxiously straining his eyes landward, although one hand was employed sawing away with an old jackknife on the hempen cable. As if satisfied with his scrutiny, he presently walked aft, paced back and forth a few times and then went below. Here his snoring had for some time proclaimed that he had launched away into a sound sleep, when with a jerk and a lurch, the "pinkiey" shook fore and aft.

"Hul-lo! She's adrift! she's adrift!" shouted Noyes, springing up. "All hands on deck; O, lud! all hands on deck!"

The windlass was manned, although it would have gone round rather slowly in the then condition of the men, had it not been for Noyes's stout arm. Presently he threw down his handspike and rushing forward put his hand on the cable.

"By the golly!" he exclaimed, "I du believe she's parted."

As the end came through the lawse-hole, he seized it and gave it a vigorous thrash across the night-head to disguise the cut strands, threw it down and stamped his foot with vexation.

"What is to be done now?" inquired the midshipman, in alarm.

"Declare, I don't no. We'll have to let her drive for Barnstable bar, or else we must put her ashore here, somewhere. Ef we *da* let her go for Barnstable, I wouldn't give a copper farden for our lives. We shall have our mouths full o' seaweed afore mornin'. Ef we get her ashore here under the lee of the land, we can save our lives, anyhow."

"Do what you can then," said Richmond. "But here," he added, turning sharply on Noyes, "if you have been playing us a trick, you are a dead man. The instant I find you've been about anything of the kind, slap goes a bullet through your head."

"O, dear!" ejaculated the trembling Noyes. "What have I been dunn, cap'n? Ha'n't I done my best? Aint I dunn all I can?"

"Pshaw!" replied Richmond, turning away with a contemptuous air. "Nobody wishes to harm you, if you do your duty."

Day was breaking. They drifted over the shoals off Eastham. A sloop lay at anchor not far from the village.

"My good man," said Richmond, "just run us alongside of that sloop. We'll take her anchor and cable, and let her go."

"T'wont du, cap'n," answered Noyes. "We'd have to follow the channel close in shore to get to her; and the folks are pretty wide awake, I can tell you."

The words were hardly out of his mouth, when the schooner struck heavily on the sands. One of the men, unable to preserve his perpendicular, fetched a lee lurch and fell like a log on the deck. The truth flashed with a single glance on the midshipman, as rushing forward, he exclaimed:

"You infernal villain, this is *your* work, you shall suffer for it!"

"Stop!" retorted Noyes, levelling a pistol at the astonished officer. "You are in my power—you are here, hard and fast. The tide's going out. Your men are all drunk; you cannot help yourself, Mr. Richmond. But if you are not satisfied, just take your glass and look up yonder to our town-house. Do you see the men out there, watching us? And do you mind that long pole with that thing flying from it? It's the signal for the militia. They'll be down here in twenty minutes."

"It is too true!" he exclaimed, dashing down his glass. "And such a cursed Yankee trick, too!"

Two men were now seen cautiously approaching the vessel. Noyes shouted to them. They went back, and presently returning with a larger force, the schooner's crew were taken off, and carried to the village, where they were put in safe keeping till the county authorities might take them in charge. Noyes made a pretty speculation of his prize; but the affair in which he had been engaged involved the "Cape" towns in quite a quarrel with the English squadron, as may be seen by reference to some of the histories of the time. I have only to add, that the foregoing narrative was derived from the lips of one of the actors. I have only altered one or two names to avoid occasion of offence.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

I THINK OF THEE.

I think of thee at evening's calm,
And in night's soul-voiced hour—
When all around is softly hushed
As by a spell of power;
When gleams of childhood's joyous days
Come thronging round my heart,
And dreams of love and hope are there,
That will not all depart.

O, oft in memory thrills again,
That witching smile and tone;
Sweet as the wind-harp's,—echoed, aye,
To mine in unison.
I deemed thee not so very dear,
Till thou wert far from me;
But now thou'rt ever in my thoughts,
My dreams are all of thee.

I think of thee at morn, and midst
The world's bewildering throng,
Where Pleasure wakes her every wile,
And Hope her siren song.
And deeming thou art still the same
As once thou wert to me,
My heart from earth's cold mockery,
Exulting, turns to thee.

O, every word or kindly look
Thou e'er to me hast given,
Is on my heart's unvarying page,
As 'twere with diamonds graven.
But thou art changed, the flowers of hope
On life's bleak waste are east,
And earth has but one joy for me—
The memory of the past.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE UNMEANT REBUKE.

A LIFE LESSON.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHARLES NELSON had reached his thirty-fifth year, and at that age he found himself going down hill. He had once been one of the happiest of mortals, and no blessing was wanting to complete the sum of his happiness. He had one of the best of wives, and his children were intelligent and comely. He was a carpenter by trade, and no man could command better wages, or be more sure of work. If any man attempted to build a house, Charles Nelson must boss the job, and for miles around, people sought him to work for them. But a change had come over his life. A demon had met him on his way, and he had turned back with the evil spirit. A new and experienced carpenter had been sent for by those who could no longer depend upon Nelson, and he had settled in the village, and now took Nelson's place.

On a back street, where the great trees threw their green branches over the way, stood a small cottage, which had once been the pride of its inmates. Before it stretched a wide garden, but tall, rank grass grew up among the choking flowers, and the paling of the fence was broken in many places. The house itself had once been white, but it was now dingy and dark. Bright green blinds had once adorned the windows, but now they had been taken off and sold. And the windows themselves bespoke poverty and neglect, for in many places the glass was gone, and shingles, rags and old hats had taken its place. A single look at the house and its accompaniments told the story. It was the drunkard's home!

Within sat a woman yet in the early years of life, and though she was still handsome to look upon, the bloom was gone from her cheek, and the brightness had faded from her eyes. Poor Mary Nelson! Once she had been the happiest among the happy, but now none could be more miserable! Near her sat two children, both girls, and both beautiful in form and feature; but their garbs were all patched and worn, and their feet were shoeless. The eldest was thirteen years of age, and the other two years younger. The mother was hearing them recite a grammar lesson, for she had resolved that her children should not grow up in ignorance. They could not attend the common school, for thoughtless children sneered at them and made them the subject of sport and ridicule; but in this respect they did not suffer, for their mother was well educated, and she devoted such time as she could spare, to their instruction.

For more than two years, Mary Nelson had earned all the money that had been used in that house. People hired her to wash, iron and sew for them, and besides the money paid, they gave her many articles of food and clothing. So she lived on, and the only joys that dwelt with her now were teaching her children and praying to God.

Supper time came, and Charles Nelson came reeling home. He had worked the day before at helping move a building, and thus had earned money enough to find himself in rum for several days. As he stumbled into the house the children crouched close to their mother, and even she shrank away, for sometimes her husband was ugly when thus intoxicated.

O, how that man had changed within two years! Once there was not a finer looking man in the town. In frame he had been tall, stout, compact and perfectly formed, while his face bore the very beau-ideal of manly beauty. But all was changed now. His noble form was bent, his limbs shrunken and tremulous, and his face all bloated and disfigured. He was not the man who had once been the fond husband and doting father. The loving wife had prayed, and wept, and implored, but all to no purpose; the husband was bound to the drinking companions of the bar-room, and he would not break the bonds.

That evening Mary Nelson ate no supper, for of all the food she had in the house there was not more than enough for her husband and children; but when her husband had gone she went out and picked a few berries, and thus kept her vital energy alive. That night the poor woman prayed long and earnestly, and her little ones prayed with her.

On the following morning Charles Nelson sought the bar-room as soon as he awoke, but he was sick and faint, and liquor would not revive him, for it would not remain on his stomach. He had drank very deeply the night before, and he felt miserable. At length, however, he managed to keep down a few glasses of hot sling, but the close atmosphere of the bar-room seemed to stifle him, and he went out.

The poor man had sense enough to know that if he could sleep he should feel better, and he had just feeling enough to wish to keep away from home; so he wandered off towards a wood not far from the village, and sank down by the side of a stone wall and was soon buried in a profound slumber. When he awoke, the sun was shining down hot upon him, and raising himself to a sitting posture, he gazed about him. He knew that it was afternoon, for the sun was turning toward the west. He was just upon the point of rising, when his motion was arrested by the sound of voices near at hand. He looked through a chink in the wall, and just upon the other side he saw his two children picking berries, while a little further off were two more girls, the children of the carpenter who had lately moved into the village.

"Come, Katy," said one of these latter girls, to her companion, "let's go away from here, because if any body should see us with those girls they'd think we played with 'em. Come."

"But the berries are thick here," remonstrated the other.

"Never mind—we'll come out some time when those little ragged drunkard's girls aren't here."

So the two favored ones went away hand in hand, and Nelly and Nancy Nelson sat down upon the grass and cried.

"Don't cry, Nancy," said the eldest, throwing her arms around her sister's neck.

"But you are crying, Nelly."

"O, I can't help it," sobbed the stricken one.

"Why do they blame us?" murmured Nancy, gazing up into her sister's face. "O, we are not to blame. We are good and kind, and loving, and we never hurt anybody. O, I wish somebody would love us; I should be so happy."

"But we are loved, Nancy. Only think of our noble mother. Who could love us as she does?"

"I know—I know, Nelly; but that aren't all. Why don't papa love us as he used to do? Don't you remember when he used to kiss us and make us so happy? O, how I wish he could be so good to us once more! He is not—"

"—sh, sissy! don't say anything more. He may be good to us again; if he knew how we loved him I know he would. And then I believe God is good, and surely he will help us sometime, for mother prays to him every day."

"Yes," answered Nancy, "I know she does; and God must be our Father sometime."

"He is our Father now, sissy."

"I know it; but he must be all we shall have by-and-by, for don't you remember that mother told us that she might leave us one of these days? She said a cold finger was upon her heart, and—and—"

"—sh. Don't, don't, Nancy; you'll—"

The words were choked up with sobs and tears, and the sisters wept long together. At length they arose and went away, for they saw more children coming.

As soon as the little ones were out of sight, Charles Nelson started to his feet. His hands were clenched, and his eyes were fixed upon a vacant point with an eager gaze.

"My God!" he gasped, "what a villain I am! Look at me now! What a state I am in, and what have I sacrificed to bring myself to it! And they love me yet, and pray for me!"

He said no more, but for some moments he stood with his hands still clenched, and eyes fixed. At length his gaze was turned upward, and his clasped hands were raised above his head. A moment he remained so, and then his hands dropped by his side, and he started homeward.

When he reached his home he found his wife and children in tears, but he neglected to notice it not. He drew a shilling from his pocket—it was his last—and handing it to his wife, he asked her if she would send and get him some milk and flour, and make him some porridge. The wife was startled by the strange tone in which this was spoken, for it sounded just as that voice had sounded in days gone by.

The porridge was made nice and nourishing, and Charles ate it all. He went to bed early, and early on the following morning he was up. He asked his wife if she had milk and flour enough to make him another bowl of porridge.

"Yes, Charles," she said. "We have not touched it."

"Then if you are willing, I should like some more."

The wife moved quickly about the work, and ere long the food was prepared. The husband ate it, and he felt better. He washed and dressed, and would have shaved had his hand been steady enough. He left his home and went at once to a man who had just commenced to frame a house.

"Mr. Manly," he said, addressing the gentleman alluded to, "I have drank the last drop of alcoholic beverage that ever passes my lips. Ask me no more questions, but believe me now while you see me true. Will you give me work?"

"Charles Nelson, are you in earnest?" asked Manly, in surprise.

"So much so, sir, that were death to stand upon my right hand, and yonder bar-room upon my left, I would go with the grim messenger first."

"Then here is my house lying about us in rough timber and boards. I place it all in your hands, and shall look to you to finish it. While I can trust you, you may trust me. Come into my office and you shall have the plan I have drawn."

We will not tell how the stout man wept, nor how his noble friend shed tears to see him thus; but Charles Nelson took the plan, and having studied it for a while, he went out where the men were at work getting the timber together, and Mr. Manly introduced him as their master. That day he worked but little, for he was not strong yet, but he arranged the timber, and gave directions for framing. At night he asked his employer if he dared trust him with a dollar.

"Why, you've earned three," returned Manly.

"And will you pay me three dollars a day?"

"If you are as faithful as you have been to-day, for you will save me money at that."

The poor man could not speak his thanks in words, but his looks spoke for him, and Manly understood them. He received his three dollars, and on his way home he stopped and bought first a basket, then three loaves of bread, a pound of butter, some tea, sugar, and a piece of beef-steak, and he had just one dollar and seventy-five cents left. With this load he went home. It was some time before he could compose himself to enter the house, but at length he went in and set the basket upon the table.

"Come, Mary," he said, "I have brought something home for supper. Here, Nelly you take the pail and run over to Mr. Brown's and get a couple quarts of milk."

He handed the child a shilling as he spoke, and in a half bewildered state she took the money and hurried away.

The wife started when she raised the cover of the basket, but she dared not speak. She moved about like one in a dream, and ever and anon she would cast a furtive glance at her husband. He had not been drinking—she knew it—and yet he had money to buy rum with if he had wanted it. What could it mean? Had her prayers been answered? O, how fervently she prayed then.

Soon Nelly returned with the milk, and Mrs. Nelson set the table out. After supper Charles arose, and said to his wife:

"I must go up to Mr. Manly's office to help him arrange some plans for his new house, but I will be at home early."

A pang shot through the wife's heart as she saw her husband turn away, but still she was far happier than she had been before for a long while. There was something in his manner that assured her, and gave her hope.

Just as the clock struck nine, the well-known footfall was heard, strong and steady. The door opened, and Charles entered. His wife cast a quick, keen glance into his face, and she almost uttered a cry of joy when she saw how he was changed for the better. He had been to the barber's and to the hatter's. Yet nothing was said upon the all-important subject. Charles wished to retire early, and his wife went with him. In the morning the husband arose first and built the fire. Mary had not slept until long after midnight, having been kept awake by the tumultuous emotions that had started up in her bosom, and hence she awoke not so early as usual. But she came out just as the tea-kettle and potatoes began to boil, and breakfast was soon ready.

After the meal was eaten, Charles arose and put on his hat, and then turning to his wife he asked:

"What do you do, to-day?"

"I must wash for Mrs. Bixby."

"Are you willing to obey me once more?"

"O—yes."

"Then work for me to-day. Send Nelly over to tell Mrs. Bixby that you are not well enough to wash, for you are not. Here is a dollar, and you must do with it as you please. Buy something that will keep you busy for yourself or children."

Mr. Nelson turned towards the door, and his hand was upon the latch. He hesitated, and then turned back. He did not speak, but he opened his arms, and his wife sank upon his bosom. He kissed her, and then having gently placed her in a seat, he left the house. When he went to his work that morning he felt well, and very happy. Mr. Manly was by to cheer him, and this he did by talking and acting as though Charles had never been unfortunate at all.

It was Saturday evening, and Nelson had been almost a week without rum. He had earned fifteen dollars, ten of which he now had in his pocket.

"Mary," he said, after the supper-table had been cleared away, "here are ten dollars for you, and I want you to expend it in clothing for yourself and children. I have earned fifteen dollars during the last five days. I am to build Squire Manly's great house, and he pays me three dollars a day. A good job, isn't it?"

Mary looked up, and her lips moved, but she could not speak a word. She struggled a few moments, and then burst into tears. Her husband took her by the arm and drew her upon his lap, and then pressed her to his bosom.

"Mary," he whispered, while the tears ran down his own cheeks, "you are not deceived. I am Charley Nelson once more, and will be while I live. Not by any act of mine shall another cloud cross your brow." And then he told of the words he had heard on the previous Monday, while he lay behind the wall.

"Never before," he said, "did I fully realize how low I had fallen, but the scales dropped from my eyes then as though some one had struck them off with a sledge. My soul started up to a stand-point from which all the tempters of earth cannot move it. Your prayers are answered, my wife."

Time passed on, and the cottage once more assumed its garb of pure white, and its whole windows and green blinds. The roses in the garden smiled, and in every way did the improvement work. Once again was Mary Nelson among the happiest of the happy, and her children chose their own associates now.

CLUB HOUSE, WEST STREET.

This elegant structure, erected for a club of private gentlemen, is one of those tasteful buildings with which the genius of Messrs. Billings Brothers has adorned our city. The view was drawn for us by Mr. Champney, and is a truthful representation, as will be perceived by a glance at the original. The house is very centrally situated, and the interior is furnished with taste and elegance. Clubs have never obtained much in this country, but it is not unlikely that they will. They are of English origin. The last number of the North American Review contains a very interesting article, entitled the "Clubs of London," from which many particulars not generally known, respecting these associations, may be gathered. The two earliest on record were the Mermaid Club, which held its meetings in Friday Street, and Ben. Jonson's Club, which gathered at the Devil Tavern, between Temple Gates and Temple Bar, London. Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have instituted the first, and around him gathered such men as Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher and Selden, forming a galaxy of wit and intellect such as the world will never look upon again. These early clubs were simply gatherings at stated times, to enjoy the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," wine and wit being the staples of the entertainment. The revolution, of course, put an end to such convivial meetings, but the clubs again flourished under the restoration. From social meetings, from which politics were rigidly excluded, they became partizan in their character, and were used as machinery to advance the fortunes of factions, as afterwards in Paris. "The club of ancient times," says the Review, "exists no longer, or only among the middle or lower classes. The aristocratic combination of our days, which is so called, is a club in name only, if the word is to be interpreted by what it was used to signify in its origin, and through a long course of years, up to a very recent period. Formerly, as we have just seen, it meant a social meeting of a select few, held at stated intervals, and at some public tavern; whereas now it has lost every one of these attributes. Some of these modern assemblies are exclusively confined to members of the army and navy, others to university men, and others again to travellers, this to conservatives, and that to reformers; but in all, a certain degree of wealth, and a certain status in society, seem to be the indispensable condition of admission. Now, too, each club has every accommodation that luxury can demand or invention supply."



CLUB HOUSE, WEST STREET, BOSTON.

SPY POND, WEST CAMBRIDGE.

Our view of Spy Pond was drawn for the Pictorial by an artist familiar with the spot, and noted for the accuracy of his delineations. It shows a portion of the pond beneath the wooded bank on which stands Mr. Taft's fine hotel, a favorite place of resort during the summer, being just a pleasant driving distance from the city. The boats in front indicate one never-failing source of amusement to the visitor, while the fisherman seems to have realized something more substantial than a "glorious nibble" from his investment of bait. Spy Pond is one of the most delightful sheets of water in the vicinity of Boston. These ponds—lakes they would be called in Europe—are the peculiar charm of our New England scenery. You cannot ride far, in any direction, without coming to a noble expanse of water, fringed with forest trees, and, when in the vicinity of large settlements, surrounded by pleasant dwelling-houses. The people of West Cambridge have improved this feature of their pretty township. The street which runs from the square to Wellington Hill is lined on both sides with noble mansions and elegant cottages, overlooking the water, while the land is laid out in gardens, planted with trees and cultivated with great liberality and taste. There are some fine market gardens on the borders of the pond. Not the least striking features of the pond scenery are the huge ice-houses, some of which are partially shown in our engraving. It is curious to reflect that the water of this pond, conveyed thousands of miles in a solid state, cools the parched palates of the nabobs and rajahs of Hindostan, and the dons of Havana. The water that now sparkles before us may gleam in the goblet of a British merchant at Canton, or moisten the lip of a Cuban senorita. The ice trade, out of which so many large fortunes have been made, which gives employment to so many hundreds of men, and so many tons of shipping, is a Yankee notion. From time immemorial, hardy mariners have ploughed the deep, but the idea of ploughing ponds in winter was one of which even our ingenious forefathers never dreamed. Yet even winter has its harvest as well as autumn, and the ploughman's whistle, when not cold enough to freeze his breath, is heard in January as erst in spring or fall. The signs of the weather are scanned as narrowly by the ice-farmers as by the hay-farmers, and cold is as ardently wished for by the former as heat by the latter. The rigors of our climate are made to minister to our fortunes.



SPY POND AND TAIT'S HOTEL, WEST CAMBRIDGE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

MRS. ROSALIE PELBY.

This lady died lately on board the steamship Northern Light, on her return from California, at the age of sixty-four. As the wife of the late William Pelby, she was well known as an actress of great ability. The old play-goers and frequenters of the Federal Street, Tremont, Warren and National theatres well remember her performances. In the heyday of her youth and beauty she was one of the most attractive performers on the stage; and those who were not old enough to remember her in the zenith of her beauty, beheld her image in her daughter, Mrs. Anderson, who died a few years ago. Mrs. Pelby was the original "Cherry," in the spectacle of "Cherry and Fair Star," first produced at the Federal Street Theatre. She afterwards went to the Tremont, when that house was opened under the management of her husband, and was also one of the attractions of the Warren, afterwards National Theatre. During the latter part of her professional career, she played, of course, a different range of characters, and her personation of "Moll Pitcher" and of "Meg Merrilies," will be long remembered, as fine efforts of histrionic art. She was possessed of great ingenuity and industry, and her group of wax statuary representing the "Last Supper," was, for many years, a popular exhibition. In private life she was beloved for her open-handed charity. The Post says that rich and fashionable ladies, who had no money to bestow, were wont to say to needy applicants, "Go to Mrs. Pelby, she will assist you." That sentence contains a volume of eulogy. The death of Mrs. Pelby has elicited many kindly comments on her life, and indeed, such a woman should not be permitted to pass away

"Without the meed of one melodious tear."

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Those of our patrons who have the interest of the "Pictorial" at heart, and who desire to see us remunerated for the immense outlay expended on our illumined journal, should subscribe for it to the publisher direct. Where a paper is purchased transiently, here or there, the publisher reaps but little advantage, as he must wholesale his work at a price that it can be sold again to retailers, who in turn must make their profit on the paper. Let all who cherish our laborious and expensive enterprise, therefore, enclose the subscription price to head-quarters, and receive the paper with prompt regularity.

BINDING.—We are binding up Volume 8 of the Pictorial, just completed, for our subscribers, at the rate of over six hundred per week. These are completed in one week after the sheets are handed in at our office, and returned elegantly bound in full gilt, with illumined title page and complete index for one dollar.

MOUNT AUBURN.—The work on the new chapel is progressing rapidly. The new observatory is daily visited by hundreds of persons. Many new and beautiful monuments have been added this season.

SPLINTERS.

.... The notorious Lola Montez is going to take to the stage again, in Australia and the East Indies.

.... In Sardinia, the national mode of fighting is kicking—a severe and sometimes fatal mode. Brutal!

.... Count de Laporte, well known here as a French scholar and teacher, died, lately, in Iowa. He was a fine man.

.... Lavater thought that the hands had their expression as well as the face. So he told Goethe.

.... "Love and suicide" make a pretty paragraph to all but the parties concerned.

.... Mr. W. W. Story is finishing a marble statue of Beethoven, which French artists and critics praise very highly.

.... The ecclesiastical powers of Chili have substituted direct taxation for the odious system of tithes.

.... R. Ferguson, ship-news collector of the Journal of Commerce, was lately drowned in the harbor of New York.

.... Punch learns that the English people pay foreign princes for marrying British princesses, and vice versa.

.... The New York police rejoice in a summer uniform of Panama hat and brown linen garments. Cool.

.... The steamship Hermann, on her way to New York, celebrated the 4th of July with guns, rockets and a dinner.

.... A farmer of Lynn has three quarters of an acre of horse radish, worth two or three hundred dollars.

.... Ripe fruit and fresh vegetables, well cooked, never hurt any body in the summer season.

.... The shore line of the State of New York is 980 miles long, following all the sinuosities.

.... The land sales in Wisconsin are more than double in amount this year to those of last.

.... The Duke of Wellington said that Scott's march to Mexico was the "military miracle of the age."

.... Captain Abel de la Forest, a revolutionary veteran, was well enough to celebrate the 4th of July at Binghampton, N. Y.

The third division of M. V. M. will encamp at West Brookfield, September 12, 13 and 14,—thirty companies strong.

.... An iceberg was lately seen off the Grand Banks, which was 1000 feet long and 150 high. Rather tall, certainly.

.... The British public smoked, chewed and snuffed 20,000,000 pounds of the "vile weed" last year.

LONGEVITY.

Once in a while a newspaper paragraph calls our attention to the fact that some sprightly young lady has departed this life at the immature age of one hundred years, and that a lad of eighty or ninety has been amusing himself by walking thirty or forty miles a day. The momentary wonder these facts excite passes away, and the facts themselves, so worthy of preservation, are lost with the ephemeral media in which they see the light. There are numerous cases of longevity never recorded, from the obscurity and remoteness of the examples. But all such data deserve to be sought out and to receive attention. They serve to show that the life of man may be protracted many years beyond the period usually assigned for its duration. Length of days, provided, of course, that life be properly employed, is a blessed boon. Scriptural authority so regards it. It is the blessing the popular heart craves for its idols, in moments of enthusiasm. The wish for a long life is the shout with which popular gratitude rewards its benefactors. When we reflect that wisdom and prudence, with rare exceptions, come only with years; that, as the dazzling light of imagination fades away with the other glories of youth, the steady effulgence of reason asserts its empire—we perceive that it is not irrational to desire length of days, and that, in this, as in all other questions, the settled popular idea is a correct one.

The question of the duration of man's natural life has recently attracted much attention. Mr. Flourens, a French philosopher, has lately published a book on this question, which we hope to see translated into the English language. He has advanced the old boundaries of existence, and places old age at eighty years, and sets down a century as the complete natural life of man. His theory of life is, that animals live from six to seven times the number of years required to complete their growth, and that, as a horse, which completes his growth in four years, lives from twenty to twenty-four, a man, who takes eighteen years to reach his growth, may live more than a hundred. The duration of life, of course, depends upon the mode of living. A small proportion of horses reach the age of twenty-four, but this fact is directly referable to their usage. Valuable race-horses, withdrawn from the turf, and properly taken care of, reach an advanced age; and if men took as good care of themselves as they do of their horses, there is no reason why almost all men of a sound constitution might not be centenarians—and that, not as burthens to society, but as its most honored and valued members.

The few survivors of the revolution scattered over the country, make us regret that the band of heroes is so small. What might we not expect from their influence, if every village had its living representatives of that glorious era? If men discarded artificial modes of living—and considered temperance, air and exercise as the most reliable physicians, we should not see so few old men leavening the mass of furiously fast and yet feeble young men who crowd our cities with dissipation and dyspepsia. It is impossible, of course, to lay down rules for living applicable to all, beyond certain broad generalities. The gifts of Providence are bountifully spread around us—each man's experience must tell him what and how much he may take of them. The old adage which tells us that "what is one's meat is another's poison," is philosophically true; and if we occupied ourselves more with governing ourselves, than in prescribing for our neighbors, we should be a wiser, a healthier and a longer-lived race.

SUBSTITUTE FOR THE POTATO.—For many years the scientific in Paris have been engaged in ascertaining if some substitute might not be found for the potato, as an article for human sustenance. The cultivation of the Chinese plant, known as the *Dioscorea Japonica*, is the result. This plant, by its size, weight and hardy character, may be rendered truly valuable, as it will serve as an excellent substitute for the potato. Its tubercles, like those of the Jerusalem artichoke, resist, in the open air, the severest winter without receiving injury. The flavor of this vegetable is more delicate than that of the potato. Vegetable food must enter largely into the means of supply, as few nations are able to afford a very extensive diet of animal food. In France, the annual consumption of animal food is about forty pounds to each individual. Inability to obtain sufficient food is the cause of continual strikes and demonstrations in France.

COOLNESS UNDER FIRE.—At the battle of Minden, the corps of French grenadiers, commanded by St. Pern, was exposed to the fire of a battery, which cut down entire files and shook their courage sensibly. The commander, in the meanwhile, walked his horse slowly along the line, snuff-box in hand, saying: "Well, my children, what's the matter—ch? Cannon? Well—well! it kills—it kills! that's all—that's all!"

BUSINESS PROSPECTS.—The strong and increasing prospects of a grand crop all over the Union, together with the manifest certainty that our country is fast attaining a most favorable financial condition, are having a visible effect upon all business relations. Money is plenty, and commercial confidence is fully re-established. All this is well.

RACHEL, THE ACTRESS.—Now that this distinguished performer has determined to come to this country, the French people find out suddenly that she has lost all her talent, and are spitefully praising her rival, Ristori, to fret her.

TROUBLE IN THE CAMP.—The French say that the failure of the attack on the Malakoff was owing to the blundering of British officers, and the British lay the blame on the French. "A very pretty quarrel as it stands."

THE CRIMEAN EXPEDITION.

When a government undertakes a campaign, in time of war, it cannot be too strong—it cannot be too fully informed of the position, strength and defences of the enemy—it cannot be too amply provided against contingencies. The recent report of the Roebuck committee of the British House of Commons is an appalling document, and shows the greatest rashness, the greatest want of provision and prevision that can possibly be conceived. And it must be remembered that this report even does not tell the whole truth; for the committee frankly declared that "the fulness of the investigation has been restricted by considerations of state policy." The result, however, of the partial investigation is really appalling, and throws upon the British government, and particularly on the Duke of Newcastle, minister of war, at the time the expedition was undertaken—a responsibility which is little short of overwhelming. We can understand now how difficult it is, even after the most energetic appeals and ingenious devices, to rouse the popular mind to procure recruits for the war. The information possessed of the strength of the Russians in the Crimea was insufficient to justify the attempt to reduce Sebastopol. Lord Raglan, in his despatch of the 19th of July, states that "the descent on the Crimea is decided upon more in deference to the views of the British government, than to any information in the possession of the naval and military authorities, either as to the extent of the enemy's forces, or to their state of preparation."

The policy of the government in ordering the expedition was a rash one; but if that policy admits of defence, no apology can be admitted for the inadequacy of the preparations. The British cabinet evidently believed that Sebastopol would be taken at a dash; the frustration of this groundless expectation found them totally unprepared for a winter campaign, and hence the fearful sufferings and losses of the army. We repeat that, in the dangerous game of war, too great caution cannot be used; though, theoretically, "thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just," physical means and appliances are absolutely necessary. Yet the commencement of most wars exhibits a similar want of foresight, as the survivors of our own war of 1812 very well remember. The troops we first brought into the field were a mere handful compared to the force which was actually needed; and our gallant soldiers in Canada suffered from the want of proper equipage and supplies.

MEDICAL NOSTRUMS.—The committee on quack medicines, appointed by the American Pharmaceutical Association, have recommended to the pharmacutists and druggists of the Union that they wholly refrain from selling medicines of that description, and express the opinion that this course should receive the sanction of physicians as the only one likely to remedy the evil aimed at, "as the tendency to take medicine *ad libitum* is a feature of the Anglo-Saxon race, daily inherited by the American people, which, whatever may be its faults, is as much their nature as is the love of personal and political freedom."

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.—We give, weekly, notice of this admirable illustrated paper. Fully equal in all respects to its London rival, the Illustrated News, while it is yet furnished for one quarter the price of that journal. Surprise is often expressed at the extraordinary circulation of the Pictorial, rising one hundred thousand, but the wonder is that every one does not take what is absolutely the cheapest paper in the world. As near as we can calculate, sixty thousand copies of Mr. Ballou's paper must be sold before he can count the first cent of profit on his edition. Small profits and large sales, however, applies as well to the publishing business as to the dry goods trade, and this liberal principle is now the popular one in Boston.—Daily Times.

LEGAL DECISION.—Judge Cowles of New York has decided that a school teacher's watch is exempt from attachment for debt, as much so as the implements of a mechanic, and for the same reason—it is necessary to his profession.

CLOCK-MAKING IN CONNECTICUT.—This branch of business is carried on to great extent. The Jerome Manufacturing Company of New Haven turn out 240,000 a year, or 800 a day, of some fifty different kinds.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Jackson, Mr. Charles H. Carruth to Miss Mary E. Nourse; by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. Benjamin H. Linscott to Miss Sophia A. Fitch; by Rev. Mr. Chadburn to Miss Elizabeth G. Hatch; by Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. David Jones to Miss Antoinette Williams; Mr. Isaac L. Tripp to Miss Sarah J. Peabody; by Rev. Mr. Barnard, Mr. Charles H. Dolbear to Miss Mary E. Lincoln; by Rev. Mr. Cilley, Mr. Benjamin F. Mann to Miss Deborah Sampson, both of Worcester.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. Henry K. Hall to Miss Elizabeth B. Bryant.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Winn, Mr. Charles H. Gay to Miss Mary J. Archibald, both of Boston.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Richmond, Mr. Richardson Knowland to Miss Joanna Haskell.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Horton, Mr. Augustus Caldwell to Miss Sarah Clare.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. James, Mr. Peleg A. James to Miss Patience S. Page.—At Leominster, by Rev. Mr. Bingham, Mr. J. A. Tyler to Miss Dolly Noyes.—At Franklin, by Rev. Mr. Thayer, Mr. William Rawson, of South Boston, to Miss Mary Frances Grafton.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Harlow, Mr. James McIntosh to Miss Mary A. Dennison.—At Springfield, by Rev. Mr. Haskell, Mr. George E. Page to Miss Harriet Lee.—At Weston, by Rev. Dr. Field, Mr. John W. Cutting to Miss Hannah H. Maxfield, of Roxbury.—At South Dover, Me., by Rev. Mr. Page, Mr. Thomas A. Keating to Miss Susan B., daughter of the officiating clergyman.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Edmund Weller, 23; Miss Caroline E. Boardman, 18; Miss Betsey A. Wild, 60; Miss Anna Hillebrand, 62.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Fausta M. Reed, 21.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Mary Loring, wife Mr. Samuel Raymond.—At Chelsea U. S. Marine Hospital, Capt. Moses Ventress, 71.—At Dorchester, Mrs. Zebiah Royal Dolbear, 89.—At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Caroline E., wife of Mr. Joseph G. Dane, 21.—At Methuen, on his birthday, Mr. Henry Lyman, son of Mr. Nathan and Mrs. Eunice C. Currier, 19.—At Medford, Miss Ellen Maria Bailey, 30.—At Brookline, Miss Emma Carrie Spalding, 21.—At Salem, Mr. George Ramsdell, 50.—At Danversport, Mrs. Harriet Newell, wife of Mr. Albert A. Bates, 19.—At Waltham, Mrs. Abigail Shipley, 76.—At Woburn, Mrs. Hannah Plympton, 69.—At Hingham, Mr. Caleb Gill, 81.—At Haverhill, Mr. Truworthy G. Nichols, 65.—At Lowell, Benjamin F. Holden, Esq., 38.—At Franklin, Miss Laura Jacob, 64.—At Burlington, Mr. Eber Lawrence, 84.—At Manchester, Capt. Nelson Woodbury, 61.—At Worcester, Mrs. Marianna Denny, 21.—At North Brookfield, Mr. Pearly Hale, 85.—At Newburyport, Mr. Samuel Cobb, 35; Mrs. Lucinda T. Payson, 38; Miss Margaret E. Emory, 24.—At Upton, Widow Anna L. Chubb, 46.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Nancy, wife of Mr. Silas T. Lawrence, 25.—At Lunenburg, Capt. Joshua Hall, 86.—At Fitchburg, Miss Harriet E. Bradford, 24.—At Ashburnham, Silas Willard, Esq., 87.—At Middlebury, Vt., Hon. Horace Eaton, late Governor of the State.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The Secretary of the Treasury has authorized the Collector of New York to issue permits, to the consuls of different nations, for goods remaining in the Crystal Palace belonging to their citizens, when such goods are intended for direct exportation. The collector must take the consul's agreement, in writing, to export the goods. This order will give general satisfaction. — The best way to preserve hams, during hot weather, is to sow them up in stout cotton bags, cover them with charcoal dust in barrels, and keep them in a dry cool place. — A man residing near St. Catharines, C. W., recently became angry with his child, about five years old, and gave it a severe shaking, when, sad to relate, he broke its neck, causing death almost instantly. It was a weakly, delicate creature, and the grief of the parent, on beholding the result of his momentary passion, was most heart-rending. — The University of New York have very justly conferred upon Lowell Mason, Esq., the degree of Doctor of Music. — The Alta California has seen a letter from Colonel Kinney, from which it appears that the Kinney and Walker expeditions are expected to meet about the centre of Nicaragua, and it is predicted that a flourishing joint colony will be the result. — The Salem Gazette calls town pumps "apostles of temperance." — The following sentiment by Colonel Train, at the Dorchester celebration, is very neat: *The ladies*—May they add virtue to beauty, subtract envy from friendship, multiply amiable accomplishments by sweetness of temper, divide time by sociability and economy, and reduce scandal to its lowest denomination. — Count Menden, the Russian minister at Brazil, and appointed to the same post at Washington after the death of Mr. Bodisco, has wholly retired from the diplomatic service on account of bad health. — A Paris physician has just published a pamphlet with the title of "The Physical and Moral Degeneration of the Human Race caused by Vaccination." The startling theory that Jenner, who, for more than half a century, has enjoyed the reputation of one of the greatest benefactors of humanity that ever existed, was, in fact, the principal author of cholera and a host of modern diseases, has been broached before, but without exciting much attention. Now, however, the Imperial Academy of Medicine has placed the subject on their paper for discussion. — The Washington Ranger, Texas, complains that beef is five and six cents a pound, whereas in a neighboring place, Anderson, it is only three cents. — General Quitman has written a note, denying the insinuations of the New York Sun and National Intelligencer, to the effect that he has pocketed the money of the Cuban junta, and then left it. He says the articles referred to "are a tissue of barefaced and gratuitous falsehoods, for which no honorable man will make himself responsible." — "Lady Litchfield," a Boston horse, won the purse in a trot at Bangor, lately, — best three in five—time 2.31 1-2, 2.34, 2.34. — An old lady, named Brown, who died in Needham last winter, left a will bequeathing the bulk of her property, between five and six thousand dollars, to be expended in enlarging, beautifying and adorning the graveyard at West Needham. The deceased had been a resident of the town for upwards of seventy-five years. — The first steamboat ever built on the waters of the Western Missouri was launched at Kansas city, a few weeks since. She is called the "Kansas City," and is intended for the Kansas River trade. — A dreadful affair took place, recently, in Dominick Street, New York, by the accidental upsetting of a burning fluid lamp, fatally burning a child nine years of age, and terribly burning the hands and arms of her parents, who endeavored to put out the fire. — Ship-building is brisk in Portsmouth, where eight vessels are now on the stocks. — The Cincinnati Commercial says that Pocahontas, which recently paced a mile over the Union Course in two minutes seventeen and a half seconds—the quickest time on record—was first discovered in Cincinnati, working in a four-horse mill team, and purchased by Mr. Woodman for \$90. — Thomas Comer will lead the Boston Theatre orchestra next season. — A shoal of over one hundred large sturgeon made their appearance in the river at Grand Rapids, lately. Spears and all sorts of fire-arms were brought in requisition, and more than half of the shoal were taken captive. — The project of a line of steamers between New Orleans and Nicaragua has been abandoned. — Dr. R. G. W. English has been appointed city physician of Springfield, Mass., and has accepted the office.

A GOOD HABIT.—Riding on horseback has become, within the last few years, a favorite recreation with French ladies. Great care and attention is bestowed on the make of the habits, which partake, in their decorations, of the present extravagant style of costume. Many of the riding habits are copied from the portraits in the gallery of Versailles, of the reign of Louis XIII. and Louis XV. But the most distinguished habit is the plain black or dark green, or blue summer cloth, trimmed with *brandenbours* and buttons. The hat is of felt or beaver, with a black plume thrown backwards.

TRADE CONSPIRACY.—The Journal of Commerce mentions as current in New York city a report that several capitalists and large produce dealers held a meeting in the city of Buffalo, lately, "to devise ways and means to control the present stock of breadstuffs," and thus not only to determine the amount to be forwarded to the seaboard, but also to regulate the prices.

HURLEY'S SARSAPARILLA.—This wonderful specific is winning golden opinions in all directions. Bull, Sands and Townsend are nowhere, the cry being for Hurley alone. His preparation can be had, wholesale or retail, by the case or bottle, at the store of Messrs. Bacon, Hyde & Co.—*St. Louis Evening Mirror*.

WHAT IT REQUIRES.—Twenty-two hundred full grown trees, or the matured crop of forty-four acres of woodland, are required to furnish timber for a single seventy-four gun ship.

Wayside Gatherings.

S. Wells Williams has been appointed Secretary of Legation to China.

The New York Mirror thanks God that New York is open at the top, and that water is flowing on both sides.

Edwin Forrest has bought a house in Philadelphia for \$33,000, and intends removing into it immediately.

Lieut. George H. Derby, U. S. Topographical Engineers, has been appointed on the staff of General Wool.

A new muskmelon has been introduced into Mobile from Brazil, which is said to be of a superior quality and a prolific bearer.

A horse was attacked by hydrophobia a few days since in Columbus, Pa., having been bitten by a mad dog ninety-three days before.

Count Beaugard, arrested in New York some time since, for recruiting for the British army, was discharged for want of evidence.

John G. Saxe, editor of the Burlington (Vt.) Sentinel, delivered a poem at the recent commencement of Knox College, at Galesburg, Illinois.

Captain Baker, a wealthy planter of Louisiana, who had settled on the Colorado, Texas, to commence farming, was shot and killed by one of his negroes.

The Mississippi papers state as a fact, that showers of brimstone have fallen in that State within the last two weeks. It has been tried and proved to be genuine.

The steamer Northern arrived at Detroit a few days since, from Lake Superior, bringing 300 barrels of copper, shipped at Ontonagon, by Carson & Close.

A wooden image that can be made to walk and talk has been exhibited in New York. Barnum paid it a visit. The Evening Post thinks there is a man inside of it.

The citizens of Lynn have formed a "Flour and Corn League," on principles similar to the N. E. Protective Union, with which association it contemplates forming a union.

At the last meeting of the grand jury at Danville, Va., they determined, it is said, by a decided vote, to disregard the State law prohibiting the circulation of small notes.

Grasshoppers, in countless hosts, are sweeping over the fields in the Guadalupe and San Antonio valleys, in Texas, but they are followed by immense flocks of birds which feed upon them.

The Globe Iron Works of New York have recently turned out a casting weighing eighty-eight thousand pounds—the largest, it is said, ever effected in a single mass in this country.

A mad dog ran up three flights of stairs at 407 Broadway, New York, and dashed through the window of a daguerrian gallery, falling heavily on the pavement below. He died in a few minutes afterwards.

Mr. Jim Putnam, a respectable and industrious man, sixty years of age, residing in Sutton, committed suicide by hanging, a few days since. He had been in a depressed state of mind for several weeks.

A singular exhibition recently took place at a review of the Turkish army at Eupatoria. Whilst the troops were resting, Omar Pasha, the general commanding, had a race with Sephia Pasha.

The monument to the memory of Henry Clay was inaugurated at Pottsville, Va., on the 4th of July, and imposing ceremonies. The oration on the occasion was delivered by Hon. Charles Gibbons.

Hon. John P. Hale, in a speech at the New Hampshire State Temperance Convention, approved of Neal Dow's course in the late riots, and said he had not tasted ardent spirits or wine either, for the last twenty years.

A railroad is in contemplation from Superior City, situated at the extreme west of Lake Superior, and a company of engineers have recently left St. Paul for that place, with a view of commencing the road from that point to St. Paul.

The law of libel in Connecticut was materially modified by an act of the recent legislature, by which the defendant may show the intention with which he made the publication, and the plaintiff must prove malice before he can recover damages.

The French papers state that the California nugget of gold, said to be valued at \$40,000, sent to the Paris exhibition, is found to be a piece of lead covered with gold, upon which the roughness and unevenness of native gold has been ingeniously imitated.

While President Van Buren was at Nice, he expressed a desire to witness an earthquake, and, sure enough, in a few days there came one more tremendous than that of 1840. It came in the night, and Mr. Van Buren was seen in the park near the hotel, in primitive costume and a high state of excitement.

A shrewd boy in Worthington, lately attached a contrivance, comprising a hammer, wires, spring, etc., to the floor underneath the desk of the school-mistress, with which he, while seated some twenty feet or more distant, by means of a cord, started the school in general, and the teacher in particular, with an exhibition of the "rappings."

The captain of the steamer Golden State, on arriving at Lexington (Mo.), from Council Bluffs and Yellow Stone, reported that the river up in that region was very low—the whole country suffering for want of rain—and that while the boat was at the mouth of the Yellow Stone, the prairie caught fire, and before the fire could be put out, the river was burnt in two!

An order having been issued to the men of the razee-frigate Independence, now stationed on the Pacific coast, to work on Sunday while in port, the chaplain spoke against such labors in a sermon. Commodore Mervin thereupon ordered him to desist, and he has not been permitted to preach since. It is understood that the chaplain accordingly will leave his ship and come to Washington to make complaint.

The Cincinnati grand jury have found two new indictments against William Arrison for the murder of the Allisons—the same crime for which he has been tried and convicted—in peril of his life, sentenced, and the day set for the execution. These indictments are in direct violation of the bill of rights, which says—"No man shall be compelled, in any criminal case, to be a witness against himself or be twice put in jeopardy for the same offence."

A model, by Donald McKay, Esq., from which it is proposed to build the pioneer boat of a line of steamers to run between Boston and Liverpool, to be called the "Cradle of Liberty," was lately shown at the Merchants' Exchange. The dimensions are as follows: length, 320 feet; breadth, 45 feet; depth, 31 feet; shear, 7 feet. Engines, 85 inch cylinder, 10 feet stroke. It is supposed she will accommodate 250 first class cabin passengers; 50 second class; carry 1000 tons freight, and make the passage in eight days.

Foreign Items.

There is a movement in Dublin to abolish Donnybrook Fair. It seems that the fair may now be bought up from the patentees for £3000.

The Emperor of Russia has turned his cabinet at the winter palace into a kind of observatory, from which, by the aid of a telescope, he can see Cronstadt, the fortifications and a part of the Lysy Nas.

It is fearful to contemplate the number of physicians and surgeons in England, because the deaths must, of course, be proportionate. At the present day they number 10,000, of whom 2000 reside in London.

The King of Naples makes open court to Russia, and longs to welcome the fleets of the czar in the Mediterranean. His Sicilian majesty has conferred the order of St. Ferdinand on a Russian grand duke, and the tone of the court is as Muscovite and anti-English as it well can be.

A poor seamstress in Dundee, Scotland, led away by religious monomania, has resolved to deny herself the comfort of a bed until she has converted the world. She now sleeps regularly upon some grass under a tombstone in "the auld kirkyard" of the Manse.

The Countess de Lavalette, daughter of the Marquis de Beauharnais, and cousin-german of Queen Hortense, died in Paris, lately. She was the wife of Count de Lavalette, postmaster-general under the first empire, whom she saved from the scaffold, in 1815, by her energy and presence of mind.

The Austrian government requests the directors of the railways in the empire to plant young trees, of a description indicated, at convenient distances along the lines, intending them to replace eventually the posts upon which telegraph wires are at present affixed.

The Emperor Alexander II. has issued a manifesto providing that in case of his decease, during the minority of his eldest son, the Grand Duke Constantine shall be regent; that in case of the death of the heir, he shall also be regent until his second son shall become of age, and the guardianship of the other imperial children is vested in the Empress Maria Alexandra.

Sands of Gold.

.... The star-light smile of children!—*Epes Sargent*.

.... Voracious learning, often over-fed, digests not into sense her motley meal.—*Young*.

.... A man has generally the good or ill qualities which he attributes to mankind.—*Shenstone*.

.... All our first movements are good, generous, heroic; reflection weakens and kills them.—*Alfred Martin*.

.... This incessant and Sabbathless pursuit of a man's fortune leaveth not that tribute which we owe to God of our time.—*Bacon*.

.... Avarice is the most opposite of all characters to that of God Almighty, whose alone it is to give and not receive.—*Shenstone*.

.... If a man were to set out by calling everything by its right name, he would be knocked down before he got to the corner of the street.—*Lord Hailfur*.

.... It is impossible thoroughly to judge of the disposition of any woman, till it has been seen how the passion of love acts upon it.—*Fitzhugh (Tales of Passion)*.

.... The human soul is like a bird that is born in a cage. Nothing can deprive it of its natural longings, or obliterate the mysterious remembrance of its heritage.—*Epes Sargent*.

.... Small debts are like small shot; they are rattling on every side, and can scarcely be escaped without a wound; great debts are like cannon, of loud noise but little danger.—*Johnson*.

.... Dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream. And I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.—*Shakespeare*.

.... The last best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindest soul, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unbearance, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic.—*Richter*.

.... The point of aim for our vigilance to hold in view, is to dwell upon the brightest parts in every prospect, to call off the thoughts when running upon disagreeable objects, and strive to be pleased with the present circumstances surrounding us.—*Tucker*.

Joker's Budget.

Snooks was advised to get his life insured. "Wont do it," said he; "it would be my luck to live forever, if I should."

It is aggravating to see a good looking man wrestling with your wife in a waltz, without having the privilege of going up and tightening his neckerchief.

A young widow was asked why she was going to get married so soon after the death of her first husband. "O, la!" said she, "I do it to prevent fretting myself to death on account of dear Tom."

"Have you any limhorn bonnets?" inquired a very modest miss of a shop-keeper. "Any what?" "Any limhorn bonnets?" "Any—you don't mean leghorn?" The young lady was brought to by the proper restoratives.

"I say, milkman, you give your cows too much salt!" "Why—how do you know how much salt I give them?" "I judge from the appearance of the milk you bring us lately. Salt makes the cows dry, and then they drink too much water, and that makes their milk thin, you know."

An old lady, on being examined before a magistrate as to her place of legal settlement, was asked what reason she had for supposing her husband had a legal settlement in that town. The old lady said: "He was born and married there, and they buried him there, and if that isn't settling him there, I don't know what is."

A Frenchman, being lured up for a dinner, stole a pig. He was caught in the act, taken before a magistrate and called upon for his defence, when he thus delivered himself: "O, mon Dieu! I steal ze pig! No, sare! never! Aha! you sall see! I tell ze pig, vill he go wiz me! He says, 'Oui! oui!' and zen I take him. Is zhat vot you call steal de pig, ven he go vis his own consent!"

The following gem of obituary poetry is from a gravestone in the Wrentham burying-ground:

"A tub of water she fell in,
Not knowing it would take her breath;
But O, alas! the fatal thing
That proved to her a cruel death!"

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements. The immense circulation of the Pictorial (being over one hundred thousand copies weekly) forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the Pictorial as an advertising medium is, that it is preserved, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the inside of the paper) becomes a permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—Fifty cents per line, in all cases, without regard to length or continuance.
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Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

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BAKERS' CHURCH MUSIC.

WE have just issued one of the most valuable collections of Church Music ever published in this country, edited by Prof. B. F. BAKER. It will be the Music Book of the season.
aug 4 3w JOHN P. JEWETT & Co., Publishers.

WATERMAN'S PATENT VENTILATED REFRIGERATOR.

In this article all real objections to the old ones have been overcome, so far as they can be without violating the laws of nature, appertaining to the refrigerator and the gases generated by the decomposition of animal and vegetable substances, the only laws concerning the refrigerator, except the law of cleanliness. For sale (at retail only) by the inventor, at his Kitchen Furnishing Rooms, 83 and 85 Cornhill
july 7

NATH. WATERMAN.

IMPORTANT TO FAMILIES.
NOAH DAVIS'S CELEBRATED COMBINATION OF MOCHA AND JAVA COFFEE has been used by Hotels, Steamships, and by thousands of families, and acknowledged by all the best flavor and 40 percent cheaper than any before used. Families say one pound is equal to two of any other kind.
JOHN C. FERNALD & Co., Sole Agents,
aug 4 458 Washington St., Boston.

UNITED STATES CLUB AGENCY.
THE undersigned having made arrangements with the publishers, offer to furnish any two of the following publications for \$3, being a discount of twenty-five per cent. from the price per single copy:

Boston.—The American Union, Olive Branch, Weekly Traveller, Weekly Telegraph, Star-Spangled Banner, Yankee Privateer, American Patriot, Know Nothing and American Crusader.

New York.—The Scientific American, Home Journal and the Weekly Tribune.

Rochester, N. Y.—Moore's Rural New Yorker.

Philadelphia.—McMakin's Weekly Courier, Saturday Evening Post, Peterson's Ladies' National Magazine, and Arthur's Home Magazine.

Also either of the above, and one copy of either of the following \$3 magazines for \$3.50:

PHILA.—Gibbey's Lady's Book, Graham's Magazine.

New York.—Harper's New Monthly.

Any two of the \$3 Monthlies for \$4.

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Any two of the Monthlies and one of the Weeklies, \$5.50.

Any one of the Weeklies, and either of the following \$1 publications—Forrester's Boys' and Girls' Magazine, The (Monthly) Schoolmate, The Pictorial Journal, The Water Cure Journal, for \$2.25.

Also, Ballou's Weekly Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion, and either of the \$2 Weeklies for \$3.75, or the Pictorial and one of the Monthlies for \$4.25.

Publications will be sent to different addresses and to different post-offices, if desired by those getting up the clubs, and additions to clubs of single subscriptions will be taken at club rates, viz.: \$2 for the Monthlies, \$1.50 for the Weeklies.

Single subscriptions received for the Magazines at \$3; and for the papers at \$2 per annum—\$1 for six months.

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E. C. Bates, Esq., G. M. Thacher, Esq.,
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IT is now conceded by competent judges that these are the BEST SQUARE PIANO FORTES MADE IN THE WORLD. For Erecness, Purity and Brilliance of Tone they stand UNRIVALED. Among the many improvements which we have made during the past year, is our 7 octave Piano Forte, constructed upon an entire new principle—the base strings being elevated above the others, and running diagonally, by which we get a longer string, increasing the volume of tone, and combining all the qualities of the Grand Piano, with a beautiful exterior. We were the ONLY BOSTON HOUSE to whom a MEDAL was awarded for superior Pianos exhibited at the

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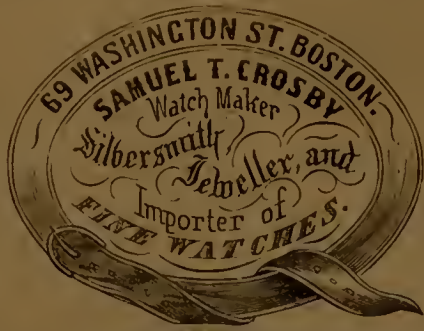
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VIEW NEAR THE CHURCH OF NOSSA SENHORA DO MONTE, FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.

SCENES IN MADEIRA.

Madeira is not only celebrated for its wines, but for the salubrity of its climate, and invalids afflicted with pulmonary complaints have found a relief for their sufferings here which no other locality afforded. The island belongs to Portugal. Of late years, it has excited the painful interest of the world by the sufferings of the

inhabitants from a failure of the grape crop, their principal dependence. Our first engraving presents a view near the Church of Nossa Senhora do Monte, Funchal, which stands in one of the most romantic places that the imagination can conceive. The covered bridge spanning the wild and sweeping torrent, the luxuriant vegetation that crowns the hills and borders the paths, make

a place in which the day-dreamer loves to linger. Our second engraving shows the gubernatorial residence at Funchal. The administration is vested in the hands of a governor and council, who seem to possess unlimited power, the Junta and Camera, elective representative bodies, having about as much real power as the senatorial puppets of Louis Napoleon.



PALACE OF THE GOVERNOR, AT FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1855.

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VIEW OF FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON.

The accompanying engraving, from a drawing made expressly for our paper, conveys an accurate idea of Franklin Street, in this city, as it appears to a spectator from a point of view near Washington Street. The form of this lower part of Franklin Street is that of a crescent, and there is a small enclosure in the centre, planted with trees, one of the few "breathing holes" of this densely populated city which has thus far escaped the hand of "improvement," and the exigencies of commerce. The houses on each side of this crescent are occupied by some of our wealthiest citizens, and the street is one of the most airy and agreeable within the limits of Boston. In the distance is seen the spire of the church where Dr. Channing for many years preached to a large and appreciative congregation. The church, the front of which is presented to the spectator, is the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, for many years the only Catholic church in the city, and for many years, it may be added, insufficient for the exigencies of the communicants of the Roman Catholic creed. The lot of land next below the cathedral was for a long time occupied by a sisterhood of nuns, but, it being found that the location was not airy enough

for the sisterhood, their quarters were changed many years ago to Mount Benedict, in Charlestown, where their house was burned down by a mob, the particulars of whose doings are doubtless familiar to most of our readers. Next to the nursery, with the entrance on Federal Street, was the estate, occupied, until recently, as the residence of the Catholic bishop of the diocese. On the other side, bounded by Franklin and Federal Streets, but hidden from view in our engraving, stood the old Federal Street Theatre, so dear to the memories of our old play-goers. On the boards of this theatre Cooke performed and Kean achieved his triumphs, and here it was that occurred that great riot, occasioned by Kean's disrespect to our countrymen, which drove him from the stage in Boston. The whole story will be found by those curious in such matters, in Mr. Clapp's "Records of the Boston Stage." The house was packed with people determined that Kean should be ostracised. The play, if we remember rightly, was Richard III., but not an act of it was permitted to be played out. The whole house was in an uproar, and Kean narrowly escaped personal violence. Here Dickson, and Bernard, and Mrs. Darley (mother of Darley, the artist), and Thwaites and

Cooper "fretted their brief hour" on the boards. Here Kilner delighted the audience as Captain Copp, and Finn convulsed them as Paul Pry, and J. Mills Brown drew down the thunders of the audience in his inimitable personations of provincial rustics. Here "Gentleman George" Barrett played "Corinthian Tom," to the entire acceptance of the audience, and here Mrs. George Barrett, then Mrs. Henry, and the wife of an actor named Drummond, bewildered the Bostonians by an exhibition of a grace, a lady-like elegance of deportment, a fascination of manner, which we vainly hope to see re-produced on the American stage. Here, too, other beauties bloomed and waned. When the theatre was closed, it was refitted and re-opened for lectures and concerts, under the name of the Odeon, but commerce, more imperative than the fine arts, laid hands upon it, and its site is now occupied by crowded warehouses, attesting the commercial prosperity of our city. In the centre of the little tree-shaded enclosure of Franklin Street an urn is erected, a sort of cenotaph commemorative of Benjamin Franklin, who was born in the vicinity. It would be a very pretty locality for a public fountain. Ere many years Franklin Street will doubtless be filled with warehouses.



VIEW OF FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DUCAL CORONET:

—on,—

THE HEIR AND THE USURPER.

A ROMANCE OF ITALY IN THE 16TH CENTURY.

BY ARTHUR MORTON, A. M.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

THE Lady Estella sat alone in the private apartment of the princess, in which the lamps had not been lighted. The soft starlight, however, and the beams of a young moon detached her light and graceful figure, as she leaned upon the marble window seat, from the shadowy back-ground of the apartment. Sad enough she was at heart, but she exhibited no external trace of emotion. She had passed through the phases of indignation and passionate grief; words of defiance were hushed, tears of passionate sorrow dried. Reverently, prayerfully had she bowed her spirit, and from her commune with the sole Power that could aid her in her distress, she had risen in a better frame, though still despondent. From her stirless position she was aroused by a bustle in the ante-room, and presently, the door opening, a female figure entered and moved towards her.

"Estella?" said a gentle voice.

"I recognize you by the tone, lady," said Estella, "for I cannot distinguish your features. None but the Princess Margarita could speak so gently to a lonely prisoner."

"Call me sister," said the princess, in the same sweet voice.

"Nay, lady," replied Estella, "I cannot—must not—forget the distance which separates you, the titled lady, from me, the humble maiden."

"Speak not of my rank," said the princess, sadly. "It reminds me of our shame. Alas! I am no longer ignorant that my father and myself are decked in borrowed plumes—that the splendor that surrounds us is not ours of right—and that one wave of the stern hand of justice may dissolve this stately pageant that environs me."

"No blame attaches to yourself, lady, in the course of events that placed your father on the throne."

"Whatever tarnishes his name is a brand upon my brow," replied the princess. "But let me do my part in mitigating the severity of his decrees at least. You are given to my charge—but your prison house shall be my arms. Believe me, I shall not be a cruel jailer. If you will await me here one moment, I will summon the attendants with lights."

"Do you not prefer the twilight glimmer of the moon and stars?" asked Estella.

"If you prefer them—certainly," replied the princess.

She came and sat down beside Estella, and took her hand.

"You declined just now to call me sister—you would not hesitate if you knew what had recently occurred."

"Indeed, lady!"

"Yes—something to draw us near to each other, Estella. I have lately seen your brother."

"Giulio? In his prison?"

"He is in confinement, but he is not treated with unusual severity. His limbs are free—my father has not dared to add chains to imprisonment."

"Thank Heaven for that."

"He learned from me that you were here."

"Thanks—thanks!"

"And that you were given to my charge; and he bade me be the messenger of his love to you."

"Was it with that you left him?"

"Nay—sister—" faltered the princess. "He told me that he loved me—and I—"

"You checked his aspirations?"

"I confessed my love for him."

"Ah! we are sisters then in heart!" cried the young girl, throwing herself into the arms of the princess, and weeping for joy.

"But why am I thus elated?" exclaimed Estella, suddenly checking her expressions of delight. "I forget the actual circumstances in which we are placed—Giulio regarded as an enemy by your father, and in prison. There is an insurmountable barrier between him and yourself."

"His life is safe," cried the princess, "while my life is spared. My father loves me tenderly. With all his faults there is that brilliant ray of sunshine in the darkness of his nature. Much may be hoped from that."

Estella shook her head.

"Love of power, fear of a rival," she said, "are motives strong enough to stifle even his love for you. Were that our sole reliance, Giulio might linger his life out in a dungeon, or perish there by the hand of violence."

"You appal me!" said the princess.

"Let me be a comforter in turn," said Estella. "Giulio has powerful friends without, who may demand his liberation in a manner not to be refused."

"But how will they learn his position?"

"They cannot long remain in ignorance. The deserted villa—the abduction of Giulio known to the peasantry will soon tell the tale. If Giulio is saved from immediate violence, something may be hoped."

"Then we will be of good cheer," replied the princess. "For my life shall be the guaranty of Giulio's safety. But the night is wearing on, dearest—both of us, shaken by emotion, have need of repose. I presume," she added, smiling, "my duty to my father requires that my charge shall not go out of my sight. You will, therefore, share my couch to-night. Shall I summon my attendants to disrobe you?"

"I am used to perform that service for myself," replied Estella. "And if you will permit me to be your handmaiden, I think you will not regret the absence of hirelings."

"Willingly, dearest," replied the princess. "I am weary of the forms of state. The attendants of the great are spies—their attachment only mercenary. Come, then, to my chamber."

The princess and her guest passed then to an inner apartment. Long after they had retired, they talked of their innocent hopes and wishes, until, wearied out at last, they breathed their holy prayers to Heaven, and sunk to repose in a sisterly embrace. So sound was their first sleep that neither of them was awakened by the shrill blast of a trumpet piercing the ear of night, and borne on the breeze through the open windows of the palace. Whatever this sound portended, it soon subsided. But the slumbers of Margarita were broken by a different cause. An ice-cold hand laid upon her warm cheek awoke her instantly.

"Hush! no noise!" said a voice, "or you will rouse your companion."

The princess, much perturbed, passed her hand over her brow in the effort to collect her scattered senses, and gently disengaged herself from the arms of Estella. By her bedside stood, dimly illuminated by the moonlight, a graceful female figure, clad in Persian or Turkish costume. From the dim countenance eyes of fiery lustre shone forth like stars in the night, and seemed to gaze into the very soul of the princess.

"Who are you? whence come you?" asked Margarita.

"No matter who I am, or whence I come. My purpose is sufficient. Arise and follow me to the next room, or you will awake your sleeper. There is no time to be lost. Deny me, and you will ever regret it."

"But how did you obtain admission into my private apartment?"

"No place is sacred to my footsteps when I will," replied the stranger. "But arise quickly—I command you."

Margarita was not exempt from the superstitions of the age. She scarcely doubted that the being before her belonged to the world of spirits, and obeying a will stronger than her own, she rose from her couch, and followed the visitor into the next room, where she sank upon a seat and breathlessly awaited the promised communication.

"I disturbed a dream of fantastic bliss," said the stranger. "Start not—I can read your very soul. You were dreaming of Giulio Brigaldi."

"Alas! what unhallowed power do you possess?" cried the princess.

"There are no secrets from me," replied the mysterious visitor. "This night you saw him in his dungeon."

"It is useless to deny it."

"He told you that he loved you, and you confessed your love to him."

The princess suffered her head to sink upon her breast. She was appalled and abashed.

"The sooner," pursued the visitor, "that you dismiss this fantastic dream from your mind, the better for your repose. Giulio loves another."

"It is false!" said the princess, shaking off the fear which had enthralled her. "Whoever you are, mortal or spirit—woman or fiend—I spurn the false assertion."

The strange lady smiled, and extended her left hand.

"Do you recognize this ring?" she asked, triumphantly.

The moonbeam fell upon the fair hand of the mysterious visitor, and illumined the little circle of gold to which the princess's attention was directed, and which was of a peculiar construction. She was confounded as she recognized it.

"I saw it," she faltered, "this evening on Giulio's hand; how came you in possession of it?"

"It is a precious family heirloom," replied the stranger. "Dying, Giulio's mother bestowed it on him, with the injunction to wear it until he plighted his love, and then to bestow it on the object of his affections. To you, he gave no pledge—to me, his mother's gift. You are warned. Profit by the warning."

"But this is dreadful!" said the princess, wringing her hands. "But come what may," she added, starting up, "you shall not leave this apartment till I know who you are. I will summon my attendants."

"Silence!" said the stranger. "You are completely in my power. Your attendants, drugged with medicated wine, sleep a leaden sleep most like to death. You are helpless, while I am armed. Advance one step toward me—utter a word above your breath, and your doom is sealed!"

As these words were uttered in a tone of determination, an unsheathed poignard suddenly gleamed in the woman's right hand. The princess was powerless as a child.

"Back to your chamber!" said the stranger, in a commanding tone. "Know that there are those who laugh to scorn the power of duke and princess here in Parma. Back to your couch and ponder on my warning. It was for your peace I came to you to-night. Do not make me repent my condescension."

Disheartened, distressed, appalled, the princess obeyed without a murmur, and retired, closing the door behind her.

"May this stratagem rid me of a rival, and turn her love to hate!" said Zelic, the astrologer's daughter, when she was left alone. "Next—to poison his mind—and then to win him by

those arts that I am mistress of, when his liberty is secured. He shall love me, or he shall die by steel or poison. But I—" she murmured, shuddering at the images her imagination conjured up, "I shall not survive him."

Lifting the velvet hanging, and pressing the spring of a secret panel, she glided away like a spectre, and was soon in the suite of apartments occupied by her father.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SUMMONS AND THE ANSWER.

THE sound of the trumpet, which failed to awaken the sleeping princess and her companion, roused the troops that manned the walls, as it broke on the silence of the night. A subaltern officer who held command at one of the gates, on looking, beheld a horseman in armor, bearing a flag of truce depending from his lance, and accompanying a mounted herald who had blown the shrill summons to the garrison.

As the herald refused to communicate his business to an inferior officer, Ferrado was sent for, and speedily made his appearance on the summit of a bastion, clad from head to heel in plate armor, beautifully inlaid with gold, while a towering plume of snow-white feathers tossed upon his crest, and the spurs of knight-hood glittered on his heels.

"Behold," said he, "Ferrado Montaldo, commandant of the garrison of Parma, by the grace of his kinsman, the duke. And now, who are ye, who thus come in the dead of night, to break the slumbers of a peaceful city?"

The herald raised his visor, while the man-at-arms beside him lifted a torch he bore in his left hand, so as to throw its full ruddy light on the face of his companion.

"Sir commandant," said the herald, "in me you behold the herald king-at-arms to his grace, the Duke of Milan, who is close at hand. My noble master has learned that his grace of Parma hath caused to be seized, in the dead of night, in his peaceful residence at Monte Rosa, the person of Giulio, son to the late Duke of Parma, and kin to his grace of Milan; that he brought him into his city like a criminal, and that he has, without a shadow of cause, without trial, without hearing, deprived him of his liberty and shut him up, like a felon, in a dungeon."

"And if this were true," replied Ferrado, haughtily, "is not his grace of Parma as sovereign within his own state, as your master in Milan? Giulio was his vassal, over whom he has power of life and limb."

"It is true, then, that he is a prisoner?"

"I do not seek to deny it," answered Ferrado.

"Then listen to the remainder of my message, sir knight. His grace of Milan saith as follows. He is here present with a powerful army, outnumbering ten to one, that of Parma, whose weak walls can ill support an onset. If, saith my master, by sunrise to-morrow, the Prince Giulio be set free and delivered to his hand, all is well; my master will depart in peace, and the friendly relations of Milan and Parma will not be disturbed; but if, blind to his own interests and a sense of honor, the Duke of Parma neglects to comply with this just demand, that his grace of Milan will proceed against him as against a foul traitor, a dishonored knight and a deadly enemy. He will advance to the assault of these walls, and in two hours will be master of Parma."

"These are boastful words," replied Montaldo, "and ere I report them to my master, I must be satisfied that Milan has power to make them good. I doubt the force he brings against us."

"You shall be satisfied of that, sir knight," replied the herald.

Wheeling his horse about he took the torch from his attendant, and waving it three times over his head, threw it high into the air. It was instantly answered by the sudden blaze of a beacon fire in the midst of the dusky plain that stretched away before the walls, and then, as if by magic, thousands of torches were instantly kindled, and the whole country was a-blaze. It appeared to the astonished eyes of Montaldo, as if daylight had suddenly dawned; but what was his surprise when he saw that each torch was held by a man-at-arms, perfectly equipped in steel. There were clouds of archers with long-bows and cross-bows—there were masses of splendidly mounted cavalry, and dense columns of infantry, their armor shining like black water in the torchlight, while the fierce blaze was reflected by the polished tubes of an immense park of artillery. Suddenly every torch was extinguished and the splendidly appointed and formidable host was swallowed up in a darkness that seemed Cimmerian, from its contrast with the recent effulgence, though the night was by no means dark, and after a while, Montaldo, now that he knew their position, could still descry the frowning masses of the enemy.

"I will repeat your message to his grace," he said calmly, "if you will await my return."

Descending from the walls, he mounted his horse and rode in hot haste to the palace, where he was instantly admitted to the presence of the duke, whom he found pacing his apartment with feverish impatience.

"Well, Montaldo, what is it—this summons?"

"Milan is at the gates."

"As I surmised and feared."

"He has sent a herald to say that the Duke of Milan has word of the imprisonment of Giulio."

"You denied the fact," said the duke.

"I could not deny it."

"It matters not—what next?"

"The Duke of Milan demands that Giulio be given up to him to-morrow morning at sunrise."

"What if I decline compliance with this arrogant demand?"

"He threatens to storm the city."

"Does he come in force?"

"He has force enough, my lord, to carry the city by assault."
 "How know you that?" asked the duke.
 "At a signal from the herald, the camp was suddenly lighted up by thousands of torches, and I beheld with my own eyes the entire strength of the enemy. On the word of a soldier, my liege, a better appointed army never took the field."
 "The sight has terrified you, Ferrado," said the duke, though his own cheek was blanched with dismay, and his lip quivered even as he taunted his officer.

"Not so, my liege. I am ready to defend the city to the last gasp."

The duke remained for a few moments silent, and plunged in deep and painful thought. At last he raised his head, and said;
 "Ferrado, I will accede to the demand."

"Shall I so notify the herald?"

"Yes—tell him that by sunrise to-morrow morning, the Prince Giulio shall be escorted to the camp of Milan with a guard of honor befitting his birth."

A gleam of satisfaction lighted up the face of the commander, as this decision was communicated to him.

"I am glad of this, my liege," he said, heartily. "You have not only saved your city, but your honor. Open to Prince Giulio an honorable career elsewhere, and he will never disturb your peace."

"You are a profound politician, my Ferrado," said the duke, with a crafty smile. "You must lay aside your plume and armor, and be my minister of state."

"I had rather deal hard blows than pore over parchments," replied Ferrado.

"There are no more hard blows to deal henceforth, my fair kinsman," said the duke. "We have arranged all that. Milan will be a faster ally than before, and if a hand be raised against us, Giulio, grateful for his liberty, will strike it down. Do you not think so?"

"I do sincerely, my lord," replied Ferrado, frankly.

"Then go to the wall with your message, and send back your herald to his master. He must be tired by this time of a chill seat in the saddle."

Ferrado made his obeisance and hastened to perform his errand.

"Fool! idiot!" muttered the duke. "A boy could hoodwink him. But they shall have Giulio, and I wish them joy of their acquisition."

Leaving the duke, let us return to the chamber of the Princess Margarita. After her interview with her mysterious visitant, she found it impossible to sleep. An irresistible desire to communicate with Giulio took possession of her. She could not credit the tale of his duplicity. Her generous nature told her that it was impossible that he could be guilty of deception, and the idea of some dark plot against his happiness as well as hers, took possession of her mind. She resolved, therefore, to see him at all hazards.

Hastily dressing herself, she left her suite of apartments with a noiseless step, and traversing the passages that communicated with the prison, every door of which was open to her at all hours, for her father had commanded all his vassals to pay her the same obedience as to himself, she found and roused up the jailer from his sleep on a bench. Matteo rubbed his eyes and gazed with astonishment upon her.

"Has morning broke so soon?" he asked, growlingly.

"No," replied the princess. "I have disturbed your slumbers, but you can resume them when you have accomplished my will."

"And what is it, lady?"

"I command you to bring hither the prisoner, Prince Giulio, committed to your charge yesterday."

The jailer hesitated.

"Did his grace, the duke, command it?" he asked.

"Vassal! your duty is obedience," said the princess, haughtily. "Know you this signet ring with the ducal coronet?"

She extended her hand as she spoke, and the man, after gazing on the token, hesitated no longer. Clashing his bunch of heavy keys, he shuffled away down the long, dark corridor, and in a few moments returned with Prince Giulio.

"Now leave us," said the princess, "and return hither in ten minutes."

The jailer bowed and retired.

"Giulio," said the princess, taking his hand, "answer me one question. Where is the ring you wore upon this finger when we parted to-day?"

"I have bestowed it as a gift," replied the prince, no less astonished at the question than at her appearance in the prison at the dead of night.

"A gift!" said the princess, falteringly, "to whom?"

"To your page—Selin—as a token that I would not be unmindful of the service he had rendered me."

"What service?"

"Know you not? But I forgot; you cannot know anything about it. For my sake, braving every peril, he rode forth to-day and communicated my situation to my kinsman of Milan."

"He breathed not a word to me about this errand."

"Doubtless he questioned your interest in my fate. In fact, he suspects you of being my enemy."

"I! your enemy, Giulio?"

"Do not blame him. He naturally thought that you would take your father's side."

"He knew me better. O, Giulio, I fear that boy is an enemy of both. I fear, I know not what—that some dark intrigue is weaving round—that your life is in peril. Prompt action alone can save you. You must fly."

"Fly? You mock my situation, dearest—a prisoner."

"But I possess power equal to my father, at least for a while.

In a few hours my privileges may—nay, doubtless will be, withdrawn. But I to-night possess my father's signet ring. It will give you liberty."

"But you will share my flight?"

"Nay; I cannot leave my father, guilty though he is. And I must remain to cover your retreat, and to protect your sister."

"But must I leave my poor, faithful Tonio?"

"No harm can come to him. His low estate protects him from danger, and I will guarantee him from persecution. Follow me; I will be your guide through these labyrinthine passages. You will soon be at liberty; but, O, Giulio, if you advance in arms against your native city, forget not that the poor inhabitants have done you no harm, and, if you are tempted to punish my poor father, remember it was his daughter set you free."

"I will never forget that he is your father, my guardian angel; my benefactress; my own true love!" cried the prince, passionately.

At this moment, the jailer returned.

"The time has expired," said he, looking doubtfully at Giulio and Margarita. "The prince must return to his cell."

"The prince does not return to his cell," said the princess, firmly. "He goes with me."

"But I dare not—" faltered the man.

"I dare assume the responsibility," said the princess. "And you dare not gainsay my authority. Have I not the signet ring? Only say nothing of this event. If the duke himself inquire respecting the prisoner, say that he is safe. To-morrow, early, I will place you beyond all reach of danger—and here, here," she tore off her priceless jewels and thrust them into his hand. "Here is an earnest of what I will do for you."

The sight of this unlooked-for wealth vanquished all the scruples of the sordid jailer, with whom unsatisfied avarice had been a gnawing passion.

"Enough," he growled; "away with you—I will trust your promises—and my luck."

With a light and swift step the princess led away her ransomed lover, while the jailer, thrusting her gifts into his bosom, lay down again upon his bench coiled up like a dog. But he was not destined that night to enjoy the sweet boon of sleep. He had hardly closed his eyes again and begun to dream of the mines of Golconda, when a shake of the shoulder roused him to his feet. To his horror the Duke of Parma stood before him.

"Matteo," he asked, in a hoarse whisper. "How is the prisoner?"

"When I went my rounds last, he was fast asleep," said the jailer, trembling lest the duke had come to visit him in person.

"It is well," said the duke. "Now hear me. The prisoner must never see the sun rise."

"Am I to get the block and axe ready?"

"No. He dies by a swifter and surer means. Take this phial," and the duke handed the jailer the potion he had received from the astrologer. "Put a few drops of this on every article of his food and in his wine—and serve him his meal at the gray of dawn. He eats well?"

"Freely, my lord."

"Ten minutes after he has partaken of his food, he will be a livid corpse."

The jailer listened attentively.

"In the meantime I have given orders for a suit of knightly armor to be prepared wherein to dress the corpse, and a coffin to enclose the remains. Now hear me—accomplish your mission faithfully, and I will make you rich—fail in it, and your head shall answer for your remissness."

"My lord," said the jailer, "your will shall be accomplished."

"Enough," replied the duke. "I know that I can trust you."

And, ghastly pale at the thought of the deed he had commanded, the duke retired to his palace, leaving the jailer overwhelmed with the responsibility that rested on him.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ESCAPE—THE JAILER'S PROJECT.

GIULIO, guided by Margarita, was conducted safely through the corridors of the prison into the palace, where there was less vigilance and less danger of observation. Yet she trembled every moment at the idea of a chance of detection. In passing from the prison to the palace, Giulio paused once. Hanging within reach on the wall of a narrow passage a sword was suspended. He detached it and felt a thrill of pleasure as he grasped the hilt of the familiar weapon. He could not resist drawing it and trying its temper. The blade was of Toledo workmanship—while it could be coiled up like a snake, the moment the compression ceased, it shot forth straight and true as an Indian arrow. Giulio glanced at the motto on the blade. It was the old Spanish one: "Never draw me without cause, nor sheathe me with dishonor."

"Dearest," said he, to the princess, "I will make bold to appropriate this weapon."

"Take it," said the princess. "Never could it be in better hands."

"I shall not be unmindful of the device on the blade," said the prince. "This steel may be reddened with blood—alas! but it shall not be crimsoned with shame."

"Hasten, prince! our time is precious."

Giulio checked her with one word.

"Estella!"

"I will inform her of your safety."

"I must see my sister, dearest, ere I leave these walls. I must have her parting kiss as well as thine, for a talisman."

"It is hazardous."

"I will not answer so much the better, for that were bravado, but I will say that I am willing to incur the risk."

The princess, then, not without some trepidation at the thought of the delay, ushered Giulio into a small room, the door of which was provided with bolt and bar, and having recommended him to fasten it, and agreed upon a signal by which she might make herself known on her return, hastened to her own apartment, where she found Estella buried in a tranquil sleep.

"Hist, Estella," she said, touching her lightly.

The sleeper stirred.

"Giulio!" she murmured.

"It is of Giulio I wish to speak!" said the princess, arousing her.

"Is he safe? is he well?" asked Estella, starting up.

"Safe and well. But are you thoroughly awake?"

"Perfectly."

"And able to understand what I say?"

"I am broad awake, dear princess."

"Then rise, my love; wrap yourself in a cloak, and follow me quickly and silently."

Estella, who placed implicit confidence in her new friend, obeyed, and was soon prepared to accompany her.

The two lovely young women traversed the suite of apartments with rapid steps and soon stood before the door of the apartment in which Giulio was awaiting them. The princess clapped her hands thrice—the preconcerted signal; the door was opened, and Estella, with her friend, stood in the presence of her brother.

"Brother! dearest brother!" said Estella, as she rushed into his arms, "how happens it that you are free?"

"My liberator stands beside you," said the prince.

The embrace of the warm-hearted young girl was transferred to the princess, who blushed with pleasure and embarrassment as she received the tokens of gratitude.

"You meet but to part, Estella," she said, after a brief pause. "I must separate you."

"Separate us?"

"Yes—Giulio must fly."

"O, brother! take me with you!" cried Estella, clinging to his arm.

"Nay, dearest, I have dangers and perils to encounter."

"No matter."

"You would but impede my flight."

"Then indeed, I must remain," said Estella, with a sigh.

"You must; but we shall meet again shortly. I am sure of it," said the prince earnestly. "Heaven has smiled upon me, and sent me a guardian angel in the midst of my enemies. I shall return, ere many hours, perhaps—I feel it—conquering and to conquer. My banner shall float gloriously on these very walls. Fear nothing. Now that I have seen you, dear sister, received your embrace, and felt the pressure of your lips, I go forth with a light heart."

"Farewell, then, dear brother, and may Heaven prosper you," said Estella.

"Remain here till my return," whispered the princess.

Once more, then, Giulio and his brave and gentle guide sallied forth. She took him to the confines of the palace yard, and opened a wicket for him to pass forth. She whispered in his ear the word that would carry him past the sentinels, minutely described the path that he must take, and then, as a last gift, bestowed upon him the duplicate ducal signet-ring she wore, only enjoining it on him not to use it, except in the most urgent need. A hurried expression of gratitude, fervent and sincere, though brief, a warm and close embrace, and the lovers parted—Giulio to try his fortune, and the princess to return with Estella to her chamber and await the progress of events.

But what has become of Matteo, the jailer, whom we left confounded by the parting injunctions of the duke? He sat on the bench holding the phial in his hand and racking his brain with perplexing questions and projects.

"What," thus ran the current of his thoughts, "what am I to do? I fear me I have run my neck into a halter, and thrust my hand into an iron glove too far to draw it back again. The princess has bestowed almost a fortune on me in these gems. What if I were to pitch these keys into the well and leave the prison to take care of itself? Impossible—I am forbidden to leave my post without a written order. I should be sent back; suspicion would be awakened; the whole would come out, and then the halter or the axe would be my reward. I must think of something better than that. Ha! I have it!" he thought, after a giant effort of his intellect. "There is one chance to avoid detection, and only one. It is a forlorn hope, but it may succeed. The jester shall take the place of the prince. The duke said that Giulio must die before sunrise; therefore there must be great haste required in whatever scheme he is concocting. The body may be huddled into the grave without an examination or verification of identity. I am ready to swear to anything, and perhaps nothing more than my oath will be required. To be sure, I have nothing against the poor fool—but a man must live—and I can't afford to be made a head shorter for him. It shall be done."

With these words the ruffian arose, and went to his apartment, where he prepared the materials for a substantial breakfast. Unsealing a flask of wine, he poured several drops from the phial into it and then re-sealed it. A cold fowl was sprinkled with the liquid; several slices of bread were thus prepared—bunches of grapes and some dried figs also received the potion. Setting them out on a tray, he mingled with them a flask of unadulterated wine, and some bread and fruit, carefully marked so that he could identify the articles, and thus prepared sought the cell of the jester.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BOYS ROBBING AN EAGLE'S NEST.

The spirited engraving on this page is designed to illustrate a thrilling adventure, of which some young boys are the heroes. A daring urchin has been lowered by his companions to a ledge where an eagle has built his nest, and he is being hoisted up with his feathered booty, when one of the old birds, exasperated by the loss of its offspring, is attacking him with fury. The whole scene possesses a powerful dramatic interest. That it is no fancy sketch will be perceived from the following deeply interesting narrative of a French naturalist, translated expressly for the Pictorial:—"A few friends and myself were returning, one fine evening in February, from an unsuccessful fishing excursion, with empty nets. We were skirting abrupt precipices, the first steps of the Alps on the side of Dauphiné, when, remarking along the perpendicular rocks, a quantity of long whitish tracks, I stopped, endeavoring to imagine from what bird of prey such chalky traces might proceed. 'What nests of owls have you there?' I asked of one of my companions. 'A naturalist like you ought to know better,' replied one of them, who lived about a league from the spot. 'These are the lammer-geyers, who have built their eyrie in the rocks. I have seen these noted plunderers more than once, but, unluckily, out of gunshot.' I had not, at that time, in my collection any of these gigantic headed eagles, these vultures which the Abyssinians have named Father Long-Beards, and the Swiss Lammer-geyers, and no opportunity of observing their manners and habits had presented itself. Resolved to profit by this occasion, I induced my friends to halt, and we passed what appeared to me a long time concealed in a cavity of the rock. Independently of the anxiety of waiting, my impatience was excited by the incessant gossip of my neighbor, a sworn enemy of the terrible species, the terror of Helvetic imaginations. It was impossible to impose silence on him while he poured into the tympanum of my ear all his complaints, not only against the plumed inhabitants of this particular rock, who leaved more than a tythe upon his game, but against their entire race. He had heard from his grandfather that, in his time, the child of a Tyrolean peasant, a stout and hearty little fellow, three years old, suddenly seized in the claws of a lammer-geyer, only owed his safety to the difficulty these great birds experience in taking wing from a plane surface. While the rapacious bird was balancing his prey, the father, summoned by the piercing shrieks of his offspring, fell, staff in hand, upon the ravisher. Compelled to let go his prey to defend himself, the bird fought obstinately to the last, and was killed upon the spot. 'Hush! the slightest murmur startles them. They see and hear from a great distance. Let us hide and keep quiet.' 'O, the enemy is not yet there; we should hear the noise of his wings. Hold! no later than last week, I read in my paper that at Gratz, in Styria, in the environs of Waiz—do you know where Waiz is? Is it in the Tyrol or Styria?' 'It is of no consequence. Be silent.' 'O, don't be afraid; I'm keeping a sharp look out, and when need be, I shall be mute as a fish. I told you the neighborhood of Waiz; perhaps the writer meant Waitzen?' I put my hand on his mouth; a sharp hissing was heard, very high, upon a jut of rock. Two eaglets, with vibrating wings, had climbed to the edge of the rock to receive their food, and their funeral cries of joy announced beforehand the arrival of their father, a black speck which appeared almost immediately in the deep blue sky, and which increased rapidly. It was not a vulture. The formidable bird, which I had leisure to observe as, clinging to the edge of the rock, he suffered his half-expanded wings to hang down, like the swallows of the river bank, seemed to be a new species of eagle, smaller than the lammer-geyer, but more nervous, with more formidable claws, and a dark beak garnished at the base with the yellowish membrane called wax, instead of the little bunch of fine feathers, like threads of silk, which adorns that of the vulture; neither did he have the little beard under the throat, and appeared to be of a darker and richer color than the lammer-geyer. On the other hand, the eaglets, already feathered to the talons, were clothed in a much brighter livery, and as I advanced my head to see them better, the female, a third larger than the male, suddenly appeared in the air. Her piercing eye discovered us at the same moment, and uttering a fearful cry, she dropped the large fish she was carrying. Suddenly the young ones disappeared in a cleft of the rock; the male rose, beating the air with his vigorous wings, and the irritated couple sailed over our heads, uttering almost terrific cries of menace. We did not leave the spot without promising to return with arms the next morning; but a tremendous wind and rain storm confined us to the house, and we had no opportunity to undertake the expedition till the third day. We went in force, carrying guns, ropes and all the appliances for scaling. Some of us took post at the foot of the rocks, and others mounted to the platform above; but the whole passed without discovering the beautiful and strong birds on which I had founded so many scientific hopes. Their sagacity had made good use of their time, and baffled plunderers by assign-

ing new lodgings to their eaglets. My regrets were the greater, since, during an exploration of the country, and for three years passed in ornithological excursions and researches, I did not find again the variety to which I proposed assigning a name. Meanwhile, I had occasion to convince myself more and more of the confusion produced in all classifications by the diversity of plumage which is manifested in birds of the same species, according to age, sex and the changes of the season, and I thought I should render a greater service to science by studying and determining these variations, than in adding one or two subjects more to collections already so rich. The task was difficult. It was necessary to discover and observe the nests; now the invisible foresight which brings food to the little ones, has taken care to hide their cradle. The plumage of the females, which cover their nests for a long time, blends with the foliage, the soil, the trunks of the trees, or the rocks to which they are attached; most of them are mute, and I was led, in my researches, to admire the prodigies of their instinct, and often to elevate my thoughts to Him who distributes His gifts in proportion to the wants of His creatures. In pursuing this study, which involves that of the life and habits of

and gentle solicitude, by the young woman of the house, a tall, masculine creature, thin, dried and swarthy, who, at twenty, seemed to be forty years of age at the least, and had no feminine charms but the penetrating mildness of her expression and the sweetness of her songs, inarticulate and melodious murmurs, which reminded me of the voice of the bird when lulling her young to sleep. Ella—that was her name—had lost her mother; her father, infirm and old, scarcely ever left his peat fire, and she herself went fishing with the two oldest of her brothers, all three of whom she had brought up. She supported the whole family, and bore the burthens of the day and those of the evening, satisfied with being the providence of the narrow circle which surrounded her. The eldest of the young boys might have been about eighteen years old; the youngest whose birth had cost his mother her life, and who seemed hardly nine, was in reality thirteen; this strange little creature was Ella's Benjamin. Inapt to the affairs of life, the hard and laborious work of fishing and field culture, he never dug, in the little enclosure the barley of which furnished the cakes, the only bread used by the family; but there he gathered and wove flowers, did little jobs and made bird-

calls of reeds, rendered supple by immersing them in water. He did not use the spade or cut the blocks of turf, but in those prepared by his brothers, he discovered little bits of jet with which he made necklaces for his sister; he did not gather the seaweed to burn it and extract the potash, but, seated for whole hours on a reef, at the base of the inaccessible pyramidal rock called the Storr, and separated from the island by a narrow sand-bank covered twice a-day by the tide, he gazed upon the current which boils round the wrinkled face of the rock, sweeps round the rear, and subsides upon the most accessible shore of Garveloch, at the very door of the cabin. Armed with a stick, in his sport, he proceeded to collect the various kinds of sea-weed, which the stormy waves of these latitudes incessantly tear from the heart of the sea and hurry towards the shore. The little cargo of marine plants, arranged like a fleet by the 'Innocent'—so he was called by the few dwellers on the island,—followed the direction of the current, turned and doubled the rock with it, and were heaped up at the foot of Ella's cot, when she and her brothers had only to gather them in. But to work assiduously for a living, to earn money, to sell and to buy, all these complicated ideas could not find room in the boy's weak brain. He lived with the birds of heaven and the fishes of the deep in amicable communication, played with them, and with a nature affectionate and good as one can be with an imperfect understanding, he was dear to those to whom his almost complete want of memory and perseverance, rendered him, in nearly all other respects, entirely useless. But if the internal sense, which supports consciousness, were wanting, to make up for it, he had, in a great degree, that marvellous instinct which we admire in the animals, and which seems to have in it a particular sort of intelligence. From the first he had taken a liking to me, though, in his timid and wild nature, he was always startled by the appearance of every stranger. A few boxes of stuffed birds, brought with my baggage, contributed to render our relations more intimate. Whenever bad weather kept him in the house, he gazed with much interest on my collections, and looked on, while I was arranging them, with infantine admiration. He soon assisted me, and when I was able to go out, he became not only my constant companion, but an exceedingly useful guide. I then discovered that he possessed valuable talents; he knew intimately the various haunts of the birds; climbed like a cat over and to the tops of abrupt rocks, which seemed perpendicular, and laid hands on the penguin, crouched in its egg, without driving it away. Where I had made



BOYS ROBBING AN EAGLE'S NEST.

the winged race, I frequently visited the north, whence descend those immense shoals of fishes, the inexhaustible food of whole flocks, whole squadrons of birds that follow them. I went over those islands, magazines scattered on the ocean, where armies of rapacious and web-footed birds find refuge and build their nests. One place has left behind it the sweetest memories, and my mind reverts to it, as that of the traveller, wandering afar off, returns to the hearth where his friends await him. This little unknown island is situated off the right shore of Argyle county, and gives its name (Garveloch) to a small group of islets, of which it is the most considerable. A rolling sea, constantly in ebullition, and dangerous reefs, separate the continent from this little nook of earth, where, in the humble hut of a fisherman, I found rest and peace of soul, and whence I brought away a young and dear friend who will never leave me more. When I asked shelter—it is now some years since—in the little cabin, the only dwelling in sight on the barren coast, where I had been landed by a vessel which the heavy weather prevented from keeping at sea, I had my arm in a scarf, and I was sick, in consequence of a fall made in scaling steep rocks, in pursuit of birds' nests, the constant object of my researches. I was attended, with intelligent, firm

war, he had formed friendships. Early in the morning, when the sun peeped above the mountains of Lorn, Archie (the affectionate diminutive of Archibald) had already climbed to the high top of Storr. If I chanced to issue from the cabin early, I saw him standing on the very summit of crests which I should have thought it utterly impossible to reach, watching, in their morning flight to the south, the long files of boobies which lay but one egg, but lay three times when the eggs are hidden. He came back from his excursions bringing a bonnet full of eggs, his pockets stuffed with down, and often carrying birds hidden under his plaid. When he perceived me at the foot of his immense pedestal, he would leap, utter sharp cries of delight, toss his bonnet in the air, and wave his arms over his head, while crowds of sea-birds, uttering their peculiar notes, whirled round him like dead leaves in autumn. I often expressed in his presence the desire I had to obtain young birds of prey, among others the young of the fishing eagles. He would then raise his brows, fix his wild eyes on me, turn them away suddenly and assume a certain cunning look, exceedingly rare with him, but which I had sometimes noticed. I was finally sufficiently restored to undertake excursions on the island, when, one morning, very early, wishing to profit by a fine

day, and take a long tramp, I asked for my little companion. No Archie—neither about the cabin nor near the reef where he commonly watched for seaweed, and it was in vain that I directed my spy-glass to the crest of Storr. Resolved, since I could do no better, on a solitary walk, I threw a gun across my long-suffering shoulder, but I had not taken twenty steps before I became sensible what a loss Archie was to me. Accustomed to see him spring from one reef to another, to go and come like a young dog, to chase the wild bird as other children do the butterfly, my eyes were constantly looking for him. Discouraged, I suffered from my loneliness; but continuing my walk, I traversed thickets and mournful and marshy wastes, and, strangely enough, as if, in separating from my young guide, I had entirely quitted the region of birds, I did not see one within gunshot. At last I bent my steps towards a group of oddly shaped rocks which approached the sea, and trying to recover my sportsman's footing, I practised climbing, being unwilling to lose, by want of practice, my former intrepidity. Suddenly the silence of these solitudes was broken by a lamentable cry, a sort of furious utterance, at once sharp and plaintive, which reminded me of that of the Alpine eagle whose nest I had formerly missed. I rapidly turned a salient angle, and stood transfixed with the spectacle before me. At the end of a rope twisted twice round the crooked trunk of an old tree, little Archie was hanging over the abyss, while a formidable eagle, his cutting talons bent under him, his sharp bill half open, his wings extended, his eye red and savage, menaced the child who was swinging at the end of the cord. At first I did not even perceive three other little islanders, the accomplices of Archie's temerity, two of whom were trying to pull the boy up to the shelf of rocks, while the boldest, with his stick, threatened the eagle, but from too great a distance. Afraid to fire for fear of hitting Archie, I was without motion or breath. Under his arm he held two eaglets, those eaglets he knew I coveted so much. Poor child! the eagle's beak was about to rend his face, when he decided to drop one. The eagle stooped to stop his young one in its fluttering fall. I breathed again—the two little boys pulled their best. Archie neared the brink. Swift as lightning the eagle re-appeared. At the aspect of that frightful beak opening again, Archie dropped the second bird and landed on the rock. A few seconds later, I clasped the rash little hunter in my arms. Need I say that afterwards we returned to the rock with a firmer apparatus and with stronger auxiliaries well armed. I myself descended into the crevice between two rocks, which Archie had discovered, and was able to examine the eyrie at leisure. It was nearly flat, formed by successive layers of sticks, reeds and brambles, then reeds again; it was five or six feet in diameter, and was a perfect charnel, covered with bleached bones. I had to stuff an entire family of rapacious birds, in which I studied at my leisure the numerous differences found existing between the garb of the adults, that of the male and female, and between their dark plumage and the rawny down of the little ones. Better than all, I had an assistant and friend in the little plunderer of eagles. The innocent had found his vocation, and his worthy sister consented to entrust him to me, on condition that, at least, once in two years, we should visit the eagles and gannets of Gaveloch Island." A late number of the American Agriculturist contains the following account of the robbing of an American bald eagle's nest, which is an appropriate pendant to Archie's adventure, and shows the rapacity of the bird. "The writer once had an adventure of this latter kind, and as it was, in its results, somewhat of an adventure, we shall record it. When about eighteen years old, spending some time in the vicinity of one of the great lakes, one fine May morning we went with a companion down to the shore where a fisherman had put up a shanty, and with his wife and an infant child had taken up their summer residence. On our way down, and about a hundred rods from the water, in the topmost branches of an enormous oak, we spied an eagle's nest, and, as the old eagles were wheeling about it, we concluded that the nest had either eggs or young ones within it, and which of the two we soon determined to ascertain. As our companion was a middle-aged man, and had no special taste for climbing, the adventure was left to me alone. The tree on which the nest was built had no limbs for thirty feet or more from the ground, but fortunately, a smaller tree near it had been felled, and its top lodged midway up among the branches of the oak. Ascending the fallen tree, I soon reached the oak, and catching the huge limbs above me, I swung up on one after another, until I stood on one a few feet below the trio of branches on which the nest lay. During my ascent one of the eagles, with vociferous cries, often wheeled within a dozen feet of my head; but, like other youngsters, as I had at the time quite as much courage as conceit, I stood in little fear of an attack. Well posted on a strong limb, with a near branch to hold on by, I look-

ed into the nest. It was built of strong, heavy sticks, laid cross-ways, perhaps two feet in thickness from bottom to top, and four or five feet wide on the surface, covered with long dry grass and leaves. About midway on the nest lay two eaglets, one somewhat larger than the other, about the size of half grown goslings, and covered with the same sort of down, in color and appearance. Close by them lay two or three dead fish, half covered with blue-bottle flies, and giving off an intolerable stench. With a stick, which I drew out of the lower part of the nest, I tried to poke one of the young eaglets toward me; but they turned up their claws in defiance, with a sort of hiss, and edged further away. During this time one of the old eagles had left the premises altogether, while the other still kept wheeling and diving around, but approached no nearer than within a few feet of me, as before. After a while, my continued poking at the young ones so exasperated one of them, that he seized my stick so firmly with his claws that I drew him within reach. Determined to hold divided empire with

which, in her caution she had placed upon the bed when she left the room. Rushing back, she found the child prostrate on the floor, screaming with terror and agony, the eagle on its breast, with one claw transfixed into its face, and the other, as she approached, turned up, with open beak, in defiance at the mother. With the quick energy of a woman in extremity, she struck the eagle off with her foot, and caught up the child, its face badly cut and bleeding, and deposited it at once in a place of safety. This done, an axe lay at the door, and that eagle died, probably as sudden a death as ever malefactor did on execution of any sort whatever. The little sufferer, after a few weeks' careful attention, recovered of its wound, but with a lasting scar on its temple."

THE GOATHERD OF THE ALPS.

The accompanying engraving illustrates the wild scenery of the Alps, and the goatherd, who is entrusted with the care of his flock. The youth is blowing his horn, and the reply from a neighboring mountain will show him

that he is not alone in the world, a circumstance that a man is apt to lose sight of who leads the solitary life of these mountaineers. The slopes of the Alps are covered with grass, which grows at too great an elevation and is too difficult of access to allow it to be cut and dried, so that it is pastured to animals during the summer season. In certain cantons in Switzerland, the proprietors combine together and send their cows to the mountains, under the charge of a herdsman, who passes some months on these heights in a lonely chalet, solely occupied with the care of his cattle, and with milking them and making cheese. In other cases the people of the plains let out their cattle to the mountaineers, who pay them in money or produce. This latter method is generally adopted in the Canton de Vaud, where the cows are let for the season to the shepherds of La Gruyere. It happens sometimes that rich proprietors buy or lease an Alpine pasturage, to which they send their cows with some of their domestics, or else members of their families. In the loftiest chalets of the cantons of Berne and Fribourg you sometimes meet with girls of eighteen, to whom the care of a herd and the superintendence of a cowboy have been committed. On the arid heights, where cows would be too much exposed on the steep slopes, only flocks of goats are placed, and they are in the same way committed to the charge of a goatherd who milks and makes cheese. The life of these goatherds is yet harder and more solitary than that of the herdsman. They not only inhabit wilder heights, but stay longer, their gains are less considerable, and their resources more limited. The chalets frequented by the cowherds have a certain relative comfort; they can sometimes cultivate, in the rear of their huts, a few vegetables, which serve to vary the shepherd's fare. Water reaches them through wooden pipes, carefully kept in repair, and in the Canton de Vaud, the herdsman never goes to his Alp without carrying his keg of wine slung at his side. The goatherd, on the contrary, lives in a cabin perched on the most inaccessible peaks; the soil around him is rebellious to all culture, and the mountaineers who confide their goats to him, only furnish him with bread several months old, sour milk and a few quarters of smoked kid, which he eats without any other preparation. Still, this life of privation and labor does not injure his moral and intellectual development. Far from becoming brutalized by isolation, the goatherd of the Alps seems to inform himself by reflection. When chance brings a stranger to his cabin, he questions him with a curious pertinacity, full of adroitness, which usually results in eliciting from the visitor his country, profession and even his name. He generally talks better and more fluently than the man of the plain. Fed by the reading of the Bible—his



A SHEPHERD OF THE ALPS.

the old eagles in the possession of their young, the next process was to get the bird to the ground without damage, as I had no sack or basket in which to deposit and let him safely down; but, like other youngsters, who are seldom at a loss for expedients in mischief, a plan was soon invented. Taking off my hat, coat and vest, and laying them on the adjacent limb, my shirt was rapidly drawn over my head, the sleeves tied together at the wrists, and thrown over my neck, the skirts bound into a knot, thus making a sack, and the open collar and bosom forming its mouth. Into this *con amore* receptacle our bellicose "Young America" was rapidly thrust, my outer garments replaced, and, flushed with victory, I made a rapid descent down the tree. I took the eaglet to the fisherman's hut and being unable to take care of it, gave it to the owner of the cabin. I saw nothing of the eaglet for some weeks, when, visiting the place, I found him an enormous bird, grown stout and saucy from his most liberal diet. The next report heard from the young savage, a few weeks after, was near being a tragic one. The wife of the fisherman having occasion one day to go to the shore, a few rods distant, after a bucket of water, while there she heard a scream from her child,

whole library on these heights—from it he constantly seeks diversion or encouragement, its study furnishes him with an imagery and boldness of expression nowhere else to be found. When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who dwells highest on the mountain takes his horn, which is like a speaking trumpet, and is used to convey sounds to a great distance, and calls aloud, "Praised be the Lord." As soon as he is heard, the neighboring shepherds leave their huts and repeat the words. The sound lasts many minutes, every echo of the mountains and grotto of the rocks, repeating the name of God. To tell the truth, however, these types of herdsman are daily disappearing. The custody of cattle in the Alps tends insensibly to become a less permanent and exclusive profession: the young people follow it for a few years, and then resign it to the succeeding generation. Hence will come the extinction of a peculiar race, which lived and grew gray amid solitude, and was familiar with all its mysteries. Moreover, civilization daily seales some new rampart, and the time is not far distant when in the highest chalets we shall find comforts and resources, unknown a century ago to the people of the plain themselves.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SADLY, SINCE I DARE NOT HOPE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

As, upon the seashore, watchers
See the white-winged ships go by—
Wafted onward in their passage
By the arle's of the sky,—
So I, on the shores of sorrow,
See the swift-winged moments go
In their passage from the present
To the past, on time's quick flow.

But the white-winged ships are laden
With some spice or produce rare,
From some distant tropic country
Full as fruitful as 'tis fair;
While my moments hasten onward
With a record dim with tears,
For the hopes that buoyed up childhood,
Have been outlived by my years.

Yesterday I saw a rainbow
Lighting up the eastern sky;
But it brought grief to my spirit,
And a tear unto my eye.
For I thought—and thought was laden
So my very soul was bowed—
How the sky of my existence
Had no rainbow with its cloud.

I am like those Orientals,
Who, mid ancient ruins grope;
Slowly, for the darkness round me,
Sadly, since I dare not hope!
Going into gloom-land further
Than the dead go in their grave;
O for some enchanted Lethe,
To engulf me in its wave.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ROBBER OF THE TYROL.

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

It was toward the close of a summer's afternoon that a young traveller, among the Tyrolean Alps, discovered that he had lost his way. Led on by the beauty of the scenery, he had wandered "far and wide," from the little inn where he had proposed spending the night. In vain he looked around for a human habitation; the surrounding landscape was wild in the extreme, and the young man had before him the agreeable alternative of passing the night in the lonely mountains, or attempting to retrace his steps, which would probably result in a deeper entanglement. While meditating upon the agreeable prospects before him, the traveller suddenly turned the sharp angle of a rock, which jutted out so as nearly to obstruct the passage, when a most welcome sight, and one rich in beauty, burst upon his gaze. Before him, on the right hand, was a succession of sloping, irregular terraces, clothed with verdure, or composed of different slates, and at their foot spread out a level lawn, reaching to a high ledge of cliffs on the left hand, while a thick, dark forest, sweeping in a semi-circle, connected the cliffs on the left hand with the terraces on the right, and closed the vista. About half way up the steep terrace, stood a Swiss chalet, long and low, with overhanging roof and verandah. The whole scene was wild and romantic in the highest degree, and our traveller would have made little ceremony in approaching the chalet but for one circumstance not under his control.

Directly at his feet, and between him and the beautiful lawn, lay a chasm, steep and dark, and nearly seven feet in width. Had it been four, or even five, the young man would have attempted to leap the distance, but although young, lithe and agile, the thing was not to be thought of for a moment, and seeing no means for crossing provided, he concluded the chalet was uninhabited, "for surely," thought he, "if any one dwelt here, they would construct a bridge, however rude."

While he thus meditated, a young voice rang out high and clear, waking the echoes of the surrounding solitude with a gay melody. The young man started and gazed around, but no human form met his eye. A chamois, startled by the sudden outburst of song, sprang from crag to crag, and was out of sight in an instant, and the next, on lifting his eyes, far above him, the traveller beheld, with a thrill of horror, the form of a young girl in the Tyrolean costume, standing on the highest peak of the rugged cliffs, and apparently waving her gipsy hat to some one at a distance beyond the cliffs, in the valley below.

The young man shouted and waved his handkerchief, hoping to attract her attention and cause her to descend from her perilous situation, where, however, she seemed perfectly at ease and at home. The moment the young girl perceived him, she replied by a clear, ringing cry, which the young man had in vain attempted to imitate from the Swiss mountaineers. Raising her hand to her lips, she woke the echoes with a redoubled force: "Hilli ho-o-o!" and then springing down from her place, she was lost to sight.

A moment of intense anxiety succeeded on the part of the young man, but in a few seconds the light footed sprite came leaping gracefully down over the rocks, which, to the traveller's inexperienced eye, seemed dangerous footing for even the chamois. As her agile step lessened the distance between them, the traveller perceived she was a young and surpassingly beautiful young girl, of about fifteen or sixteen, with a slight elegant figure and air of native grace, which many a belle would have given anything to possess. In five minutes she was standing on the opposite brink.

"May I venture to inquire if I address a mountain sprite, or a human being?" said the stranger.

"Tell me whom you wish to see first. If you seek a fairy, my answer will be according, but if you come to speak with Magda Ernstein, I am at your service," and the maiden dropped a courtesy.

Enchanted with the naivete of the young girl, the traveller replied:

"Ah, well! I seek Magda Ernstein, for I wish to tell her that I have lost my way among the mountains, and know not how to find it again. I set out from the hamlet of B—, intending to return by evening, but I fear I have wandered a great way."

"I fear you have, too, and I hardly think you will return to-night, for the sun is just setting, so I believe you will be obliged to put up for once with Dame Haspinger's chalet and its accommodations."

As she spoke, she had produced a plank from behind a niche in the rocks, and now placed it across the chasm. The traveller felt a slight dizziness at the idea of crossing on a thin narrow board, but he would not betray this to the young gipsy opposite, so he stepped his foot firmly upon it, and reached the other side in safety. His companion drew up the rude bridge, and then bade him follow her. The stranger now observed that his conductress was a model of form and feature, with a complexion of the most firm and delicate texture; a luxuriant mass of dark hair was wreathed about her head, and all her features were exquisite; but the greatest charm lay in her eye—clear, lustrous and sparkling, of a dark soft shade of gray, and shaded by most delicately-pencilled lashes and brows. She was of the middle height, and dressed in a coquettish costume, with her hat swung on her rounded arm.

"How dared you stand in that perilous situation?" the traveller asked, as they proceeded across the lawn.

"O, that is the last place that sees the sun, and I always bid him good-night, besides, there is a beautiful prospect from thence; one can see all the surrounding country, for even this table-land is very elevated, but the cliffs and forest shut in the view. But see," she continued, "you do not notice our gem of the mountains."

The young man looked around, and lovely though the scene had appeared at the narrow entrance, an exclamation burst from his lips at the increased beauty of the whole. The lawn was completely girdled by cliff, mountain and forest, and the entrance was so small as to be quite overlooked. But the most beautiful object which met his eye had been hitherto concealed by his position; this was a little waterfall, which leaped, laughing and flashing, down the ledge that completed the circle on the side by which the traveller had approached this enchanting place. The water flowed into a small basin, which, with the house, was the only artificial thing in the landscape. The traveller expressed surprise and delight enough to satisfy even the enthusiastic Magda.

When near the house, a little girl, about six years old, ran towards them, and took Magda by the hand. She was a pretty child, but not like the young girl, although she called her sister.

"Where is Dame Haspinger?" Magda inquired.

"She is gone to the dairy," the child replied, "and is it true that Claude is not coming home for a week?"

"Hush, Liza! you talk too much; run on and open the door."

The child obeyed, and they entered the chalet. Everything was still and quiet; a small fire burned in the huge fire-place, and two tall fir trees waved their branches against the windows, through which the young moon was peering. Lighting a lamp, the young girl proceeded to prepare a supper, and the famished traveller was just about to apply himself to the pleasant task of appropriating a comfortable share to himself, when the door opened, and a bronzed, hard-featured, matronly woman, of about forty-five, entered, and cast an inquiring glance at the group before her. Magda explained matters, and during the evening, they discovered that the traveller was a Parisian, on a journey for pleasure, by name Clarence d'Epinay, while his dress, manner and conversation plainly showed he was used to all the luxuries of life. In speaking of the scenery, he observed that weeks would not suffice to discover all the hidden beauties, and intimated a wish to change his uncomfortable quarters at the little inn below, for the romantic seclusion of Dame Haspinger's chalet.

The woman seemed not averse to this proposition, but on glancing at Magda, what was D'Epinay's surprise to see the most unequivocal signs of disapprobation and uneasiness, which Dame Haspinger perceiving, ceased to favor the idea. What could the matter be? thought our traveller. He could not compel himself to be ignorant that he was handsome, and universally sought for his society; besides, Magda had appeared so cordial and friendly that it was rather surprising she should frown upon so delightful an arrangement, for only half an hour previous, the young girl had been charmed with D'Epinay's descriptions of the different countries he had visited, and declared she should never tire of hearing about them.

Shortly after, the matron rose, and the lovely Magda showed D'Epinay to his apartment, which was in the front of the house; as she was departing she suppressed a sentence that she was just about to speak, and bidding him good-night, tripped lightly away.

The next morning, when D'Epinay awoke, the sun was shining brightly in at the window, and rising, he made a somewhat elaborate toilet, and then gazed out on the lawn. But early as it was, some one had been before him, for by the waterfall stood Magda, her long, glossy hair unbound, and sparkling in the sunlight, as she showered the pearly drops upon it, and proceeded to braid the tresses with nimble fingers, humming softly to herself a wild, sweet mountain air. Beside her lay her gipsy hat, tilted with bright, gay flowers. Hastily descending from his chamber, D'Epinay joined the young girl, who looked up with a sunny smile, saying:

"Bon jour, monsieur!"

"Good-morning, my fairy," responded D'Epinay. "I judge you are an early riser."

"You judge rightly too; see these beautiful flowers,—these wild roses from the plain, and these iris branches too, these little white and yellow flowers, and the beautiful *Linnaea borealis*, came from the topmost crag yonder," and Magda pointed to the spot where D'Epinay had first seen her standing, apparently in mid air.

"Daring child!" he exclaimed; "when I am more familiar with the place, I will try and climb there too."

A cloud came over Magda's sunny face, and after a moment's reflection, she said:

"Do not think me rude or inhospitable, if I urge you to leave us as soon as possible; I do not consider it safe for you to linger, for my brother may return in a few days, and I am doubtful of the reception you might meet;" and blushing deeply, the young girl turned to leave D'Epinay. But his curiosity was excited to know what reason the said brother could possibly have for dislike toward him, and he requested an explanation.

Magda hesitated before she answered, and then the substance of what she said was confused and vague, but D'Epinay gathered that the dreaded individual was jealous of strangers, and had built this chalet for the purpose of ridding himself of intruders; so our hero resolved to depart the next morning, as four or five days would still intervene until her brother's arrival.

The day passed swiftly on; night came, and the little group were seated by the dying embers, listening to D'Epinay's narrative of a very interesting event, when suddenly a sharp, shrill whistle rang through their ears, and was loudly echoed from cliff to cliff, and the next instant the door was thrown open, admitting a fierce-looking man, of about twenty-five, in the full Tyrolean costume, and behind him, by the glare of a torch which he carried, were visible the faces of nearly a dozen men of different ages, similarly attired, though in less costly materials. Struck with surprise apparently, the stranger paused on the threshold in silence; the old woman rose to her feet; Magda uttered a shriek of terror, and D'Epinay gazed alternately at both parties; little Liza was the only unconcerned member of them all, but jumping from her chair, she ran to the stranger and took his hand, expressing great delight at his unexpected appearance.

The sound of her voice seemed to break the spell of silence, and advancing to the trembling Magda, the stranger inquired:

"What does this mean?"

"Dear Claude, it is a gentleman who lost his way among the mountains, and seeing our house, requested admittance."

"Ha! this is an unexpected piece of luck," the stranger replied; then turning to the men who had followed him into the apartment, he exclaimed: "Seize him, and keep him in close confinement until he is ransomed!"

Two stout fellows, with evil countenances, sprang forward to execute this order, and D'Epinay, seeing resistance useless, suffered them to fulfil their design; but Magda, recovering the use of her faculties, sprang forward, exclaiming:

"Claude! Claude! this is shameful!—it is cowardly! A stranger seeks protection, and claims our hospitality for a few hours, and under cover of granting him shelter, he is decoyed into a prison! Release him instantly, if you have a spark of honor!"

"Silence, Magda! You are raving; one would think you had never seen a man in safe keeping, waiting to be ransomed. You are beside yourself!"

A blush of mortification rose to her cheek at this allusion to the disgraceful occupation and outrages which her brother so freely avowed; but she continued to grasp his arm, while the rich braids escaped their fastenings, and fell around her like a veil.

"I implore you to grant my request, and show yourself noble-hearted. Do not disgrace the name you bear still deeper with this basest, most dastardly action, or dearly as I have loved you, I shall regard you with horror and loathing, and never again shall the name of brother pass my lips, for Claude Ernstein will be dead to me, and his place usurped by a monster in human form."

The chieftain of the band seemed to hesitate, but he gazed piercingly at Magda, as he replied:

"You could not plead more eloquently if the gentleman was your sworn lover; if you are indeed in love with him, to you shall be assigned the charge of jailor."

A burning flush crimsoned the face, neck and arms of the poor girl, for it may be the taunt was not wholly untrue, and D'Epinay rejoiced in the indication of its probability; but bursting into tears, she replied:

"For shame, Claude, to insult me so openly! I had believed till now that you indeed loved me;" and covering her face, she turned to leave the room, sobbing bitterly at the hopeless turn of affairs.

But the robber was not quite hardened, and he truly loved his sister, almost to idolatry; the distress of the young girl, the consciousness that he had caused it, and, it may be, a mixture of shame at violating the rules of hospitality so grossly, all had the desired effect, and quite subdued, the young man hurriedly crossed the room, and flinging his arm around her waist, he exclaimed:

"Magda! my own darling sister! forgive me for wounding you so thoughtlessly. I will do all you wish; the prisoner shall be set at liberty, and free to depart any moment he chooses, under the protection of a guide. So dry up those tears, and reward me by a kiss."

Magda flung her arms around her brother's neck, and then hurriedly left the apartment.

D'Epinay did not see her again that night, and Dame Haspinger prepared the supper, and waited upon the band. Just before retiring, D'Epinay called little Liza to him, and giving her a note for Magda, whispered in her ear to bring him back an answer, if there was one, without any one's knowledge. The little girl promised, and departed on her errand, but did not return, much to our hero's vexation, for the contents of the billet were an offer

of his hand, and an urgent entreaty for its acceptance; but the next day, Liza asked what there was in the paper he sent Magda, for she cried a great deal over it, and laid it under her pillow at night. D'Epinay was delighted, but to his surprise, in reply to another note which he sent by Liza, a little billet, in a beautiful feminine hand-writing, was brought him from Magda, containing only half a dozen lines, and those not of the character he had expected. They consisted of an earnest request that he would leave the place, stating she would not step from her chamber until his departure, and forbade him ever to attempt seeing her again.

Convinced by the deep, earnest tone of the note, and the artless simplicity of the young girl's character, that all efforts to move her determination would be vain, D'Epinay prepared to leave this little paradise with a heavy heart; for a true and deep love had sprung up toward his noble-hearted benefactress, and he would gladly have rescued her from a situation so little in accordance with her gentle, refined nature. D'Epinay happened to have around his neck a miniature likeness of himself, and a lock of his mother's hair was at the back of it, which was the reason he valued the ornament so highly; but taking the tress from its place, he inserted one of his own chestnut curls, and bade Liza give the locket to Magda.

Two hours afterward, D'Epinay left the place, and as he wound round the mountain path, close by the tall cliff, he involuntarily looked upward. It was sunset, and his heart beat quickly as he saw, standing on the steep summit, the form of Magda, holding Liza by one hand, while with the other she shaded her eyes from the sun, which bathed her light garments with a rosy flood, and by the reflection of the rays, D'Epinay discovered the locket flashing on her fair neck. Instantly he raised his hat to her, and Magda waved her hand to him in return; as he turned an angle of the path, she was lost to sight, but his memory ever retained the tableau of the lovely girl, standing on the topmost cliff in mid air, against the background of golden fire.

D'Epinay returned to Paris, but although as much a favorite as ever, and as warmly welcomed by the fair ones, there were none who had the power to even dim the bright picture of his loved Magda, and he had solemnly said he should never marry. But all things have an end, even firm resolutions, and D'Epinay's time was come. Our hero had an old aunt who was very wealthy, and one day an invitation to visit her reached D'Epinay, who, like a dutiful nephew, hastened to obey the summons; for, five years having past since his separation from Magda, Clarence had recovered a certain degree of relish for the pleasures of this world, of which, for some time after his return to Paris, he had resolutely refused to partake; but Madame Didier was never without a house full of company, and guests usually found it convenient to accept a second invitation.

For a wonder, on D'Epinay's arrival, the good old lady was solitary, although company was shortly expected, and madame expatiated largely on the beauty of a certain niece, Elenora d'Aubin, whom Clarence had never seen; but the old lady so completely and incessantly rang in his ears the young lady's genealogy that he was sure he should dislike her above all things.

The next day Miss d'Aubin arrived; but D'Epinay had taken pains to absent himself about the time of her arrival, and it was not until her entrance into the drawing-room, before dinner, that Clarence caught a glimpse of her features. But looking up, as the footman opened the door, he saw the portly frame of his aunt enter, and the next moment heard the words: "Miss d'Aubin, allow me to present to you my nephew, Clarence D'Epinay."

Our hero heard no more, for there before him, radiant as ever, unchanged by the five years of separation, stood Magda Ernstein, but Magda, the robber's sister, no longer. With a cry of amazement, D'Epinay sprang forward, and before either of the ladies was aware of his intention, clasped the young girl in his arms.

"Stop, nephew! Do you mean to run away with Elenora?" cried the old lady, in great delight at the success of her pleasant surprise (for which, by the way, she had a great fondness, and in which she as generally failed). "Stop first, and find out who she is."

D'Epinay resumed his seat, and desired an immediate explanation of this strange affair. Madame then began a narration which we will cut short, giving the substance as follows:

Monsieur d'Aubin was the brother of Madame Didier, and with his wife and infant daughter was travelling in Germany, when they were attacked by robbers and murdered; the infant, Elenora, was adopted by the chief of the band, and brought up with his son Claude, then a very young boy. As the child grew up, the robber removed to Switzerland, and discovering the valley in the mountains, built the chalet, and a few years afterward died. The secret of Magda's birth was then known only to Dame Haspinger, who, on her death-bed, two years after D'Epinay's meeting with the young girl, revealed the facts, and placed in Magda's hands the papers and several ornaments which had belonged to her parents. But not knowing her connexion with the family of D'Epinay, Magda had never thought to make any use of the articles in finding out her relations. Several months afterward, her brother (by adoption) was killed in an affray with a party of travellers, and then Magda placed the documents in the hands of the village pastor, who succeeded in finding her friends, and on writing to them, received directions to send the young girl to Paris. When Madame Didier discovered that the one whom Elenora still loved was her own nephew, she formed the plan of uniting them at once.

How our readers can reconcile the inconstancy of Clarence D'Epinay, we do not know, but he did prefer a daughter of his own high-born family to the robber chieftain's sister, although he has bought the chalet, where he frequently spends the summer months, and next to his own "belle France," he still loves Switzerland zealously.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BE HONEST AND BE KIND.

The man of years before me sat, the man of silvery hair,
His brow was noble, though his face betrayed the work of care,
His easy grace and winning way my heart completely took,
In converse sweet we talked of life till day the earth forsook;
Said I, "Old friend, how can you feel, thus at the ebb of life,
That flow of spirit, which with age seems holding kindly strife?"
"Young man,"—he paused—"In youth and age I ever kept in mind
This maxim—grave it on your heart—*be honest and be kind.*
The frame must yield to nature's laws, and then to earth return;
But generous deeds and kindly words, than marble shaft or urn,
Will better show thy worth to mind, and heart, and noble souls,
Who pity station, pride of birth, and him who wealth extols;
These hapless mortals but too oft reveal their empty joys,
They lose the talent God has given, by chasing after toys."
The truth the aged man has told—my head, assenting, bowed,
And oft that truth revisits me in life's tumultuous crowd.
As some fine painting meets the eye, of old familiar haunts,
Makes man forget increasing years, with all their numerous wants;
So thus, among the shifting scenes, that lure or mar the sight,
Kind Memory comes, with faithful Hope, and paints that picture bright;
That beauteous vision, change, or chance, or time, can never efface;
The old man's wisdom in my heart has sure abiding place.

F. W. J. S.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ANGEL CHILD.

BY MRS. H. F. N. BROWN.

THE autumn wind sighed mournfully through the oaks and elms in Longwood, and the heavy rain beat solemnly against the winnows of the Longwood mansion. To the wind and the rain Mrs. Long listened as to a dirge of her day dream of bliss. She called back the spring flowers of love that perished in blooming; the green leaves of hope that grew sere before autumn; and the dearest gem in memory's casket—her bud of promise—and one by one she consecrated them with tears, and sepulchred them in the dark recess of her soul.

Mrs. Long had looked over the evening papers, examined the last fashion plates, and read for the third time the contents of a richly embossed envelope, and now she had sunk into an easy chair to commune with the past, and with the phantoms that heralded a cloudy future.

"Midnight, and no husband yet," soliloquized Mrs. Long, as the bells tolled the hour of twelve. "I wish I had an engagement every night, where I could pass the time and forget my wretchedness. What an intolerable life I am leading! My home of poverty, with the rags I wore, was a paradise to this mansion, with all its gilding. How people mistake who dream that beauty can purchase love, and riches content! Willie married me thinking I should be an addition to his establishment; and I him, supposing his money would purchase happiness. But my fate is a life of fashionable wretchedness—false to myself, and false to the world. Willie seeks enjoyment in wine and billiards, and the world calls us happy; the poor envy, and half the rich despise us."

A violent ringing of the door-bell aroused Mrs. Long from her reverie. "Willie has come at last," she thought. But, instead of the husband, the porter handed in a huge basket.

"It is for you, ma'am," said James, depositing it at the feet of Mrs. Long. "'Tis a baby, upon my word—a living, sleeping baby!" exclaimed James, lifting the cover from the basket.

"A baby, James—a baby! Take it to the alms-house directly," said Mrs. Long, going into hysterics.

"And surely, ma'am, you would not be after sending the darling out in a night like this!" said Biddy, who had come at a summons from James.

"Yes, I will send it out. Shall I be more humane than its mother?"

"O, it may be the mother knew how dearly you loved your own sweet one, so thought you might love hers, too."

Biddy's appeal to the mother's soul was enough. She remembered the darling she had cradled for the last time and laid to sleep in the sepulchre.

"It does storm furiously, Biddy; perhaps we had better keep it till morning," said Mrs. Long, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"Blessing on you for that same," replied Biddy, as she lifted the child from its basket-bed. "See, ma'am, how sweetly the darling smiles. It has just the softest blue eyes and dearest face in all the world."

The child turned wonderingly its eyes from Biddy to Mrs. Long, from Mrs. Long to Biddy. At length it extended its fair, soft arms to Mrs. Long and began to exhibit its infant prattle and childish glee.

"It calls you mother, and is laughing to see you in such a fine house," said Biddy.

The icy nature of Mrs. Long gave way, and the pent-up streams of love and tenderness flowed forth as freshly as in days of yore. She took to her heart the little stranger, and made of it a welcome guest. While she was gathering up broken fragments of baby-songs to lure it into sleeping, the door-bell announced the coming of Mr. Long. Mrs. Long thrust the child into the arms of Biddy, and relapsed into her moody state. When Mr. Long entered, he cast a glance to the baby, then to the wife.

"What does that child mean, Anna?" Mr. Long asked, in a tone that savored but little of mildness.

"That is just what I want you to tell me," replied Mr. Long.

"How should I know, Anna?"

"And how should I know?" was the response.

"Biddy, how came that child here?"

"And it's meself, sir, that doesn't know; but I'm after thinking it is your own angel child come back from heaven."

Mrs. Long's soul was softened by another allusion to her child, and so she told its brief history.

"Look among its clothes," said Mr. Long. "You may find some clue to its mysterious appearance."

In a bundle a note was found reading thus: "In Heaven's name I charge you to love and protect my orphan child. I am in a strange land, an alien from home and friends; my other treasure lies buried in the deep sea. To escape the phantom, starvation, I give my child to you, and go to join that loved one across the sea of death. May my child be to you a joy and a blessing."

"Pshaw! who believes that story? The child belongs to some woman who wants to go respectably to her home. I'll take the note and find out the inhuman mother." And Mr. Long folded the paper, and put it in his note book.

Next morning, Biddy neatly dressed the baby and took it to the breakfast room, hoping its helplessness and loveliness would win for it a place in the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Long. As soon as the little stranger saw Mrs. Long, it commenced its cooing, and extended its arms so beseechingly, she could not turn it away. A voice that could not be hushed pleaded for a place for the outcast in the soul of Mrs. Long.

"'Tis a pretty child, Willie," said Mrs. Long. "Read that note again, possibly we may find the mother. It is such a pity to send it to the alms-house."

"Shall you keep that child to-day, wife?" questioned Mr. Long, as he prepared to go to his office.

"If Biddy thinks it is not too much trouble, I may."

"Trouble, ma'am! Why, I can do twice the work; the darling will keep the house so alive with music and sunshine."

"Well, then, Biddy, see that you take good care of it." And bidding his wife an affectionate good morning—the first loving word that had escaped his lips for weeks—Mr. Long left the house.

That day the coroner was called to hold an inquest upon the body of a genteel looking young woman, who was found in a cellar in the city. The corpse was turned carelessly over, "suicide" written, and then it was sent in a rough box to the "Potter's Field." A paragraph, containing some ill-natured remarks as to the probable character of the woman, and cause of the suicide, was given to the public through the daily journals, and then the pall of oblivion fell over the fate of one whose early life, perhaps, had been as joyous and promising as any of fortune's children have been.

Mr. Long came home unusually early that night, and, to his surprise, found his wife singing lullaby to the baby.

"How happens it, Anna, that you are not at the levee?" said Mr. Long.

"I did not care to go," she replied.

The next day, and the next was fixed upon for the departure of the child, still it was their guest. At length a crib and willow wagon were brought out, a nursery fitted up, and Biddy installed its happy mistress. A bundle of dry goods, consisting of flannel, linen, etc., was sent home, and Mrs. Long set about making baby-clothes in good earnest.

"Let us give the baby a name, wife; we have called it angel child long enough. What shall it be?"

"Call her Willianna—a union of our names."

"That's capital, wife. It may be typical of a union of hearts—our hearts."

"She is, indeed, an angel-child, if she proves a link uniting our souls," rejoined Mrs. Long.

The bloom came back to the cheek of Mrs. Long, the lovelight to her eye, and the spring time freshness to her heart. Operas and balls were exchanged for the joys of home. Mr. Long gave up billiards and brandy for the more enduring pleasures of domestic life.

Years came and went, bringing bloom and beauty to the angel-child—peace and hope to its benefactors. Its childish prattle brought back the remembrance of their innocent years; its dependence awakened in them the necessity of caring for the poor and outcast. Other angel children needed care and protection; other mothers might be famishing. Not a few were fed and clothed and raised from degradation by the generous hands and gentle hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Long. But as fades and perishes the early spring buds, so faded and died Willianna.

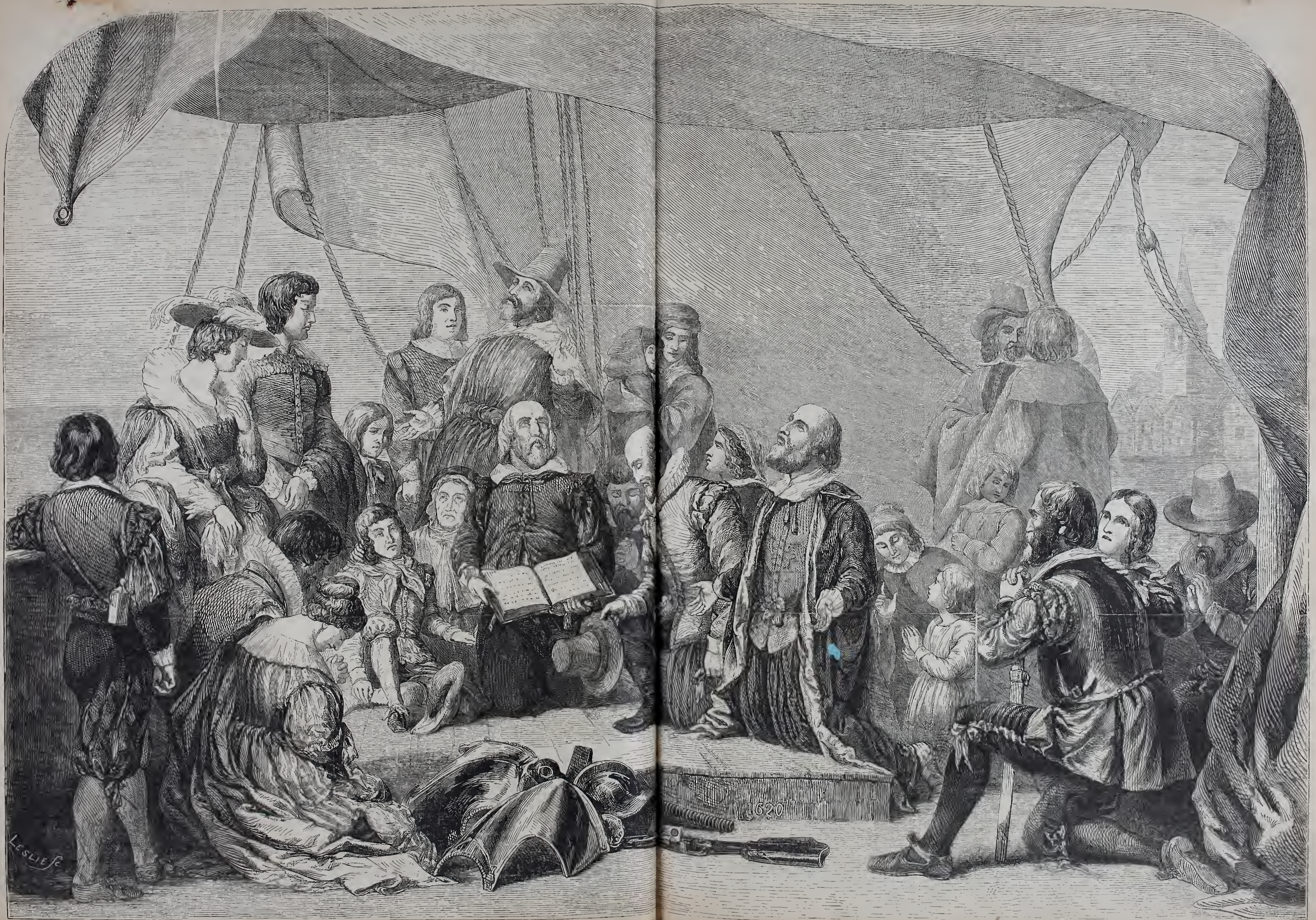
"Her mission is ended, love," said Mrs. Long, as she put back the ringlets to kiss the icy brow of her child. "She has been to us an angel-child, indeed; taught us how to live and how to die."

"Then, wife, let us in thankfulness give her back to heaven, with the hope of joining her there in God's good time."

THE USE OF SNOW.

The last severe winter in its effects on plants has furnished some striking proofs of the protection afforded by snow. Several specimens of the tree box (some of them seven or eight feet high), are as brown as dead grass above the snow line, while all below is as green as emerald. The Japan quince, usually regarded as very hardy, although not destroyed by the extreme cold, was so injured and checked in its growth, that while the flowers below the snow are an inch and a half in diameter, and in dense and brilliant clusters, the exposed portion of the shrub is thinly furnished with pale red or pink flowers, not one fifth the size of the former. The only blossoms of the peach that have appeared have been a few that were covered by snow drifts; and the strong contrast in the color of the wood of the trees where exposed or protected, has been sufficient to show the precise depth of the snow in any part of our peach orchards. Observations made at the Royal Gardens at Kew, in England (where the winter has also been very severe), showed a difference of nineteen degrees immediately above and below the snow.—*Country Gentleman.*

Public opinion changes. Once rich dresses, luxury, extravagant fashions, elegant furniture and costly buildings were considered sinful signs of pride. Now, on the contrary, all these things are deemed necessary accompaniments of honor, virtue and respectability.—*Kozlay.*



DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIMS, AT DELFT HAVEN. A. D. 1620. FROM WIER'S GREAT PAINTING, IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL, AT WASHINGTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SONG OF SUMMER'S YOUNG LEAVES.

BY ESTHER D. STRATTON.

What is this new feeling, so tenderly stealing
 Along the wee nerves of our hand,
 This mystic revealing, this inner life, weaving
 A form which we slowly expand?
 What is this soft pressing, this gentle caressing,
 That waves us with winning unrest,
 With murmurs confessing, how sweet is the blessing
 That lulls us to sleep on its breast?

What is this bright shining, so carefully twining
 Around us its silvery rays,
 Our soft leaves lining—refreshing, refining,
 And making us quiver with praise?
 And why this strange changing, this magic arranging
 Of shrouds concealing yon blue,
 So oft disengaging the drops they are caging,
 That we may all sip of the dew.

When the day is sleeping, whence come those eyes, peeping
 Through those shadowy folds above?
 Their silent watch keeping, while their soft light, leaping,
 Twines o'er us, and lulls us with love.
 Whence comes, every morning, this emerald adorning,
 This robe of so beauteous a hue,
 And whence this longing, these new hopes thronging,
 That so woo our praises anew?

And close mid our trimming, so gracefully clinging,
 What nestles so tenderly here,
 With bright colors brimming, so modestly flinging
 An incense so strange, yet so dear?
 A balm that entrances winged elfs to our branches,
 With harps in their tiny breasts,
 So tuned with sweet fancies, our bliss enhances,
 As we cradle their wings to rest.

Whose care is thus weaving the bliss we're receiving,
 Refilling with life's warm glow,
 And tenderly sheathing, as slowly unweaving,
 In strength and in beauty we grow?
 There's a something, hiding, yet ever abiding
 Around us, within us inwove,
 A power we confide in—trust firm in its guiding,
 'Tis God—the great Spirit of Love!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LUCY TOMPKINS.

BY FREDERICK WARD HAUNDERS.

Miss LUCY TOMPKINS was a young lady of some twenty-seven or eight years, rather tall, quite thin, extremely sentimental and still disengaged—although, to do her justice, the misfortune arose from no lack of perseverance on her part. In vain had she attended balls and parties without number; in vain had been her incredible exertions in getting up and superintending fancy fairs for the benefit of the interesting but benighted natives of the Hopopopenjingo Islands, who still, in this age of enlightenment—in this nineteenth century—perversely refuse to be clothed in good Christian breeches; and equally in vain had she exhibited her five feet seven of charms behind a square table at the before-mentioned fairs, to each and every one of the loyal citizens of this glorious republic, who chose to pay the very insignificant sum of two York shillings per head.

It is not to be supposed that Miss Lucy Tompkins had arrived at the somewhat mature age of twenty-eight without having had what is vulgarly called a beau. On the contrary, quite a number of young gentlemen had at various times escorted her to and from places of amusement and the like—two or three even going so far as to call of an evening, but for some inexplicable cause they soon ceased their attentions, and left her in “maiden meditation fancy free.”

True, there was John Spriggins, a man well to do in the world, and the favorite of her father, had repeatedly offered himself. But what sympathy could there be between a refined and exquisitely sentimental spirit like hers, and such a soul as inhabited the short and somewhat corpulent earthly tabernacle of Spriggins. True, indeed—a man who did business at Brighton, and was profanely versed in the quality of two-year olds, and whose impious knowledge extended so far that he could tell the value of a drove of pigs to a bristle—what right had such a man to aspire to the hand of a divinity like Lucy Tompkins?

Ah, no!—the lover who could win her affections must be a very different being from this. In her inmost soul, she longed for one who could make love in the semi-atheistical, demoniac style of Lara or Manfred; one upon whom fate had set its seal; one who scorned the world, and only consented to remain for a few days longer on her own special account. She longed to feel the melancholy, the misery, the madness, the desolation of love, as described by her favorite poets. But, alas, for the partiality of destiny, the infernal scoundrels, who appear to have been the intimate acquaintances of L. E. L. and Felicia Hemans, do not fall to the lot of every young lady; and she was forced to “waste her sweetness on the desert air” of respectable everyday people.

Sometimes in her hours of despondency, she would wonder when her lover *would* appear, or whether she was destined, by a special interposition of Providence, never to have any lover at all. At such times, in running over in her mind the list of criminals who, in common with most romantic young ladies, she considered especially deserving of affection, she would come to the conclusion that, as a *dernier resort*, a man who had done nothing worse than having been engaged in the slave trade (provided he was *very handsome*), was by no means to be sneezed at.

But a corsair! How she pictured to herself some dark-complexioned young gentleman, with black eyes, black hair, black moustache, and still blacker character, who had been compelled, by the force of a series of impossible circumstances, to become a sea rover, and who now, smitten by her charms, laid his piratical heart at her feet; the thought was transporting—to be loved with the intensity of affection, popularly supposed to be a characteristic of pirates, was bliss unutterable. But, alas, among the whole circle of her acquaintances, she could not point out even one who had been so much as suspected of petty larceny.

But, as she sat one pleasant afternoon with a melancholy smile upon her countenance, the sorrows of Werter in her lap, and her thoughts dwelling upon the sad and undeserved fate of “Tonga the Betrayed,” whose thrilling history she had just been reading, a ringing of the bell announced a visitor; and as she raised her eyes from the charming piece of embroidery—representing a red dog with a green head reposing in a somewhat constrained, not to say unnatural attitude upon a plat of brown worsted grass—upon which she was and had been engaged for the preceding five years, and which, in the event of its being finished, was destined to cover the top of a little knock-kneed footstool—as she raised her eyes, I say, from this work of art, the door opened and admitted a young lady, who advanced towards the place where she was sitting with that uncertain see-saw kind of step, which some young ladies seem to think so fascinating, and which leaves the bewildered spectator in doubt whether the young lady is trying to assume the graceful, or has an organic weakness of the knee joints.

“My dear Lucy,” gasped the young lady, out of breath with excitement and rapid walking, as she seated herself by the side of Miss Tompkins, “such an adventure as I’ve had—you can’t imagine—it was so delightful! I shall never forget it in my life, never! How I do wish you had been with me—the most *elegant* young man—and so much sentiment! I declare I never was so much excited in my life. I’ve run all the way here to tell you about it.” And the young lady began nervously fanning her flushed countenance with an elaborate pocket handkerchief measuring about five inches by four and three quarters.

“What is it, dear? Do tell me all about it!” exclaimed Miss Tompkins, with considerable earnestness; for the words “elegant young man,” “sentiment,” and so forth, had struck a sympathetic chord.

“Well, dear,” resumed the young lady, in a confidential tone, “you must know, in the first place, that as it was such a beautiful afternoon, I decided to walk into the city, instead of getting into that horrid omnibus. When I had got as far as the bridge, I found they had been digging up the sidewalk for some purpose or other, and the only means of crossing to the other side of the deep hole they had left, was by a little narrow plank, which shook and trembled so when I put my foot on it, that I didn’t dare to cross; and the street, too, was so muddy that, without going back for some distance, I couldn’t pass to the other side. As I stood hesitating whether to return or venture upon the plank, an elegant looking young gentleman came up, and with a most graceful bow, asked, in the politest manner imaginable, if he could assist me; and before I had time to answer a word, he placed his arm around my waist, lifted me gently from the ground, and in an instant I was upon the other side.

“It was so unexpected, and I was so confused, that I didn’t know whether to thank him or pretend to be angry, though I wasn’t a bit. But he gave me no opportunity to do either, for he at once commenced talking in such a delightful manner, that before I was aware of it, I found myself conversing with him as familiarly as if I had known him all my life; and then he conversed so charmingly—you’ve no idea—all poetry and sentiment; then he had such a military sort of air, that I was quite fascinated, I assure you. We walked very slowly over the bridge, and when we came to the other end, I forgot all about the shopping I had intended to do in the city, so we turned and walked back again to the place where I had met him. Before leaving me, he said he hoped to have the pleasure of meeting me again, which, if I was in the habit of walking upon the bridge, he probably should, as he usually took a walk in that direction every Wednesday afternoon. And then he gave me his card—and such a romantic name, isn’t it, dear?” And the young lady produced a large sized glazed card, elaborately embossed with a profusion of Cupids, sweet briers and lilies, in the centre of which was engraved, in exceedingly diminutive letters, “Augustus Fitz Edward Mortimer, Esq.”

“Now, what I want you to do,” continued the young lady, after Miss Tompkins had satisfied her curiosity in regard to the card, which, if the truth must be told, she contemplated with feelings closely allied to envy, “what I want you to do is this. It wouldn’t be exactly proper, you know, for me to go upon the bridge next Wednesday afternoon alone, so I want you to go with me. You will, won’t you?—there’s a dear!”

The “dear,” after some little show of hesitation, needed to the request—the more readily, as she was burning with impatience to behold the interesting unknown, and judge of his powers of fascination by actual experiment.

It was accordingly arranged that upon the following Wednesday she should accompany her dear friend to the place appointed, whereupon the young lady rose to depart, being, of course, followed to the door by Miss Tompkins. And then and there took place that mysterious and unaccountable performance, half pantomime, half whisper, which every observing young gentleman must have so often noticed between young lady friends about to separate for the interminable period of half a day.

The momentous Wednesday at length arrived, and Miss Lucy Tompkins, attired in a white crape shawl, blue silk dress, blue silk bonnet, and holding in her hand a ditto ditto parasol, accompanied by her friend—to whom the same description will apply by merely

substituting the word pink in the place of blue—repaired to the Cambridge end of Charles River Bridge.

“I wonder if he’ll be here,” queried Miss Tompkins’s friend, as they came in sight of the eventful and never-to-be-forgotten hole, over which she had been so delightfully lifted.

“I’m sure I hope not,” replied Miss Tompkins, with as innocent an expression of countenance, as if she were really speaking the truth. “I’m sure I hope not, for I don’t half like the idea of going to meet a gentleman to whom one has never been introduced.”

“Poh! what of that!” responded her friend. “You might know he is a *gentleman* by his name, if nothing more. And what’s the great difference, pray, whether a person is introduced or not?—But, hi! there he is, I declare!” And the young lady’s face became very much the color of her pink bonnet. The usual amount of giggling, and a hurried consultation as to whether it were best to keep on or return, which resulted in their deciding with great unanimity that it would be infinitely better to go forward, in pursuance of which decision, they continued to walk straight forward towards the adorable object which had occupied so much of their thoughts for the preceding week.

Reclining, or rather leaning in an easy attitude upon the railing of the bridge, some two or three hundred yards in advance of our friends, was a figure encased in a black frock coat rather white in the seams, and buttoned closely from the waist to the chin, after the style of military gentlemen. Supporting this was a pair of rather feeble looking legs enveloped in splendidly illustrated pantaloons, which concealed from view a pair of well-blackened boots that had done the state some service, and which a careful observer would be led to infer were of decidedly radical tendencies from the fact of the heels being altogether upon one side. These garments were surmounted by a slightly venerable white hat, around which was fastened, in a very artistic and somewhat jaunty manner, a broad band of black crape. And the whole enclosed the form and figure of Augustus Fitz Edward Mortimer, Esq., who, with a countenance expressive of the most intense melancholy, was pensively regarding a couple of very small and extremely dirty boys, who, with their pantaloons stripped up, thereby displaying a profusion of little blue legs, were paddling about in the shallow water which covered the flats.

So absorbed was he in his own gloomy reflections that he pretended not to notice the approach of our friends until they were close upon him, when, turning suddenly, with a start and an exclamation of surprise, he saluted them with a bow so low that the ladies began to entertain serious fears that his head would go on descending until he would finally shut up like a jack-knife; but their fears were groundless, for he righted himself with consummate skill, and gracefully opened the conversation.

“My dear Miss Persimmon,” he began, “I am truly enchanted at once more beholding you this heavenly afternoon. I—”

“Mr. Mortimer,” interrupted Lucy’s friend, “shall I make you acquainted with my friend, Miss Tompkins?”

The gallant Mortimer retreated a step, and, hat in hand, once more doubled himself up, but this time with less effect than on the previous occasion, for the ladies having once witnessed the successful accomplishment of the feat, were not disposed to be surprised at any display of agility with which he might favor them.

Having addressed a profusion of florid compliments to the ladies, Mr. Mortimer, much to the chagrin of the lovely Persimmon, attached himself almost exclusively to Miss Tompkins, for with the quick perception of a poetical and romantic soul, he recognized a kindred spirit.

“How delightful,” said the interesting Augustus, as with a lofty and martial air he walked beside her on the bridge, “how delightful, how heavenly it is to retire from the strife and trouble of a heartless and unfeeling world, and beneath the blue vault of heaven, with the cool breath of ocean fanning our brows—” and the eloquent Mortimer with a theatrical flourish pointed to the extensive mud flats—it was low tide—which covered the classic expanse of Back Bay; “how ecstatic,” he continued, “to pass those moments, brief and fleeting though they are, in the society of those, I may say of one,” and he looked feelingly at Lucy, “who, with a soul above the common herd, can appreciate and enjoy the sublime inspirations of poetic genius, and revel in the celestial land of romance. But what am I saying? what have I—I—to do with sentiments like these?—I, an outcast and friendless!” and the unhappy Augustus slapped his forehead like a man bent upon the annihilation of a musquito.

What feelings! what sentiments! thought Lucy, as with a languishing air she responded in a strain equally exalted.

But were I to record all that was said and done at that and subsequent interviews, my tale—as the cat said to the monkey—would extend to too great a length. I could, however, go on and tell how Miss Lucy’s dear friend finding herself completely “cut out,” went no more to the bridge, and instigated by envy and jealousy, wondered how any lady, with a proper regard for decency, could continue to meet a gentleman of whom she knew nothing; and how, not content with this, she circulated reports touching and concerning the character of Miss Lucy Tompkins; and how Miss Lucy Tompkins treated said reports with sovereign contempt, and intimated that it made little difference what such a creature as that Persimmon said, for all the world knew what she was; and how Miss Tompkins and her dear friend became sworn enemies, notwithstanding which she continued to meet her beloved Augustus upon the bridge.

All these things, I repeat, I *could* tell, and more, if I felt so disposed, but with that characteristic delicacy and regard for the feelings of others for which I am noted, and which has won for me the respect and esteem of all who know me, I refrain.

’Twas evening; the placid surface of Charles River, unruffled by the slightest zephyr, lay calm and mirror-like, reflecting in long

lines the towers and spires of the city, which seemed to rise from its bosom. The busy swallows darted hither and thither in quest of their tiny prey, and the sun, as if wearied with the march of a long summer's day, sank slowly behind the western hills, tinging the heavens with gorgeous hues of crimson and gold, while along the line of the western horizon clouds piled one above another in undulating masses, catching the last glance of the departing day-god, as he looked back upon the path he had all day long so steadily pursued, became of a brilliant purple, growing deeper and deeper as the light faded, until they assumed a blood-red hue.

It was on such an evening that Lucy Tompkins quitted her father's house, and carefully shutting the little yellow picket gate, proceeded towards the bridge, her thoughts in the clouds, and her gaiter boots in the mud—it had been raining violently the day previous, and the street in which she resided, as I thoughtlessly have neglected to state before, was unpaved.

As she approached the appointed spot, the beloved frock-coat was seen in its usual attitude, its well-known tails fluttering gracefully in the evening breeze.

"Beloved Lucy," ejaculated Augustus, when they had been some moments in conversation, "only say, dearest, that you will be mine; never, never will I leave this spot, until the agony, the misery, the torture of suspense is removed. Say, dearest, that I may presume to be permitted to hope—say that you will be mine."

"I will," murmured the blushing Lucy.

"And when?"

Now these two words, "and when," form a very simple, and, as a general thing, easily answered question; but in the present instance they struck rather harshly upon the ear of Lucy Tompkins—the idea of marrying and giving herself up entirely to the care and guidance of the man before her, had never seriously entered into her thoughts, and the little spark of good sense she yet retained caused her to hesitate.

The kind of books from which she had derived her ideas of life and happiness had not been of that class of modern novels which may very properly be denominated mathematical works, from the arithmetical certainty with which the *denouement* may be arrived at—a sort of rule of three plot, in which two lovers are given, to find a priest, and in which search they are invariably successful, and "live happy ever after." Her idea of happiness was based upon the despairing and soul harrowing love as described by poets, and which, like the poets themselves, never amounts to anything. But this was by no means the kind of love which the soul of Augustus Fitz Edward Mortimer pined for—no; however satisfactory such love may be to the poets aforesaid, he, like a sensible man—and for which I honor him—yearned for the real and tangible, and consequently repeated the question.

"And when?—you hesitate, Lucy," he continued, with a melodramatic air. "Am I then doomed to this bitter disappointment; but hear me—on my knees I swear never to survive this dreadful—this terrible—this—this—"

The almost certainty that he would at once adopt the romantic expedient of committing suicide, to escape from the terrible torture which her hesitation occasioned him, induced Lucy to murmur some inarticulate words, which he at once took as a consent to his earnest entreaties, that the ceremony should take place at the earliest opportunity. With this belief he rose to his feet, the contortions of his interesting features indicating his happiness, and the expression of gloom and despondency which had gathered upon his countenance, vanished like oyster soup at a free lunch.

"Beloved Lucy," he began, and would have continued, but for the approach of a gentleman with a star upon his breast, and a countenance most unromantically indicative of good strong common sense, who had been regarding the pair quite attentively for some minutes, and now advanced rapidly towards them.

"Hello, Jim Larkin!" he exclaimed; "so I've found you at last—up to your old tricks, eh—come along, my fine fellow, I want you;" and he made a grab at the unfortunate Augustus. Mortimer was too quick for him, and eluding his grasp with the agility which might have been expected of him, he skittled across the bridge at a speed which defied pursuit.

Lucy Tompkins was thunderstruck. "What!" she exclaimed, starting back in horror. "Who is this man? isn't he Augustus Fitz Edward Mortimer—your son of Sir Comfortable Competence?"

"Why, really, ma'am," returned he of the star, "you couldn't expect me to say positively *whose* son he is; but his name is James Larkin, and he has been a supernumerary in one of the theatres, but what with cutting up such shines as these, and mistaking other people's property for his own, he's got to be as well known at the police court as any of the justices."

Lucy Tompkins returned to her father's house a wiser and a better woman. From that hour her visions of romance faded, and to her honor be it said, that since she has become Mrs. Spruggins, she carefully banishes from her house all books of a dangerous tendency, and the only thing resembling a poem which she will allow to be placed in the hands of the two little cherubs—who look very like Spruggins senior as seen through a reversed opera-glass—is the vision of judgment by my late friend George Byron, and others of a similar humorous character.

Mrs. Spruggins has also so far overcome the aversion which she formerly entertained for her husband's profession, that she has in fact rather come to like it—a mammoth ox being a matter of no little weight to her mind, and an early shad, as she now views it, a gem of the first water.

If any of my innumerable young lady friends think that the cap here presented will fit them, let them by all means place it upon their dear little heads; for, although there is nothing artistic or showy in the making up, they will find it useful and serviceable in the moral that a sensible mind will deduce.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THERE IS SOUL-LIGHT ABOVE.

BY H. RICE.

Why do we mourn? There is much to be glad for;
Earth may grow dark, but there's soul-light above;
There's a thread of delight in the web of care ever,
There's something to hope for, a great deal to love—
Why do we mourn?

Why do we pine for the summer's fled roses?
Like us they are borne up, and built by the soil;
Knowest thou, doubter—hast felt not the blessing—
How the breath of a flower can sweeten life's toll?
Why do we pine?

Why do we hope? Disappointment will fret us,
And laugh at our dreams ere our waking's begun.
Why look to the future? That will not forget us—
If something is lost, there is more to be won—
Why do we hope?

Why do we work? There is greatness in labor;
War fashions heroes, but we give them bread;
Thrones cannot buy what the peasant bath, priceless—
Health and free air—not a thorn in his bed;
Why do we work?

Ought we to mourn? There is much to be glad for;
Earth may grow dark, but there's soul-light above,
There's a thread of delight through the web of care woven,
There's the heaven we hope for, and something to love—
Ought we to mourn?

THE BOOK OF FATE.

A CLASSICAL LEGEND.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY FRANCIS A. DURLIVAGE.

It was holiday in high Olympus. Jupiter, father of gods and men, with the ox-eyed Juno on his right, and on his left the laughing Venus, attired, not in the Bloomer costume, but in the primitive garb of Adam's Eve and Powers's Greek Slave, presided at the table, which was furnished by the voluntary contributions of the gods and goddesses. Vulcan had furnished a few links of sausages; Pomona, a capital *desert*; Themis, a *paté a foie gras*; Apollo, a dish of *perdreux aux truffes*; Bacchus, several baskets of Champagne and Burgundy; Juno, the tarts; Cupid, confectionary kisses; Esenlapius, sweetmeats; Neptune, a fine salmon—in a word, the feast was at once sumptuous and elegant.

But those gods were sad dogs. They had no temperance society, and were continually setting the very worst examples to their human worshippers. After the cloth had been removed the wine circulated freely. Apollo was called upon for a song, and gave "Shinbone Alley," followed by "Dearest May," accompanied by himself on the banjo, all the immortals joining in chorus.

Minerva launched into a long-winded eulogy of Ralph Waldo Emerson and Theodore Parker, but nobody listened to her. Mars and Venus slipped away unseen, and Bacchus, after an insane attempt to light his pipe at a decanter stopper, fell under the table, where he lay like a log. Mercury absconded with the silver spoons, and Jupiter walked off to bed.

After a nap of several hours, the "cloud-compeller" awoke and collected his scattered senses. The first thing he did was to hunt for his book of fate, that dread volume which contained the destiny of the human race, and which he distinctly remembered tucking under his arm for safe keeping, when he retired from the company of his illustrious guests. Alas! it had slipped from his unconscious grasp, and had fallen to the earth.

The first mortals who chanced to discover the book were a band of robbers, and the captain seized it as a valuable prize. He was hastily turning over the leaves in the hope of finding a bank note or two tucked away among its pages, when his attention was arrested by seeing his own name staring him in the face in large capitals, accompanied by the following startling announcement: "As the penalty of a new crime by thee committed, in eight days thou shalt be hanged." With a long whistle he handed the book to his lieutenant, who read for himself a similar destiny. The book passed from hand to hand throughout the troop, and very long and lugubrious faces were produced by the perusal.

"Diavolo!" said the brigand chieftain, "this will never do. The effect of this sort of literature appears to be to disgust honest gentlemen with their profession. We must sell it to our friend, the usurer."

And without more ado, the "honest gentlemen" sought out an equally honest Israelite, with whom they maintained the most amicable relations.

"Here, Isaac," said the bandit chieftain, "is a book for you."

"I am not fond of reading, thank you," said the Jew.

"But this book teaches you how to live."

"I understand that very well—the secret lies in one word—money."

"But just look at the binding. It's magnificent."

"All sham—sheepskin and Dutch metal."

But finally the bargain was struck, and the Jew had the book for a song.

"Holy father Abraham!" he exclaimed, when he was alone. "This is a prize, indeed. The book of fate—the knowledge of the future! That means the arts of the Cabala—the philosopher's stone—the art of transmuting all metals into gold. But let's see, in the first place, what destiny has in store for me."

With trembling hands he searched, and read: "Thou shalt die in prison."

"Lying book!" exclaimed Isaac, the Jew. "Was it for this I paid away my hard-earned coin? I must sell thee at any rate. The lord of the manor, my next neighbor, is rich; he shall give a hundred zeechins for thee, and so I shall make a reasonable profit after all."

The old Jew repaired to the lord or the manor, and after expatiating on the wonderful virtues of his commodity, modestly demanded a thousand zeechins for the volume, but finally contented himself with a hundred, wherewith he took his departure, leaving it in the hands of its new possessor.

The lord of the manor lost no time in consulting the oracle. After finding his name, he read: "Thou art rich and powerful today; but thou art a debauchee, and thou shalt die in a gutter."

"Impertinent oracle!" he exclaimed, casting the book from him.

"What ho, my vassals! Run after this rascal Jew and give him a hundred lashes, with my compliments. And you, Joseph, take this book and throw it in the fire."

Joseph took the book, but instead of obeying his master, traded it away with a travelling mountebank, for a pair of lace ruffles.

The mountebank mounted his little stage, and assembled his audience by sound of trumpet, announcing that he had the art of foretelling the future, and, for a certain sum, would read each man his destiny. He soon realized an immense fortune; all his predictions became true, but the populace finally rose against him, and prepared to burn him for a wizard; he ran no danger of this fate until he began to tell the truth. Whereupon our man of science, employing the better part of valor, ran away, and daring his retreat, made a present of the book to an old man who lived retired from the world, in a hermitage.

While these events were passing on the earth, all Olympus was in an uproar. The thunder-launching Jupiter was kicking up a tremendous row. Every hole and corner was searched for the missing volume, but to no purpose. So, at last,

"Great Jove in his chair,
Of the sky Lord Mayor,"

summoned his light-footed (and light-fingered) messenger Mercury to his side.

"Mercury, my boy," said the cloud-compeller, "that book must be found; it is either in heaven or on earth. It is not here, that's certain."

"Perhaps it's neither here nor there."

"It's there, most likely."

"How on earth am I to find it?"

"By looking for it, booby! Away! and don't stay gaping here. If you come back without the book, look out for thunder!"

Mercury departed on his mission. After having ransacked the globe, he ascertained that it was in the possession of the old hermit, whom he found quietly sleeping on his bench.

"My dear sir," said the celestial messenger, "excuse me for disturbing your nap. But the fact is, I come in search of yonder book, which is the property of the gods. It contains the decrees of Fate."

Ah! indeed!" said the sage, smiling. "Well, I have not read it."

"Really? not a page of it?"

"Not a line—not a word. Do you think if I had read it I could have slept quietly?"

"What shall I give you for the book?" asked Mercury, fumbling in his pockets.

"Nothing. I resign it willingly. The knowledge of futurity would be a fatal gift to mortals. Let us enjoy the present, cherish the memory of our brief moments of pure joy, and shut our eyes on all the rest. This, it strikes me, is the true spirit of philosophy, and the art of being happy."

"Old man, you are wise."

"Young man, I am old. This book, in my estimation, is not worth a farthing. Take it, and return to heaven."

The old man fell asleep again, and Mercury, returning to Olympus, delivered the volume, and reported that he had found one wise man on the earth.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NOTE BOOK OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 18mo. pp. 294.

Among all the brilliant essayists of the 19th century, none is more thoroughly original than Thomas de Quincey. Nor has he been surpassed in the faculty of enchainning the attention of his readers, even in the most metaphysical of his essays. Brilliant and profound thoughts abound on every page, and reward a frequent perusal. The publishers deserve the highest credit for the admirable style in which they have issued the works of this remarkable man. The volume before us contains some of his most striking essays.

FEMALE LIFE AMONG THE MORMONS. A Narrative of Many Years' Personal Experience. By the Wife of a Mormon Elder, recently from Utah. New York: J. C. Derby. 1855. 12mo. pp. 449.

This book, which reads like a romance, purports to be a faithful and truthful narrative of the experience of the wife of a Mormon elder. It is deeply interesting, and though the story hinges on the peculiarities of the marriage relations of the Mormons, there is nothing indecent in the treatment of the subject. Some of the "situations," as a dramatist would say, growing out of these relations are handled with considerable power, and the whole book is deeply interesting, and will enjoy the widest circulation. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

MY CONFESSION. The Story of a Woman's Life, and other Tales. New York: J. C. Derby. 1855. 12mo. pp. 316.

A series of stories from a feminine pen, written with a good deal of dramatic power and well-constructed. The book is quite readable, and will doubtless have a run. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

DOESTICKS—WHAT HE SAYS. Illustrated. New York: Ed. Livermore. 1855. 12mo. pp. 330.

The hearty laugh provoked by these quaint and extravagant sketches when they first appeared in the newspapers, will be echoed and re-echoed now that Doesticks's book unmasks its battery of fun. In a style of audacious eccentricity, the author has bound together a host of startling truths; and underlying the surface is a series of pictures of New York life which will be keenly relished by the initiated. Among the best things in the book are "Niagara," "City-Target Excursion," "Running with the Mashen," and "A Night in the Bowery." There are thirty-six sketches, all abounding in humor. For sale by Brown, Bazin & Co., and by Fetridge & Co.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. No. CLXVIII.

The July number of this valuable publication is unusually interesting. It contains ten articles—among the most popular of which will be the "Clubs of London," "American Society," and "Gymnastics." "The Persistence of Physical Laws" is an essay characterized by deep thought and great learning. For sale by Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston.

KARASU-BAZAR, CRIMEA.

The scene presented below in our accurate engraving is emphatically oriental in its character. The half-ruined fountain, with its graceful pillars and arches on the left, the camels grouped in the foreground, the line of mosques and minarets, and gardens and private dwellings, backed by stern mountains, that occupies the middle distance; all these features could only be found in combination in the East. Karasu-Bazar is the second town in the Crimea, and contains about 15,000 inhabitants, including Russians, Greeks, Tartars, Armenians and Jews. It is an interesting field of study for the antiquarian, as it contains many ruins and monuments of antiquity. The Russians have almost entirely rebuilt it since their conquest of the Crimean peninsula, and it is now one of the cheapest and best marts in the Crimea, its principal articles of trade being leather (chiefly morocco), pottery, hardware, tallow, soap, fruits, corn and vegetables. "The streets of Karasu-Bazar," says a recent traveller, "are filthy and ill-paved; and the shops on each side, defended from the heat of the sun by rude verandahs on wooden pillars, are much more picturesque than elegant. Here, as in most Eastern towns, separate districts are allotted to the different kinds of merchandise: in one place the shops are full of whips, belts, slippers and pouches, made of embroidered bright red and yellow morocco; further on nothing is visible but woollen goods; to which succeed stores of coarse earthen ware; which again give place to cooks and bakers—each having his own peculiar district. Karasu-Bazar possesses the largest corn market in the Crimea; and the price of wheat, corn and barley all over the country depends much upon the weekly returns of the current price in this town." In the suburbs of Karasu-Bazar stands one of those splendid villas which mark the progress of the Empress Catherine II. through her newly-acquired province, and which sprang up, as if by magic, at every place where she halted. Every town which she intended to honor with her presence was duly informed of that important event; and the inhabitants—not out of love for their conqueror, but out of fear for the Russian general, who had secretly ordered it to be done—worked like galley-slaves night and day till they had erected a splendid mansion for her reception. Several of these palaces were destroyed after the departure of the empress; but others, like that of Karasu-Bazar (which now belongs to a wealthy Greek), were preserved as memorials of the imperial visit. They usually consisted of a state bedroom, with a bath adjoining, a chapel, a ball-room, reception rooms, and apartments for her suite. In the neighborhood stands a mountain of a curious shape, with steep precipices on either side, and a table-land on top, accessible only from one direction. Here the Tartar chiefs and population were accustomed to meet in council during important crises.



UNITED STATES COURT HOUSE, BOWDOIN SQUARE, BOSTON.

The surrounding country is picturesque, and is watered by the river Karasu, or Black River, which gives name to the town. Indeed, most of the country bears this character, and the southern part of the Crimea is one of the most fertile and delightful countries in the world, producing all sorts of fruits and grain, wine, silk, and tobacco abundantly.

U. S. COURT HOUSE, BOWDOIN SQUARE.

The house represented above will be readily recognized by our readers. It was sketched by our artist on the spot, and is an accurate delineation. It is depicted as seen looking from the Revere House. It was originally erected for a private residence, and has many of the characteristics of an old family mansion of the past century. It is only recently that it has been occupied as a Temple of Themis, the United States having only occupied rooms in the city court house by sufferance; the accommodations there being inadequate, and various inconveniences attending the holding of federal and local courts under the same roof, the transfer was made some months since. On the right of the spectator is seen a portion of the granite church, which is so ornamental an object in the general view of the square. It is quite a relief after driving or walking through the narrow limits of Court, Green, or Cambridge Streets, to emerge into an opening like this square. These spaces are so few and far between in this city, that even a limited triangle, like the area of Bowdoin Square, is a great comfort.

HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE.

The editor of the Albany Knickerbocker has been industrious enough to collate from a stray volume published some years since by Conner & Cooke, the annexed outline history of the Plague:—Among the earliest plagues mentioned by historians, is the one referred to by Thucydides, which, in the third year of the Peloponnesian war (four hundred and thirty years before Christ), ravaged Athens, then besieged by the Spartans. The plague in Jerusalem (A. D. 70), when it was besieged by the Romans, is described by Josephus. In Rome, the plague existed (A. D. 77) in the reign of Vespasian; of Marcus Aurelius (170), when it raged over almost all Europe and Asia; of Commodus (in 189), and particularly of Gallienus, (in 262), when five thousand persons are said to have died daily in Rome. From that time, the plague has always continued to exist in Italy, Greece, Asia and Africa, and raged particularly in the populous cities, for instance, in Constantinople, in the reign of Justinian, in 544, when one thousand grave-diggers are said to have been insufficient for the interment of the dead. This terrible plague continued its ravages for fifty years, with but short intervals. In 565, it appeared under the name of *pestis inguinaria*, in Treves; in 588, in Marseilles.

In the seventh century, it was in Saxony. In 823, it prevailed all over Germany, and, from 875 to 877, was particularly malignant in Saxony and Misnia, as was also the case in 964. In the seventh century it broke out in Germany at least six times, mostly after or during a famine, and raged with so much violence that it was believed all mankind was doomed to be swept away by it. This unfortunate belief prevented the taking of effectual means to check it; and apathy in suffering was considered an act of piety. In some cases, however, the Jews were suspected of having poisoned the wells, as, in our own times, the Hungarian peasantry suspected the nobility, when the cholera morbus swept away so many of the poorer classes; in fact, the ignorant of all ages have been inclined to ascribe general and far-spreading diseases, whose true causes are unknown, or disbelieved by them, to poisoned wells. Thus, when the ophthalmia broke out in the Prussian army, in 1813, many believed the French had poisoned the wells. Similar notions were entertained by many French soldiers during the prevalence of the plague which swept them off in Egypt. In the twelfth century, it was brought into Europe by the crusaders. From 1347 to 1350, it traversed all Europe, and was then called the *black death*. Since that time it has never raged with so much violence. Boccaccio, in the introduction to his *Decameron*, has given a lively description of its physical and moral effects in Florence, in 1348. In the latter half of the fifteenth century, it raged in all Europe, accompanied with the most terrible sufferings. The historians of that time give the most horrible picture of distress.



TOWN OF KARASU-BAZAR, CRIMEA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

AMERICAN OFFICERS IN EUROPE.

It will be remembered by our readers, that three officers of the United States army left this country some time since for the purpose of visiting the military establishments of Europe, but more particularly the works and the siege operations at Sebastopol. It has been the custom of our government to detail, from time to time, regular officers to investigate the condition and progress of military science in Europe. Thus, General John E. Wool, if we remember rightly, was present at the siege of Antwerp, in 1830. In pursuance with this practice, Major Delafield and Captains Mordecai and McLellan left this country in a steamer some time since, and soon after their arrival reports reached us that they had been coldly received by the English and French governments, who would not allow them to visit the allied camp, and that they were also denied by the Russian emperor the necessary authority to inspect the progress of the war from the Russian lines. It appears now that these accounts were but partially true. It seems that our officers did not receive those attentions in France and England which they had a right to expect, but that, on the contrary, they have been treated with the highest consideration by the Russian officials. At Warsaw, Prince Paskiewitch ordered a grand review of the troops under his command expressly for the gratification of his American visitors, and afterwards they were offered their choice of a visit first to St. Petersburg, or an immediate escort to the Crimea. They preferred the former, doubtless, concluding that Sebastopol would hold out long enough to permit them to see the Russian capital and the siege operations besides. The tales of their neglect by the Russian officials were doubtless manufactured by the French and English, as we have had occasion more than once to notice how the existence of a state of war has so excited the passions of the belligerents, that they are ready to deny manliness, courtesy, every good quality, to their opponents. In the eyes of the French and English, the Russians are all unmitigated savages, and doubtless they return the compliment. It is one of the evils of war, that it perverts every generous sentiment.

CALIFORNIA.—This is still the land of gold to some theatrical speculators, although to many it has proved less a land of performance than of promise. In four months Miss Davenport cleared \$15,000 over and above all expenses—a sum that used to be considered a little fortune, when people were not quite so extravagant as they are now-a-days.

HOT WEATHER.—Our good friends of New Orleans crow over us when strawberries and green peas appear in their market, but we have our revenge in the dog-days. What would the "Can't-get-away club" give for a touch at Nahant?

TEXAS.—It is estimated that the present number of inhabitants in Texas is 600,000. The population is increasing more rapidly than that of any other Southern State.

SPLINTERS.

.... Mr. Edge, of New Jersey, has invented a new war rocket, which requires no stick, and which carries four miles.

.... An artificial composition, made to resemble perfectly the finest marble, is now sold for table-tops and other articles.

.... American iron is said to be more durable than Scotch or English. It is preferred for the manufacture of car-wheels.

.... Charles Dickens's speech on English legislative reform was the keenest, wittiest and most humorous ever delivered.

.... At Williamsburg, N. Y., they manufacture plate glass through which the finest print can be read without spectacles.

.... Newspaper postage was entirely abolished in Canada on the third of July. We shall see what effect it will have.

.... Mr. Dodge, our new minister to Spain, is feted and made much of by the foreign ambassadors at Madrid.

.... Sergeant Morrow, in Fort McHenry, is on trial for having whipped one Louis Loupe, a drunken soldier, to death.

.... Jane Boswell, a gipsy, who cheated Mr. Mixon out of \$6000, is awaiting trial at Philadelphia.

.... The grasshoppers have destroyed the wheat at Utah, and the "saints" are quarrelling among themselves.

.... A New York alderman charges one of his associates with not stealing himself, nor allowing others to steal. Melancholy.

.... Some of the "brave volunteers" for the East, at Liverpool, N. S., don't want to be shot in the Crimea.

.... Two parties have been fighting *vi et armis* for the possession of a Presbyterian church at Gallipolis, Ohio.

.... A Kentucky doctor calls cholera a "manifestation of the dying phenomena of scorbutus." Very intelligible!

.... Vestvali, the great Italian singer and actress, is on her way to South America, to astonish the natives.

.... They have had a fine agricultural season in Nebraska this year; so have we. Who will emigrate?

.... Mr. Burdick, a practical builder, of New York, has invented an iron wall as a substitute for brick.

.... Painted pails are said to impregnate the water they contain injuriously. We never found it so.

.... The glow-worms were numerous, in one place on Milton Hill, this year, and suddenly disappeared.

.... If hypocrisy is the tribute paid by vice to virtue, what taxes some people are saddled with.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

We have placed on pages 88 and 89 a fine large engraving from an accurate drawing of Wier's great picture, entitled the "Embarkation of the Pilgrims at Delft-Haven, in 1620," which now fills one of the panels of the rotunda of the capitol. The outline and grouping of the figures is well rendered in our engraving, but, of course, no hint can be conveyed of the rich color of the original. We remember seeing it when it was exhibited in this city, a few years since, and being favorably impressed with its merit as a work of art. The subject is one of absorbing interest. The "poor, persecuted flock of Christ," who had been driven from their pleasant English homes by the hard and bloody hand of religious persecution, and had found liberty of conscience, but little else, in Holland, are on the eve of departure for a western wilderness, peopled by savages, but secure from a more ferocious civilization. In them we behold the unconscious founders of a great empire. Little do Carver, Bradford and Winslow think that, in a little more than two centuries, hundred of thousands of freemen, scattered over a heritage as fair as ever fell to the lot of man, will trace their descent with pride to the pilgrim band, will rise up and call them blessed. The great and indispensable element of success—union—existed in full force in the pilgrim community. "We are knit together," wrote Robinson and Brewster, in 1617, "as a body, in a most sacred covenant of the Lord, of the violation whereof we made great conscience, and by virtue whereof we hold ourselves straitly tied to all care of each other's good, and of the whole. It is not with us as with men whom small things can discourage."

A company of English merchants supplied the capital requisite for the accomplishment of the pilgrim scheme of western emigration, and two vessels—the Speedwell of sixty, and the Mayflower of one hundred and eighty tons—were provided for their accommodation. Of these vessels—both of which could accommodate but a small portion of the colony at Leyden—it will be remembered that the Speedwell never accomplished her voyage, and that, finally, the Mayflower took over only one hundred souls. Wier's picture does not represent the final departure, but that from Delft-Haven. Edward Winslow describes, in simple and touching language, the parting of the brethren. "When the ship was ready to carry us away," he writes, "the brethren that stayed at Leyden, having again solemnly sought the Lord with us and for us, feasted us that were to go, at our pastor's house, being large, where we refreshed ourselves, after tears, with singing of psalms, making joyful melody in our hearts, as well as with the voice, there being many of the congregation very expert in music; and, indeed, it was the sweetest melody that ever mine ears heard. After this, they accompanied us to Delft-Haven, where we went to embark, and there feasted us again; and, after prayer, performed by our pastor, where a flood of tears was poured out, they accompanied us to the ship, but were not able to speak one to another for the abundance of sorrow to part. But we only, going aboard, gave them a volley of small shot and three pieces of ordnance; and so, lifting up our hands to each other, and our hearts for each other, to the Lord our God, we departed."

The personages represented in Wier's painting are, Rev. Mr. Robinson, making the parting prayer; Elder Brewster, holding the open Bible; Governor Carver, Mr. Bradford, and their wives, forming the central group. On the right is Miles Standish, with his wife Rose. On the left are Mr. and Mrs. White, the parents of Peregrine, the first child born in the colony. Other figures are Capt. Reynolds, in the background, Mr. and Mrs. Winslow, a bridegroom and bride, the latter dressed with a richness which contrasts with the severe custom of the Puritans. In the foreground lies the screw, the use of which probably saved the vessel, with various arms of the period grouped together. The whole scene carries us back to the epoch represented, and the design is certainly a highly creditable production of American art.

BOSTON ENTERPRISE.—It seems to be conceded that we shall have a line of steamships from Boston to Liverpool, and no one can doubt the success and the profits of the enterprise. About \$2,000,000 will be required to build four first-class ocean steamships, and it is calculated that the passage will be made from port to port in eight days. We are one day's sail nearer to Europe than New York.

LOUIE RAGLAN.—This distinguished officer, whose portrait we lately published in the Pictorial, has sunk under disease in the Crimea. He was sixty-seven years of age when he undertook the command. He exhibited throughout the campaign unwavering courage and coolness. He was a tory of the Wellington school of politics, but much beloved by his troops.

JENNY LIND.—This distinguished singer has never appeared in Paris. When she does, we fancy the French critics will be severe on her singing, out of revenge for her neglect of the great capital, which regards its approbation as necessary to the complete fame of every public celebrity.

FIRE.—It will take some time for the city of Manchester, N. H., to recover from the effects of the late disastrous fire there. But the business men are energetic, courageous, and have abundant resources, and the old fable of the Phoenix will be repeated in their case.

LABOR.—Out west the cry of the farmers still is that they can't find hands enough to meet their wants, even at high wages. Why will so many able-bodied men starve on our Atlantic seaboard, when there is such a demand for them in the West?

NATURAL HISTORY.—BIRDS.

The last illustration of the present number is a full page engraving of several striking specimens of the feathered race, from the pencil of the same artist who has drawn all the splendid sheets of our natural history series. These engravings are executed expressly for our Pictorial, and at great cost. No. 1, of the page referred to, is the White Pelican, an inhabitant of Africa, India and the greater part of the southeast of Europe. Its peculiarity is the membranous pouch which, when distended, will contain two gallons of water, and serves as a net to scoop up the fish on which the Pelican feeds. When not in use, the bird contracts it so that it can scarcely be discerned. No. 2 is the Gannet or Solan Goose, found in great numbers on the coast of Scotland. It feeds almost entirely on herrings. No. 3, the Albatross, is a huge bird, found in the southern seas, where it will keep close to vessels for the sake of the refuse thrown overboard. In the largest specimens, the expanse of wing is fourteen feet. No. 4, the Eider Duck, is found in the north of Europe, Iceland and the Hebrides. It furnishes the down in so much use for pillows and beds, and which the female plucks from her breast to line her nest. No. 5, the Stork, is found extensively throughout Europe, Asia and Africa. In Holland, they are encouraged to build in the towns by the inhabitants, who build a sort of false chimney for their accommodation. They feed on rats, mice and frogs, and are not indifferent to cats. No. 6, the Bernicle Goose, inhabits the northern parts of Europe and America, but resorts to the shores of Great Britain in winter. It is extremely shy and difficult of approach. No. 7, the Great Auk, is an inhabitant of the Arctic circle, but sometimes seen in the northern islands of Scotland. Its home is on the seashore, it never being found inland. The wings, from their diminutive size, are almost useless, and the position of the feet gives the bird a perfectly erect attitude when sitting. It is nearly three feet long. No. 8, the Black Swan—once believed to be a myth—is an actual inhabitant of Australia. It is a graceful bird, with jet black plumage, excepting that the quill feathers are white. They have been domesticated in England. No. 9, the mute Swan, large numbers of which have been domesticated as an ornament to the pleasure-grounds of English noblemen and gentlemen, is a native of eastern Europe and Asia. Afloat it is the most graceful of birds, but it has an awkward gait on the land. No. 10, the Teal, is the smallest of our wild ducks. It flies with great rapidity, and is a difficult bird to shoot. Its flesh is remarkably delicate, and much sought after.

SOMNAMBULISM.—It is proverbial that sleep-walkers achieve feats which they would not dare to attempt, and would certainly fail to accomplish, when in possession of their waking senses. A traveller in Worcester, Mass., lately got up in his sleep, and sprang through an open window across a court into another window, landing safely. A most perilous leap.

EX-PRESIDENTS.—The British people were astonished at the simplicity of our ex-presidents Fillmore and Van Buren. That men who had stood at the head of the greatest nation of the earth should be devoid of ostentation, and treated as equals by their fellow-countrymen, appeared to them inexplicable.

HIGH LIFE IN PARIS.—The boudoir of the Empress Eugenie at the exhibition palace in Paris, is said to be a perfect gem of elegance and luxury. We are glad that the French people like the empress, for they are heavily taxed to pay the expenses of the imperial establishment.

FEMALE MEDICAL STUDENTS.—The corner stone of a new homoeopathic college was lately laid in Cleveland, Ohio. A department for female students is to be attached to the institution, to have lectures and demonstrations of their own sex.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Wines, Mr. Jonathan Hatch, Jr. to Miss Maria L. Ring; by Rev. Mr. Cilley, Mr. Freeman A. Lombard to Miss Sarah J. A. Paine, both of Truro; by Rev. Mr. Sweeney, Mr. P. Taylor to Mrs. S. B. Foster; by Rev. Mr. Randall, Mr. Josiah Ellery Daniell to Miss Frances E. Wilkinson; by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Alexander Taylor to Miss Sarah V. Dunbar; by Rev. Dr. Adams, Mr. William F. Stetson to Miss Susan Emily Dunbar; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Joseph Lamson, Jr. to Miss Nancy A. Taplin.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Cox, Mr. Jerome T. P. Reel, of Newton, to Miss Caroline T. Blake.—At Lawrence, by Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. George Mitchell to Miss Elizabeth Richardson.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Dr. Kendall, Mr. Andrew J. Bradford to Miss Sarah E. Cambell.—At Fairhaven, by Rev. Mr. Gould, Mr. Edwin Evans, of Needham, to Miss Martha P., daughter of the officiating clergyman.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Waite, Mr. Stanley Gore, of Boston, to Miss Deborah S. Hathorn.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Bushnell, Mr. C. C. Greenwood to Miss Annie N. Fokett.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Dwight, Mr. George W. Pike to Miss Caroline Augusta Smith.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. How, Mr. Charles W. Pass to Miss Eliza A. Cornell.—At Springfield, by Rev. Mr. Cone, Mr. Donald Cameron to Miss Agnes Nixon.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Winn, Mr. H. S. Woodward to Miss Clarinda A. Bond.—At Salisbury Point, by Rev. Mr. Bacon, Mr. William H. Ames, of Haverhill, to Miss Dolly C. Bagley.—At Gloucester, Mr. Peter Sexton to Miss Amanda F. Goodnow.—At Walpole, N. H., by Rev. Mr. Worcester, of Boston, Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, of New York, to Miss Maria Louisa Centre.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Amasa Bartlett, Jr., 21; Mr. Mathew Dalton, of Laiklo, Longford county, Ireland, 32; Mrs. Caroline F., wife of Mr. Abel Wheelock, 42.—Miss Sarah P. Winchester, formerly of Dorchester, 52.—At South Boston, Dr. John Colby York, 26; John Tillson, Esq., 53.—Mrs. Alice S., wife of Mr. George Palmer.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Maria, wife of Mr. Theodore Savage, 26; Miss Susan J. B. Sucker, 18.—At Roxbury, Miss Sarah H. Spofford, 39; Dr. Charles Marsh, 40.—At Cambridge, Mrs. Susanna Peirce, 76.—At Somerville, Mr. John N. Welch, 75.—At Salem, Miss Mary Casey, 20; Mrs. Hannah Lane, late of Chichester, N. H., 79.—At South Danvers, Mr. Justus Jones, 62.—At Danvers, Mr. James P. Felton, 26.—At Essex, Miss Lucretia A. R. Burnham, 17.—At Gloucester, Capt. Edward Daniels, 63.—At Methuen, Joseph W. Carleton, Esq.—At Canton, Mr. Thomas Hill, 32.—At Newburyport, Miss Fanny Greenough, 84; Mrs. Lydia Lovejoy Cooper, 48.—At Newbury, Mr. John L. Tilton, 68.—At Worcester, Mr. Calvin Ayres, 64; Mrs. Nancy Stone, 69; Mr. Azubah A. Mixer, 34.—At Northampton, Mr. Jonathan Strong, 82.—At Springfield, Mr. John Phelan, 70; Mr. James Martin, 22.—At Sterling, Mr. Stephen Sargent, 84.—At Hyanolis, Mr. Joseph Bassett, a revolutionary pensioner, 93.—At Plymouth, Widow Rhoda Perry, 80.—At Manchester, N. H., Hon. Noyes Poor, 60.—At Portsmouth, N. H., Hon. J. S. Pickering, 54.—At Windham, N. H., Mr. Caleb Low Bradley, formerly of Lowell, 42.—At Lockport, N. Y., Widow Asenath Wicker, formerly of Northampton, Mass., 53.—At Calcutta, March 6, Mr. Melcher Crawford Ellis, of Charlestown, 29.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The Troy Times says that Miss Martha Rockwood died in Lansingburg, recently, from the effects of poison contained in some maple sugar of which she had partaken. It is supposed the poison was imparted to the sugar by boiling it in a brass kettle,—a fact which should operate as a warning to others. — A few days since, a man went to the depot in Holyoke, just as the cars were starting, and took the shocks off an infant's feet, as part pay for a debt its mother owed him. — The Japanese call the deified souls of ancient heroes their "camis" (spirits or ghosts). These defunct heroes are supposed still to interest themselves in the welfare of the people whom they commanded when living on the earth. The Japanese venerate their *camis*; they answer to the heroes in the ancient Greek and Roman mythology. We have read somewhere that the islands of Japan swarm with them. — A complaint has been preferred against the sexton of the new cemetery at Dundas, C. W., for "dunning" the mourners for his pay while the funeral was actually going on! — Sir David Brewster is of the opinion that the moon may have streams, or even rivers, that lose themselves, as some of our own do, either in the dry ground, or in subterranean cavities; also, that there may be springs too, and wells sufficient for the use of men; and yet the evaporation from the water thus diffused may be insufficient for the formation of clouds, and consequently for the production of rain. The air, he thinks, may be charged to such a small extent with aqueous vapor that it descends only in gentle dew. — The Knickerbocker Mutual Insurance Company, of Waterford, N. Y., has been declared by the comptroller of the State to be a fraudulent concern. — A battered specimen of humanity appeared before the New Orleans recorder, recently, and stated that he wanted to make an affidavit against a man named Eagan, who struck him in the face with a slung shot, and cut him in the breast with a knife, while Eagan's wife beat him over the head with a pewter mug, and their son shot him in the side, the ball passing round and out of his back. We should think the case of assault was pretty well made out. — The attendance at the Connecticut Normal School during the year has been 20 per cent. more than in any former year, there being now 295 pupils. — Assuming the nebular theory of Laplace to be true, Professor Loomis supposes that the outermost planet of our system was first fitted for the reception of man; but at present he supposes it to be eighty degrees below zero, and that humanity has long since ceased to exist there. The temperature of Mars he supposed to be ten degrees below zero, and in Venus he supposed that the polar regions were the only fit place for the abode of human beings. — By an act of the Portuguese government, the following articles are made free of duties in American bottoms, when imported into the Cape Verde Islands:—corn, corn meal, beans and rice. — Colonel Mann died at his residence in New York, recently, in the 46th year of his age. He was widely known throughout the country, and was very popular. He gained a handsome property in the vocation of circus proprietor, all of which he sunk in the Broadway Theatre. For two years he had been afflicted with the dropsy. — The Illinois Central Railroad Company have discovered a large bed of coal on their lands, which is said to be of an excellent quality. — The stone foundations of an ancient church, forty by sixty feet, have been found several feet below the surface of the ground at Ypsilanti, Michigan. The corroded and encrusted remains of a church bell were also found. Centrally situated within the foundation walls, were ashes and mason work, where fires were probably kindled. The remains are regarded as those of an ancient civilization, though they may have been the work of the early French missionaries. — According to the Norfolk Herald, the spring crop of sweet potatoes has turned out uncommonly well, and immense quantities are being shipped to the Northern cities. — The New York papers are rejoicing that the Battery is lighted with gas. The loafers who sleep there will not be equally joyful over the circumstance.

A MISER.—A prisoner, seventy-three years of age, in the Indiana penitentiary at Jeffersonville, died lately, leaving property to the amount of \$200,000. He was at the time undergoing a sentence of two years confinement for having committed forgery to the amount of twenty-five dollars. It is said that at the time of his arrest, he was tendered counsel who promised to clear him of the charge for a fee of \$500. The characteristic reply was, that, "if convicted, the sentence would only be for two years, and he didn't think he could make his expenses and two hundred and fifty dollars a year out of the penitentiary, and it would cost him nothing to live there, and he would save that much anyhow!"

GOVERNMENT OFFICES.—A movement is on foot in London for obtaining the permission of government to close their offices at one o'clock on Saturday, to give the clerks in their service advantages similar to those accorded by most of the leading merchants in London. The practice has for some time past prevailed in the audit office, and been found to be productive of no inconvenience or delay to public business. Here the government increases the number of hours work.

THE WORLD.—"Two laws govern the world," said a celebrated jurist, "the law of the strongest and the law of the shrewdest." This reminds us of the aphorism attributed to Talleyrand: "Society is divided into two classes—the shearers and the sheared. We must always take sides with the former against the latter."

BROKEN UP.—It is said that the renowned marrying establishment, Gretna Hall, at Gretna Green, is about to be demolished.

POPULATION OF NEW YORK CITY.—The census marshals report the population of the city proper at 750,000.

Wayside Gatherings.

Rhode Island has raised the salary of her governor from \$400 to the more respectable sum of \$1000.

The New England city of New Bedford is said to be the richest in the world in the ratio of its population.

A new moral drama, written by Louisa Reeder, has been successfully played at Cleveland; the authoress is said to be a niece of Governor Reeder, of Kansas.

A man was lately arrested in St. Louis for stealing goods at a fire. On examination before a magistrate, he confessed the act, but urged, in palliation of the offence, that he had been only a month in the country, and didn't know the rules.

The Chicago Journal, alluding to the fact that Mr. Fillmore had been "smiled upon" by the Queen of England, says:—"We know an American queen, the mother of ten sons, all living, all laboring and all honest men, whose smiles would be worth winning."

Theodore F. Denniston pleaded guilty to stealing letters from the post-office at Chicago, and is in jail on \$5000 bail. The U. S. attorney *not. pros'd* all but one indictment. His sentence will be imprisonment for ten years.

Powers, the sculptor, has invented a file, for which he has taken out patents in Europe and America. The English cutlers pronounce it admirable, and say that a "royalty" of half a farthing on all sold in that kingdom will make a handsome fortune.

The Albany Knickerbocker says:—"A first class Shanghai cock will eat as much corn as a horse. In consequence of this, it is not profitable to grow Shanghai, unless you can buy oats for ten cents a bushel, or sell eggs for four shillings apiece."

The government of Rome has made an annual appropriation of \$10,000 for the encouragement of tree planting in the Papal States. Premiums are offered to all who will plant trees on their own property, under the inspection of the officers in their district.

The shrivelled up dead body of an unknown female was lately found in the trunk of a tree that was being cut down by a Mr. Cozzens, who resides in the southern part of Campbell County, Ky. Great consternation prevailed throughout the neighborhood.

The Shelby (Ky.) News says that recently a chicken was hatched out on the premises of Mr. James Buford, in that county, with three legs, all of natural length and perfect in form. The chicken was alive and doing well at last accounts.

The Robbins and Lawrence Company, at Windsor, Vt., have a contract with the British government for machinery for making arms to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, and another with individuals, for twenty-five thousand Minié rifles.

The census marshal in Macedon, Wayne Co., reports that he found there a woman, twenty-three years old, mother of four children, the oldest one of which is twelve years, next eight, third three, last, one. The eldest was of course born when the mother was twelve years old.

There were 6853 deaths in New Jersey last year, of which over one thousand were by consumption. The number of those who died under five years of age was 2667; and there were 355 between 70 and 80; 208 between 80 and 90; 57 between 90 and 100, and three over 100.

Barnum's latest scheme is an exhibition of daguerreotypes of handsome ladies, which he invites from all parts of the United States. Visitors at his museum will vote on the hundred most beautiful, who will have rewards, and the ten handsomest will be painted for the Paris Book of Beauty.

R. v. Isaac Braman, of Georgetown, who has reached the advanced age of 85 years, preached lately, and took part in the communion service. He was ordained on June 7, 1797. He was, in July, seen in his shirt sleeves busily engaged in putting up his hay in the old Puritan style of hay-making.

In North China the people smoke arsenic mixed in small quantities with their tobacco. These people are said to be strong, healthy and ruddy. Dr. Londe, of Paris, an accomplished physician, asserts that the use of arsenic in this manner—smoking—is a remedy for tubercular consumption.

A young couple recently ran away near St. Louis, Mo., and going up to Alton, Ill., were married. The father of the young lady, after a diligent but unsuccessful search for her, met the father of the bridegroom, and thereupon beat that gentleman most unmercifully.

Most of the cars in the Pennsylvania coal-trade have wooden springs. These are simply two pieces of ash, say eight feet long and six by two inches wide, bolted together, and supporting the boxes. As the result of three years' experience, it has been found that the first cost of the wooden springs is but one-third that of steel, and the cost of maintenance less than one-half.

A petition for relief has been forwarded to President Pierce, by a party of Germans now imprisoned at Melville Island, Nova Scotia. They state that they were hired in New York to go to that place to work, but that on arriving there they were offered the alternative of enlisting for the Crimea war, or imprisonment, and that they chose the latter.

A little girl in Gilmanton, N. H., has been detected in the practice of going a short distance from her home to play with black snakes. She was found with a large one coiled by her side, and another in her lap. Her fascination is so complete that she told her friends if they killed these reptiles she knew of others that she could play with.

The Albany Register says Mr. James McKinney, baggage-man on the Utica accommodation train of the Central Railroad, has been in the employ of the company upwards of eighteen years, and has all that time been "on a train." He has ridden, during those eighteen years, but little less than seven hundred thousand miles!

Edward E. Powers, of Columbus, Ga., died suddenly at Chicago, Ill., lately, aged 62. Mr. Powers was a native of Barnardston, Mass., and has given the town of Barnardston the munificent donation of \$10,000, the income of which is forever to be used for the purpose of schooling. Mr. Powers also gave \$10,000 to the Female Orphan Asylum at Columbus, Ga.

At the Florence exhibition there was a singular specimen of modern invention—a petrified human hand! A Florentine physician and naturalist named Gergarto, who accompanied Chompolon on the Egyptian expedition, soon after his return produced specimens of petrified flesh, and thus preserved the bust of a young female so beautifully and perfectly as to resemble strikingly the flesh of one just dead.

Andrew Haymaker, of Charleston, S. C., who has been blind in one eye for fifty-four years, in consequence of a film growing over it, was standing on the steps of the court house, in that place, while a number of men and boys were playing ball. The ball, projected with great force, struck him in the blind eye, completely removing the film and restoring sight. Considerable inflammation followed, but it subsided, and the sight is good.

Foreign Items.

The typhus fever is making fearful ravages amongst the Russian army in Poland.

As it is feared there will be a deficiency of water at Liverpool this year, it has been resolved to water the streets with sea water.

There is among diplomatists abroad a growing feeling that there will soon be war between France and Austria. This idea prevails extensively.

A French *savant* ascribes the unusual rains and atmospherical disturbances over a great part of Europe, to the prolonged and terrible cannonade in the Crimea.

In the province of Pegu, recently added to the territory of the East India Company, twenty-five hundred Karens have during the year past been added to the churches.

A society for enabling liberated convicts to emigrate to America was formed two years ago at Dramman, in Norway, and it has already sent out thirty-two persons, all of whom are doing well.

The capture of the Mamelon, on the 7th of June, cost the French more than either of the great battles of Marengo, Austerlitz or Jena; and yet it was but a single out-work of a besieged fortress.

A loan is to be contracted by the Western Powers, on account of Turkey, to the extent of £4,000,000. The general impression is that one-half of this will be raised in London under the guarantee of the English government, and the other half in Paris by the French government.

Russia is said to be getting sick, and at St. Petersburg public feeling is becoming more depressed, and Sebastopol is considered as good as lost. The resources of the empire are beginning to feel the drain of war to a greater extent than hitherto expected, and discontent, it is admitted, is spreading in the capital, as provisions are high and trade stagnant.

A French officer near Sebastopol, was knocked down by the wind of a cannon ball, the shock being so severe as to cause a paralysis of his tongue, so that he could not speak. He returned to Marseilles and placed himself under electric treatment; after a few shocks he could move his tongue, and at length, after an unusually powerful shock, his speech was restored, and he fully recovered.

Sands of Gold.

.... What is time worth? Ask death-beds; they can tell.—*Young*.

.... All history is but a romance, unless it is studied as an example.—*Rev. G. Croley*.

.... Unless your cake is perfectly clean, whatever you pour into it turns sour.—*Horace*.

.... The scorpion, falsehood, coils round in its perplexity, and fixes its sting in its own head.—*Coleridge*.

.... The best notion that we can conceive of God may be, that he is to the creation what the soul is to the body.—*Shenstone*.

.... Sound logic is the sinews of eloquence. Without solid argument, oratory is empty noise, and the orator is a declaimer or a sophist.—*Barrow*.

.... I am convinced how easily the mind may be overturned; our reason is like gunpowder, easily inflamed, and but requiring a spark for its explosion.—*Casonova*.

.... I am very sure that any man of common understanding may, by culture, care, attention and labor, make himself whatever he pleases, except a great poet.—*Chesterfield*.

.... Be not surprised if the progress of intellect is so often useless for virtue; nothing is more easily explained—namely, that virtue arises from another source.—*Aimé Martin*.

.... Without art, a nation is a soulless body; without science a straying wanderer. Without warmth and light, nature cannot thrive, nor humanity increase: the light and warmth of humanity is "art and science."—*Kozlay*.

.... A good ear for music, and a taste for music, are two very different things which are often confounded; and so is comprehending and enjoying every object of sense and sentiment.—*Greville*.

.... To gain knowledge and money, to always join these two powers for the purpose of producing more and more, in order that we may more and more consume; is the motto of this century. Where is glory and virtue, I ask!—*Kozlay*.

Joker's Budget.

"Every vice fights against nature." What a battle must be eternally going on, then.

A young gent in Schenectady, suffering from too strong sensation of the more tender feelings, defines his complaint as an attack of *lassitude*.

An old offender was recently introduced to a new county justice as John Simmons, alias Jones, alias Smith. "I'll try the two women first; bring in Alice Jones."

A facetious fellow at Newport asserted that they never took snuff in his State; "for," said he, "half a dozen sneezes would be equal to an earthquake in such a small compass."

In Arkansas, after asking your name, the natives are in the habit of saying, in a confidential tone, "Wall, now, what war yer name afore ye moved inter them parts?" It is a way they have.

At Hull, a few days since, a gentleman said he should like to see a boat full of ladies adrift on the ocean, to see which way they would steer. "O," said a lady, "that's easily answered—they would steer to the Isle of Man, to be sure."

At the battle of Spire, a regiment had orders not to grant any quarter; and an unhappy enemy, wounded and disarmed, begged hard for his life from one of its officers. Touched with his situation, the other replied, "I pity your misfortune, and—ask anything else but that, and upon my honor I will grant your request."

The witty Sidney Smith, being visited by Jeffrey, who came riding a young donkey, thus hailed the latter:

Witty as Horatius Flaccus,
As great a Jacobin as Gracchus;
Short, though not so fat, as Bæchus,
Riding on a little jackass.

Fond mother (showing off her son to the parson)—"Would you believe it, sir? he can read fluently in any part of the Bible, repeat the whole of the catechism and can weed onions as well as his father!" Hopeful son—"Yes, sir-ee, and yesterday I licked Ned Rawson, throwed the cat in the well, and stole old Smith's gilet."

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BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1855.

\$3.00 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IX., No. 7.—WHOLE No. 215.
6 CENTS SINGLE. }

BOSTON MARKET HOUSES.

If the good people of Boston die of starvation, it will not be certainly for lack of well supplied market houses. Mr. Kilburn, the artist, has very tastefully grouped together a set of accurate sketches of our principal market houses, with emblematic flower, fish, fruit and game pieces, thus presenting at one view our prominent sources of supply. In the centre, surmounted by a prize ox, is that noble structure, Quincy Market, which, bounded by Merchants' Row, South and North Market and Commercial Streets, extends over an area of about 535 feet in length by 50 in breadth. This fine building, the material of which is granite, was erected during the mayoralty of the Hon. Josiah Quincy, senior, and will remain

an honorable monument of his administration. Prior to the completion of this building, the lower story of Faneuil Hall was occupied as a market-house, and the adjoining square was crowded with country carts, loaded with farm produce. This market was the great resort of the citizens from all parts of the town, though Boylston Market (seen in the upper right hand corner of our engraving) principally supplied the residents of the South End. At that time there were fewer provision stores than at present, but the business of peddling out meat, fish and country produce was quite extensive. The main entrance to Quincy Market is from the west front, opposite Faneuil Hall; the east front on Commercial Street is finished in the same style of architecture, with a row of solid

granite columns. From a very early hour in the morning the streets on either side are densely packed with country carts, from which the retailers purchase their supplies. Butchers' stalls occupy the greater part of the interior, but fruit, butter, cheese and vegetables are sold there in abundance. The fish market occupies the easterly extremity. The South Market, shown in the upper left hand corner of the engraving, is a neat and commodious building situated on Beach, between Lincoln and South Streets. The Williams' Market, depicted in the lower left hand corner, is at the corner of Washington and Dover Streets, and the Gerrish Market, on the other side, a noble brick building, stands at the corner of Portland and Sudbury Streets.



PUBLIC MARKET HOUSES IN BOSTON.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

THE DUCAL CORONET:

—OR,—

THE HEIR AND THE USURPER.

A ROMANCE OF ITALY IN THE 16TH CENTURY.

BY ARTHUR MORTON, A. M.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XV.—[CONTINUED.]

Tonio was buried in a profound sleep. Roused by a rough shake of the shoulder, he started up, and his eyes encountered the face of the jailer bending over him, and rendered more hideous by the ferocious grin he assumed in token of good fellowship.

"Come," said the jailer, "are you going to sleep all day! It's high time to be up and stirring."

"One never knows the difference between daylight and dark in this black hole," said the jester, obeying the summons. "But where is the prince?"

"O, he has been liberated," said the jailer, with what was intended to be a pleasant smile. "And I suppose you'll be sent for before long—for the duke, Heaven bless him!—told me to get you the best breakfast I could provide. And so I have brought you a regale fit for a prince of the blood. Bread as white as the snow on the Appenines; wine too, you varlet—genuine Lachryma Christi—and such grapes! My own mouth waters; and 'i faith! I have e'en invited myself to breakfast with you."

"It must be a consoling reflection to you, my friend," said the jester, "to think, when you design a visit to any of your friends here, that you are sure to find them at home."

"Ho! ho! good! an excellent jest, 'i faith," said the jailer.

"Jesting is my trade, friend," said Tonio, "as yours is turning the key on better men than thyself."

"Come now, my employment is not quite so monotonous," said the jailer, "for I'm a favorite with my noble master, and sometimes when the prisoner is to be tortured, I'm allowed my turn at the rack; and when the headsman is indisposed, I take his place on the scaffold. I've learned to handle the axe quite dexterously. And, my dear fellow, if your affairs should take an unlucky turn, I should solicit the pleasure of putting you out of your misery."

"Thank you," said the jester. "But I'd much rather breakfast at your expense, than have you take a chop at mine."

"Well, here's your breakfast all ready on this table," said Matteo. "Draw your stool close and I'll sit by you. I'm used to carving. What part of this fowl do you prefer?"

"I prefer the legs and wings, the breast, back and thigh, if you please," said the jester. "In a word, give me the whole bird."

"I'm glad you've so good an appetite," said the jailer.

"It's a chronic complaint with me," answered Tonio. "This is a capital chicken. Try some."

"I can't eat so early in the morning," said the jailer, excusing himself. "Here's a morsel of biscuit will serve my turn."

"This bread and fowl make me thirsty," said the jester, after eating heartily.

"Here's a bottle of capital wine, returned the jailer, breaking the seal and drawing the cork. "It has been in the duke's cellar for forty years."

"Fill up a cup for your trouble," said the jester.

"Thank ye—but I brought a brace of bottles of the same sort," replied the jailer. "There's one a-piece. Each to his flagon. Good luck to you."

"The same to you."

"Here's trade!" shouted the jailer.

"Ahem!" said the jester. "I can hardly drink to yours."

"Then here's wit and humor, and may they ever bring fortune to their possessor!" said the jailer, filling his glass.

"Jailer!" said the jester, growing suddenly affectionate, "you're an honest fellow—you've feasted me like a prince."

"Don't thank me for your entertainment," said the jailer, modestly, "but the duke, my master."

"Here's his good health!" cried the jester. "Faith! his breakfast has improved my opinion of him amazingly. I can't think he means to play me a knavish trick."

"He! bless you—he means well enough by you. He means to send you away this very morning."

"I could find it in my heart to hug you for your news!" said the jester, languidly and yawningly, for sleep had begun to creep over him. "But, my dear fellow," he added, speaking with difficulty, "you woke me up too early. I hadn't had half sleep enough. I'm not an early riser; you mistook my habits."

"Why not go to bed again?" asked the jailer.

"Excellent—advice—jailer. I am—very—sleepy—and your wine—was confoundedly strong."

His eyes closed and he fell back in his chair.

"So soon!" muttered the jailer. "It is wonderful!"

After his eyes were closed and his lips mute, there were one or two slight convulsive motions of Tonio's frame, after which all evidence of life was absent. As the jailer was contemplating this strange spectacle, he was startled by three heavy knocks at the cell-door. Rushing precipitately into the corridor to prevent, if possible, the entrance of the duke, he was relieved to find that the summons was not from his master. Two or three men in sad-colored liveries were there, who had brought a complete suit of plate armor, with the offensive weapons appertaining to the armament of a cavalier of rank, and a banner blazoned with the arms

of Parma and shrouded with crape. They had also brought a coffin, which was now resting on a bier covered by a black pall.

The spokesman of this group of servitors now approached Matteo and asked him if he required any assistance.

"No; I have plenty of my own," replied Matteo.

"The duke wishes to know how soon you will be ready."

"In half an hour," replied the jailer.

The attendants retired.

"I breathe freer," said the jailer. "I am saved. The duke will not discover the trick I put upon him till I am beyond the reach of danger."

CHAPTER XVI.

STRANGE SCENES AT THE GATE.

We left Giulio parting from the princess, who had furnished him with every facility for making good his escape. Yet the desire of liberty was less imperative in his bosom than his passion for the lovely daughter of his enemy. To linger near her, even though fate reckoned the moments of life—to forget danger in the intoxication of her presence; these were follies his heart would have prompted him to enact, if his reason had not checked the impulse. Tightening his belt, then grasping the handle of his sword and satisfying himself that the blade played freely in the scabbard, so that it would leap forth to his touch on the occurrence of an emergency, he made his way to the city gates, through which his signet-ring and the assertion that he was a messenger of the duke, readily passed him. Striking into a little wood that crowned a little eminence within a few feet of the city walls, he paused for reflection, and deliberated whether he should immediately repair to the camp of the Milanese army, or remain where he was and reconnoitre the city.

He was inclined to think, that by adopting the latter course, he might discover some circumstance which might be turned to the advantage of his friends. He occupied a position from which he could look down on the ramparts of Parma, while, at the same time, he could, by changing his point of view, have a fair sight of the camp, the lines of which his practised eye could discover, beneath the gradually brightening sky, stretching their dark array across the adjacent plain.

In the city an extraordinary activity reigned. He could hear the clash of weapons and the heavy tread of men-at-arms, as bodies of men were moved from point to point. Dark groups appeared on the walls, and now and then a torch moved along the line of the defenders, as if an officer of rank were making a tour of inspection. Meanwhile the sky grew gradually brighter—dawn was breaking in the east. Its chill gray gave place, by degrees, to a warmer hue, betokening the approach of the sun, and finally, bright, horizontal bars of gold along the horizon announced the immediate rising of the orb of day. As its disk shot above the horizon, the ducal banner of Parma was unfolded on the wall, its gorgeously emblazoned folds flashing back the sunbeams that sparkled on its surface. At this moment the shout of "Long live Parma!" broke from the soldiery on the walls.

At the same time the camp of the Milanese army exhibited similar tokens of activity. Lances and steel armor glittered all over the plain. Mounted knights galloped here and there, distributing orders, and the ground shook as ponderous pieces of clumsy artillery, each drawn by many horses, were moved to the front. Before the splendid tent which Giulio recognized as the head-quarters of the Duke of Milan, from a lofty standard staff, the ducal banner was flung out, as that of Parma had been upon the ramparts, while the exultant shout that greeted it, betokened the presence of a very formidable host.

And now the swarming masses of the Milanese begin to concentrate themselves and assume a military regularity of form. They were drawn up in three long lines, occupying the entire width of the plain, with heavy cannon at the intervals, and a broad passage through the centre of the lines. Through this passage there now swept as glorious a cavalcade as ever the sun shone down upon. First came a herald, attired in the splendid habiliments of his calling, surrounded by a band of trumpeters; then rode forth the Duke of Milan, mounted on a milk-white charger, and clad from head to heel in silver armor inlaid with gold, wearing golden spurs, and a splendid baldric glittering with precious stones. Beside him rode a standard bearer, carrying his banner, and he was followed by a large array of knights magnificently mounted and armed, and attended by their squires and pages. The road taken by the cavalcade led directly past the spot where Giulio had taken post. A few steps would have brought him to the feet of his kinsman, but he preferred to remain concealed and await for awhile the progress of events.

The glittering procession advanced to a short distance of the walls, halted, and then the herald, riding out from the foremost group, a parley was sounded on the trumpets. It was answered by a flourish from the ramparts.

The herald then, in the name of the Duke of Milan, asked for an interview with the Duke of Parma.

Ferrado Montaldo, presenting himself as the representative of the duke, answered that his master was unwell and unable to appear, and had commissioned him to parley and treat with the duke.

"There is little need of parley," replied the Duke of Milan, riding to the front. "Last night we sent an ultimatum to your master, viz., that at sunrise this morning, our kinsman should be delivered into our hands. We received the assurance, and from your lips, that the request should be complied with. We have not hurried your preparations. Not till the sun had appeared above the horizon did we leave our lines. We now await the redemption of your promise."

"Alas, my lord!" replied Ferrado, "I am deeply pained—inexpressibly grieved to be the messenger of evil tidings. A heavy misfortune hath befallen us. The ways of Providence are inscrutable—in the midst of life we are in death."

"Out on thy paltering delays, sirrah!" shouted the duke. "Cease prating like a shaveling monk, and tell us at once, like a man and a soldier, what hath chanced."

At this point Giulio listened with the intensest curiosity, anxious to learn what story the Duke of Parma had conjured up to beguile the ear of Milan. What was his astonishment when he heard Ferrado's reply.

"My lord," faltered Montaldo, "it is my painful duty to inform you that the Prince Giulio is no more."

"Giulio no more!" cried the duke. "My kinsman dead! By Heaven, I believe it not. Men die not in their youth and health so suddenly, save in battle, unless foul play is wrought them. Go back to your master, and tell him that Conrado d' Este, Duke of Milan, proclaims him a liar, flouts the tale of his kinsman's decease, and defies him to mortal combat."

"My lord," said Montaldo, "were not allowance to be made for grief and disappointment, this conference should break off here. But I know what you feel. I loved Prince Giulio; all loved who knew him, and the intelligence of his death nearly unmanned me when it was communicated to me this morning. You even doubt the story of my friend's death, and I acknowledge that it needs confirmation. Alas! at this moment the proof is approaching."

Giulio listened and gazed in astonishment. He acquitted Ferrado of all intention of deception, and regarded him as the dupe of the Duke of Parma. But how this imposition was to be carried out to the end baffled his imagination. As he gazed from his hiding-place, however, he beheld the city gates opening, and forth, with the waving of the banners of the church, with monks walking bareheaded and barefooted, chanting a funeral dirge, with trumpets wailing low and mournfully, with soldiers marching with trailed arms, came forth a dismal procession escorting a coffin placed upon a velvet covered bier. Over it waved the ducal banner of Parma, shrouded with crape, and beside it walked Ferrado Montaldo, who had descended from the wall to do honor to the obsequies.

The procession advanced to the Duke of Milan, where it halted and set down the bier at the foot of his charger. Dismounting, the duke knelt beside the coffin and burst into a flood of tears.

"O, heavy day!" said he. "Giulio! Giulio! would that you could hear me. Would that you could hear me accuse myself of my long inaction and indifference to your cause. Proud eaglet of a royal race, thou shouldst have filled the cyrie where a foul kite now holds his state. But thou shalt not fill the grave unavenged."

Starting to his feet, he exclaimed:

"This is not a deed of Providence. It is a foul murder."

"And who is the murderer, my lord?" asked Ferrado.

"Thy master!" shouted the duke.

"I must not listen to this language," said Ferrado.

"Thou must bear it to thy master from me," said the duke.

And tearing off his mailed gauntlet, he flung it at the feet of the equerry. "And with it," added the duke, "this my defiance and challenge to mortal combat."

Montaldo took up the gauntlet.

"I could not have chosen a fitter messenger," said the duke, "for thou art his accomplice in guilt."

"Thou shalt answer that charge at the sword's point," retorted Montaldo.

"What! fight with thee, vassal!" exclaimed the duke. "Only with his equals does Conrado d' Este deign to cross swords."

"I shall soon be thy equal, proud duke," answered Montaldo, "for know that I am to wed the Princess of Parma."

"When thou art wed will be time enough to bandy words with me," said the indignant duke.

Without uttering another word, Montaldo, accompanied by the funeral escort, retired within the walls of the city, the gates of which were secured behind him.

"Giulio hath been foully dealt with," said the duke. "Quickly—an armorer here! and a skilful mediciner. We must examine the body on the spot."

At the summons, a surgeon and an armorer stepped forth. The latter, at a word from the duke, removed the coffin lid, while the former proceeded to an examination of the body.

"He is not dead, my lord! He lives!" said the leech, after a hasty examination.

"Raise him up! give him air!" cried the duke, rushing forward. "Remove the visor of his helmet."

His orders were promptly obeyed, and the removal of the casque gave to view the bewildered countenance of the jester.

"Tonio!" exclaimed the duke. "How came the fool there?"

"That is precisely the question the fool was about to ask your grace," said the jester. "I go to bed in my fool's motley, after a hearty breakfast in a prisoner's cell, and I wake up, changed into a knight, and about to be buried alive, for aught I know. A very pleasant fellow, that same jailer of his grace of Parma, my lord, but his wine is confoundedly strong."

The Duke of Milan stamped his foot, while his cheek and brow burned crimson with rage.

"This is a deadly affront!" he exclaimed. "To pledge me the return of my kinsman, and then not only to break his word, but to insult me with this farce! Dearly shall the traitor duke rue his insolence."

Meanwhile Tonio had been assisted from his uncomfortable resting place and stood upon his feet. Whether the astrologer had made a mistake in compounding his potion, or whether, as is more likely, the wine and food the jester had swallowed had some qualities that neutralized its potency, certain it is that the

effects of the narcotic were much more transitory than had been anticipated. The jester yawned, rubbed his eyes, stretched himself as well as his unwonted apparel would admit, and then he appeared almost perfectly recovered.

"Where is your master, knave?" said the duke, sternly, for he visited some of his displeasure on the unconscious instrument of the deception which had been practised upon him.

"That I know not, noble duke," replied the jester. "I was placed in his cell and fell asleep beside him. In the morning, when the jailer awoke me, he assured me that the prince had been set at liberty; and furthermore your deponent knoweth not."

"I have heard enough," cried the duke. "Return with me to the camp, and prepare for the assault. If harm hath chanced to one hair of my kinsman's head, I will not leave one stone upon another of this accursed city. The very ground shall be ploughed up and sown with salt, so that not a blade of grass shall mark its utter loneliness and ruin."

He sprang upon his charger, the trumpets rang out a bold defiance to the city, and the glittering cortege returned at a sharp trot to the camp.

CHAPTER XVII.

EXPLANATIONS.—A HOSTILE MEETING.

DESCENDING from the outer wall of the city, without waiting for the opening of the coffin, which indeed, as it took place surrounded by the suite of the Duke of Milan, was witnessed only by himself and followers, and by Giulio from his hiding place, and was invisible to the officers and troops of the town, Ferrado Montaldo mounted his horse, rode directly to the palace and was admitted to the presence of the duke, who was awaiting his return with great anxiety—an anxiety by no means dispelled by the stern and severe expression of the commandant's countenance.

"Well, Ferrado, what news?" asked the duke.

"I surrendered the body of the unfortunate prince to his kinsman," replied Ferrado, "with an honorable escort befitting his rank; with holy priests walking beside his remains, with cross and banner displayed, and soldiers marching with reversed arms beside one, who, if living, would bravely have led them forth to battle."

"Enough of this eulogy," said the duke, impatiently. "What said our cousin of Milan? He was overwhelmed with grief and astonishment?"

"He manifested less of either than indignation," replied Ferrado. "He accused you of foul play, as I myself did this morning, until you pledged your word as a sovereign and a knight, that Giulio had died a natural death, and that your physician stood ready to testify to the fact."

"You so assured his grace of Milan?" said the duke.

"He gave me no opportunity," replied Ferrado, "but flung defiance in my face. He threw down his gauntlet, defying you to mortal combat—I took up the gage of battle and here it is."

With these words, Ferrado laid the mailed gauntlet on the marble table beside the duke.

"You should have let it lie where he flung it," said the duke.

"I am a soldier, sire," replied Ferrado, briefly, "though I have yet my spurs to win. But," he added, "opportunity enough will soon be afforded me."

"How so?" inquired the duke.

"How so! The whirlwind you have provoked is now rising. See if you can hush its fury. You rejected my counsel; now reap the benefit of your own."

"You assume a lofty tone, Ferrado."

"I speak frankly and bluntly. If my manner displeases you, you can command me to lay down my commission and resign my sword."

"Nay, nay, Ferrado, I like your frankness," hurriedly replied the duke. "Resign! you are my sole reliance. Beat back these minions of Milan, and the half of all my treasure is yours."

"I am no mercenary," replied Ferrado. "I will fight because they come as enemies to my country, and because, in so doing, you have assured me, nay, have sworn, that I am not upholding crime."

"I have so sworn," said the duke, faintly. "Now, go to my daughter. Take your leave of her; she loves you—a parting word from her will nerve your arm in battle."

Ferrado bowed, and, availing himself of the permission, or rather command of the duke, passed to the apartments of the princess to which he was readily admitted. As he entered her presence, her attendants, on a sign from her, retired.

"Beauteous lady," said Ferrado, "I come from your father."

"I have but lately returned from an interview with him," replied the princess, blushing deeply, and trembling as she spoke.

"Lady," said the knight, "I come armed with his permission to address you."

"My father's commands are my law," said the princess. "To every wish of his, duty compels me to yield obedience."

Ferrado bowed, yet as he made no reply, the princess continued:

"But there are exceptions to this rule of obedience. I recognize no power in my father to jeopardize the happiness of my entire future. He can claim my love, my service as a daughter, but he cannot mortgage for me the wealth of my young heart's affections. He cannot bid me bind myself at the altar to link my fate forever to one to whom my heart is not surrendered. Ah, signor, the lot of a peasant girl is happier far than that of us high-born ladies. Few have the courage to protest against the tyranny of custom, as I have done. Ferrado Montaldo—I esteem and respect you, but brave and worthy as you are, I cannot love you."

"Princess of Parma," replied Ferrado, looking up in her eyes, "I know of none lovelier than thou in this fair land of Italy

—and would maintain the assertion at my lance-point. In your service I would do all that a knight may dare, but truth compels me to declare that my heart is given to another."

"We are friends then," said the princess, joyously, "and here is my hand in pledge of it."

Ferrado raised the fair hand of the princess to his bearded lip and kissed it respectfully.

"Let there be no secrets between us," said the princess, "for we must be fast allies. The love I denied to you, I have bestowed upon another; I blush not to confess it—our kinsman, the Prince Giulio."

"Prince Giulio!" exclaimed Ferrado. "And yet I behold you joyous and exultant."

"Why not? He is no longer a prisoner. Hark in thine ear, Ferrado. I will give thee the highest proof of my confidence. Last night I set the prisoner free; gave to him a passport that ensures his safety, and he is now far removed from danger."

"Then whose body was it," exclaimed Ferrado, "that I this morn, by order of the duke, surrendered to his grace of Milan?"

"What is this you say, Ferrado?" cried the princess, turning pale.

"This morning a coffin with the arms of Parma was brought me from the prison. I was told that Prince Giulio had died suddenly during the night; your father swore by the visitation of God and not by violence—and that body I surrendered to the Milanese."

"It was some other unfortunate," said the princess.

"Yet your father believes it was the prince."

"Ha!" said the lady, after a moment's reflection. "I begin to see through this mystery. Matteo, the jailer, whose connivance I was compelled to purchase, contrived this deception to ensure his own safety."

"It must be so," said Ferrado. "Thank Heaven and thee, lady, that Giulio is safe. I can do my duty as a soldier with a clear conscience. Farewell, signora; I must to the walls."

"But not before you bid farewell to one to whose heart you are dearer than a brother."

The princess vanished as she spoke, but in her place stood the radiant figure of Estella.

Ferrado threw himself at her feet.

"Lady," said he, "these may be my last words. I go to repel an assault upon the city; if I fall in the storm, let me at least have the consciousness that I told you that I loved you and that you did not rebuke the boldness."

"Dear, dear Ferrado," murmured Estella.

The mailed warrior sprang to his feet and clasped her in his arms.

"Now," he exclaimed, "I care not what chances. If I fall, at least I have been happy, if even for a moment; and that moment an eternity of bliss."

At that moment the loud blast of a trumpet echoed through the vaulted apartment.

"I must be gone," said the soldier.

"Farewell," said the weeping maiden. "May Heaven protect you! Should you meet with Giulio, forget not that he is my brother."

Ferrado sprang from her presence and descended to the street. Ere we follow him it will be necessary to return to Prince Giulio, whom we left astounded and indignant at the series of events he had witnessed from his hiding-place. But for one thing he would have gone down and made himself known to his kinsman, and joined the ranks of his friends. That one consideration was the assertion, extorted from Ferrado by the taunt of the Duke of Milan, that he was to wed the Princess of Parma, and thus become the equal of his opponent in rank. We have just seen how little real foundation there was for Giulio's jealousy; but it must be confessed that lighter words have stung a lover's soul to madness. Therefore, instead of joining his friends, and taking his chance of entering the city by assault, he determined to avail himself of the power of entering at his will bestowed upon him by the princess. It is true that he might have introduced followers by the same means, but his noble nature scorned to stoop to such a perversion of the princess's generosity; and he resolved, alone, to go back to the midst of his enemies, and to try to learn the exact relations of Ferrado and the lady of his heart. Therefore, after the train of the duke had retired, he emerged from his retreat and making a long circuit, approached the city by one of the side entrances, and without difficulty secured a passage by the exhibition of his signet-ring.

Once within the walls he was able to proceed without notice, for the attention of the inhabitants was too much taken up with the alarm of an attack to allow it to be diverted by the appearance of a single and plainly attired individual. Men were parting from their wives and children; soldiers moving along in squads; mounted knights galloping to and fro, and bugles ringing in every direction.

As Giulio pressed forward towards the palace, regardless of his personal danger, and thinking only of the princess and her supposed lover, he suddenly encountered Selin, the page.

"You here!" she exclaimed. "I thought you were beyond danger; for I wrung from Matteo the secret of your evasion. Yet you were the man of all others I could have wished to meet. Step aside with me into the shadow of this archway. I have that to impart which you must learn at once."

Giulio followed the page, his heart beating with vague and inexplicable fears.

"Whence come you, Selin?" he asked, with a faltering voice.

"From the princess's apartment," replied Zelic.

"Where you have been playing the eaves-dropper?"

Giulio's remark was made at random. Zelic blushed deeply.

"It was from a good motive," she murmured.

"And what heard you?" he asked; for jealousy craves for its food, no matter how obtained.

"I saw and heard Ferrado press his suit. I heard him tell her that he came to her with the sanction of her father. To which the princess made reply—the very words dwell in my memory—'My father's commands are law: to every wish of his, duty compels me to yield obedience.' I heard no more. It was enough for me, and I left them together alone to plight their mutual vows."

"Swear that thou hast spoken the truth," said Giulio, in a hoarse voice.

"I will not swear by the cross," said Zelic, as Giulio offered the cross-hilt of his sword to her lips, "for that oath were not binding on my conscience. It is not the symbol of my faith."

"What oath then is binding on your conscience?" asked Giulio, startled by this bold avowal of infidelity.

"An oath in the name of the prophet of Allah," replied the pretended page. "By my hopes of earthly bliss, of heaven hereafter, by all that man holds dear and holy, I swear that I have faithfully reported to you the meeting and the words of the princess and Montaldo."

"Then hear me swear that I will be avenged on one or both of them," said the prince.

"Be it so," said the page. "But whither are you going?"

"To the palace."

"To certain death!" cried the page.

"I care not—so that it leads to my revenge."

"I can aid you to secure vengeance," said the page, slowly. "But you need not throw away your life. Await my return in this spot, where you are safe. If I come not back in twenty minutes, follow your own plans."

Zelic raised the prince's hand to her lips and kissed it; then vanished with a light footstep.

Half of the appointed time had passed away, when Giulio, listening eagerly for every sound, heard a heavy footstep. Looking forth from the archway in which he was ensconced, he beheld Ferrado alone and moving forward with as rapid a step as his armor would permit.

"Ferrado Montaldo!" cried Giulio, in a voice so changed with passion, that the equerry did not recognize it, "halt!"

"Who calls me?" cried Montaldo. "I am in haste."

"Giulio Veroni," was the reply.

"The Prince Giulio! here!" exclaimed Montaldo, hurrying into the archway. "By what chance—"

"I exchange no words with traitors," interrupted Giulio. "Draw, villain, and defend thyself."

"The names of villain and Montaldo were never coupled yet," replied the young soldier. "But from you I hear them without anger. In what have I offended you?"

"A coward as well as a traitor!" cried Giulio. "Will nothing move you?" and the prince struck Ferrado a furious blow with the flat of his sword.

Ferrado's weapon quickly flashed in the air, and a fierce combat instantly ensued—unequal, because Ferrado was equipped at all points, while the prince wore no defensive armor. A moment, however, served to cool the passion of the former—he remembered in time with whom he was engaged, and disarming his antagonist, held him completely at his mercy.

"Finish your work now, and slay me," said the prince. "I have no desire to live."

"Live—noble prince," said Ferrado, generously. "Live to repent the wrong you have done my honor. I would fain linger and explain whatever appearances may be against me—but time presses—the troops are clamorous for my presence. Adieu! we shall meet again."

With these words Montaldo continued the course this incident had interrupted, while Giulio, picking up his dishonored sword, and resolved to wait no longer for the page, made the best of his way to the palace.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LAKELETS IN MICHIGAN.

The lakelets in this State are worthy the attention of the naturalist. Recently, a man by the name of Briggs, while washing sheep in one of a series of three in the township of Scio, was drowned. He had swam across it some forty rods, and on returning was probably seized with cramps, and sank near the middle. All efforts to recover the body being fruitless, Messrs. Harrington and Phillips were sent for, to search with their submarine armor. Accordingly they made numerous descents at various depths, discovering most singular irregularities of bottom and curiosities of formation. In some places the plummet will strike bottom in a short distance. A few feet distant and down it goes to an almost unfathomable depth. Sometimes, on arriving at what seems to be the bottom, the diver's feet rest on nothing, and down he goes into impenetrable darkness and a soft mass of mingled water and sediment, until prudence warns him against further progress. Down sixty-five feet went Mr. Harrington, in the vain search for solid bottom, and still his lead sank through "deep obscure." At one time the plummet will show a current which carries the line rapidly away from the perpendicular, and again it swings around, indicating a whirling eddy. This lake, or rather pool, has hitherto been little known, many old residents never having heard of its existence. A man present among the spectators of the diving operations, said that on his first discovery of it, a short time since, it abounded with the fish common to our streams, of a large size, and so little alarmed at the sight of man that they were to be caught by the simplest means—when within reach, almost by hand. As there is no inlet by which they could have entered the lake, how came they there?—*Michigan Herald.*

True courage consists not in a stupid contempt of danger, but in preserving on the most dangerous occasions the calm use of our reason, with a determination to act up to its dictates.—*Robertson.*

THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

A. D. 1746.

This memorable battle, the result of which crushed the last hopes of the Stuarts, is sketched with spirit on the following page. The central figure is Prince Charles Edward, the Pretender, as he was called by the Hanoverians. He was at the time of this attempt a gallant and brave young gentleman, handsome and fascinating in his manners, the very bean ideal of a romantic prince. His portrait in "Waverley," the first of Scott's novels, is delineated with a master-hand. The history of his adventures in Scotland is, of itself, a romance from the landing at Moidart to his final departure, after he had wandered for weeks a fugitive in the wildest regions of Scotland, after wanting for bread, but never for devoted friends, and bearing up against his misfortunes with a courage and cheerfulness that did him the highest honor. In 1745 he landed at Moidart, on the western coast of Scotland, with only seven followers, and as prince regent of the three kingdoms which the follies and vices of his ancestor had forever lost, set up the standard of revolt to which the clansmen rushed with heroic devotion. Gathering strength as he advanced, the "young chevalier," as he was called, marched to Perth, the English army under Sir John Cope, stupidly neglecting to check his career in the outset. The adhesion of the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray, "high-minded Moray," brought great strength to his banner. Begirt with his gallant claymores and sweeping all before him, the prince marched upon Edinburgh, and took possession of Holyrood palace, the scene of so many past glories and of so many historical tragedies. Here he issued a proclamation, of which the following is one striking paragraph: "I, with my own money, hired a small vessel, ill supplied with money, arms or friends; I arrived in Scotland, attended by seven persons; I publish the king, my father's, declaration, and proclaim his title, with pardon on one hand, and in the other liberty of conscience and the most solemn promises to grant whatever a free parliament shall propose for the happiness of a people. I have, I confess, the greatest reason to adore the goodness of Almighty God, who has, in so remarkable a manner protected me and my small army through the many dangers to which we were at first exposed, and who has led me in the way to victory and to the capital of this ancient kingdom, amidst the acclamations of the king my father's subjects." It really seemed, at this time, as if success was destined to crown the hopes of the Jacobites. A brilliant little court was speedily improvised at Holyrood. Gallant gentlemen and lovely ladies thronged around the prince. Every one was charmed with his manner. He fascinated equally the lowland laird and the Highland chieftain—the gray-haired veteran and the blooming belle. But this little holiday was of brief duration. The royal troops under Cope, menaced Edinburgh, and the prince resolved to risk his fortunes in a general engagement. He marched forth at the head of his gallant little army, encountered the enemy at Preston Pans, and routed them utterly in an engagement of the briefest duration. Never before, perhaps, had English troops behaved so badly. Intoxicated with this victory, the rebels resolved to march into England—a fatal decision. With an army of 2960 Highlanders, 2850 lowland infantry and a mere handful, 260, of lowland horse, Prince Charles crossed the border. This wild foray carried them to Derby, within one hundred and twenty-seven miles of London, but the approach of three powerful English armies which had taken the field, compelled them to retreat back towards the Highlands. A Parthian engagement at Falkirk showed that their courage was unshaken by misfortune. Lord George Murray conducted the retreat in a masterly manner. The battle of Culloden, however, destroyed and scattered the prince's force to the winds, and reduced him to the fortunes of a fugitive. The plain on which this engagement was fought lies eastward of Inverness, in the direction of Nairn, and south of the Murray Frith. It was fought on the 16th of April, 1746, old style. The Highlanders commenced the engagement by an ineffective fire of artillery, which, about one o'clock, was responded to by the batteries of the royal artillery, which tore ghastly gaps through the ranks of the insurgents. "Meanwhile," says Chambers (History of the Rebellion in Scotland in 1745-46), "the Duke of Cumberland rode about calling upon his men to be firm in their ranks. He also ordered Wolfe's regiment to form at the extremity of the left wing, so as to be ready to fall in and enclose the Highlanders, as soon as they should attack that division of his army. He also ordered two regiments of the rear line, or reserve, to advance to the second. Finally he himself took his position between the first and second lines, opposite to the centre of Howard's regiment, and of course a little nearer the left than the right wing. Prince Charles, before the commencement of the battle, had ridden along the lines of his little army, endeavor-



KIN SHUN, OR THE GOLDEN ISLAND.

ing, by the animation of his gestures, countenance and language, to excite the Highlanders to their highest pitch of courage. He then again retired to the eminence which he originally occupied, and prepared with an anxious mind to await the fortune of the day. It was not till the cannonade had continued nearly half an hour that Charles ordered a charge. The aide-de-camp entrusted to carry this message to the lieutenant-general, a youth of the name of Macdonald, was killed by a cannon ball before he reached the first line; but the general sentiment of the army, as reported to Lord George Murray, supplied the want, and that general took it upon him to order an attack without Charles's permission having been communicated. Lord George scarcely determined upon ordering a general movement, when the Mackintoshes, unable longer to brook the unavenged slaughter made by the cannon, broke from the centre of the line, and rushed forward through smoke and snow to mingle with the enemy. The Atholmen, Camerons, Stuarts, Frasers and Macleans then also went on, Lord George Murray heading them with rash bravery. Thus in the course of one or two minutes, the charge was general along the whole line, except at the left extremity, where the Macdonalds, dissatisfied with their position, hesitated to engage. Notwithstanding that the three files of the front rank of the English poured forth their incessant fire of musketry, notwithstanding that the cannon, now loaded with grape-shot, swept the field as with a hailstorm, notwithstanding the flank fire of Wolfe's regiment, onward went the headlong Highlanders, flinging themselves into, rather than rushing upon, the lines of the enemy, which, indeed, they did not see for the smoke, till involved among their weapons. All that courage, all that despair could do, was done. It was a moment of agonizing suspense; but only a moment, for the whirlwind does not reap the forest with greater rapidity than the

dragoons completed the bloody work the bayonet and ball had nearly achieved. Charles's army, dividing into two bodies, fled precipitately, pursued by the dragoons and sabred without mercy. The battle lasted only forty minutes, and the rout and ruin were complete. The young chevalier, after enduring incredible hardships, effected his escape to France, and finally died in Florence, Italy, January 30th, 1788, the fatal anniversary of the decapitation of his great-grandfather, Charles I. The latter part of his life was stained by profligacy and intemperance.

RUINED BRIDGE OVER THE AVON, ENGLAND.

This exquisite scene, represented below, lies in the vicinity of Warwick castle, and, in fact, was sketched from one of the windows of the great hall of that renowned fortress. From this point the spectator beholds a rich expanse of lovely scenery spread out before him, but his eye will rest with peculiar pleasure on the soft and classic Avon, Shakspeare's native stream, which, falling with a soothing sound in a cascade one hundred feet below the spectator, washes the foundation of the building, and continues its tranquil course to the right through an extensive and richly timbered park, sheep and cattle grazing in peaceful security upon its banks, the varied foliage of forest trees of every clime intermingling with the solemn masses of the cedar; the verdant lawns, the gay parterres where nature and art embrace each other; the broken and undulating surfaces of portions of the grounds, combining to form a picture of noble and abiding beauty. To the left is the ruined bridge we have delineated, with its broken arches all overgrown with wild shrubs and plants. Just beyond, on the left hand, is shown a glimpse of the new bridge, which springs with a graceful span across the lovely and classical river, adding variety to the beautiful rural scenery which everywhere strikes the eye of the beholder, and all together affording a fine example of English taste.

THE GOLDEN ISLAND.

Kin Shun, or the Golden Island, represented above, is a lovely spot in the immediate vicinity of Quat-chow, China, and is principally devoted to bonze houses and temples for worship, while a magnificent pagoda crowns its most elevated part. Many of the temples have been erected by the disciples of Confucius, Laokin and Fo. This sunny island has been described by every traveller who has visited it, as a scene of loveliness surpassing the wildest dreams of the imagination. The landscape and views are everywhere lovely, while the flowers and foliage are brilliant and luxuriant. Its peculiar sanctity and the fame of its natural charms are known in every part of the Celestial Empire. There are quite a number of lakes in China, the principal of which is the Tunting-hoo, 220 miles in circumference. This lake is surrounded by picturesque and finely wooded hills. Indeed, its scenery is so much admired, that its shores are the favorite spot where Chinese poets muse and write their versified prose. It is, however, subject to sudden tempests, which render its navigation dangerous. The environs of Tai-hoo lake, near the east coast, are even more picturesque than those of the Po-yang, having gained the name of the "Chinese Arcadia." All the lakes are well stocked with fish. China contains several smaller lakes, but the whole do not occupy any great proportion of the immense extent of her territory.



RUINED BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER AVON.



THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN, A. D., 1746.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

STANZAS.

BY H. D. NEAL.

"Will love me ever, as thou sayest now?"—

Thus spoke a lover 'neath the greenwood tree,
Long years ago, when youth was on his brow,
To a fair maiden beautiful to see.
Her cosy cheeks blushed o'er with beauty bright,
Her head bowed low, with trembling ecstasy,
Her sparkling eyes swam with intense delight,
As she replied: "Dearth, ere my heart leave thee."

If they could then have hidden from this world,
In some sweet vale, far from all troublous wars,
This bud might in sweet blossom been unfurled,
Nor woe have met them with its hundred scars.
But they were parted, as two laughing streams,
That leave one spring and never meet again,
And she forgot in years the early gleams
Of love's young glancing, with its rapturous pain.

She's not as beaming, as when years ago
She loved with wild, enthusiastic truth,
And her cheeks glowed, and neck shone like the snow,
And flaming vows, breathed to her lover youth;
And he that spoke, "beneath the greenwood tree,"
Is sun-browned, rough and gnarled. Sick at heart,
And burdened with sad thoughts, he seems to be,
As lonely through this life he "acts his part."

'Tis ever thus with youth—too quick to act,
Too rash, when we could ne'er be over-wise;
When Time so stern deals but with shild fact,
And shows no quarter as he tearless flies;
Yes, time will test the heart of sterling truth,
And sternly, too, if thou canst live to see.
Beware too soon to love in early youth,
And pledge no maiden "neath the greenwood tree."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

UNCLE JOHN'S STORY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

MANY years ago—said my Uncle John, after having seated himself in comfortable proximity to the fire, in his large arm-chair,—many years ago, when I was only a few months over twenty-one, I set out on a journey to the West. I intended, if I found a place that pleased me, to purchase a tract of land, and there make my home. I travelled on horseback, and, one day, for the last five or six hours, the road, for the most part, was merely a rough, imperfect track, cut through a forest, without sign of habitation. The sun was getting low, and I was, therefore, agreeably surprised when, on emerging from the woods, I saw, at a little distance, a two-story frame house, much handsomer and more commodious than was generally found in those wild and lonely regions. From the limb of a large hickory swung a sign, on which, when I approached nearer, I read "The Traveller's Rest." A little further on, was a sheet of water, of nearly a circular form, and about six or eight miles in circumference. As I drew up in front of the inn, the sun, which had shed a golden glory over the bosom of the lake, sunk below the horizon. A lad of sixteen, who was lying on the grass, beneath the hickory tree, rose at my approach, and said he would lead my horse to the stable. The lad appeared stupid, and as I imagined, not more than half-witted.

"You see," said he, taking my horse by the bridle, and, at the same time, casting an upward look at the sign, "that this is called the traveller's rest."

"Yes," I replied.

"You make the third that will rest here to-night," said he; "but I'm thinkin' your rest will be sounder the next night," he muttered, in a half-audible voice, as he led away the horse.

"Stop," said I; "what do you mean by saying that?"

"What did I say?" said he, fixing his eyes upon me, with a dull, vacant look.

"Don't you know?" I asked.

He stood for a few moments, as if trying to collect his thoughts, and then slowly shook his head.

"They say I've a bad memory," said he, looking up with a smile, which appeared to me to partake more of shrewdness than idiocy.

I gave him directions respecting my horse, and told him that I should be at the stable myself before long, to see if they had been properly attended to. I then took my portmanteau and went into the house, without having seen a single person, except the boy already mentioned. A door at my right hand being slightly ajar, I pushed it open, and beheld a large, well-furnished parlor; but seeing that it was already occupied by a gentleman and lady, I was about to withdraw, when the gentleman said:

"Walk in, sir, if you please."

"Shall I not intrude?" said I, glancing at the lady.

"Not in the least," he replied. "If we wish for solitude, we can retire to our respective apartments, for I apprehend that this room is the common property of all travellers who may chance to stop here."

A certain resemblance which the lady, whom I took to be about eighteen, bore to the gentleman gave me reason to suppose that she was his daughter, a supposition which I soon found to be correct. My impression was that she was very beautiful. Afterward, when the bewildering effect of her presence had in a measure subsided, I found that not a single feature, strictly speaking, was modelled according to the severe standard of classic beauty, and imagined that their departure from it rendered them a thousand

times more enchanting. Her deep, hazel eyes, large, liquid and lustrous, and full of intellectual expression, would of themselves render a plain face attractive.

The gentleman, whose name was Markham, was somewhat of an invalid, and it having been recommended by his physician to take a journey on horseback, he had concluded, in company with his daughter, to visit his only brother, who lived about forty miles in a south-westerly direction from the house where we then were. They had already been on the road three days, but their route had been through a part of the country better cultivated than that by which I had come, and where houses were generally found at intervals of a few miles. For the last twenty miles, however, they had not seen a single human habitation, not even a log-cabin of the humblest description. The situation of the place where we now were, was so uncommonly beautiful that they had concluded to remain two or three days.

As yet, though an hour after my arrival, besides Mr. Markham and his daughter, and the boy I found beneath the tree, the only person I had seen was a woman, to whom, as I had not dined, I gave some directions respecting the evening meal. When, at last, supper was announced, we found, besides plenty of wild fowl prepared in various ways, and the usual *et ceteras*, some fish, which proved to be of a delicious flavor.

"Was this caught in the lake about half a mile distant?" I asked of a woman—the same I had already seen—who stood at a side-table, pouring out the tea.

She said that it was.

"Are they easily caught?" said I.

She replied that they were, though, as they liked deep water, a boat was necessary. They had several, she said, kept expressly for the purpose, and everything else that was necessary for the accommodation of those who might like to try their skill.

"I must try mine to-morrow," said I.

"And Clara and I will go with you," said Mr. Markham, "that is, if you would like to go," he said, turning to his daughter.

"I should like an excursion on the lake," she replied.

"The young lady would always be sorry, if she concluded not to go," said the woman.

"But if we do decide to go, who is there to go with us to pull at the oars? for I object, decidedly, to a sail-boat, nothing, to my mind, can be more dangerous," said Mr. Markham.

"The men will be at home to-night," the woman replied.

They arrived in a few minutes after we returned to the parlor. There were three of them, but the evening shadows had fallen so darkly they could not be distinctly seen. As they dismounted from their horses, one of them called to the boy, who came shuffling forward from some obscure corner, to take his horse to the stable.

"What have you been about, Jem?" said the man who had called him. "Has anybody come while we've been gone?"

"Yes, three."

"Who are they?"

"Two men and a woman."

The man said no more, and while the two others led away their horses, he disappeared round a corner of the house.

After they were gone, Clara asked her father if he had noticed the woman who waited on the table.

"Not particularly," he replied. "Why do you ask?"

"There was something in her appearance that struck me unpleasantly."

"I can hardly account for that," said Mr. Markham, "for though, as I said, I didn't particularly notice her, I have the impression that she is rather handsome."

"So she is," said Clara; "but I minded she had a way of casting stealthy and wavering glances at all three of us, when she imagined she wasn't observed, which I thought peculiarly disagreeable."

"An impression," said I, "which the snaky glitter of her eyes had no tendency to diminish."

"Now, this will never do," said Mr. Markham. "Because the poor woman, with a full share of the curiosity attributed to her sex, was rather bashful, and too civil to stare us out of countenance for the sake of gratifying it, you take it for granted that she has something malignant about her."

"I should be sorry to be uncharitable," said Clara, "and will do my best to think favorably of her."

The subject was now dropped, and we passed a pleasant hour previously to separating for the night.

I rose early. It was one of the most glorious mornings I ever beheld. On one side was the green wood, in all its dewy freshness, waving to the breeze, and with its flowery glades all a-glow with the rising sunlight, which turned each dewdrop to a gem; while before me, in the midst of the verdant undulations of the open country, reposed the lake, blue and serene as the sky above it, except that now and then, where it looked the smoothest and stillest, it would suddenly catch a breath of air, and break into thousands of bright and joyous sparkles. The clear, elastic air imparted a corresponding buoyancy to my spirits, as I stood with my eyes fixed on the lake and thought of my contemplated excursion in company with Mr. Markham and Clara. I was startled a little, for I heard no footstep, by some one saying, close to my elbow:

"It looks like a piece of the blue sky dropt down."

I turned and saw the boy whom I had heard one of the men call Jem.

"You mean the lake?" said I.

"Yes."

"The fine fish we had for supper, last night, were caught there, I am told."

"You mean to try your luck at catching some of 'em, I s'pose. Most everybody does that stops here."

"Yes, I think of it."

"And the other gentleman and the young lady will go too?"

"Yes."

"You may as well listen to the advice of half-witted Jem, and keep away from the lake, and you'd better try to keep them away too."

"I can see no reason why I should do either."

"That lake, calm as it looks, is a dangerous place. Keep away from it."

This was said, not only with much earnestness, but with a tone of command suited to the words, while not the least vestige of anything like fatuity was manifest in his countenance, or in any way whatever. I had already commenced asking him the reason of what appeared to me his strange warning and prohibition, when, with a quick movement, he placed his finger on his lips in token for me to be silent, while, as if by magic, the same limp, shiftless-looking figure I had seen at the moment of my arrival, stood before me. The mystery of this sudden metamorphosis was quickly explained. By a slight change in my position, I could, by a side-long glance, see that a man was approaching the spot where we stood.

"Halloo, Jem!" he cried, as he drew near. "What are you sauntering about here for? Go and lead the horses to drink."

"May I ride Silvermane?" said Jem, as he commenced shuffling along in the direction of the stable.

"You may, for all what I care; but if you have any value for your neck, I think you'd best not."

"My neck is in less danger than some others I know of," Jem muttered to himself.

By this time the man had arrived at the place where I stood. He bid me good-morning, and said that he believed I was one of the gentlemen who arrived at his house, the day before, during his absence. By this, and some other remarks, I found that he was the landlord of the inn, or hotel, as he termed it. I did not like his looks any better than Clara Markham had liked those of the woman who had waited on the table, although if she, as Mr. Markham had said, was rather handsome, he was decidedly so. I had seldom seen features of a more perfect contour; but passions, fierce and dark, had traced around them their own peculiar and unmistakable lines, and had shed over them a baleful light which no art could fully conceal. His figure was slight, though well knit and sinewy, as could be inferred from his lithe and agile movements. His low-crowned hat was set jauntily on one side of his head, so as to display an exuberant mass of short, wiry curls, and his garments, without being of the most fashionable make, were of a fine texture, and well fitted to his form.

"What was that knave or fool about? I hardly know which to call him," said he, eyeing me rather keenly.

"I am unable to tell," I replied, "unless, like me, he was taking a stroll for the sake of air and exercise. He has the appearance of being rather weak-minded. Has he relations who live in this vicinity?"

"No, and I know no more about him than you do. He came here several months ago, one stormy night; said he lost his way, and begged to be allowed to sleep in the stable. He has hung round here ever since, and as he can more than earn his living, I've suffered him to stay."

"This is so charming a place," said I, "that I don't know but I shall be tempted to remain a few days."

A smile of very singular expression passed over his features as I made this remark. As I walked on, he kept by my side, and soon afterward I mentioned that Mr. Markham, his daughter and myself had concluded that, sometime during the day, we would take a sail on the lake.

"You had better go directly after breakfast," said he. "The morning is so fine that any change in the weather must necessarily be for the worse."

I agreed with him, and in a few minutes he left me, first telling me that the sound of a gong would tell me when breakfast was ready. In half an hour I heard its deep notes, which blended oddly enough with the rural sounds which filled the air. When I entered the room where breakfast was to be served, I found Mr. Markham and his daughter already there. They were both in excellent spirits, and Clara said that she had found herself singing the "Bonny Boat" half a dozen times, during the morning, her thoughts were so full of our anticipated sail on the lake.

Fifteen minutes after we rose from the table, Mr. Markham's horse and Clara's were at the door, ready to take them to the shore of the lake. I preferred to walk. The landlord, whose name I had learned was Skevington, and a man whom he called Bagnall, I found were going with us. The woman likewise, who had waited on the table, was, somewhat to my surprise, to be of the party. I think that I inadvertently manifested the surprise I felt, for Skevington said:

"My sister generally goes with us, as she is a more skilful angler than either I or Bagnall."

Jem was to accompany us to the shore of the lake, to take back the horses, and just before we were ready to start, at a moment when I stood at a little distance from the rest, he passed near me, and by some means—intentionally I half suspected—stumbled when close at my side. As he rose slowly and awkwardly from the ground, he said to me:

"Take your pistols with you, and see that they are loaded."

I hardly knew whether to pay any attention to him or not, but after a moment's reflection, I made some plausible excuse to return to my room where I had left them. I had carefully loaded them the morning previous, as I knew that most of my way would be through an uninhabited part of the country, which, on account of several travellers, known to have passed that way, never having been subsequently heard of, had, for some time, sustained a bad

reputation. I was, therefore, not a little startled when I found that the charge had been withdrawn from each of them, and, at the same time, felt disposed to attach more serious importance to what Jem had said relative to the danger of the lake. I re-loaded them with all possible expedition, and, concealing them about my person, returned, without apparently having been missed either by Skevington or Bagnall; but the woman cast towards me a quick, furtive glance, though, as I felt satisfied, without detecting anything in my air or countenance to excite her suspicion.

That danger, in some shape, menaced Mr. Markham, Clara and myself, I was now fully convinced, and had it been possible to invent any seemingly fair pretext for the sudden relinquishment of our proposed excursion, I would have abandoned it myself and attempted to induce them to follow my example. As nothing available presented itself to my mind, the only alternative was to be watchful and vigilant,—to let no word or movement of Skevington, his sister or Bagnall to escape me, and, if possible, to put Mr. Markham and Clara on their guard. On our way to the lake, Jem rather avoided me, as I thought. When arrived there, as soon as I had assisted Clara to alight, he came and took hold of the bridle to lead the horse away.

"The middle of the lake is the place," said he, "where a small island will come between the boat and the house."

"The place for what?" inquired Clara.

"To fish. The water is deepest there, and the best fish are sometimes found in deep water. They find plenty to eat there, I guess."

There was no opportunity to say anything more, nor could I find a chance to speak a word to Mr. Markham or Clara before we stepped aboard the boat. As soon as we were a little way from the shore, Mr. Markham took one of the jointed fishing-rods, and as he opened it, he asked me if I were not going to try my skill at angling.

"Not at present," I replied. "The scenery is so enchanting that I must first take a view of that."

Skevington's sister having instructed Mr. Markham, who proved to be a novice in the "gentle science," relative to the best method of securing an artificial fly to the hook, took one of the poles, and for a few minutes, to all appearance, was wholly absorbed in her employment. But if, as her brother had represented her, she was a skilful angler, her mood, at the present time, was not patient enough to make her skill available. She soon became nervous, and her attention was often directed towards Clara and myself. At last, hastily drawing in her line, she said that she should have no luck till we had got within the shade of the trees which grew on the island. It was the same that Jem had mentioned, and was of such limited extent that some twenty or thirty elms and maples so completely overshadowed it that they had the appearance of rising from the water. The men again took their oars, and we rapidly approached it. In the meantime, I saw the woman's hand slide down the side of her dress, and disappear, as I supposed, in a pocket. She did not remove it, and I placed my own hand so that, in a moment's warning, I could draw one of my pistols from its place of concealment. A few more strokes of the oars, and the boat was brought close to the edge of the island, where the shade of the trees fell darkest. The house could not be seen from the place where we had stopped, which made me recall to mind the words of Jem.

"Now, gentlemen, is your time," said Skevington, "if you would like to catch some of the largest fish in the lake?" and taking one of the jointed poles, he opened it, handed it to me, and then took one himself.

As he busied himself in placing an artificial fly on the hook, I followed his example, though I did not for a moment forget to keep a strict watch over him and his two companions. I professed to be more ignorant than I really was, and while Skevington, at my request, was giving me a lesson, showing that I must not sink my fly too deep, but move it gently near the surface, I was, on account of his attention being engaged, enabled to watch the others more closely. Bagnall seemed less cautious than the other two, for I saw him take a pistol from one of his pockets without manifesting any particular care to conceal it. The woman, at a moment when I was obliged to attend to Skevington, had withdrawn her hand from her pocket, which now rested on her lap, beneath the folds of a large silk handkerchief. Skevington having observed me a moment, told me I should do very well, and turned away. As he did so, I felt that the decisive moment was near at hand. Though my pulses throbbed wildly, I had the nerve to keep my hand steady, and to outwardly appear composed. The moment Skevington turned away, he drew a pistol, and said, in a loud, emphatic voice: "Now!" But, quick as he was, I was ready for him. He saw my pistol aimed at his head, yet this did not alarm him, for he had himself drawn the charge thence only a short time since. He, therefore, paused an instant, that he might be sure that his aim was true. The delay was fatal to him. As he fell, I heard a shriek; it was Clara's voice, and then the sharp report of another pistol. Mr. Markham or Clara was the victim—I felt sure of that. As I turned, I saw Skevington's sister throw her arms wildly into the air, and then fall forward on to her face in the bottom of the boat.

"There's an end to the she-wolf!" said Bagnall.

He afterward told me that, at the moment her brother pronounced the word "now," she raised her pistol, which had been concealed beneath her handkerchief, and pointed it at the head of Clara, whose attention was attracted towards Skevington; but her hand trembled and swerved, and while making an effort to get the better of her agitation, Bagnall, instead of accomplishing his assigned task, which was to make sure of Mr. Markham, saved the life of him and his daughter by sacrificing one who, as I afterward found, had already stained her hands with blood.

Bagnall, who was much excited, told us that, at the time he engaged to work for Skevington, the worst he knew of him was, that he had been a noted gambler. It was not long before an incident, trifling of itself, gave him reason to suspect that he had been guilty of robbery and even murder. Soon the suspicion was confirmed. A traveller, who arrived, one day, about noon, was so indiscreet as to make some allusion by which it was found that he had in charge a large sum of money. The weather was fine, and a little after sunset, he walked out in the direction of the lake. Bagnall, screened by some bushes, saw him walking leisurely along, when he heard the sharp report of a rifle, and the man fell. He was at his side in less than half a minute, and raising him from the ground, supported him in his arms. A slight examination showed him that a bullet had passed through his brain. Bagnall soon heard hurried footsteps, and looking up he saw Skevington and his sister. They accused him of the murder, and pointed to a rifle that lay near. The rifle was his, and they both could give oath, they said, that they saw him fire it. He saw that he was in their power, and after many high words on both sides, he was induced, in order to ensure his own safety, to promise to let the matter rest; they very kindly promising in return, if he would assist in concealing the body by sinking it in the lake, that they would not inform against him.

He had, he said, done his best to find an opportunity to warn Mr. Markham or me, but found he was too strictly watched to make the attempt. His orders had been, previously to going out on the lake, to secure Mr. Markham, and not trouble himself about the other two, who would, as he was told, be taken care of. He feigned compliance, though he secretly determined to try to save us.

His plan had been to shoot Skevington, and wrest the pistol from the woman's hands. From doing the first, I had saved him, while in attempting the latter, the pistol she held in her hand accidentally went off, and, by mortally wounding her, saved her from a public expiation of her guilt.

Bagnall was not aware that Jem knew anything respecting the fate of the traveller who was shot; but, while lying near the shore of the lake, he had seen the body conveyed aboard the boat, which, being rowed to the centre of the lake, was sunk near the island. As Bagnall was present, he imagined him to be a participator in the murder. This knowledge, together with some conversation he had overheard between Skevington and his sister, was turned to good account, as far as I was concerned; for had he not warned me to take my pistols, and see that they were loaded, I might have lost my life, notwithstanding the good intentions of Bagnall. When ready to resume our journey, at Mr. Markham's earnest request, I rode in company as far as his brother's.

"And did you ever see them again?" asked a boy of twelve, who had been listening to his father's story.

"Yes, a great many times," replied my Uncle John, smiling, and looking at my aunt. "There sits the Clara of my story, and if you wish to see him I have called Mr. Markham, wait till he leaves his room, where he is, at this very time, engaged in writing a letter to his brother James, whom he and your mother were going to visit when we met at the inn called 'The Traveller's Rest.'"

A RAILROAD INCIDENT.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

It is a very trying thing for a quiet gentleman, who lives a retired life, and has accomplished the few journeyings he ever undertook, by means of the old-fashioned stage-coach, or in a carryall drawn by a steady old horse with a good character of twenty years' standing, to embark for the first time in a railroad car, particularly if he happens, as quiet old gentlemen generally are, to be a reader of the newspapers. Because our worthy editor keeps the public so posted up on all the abuses, casualties, and dangers of the railroad system, that he who reads the paper is sure to "sup full of horrors." Such a traveller as we above describe reaches a station in a nervous tremor, his imagination peopled with possible and impossible horrors. He resigns his trunks to the baggage-master with a strong suspicion that he shall never set his eyes upon their venerable forms again, but seeing the blind confidence of other people, and feeling that he is "in for it," he cannot do otherwise than follow their example. When told that the "cars are ready," he steps on board with the fortitude of a Christian martyr, deeming his chance for escape from a cruel death about as good as that of any of the thousands offered, in the old days of Rome, to the lions and tigers of the Coliseum. The conductor may be a perfect gentleman, and yet to the eye of our aged friend, there will be something truculent and designing in his expression. He will carefully scrutinize the face of the engineer, as he stands beside and ready to mount his iron horse, searching it for token of ferocity and recklessness. At length the bell rings and he "screws his courage to the sticking point," as one makes up his mind to submit to some inevitable surgical operation.

An old friend of ours of this stamp recently came on to this city in the evening train from New York, and it was pleasant to hear him relate his experience. It seems they had an accident. They were bowling along at about thirty knots, when suddenly the fierce scream of the whistle was heard—short, piercing, terrible, and startling the "still ear of night." The blood curdled in the veins of our old friend, and his very pigtail stood erect.

This was followed by the grating jar of the brakes as they yielded to the frenzied pulls of the conductor and his assistants. A heavy concussion—and then the train stopped. It was at the crossing of a county road, and the passengers immediately precipitated themselves from the cars.

It seems that the engine had run into a countryman's cart, loaded with muck, and knocked it into "eternal smash." The horses had gone off with the front wheels. The passengers now began, with heavy hearts, to search the wreck for the body of the driver. Every fragment of wood and every shovel-full of muck was turned over, but nothing living or slain was discovered. Some men mounted the banks at the roadside, and holding lanterns aloft, endeavored to penetrate into the surrounding darkness. The conductor thought he espied something in the distance, and hailed it with stentorian lungs: "Hullo-a!"

"Hello yourself," replied a voice, the rich nasal twang of its intonations mellowed by the distance.

"Are you much hurt?" bawled the conductor.

"Not much hurt—but pretty well skinned and considerably bruised, I thank you," replied the distant spokesman.

"Very well, then,—come here and give an account of yourself."

"Wait till I've hitched my horses."

"Well—make haste then."

Presently, a countryman, the driver of the team, appeared.

"How came you on the track?" asked the conductor.

"Well, I see you was a comin' along—I heard your whistle and the bell—but I thought I'd have time to get acrost. 'Pears to me you must have been lettin' her out, squire. These here engines aint so dreadful slow as some of our folks tells about, arter all. Wall—I put the braid onto the critters—but one on 'em is dreadful lazy, 'tain't no more use lickin' him than singin' Yankee Doodle to a deaf 'un. They didn't start up—and fast thing I know'd—slam! bang! and there I was runnin' after my horses not much hurt, but pooty well skinned, and considerably bruised, as I remarked before."

"Well, turn round and show yourself, anyhow," said the conductor, holding up a lantern.

"Expect I'm better lookin' before than behind," said the countryman, turning, however, like a statue on Canova's revolving pedestal. "Don't know what's got inter me, but I feel hot and cold, like I'd got the fever'n ager both to once."

The cause of this peculiar sensation was soon explained. The poor fellow's clothes were completely torn off his back, and hung in rags and tatters from his neck to his heels. His ragamuffin appearance, so soon as it was ascertained that he was not hurt, excited roars of laughter among the passengers, in which our untravelling old gentleman could not help joining.

"Funny, aint it?" said the victim, "all except the 'considerably bruised!' Expect I can come on the corporation for damages—ought to get a new waggin and a suit of clothes out on it. Wall, now we've done laffin', all on us, I expect we'd better go to work, all on us, and pick up the pieces."

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor, and the passengers sprang into the cars.

"Hold on!" said the Yankee. "Expect somebody'll hev to hold a light here."

The train began to move.

"Come back here! some of you!" yelled the victim. "Hang-nation! can't ye hold a lantern for a fellur, reduced from a state of respectability to be a livin' picture of destruction?"

Still the train moved on.

"I'll sue ye for damages," roared the irate agriculturist. "I'll put ye in the pound—you shan't cross lots ag'in, I tell ye!"

Then, finding menace and remonstrance vain, he added:

"Go to thunder with yer old machine! 'Taint so tarnal swift and hossy, arter all—and I can get along without ye well enough, I reckon."

Poor fellow! the train hurried on and "left him alone in his glory."

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BAKER'S CHURCH MUSIC. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855.

An admirable collection of hymn tunes, chants, sentences and anthems, from the works of ancient and modern masters, with some original compositions, carefully arranged by B. F. Baker. It is intended particularly for the use of church choirs, but is well adapted for the use of musical students, as it contains much elementary practice. The typography is a fine specimen of musical type printing.

THE PROPHETS: OR, *Mormonism Unveiled*. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Wm. White Smith. 1855. 12mo. pp. 412.

Last week we noticed a work designed to expose the iniquities of the social life of the Mormons, and here is another written with the same purpose. It is quite as vigorous as "Female Life among the Mormons," but more direct and less polished in its attack. The "Prophecs" may be styled an historical romance, Joe Smith being the principal hero. For sale by James Munroe & Co. and Redding & Co.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 716.

It is quite too late in the day to utter even a line of praise in behalf of this magnificent collection of oriental romances, which have formed the delight of several generations of English readers. They will still be the literary charm of many succeeding generations. Our enterprising Philadelphia publishers have now given them in a cheap but handsome volume unabridged, and liberally illustrated from the text of Ed. William Lane, which is elegant and reliable. It makes an admirable gift-book for all seasons.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF ENGLISH LIFE. A Novel by the Authoress of "Clara Cameron." 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1855.

Neither the "lights" nor the "shadows" of English life have been exhausted by the able penmen who have sketched its broad field, as appears by the spirited story before us, in which original characters and new combinations are happily presented and delineated. The interest of the story is admirably sustained throughout, and the characters have the vividness of actual portraits.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE CONNECTICUT STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY FOR 1854.

These transactions, together with the annual reports of the county societies, form a very handsome 8vo. volume, highly creditable to the press of Messrs. Case, Tiffany & Co. They exhibit a very flourishing condition of agriculture in our sister State, and a healthy state of public feeling with regard to the great farming interest. We are indebted for our copy to Wm. R. Lawrence, Esq.

ART-HINTS, ARCHITECTURE, SCULPTURE AND PAINTING. By JAMES JACKSON JARVES. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 308.

The production of a scholar and a man of exquisite taste and noble views—alike removed in manner from the professional technicality of artist-authors (who, with the one exception of Reynolds, have written wretchedly about art), and the ignorance of most non-professional critics. The book was written with a view to furnish both the abstract principles and rules of art, with an outline of its historic progress and social relations. It is a work which will give Mr. Jarves a permanent reputation. He is already very favorably known by his "History of the Sandwich Islands," and "Parisian Nights and French Principles," the latter one of the cleverest books on Paris we have ever met with. For sale by Redding & Co.

WOONSOCKET, R. I.

M. M. BALLOU, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—I arrived in Woonsocket on Wednesday morning, the 4th of April, after a very pleasant ride over the Providence and Worcester Railroad, and through a most delightful country. There are few things, outside the home circle, which, to me, yield greater pleasure or more true enjoyment than the survey of nature in all her various changes and transformations. And where nature and art combine to form such picturesque and beautiful landscapes as the scenery of the New England States presents to the eye, there is a feeling awakened in my soul which struggles for expression, and yet is inexpressible; a desire to give utterance to my thoughts, which are unutterable; a longing for companions, and yet under such circumstances I am the most taciturn of mortals. I confess to some such feelings as I was whirled by the iron horse toward my destination on that bright morning in April, for, although the rapidity of the fleeting train is not conducive to a proper appreciation of the beauties of a landscape, and the month of April is not the most attractive season of the year to judge of its appearance, nature at that period being somewhat *en dishabille*, yet there is ever such a succession of beauties presented to the eye by the first, and the face of the country is so varied, and



RAILROAD DEPOT, WOONSOCKET, R. I.

the Pictorial among the residents that I was almost besieged by strangers to me, all endeavoring to aid, by suggestions, in the improvement of my time. Mr. Foss first accompanied me to the Woonsocket House, kept by O. D. Ballou, where I deposited my carpet-bag, and then sallied out in quest of subjects. The falls

unite again in one unbroken stream, just below the bridge. Art has aided nature in producing, here, one of the sweetest little scenes to be found in her repertory. The great advantage of the pictorial art lies in the fact that the pencil exhibits to the eye at once a counterfeit presentation of a scene which the pen is incapable of delineating, and as I have endeavored to give a faithful view of this beautiful spot in the engraving, I shall not attempt to describe it, leaving each of your readers to judge, by his own criterion, of its beauties. Crossing the stream, we walked round to the Bernon side, and clambering up the side of an elevated piece of ground, covered with a dense underbrush, we at length emerged upon a somewhat level field, from whence we had a fine and extended view of the whole of Woonsocket and the adjacent villages, which seemed to lie at our very feet. Let us from this elevated position, while gazing over the entire landscape, embracing Woonsocket, Bernon, Globe village, Hamlet, Jencksville, etc., glance at the history of the vicinity, whose beauties we are now admiring. Woonsocket proper is on the north side of the Blackstone River, between the bridge which joins the Globe, and that which joins Jencksville; but the villages called Bernon, Globe, Hamlet and Jencksville are so nearly connected—simply by crossing a bridge—that they are most



POST-OFFICE SQUARE, CENTRAL PART OF WOONSOCKET, RHODE ISLAND.

art is forced into such picturesque positions, that New England scenery can never be monotonous or otherwise than interesting, to me at least. What wonder, then, that the book upon my knee lay unnoticed, as we sped through this delightful valley of the Blackstone, and that my attention was entirely absorbed by the bright panorama, whose shifting scenes were so rapidly passing before my eyes. The train enters Woonsocket over a trestle bridge, built on solid stone piers, and discharges its passengers into a plain but substantial depot, a portion of which is represented in the small engraving at the head of this page. Leaving the depot by a long platform, partly erected on piles to give it the proper level, the entire view presented to the eye is embraced by the three smaller drawings representing "Part of Main Street," "The Clinton Mills," etc., and the "Depot." It being my first appearance in Woonsocket, I own to feeling somewhat "like a cat in a strange garret," but assuming all the self-confidence which I could summon to my aid, I called upon S. S. Foss, Esq., of the "Patriot," to whom I had been recommended by my kind friend the editor of the Pawtucket Chronicle, and to whom I introduced myself and stated the object of my visit. This was a sufficient passport to his favor, and although it was election day, and, of course, a busy time with him, yet he generously devoted almost the entire day to me, in visiting prominent points of interest in and about the place. I am greatly indebted to his kindness for introductions to other prominent citizens of the place, and I could not have fallen in better hands. In fact, I found such a high appreciation of the merits of

were the first attraction, and we turned our steps in that direction. Passing around the large mill shown in the engraving, we came upon a bridge, which spans the stream, and from which we had a comprehensive view of both sheets, as they fall over artificial dams, and running, whirling and tumbling over their rocky beds,

generally embraced in the title Woonsocket. I find in a little pamphlet, published at the Patriot office, and written by S. C. Newman, Esq., so many valuable facts regarding the history and topography of the place, that I am induced to make copious extracts therefrom. Regarding the name, he says:—"To give an exact etymology, definition and history of the word Woonsocket, or that from which it has been modernized, would, perhaps, be a difficult task; yet an approximation towards it (not, however, without some degree of doubt or hesitancy), may be fairly made. In the absence of all mills and works of art, instead of the water flowing in a regular sheet over a level dam, as it now does, it was supplied with a sort of natural dam of rock, which discharged all the waters at a single spot or notch. This large column of water falling into a deep hole, made so by its own action, produced a grave, deep-toned noise, resembling thunder, which, in the stillness of primeval solitude, might be heard at a considerable distance. The falling of this heavy column of water also produced a spray or mist, which, under peculiar states of the atmosphere, better understood at the present day than by the 'poor untutored Indian,' would be an object of attention, and served them as superstitions prognostics of the weather. A word by which they expressed one of their ideas of thunder was *Woon*, and a mist was expressed by the term *suckete*. A simple union of these terms would produce the word *Woon-suckete*. If, therefore, an Indian, residing at Woon-suckete, and capable of speaking the English as well as his native tongue, had visited a white family at Providence, and been asked from



WOONSOCKET COMPANY'S MILL.



PART OF MAIN STREET, WOONSOCKET.

etc, he would say: Friends, I came from a place, a little way up the river, called *Thunder-mist*. (At first, by the whites, barbarized into *Winooseit*, and next modernized into its present form—*Woonsocket*.) It does not appear that any permanent residence was established here till about twenty-five years after the death of that wonderful and extraordinary man, William Blackstone, who died in 1675, near the present village of Lonsdale. In 1695, Mr. John

whence he came, —instead of answering in his vernacular tongue—*Netompanog noteshem wuttotanick peemayagat shea steip Woon-suck-*

death, she secured to her use, to prevent her from perishing with cold, such things as her drenched and flooded house contained, and though in momentary expectation of being swept away into the gulf below, prepared herself, in the best manner she could, to pass a truly gloomy night. At day-break in the morning, what few inhabitants there were, presented themselves upon the shore, and, to the astonishment of all, the house still remained, and the woman, though still in constant jeopardy, was yet unharmed. The water had considerably subsided during the night, and left the house above its foaming surface, with its foundation so washed away that it rested upon a single stone much after the form of a pivot. By the interposition of the united ingenuity and efforts of those who came to her relief, she was rescued unharmed from this perilous condition; directly after which, the house lost its balance, fell into the foaming current and disappeared. Not one of the

corn ground from a distance of fifty miles, and often made a week or ten days' journey of it. In 1807, a new grist-mill, with two run of stones, was erected in place of the old one; but it was hardly put in operation when a violent flood assailed it, involving the bridge, the dam and the mills in one general ruin. In the small house adjacent to the mills above alluded to, there resided an old colored woman, probably as a cook, or for the performance of some service connected with the mill or forge. Everything was dashed away but this little house, and she was in it. By one of those singular aberrations of mind arising from great fear, she resolutely rejected all offers of assistance, and she was finally given over by the beholders as beyond the reach of preservation. Hers was a calm, not a frantic fear, for in the face of this threatening

post-office building; the old Lyman mill (in the distance), which is the oldest in the place; in the centre, the auction rooms of A. Hixon; George E. Ballou's mill; Sylvester Lake's store; the Woonsocket House, kept by O. D. Ballou, and Coe's building, on the corner of Main Street. After dinner, I called upon Mr. H. R. Stratford, daguerrean artist, in company with Mr. Foss. Mr. Stratford had a beautiful iodine picture of the Clinton Mills, which he very kindly loaned me, and in the course of the afternoon took several very fine pictures of objects of interest, which he very kindly presented to me, to obviate the necessity of further sketching. I cannot express my gratitude to this gentleman for his kindness. By his generous aid, I was enabled to get through my business and leave the same afternoon, thus saving me a day's time. Mr. Stratford has his office directly opposite the Patriot establishment, in the vicinity of the depot. The small view of Main Street, from the depot, embraces these buildings and the Baptist church. In the view of the depot, is shown the tower of the Methodist and the spire of the Universalist churches. The other small view represents the Clinton mills; Metcalf machine-shop, and a portion of the village as seen from the depot. Having completed my business and said farewell to friends, I departed, at six o'clock, in the train for Providence, where I arrived in time for tea, highly pleased with my trip. And in return for the many attentions received, I can only say that the gentlemen whose acquaintance I formed, in Woonsocket, will be ever held in grateful remembrance by your artist.

NEUTRAL TINT.

THE TOMB OF NICHOLAS.

An American, sojourning at St. Petersburg, writes to the *Boston Transcript* an account of his visit to the tomb of the late emperor. He says:—"Around one of the sarcophagi I saw a dense crowd, and approaching it, found it that of Nicholas. The cloth was new, and no dust had settled upon the ermine border. His initial letter was embroidered in amaranth, and a candle burns night and day upon the tomb. The little relic that was placed upon his breast, while he lay in state in the palace, lies upon the middle of the sarcophagus. It is surrounded by a wreath of immortals. Every one who approached the spot seemed touched with real sorrow, and all spoke in whispers around the grave of the great man. As I stood there watching the crowd, the gates were suddenly thrown open, and an old general, in full uniform,



Arnold, born (probably at Providence) in 1672, at 23 years of age, came and settled near this place. His claims to this location appear to be founded, somewhat like Blackstone's, upon the principle of pre-occupancy, or because nobody else wanted it. He lived here till his death, and his tombstone bears date 1756, aged 84 years. He might, with no small degree of propriety, be styled the Patriarch of Woonsocket. In 1730, thirty-five years after he commenced living here, he conveyed the territory of Woonsocket, by quit-claim deed, to his two sons, John and Joseph. This is believed to be the first deed having any relation to Woonsocket. A record of it is in the ancient archives of Providence. We might here mention the fact that nearly or quite all the succeeding deeds for a long course of years, though there were not many in all, were quit-claim deeds; and all the real estate now in Woonsocket originally rests upon this form of a title, though, under all the circumstances, probably as good as any other. This conveyance took place sixteen years before Cumberland was erected into a town. The twenty-seven square miles, now called after the English Duke of Cumberland, was then known by the name of 'Attleborough Gore.' But to return to the two sons. Joseph appears to have followed his father in agricultural pursuits; but John immediately commenced operations with water-power. He made improvements upon the natural dam by adding wood-work, and erected the first grist-mill. This was not particularly wanted here, for there were but two families; but it was the best location, and supplied the wants of the thinly scattered inhabitants for a circle of considerable extent. A few years after, a Mr. Balkham came here and erected a forge, near where the dye-house was burned in 1845. A saw-mill also existed here for many years, and these were all the mills in operation till about 1816. There are but few incidents transmitted to us, that seem to merit even a passing notice, from the erection of the mills to the commencement of the present century. It was very thinly inhabited, and no event seems to have occurred to mar its still and gentle progress. About 1781, there was a remarkable drought, which cut off nearly all the products of agriculture, and as an instance of the extent and durability of the river, it may be mentioned that people came here to mill to get

four stones of this mill could ever be found, though much sought after for a new mill; they were thrown by the force of the water, aided by timber, into some deep cavity, and there covered with sand. In 1814, James Arnold commenced the building of a small cotton-mill for the manufacture of yarn, on the spot, and, in fact, is a part of the present 'Lyman Mills.' In 1825, a permanent stone arch bridge, over that branch of the stream nearest to the Globe side of the river, was erected by Dexter Ballou and David Wilkinson. The middle arch was erected, in 1833, by Aaron Rathbun and Cephas Holbrook, and another, on the Cumberland side, was erected, in 1843, by Eugene Martin, thus forming a permanent line of bridges over this long venerated and highly useful stream, which will probably remain as a durable specimen of mechanical skill, long after their builders have departed. From 1825 to 1830, the place, though small, exhibited signs of becoming a place of business and activity. From our elevated point of observation, we descended into the village of Bernon, a neat and pleasant little place, containing about one thousand inhabitants, and visited the Bernon or Woonsocket Company's Mills, shown on the opposite page. I have seldom, if ever, seen a mill which struck me with such a favorable impression as this. No pains or expense seems to have been spared to make it attractive to the operatives, and every modern improvement has been introduced to facilitate the operations, and add to the beauty and strength of the fabrics manufactured. The buildings are of stone, built in the most substantial manner, and are perfectly fire-proof. The mill on the right of the picture is certainly the finest and best arranged structure for the purpose that I ever saw, and is a source of pride to the company. I was introduced to Mr. Green, the agent of the mills, who promised me some statistical information in regard to them, but not having received it, I am unable to enlighten your readers as to the business done by the establishment. From Bernon, we crossed the river, and I devoted an hour or two to making sketches of the Falls, Post office Square and the Depot. Post-office Square is formed by the intersection of Main, Blackstone and Arnold Streets, and is the centre of the business portion of the village. The view is taken from Main Street, and embraces—commencing on the left—the corner of the

entered and approached the tomb. Taking off his helmet, he held it before his face, and kneeling, seemed for a few moments to be engaged in earnest prayer. The helmet shook in his hands as with emotion. Finally rising, he kissed the relic that had lain upon his master's breast, and then crossing the aisle, kissed Alexander's tomb in the same way. He had served under both emperors, and this his daily tribute to their memories was most touching. He is the commander of the fortress of St. Petersburg, and one of the last acts in the life of Nicholas was to thank him for his public services. The czar sent him the imperial portrait, enriched with diamonds."



CLINTON MILLS, WOONSOCKET.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NOT YET.

BY JENNY A. STONE.

O, summon me not from my earth-home now,
Ere the finger of care has touched my brow,
For the skies are bright, and the world is fair,
There's music quivering in the air,
My heart still clings to idols of clay,
Not yet! not yet!

O, take me not yet from the world away.

Bid me not part from my dear ones now,
My lips have just breathed love's holiest vow;
They circle me round, and I cannot depart,
And lessen their hold on my trembling heart,
My hopes are still fixed on this beautiful dream;
Not yet, not yet,
Can I see through the shadows one glimmering beam.

O, bid me not float on a boundless sea,
While this beautiful world is so lovely to me;
For the wine of life gushes redly up,
Bright flowers are twining its crystal cup,
My loved ones' hands are holding me back;
Not yet! not yet!
For my spirit shrinks from that gloomy track.

Forgive me, O Father, my selfish fears,
This clinging to earth and these bitter tears;
I have loved them well, but I turn from them now;
Let a ray from heaven but fall on my brow,
And my lips shall breathe, as new strength is given,
Thy will, thy will.
Be done on earth as it is in heaven.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AN INCIDENT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

FOR six mortal days had our boat been ploughing through the turbid waters of the great river on the down passage since I came on board. It was early in the morning when we stopped at Natchez, where we took on board some twenty passengers, who came dropping along, two and three or four at a time, during the hour of our stop. Once more we were off with the current, and shortly afterwards the breakfast bell rung.

The day passed away pretty much as days generally do on board the Mississippi steamers, and when evening came, the cabins were alive with fun and sentiment. Towards nine o'clock my attention was called to a table at which four men were playing "twenty-deck poker." The chief player was a young man, not over six or eight-and-twenty, who handled the cards with a professional air, and whose face betrayed the libertine and sensualist. He was, in some physical respects, handsome, but the reckless villain was so plainly stamped upon his countenance, that no gentleman could look upon him but with pity and disgust. He was a slightly built man, and dressed gaudily. I had not stood by the table ten minutes before the other three players rose and the youth was left alone.

"Who'll take a hand?" he asked, casting his dark eyes around upon the crowd. "Come, gentlemen, I've a few thousands to lose. Who wants it?"

"Look here, stranger, I've got a little money that's no use to me. What say ye?"

The new speaker formed a striking contrast with the player already at the table. He was a powerfully built fellow, dark and gloomy in expression, and standing over six feet high. His darkness was from exposure, and his gloom was surely from some recent cause, for it was plain to be seen that his bold, open features had not yet become used to it. His hair hung in light colored ringlets about his neck, and his sharp gray eyes were full of strange fire. His dress was mostly composed of panther skins, and his cap was of the same, with the tail hanging behind. When he sat down to the table, I saw that he did it with a recklessness which was not natural to him; and from that moment I became deeply interested in him, for I felt sure that he was at heart a noble, bold, generous man.

"Make your own game," said the young man, shuffling the cards adroitly.

"Go ahead," responded the other. "A man don't hunt wild varnints for a lifetime to be afeard of a quarter pack of cards. Go ahead, and let's have 'em."

"Ante up ten."

The hunter put up a ten-dollar bill, and the youth did the same, the cards were dealt, and the betting commenced. The latter gazed sharply into his stout antagonist's face as the bets were made, but he could read nothing there. He seemed disappointed at this, and "called" the hunter's hand at the fourth bet, and won five hundred dollars.

The hunter smiled, and the youth dealt again. This time the betting was commenced in earnest by the dealer, but the other was not moved by it. The young man put up a thousand dollar note, but its appearance seemed to have no effect upon his antagonist. Those open features did not change in expression, nor did the keen gray eye grow more bright or dim. He covered the note and "called." He had won.

After this the luck ran evenly for some time. I watched the young man—I call him the young man, because he was surely younger than the hunter, though not much, for the latter individual was yet in the prime of early manhood—but, as I was remarking, I watched the more experienced gamster, and I saw him several times make the attempt to perform some of his tricks, but

those two gray eyes were fixed too keenly upon him. At length the hunter began to win rapidly, but not a single ray of satisfaction could be seen upon his face. I was puzzled, for it really seemed to me that he would rather lose than win.

But my thoughts were soon called from the players to the play. I saw the young man shuffle the cards, and I knew he had "stocked" them. I slipped around behind him, and saw that he held four kings and a jack. He had meant to have held four kings and an ace, but a double cut by his opponent had hurt him. I knew that trick, and I saw what the gambler did not see. He was sure that one of the aces was at the bottom of the pack, and that his opponent had the other three with a pair of queens, while I saw that in cutting, the fourth ace was left upon the top of the pack, instead of upon the bottom.

"Here's a thousand," said the younger of the players, promptly.

"Here's that, and a thousand better," was the response.

"I see that, and go a thousand better."

"Here's that thousand, and two thousand better," said the hunter.

The blackleg looked at his "pile" very anxiously. He counted it, and found just a thousand dollars. It was all he had. His antagonist had already won twelve thousand dollars from him. He looked at his cards once more, and a look of assurance dwelt upon his face. He looked next upon the pack, and he *knew* that the fourth ace was there.

"Look ye," he said, "I have but a thousand dollars in money, but I've another piece of property I'll put up for the extra thousand. I've got one of the handsomest gals ye ever saw—young, pretty and sound—only nineteen or twenty years old."

"That's poor property for me, stranger."

"Poor property! Why, bless your soul, man, I paid nineteen hundred dollars for her this very morning!"

"This morning!" repeated the hunter, with a slight start.

"Yes, just above here, in Natchez; here's the bill of sale. 'One girl, Ianthé, nineteen hundred—'"

"Let's see." The hunter took the bill, and for a single instant I could detect a strange spark in his eye, and a quivering of the nether lip; but it was gone on the moment.

"Make me out a bill of sale of your gal," he said, "and put it up with your thousand dollars, and I'll put up nine hundred more. That's a fair thing. I can afford to lose it."

A blank was procured, and the bill filled out and duly signed, and, at the hunter's request, witnessed. The young man then placed it with his money, and pushed the whole toward the centre of the table.

"There's your twenty-nine hundred, and—now what have you got?"

"You dealt yourself," remarked the hunter, as he spread his cards out upon the table, and showed *four aces*! "I think the gal is mine."

"Broke—dead!" gasped the gambler.

"All gone?" asked the other.

"Every pie."

"Then take your thousand dollars back."

"Give me back the gal."

"No, sir!" thundered the stout man. As he spoke, he drew the bill of sale towards him and clutched it nervously, and then pushed a thousand dollars towards his antagonist. "Now show me the gal."

The young man led the way towards the forward part of the next deck, and having unlocked the door of a low, narrow state-room, he called for its inmate to come out. I had followed them up, and I watched with more than ordinary interest to see the finale of this curious transaction. A large lamp hung directly opposite the door of the dingy room, and when the girl came out I saw her face plainly. I was startled, for I think I never saw a more beautiful female. She was a quadroon, and not over twenty years of age—of medium size, with dark waving hair, and a face as fair as human face can be.

"Well, Ianthé," said the young gamster, "you're gone. I've sold ye."

The girl started and looked up. There was a frightened expression upon her face, and as she saw how many men were gazing upon her, the rich blood mounted to her face, which had before been pale as death.

"You're my gal, now," spoke the hunter.

She started again, and looked into the face of the speaker, and on the next moment both her hands were pressed hard upon her brow.

"Yours!" she faintly gasped.

"Yes, you're mine; and there aren't a power this side of heaven that can tear you from me. Keep still, now, and don't ye speak a word—not a single word. Go back, go back, now, and I'll keep your key myself."

As he spoke he pushed the girl into the room again, and relocked the door. Then he turned away, and I was sure I saw a big tear in his eye.

Half an hour afterwards the young gambler was again at the table with a party of new players, and before I turned in, he had won ten thousand dollars.

On the following morning the young man was after the hunter the first thing; and when he had found him he proposed to buy the girl back, but the present owner refused.

"I'll give you two thousand for her."

"No, sir."

"Twenty-five hundred."

"No."

"Three thousand."

"Mark 'e," thundered the hunter, with a look of fire; "all the money that ever floated over this river, wouldn't buy that gal!"

The blackleg cursed and swore, but it availed him nothing. An hour afterwards the boat was alongside the pier at St. Francisville, and I took my luggage and went on shore, for here I was to remain on business a few days. I went up to one of the hotels, and after seeing to my luggage, and booking my name, I went into one of the parlors and sat down. There was no one else there, and for a while I busied myself in examining the pictures about the room. I was looking at one which hung in a small recess where the chimney stood out, when I heard some one else enter. I turned and saw the stout hunter and the quadroon; but they did not see me.

"Now, Ianthé," spoke the man, in a tremulous voice, "we are alone. Fear no more, for you are mine now."

As he thus spoke, the beautiful girl fell upon his bosom and wept aloud, while he, with murmurs of thankfulness and joy, wound his big arms about her and strained her to his breast.

"Pardon me," said I, stepping forward, "but I am not to blame for this."

"For what?" uttered the hunter, while the girl started back like a frightened lamb.

"Why, for overhearing your privacy," I returned.

"But you're a *man*, sir?"

"I hope so."

"Ah, you were aboard last night?"

"Yes, sir; and saw everything."

"Then you shall know all. Come, Ianthé, sit down here. Be not afeard, for you aren't in danger any more."

So the girl sat down close by her protector, and then the hunter turned towards me.

"Stranger," he said, "three years ago I had business in Natchez; I went to break horses for John Gampshell. He owned this gal. I staid there over a year. Perhaps you wont wonder that I loved her. By my soul, I did love her. I asked her, if I could ever raise money enough to buy her, if she'd be my wife. *Didn't* she say yes, quick! Then I went to Mr. Gampshell, and asked him if he would sell the gal. He said no; he'd as quick sell one of his own children. But when I came to tell him that I wanted her for a lawful, wedded wife, and that she already loved me, he said I might have her, and that he would keep her for me till I could raise the money. So I told Ianthé all, and started for the woods once more. A month ago, I had two thousand dollars over and above all I should need for expenses, and I started. I landed in Natchez yesterday morning. Mr. Gampshell was dead, and his folks all sold off. I tracked Ianthé to a trader, and got there just about an hour after she'd been sold. When he told me who'd got her, of course I made up my mind she was lost. I went aboard the first down boat, determined to throw away my money, and then go back into the woods; for I didn't want to keep a penny that I'd meant for that work. You know the rest. When I saw that bill of sale, I knew who'd fallen in my way. She aren't hurt, sir—not a bit. She's as pure and good as ever, and I reckon you'll hunt some time afore you find a better, or a handsomer wife."

I agreed with this fully. Shortly afterwards the hunter put confidence enough in me to leave his prize in my keeping, while he went and got a license. I found her a sensible, intelligent girl, and she made no effort to conceal her love for the noble hunter, nor her joy in view of the events which had so strangely transpired. By-and-by the stout man returned, and with him came a justice. I saw the happy pair married, and before night they took an upward bound boat.

Up in Warren county, Illinois, upon the first bend of Henderson's River, lives one of the most flourishing farmers of the West. His name is Levi Dolworth. People who accept his generous hospitality are struck with the strange beauty of his children; and their stay need not be long to assure them that the wife and mother is not only one of the most beautiful, but one of the best matrons in the great West. He and his wife are the ones of whom I have just told you.

THE ARTESIAN WELL IN PARIS.

One of the most extraordinary things in Paris (or, indeed, in the world), is the artesian well of Grenelle. It was begun in 1834, and finished after several forced suspensions about the year 1841. It is bored in the centre of the Court of the Abbatoir, goes 1700 feet into the bowels of the earth, and the column of water, nine inches in diameter, rises in a copper tube 122 feet above the surface. From this elevation it descends by means of another tube to the ground, and is conducted to the reservoir at the Pantheon, whence it is distributed for the use of the inhabitants. The temperature of the water is constantly about eighty degrees Fahrenheit. It holds several salts in solution, among the rest iron (which colors glass submitted to its action), and is highly charged with carbonic acid gas. Now, what is most interesting about this well is that the facts developed by it, it being the deepest yet bored, have served to explode the old doctrine that such wells were mere examples of a jet of water having its head on some mountain or high table land, passing through the ground and springing to the outlet up to the height of its head.

The force that drives a column of water up to an elevation of 1800 feet, and with such rapidity as to supply 3,400,000 gallons in 24 hours; the force that shows itself to be variable, sometimes comparatively quiet, at others, almost terrific in its violence, is thought to be volcanic, and to result from expansion within the inner crust of the earth—to be in fact a sort of explosive escape from an artificial valve in the immense steam-boiler on whose surface we live. When the well was first opened, and before the water was carried to its present height, vast quantities of mud came over, from which the height of the column now clarifies it. But for awhile the residents in the vicinity were greatly alarmed, thinking that the ground on which they lived was being gradually undermined by the action of the water, and that some day they would be engulfed. This notion has long ceased to alarm them, as it is evident that the anger has pierced through the rocky exterior into the very interior, the soft central mass of the earth, whence the detritus that frightened the Parisians proceeded, and not, as they ignorantly imagined, from just beneath their houses.—*Paris Correspondence Newark Daily Advertiser.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

POPPING CORN.

BY G. W. BUNGAY.

Bring in the golden corn, my boys,
Bring in the golden corn;
Shell it with hard and honest hands,
For plenty fills her horn,
Her ample horn with fruitful spoil
She fills for all the sons of toil.

Now roast the yellow grain, my girls,
Roast the bright yellow grain,
Seasoned and stirred by fair white hands—
Hands that inspire my strain,
Hands one might press and then caress,
And eyes that speak of happiness.

Let it dance above the blazing fire,
And leap from its glittering shell—
O snowy sight! where arms so white
Are casting a dangerous spell.
Then a cheer for the corn, the yellow corn,
And a health to the girls who pop the corn.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BORN TO BE DROWNED.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"Born to be drowned, I verily believe," exclaimed Mrs. Glen, in an irritated voice, as for the third time within ten hours she fished Tommy, her eldest son, a hopeful lad of five summers, out of the shallow puddle in the barn yard, which was elegantly denominated the "duck pond."

"Born to be drowned," she repeated, as she cleared his eyes, ears and nose of the foul water, and clad him in a dry suit. "What, for gracious sakes, possesses you to be wanting to get into the wet. Next you know, you won't know anything, but'll be brought home dead, and then I shan't have no Tommy."

"It's such fun, mother," said the little fellow, earnestly.

"Fun! You won't find it much fun to be drowned, I guess! There, now," pushing him from her with rather an ungentle shake, "mind and keep out of the water the rest of the evening, or you'll go to bed, pretty straight, too, and without any supper either."

"Yes, ma'am," said Tommy, demurely, and forthwith wended his way to the garden, through which trickled a silvery brook, and seating himself on its bank, he watched for a while the reflection of the crimson lights which flashed on the eastern sky, wondering how the pretty colors came down there; and then as they faded, plucked from the beds near him many a gorgeous blossom, and flung them into the stream, laughter dimpling his rosy lips, as borne away by the current, they sailed swiftly off.

"Tommy, Tommy," called his mother, as having placed the supper on the table, she looked around for him. "Why, where is the child? As I'm alive," catching a glimpse of his pastime through the west window, "if he aint sailing boats in the garden creek. I don't know what to do with him;" and she wrung her hands.

"It's no use," chimed in the aged grandmother, in her feeble voice, "it's no use, Sallie, I tell you, to try and do anything with him; he was born to be drowned, and you must try and reconcile yourself to the decree. He's paddled in the water ever since he could creep, and he'll keep on, till *bimeby* he'll fall in head foremost, and that'll be the end on him."

It was sorry comfort for an anxious parent; but she was forced to swallow it, for it coincided exactly with her own belief. But she rushed out after Tommy, and as she seized him by the arm, cried vehemently, "Didn't I tell you not to play in the water?"

"Yes, ma'am, and I haven't either. See, I aint wet a bit. But the creek looked so pretty, I wanted to see it. And then it's such fun to see the flowers sail; some of them goes so slow, like the old canal boats, and some bob up and down like little boys swimming. It's real fun."

"Well, stop it for to-night," answered Mrs. Glen, in a milder tone, as she found her little one was quite dry and clean, "and don't you dare get wet again to-morrow—do you hear?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Tommy; and he went in and ate his supper, and then was quietly tucked up in his trundle bed, and soon dreaming that he was a great red peony sailing down the river for dear life. At least, he said the next morning, he dreamed that; and it would not be strange if he had, for next to the water he loved the flowers, and the brilliant peony best of all, because its crimson leaves made such beautiful boats.

The next day like occurrences transpired again, and every day afterwards, as they had every day before since Tommy was old enough to trot around out doors, until it became a popular saying in the neighborhood, that he was born to be drowned. The only wonder was he had so long escaped. In truth, there was never a child loved to play in and around the water better than he. With his trousers rolled up to his knees, he would paddle for hours at a time on the shallow beach of the Seneca River, which rolled its calm tides within a short distance from his home, or sit on some sharp point, with his fish line in his hand, chirping like a bird when it is merry, his whole face radiant with the joy that flooded his little heart. As he grew towards the age that farmers' lads are necessitated to mingle work with play, he invariably chose for his duties those which were connected with the water; it mattered little whether creek, spring or river. It was his delight to lead the horses to water. Merrily, indeed, would he leap over the old sorrel's neck as they came to the brink of the spring, and plash, plash would go his bare feet in the trickling stream so long as it and the two gay colts were quenching their thirst. And when sent to drive or fetch the cows from pasture, he invariably chose

the river road, though it was further by half a mile than the back one. And many a rich tuft of herbage did the gentle creatures find time to browse while their little master was skimming stones over the placid water, or watching the play of sunrise or the shadows of evening on the quiet stream. The holidays whose memories were most grateful to his heart were those precious Saturday afternoons, when his father gave him a "skiff ride" up to the "bridge," the little settlement whence the groceries and dry goods of the family were mostly obtained. The dip of the oar was the sweetest music, it seemed to him, that ever a little boy could hear.

But then—ah! then, there was a sad time one day in the house and neighborhood of Mr. Glen. Tommy had been sent as usual to drive the cows to pasture, and as it was a Saturday morning, and withal a bright, beautiful one in early June, there was no marvel in the household that several hours passed on without his return. His father was in the field at work, his mother busy with churning and baking, while his grandmother was weeding her onions and peppers, and thus the forenoon sped away without a thought of the truant. But when at the shrill sound of the dinner horn the boy did not appear, his mother's heart fluttered, and she asked anxiously of his sister which road Tommy took.

"The river one, of course, mother. He never goes the other."

"And hasn't been seen since! He's drowned, I know he is!" And the pallor of death overspread her face.

"I always said he would be," murmured her aged parent, as she ran for the camphor bottle, "and his time's come at last. Well, he wasn't so bad a boy, after all;" and she took off her glasses and wiped her eyes.

"Don't be so frightened, wife," said the farmer, kindly, as he helped her into the rocker. "May-be he'll turn up yet."

"No, I shall never see him again, my Tommy! O, dear!" And she wept and "took on" in a way pitiful to behold.

Leaving her to the tender care of the grandmother and children, Mr. Glen hurried away, and fearing to learn the worst (shunning the truth, as we always do, while there is hope), he sought Tommy in all his usual haunts. But he was not there, nor was there any trace of his footsteps. Sadly the father paced the river road, watching the stream intently, fearing all the while lest the floating straw hat should reveal the sad certainty. He met at length one of his son's playmates, and accosted him for news of Tommy.

"I saw him stand *jist* here, this morning, skinning stones."

The sinewy form quivered like a delicate leaf, and the sturdy old farmer bowed his head, and great drops fell from his eyes.

"My boy! my boy!"

"Then Tommy is drowned," exclaimed the lad. "I always said he would be;" and he scampered away forthwith to circulate the mournful, yet ever expected tidings.

And then commenced an active and thorough search. No one had seen the poor boy since Johnny Lynn beheld him on that spot, watching the leap of the stone that he had tossed over the waves. The river was deep just there; he must have slipped in—he *was* drowned. There seemed but one opinion on the subject.

What should they do? What could they do? It had grown too late then to accomplish much that day. He had been sunk so long, that life would certainly be extinct even if they found him; and so they agreed to return to their homes, and the next day strive to raise the body by firing guns over the spot where it was supposed he had fallen in.

How long and dreary seemed that night. The moonlight, as it beamed through the tasselled vines of the kitchen windows, revealed a pale group of mourners. The husband sat beside his wife on the old lounge, and supported her as tenderly as he had in the days of their betrothal. Sorrow had unsealed the somewhat dormant affections of their hearts, and they now clung to each other with a new and quickened tie. The gray-haired parent leaned back in her chair, with closed eyes, but she did not sleep, every few moments wiping them with a tremulous hand, and occasionally murmuring, "We ought to be reconciled."

A noisy Sabbath followed. From all directions came men, women and children to the river side; some from curiosity to see how a drowned corpse would look, some to assist, and a few to enter the saddened house, and by silent pressures of the hand, and by low, soothing words, express their sympathies. Again and again did the sharp sound of every gun that the neighborhood could muster resound over the waters, and far into the solemn woods beyond. Again and again did the excited crowd peer over the banks, and out upon the whole breadth of the river, for some signs of the raising body. But the day sped on, and the shadows of night veiled the waters, and they sadly turned away without a trace of Tommy; a boy who, now that he was gone, seemed never to have been loved enough.

They did not have to bear the tidings to the mother. She felt it in the solemn hush that gathered over the spot, as the multitudes that assembled there wended their way towards home. She rose from the lounge on which she had lain all day, and paced the room with nervous footsteps, holding her hands first to her eyes, as though to scare away an awful vision, and then to her heart, as if to hush some anguishing throb.

"If they could only have raised him," she gasped out. "If I might but have his grave to visit, I could bear it all."

Solemnly spoke the grandmother then. "He will rise, my daughter; in nine days he will rise."

And every morning after that until the mysterious ninth, the aged woman repeated the words, "He will rise." They all spent that day on the bank of the river. From early sunrise till his last arrow quivered in the western sky, they scanned the waters; then with hearts sorer than ever they went into the desolate home.

"You said he would rise, mother," exclaimed the daughter, as she rocked herself passionately; "but he don't, he won't. I shall never see Tommy's grave."

"It's always the ninth day till the tenth," said the grandparent; "they must go out and watch longer. *He will rise.* They always do."

The hired man did go out and watch, and the rest sat sadly about the untasted supper and waited.

The clock struck ten. As the last sound fluttered away, there was heard a low sobbing sound at the door, and the latch rattled. They started every one of them simultaneously, and rushed towards the threshold. Slowly the door was pushed inward—but, is it human flesh or spectre that stands there in the dim starlight?

"He has risen; I said he would!" cried the grandmother, and put forth her hands. But a weird shriek startled the stillness, as, instead of the dripping rags and clammy form she expected to receive from Jake's hands, who, her sight being feeble, she thought stood there with the corpse in his arms—instead, she clasped a warm, breathing body, wet only about its eyes, which were flooded with tears, half of joy, half of fear.

Of course the mother fainted, the revulsion was too sudden, too mighty. And of course the doctor was sent for, and the neighbors summoned, and there was a time of universal confusion.

"What upon *airth* the matter is up at the house, I'll be seared if I know," said Jake, as the varied sounds sighed themselves down to the river's bank. And in truth he was seared when he knew, as, after waiting till he was sure the tenth day was come, he hastened up home, and entering by the back door, beheld Tommy quietly eating a bowl of bread and milk.

"A ghost! O, help me! help me!" he shrieked out, standing in the doorway as though his feet had grown there, and his hair, which always stood nearly straight, bristling up in a more direct line than ever before. "A ghost! and got out of the river without my seeing him!—a ghost!"

"No more a ghost than you," said Tommy, as having swallowed the last spongy crust, he balanced his spoon a moment on the bowl, and then rushed from the table towards Jake, "No ghost at all, only a harum-scarum boy, who's been to Albany and back."

"And weren't you drowned?" asked Jake, a little fearful yet, although Tommy's warm hand was clasped in his.

"Not a bit. If I was born to be, I wasn't this time, that's certain—though I don't say that I ought not to have been. Jake," and he drew the poor trembling man out under the starlight, "Jake, I tell you what it is. I've learned what I shall never forget—that if a boy has a good home, he'd better stay there before going to seek his fortune anywhere; and I tell you it'll be many a long day before father or mother finds fault with me again. As grandmother says, I have learned wisdom by experience."

"But where *have* you been?"

"Why, I'll tell you the whole of it. I was crazy to see a boat locked through; you know father never would let me, for fear I should get drowned. So I had been trying to find a good time to get away since the canal opened, and that Saturday, after shutting the bars on the cows, I ran off, meaning to get back by dinner-time. Well, I saw the boat sail in through the open gates, and then, after they were shut, I saw it sink down and down, and then the other gates open and it sailed out, and I thought I should like to be a boat. And just then the captain came up, and slapping me on the shoulders, told me I looked like a bright boy, and asked me if I wouldn't like to go to Albany with him, and drive the horses. I jumped at the chance, Jake; for O, how I have wanted to see the world. I never stopped to think of father or mother, or Carrie, or the baby, or grandmother, but I jumped on to the horse, and off I went. But I tell you, the fan didn't last long. It was all over by the next morning, and I would have given the world had I owned it, to have been back home again. I shall always feel sorry for canal drivers as long as I live, for *I've been one*, Jake."

The boy's lips quivered. Ah, there were bruises on his body then, which would have rent his mother's heart could she have seen them; but with a noble heroism, he never spoke of them, conscious that his waywardness had already pained her to a fearful grief.

"And how came you back so soon?" asked Jake. "Did you see the city?"

"Nothing but what they call the basin, and that made me sick. I don't believe, Jake, the folks down there more than half live out their lives. O, it is awful—the smell and the dirt. No, I didn't want to stay and see it. There was a boat 'clearing,' and they wanted a driver, and I engaged, and came home as quick as I could. I have had a hard time, Jake; but it would have been harder, if I had known how they worried about me at home."

"Why, we thought of course you were *drowned*," said his listener, emphasizing forcibly the last word of his sentence. "And your grandmother said you'd rise the ninth day—you would, for sartin'."

"And I did," said Tommy. "And now that I have risen, I should like to lie down; for to tell the truth, I haven't slept on anything better than the soft side of a plank since I ran away. I only hope now, grandmother will give it up, and say I wasn't born to be drowned;" and with the words half uttered, he returned to the house.

"No, I won't give it up. You *were* born to be drowned, but the time hasn't come yet;" and she laid her hands on his curly locks, and silently blessed him.

"Well, I hope it won't come while I live here," said Jake; "for *sich* a time as we've had here for the last nine days!"

Tommy Glen *may* have been born to be drowned, as his aged relative prophesied, but his time has not come yet, for only last night we saw the brilliant glow of his torches as his skiff glided down "Mud Creek;" and hale and hearty as handsome a young fellow as ever gladdened a maiden's eyes, he stood at our mother's door this morning, and presented us with a plate of nicely-dressed pickerel, part of his luck on the fishing ground the evening before.

MRS. ANNIE SENTER.

Mrs. Annie Senter, an admirable original likeness of whom we present herewith, not long since made her debut at the Boston Museum, and won high praise from all who witnessed her histrionic efforts. Mrs. Senter was born in Boston on the 19th of September, 1835, and is consequently but nineteen years of age. While a school girl in the public schools of her native city, she evinced a remarkable proficiency in her studies, and was especially noted for her elocutionary powers, and her youthful compeers could not fail to observe in the enthusiasm with which she rendered the selections (usually from dramatic authors) appointed for her readings on days of public examination, the germ of that power which has since been so conspicuously displayed. From her earliest years she was especially fond of dramatic representations; dramatic authors were her study, and the scenic display of the theatre her strongest passion. The bent of her early inclinations was displayed while a school girl by some attempts at dramatic composition highly creditable to her years. At the age of seventeen she married Mr. Wm. H. Senter, of this city, a union which has been marked by unalloyed happiness. During the fall of 1854 she succeeded in overcoming the obstacles which had long lain in the path to the cherished and coveted object of her youthful ambition. She applied to that veteran actor and manager, Mr. W. H. Smith, who at first sought to dissuade her from the trials of a laborious profession; but having heard her readings, he at once saw her capacity, and entered upon her tuition with enthusiasm. She commenced in November, and in the short space of less than four months made her first appearance before the Boston public at the Museum, on the 30th of March, at the benefit of Mr. W. H. Smith, in the character of *Mariana*, in "The Wife." A more crowded and intelligent audience, and a more enthusiastic reception, never greeted a novice. She was called out at the end of the first and each succeeding act, and greeted with the most enthusiastic applause. She was at once engaged by manager Kimball for three successive engagements, during which she appeared in some twenty of the most difficult characters on the stage, nightly greeted by intelligent and crowded audiences. Since then she has given some readings in Portland and Portsmouth, which were most successfully received. She is evidently an ardent and laborious student. Conscious that though the rare endowments which she has received from nature might give her a transient career of meteoric brilliancy, she seems fully aware that it is to the arduous cultivation of her remarkable powers she must look to take the place of a fixed star in the theatrical firmament. We regard with more than passing interest the opening career of this young Bostonian, and bespeak for her, wherever she appears, hearty good will and kind consideration. The accompanying portrait conveys a correct expression of the features of the lady in repose, and as she appears off the stage, but when kindled by the inspiration of histrionic effort, her face possesses a fascination which gives full effect to her melodious voice and her harmonious action. We have no hesitation in predicting for her a glorious career upon the stage; she possesses every attribute of success, all the graces of early womanhood, and a pure and unsullied reputation.

NAHANT STEAMBOAT, "NELLY BAKER."

We present our readers with an accurate view, drawn expressly for the Pictorial, of the favorite Nahant boat, "Nelly Baker," Captain Alfred L. Ronell, now in the second season of her service. She is an admirably built boat, of elegant model, strong, substantial, seaworthy and fast, and attracts much attention among the other craft in our waters, as she shoots along like a star and leads them all. The frequent rough water which the Nahant boat has to encounter in the course of the season renders such a craft as this indispensable to the comfort of boarders and visitors at Nahant. The Nelly Baker was built at Greenpoint, New York, in 1854, by Mr. Samuel Sneden, under the supervision of Captain Ronell, for the Nahant Steamboat Company, Francis S. Newhall, president. She is 152 feet 11 inches in length, 25 feet 10 inches in breadth, 8 feet 6 inches in depth, and of 303 71-95ths tons burthen. She is, in all respects, staunch, seaworthy, and in good condition for navigation, having suitable means of escape, in case of accident, from the lower to the upper deck. She is provided with one low pressure boiler, 22 feet long, and 8 feet in diameter, constructed of the best quality of American iron in the best manner. Her engine is low pressure, 32 inches in diameter in cylinder, and ten feet stroke. She has two forcing pumps and two hundred feet of hose, twenty fire-buckets, a life-boat, and 100 life-preservers, which are suspended over the main-gangway. It will thus be seen that she is every way fitted for the service she has to perform. Captain Ronell has won the respect and regard of the public by his seamanlike and gentlemanly qualities—in a word we have never had so fine a boat, or a more popular commander since the Nahant line was established. A trip to Nahant and back in the Nelly Baker is one of the most refreshing excursions that can be taken. We need hardly refer to the charms of the well-known peninsula of Nahant itself, which we have lately delineated, but it is pleasant to know that this has been a brilliant season at this unrivalled resort.



MRS. ANNIE SENTER.

CUPID AMONG THE PAWNEES.

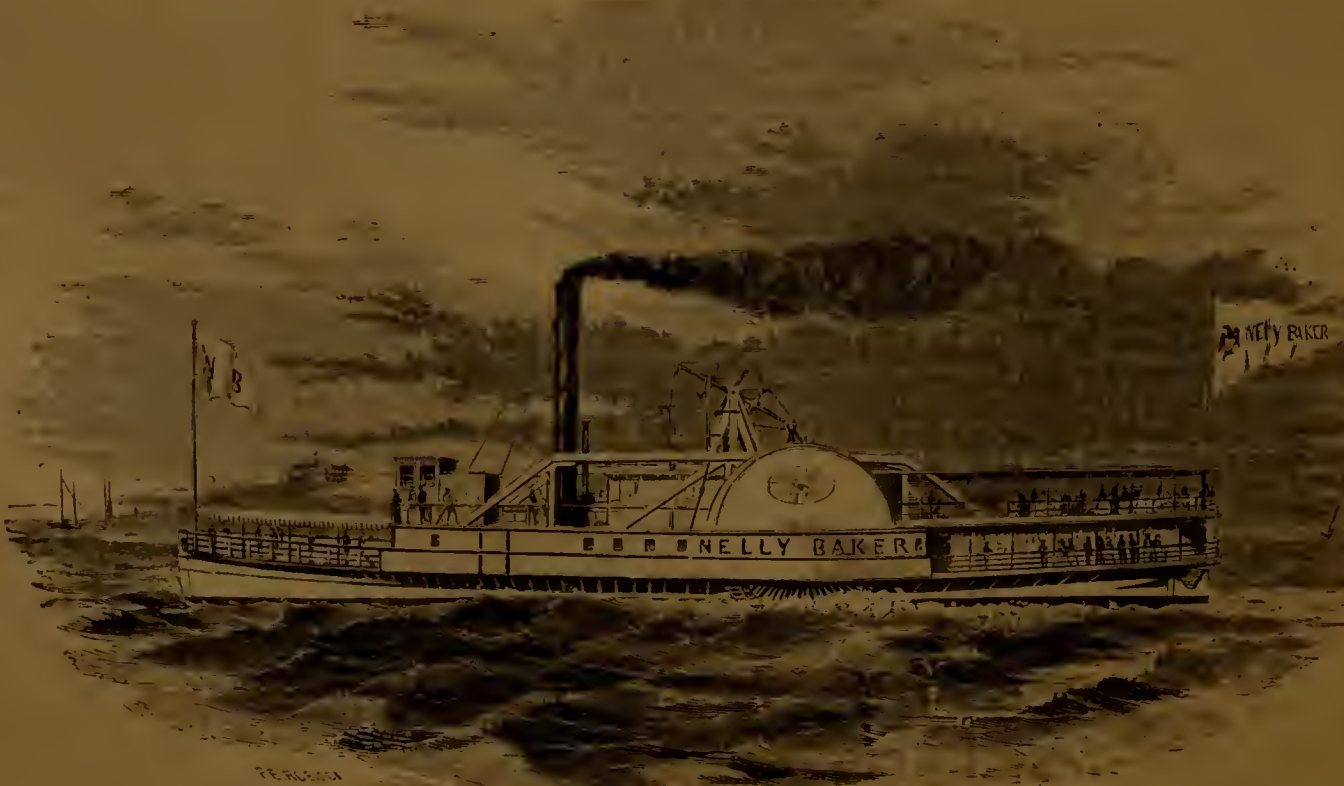
The savage and the civilized, each in their way, when they fall into the net set by that great fisherman Cupid, have queer ways of showing themselves, and were it not that this love-making is a serious business and not to be trifled with, would make the most absurdly conceited hypochondriac that ever walked the earth and imagined himself a tea-pot, laugh. Hon. Charles Augustus Murray, in his descriptions of Indian life, gives the following graphic sketch of courtship among the Pawnees: when the lover wishes to break the ice he comes to her father's tent, uninvited, and sits on the corner of the mat for a considerable time, and then goes away without speaking. This is the preliminary step, answering, perhaps, to the first gentle pressure of the hand—the first blushing hesitation to address—the first mutual glance of understanding. After a few days the young man returns, wearing his buffalo robe with the hair outward, again sits down silent in the corner of the tent. This is a proposal—a regular "popping the question." If the father is determined to reject him, nothing is placed for him to sit on, and no meat is offered; but if he approve of the match, these rights of hospitality are observed. Feasts are then given by the respective parties, in order to obtain the consent of their relatives. If both feasts terminate favorably in this respect, the young man presents himself once more before his bride, at the door of her tent, and then turns round and walks slowly off towards his own—she rises and follows him—the marriage is then complete. If she remains sitting, it is a sign that her family decline the match. All this is done without a word passing between the intended bride and the husband that is to be. But the most extraordinary part of the affair is, that having married an elder sister, he has a right to marry all the younger ones, as they successfully attain the age of womanhood. The author adds: "I have seen chiefs who have in this manner married a whole family; the eldest wife being the greatest drudge, and the youngest being generally the favorite sultana, and consequently doing the least."

GERMANS IN THE UNITED STATES.

The German population—that is, those who speak the German language, in the United States—amounts to 4,000,000. The first and oldest portion of them are the Pennsylvania Dutchmen, whose ancestors came to this country as early as 1683; they may number 1,000,000, and, except in language, are thoroughly Americanized. They have about forty newspapers, some of which are fifty years old. About one fourth of these papers are whig, and German whigs are very numerous in Lancaster, Bucks and other counties. Lancaster sometimes gives 5000 Whig majority, while Berks, another German county, often gives as large a majority to the opposite party. The German whig voters in Pennsylvania probably amount to 50,000. The Mohawk Dutchmen may also be set down as thoroughly Americanized, and as scarcely speaking German, except in some localities. The second emigration of Germans to this country, from 1800 to 1845, with their children, now amounts to nearly 2,000,000. The third emigration (since 1845) bears an entirely different character from that of either of the preceding classes in education and political notions, and probably amounts to about 1,000,000. The last two emigrations are rapidly filling up all our large cities, and the towns of the Western States. Very few are found in New England, or in the slave States, except Missouri and West Texas, and the cities of Baltimore, Wheeling, New Orleans, Memphis and Louisville. Their farming forces are considerable in South Ohio, Michigan and Indiana, and some counties in Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Missouri. In West Texas, the German population is estimated at 40,000. A large sprinkling of them may be found in California, principally miners and mechanics. A very marked difference exists between the German immigration before and after 1845, in many respects—as well in social station as education and political sentiment. When the German emigration began, after the peace of 1815, the majority were sectarians, who wished to establish churches of their own faith, for poor people fleeing from starvation. There were but few educated men among them, excepting some political refugees, like Professor Lieber and Lieutenant-Governor Koener, of Illinois. Considerable numbers of fugitives from justice were among the emigrants between the years 1815 and 1845. In the meantime, great reforms were going on in Germany. The schools (the pride of the nation) had arrived at great superiority, and Republicans had multiplied in numbers from year to year, and the quiet but intensive struggles for liberty, which arose in succeeding years, spread political intelligence among the masses. A thirst for freedom brought tens of thousands of wealthy and well educated people to America. After the unfortunate result of the Revolution of 1848, the number of political refugees who came to this country, noted for their talents, education, social station and wealth, reached 20,000. Most of them had formed very decided political opinions in their own country. The more recent emigration, though fewer in number, is vastly superior to the older ones in activity, ability and enterprise, as well as in intelligence and enlightened political sentiments. It possesses almost half the German newspapers, and nearly all the good writers, speakers and men of reputation in the country, of German extraction.—*New York Tribune.*

THE MAMMOTH OCEAN STEAMER.

The new steamer Leviathan, now being constructed in London, promises, when finished, to be the wonder of the age. To grasp the idea of a vessel measuring more than an eighth of a mile in length, with a capacity of twenty thousand tons, and room enough besides for four thousand passengers, with all their luggage, certainly requires some mental effort; but to conceive of such a monster grappling with wind and tide, and triumphantly forcing its way through the mighty billows of the Atlantic, becomes a task quite sufficient to stagger any ordinary intellect, and more than sufficient to exhaust the faith of the most credulous. If the Leviathan shall be able to show a full list of passengers for her first visit to our shores, it will certainly appear that the people of this day have more confidence in art and science than their ancestors, whom Fulton attempted to "humbug" with his "foolish invention." But science has achieved so much since then, that any want of faith in the success of this great enterprise would smatter of old fogyism. The engines of the Leviathan, although said to be of 2600 horse power, will, in reality, be capable of being worked up to 10,000 horse power. The united strength of 10,000 horses would seem to be power enough to move a small-sized globe; and if not such an one as ours, at least an asteroid. It is confidently predicted, that, notwithstanding the great length of this steamer, she will be enabled to pass through the water at an average speed, in all weathers, of fifteen knots an hour, and with a smaller power in proportion to tonnage than ordinary vessels now require to make ten knots. The contract speed of most ocean mail-carrying steamers is eight knots. A ship of this huge capacity can carry 12,000 tons of coal—quite sufficient, it is stated, for her consumption on the outward and homeward voyages. She will be launched unlike any other ship—broad-side on the water, by means of hydraulic power, and early in next spring is expected to make a trip to the U. States and back in a fortnight.



NAHANT STEAMER, NELLY BAKER.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

FRENCH SILVER.

"French silver" will be, before long, we trust, as familiar in the mouths of people, as "British gold" in those of politicians. The saying about being born with a "silver spoon" in one's mouth will soon lose its original significance, for the new French silver is or will be as cheap as copper, and therefore accessible to the beggar as well as the prince. The article we allude to is aluminium, a substance which was lately as dear as gold, but which a learned Frenchman, M. St. Claire Deville (no devil, by the way, but a very worthy man), has discovered a means of extracting from common clay at very little expense, the active agent being sodium, which is cheaply obtained from a decomposition of carbonate of soda by charcoal. The chloride of aluminium, obtained from aluminous earth or clay, will cost only ten cents a pound. The admirable qualities of the French silver are its freedom from rust, either from the action of air or acids, its hardness, lightness, malleability, plastic character and sonority. Silver bells will be common on every dining-table—silver watches in everybody's fob. It is a little curious that this discovery should be made just at the time when silver had become very scarce. We have seen it stated somewhere that the "Hundred Guards" of the French emperor were to be equipped with cuirasses made of this metal. There is no humbug about this discovery, which will confer fame and fortune on M. Deville.

HOT-BEDS.—The refuse of cotton, obtained in cotton spinning mills is said to be a good substitute for horse manure in producing rapid heat in hot-beds. It is hardly the season to talk of hot-beds, when our own beds are so uncomfortably warm, but this is an item worth remembering even by those city horticulturists who are addicted to raising a single bean in a flower-pot.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY—with its rich miscellaneous freight, now reaches every State and city of the Union. One dollar enclosed to us will ensure its receipt for a year. One hundred pages of reading matter in each number, or twelve hundred pages per annum for *one dollar*! The cheapest monthly in the world.

BOAT RACING.—The Harvard boat clubs are still rejoicing over their defeat of the Yale boats. Generous competition is the order of the day. We like to see athletic sports cultivated, particularly by our students. The training of body and mind ought to go on *pari passu*.

CAPT. INGRAHAM.—The German citizens of Charleston, S. C., have presented a splendid sword to Captain Ingraham for his noble and fearless conduct in the Koszta affair in the bay of Smyrna. Heroism is not always forgotten.

SPLINTERS.

.... A college is about to be established at Lynchburg, Va., under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

.... Professor Agassiz has secured nearly subscribers enough for the publication of his work on natural history.

.... Rev. John K. Shaw, of Morristown, N. J., united twenty-six persons in wedlock on the 4th of July.

.... There is a great deal of humbug about the black snake and girl story. Barnum has got them.

.... Our secretary of state and the minister of the king of the Sandwich Islands have signed a reciprocity treaty.

.... John Mitchell, the Irish exile, is farming at Tucaleeche, Knox county, Tennessee.

.... The Newark Daily Advertiser proposes a general day of thanksgiving for the abundant harvests.

.... Madame Girardin, wife of the great French journalist, and herself a fine writer, died lately.

.... Great men never affect anything, and are modest. It is only noodles who are venerated with brass.

.... A shark six and a half feet in length was lately caught near Fall River, where folks bathe.

.... A score of literary and artistic notabilities have been passing the season at Newport.

.... Edward Everett's speech at the Boston school celebration, was one of his happiest efforts.

.... Madame Rachel is to give us two hundred performances in fifteen months.

.... The New Orleans Delta tells of a *poor* woman being robbed of a thousand dollar bill.

.... Blackberries have been sold in Louisville this season for twenty cents a gallon. Luxurious Louisvillians!

.... The "wild men of Borneo," recently exhibited, are said now to be tame natives of Connecticut.

.... Captain Adams, U. S. N., who brought home the Japanese treaty, found the Japanese officials very friendly.

.... The Esquimaux are afraid to die on a windy day lest their souls should be blown away.

.... Park Benjamin was the poet at the commencement celebration of Dartmouth College this year.

.... A stalk of Indian corn in Virginia grew ten and a half feet in 24 hours. We thought only "ill weeds" did so.

.... The price of gas in Philadelphia has been reduced to \$2 25 per thousand cubic feet.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

It is not always that we are able to perceive how and what good is eliminated from a mass of evil, considered in itself monstrous, appalling and inexplicable. The firmest faith is sometimes for a moment—though only for a moment—staggered by the contemplation of a gigantic national woe that overshadows a fair land like a mighty thunder-cloud. To many minds, the war in the East appeared an unmitigated evil—a crushing blow to the prosperity of England. Men and armaments melting away in the far East—thousands on thousands slain—thousands on thousands mutilated and crippled for life—thousands of happy English homes made desolate—mourning substituted for gladness in the noble's villa and peasant's hut—victories too dearly purchased to admit of rejoicing—these seemed to present an overpowering mass of evil, from which no ray of consolation could proceed. But it is already producing good; it has roused up the masses of the English people to an energetic demand of their rights—to insist upon something more than a good theory of government coupled with a wretched mal-administration. And this popular ferment has embraced representatives of all classes in its vortex. It is a truly representative movement. Men of ability, who have hitherto stood aloof from public affairs, fondly imagining government to be a self-acting machine, have stepped into the arena, determined to see that the engineers attend to their business; that incompetent hands shall be dismissed, and competent persons substituted in their stead, even if the new selections be made from ranks that have hitherto been ostracised and ignored. The participation of such men as Dickens in the reform movement is a significant event, and he has signalized his entrance into the field of political discussion by a speech as telling, as emphatic, and as powerful as any ever made in either the Lords or the Commons. It is impossible for us on this side of the Atlantic to look with indifference on what is passing at this time in Great Britain. We can never forget the blood that flows in our veins, nor that England was the parent of the most influential of our colonies—unnatural step-mother though she proved herself. Most of us are ready to exclaim, "England, with all thy faults I love thee still." The great national crimes of England were never committed by her people; the select few who have administered her government are responsible for her ruthless wars—wars of ambition, oppression and repression—some of which have produced the very state of things in Europe she is now warring to change. If the people of England could but be heard, we should hear fewer complaints of England's injustice and hostility to the cause of freedom. If the people of England could have been heard, Hungary would not have fallen beneath the iron heels of Austria and Russia—the diplomatic thimble-rigger and the polar bear of nations. It is in the prospect of the people of England—the talent—the untitled talent of England obtaining a preponderance in public affairs, that we behold the rainbow of hope spanning, with its soft and brilliant arch, the leaden cloud that now overshadows "Merrie England" like a pall.

DEATH OF MRS. READ.—Recent letters from Florence, Italy, convey the melancholy intelligence of the death by cholera of the wife, and youngest daughter of our talented countryman, the poet-painter, Thomas Buchanan Read. Americans who have visited Florence within the past three years, have often spoken on their return of the hospitality and happiness of the little domestic circle now darkened by the fatal visit of the grim intruder, death. Mrs. Read was a beautiful and childlike creature, the idol and first love of her gifted husband; and the daughter was the delight of her parents. Poor Read! What now to him are his twofold triumphs of painter and poet? Isolated in a foreign land, he is left, literally, "alone in his glory."

INCULCATING TEMPERANCE.—James Howell, a famous traveller in his day, says: "The German mothers, to make their sons fall into a haired of wine, do use, when they are little, to put some owl's eggs into a cup of Rhenish, and sometimes a little living eel, twingling in the wine while the child is drinking, so scares him that many come to abhor and have an antipathy to wine all their lives after." Is the intemperance of Boston to be attributed to the "twingling" of the "little eels" in the Cochituate, which "so scares" the drinker that he "comes to abhor" the element? We pause for a reply.

RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER ROCK RIVER.—Our readers will remember that we gave lately a view of this great work. Mr. John Warner, who performed the most important part, the foundation, or mason-work, is now engaged in laying the piers for the great bridge over the "Father of Waters," an enterprise which his energy and ability will accomplish with success.

SPORTSMAN'S PORTFOLIO.—The demand for this exceedingly beautiful and attractive publication has been so large that we have been obliged to delay filling some of our late orders, but a new edition is now published, and any person enclosing us twenty-five cents will receive a copy by return of mail. See advertisement in another column.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL BOUND.—In literature and art combined, the best thing we have ever had offered us is bound copies of volume eighth of "Ballou's Pictorial." It is really superb, and is the handsomest table ornament that has ever been published in this country. The illustrations are magnificent, the paper heavy, fine and white, and the literature pure, high-toned and vigorous.—*Sunday Mercury, Philadelphia.*

TO BE TRIED.—Sergeant Morrow, charged with whipping a drunken soldier to death at Fort Mellenry, is to be tried for murder at the November term of the U. S. Circuit Court, he in the meanwhile remaining in the custody of the officers of the fort.

A PRIZE FOR BARNUM.

In the 17th century flourished a "robustious perrwig pated fellow," who would have been a prize for Barnum had he been born a couple of centuries later, named Barsabas. He began to display his extraordinary strength in Flanders, on the occasion of the king's carriage getting mired to such an extent that one wheel was entirely sunk in the mud, and all the horses and oxen procurable could not start it. Barsabas, who was then a life-guardsman, offered to liberate the carriage. He raised the wheel alone, made a sign to the coachman and postilions, who whipped the horses and goaded the oxen, and away went the carriage. The king gave him a pension; he got along in life, and became Major de Valenciennes. A Gascon having challenged him to fight, Barsabas replied: "Agreed; let's shake hands on the bargain." Whereupon he gave him such a grip that he broke the bones of the man's hand, and incapacitated him from holding a sword. Barsabas went into a village, one day, and asked for the blacksmith. The shop was pointed out to him, and he entered it. "My friend," said he, to the smith, "give me some horse-shoes." He broke all those that were handed him without the slightest difficulty, remarking they were made of poor and brittle iron. The smith said he would forge some other; whereupon Barsabas slyly caught up the heavy anvil and hid it under his cloak. The smith, wishing to hammer his iron, was astounded at the mysterious disappearance of his anvil, and yet more surprised when he saw it in its place a moment afterwards. He fancied that he was dealing with the Evil One, and fled from his shop and would not come back till the demon had gone away. He had a sister as strong as himself. As he had left home at an early age, and she was many years younger than himself, he did not know her. He met her, one day, in a small town of Flanders, where she sold cordage, and asked for the largest cords she had. He snapped them as if they were pack-thread, and told her they were good for nothing. "I can give you much better ones," said the girl; "but will you pay me well?" "As much as you ask, my dear," said the major, showing her a handful of crown pieces. She took them and broke them into little bits. "Your crowns," said she, "are no better than my ropes; give me coin of better alloy." Barsabas, surprised at the girl's strength, asked her name and where she came from, and thus discovered his own sister.

THE DEATHS THUS FAR.—According to the Constantinople correspondent of the London Times, the losses of life since the declaration of war are the following: Turks, 130,000; French, 70,000; English, 28,000; Russians at least 230,000. Taking into account the mortality on board the ships of war and transports, and among the laborers of different kinds attached to the troops, and the losses of the Austrian armies of occupation and observation, by the diseases of last winter, it may be assumed that from 500,000 to 600,000 men have perished or become invalided since the commencement of the war, or about as many as were carried off by the cholera of 1831-32 on its first appearance in Europe.

MADemoiselle RACHEL.—This lady, whose first appearance in New York is already announced, is to receive, for two hundred performances in the United States, \$250,000, besides all travelling expenses of herself and suite, and have a carriage and the requisite servants, in livery, constantly at her command.

CHILDREN IN BOSTON.—By the census just completed under the laws of the State, it appears that the whole number of children in this city, between the ages of four and fifteen years, is 28,528. Last year, the number returned by the census was 24,289, showing an increase, in one year, of 4239 children between the ages named.

AN EXCEPTION.—Boston is the only American city that has had an annual celebration of the anniversary of American Independence ever since the peace of 1783.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Henry C. Buffum to Miss Matilda Unwin; by Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. George M. Rogers to Miss Lucy M. Stebbins; by Rev. Mr. Blake, Mr. Robert Johnson to Miss Maria Barley; by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Johnson Atchison to Miss Jane Hughes; by Rev. Mr. Cilley, Mr. Leander P. Itie, of Cuba, to Miss Fanny A. Richards.—At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Robert Pemberton to Miss Angelina U. Whiting, of Pepperell.—At Lynn, Mr. William O. Williams to Mrs. Ann Kurns; Mr. Albert H. Brown to Miss Nancy Shattuck, of Boston.—At Salem, Mr. Hiram Andrews to Mrs. Elizabeth B. Smith; George P. Hamilton, U.S.N., to Mrs. Susan Trout.—At Beverly, by F. W. Choate, Esq., Mr. Johannes Lunt, of Copenhagen, Denmark, to Mrs. Elizabeth Jennings.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Bailey, Mr. James H. Fleet to Miss Freeclove Dodge.—At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Ira Howard, of Randolph, to Miss Lucy Ann Newcomb, of Braintree.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dabman, Mr. James Munroe to Miss Sarah E. Woodward.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Vermilye, Mr. J. T. Brown to Miss Ellen T. Knapp.—At East Bridgewater, by Rev. Mr. Phipps, Mr. Oakes A. Ames, of North Easton, to Miss Catharine Hobart.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. Henry Steward to Miss Chloe Ann Benson.—At Portland, Me., by Rev. Mr. Pratt, Mr. Ezekiel S. Bell to Miss Eliza J. Strong.—At New York, by Rev. Dr. Taylor, Mr. George William Abbot, of Beverly, Mass., to Miss Sarah M. Bowditch, of Salem, Mass.

DEATHS.

In this city, Otis Turner, Esq.; Mr. Daniel W. Smith, 26; Mrs. Rebecca A. Stearns, wife of President Stearns of Amherst College, 47; Mr. Charles H. Sackett, 22; Miss Eunice H. Tilton, 34; Mr. Daniel W. Smith, 26; Mr. Roath A. Sherman, 39; Mrs. Alice Vinal, wife of Mr. Simeon Pratt, 57; Miss Martha Cragin, 25; Mr. William Hayman, 38.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Mary E. Bragg, 26; Widow Elizabeth Burlingame, 47.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Lydia Lund, 40.—At Cambridgeport, Mr. Josiah Oakes, 77.—At East Cambridge, Widow Hannah Woodward, 67.—At Quincy, Mr. Matthew Hathorn, 35; Mr. Ezra Daum, 67; Mrs. Hearn Scannell, 32.—At Lowell, Mrs. Erline H. Winslow.—At West Wareham, Mrs. Mary J., wife of Mr. Arthur O'Neill, 23.—At Newburyport, Mr. Luther Titcomb, 68.—At East Salisbury, Widow Abigail Buswell, 82.—At Taunton, Mrs. Abby Alecia Ripley, 33.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Charlotte Bartlett Mayo, 94.—At Fall River, Mr. Henry O'Neill, 40.—At Nantucket, Mr. Elisha Green, 72; Widow Eliza Ann Williams, 34; Widow Phoebe Mooers, 86.—At Westboro', Mr. Hannibal S. Aldrich, 41.—At Worcester, Mr. Arad Woodworth, 87.—At Springfield, Mrs. Jane E. Galpin, 2.—At Leverett, Widow Benjamin Field, 86.—At Greenfield, David Willard, Esq., 68.—At Providence, R. I., Mr. Jonathan Chase, a soldier of the Revolution, 97; Mrs. Anna, wife of Dea. Nathaniel Aldrich, 84.—At New Haven, Conn., Mrs. Susan, wife of Rev. Harry Crosswell, D.D., 76.—At Tolland, Conn., Abijah Ladd, M.D., 67.—At Washington, Maj. Augustus A. Nicholson, quartermaster of the U. S. marine corps.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The immense custom-house of Quincy granite which for years past has been in process of erection in New Orleans, and which, although it has cost more than three millions of dollars, still remains unfinished, is gradually sinking into the marsh, and "will probably disappear at about the time that railroads shall have transferred to some other point in the South the mercantile supremacy of the Crescent City." — Mrs. Fanny Kemble is giving her Shakspeare readings in London. It would be a treat to hear her upon this side of the water again. — The Burlington (Vt.) Free Press says that arrangements are being made to make that town one of the principal depots for lumber in New England. The Free Press thinks that five years hence 50,000,000 feet of lumber will be landed there annually, and makes great promises for the future of that city, the only one in Vermont. — General Shields has located a large farm in Minnesota. May he reap as many fruits as has laurels! — The telegraph wire in Alabama was lately cut, and 200 feet of it taken away, under the belief that it was the cause of the prevailing drought. Immediately after a good shower fell, confirming the depredators in their error. — A citizen of New York shot a mad dog and wounded a boy with the same ball. Sad work! — One day lately eleven boats from Edgartown, each boat manned by two men, captured no less than seventy-two sword-fish, varying in weight from one hundred to three hundred and fifty pounds, and aggregating about ten thousand pounds. — Late into July there was snow on Mt. Washington, and people were glad of snug fires at night. — The first theatre opened in the colonies of North America was at Williamsburgh, Va., September 5th, 1742—the play, the "Merchant of Venice." The first theatre opened in New York was in Nassau Street, September 17th, 1753. The first play acted was "The Conscious Lovers." — Florence Nightingale is not a Roman Catholic, as some have supposed, but a Protestant of the most ultra class. She belongs to a dissenting family, and is herself a Unitarian. — A snapping turtle was lately captured in Sanborn-ton, N. H., upon whose back were the dates of 1810 and 1833. Mr. David Clark, now of Franklin, was the person who carved the first date, and the shell of the turtle was then four and a half inches across by seven in length. In forty years it has grown but one inch longer and wider. — In Jersey City, Mayor Manners has, during the two official years, issued fifty-two vetoes of acts passed by the common council. — A Seneca warrior one hundred and one years old lately gave evidence in a court of justice in Buffalo county, N. Y., in a great land suit. He is strong and healthy, and his eye-sight good. He was listened to with intense interest, going back with a history of the country prior to the days of the Revolution! — Accounts from Sierra Leone contains intelligence of a disastrous defeat sustained by the English in an expedition against the natives. They sustained a loss of fifty men in killed and prisoners. — The Rev. R. D. Hitchcock, of Bowdoin College, has been elected Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Union Theological Seminary, New York, a wealthy lady of that city having generously contributed \$25,000 to complete the endowment of the professorship. — The Erieason made the passage out to Havre in 14 days and 3 hours from New York. — Dr. William Tirrell, an eminent agriculturist, and one of the wealthiest and most public-spirited citizens of Georgia, died at his residence, Sparta, Hancock county, on the morning of the 4th of July. The deceased has especially entitled himself to the gratitude of Georgia and of posterity, by the donation of twenty thousand dollars to Athens College, for the establishment of a professorship of agriculture. — Admiral Sir Charles Napier is said to have lost his fortune by the failure of Halford & Co., in London. — The Jingo tree on the Common—transplanted from the Gardiner Greene estate on Pemberton Hill about twenty years ago—looks well, though its growth is scarcely perceptible. — Mrs. Lovejoy writes from Kansas that no spot on earth can be more inviting than the new territory.

A SMART FRENCHMAN.—Not long ago the Paris Univers thought proper to publish a series of virulent attacks upon the venerable Beranger, accusing him of having invariably placed his pen at the service of the worst of passions, and contending that his reputation as a poet far exceeded his genius. A sculptor to whom it occurred that the Parisians would be glad of an opportunity to protest against these libels on their favorite bard, designed a small bust of him, of which he sold plaster casts at six sous a piece. The idea has met with immense success, no less than ten thousand busts of Beranger having been sold in the space of a fortnight.

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY.—Two thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven volumes and two thousand five hundred and forty-nine pamphlets were last year added to the library at Cambridge, exclusive of duplicates, periodicals, newspapers, etc. A collection of modern Greek works has been lately added to the library. They are supposed to be the largest collection of the kind in America, and were imported direct from Athens under the charge of Professor Felton.

LOANING NEWSPAPERS.—It is a poor practice for people to borrow newspapers—and perfectly unjustifiable for postmasters to lend them. The department at Washington has determined to put a stop to it, and has forbidden postmasters to lend newspapers hereafter.

HONORARY.—The corporation of Harvard University has conferred the degree of LL.D. upon Gov. Gardner, Nathan Appleton, Nathan Bishop, superintendent of public schools, and Hon. Robert C. Winthrop.

Wayside Gatherings.

The ladies of Virginia are trying very hard to raise \$200,000, to purchase the Mt. Vernon estate.

A native African, owned by Mr. R. H. Tison, of South Carolina, died lately, at the age of one hundred and thirty years.

Mad'le Vestvali has made an engagement with the manager of the opera in Mexico, and will leave the United States on the 1st of September.

There is a black-walnut tree near Kalamazoo, Michigan, which measures thirty-three feet in circumference two feet from the ground.

Albert Harkness has been appointed by the executive board of Brown University to the professorship of the Greek language and literature.

The quantity of lumber surveyed in Bangor for the first six months ending July 1st, 1855, was 70,640,000 feet, against 48,382,920 feet in 1854, and 67,161,291 feet in 1853.

The poor little girl of Gilmanton, N. H., said to be charmed by snakes, has been engaged by Barnum, who has secured her and her favorite snakes for exhibition.

A gas company has been organized at Buenos Ayres to furnish light for the city, and the foundation stones of the gasometer had been laid in the presence of a large party.

A short time since a son of Phineas Drew, aged 14 years, at Newburyport, met his death from a rush of blood to the head, caused by the very dangerous and common habit among boys, of standing on the head.

Messrs. Bancroft & Sellers of Philadelphia have obtained of the Russian government a heavy contract for machinery for two extensive machine shops at Cronstadt. John Bull's pugnacity has lost him a good customer.

The Rhode Island Society for the encouragement of Domestic Industry will hold an exhibition of horses and cattle at Providence, commencing on Tuesday, September 11, and will continue through the week. The premium list amounts to \$4000.

It is said that the notorious Wild Cat, the Seminole Chief, has formed an alliance with Santa Anna. Should this be true, Alvarez and his brother revolutionists will have at least one very troublesome customer to dispose of.

The Canadian papers say there is a great want of cattle in Canada; that farmers are beginning to find out that wheat growing, to the neglect of stock, is not profitable, and that it has become necessary to import bullocks from the States.

Capt. Eli Perry, of the ship Cambria, has for fifteen years been constantly engaged in the passenger trade between Liverpool and New York, and during that time not a passenger has died on board any ship under his command. This is something more than "good luck."

About ten years ago a wealthy Englishman, living at East New York, L. I., set a pair of valuable larks free, for the very purpose of introducing them into this country. He has succeeded admirably, and deserves the commendation of all lovers of birds and songs.

The California papers make mention of a chalk hill in Campa Seco. It is found at the base of the hill, and a curious phenomenon is exhibited, viz., that, while one part of it is composed of chalk, the other is the usual clay formation, the line of demarcation being plainly visible.

A correspondent writes to the National Intelligencer that the former minister of Spain at Washington, M. Calderon de la Barca, is now living quietly and comfortably with his family at Neuilly, in the immediate neighborhood of Paris. He is devoting himself to literary pursuits, and abstains from politics entirely.

A New Hampshire sheriff was taking a rogue to prison, a few days since in a wagon. To make sure of him, the sheriff sat in the prisoner's lap; and when the horses came to a hill, where his attention was necessary to his vehicle, the rogue threw him out of his lap, jumped from the wagon and escaped to the woods.

The Grand Trunk Telegraph Line, in Canada, is for sale. The directors have been compelled to wind up matters and bring the telegraph to the hammer, not for the want of business to be done, but on account of internal defects and mismanagement. Since the line was opened, the telegraphic business has increased a hundred per cent., and is likely to grow.

An exchange says: "Fruit and vegetables are the natural food for summer, and the cheapest also. Eat, therefore, more fruit and vegetables, and less meat and flour, and you will not only contribute to your stock of health, but you will give the speculators in these articles of prime necessity, a dig under the fifth rib, which they richly deserve."

In 1759, the only post-office in Massachusetts was located in Boston, and the letters were advertised in the Boston News-Letter, so that a person residing out of Boston had to send to that city for his letters. In an old copy of the News-Letter a list of letters is published. In this list there are advertised two for Martha's Vineyard, twelve for Nantucket, and several for America.

Capt. Nathan Smith died in Fitzwilliam, N. H., lately, aged 91—the last revolutionary pensioner in Cheshire county. His father and older brothers were at the battle of Lexington, at which time he was about eleven years of age. At the age of sixteen he joined the army at West Point, where he was present at the time of Arnold's treason.

The Freewill Baptists have now a theological seminary at New Hampton, a State seminary in Maine, and a college at Hillsdale, Michigan; the two first, besides their buildings, have endowments of about \$30,000; the college has buildings costing \$50,000, and is fast collecting a fund of \$100,000. The denomination has also a quarterly review of high character.

The secretary of the treasury has authorized the collector and naval officers to collect upon arrival the duties due upon articles brought by travellers for presents, and not for sale, when the sum does not exceed \$500. Nearly all passengers from Europe bring packages of goods not designed for sale, but which are subject to duty. The instructions are for their convenience.

In the year 1676, after King Philip's war, Dr. Increase Mather, of Boston, Mass., "did by his letters procure a whole shipload of provisions from the charity of his friends in Dublin, Ireland." So that when Boston sent, by R. B. Forbes, Esq., a ship-load of provisions to Ireland, a few years ago, it was but the payment without interest, of a debt contracted a century and three quarters before.

A half dozen quart bottles were found in the foundation of a building in Burlington, erected many years ago, which seemed as fresh as if they had been put up last year. From inquiries it was found that the family were in the habit of burying bottles of green currants in the cellar, and that these must be at least thirty years old. The finding of these bottles proves that green fruit is susceptible of preservation for many years, when carefully put so as to exclude the air.

Foreign Items.

It is stated that Sir R. Murchison has received the appointment of Director of the Geological Survey, England,—the post left vacant by the death of Sir Henry de la Beche.

A project has been started in London, under the auspices of Prince Albert, for gathering under one roof, at Burlington House, all the learned and artistic societies in the city.

Count de Lorry, of France, has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment, 2000*fr.* fine, and 5000*fr.* damages, for defaming the character of General Randon, Governor-general of Algeria.

One of the heaviest known verdicts against usury has been pronounced in Dijon, France, condemning a banker to pay a fine of 100,000 francs. This particular sum was named, as it was calculated to represent, nearly, his ill-gotten profits for five years.

A new diamond, found by a negress in Brazil, and called the "Star of the South," has reached England, and is producing a sensation. It weighs 254 1-2 carats, and will probably lose half its weight in cutting. The Koh-i-noor now weighs 122 carats.

The gambling establishment near Thonon, on the banks of the Lake of Geneva, has just been closed by order of the Sardinian government. It is also said that a general measure will shortly be adopted for closing all the places of play in the Sardinian States.

There are no "war taxes" in Russia; the expenses of the war are met by *free* gifts from the population—that is, printed papers are sent round for each person of substance to fill in his contribution; and it is well understood how much he must contribute, if he will escape some dire penalty.

It is said that certain corn-merchants of Birmingham and Gloucester have lost at Berdiansk 50,000 quarters of wheat, on which they reckoned to turn a pretty penny, having bought the lot at 12*s.* per quarter, but the amount of which must now be reckoned a total loss, as the whole has been burnt or taken by the allies.

It seems that the "din of war" does not prevent musical affairs from prospering at Constantinople, although Turkish opinions do not quite agree with those entertained west of the Bosphorus. The last novelty is a cantata by Nedjib Bey, the sultan's composer, which is described as enjoying in Stamboul a popularity it could hardly hope for anywhere else.

Sands of Gold.

.... Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.—*Dr. Johnson.*

.... Gravity is only the bark of wisdom, but it preserves it.—*Confucius.*

.... The higher the rank the less pretence, because there is less to pretend to.—*Bulwer.*

.... I see death's a good trencherman; he can eat coarse, homely meat, as well as the daintiest.—*Decker.*

.... Conversation enriches the understanding; but solitude is the school of genius.—*Gibbon.*

.... Everything is worth seeing once, and the more one sees, the less one either wonders or admires.—*Chesterfield.*

.... Gravity is a mystery of the body, invented to conceal the defects of the mind.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

.... The only true conquests—those which awaken no regret—are those obtained over ignorance.—*Bonaparte.*

.... Some characters are like some bodies in chemistry; very good, perhaps, in themselves, yet fly off and refuse the least conjunction with each other.—*Greville.*

.... The most solitary persons have always been the least repining. How many of the world's most sacred oracles have been uttered, like those of Dodona, from the silence of deep woods.—*Bulwer.*

.... Great lords pride themselves on the merit of their ancestors, because they have no other; wits on their own merit, because they think it unique; while sensible men never glorify themselves.—*Ninon de L'Enclos.*

.... As those that pull down private houses adjoining to the temples of the gods prop up such parts as are contiguous to them; so in undermining bashfulness, due regard is to be had to adjacent modesty, good-nature and humanity.—*Plutarch.*

.... There are two distinct sorts of what we call bashfulness—this, the awkwardness of a body, which a few steps into the world will convert into the pertness of a coxcomb; that, a consciousness, which the most delicate feelings produce, and the most extensive knowledge cannot always remove.—*Mackenzie.*

Joker's Budget.

"Wife," said a hen-pecked husband, "go to bed." "I won't. Well, then, sit up; I will be minded!"

An old divine said to a young preacher, who had just preached a sermon of the intensely horrible order: "You are too flowery, and your flowers are all the flowers of sulphur."

Economy is the art of drawing in as much as one can, but unfortunately young ladies will apply this "drawing in" to their own bodies, when they wish to avoid anything like a "waist."

A man with a modest appetite dined at a hotel; after eating the whole of a young pig, was asked if he would have some pudding. He said he didn't care much about pudding, but if they had another little hog he would be thankful for it.

"Isn't it strange," asked a friend, the other day, "that Sir Isaac Newton should ever have indulged in clownish freaks?" "When did he?" we inquired. "Why, when he was dividing the rays of light, to be sure; for wasn't that cutting up shins?"

A bickering pair of Quakers were lately heard in high controversy, the husband exclaiming: "I am determined to have one quiet week with thee!" "But how wilt thou be able to get it?" said the taunting spouse, in "reiteration," which married ladies so provokingly indulge in. "I will keep thee a week after thou art dead," was the Quaker's rejoinder.

Stopping at a village inn, there came a thunder-storm, and Captain Hall, surprised that a new country should have reached such a perfection in those meteorologic manufactures, said to a bystander: "Why, you have very heavy thunder here." "Well, yes," replied the man, "we *do*, considering the number of inhabitants!"

A few nights since, some young men, going from Columbus to Cincinnati, Ohio, in the cars, were getting rather noisy and profane, when a gentleman in a white cravat tapped one of them on the shoulder, with the remark: "Young man, do you know you are on the road to perdition?" "That's just my luck; I took a ticket for Cincinnati, and I've got on the wrong train."

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HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD, AT ANTHONY'S NOSE.

BUENOS AYRES.

The city of Buenos Ayres, of which we present an engraving below, showing a portion of the defences, and a bathing scene, similar to that of Newport, is situated on a spot called Cape Blanco, on the south side of the Rio de la Plata, and is the capital of the vast province which bears its name. Its foundation dates as far back as the governorship of Don Pedro de Mendoza, in 1535, but it was almost immediately abandoned after its foundation, and the settlement was not resumed until 1582. In 1620 (the same year that the pilgrims landed at Plymouth), it was erected into a bishopric. Its present population is 120,000. The area on which the city is built rises gently, and is long in proportion to its breadth. Near the river is a fine large square, and this is the site of the gubernatorial residence. The city has very much improved in its appearance within a few years, many of the new houses being built of brick, though they are all low, consisting of one story and a basement; the cathedral, however, is a very splen-

did structure, which would attract attention in any city. There is another church at the further end of the city, and numerous convents. It is the great resort of European and Peruvian traders, as there is a post-road leading across the continent to Peru well supplied with means of conveyance. The regular and legitimate commerce of the place is small, but there is a vast amount of smuggling, chiefly carried on by the Portuguese; the most valuable commodities are brought hither to be exchanged for European goods, such as wool from Peru, copper from Coquimbo, gold from Chili, and silver from the celebrated mines of Potosi. From Corrientes and Paraguay come tobacco, sugar, cotton and beeswax. The trade between Peru and Buenos Ayres is chiefly in horned cattle and mules, of which almost incredible numbers change hands annually. The navigation to the city is dangerous on account of the lowness of the water, the shoals and rocks, and the frequent violent storms. Vessels anchor within three leagues of the town, whence their cargoes are taken ashore in lighters, and they

wait for their return cargo at Iteunado de Barragan, seven or eight leagues below the city. Like most places in South America, the city has suffered from political vicissitudes. On the 27th of June, 1806, Buenos Ayres was captured by a British squadron from the Cape of Good Hope, commanded by Commodore Popham. A column under General Beresford, numerically inferior to the Spanish force, was landed, and on the 28th, after some fighting, obtained possession of the city. More than a million dollars in silver and bullion was seized and sent to England. But on the 12th of August, the tables were turned, and when reinforcements sent by England arrived, they found the city in the hands of the Spaniards, and General Beresford prisoner of war. The British fleet took possession of Fort Goretti and stormed Monte Video, but finally the Spaniards triumphed. The government has since changed from a dictatorship to a so-called republic; and we believe that at the last account Buenos Ayres is what is called a republic in South America.

HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD,
AT ANTHONY'S NOSE.

One of the boldest and most judicious railroad enterprises of the day, was the building of the Hudson River Railroad from New York to Troy, a distance of 150 miles. To say nothing of the commercial importance of the enterprise, which filled up the gap caused by the annual closing of the navigation of the Hudson River, it conferred an inestimable boon upon the public in opening an easy, rapid and cheap aspect to some of the finest scenery in this country or the world. No railroad in this country intersects so picturesque, or so romantic a region; on one side, the lordly Hudson rolling its silver tide towards the ocean, on the other, a country run-



CITY OF BUENOS AYRES, SOUTH AMERICA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
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CONNECTICUT.

"He who transplanted will sustain," is the motto of the State noted for "steady habits;" and on its shield we see three flourishing vines, carefully tied to sustaining stakes. The first settlers of Connecticut were the Dutch, who purchased lands at Hartford and erected a block-house there in January, 1633. Some six years previous, however, a Dutch envoy from New York to Plymouth had advised his Puritan friends to remove to the rich meadows of the Connecticut valley, nor was it many years before the English had undisturbed possession. "Their vines flourished." Our artist has represented one of these old Puritan pioneers on his way to church. He carries a young child, and his wife has the prized Scriptures, while a stout boy has a loaded musket, in case of attack. Little suspects that grim man, as he stalks along in

meditation, that a Pequot warrior is dodging his footsteps, and that on his return from divine service he will find his home desolate. Fearful was the vengeance often inflicted upon the "bloody heathen," the destruction of whom was justified by quotation from Holy Writ. Years passed, and the colonists, trained in an iron school, refused to bend the knee to English tyranny. One of the most daring exploits in their ante-Revolutionary politics is chronicled in the story on page 123. An attempt to portray even the principal occupations of industrious Connecticut would require broad limits, and our artist contents himself with a representation of shad fishing on the Connecticut. This commences early in the spring, after the breaking up of the ice, and continues until the first of June, affording employment to a large number of men. Some are salted and packed in barrels, but thousands are sent

into the interior, or to the neighboring cities. The area of Connecticut is 3,048,960 acres, of which one half is cultivated land. Among her products in 1850, were 1,267,624 pounds of tobacco, much of which is exported to Germany. To enumerate the productions of her busy factories and workshops would be to chronicle most of our home manufactures. Connecticut contains 734 churches—252 are Congregational, 185 Methodist, 114 Baptist, 101 Episcopal, and 5 Unitarian. The church property is valued at \$3,555,194. Yale College at New Haven, Trinity College at Hartford, and the Wesleyan University at Middletown, are equally renowned as institutions of a high order. There are numerous academies in the State, and the school system is highly spoken of. The citizens of Connecticut are industrious, moral and economical in their habits.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

THE DUCAL CORONET:

—OR,—

THE HEIR AND THE USURPER.

A ROMANCE OF ITALY IN THE 16TH CENTURY.

BY ARTHUR MORTON, A. M.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SECRET CHAMBER.

BUT, though Giulio was half crazed with jealousy and passion, he was not bewildered to that extent as utterly to lose sight of his own safety. Stopping at a small shop or booth kept by a Jew, he exchanged his sad-colored cloak for one of a brighter hue, and his light cap for another, the broad brim and drooping feathers of which effectually concealed his face, and formed, indeed, an efficient disguise except upon the very closest examination. Tossing a handful of ducats to the astounded and delighted Israelite, Giulio continued his way to the palace, nursing his moody and wrathful thoughts, and chafed by his recent defeat. He was near one of the entrances of the pile, when he suddenly encountered the page, issuing forth.

"You here?" exclaimed Zelic, almost angrily. "I thought I told you to remain under the archway."

"I am master of my own actions," replied the prince, haughtily. "Stand aside, boy, and let me pass."

"You should not have come hither; I would soon have joined you. Has anything happened?"

"Montaldo passed the archway."

"He saw you not?" cried the page, anxiously.

"Nay—I called to him."

"Then he explained himself."

"Our intercourse was limited to the crossing of steel blades."

"You are hurt," said the page, springing forward.

"Not in body," replied the prince, gloomily, "but wounded in spirit. Montaldo was victorious."

"A knight armed cap-a-pie could hardly be otherwise. But why are you here?"

"I would see the princess."

"Then go to certain death. The palace is full of your enemies—you will be recognized—slain! The princess will be the first to betray you."

"I care not. I must see her and upbraid her with her perfidy."

"Do that when, side by side with your kinsman of Milan, victory perches on your banner, and you enter these walls as a conqueror."

"I cannot endure the delay. Besides, my sister is in their power, and I must know and share her fate."

"You will not see the princess now," persisted Zelic. "She is preparing her for her wedding with Montaldo, which, her father says, must take place immediately."

"I will find her, if in so doing I forfeit my existence."

"Then I must guide and shield you," said the page; "follow me."

Submitting to the leadership of the supposed boy, Giulio followed without hesitation. Zelic opened a wicket gate that gave entrance to the garden, and passing through an alley concealed and shaded by dense foliage, unlocked a door in the wall. They were then at the foot of a staircase, which they ascended and soon stood within the princess's apartments. They were deserted. Neither Margarita nor any of her attendants, nor the prince's sister were visible.

"You perceive," said Zelic, "that I did not deceive you. But follow still; I will procure you an interview."

She now approached a picture on the wall, and pressing a spring, the panel on which it was painted slid back, disclosing an opening upon a staircase. Passing through, followed by Giulio, Zelic closed the panel, and then, assuming the lead, first giving her hand to the prince, for the passage was not lighted, he was conducted up a short flight of steps and into a small and neatly furnished room.

"Rest here awhile," she said, "while I go in quest of the lady. Observe the door through which I pass. When you hear the tinkling of a silver bell, you can follow me—but not before. Do not neglect my request as you did once this morning."

The page vanished and Giulio sat down to await the signal with all the patience he could summon to his aid. More excitement and adventure had been crowded into the last two days of his life, than he had experienced in his whole previous existence, and so strange was the series of events in which he had become involved, that it was hard to persuade himself that all that passed around him was not a feverish dream, and that he should awaken in the peaceful and tranquil solitudes of Monte Rosa. He had about reconciled himself to the monotony of his existence there, when the duke's hunting party came to disturb his equanimity. Then came the lovely vision of the fairies' glen—the love at first sight of the beautiful stranger—the arrest at midnight—the dungeon—the escape—and now these torturing doubts of the fidelity of one for whom he would have poured out his life-blood "as freely as flask gives its wine." If her treachery were confirmed, he thought, no matter what became of him. He would surrender himself to the duke, and lay his head upon the block without a murmur. These reflections were interrupted by the tinkling of the silver bell that summoned him to the adjoining apartment. He sprang up, rushed through the doorway by which the page had

vanished, and then stood transfixed at the spectacle which presented itself to his eye.

He stood within a small apartment, fitted up with the utmost luxury, but with peculiar taste. It was draped throughout with hangings of rich blue Genoa velvet, heavily fringed with gold bullion, and gathered in the centre of the ceiling, from which it descended in rich and graceful folds, forming a tent. The floor was piled with Turkey carpets so that a footstep awakened no echo. In the centre was a magnificent divan, and near it standing on the floor, a vast alabaster lamp, fed with perfumed oil, diffused light and fragrance through the apartment. These features the quick eye of the prince took in at a glance, but it was not these which excited his astonishment.

Reclining on the divan in the centre of the room, was a lady of surpassing loveliness. On her head she wore a turban of emerald green silk, encircled by a bandeau of precious stones which held up a veil of gold tissue that fell like a cloud around her, imparting a warm tint to her polished shoulders, like that observed in Titian's pictures of Venetian loveliness. A short, rose-colored tunic of satin, covered with fanciful gold embroidery, in the flowers of which sparkled diamonds and rubies, descended just below the knee, where it disclosed full trowsers of blue satin, gathered at the bottom by gold anklets set with precious stones, while the little fairy blue-veined feet just rested in slippers that Cinderella might have worn. Resting carelessly upon her elbow, the right hand of the lady, sparkling with jewelled rings, played with the flexible tube of a nargillah, or Turkish pipe, the bowl of which, curiously carved and ornamented, was set in a crystal vase that stood upon a mat at the foot of the divan. The dark eyes of the lady, that shamed the lustre of the diamonds on her brow, gazed piercingly upon the prince, as if to estimate the effect of this display.

For a few moments Giulio was speechless. At last he spoke:

"Lady," he said, "I feel that I am an intruder here. I came hither in quest of another than yourself, and it appears that I have been misled by a mischievous page."

"The page is gone," said the lady, with a slight smile and in the most melodious of voices. "His mission is accomplished—he will never appear upon the stage of life again; but in the place of Selim, the page, can you not accept Zelic, the Persian maiden, equally devoted to your service?"

The eyes of the prince had now become accustomed to the light. Scrutinizing the features of the personage before him, and coupling the result of that scrutiny with the reply of the female, his mind was instantly enlightened.

"You, then, beautiful girl—were the page of the princess?" he said.

"No other, prince. But name not the princess, she is unworthy your mention."

"And what could have induced you, Zelic, since so I must name you, to lay aside the garments of your sex, and accept a menial occupation—you, whose beauty should command service rather than accord it?"

"It was to serve my father."

"Your father?"

"Sit down, prince, and you shall hear my story."

Giulio, strangely fascinated, accepted the invitation, or, rather, obeyed the command, for it was uttered with the tone of one used to secure obedience, and took a seat on the divan beside Zelic.

"I first saw light," said Zelic, "in that far Eastern clime whose flowers and trees, and groves and birds and fountains tell us what Paradise must have been in the first dawn of creation. I never knew my mother, for she died at my birth, but my father lavished on me more than a mother's tenderness. He was learned in all the lore of the East; a knowledge which makes the scholarship of your wise men appear like the lessons of schoolboys. His life has been passed in reading the profoundest secrets of nature; the story of the stars, the mysteries of earth. But it was not for the sake of that knowledge alone that he gathered the traditions of the Eastern magi, that he pored over the Egyptian scrolls, that he lingered long years on the banks of the Ganges and the Nile. His is a two-fold dream of wealth and empire. Gold for himself—gold for me; a gorgeous Eastern home for both. Such were his aims. In pursuit of this wealth, unsatisfied with the hoards he had already amassed, he came to the West, and circumstances induced him to visit Parma. The wise man who would become wealthy must not despise the arts of the charlatan. As a professed astrologer, he had need to gather by a sure and unsuspected hand, a knowledge of all that was passing in the world he seemed to disdain, and yet which it was necessary he should become thoroughly acquainted with. Hence his daughter became his instrument, and appeared at the court as a boy engaged for the service of the princess. A sad and humiliating life and task I assumed, you will say. So be it; but remember that the end justified the means. A heavy bribe procured from the architect who had been employed in the repairs of the palace, a thorough knowledge of all the secret chambers, passages and modes of communication with which these Italian structures abound; and we know far more of these material mysteries than the duke himself. How we avail ourselves of these secrets you yourself have partially witnessed. Suffice it to say, that my father's purpose has been accomplished. He is master of untold wealth. The duke, in view of approaching dangers, has given him permission to remove with his treasure to a place of safety. I need not tell you that we shall never return. Our faces are turned to the East, the cradle of our race, the home of fiery hearts and gorgeous dreams, and all the felicity that earth can bestow. I have nearly told my story, but not quite."

Zelic paused, and appeared agitated, as if expecting that the prince would speak; but as he remained silent, she resumed:

"Do you recognize this ring?" she asked, offering her hand to Giulio.

The prince bent down, and without touching the fair hand, replied that he recognized the trinket as that he had bestowed on her in the dungeon.

"The gift bestowed upon the boy was treasured by the woman," said the strange girl.

Still Giulio was silent.

"Could you think that it was a boy's devotion that prompted me to brave danger and fatigue for your sake?" asked Zelic, appealingly.

"Whatever the motive, lady," replied the prince, "I shall always be deeply grateful for the service."

"That service was rendered because I loved you, prince," exclaimed Zelic. "That ring was treasured that I might have the right to say to you one day, as I say to you now—in your darkest hour there was but one to serve you, and now she claims your love as her recompense."

"You forget there was another," said Giulio. "The princess."

"The princess!" exclaimed Zelic, angrily. "She served you in her father's interest. She knew full well that your imprisonment was more dangerous to him than your liberty. Policy spoke to her false Italian heart and she obeyed it."

"I am convinced you wrong her," said Giulio.

"Do I wrong her when I bid you compare her loveliness with mine?" cried Zelic, with flashing eyes. "When I boldly challenge the comparison?"

"Zelic!" exclaimed the prince, "in this brief interview a sudden light has broken upon me. I came hither, doubting the lady of my love; I leave you, aware of the motive that has induced you to traduce her, and sorrowful that one so gifted, to whom I owe such gratitude, should stoop to arts so unworthy."

"Ferrado Montaldo loves the princess," said Zelic, starting up wildly. "He loves her—they will be wedded."

"I believe it not," said Giulio, firmly. "Farewell!"

"You leave me not," said Zelic, as the prince moved towards the door. "That way lies danger—death! Here, with us, life and happiness—all is arranged for our flight. Go with us. You will be happy. I will be your bride, your slave. You shall tear off those fettering garments and wear the turban of the Moslem. You shall renounce your false religion and kneel, with us, at the shrine of the prophet."

She seized the arm of the prince and clung to it with tenacity.

"Come, come to my father," she gasped. "He will bless our loves."

"Temptress avaunt!" cried Giulio, shaking off her grasp. "Were the Princess Margarita lost to me, you could not be mine. Between me and thee there lies a gulf—profound—impassable!"

With a wild cry, that seemed the agony of a breaking heart, Zelic relinquished her hold upon the prince's arm, and reeling backward as if death-stricken, fell upon the divan. Giulio dashed through the door, plunged down the dark, stone stairway, and a fortunate chance guiding his hand, touched the spring of the secret panel, and had the satisfaction of seeing it fly back.

CHAPTER XIX.

MUTUAL EXPLANATIONS.

THE Princess Margarita uttered a cry of astonishment and pain when she beheld Giulio, pale with excitement, suddenly appear before her. She sprang towards him and clasped his hands in both of hers.

"How is this, Giulio? Whence come you? How is it that you are here in the heart of danger again? Was my protection of no avail? Has the signet-ring lost its power?"

"I should never have left these walls," answered Giulio. "Of what avail to liberate my body, while my heart remained prisoner? Yet I come not back as I went forth, princess. You have a right to scorn me now. I have fought Montaldo, and been foiled."

"Fought Montaldo? Surely, Giulio, you are mad. He is your best friend, and should be near to you as a brother; for he loves your sister."

"He love Estella!"

"Yes; this morning he confessed it."

"And she?"

"Confided to him that she loved him in return. He went from her presence, promising to spare you should he cross your path in the assault."

"He did spare me," said Giulio. "I encountered him this morning, challenged him, struck him, though he was sheathed in steel, and compelled him to defend himself. He might have slain me, but he scorned to take advantage of my rashness."

"But the motive for assaulting him?"

"The belief that he was to receive your hand as the guardian of his service to your father."

"And did you think for one moment, Giulio," said the princess, reproachfully, "that I could prove false to my plighted troth? Ah! how weak is the trust of man compared to that of woman!"

"Margarita," said the prince, "jealousy is the surest test of love. There were other circumstances that combined to shake my reason—for it was a mental aberration—for a moment. Your page—your page who had already saved my life, who had no apparent motive for deception, who had given the highest proof of his attachment to me—he, I say, swore to me that he knew you were lost to me and plighted to another."

"The false traducer knew better. Strange that so young a boy's heart should be so full of evil."

"I have a stranger tale yet for your ear," said the prince. "That page is not what he seems."

"A spy?"

"Yes; a spy upon all your actions. But, Margarita, the worst remains to be told; your page, that was a boy, as it seemed—is a woman."

"A woman!"

"Ay, a woman—beautiful, passionate, vengeful, unprincipled. Moreover, she is the enemy of our faith, a follower of the false prophet of Islam."

"Selim!" exclaimed the princess.

"Selim no more, but Zelic, daughter of the duke's astrologer."

"Giulio, you have furnished me with the key to a dark mystery. This woman, who traduced me to you, sought to shake my confidence in you. An unknown female came to my chamber in the night-time."

"She and her father know a hundred secret passages by which they can pass from one part of the palace to another unseen and unsuspected."

"This mysterious female presented herself as your affianced bride," pursued the princess. "In proof of which she showed me a ring which you had worn on your finger."

"It was the same which I bestowed upon the page in my dungeon, at his or her request. Thus, then, the clouds which threatened to darken our happiness, are swept away."

"No, Giulio—they were never darker," said the princess, tears filling her eyes. "For my sake you have rushed back into the heart of danger. Escape is no longer possible. The duke has given orders that none leave these walls without his permission. The signet-ring is no longer a talisman, and I, alas! have lost the power to protect you."

Tears filled her eyes, and her lips quivered as she made this acknowledgment.

"No matter," said Giulio. "Your father can do his worst. I will no longer fly from his wrath. Let him destroy me if he dare. I will no longer owe my safety to a woman's protection; I will go to the duke and surrender myself to him, and let him work his pleasure on this poor frame. He may send me to the block, and if Heaven designs that I shall perish, the light of love will gild my last moments like a purging sunbeam."

"You shall not throw away your life," said the princess. "If my words are unavailing, there is another advocate who shall plead with me for my cause."

She threw open the door from another room, and Estella rushed into her brother's arms.

"Dear Estella," said the prince, as he folded her to his heart. "I thank Heaven for this moment's meeting. It may be our last, sweetest; but we shall not part without my blessing on your fair young head. Mourn not for me when I am gone. Montaldo shall teach you to forget your grief, and you will think only of your brother as one, who, after a few painful trials, passed to a better world."

"What is the meaning of these sad words, dear brother?" asked the weeping girl.

"It means that, unless you can dissuade him, your brother will surrender himself to the duke, to be dealt with as he pleases. My father is now an angry and a desperate man."

"Giulio!" exclaimed Estella, "brother, dear brother, you have no right to peril your life. Your life, did I say. Are not our lives linked indissolubly with yours? Do nothing rash. Be counselled by the princess. She has wisdom and power."

"Estella—Margarita," said the prince, "you have vanquished my scruples. I place myself in your hands, well knowing that neither of you will counsel my dishonor."

"I thank you for your generous confidence, Giulio," said the princess. "You know well that your honor is as dear to me as your life. Hear me. I must conceal you for the present. Not here—the place is too insecure—but in the very last place where you will be looked for—in the prison from which you escaped. I myself will be your jailer. Matteo, besotted with wine, now sleeps as if he were dead. The prison, beneath my control, will be a sure fortress, and ere harm can come to you, I will devise some means to conjure away every danger. What think you of my plan?"

"I will not allow myself to think," said the prince. "I place my fate in your hands. You are wiser, better and truer than I am. When an angel interests herself in the fate of a mortal, the issue cannot but be fortunate."

With one more embrace bestowed upon his sister, Giulio abandoned himself to the guidance of the princess, who led the way from the palace to the prison. They found Matteo slumbering heavily upon his accustomed bench near the portal, and the princess easily possessed herself of the keys. She then resumed her way along a far-reaching corridor, followed by the prince, and paused before a cell long unoccupied.

"I will not place you in your former apartment," said she, "for I alone must know where to find you. There are duplicate keys to this cell. One I will keep myself—take thou the other; and if, before the day has closed, I do not come to liberate you, then you will know that the worst has chanced, and that the means of escape are in your own hands. Farewell—be of good cheer. Heaven will not desert us in our need."

With one embrace they parted; the prince entered the cell, and Margarita, after turning the key, withdrew it, and, hurrying back along the corridor, replaced the bunch from which she had abstracted the two keys beside the sleeping jailer. This done she returned to her apartments with all possible speed.

She had scarcely reached it and exchanged a few words with Estella, when Zelic presented herself in her page's dress. She was pale as death, with dark circles under her eyes, but her manner was as self-possessed as ever. She announced that the duke commanded the instant presence of his daughter.

Margarita found her father in his audience chamber. He mo-

tioned her to a seat, and addressed her in a cold and determined tone.

"Margarita," said he, "we have reached a crisis in the affairs of our state. Whatever we do must be done briefly. This morning you wed Montaldo."

"Yes, father," said the princess, faintly.

"I could have wished," said the duke, "for a brilliant scene at your espousals; but fate has ordered otherwise. In our private chapel the altar is already decorated—a priest is in waiting to perform the nuptial ceremony. I have summoned Montaldo from the wall to receive your hand at mine."

"Father," faltered Margarita, "this precipitation—"

"The affair admits of no discussion or delay. You have heard my will. No maiden scruples."

"I cannot wed Montaldo."

"Not to-day!"

"Never!"

"How is this?" cried the duke, the flush of rising passion coloring his pallid cheek.

"For the best of reasons, I cannot wed him," answered Margarita, firmly.

"Name it."

"I love another."

"Another! And his name?"

"That is my secret, father."

"I shall know how to extort it."

"And Montaldo, father, he too loves another. But why should I seek to evade the truth? Delays, prevarications, mysteries are indeed of no avail. He I love is the Prince Giulio."

"He can never be yours," said the duke, shuddering as he spoke.

"And why not, father? Why should not our feud be healed by my union with the rightful heir of Parma?"

"Death has already forbidden the nuptials."

"Death!" exclaimed the princess, with well-feigned horror.

"I cannot conceal it from you longer, Margarita," said the duke, placing his kerchief to his eyes, "but last night your cousin died in his prison house."

"Giulio dead?"

"This morning his body was delivered to the Duke of Milan."

"Alas! alas!" cried the princess, wringing her hands.

"Thus should end my cares and troubles," said the duke. "But," he added, gnashing his teeth, "Milan accuses me of foul play, and yet threatens to storm the city. Montaldo is, I fear me, wavering; and there is no other to whom I can entrust the command of the troops. Your hand would secure him."

"This morning," said the princess, "he avowed to me his love for Estella."

"Then Estella must no longer be an obstacle," muttered the duke.

"What have I said?" exclaimed the princess. "Father, you cannot mean harm to that young girl."

The reply of the duke was prevented by the entrance of a messenger, who announced an ambassador from the Duke of Milan.

"Admit him instantly," said the duke.

And then he summoned his attendants as witnesses, and the presence-chamber was soon filled with a numerous retinue.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MESSAGE OF MILAN.

WHEN all were assembled and ranged in the order befitting the reception of an ambassador, the draperies were withdrawn from the great door at the lower end of the hall, opposite the ducal throne, and preceded by the flourishing of trumpets, there entered a knight armed from head to heel in a brilliant suit. A cloud of snowy plumage tossed and danced upon his crest, he held a truncheon in his mailed grasp, and the rowels of his golden spurs rang on the marble pavement as he moved slowly, pausing every few seconds, up the hall. As his helmet was closed, much curiosity was felt by the courtiers as to his identity, a curiosity heightened by the straining gaze which the duke himself fixed upon the approaching figure. In fact, it was noticed that the countenance of the duke was ashen pale, and that he was singularly agitated.

In the same strange manner—three steps and then a halt—the figure continued to advance, until the duke, by stretching out his hand, could have touched the truncheon of the messenger, when the stranger suddenly sank down in a heap at the foot of the throne.

"Most mighty prince," said an indistinct voice from the interior of the helmet, "bid an armorer or any one who hath sufficient skill, to undo my helmet and give me air, and relieve me from a portion of this weight of steel and iron."

At a sign from the duke, several helping hands accomplished the wish of the stranger, who was relieved of his helmet and placed upon his feet. With profound astonishment, the duke, who had recognized the armor, now beheld the features of Tonio, the jester.

"Answer me truly, thou knave," said the duke, sternly, "how camest thou by that armor?"

"Marry, your exemplary mightiness, I dreamed myself into it," replied the jester.

"How, sirrah?"

"Will your tremendous transparency permit me to explain?" said the jester. "Yesternight, if your august eminence remembers, your magnanimous clemency consigned the gentleman who now addresses you to the care of a very unpleasant individual, who has the honor of officiating as your head jailer."

"Go on, sirrah! but I warn you to be brief," said the duke.

"Mighty potentate, I will be brief," and he gabbled on as fast as his tongue could move; "breakfast with the jailer—chicken, wine, sleepy, sound nap, wake up in a coffin dressed in armor in the camp of the Milanese. Duke of Milan wanted to hang me because somebody had cheated somebody, somehow or other; that's all, your highness."

"And you came back, like a fool, into the lion's den," said the duke, the angry flush occasioned by the narrative, yet burning on his cheek.

"Pardoh me, your gracious grace," said the jester, "though no one can admire more than I do the eminent individual whom I have the honor to address, still it seems to my poor judgment, that your tremendous majesty is best admired at a distance. Vesuvius is a very beautiful spectacle seen from afar during an eruption, but the wise man was no better than a fool who watched it from the brink of the crater and was burned alive for his pains."

"Then tell me, in the fiend's name, how came you here?" said the duke, losing all patience.

"I came, your grace, because I couldn't help it," answered the poor jester. "His tremendous highness of Milan is just as imperious as your extraordinary majesty. I was between two fires. My own wish said stay; his grace of Milan said 'go,' and his grace's orders were more powerful than my wishes. Yet, to do him justice, and to correct the unfavorable impression I have rather hastily given of him, I ought to remark that nothing could possibly be handsomer than the delicate manner in which he insinuated his views. 'Tonio,' said he, 'I wish you to bear a message to Parma, but you can decline the mission if you dislike the honor, only, if you don't go, I shall hang you.' Of course, under the circumstances, I accepted."

"The message! the message!" said the duke, stamping his foot impatiently.

"Your grace will hold me harmless for the words I am compelled to utter," said the jester, trembling violently.

"I have not heard them yet," said the duke, evasively. "But if you do not instantly deliver the message, without suppressing a single word, in ten minutes your worthless carcass shall waver in the wind from our highest battlement."

With death thus staring him directly in the face, the jester no longer hesitated. Laying aside the bombastic and burlesque manner which had become, from long use, natural to him, he spoke as follows:

"His grace of Milan sends greeting to the Duke of Parma. The Duke of Parma, through an authorized agent, pledged himself this morning to surrender the person of Giulio Veroni, rightful heir to the throne of Parma, to his kinsman. Instead thereof, at the appointed time, the aforesaid agent, being an officer of rank in the household of the Duke of Parma, came with the intelligence that Giulio had died in prison, and in place of the living Giulio, gave up a coffin said to contain his remains, but which, on being opened, was found to contain a living man, the jester of the prince. This outrage on all decency—this deception—the added trickery and insult, should have put an end to all forbearance. It is not out of regard to the Duke of Parma that his grace of Milan holds back for a moment the vengeance due to conduct like this; but inasmuch as he is willing to spare the effusion of innocent blood, he now declares that if, within one half hour from the reception of this message, Giulio Veroni, living and unharmed, shall be set at liberty and sent under an honorable escort to the court of Milan, then the Duke of Milan will be ready to agree upon an armistice and a conference to adjust the claims of Giulio. But if the said Giulio shall not be so liberated and given up, then the order to assault the city shall be immediately given; no quarter will be shown the garrison when the city is taken, and Parma shall be given up to sack and pillage."

High swelled the wrath of the Duke of Parma. The princess sought to interpose a word, but her father commanded her to be silent, and rising, while his whole frame shook with passion, he dictated this reply to the messenger of Milan.

"Tell your master that the prince shall never be surrendered; that I spurn his proposition and dare him to the assault. But say to him that the sister of the princess is also in my power, and that the moment his columns move to the assault, her body shall be flung from the ramparts and dashed to atoms at their base. Hence with all speed, and deliver this my message."

"If you harm a hair of the signora's head," said the jester, who was passionately devoted to her, "your life shall pay the forfeit."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

MUSIC AT HARVARD COLLEGE.

So our venerable Alma Mater at Cambridge has at length taken a first step in the direction we have so long urged, of recognizing and installing music in her circle of the arts and sciences! The office of musical instructor and organist to the University has been created, and our young townsman, Mr. L. P. Homer, who has spent many years of earnest study with the best musical masters in Germany, and who is one of our most thoroughly taught musicians, as well as a man of general intelligence and a gentleman, has been appointed to the place. We doubt not his good influence will soon be felt among the students, and that ere long a high authority in favor of music will go forth with a power of example from old Harvard.—*Journal of Music.*

IMAGINATION.—A contented citizen of Milan, who had never passed beyond its walls during the course of sixty years, being ordered by the governor not to stir beyond its gates, became immediately miserable, and felt so powerful an inclination to do that which he had so long contentedly neglected, that, on his application for a release from this restraint being refused, he became quite melancholy, and at last died of grief. The pains of imprisonment, also, like those of servitude, are more in conception than in reality. We are all prisoners. What is life but the prison of the soul?—*Burton.*

TRIESTE, ITALY.

In pursuance of our plan of enriching the Pictorial with authentic representations of the most remarkable places in the world, we present herewith three striking views of the commercial city of Trieste (anciently *Tergestum*), which lies at the head of the Gulf of Venice, and which is the only Austrian seaport that possesses a convenient harbor. Our readers will take the more interest in this place, from the fact that it is the port of destination of many of our merchant vessels trading to the Mediterranean. The subjects of our sketches are, 1, the Square of the Exchange; 2, a view of the Port of Trieste, and 3, the Great Square of the City. Trieste is one of the oldest cities of the Adriatic. It was founded six hundred years before the Christian era, by a tribe of Thracians, who, compelled to flee from a powerful enemy, or impelled by an adventurous desire of migration, ascended the Danube, planted themselves in Istria, and built many cities there, among others Pola. Pola is now an inconsiderable village, remarkable only for its Roman antiquities, while Trieste is constantly advancing. About the year 180 B. C., it was taken by the Romans, who left a colony too feeble to defend it. It was successively sacked by the Gepidæ, the Goths and the Lombards. Raised once from its ruins by Octavius Augustus, another time by the Byzantines, it was incorporated in the exarchate of Ravenna, conquered by Charlemagne, given up to the Duke of Friuli, and finally subjugated by the Venetians. At the same time the patriarchs of Aquileia, the margraves of Istria and the dukes of Carinthia disputed its possession. Attacked in turns by its ambitious neighbors, taken and retaken by one and the other, and, every time it fell, condemned to pay the expenses of the war, the unfortunate city, to end these fatal rivalries, resolved to adopt another master, invoked the aid of the Germanic empire, and voluntarily surrendered itself to Charles IV., who gallantly bestowed it on his brother, the Patriarch of Aquileia. The Venetians invaded it again, and again it summoned Austria to its aid, who consented to reckon it among her domains, and assure it her protection. But what a protection! Up to the reign of Maximilian, Trieste remained tributary to Venice, and until 1717, its navigation was subjected to the exactions of the imperious republic. Charles VI. freed it from this commercial vassalage; Maria Theresa gave it useful institutions, and from these two its first element of progress dates. Its prosperity commenced with events of the last century. The other cities of the Adriatic, the shores of Dalmatia had been subjected by Venice to the iron gripe of St. Mark; they had, by degrees, lost



SQUARE OF THE EXCHANGE, AT TRIESTE.



VIEW OF THE PORT OF TRIESTE.

their primitive ardor; they only retained so much of vitality as it pleased the senate of the lagoons to leave them for their own purposes. In its turn, Venice fell beneath the sword of France, and, by one of those vicissitudes so frequent in the history of nations and of cities, Trieste was destined to absorb the commercial fortune of the haughty republic, whose yoke it has submitted to so long and painfully. As far back as 1717, Charles VI., struck with the advantageous situation of Trieste, on the shore of a broad gulf, in the centre of the Adriatic, at the foot of the Germanic Alps, had thought of creating a great commercial city there. He caused streets to be traced out; he invited colonists and patronized a company, which proposed to build splendid vessels at Trieste, to navigate every sea. In 1809, Trieste beheld another perspective opening before it. Napoleon, on taking possession of this city, proposed to make it the capital of a new kingdom, composed of Illyria and Dalmatia, the Turkish provinces of Bosnia, and the warlike tribes of Montenegro. The oriental company incorporated by Charles VI. failed, while the campaign of 1812-13 overthrew the projects of Napoleon. After these two emperors, rose a private mercantile company (Lloyd's), which put Trieste on the right track, and made its fortune. Made up of several insurance companies, the Lloyds did not at first launch into colossal combinations, like Charles VI.'s oriental company. It made prudent essays, and, in proportion to their success, increased its sphere of action, opened new routes, and built new vessels. In 1830 it had ten steamers; it has now fifty, regularly traversing the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. It has taken into its hands the direction of an immense navigation, from the Danube to the Black Sea, and from the Po and the Adige to the banks of the Nile. Like the government of a state, it is divided into several departments: the first continuing the insurance business, which was the basis of this corporation; the second has the management of the steam-packet service; the third represents the ministries of education and foreign affairs. It has agents in its pay at different points, who transmit political and commercial news affecting the money and stock market, which they liberally post up daily in their reading-room. The company has established a printing-office and an engraving establishment. They have two large daily journals, a weekly sheet, and two monthly illustrated publications, one in Italian, and one in German. They offered prizes for literary essays. The activity of this corporation has given an impulse to the other merchants of Trieste, and of late years, this city has

taken high rank among the great commercial places of Europe. In the time of Charles VI., it contained only 5000 inhabitants; now, including the rural population of the immediate neighborhood, it reckons more than 80,000. Its port privileges attract the merchandize and vessels of all nations, and on the completion of the railroad which is to connect it with Vienna, it will be a first class point of junction between Germany, the Levant and Italy. Like all cities exposed to the invasion of barbarians and the strifes of the middle ages, the old city of Trieste was at first perched upon a hill. There still rises its fortress, built in the beginning of the 16th century, with the old cathedral of St. Just, remarkable for the austerity of its style. By degrees, with the progress of time and the security imparted by a different social condition, the population of Trieste has descended from its primitive heights into the basin which opens between the ridges of Saint Michael and the heights of Cant. There now extends a magnificently built city, with streets paved with large flagstones; churches opened freely to all creeds—Protestant, Catholic, Greek, Armenian and Hebrew; gigantic edifices, like the Exchange, which we have illustrated; the Tergesteum, where Lloyd's offices are; the governor's palace, and the National Hotel. Trieste boasts now of a public library, open daily, enriched with many rare works by a man who, in the midst of his busy fellow-citizens, has consecrated his life and fortune to the culture of the arts and sciences. This gentleman is Dr. Rosetti, whose name is justly honored in his native city. In the square of the cathedral he has erected a monument to Winkelmann, the celebrated archaeologist, who was assassinated at Trieste by an Italian. Around this monument he has formed a museum of antiquities. Near the Tergesteum is the theatre, built by Selva, and capable of seating about thirteen hundred persons. The Exchange was built in 1802, and is of the Doric style of architecture, ornamented externally with Corinthian columns, and in the interior by some of Brisson's frescoes, illustrating incidents in the history of the city. On the square of the Exchange, stands the marble statue of Leopold I. On the Grand Square (Piazza Maggiore), is the statue of Charles VI., who, in 1728, visited Trieste to see, personally, that his orders for the improvement of the place had been complied with. The National Hotel is a vast building, which reminds the American traveller of similar buildings in New York. On the whole, Trieste is a very interesting city, and no tourist on the continent of Europe, either for pleasure or profit, regrets passing a few days within its storied walls.



GRAND SQUARE OF TRIESTE.

NATHAN RICHARDSON.

Mr. Nathan Richardson, whose portrait accompanies this sketch, is well known to every Bostonian as the proprietor of that elegant establishment, the Musical Exchange, one of the most beautiful and commodious music stores in the world, but enjoying a yet wider repute as the author of the world-renowned instruction book, "The Modern School for the Piano Forte." Mr. Richardson was born in South Reading, Mass., July 30, 1827, and is a son of the late Dr. Nathan Richardson, a physician of considerable eminence. From youth he has possessed a strong love for music, which used to display itself on every possible occasion, and his company was eagerly sought by all the lads of the village, whom he would entertain by his musical talent. A correct and quick ear, united to a retentive memory, enabled him to learn some of the most difficult pieces by once hearing them. But he was in his seventeenth year before he received any lessons in music, and until that time he was entirely ignorant of the "notes," or the name of a single key on the piano. Yet in the remarkably short space of nine years—when but six and twenty years of age—he put forth "The Modern School for the Piano Forte," which was received with delight and astonishment by all of his professional brethren. Many of them acknowledged that his genius and industry had established means for overcoming, in a few short lessons, what it had taken them years of untiring labor to acquire. His first lessons on the piano were received while at an academy in Warren, Mass., and his proficiency was so rapid as to greatly surprise the less ambitious pupils. Many of the citizens of that town remember with pleasure the public exhibitions of the pupils, and the applause with which young Richardson's performances were invariably received. Leaving Warren, he returned to Boston, and for two years he enjoyed the instruction of the best masters which this musical emporium then afforded, and during which time he made good progress, though far from satisfactory to himself, for his thoughts were bent on visiting Germany, the Mecca of the ambitious American student of music. Through the munificent liberality of an elder brother, Dr. S. O. Richardson, whose generosity is as proverbial as his wealth, and who from the commencement had taken upon himself a brother's kindly care, young Richardson was enabled to visit Germany, and take lessons of the great masters. In a letter from Leipzig, to a friend in Boston, soon after his arrival, he confessed after his first lesson of Mochelles, the professor of the Leipzig Conservatoire, that he knew nothing about music—a proof of the modesty which ever accompanies real merit. He remained in Leipzig about a year, and during that time he embraced every opportunity of attending the performance of first class operas and concerts, thereby familiarizing the ear to the most classical music, and laying a foundation for musical knowledge that never requires rebuilding. From thence he went to Dresden, and became a pupil of Carl Mayer, then pianist to the king of Denmark, and celebrated for a peculiar style of playing, remarkably brilliant and fascinating. While here, he made great progress in the niceties of his profession, and was a close and attentive pupil, which made him a favorite with Mayer, who bestowed unusual care on his instruction. Leaving Dresden, he went to Prague, and commenced taking lessons of Dreyschock, who is universally acknowledged, so far as executive talent is concerned, to be at the head of living



Nathan Richardson

pianists. While with Dreyschock, a new enthusiasm seemed to possess him; he had at last found out all the hidden mysteries of the piano—those startling and overwhelming effects in which Dreyschock is unrivalled, and which have won him his great popularity as a concert performer. Such was the enthusiasm of Mr. Richardson, that he would practise at the piano nine, ten, and even twelve hours a day. In fact, owing to such excessive daily practice, his wrist and fingers began to suffer, and he was compelled to moderate his zeal within reasonable bounds. He remained with Dreyschock nearly two years, and when he left him to go to Paris, he carried a good portion of the MS. of "The Modern School for the Piano Forte," which he was then writing. In Paris, he took lessons of Charles Voss and Stephen Heller, and made himself familiar with the peculiar styles and capabilities of those celebrated pianists; and in his instruction book he has ingeniously embodied the styles of all the most noted pianists of the day, besides showing, in a series of plates, a complete anatomy of the hand and arm—the manner in which the muscles operate, and wherein exists their chief power and capabilities in playing the

piano. The advantage of this new feature, which was entirely original with Mr. Richardson, was discovered through the use of "finger machines" invented by himself. This feature has greatly enhanced the popularity of the work as an instruction book. In fact, since he first commenced the study of music, he has labored unceasingly to discover the quickest method of gaining the greatest execution on his favorite instrument. After Mr. Richardson had finished his instruction book, he went to Prague and submitted the work to Dreyschock's inspection, who could hardly realize the fact that, by a few ingenious exercises, those difficulties he had been years in learning to accomplish, were now brought within the power of every pupil of ordinary capacity. He gave him his recommendation, and also sat for a photograph, as "a correct position at the piano," both of which may be found in the work. Besides the above instruction book Mr. Richardson is the author of several other compositions. The *Grand Marche de Bravura* has perhaps thus far been the most popular. It was first published in Paris, where it met with great success and a large sale; and it is believed to have been the first composition from the pen of an American published in that city. During his absence abroad, he was a correspondent for six different newspapers, and his letters invariably displayed great descriptive talent, keen observation of human nature, and a highly cultivated artistic taste, seldom witnessed in one so young. His musical criticisms were among the best, and he never allowed friendship or prejudice to influence his pen. Soon after his return from Europe, he conceived the plan of establishing a music store on a scale never before attempted, either in this country or in Europe. It was to unite with our own American publications all the publications of the European houses. He again visited Europe to make arrangements with the different publishers for a complete collection of all their publications, and returned in the fall of 1853, and on the 20th of October of the same year, the "Musical Exchange" was opened; and now, visit it at almost any hour of the day, and you will hear music from well-known concert givers, as well as from less talented amateurs, who make the place a daily resort to purchase their music and read the musical journals of Europe and our own country, which may al-

ways be found on file, for the use of the patrons. Mr. Richardson unites good business ability with professional talent of the highest order; and the same energy which he formerly devoted to professional study, is now given to his business pursuits. In his daily communication with his fellow-artists, he recognizes no distinctions, but is as quick to grasp the hand of a poor and neglected foreign musician, as that of one whose fame has been chanted by the syren tongue of popular applause.

PLAZA OF MEXICO.

The Plaza of Mexico, with its costly cathedral, accurately delineated in our engraving, is as familiar from description as any square in our Atlantic cities. The capture of Tenochtitlan (the ancient name of the city), cost Cortez a siege of seventy-five days in 1521; more than three centuries later it yielded, after four severe battles in the valley, to the prowess of American troops. This very plaza before us witnessed the triumphant entry of our army under the gallant Scott. Mexico is the most magnificent city in America.



GRAND PLAZA, CITY OF MEXICO.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SHADED PORCH.

BY EVELINA M. F. BENJAMIN.

My favorite haunt is the shaded porch,
When the summer sun is shining;
With roses red, and wild woodbine
Thickly round its columns twining;
There the fire-bird swings in the maple boughs
That fling such coolness over,
In their shade till noon the dewdrops rest
On the daisies and the clover.

And at eve, when the sun's last golden ray
Is aslant on the pine trees falling,
When shadows gather amid the leaves,
And my heart on thine is calling,
There I love to sit, while memory's hand
Is the grave of the past unsealing,
And as I gaze on the shapes that rise,
To the future I look for healing.

And then afar, on hill and glen,
My thoughts to thee are wending,
And I cheat my heart till I seem to hear
Thy tones with the night-wind blending;
But I dream in vain; the breeze goes by,
Bearing to thee my greeting,
And I sit alone in the shaded porch,
Waves of thought o'er my spirit beating.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FIDELITY AND PRINCIPLE.

BY WILLIAM COMSTOCK.

Widowed wife and married maid.
Betrothed, betrayer and betrayed.—Scott.

A SINGULAR circumstance occurred on board the frigate B—, while lying at Callao, port of Lima, some thirty years ago.

It was near the hour of noon. The sun lay hot upon the spar-deck. The after-guard and fore-castle-men were loitering about, some seated between the guns, engaged in reading, mending their clothes, or in desultory conversation; the topmen aloft reclined on the shady side of the lower mast-heads, while the officers, protected by the awning over the quarter-deck, were gathered about the capstan, discussing some subject connected with their profession.

On the gun-deck the waiters were growling, as usual, at some trivial duty that they had been called upon to perform; while the neighborhood of the caboose was occupied, on the starboard side, by several old salts, with short black pipes in their mouths, and heads partly sunk between their shoulders, who were, doubtless, wondering that any man should be dissatisfied with this sublimar existence, who could get a plenty of grog and tobacco.

On the other side of the caboose, between two of the forward guns, were some half dozen blue jackets, with manacles on their limbs, and in front of whom a gray-backed marine, with musket on his shoulder, marched listlessly to and fro. The men in bonds had remained on shore several hours without permission, and while there, had committed some trespass and got into trouble with the natives. There were seven of the delinquents in all. Six of them were ironed in "the brig," and guarded by the marine; while the seventh—no human hand could harm him more.

Looking aft, you might have seen, on the larboard side of the quarter-deck, a genteel figure, with one hand in his vest and the other swinging carelessly at his side, as he walked fore and aft, scarcely even looking at the hands, and apparently uninterested in all that was passing around him. This was the commodore of the squadron in the Pacific. Our frigate was the flag-ship.

But the commodore was not the only interesting object there. About midway, between the mainmast and the door of the cabin, there lay, upon a low table, a heap, some six feet in length, enveloped by the glorious bunting, the starry banner of the country.

This was the body of a weather-beaten tar, who had seen much service, and who was with Porter when engaged in his desperate fight with the Cherub and Phoebe, in a little bay near the harbor of Valparaiso. He had been twice wrecked, twice in battle, and had escaped many other dangers, to be finally killed in a drunken brawl at Callao. His body was covered with gashes, inflicted by the knives of the native cholans; but, strange to say, his six companions had scarcely received a wound.

The stiffened corpse was now stretched on the gun-deck, and the commodore was passing it in his walks, without seeming to be conscious of its presence, until a small midshipman ran down the after-ladder and said something to him in a low voice. The commodore then turned, and having given a hasty glance at the body, went upon deck.

It was then perceived that one of the ship's cutters had just arrived. A lady, richly dressed, was handed over the side, during which ceremony the officiousness of the officers was such that the fair visitor narrowly escaped tumbling over one midshipman and running down another. The commodore was, however, on deck in time to give her a welcome. He then carefully led her down the ladder. They approached the body, and at the same time the commodore gave orders to uncover the corpse.

As soon as the features of the dead were revealed, the lady gave a slight start. Then she stood gazing upon the stony face for several minutes, with the keenest anguish imprinted on her pallid features. With a trembling hand, she placed a white rose on the bosom of the deceased. She then stooped down and touched her lips to his forehead, after which she immediately turned to the commodore. He led her, silently, to the spar-deck, and she passed over the side into the boat, which had been manned and was wait-

ing for her. The seamen who pulled her to the shore reported that she never spoke after leaving the frigate. Her features remained as pale as snow. On arriving at the beach, a carriage was in waiting for her; she entered it, and was driven in the direction of Lima.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the ship's company at witnessing these movements, and the officers were quite as much mystified as the crew. The commodore was evidently the only person in the squadron who knew anything about the matter. The name of the deceased was Brady, a clever fellow, indeed, and a good sailor, but nothing more. That a lady, who evidently moved in the higher walks of society, should have evinced so much grief at the death of the hardy tar, especially when nobody had ever heard him speak of any such lady, was wholly unaccountable to us all.

This affair formed a subject of conversation throughout the whole squadron, for many months. The officers made inquiries in the city of Lima, but could only learn that an American lady arrived there about the time that we sailed into the harbor, and that she abruptly left for the United States, immediately after visiting our frigate.

Several years afterward, I formed an acquaintance with a young Philadelphian, who threw some light on the subject. The mysterious lady was a near relative of his. It appeared that our shipmate, Brady, lived originally in Philadelphia, and was there known as a young merchant of much promise, esteemed for his probity, prudence and sagacity. He formed an acquaintance with a lady of singular beauty and remarkable accomplishments. She was also a person of fixed principles, incapable of swerving from any course which she believed to be right. This firmness of resolve arose from no want of tenderness. She could make any sacrifice necessary to the happiness of others, except the sacrifice of right. There she was impregnable.

The two lovers were deeply devoted in their attachment. Their love was planted on esteem. They entertained for each other the highest respect, as well as the most passionate admiration. The wedding-day was fixed, and their mutual friends regarded the match as a most proper one. They seemed to have been designed by Heaven to mingle their destinies together.

Brady had a female cousin who had, from the first, looked upon this union with jaundiced eyes. Although deficient in all those qualities which he deemed indispensable in a wife, she had taken it for granted that Brady could not see her without becoming smitten by her superior beauty and fashionable manners.

As the day approached for the nuptials, the cousin grew moody and thoughtful; but her most intimate companions never suspected the turn which her envy had taken. Brady was under the necessity of leaving town on business, and to be absent several weeks. On his return the marriage was to take place.

During his absence, strange reports had been circulated about Brady's intended, and on his arrival in the city, he found an anonymous letter on his desk, which spoke in the most pointed manner of the young lady's misconduct. The name of the man was not given, but it was stated that her intercourse with him had been more than imprudent.

In the evening, Brady called upon her whom he so truly loved, and presented her with the foul epistle, expressing, at the same time, his contempt for the villain who wrote it. Miss B— read the letter, and laid it aside with a calm smile, but without making any remark. Brady would have been better pleased if she had made a few indignant observations upon the malice of the writer. Instead of doing so, she immediately began to converse upon some other theme, and her lover soon forgot the unpleasant subject.

On the next day, however, he perceived that when his friends met him, they fixed their eyes upon his countenance in a peculiar manner. To one of them he mentioned the fact, and then Brady was made acquainted with the slanderous reports which were flying about, and which had already proved highly prejudicial to the reputation of Miss B—.

Brady questioned his friend closely, and made many other attempts to trace these reports to the fountain head. In that he failed. The next time that he saw Miss B—, she soon discovered an ominous reserve in his manner. She demanded the reason of this change, and he then stated that he had heard certain charges made against her, which were of the same tenor as the anonymous letter. "Of course," added he, "I do not believe a word of these malicious reports."

Still Miss B— made no attempt to exculpate herself, and conversed freely on other topics. It was soon manifest that her lover was becoming uneasy, and, at length, he ventured to inquire, in a tone of affected carelessness, whether she had been to New York with her father, or any other gentleman, during his absence from the city.

"Leave me!" cried Miss B—, promptly. "Leave me, Mr. Brady. The man who can, for a single moment, be influenced by slanderous reports, before marriage, will never be satisfied with her whom he has doubted, after the union is consummated."

"But Eliza, my dear, you do not suppose—"

"I have no more to say," interrupted Miss B—, rising, with the paleness of death on her features, and retiring at once to her chamber.

Brady sat ten minutes as if turned to stone. His features then began to relax, and with a smile, he said: "Pshaw! lovers' quarrels! what a fool I am to take it so much to heart! These things always happen between engaged parties. But I must be more careful in future. I will now go home, and write her a letter of explanation. When she knows the true state of the case—yet she is no common woman—and, after all, conscious guilt—yes, conscious guilt would act thus, when called upon for an explanation.

Is it not an ingenious way to avoid the probe? To assume the air of offended virtue—often done by the most abandoned,—she would have me marry her without an explanation, and then—O, then—how she could retort—could say, 'I never told you that I was innocent,'—must beware of that trap. But no; I believe her innocent; and did it become me to doubt her—her—what? my Eliza! doubt her? O, it was most vile; I'll send her a letter; I'll use such terms as would melt a heart of stone—confess my error—contrition—cause the pearly tears to start from her deep blue eyes, and she will love me more than ever!"

Sanguine was his conviction that a woman who truly loved him would be unable to resist his application for pardon.

Deceitful is the heart of man. In the very moment that Brady was penning this repentant epistle, he was secretly reserving to himself the right of instituting such inquiries as should assure him of Miss B—'s innocence, before he ventured to trust his honor in her keeping by making her his wife.

The letter was sent, and the messenger brought it back unopened.

"Was she not at home?"

"Yes, sir, the lady was at home; but she knew the handwriting, and said that she could receive nothing from you."

We, who have known what passed in the mind of Brady, must justify the inexorable resolve of Miss B—; but the world, who knew him only as a desponding lover, thought she deserved to die an old maid, as a fitting reward for her cruelty.

The warm sympathy of his friends, who universally condemned the conduct of Miss B—, supported Brady's spirit for a time, and the serious doubts which they instilled into him, of the worthiness of the beloved object, prevented his making a second attempt at shaking her resolution.

Of all the friends who came to the aid of Brady in the hour of his distress, the most attentive and affectionate was his fair cousin. He was touched by the gentleness of her manner, the soothing sweetness of her tones, and the tact which she displayed in the application of all those little arts which woman knows how to play off so well, when heartily engaged in beguiling the grief of another. He had never supposed that his cousin was capable of so much *disinterested kindness*. He grew fond of her society; to rest his lacerated heart upon the soft down of her sympathizing bosom was a luxury that he could not dispense with, and a comparison between his cousin Flora and the hard, unfeeling Eliza B—, gave overwhelming odds in favor of the former beauty.

Nevertheless, there were vast discrepancies between the two young ladies, which Brady would have noted under other circumstances; but now he was all sorrow, and Flora was all consolation. If his eyes were blinded, however, his heart was not wholly so, for he felt "like a guilty thing" when he finally put "the momentous question" to his cousin Flora. She cast down her eyes, and acted the part necessary on such occasions with the most becoming modesty and indecision, but ended by accepting the offer.

Preparations were made for the wedding, and the noise of Brady's nuptials with Flora M— was bruited about the fashionable portion of the city. It was then that Brady received the following note:

"Will Mr. Brady favor the undersigned with a brief interview as soon as he is at leisure?
ELIZA B—."

"Amazement!" cried Brady, letting the paper fall to the ground in his agitation; "this woman, who refused even to read a letter of mine, now sues for a personal interview! We are in luck. Ha! ha! she has heard of my intended marriage, and her resolution gives way. It never rains but it pours. Scarcely have I made sure of one sweet angel, than another comes unbidden to fling herself into my arms! Well—but—there are some explanations to be made, for Eliza's reputation has suffered; no matter, I am all impatience to learn the meaning of this funny reaction in a mind so sternly framed,"—and the young man hurried off towards Chestnut Street, humming, as he went:

"How happy could I be
Were either dear charmer away!"

When he entered the well-known house, and his eye was greeted by the once familiar objects in the hall, he felt that he had never for a moment ceased to love the queenly creature whose presence he was seeking. But there was little time for reflection. Eliza met him on his entrance, and led him to a private apartment.

"My dearest Eliza—"

"Pray cease, and sit down," interrupted she.

The composed and decided tone in which she uttered these few words sent an ice-bolt to his heart.

"I learn, Mr. Brady, that you contemplate a union with your cousin Flora. Now, sir, do you know who wrote this letter?"

"No—certainly not. It is anonymous, and relates to certain reports—"

"Yes, sir; you presented it to me, one evening, and I preserved it purposely, for the writer is well known to me."

"To you? Astonishing! Name the wretch, and I will—"

"You will marry the one who dictated it all—is not that what you would say?"

"For Heaven's sake, explain!"

"I will," returned Eliza, calmly. "I knew the handwriting at the first glance. It was written by a certain widow, or, rather, one who passes for a widow, for she was divorced from her husband. This widow is an intimate friend of your cousin Flora, and the language of the letter is that of your affianced bride."

"O stupid!" ejaculated the young man. "I recollect; this accounts for all. Everything is now made plain. Monster! I have often been mystified by the conduct of my cousin, and only yesterday I came suddenly upon her while in conversation with that same widow. Both started, and my cousin looked much agitated. The 'widow' gave me a glance, as she retired from the apartment,

that has dwelt unpleasantly upon my memory ever since. Now I trace those injurious reports to the right source. How weak I have been! Nothing is now left for me but to—" He threw himself at the feet of Miss B—.

"Rise, sir!" cried the young lady. "Our interview is over."

"O, Eliza! you cannot have forgotten—"

"I have forgotten nothing, sir. Nay, I love you still, and shall suffer far more acutely, until the day of my release from earthly sorrow,—far more acutely than yourself. But we can never be united, and unless, as in the present case, an interview is absolutely necessary to preserve you from some terrible misfortune, we must never meet more. I shall, however, watch over your welfare. The proof of my undying regard will be shown by making myself serviceable to you on every occasion, where such a thing is possible. I pity and love you!" For a moment she paused; there was an almost imperceptible softening in her tone; "and be assured that if I was not firmly persuaded that our union would be unfortunate to yourself, I would gladly renew our intercourse."

"How can you imagine that the dearest wish of my heart—"

"Mr. Brady, the man who has once doubted the truth and virtue of a woman, has given the most unanswerable proof that he can never be happy with her. Farewell!"

Miss B— left the room, and Brady felt that he had seen her for the last time. What a change a few brief moments had wrought!

Stunned and not knowing whither his footsteps tended, the unhappy lover wandered into a part of the city which was infested by blacklegs of the fashionable stamp—young men of family, and some of them possessed of ample means. One of these, who had formerly been acquainted with Brady, but whom the latter had avoided of late years, slapped our hero on the back and cried:

"Hallo, Brady! in the dumps to-day? What ho! cheer up, man!"

Brady looked up. A cheerful face met his glance. Brilliant, laughing eyes and ruddy cheeks greeted him with a smile of kindly recognition.

"Where do you hide yourself? Not seen you in a month of Sundays. That's not the way to live; don't wonder you are blue. Live while you can, and take sorrow on the let alone principle. Come, now, you're in love, I dare say."

We must not repeat all that was said on that occasion; but Brady was open to sympathy, and he was soon engaged in discussing champagne with Munson. He was soon afterward introduced to certain celebrated beauties by his new friends. Reckless—perfectly reckless of consequences, poor Brady learned to drink and play. The shock which he had received was too much for an ardent mind like his, and he became unsettled, neglectful of business, and fond of excitement.

While his money lasted, he maintained a decent appearance among his former friends, and it was not till his bankruptcy was announced that even Eliza B— suspected the extravagances into which he had been led. Before she had recovered from the sad announcement, she learned that he had left the country.

Miss B— was possessed of great wealth, and as soon as she discovered that her late lover was a penniless wanderer in foreign lands, she lost no time in preparing to follow and aid him with her purse.

We will not follow them in their peregrinations. Accompanied by an aged Englishman, who had been a servant to her father, Eliza was near the unhappy lover during all the varied scenes through which he subsequently passed, and in moments of adversity, sudden relief came to him from unknown sources. Strangers took him by the hand, and offered him the means of establishing himself in respectable business. When in prison, and hopeless of escape, he was supplied with the most rare delicacies, and his situation rendered as comfortable as possible. He often wondered at these things, but never suspected that a guardian angel was near, that the eye of measureless love was ever fixed upon him, and that all his hardships were observed and some of them even shared by the beautiful Eliza B—.

Even in the terrible engagement between the Essex and two British men-of-war, the faithful girl, disguised in the dress of a Spanish maiden, beheld the whole affair from the top of an adjacent hill, imploring Heaven, at the discharge of every broadside, that her lover might escape unharmed. Little did Brady suspect that, when he returned to the United States in the Essex Jr., the beloved of his heart was a passenger in the same vessel.

All that Eliza could do for her lover, did not suffice to change his mode of life. When he received money, he spent it among his shipmates. He was utterly reckless and improvident.

This was the man whose dead body lay upon the gun-deck of the frigate B—, and Eliza was the lady who came on board to take her final leave of our gallant but reckless shipmate.

Eliza did not long survive her lover. On her return to Philadelphia, after the decease of poor Brady, she sunk into a lethargic condition—a state rather of stupefaction than of melancholy, from which her physicians could only arouse her by pronouncing the name of Brady. She would then open her eyes, glance around the apartment, and relapse quickly into her former state. Thus she remained several weeks, when she quietly expired.

THE RUSSIAN LANGUAGE.

The Russian language is said to be one of the richest and most beautiful in the world; it is soft and agreeable in sound, and has not the defect of the Italian in being too effeminate; it contains many words that express the same ideas. If ever a Slavonic Milton or Shakespeare arise, he will find an inexhaustible treasure in his native tongue wherewith to express his thoughts; but, at present, there is scarcely any national literature, owing to the deadening influence of the government. The principal Russian authors are Poushkin, the poet, Caramasin, the historian, and Kriloff, the writer of fables.—*Journal des Debats.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

BY TAYLOR J. HUNT.

And the multitude said, this is Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee.—
MATT. 21: 11.

The noonday sun, o'er Olivet, his golden beams had shed,
And not a cloudlet tarnished the welkin blue o'erhead;
The light breeze through the olive groves came sighing soft and low,
While watch-towers, spires and minarets lay gleaming far below.

The valley of Jehoshaphat, with palm-trees looming high,
And Ben Hinnom's rocky vale lay stretched beneath the eye;
Sweet perfumes from orange groves where Kedron's brook doth flow,
And myrtle blossoms from the hills and Gihon's streamlet blow.

Jerusalem, proud city of the chosen men of God,
Thou whose streets and marble courts the ancient prophets trod;
Daughter of Zion, fear thee not, for meekly comes thy king,
Hosanna to the Lord of hosts, loud let his praises ring.

Behold upon an ass's colt, in meek humility,
The holy teacher doth approach with mild serenity;
Thus rode the Saviour calmly on from Olivet's cool shades,
Unto Jerusalem's golden gate, that looketh towards Bethphage.

They strew their garments in his path, and loud hosannas sing,
From Gethsemane to Gareb's height his praise re-echoing;
The multitudes palm branches wave, with leaves of emerald green,
Blessed is he, God's prophet, Jesus Christ, the Nazarene.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BEST OF SONS AND BROTHERS.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.

THE best of sons and brothers, every one said he was, and what every one says must be right. And I would be the last person in the world to think of disputing Fred Allingham's claim to a title so richly merited by him, so well bestowed by his friends. Since his father's decease, Fred had been the sole support of his mother and little brothers; his salary as head book-keeper in an extensive East India house enabling him to do so comfortably and respectably. And it was a pleasant, yes, a beautiful sight, to see his touching reverence to that widowed mother, his affectionate tenderness to the little ones to whom he filled the lost parent's place. God bless all others like him!

No wonder then that all who knew him esteemed and praised him, and that the heart of the pretty Lilian Stanfield fluttered itself into pleased excitement, when her father, which he often did, said he would bring home his favorite clerk to dine and pass the evening with them.

Of Miss Stanfield's preference, Fred was unaware until a sly allusion to it had been made by one of his fellow clerks, and that night he remained last and long in the office; before him the records of her father's wealth, around him its evidences, asking his heart if it returned the affection that at once made it happy and miserable. And with a sigh of pride and pain, his heart acknowledged how long, how devotedly it had cherished every smile, every word of Miss Stanfield, until they had become necessary to its happiness.

"This will never do, Fred," said honor to him, as he walked home, "this will never do. If Miss Stanfield loves you—" and the recollection of a downcast eye and blushing cheek made that "if" an intruder—"could you forget all her father's kindness, and betray the confidence he reposes in you by making him unhappy through his child? There is a wide difference between you, Fred, and the estate gentleman who seeks to win the rich merchant's lovely daughter, and whose pretensions to her hand are sanctioned with gratification and pride by her flattered father. You must stay away, Fred."

And Fred followed honor's injunction, resolutely declining, after that night, Mr. Stanfield's kindly-meant and often-repeated invitations.

Two months passed away, and one evening as Fred and his mother were seated in their little parlor, he laid aside the book which he had been reading, saying, with a faint smile, as he did so:

"Can you spare my society for two or three years, mother?"

Mrs. Allingham looked up from her needle-work with a glance of inquiring surprise.

"Our manager in India is about returning home, and I have offered to supply his place. There is a fine salary attached to it, and a prospect of partnership. You have no objection to my going, mother? It is an opening to a future prosperity from which I ought not to turn aside."

"You are joking, Fred."

"Indeed, I am not," he answered, sadly. "And if you knew, dear mother, that there is an absolute necessity for my going from England for a while—a duty—"

But his mother was at his side and her arms around his neck.

"O, my dear boy, I understand your motive. I comprehend it now."

"And you appreciate, mother?"

"Too well, my dear, but I cannot part with you."

"You know, then, that I love Miss Stanfield?"

"I have long known it," she answered.

"How bitterly I hoped," Fred continued, gloomily, "that my apparent indifference would chill whatever regard she bore for me, but to-day, when she came to the office, my heart knew too well how to interpret the eloquent language of her sweet dark eyes. If I go, Miss Stanfield will forget this misplaced attachment, and during my absence, will undoubtedly wed one her

equal in fortune. Then I would come back to you, mother, and you would be prouder of your son, who sacrificed to honor the tender dream of his heart, in the glory of whose realization he might have walked through life a blessed and happy man—than if he was the husband of her he loves, and the unacknowledged son-in-law of Mr. Stanfield."

Three weeks after this conversation, the vessel in which Fred was to sail was waiting for a favoring breeze to waft her on her way, and Fred with his mother was driving toward Mr. Stanfield's residence, to pass the last evening of his stay where so many happier ones had bloomed for him, like beautiful flowers, leaving the fragrance of their memory behind.

When Lilian advanced to meet them, as they entered the drawing-room, both noticed the paleness of her fair young cheeks, the cloud dimming the lustre of her bright eyes.

"My pet has met a sad loss to-day," said Mr. Stanfield, excusingly, as the poor girl blundered sadly at the dinner-table. "Her little starling has flown away. You remember it, Frederick? It called your name frequently—'Pretty Fred' from morning till night. Its loss has grieved my little girl. She is not herself at all to-day."

Even when the ladies retired to the drawing-room, Lilian's distress became so apparent, that dejected as Mrs. Allingham herself was, she endeavored with pleasant conversation to dispel the young girl's unhappiness, but her efforts were unsuccessful.

In the meantime, Mr. Stanfield and Fred lingered at the table. Business had been discussed and a pause ensued, which Mr. Stanfield after a while broke by saying:

"I have been thinking, Frederick, that there must be a stronger motive for your departure than the simple increase of salary. Pardon me for mentioning this, but I have heard whispered among the young gentlemen up at the office something about an unsuccessful love affair. Now, my dear boy, the friendship I bore for your father has been continued, need I say how worthily, to the son, and even at this late hour, if I can be of any assistance to you, do not hesitate to demand it."

There was a momentary struggle in Fred's heart, an impulse to throw aside the restraint of worldly position, trust to the fatherly kindness of Mr. Stanfield, and reveal the honorable necessity that was compelling him to forsake his home and his associations, but it was only an impulse and he mastered it.

"You are very kind, sir," he replied, "but—"

"But! Ah," interrupted Mr. Stanfield, shrugging his shoulders and rising to lead the way to the drawing-room, "how that impertinent little word is always overthrowing my projects. Never mind, my dear boy, you deserve to be happy and you will be. I never yet saw a good son or brother unblessed in life."

The two succeeding hours passed dismally away. Mr. Stanfield did his utmost to animate the drooping spirits of the little group, and while in the progress of an amusing story, was called from the room to speak with a messenger from the ship. He returned with a grave face, and announced that the vessel was to sail in an hour, and that Fred was required on board.

What made Lilian glide over to the window? Strange that the drooping folds of the curtain required arranging at that particular moment.

"You have a long voyage before you, my boy," said Mr. Stanfield. "But where is Lilian? Lilian, my dear," advancing to the window and drawing the young girl from its shade, "wont you wish your friend good-by? What! crying, my pet? How silly, child, to vex yourself about a bird when you may have as many as you desire to make up its loss. There's Mrs. Allingham weeping, to be sure, but for how great a cause. Her son, and as excellent a one as ever lived, is leaving her, going to such an unhealthy place, decidedly unhealthy! The mortality there is alarming! So fatal to Europeans that climate is! Such a long voyage too, and so dangerous! Why, don't give way so, my dear madam," he continued, placing his hand on Mrs. Allingham's shoulder, as she leaned, weeping bitterly, on Fred's arm. "It is really distressing, upon my word it is. I am half inclined to cry myself."

Fred gently removed his mother, and turned his fine eyes with a look of reproachful surprise on Mr. Stanfield.

"Mr. Stanfield—"

"O yes, yes," interrupted that gentleman, evidently not comprehending the reproof conveyed in Fred's tone. "Your mother will stay here to-night. Go on board without delay, and be careful of yourself, for a number die on the passage. Why, in fact, I knew a young man, every way like you; hair, eyes, height, age, every way bearing a remarkable resemblance to you, on whom the sharks made a nice dinner when he was but two weeks out."

An agonized sob from Lilian and Mrs. Allingham silenced this unfeeling speech. Fred's indignation could no longer be controlled.

"Mr. Stanfield," he passionately cried, "this language is cruel and unmanly. You have inflicted the most harrowing pain where you should have imparted consolation. O, sir," and the poor fellow's lip quivered and tears rushed into his eyes, "I did not expect this from you."

"Cruel and unmanly!" echoed Mr. Stanfield, choking with ill-suppressed rage. Is this the return you give me for all my kindness; dictating to me? You shall have no other opportunity, I assure you. You no longer hold a situation under me. No," he continued, speaking rapidly and excitedly, "but equal to me, a partner in my business, and a partner in the affections of that little girl there, who has been breaking her heart ever since she heard you were going to leave us."

Fred did not go to India, and the best of sons and brothers is now the best of husbands and fathers.

ROUND HILL WATER CURE INSTITUTE.

We present our readers with a fine view, executed expressly for the Pictorial, of the celebrated Water Cure and Motorpathic Institute, at Northampton, Mass., which has obtained a world-wide celebrity under the management of Dr. H. Halsted, the proprietor, and his son-in-law, Dr. Strong. It is situated about a mile west of Northampton court-house, and the grounds comprise about fifty acres, embracing every variety of surface, with cultivated fields, lawns, shaded walks, pleasant drives, and cool retreats. Its lofty site is unrivalled in salubrity, while it commands one of the finest prospects that can be obtained within the limits of the State. The view from the extended verandahs and balconies of the establishment, commanding a view of the Connecticut Valley, studded with villages and environed by mountains, is truly magnificent, and baffles all attempt at description. The beautiful waters of the Connecticut river gliding by the base of the famous Mounts Tom and Holyoke, greatly enhance the prospect. Thousands of visitors from all parts of the Union are annually attracted to the place, to enjoy the prospect from these mountains, whose summits command a view of *thirty-six cities and villages in five different States*. The carriage drives in the vicinity present a most charming variety of romantic mountain scenery, relieved by numerous waterfalls and beautiful ravines. It was here Jenny Lind spent the last several months of her residence in this country, and expressed her delight by styling Round Hill the "Paradise of America." The earliest notice of Round Hill is found in the town records of Northampton, where it is stated that the town at that date (December 26th, 1726), granted to Col. John Stoddard the whole of the common land on the hill called Round Hill. From that date it has passed through various hands, and has been occupied for various purposes until the year 1847, when it was purchased by Samuel Whitmarsh—large additions and improvements made to the buildings and grounds—and constructed into a water cure retreat. Since that time it has yearly grown into favor as a retreat for invalids, and as a resort for others seeking relaxation from the toils of business, or quiet and pleasant retirement from the noise and bustle of city life. It is now owned by Dr. H. Halsted, formerly of Halsted Hall Medical Institute, Rochester, N. Y., one of the oldest and most successful American practitioners of the water cure system. Every year the institution is thronged with invalids from all parts of the United States and Canadas. Within the past year many hundred cases of the most obstinate chronic complaints have been successfully treated at Round Hill; among these were included eighty three distinct diseases. The unexampled success which has attended the treatment adopted at Round Hill, must in a great measure be attributed to the comprehensive system employed of combining the moderate and scientific application of water with other simple and reliable medicinal agencies. We may remark that no false hopes are held out to applicants for admission and treatment. They are subjected to a rigid examination, and none are admitted whose troubles do not, at least admit of alleviation. In this institute patients are neither starved nor drowned. Two tables are set; one furnished with all the luxuries of a first class hotel—the other with the plain diet recommended to invalids. Horses and carriages, and all other appliances for exercises are ready at all hours, and the charges are extremely moderate. That life at the institute is by no means dull may be inferred from the fact that music, tableaux, dancing, and various games and amusements, with dramatic readings, masquerades, horseback riding, picnics, and whatever tends to render the mind cheerful and happy, and to draw it away from dwelling upon bodily ailments, are employed

with great success, as means for the restoration of health. We consider the Round Hill establishment a model of its kind, and well deserving the liberal support which it receives. The buildings delineated in our engraving cover an area of 45 by 400 feet, and afford more ample accommodation for invalids than any other sanitary establishment in the United States. Of the prospect from the institute, to which we briefly alluded in the opening portion of this article, the following particulars will not prove uninteresting to lovers of the picturesque. Immediately in front, is the village of Northampton, with its numerous neat and handsome dwellings, and other elegant structures, which are seen amidst the dense foliage of lofty and overhanging elms. Further to the east, are the rich and fertile meadows of Northampton and Hadley, dressed in the velvet verdure of spring, or in the variegated habiliments of summer and autumn. Midway, for miles, north and south, is seen the smooth and glassy surface of the Connecticut, as it slowly and majestically winds its way to the ocean. On the north, in immediate prospect, is the village of Hatfield, with its rich and beautiful farms; on the east is the neat and quiet village of Hadley, and also a fine view of Amherst and its colleges; while in the distance, with the aid of a glass, may be seen an extensive and greatly diversified range of country in the same direction. On the southeast, at about two and a half miles distance, is Mount Holyoke, in its dress "of ever-living green;" and a little beyond, is seen the pleasant village of South Hadley, with the extensive and handsome buildings of its celebrated female educational institution; on the south, is seen at about four miles distance, the majestic Mount Tom; and near its base, the charming village of Easthampton, with its elegant school edifices, its churches and its

large and extensive manufacturing establishments; the whole presenting a combination of scenery, which for beauty and variety is unsurpassed—perhaps unequalled. It was remarked by a gentleman, who had spent some thirty years of his life in various parts of Europe, that he had never beheld scenery so perfectly beautiful and enchanting. At the western base of the hill are numerous springs of pure, soft water, which are the source of "Governor's Brook," so called, from which the railroad is supplied. About twenty of these springs are constantly bubbling up perfectly limpid water, almost as cold as ice, from which a supply for the residents on the hill is conveyed by apparatus adapted to the purpose. Our space does not permit us to describe in detail, as we should be glad to do, the arrangements made here for the help, comfort and luxury of those who resort to Round Hill for medical treatment, or, as many do, for pure air, exercise, repose from care, and good society. It must be conceded by all who have visited, that it is a model establishment, without a rival in the world.

DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION.

The view which we give above, engraved expressly for the Pictorial, is an accurate representation of the large, elegant and commodious buildings erected at Jacksonville, Illinois, for the accommodation of the faculty and pupils of the Illinois Institution for the education of the Deaf and Dumb. It is a noble monument of the philanthropy and liberality of a great and flourishing State. The following list embraces the names of the officers and directors of the institution: James Dunlap, President; William B. Warren, Treasurer; Thomas Officer, Secretary; William Thomas, James Dunlap, G. D. A. Parks, Geo. T. Brown, Newton Cloud, William Smith, Wm. B. Warren, John M. Taggart, A. C. Dickson, Mark Skinner, Thomas Officer, ex-officio, Directors; Thomas Officer, M. A., Principal; John S. Officer, M. A., Selah Wait, T. M. Newell, M. A., T. J. Cudwell, B. A., Abel B. Baker, Assistant Instructors; Owen M. Long, M.D., Physician; W. S. Hurst, Steward; Mrs. Mary E. Totten, Matron; Mrs. Sarah Hurst, Housekeeper; Robert R. Jenkins, Carpenter; Thos. H. Dunlap, Shoemaker. Pupils of both sexes are received from the ages of ten to thirty; natives of Illinois being admitted gratuitously, furnished with tuition, board, books, washing, fuel, lights, etc., and only required to pay for their own travelling expenses. Pupils from other States can enjoy the same privileges by payment of one hundred dollars per annum in advance. It is estimated that there are from five hundred and thirty to five hundred and fifty mutes in the State. The number of pupils during the past year was one hundred and thirty-one, a larger number than had ever been in attendance at any one time previous. Every pupil of the institution is expected, when in health, to spend a portion of each day in some active occupation, so that all have an opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of some handicraft, by which they can earn a living, on the completion of their education. Thus the female pupils are employed in the various branches of housewifery, the males employ their leisure in carpentry and cabinet-making, in making shoes, and cultivating the soil. With the assistance of a hired laborer, they have profitably cultivated ten or twelve acres of land, annually. The institution has made great progress since its first inception, nine years ago, and is destined rapidly to increase the sphere of its influence and usefulness as its purposes and management become better known. Indeed, institutions of this character are fast securing a hold on the sympathies and benevolent feelings of all our communities, and the deaf and dumb cannot be longer regarded only as useless waifs, cast upon us by the misfortunes of human nature, and having no especial claims on society, either for the promotion of their happiness, or for their intellectual and physical education.



DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM, JACKSONVILLE, ILLINOIS.



ROUND HILL WATER CURE INSTITUTION, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

HENRY CLAY'S MAUSOLEUM.

On the 12th of April last, the committee of the Clay Monument Association met in Lexington, Kentucky, to examine the designs sent in by artists for the monument to Mr. Clay. According to the Lexington Observer, upwards of one hundred plans were sent from all parts of the Union, and the committee (composed of fifteen of the leading gentlemen of Kentucky), after a long and laborious investigation, selected the one which forms the present illustration, drawn expressly for us by an eminent artist, and which was designed by Mr. J. R. Hamilton, an architect of Cincinnati. Of this design a contemporary remarks:—"We have recently seen a picture of the design selected by the committee for the monument to be erected to the memory of Henry Clay, at Lexington, Kentucky. The design, by J. R. Hamilton, of Cincinnati, has many points of originality and beauty. The most important is the introduction of a large room in the upper part of the building for the purpose of holding relics of the great statesman. This is quite a new idea to us, and independent of the merit of its use, adds considerably to the external beauty of the edifice. Another novelty is the introduction of national emblems into the ornamentation of the building—a thing which has never been attempted before in Gothic architecture; but in Mr. Hamilton's hands the eagle and stars are made to tell with admirable effect, and still harmonize with the Gothic character. There are other features of interest, but it would be too tedious to detail them in writing. It will be sufficient to say that Mr. Hamilton's design is somewhat of the same nature as that erected to Sir Walter Scott, in Edinburgh, only, judging of the pictures of both, Mr. Hamilton has produced the more beautiful work of art. The statue of Henry Clay will be inside the building, but, at the same time, perfectly visible from the exterior." The small space to which our illustration is limited does not enable us to do full justice to a statue, depending so much for its effect upon the correctness and beauty of its details. "We had the pleasure," writes our artist, "while in Cincinnati, of seeing this design fresh from the pencil of its talented author, and can, therefore, speak of it circumstantially. From what we saw of it, we have no hesitation in saying that, although excelled by others in size and costliness, if we consider its adaptation to the purpose intended, its elegant outline and proportions, and exquisite richness of detail, this design for a mausoleum is beyond all question the most beautiful

thing or the kind with which we are acquainted in the new or old world." It is a thirteen sided temple (to represent the thirteen original States of the confederacy), with open arches on every side, enabling the statue to be seen distinctly from all quarters. The remains of Mr. Clay are to be placed in a sarcophagus in the cen-

tre, and over this is a rich canopy, upon which is placed the statue of the illustrious statesman, at a convenient height for viewing the work of the sculptor. In the upper part of the structure, is a large room, intended to contain the valuable presents made to Mr. Clay, and other relics of the deceased. The eagles above the vestibule, the angels with trumpets surrounding the base of the dome, like a glory, and the figure of Fame surmounting the dome itself, are all beautiful and appropriate devices. We have been so long accustomed to look upon nothing but obelisks and columns in our burial places, our artists seem so paralyzed by hackneyed devices in all architectural efforts for obituary purposes, that it is truly refreshing to meet with something bold, practical and original. Upon the whole, we congratulate our Kentucky friends upon their selection in this important undertaking, and if they execute this model in its integrity, they will add another to the very few monuments in this country worthy of the great objects to which they are dedicated.

VIEW OF VICKSBURG, MISS.

The accompanying engraving, executed for the Pictorial, gives an accurate view of this interesting town. Situated on the eastern bank of the "Father of Waters," on a high bluff, elevated 200 feet above the level of the river, its location leaves nothing to be desired. The scenery in the neighborhood is exceedingly beautiful, and the traveller on the Mississippi meets with few more striking objects than the bold range of the Walnut Hills, which raise their irregular ridges to the height of 500 feet. Vicksburg is about fifty miles north-northeast from Natchez, and forty-five west from Jackson, with which it is connected by a railroad. It has several churches, some of which are noble specimens of architecture. Its large public school is an admirable institution, and receives about five hundred pupils annually. A large business is done here in the preparation and the making of bricks for building, and some 90,000 bales of cotton are sent hence to New Orleans annually. The town contains every element of progress and prosperity. The future of these western cities, though susceptible of prediction from data that admit of no dispute, presents so grand and dazzling a prospect as, if delineated, would awaken incredulity in those who have not made their progress a special study. If their moral and intellectual progress had not kept pace with their physical advancement, we should fear to look ahead. But from the elevated views of their citizens, we look with confidence for their prosperity.



THE NEW CLAY MONUMENT, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.



VIEW OF VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE HOPES THAT BLOOMED IN YOUTH.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

The hopes that bloomed in our youth,
Are with their flowers faded;
And friends of old, most dear to us,
Are 'neath the willows shaded;
Yet still those days come back to us,
With all their scenes forsaken;
O, when we dream of happiness,
Why, why should we awaken?

The fairest flowers—sweetest joys,
The forms we fondly cherish,
If loved too well, will soon take wings,
Will fade away and perish;
Our joys each day give way to grief,
Like dewdrops rudely shaken;
O, when we dream of happiness,
Why, why should we awaken?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MRS. CHESTER'S REFORMATION.

BY AGNES LESLIE.

"HERE'S another of those invitations to boredom. I declare, if it wasn't at the Daltons, I wouldn't go; but I am too intimate to refuse there." And young Mrs. Ben. Chester tossed the offending missive into the card basket, with a disdainful curl of her lip.

"I thought you liked company," remarked her husband, looking up over his paper at the pretty figure of his wife.

"So I do like company; but I don't want to be obliged to seek it in crowded parties. Why, it is getting worse and worse. Just think of the Danas last week; I never saw anything like it—such a jam! Who wants to be packed in a hot room *that* way? And what supper tables! Besides being enormously expensive, I think it is decidedly bad taste. One would imagine our best society were nothing but a set of gourmands."

"Well, they are not much more," said Mr. Chester, with a satirical smile. "How we talk of our best society. A more perfect assemblage of ignoramuses and knaves never lived, than half of our rich men's sons. I was talking with a young man the other day, a carpenter by trade (a fine, intelligent fellow he was, too), and I was struck with the extent of his information; he could put to shame the whole platoon of Danas and Howards."

"La, it wouldn't take much to do that. But about these parties; it's getting so expensive to receive one's friends, even in a small way, that people of moderate means don't receive at all. Now at that whist party a week or two ago, which Mrs. Schuyler Clayton gave—not over twenty present, and a hot supper, with all the belongings! Did you notice the table?—boned turkey and ice cream, and wines, too! I think it is abominable to place wines before young men, especially in these days of reform! I saw those young ninnies, Tom and Jack Dana, almost force Alick Frazer to drink."

"Did he?"

"No, sensible fellow. I wasn't near enough to hear what he said, but he cut them up awfully, I know by the way they colored and bit their lips. I was glad to see Bel Norris give Alick an approving nod; they all think so much of Bel—not because she is the truest little gold guinea that ever bore the stamp of humanity, but because she's got money. *Money!* I think it is vulgar to make such a show of money. It is not the aim now to get the pleasantest people together, but to spend the most money, and make the greatest show out of that money."

"Why, how unfashionable you are, Mrs. Chester," said her husband, smilingly.

"Unfashionable or not, I'll tell you what I'm going to do, Ben.; so put your paper down and listen. Everybody knows that I can give what is called splendid parties, if I choose; but I'm not going to choose any more. I was thinking of it the other day. Here am I making a great outcry against society, and I am helping to make it worse by doing the very same things I rail against; and I thought to myself, I was the one to adopt a different way, because of *our* position. It's just as it is in Bel's case, we've got money, and are counted one of the old families—though I couldn't for the life of me trace my ancestors back two centuries. It's about time, according to fashionable calculations, for me to receive my friends—to gather together the dear five hundred hypocrites, and surfeit them with dainties. I shall issue my cards for a reasonable few, specifying the hour of departure as well as arrival. I'm not going to have them stay till daylight. Then I shall have one room for dancing, another for music, another for whist, chess, backgammon, etc. The library I shall throw open, and hang the walls with those last pictures Frank brought me, and in suitable positions, group the rarest bits of sculpture, antiquities and curiosities. I will have the gas subdued, and a centre-table wheeled up in the corner under the shaded drop-light, covered with engravings, the last new books, foreign and home magazines and papers. Then, they can do what they please. Quiet men, who don't dance, nor play games, can study the 'Giddo' on the wall, or the marble silence underneath, or they may read the papers, or glance over the books; while the polking party can have the field to themselves down stairs, and whirl round as frantically as they please, without danger of treading on some burly Uncle John's gouty toes. I shall dress very simply myself, with no costly jewels and ruinous laces. But here comes my *chef-d'œuvre* of feminine audacity. What is called the supper-room, I intend to leave open throughout the evening, with the understanding that they can help themselves when they like. And the supper shall consist of hot coffee, tea and lemonade. What do you think of my plan?"

"I think you are a spunky little woman, Mrs. Ben. Chester, and right, too. It is people in our own position who must effect a reform, if reform is to be. It is ruining the country, this foolish, useless extravagance. Our young men are becoming brainless fops, our young women bedizened dolls. I was thinking yesterday, as I sat watching our Harry playing party with the little Grays, that I would emigrate before he was spoiled. I don't want to see him staggering home from midnight revels, nor hear him call me the 'governor,' while he spends my money to pamper his vitiated tastes. But I conclude it is best to stay and face the danger, as you have suggested, and add our mite to the spirit of reform. Let me suggest one thing, however. At the commencement of the winter season again, I think it would be well to have an evening set apart, as they do abroad (say once a fortnight) to receive your acquaintances, without refreshments, because the lightest might eventually degenerate into suppers, and then the soul of the thing would be gone."

"Do you think they would be kept up with spirit?" inquired Mrs. Chester.

"I have no doubt of it. There are more people than we have any idea of, who would be glad to receive their friends, if they could do it in a moderate way. People like the Jenningses and Veres, for instance; one don't see their bright, intelligent faces half so often as one would wish—and why? Because they can't afford to go; they know there must come a day of reckoning, and that day would far exceed their reckoning. So they stay away; and thus society is getting to be, not a congregation of all the wit, talent and genius the city affords, but a collection of the moneyed classes. In this way, though we may make considerable talk about the former inestimable qualities, the mere base metal reigns supreme after all, and the pure gold is left. Just see what positions of responsibility are occupied by men of better filled pockets than brains!"

"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed Mrs. Chester, clapping her two rosy palms together, as he concluded. "Ben, let's you and I go round and lecture. Wouldn't we startle up some of these sleepy fashionables?"

"You'll startle them up enough, if you carry out your projected plan, Lou, no danger of that."

The invitations were issued for that day week, and it somehow transpired, as such things will, that the Chesters were about to astonish the gay world with something altogether new, though they were far from suspecting the nature of their surprise. Something splendid was looked for. Mrs. Chester was one of those fortunate mortals, who stood on a pedestal which no breath of fashion could shake; and it was, therefore, with perfect ease and self-possession she met her guests at the early hour named, in a spotless robe of pure white tulle, ornamented with knots of ribbon, and a few natural flowers in her hair. She had been true to her project, and invited only a reasonable few; the majority were that kind of persons who needed the lesson—rich and purse-proud millionaires—with just enough sprinkling of sense and talent to raise it from the flat dead sea of mere fashion. A few remarks from the first named class will give an inkling of what they expected.

"I like this exclusiveness," said Tom Dana to his cousin, Cornelia, as they were riding along in the luxurious carriage. "It's decidedly stylish and aristocratic. I hate your great smashes, where a fellow has to push his way to the supper-table, and then find all the delicacies gone. I understand Chester has a new French cook, and I suppose we shall have a grand feast. Frank Ashford has just returned from the East, too, and I shouldn't be surprised if this affair was to be in oriental style. I heard him telling Alick Frazer something about the way they did things there, the other night at the — House."

"O, I dare say; the Chesters can afford almost anything," was the reply.

How were they surprised—how, indeed, was every one surprised, as they took in the simple arrangement. Young men, like the Danas and Howards, secretly grumbled. "There must be some champagne coming by-and-by," suggested one of them. But in waiting for wine, which never came, they were fain to console themselves with a cup of coffee—and most delicious coffee they confessed it to be, whether concocted by foreign or native cook. Mrs. Chester's brother, Frank, Bel Norris, and one or two gentlemen friends of her husband's, were the only ones initiated besides themselves, and they set the example of doing what they pleased. Bel and Frank strolling into the dining-room, where they ate a sandwich, drank their coffee, and chatted, while the gentlemen friends of the host opened the way into the library. Others soon followed, and the quiet men and women to whom Mrs. Chester referred, found their true orbit, and inwardly blessed the hostess for the provision. Whoever came there, seemed to take the spirit of the place; for they talked low, moved quietly, and laughed gently, even in conversation. Some talked about the pictures and statues in the mellow light of the farthest corner of the large apartment, some read the last magazine or paper at the centre-table; while down stairs a few pieces of music were played for those that liked it, while the dancing was more decorously done than it usually was, for the young men were surer footed, because surer headed.

There was scarcely a person who in the course of the evening did not speak of the new arrangement. To one such conversation Mrs. Chester was an auditor. She was sitting in the conservatory, screened from observation by a luxuriant oleander and orange tree, when a group entered, and one of the number, whom she recognized as Clinton Howard, said in his affected way:

"Well, this may be a new style, but I must say, it's a style I don't like. When a man comes at this hour without his supper, he expects something quite out of the ordinary way. Champagne

at least. It's a deuced poor fashion, and I hope it won't last long."

"Fie! Mr. Howard," returned a beflounced, bejewelled damsel. "I'm glad there isn't any wine; I shouldn't let you drink it if there was;" with which pretty threat the young lady cast a very tender glance upon the young gentleman.

"That sounded very ultra, Miss Augusta. I hope you're not one of these strong-minded women. Ladies don't know about these things, and they shouldn't meddle with gentlemen's rights."

Miss Augusta was terribly fluttered that he should think she had been bordering on any such unfashionable ground as *woman's* rights, and it was quite affecting to hear her deny the hard impeachment, and contradict herself generally. She evidently succeeded in impressing her companion with her real meaning, for he condescended to cut her remarks short with this gallant speech:

"Well, you needn't say any more about it, Augusta, you probably meant well;"—a speech which Mrs. Schuyler Clayton who had been flirting with a lieutenant of the navy, misunderstood as applying to the hostess, and with her usual volubility she said:

"Why, Mr. Howard, how very much behind the times you are, to talk of Mrs. Chester's meaning well. Of course she knows about these things—a family like theirs are always aware of any new feature in society; and Frank has just come home, and this is, I suppose, the manner of receiving guests abroad. I think it is decidedly stylish. I have thought for some time that I should introduce a different way myself;" with which very important conclusion the lady turned to resume her flirtation, scarcely waiting to hear Mr. Howard's explanation, or his assertion, "it was a deuced disagreeable fashion, and he hoped it wouldn't last long."

"And I hope it will," said a new comer, who had been loitering in the entrance to look at some azalias. It was 'no less a person than the heiress, Bel Norris. "I hope it will. Didn't you know, Mr. Clinton Howard," she went on, seating herself opposite him, and waving her fan with nonchalant ease, "that driving fast horses, drinking wine, and frequenting billiard rooms, and other haunts of vice, were rowdy characteristics, and that true gentlemen are men of the simplest habits? People are finding out it's very poor taste to pay their guests the compliment of supposing they are capable of enjoyment only through the palate."

Mr. Clinton Howard colored up exceedingly red, and uttered something about the ladies carrying the day. He did not wait for her to say more this time, however, for suddenly remembering an engagement for the next dance, he took himself off with his party. It was then Mrs. Chester emerged from her hiding-place, and as she met Bel's look of gleeful surprise, the merriment which had been suppressed all the evening, burst forth, and the two gaily talked over the result of the venture, and the aim of the venture itself. They were not aware that they had an unseen auditor, and it was with no little surprise, as they sat conversing very seriously, after the first laugh had subsided, that they perceived a gentleman approach from within. It was Schuyler Clayton, whose wife, formerly an obscure girl of a poor family, was now one of the most extravagant, purse-proud women of her circle. He came forward, and seating himself beside the hostess, with a smile on his fine face, which was meant to be careless, but which, nevertheless, was very sad and earnest, he said: "My dear Mrs. Chester, I want to thank you for what you have done to-night. You have given a new, safer, and healthier turn to the fashionable tide. It is an example I wish every woman would follow for duty's sake, as you have performed it for that; but the majority would sacrifice for fashion what they would not for domestic happiness and security; and because Mrs. Chester has advocated simplicity in her dress and action, we shall have simplicity for the style;" and then in a fervent, excited tone, as if his feelings had overmastered his reserve, he concluded earnestly: "Mrs. Chester, you have saved me from ruin. Another expensive party would have accomplished it. I would there were more women like yourself and friend. God bless you both!"—and without trusting himself to say more, he hastily left the apartment.

But Schuyler Clayton was only one case in a thousand, as many perplexed men of business could have told her. Young Clayton was a man who valued domestic quiet, and, like hundreds of others, bought it at a dear price, thinking from day to day that there would be a turn for the better; but it was a continual struggle—a ceaseless huffeting with the blinding, beating waves of folly. He had remonstrated with his wife—he had told her the state of his affairs—yet all in vain. "Men always talk so," she would say. "Pa used to. It's strange how they manage to get along if they are so pushed." She was one of those women with whom it is of no use to reason, and often and bitterly her husband had cursed his madness in marrying nothing but a pretty face. It made no difference if he refused her money—his credit was good, and to sustain that credit, and keep from the world his home misery, he quietly paid the long, startling bills which were handed to him; but the perpetual strain was making itself felt at last—that dread alternative—bankruptcy, was before him, unless some retrenchment was made immediately. Once again he appealed to his wife; he might as well have talked to the winds. With her usual disbelief and wicked indifference to his wishes, she had just made out a party list, and was only delaying the preparations until after the Chesters' had come off, in order that she might have the latest style—little dreaming how unostentatious that style would prove. But with the same spirit of toadyism which had influenced her at school, she accepted its simplicity in the manner we have seen, and determined to follow as closely as possible a fashion introduced by so illustrious a person as Mrs. Ben. Chester. As her husband had bitterly said, "for fashion such people would sacrifice what they would not for domestic security and happiness." Many business men blessed our heroine for her fashion that season, as its effects enabled them to ride safely through the commercial storms.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

IT IS WELL.

BY W. A. FOGG.

"It is well!" the blest evangel,
Passed from earth, is now an angel
On the bright and blessed shore,
Where the shadows fall no more.
Where the white-winged cherubs dwell
She is happy. "It is well."

Where her little feet now roam,
Sin and sorrow ne'er shall come;
Jesus all her steps shall guide,
By the sweetly rolling tide,
Whose bright waters, as they swell,
Gently murmur, "It is well!"

See her now in beauty stand,
Brightest of an angel band;
Little hands a golden lyre
Touch with love's enrapturing fire,
Little lips in music tell
Of their glory—"It is well!"

Mourn not for the little one!
Beautiful the race she run:
So the morning star, that shines
Ere the shade of night declines,
When the day its beams excel,
Is hid in glory. "It is well."

E'en so with her; in heaven's sweet light
She's hid from thy weak, mortal sight;
Rejoice that thou couldst lay at rest
Thy little love on Jesus' breast,
Ere earth's dark blights upon her fell,
Or thou couldst say—it is not well.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

JEALOUSY AND PATRIOTISM.

A LEGEND OF THE CHARTER OAK OF CONNECTICUT.*

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

It was near the close of a beautiful October day, in the year 1686, that a young man approached the town of Hartford, in Connecticut, by the road leading from New Haven. At that time, the valley of the Connecticut was densely wooded, affording, at that golden season of the year, every variety of tint that nature can display. The maple was gorgeously beautiful; the chestnuts were of a deep yellow; other species of trees had put on a motley livery, and the elms that bordered the highway were clothed in foliage of varied hues, from a lively green to the deepest orange, all mingling, by the nicest gradations of shades, like the prismatic colors. As he entered the main street, "the western waves of ebbing day" poured a flood of glistening light upon the diamond-paved casements in the eastern fronts of the houses; while beyond was the broad Connecticut, sparkling like a mirror. The overhanging arch was of a lovely azure, studded here and there with fleecy clouds; while high in zenith was the silver moon, only awaiting the retreat of her eclipsing orb to shed a more chaste light upon the lovely scene.

The young man was a fine specimen of the sturdy colonist of those days. Born in Deerfield, his infant slumbers had often been disturbed by the preparations of his father for defence, when the war-whoop of the savage resounded through the surrounding forests. The rifle was familiar to him in boyhood, and although he now carried on a farm at Middletown, he had not entirely relinquished his fondness for forest sports. We have said that he was young, but his electric black eye, compressed lip, and gallant horsemanship, showed that Everard Waltham could both think and act for himself, and was, therefore, well qualified to represent his townsmen in the General Assembly, then in session.

Entering the main street, even then a beautiful avenue, Everard Waltham rode slowly along, occasionally bowing to some acquaintance, or speaking to one of the lads who were driving home the cows, kept at nearly every house, and mingling their shrill cries with the musical tinkle of the bells. At last, however, his gaze encountered a couple, which drew a half-suppressed oath from his pouting lips. Applying the spur to his horse, the high-mettled animal sprang to the other side of the road, and he thus had a good pretence for neglecting to salute them. In a few moments more he had reached the famed hostelry near the site of the present State House, and dismounting, threw his bridle to a negro hostler.

"Ah!" exclaimed an elderly gentleman, who was pacing the porch, with a pipe in his mouth, "the member from Middletown has arrived just in time to see the sport."

"It matters not," replied Waltham, with a frown, for he thought the allusion was aimed at the couple he had met. Perhaps, that we may start more fairly, we should explain who that couple were.

The gentleman was Lieutenant Coffin, a pert coxcomb, who had been sent from the Massachusetts Bay, a few weeks previous, in command of a detachment of Royal Fusiliers, destined as a body-guard for the new governor. Insufferably haughty, he kept aloof from every one, until, by chance, he met Henrietta Morley, with whom he had become so intimate that, on the evening in question, he had invited her to take a social ramble. And Henrietta—how can we describe her? Tall and gracefully formed, she was not what an artist would call strictly beautiful, but the absence of

classical features is often more than compensated for by that sparkling vivacity which clothes the plainest countenances with radiant beauty. Her eyes were of a light blue, a profusion of golden locks shading her clear red and white complexion, and a pleasant smile ever lingered about her pouting lips. Passions always leave their wrinkles early in life, but over such faces as that of Henrietta Morley, years passed like the flight of a dove, the surface looking softer from the touch of its wing. Add to this the fact that she was his affianced bride, and you will not wonder that Everard Waltham regarded her with jealous interest.

But his tavern friend never divined what prompted his reply, and said, in a sharp voice:

"It does matter, though. Do you, a pledged republican, intend to let this scarlet-coated popinjay carry off his coveted prize?"

"Not I," and as he spoke, Everard's right hand instinctively clutched at the hilt of his heavy sword—it was one that his father had used valiantly in the cavalry of Cromwell.

"That's the spirit! Why fear the light steel of the king's minion, when there is such a precious charge at stake? Rather apply the torch, and leave him but a heap of ashes for his prey."

"What!" exclaimed Everard. "Why, that would be borrowing from the Iroquois."

"I care not; but I would rather hear the skin crackle in the flames than see it profaned by his hand."

"No, no! He can, perhaps, make her happy," replied Everard, in a choked tone of voice, as the couple approached, apparently in earnest conversation.

"Happy!" repeated the old man, gazing after Everard with a doubting expression. "Is the young man sane? Surely I do not see what happiness the royal governor can confer on a parchment charter!" and puffing resolutely at his pipe, he continued to perambulate the porch.

"Fool that I was, to trust a woman's vow!" said Everard, to himself, as he bolted the door of his chamber, to which he had retired. "Here this maiden has entwined her charms around my heart, and now a stranger usurps my privileges, merely, forsooth, because he wears a scarlet coat, and is, perchance, like a potato—the better portion of him beneath the ground, in the graves of titled ancestors." And sitting moodily down, he brooded long over his faithless fair one.

At length the bell rang nine, and Everard, when the last stroke had died into silence, went out. The round moon was floating in the heavens, and the shadows of the many gabled houses lay darkly upon the foot-ways, save where the clear beams stole through the garden spaces, checking the beaten paths with the mosaic light and shade of the intervening trees. All was quiet, for in those days people retired early, to rise with the sun, and Everard met no one as his steps insensibly led him to the residence of Henrietta Morley. The plaint of the whip-poor-will, and an occasional hoot from some wandering bird of wisdom, or the busy hum of nocturnal insects, alone broke upon the ear.

But calm as was the night, it failed to soothe the excited feelings of Everard, and when he approached the home of her who had thus won his love to trail it in the dust, he witnessed a scene that gave a demoniacal expression to his features. The door of Mr. Morley's house was open, and on the threshold, with a candle in her hand, that illuminated her lovely features, stood Henrietta. Nor was she alone. Standing on the door-stone, and thus with back toward the street, was a man, wrapped in a long cloak, with whom Henrietta was earnestly conversing. Everard felt an electric thrill of rage convulse his frame, for he had not the least doubt as to the man's identity, and with flashing eyes he clenched the sword hilt. At last the interview was ended, and the stranger walked rapidly away; but Everard followed, his cheeks ashy pale, and his lips savagely compressed together. He would obtain satisfaction, or the man who had thus stepped between himself and happiness should die like a dog. But the unknown evidently heard pursuing footsteps, and quickened his own into a ran. Everard followed, but when opposite the "Wyllys Mansion," he lost sight of the object of his pursuit. The great oak stood clearly developed above his head, and the beautiful river, a short distance beyond, was plainly discernible through the openings of the trees, yet there was no sign of any human being. After waiting some time, he slowly retraced his steps to the tavern, where, in agitated slumbers, he dreamed of Henrietta and his more favored rival.

When Everard arose in the morning, he found the town in an uproar, and learned, for the first time, that Sir Edmund Andros was expected to arrive from Boston. In vain had the colony plead its chartered rights to the king—he had determined to subdue the perverse Puritans, and had given full power to his representative. These had already been executed in Massachusetts and in Rhode Island, which had been despoiled of their charters, and Andros was now on his way to Hartford, to abolish all vestiges of republicanism. Printing presses were to be subject to his censors; Episcopacy was to be sustained, and every officer, both civil and military, was to be of his own appointment. The people felt almost disposed to resist, and all was confusion.

About noon, the clear notes of the trumpet came floating in the air from the direction of Windsor, and soon the troops quartered in Hartford marched in that direction, to join the expected procession. The streets were crowded, and there were few residing within fifty miles distance who were not that day in Hartford.

At length the roll of the drum was heard, and soon the detachment of Royal Fusiliers came in sight, their ranks extending clear across the street, and the matches of their firelocks alight. They were commanded by young Coffin, who appeared in a new scarlet uniform, richly laced with gold, and carried his bright halbert with a haughty air. Then, glittering with a jewelled order of knighthood, came Sir Edmund Andros, who is described as erect and soldierlike, followed by his council, those bitter foes of New

England. The malignant Randolph, the renegade Dudley, and the profane Bullivant, rode scornfully along, followed by another detachment of Fusiliers, equally ready for attack as were their comrades in the van. They waited but the word to deluge the town with blood, and thus enforce the edict of their vice-regal master.

The scene that ensued in the Hall of Assembly is one of the most sacred pages of America's history. All the afternoon did gallant old Governor Trent plead that Connecticut might keep her charter—the guarantee of her rights, which had been purchased by so much blood and treasure, poured out in the wilderness. But it was of no avail, and as the shades of evening darkened the hall, candles were lighted.

Sir Edmund Andros rose to conclude the session, and at his bidding, the secretary of state had laid a long box, containing the precious parchment, on the table before him. All at once, as if by concert, the candles were suddenly extinguished, and some slight confusion ensued among the spectators. When a light was brought, and the candles were re-lighted—lo! the charter had disappeared!

"Run to Lieutenant Coffin," shouted Edmund Andros to the usher, "and tell him to let no man pass."

The official hastened to the outer door, but the officer was not to be found, and after some delay, he so reported to Sir Edmund.

"What! The officer of my guard absent. Can it be possible that he is conniving at this foul robbery? A hundred pounds reward for the apprehension of the traitor!"

"May it please your excellency," said one of the few royalists in Hartford, "I do not think that the young fellow is the one to blame. He has been captivated by Goodman Morley's daughter, and I saw him not long since, escorting her from hence to her home!"

"Confusion!" muttered Everard, who had lost all interest in the great question, so buried were his thoughts under a load of grief. Returning to his hotel, he found a pressing invitation to go that evening to the house of William Wadsworth, upon important business. It bore the sign of an association of "liberty men," or he should have disregarded it, and he went merely in compliance with his secret obligation.

The meeting was well attended, and when they were all seated around a hospitable board, Everard learned, rather to his surprise, that the royal charter had been abstracted in accordance to a pre-concerted plan, and by their host.

"But where is it?"

"Where I took shelter last night, when a jealous mortal pursued me," said Mr. Wadsworth, laughing. Ere Everard could receive his astonishment, he continued: "After all, gentlemen, I did not feel certain of success, until Henrietta Morley informed me, late last night, that she had so far carried out our plan as to have obtained a promise from her pompous admirer that if she visited the Assembly Hall he should escort her home. This rendered armed resistance out of the question, as the royal troops would not have fired without orders from their own officer. So I will give you the young lady's health as our most efficient ally, although the advent of a favored lover made it a difficult task for her to entrap that glittering fop, and at the same time I will propose the long existence of the old hollow oak before the 'Wyllys mansion,' the best of hiding places, from a pursuer or for a charter. Long may they exist."

Ere an hour had elapsed, Everard Waltham had sought and obtained forgiveness; nay, he even made the fair Henrietta name the wedding-day.

"You have done your share of the work, dearest," said he, "and I do not like to expose you to the fascinating qualities of royal officers."

"Jealous man," she replied, "I suppose that when I am your wife you will lock me up when you leave home."

"Indeed I may—and where is there a better place than in the Charter Oak?"

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WAKINA: OR, *Adventures on the Mosquito Shore*. By SAMUEL A. BARD. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 366.

An admirably written book of adventure in a region that has not been written upon, and therefore a perfect *bonne bouche* to readers of travel. The narrative is lively and taking; but had it been less clever, the novelty of the incidents, characters and scenes would render it intensely interesting. The designs and engravings are capital, and bear internal evidence of perfect truthfulness. For sale by Redding & Co.

NEW HOPE: OR, *The Rescue*. A Tale of the Great Kanawha. New York: Bunce & Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 891.

We remember reading this novel of western life with great zest a few years ago, on its first appearance under the title of "Young Kate." The great demand for it has induced the New York publishers to produce it in a handsome and "preservable" shape. It is a thrilling story, full of interest, and managed with great dramatic ability. For sale by Wm. V. Spencer, 124 Washington Street.

NEW MUSIC.—Among the recent publications of Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street, are "Short Melodies for the Organ," the "Exile's Home," a duet by R. G. Hallburton, music by L. G. Casseres, and "Gesang der Meermaidchen," from Von Weber's opera of Oberon.

OLAUCUS: OR, *The Wonders of the Shore*. By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Author of "Hypatia," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1855. pp. 165.

Our enterprising and tasteful publishers could not have produced a more reasonable and acceptable book than this little volume. In its natural history is viewed from a lofty stand-point, and apart from the reflections and suggestions, there is a mass of curious facts concerning the wonders of the sea-shore, collected from a wide field of study and research. It will induce many an idle mind to derive a golden profit from a seaside loitering.

SPENCER'S BOSTON THEATRE.—Among the recent issues of this valuable series are—the very clever drama of "Masks and Faces," the skeleton of the popular novel, "Peg Woffington," by Tom Taylor and Charles Reade, and the "Sergeant's Wife," a popular drama. For sale by Wm. V. Spencer, 128 Washington Street, and Samuel French, 121 Nassau Street, New York.

ARCHY MOORE, THE WHITE SLAVE. By RICHARD HILDRETH. New York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Mulligan. 1855. 12mo. pp. 408.

When the book first appeared, it was pronounced "the most extraordinary book of the day." It is, as was asserted at its first issue, "a disagreeable and unpleasant picture of slavery." As such it has found, and will find, many eager readers. It has been re-published in England, and there are French, Italian and German translations of it. Mr. Hildreth's introduction is one of the most ingenious prefaces we ever read.

* This tale is founded on facts connected with the early history of Connecticut, and, in connection with the engraving and its description on our first page, belongs to the series of "State Chronicles."



THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

Thomas De Quincey, whose portrait we herewith present, is one of the most brilliant and powerful of the group of writers whose productions have made the English literature of the first half of the present century a treasury of original and vivid thought. Certainly, his name "sticks fiery off" in this constellation, and there is much about the man, personally, to enhance the interest which is awakened by his writings. His face, as will be seen by referring to the engraving, is one that once seen challenges attention. The head is intellectual—the forehead eminently so. But while the mouth indicates decision, a sort of practical firmness, the eyes, brilliant and inquiring, look out into the far distance—the dream-land that is lost to bodily vision. At the same time pain and woe have traced their inevitable lines upon that face, and the looker-on must fain inquire into the secret of its enigmatical expression. De Quincey himself furnishes us with some data for the story of his life. He was the son of a Liverpool merchant of a good old Norman family, and was born about 1785. At the age of seven he was left an orphan in the care of guardians. After being fitted for the university, he was sent to Oxford, but while there he quarrelled with his guardians and fled to London, where, left to his own resources, he met with a variety of adventures, and underwent the severest sufferings. The reader who is curious to see this portion of his life vividly painted, is referred to his "Confessions of an Opium Eater," first part, in which his rescue from starvation on one occasion is delineated in a manner that he only could command. From London, he wandered into Wales, still chased by hunger, until finally the estray was discovered by his friends and restored to Oxford. One of the most important events that befell him here was the formation of a friendship for Christopher North, warmly reciprocated by the gifted Wilson, and subsisting unimpaired until death severed the golden chain. About this period of his life he contracted the fatal habit of opium-eating, a habit which he has made memorable by recounting the dreams inspired by the deadly drug, in language which has never been surpassed. Some time after leaving Oxford, he married, settled down in Cumberland, studied metaphysics, lived on laudanum and dreamed those wondrous dreams, the record of which has electrified the world. His "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," first published in the "London Magazine," and afterwards in a collective form, but without his name attached, enjoyed an extraordinary circulation. Soon after their appearance in book form, the author removed to Scotland, where he has since written largely for various periodical publications, chiefly Black-

wood's and Tait's Magazines, and the North British Review. All his papers bear the stamp of original and vigorous thought, a vivid imagination, and a mind steeped in the lore of the past. His principal powers as a writer, are genius and logical perception—the latter quality giving that lucid transparency to his style which makes its charm. Of the latter, Professor Wilson once said, "the best word always comes up." It is not very creditable to British taste that there exists no complete English edition of his works. This great deficiency has been supplied by our own enterprising and classical publishers, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, who have collected from their various periodical sources, his invaluable essays, and published them in a series of portable volumes, remarkable for the elegance of their typography and their admirable accuracy. This series will be continued until all De Quincey's writings are preserved. He is now living, a widower, with three amiable daughters, in the vicinity of Edinburgh. As he has, by giant efforts, thrown off the thralldom of opium, we will venture to quote what the Eclectic Review says of the one great error of his life. "In the one word, excitement, assuming the special form of opium—the 'insane root,'—lies the *gravamen* of his guilt, as, also, of Coleridge's. Now, we are far from wishing to under-rate the evil of this craving. But we ought to estimate Mr. De Quincey's criminality with precision and justice; and, while granting that he used opium to excess—an excess seldom paralleled—we must take his own explanation of the circumstances which led him to begin its use, and of the effects it produced on him. He did not begin it to multiply or intensify his pleasures, still less to lash himself with its fiery thongs into a counterfeit inspiration, but to alleviate bodily pain. It became, gradually and reluctantly, a necessity of his life. Like the serpents around Laocoon, it confirmed its grasp, notwithstanding the wild tossings of its arms, the spasmodic resistance of every muscle, the loud shouts of protesting agony; and when conquered, he lay like the over-powered Hatteraick in the caves—sullen, still in despair, breathing hard, but perfectly powerless. Its effects on him, too, were of a peculiar kind. They were not brutifying or blackguardizing. He was never intoxicated with the drug in his life; nay, he denies its power to intoxicate. Nor did it at all weaken his intellectual faculties any more than it strengthened them. We have heard poor creatures console themselves for their inferiority by saying, 'Coleridge would not have written so well but for opium.' 'No thanks to De Quincey for his subtlety—he owes it to opium.' Let such persons swallow the drug, and try to write the 'Suspiria' or the 'Aids to Reflection.' Coleridge and De Quincey were great in spite of their habits. Nay, we believe that on truly great intellects, stimulants produce little inspiration at all. Can opium think! Can beer imagine! It is De Quincey in opium—not opium in De Quincey—that ponders and that writes. The stimulus is only the occasional cause which brings the internal force into play; it may sometimes dwarf the giant, but it can never really elevate the dwarf." Its influence will not create intellectual life, where the basis itself is wanting.

NEW YORK ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS, SYRACUSE.

The corner stone of this noble building, accurately delineated in the accompanying engraving, executed expressly for the Pictorial, was laid at Syracuse, with appropriate ceremonies, on the 8th of September, 1854. The grounds are situated a little more than a mile from the centre of Syracuse, in a southwesterly direction, and include a territory of eighteen acres, mainly the gift of the citizens of Syracuse. The western and highest portion of the grounds is woodland. The remainder, descending with a fine slope to the southeast, terminates in a terrace of about four acres in extent, upon which the building is located. The position affords a fine view of the city of Syracuse, Salina, Liverpool, Lake Onondaga, the Central and Binghamton railroads, for some distance, and the village of Geddes. The present board of trustees consists of Hon. John C. Spencer, James H. Titus, Esq., Franklin Townsend, Esq., Henry N. Pohman, D. D., Hon. Frederick F. Backus, M. D., and *ex-officio*, Hon. Horatio Seymour, Hon. Sanford E. Church, Hon. E. W. Leavenworth, Hon. James M. Cook. The officers are Hervey B. Wilbur, superintendent; Misses Frances H. Clark, Eliza A. Loring, Sarah P. Young, teachers; Miss Alvira Wood, matron; Mr. J. C. Dixon, assistant. Wm. J. Woollett, Jr., was the architect, and Messrs. John Bridgford (mason) and James Christie (carpenter), the builders. The building is one hundred and fifty-three feet front and rear; the ends or wings, seventy feet from front to rear; the central parts, fifty feet deep; the tower eighteen feet square, and carried to the height of seventy feet. In elevation, the wings embrace four stories, basement and sub-cellar—the central parts three stories, and the tower five stories. The central parts recede ten feet from the front of the wings, and eight feet from the face of the tower, forming recesses on each side of the same; like recesses obtain in the rear, or western elevation, of the building, the first and second stories of which are enclosed with glass, forming large piazzas in the rear of the school rooms and the principal dormitories of the second story, and made so as to form a part of those apartments, by the windows which extend to the floor. The building is in the Italian

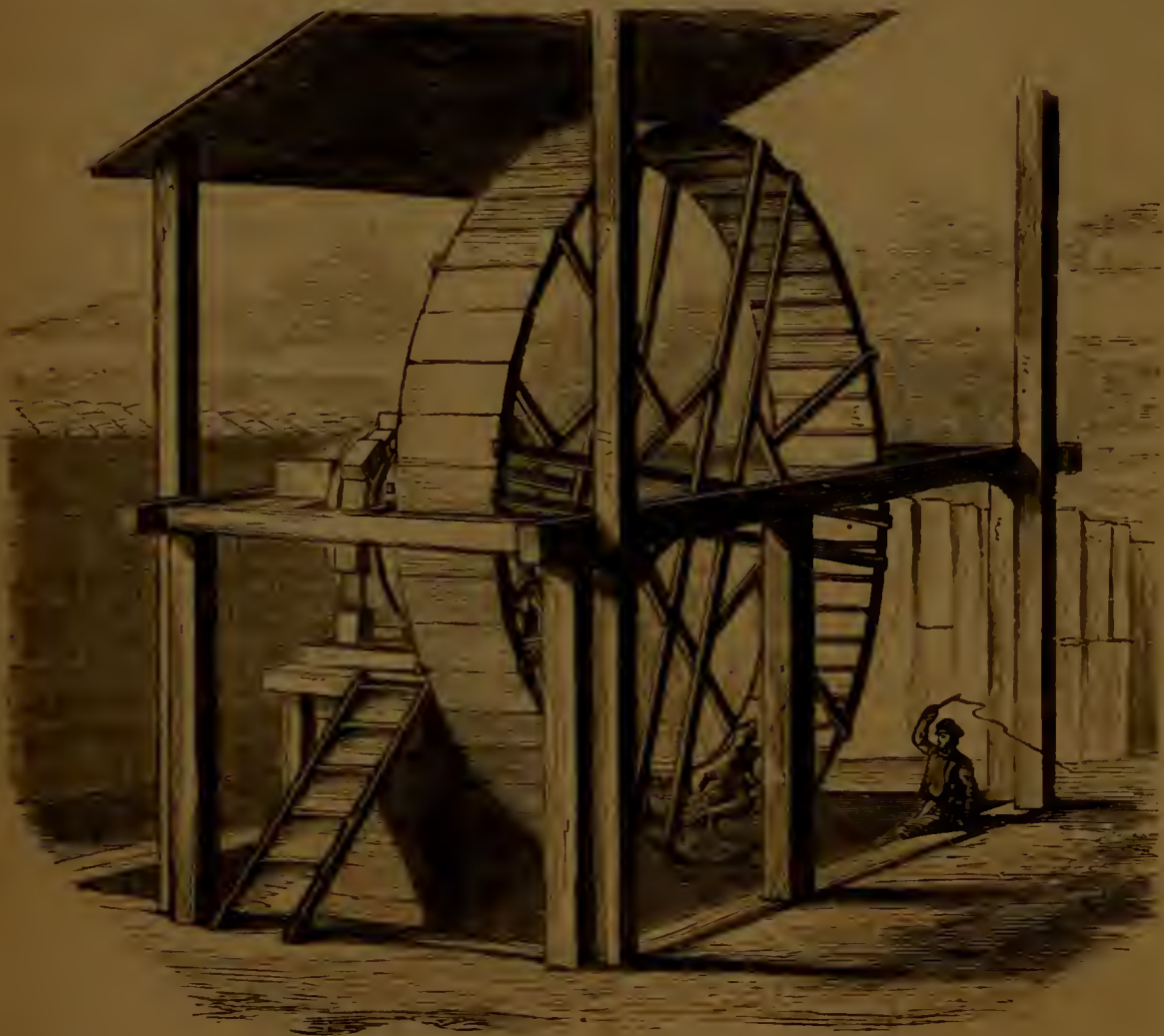


NEW YORK ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS, SYRACUSE.

style, with superstructure of pressed brick, painted and sanded in harmony with the brown freestone dressings, supported by a rusticated ashlar basement. All the external angles are enriched with quoins blocks, with bevelled rustic on each. All the external windows and doors have dressings of stone, with string courses of the same materials. The fenestral decorations embrace quite a variety. Those of the principal story in front have pediment heads, supported by moulded trusses. Three bayed windows in the front of wings. Those in the recessed parts of the second story have semicircular heads. Those on the third story, segment heads—all of freestone. Those on the ends of the building embrace various forms, all in harmony with those in the front. The principal entrance in front, at the base of the tower, is approached by a flight of twelve steps, eighteen feet in length, the platform of which will be covered with a rusticated portico. The entrance at the south end will be under a *porte cochere*; that at the north, by steps of cut stone. The entire building will be surmounted by large projecting medallion cornices. Chilson's hot air furnaces are to be used in heating the building, which will be lighted throughout with gas. The first attempt in this country to found a State institution for idiots was made in the New York legislature in 1846, by the Hon. Frederick F. Backus, and now the magnificent establishment under notice, "completes," to borrow the language of Dr. S. G. Howe, "the circle of the State's charities, which embrace every class whose infirmities call for public aid."

WATER WHEEL AT VALPARAISO.

Our engraving shows the ingenious method which has been employed for many years at Valparaiso for raising water for the supply of the city, as well as the merchant vessels that touch there. The water is raised from the well by wooden buckets, emptying themselves on a table, from which through pipes the water is conveyed to launches, into casks or buckets, and delivered to its various quarters. The wheel raising the buckets is driven by eight dogs, belonging to Don Juan Augustine Vives; they continually run upwards with perfect ease; only four of the dogs work at a time, and when one is tired he jumps off, and another takes his place. There are many other curious features of life at Valparaiso to attract the notice of strangers; and yet, when the first novelty has worn off, there is little about this seaport to render a long sojourn in it agreeable, in spite of its agreeable climate. What Mr. Miers said of it some years ago is probably true now. "Independent of the want of society there exists no public amusement, no theatre, no commercial reading or news-room, no parade, not even a single spot to walk upon, nor any retirement or exit from the town but over the barren and steep hills, which renders the exercise more a toil than a pleasure. In short, in spite of its matchless climate, I do not know in all Chili, a spot presenting a more uncomfortable and cheerless place of residence."



WATER WHEEL AT VALPARAISO. MOVED BY DOG POWER.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

GOSSIP.

Will Rachel make a sensation here? Is it true that she is *passée*?—that she has lost her tragic fire, and that the French have sent us a lamp flickering in its socket, instead of a star shining in its effulgence? For one, we believe in the unimpaired powers of the *tragedienne*; and the French have tired of Rachel, just as the Athenians did of Aristides—and for no better reason. Yet the French, fickle as they are, are not generally unjust to their histrions. Mars kept the stage to the last; and Mlle. Georges never received a hint that she ought to vacate the boards—the queen of the stage voluntarily left it. These children of Thespis deserve gentle treatment; for their fame, tangible as it is, is evanescent. O, that one could daguerreotype tones and action as well as faces!—that there were some means of crystallizing music, and embalming eloquence! The perfume of the flower may be caught and transmitted from century to century, but the glories of acting are mortal, and perish with the brief hour that witnesses their triumph. We read of the perfections of Roscius, of Talma, of Garrick, of John Philip Kemble, but we can form no distinct idea of them—we always represent them by some favorite actor of our own time. We know their talents were great by the historical record of the effects which they produced—but this is all. Hence, we should not grudge the ovations, the music, the flowers, the gold lavished on histrionic talent—it is, at best, but a poor compensation to the actor for the consciousness that he cannot transmit himself to posterity, like the poet, the painter, the sculptor, the lawgiver and the musical composer.

LONG SERMONS.—Very long sermons, especially in the dog-days, are rarely delivered now by our clergymen. In old times, a short sermon would have disappointed a congregation sadly. Brown, an English humorist of William III.'s reign, says: "In the late civil wars, Stephen Marshall split his text into twenty-four parts. Upon this, one of his congregation immediately runs out of the church. 'Why, what's the matter?' says a neighbor. 'Only going for my night-gown and slippers, for I find we must take up our quarters here to-night.'"

DEATH.—When Arria set the example of suicide to her husband, by plunging the knife into her bosom, she handed it to him, and remarked, "My Pater, it is not painful." Dr. Cullen, when dying, is said to have faintly articulated to one of his intimates, "I wish I had the power of writing or speaking, for then I would describe to you how pleasant a thing it is to die."

CURIOS.—The affinities detected by chemistry are truly surprising. Who would suppose that the sugar in the basin and the linen cloth on the breakfast table were of the same materials?—that the cloth could be converted into sugar, and the sugar into spirits of wine? Yet such is the fact.

SPLINTERS.

.... A telegraph operator and a doctor fought a duel at N. Orleans because they quarrelled as to the strength of the Malakoff.

.... In a case at Buffalo it was decided that a man could not be arrested for being drunk and noisy in his own house.

.... Vast quantities of liquor, it is said, are smuggled into Worcester, in spite of the vigilance of the police.

.... The emigration to the West and California has checked the increase of population in the Eastern States.

.... Dr. Taylor, of Cleveland, Ohio, is certain that he can make better light from water than Payne.

.... One child was burned to death and another burned a barn lately, by playing with matches.

.... The bears in Vermont are getting to be unbearable, but they are "bruin" trouble for themselves.

.... Edward Everett made an excellent speech at the launch of Donald McKay's last ship, the "Defender."

.... Signor Blitz lately gave an exhibition at the Lunatic Asylum, Somerville, to the delight of the patients.

.... 1,554,015 tons of guano have been imported into this country since the trade commenced.

.... Mackerel have been selling in Halifax this season at one penny a dozen. Cheap and good fare too.

.... A conductor on the Eastern Railroad compelled a man to take his boots off a cushion, and was fined for it.

.... Mrs. Robinson, the "veiled murderess," is to be imprisoned for life, not hung. She is thought to be insane.

.... Two ladies of Lynn lately earned four dollars a day for five successive days, "machining shoes."

.... The wheat crops of Europe for the present year are a fair average. They'll want it all, if the war lasts.

.... Fifty men at work on the Wabash Valley Railroad were lately prostrated by sun strokes in one day.

.... Madame Lagrange and her husband, Count Stanioiwich, her father, Signor Morelli, and her child, have been at Newport.

.... The population of Providence, R. I., is not as large as was calculated by five thousand.

.... Jullien, the musician, is not coming over till next March—when he will bring a bran new march with him.

.... Five States held their general election during the present month—to the satisfaction of the victors.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Summer is drawing to a close, and as the reign of autumn commences, the city recalls her children to their registers and stoves—we had nearly committed the vulgar error of saying firesides. We have nothing to say, in this connection, about the taste exhibited by this precipitate abandonment of the country and of sea-side retreats, just when an "eager and a nipping air" begins to make itself felt, heralding "frosty but kindly" weather. For us, the first two months of autumn, in New England, have an inexpressible charm. Apart from the glory of the changing forests, a pageant in itself well worth studying, there is an invigorating tone in the air, which renders a day's exercise in September worth a week's in August. A man feels new life infused into his veins—a new youth warming his heart, the glories of dream-land and fairy-land visit him once more. He stands with "jocund day" upon the "misty mountain top," and feels that he is indeed lord of the universe. We plead guilty to susceptibility to these influences. In such a season we can walk our forty miles a day, or pull a stroke-oar from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same. Like Dazzle, we are ready to exclaim, "Saddle me a flash of lightning, and I'll astonish the elements!" But it is only a few choice spirits who keep the field after September fairly sets in—sportsmen, pedestrians, artists, poets, and all that useless, vulgar kind of people. For those great masses, the *jeunesse dorée* of both sexes, together with the veterans of fashion, and those whose avocations do not permit an annual flitting from the city, the directors of public amusements are opening wide their doors. Huge colored posters illuminate dark walls; long advertisements fill the columns of the newspapers.

Around the doors of hotels, flashy-looking men, dressed in the extreme of fashion, tell us that the players have come to town. Genteel walking gentlemen parade Washington Street, hand-selling the glories that should first break forth upon the board. A pair of feet, revealed in crossing the muddiest part of Washington Street, give a glorious promise of the perfection of the ballet. While hordes of very hairy men, in paletots, signify that Germanic orchestras are about to be prevalent. All these things are noted and commented on by the inveterate cockneys, those who have scarcely ever been ten miles from the sound of the Old South bell. And in Boston, densely populated as it now is, copiously visited as it is by tourists, the entrance of a single new-comer is sure to be noted. A stranger, with a carpet-bag, is seen coming over the Milldam; the fact is instantly circulated and commented on, and the man "spotted." That solitary individual finds himself the object of universal attention. We have a most wonderful faculty of finding out everybody's business, without, however, neglecting our own. A Bostonian "lives between two magnifying glasses." Well, it is a great city, and, considering its Puritanic origin, a gay one. We can boast, this winter, of four theatres: the Boston, perhaps the finest in the world; the Museum, an excellent establishment; the Howard, and the National, both renowned; any number of lecture and concert-rooms, with picture shops, libraries and—really the man who cannot live agreeably and happily in Boston ought to be exported in a New Bedford whaler and abandoned in the Fejee Islands. That's our opinion.

THE FRENCH NATIONAL AIR.

Now that the glorious Marseilles Hymn with its thrilling breath of liberty is proscribed in France, the national air is "*Partant Pour la Syrie*," composed and written by Queen Hortense, Louis Napoleon's mother. Graham's Magazine lately published it with an English version, which it says is the first ever made. This is a mistake. The music with a translation commencing

"It was Dunois the young and brave,"

was common and popular more than thirty years ago. That translation was by Sir Walter Scott, and was made from a manuscript found in the knapsack of a French officer slain at Waterloo. The song is quite unworthy of the position its authorship has given it. Never mind—the Marseillaise will yet be sung in the streets of Paris.

RATHER TALL.—A learned man of Europe, in a dissertation on the weights and measures of the ancients, comes to the conclusion that Adam's height was 123 feet 9 inches, and that of Eve 118 feet 9 3/4 inches. That fraction of an inch is exquisite—there is nothing like minuteness in the particulars of a story. The children of our first parents must have looked like young Bunker Hill monuments.

RIDING.—The eccentric but learned Lord Monboddo, whose theory was that men were originally orang-outangs, rode on horseback till he was eighty, saying that it was a degradation to the dignity of human nature to be dragged at the tail of a horse, instead of riding on his back!

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.—This unrivalled publication commenced a new volume with the first issue of July. No illustrated paper—not even the London Illustrated News—can compare with it in every point; and the accession to its list, even in this place alone, is evidence of its appreciation by the public. We are rejoiced at the fact, for no gentleman more richly deserves such a testimonial to his pen and his efforts, than M. M. Ballou, Esq., its affable and worthy editor and proprietor.—*Quincy (Mass.) Patriot.*

BUSINESS.—Business all over the country this fall will be excellent. Money is plenty and croakers are scarce. The fact that the country has been ruined fifty or sixty times during this half century—on paper—does not seem to affect its prosperity in the least degree.

MERRIE ENGLAND!—A quarter of a million people in England are at work in the different mines, to whom the fresh air and the light of the sun are scarcely known.

DAGUERRETYPES, ETC.

We will not venture to say how many daguerreotypists there are in Boston, for we are not in the vein of hunting up statistics, but they are certainly numerous. You can hardly walk two blocks, in the busy part of the city, without coming on a show-case, with its assortment of specimens of heads of the people. If you have seen one of these cases, you have seen all. There is the militia officer, in full regimentals, not colored, but with a little powdered lake on the sash and a little powdered gold on the epaulettes, to make him look the grander. There is the family group, frozen into wax statuary attitudes, and looking very solemn, as if they were assembled for a funeral. There is the fast young man, taken with his hat on and a cigar in his mouth; the belle of the locality, with a vast quantity of plaited hair and plated jewelry, looking supremely killing; and there is the pet baby, a podgy creature, with a hydrocephalic head and dropsical body, and swollen legs incarcerated in barred stockings. There is the intellectual man of the locality, with a tall forehead and piercing eye; and the young poet, a pretty looking fellow, but infinitely conceited. But why enumerate? Each show-case is a little microcosm. It reflects a little world. There is something interesting in the very worst of these daguerreotypes, because there must be something of nature in all of them. Nor are these images the investments of Vanity Fair. It is a vulgar mistake to suppose that every sitter is influenced by personal vanity, and a desire to transmit his features to posterity. In nine cases out of ten, sitters are reluctant, and if the truth were told, a large majority of them sit to gratify the importunity of friends, and obey the call of affection rather than of vanity. These duplicates in the show case are so many love-tokens, all except the fast young man, and who knows but that he was solicited by some ardent admirer, humble follower, or fond lady-love? Because you and I don't fancy smooth ravenlocks dripping with unguents, a beaver worn over one eye, and an immortalized cigar, it does not follow that such may not be the ideal of some dear friend of Cæsar's, male or female. It was the remark of a "celebrated Roman consul," that there was no disputing about tastes, and no man is without friends. The footpad that Don Juan shot in the environs of London sent his ensanguined cravat to "Sal." This young gentleman in the daguerreotype case has his Dulcinea—ay, and there is a touch of romance and poetry gilding his life. He thinks of her he loves when he "runs with the machine," or stakes his last dollar on the prowess of the "game chicken," or the Lancashire slasher. The utmost that can be said is that his notions of glory differ from ours. But the crowd is collecting round the show-case, and we give place to other admirers of the fine arts.

SPECULATING IN PROVISIONS.—How lucky it is for flour speculators that our commonwealth is not the commonwealth of Cromwell. During his time a great scarcity having taken place in a year of plenty, through unjust dealing and monopoly, Oliver, knowing that there was a great plenty of grain in the country, offered a premium of one thousand pounds to him who should bring the largest quantity of grain to market on a certain day; upon which immense quantities were produced; but one man above all the rest produced far the greater quantity. Cromwell immediately ordered him to be paid the reward—and producing a rope, told him he would give him a halter in the bargain, and ordered the monopolizer to be hanged.

A MODERN MARVEL.—The progress of luxury is nowhere better exemplified than in a sea voyage. In speaking of his trip across the Atlantic in a first-class packet-ship, Fay says: "I hear the notes of a piano, the lowing of a cow, the cackle of hens—indeed all the noises of a barnyard." Quite elegant and rural!

THE DIFFERENCE.—He is a bad man who tells a falsehood, but it must be remembered that a good ship will lie-to.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Benjamin F. Brown to Miss Eliza A. Wentworth; by Rev. Mr. Cilley, Mr. Sullivan B. Harris to Miss Triphena Daily; by Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. John C. Eveline to Miss Lydia A. Lewis, of Kittery.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Timothy House, Esq., of Newtonville, to Miss C. J. Murdock.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Dr. Lowell, Mr. Charles Wyllis Elliott, of New York, to Miss Mary Green White.—At Lawrence, by George Foster, Esq., of Andover, Mr. Jeremiah Millett to Mrs. Rosannah Freadley.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Carpenter, Capt. Albert C. Morse, of Edgartown, to Miss Julia W. Howland, of New Bedford.—At Newton Centre, by Rev. Mr. Barstow, Dr. Israel Smith, of North Brookfield, to Miss Julia Collins, of Newton.—At Lowell, by Mayor Lawrence, Mr. Francis Lebach, of Boston, to Miss Isadore McDonald.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. De Witt Clinton Holbrook to Miss Maria Thayer.—At Warren, by Rev. Mr. Jones, of Ware, Mr. Otis Frye, of Ware, to Miss Sarah A. Bond, of West Brookfield.—At Providence, R. I., by Rev. Mr. Leavitt, Mr. Charles S. Whitfield, of Charleston, S. C., to Miss Lucy A. Wilbur.—At Warwick, R. I., by Rev. Mr. Willard, Mr. John W. A. Greene to Miss Mary Frances Low, of Boston.—At Hildeford, Me., Capt. Tristram Clark to Miss Maria Abbott, of Malden.—At Belfast, Me., Mr. William H. Preston, of Boston, to Miss Melissa A. Moore, of Searsport, Me.

DEATHS.

In this city, John Mico Gannett, Esq., of Walpole, 71; Widow Leah Lillie, 67; Michael Sherlock, Esq., of Eastport, Me., 54; Mrs. Mary Dillaway, 66; Mrs. Susan B. Fitz, 54; Mr. Silas F. Ames, 33; Mr. John H. Grush, 71.—At Ralston Island, Mr. Benjamin Congdon, of Boston, 64.—At East Cambridge, Mrs. Rebecca Logan, 72.—At Auburndale, Miss Margaret P. Burroughs, late of Boston.—At North Reading, Mr. Joseph W. Richards, 25.—At Weymouth, Mr. Benjamin Randall Beal, 22.—At Lincoln, Widow Lucy Wheeler, 99.—At Newburyport, Widow Hannah Chase, 87.—At Lawrence, Mrs. Alice J. wife of Charles Stark Newell, Esq.—At Worcester, Miss Amelia P. Goodridge, 46.—At Needham, Miss Frons P. H. Buck, 18.—At Ipswich, Miss Abby H. Caldwell, 27.—At South Weymouth, Noah Torrey, Esq., 55.—At East Abington, Mr. David Beal, 74.—At New Bedford, Mr. Benjamin Lewis, 83.—At Manchester, Major Burley Smith, 77.—At Boxford, Mrs. Martha, wife of General Solomon Low, 50.—At Newport R. I., Christopher E. Robbins, Esq., 62.—At New Haven, Conn., Mr. Elisha Dickerman, 97.—At Haddam, Conn., Mr. John Turner, 87.—At Newport, N. H., Hon. Aaron Mattson, 85.—At Hudson, N. Y., James Fogg, Esq., of Charlestown, Mass., 40.—At Philadelphia, Professor Adolphe Reinhardt, 54.—At Cincinnati, Mr. Sarah Jane, wife of Mr. Daniel Lakenan, formerly of Newburyport.—At Charleston, S. C., Mrs. Clara P., wife of Wm. P. Gadsden, Esq., formerly of Salem, 21.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The Newburyport Herald states that some 5000 volumes have been obtained for the new city library, in that city, and 3000 more are to be added thereto. — Mr. James A. Cutting, of Boston, has invented a method of taking daguerreotypes upon plates of glass, coated with silver, which are said to be taken in less time, and to have a greater softness and finish than the ordinary daguerreotype. The pictures are called ambrotypes. — The military company recently organized in Quincy, has taken the name of Hancock Light Guards, in honor of the revolutionary patriot, John Hancock. — The sea serpent lately turned up in Silver Lake, a sheet of water near Wyoming, N. Y., and having a place in it where soundings have never been obtained, and supposed to be connected with Lakes Erie or Ontario, or the Atlantic Ocean. — The territory of New Mexico has a population of but 61,000, 50,000 of them descendants of the old Spanish conqueror. Not more than 1200 persons can read. — A grand barbecue was given at Paris, Bourbon county, Kentucky, to celebrate the completion of the Covington and Lexington Railroad. Paris is 85 miles from Covington. The tables were spread in the grove at the north end of the ground; they were nine in number, and each 160 feet in length. — Cedar Lawn, the farm of George Washington, Esq., was sold to John R. Flagg, for \$15,500—being about \$63 25 per acre. This land lies about four miles above Charlestown, on the Winchester Railroad, in Virginia. — It is said that Z. Williams, one of the English chartists who was banished to Australia, has discovered a bed of yellow colored coal in that country, which burns as freely as the best bituminous kinds. In all likelihood this will turn out to be bituminous shale, and may be as valuable as any cannel coal; the discovery was made by accident. — There are more than twenty vessels constantly taking sand from the mouth of the Merrimack River; it is carried to Boston for building purposes. — A man at Cleves, Ohio, was lately stung by a locust. The effects are similar to those produced by the bite of a mad dog; the man has fits so violent that it takes five or six men to hold him, and he has bitten his tongue into strings. — Mrs. C. N. Sinclair (Forrest) has given up the management of the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, and has commenced a starring campaign. — Mr. Hinds, of Ohio, formerly of New York, has recently constructed a compound microscope, which, for magnifying power, is not equalled by any in the world. In 1851, he constructed a microscope capable of magnifying objects 17,000,000 times; the one just completed has a diamond lens with a power surpassing by nearly 2,000,000 that of 1851. — It is estimated that over one thousand families have settled in the Huron district, bordering on Lake Huron, since last fall. A great number of them are from New York State. — The Mobile Tribune says that in November, 1848, a gentleman in Baldwin mailed a letter to a grocery house in that city. It was never received or heard of until last week, when it came exactly to its destination, after an absence of nearly seven years! It would be pleasant to hear that letter give an account of its travels during that period. — The North Adams Transcript says that two gangs of hands are employed upon the Hoosac tunnel in that town, and work goes on merrily night and day. — Mr. Francis G. Shaw, of Boston, the translator of "Consuelo" and other of George Sand's novels, recently returned from Europe with his family, and will hereafter reside on Staten Island, where he is building a villa. Such "picked men of countries" as Mr. Shaw, who have been endowed liberally by nature and fortune, are an acquisition to our social resources. — A new Sunday law has been passed in St. Louis, Missouri, by which all stores may be kept open the whole of Sunday, except places for the sale of liquors, which must be closed from 9 A. M. until 4 P. M. — The Pittsburg Gazette says:—"Taking the shipment of 1854 as the basis of calculation, we are within bounds when we affirm that we mine, for all purposes, twenty-five millions of bushels of coal per annum, which is equal to one million of dollars." — A party of Hollanders, who bring with them from their fatherland great experience in dyking and draining, have set about reclaiming the body of salt marsh lying between Newark and Jersey City, New Jersey.

CONSUMPTION.—Sir James Clark, physician to Queen Victoria, in an able work on consumption, laments the want of success of the profession in curing that disease. The records of medicine, he says, afford too strong proof of the truth of this statement, for it may be fairly questioned whether the proportion of cures of confirmed consumption is greater at the present day than two thousand years ago; and, although the public may continue to be duped, no essential progress has been made, or can be made in the cure of consumption, until the disease is treated on different principles from what it hitherto has been.

CLASSIC.—The United States Medical Association intend contributing a block to the Washington Monument; and it is proposed that a representation of Hippocrates refusing the bribe be put upon it. Hippocrates, on being sent for by the king of Persia to be the court physician, replied back, "Tell your master that I am rich enough; that honor will not permit me to succor the enemies of Greece."

A BARBECUE.—Old Howqua, a rich China merchant, not being able to find a burying place to suit him, saved the bodies of his deceased wives until he had forty of them, when he purchased ground and buried twenty of them at one funeral—giving a great feast, at which one hundred hogs were roasted.

STATE PRISON.—There are 473 convicts in the State Prison at Charlestown. There is but one patient in the hospital, and that a case of pulmonary consumption.

Wayside Gatherings.

Large sharks have lately been seen in Gloucester harbor. A young man was rescued from drowning at Rondout, by an English bull-dog.

A New Yorker eloped, a day or two ago, with a young lady from Richmond, Va.

Real estate is said to have risen an average of 10 per cent. in the suburbs of Boston.

Ship-building in New York is said to be improving, after a dull period of six months.

It is expected that by June, 1858, New York will be connected by telegraph lines with all the great capitals of the world.

The United States bank is to wind up its affairs on the 20th of September, fourteen years from its final collapse.

Leavenworth, the wounded duellist, is recovering near Niagara. The leg in which he was shot will be shortened about one inch.

Ike Marvel (Donald G. Mitchell) has purchased the "Lloyd Place," near Westville, two miles from New Haven, Connecticut, for a residence.

The New York Canal Commissioners will make a further loan of a million and a quarter of dollars for the enlargement, soon after the 30th of September.

Mr. Parkinson had his left leg cut off at the ankle by his reaping machine, by the side of which he was walking, to point out obstructions to the driver.

The scuppaug fishery of Narragansett and Mount Hope Bay has been ruined by the practice of seining them in large quantities—so that an amateur can scarcely catch a mess.

In New York, the aldermen get \$4 per day as legislators, \$4 as excisemen, and \$2 as supervisors; and the hack hire for the city council is about \$10,000 annually.

A fellow was taken before Judge Flinn of the Cincinnati Criminal Court, for assault and battery. He plead guilty, but the jury considered him unworthy of belief, and he was acquitted.

A Cincinnati house is about to publish the record of all the steamboat disasters that have occurred on the Western waters during the last forty years. By these disasters 100,000 lives have been lost.

John Lindley, Jr., purchased forty acres of prairie land, six miles from Bloomington, Illinois, broke it up, and put it all in fall wheat. Upon this, he raised this year 1110 bushels of the first quality.

Mr. Josiah Hall, of South Walpole, died on Sunday, the 15th ult. Mr. Hall was born in Walpole, December 26, 1753, and at the time of his decease had reached the ripe old age of 101 years, six months and twenty days.

Gravestones are now being prepared, with daguerreotypes of the deceased set in marble. The idea, says a New Hampshire paper, is poetic, and if generally adopted, would make living galleries, through which the eye would delight to wander.

Tom Paddock, the great English prize fighter, recently fought 61 rounds with one Aaron Jones, for a wager of \$500, and was declared the victor though horribly pounded. It was nearly an equal match.

The government of Rome has made an annual appropriation of \$10,000 for the encouragement of tree planting in the Papal States. Premiums are offered to all who will plant trees on their own property, under the inspection of the officers in their district.

At a late Sabbath-school celebration in Brooklyn, the lady of the Rev. Dr. Bethune, being an invalid, and unable to join in the services, invited the scholars of a mission school, supported by Dr. Bethune's church, and numbering two hundred, to visit her at her house, and presented each one with a beautiful book.

A huge granary is being built by the Illinois Central Railroad Company. It is to be 200 feet long by 190 in width, and over 100 feet high from the ground. About 2,000,000 Milwaukee bricks will be used in its construction. Its capacity will be about 700,000 bushels of grain.

Catherine Hayes, the Irish vocalist, gave her first concert at Singapore, in the East Indies, on the 16th of March last. She has now travelled Europe, America, Australia and India, making a wider circuit than any other vocalist of her powers and fame ever did before.

The New Orleans firemen have just received a steam fire engine to aid them in their work of extinguishing fires. They are a tolerably industrious body of men, but they do not think it necessary to waste labor when it can be more satisfactorily performed by a machine; they prefer to be more useful in other services.

Rev. Dr. Wolff, the eccentric ex-missionary, who was lately tried on a charge of Pusevite tendencies, has written a letter declaring that Great Britain has degraded herself in waging war against "the most excellent, generous, civilization and freedom and religious liberty loving emperor of Russia," whom he hopes to see among the glorified saints in heaven.

The Berkshire Agricultural Society proposes to purchase thirty acres of land about a mile north of Pittsfield, at an expense of \$2250, and erect thereon a large and substantial, though cheap building suited to the purposes of the society, and prepare a course for testing the strength of oxen and the speed of horses; the building and fixtures will cost \$3000.

A Mormon has been convinced of his error by the tracts of the London Religious Tract Society, and has been the means of causing more than one hundred persons, through the tracts against Mormonism, to renounce the above belief; and this had so weakened them, that they have been obliged to give up two of their places of meeting.

The Janesville Standard says it learns that Mayberry, the man who was hung the other day by a mob, after being convicted of murder, a few moments before he was suspended, and while the fatal noose was being adjusted, made the following confession: "I did kill Alger. I have killed two other men in my life, and kill me as quick as you can."

Professor Richardson, principal of the Female Seminary at Freehold, N. J., while superintending some arrangements for giving an exhibition, stooped down over a place where a carpenter was boring a hole, and just at that instant the anger came up through the floor and tore away one of his eyes. Mr. Richardson had previously lost the other eye, so that now he is blind.

Two young gentlemen who were bathing in the Miami River, at Dayton, perceived a scamp running off with their clothes. They instantly swam ashore and gave chase, but without success; and they were compelled to betake themselves to aquatic sports until the evening was far enough advanced to enable them to gain their boarding-house unperceived. This feat they accomplished about midnight, after some unpleasant encounters with mosquitoes and dogs.

Foreign Items.

Diplomatic relations with Sardinia are about to be completed by the Porte, in consideration of the assistance which King Victor Emanuel has given to the cause of Turkey and her allies.

The local journals of Seinde continue to agitate the question of the establishment of a direct line of steam communication between the port of Kurrachee (one of the termini of the Seinde railway) and Suez or Aden.

At a recent meeting of English contributors to the New York Exhibition of 1854, it was stated that no exhibitor present had received any order from America in consequence of the exhibition, or sold any article contributed.

The Prussian government is looking well to its arms. Orders have been given to convert as speedily as possible, 280,000 weapons of the old system into Minié rifles. As soon as this is accomplished, 600,000 others are to be altered after the same fashion.

M. David, of Angers, is at work upon a monument to that immortal apostle of science, Arago. On a sarcophagus of a very simple form, ornamented with crowns of laurel intended to enclose the titles of Arago's principal works, will be placed his statue, cast in bronze.

Another abortive experiment with steamers is the attempt of a Frenchman to condense steam by passing it over ether. A great ship upon the Mediterranean made nine knots an hour in this way, but the saving of coal must be balanced by the offensive odor and the impossibility of a high rate of speed.

A faithful dog, belonging to the coachman of a banker, in Rome, recently picked up a package in the street, which proved to contain four diamond studs, presented by Queen Victoria to one of the officers of her house, on a visit to that city, for the recovery of which he had offered eighty dollars reward.

A grand cavalcade of the students of the University of Leyden has recently taken place, on the occasion of the two hundred and eightieth anniversary of the foundation of that establishment. The town wore all the appearance of a *fete*, and the cavalcade was remarkable for its historical correctness, and for the richness of the costumes.

Sands of Gold.

.... Liberty and folly can never live together.—*Epictetus*.

.... There is good luck in every man's life, but also good management.—*St. Marc Girardin*.

.... Life is a sleep. Old men are those who have slept the longest: they only begin to waken when it is time to die.—*La Bruyere*.

.... It is never permissible to degrade the human soul for the advantage of others, nor to make a villain for the service of honest people.—*Rousseau*.

.... Cato, the Thessalian, was wont to say, that some things may be done unjustly, that many things may be done justly.—*Lord Bacon*.

.... There are some who feel more pride in sealing a letter with the head of Homer, than even that blind old bard did in reciting his Iliad.—*Hazlitt*.

.... The justice of God has its dawn on the earth and its noon in heaven; but what I see of the dawn is enough to tell me of the sun.—*St. Marc Girardin*.

.... Poets choose mistresses who have the fewest charms, that they may make something out of nothing. They succeed best in fiction, and they apply this rule to love.—*Hazlitt*.

.... Physiognomy unites hearts; it alone forms intimate and lasting connexions; and friendship, that heavenly sentiment, has no foundation more solid.—*Lavater*.

.... Both Voltaire and Scott depend, not only on the quality but the quantity of their productions for their fame. When the public were crying out that the author of Waverley was writing too much and too fast, they did not perceive that even his bad works contributed to swell the sum of his glory, by proving the fertility of his genius.—*Bulwer*.

.... The Russians are poor, and it is necessary for them to conquer. When I am dead and gone, my memory will be esteemed, and I shall be revered in consequence of having foreseen and endeavored to put a stop to that which is yet to take place. It will be revered when the barbarians of the north will possess Europe, which would not have happened had it not been for you English.—*Napoleon at St. Helena*.

Joker's Budget.

There is a family in Ohio so lazy that it takes two of them to sneeze—one to throw the head back and the other to make the noise.

"Tom, I hear you are going south to reside." "Yes; going to Florida." "Well, I advise you to get into a town where there are no buckets, for when I was in that region every other man was kicking the bucket."

Egan, in addressing a jury, having exhausted every ordinary epithet of abuse, stopped for a word, and then added, "this naufrageous ruffian." When afterwards asked by his friends the meaning of the word, he confessed he did not know, but said, "he thought it sounded well."

During the May anniversaries in New York, the following dialogue was overheard between two newsboys. "I say, Jim, what's the meaning of so many ministers being here all together?" "Why," answered Jim, scornfully, "they always meets once a year to exchange sermons with each other."

A gentleman crossing a narrow bridge, said to a countryman whom he met: "I think this narrow causeway must be very dangerous, my honest friend; pray, are not people lost here sometimes?" "Lost! no, sir, I never knew anybody lost here in my life; there were several drowned, but they were all found again."

A farmer was speaking of the great qualities and good education of his son, to a neighbor; relating how many books he had read through, how many schools he had attended, etc. "Yes," said the neighbor, "he is like a great calf which I have got, which sucks the milk from three cows; I find the more milk he gets the greater calf he is."

The "pote" of the Detroit Advertiser, in a "pome" admirable for its strength, but of no great length, thus daguerreotypes Louisville:

"This town does very curious seem,
For boys run loose at random,
And when folks want a splendid team,
They hitch two jackasses before a dray, and get a big nigger with a red shirt on, up behind to drive 'em tandem."

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BLACKSTONE SQUARE.

This square is situated on the northwest side of Washington Street, between the corner of Franklin Street and the other side, and serves as a type of the style of architecture which is prevailing in the south end of our city what upon the York is to the other portion of this great metropolis. The style has developed a very great variety, and the character has been given to its architecture. The style will be recognized in a glance by those familiar with the city. We are glad that so many a building has been built, and will transmit to posterity the memory of this progressive and creative—the "new architecture" of Blackstone Square. Blackstone Square is where "firm" we now have. The portion of the town has undergone so rapid a change for the better within a few years as the south part of the city. There would a very few years, the modern architecture in Boston was the most striking of its kind, though not entirely commensurate. Blackstone was then a project, and from it has a succession of houses, mostly standing well on the street, and few and far between, scattered down to South Boston Bridge. Many of these

houses, however, were handsome mansions in the old-fashioned style. But then there was the great discouraging waste of flats behind these houses, and that material and lumberous Lake Asphaltes—Black Bay with its mud, its creeks, its mud-larking boys, and its various good things having an easterly turn in September and October. Cockney sportsmen and truant armies regretfully the improvement of this locality, the Black Bay was a sort of Atlantis—a refuge of the free companies of the town. But by-and-by, the good people of Boston found that they wanted more room, more houses and streets, and as there was little land to build upon, the reformers of Europe they set to work and made it. It is hardly to say that the manufacture of pottery is a Yankee invention, but it is carried on with true Yankee persistence and energy. Acre after acre has been rapidly added to the city limits, and a vast tract, recently all unproductive ground, is now well ground, supporting several church edifices and ranges of animal residences. The farmers of the good old town of Boston never dreamed that it would one day become the second commercial city of a great empire, and their

modesty and want of foresight has caused us a great deal of inconvenience. Narrow, curved, tortuous streets—Washington Street is a mere ribbon as to width—prodigious hills to climb and descend, these are the topographical features of the old part of the city. But the improvements commenced and carried out so energetically at the south end were based on more liberal views. The rectangular system was adopted in laying out the streets and avenues, and the houses were made wide enough for the easy circulation of the great tide of traffic flowing through them. Moreover, the health of the residents is secured by the laying out of such great squares as that before us. In another century when a dense population shall cover all that space which lies between Roxbury and the Common, the wisdom of this liberality will be properly and fully appreciated—as the precious heritage of the Common is gratefully appreciated by us, instead of being regarded merely as the site of a cow pasture and training field, as it was by our predecessors. Such breathing holes are as large and as necessary as auxiliaries to the public health and comfort, as they are ornamental to the localities where they are placed.



BLACKSTONE SQUARE, BOSTON

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DUCAL CORONET:

—OR,—

THE HEIR AND THE USURPER.**A ROMANCE OF ITALY IN THE 16TH CENTURY.**

BY ARTHUR MORTON, A. M.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XX.—[CONTINUED.]

"Away, vassal!" cried the duke, "and do thine errand."

The jester did not wait a second bidding, but retired from the hall, forgetting, in his indignation, the ceremonial etiquette of backing out of the august presence. A dead silence followed his departure, during which an uneasy feeling reigned. The threats of the Duke of Milan were more dreaded at that moment than the anger of the ruler of Parma. The latter, after his passion had subsided, also became a prey to vague fears of the result. Yet he concealed his agitation, as well as he might, from the prying eyes of his courtiers. Beckoning the page to him, he whispered an order. A sinister smile wreathed the lips of Zelic, as, glancing malignantly at the princess, she retired to obey the order. After a very few minutes of painful and breathless suspense, Zelic reappeared, conducting the Lady Estella.

The duke beckoned an officer of the guard towards him.

"Take this lady," he said, "to the ramparts where Ferrado holds watch and ward. Deliver her into his hands, and tell him to treat her for the present with all courtesy and respect; but, should Milan dare to loose an arrow flight against the walls, or advance a column to the assault, tell him to fling her from the battlements at the foot of the advancing enemy. He has been warned of the consequences; he shall see that we can keep our word."

Such savage commands and deeds were then not unusual in warfare, and the soldier accordingly accepted his mission as readily as an officer of our day would undertake to repel an advance by a battery. But while Estella clasped her hands in speechless agony, the princess rushed forward and threw herself at her father's feet, and clasped his knees.

"Father," said she, "you will not do this wrong; you will not make a guileless girl the victim of your hate and fear. I conjure you to remember your honor in this crisis."

"Rise, girl," said the prince, with a frown. "Respect your own rank, if you have no respect for mine. Think you the Duke of Milan will spare age or sex should his ruffians carry the defences and enter the city. Neither will I spare any attempt to check him. Your prayers are in vain. Retire to your apartment, and leave affairs of state to those who understand them."

"Father, a word from me might arrest the threatened danger. Were the Prince Giulio here—"

"He should die the death of a traitor by the quick edge of the axe," said the duke, furiously. "You shall see how I will deal with him."

The princess rose to her feet and shrank with horror from the side of her evil parent. Folding Estella in her arms, she whispered:

"Fear nothing. Montaldo is a noble nature. He will not harm you for worlds. Blinded by passion, the duke forgets to whom he is committing you."

Estella warmly returned the embrace of her friend, and committed herself to the kind care of Providence, and while she was being led away by her attendants, the princess retired to her apartments to meditate upon the best course to be pursued in the existing circumstances.

CHAPTER XXI.

FERRADO AND ESTELLA.

ESTELLA, conducted by the officer to whose charge she had been committed, now followed his guidance down the winding stairs of the palace out into the court-yard. Here, in a few moments, a hand-litter was prepared for her, into which she was courteously handed. A few guards then surrounded the conveyance, and the little procession set forward. Arrived at the foot of the walls, the litter halted and she was assisted to alight, and the duke's officer led her through a narrow doorway and up a staircase constructed in the thickness of the wall, from the top of which they emerged upon the broad rampart. Montaldo, apprised of an order from the duke, advanced to receive the messenger.

"I am ordered to commit to your safe keeping, signor commandant," said the officer, speaking in a low tone, "the person of this lady—the sister of the Prince Giulio. The duke commands you to treat her with all courtesy; but, the moment a demonstration is made against the city, to fling her from the battlements at the feet of the invader."

Ferrado had great difficulty to command his emotions, so as to frame a suitable reply. At last he said:

"I thank my noble master for the confidence he reposes in me. Go back to the duke, and tell him that Ferrado Montaldo will comport himself like a soldier and a gentleman of honor."

The officer bowed low and retired. Estella and Montaldo stood alone upon the rampart.

"Lady," said Ferrado, "I little thought we should meet so soon again, and in this—of all places."

"And under such circumstances," said Estella.

"You are aware of the orders I have received from the duke?" said Montaldo, coldly.

"He was so cruel as to give them in my hearing," replied Estella, shuddering.

"As a soldier, holding a high commission from the duke, with all the consideration and emoluments appertaining to the rank," said Ferrado, "I have no choice but blind obedience to his commands. As such, were he to command me to slay my own father I should be compelled to obey him. Such is military loyalty in a despotic state."

"But the princess told me that I could confide in you," said Estella, shuddering at the cold, inflexible tone of the commander; "that you would not betray me."

"Can I betray my prince?"

Estella was silent.

"Come hither, maiden," said Montaldo. "Give me thy hand. Nay, shrink not—the hour of sacrifice has not yet arrived. Now come with me."

Estella placed her trembling hand in the mailed glove of her late lover—now her executioner, and submitted to his guidance. He led her to the edge of the wall, and holding her hand firmly, bade her look downward. The wall rose perpendicularly fifty feet from the edge of the moat, at the brink of which lay a pile of jagged rocks.

"Light as your person is," said Montaldo, "do you not think it would fall heavily upon those cruel rocks?"

"It is death to think of it," said the shuddering girl.

"Come away then, quickly," said Montaldo. "There is a strange, wild fascination in gazing from these dizzy, unfenced heights. The tempter is close at hand at such times, whispering in the ear of mortals, as reason reels upon her throne, that it is glorious to plunge into the abyss. Methinks it were the best ending of our trials, clasped in a fond embrace to spring into the yawning gulf."

"Come away, Montaldo!" said Estella, shuddering at the wild fancy of her companion.

They had been seen by the army of Milan, which had advanced close to the walls, and the duke had recognized the white dress of the lady. A fierce shout of angry menace rose from the ranks.

"We are observed," said Montaldo, calmly. "Let us retire behind this turret."

When they were screened from the observation of the enemy, the feelings which Montaldo had struggled to repress, burst forth. He seized the hands of Estella, pressed them convulsively to his lips, and covered them with kisses.

"Did you think for a moment, dearest," he exclaimed, "that I could harm a hair of your head? Did you think that I could behold those delicate limbs dashed to atoms on the ruthless rocks—that I could murder my own love, and slay my own heart? Estella! Estella! my own love—you are safe and free. We must part—but remember that your Ferrado loves you better than life and liberty—and that he surrendered both to secure them both to you."

"What mean you, Ferrado?" asked the lady, as she caressed his steel gauntlet with her dainty fingers.

"No matter—question me not. Your life—my honor are safe. But time presses; the duke may find other hirelings less scrupulous than myself. Bide here but a moment, and I will rejoin you."

Estella was indeed left alone but a very few moments. Ferrado soon rejoined her, and conducted her to the foot of the wall, where a saddle-horse awaited her, upon which he seated her tenderly and carefully. Then, mounting his own horse at her side, and accompanied by a trumpeter and half a dozen cavaliers, he led the way to the gate already open, across the sounding draw-bridge, and directly towards the enemy's lines. The presence of a lady of course showed the pacific character of the party, and as they advanced, the Duke of Milan himself rode forth to meet them. Ferrado saluted the duke, and his salutation was answered by cold courtesy.

"My lord," said Ferrado, "I surrender to your grace's charge, the Lady Estella, sister of Prince Giulio."

"Ha! this is well!" said the duke. "Parma is coming to his senses. I thought he dared not execute his menaces. But Prince Giulio?"

"I have nothing further to communicate," said Ferrado, coldly.

"Then prepare for the assault," said the duke.

"We are ready to meet it," answered Ferrado.

Dismounting from his charger, he lifted Estella from her saddle, and breathed in her ear a passionate farewell. Springing on his horse again and saluting the duke, he wheeled his charger, and with his party rode back into the city. Dismissing his men to their several posts, he then dashed his rowels into his horse's flanks and rode furiously to the ducal palace, where, flinging his rein to a groom and bounding to the ground, he pushed through the astonished guards and attendants, and rushed into the presence of the duke.

"What news, Ferrado?" asked the duke, startled by his sudden appearance.

"Nothing new has chanced—but the Duke of Milan has ordered the assault."

"Ha! then you know the first step of revenge. The Lady Estella is in your hands."

"You are mistaken," said Montaldo, frowning.

"How!" cried the duke, alarmed, "where is she?"

"In the camp of Milan—safe from harm, thank Heaven!"

"You mean not what you say," cried the duke, springing to his feet.

"This moment I surrendered her to the safe keeping of the Duke of Milan. And now, Duke of Parma, hear me. I am no longer soldier of yours. Take back the commission you bestowed on me—I will not have it. This sword I thought would carve out

honor for me—there it lies!" and he flung the weapon at the feet of the duke. "Here are the spurs of knighthood you bestowed on me." He tore them from his heels and spurned them from him. "There is my casque," he said, flinging down his plumed helmet on the floor. "Now do with me what you will. Chains—death—are better than your service."

"Traitor!" cried the duke.

"Thou art the traitor!" retorted Ferrado. "Traitor to the laws of honor—traitor to the laws of blood. To preserve your miserable life and wretched state, you would shed the same blood that flows in your own veins, diluted, turned to venom though it be, in the transmission."

"I will hear no more," cried the duke. "Guards! advance and seize the prisoner."

"I thank your grace," said Ferrado. "This—this is truly honor. Disgrace and imprisonment at this court are proofs of honesty and merit. But look well to the walls, my liege—send some one to supply my place—time presses. As gallant a leader and as brave an army as ever rushed to the assault of citadel, are at this moment sweeping forward. Their cry is 'Giulio or vengeance!'"

"You shall not live to witness their triumph."

"I care not for life. It is enough that I know you cannot escape punishment."

With these words of defiance on his lips, Ferrado, in the grasp of the guards, was dragged away to the prison.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE DUKE OF PARMA ON THE ALERT.

To replace Ferrado, the duke detailed another officer of rank, by name Antonio Ferretti, who was ordered to take charge of the troops, and to answer for their holding out to the last at the peril of his head. This duty performed, the duke dismissed his court, reserving a small, personal guard. Having given some instructions to these men, he led them by a passage formerly spoken of, to the vicinity of the astrologer's apartment, where they were silently halted, while he alone entered.

The astrologer rose calmly to receive his illustrious visitor. The duke, on the other hand, assumed a cheerful, confident air, which was far from representing the poignant anxiety and the racking doubts of his guilty heart.

When they were both seated, for Magnus had permission to seat himself in the ducal presence, his grace opened the conversation.

"Well, Magnus, hast thou merited my bounty by scanning the aspect of my fortunes lately—and how do they appear to you?"

"Bright—radiant—glorious—my lord," replied the astrologer.

"No clouds to obscure them?" asked the duke, carelessly.

"Specs, flaws, but no clouds," replied the astrologer, in a tone of confidence.

"That is well," said the duke, smiling. "I have to thank you for the speedy effect of your potion on Giulio. He is dead."

"No need to inform me of aught, my lord, save for the sake of comment," said the astrologer, "for in my magic mirror I read all that has passed, all that passes, and all that will come to pass."

As he spoke, he carelessly touched a small hand-mirror that lay upon his table.

"May I not look upon it?" asked the duke.

"Surely," replied the astrologer. "Yet to your unlearned eye, it will only give back the image of your own countenance. Second-sight is an especial gift of Heaven."

"Well then, venerable sage, cast thine eyes upon the wonderful plate, and tell me what thou seest therein. I would know the position of Ferrado Montaldo at this moment."

The astrologer gazed intently on the mirror.

"There are clouds here," he muttered. "Now they open like drapery folded back from a picture. I see a line of wall, a proud banner displayed, a warrior on the rampart marshalling his troops—I recognize the face, it is Ferrado Montaldo. He is at his post, your grace."

"It is well," said the duke, smothering his rising passion. "Now look again, and tell me where is the Lady Estella."

"I see," said the astrologer, consulting his mirror again, "I see the interior of the princess's apartment. Estella is seated there beside her."

"Wonderful magician!" cried the duke. "Methinks, inspired by your presence, I too am gifted with this wonderful vision and with a prophetic spirit. Give me the mirror!" He took it in his hand and gazed on its polished surface intently. Then starting back: "What do I behold! Another holds the place of Ferrado on the outer wall; I see Montaldo in a dungeon—the Lady Estella free!"

"My lord," said the astrologer, with a trembling voice, "the evil spirits are deceiving thee."

"The evil spirit that has deceived me is before me!" exclaimed the duke, springing to his feet, and dashing the mirror to atoms on the floor. "Lo! as I crush these atoms under foot, so do I spurn thy trickeries, thou false, unblushing knave. Too long have you ruled my spirit unquestioned and undoubted. You promised me good fortune, and the dark hour is upon me. You counselled me to evil, and pretended to aid me, yet all the schemes I have undertaken at your bidding have failed—and I have become poor, while my wealth has flowed into your coffers. I have now detected you, and you shall pay the penalty of your long imposture. Soldiers! arrest this man."

At the duke's call, the guard without rushed in and advanced upon the charlatan.

"Back, knaves!" said the astrologer, rising to his loftiest height, and extending his arm. "Touch me at your peril. At

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE STORM OF THE CITY.—FINAL EVENTS.

a world of mine, an earthquake would shake this tower to its foundations, and bury you all in its ruins. For me, I am invulnerable. The mortal hand that seeks to grasp me will be palsied, and mortal weapons are powerless against my charmed life."

The cunning astrologer reckoned on the superstitious character of the persons he addressed. They had advanced without hesitation at the bidding of their master, but they now shrank back, as if a blighting spell were upon them, and whispered moodily among themselves.

"Am I to be obeyed, or not?" cried the duke, stamping his feet. "Against mortal foes we would not hesitate," said one of the men, a German, crossing himself. "But we cannot war against fiends in human shape."

"Fools! cowards!" cried the duke, foaming with passion. "I will show you that he is mortal like yourselves."

And with these words he unsheathed his sword, but as he levelled its point at the breast of the astrologer, and drew back his arm to give full force to his meditated stroke, a figure rushed swiftly between him and his intended victim. It was the astrologer's daughter.

"Selim!" cried the duke, for she still wore her page's dress—"what mean you?"

"To protect my father's life, even at the hazard of my own. Fear nothing, dear father. Even the Duke of Parma dare not strike thee through a woman's heart."

"A woman!" said the duke, lowering his weapon. After a moment's pause, he added: "You are both my prisoners. Are you armed?"

She contemptuously tossed a poignard at the feet of the duke.

"Had I arrived too late," she said, "I would have buried that weapon to the hilt in your false heart."

The duke shuddered as he looked back at the danger from which he had escaped.

"Guard the prisoners!" were his orders to the soldiers, who no longer hesitated to close round them, "and follow me."

He then led the way down the staircase and into the prison, Zelle clinging convulsively to the arm of her father, whose head was bowed upon his breast in the most abject dejection.

At the entrance of the prison, Matteo, the jailer, lay coiled up like a huge snake on his bench, but sprang to his feet at the duke's summons, and admitted the train.

"More traitors for your safe keeping, faithful Matteo," said the duke, with an affable smile.

The brutal jailer grinned, as he surveyed the persons designated. "A detected charlatan and his daughter," said the duke.

"I have but one favor to solicit," said the astrologer. "Let us be confined in one cell."

"So be it," said the duke. "Lead on, Matteo."

The jailer led the way to a cell into which Magnus and his daughter were thrust, and the door locked upon them.

"Now," said the duke, "answer me one question, and fear not to reply. Where is Prince Giulio?"

"My lord, he has escaped."

"And you did not inform me of it!"

"My lord!" cried the jailer, falling on his knees, "he was set at liberty by your grace's daughter. How could I refuse obedience to her commands, when you have ever told me that she bore equal sway with yourself, and when she showed your grace's signet-ring?"

"Rise, my good fellow, rise!" said the duke. "Perhaps it is as well that the prince is free. We will waste no more words upon the matter. But, my good Matteo, I have another prisoner for you. This villain was a man I trusted, and he betrayed my confidence. I am determined to make a signal example of him; and I would hold him securely till the hour of execution comes."

"Another execution!" said the jailer, rubbing his hands exultingly, "and will your grace permit me to act as executioner?"

"That can hardly be, my friend," said the duke, smiling. "I have arranged that office for another."

"As your grace pleases," said the jailer, with a change of countenance.

"Now, my good fellow—though I have no fear that you will suffer another prisoner to escape, for I have revoked all the authority ever committed to my daughter, still I wish to know that this wretch is confined in the very strongest dungeon."

"I will show your grace one that is secure as the grave," answered the jailer, "if you will follow me."

The duke motioned him to proceed, and still attended by his guard, advanced along the corridor, till the guide halted at a massive door, and unlocked and opened it. The duke looked in and saw a narrow cell with a single barred window.

"Are you sure those bars are strong—that they are not rusted?"

"Ay, my lord, I have examined them but lately."

"Let me see you try their strength again," said the duke.

"Leave your keys with me."

The jailer handed him the keys, while he went into the cell to show the duke how solid were the bars. When he had reached the farther part of the dungeon, the duke closed the door upon him and locked it.

"One traitor is secured," he said, exultingly.

Then he handed the keys to one of the soldiers, the same man who had spoken for his comrades in the astrologer's apartment.

"Carlo," said he, "I make you jailer in place of that false villain, with princely pay, if you serve me well—instant death, if you falter in your task. My eye will be upon you. Admit no one to the prisoners except on an order from my lips. They are all conspiring against me," he muttered to himself, "but my courage rises with the emergency. The ducal coronet is a prize worth fighting for—if I lose that, I lose all."

And followed by his guards, he returned to the palace.

We will now return to the camp of the Duke of Milan, who, it will be remembered, received the Lady Estella from the hands of Ferrado Montaldo. She was conducted to a tent hastily vacated and prepared for her reception, where the duke courteously bade her to repose until such time as she felt inclined to ride to Milan, as he said a rude camp was no place for even a day's sojourn of a delicate lady.

"Pardon me, my lord, the presence of these gallant men, all so full of courage and animated in a good cause—friends of my brother and myself, revives and animates my spirits. I love to hear the neighing of steeds, to see the lance-heads and cuirasses fling back the sunbeams—yes, even to mark that brazen-throated artillery, when I know the purpose of this warlike preparation. With your leave, good my lord, I will remain here, nearer to Montaldo and to Giulio."

"To Montaldo!" said the duke, meaningly, and fixing his keen eyes upon her. "Why to Montaldo? I distrust that man. I deem him a party to the juggle put upon me in the matter of the pretended surrender of your brother."

The color mounted to the cheek of Estella, and her eye sparkled.

"You wrong him, my lord—you wrong him," she said. "Ferrado Montaldo is one of the noblest of men. He never knowingly deceived you. He was never a party to the schemes of that bad man, who, for our misfortune, is our relative."

And she hastened to relate all she knew to the advantage of Montaldo, not forgetting to enlarge upon his last generous act.

"Nay, I take back all I have said against him, fair cousin," said the Duke of Milan. "And if I meet him in the fray, for your sake, I will turn aside my weapon and seek some more ignoble foe—though I had promised myself to cross swords with Ferrado. But how fares it with your brother?"

"He is now within the city—although last night at liberty," answered Estella.

"At liberty! and came not to me, his kinsman!"

Estella told him all she knew respecting the motives of her brother's return.

"By heavens!" said the duke, "love is, after all, a temporary insanity. Instead of coming to me and entering the city in triumph with a brilliant army, he flies back, alone and unprotected—back into the wolf's den, because his heart is with his lady-love and he fears a rival. Out on it! But no time is to be lost. The hour for action has arrived. If you will not accept an escort to Milan, fair cousin, at least you will withdraw to some distance from the scene of coming strife."

"No," said Estella, "I am a soldier's daughter, and with my happiness staked upon the issue of this conflict, I must be a witness of the fortunes of the day."

"And I will have a horse saddled for you," said the duke, "so that, should the tide set against us, or a sortie from the city sweep the plain, your flight will be secure. And now, dear Estella, farewell; I go to do my devoir."

"May Heaven protect and give you victory, my noble kinsman!" said Estella, pressing his hand to her heart.

"Amen!" said the duke, and he passed out of the tent.

In another moment, the faithful Tonio was at the feet of his adored mistress, kissing the hem of her garment passionately, and making frantic demonstrations of delight.

"Rise, dear Tonio," said Estella, "I do not like to see you at my feet."

The jester rose with some reluctance.

"You will see the most gallant knights of Italy there, fair mistress," said he, "ere long—when you have got your rights and your uncle his dues. Don't you think there's some mistake about his being your uncle?"

Estella shook her head.

"May we not suppose," said the jester, "that your real uncle in his infancy was stolen by gipsies and a beggar's brat slipped into the cradle in his place—you know all babies look alike? And may we not hope that just as our friend in Parma is elevated to a yet higher position than he occupies by a strand of hemp rove through a block, that the real and true uncle will turn up, properly marked for accidental recognition, so as to make things square and comfortable all round?"

"Such things occur in the lays of troubadours and the fables of the minnesingers," said the princess, smiling, "but not in actual life. But, Tonio, why are you here in attendance on a lady, when you should be in arms, marching on the foe?"

"I am obeying orders," said the jester. "His grace of Milan believed that my valor was so pre-eminent that it would put him to shame. Jealousy, you see, my lady—but I say nothing further—for he is a very gentleman."

"But if I intercede with him—"

"Not for worlds, dear lady. To tell you the truth, I never was cut out for a soldier. My business is cracking jests not cracking heads—and I have too much brains to expose them to be knocked out. I assure you the hours I passed recently with an iron pot on my head, and an iron jacket on my back, were the most uncomfortable of my life. No, no, my lady, my post is beside your dear self. For you I could fight to the death—but in a general melee my arm were nothing worth. But hark! there go the trumpets! Look out for yourself, old ogre of Parma—I beg your pardon—I forgot, my lady, that you had the honor of being the old ruffian's niece."

Meanwhile the duke had been marshalling his forces, and preparing to open his fire on the city. He advanced boldly close up to the walls, taking advantage of inequalities of ground to shelter

his men from the shot of the rampart guns, while he protected the others, his light troops, from the archery of the Parmese crossbowmen by pushing forward huge, movable screens, rolling on wheels. When all his guns, and the artillery of those days, being in its infancy, was clumsy and inefficient compared to ours, were placed in battery, the trumpets sounded a defiant signal, and a furious fire was opened all along the line. This was answered from the walls of the city, but while the Milanese guns, skilfully pointed, tore at once open the crumbling ramparts of the city, those of the enemy, badly served, responded almost harmlessly. The efforts of the duke were directed chiefly against the principal entrance of the town. He had observed that the chains which held the portcullis, were apparently weak and badly rusted, and on these a storm of shot was poured incessantly. At last one of them was broken, and as the severed links fell rattling down, a shout of triumph rose from the assaulting forces. The ponderous drawbridge, sustained now by only one chain, bent heavily by its own weight, vibrated and swung to the detonation of the artillery. The roar of the guns was now deafening, the assailants and defenders both increasing their fire. High above the wrathful roar of battle were heard the clear, trumpet-tones of the Duke of Milan, encouraging his troops.

"Well done, my merry men all. Ply them hotly! One round more and the bridge falls!"

Encouraged by the presence and the words of their leader, the gunners toiled at their engines of destruction with redoubled ardor. In a few moments the second chain was severed and the ponderous bridge came thundering down amidst triumphant shouts of exultation. But the victory was not yet achieved. The huge oak gates of the city, studded and clamped with iron, were yet to be beaten down. Ere he could issue his orders, the impetuous troops had poured upon the drawbridge, and were shot down, almost to a man, by the deadly aim of the archers of Parma.

"Back! back!" shouted the duke, above the storm of battle. "To your guns again!"

The fragment of the gallant band that had advanced so rashly, fell back and divided to the right and left, while a whole park of artillery, dragged forward to the head of the bridge, poured over it a deluge of fire. The gate yielded at last.

"Now then!" shouted the duke. "Forward with your axes."

A rush was made against the shattered remnants of the gate, and it came down by the fury of the assault.

"Room there!" shouted the duke, "and then close in and follow me!"

Spurring his wild war-horse over the bridge, the gallant duke was the first to enter the city, while rank after rank of his plumed host followed him like crested billows dashing into a cave. The defenders of the city fell back in dismay and disarray.

"Down with your arms!" shouted the duke, "we thirst for no man's life. Victory and not bloodshed is what we strive for."

Nearly all the soldiers of Parma embraced the offered mercy and threw down their arms. A few faithful mercenaries, chiefly German and Swiss, still held out, but they were overpowered by numbers and cut down unsparingly. Onward swept the wave of victory. The din of contending arms almost ceased, and nothing was heard but the clattering of horses' hoofs and the exultant shouts of the victors. Sweeping past the palace, the duke rode straight to the prison, for he thought it best to protect the victims of the tyrant of Parma, lest in desperation at his downfall he avenged himself on these defenceless men.

Carlo, the new jailer, sullenly yielded up the keys to the duke as he dismounted from his horse at the outer gate of the prison, seeing that resistance was no longer possible.

"Tell where the Prince Giulio lies," said the duke.

"He is not in my custody," said the jailer.

"If you utter a single falsehood," said the duke, "you die the death."

"I have no motive in deceiving you," said the man. "I know that you are master now."

The duke turned back in disappointment.

"What prisoners were particularly committed to your charge?"

"This morning, an old man—the duke's astrologer—and his boy."

"The astrologer!" exclaimed the Duke of Milan. "The very man to give me all the information that I seek. Conduct me to his cell."

The jailer led the way, and pointed out the apartment. The duke unlocked the door hastily and entered. Near the door two figures were lying on a rude bench, in a sleeping posture. Magnus, the astrologer, was reclining in an easy attitude against the wall, while one arm encircled his daughter, whose head was resting on his breast. The duke laid his hand on the shoulder of the astrologer, but, gazing in the faces of the supposed sleepers, started back in horror. They were both dead. A broken phial at the feet of the old man would have told the story, though more explicit evidence of the manner of their death was not wanting. A small roll of parchment had fallen beside the phial. The duke picked it up and read as follows:

"We die by our own hands—father and daughter. He could not survive disgrace, penury and detection; I who pen these lines, could not live to see the prince wedded to another. Whoever thou art who readest this scroll, bear to Prince Giulio my last words; tell him that I died repentant—that I prayed my poor services to him might offset my treachery and misconduct. I bled the Princess Margarita—she alone is worthy of his love. The prince could never have been mine, for he is a Christian, and I die a true believer in the Prophet. Farewell!

ZELLE."

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 133.]

MUSEUM OF CARRIAGES AT VERSAILLES.

We herewith present our readers with a series of views representing some curious relics of the past, to be seen in the carriage gallery of Versailles, France, and of the gallery itself. The engravings are from drawings executed on the spot, and the subjects possess an historical interest. Certain men of taste conceived the laudable idea of adding to the material wealth amassed at great cost in the sumptuous galleries of Versailles, a very curious collection of carriages of different epochs. We must, in the first place, express our regret that this collection should be so incomplete, and that it does not comprise a greater number of objects of antiquity. Unfortunately, time has transmitted to us nothing of this kind from the remoter periods of French history. It will easily be understood of what interest, to a history of manners, a collection of the different carriages in use from the first periods of the French monarchy would be. There is certainly as great a distance from the manners of the ancient Franks to those of to-day as from the ear or four-ox chariot which, according to Gregory of Tours and D'Eginhard, the old French kings made use of, to the rich and magnificent carriage which served for the coronation of Charles X. Up to the reign of Louis XVI., the rules of the household of the king bestowed, on the death of the latter, the spoils of the "little stable," comprising the service of saddle-horses, carriages, calashes, chaises and sedans, on the first equerry, reserving for the grand equerry the war, hunting and parade horses, with all their caparisons. This custom, handed down from the age of chivalry, had the effect of transferring to foreigners the wealth which would figure to advantage in the new museum. A French gentleman, who travelled in the Barbary States, on his return to Paris stated that he saw, in Morocco and Tunis, very rich carriages of the period of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., employed in transporting the bodies of persons of distinction, and he did not doubt, after examining the elegant paintings which decorated their panels, and which had no reference to the service in which



PARADE SADDLE OF LOUIS XVI.

period, and served for the same ceremony. It is furnished inside with white satin and green trimmings; the body is elegantly adorned and decorated with garlands of flowers. The "Topaz" is a carriage of great richness. The curtains and seats are of white velvet, with green ornaments and golden fillets. This carriage, the panels of which are covered with delicate paintings, contained Queen Hortense (Louis Napoleon's mother) at the ceremony of his uncle's coronation. The "Baptism" is a carriage of the same model and style as the preceding. It only differs in the

for the occasion, contrary to the opinion of contemporaries, who affirm that it had formerly belonged to the Empress Maria Louisa, and that it had only undergone a change of decoration. This opinion rests on the perfect similarity of construction with the preceding vehicles. The "Coronation," of which we give an engraving, is a monumental carriage; it is, indisputably, the most perfect and rich masterpiece of French carriage-making. It served for the coronation of Charles X., and was built under the orders of the Duke de Polignac, first equerry of the king, after the design of Percier, by Daldringen, who furnished the train and ornaments. The wood work was executed by Ots; the paintings are by Delorme, a pupil of Girodet; the carvings by Roguier; the ornamental bronzes, cut by Persilli, came from the workshops of Denieres; the gilding belongs to Gautier, the painter of the royal equipages; the embroideries were made by Delalande, and the trimmings by Gobert. The execution of this magnificent carriage required two years of labor. The body has an agreeable appearance; it is rounded into a dome in the upper part, and in the lower part rests on three horns of plenty, where spring four wooden caryatides supporting the dome. Four fine figures of Fame, seated on the roof, sustain a double escutcheon bearing the royal initials. Fine mouldings form an elegant cornice around the coach. The inside is hung with crimson velvet, embroidered with roses and golden stars. The nuts and axles are covered by four bronze lions' heads. The springs and braces are adorned with foliage also gilded. The coachman's seat, supported by two chimerae, is of dazzling magnificence, and covered with embroideries and rich golden fringes. The paintings on the body, representing allegorical subjects, are executed on fire-gilt tablets of copper. Finally, the footsteps are, of themselves, a marvel of locksmith-work; they fold up in seven joints and enter the double bottom of the body, sliding in grooves like the drawer of a table. The cost of building and ornamenting this splendid carriage is estimated at one hundred thousand dollars, and we do not think



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE HISTORICAL CARRIAGE GALLERY AT VERSAILLES.

they were employed, that these carriages formerly belonged to the equipages of the French royal houses. An embarrassment of another kind complicated the formation of the museum. The greater part of the objects which should be entered on the catalogue had no precise indication to show to what particular historical personage they had belonged. They had been buried for a long while in the storehouses attached to the wardrobe, and before including them in the collection, it was necessary to elucidate their origin with all the scrupulous exactitude of a genealogist or antiquary. This labor has been conducted with remarkable sagacity, and thanks to these learned researches, there remains no longer any doubt of the authenticity of these relics. The carriages form the richest and most interesting part of this exhibition. They are five in number, and each bears a name, according to the custom of the royal household. The "Victory," the richest of these equipages, is a carriage of the empire. It figured in the coronation of Napoleon, as a carriage of the suite, and contained the high dignitaries of the palace, who moved in front of the procession. The body is gilded, and very gracefully modelled. The inside lining of white cloth, relieved by green ornaments, is not in a very good state of preservation. The "Turquoise" belongs to the same

luxury of gold and silk embroideries, in the lining of the roof, which is of white velvet. The drapery of white silk falls in front of the carriage, and around the glass. This carriage served for the ceremony of the baptism of the Duke de Bordeaux, which took place, May 1, 1821, at Notre Dame. It contained, besides the young prince, mademoiselle, his sister, the Countess de Gontaut, governess of the children of France, and the Marchioness de Sereste, the sub-governess. A debate has arisen on the question of this carriage, the "Baptism." It is said that it was built expressly

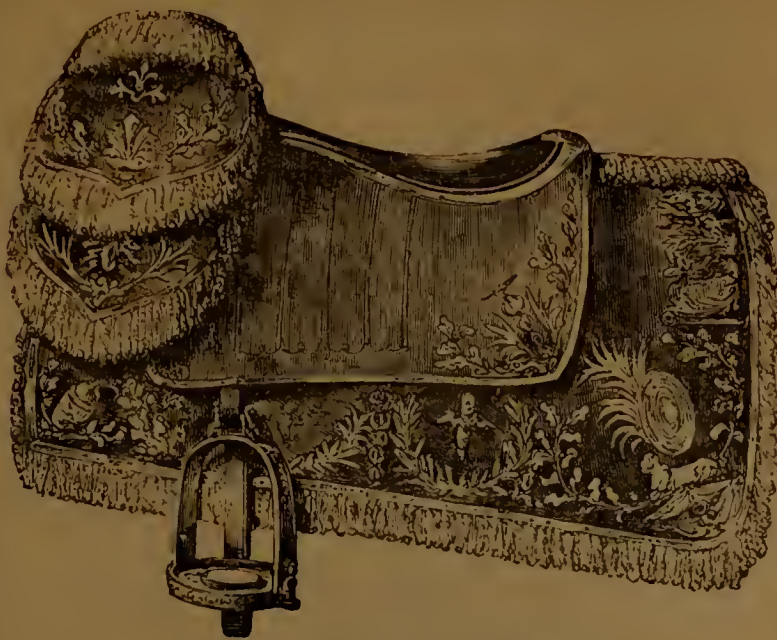
the estimate exorbitant. We must remember that the coronation carriage of Louis XVI., which was torn to pieces by the people during the revolution, did not cost less than a quarter of a million dollars, and if we may judge of its magnificence by a drawing which has been preserved, we may affirm that it had neither the richness nor the elegance of Charles X.'s carriage. It does not even appear that the coronation carriage of Napoleon, which was taken to pieces in 1815, after the re-entry of Louis XVIII., could be compared to the latter. It may be conjectured that it must

have cost an enormous sum, if we judge from the excessive expenditures on that occasion, which are estimated at thirty or forty millions—a prodigality which appears monstrous, especially when we go back to those days of simplicity when a king of France, who was called Saint Louis, could defray the expenses of his coronation and entertain his people with the sum of 433,000 livres. The harness for the eight horses that drew the "Coronation" is a splendid specimen of work. It is of red morocco, stitched with white. Two artificial horses, attached to the "Coronation," in the gallery, show the effect of this fine harness, completed by a superb crest of plumes and velvet, embroidered with gold. The costume of the heralds, violet velvet with golden lilies, is yet



SLEIGH OF LOUIS XVI.'S TIME.

preserved. Many sleighs, or rather sledges, for they differ from our sleighs, of various forms, carry the mind back to the end of the 18th century. One of these sledges of curious construction is mounted on a turtle; it is attributed to the dauphin, father of Louis XVI. The seat of the last is supported by a little dolphin. We observe again two or three marine shells, and a basket with two seats covered with Hollands velvet. The paintings which decorate these sledges are singularly fine. We must quote particularly two charming medallions, after the manner of Watteau, representing a skating scene and a woman in a sledge propelled by a skater; these are delicious master-pieces. These sleighs evidently belong to the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. The zeal with which people devoted themselves, at that time, to this amusement will be easily remembered. A contemporary, who was valet de chambre and hair-dresser to Madame Dubarry, has recorded in his memoirs, yet unpublished, that they were short of drivers for this exercise, which, according to the French, demands great experience and special skill. There was a great competition for drivers, and some were paid as high salaries as head clerks. The same historian relates that Madame Dubarry, who occupied Luciennes after the death of the king, and wished to indulge in the amusement of sleighing during the winter of 1778, carried off a very expert driver from M. de Vergennes, on his return from the Swedish embassy, and this cost her the trifle of £4000. One of these sledges is shown in our engraving. The sedan chairs are great curiosities. Let us notice first the two chairs with the arms of France, which they have had the bad taste to varnish and restore, and which belonged to Madame de Maintenon. They recall by their simplicity and want of rich ornament the harsh form and austere character of the ancient favorite of Louis XIV. One of these chairs, of a charming taste, and enamelled with delicious paintings, belonged to Maria Leezinska, the wife of Louis XV. The others, with the exception of one which bears foreign arms, belonged to the court



PARADE SADDLE OF NAPOLEON.

and rulers of the old world. Think of a single carriage, used on three state occasions, and then thrown aside as lumber, costing a quarter of a million of dollars, wrung out of a people, thousands of whom were suffering for bread. Versailles is a monument of

THE DUCAL CORONET.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 131.]

"There is a mystery in this," said the duke, as he placed the scroll in his breast, "which the princess must explain to me. See that these bodies are not disturbed, jailer."

He left the prison, and, accompanied by a numerous train, went directly to the audience chamber of the Duke of Parma. The duke, ashen pale, deserted by his courtiers, was seated on his throne.

"Duke of Milan," he said, rising, "I am now wholly in your power."

"Justice shall be done you, never fear," said the Duke of Milan, sternly.

At this moment the Princess Margarita rushed forward, and threw herself at the feet of the victor.

"Noble duke," said she, "be as generous as you are great. For my sake—for the sake of one who has never injured you, spare my father!"

"Upon one condition," said the Duke of Milan, raising her—"that he produce Prince Giulio alive and unharmed."

"That condition is my death sentence," said the usurper.

The princess retired for one moment, and re-appeared, leading Giulio by the hand. The prince rushed into the arms of his victorious kinsman.

"Generous, noble friend," said he, "I owe victory to you, as I do life and liberty to this peerless lady."

"You have saved your father's life," said the Duke of Milan, addressing Margarita. "Had a hair of his head been harmed, Veroni, your life should have paid the forfeit."

"But my liberty?" said the ex-Duke of Parma, sullenly.

"The prince must answer you," said the Duke of Milan, "for he alone has here authority. Long live Giulio Veroni, Duke of Parma!"

The cry was taken up by all the soldiers present, and the arched hall rang with the acclamation.

"The coronet of Parma is yours," said the usurper, turning to



CORONATION CARRIAGE OF CHARLES X.

of Louis XVI., as testified by the arms of France and Navarre, with which they are emblazoned. We give a picture of one of these sedan chairs. An arm-chair of another kind, and recent epoch, is that which served to carry Madame Adelaide, the sister of Louis Philippe, up and down stairs, during the last years of her life; it is of red morocco, and extremely simple. On seeing the coquetry of these sedan chairs, we are tempted to regret that their use is lost. We feel that, seated in them, the ladies must have appeared to infinite advantage. This fashion was so general in the 18th century that porters were stationed on all the public squares, like our hackney coachmen. Persons of distinction had their chairs like their carriages, and we see, by the accounts of the royal household, that the queen, the Count de Provence and the Count d'Artois had, in their stables, four sedan porters. It remains for us to say a few words of the oriental saddlery, a true miracle of luxury. When Aladdin demanded of the genie to bring him a horse worth a million, with a saddle and bridle, he proposed one of those fancies that he alone could satisfy. The boys of Tunis and Tripoli, the King of Fez and the Emperor of Morocco, when they had presents to offer to the emperor, had not at their disposal, like the slave of the wonderful lamp, a profusion of precious stones and untold gold; but they certainly had workmen no less skilful, and who knew how to turn the materials they employed to a marvellous advantage. There can be nothing more sumptuous or extravagant, in pattern and embroidery, than the housings and trappings these barbarous princes sent as presents to the emperor. Napoleon, who loved splendor, neglected no opportunity of displaying these riches in public. All the world knows with what luxury he had equipped the company of Mamelukes who formed a portion of his guard. In his grand reviews, he wished these housings and horse furniture to serve the principal officers of this corps. It is even believed that two of these sets belonged to his faithful Mameluke Rustan. Three historical saddles impart great value to this collection; they are those of Louis XVI., the First Consul, shown in our engravings, and Charles X. They are all three of crimson velvet, with housings and holster-coverings embroidered with gold. The first two are of an old pattern; but that of Charles X., the same he used on his entry into Paris after his return from Rheims, is of modern elegance. It was wrought by Lucot, who has left a name well known in saddlery, and did not cost less than 5000 dollars! It is enriched with gold fringes of great beauty. This museum, or carriage and harness room, as we might irreverently term it, should not be neglected by Americans who visit Versailles. It is a complement to the extravagance of the palace itself, and enables a republican to form some distinct idea of the wasteful prodigality of the princes

royal folly and wickedness. Not only were countless sums lavished on it, but hundreds of human lives were lost by the malaria to which the workmen were exposed while draining and grading the ground on which the museum is located.



CHAIR OF LOUIS XIV.'S TIME

the prince. "May it prove a lighter burthen to your brow than it was to mine. And now, duke, I await my sentence."

"I cannot forget," said Giulio, "that you are my father's brother, though you have striven to make me do so. You are free; I pardon you freely and fully."

"My presence shall not mar your triumph and your happiness," said the usurper. "Yet I thank you for your mercy. May you be happy with my daughter. For me, my career is nearly run; and I shall end it in the monastery at the foot of Monte Rosa."

This project, he it here remarked, the usurper carried into execution, and it is to be hoped that he died sincerely penitent. He soon retired from the presence of the victors, and was seen no more in the palace he had so long occupied, and so long disgraced by his tyrannies.

We shall not attempt to describe the joy of the meeting between Estella, the faithful Tonio and Giulio; nor that of Estella and Montaldo; nor the public festivities that took place when Giulio was proclaimed duke; nor the weddings of Giulio and the princess, Estella and Ferrado. Suffice it to say, that these events, graced by the presence of the good Duke of Milan, heralded a long and brilliant period in the history of Parma.

The idle minions that hung about the court (leeches on the treasury, and incubi on the people) were dismissed. The ducal train was reduced, expenditures curtailed, in short, rigid economy was the leading principle of the new administration. The holders of sinecures stood aghast at the complete revolution which was effected in the palace. The hireling ruffians that composed the standing army of the late duke, were paid to the uttermost farthing and disbanded, uttering fearful threats of turning robbers and ravaging the environs of the city. But a splendid volunteer force raised to purge the country of brigands, soon put to flight this unprincipled soldiery, and Giulio showed his people that it was possible to command the respect of his neighbors, and maintain peaceful relations with them, without resorting to the menace of a powerful armament.

Though the church protested against it, yet, by command of Giulio, the remains of Magnus and of Zelic were committed to the grave with appropriate ceremonies, in the presence of the young duke himself. His generous heart did not deny a regret for the fate of the beautiful and strange being, who was such a mixture of good and evil—of impulse, passion and resolve.

The wit of Tonio the jester, when he became court fool, improved in quality, and he was universally believed to be the happiest mortal in the duchy. Indeed, he was often heard to remark that the cap and bells were a lighter weight to carry than the Ducal Coronet.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

THE BUOY.

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

Faithful little sentinel, ever at thy post,
Where oft danger lurketh round our rocky coast,
Heeding not the storm-winds with their icy breath,
Hurrying the mariner oftthine to his death.

Faithful little sentinel on the azure deep,
When the summer winds play, and the wavelets leap,
Thou art saying ever danger lurketh near.
'Neath the gentle billow shoals and reefs appear.

Oft beneath the surface of the sea of life,
As we're hurrying onward, hopeful mid the strife,
Sands and shoals lie hidden where we deem them not,
Change and disappointment falling to our lot.

Let us seek a pilot, as we onward glide,
Who will lead us safely o'er life's ebbing tide,
To an endless rest beyond death's rapid river,
Where life's storms and calms come no more forever.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ALARM SHIP:

—OR,—

THE REBELS OF BRUNSWICK.

BY ARTHUR INGRAHAM.

"THAT is no commerce ship, please your worship," said a short, rough-coated, salt-sea looking man, after he had taken a close, professional look at the strange sail, and addressing one of the worshipful burghers of the good old colonial town of Brunswick, who stood by him, with an air of deference to his nautical experience.

Indeed there were more persons than the burgher present, and waiting the judgment of the seaman. There were not less than threescore people, indeed, congregated near the door of an ancient church that stood near the water-side, not far from the borough above named; a rustic church, mainly resorted to by the country folk, yet near enough to the town, often to receive hearers from thence of a pleasant afternoon.

The evening service was just over, and the sun, now an hour high, was diffusing his golden light over the bell-tower, over the majestic oak trees that stood by the church, casting a roseate hue upon the snow-white marble head-stones of the solemn graveyard, and making the broad surface of the water shimmer like a sea of liquid bronze.

The sail in question had come in sight while the Rev. Mr. D—— was in the midst of his discourse. It had first been detected by the sharp-eyed, pretty warden's daughter, who was looking out of the open window by her father's pew at the bright water, and thinking how much nicer it would be to be in the little white-winged sail-boat she saw dancing on the waves, like a sea-bird sporting, than shut up in the old high-backed pew in the church, to hear old Dr. D—— go fifthly, sixthly and tenthly; for these were the only words that ever made any impression upon her ear, and only because they reminded her of her sums at school, only she called the figures five, six and ten without the "thly," which termination she thought included some mighty religious doctrine. So Betty Bowers let Dr. D—— preach on, and looked out of the open window on the water, and wondered if, where the sea and sky met, she could, if she were there, put her hand on the blue sky and hear, through the round holes that the stars shone through at night, the songs of the angels in heaven.

Suddenly she discerned a white spot on the very horizon just where the sky and sea met, and it fixed her attention. At first, she wondered if it were not an opening in heaven "down low," and that the white spot she saw was part of the white robe of an angel coming through. But as she watched it she saw it move, and enlarge and change, and then she knew it was a ship coming up from the other side of the round sea, showing topmasts first, then middle-masts and then lower-masts, and a long time afterwards came the black ship herself, but looking a mere insect, so far off was she.

She stooped down behind her fan, so that the parson should not see her, for he was not slow to rebuke juvenile inattention, and whispered to her grave pa, the warden:

"Papa, there is a ship on the sea coming in."

Now the warden was a man, and, as a man, had curiosity. It is true he was also a good churchman, and he never let a word of the rector's discourse escape him; he was also an indulgent father to his pretty daughter of fifteen, Betty Bowers, and no other child would have had the courage to play with the lion's mane, as she did with her father's dignity.

"Pa! pa!" and she pulled the ribbon of the paternal queue; "there is a brave ship coming in."

"Eleventhly! Let not the world, nor the things of this world, my brethren, draw your minds from the realities of the world to come. Fix your eyes upon heavenly objects that fade not away." So preached the rector; but Warden Bowers could not resist the temptation to glance out of the window. There was a distant sail indeed, and she carried herself, with her top-sails and sky-sails aloft, proudly too. He could not keep his eyes off her; but directing his spectacles straight at the rector, and a-skewing the pupils of his eyes side-long-wise, he was enabled to gratify his curiosity, and also seem to be listening to the minister. Spectacles are masked batteries. Reader, beware of men who wear glasses! while their glass eyes are levelled another way, they are reading your face like an open book with their real ones. Espe-

cially beware of pretty maids who wear glasses! they will seem to be looking down when they are looking up, and looking away when they are looking to. When you do business with a man spectacled, watch his eyes, and not let yourself be deceived by his spectacles. Gamblers wear spectacles, and, under cover of them, rob their victims. But this is only a caution by the way.

The good warden compromised with his conscience by looking at the parson with his glass eyes, and looking askant at the ship with his proper eyes.

His curiosity was, perhaps, pardonable. It was a year (1766) of great political excitement. The colonies and the king did not agree, and daily became estranged. King George wished to make money out of his colonies, but refused to recognize them as part and equal part of the British realm. He and his parliament refused to regard colonists as entitled to send representatives to parliament, and yet compelled them to pay taxes, contrary to a principle universally recognized among civilized nations, that "there can be no taxation without representation." If a free people are taxed, they should have the right to tax themselves through their own representatives. This privilege was denied to the colonists. They, of course, like a free people, rebelled.

"NO TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION!" became their watchword. It was on the lips of the children, and emblazoned above the public halls of their fathers.

News had come to America that parliament, not content with taxing the food of the colonists, had passed a statute of taxation upon paper. By its provisions, no colonist could write a letter, print a paper, make a will, give a note of hand, or a receipt, issue no certificate of marriage, of baptism, of citizenship, no warrant, deed of trust or sale, write nothing of a business character whatever, except upon paper provided by the crown, and stamped by it with the royal seal; for each sheet of which stamped paper every buyer and user had to pay a penny *extra and beyond* the real value of the sheet of paper itself, for the fictitious value of the stamp. All writings on any other than the stamped paper were thenceforward declared invalid in law. This extra penny was to go into the royal treasury, for the benefit of the government at home.

Stamp-officers had already been sent out—English officers,—with authority to establish custom-houses for the storing of this stamped paper and the sale of it to the colonists. Already in Brunswick, on Cape Fear River, North Carolina, a stamp-officer had arrived, and with the crown's gold had hired a house, and elevated above it the English flag, with the flag of the customs beneath it.

The men of North Carolina regarded this flag with evil eyes. They had heard of the stamp law, and the very rumor of this tyrannous act of parliament had made their free blood burn with indignant heat. But when they saw the customs set up and the custom officer, in the king's uniform, establish himself among them, waiting for a ship expected to bring over several tons of this stamped English paper, they were not silent in the expressions of their feelings. Nothing, however, systematic, was done towards any refusal to abide by the law; but there were hundreds of brave men who knew their own and one another's minds, and whose union to oppose tyranny could be effected in twenty-four hours.

For some days the armed vessel that was to bring the stamps into Cape Fear River had been looked for, as intelligence of her being about to leave England had been received by the way of Boston, in New England, two weeks before the time our story opens.

Warden Bowers's interest in the distant vessel may, therefore, be excused by the conscientious reader, and, perhaps, some good people would pardon him if he had looked sea-ward both with spectacles and visual organs. "Verily it is a ship, and a large one at that," he said within himself, "and layeth her course thitherward."

The warden, as he looked, thought she had the appearance of being an armed vessel, and hereupon he could not withhold his desire to nudge his neighbor, Burgess Wallstaff, of Brunswick, who sat in the pew before him.

"Neighbor Wallstaff, look ye and see if this be not the ship we are expecting."

The Brunswick man quickly bobbed his bald head out of the window, and seeing the vessel, said, in a gruff whisper, heard ten yards off:

"This is a sight indeed! Why, she is almost upon us. She hath all the belligery of a war craft."

"I think it is the stamp ship," responded the warden, trying to conceal his mouth with his hand, so that the minister might not see.

"Brother Bowers, what dost thou behold out o' the window that thou art so inattentive to my discourse! If it is going to rain, thou shouldst think rather of the rain of the gospel. Thou settest a wondering example to thy daughter Betty and to all others!"

The warden, who would not confess himself behind any good churchman in giving heed to "godly sermons," behaving himself in meeting, "like a light of the world," or "a city set on a hill," to be seen of all men, upon this rebuke, feeling that he had the victory on his own side, cried aloud:

"I see out of the window the stamp-ship coming in, doctor; but for thy speech I would have kept silence till thou hadst done preaching!"

"The stamp-ship!" exclaimed the minister, with an excited look; and, instantly turning round to the pulpit window behind him, he drew quickly aside the heavy, faded red curtain, and looked down the river. He then turned to his excited people. "The congregation is dismissed!" he said, spreading out his hands, in the benediction way, and instantly all was consternation. The good minister was not outdone in haste by any of his flock.

The latter hurried out of the door to the green that overlooked the water, while he reached the place first through the vestry door, his hands still on and his cocked hat left behind him.

The mischievous and beautiful Betty Bowers was perfectly delighted at all this excitement, of which she, by her discovery of the ship, felt herself to be the prime mover.

In various groups the church folk now stood upon the tree-shaded lawn, and watched, with various comments and in no little agitation, the advancing ship.

She was about six miles off when Jack Toplift, the nautical man, pronounced her, with the decision of a perfect knowledge of craftage, to be an armed three-masted vessel; for some had said she was only their yearly cape ship, laden with the treasures of southern Africa, and which belonged to their own Brunswick merchants.

"It is a reg'lar bull-dog, with black teeth, *that!*" said a loafing river-man in seedy trousers and a shocking bad hat, under the visor of which shone out a red nose end, like a light-house under a dark ragged cloud.

"What do you know, fresh water?" demanded the seaman, with ineffable contempt.

"Water! Fresh water and I are no friends, mate," was the pleasant rejoinder of the seedy gentleman. "I never use water. But any man can see, with half an eye, that it is a bu—bull-dog, a thunder and sulphur bull-dog!"

The sailor deigned the loafing locutor no reply, but, turning to the burgher and to Warden Bowers, he said:

"She is a sloop, sir. Carries sixteen guns. English jack aloft."

"Then you think it is the Diligence sloop, with the stamps on board, hey, Master Toplift?" asked the minister, who was as much interested a spectator as any of his people.

"We'll soon know, your reverence. But, in my thinkin', there is no doubt of it."

The wind was light, and the stranger came in almost imperceptibly, so that at sundown she was full four miles distant. The people began to go to their homes and into town, where the rumor of the coming vessel had brought all the inhabitants into the streets, and wonder, anxiety and curiosity were written on every countenance.

The worthy Brunswickers realized that they were English subjects—that the colonies belonged to England's king, who was also their king,—that this vessel was not a foreign ship, nor carried a foreign flag, but was their own king's ship. Nevertheless, they were beginning to fear and to be suspicious of their king, of England, of parliament and all over the water. They were becoming estranged from the land of their fathers by the tyranny of the laws of the English sons of their fathers. The approach of this English ship was, therefore, not welcomed as a country's ship, but rather as the messenger of a tyrant, bearing in her bosom the stamped chains that were to bind them as slaves—bond-people fit only to toil for the repletion of her treasury.

So night fell over Brunswick and the shores of Cape Fear River. The timid and the peaceful, the lukewarm and the doubtful retired to their houses and beds, to wait, anxiously, to see what the morrow would bring forth. But there were brave hearts and free beating in the bosoms of men who would have bowed their heads to the Tower executioner's axe before they would have bent the knee to the Stamp Act. These patriots were sleepless. They remained in groups at the corners, talking in low voices, but voices that breathed decision and indignation.

Passing from group to group, a young man was seen by those at the windows, about the market-place, to stop and speak, in a brief manner, to one or more men, and then go on his way, shortly afterwards secretly followed by those whom he had selected, and who had quietly detached themselves from their neighbors. The young man moved rapidly along a narrow street that led by the water-side, and soon stopped in front of a stone gate-way that led to an old-fashioned house half hidden in trees.

He waited at the gate five minutes, until about sixteen men, approaching in twos and threes, had arrived, being all he had given the signal to on the market-square.

"Now, my friends, let us enter here. We shall find within men like Hugh Waddel and Colonel Ashe, who refuse to bow the knee to this British Baal. I know you all, and that you can be trusted. Let us enter."

The speaker was a fine looking man, not more than six-and-twenty, with a noble air and an agreeable voice, and seemed to have the confidence of his companions. The party entered the hall of the house, and were shown into a large wainscotted drawing-room. Here were a dozen elderly men assembled, and from among them rose up Major Waddel, the host, and warmly welcomed the young man and those who came with him.

"You have succeeded well, George," he said. "If all our young men are as prompt and patriotic, England will have to revoke her infamous Stamp Act. Let the doors be closed, and let us deliberate as to our course."

The result of this meeting will appear as our tale proceeds. It is enough to say that it was a conspiracy of resistance to the enforcement of the stamp law in that colony. "Even though we resist unto blood," were the closing words of the paper signed by them. The members of this assembly, on breaking it up at midnight, organized themselves into patrol parties, which, all night, paced the shore and quay to prevent anybody landing from the stamp-ship; for that *such* was the character of the stranger was evident before dark, when she came near enough to be easily made out by spy-glasses, by those who had seen her the year before, to be the Diligence sloop-of-war.

Early in the morning, the worthy Brunswickers, who suffered themselves to lay in bed until sunrise, were startled at that time

by a loud report of a cannon, the morning gun fired by the man-of-war. Everybody started, dressed quickly and ran forth to see the dread ship, which was lying quietly at anchor opposite the borough, and within point blank range, not a quarter of a mile off. Above her quarter-deck flamed the red cross flag of England, and her open ports showed the menacing mouths of a row of iron cannon.

There was not a man, a woman, a child, in Brunswick, that was not looking at the terrible vessel, either from the upper windows of their gabled houses, from the heads of the streets that opened a view of the water, and from the pier-heads; the bolder folk coming nearest to her.

"What will be done? Will the burghers allow the stamps to be landed?" were the questions passed from mouth to mouth.

"If we resist the landing, we shall all be hanged," said a worthy innholder, with his usually red face speckled with blank spots of fear, and his round body shrunken one third to the corporative dimensions of yesterday. "All be hanged, neighbors,—hanged on a gallows high as Haman's! Better be cautious. I advise discretion. I recommend patience. Let us submit like honest subjects. What is a penny more or less on a newspaper, or a note o' hand?"

"Beshrew thee, Bardolph, for a bad reason!" said the worthy burgher, Wallstaff. "What wouldst thou do were the king to say thou shouldst pay him a ha'penny for every mug of ale thou sell'st for a penny? Would not thy liver swell?—thy portly stomach rise in resentment thereof? Wouldst thou not rebel? Wouldst thou not get a-top o' one o' thy ale puncheons, and make a rebellious speech to thy customers that would make the parliament men shake in their shoes?"

"Marry, but I might, good burghomaster!" answered mine host, with a smile; "in my opinion, these stamps better be kept on board, and the proper way to keep them on board would be, methinks, not to suffer the captain of the ship to land them."

"Thou hast the pig by the right ear now, honest Bardolph. This is the gist of the matter in a pint pot. That is what we intend to do."

"Look, brothers! There cometh a boat from the ship landward," said a little man in a brown coat, with extraordinary long flaps, and a huge cocked hat, and ample velvet breeches, fastened at the knee with silver buckles. He was a little man truly, and sought to disguise his diminutive size under gigantic garments. He was, moreover, one of the burghers of Brunswick. He was, like all little men, a courageous fellow. "Let us point our cannon and give them a shot, if they think to land!"

Here he looked towards an old iron gun, which the more warlike citizens had brought down to the pier the night before, and mounted upon three millstones piled one a-top of the other, for gun-carriage it had none. The gun was a venerable piece, and, since the oldest man could remember, it had lain on the pier-head when he was a boy, a seat for loafers. But now, by aid of a stout rope and eighteen strong men, it had been dragged, in the present emergency, to the end of the pier, and mounted. It was also loaded, nearly to the muzzle, with bad powder, horse shoes, pieces of iron nails, and other deadly-intent missiles. But braver would be the man who should stand behind it than before it, as, like all ancient pieces of ordnance, it promised to kill more "enemies in the rear" than in the front.

"Let us point our gun at 'em," said the little man, "and order 'em to keep off!"

But, at this moment, there came down to the pier-head a party of five gentlemen, richly dressed and with powdered hair, and swords and buckled shoes, all of the olden time. The people gave place to them with deference, and side remarks, one to another, of confidence.

"Here comes Hugh Waddel, and with him the brave Colonel Ashe, of Wilmington. Let us see what will now be done. Hist, gossips! Let the quality speak to this officer in the boat."

The party of distinguished colonists advanced through the falling-back crowd to the end of the pier. The sloop-of-war's boat was pulling steadily in to the stairs where boats landed. At the stern of the boat fluttered a little English flag, and two officers in uniform were seated beneath its folds. The boat was rowed by eight men.

As it came within hailing distance, Hugh Waddel, a famous gentleman of the colony, waved his hand backward, signalling the boat to stop. The officer who sat in the stern rose up, and, touching his hat, said, cheerily:

"How are you, Major Waddel? Your townsfolk do me great honor to come in such large numbers to meet me."

"Do not advance, Captain Seymour!" cried the major, firmly. "I must parley with you where you are."

"But I would rather parley ashore. It is nine weeks since I have put foot on terra firma, and as I mean to dine with you to-day, we will parley at your house over your good wines."

"My dear captain, you see this cannon. It covers the landing. The fuse is burning over the priming in a resolute man's hand. At my word, your boat is blown out of water!"

"What means this hostile reception to a king's ship, sir?" haughtily demanded the captain, slapping his hand upon his sword-hilt till it rang again, while his face flushed with anger.

"Not to our king's ship, but to its freight. If you have no stamp paper in your boat, you may land."

"I have none, major," answered the captain, laughing. "I don't usually load my own cargo."

"Then pull in; but, by the cross of King George and Saint George, we here at Brunswick will let no stamps land in our port. If you will parley with me at my house, you are a welcome guest. You will there get an inkling of the opinions of the best men in the colony as to this infernal Stamp Act."

The boat landed. The captain heartily shook hands with the major, Colonel Ashe, and other gentlemen, whom he had known before. With them he walked towards the house of the major, followed by the curious eyes and timid surmises of the vast crowd. They then gazed awhile upon the dark vessel, as she lay moored off the custom-house, and then slowly dispersed to their occupations.

Not long after the departure of Major Waddel and the English captain, a tall, thin, saturnine looking man, who wore a long sword and a cocked hat with the cockade of the customs, came to the pier-head, and haughtily looking about him, descended the stairs, and said to the seamen in the war ship's boat:

"Row me on board."

The men were about to obey, at the command of the midshipman in charge, when a young man, dressed plainly in a gray coat and a flapping hat, and unarmed, said, firmly, to the stranger:

"Mr. Houston, you will remain on shore!"

"And who has power to prevent me from going on board my king's ship?"

"The power will show itself, sir, if you move a step towards that boat!"

"Young man, do you know the peril you are putting your neck to, by this coercion of a king's officer?"

"I have weighed all the consequences. You know I mean that the stamped paper shall not come on shore. We also forbid all communication with the vessel."

"But, sir, I am sent here by the crown to receive this paper. It is consigned to me."

"You may rest assured you will never see a sheet of it, sir!" answered the young man, quietly but resolutely.

"We will see, sir,—we will see, Mr. George Washington! You have no authority to detain me, at your peril!"

Here the customs officer moved forward to enter the boat, when he found himself, at a motion of the eye of the young colonist, confronted by two men, who held pistols at his head. Alarmed, he jumped back, and slowly retraced his steps to the custom-house, but not without vows of revenge and menaces, that he would yet see the head of this traitor, Washington, adorning the iron spikes above the London Tower gate.

The captain of the sloop-of-war did not long remain in Major Waddel's house. He found himself surrounded by such a company of dark faces and resolute eyes that he began to feel for his personal security, though all was courteous and gentlemanly on the part of the colonial gentlemen.

"But, gentlemen," he said, as he rose to go from a house the atmosphere of which he did not breathe so freely as that of his own quarter-deck, "I have the king's command to land the stamps."

"The will of a free people," said Colonel Ashe, "is greater than the will of a tyrant."

"What! this to my king!" demanded the naval officer, with flashing eyes, as they drew near the pier.

"We speak our minds, sir. The stamps must not be landed."

"I will land them, if I have to cover the landing with my broadsides."

"Then, if such be your mood, sir captain," said one of the gentlemen, "you cannot return on board to do any such mischief."

"What! am I a prisoner?"

"Yes, unless you promise, as a gentleman and an officer, to weigh anchor before sunset, and leave our coast."

"But if I am detained, my lieutenant will do his duty and land them, or lay your town in ashes."

"Bricks and mortar, wood and stone may perish; but our resolution to prevent the landing of your freight is imperishable. But, sir," continued Colonel Ashe, "we have delayed full long. We must have your pledge, or, within half an hour, we will have you hanged to the staff of the custom-house! This is no boy's play. We are in earnest. It is time our parley was over and you understood us."

The captain turned pale. He bit his lips, and as he gazed round upon the large multitude of men with lowering looks, saw young Washington and his party at the cannon, and the determined attitude of his former friends, he said, doggedly:

"I see I am a prisoner. I yield my sword, but under protest. I consent to depart in three days, after getting water and provisions, with my freight; but only under a solemn protest, and under fear of my life; and also that, gentlemen, you take the responsibility to the crown, by signing your names to a history of these proceedings."

"And have us hanged in Tyburn for it!" said Hugh Waddel, laughing. "But we know what we do. We fear no man. Our names are at the king's service. You shall have the paper you ask—"

"And in it, that under threat of death I yielded—"

"Yes! Fear not; we will, though we hang ourselves, save your own neck."

Upon this the captain went in with them to the king's customs, and there signed his own pledge to sail his ship and her freight away, while they signed a bold letter, addressed to the king, that was quite satisfactory to the conscience of the naval captain.

This being done, it was made known to the vast crowd, when loud huzzas, at their victory over the Stamp Act, rent the air. A score of young men seized the sloop's boat, without molesting the crew, whom they suffered quietly to land, and drew it up bodily out of the water upon the pier. Some of them removed the flag-staff from before the king's customs, and placed it in the boat, with a flag flying, upon it inscribed, "No Stamps!"

The boat was then hoisted upon a long wagon, and ropes being attached, a procession of a thousand men drew and accompanied it to Wilmington. Upon their arrival in the capital it was dark,

but the streets were illuminated, and hundreds of citizens met them and escorted them to the governor's house.

This gentleman was an English nobleman, a creature of his king. He was amazed, beyond expression, at seeing his palace thus surrounded, and endeavored to obtain a hearing. But all the reply he received was:

"James Houston! We want the stamp officer. Give him up. He has fled from Brunswick here!"

"I will not give up a faithful king's officer," answered the governor, from his balcony. "Retire to your homes, and do your duty as good subjects of the crown. This shall be reported to parliament."

"A fig for parliament! We will have a parliament of our own ere long!" cried a voice from the crowd.

"The stamp officer! Give up Jimmy Houston!"

"I will not surrender a man who has fled for protection to his country's flag," And here the governor cast the British flag over Houston, who stood terrified by his side.

Upon this there was a rush made by a score of men, with lighted torches, towards the house. The movement was accompanied by shouts of "Burn him out! Fire his house!"

The proud governor, seeing that they were in earnest, waved his hand to be heard.

"I yield him up on condition that you harm him not."

"That I pledge myself to," answered Colonel Ashe, coming near. "I will be responsible for his personal safety."

"What do they want with me?" asked Houston, hanging back.

"Only to make you take an oath not to execute the duties of stamp officer, and to return your commission."

"Anything, sir, if they will only not injure me."

Colonel Ashe placed his arm through that of Houston, and led him towards the town hall, in the market-place, followed by the multitude, surging like a vexed ocean. Into this room they led him, and there, in the presence of the people, he was made to swear upon the Holy Scriptures never to exercise the duties of stamp-officer in the colony.

This oath taken, the vast assembly rend the skies with "huzzas," wave their torches, and taking Houston into the boat, drag him to the governor's house, and there leave him, with three cheers for their victory over the fallen Stamp Act.

Soon afterwards they dispersed quietly. The king's boat was taken back in procession, to be delivered up to the captain; but on reaching Brunswick, the sloop had already sailed—flown, her captain having regained his deck by means of a shore boat, and victim of his fears, immediately made sail from a coast where he feared both for his life and the safety of his ship.

This bold resistance to the tyranny of the mother-land, under the guns of her armed vessel, and within the shadow of her flag, was the first birth of liberty on earth. These scenes preceded the destruction of the Boston tea by eight years, says an historian of North Carolina; were nine years before the battle of Lexington, and ten years prior to the declaration of the independence of the colonies. A noble exploit, worthy to be emblazoned on the page of history as the first step of the free colonists to oppose the unjust use of the power of "king and parliament."

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MODERN MYSTERIES EXPLAINED AND EXPOSED. By Rev. A. MAHAN. First President of Cleveland University. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 466.

There is reason for rejoicing that so sound a thinker, so excellent a scholar, and so able a writer as President Mahan, has set about refuting one of the most dangerous fallacies of the day. The spiritual origin of the rappings, table-movings, and similar strange phenomena, is believed in by at least one hundred thousand persons in these United States, and the delusion is extending, instead of diminishing. The subject is no longer unworthy of the attention of a Christian philosopher and philanthropist. Our author admits the existence of the strange phenomena, and then proceeds completely to refute the assertions of believers in their spiritual origin. His essay is a beautiful structure of impregnable logic. The armory of the Spiritualists themselves has furnished the weapons with which he demolishes their creed.

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON. Illustrated. New York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Mulligan. 1855. 18mo. pp. 327.

This work has become a juvenile classic, and well deserves the rank which has been assigned it. The present edition embraces a supplement which concludes the story of the family, to the satisfaction of the reader. It is published in a very creditable style of typography.

YOUNG WOMAN'S BOOK OF HEALTH. By Dr. WM. A. ALCOCK. New York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Mulligan. 1855. 12mo. pp. 311.

The object of this work, as stated by the author, is the prevention of disease, by pointing out its causes and consequences. As the author of many valuable works on physiology, his treatise will command a ready and extensive sale.

STORIES TO TEACH ME TO THINK. Illustrated. By T. D. P. STONE. New York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Mulligan. 1855. 18mo. pp. 180.

A very clever book, which may be put into the hands of children without hesitation. The title is perfectly applicable, as the tales are well calculated to stimulate the mental powers. The illustrations, however, are quite unworthy the present style of art.

LAND LABOR AND GOLD: OR, Two Years in Victoria, etc. By WM. HOWITT. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 2 vols. 12mo 1855

The name of William Howitt on the title-page is a promise which the contents of these elegant volumes amply redeem. In the whole eight or nine hundred closely-printed pages, there is scarcely one which the reader will to desirous of "skipping." Australia is here depicted in all its phases, physical, and social, and political, with marvellous minuteness and clearness, and unquestionably in a sincere and impartial spirit. The picture will help the distant reader to realize a crisis almost unparalleled in the history of human events, and which, if its description did not rest on evidence, would appear like the dream of a poet. The publishers have evinced their usual sound judgment and good taste in reprinting this work.

CEVE HALL. By the author of "Amy Herbert," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 485.

The names of the "author of Amy Herbert" and D. Appleton & Co. constitute a passport to success. We know that what one writes, and the others publish, must needs be good. And this book fully redeems the promise based on the character of its predecessors. It is a sparkling story, full of nice pictures of society, characters well drawn and replete with interest. We commend it most heartily to the novel-reading public. For sale by Redding & Co.

A VISIT TO THE CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL. By RICHARD C. MCCORMICK, JR. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 212.

The novelties of a visit to the scene of the tremendous drama now enacting in the East, by a young American, has awakened an eager curiosity to learn the results of his adventure. To gratify this feeling Mr. McCormick has dashed off a vigorous and spirited account of his visit, which Appleton & Co. have produced with the elegance of typography for which they are renowned. The illustrations are gems of art, and the book is of the kind that is read, borrowed, commented on and remembered. Copies may be procured here of Redding & Co.



COHASSET RAILROAD DEPOT.

COHASSET.

In our present series of sea-side sketches, we turn from Nahant, recently illustrated in the Pictorial, to the southern shore of the coast, and present some of the notabilities of Cohasset. The views were drawn for us by an able artist, and are vivid pictures of the localities represented. Cohasset is in Norfolk County, Massachusetts, facing northeast upon Massachusetts Bay. The coast here is hold, rocky and dangerous. Taking the cars at the Old Colony station, in Boston, we proceed by the Old Colony and South Shore railroads to the Nantasket station, where we leave the cars and walk to the Rockland House, of which we give a view. Our road is winding and picturesque, and passes through the romantic village of North Cohasset, nestling among the rocks. The Rockland House, kept by J. D. and A. L. Howe, is situated upon high ground at the head of Nantasket Beach; it is finely located for summer residents, and combines all the advantages of the sea-shore. The view from the piazza of the hotel is very fine, showing the beach and outer Boston lighthouse, as in our engraving. From the Rockland House we take the Jerusalem road to the village of Cohasset. This road winds among the rocks and trees along the shore. The wind from the sea has great effect upon vegetation here; the trees lean from the water, and rarely, except in sheltered places, put forth any branches toward the ocean. The Black Rock House, or Bent's Cottage, is situated upon this road. It is a resort for fishing parties. The Black Rock is seen in the background. Cohasset Depot is situated at the terminus of the South Shore Railroad. It is a wooden building of Gothic architecture, and presents a very neat appearance. As we reach Cohasset from the Jerusalem road, the view shown in our large picture presents itself. The road follows the deep depression in the foreground, and gives the buildings a very elevated appearance. The village abounds in trees, and has a very quiet, rural appearance. Immediately back of the Unitarian Church, the largest seen in the picture, is a small pond, which adds much to the beauty of the Common. The church on the left is the Orthodox. Owing to its proximity to the sea, Cohasset forms a delightful place for a summer residence. We have thus very briefly noticed the principal objects delineated in our series of engravings; but, beside the sea, the "mighty sea," the "great deep," the works of man sink into insignificance. The proudest cathedral pile that art ever reared would vainly woo the eye from those huge battlements—those granite Gibraltars, that nature has piled along our coast. The dweller by the seashore needs only a shelter for his head, if his purpose be to study the phases of that great element which gives life to the world. He cares not for the finest music ever warbled by Italian throats, while he can listen to

the moonlight music of the waves, and their bell-like tinkle as they peacefully lave the rocks; or, if he wish for a deeper diapason, organ anthems more sublime than ever rolled along the roof of a

of the sea. Mountain scenery, however grand, has a certain degree of monotony. Those vast upheaved earth-waves are rigid and immovable. You can produce new combinations by changing your point of view; but the essential elements of the landscape are the same. Sunset, sunrise, moonlight, storm, mist,—you soon run through the gamut of this mountain melody. But with the ocean it is different; for, beside the variation of these atmospheric effects, you have the wonderful changes of the elements on which it is displayed. At one time you see the surface, placid, mirror-like, reflecting faithfully the blue tint of the over-arching sky, the forms of the shores, and the masts and the idle sails of the vessels that lie motionless upon the surface. At another, the whole expanse of water is corrugated by a cold current of air, and the mirror is broken into a thousand fragments. Yet another phase of the changeable element is presented when a furious storm displays the utmost fury of the waves. A storm at Cohasset baffles description; such a storm, for instance, as that in which Minot's Ledge Light perished, a few years since. The rude Cohasset rocks have witnessed many a sad wreck. The government are now commencing to build a permanent lighthouse on Minot's Ledge, which will rival the far-famed Eddystone in its solidity. But to descend from poetry to more practical matters; from the music of the waves to the flavor of the fish that dwell therein. Cohasset is famous for the abundance of its fish. Off the rock, those substantial staples, perch and rock cod, are caught in great numbers, and those versed in the piscatorial art know where to take the delicious tautog, one of the finest fish that swims in the salt water. Cod and haddock, monstrous specimens, are taken on the proper grounds, and, during the season of their run, delicious mackerel. And while speaking of cod, we may remark, *en passant*, that few persons, comparatively, know how to make a good chowder, though each of the public houses noticed above keeps at least one proficient. The other day, while whiling away an hour at the seaside, we accidentally came across the following recipe, by the "Shade of Alden," which we will give a chance of immortality in our pages; it is quite too valuable to be lost:—"For a family of twelve or fifteen persons, all you have to do is this: in the first place, catch your fish—as Mrs. Glass would say—either with a silver or some other kind of a hook; a codfish, not a haddock, weighing ten or twelve pounds. There is more nutriment in the former than in the latter. Have it well cleaned by your fish-monger (keeping the skin on), and cut into slices of an inch and a half in thickness; preserving the head, which is the best part of it for a chowder. Take a pound and a half of clear or fat pork, and cut that into thin slices; do the same with ten or twelve mid-



BENT'S COTTAGE, OR BLACK ROCK HOUSE, COHASSET.

Gothic cathedral, he has but to listen to the thunder of the same changeable element when the storm-winds have lashed it to a fury. We cannot understand how people can complain of the monotony

ding-sized potatoes. Then make your chowder, thus: take the largest pot you have in the house, if it be not 'as large as all outdoors;' fry out the pork first, and then take it out of the pot, leaving in the drippings. Put three pints of water with the drippings, then a layer of fish, so as to cover as much of the surface of the pot as possible; next, a layer of potatoes; then put in two table-spoonsful of salt, and a ten-spoonful of pepper; then, again, the pork, another layer of fish, what potatoes may be left, and fill the pot up with water, so as to completely cover the whole. Put the pot over a good fire, and let the chowder boil twenty-five minutes. When this is done, put in a quart of sweet milk, if you have it handy, and ten or a dozen small hard crackers, split. Let the whole boil five minutes longer; your chowder is then ready for the table, and an excellent one it will be. Let this direction be strictly followed, and every man and every woman can make their own chowders. Long experience enables me to say this, without pretending to be a 'cook's oracle.' There is no mistake about it. An onion or two may be used, where people have a taste for that unsavory vegetable. A few days since, the very polite and gentlemanly keeper of one of the hotels on the seashore made an ineffectual attempt to give a lady boarder some idea about making chowders. He remarked that he thought 'about a dozen India crackers improved a fish chowder.' 'Why!' exclaimed the lady; 'I should think they would explode.' 'I mean, madam,' he replied, with characteristic snavity, 'crackers made of meal and flour, in equal parts.' Among the *agremens* of a sojourn by the sea, in addition to feasting, fishing and bathing, boat sailing must not be forgotten; but this must be indulged in with due caution, and always with a tried and trusty skipper at the helm. "A sail-bont," writes a person competent to speak on the subject, "is one of the most dangerous things in the world, in the hands of an inexperienced landsman: he had better attempt to subdue and manage a wild animal, or to break an obstinate, high-mettled colt, than to break his own neck on the water; and yet how many rash blockheads there are, who are willing to risk, not only their own lives, but those of their companions, by undertaking to sail a boat in a high wind, and who understand as little the properties of a boat, the tiller and the rudder, as they do of the power of her sails. This is a lamentable fact. There ought to be a law to restrain such fellows from having the control of boats, under any circumstances, or even of mud-scows, if they are deeply laden and carry



COHASSET BEACH, FROM ROCKLAND HOUSE.

canvass. It takes years of severe experience to learn to sail a boat well; it is not the work of a month, nor even of six months, to acquire a skillful knowledge of boat-sailing. I say nothing of the dangerous shoals and rocks, and other numerous bad places, among the islands in Boston harbor,—that is a matter of vast importance, it is true; but I wish to speak of the danger of oversetting or swamping boats, in deep water, through ignorance, carelessness, or mismanagement, in jibing, in trimming the sails, reefing, or in steering. On a party of pleasure, for instance, the helm is very often entrusted to, or seized by, some novice, while the boatman runs forward to arrange the fore-sail and the jib, and to clear the halliards—the wind blowing heavy; the latter orders the helmsman to put the helm up, or hard-down, as the case may be; in two instances out of three, perhaps, his orders are not understood, or, in the hurry of the moment, are disobeyed,—in short, the helm is put the wrong way. The operation of jibing, as every nautical man well knows, is an important one, and requires activity, caution and judgment; nothing but experience can perfect a man in this. Then, again, there is much danger from sudden squalls, or heavy puffs of wind, while shooting out from under the lee of an island, or any other large object. The wind will sometimes strike you with remarkable force in this way, and calculation should be made to counteract its effect. I remember many accidents, some of them of a very serious character, which occurred in the manner I speak of." A person who sees no sublimity in the ocean, who cannot enjoy a storm or a calm, who is sea-sick the moment he takes a seat in a boat, who cares nothing for fishing, with whom sea-bathing disagrees, who thinks chowder "poor stuff," had better not go to Cohasset; but one who has a real taste for all these things, will be amply remunerated for a visit. If he be a hardy sportsman, then the wild fowl shooting, late in the fall, will prove an irresistible attraction. Myriads of ducks are destroyed every year on this coast, and yet they are undiminished.



ROCKLAND HOUSE, COHASSET.

TROPICAL HUMMING-BIRDS.

These bright little beings in the sunshine gleam and flash with a brilliancy as perfect as that of the many gems after which they are named. An enumeration of some of their names will convey an idea of their appearance—sapphire-throated, ruby-throated, sapphire and emerald, amethystine, topaz-throated; then there are the purple, tri-colored, violet-tufted, violet-crowned, blue-fronted, the superb, the magnificent, the sabre-winged. And there is one which must have been bestowed by some ornithological phrenologist, who had great skill in interpreting the natural language of birds—the supercilious humming-bird. The largest species yet discovered is what is called the gigantic, and the smallest, one that Sir William Jardine describes as Gould's humming-bird. The gigantic is in remarkable contrast to the rest of his tribe, both in

size and in color of plumage. He is not only the largest but the homeliest, while the smallest is the most beautiful. The gigantic (the monster!) is nearly eight inches in length; the crown, the back, the under and lesser wing-coverts, brownish-green, with reflections of green tint; the under parts, light reddish mingled with a deeper tint and shaded off with green; the feathers are generally darker at the base, and the paler tips give a slightly waved appearance to the breast. On the throat, the feathers, though without lustre, retain the scaly form and texture of the more brilliant species. The wings slightly exceed the tail in length, bend up at the tips, and exhibit the form of the most correctly framed organ of flight; they are of a uniform brownish violet. The tail is composed of ten feathers, of a brownish color and with golden green reflections; they gradually decrease in length. Gould's is the smallest species, and of the most dazzling beauty. It is scarcely over two inches in length; its forehead, throat, and upper part of its breast, are of a most brilliant green; the feathers of a scaly form. From the crown springs a crest of bright chestnut feathers, of a lengthened form, and capable of being raised at pleasure. The back is of a golden green, crossed with a whitish band; the wings and tail are brownish purple, the latter having the centre feathers tinged with green; the lower parts are dark brownish green. The neck tufts are of the most splendid kind, and have a chaste but brilliant effect; they are composed of narrow feathers of a snowy whiteness, the tips of each having a round serrated spot of bright emerald green, surrounded with a dark border; the largest are at the upper part of the tuft, and they decrease in length, assuming the shape of a butterfly's wing; shorter feathers again spring from the base, and their green tips are relieved on the white of the longer ones behind them. The most common species, and that which abounds in all parts of the West Indies, is the ruby-crested. Though seen every day about the gardens, it presents some of the most splendid coloring of the family.—*Traveller's Journal.*



COHASSET COMMON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WHEN WOULD YOU DIE?

BY ADA D. EDDY.

Would you die in the spring,
When the season is fair;
And sweet-scented fragrance
Is filling the air?
When the flowerets are strewing
Bright forms o'er the earth,
And hailing the genius
That hastened their birth?
In its gay time of beauty,
O, would it not be,
When the wild forest songsters
Are warbling with glee;
When a carpet of verdure
Would spread o'er thy grave,
And the roses' soft petals
Mid green branches wave?

Not so! I would linger
Much longer than now;
I would gather those roses
To bind on my brow:
I would rest on that carpet,
With mild beauty rife;
And witness glad nature
Just kindled to life.
Who would die in the spring-time
When gladness has birth?
Ay, when joy first awakens,
Who'd leave the fair earth?

When spring, then, has fled,
Quick will summer appear,
In gay livery clad,
The pride of the year.
Is such, then, the time
You would choose to depart?
Could you leave without tears—
Without sadness of heart?

Not yet let me go:
While summer is gay
I would feast on its beauties—
Awhile let me stay.
Soon autumn will follow,
With treasures replete;
Let me reap its rich harvest,
Partake of its sweet:
Till the cold chilling winds
Scatter blight o'er the ground,
And the frost king and dampness
Strew ruin around;
When the green leaves of summer
Fall yellow and sear,
And the glory is wrested
From out the fair year.

I'd not wait till cold Winter,
With pitiless breath,
Has spread over nature
His traces of death:
I would go, when rich autumn,
On things of decay,
Has written indelibly,
"Passing away!"
When the swift tide of nature
Goes down with a sigh;—
Ay, with beauty's bright forms,
Let me die—let me die.

THE FATAL HELMETS.

A GALLIC LEGEND.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

It was on a dark evening in the month of February, 814, that two horsemen, clad in complete armor, and mounted on fleet and powerful chargers, rode rapidly towards one of the gates of the city of Paris. They were young and gallant knights, favorites of Charlemagne, and now bound for the ancient palace of Thermes, with sealed despatches for its seneschal, from the new monarch, Louis, the brother and successor of the great emperor.

"Look, Raoul!" said one of the riders, Robert de Guercy, addressing his companion, Raoul de Lys, "the clouds have lifted a little, and through a rent in the murky canopy of heaven, one star beams out, a presage of good fortune."

"Ay, Robert," replied his brother-in-arms, "and methinks I behold, rising in the distance, the hoary battlements and time-worn towers of the old palace. Dearest to me, that old Roman pile, in all its rude severity, than the fairest citadel of other lands—for is it not the lover of my lady's love, Rotrude the peerless?"

"Not peerless!" answered Robert de Guercy, "you forget her sister Gisle."

"They are twin-stars of beauty," said Raoul. "Worthy of the blood that courses in their veins—worthy sisters of the imperial Charlemagne."

"What think you the new monarch will say to our attachment?"

"I know not. I have not learned to read his character. But I fear his austerity and pride. Yet a little while, Robert, must our loves be hidden. We have wooed and won our mistresses in secret—let us still shroud our passion in the veil of mystery. The hour will come, believe me, when we can avouch it in the face of day. When we have carved out fortunes with our swords, and earned with our blood the highest honors of chivalry, each can claim the hand of an emperor's sister as his guerdon. But here we are at the gate."

Raising his bugle to his lips, Raoul blew a vigorous and martial blast. The gate was opened and the knights, setting spurs to their horses, dashed under the archway, the flambeaux of the guard throwing a ruddy light upon their gleaming armor and white plumes. Recognizing the companions as royal messengers, a few cavaliers mounted in haste, and offered their escort as far as the palace of Thermes.

The party galloped on at full speed, the iron-shod feet of the horses dashing fire from the stones that lay scattered in the narrow, unpaved and ill-kept streets. At length they reached the old palace, where the knights dismissed their escort. The seneschal, an old man, whose white beard descended half way to his girdle, received them with the honor due to couriers from the emperor, and gave orders that their chargers should be cared for, while he himself marshalled the way into a long, vaulted hall, wainscotted with oak, upon the walls of which hung panoplies of arms and banners of all nations, many of them wrested from their original possessors by the gallantry of Charlemagne. Yet it was a dreary place, and the night-wind, that found its way through the loop-holes, swayed the rustling banners to and fro with a dismal, moaning sound, like that of the voice of a prophet of evil.

The old seneschal, having conducted the young knights thus far, halted and said:

"You are from Aix-la-Chapelle?"

"Yes," replied Raoul. "And we have ridden all the way on the spur—securing fresh horses all along the route. I know not how my companion feels, he will answer for himself; but for my own part, I am as weary in limb as after a day spent in lopping off heads upon a field of battle. But a venison patty and a flagon of wine before retiring to rest would not come amiss. What say you, Robert?"

"I have made no vow of abstinence—or I might be tempted to break it, for my necessities are great," answered De Guercy.

"But your despatches, noble knights," said the seneschal.

"By the mass! I had almost forgotten," said Raoul, producing the packet from his breast. "Here is the missive sealed with the imperial arms," and he placed it in the hands of the old man.

The aged seneschal carefully broke the seal, and unfolding the parchment, began to read its contents. The young knights watched his countenance, and saw surprise depicted in his features. When he had read every word, the seneschal raised his head, and addressing the bearer of the despatch, said:

"You are named Raoul de Lys?"

Raoul inclined his head.

"And you?" the seneschal continued, turning to the second knight.

"My name is Robert de Guercy."

"Then, Robert de Guercy and Raoul de Lys," said the seneschal, "I arrest you both."

"By whose authority?" demanded Raoul, fiercely.

"By the emperor's," replied the seneschal, striking the parchment with his withered hand.

The two knights looked at each other with astonishment.

"You will surrender your swords," said the seneschal.

Raoul and Robert disdainfully gave up their weapons.

"At least tell us of what crime we are accused," said Raoul.

"It is not specified in the letter," replied the seneschal, "only that you are to be imprisoned, and my orders command your separation."

"Our separation!" cried Raoul, throwing himself into the arms of his friend. "Robert is my brother-in-arms—my companion in peril and pleasure. Part us not."

"Compel me not to use violence," said the seneschal, gravely. "Obey—and trust to fortune."

"Good night, then, Robert," said Raoul, sadly. "What may be the issue of this affair Heaven only can decide."

The seneschal departed with his other prisoner, and Raoul de Lys heard the door barred and locked behind him. Throwing himself upon an oaken bench, he reflected painfully upon the sudden change which had fallen on his fortunes. A few days since, he was a favorite of the greatest monarch of the earth—now, he was a prisoner by command of his successor. A few moments before, he looked forward to a rapturous meeting with Rotrude, now he was separated from her and perhaps forever. As these painful thoughts passed through his mind, the iron tongue of the belfry of St. James struck twelve; a secret door swung open on its hinges, and Robert de Guercy, holding a lamp in his hand, and followed by a female figure entered the hall. Raoul started to his feet.

"Raoul! brother! friend!" cried the knight. "We must up and act. The emperor has doomed us to perpetual imprisonment."

"How know you this?"

Robert de Guercy pointed to the shrinking figure of Gisle.

"Is this true, lady?"

"Too true," replied Gisle. "And ere many hours, my brother will be himself in Paris to enforce his orders."

"Why did we give up our swords?" cried Raoul, furiously—"it would have been better to have died fighting like knights and gentlemen, than perish like rats in a dungeon. But where is Rotrude?"

"Here, Raoul," answered the soft voice of a glorious, dark-eyed creature, who glided into the hall and threw herself into the arms of her lover.

Gisle wrung her hands and wept.

"Fie! sister," said Rotrude, turning from the embrace of Raoul. "These tears are unworthy of a sister of Charlemagne—the mistress of a gallant knight. All is not desperate. The seneschal is sound asleep. I have corrupted the guards. Four fleet horses are saddled in the court-yard. Let us fly while yet we have the time."

"And wherefore fly?" asked a deep voice.

Rotrude turned in terror, and Louis himself, issuing from the secret passage, stood before them.

"Thou here!" cried Rotrude.

"Ay—sister mine," cried the monarch. "Why, you fly before me, maidens, like startled doves. I found your nest warm; I knew you could not be far off."

"But how could you win your way hither?"

Louis smiled.

"Dear girl," said he, "the secret passages of the old palace are as well known to me as to the architect himself. I could find my way through their labyrinthine windings blindfolded. So," he added, turning to the two knights, "you are here?"

"Yes, my liege," answered Raoul, "and unarmed and prisoners by your order."

"Valor may well be a prisoner, when beauty is his jailer," said the monarch, smiling. "Am I to understand you, noble knights, that you love these damsels fair?"

"More than life!" replied Robert and Raoul simultaneously.

"And you are not disposed to be cruel?" asked Louis, turning to the sisters.

Their blushes answered in the affirmative.

"Ah!" cried Louis, reproachfully. "Why did you not make a confidant of me, and treat me as a friend and brother? You should have been wedded royally. Now, since it seems to me that the ceremony must immediately take place, there is no room for splendor. I have a priest in waiting. Go, dearest sisters, and put on your bravest attire, and return to me at once."

The sisters obeyed.

Raoul was astounded.

"Can I have heard aright!" he exclaimed. "Does your majesty really intend to bestow on poor knights the sisters of your majesty?"

"If you live," replied the monarch, "you shall wed them ere the morning dawn. Poor knights! say you? Those who enjoy a sovereign's favor can never be termed poor. And as a token of my countenance, I hereby present two costly helmets with the accompanying armor, which I pray you to put on immediately. A warrior should wed in mail."

At a signal from the monarch, four attendants appeared from the secret passage, bringing two complete suits of armor.

"These are curious," said the monarch. "You will value them as having once belonged to my illustrious brother—may his soul rest in peace! They were made in Italy, and sent him from Ravenna, in return for a huge goblet filled with precious stones."

As he spoke thus, the attendants disarmed the knights, and clad them in their new armor. This change accomplished, Louis bade them be seated, and await in the hall the return of himself and their brides.

When, after the lapse of some time, the two sisters, apparelled from head to foot in virgin white, and holding each other by the hand, re-entered the hall, they found the two knights sitting motionless in the huge oaken chairs where Louis had left them. Each lady, distinguishing her lover by his stature, for the visors of their helmets were closed, repaired to his side. The warriors did not rise to welcome their brides.

"Raoul!" said Rotrude, placing her white hand on the shoulder of her lover.

Raoul replied not—and the cold steel sent a strange shudder through the frame of the beautiful girl.

"Speak to me, Robert!" cried the other sister. "It is I—it is Gisle, beloved one."

Robert de Guercy neither spoke nor moved.

Rotrude raised the hand of Raoul; when she relinquished it, it fell like lead. A wild shriek burst from the lips of the heart-broken sisters. At the same moment both had made the discovery that their lovers were dead.

A mechanical apparatus, the contrivance of some malevolent genius, was contained in each helmet, the operation of which excluded the air, while the throat of the wearer was gripped as in an iron vice, and life was speedily extinguished. Louis had probably decided that the mere fact of two humble knights aspiring to wed the sisters of their sovereign, was sufficient to merit death—but whatever his motive, his vengeance was speedy and effective. Of the two sisters, Gisle died on the spot in discovering her lover's death. Rotrude, removed to a convent by order of the emperor, soon lost her reason, and died also, in the course of a few weeks, a raving maniac.

Many—many years afterwards, when the old palace was crumbling away, two suits of armor were brought to light, enclosed in a secret chamber.

On examination, a skeleton was found in each. But the visor of each helmet, on being raised by mechanical agency, discovered a ghastly head in a state of extraordinary preservation. These were the fatal helmets, and the heads those of the ill-starred lovers of Gisle and Rotrude.

CLIMATE.

The institutions of a country depend, in great measure, on the nature of its soil and situation. Many of the wants of man are awakened or supplied by these circumstances. To these, wants, manners, laws and religion must shape and accommodate themselves. The division of land, and the rights attached to it, alter with the soil; the laws relating to its produce, with its fertility. The manners of its inhabitants are in various ways modified by its position. The religion of a miner is not the same as the faith of a shepherd, nor is the character of the ploughman so warlike as that of the hunter. The observant legislator follows the direction of all these various circumstances. The knowledge of the natural advantages or defects of a country thus forms an essential part of political science and history.—*Justus Moser.*

* The basis of this sketch may be found in that very agreeable and valuable illustrated work, "Les Rues de Paris."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

PASSING AWAY.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

Passing away—passing away!
All things alike are doomed to decay—
The flowers in the wildwood wither and die—
The leaves in the forest fall mournfully—
And everything earthly seems to say,
Passing away—passing away.

Passing away—passing away!
The young and the lovely in life's early day—
The infant is torn from its mother's breast—
The aged one goes to his wished-for rest—
The sun each day brightly shines in the sky,
But all things around us droop and die.

Passing away—passing away!
It must ever be thus with earthly clay—
But like trees in the forest now withering,
That will bloom again in the early spring,
Our souls will rejoice beyond the sky,
In a glorious, bright eternity.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ADVENTURES IN THE PHILIPPINES.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

On the ninth of October, 1819, as his narrative tells us, Paul de Gironniere, a young French surgeon, embarked, at Nantes, on board an old half-rotten ship, with a superannuated captain, and, after eight months voyage, anchored off Cavite, some six leagues from Manila. Here he landed, took lodgings, and amused himself for some time with hunting expeditions, and with exploring some of the finest scenery in the world. Who that has read the Abbé Raynal's striking description of the wonders of this tropic land, but will sympathize with the stranger's delight on entering the borders of this comparatively untrodden region? These excursions exposed him to danger from robbers and from the wild natives who haunted the neighboring country. But Gironniere was young and ardent, and pastime possessed for him the greater pleasure from the fact that it was attended with a due degree of peril.

Thus passed some three months or more, when the cholera broke out at Manila. The pestilence swept away the Indians by thousands. The dead carts filled the streets continually. The natives, at first paralyzed by fright, were soon aroused to rage and the fury of despair. The foreigners had poisoned the wells. They had conspired to destroy them, in order that they themselves might rule the island undisturbed. The Indians rose at once on the unsuspecting whites, and commenced an indiscriminate butchery. The French captains and merchants, whose luckless fortunes had exposed them to the mob, were massacred almost to a man. Gironniere succeeded in getting safe on board his ship, when, after being called to attend on a wounded American mate, he received news that one of the French captains, Drouant, was still on shore. There was a chance—barely a chance—that he might be saved. Gironniere hesitated not a moment. He threw himself into a boat; called on the ship's crew for volunteers, and at once set off for shore.

Arriving at the beach, the boat's crew were directed to lie off till signaled either by Gironniere himself or by Captain Drouant. In a short time the young surgeon came upon a crowd of several hundred Indians, and in their midst, Drouant, pale as a corpse, and about to receive the fatal blow from the uplifted kris of one of the natives. Gironniere rushed in and intercepted the blow.

"Run!" he cried, to Captain Drouant. "A boat is waiting for you. Quick, for your life!"

The astonished natives paused, and amidst their surprise the captain escaped. But now the crowd began to close around Gironniere; their eyes menaced him with deadly hatred, when, at this critical moment, a native soldier threw himself before the Frenchman, and with his musket beat back the crowd.

"Fly!" he said, to Gironniere. "You attended my wife without a fee. The debt is paid!"

Gironniere fled, and secreted himself till the following day, when the means were furnished him to return to the Cultivateur. It might be supposed that he would have embraced them without delay. But no; for just as he was to leave the shore, a billet was put into his hands, signed by all the captains in the harbor. It declared that, expecting every moment to be attacked by the Indians, they had decided to weigh anchor and get more offing. But two of their number had left on shore valuable property, and all their sails and water. They begged the surgeon to assist them, and placed a boat at his disposal. Gironniere decided to comply with the request. In vain his friends pointed out the inevitable fate to which he would expose himself.

"It is not merely a question of money," he said. "The very existence of these two crews depends upon my efforts."

"Go, then!" exclaimed his friends, at last, perceiving dissuasion useless. "If you are so foolhardy as to rush on certain death, you must proceed alone. We will accompany you no further."

Reckoning, with daring shrewdness, on the effect which a prompt courage would produce on the fickle disposition of the natives, now that their passions had in a degree subsided, Gironniere presented himself singly before them. The Indians were struck with admiration at his fearlessness. A few words acted on them like magic. They willingly agreed to fulfil his wishes. Two hundred laborers placed themselves under his command. Sails, provisions, water and merchandize were transported on board the

ships, and after a day of the most intense anxiety to Gironniere, the boat carried him aboard the Cultivateur insensible. Brandy and continued rubbing restored him to life, and the next day he was himself again. He now undertook to review his affairs, and found them certainly in no flattering condition. The venture of goods, in which he had invested the savings of years, had been destroyed on shore. All the estate which he possessed was summed up as follows: thirty-two dollars in cash, and the clothes upon his back. That is to say, excepting one hundred dollars owing to him from an English captain, who had hauled down to the entrance of the bay, thirty miles from Cavite. Thither Gironniere proceeded in a boat, and boarding the ship, asked for his money.

"I owe you none," was the sole satisfaction which he received. "Leave the ship, or I will have you thrown overboard!"

There was no remedy; for the Englishman was now where the law would not be able to reach him. So Gironniere returned from his bootless errand to console himself as only a Frenchman knows how. But the chapter of misfortune was not yet full. His ship was to remain a short time longer, and arranging that he should be informed in due season of her intended departure, Gironniere accompanied a friendly native on a short visit in the interior. The message was sent as agreed, but miscarried; and Gironniere reached the beach only to see the Cultivateur sinking gradually in the horizon. He stood for a while in deep reflection. At length his mind relieved itself in the following words: "I am the cleverest physician in the islands. I will return to Manila and practise my profession."

So saying, he faced about for the city. His capital had diminished to twenty-five dollars, also trowsers, a white jacket and a striped shirt. Not a large outfit for a young physician in one of the most luxurious and expensive cities of the East!

Nevertheless, there soon appeared a gleam of sunlight. For as he walked towards the city, perplexed as to how he might procure medical instruments and an attire somewhat more professional, he fell in with a young surgeon, an European like himself, who was about returning to his native country. To this new acquaintance Gironniere opened his mind.

"I can furnish you at a bargain," said the former.

And Gironniere presently acquired six good lancets and a coat, little the worse for wear, which fitted him somewhat, as the saying has it, "like a shirt on a handspike." This purchase left Gironniere the undisputed master of cash to the amount of one dollar. The sunlight had nearly faded. Even a Frenchman's mercurial eyes looked somewhat blank, perforce, at the prospect in view. Where should he pass the night? and on the morrow? Suddenly, the young surgeon bethought himself of a patient in prospective. He had heard of a Spanish captain, Don Juan de Perras, whom a certain casualty had made nearly blind. He would cure him. It would be a good start. So the sanguine adventurer inquired the captain's residence.

"Quien sabe? Don't know," was the universal reply; and it was not till after a tiresome quest that the stranger succeeded in his search. He found the captain applying a poultice to his eyes.

"Senor captain," said the young practitioner, as, taking off his *sombrero*, he delivered his errand, "I am a physician, and a skillful oculist. I am certain that I can cure you."

"Basta!" was the reply. "All the doctors in Manila are asses."

"Exactly so. That is the reason why I have come here. I am a Frenchman, senor captain; regularly educated at Nantes."

"A Frenchman! Ah! that is another matter. Well, take my eyes, senor medico, and do what you can with them."

"I am glad to hear you. But your eyes are in a very bad condition. To accomplish my purpose, it is necessary that, for the present, I should not leave you a moment."

"Cannot you, then, take up your residence with me for awhile?"

"Yes, but on one condition—that I pay for my board and lodging."

"It shall be as you please. All is ready. I will call my servant, and send him for your baggage."

Here was a situation! The baggage consisted of one white jacket, placed within the crown of the medico's hat. There was no escaping the crisis. The young doctor briefly explained his situation. Don Juan listened quietly till he finished, and then burst into a loud laugh. The young doctor trembled. His face was moist with perspiration. Was he supposed a cheat?

"Ha! ha! So much the better, then. So much the more necessary for you to cure me."

The young doctor wiped his brow. He breathed freely again. On examination, the captain's eyes were found to be in a terrible condition; a cancer had formed upon the right eye, and Gironniere informed his host that it would be necessary to remove that eye entirely. Don Juan, though at first astonished at the information, submitted himself to the surgeon. The painful operation was endured with success. The left eye, although in great peril from cancerous fibres, was preserved by careful skill, and in six weeks Don Juan was cured. Gironniere now anticipated, with much pleasure, the sensation which would be caused by the captain's reappearance before the public, from which he had long kept himself secluded. But to his disappointment and chagrin, Don Juan refused to show himself on the street.

"Why so obstinate?" entreated the surgeon. "Who will believe that you are cured? Though I have put black silk over the place of the missing eye, yet, when visitors come, you keep the shutters closed. They find you always in the dark; they give no credit to the story of your cure, and I suffer the consequences of their disbelief."

"Do you suppose," replied Don Juan, "that I am going to walk along the street and hear the women saying, 'There goes

Don Juan, the one-eyed?' No; I tell you I won't go out of doors till you are able to get me a glass eye from Paris."

"A glass eye from Paris! Why, sir, it will take eighteen months to do that."

"Very well, then. Here goes for eighteen months more."

Don Juan was immovable. As Gironniere could not afford to wait eighteen months for a favorable impression on the public, there appeared to him no resource but in attempting a glass eye himself. He tried again and again, and failed; but, at last, success crowned his efforts. A very fair imitation of the natural was produced, and, furnished to his mind, Don Juan presented himself on the street, bidding defiance to female critics. Gironniere's fortune was made. His fame was in every mouth. Money flowed in in abundance; and, best of all, fortune introduced him to the beautiful Marquesa de las Salinas, widow of nineteen, who shortly became his wife.

The loving couple now agreed to visit France. They only awaited the arrival of the *Acapulco*, which were to convey from Mexico the wife's fortune, amounting to near thirty thousand pounds sterling. One evening, the ships were telegraphed: next day they would be in; next day brought the ships, but not a dollar of the expected fortune—all was lost. Colonel Turbide, with a regiment of the line, had been put in charge of some five or six millions, including the fortune of Gironniere's young wife. As this treasure was on its way to San Blas, there to embark for Manila, the future *soi-disant* Emperor Turbide took possession of the money, and with his regiment fled from the jurisdiction of Mexico.

"My wife and I," says De la Gironniere, "bore the matter with pretty tolerable philosophy. The chief difference that it made was, that we were obliged to defer our return to France."

Not long after the date of this little episode, Gironniere took it into his head to purchase the peninsula of Jala-Jala, situated in the midst of the lake of Bay, in the interior of the island. Here, under sanction of the Spanish government, he established a little principality, where he reigned with the fair Anna as his queen, and dispensed law and religion among banditti, and Indians as wild as they. With admirable tact, he prosecuted his purpose. He built a hall of justice. He erected a church, in which a native curate swayed with ease the un-European minds of the rude children of the tropics.

And now, having followed our hero to the summit of prosperity, we must begin to think of leaving him in the enjoyment of his happiness. His romantic expeditions into the unexplored interior, his perils by banditti and hostile savages, the curious revelations of animal and vegetable life which the country afforded, the singular customs of different races and tribes, all these must be sought among the details of "Twenty Years in the Philippines."

Farewell, then, to Gironniere. And in finishing, we would say that we have been led to the consideration of these adventures by a double attraction. The life of a single person individualizes to us the connection between Europe and the torrid Indies, between the spicy East and Mexico, overflowing with silver and gold. A long gallery of historic pictures is opened to us by the force of association. The Manillas were discovered by Magellan, giving birth to bitter jealousies between the Spanish and the Portuguese, at that period the kings of maritime discovery. Then, as the checkered annals of the Indies flash quickly past, we see the old galleons which yearly voyaged, in like manner as now, from Manila to Acapulco and back. And we think of Drake, and Hawkins, and of the marvellous sea fights of the buccaneers, who were wont to throw themselves on the huge ships and conquer them at every hazard. The indomitable courage, the outrageously lawless and reckless spirit with which these outcasts from every nation swept the burning climes in which they dwelt; all these themes mingle in the varied recollections suggested by the voyage to Manila, and the transit thence to the port of Acapulco.

MILITARY PERFECTION.

We recently heard from the lips of one of the Board of Visitors at West Point a fact which illustrates the remarkable proficiency of the pupils of the institution, not only in their studies, but in the practical part of military duty. The annual examination this year lasted for seventeen days, and it is customary, at the close of each day, for the students to give a practical illustration of the sciences upon which they have been examined. Thus when the examination of the day was upon gunnery, there would be practice with guns at the close; military movements would be illustrated by the Cadets acting as a corps; and the art of horsemanship would be practically exemplified by exercises in the riding school, etc. On one day there had been an examination in engineering and road building, and the Board of Visitors were invited to proceed to the river at half-past five o'clock in the afternoon, to witness a practical illustration of the examination. At the word of command, the Cadets proceeded to construct a bridge from timbers prepared for the purpose, and in twenty-four minutes a bridge, one hundred and fifty feet long, extending into the Hudson, and resting on pontoons where the water was deep, had been put together and made passable for artillery and troops. The Cadets were then required to take up the bridge. The bridge was taken down, and the various timbers of which it was composed piled up in an orderly manner, so as to be ready to be put up again in an equally short space of time. This was accomplished in exactly nine minutes! Upon inquiry, it was ascertained that the bridge used upon this occasion was one which was in the train of General Scott, in his celebrated march to the city of Mexico.—*Boston Journal*.

LOVE OF EXCELLENCE.—Wherever I find a man despising the false estimates of the vulgar, and daring to aspire, in sentiments, language, and conduct, to what the highest wisdom through all ages has sanctioned as most excellent, to him I unite myself by a sort of necessary attachment; and, if I am so influenced by nature or destiny, that by no exertion or labors of my own I can attain to this summit of worth and honor, yet no powers of heaven or earth will hinder me from looking with affection and reverence upon those who have thoroughly attained this glory, or appear engaged in the successful pursuit of it.—*Milton*.

THE CHILD OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

We herewith present our readers with one of the most interesting portraits we have yet offered them, that of Miss Marian Divver, the adopted daughter of the Seventh Regiment, New York, Colonel Duryee, commander, a noble and world-renowned body of volunteer troops. The likeness is taken from a daguerreotype by Messrs. Masury & Silsbee, of this city, and drawn for the Pictorial by an eminent artist. The story of the "Fille du Regiment," is briefly as follows. Joseph A. Divver, the father of Miss Divver, city an alderman of the Fourth Ward of the Regiment New York, and adjutant of the Seventh Regiment of National Guards. When the Mexican war broke out, animated by the spirit of patriotism, he called so many of our finest men into the ranks, he disposed of a lucrative business, and accepted the commission of first lieutenant in Captain Duff's company of U. S. dragoons—regular army. Captain Duff died shortly after landing in Mexico, during the siege of Vera Cruz, and the command devolved upon Lieutenant Divver, who was present at almost every engagement between Vera Cruz and the capital. At the close of the war he obtained an honorable discharge, and returned to the city of New York, where he was again appointed adjutant of the Seventh Regiment. He held this office until his death, which occurred about a year after his return from Mexico. His soldierly and social qualities had endeared him to the officers and privates of the regiment, and to a large circle of his friends, by all of whom his death was severely felt. His comrades testified their friendship for him and their respect for his memory in the noblest manner. Directly after the death of the adjutant, Colonel Duryee called a meeting of his officers, and the result was the adoption of the orphan (Miss Divver's mother had died some years before) by the regiment—each man paying a certain sum annually for her support and education. From the time of her father's death she has been kept at the best schools, and is now receiving private instruction in the city of Brooklyn. The young lady is a proficient in all the branches of an English education, is well versed in music, and is quite determined that nothing shall be wanting on her part, to merit the approbation of her many fathers. On the 22d of last April, the regiment was called together for its annual exhibition drill at the city arsenal. A large number of ladies graced the occasion, which was destined to be one of more than ordinary interest. The drill exhibited the admirable proficiency of Colonel Duryee's command. We have ourselves seen a portion of this regiment under arms, and to us their drill appeared positive perfection. If it can be surpassed, we have yet to learn how, and by whom. Their alignment, their dress, their manual, their marching and firing, are deserving of the highest praise. The parade of this regiment is always an event, even in their native city, accustomed as it is to military displays. They occupy the entire width of the streets through which they pass, and present a most splendid and soldierly appearance. A New York contemporary remarks: "We have seen the best troops of England, of France, of Germany, and of Russia, on their grand field days, and we have seen their firings, and we are free to confess, without any desire to puff the Seventh Regiment, that their firing was equal to those best of best troops, and the firing of those best troops did not surpass the firing of the Seventh Regiment. That which is perfect cannot be surpassed—and the firing of the Seventh Regiment was perfect. It would be foolish in us to say



THE CHILD OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, NEW YORK.

what this regiment would do on the field of battle, as no regiment can be known until it has been baptized in fire. From some personal knowledge of several officers and men, we believe that they possess all the attributes—that high sense of duty and that military moral so difficult to instill into a body of men—in sufficient force to stimulate them to the performance of any deed that the nation might expect from the courage and address of its soldiers. The drilling of the Seventh Regiment proves one thing—that stiffness is not necessary to the physique of the soldier; that being bandaged in uncouth, torturing accoutrements is altogether unnecessary, and only retards the action as it destroys the physical freedom of the animal anatomy of the man. It proves also, drilled as the Seventh Regiment now is, the preeminent superiority over all others in the simplicity of General Scott's mode of instructing the soldier. In no other city in the world could a more highly respectable body of young men be found associated together for military purposes, to serve the state, than the gentlemen comprising this regiment. Everything pertaining to it partakes of a private individual and a high national tone. Boasting of more than a common share of intelligence, it shows to the world what an

ambitious, free people can accomplish, if their pride or indignation be aroused. In Colonel Duryee, the commandant, the regiment boasts of and is proud of the true soldier, the accomplished gentleman, and the true American." After the exercises of the regiment were over on the occasion above referred to, the corps was formed in a hollow square, to the centre of which the colonel led forward the adopted daughter of the regiment, and with a few appropriate and feeling remarks, introduced her to her protectors. She is a beautiful child of thirteen, with graceful and engaging manners. Her appearance was hailed by the regiment with expressions of the most heartfelt pleasure, and she was introduced by the colonel to, and shook hands with every man in the command, and all of them wished her health, happiness and long life. The ladies present could not restrain their joyful tears of sympathy. At the conclusion of the presentation, the child was conducted to the centre of the hollow square, the colonel kissed his protégée, and amid the long roll of drums and the waving of ladies' handkerchiefs the interesting ceremony ended. We cannot close this notice without mentioning another instance of the generous and good feeling which pervades the regiment. During the recent encampment of the Seventh Regiment at Kingston, on the last day's drill, a ball cartridge accidentally got into one of the muskets, and a lady with a child in her arms was shot. There was to be a grand regimental ball that evening, and thousands had come from great distances to participate in the festivities. It was intended to be the most brilliant affair ever got up in this country, but after this sad occurrence, the regiment voted unanimously to forego all their anticipated pleasure. Moreover, fifteen hundred dollars were raised on the spot and placed to the credit of the wounded lady, while the regiment became responsible for all the expenses of her illness, and stand ready to support her, if necessary, for the remainder of her life. The example of this regiment shows how gracefully the refined feelings and sympathies of the citizen may be blended with the chivalric character of the soldier, and it is of itself a reply to those slanderers who have made our militia the target for their envenomed arrows. The daughter of the Seventh Regiment is a living rebuke to the opponents of our military system, and a triumphant exhibition of the spirit of generous rivalry in benevolent action.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, COLD SPRING.

The accompanying engraving, drawn for the Pictorial on the spot, represents the pretty church at Cold Spring, Putnam Co., N. Y., on the Hudson River. It is situated at the southern extremity of the village, on a headland jutting into the Hudson, commanding an extensive view of "Old Fort Putnam," West Point, Warner's Island, and of the delightful river and mountain scenery of the northern section of the "Highlands." It was first built by Rev. Philip O'Reilly, many years ago, and afterwards improved and enlarged by Rev. Dr. Villanis. It is a solid brick building, of the Roman style of architecture. The plan is cruciform. The main building is seventy-eight feet in length, by forty in width, and twenty-seven in height. At the west end of the church are two commodious galleries, the former of which serves as an organ loft, and is furnished with an suitable and fine-toned organ. The ornaments of the sanctuary are of a chaste and beautiful character, and the whole arrangement displays great judgment.



ST. MARY'S CHURCH, AT COLD SPRING, ON THE HUDSON, NEW YORK.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAOE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TAPOTAPATHY.

This is a new practice brought out by Dr. Engelstroem. It consists in *whipping* the patient until he can no longer squeal, cry, swear or offer any resistance; in fact, until the thoroughly flagellated sick man becomes insensible to pain, and considers the beating pleasurable. Then the patient is convalescent, and in the high road to health.—*Exchange*.

This is a very old practice, but not much employed, from the extreme difficulty of bringing the patient to the point at which the flagellation is pleasurable. Some persons are so obstinate as never to acknowledge they have reached it. The czar of Russia administers this remedy on a large scale—allopathic doses of knout being dealt out with an unsparing hand. Yet no man nor woman (for the knout is administered to both) ever "asked for more," like Oliver Twist. The emperor of China, also, is an extensive dealer in the Engelstroem nostrum. There is a perpetual round of flogging in China, in which each class gets its share—the bamboo never resting night and day. This system has been in operation a couple of thousand years, and yet the "patients" are still so benighted as to think it very poor fun. We have no idea that Dr. Engelstroem's practice will prove a lucrative one.

MESSRS. MEADE BROTHERS.—One of these gentlemen, the eminent daguerreotype and photographic artists of New York, has just returned from Paris, bringing with him a splendid assortment of photographic pictures taken by himself. Among them is a set taken by Mr. Meade expressly for our Pictorial, including portraits of Madame Rachel, the great French, and Signora Ristori, the distinguished Italian tragediennes, likenesses of other eminent persons, views of noteworthy monuments, interiors, and works of art, which we will present from time to time to our patrons. The Messrs. Meade stand in the first rank of their profession, as all can testify who have examined their productions, or visited their splendid gallery in New York city.

HARD TIMES.—We have just passed through a season of hard times, but our ancestors had harder times during the Revolution. Mrs. John Adams wrote at that period, "I blush whilst I give you a price current. All meat from a dollar to eight shillings a pound; corn, twenty-five dollars—rye, thirty per bushel; flour, 200 dollars per hundred pounds; potatoes, ten dollars a bushel, etc." The dollars referred to were the depreciated continental currency.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.—No man can long continue a reader of the Pictorial without becoming aware of its intrinsic worth, and conscious that his mind has been enriched by the perusal of its pages.—*Eagle, Vinton, Iowa*.

SPLINTERS.

.... There is a library of American books at Paris, numbering 10,000 volumes. Vatteaire was active in getting it up.

.... The emigrant runners have made great disturbances about the regulations of the emigrant depot at Castle Garden, N. Y.

.... At Saratoga Springs, Robert Halsey was lately robbed of \$10,000 in money and \$75,000 in diamonds.

.... Duelling is getting fashionable again in California. Pistols and small swords for two, are not uncommon orders there.

.... Elsworth, who walked a thousand miles in a thousand hours at Cambridge, repeated the feat at Sacramento.

.... Mr. Pierce, of South Boston, was lately severely kicked by a horse. Give a horse's heels a wide berth, always.

.... The watering-places are closing up their accounts. Rather too cool for dips in the briny element now.

.... John Wilson, the murderer, will be executed in the Suffolk county jail-yard, October 5th.

.... The salaries of the Rachel troupe will amount to about \$130,000. Rachel must draw well to pay them.

.... Col. Kinney is fairly established in Nicaragua, with his peaceful colony. We shall see what comes next.

.... The political prisoners at Naples, whose offence is patriotism, are treated like dogs rather than men.

.... The gay season has set in. Fiddlers and dancers are already at work, and pumps and partners are in demand.

.... A man was fined lately \$2 for taking an apple worth one cent. It was the principle involved, not the value.

.... Frederick Tudor, Esq., in 1805, exported the first cargo of ice ever shipped from this country.

.... A swallow lately flew into Rev. Mr. Skinner's church, of Boston, during service, and circled over the congregation.

.... Another girl in pantaloons lately appeared before one of our judicial tribunals. Where's Mrs. Bloomer?

.... A boy in Edgartown lately caught a bass weighing forty-five pounds. Its sale yielded him several "shiners."

.... It is said to be a fact that in British East India judicial torture is still applied to prisoners on trial.

.... The hemp crop of Missouri does not turn out as well as usual. Many rogues will breathe freer at this news.

.... Fifty-four barrels of peas lately arrived at a coffee-grinding establishment in Buffalo. Pure Mocha—of course!

.... A great linguist from a London Ragged School went to the Crimea as an interpreter, and often dined with Lord Raglan.

.... Three hands, discharged from the N. Y. Central Railroad, were lately arrested for the crime of throwing off a train.

.... The crops at the Sandwich Islands were magnificent this year—enough for the ample supply of the inhabitants.

NATURAL HISTORY.—INSECTS.

The splendid engraving which occupies the whole of our last page, was drawn for us by the same artist who has heretofore adorned our pages with his magnificent illustrations of natural history, and has been engraved in a style to which we invite particular attention. Below we enumerate the subjects of this interesting picture. No. 1, the Hornet, a much dreaded insect, is usually found in the woods, where it builds its nest in the hollows of trees, or it often occupies an old, deserted house or workshop. It feeds on other insects, and even attacks, vanquishes and devours the Wasp (No. 2), the paper-maker of the insect tribes. The paper of which the Wasps construct their nests is coarse, but still it is genuine paper manufactured from the fibres of decaying wood, which the insect gnaws off, mashes with its teeth, and then spreads to harden. These formidable little fellows may have suggested the substitute for linen and cotton which some of our paper-makers have recently employed. No. 3, the Stag-Beetle, is the largest of all the British insects. It is harmless to man, and only uses its formidable jaws to break the tender bark of trees, that it may feed on the exuding sap. No. 4, the Dor-Beetle, is distinguished by the dull humming sound it makes as it goes its rounds in the dusk of the evening. When captured, it simulates death to escape it. No. 5, the Cock-Chaffer, does great mischief in the spring by gnawing the roots of tender plants. The birds, however, are pretty vigilant, and destructive foes of these insects. No. 6 is the Queen Bee. The habits of this insect are pretty generally known. No insects are worthier of study than bees—models of ingenuity, industry and order, as they are. No. 7, the Drone, the antipodes of the working-bee, is faithfully delineated. No. 8 is the Working-Bee, the faithful subject of his sovereign, the industrious architect both of the store-rooms and the stores they contain. No. 9 is the common Humble-Bee, or Bumble-Bee, as country children, who narrowly watch his goings and comings, and frequently trap him in a squash or pumpkin blossom, term this active insect. No. 10, the Ichneumon Fly, is a deadly enemy to caterpillars, those pests of the orchard and fruit garden. There are several varieties of this fly. They do not, as most other insects, deposit their eggs on vegetable or dead animal substances, but they actually bore holes in other insects, while they are still in the larva state, and leave the eggs to hatch in their living receptacle. No. 11, the Ox or Gad-Fly, deposits its eggs under the skin of cattle, where they remain till they are fit to pass into the pupa state, when they bury themselves in the ground, and after a few days emerge perfect, to be the terror and scourge of the ruminating animals. No. 12 is the common Fly. No. 13 is the clouded yellow Butterfly, a truly beautiful insect. Butterflies belong to the class of Haustellate insects, so called because they suck their nutriment through an apparatus which resembles the trunk of an elephant. Butterflies and moths belong to the first order—Lepidoptera, a name given them because their wings are covered with myriads of minute scales, by which their splendid coloring is produced. No. 14, the swallow-tailed Butterfly, is a very elegant specimen. The color of its wings is black, variegated with yellow markings, and near the extremity of each hinder wing is a circular red spot, surmounted by a crescent of blue, and the whole surrounded by a black ring. No. 15, the silver-spotted Fritillary, is remarkable for the appearance of the under-surface of the wings, which look as if they had been ornamented with burnished silver leaf. No. 16, the swallow-tailed Moth, is a very large insect. The color is a pale yellow, with transverse stripes of deeper yellow running across the wings. It derives its name from the shape of the hinder wings. No. 17, the Tiger-Moth, runs with such swiftness on the ground that it is often mistaken for a mouse. Its colors vary considerably; the throat is usually brown, and the body red, with stripes of black; the anterior wings are cream-colored, spotted with brown, and the hinder wings bright red, with blue-black spots. No. 18, the Red Admiral, is a gorgeous Butterfly with jet-black wings, relieved by a broad band of scarlet, the edges being tipped with crescent-shaped patches of blue. No. 19, the Death's-Head Moth, derives its gloomy name from the markings of the thorax, which give it the appearance of a skull and cross-bones. No. 20, the Dragon-Fly, is a fierce, voracious, active and powerful insect, devouring flies, spiders and butterflies with indiscriminate avidity. They have been known to eat flies even after having been cut in two. The head is furnished with a set of organs called the mask, which is capable of extension, and the use of which is to seize the prey and press it to the mouth. The Mole-Cricket (No. 21) is so called from its burrowing in the ground to lay its eggs. The front legs also resemble those of the mole. No. 22 is the female Silk-Worm. No. 23 is the Garden Spider, called the Geometrical Spider from the mathematical regularity of its web, each thread of which is composed of many thousand lines, spun from a gummy substance, secreted in an apparatus called the Spinneret. No. 24, the Burying-Beetle, is so called from its habit of burying any small dead animal left on the surface of the ground, the object of which is to furnish food for its young, the eggs of which are deposited in the animal during the process of its inhumation. No. 25 is the Musk-Beetle, a large insect, which emits a peculiar perfume, something like that of roses. No. 26, the Locust, is one of the greatest pests of the warm regions of the globe. They appear sometimes in vast armies, devouring every green thing in the regions over which they sweep. No. 27, the Ground-Beetle, is distinguished for its beautiful green color. It is a small insect, not exceeding one inch in length.

WILLIAM HOWITT.—This favorite author did not make money at the Australian gold diggings, but he has made a book about them which will sell. Howitt is not successful in a pecuniary light. He went through the Court of Bankruptcy a few years since.

SEPTEMBER.

Though we are fallen upon what the poet calls the "melancholy days—the saddest of the year," we cannot take a gloomy view of this, the herald month of autumn. It is to us a golden period. What if the frost touch the tender herbage—what if the summer birds have carried to other lands the gladness of their songs—the skies are still bright, the air is pure and bracing, and the blood courses merrily through the veins in an elastic current. Mind and body are both in a better condition than during the summer heats. Mosquitoes have disappeared—flies are innocuous and easily slain. You can exchange civilities with a dog without incurring the danger of hydrophobia. Why should we mourn over the inevitable decay of the beautiful?

"All that's fair must fade,
The fairest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.
Stars that shine to fall—
The flower that droops at springing—
These, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging."

Autumn never appeared to us like the stricken battle-field of nature—but rather like the most gorgeous carnival, with the various trees for masqueraders in fancy costumes of every imaginable hue. The carnival passed, they lay aside every ornament and pass their cold lenten season in a condition of repose. But we know that life and joy linger in their hearts—that they are economizing their forces for another season, when each silent actor in the pageant will appear brighter and more beautiful than ever. If this chill autumn seems unkind to inanimate things, it deals more generously by the human intellect. It opens the season for mental exertion—for mental toil, pleasures and triumph, that the lecture-room, the library, the study and the laboratory will witness. Those climes where "ceaseless summer smiles," figure very prettily in poetry and romance, but the mind of man is dwarfed just in proportion as the forms of nature expand; and we would rather at this moment be striding over the breezy hills of New England with our free thoughts for companions, than be lounging in a hammock in the tropics, subjected to the enervating influences of a torrid heat.

"OUR WAY ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS, HO!"—Mr. Macomber is progressing rapidly with his carriage road up Mount Washington—an enterprise which, considering its private character, vies with Napoleon's road over the Simplon. It will be completed next season, and, of course, such facilities will greatly increase the number of visitors to the "monarch of mountains."

DIAMONDS.—Mons. Jacquelin of Paris, reduced diamonds to coke. Slunderers attempt the same process with the purest characters, but with only temporary success. Character may be blackened, but the very fire that at first darkens, ultimately restores it to its pristine brilliancy. A good name is less destructible than adamant itself.

REFORMERS.—The usual charge brought against reformers is that they go too far. John Neal explains this fact by saying: "To clear a ditch, the man of prudence will jump a little further than just far enough."

SILENCE.—Silence alone is a powerful weapon. An Arabic proverb says: "Silence is often an answer." Yes, and an eloquent one.

KEATS'S EPITAPH.—The epitaph poor Keats desired to be placed on his tombstone is the most melancholy on record: "Here lies one whose name is writ in water."

"Boz."—Charles Dickens has been lately amusing himself with private theatricals. He is one of the best actors living, and would make a fortune at the public boards.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—This popular and wonderfully cheap monthly is outstripping all similar publications in its circulation. Mr. Ballou has large experience in periodical literature, and makes a most admirable work.—*Boston Daily Mail*.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. Thomas Itanney, of New York, to Miss Emily B. Baxter, of South Boston; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. George C. Munson to Miss Harriet M. Augustus; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Ahly C. Parker, of Eastport, Me., to Miss Martha S. Turner; by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. William Crompton, of Calais, Me., to Miss Louisa Bailey; by Rev. Mr. Randall, Mr. Augustus T. Cramer to Miss Mary Ann Nichols; by Rev. Mr. Porter, Mr. Sylvester Stevens to Miss Harriet O. Leach; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Darwin F. Bartlett to Miss Mary J. Call—At Roxbury, by Rev. Dr. Wayland, Mr. Adolph Otto to Miss Margaret Lowrey, both of Boston—At East Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. McCurdy, Mr. Benjamin F. Bart to Miss Sarah Eaton.—At Neponset, by Rev. Mr. Barrows, Mr. Horatio N. Glover, Jr. to Miss Ann Augusta Holbrook—At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Dean, Mr. James Edwards, Jr. to Miss Abigail Bailey.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Studley, Mr. James Kilgore, of Dedrick, Wis., to Miss Mary Jane Lovett.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Dwight, Mr. John M. Chase to Miss Elizabeth M. Brookings.—At San Francisco, Mr. Benjamin Bailey, of Boston, to Miss Sarah M. Patterson, of Hobart Town; Mr. David N. Hawley to Miss Grace Dunbar, daughter of E. Bigelow, Esq., of Charlestown, Mass.—At London, Eng., Mr. Charles S. Blake, of Boston, Mass., to Miss Katherine Phillips, adopted daughter of Edward Clarke, Esq., of Northampton, Mass.

DEATHS.

In this city, Capt. Andrews Blanchard, 71; Mr. John R. Fitzgerald, 28; Mrs. Ruth Neville, formerly of Framingham, 72; Miss Grace Flagg, formerly of Waltham, 76.—At Charlestown, Mr. William Henry Arnold, 22; Miss Mary Alden, 20.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Jennie C. wife of Mr. J. H. Bowman, 29.—At Brookline, Mrs. Nancy F. wife of Mr. Charles Stearns, 82.—At Quincy, Mrs. Honora, wife of Mr. Daniel Collins, 35.—At Malden, Widow Hannah Marie Soils, late of Lexington, 65.—At Lexington, John Sullivan, Esq., 72.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Mary Haskell, 81.—At Holmes's Hole, Mrs. Polly West, 72.—At Holden, Widow Eunice Estabrook, 81.—At Springfield, Mr. Seth Andrews, 33.—At West Falmouth, Mr. Benjamin Crowell, 26.—At Manchester, N. H., Miss Ellen Byrnes, 30.—At Gorham, Me., Jacob Colum, Esq., formerly of Newburyport, 76.—At Rockland, Me., Miss Ann B. Hills, 22.—At Bath, Me., John Richardson, Esq., a native of Leominster, Mass., 85.—At Bangor, Me., Michael Harris, recently of Canton, Mass., 77.—At Bowdoinham, Me., Capt. Robert Patten, 43.—At Montpelier, Vt., Mrs. Euphama Ware, of Boston, 52.—At Peabody, Vt., Hon. John W. Chandler, 88.—At Killingworth, Conn., Mrs. Mary Norton, 97.—At New Haven, Conn., Widow Ruth Hotchkiss.—At New Orleans, Mr. Alexander G. Brown, of Nantucket, 35.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Among the recent appointments from civil life to the army, Charles H. Webber, A. S. Coolidge, Henry A. Sargent, and Edmund Freeman, of Massachusetts, as Second Lieutenants, are mentioned. — Sir Walter Scott said he knew a man who remembered that the London post-bag once came to Edinburgh with one letter in it. One can fancy the solemn conscientious elaborateness with which a person would write, with the notion that his letter would have a whole coach and a whole bag to itself, and travel two hundred miles alone, the exclusive object of a red guard's care. — A monster shark, weighing some 700 pounds, was caught off Great Point, Nantucket, lately, by a party of gentlemen on a pleasure excursion. — During the recent election at Paducah, Kentucky, a man accidentally fell into the river and was drowned. Political excitement was very high at the time, and the only anxiety expressed by any one in regard to the unfortunate occurrence was to ascertain to which party the defunct had belonged, and whether he had voted. — A lad in Shrewsbury, Vt., while leading a horse to water, fastened the halter around his body, when the horse took fright and ran a third of a mile; the boy was killed, and his body awfully mangled. — Lynn is not more famous for shoes, than Troy is for collars and bosoms. There are fifteen of these establishments in Troy, and it is estimated that they turn out, on an average, 50,000 collars per day. One establishment employs forty sewing machines, worked by as many young ladies, who easily turn off fifteen dozen per day, and it is said they can readily earn from \$9 to \$10 per week. — George N. Bigelow, of Clinton, has been appointed principal of the Framingham normal school, in place of Eben S. Stearns, resigned. — The New York Journal of Commerce notes, that at our arsenals, the manufacture of small arms (\$10,000,000 worth of which we are said to have on hand) is suspended until it is ascertained what are the last Prussian and French improvements, experimenting with which is going on by Col. Huger, of the Ordnance. — Moses T. Cromwell has been appointed keeper of the three beacons (lights) at Holmes's Hole, Mass., at \$400 a year. — The "steam whistle" is formed of two cups, placed one above the other, and opening towards one another. The lower cup is nearly filled by a ball or gland, so as to leave a narrow opening of 1-32 inch in width, around the edge of the cup; the upper cup is hollow, and its lower edge is about one inch from the lower cup. By admitting steam through a valve to the lower cup, it escapes through the opening and impinges against the edge of the inverted cup; this produces the sound. The heaviest whistles are six inches in diameter. — Peter Klein, just dead in France, lived fifty years after a bullet had been put in his head at Austerlitz. — The official returns show that 13,825,730 acres of public land have been sold during the year ending the 30th of June last, and for this there has been received in cash and scrip, the sum of \$10,570,386. The sales are exclusive of the bounty land warrant locations. — The "Shanghai drill" at the fort on Old Point Comfort, Va., is ludicrous in the extreme. It is performed by the recruits bracing their arms up against their bodies, and rapidly raising their legs as if they were at work in a tread-mill. The object aimed at is to train soldiers for ascending mountains and declivities of any kind. By practising in this way, it is said they are enabled successfully to compete with the horse in running up hill. — The Yarmouth Register states that good progress has been made in improving the Cape Cod roads. Its fish don't need improving. — It is stated that a deputation from the Shaker village of Lebanon, New York, visited Randall's Island, lately, and by permission of the Ten Governors, selected twenty children (eleven boys and nine girls), to be taken to Lebanon, and there brought up as Shakers. — It has lately been found that water saturated with lime produces in bread the same whiteness, softness and capacity of retaining moisture, as results from the use of alum; while the former removes all acidity from the dough, and supplies an ingredient needed in the structure of the bones, but which is deficient in the *cerelia*.

INSTRUMENTS OF WAR.—The Liverpool Times says that the first gun for the English steamer *Horatio* is nearly finished, and will be ready for trial in a short time. It will weigh with its carriage fifty tons. According to the estimates which have been made of its capabilities, it will throw a shot of half a ton weight a distance of four miles. Two and a quarter barrels of gunpowder, or two hundred and twenty-five pounds, will be required for a single charge. If such guns as these are ever brought into practical and successful operation, they will make little of the walls and fortresses of engineering skill.

SELF-MADE MEN.—There are self-made men in other localities besides the United States. The seven brothers forming the firm of "Messrs. Baird," of the Gartsherrie Iron Works, in the central iron district of Scotland, have purchased estates within the last five years of the total value of £955,000. These gentlemen have been the architects of their own fortunes; they were the sons of a respectable farmer, and inherited but small portions. Now they are among the largest iron manufacturers in the world.

WESTERN NAVIGATION.—Sixty-three steamers and fifty-two flats, barges and canal boats, involving property to the amount of one million four hundred and two thousand six hundred dollars, have been lost on our western rivers during the last six months. Of the steamers, thirty-five were snagged, thirteen burned, and nine destroyed by collision.

A QUESTIONABLE TITLE.—A lawyer in Portland, Me., lately moved into an office that had been vacated by a religious newspaper; and upon the door is still seen, under his name, the extremely inappropriate words, "Zion's Advocate."

Wayside Gatherings.

The amount in the Treasury at Washington on the 23d ult., was \$18,600,000.

The Germania Musical Society, with Carl Bergmann at their head, are re-united for a short time, at Newport.

Mrs. W. R. Goodall, formerly Miss Riley, of Boston, made her first appearance on any stage at the Bowery, lately, as Jane Chatterly.

In Patterson, N. J., Rev. S. Dutton, a colored preacher of the Baptist denomination, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor.

Mr. Ogden Hoffman, attorney general of New York, has transmitted an opinion to the capital that the liquor law is in substance "unconstitutional."

Paul Julien is concertizing in the Canadas, while his female compeer, Camilla Urso, is in New York, without an engagement and really in want. The Musical Gazette asks—"Cannot something be done for this really talented girl?"

Those who value exact and definite ideas of things will learn with pleasure that Daily, an English mathematician, has found the weight of the world to be 1,256,195,675,000,000,000,000,000 tons avoirdupois.

The Halifax Journal learns that all the money necessary for the construction of the projected Nova Scotia railways can be obtained in London on favorable terms. The Rothschilds are named as the principal parties willing to advance the means.

It having been ascertained that many beautiful photographs fade and become blanks, the matter has been taken up by scientific photographers, and Prince Albert has contributed fifty pounds to aid in defraying the expenses attending the necessary inquiries.

Colonel Charles Russell Thompson, the last surviving grandson of Colonel William Thompson, who commanded the forces stationed at the east end of Sullivan's Island, in the ever memorable battle of the 28th of June, 1776, died lately in Charleston, S. C.

Three cases of bronze statuary, comprising the statues of Jefferson and Patrick Henry, with bas reliefs, wrought for the State of Virginia, by Mr. Crawford, arrived at New York, recently, in the barque *Theresa*, on their way to Richmond, Virginia.

An Irishman was detected in Lawrence, Mass., a few nights since, girdling and mutilating the shade trees on the Common. He was arrested and carried before Judge Stevens, who sentenced him to twelve months imprisonment in the House of Correction.

Edinburg surgeons say that they are guided in avoiding danger to life from the use of chloroform in surgical cases, not by its effect on the pulse, but by the state of the breathing; they cease the administration of the vapor when the breathing becomes difficult.

The court house in Taylor county, Virginia, was lately struck by lightning, while the court was in session, and one person killed and several others injured. The person killed was the Rev. Hezekiah Dunham, a young minister who had recently been ordained over the Baptist Church in Prunytown.

Hickory nut oil, considered equal to the best lard or sperm oil for burning and machinery, is now manufactured in Dayton, Ohio. The oil remains in a fluid state at a very low temperature, and it does not "gum" like the ordinary oils. It is used in very delicate machinery.

Mr. G. N. Briggs, of Smithfield, R. I., but now in California, has invented a steamboat wheel, the paddles of which are moveable, and are so made as to stand perpendicular so long as they are in the water; the invention has been examined and approved by a number of mechanics.

The new metal, aluminum, is now said to be an unquestioned conquest of science, and may be produced in any quantity for three dollars a pound. Further improvements are expected to reduce its cost to fifty cents, when it will naturally replace iron in many household and familiar utensils.

A Rochester paper states that Mr. Ely S. Parker, a civil engineer of some note, who has recently been employed upon the canals of New York, has been called to Norfolk, Va., on professional duties. Mr. Parker is the chief of all that remains of one of the tribes of Indians who formed the Six Nations—the Senecas.

A new secret society, it is said, has been organized in Philadelphia. The object is neither political nor religious; the purpose is simply to obtain a drink of the "ardent," in spite of the law, on Sunday. A headquarters has been established in a subterranean place, and regular signs and pass-words have been devised.

A triumph of manufacturing skill and ingenuity has been achieved at the Tredegar Iron Works, Monmouthshire. A railway bar was rolled 60 feet in length, all in one piece; and advancing from this success, a second bar has been rolled 85 feet 2 inches long, 75 lbs. to the yard, weighing altogether 2130 lbs. It is now astonishing visitors to the Exhibition at Paris.

New Bedford, the richest city in the world, in proportion to its population, numbers among its heavy tax-payers twenty-nine who are worth \$100,000 each, four worth \$200,000, a lady worth \$300,000, one man who has \$600,000, one worth \$800,000, two worth \$1,000,000, and any number that can show from \$10,000 to \$100,000.

Bismuth has been discovered in Shelby county, Kentucky. The metal is very brittle and fusible, and exhibits by the blow-pipe the genuine characteristics of bismuth. It readily dissolves in concentrated nitric acid to a clear solution. Muriatic acid acts but feebly upon it. The solution in nitric acid results in nearly pure bismuth, with only some slight traces of zinc and iron.

A gentleman in Seneca Falls, New York, last spring planted some Lima beans. Not being provided with poles, he supplied their place by planting in each hill sunflowers, trimming up the stalks, so that it served the purpose of a pole. For a time all went on well, till, at length, the sunflower growing so much faster than the beans, the latter were absolutely drawn up by the roots.

Balfé, it is said, is to assume the *baton* at the next season of the New York Academy; probably the truth is that negotiations have been opened with him. Signor Arditi has finished the second act of a new opera, the Italian libretto of which is based upon Cooper's novel, *The Spy*. The whole opera is expected to be ready for the next season.

The laws of Massachusetts impose a penalty of one thousand dollars upon all agents of foreign insurance companies who issue policies without having complied with the statutes of the State. The above fine is imposed for each offence, one-half of the sum recovered goes to the person furnishing the information, and the balance to the commonwealth.

Charles Matthews is said to be engaged at the City of London Theatre at the almost fabulous salary of one hundred and fifty pounds per week. This is the same Charles Matthews who, not long since, in answer to a question propounded to him by the Commissioners of Bankruptcy, said that, "with strict economy, he thought he could live on £10,000 a year."

Foreign Items.

The Berlin sculptor, Heidel, has just completed four colossal statues of Galileo, Cartesius, Ottavio von Guericke, and Newton, for the Mineralogical Museum.

It is said that it is intended to establish *monts de piété* (official government pawnbroker's establishments) in Constantinople, in order to do away with the awful scourge of usury which desolates Turkey.

Letters from the English army before Sebastopol relate the hanging of a Greek, who informed the Russians that a storming party would attack that city on the 18th June, at 3 A. M., and thus caused the allies to be defeated.

Leverrier is about to determine the difference of longitude between the observatories of Brussels and Paris by telegraph; when accomplished, it will be a test of the accuracy of the determination already made between these two places and Greenwich.

Vice Admiral Dreuger, of the Swedish navy, has invented an instrument by which the force of the winds can be measured with great facility, and with the utmost exactitude; and, by order of the King of Sweden, it is to be exhibited in the Universal Exhibition of Paris.

In return for the splendid present sent by the Queen of Spain to the Pope, his holiness has sent her the skeleton of St. Felix the martyr. The value of the gift, however, has been much diminished by the disclosure that Spain has already two veritable skeletons of the same saint!

A relic of the Irish Parliament is found in the recent death of John McCintock, of Drumeau, in the county of Louth, Ireland formerly sergeant-at-arms in the Irish House of Commons, for the loss of which office he has been in receipt of a pension of £5000 a year for upwards of half a century.

The King of Sardinia has indicated by decree the suppression of 335 monasteries, inhabited by 4125 monks and 1473 nuns. Some other religious orders are preserved, including 863 monks and 1699 nuns. The monks and nuns of the suppressed orders will continue to live each in common, and each will receive during life a pension net of £500—i. e., each suppressed monastery will receive this amount.

Sands of Gold.

.... Good is never more effectually performed than when it is produced by slow degrees.—*De Moya*.

.... In France, one cannot triumph unless every one is crowned in the person of the victor.—*Balzac*.

.... Men's judgments are a parcel of their fortunes; and things outward do draw the inward quality after them to suffer all alike.—*Shakespeare*.

.... If we did but know how little some enjoy of the great things that they possess, there would not be much envy in the world.—*Young*.

.... It is certain that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company.—*Shakespeare*.

.... There is a certain lively gratitude which not only acquits us of the obligations we have received, but, by paying what we owe them, makes our friends indebted to us.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

.... Good-breeding is the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them.—*Chesterfield*.

.... The great commit almost as many meannesses as the low; but they commit them in the dark, and make a parade of their virtues: they remain great. Little men unfold their virtues in the shade, and expose their wretchedness to the light: they are despised.—*Balzac*.

.... Men, by associating in large masses—as in camps and in cities—improve their talents, but impair their virtues, and strengthen their minds, but weaken their morals; thus, a retrocession in the one is too often the price they pay for a refinement in the other.—*Colton*.

.... Dress has a moral effect upon the conduct of mankind. Let any gentleman find himself with dirty boots, old surtout, soiled neckcloth, and a general negligence of dress, he will in all probability find a corresponding disposition to negligence of address.—*Sir Jonah Barrington*.

Joker's Budget.

Jellaby says that Jack is a mean and impudent fellow, always cutting his best friends. Jellaby means Jack-knife. What a fellow Jellaby is, though.

Hope, the New York liquor dealer, advertises his stock to be sold at auction.

"Hope for a season bids the earth farewell."

Why is the Duke of Cambridge like a wandering mender of kettles and pans who has left off business? Because he was once a tinker man (at Lukermann.)

The most laconic will on record is that of a man who died in 1792. It ran thus: "I have nothing; I owe a great deal—the rest I give to the poor."

An indiscreet man confided a secret to another, and begged him not to repeat it. "It's all right," was the reply; "I will be as close as you were."

A female school teacher in her advertisement, stated that she was "complete mistress of her own tongue." "If that's the case," said a caustic old bachelor, "she can't ask too much for her services."

After the first representation of Voltaire's "Orestes," Madame Luxembourg sent the author four pages of criticisms on his piece. He contented him with replying in a simple line—"Madame, Orestes is not spelt with an H."

A physician ordered one of his patients to drink Seidlitz waters. The man made up a wry face at the suggestion. "It is only the first glass that is unpleasant," said the doctor. "Very well, then," answered the sick man, "I'll only drink two second."

The following advertisement appeared in the London Times: "A young lady who has received a good education, can read and write, and is versed in geography, history, music, dancing and elementary mathematics, wishes a situation in a respectable family as a washer and ironer."

A gentleman talking very loudly to the Prince de Guéméné against Cardinal Richelieu—"Take care," said the prince; "here are some of his creatures who might hear you." The person alluded to were poor people who came to receive their usual allowances.

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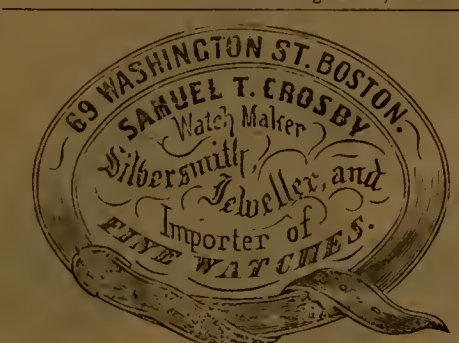
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BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1855.

\$3.00 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IX., No 10.—WHOLE No. 218.
6 CENTS SINGLE.

UNION CLUB HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY.

The engraving below, drawn and executed expressly for us, represents the beautiful new club house, corner of the 5th Avenue and 21st Street, New York. It is three stories high, without counting the basement and attic. The building extends 64 feet on 5th Avenue, and 120 feet on 21st Street, the entrance being in the centre of the front on the latter street. From a vestibule, after entering, you perceive two spacious halls running at right angles with each other, with graceful arcades, the whole painted in harmonious colors. The grand staircase opposite the entrance is of black walnut, highly polished. The reading-room is 22 by 59 feet, and the drawing-room, a magnificent apartment, 34 by 56 feet, is at the opposite end of the building. The reception-rooms and office are elegant and appropriately decorated. The second story is devoted to card-rooms, private dining-rooms, library, drawing and governor's rooms. The hall of this story runs lengthwise of the building, and is decorated with columns and arches. The third story is sub-divided into private rooms, clerk's room, smoking and billiard rooms. One of the billiard rooms is

35 by 36 feet; and in this story also is an abundant supply of Croton water. The attic is devoted to bed and store-rooms. A spiral stone staircase runs from the basement to the roof. In the basement are kitchens, laundries, housekeeper's and private rooms, and other apartments necessary to the comfort and convenience of the establishment. The façade is one of the greatest architectural attempts in this country. The building is altogether very nearly a hundred feet high. The front of the first story is decorated with coupled Corinthian pilasters, supporting rich entablatures, and resting on the basement. The wall is faced with rustic ashlar and the windows are round-headed, ornamented with architraves and sculptured keystones. The centre window has Ionic columns on each side, with an archivolt resting on the entablature, and two isolated Corinthian columns supporting a broken entablature and pedestals, on which rest splendid vases. The second story ornament round the windows rest on continuous pedestals and consoles, bearing cornices with carved pediments. The third story architraves and pilasters rest upon a continuous sill course and consoles, bearing triangular pediments. The whole is surmounted

by a rich, massive cornice, with splendid frieze elaborate in detail. The front we have just described is that on 5th Avenue. The front on 21st Street is divided into three parts: the centre one is similar to the 5th Avenue front, with the exception that in place of the centre opening on the first story being a window, it is the entrance, with a broad stoop leading to it. The side parts have triple windows, ornamented in the same manner as the rest. The angles are adorned with rustic groins, reaching from the entablature over the first story up to the cornice at the top of the building. The whole of the building is in the Italian style of architecture, now a favorite in our constructions, and was designed by Messrs. Thomas & Son, architects, on whom it reflects the highest credit. No one can fail to remark, how rapidly, in our great cities, magnificent and commodious edifices, like that before us, are taking the place of tasteless, unornamented and inconvenient structures. Our architects seem to be solving the problem presented by the union of fitness and beauty, and the structures erected at the present day evince the happy combination of taste and fitness to a degree hitherto undeveloped.



THE NEW UNION CLUB HOUSE, IN NEW YORK.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FALCONE:

—OR—

THE MYSTERIES OF MEXICO.**A ROMANCE OF OUR DAY.**

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

CHAPTER I.**THE GAMING-HOUSE.**

WHAT were the thoughts of the silent and sombre-looking man, who, closely muffled in a dark cloak, which completely shaded his bronzed face, was leaning against a tree in the street Alameda of Mexico, watching, as it appeared, the thickly curtained windows of a large mansion on the opposite side of the way, might not certainly be revealed through his compressed lip and lowering eye. That his meditations were not of a quiet cast was evident from a start or shudder which at times seemed to pervade his frame, but whether such movement resulted from anger, fear, or impatience, was difficult to surmise. Perhaps the man communed with memories of past life, perhaps reflections concerning the future agitated his mind; but whatever might be the course or tenor of his mental operations, they did not certainly prevent his keeping a fixed eye upon both doors and windows of the house before mentioned, which was one of the old, heavy-walled and turreted buildings that preserve the associations of Spanish rule as well as Spanish architecture.

Many groups and individuals passed the solitary gazer, some leaving or entering the house that engaged his attention, and as often as the great entrance door fell back upon its hinges, the muffled watcher would bend his penetrating glance upon the opening, as if to scrutinize the interior and discover the object of his search. Some there were on whom his regards fell who seemed to be familiar, and returned his look with a glance of recognition, but none stayed to greet him further, either repelled by his gloomy deportment, or undesirous of any colloquy; yet more than one turned the head after passing him, and hurriedly sought to catch another glimpse of his features, whether from simple curiosity or other motive it might be hard to conjecture. On his part, however, a single glance seemed to suffice for an examination of the passers-by, and neither grandee nor leper encountered a second expression of the bright, searching eyes which sought some object only known to their mysterious owner.

It doubtless appeared sufficiently strange to those who observed the watchful demeanor of the man, why, if he desired to behold some person then within the mansion, he did not at once enter with the persons who constantly passed within the broad arched door; as none who knew aught of the capital but was aware that the ancient house was now devoted to the service of that patron-saint of Mexican worship, the blind-eyed dame Fortuna. Indeed, there were many among those who appeared to recognize the watcher, who knew likewise that he was no lukewarm courtier of the fickle lady, and that the mansion which he scrutinized was no stranger to his footsteps. Nevertheless, at the present time, he evinced no intention of tempting the uncertain chances of the interior, but patiently maintained his post beside the tree, by turns shifting his gaze from door to window of the edifice, within which, at this hour, the dangerous charms of *monté* were fascinating a hundred eager devotees.

Thus an hour or more passed on, and the street, which, at the commencement of the stranger's vigil, had presented rather a lively appearance from the continually approaching passengers, though the time was late at night, began to grow lonely, and echoed only fitfully to the quick tread of some belated pedestrian, hurrying homeward. The watcher, it was manifest, began to grow restless, and twice or thrice left his position at the tree, to pass and repass the gaming-house, muttering as he did so, a low oath or an expression of impatience. At last, however, while his gaze rested upon the door, as if he were half in doubt whether it would not be better at once to enter the mansion, a sudden stream of light flashed out upon the walk, and the figure of a man descended the heavy stone steps which led to the pavement.

"It is he—it is Falcone!" muttered the muffled watcher, and at once crossed the street towards the person whom he sought.

Apparently, however, he had not calculated on the reception which he was to meet from the other, for his form was yet wrapped closely with his mantle, when the new-comer suddenly threw himself roughly forward, and before a movement could be made by the individual assailed, grasped him savagely by the throat and bore him to the ground.

The muffled watcher was a man, from appearance, not easily startled or thrown off his guard—nevertheless, the attack was so sudden and unexpected, that for the moment he felt himself compelled to yield, whilst the cold muzzle of a pistol was immediately pressed against his forehead, and an agitated voice muttered hoarsely in his ear:

"Your purse, señor!"

"Take your hand from my throat and your pistol from my head, and we will consider," was the quiet reply.

"Quick—your purse or you die! I am a desperate man!"

"A ruined gamester—ha, señor!" cried the assailed. "Come, come, I am your friend, and my purse is yours, Señor Falcone!"

"Ha!" exclaimed the foot-pad, starting and removing his hold, while the other rose to his feet, "you know me?" Then, endeavoring to regain the advantage he had resigned, he continued quickly, "but you shall die."

"Not so fast, my very good friend. I know you for a brave

man, a reckless gamester, and this time for a gentleman of my own cloth, with whom I should be pleased to drink a glass of wine to our better acquaintance, Señor Falcone."

"And who, in the fiend's name—"

"At your service, señor. And now," said the stranger, adjusting his collar with a movement at once self-possessed and graceful, "as you have not blown my brains out so suddenly as appeared to be your design a moment since, allow me to be your banker."

Saying this, he drew a heavy purse from his breast-pocket, and tendered it to his late assailant.

"I ask pardon! Many thanks!" returned the latter, "I remain your debtor very gratefully, only asking that I may know to whom I am indebted."

"All that in good time. For the present, be content, Señor Falcone, not to look a gift horse in the mouth, as we say in Spain."

"Oho! you are then no Mexican?"

"You are very quick at conclusions, señor. Well, let us part, for I perceive that you have a mind to empty your purse once more at *monté*, and I have other business on hand. But you will meet me again, señor."

"Gladly, if you will but say when and where."

"To-morrow, at sunset, in the botanic garden. You will be there, and we shall become better acquainted."

"I shall not fail," answered the gambler, warmly grasping the hand which was extended to him, and then turning toward the threshold of the gaming-house, from which he had so recently rushed forth, a despairing bankrupt.

But at this moment, the jalousied door of the mansion was dashed violently open, and a young man, whose countenance appeared ghastly pale in the sudden light, staggered down the steps.

"Another victim!" cried the stranger, with a laugh. "But, unluckily, I have not another purse."

Falcone uttered a cry, as his eyes fell upon the new comer. He darted quickly forward, and had half ascended the wide stone steps, when a sharp, ringing report broke the night's stillness, a bright flash illumined for a moment the street, and a dull sound echoed upon the pavement, as the body of a dead man rolled down the steps.

"Shot himself!" cried Falcone, with an oath.

"Another victim to *monté*!" muttered the other personage; and then, as the noise of hurrying feet approached, he seized the arm of his new acquaintance, and hurried him from the spot.

"Come with me—*monté* is ended for the night."

Why should it not be? It had made a robber and a suicide in the short space of ten minutes.

CHAPTER II.**THE SUICIDE'S HOME.**

AMONG the variously attired and odd looking persons attracted toward the gaming-house in the street Alameda, by the sudden report of a pistol-shot, might have been noticed one, whose exterior presented certainly as strange an appearance as did that of any.

This individual was apparelled in garments which seemed to have derived their origin in divers parts of creation, albeit noticeable neither for elegance nor costliness. A broad-brimmed palm-leaf hat slouched over his countenance, with a swaggering sort of air, and a brownish-white linen coat, lamentably tattered, dragged from his shoulders. Tight fitting breeches of yellow nankeen cotton, with parti-colored woolen stockings of Mexican amplitude drawn over them, completed his singular attire, and he marched forward with the rest of the crowd with as careless a step as if he trod land that had belonged to his ancestors ever since the days of the Conquest.

But no one who glanced twice at this person (and there were many who did so), would have been so far deceived as to fancy him a Mexican; for there was an expression about his actions and manner that stamped him unmistakably as a native of that ambitious region whose representatives are found wherever the wind blows or light penetrates, but whose actual localities are embraced in a radius of five hundred miles around Bunker Hill monument.

It was a Yankee—full-blooded, with that restless and inquisitive life which constrains its possessors "to and fro," in the great action of all the world—that life which explores, calculates, solves schemes, propels, invents and improves, upon all customs, chances, riddles, enterprises and measures, that ever have or ever will occupy the whole world—"and the rest of mankind."

Jake Dusenbury was a Yankee, and he was in Mexico, and in the street Alameda when the wretched suicide, who had staked and lost his life on the terrible chances of *monté*, fell from the steps of the gaming-house. This is sufficient for the present concerning our North American hero.

Borne along in the crowd that pressed forward to the spot where, rigid in the embrace of death, the poor suicide lay in a pool of his own blood, Jake Dusenbury soon reached the door of the gaming-house. The confused noise of exclamations and hurrying feet, the lights flashing over the many-colored garments of the motley throng, presented a scene both novel and striking to the Anglo-Saxon stranger, and pushing lustily forward to gain a position from which he could behold the cause of excitement, he soon found himself close to the balustraded steps, and directly opposite the body of *monté*'s victim.

The dead gambler lay upon his face, his garments saturated with the crimson flood that dyed the pavement, streaming from his shattered forehead; and as one of the crowd stooped and raised his inanimate form, the light of a torch flashed upon his

face. Jake Dusenbury bent forward, and saw that it was no Mexican countenance.

The blue eyes, clouded with the film of death, the fair complexion, slightly shaded by deep masses of flaxen hair, proclaimed at once that the suicide was of Saxon origin. One hand still clutched the instrument of self-murder, and the other was pressed tightly to the cold bosom. Dusenbury advanced, and stooping beside the body, loosened the rigid gripe of the closed fingers.

A locket of gold was held firmly between those fingers, as if clasped in the last spasm. The hand, as the Yankee lifted it, seemed to cling tenaciously to the treasured token—a miniature, upon the golden back of which, by the light of a torch, Dusenbury beheld inscribed a single line, and that revealed perchance a history of woe.

"To my brother. New Orleans, July 1, 1845."

"He is my countryman!" cried the Yankee, raising the mangled head of the suicide from the pavement, and looking round upon the group of dark-eyed Mexicans, who at once comprehended the feeling that led to the action. Three or four of them immediately stooped beside the body, and raising it gently in their arms, prepared to assist in bearing it to the dead-house.

In Mexico, the occurrence of a suicide or assassination is not so rare an event as to create much consternation or wonder. Indeed, save in peculiar instances, a catastrophe like this may take place without seriously breaking in upon the usual routine of business or amusement. Consequently, though the suddenness of the young man's death, and the obviousness of ill luck at play being its occasion, afforded some food for speculation and discussion among the lookers-on, there is little doubt that Jake Dusenbury's was the only breast that throbbed with sincere regret. Only the humble Yankee felt that in the cold weight he was aiding to sustain, was once enshrined a living and immortal spirit. Only poor Dusenbury really sorrowed, for he reflected that the dead man was his countryman, and, like himself, a stranger in a strange land.

The sombre procession hurried to the nearest guard-house, there to make deposition in reference to the finding of the body—for which purpose the inmates of the gambling-house were also summoned. A short examination elicited the brief story of the lost one. He was known to be a young American—a stranger, for some time resident in the capital. What was his name, or what his vocation, could not be so easily learned; but his residence was ascertained from an entry on his tablets, and thither, with Dusenbury as its only mourner, the body of the suicide was ordered to be conveyed.

And thus, while the night wore on, and the streets grew silent and deserted, the victim of *monté* was borne to his home—or the house which had been designated as the late residence of the unhappy young man. It was in a retired quarter of the city, and was a dwelling of modest exterior, standing apart from others in the street. Jake Dusenbury knocked at the narrow door, which, after a while, was opened by an old negro, who, as he beheld a group of men disclosed in the dim light, uttered a hasty exclamation in a language recognized at once by the Yankee as his own.

"Come down here," said Dusenbury, beckoning to the black, who evidently hesitated before descending the few stone steps from the threshold which he occupied.

But at this moment, the clouds which, during the evening, had overspread the sky, were parted by the full moon, and a stream of light suddenly fell upon the face and figure of the corpse. The negro saw it, and uttering a shrill cry of terror, rushed down the steps. Then he paused a moment with a stupefied air, gazing upon the blood-stained burthen which had been deposited by its rude bearers upon the flagging, and then, with a long and almost heart-broken wail, threw himself upon his knees beside it.

"O, massa! massa Charley! O Lord! Massa is dead—dead!" cried the poor black, clasping his arms around the body, and rocking his own frame to and fro. "O, my dear massa Charley is murdered!"

"Who was your massa?" asked Dusenbury, in a low voice.

But the negro seemed to have no thought of aught save the fearful spectacle before him. He still moaned and essayed to lift the body in his arms, crying, in agonizing tones:

"Murdered—Massa Charley murdered! O, what shall I do? Massa's dead and gone!"

At length Dusenbury succeeded in arresting his attention, and sought a reply to his question, which the negro endeavored to afford, though his words were so broken by sobs, as to be scarcely intelligible. And before, indeed, any definite information could be elicited from the agitated slave, for such he evidently was, a new incident added terrible interest to the scene.

The door of the house had been left open by the black, in his hurried movement on recognizing the body of his master; and now, suddenly as the old servant renewed his lamentations, a rush was heard through the interior of the hall, and a large dog of the Newfoundland breed bounded over the threshold, down the steps, and with a loud bark, leaped upon the breast of the suicide. The Mexicans standing near, shrieked and fled away, conceiving, in their superstitious fear, that it was no mortal thing they beheld; and the animal, placing his fore paws upon the bosom of the corpse, raised its head, and gave utterance to a prolonged and dismal howl.

It was a fearful sight indeed. Stretched upon the pavement, lay the unfortunate suicide, his garments saturated with blood, his features, ghastly and rigid, upturned in the moonlight. Kneeling beside him, and wildly tearing his grizzled locks in the vehemence of his sorrow, was the old negro, sounding his monotonous wailing cry. And, erect upon the corpse, his head thrown back, and the frightful howl proceeding incessantly from his massy throat, appeared the dog that had recognized the presence of death!

Dusenbury, though stout hearted enough, could not look calmly upon the spectacle. He dashed his rough hand across his eyes, scattering a sudden gush of tears, as he turned toward the door. What beheld he there, causing him to start back so suddenly?

A maiden—fair as an angel—stood upon the threshold. Clad in a long robe of white, one small hand pressed upon her bosom, whilst the other upheld a taper, which cast its slanting rays upon the group below, she stood as if paralyzed—her straining gaze centered upon the body of the suicide.

It seemed that this maiden could not realize the entire horror of the scene before her. Her heart throbbed not—her eyes were meaningless.

But, suddenly, as if forced from her by some great spasm, a wild cry broke fearfully upon the night air—a cry so agonizing, so heart-piercing, that it smote like a dagger-stroke upon the bosom of the listening Yankee. Then, with a bound, the maiden reached the corpse, and fell senseless beside it, her fair cheek pillowed upon the cold brow of the dead.

And there they lay together—brother and sister—a sight which might have moved the grief of a savage; whilst the negro, with clasped hands, swayed to and fro, murmuring his broken exclamations, and the dog howled to the night the requiem of his self-slain master.

CHAPTER III.

GABRIEL FALCONE.

WHEN Falcone the gamester was hurried away from the vicinity of the street Alameda, by the new-formed and mysterious acquaintance on whom he had made the attempt at robbery, he presented, in the dim light that struggled through the masses of gray clouds which filled the heavens, an appearance that denoted great internal emotion. His face was ashy white, and his limbs trembled violently, as he obeyed the impetus with which the stranger urged him forward.

"What, comrade! you are not frightened, I hope, that you shake so loosely? Thank your good stars, senor, that it is not yourself, instead of another, who lies stark dead before yonder gaming-house."

"Dead! dead! O, horror! I looked not for that!" murmured Falcone, pressing his hand to his eyes, as if to shut out the memory of what he had just witnessed. "I thought not of that."

"What troubles you, Senor Falcone?" asked his companion as he essayed to steady the gambler, whose face

like the saints, it was not my work," exclaimed the gambler, frantically, and apparently heedless of the other's query. "'Twas his own act! I killed him not!"

And with another wild oath, Falcone wrested his arm from that of the stranger, and flung it above his head, while froth rose to his lips and an insane light glittered in his eyes. His companion saw that a mystery of which he knew nothing was connected with the awful episode that had transpired in the street Alameda, but he knew that to fathom the secret it were better to refrain from all interrogatories until the fierceness of Falcone's paroxysm should be exhausted.

And it was not long before the gambler's frenzied excitement suddenly abated, and gave place to a demeanor of almost childish weakness. His incoherent exclamations and violent gestures were succeeded by a monning feebleness of utterance; and presently, sinking upon the steps of a house near which they now halted, he seemed about to lose the power of speech and motion. His companion saw that the strong body was overcome by the greater strength of a disordered mind.

In truth the night had been one of delirium to this wretched young man. At the gaming-table, where he had staked and lost his last dollar, he had quaffed deep draughts of fiery wine, which, coupled with the exhilaration of play, had, previously to his meeting with the stranger, operated with fearful effect upon his brain; and the subsequent bloody spectacle, of which he had so closely been a witness, appeared to have maddened his intellect to the last point. And now, as his astute companion had foreseen, the subsidence of the paroxysm left him nearly imbecile in mind and body.

"My friend—this is no place for you. Come on with me!"

The stranger, as he spoke, drew the hand of his companion, to awake him from the stupor into which he appeared rapidly sinking. Falcone raised his dim eyes, and essayed to speak, but his lips barely moved, without giving breath to an audible sound. Then the stranger bent down, and embracing the young man's waist with his vigorous arm, lifted him at once from the steps, and thus sustaining him, resumed his course through the now silent and deserted streets of Mexico.

After traversing several squares, the singular conductor of Falcone paused at the entrance of an antiquated but substantial house, standing back some distance from the thoroughfare, and almost hidden by the growth of large trees. Into the door-way of this mansion, which was wide open, the mysterious stranger led his nearly unconscious charge.

A shaded lamp burned within a recess in the hall, and near by, upon an oaken stand, was a small bell, which the master of the house, for such the unknown now appeared to be, rang violently, summoning suddenly a dark-featured servant from a couch where he had been sleeping.

"Have an apartment made ready at once for this gentleman," said the master, waving his hand.

The man disappeared, and the stranger, leading Falcone to the couch, seated himself beside him, watching the expression of the gambler's face in the light of the solitary lamp.

But the distortions and wild uneasiness that had marked Falcone's features while under the influence of the paroxysm, however caused, which had seized him in the street, were now replaced by a stolid, apathetic blankness of countenance, that indicated the depression of all feeling under deep intoxication. His head drooped slackly from his shoulders, his eyes were closed, and a general relaxation of his limbs revealed the utter prostration of the young man's energies.

Presently the dark-visaged servant re-appeared, and, with his master's assistance, conveyed the insensible Falcone to an inner chamber, where he was laid upon a comfortable bed. Then, as the servant retired, and the stertorous breathing of the ruined gambler gave evidence that he was completely wrapped in drunken stupor, the strange master of the house folded his arms across his breast, and contemplated his unconscious guest with a smile of singular meaning.

"Gabriel Falcone!" he muttered, a dark cloud flitting over his face, as his compressed lips told of the working of some strong passion within, "Gabriel Falcone! I have long sought, and have now found thee! Your mother, Gabriel, betrayed me—and I forget not—neither forgive! Therefore, Gabriel Falcone, I have you now in my power."

Thus the man muttered, with the evil smile playing around his lips. But the next moment a thoughtful expression returned to his countenance.

"Who was this suicide?" he murmured, half aloud. "And why should his death affect this young Falcone so powerfully? Here is a mystery which I must fathom. But—to-morrow—to-morrow! There is time enough. Falcone is securely mine!"

CHAPTER IV.

UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

DURING the same hours of night in which were transpiring the scenes related in our previous chapters, the common tragedy of death was taking place in many streets of the city of Mexico, not perhaps accompanied with violence and crime, but in the natural course of human dissolution. Indeed, what day or night, what hour or minute, can we fancy as free from the visitation of the dread monarch of decay? Whether he come robed in the crimson garments of

... or reverend age with his ingrain...
... and is death omnipresent, entering and departing where he lists, no man knowing the day nor the hour of his approach.

But in the passage of a good spirit from its earthly habitation there is in truth no reality of gloom. The wearied sojourner of many years upon earth, whose life hath reached its natural termination, feels not, if he be fitting to die, that aught of bitterness is in the cup which he drinks, and the o'erladen child of sorrow cannot but welcome that blessed transition wherein he lays down forever the burden of mortal endurance, and soars upward to the realms of light, gloriously plumed with the hope of immortality.

Such a being was now sweetly composing his tired senses to the sleep which knows no waking—such a spirit, "trembling, hoping, lingering," upon the threshold of two worlds, still lay garbed in human form upon a couch near the open window of a chamber overlooking the gardens of the government palace in Mexico. It was an aged man, with a broad and scarcely wrinkled brow, over which curled a few thin locks of silvery white. His eyes were bright, and quiet in their gaze, and the assurance of a blessed hereafter shone eloquently through them, imparting a calmness and peace to the whole appearance of the dying man, which was lovely and inspiring to behold. One white, thin hand clasped that sacred volume which imparts so much of happiness to the dying Christian, and the other rested lovingly upon the breast of a young man who knelt beside the bed, his face upturned, and his cheek wet with tears which gushed thick and fast from his large dark eyes.

The window of the apartment, as we have said, looked out upon the national gardens, but the house itself was no part of the neighboring palace. It was, on the contrary, a plain and humble dwelling, fronting upon a narrow street near the Alameda, but possessed the advantage of having its rear windows overlooking the public grounds and that portion of the gardens that stretched farthest from the mansion of the president. The room in which the old man lay dying, was neatly and comfortably furnished, but with no pretension to ornament, if we except a few ancient paintings upon the walls, and many maps of foreign countries disposed thickly on every side. A library of books, which occupied a large closet opposite the single window, and an oval table strewn with papers, from the midst of which rose a small orrery and a pair of globes, announced the studious character of the occupants of the apartment, and it was furthermore evident, from the countenances of both the old and young man, that more than common intellects were possessed by each. At the present hour, however, intellect, save as it sustained the higher philosophy of piety, was forgotten in the promptings of affection. The heart was ascendant when near that bed of death, and asserted its beautiful supremacy in the tender interchange of feeling which now made pleasant even the grief of separation.

"Weep not, Alonzo," murmured the old man, gently pressing the youth's breast, thus drawing him closer to his own bosom. "Weep not, for you have years of happiness before you. Calmly do I depart, for I know that the principles of goodness are firmly implanted in the nature of him whom I have cherished in life as the child of my old age. Perhaps, as we have sometimes conjectured, my son, the spirits of the dead are permitted to revisit the friends of their earthly pilgrimage. Surely, if it be so, my

joy will be enhanced by the contemplation of my Alonzo's virtue and happiness."

"O, my uncle, my benefactor—my more than father!" rejoined the young man, "God grant that the lessons you have bestowed upon me may sustain my spirit in this hour of trial!"

"But our parting is but for a season, dear Alonzo," said the sage. "Have we not read together," he continued, reverently lifting to his lips the Bible which he clasped, "not alone the sublime truths contained in this volume, but the magnificent testimonies of that great book which is unrolled before the eye of reason over all the universe of matter? Have we not, my son, explored the mysteries of celestial science, and perused the face of nature in her grandest and loveliest aspects? And shall we have walked thus far together, discovering day by day new evidences of the eternal wisdom, advancing, hour by hour, new steps in the unbroken path of loftier progression—shall we have thought, believed, loved and hoped, dear Alonzo, only to be parted now, never to be reunited? No, my son, my friend, we shall yet ascend together the heights of superior knowledge—we shall together kneel and worship at purer shrines, and receive into our souls the holier manifestations of immortal wisdom in the life to come!"

The aged man's eyes were illumined as he spoke, with beautiful confidence—a soft moisture suffused their lids and gave an ineffable tenderness to their expression. No longer were his cheeks pale, but tinged with the flush of enthusiastic feeling, as with hands clasped together in the emotion of his speech, he pressed the Book of God closely to his breast, and smiled with a serene joy that attested the security and steadfastness of his heavenly assurance.

Alonzo's tears could not hide from his vision the saint-like aspect of his uncle's countenance. The words of hope, too, which the latter had uttered, fell like the dews of Hermon upon the young man's spirit. More than ever did he recognize the truth of those blessed promises of immortality with which he had been familiarized from infancy, and he now experienced likewise the high utility of all the lessons of love and wisdom which had formed his past education in the retired life he had led with the aged guardian who now lay dying before him.

For much, indeed, was the youth Alonzo indebted to the sage, Don Tadeo, his reverend uncle. Left an orphan at the tenderest period of existence, the child found a father, and the boy a friend, in the only brother of his mother. Don Tadeo, disappointed in his early life, by the death of his betrothed, had chosen never to

the sweet tie which linked her memory with his hopes, by the loss of the sex: and he had thus learned to find his life's comfort in surrounding himself with all the appliances of study, and he reserved his days to two objects—the practice of virtue, and the constant endeavor to enlarge his intellect, and to cultivate the beauties, and the power and wisdom of her

Don Tadeo was not wealthy, but he possessed sufficient to the uses of his simple life, and enough to gratify, to some extent, the philanthropic promptings which were as much a part of his being as was the air he breathed. His years, from the age of thirty, had been passed amid the wildest scenery of upper Mexico—among the lofty mountains capped with snow, the silent and sombre woodlands, and the free, untainted breezes of those extensive regions known as *la tierra fria*. Here he had lived the life of a hermit, though possessed of all to render himself comfortable—for Don Tadeo was no misanthrope—until the death of his only sister (who had previously lost her husband) left to his charge the child Alonzo, to rear and protect in his future course of growth and preparation for manhood.

Perhaps—nay, doubtless, it was a blessing that fell in his way when he deemed only the care and trouble of an infant were to be imposed upon him. The orphan Alonzo soon found a near place in the warm heart of his bachelor uncle. Insensibly, the boy's childish graces and frank, open disposition won upon the regard and affection of the solitary man, and it was not many years before Don Tadeo began to discover that the void which had been left in his bosom by the early loss of his betrothed, was all but entirely filled with the deep love which grew upon him, day by day, for the son of his adoption—his sister's orphan child.

Inexhaustible thenceforth became his plans for the sustenance and development of the youthful intellect left to his charge. All that was worth preservation from the treasure-house of history—all that science, skill, or research had evoked from the deep heart of nature, became agents of the good uncle, Don Tadeo, in forming the generous character of his young nephew. The man shared with the boy all that he himself had won by patient vigil and assiduous seeking; so that, even while yet a child in years, Alonzo grew to be a *savant* in science and literature. Instructed by his wise preceptor, he early unlocked the casket of philosophy; foreign tongues became to him as familiar as his native Spanish; and the rise and fall of nations, dynasties and religions, the growth and decay of peoples and governments, were his every day studies in the antique library of his uncle.

But of the great world of living men—of the passions, purposes and pursuits of the multitude who make up the rushing existence of every nation—mingling their good and evil in a constant tide of action, and bearing to eternity the fruits of their unrest and turmoil—of the great world comprised in mankind and its aims, Alonzo, like Don Tadeo himself, knew nothing. Theory was all that either had acquired. Beyond theory, life was dim—its depths unsounded, and its limits unexplored.

Therefore Alonzo dreamed and studied through his early years, revelling in visions of the past, till the close of his seventeenth summer, when, for the first time, with his uncle, he left the quiet retirement of their mountain home, and entered upon the strange

existence of a dweller in the capital. Up to this period he had dwelt amid nature's haunts, her chosen child, yet imbued with all the misty lore of elder art. Wandering among solemn woods, musing beside still rivers, or climbing rocky highlands, with brow bared to the fresh mountain breeze, he had drank deep draughts of romance, and mingled the past with the present. His was an existence of quiet, unbroken by the world's tumult—a sunshine unobscured by clouds.

But of late years, the youth's heart had throbbled with indefinite longings for something yet unknown. The tideless monotony of his studies, his walks and reveries, grew irksome and unsatisfying. He felt within him the promptings of some unknown power, ever and anon uplifting a corner of the curtain which enveloped his dreaming soul, and revealing dim glimmerings of a future yet unborn. Across the waveless surface of his experience, flashed the rays of a formless ambition, penetrating the inner being of the young man, and disclosing there the shadowy outlines of a vague desire. The colossal shades of earth's mighty ones had visited and talked with him in the visions of night; the shapes of those tremendous spirits, who, in past time, had ruled the world, stalked in phantom glory through his dreams, mocking the trance of his intellect. He was like one, who, by some potent charm, has evoked the shadowy semblances of fallen angels, and then lost forever, the cabalistic word which alone might exorcise them; so that they encircled him evermore, drawing and swaying his soul beneath the magnetism of their mighty minds, as the earth's tides are moved by her mysterious moon.

And for such an idealistic being destiny was weaving the chains of reality. The hours were slowly bringing to the youth's conception a new thought—a new experience. That awful idea which was first revealed to mankind's stricken progenitors, the full extent of the Eternal's judgment upon their disobedience—that immeasurably awful idea which involves the curse of death—was now about to stir the unrippled waters of Alonzo's enthusiast soul.

CHAPTER V.

THE YANKEE.

JAKE DUSENBURY the Yankee, as he sat by an open window, looking forth into the gray dawning of a Mexican day, exhibited very little of that self-assured and reckless expression which is supposed to characterize the North American Saxon in foreign lands. In truth he had passed a night of anxiety and unrest, for it had been his sorrowful task to watch beside the corpse of that unfortunate countryman, whose rash hand had dared to break the temple of his own despairing soul and hurl the naked and shivering spirit into the dread presence of an Almighty Judge.

Through the still hours of night, when the officers of police, and the curious Mexicans who accompanied them, had retired to their various houses, Jake Dusenbury remained in the house of death, solemnly impressed with the duty required at his hands by the claim which he recognized as sacred above all things—the kindred of country recognized in a strange land. Happily, however, he was spared the witness of another's sorrow—a sorrow that brooked no sympathy, admitted of no solace—the sorrow of that young and lovely being, the sister of the lost young man. In that dreadful moment, when, at the sight of her brother's mangled form, the reason of the maiden yielded to the blow, and with a frenzied cry, she sank beside the dead—in that moment a deep insensibility overwhelmed her, and she fell into a stupor that happily continued for the night. The old negro, assisted by a female servant, conveyed his unconscious mistress to her chamber, and then returned to aid in the disposition of his master's remains. And when the body, lifted from the pavement into an apartment of the house was laid upon the couch which had been the young man's bed when living, the faithful black resumed his kneeling posture beside it, and shared with the moaning dog the wretched vigils of the night. Dusenbury, after giving his name and residence to an official, in order that he might be found if required to undergo any further examination concerning the suicide, was allowed to remain in the house of his late countryman, and when all had departed, he took his position in an ante-room adjoining the apartment in which the corpse was deposited, and there awaited with sleepless eyes, the coming of another morn.

The checkered gray of early day began gradually to broaden into fuller light, and cocks from neighboring gardens answered one another in announcement of the sun's approach. Far away, upon the fortifications, and farther still, from the military college on the hill of Chapultepec, sounded the daybreak gun, followed by quick beats of the garrison drums and a blast from the castle's trumpeter, that was repeated and re-echoed by all the hills around. Dusenbury rubbed his eyes, which, though drooping with heaviness, had yet closed not during his long vigil, and commenced in a methodical manner to sum up the events to which he had been a party in the preceding night.

"Le' me see," soliloquized the Yankee, crossing his legs, as he shifted himself in the wide arm-chair which he had been occupying, and from which he could view the open door of another room—the one in which the corpse lay, attended by the faithful negro, and the no less devoted dog—"le' me see," he repeated, placing the forefinger of his right hand against his forehead, and then bringing it across the palm of his left, as if to assist and fix his memory of what he desired to recall—"I was comin' from the pudry's house, at twelve o'clock, and makin' short tracks for lodgin's—when this ere poor chap—this tarnation fool—I mean this ere poor critter that's in t'other room, fired his hoss-pistil into his own head—so far, that's correct; I'll swear to it before any of the Mexikin p'leese-fellars—hullo! Sambo—what's wanted?"

The latter part of the Yankee's meditations found utterance in

a sort of ejaculatory question addressed to the negro servant of the deceased, who had entered the ante-room unperceived, and now stood beside Dusenbury's chair. The appearance of the black denoted that he had passed a weary and painful night; his eyes were bloodshot and sunken, and the jet of his cheeks now looked gray and ashy in the light of early day. Jake Dusenbury could not but be impressed with pity for the evident anguish of the servant, visible in every lineament of his aged countenance.

"De gemman is 'Merican—is de gemman?" hesitated the negro, as he looked beseechingly at Dusenbury.

"Yes, and no mistake—American to the back bone, poor critter!" returned the Yankee. "And I calk'late your poor master was a leetle too much so, too, for these ere heathen Mexikins. Jerusalem! if a chap don't know their tricks, the p'isonest sarpints aint wuss to get along with."

"Massa was murdered—he nebber kill hisself," said the black, solemnly.

"There you're rayther too fast," replied Dusenbury, "seein's how I was one of the fust that saw him, jest as he lay, with the pistil in his hand. No, poor critter, I haint any doubt you love your massa, but depend on't, he shot himself with his own individual hand, and no mistake."

"Massa nebber kill hisself," repeated the negro, shaking his head.

"What on airth do ye mean, critter?" asked the Yankee, somewhat nonplussed at the pertinacity with which the old servant persisted, as he thought, in doubting the fact of his master's self-destruction. "What ar' ye drivin' at, with that ere word of yourn? Don't ye b'lieve a feller, when he tells you jest what he has seen, and nothin' else?"

"De gemman 'll please 'souse de ole nigger," answered the servant, in a deprecating tone. "But de gemman nebber know'd Massa Charley. Massa Charley, Lor' bress him, hadn't de heart to kill a chicken, much less himself, an' break poor missy's heart, and leave all de family to grieve an' sorer forebbermore. O, gorra me, what'll poor missy do? I'm afeared she'll nebber live to see de ole place agin. 'Speet they'll murder missy and de ole nigger jes' as dey kill poor Massa Charley. O, gorra!"

"But I tell ye, your Massa Charley wa'n't murdered by no one."

"'Spee's you t'ink so, sar, but you isn't knowin' to all de circumstances. Berry like, Massa Charley hole de pistil in his own hand an' pull de trigger. But who load de pistil, sar? Who stan' behine Massa Charley an' say 'shoot—shoot you'self, Massa Charles Ginton'?"

The negro, as he hurriedly uttered these words, fixed his eyes upon Dusenbury with a glance which at once satisfied the latter that a rare intelligence was concealed under the old slave's sooty skin. He divined, also, that a mystery rested behind the apparent natural result of suicide consequent upon a ruined gamester's despair of retrieving his fortunes, and the few sentences of the negro made him suspect that some malign influence had been exerted upon the unfortunate young American, leading him to the course of life which had ended so fatally. The Yankee, therefore, with a tact which was natural to him, prepared to glean from the black whatever might be of importance in his instantly conceived design to investigate the causes which had resulted in so sad a catastrophe to a fellow-countryman.

It was no idle curiosity that prompted this resolution upon the part of Jake Dusenbury; for, besides that his earnest sympathy had been aroused by the fact of the young suicide being an American, he had learned enough through the incoherent exclamations of the negro and female attendant on the previous night, to be aware that the suicide's sister was left alone and friendless in the foreign city, a position which, to the Yankee's mind, gave her at once a claim to all the service and assistance he could render her; for Jake Dusenbury remembered a cherry-checked sister of his own in their far-off New England homestead, and he resolved, like a true-hearted American as he was, to hold himself ready for aught that might be necessary in the defence and protection of his fair young countrywoman.

With this motive alone, he began to consider the best method of learning the position of the family with whom he had become acquainted so suddenly, in order that he might use the information to their immediate advantage, if necessary. But he was prevented from at once questioning the old servant by the sudden entrance of the female attendant, who had passed the night with her young mistress. Her appearance at once threw the negro into a state of increased agitation; he clasped his hands together and tottered forward to meet her, exclaiming:

"O, Lucille, whar's missy? Whar did you leave de poor ehile? O, gorra, Lucille, my heart is jes' like to break in pieces."

"Hush tongue, Hannibal. Mademoiselle is to have sleep; she is to be not disturbed. O, ciel! What a night I have spent! Quel horreur! O pauvre Monsieur Charles! They have slain—they have killed him dead, and we are all lost—perdus!"

Lucille, a lively-looking young mulatto girl, with a truly French air of coquetry about her, seemed utterly broken down in contemplation of the sad event which had taken place. She wiped the tears incessantly from her pretty eyes with a corner of her embroidered apron, and continued her vehement exclamations:

"O ciel! what shall we do? Mam'selle will die! All is lost!"

Dusenbury for some moments remained silent, not knowing how to check the passionate grief of both negro and mulatto, who evidently grew more excited in witnessing each other's perturbation. At length, however, the Yankee ventured to address Lucille.

"It's a mighty dreadful case, and no mistake," he began, "and calls for a sight o' philosophy and pious fortitude, an' common sense into the bargain. Here's a young gentleman, a real fine,

free-hearted American gentleman, from New Orleans—c'ummost a stranger in this ere heathen town, and a 'tarnal sight too good to walk its streets—that's Master Charles Ginton I'm talking 'bout, ye see, don't ye, Hannibal? don't ye, Miss Lucille?"

"O, gorra!" ejaculated the negro. "An' sich a noble gemman led away, an' cheated out o' his money an' his life! O gorra!"

"And by a villain—O, ciel! What is his name? Mam'selle does so detest—so fly away from every day when he come! Ah! he is traitor! He is the cause of all!"

"Mister Charles trusted his friend too much, I reckon," said Dusenbury, suggestively.

"I t'ink Massa Falcene no frien' at all," rejoined the negro Hannibal. "What for you call him frien' o' Massa Charley? Gorra! de good frien' no make him drink de champagne, till he rave like de mad. De good frien' no say 'Come, Charley Ginton, come to de gran' saloon, where dey play de monté?' No, no, Massa Falcene is no frien'—he is de 'casion of massa shoot hisself—an' all for spite o' missy. Eh, Lucille—don't you t'ink dat be de reason?"

"Vraiment—c'est comme ca. I have not one doubt. Mam'selle cannot bear the sight of Monsieur Falcene. She drive him once, twice, a dozen times away; she absent—shut herself up in her chamber, when Monsieur Falcene come."

"And Mister Charles did not like that, did he?" asked the Yankee.

"Not much. He was—what you eall *tete montée*—he did think Monsieur Falcene *un bon ami—un frere*. Truly, I believe, he did think him a brother; eh, Hannibal?"

"O, poor massa! how he was fooled by dat Massa Falcene."

"And so when mam'selle refuse—declare she will not see de Spanish friend of her brother, then Monsieur Charles and Monsieur Falcene dine together, once, twenty time; and Monsieur Charles become—O, ciel!—what you call tipsie—drunk; and then mam'selle weep so much, implore her brother that he will no more drink the champagne, and that he will return with us all to New Orleans; and Monsieur Charles promise—one dozen times—to do all that mam'selle desire."

"And, poor fellow, could not keep his promise," said Dusenbury.

"The devil did tempt him, when Monsieur Falcene come again. They drank the wine, they laughed at mam'selle's fears. Monsieur Falcene swear he will take good care of his friend Charles—and so—*n' importe!* What good care he has taken! *Voilà!*"

The mulatto, saying this, pointed to the open door of the apartment wherein lay the body of her late master, and then, relapsing into a torrent of tears, covered her face with her apron and sat down on a low stool beside the negro Hannibal, who echoed every sob which she uttered.

Dusenbury needed no more to afford him an explanation of all the circumstances connected with the death of Charles Ginton. He saw at once that some false friend had exercised a ruinous influence over the destiny of the young American, and though he knew nothing of the character or station of the Falcene to whom both Lucille and Hannibal appeared to attribute their misfortunes, yet he could not help feeling that some nefarious scheme had conducted to Ginton's ruin. The fact of the sister's dislike and opposition to her brother's friend, her tender solicitude, and the heartless manner in which its influence had been counteracted, satisfied the shrewd Yankee that his countryman had been led on, step by step, to indulge in dissipation and play, until, ripened for destruction, he had fallen a victim to his own desperation, urged on, doubtless, through the evil counsel of his false friend. No sooner had this conviction settled itself in Dusenbury's mind than he resolved at once to pursue such measures as would at least preserve the desolate sister of the suicide from any peril which might arise from her unprotected situation.

The Yankee's resolves never waited long before being put in execution; so, rising from the arm-chair where he had passed the night, he enjoined upon the two servants the necessity of preserving strict watch of the house, and above all things of permitting their mistress to sleep as long as possible.

"For," said he, as he rubbed his moist eyes with a cotton handkerchief, "the poor gal 'll have to bear a mighty big load when she wakes, and it'll do no harm ef she gets a leetle strength to help her. So jes' keep watch of the house, and let your young mistress sleep as long as she can. I'm goin' arter some one who kin do ye all more good than I can."

So saying, Jake Dusenbury fixed his broad-rimmed hat securely upon the back of his head, and shaking hands with both the weeping servants, set out from the house of sorrow, just as the first rays of sunlight were beginning to struggle between the high walls of the ancient houses, or through the branches of old trees which lined the walk over which he briskly proceeded.

And as that humble-looking Yankee, in worn and travel-stained habiliments, hurried through the streets, no Mexican who passed him would have believed in the possibility of such a shabby individual, however good might be his heart, having any practical power to succor or protect even his own person from aggression. Nor would any Mexican grandee or lepero have credited such a foolish prediction as might have been made at the time—that this identical Yankee, Dusenbury, would himself hoist the flag of his country upon the walls of the proudest palace in Mexico—and that before many years should pass away. So ridiculous an idea would have been scouted by the meanest beggar of the capital. So, in happy ignorance of what was to come, the Mexicans who passed Jake Dusenbury, only greeted him with a look of contempt or indifference. And the Yankee heeded, as he went, neither grandee nor beggar. He was thinking of the suicide and his desolate young sister.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, THE POET.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHIPPLE & BLACK.

The accompanying head, drawn for the Pictorial by Mr. Barry, will be readily recognized by those who have seen the original, one of the most noteworthy men of New England, whether we consider him as a humorous or lyric poet, a physician and surgeon, or a scientific essayist. Like another poet-physician, Dr. Goldsmith, his versatility is indeed remarkable, and he strictly deserves the same praise, that he has touched nothing that he has not adorned. It is not given to many to attain eminence in a profession requiring the severest study, the closest logic and the hardest nerve, and at the same time to be an accepted wooer of the Muse of Poetry. Yet Dr. Holmes is both one and the other, and his facile alternations from the scalpel to the goose-quill are nearly marvellous. It is his happy privilege to assuage the physical evils that flesh is heir to, and to minister to the mind diseased, with equal success. Oliver Wendell Holmes is the son of the Rev. Abiel Holmes, D. D., the distinguished author of "Annals of America," a "Life of President Stiles of Yale College," and of various valuable historical papers—and was born at Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809. He received his early education at Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H., an institution where many of the most distinguished men of New England have received their preliminary classical training. In 1825 he entered Harvard University, where he distinguished himself by good scholarship. But it was during the last year of his college life that he began to earn a literary reputation in a monthly magazine called the "Collegian," published by the under graduates of Harvard. College magazines are usually full of promise and deficient in performance—but the "Collegian" was of quite a higher stamp than the average. Among those who conducted and contributed largely to the pages of this really very clever and spirited miscellany, were the subject of this sketch, John O. Sargent, brother of Epes Sargent, and since a distinguished lawyer and political writer, and the lamented William H. Simmons, one of the most eloquent men of his time. The magazine made a great sensation. Its circulation was large and its articles were read with avidity, and copied extensively by the contemporary press. The favorites were decidedly Holmes's humorous poetical contributions. They were genuine, sparkling, stamped with originality, and marked by correct versification. The lapse of twenty-five years has not diminished the popularity of some of those earlier efforts; but the vein the author then opened he has since worked with constantly increasing success. Before Holmes's advent, American humor, whether expressed in rhyme or verse, with one or two signal exceptions, was crude and inelegant in form. There were plenty of rough diamonds to be met with, but the art of grinding, polishing and setting them had not been attempted. Holmes proved that polish of form was not incompatible with the most laugh-provoking humor of idea. The success of the *jour d'esprit* to which we have referred did not for a moment shake the constancy of our young author. Thrown off at moments of leisure, they were regarded by the writer merely as the safety valves of an elastic and mirthful spirit, and were not suffered to divert his attention from graver pursuits. On graduating, he commenced the study of the law, but after making a year's trial of it, relinquished it for that of medicine, which he commenced with an ardor that promised complete success. From 1833 to 1835, he resided in Paris, zealously pursuing his studies, obtaining a thorough knowledge of the French language, and becoming intimate with the most eminent physicians and surgeons of France. His Parisian residence produced no marked effect upon his subsequent literary performances, though it gave birth to one or two most exquisite local lyrics, one of which, entitled "La Grisette," is a perfect gem of its kind—tender, pathetic, suggestive and faultlessly musical. Early in 1836, Dr. Holmes commenced the practice of medicine in this city. In the fall of the same year he delivered the Phi Beta Kappa poem at Cambridge, and distinguished himself greatly on that occasion. His election, in 1838, to the chair of anatomy and physiology in the medical department of Dartmouth College, was an honorable proof of his professional ability. This professorship, however, he retained only two years, at the expiration of which period he married, and devoted himself to the practice of his profession. In 1847, he had the honor of succeeding Dr. Warren as professor of anatomy in the medical department of Harvard University. Dr. Holmes has more than once obtained the Boylston prizes for medical essays, while his contributions to the North American Review have exhibited his general scholarship and ability as a prose writer. Such is a brief outline of his useful and brilliant career. He has delivered long poems on several occasions, and few who "build the lofty rhyme" among the American armigers of that com-mo-lity have sustained their flight so well. His popularity has procured for him solicitations from literary societies in all quarters, and he has responded very liberally to these various calls upon his time and talents. Even a brief notice of Dr. Holmes is not complete without mentioning the fact that he has not escaped the vortex which has swept all the available talent of New England into lecturing, and few are more felicitous. As a specimen of the purely humorous vein of our author, we present entire the poem which D. C. Johnston, the American Cruikshank, has illustrated for our Pictorial in his characteristic manner. It is entitled:



OLIVER W. HOLMES, THE POET.

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

I wrote some lines once on a time,
In wondrous merry mood.
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit in the general way,
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;
How kind it was of him,
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb!

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,
And in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest),
"There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar;
The fifth; his waistband split;
The sixth; he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

One of his best addresses is entitled "Poetry, a Metrical Essay." Like all his productions of this class, it abounds in brilliant passages, and lines which have passed into familiar and established quotations. In it occurs an admirable description of the different English measures, among which, the Spenserian is finely characterized as follows:

"The sweet Spenserian, gathering as it flows,
Sweeps rolling onward to its dying close,
Where waves on waves in long succession pour,
Till the ninth billow melts along the shore."

One of his most stirring lyrics is entitled "Old Ironsides," and it is not saying too much of it to pronounce it worthy of Campbell in his palmiest days. It was written at a time when the project of breaking up the glorious old frigate was seriously entertained. Striking a chord of popular sentiment, it ran like wild-fire through the Union, appeared in almost every newspaper, and was printed in handbills and circulated broadcast. As a most powerful expression of a popular idea, it had the same effect as some of Beranger's songs; and that the Constitution still rides the deep, is attributable in a great degree to Holmes's poem. His little poem, entitled the "Last Leaf," and commencing:

"I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door
And again,"

is a most felicitous blending of the humorous and pathetic. We could easily fill up our whole paper, were we to quote only the favorite minor poems of our author—such as the "Dilemma," "L'Inconnue," the "Treadmill Song," the "Last Reader," the "September Gale," and the "Cambridge Churchyard." Dr. Griswold has very happily expressed the merit of our author in the following paragraph: "Dr. Holmes is a poet of art and humor and genial sentiment, with a style remarkable for its purity, terseness and point, and for an exquisite finish and grace. His lyrics ring and sparkle like cataracts of silver, and his serious pieces—as successful in their way as those mirthful frolics of his muse for which he is best known—arrest the attention by touches of the most genuine pathos and tenderness. All his poems illustrate a manly feeling, and have in them a current of good sense, the more charming because somewhat out of fashion now in works of imagination and fancy."

HENRY J. FINN.

Charles Durang, now publishing his reminiscences of the Philadelphia stage, in the Philadelphia Sunday Mercury, after relating some anecdotes of the lamented Henry J. Finn, thus concludes his notice of that excellent actor and man: "The dramatic pieces that fell from the pen of Finn, were the 'Fall of Montgomerie,' 'Casper Hauser,' 'Removing the Deposits,' etc. The dialogue of his best productions is very chaste, originally and vigorously written, the humor sprightly and piquant, embracing none of those materials that good taste, such as his, would most certainly reject, and only adopted to meet the spirit of the age and its depraved appetite. They were lively without being trashy; sentimental without mawkishness; moral in tendency and not staining the language or fable with undue extravagant means to gain a strained effect. Some melo-dramatic effects must necessarily be thrown in, or it would be nugatory to write for the stage at all. We saw poor Finn climb the Thespian ladder, from its lowest to its topmost round, rising from *Thomas* in the 'Sleep-Walker,' where he gained notice from the London critics at the Haymarket theatre, to *Sir Peter Teazle*; wherein the approbation of honest and unprejudiced judgment has unqualifiedly pronounced upon his claims to the name of comedian, good and true. He finished his professional labors almost on the boards where he began them on his native soil. The last engagement he ever played was in Pittsburgh, with Mr. Wemyss, on his way from the South to his home at Newport, R. I., where his numerous family resided. On his way thither he passed through Philadelphia, where he was solicited to act for Madame Celeste's benefit, at the Chestnut Street theatre. He complied and appeared, but, alas! it was the closing night of his professional life. In consequence of this unfortunate detention of one night, he was doomed to be one of the passengers of the steamer *Lexington*, which fated vessel and its living freight terribly perished by fire and water, January 10th, 1840. It is not as an actor that we are to view Mr. Henry J. Finn solely. It is in the mild endearments of private life, in the relations of husband, father and moral man—there did his merits shine most conspicuously, and gave to him his respectable position in society. These attributes made him really a star in the profession—now dimmed to the widow and children forever."



ILLUSTRATION OF POEM

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DYING IMPROVISATRICE.

Daughter of dreams! away! away!
Thy soul hath lost its fire—
There's weeping through the eltron groves
For thy departing lyre.
All glorious is Italia's sun,
All blue Italia's sky;
There's wailing for the wasted founts
And melodies that die!

Thy brow, the shrine of burning thought,
Is like the marble pale,
Young spirit! dost thou shrink and fear
Alone to tread "the vale?"
Thou, the beloved in princely halls!
Thou, the caressed of earth!
Why should the song-bird dread to soar
Where all its lays have birth?

All meekly bind the myrtle bloom
Upon thy yearning heart!
In the dim gardens of the tomb
The laurel hath no part.
Thy soul is troubled as the reed
Of leaves upon the sea—
Thou of the bright and mournful dower,
Alas! alas for thee!

Alas for thee! alas for all
Who strive as thou hast striven!
Woe, for the bird whose holy song
Itath to the winds been given!
Woe, for the waters spent and gone!
Woe, for the wasted fire!
Woe, for the poet-heart that gives
To earth its God-tuned lyre!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HARRIET GREEN.

BY EMERET H. SEDGE.

THE little parsonage of Laneville nestled among the trees midway on the south side of a gentle acclivity, which was crowned by the plain and ancient church, and by a more venerable grove. It was a low building, rustic and quaint in its general appearance, with its dimensions enlarged by odd little wings that evidenced no conceivable relation to the internal necessities of the establishment. These wings were decorated and hidden by fantastic trellises and thrifty climbers, and altogether the house looked like an overgrown arbor that was seeking to branch out and run off in various directions like the vines themselves.

Parson Green had lived there a score of years, and expected to die there, and he strove to make the place as attractive as his limited means would allow. Flowers and graceful trees are the cheapest of all luxuries and adornments, and the minister had succeeded in working wondrous transformations on the acre of land that he called his own, and the parsonage, from being the most arid, forsaken-looking home in Laneville, had become the freshest and sunniest, and Parson Green's colossal bouquets, which he bestowed munificently from his inexhaustible garden, made the air fragrant from one end of the parish to the other.

Notwithstanding the pleasant lawn and grove, and flower borders without, and the excellent house-wifery and easy hospitality within, the minister's house would have been spiritless and monotonous in the summer and dreary in the winter, if the laughing, shouting gipsy, his daughter Harriet, had not been there to keep everything astir. She was a great, strong, healthy girl, with a clear brown complexion, and the reddest of plump cheeks glowing beneath black, mischievous eyes, and swept by untamable masses of jetty hair. She was a fearless, daring, adventurous creature, and was never quiet except at meeting. She had her own way of doing whatever she attempted, which she generally succeeded in recommending to the favorable opinion of others by the resolute determination that won success, and by her unflinching good nature. The minister's daughter was better loved than his flowers that she reared and gathered for his parishioners, and happy in the kindness which she everywhere received, and brimming over with high spirits, it was not strange that her mother's mild remonstrance and her father's graver admonition failed to make her a model child, for the special benefit of the community, and to afford a convenient practical illustration of what a good education might accomplish.

The man who owned as much land and as many dollars as the entire parish beside, who held all the honorable offices and discharged their functions with commendable fidelity, who formed the sole aristocracy of Laneville, and, by virtue of his secular position, lived on terms of great intimacy with the minister, was Squire Smith, or John Smith, Esq., to speak more definitely.

His stately house was not far from the parsonage—it was the very next and nearest as you went from the church,—and had an air of refinement and cultivation about it that did not seem native to the straggling village. But this is easily explained, for Squire Smith had married a gentle, stylish little woman from the city, who, either for love or for money, had consented to hide her pretty face and handsome dress and respectable accomplishments in an obscure township, where she might console and amuse herself only with setting off her own premises in as much fashion and as luxuriantly as her circumstances would allow, and by going to visit the world once a year.

The squire was not blessed with a more numerous progeny than the minister, and had a much less promising child. The sickly babe was overwhelmed and stifled at the very outset by a magnificent name, which was designed to carry off with itself the one he

inherited, that was considered more suggestive of mechanics and sootiness than of gentility, and could be made to obtain no alleviation of its worst features from heraldic investigation. It was at first generally thought by the unlearned neighbors that the lengthened appellation, Ernestine Egbert Marcellus, had originated entirely with Mrs. Smith, whose capacity in every department of science and taste was unchallenged, and if there was any dissatisfaction among the interested old women, in consequence of the deviation from the usual custom which gave the name of the parent to the eldest child, thus perpetuating extraordinary cognomens through many generations, it was abundantly allayed by an incomprehensible scrap of history and romance which Mrs. Smith obligingly doled out in a way intended to be explanatory. So every doubt was set at rest, and the child was duly christened Ernestine Egbert Marcellus, in the sight of the admiring congregation. A few weeks afterwards, the minister's child went through the same ceremony, and the imaginations of the people were yet so dazzled that the simple and hackneyed "Harriet," by which she was to be known, was almost deemed a pitiable misfortune.

The little Smith was expected to die from week to week, then from month to month, and then from year to year. But he kept hold of life bravely, considering his size; while his patrons, the old women, collected herbs and dried roots, and invented mysterious decoctions and inconceivable syrups to build up his constitution withal. They succeeded in keeping him alive notwithstanding his weakness, or he managed to live despite their interference and constitution-tinkering, whichever you please, and in process of time there was a fair prospect of his arriving at maturity.

It was the first wish of Mrs. Smith that her son should be reared uncontaminated by contact with boorishness and vulgarity. It was her serious concern that there was no one with whom he could properly associate. Harriet Green, the only admissible companion, would have been called a hoyden anywhere save in Laneville; but then she was intelligent and courageous, and her protection was worth something, and the children were allowed to play together, while their exclusiveness was understood and respected by the little people of the vicinity.

Harriet, though younger, was much larger and stronger than her friend, and she taught him her own accomplishments, coasting, skating and riding, which she continued to practise perseveringly, in the face of appeals and expostulations, and scandalized expressions, on the part of those who had neier ideas of feminine propriety than she possessed.

She had only one answer for the parson and Mrs. Green, for the squire and Mrs. Smith, and for anybody else who ventured a rebuke. She wondered where Ernestine would learn anything if she did not teach him, and she only wished there was water enough anywhere about to float a large sail-boat, and he should then learn everything that boys should know.

When it seemed probable that, by good nursing and the pursuance of every alluring salutiferous measure ever conceived or heard of by his natural guardians, they might be able to detain Master Smith long enough upon the earth, parental ambition immediately determined to develop his extraordinary ability, which, of course, the squire and his wife had early detected, by the advantages of a public education. Accordingly, the little Ernestine who was still too delicate to encounter the adversities and tumult of a large school, was committed to the special superintendence and instruction of Parson Green, that he might be conducted through his preparatory studies.

Harriet, when she found what plans had been formed for her friend, loudly proclaimed her intention to go through college also, but upon being assured that custom had reserved this privilege for the exclusive benefit of clever young gentlemen, she very sensibly lost no time in bemoaning her disappointment; but, with her usual hopefulness, fell to dreaming of social revolutions that might at length aid in the gratification of her wish, and she determined to prepare herself thoroughly, so that, in case anything should happen, and girls should be permitted to go to college as well as boys, she could enter with distinguished success. No one interfered with her purposes, for it was neither easy nor agreeable to gainsay her resolutions. Parson Green was decidedly satisfied, and was not a little proud of his emulous pupils, and he spent hours with his nose between the leaves of his musty lexicon, reviewing his classical lore.

Mrs. Smith, in the excess of her gratitude to her minister for his paternal supervision of her child's education, felt a generous warmth of enthusiastic interest in his daughter, and fearful from her very heart that, between athletic sports and the dead languages, the boisterous girl would be utterly spoiled, recommended music and the French verbs by way of antidote. Harriet was ready to undertake anything of a reasonable nature, and accordingly victimized her neighbor's ears and piano three hours daily; stayed to read a little more about that marvellous luscious youth, Telemachus, and then hastened to her father's study to have a treat in saying Greek conjugations, and then, with Ernestine, to the squire's stables to saddle the horses for a mad gallop on the highway.

Thus occupied, the children reached the age of fifteen, Harriet being then a large, full-grown woman, in long dresses, and with her prominent features and dark complexion, looking twenty; while Ernestine, who was just beginning to live without special effort, with her slender person buttoned up in a thin jacket, with hair and eyes like primroses and forget-me-nots, would scarcely pass for twelve. People wondered what Harriet Green could find in him that she should spend hours in his company; but she stoutly defended her preferred friend, and declared that he knew more than anybody in the town except her father, and that if they would only wait, with a spark of candor and patience, they would see him a great man yet. Squire Smith and his wife were thoroughly possessed of the same conviction.

Ernestine, at last, must go from home, and Harriet reckoned it an affliction, that she was forced to remain there with little to do, and nobody in particular to talk with. She had also an additional trouble, a sort of teasing, mending harassment, more than a downright catastrophe, and this was no less than another Miss Harriet Green, her father's sister, known familiarly as Aunt Hetty. This respectable individual was very short, and plump, and fair; was known to have existed a long time, for a period that was generally supposed to transcend the ordinary calculations of her acquaintance, and chiefly busied herself in rejuvenating her person, an operation which, with her, consisted in frizzling her pale hair, sleeping a preposterous number of hours, and in making over her light dresses in the newest fashion. She had a meagre fortune of two hundred a year, which she contrived to eke out to the measure of her necessities, by making herself agreeable in the houses of several relations and friends, among whom she coursed in an eccentric orbit, the turnings of which could be easily calculated when the respective and relative attractions of weddings, funerals and recent widowers were fully understood.

She called Laneville her home, a place that she despised when she was in it, and glorified when out of it. It was astonishing to observe how it grew in her estimation when she was removed at a considerable distance from it, and quite inspiring to hear her rapt descriptions of the druidical oaks behind the church, which became, in her narrations, a Gothic pile, or something near it, the enchanting manse steeped in fragrance from a wilderness of flowers, gathering to itself moss and ivy enough to overrun a cathedral; the village swains and the rustic nymphs, and rural avocations, and her star-friends, the Smiths and their promising son, and her clerical brother, who was sacrificing himself to his benevolence, and wasting his talents in this lovely seclusion, and her fascinating and learned niece, and her amiable sister, all these and everything else jumbled together, and served up with exclamations and rhapsodical glances, easily leading an impressible stranger to the conclusion that Laneville was assuredly either paradise or a picture.

The purple and golden hues that enrobed Laneville with wondrous enchantment, in Aunt Hetty's imagination, vanished as she drew near, and the parsonage became dingy and incommensurable, and her brother prosy, and Mrs. Smith strangely dowdy and old-fashioned, and the squire brusque and unpleasant; yet she found it advisable to favor the place with her frequent visits. There were economical considerations that made it specially desirable that she should possess a recruiting harbor, and since it was possible to pack away her silk dresses and wear faded gingham, and be more than approved in the smartness of last year's bonnets, she allowed her love of good works, and her active desire to benefit and elevate the laggard and benighted parish, to operate as an incentive to her remaining where sobriety of apparel was the surest passport to universal favor. Especially was it her desire to transform her niece into a pattern young lady, by the united force of precept and example.

Aunt Hetty arrived with the birds that same year that witnessed the departure of Ernestine for college. She found great necessity for the execution of her reformatory schemes. Harriet was more and more shocking, and, strangest of all, no one seemed to notice or think of correcting her unwomanly propensities. Accordingly, she commenced the practice of preaching her niece's sentences sermons hourly. Young ladies should not run. Young ladies never sing in the streets. Heaven help us! young ladies don't whistle. Young ladies don't clamber up crooked apple-trees every day to look into a bird's nest. Young ladies embroider and curl their hair, and don't play with little boys.

Harriet listened with all the patience that she could muster, screwed up her lips, her eyebrows and her courage, and hastened away as fast as she could to see Ernestine all that was possible before he should leave her.

The intimacy between Harriet and Ernestine was the particular object of the spinster's attack. She was never indiscreet in the selection of her companions, and with renewed zeal inspired by the consciousness of her own correctness, she teased and belabored all parties, so offended Mrs. Smith as to find the squire's home no longer agreeable, raised sullen clouds on the laughing face of her niece, and in every practicable way made herself a martyr to her spleen.

At length the necessity of circumstances forced her inoffensive enemy from the field, and Aunt Hetty, with sighs of satisfaction, congratulated herself upon having obtained a complete victory, and that more especially, since the departure of Ernestine, Harriet stayed within doors, spent hours in quietly reading and writing, and even undertook to mend her torn gowns. It was much to succeed so perfectly after having been sacrificed to the displeasure of those whom she sought to benefit.

Her complacency was soon disturbed by painful suspicions concerning Harriet's employment. The girl was writing continually, not in a diary evidently—that would have been most praiseworthy,—not sermons or moral essays—it was absurd to suppose it,—but real letters on real letter-paper. Her conjectures went to the point at once; there was but one person to whom Harriet could write. But Aunt Hetty would not be unjust; she would wait for evidence before she should express her sentiments, and propose a regimen of bread and water for her niece, and such like taming and corrective processes.

It presented itself one day, a letter that she discovered upon the table, folded, sealed and addressed to Mr. Ernestine E. M. Smith, in Harriet's own open hand. She captured it, and hastening to her brother's study, placed it, triumphantly, before him.

"Well, what of that, Hetty?" said he.

"Is it possible that you do not see that your child is on the high road to ruin?" was the spinster's reply, aghast at the sight of her brother's imperturbability.

"Ruin! Eh!" and the parson rubbed his eyes and brushed up his hair. It was his usual manner of calling back his thoughts from an absorbing consideration of the "five points."

Aunt Hetty condescended to explain the enormity of the case, and clinched her argument by the usual nail, that *she* had never written to a young man in all her life, though, to be sure, it was not for want of opportunity, and humbly adduced her honorable respectability to justify the wisdom of her conduct.

"But Ernestine is only a mere child," ventured the parson.

"He is old enough to be in college," was the conclusive answer.

The clergyman, who dreaded nothing like an interruption of peace in the family, strove to appease his sister, and declared, with ecclesiastical moderation, that though he was not able to discover anything objectionable in a correspondence between the young people, which was freely submitted to parental inspection when desired, he yet might not be so fit a judge in a matter of mere propriety as a lady whose native delicacy and good sense, and enlarged observation and experience, eminently qualified her to be a guide and instructor.

A compliment would sometimes divert Aunt Hetty, and the parson, without malice, threw her one in self-defence, and promised that, if she would send Harriet to the study, he would converse with her immediately, and endeavor to persuade her to withhold the letter already written.

What passed between Harriet and her father, during that interview, never transpired; but when it terminated, Aunt Hetty was not particularly edified or consoled by beholding her rebellious niece marching, with unladylike decision, towards the post-office, the letter conspicuously exhibited in her hand.

This signal defeat put a climax to the unfortunate skirmishes of the whole season. It was demonstrated past question that her influence and authority were on the decline in her brother's house, and swallowing the lamentable fact, and hearing, by a fortunate conjuncture, that the wife of a certain deacon had deceased, she compassionately and promptly resolved to supply, in person, the deficit in the population of the town where the sad event had occurred.

Two years passed, bringing only improvement and happiness to Ernestine and Harriet. The young student had rapidly developed in mind and body, and was already even taller than his old friend, and had become, not only the pride and admiration of his parents, and of the inmates of the parsonage, but also of all Laneville. This prosperity and gladness received a melancholy interruption by the death of Mrs. Smith, which took place suddenly in the midst of the second summer vacation. Ernestine wept convulsively over his mother's remains, and Harriet shed her tears with him in affectionate sympathy. Squire Smith received the stroke with becoming resignation.

Autumn came at length, and Ernestine went sorrowfully back to his studies; and Aunt Hetty appeared at the parsonage with a new bonnet and a sky-blue dress, and filled with compunction because of her protracted absence from her dearest friends. She was enchanted with everything; she found her niece improved beyond her fondest expectations; she could not hear enough of Ernestine; her heart was torn with pity for the young man, and she entreated Harriet to write to him very often, and suggested many consoling thoughts, while she regretted that it was not her privilege to offer them in a more direct way.

The squire did not seem to be in need of particular comfort, and so, of course, he was not so often mentioned. What solace he desired he obtained in occasional interviews with his minister, and it was to be anticipated that the loneliness of his house would drive him to seek society elsewhere, and there was none more congenial than that which the parsonage afforded. He paid more attention to his personal appearance than had been his recent custom, but that, of course, was only an innocent way of diverting the attention from gloomy thoughts.

Aunt Hetty was not less solicitous respecting her external decorations, and she divided her time between the needle and studying the significance of their neighbor's movements.

The first bold stroke that the squire made, was to offer to remove the piano to the parsonage for Harriet's convenience—a proposal that Aunt Hetty considered an important advance towards one of a more delicate nature, and, in family conclave, she regarded with a degree of favor, which may be deemed typical of that which was bestowed on the imaginary one. Parson Green, quite overwhelmed with a sense of obligation, finally consented to receive the instrument to his house temporarily, that his daughter's previous musical education might not be lost for want of its continuance. The squire sent to town for a regular supply of new music, and came every day to hear Harriet play, and to chat with Aunt Hetty, who was invariably present, because, as she asserted, harmony and melody formed such an important part of her being that she could never be satisfied with listening to the performances of the lovely and gifted niece.

The months sped on without any change, save that the squire appeared to grow younger and blither daily, and spent more time in friendly calls at the parsonage. As spring arrived, he brought flowers from his own garden, and as summer came he added fruits. Aunt Hetty could not remember ever having received so many graceful gifts of this kind with more satisfactory compliments. To be sure, she shared these attentions with Mrs. Green and Harriet; but it was very thoughtful in the squire not to make her uncomfortable by singling her out prematurely.

She did not waste this period of suspense, but busied her interested imagination with the details of her prospective household arrangements, and had carefully projected the entire expenditure of her little fortune for the increased splendor of her establishment. Her fancy had completed every plan, and she only waited the signal from the squire to put them all in operation.

It came at last, on a beautiful midsummer day, when Aunt Hetty, walking in the garden which stretched down towards the squire's grounds, thought nobody was placed in so enviable a position as herself, and she went up and down the lengthened path, and raised her eyes towards the south, and feasted them on the wide fruitful fields, and the great house, whose owner they nourished. Ernestine was expected home, and she had fixed upon the period of his arrival as the crisis of her destiny. Her premonition had not led her astray.

She was walking close by the low wall that did not hide the beauties of the garden from the street, when she desisted Squire Smith's man coming up on the other side. He had a note in his hand, and Aunt Hetty took a conspicuous position as he approached. The messenger was not a courtly youth, and as he came near the lady, he paused, and giving her the note, said the squire had sent that thing and wanted an answer, and if she'd see to the thing, he'd sit under the pear tree till she brought the one in return.

Aunt Hetty obligingly took the commission and the note, which was directed to "Miss Harriet Green." It had come at last, and she hurried to her room, and, with blushes and smiles, eagerly perused it. It was full of ardor and devotion, and if the style smacked of deeds and conveyances, it only the more directly suggested advantages that silently backed the suit of the writer. He had long admired the many virtues of Miss Green; he had been affected by her tender interest in his son, and by somewhat extraordinary rhetoric, he strove to convince her that though he was an old lover, he should prove a fond one, and concluded by making over to her himself and his promises, and by laying them figuratively at her feet. He awaited an answer, which, he trusted, would give him permission to go to her at once, and explain everything to her best friends.

Aunt Hetty wrote the reply in a moment, a choice little sentence of diffident, loving, fluttering acceptance that she had by her, and taking it down to the man, remained in the garden, and watched for her lover. Her patience was sorely tried before the messenger, not the squire, was seen approaching, and another note was placed in her hand. The squire lamented his detention from his bride, but Ernestine had just arrived, and he was greatly occupied. But he would do himself the pleasure to bring his son and take tea at the parsonage. Meanwhile, he requested that nothing be said concerning their correspondence, until he had spoken to his old friend, the Rev. Mr. Green.

Aunt Hetty sped into the house to announce the expected visit, and leaving her sister and niece to prepare the extra dishes for the tea-table—that were immediately resolved upon—sought her room, to make herself as presentable as possible in a new white cambric. Squire Smith and Ernestine came very early, and in the highest spirits, and shook hands with Mrs. Green and Aunt Hetty with the greatest cordiality.

Both gentlemen inquired after Harriet. She was gone into the back garden to pick berries for tea. She was belated; but she would be in directly. Both offered to go for her; but Ernestine got the start, and was out of sight in a twinkling, and the squire turned with dignity and asked for Mr. Green. Mrs. Green regretted exceedingly that he had gone that morning to the next parish, and would not return till late in the day. Aunt Hetty blushed and fidgeted a very little, and looked out of the window, and the squire sat down to wait.

Two mortal hours passed. Ernestine and Harriet did not come; the parson did not come. The patience of the squire was almost exhausted; Aunt Hetty was nearly overcome by the protracted excitement, and the unconscious Mrs. Green had quite fatigued herself in her amiable effort to keep up conversation.

Squire Smith at last discerned the parson coming slowly along the road, and seizing his hat, rushed out to meet him. Directly Harriet and Ernestine entered, and having submitted to a playful chiding from Mrs. Green for loitering, they went to the window, and seemed interested in watching the landscape and each other.

In a little time the squire returned, with a joyful air, bringing the parson with him. He marched directly up to Harriet, and took her hand with more eagerness than circumstances seemed to demand, while her father solemnly commenced addressing her:

"Squire Smith has just made me acquainted with the substance of your recent correspondence with him, and the formation of your mutual engagement, which is a step to which I accord my full sanction and approval, and I have no doubt that Mrs. Green entirely sympathizes with me."

Harriet grew excessively red, and, half-choking, exclaimed:

"You make a mistake, father; I am engaged to Ernestine, not to Squire Smith!"

Squire Smith, thunderstruck, recoiled a few steps, and stared blankly at the young people.

"How? What!" exclaimed the parson, in equal bewilderment.

"That Harriet and I are engaged, with the permission of our parents," said Ernestine, bravely coming to the help of his friend, and blushing to his very hair.

Squire Smith produced Aunt Hetty's note, and pensively inquired, as he gave it to Harriet, how she could change her mind so quickly after writing it.

"I never wrote that," cried Harriet, glancing at it. "I never used pale blue ink in my life. It is Aunt Hetty's hand."

"Aunt Hetty's!" echoed the squire, with a little gasp.

"Our sister Harriet's," observed Mrs. Green, advancing, who began to understand the mistake that had been made.

"I did not know that *her* name was Harriet," said the squire, half-contemptuously; and, for the first time, comprehending the scope of the blunder, and the hopelessness of his position, he turned on his heel and strode off home, too suddenly for the parson to detain him.

Aunt Hetty had vanished long before, and did not come down to tea. She had her trunks packed before she slept, and, in the morning, left Laneville. Squire Smith went away also the next day, and succeeded, before winter, in bringing home a dashing, sensible wife.

When Ernestine had completed his collegiate and theological courses of study, he was united to Harriet, and they went to live in a pretty parsonage by themselves.

Aunt Hetty so far recovered from her mortification as to send her love and two salt-spoons to the happy pair; but she did not venture to be present at the wedding.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LA POESIA.

Inscribed, with esteem, to *Evelina M. F. Benjamin.*

BY WILLIE K. PABOR.

The dark-eyed maids of Egypt stand
Beside the sacred Nile—
A wreath of flowers in each hand,
And on each face a smile.

They watch the river's bosom swell—
They see the billows speed
To where the palm trees sentinel
The lotus and the weed.

At twilight's mellow fall, the wreath
They cast upon the tide,
And passionless to time bequeath
The hopes that with it glide.

So—by the flowing stream of thought
The sons of song abide,
To scatter buds and blossoms, brought
From the Castilian tide.

The purple waves of poesie
Their numbers bear along,
And rich and rare each argosie
That seeks the sea of song.

Each freighted with the hopes and fears
That rack the minstrel's heart;
The sunny smiles—the bitter tears—
That into being start!

Yet, if, within some sinless mind
The echo of some strain
Of his dear muse is haply shrined,
He did not sing in vain.

His, then, the heritage of time,
And his Erato's smile,
Who sends his history in rhyme
Down an eternal Nile!

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S LAST VOTE.

Every incident in the life of Washington is full of interest. That plain, heroic magnitude of mind which distinguishes him above all other men was evident in all his actions. Patriotism, chastened by sound judgment and careful thought, prompted all his public acts, and made them examples for the study and guidance of mankind. It has been said that no one can have the shortest interview with a truly great man, without being made sensible of his superiority. Of too many who have some way earned the title of great, this is by no means true. Its applicability to the character of Washington is verified in the following interesting circumstance related by a correspondent of the Charleston Courier.

"I was present," says this correspondent, "when General Washington gave his last vote. It was in the spring of 1799, in the town of Alexandria. He died the 11th of December following. The court-house of Fairfax county was then over the market-house, and immediately fronting Gadsby's tavern. The entrance into it was by a slight flight of crazy steps on the outside. The election was progressing—several thousands of persons in the court-house yard and immediate neighboring streets, and I was standing on Gadsby's steps when the father of his country drove up, and immediately approached the court-house steps; and when within a yard or two of them, I saw eight or ten good-looking men, from different directions, certainly without the least concert, spring simultaneously, and place themselves in positions to uphold and support the steps should they fall in the general's ascent of them. I was immediately at his back, and in that position entered the court-room—followed in his wake through a dense crowd to the polls—heard him vote—returned with him to the outward crowd—heard him cheered by more than two thousand persons as he entered his carriage, and saw his departure. There were five or six candidates on the bench sitting, and as the general approached them, they arose in a body and bowed smilingly; and the salutation having been returned very gracefully, the general immediately cast his eye towards the registry of the polls, when Colonel Deneale (I think it was) said: 'Well, general, how do you vote?' The general looked at the candidates, and said: 'Gentlemen, I vote for measures, not for men;' and turning to the recording-table, audibly pronounced his vote—saw it entered—made a graceful bow, and retired."—*Tribune.*

THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

The first William Pitt (Earl of Chatham) appointed General Wolfe to the command at Quebec, though contrary to the wishes of the Minister of War, and even to the appointment of King George II. "I know," says he, "that man will do his business properly, without sheltering himself under forms or trifling expediences; he is young and vigorous, too, and will not be so subjected to personal attentions." Lord Chatham's general maxim, upon this and similar occasions, was that ministers should look out men for offices, not offices for men. (What a commentary upon the present administration of military affairs in England!) Two of the leading features of Lord Chatham's character were *promptness* and *decision*. When minister, he wanted a great number of transports to be got ready directly for service, which Lord Anson, the first Lord of the Admiralty, said was impossible. "Come, come," says Lord Chatham, "I'll show you the possibility of it directly. There's a large fleet of colliers just arrived; overboard with the coal into the Thames, and put the soldiers on board directly. The service of government must not stand still for a paltry expense."—*New York Sunday Dispatch.*

SCENES OF EASTERN LIFE AND MANNERS.

The series of engravings presented on this and the next page of our paper were executed expressly for the Pictorial, from a series of original drawings kindly presented to us by Mr. Victor Ismaïne, a French topographical engineer, who has travelled extensively in Algeria, Egypt, Palestine and Turkey in Europe, and made himself perfectly familiar with the picturesque types of Arab character to be found in the East. Some of his notes and memoranda, kindly placed at our disposal, will aid in expressing what his graceful pencil could not convey to paper. No. 1 represents the females of an Arab family preparing food. The burthen of domestic labors of all kinds falls upon the women, the men, like the Indian chieftains of North America, deeming it a degradation to engage in them. The women whatever may be thought of the style of their gastronomy, are very dexterous in their performance of culinary operations, baking and broiling even when mounted on camels, in the case of a retreat before an advancing enemy. Ordinarily the cooking is done in the manner represented in our sketch. No. 2 represents the Arab's tent, his moveable home—all the house that he can call his own in his long wanderings. Here he finds shelter from the parching rays of the noontide sun, and rest after the fatiguing journey of the day. To this tent the stranger who claims hospitality is ever welcome, and though the host might rob the same man if he met him in the desert, still he is secure from pillage when once beneath the shadow of the tent. A violation of the rites of hospitality, in this respect, is very rare, and regarded as very discreditable. Still, it chanced, some time ago, that an Arab of the tribe of Zerdez, who was going to Constantine (in Algeria) to buy cattle, was plundered in a douar of Hamma, a village on the road to Philippeville, where hospitality had been accorded him. The sight of his girdle, swelled with specie, was the cause of this violation of the sacred rites of hospitality. When he had partaken of a hearty supper, and was sound asleep, his disloyal entertainers seized him, tied his hands behind him, gagged him to prevent his outcries, then took his money, unbound him, but did not remove the gag. When his hands were once free, our hero, who did not lack courage, was suddenly inspired with an idea which he acted on. Seizing his knife, he cut off a piece of his burnoose, dug a hole in the ground opposite the offending tent, and placed the fragment of cloth in it. This operation accomplished, he went to Constantine with all possible speed, where his first care was to lodge a complaint before the Arabic bureau. "Hast thou witnesses?" asked the officer. "No, Sidi," replied the Arab; "but you can send and seek for the guilty ones." These last, arrested and brought before the officer by the Moorish police, energetically denied the theft, and declared that they did not know the complainant. The latter, then, showing the hem of his garment from which the piece had been cut, related what he had done, and indicated the precise spot where the officers would find the piece, buried before the robbers' tent. This was done, and the fragment fitting the gap exactly, the chief ordered the accused to restore the stolen money, inflicted a heavy fine upon them, and, moreover, sent them to prison. The largest cut on the opposite page exhibits one of those diamonds of the desert, an oasis with its welcome spring of water. They are like sunny spots in the waste of a fruitless life. If the desert has been like to the ocean, the camel to the ship, then these verdant patches are islets in the sand-deep. Who can describe the joy of the caravan, as after toiling through many weary miles of burning sand, the supply of water nearly exhausted, even the patient and long-enduring camels showing tokens of suffering, the feathery crown of the palm-trees, serving as land-marks, indicates that the place of rest and refreshment is near at hand,—where the hand of God has placed an ever-during fountain, and the hand of man walled in and fenced it from injury. Fatigue, even despair, is forgotten in a moment. Every foot regains its elasticity. The horses and camels, sated in their instinct than man in his reason, feel that relief is at hand, and need no urging to press forward. And O the delicious draughts of gladness that are quaffed from that abounding fountain. The halt of a caravan at a well is one of the most interesting episodes of desert life. No. 3 represents an Eastern bazaar. These bazaars present the most ample field for the study of the European tourist, or the artist who wishes to familiarize himself with the costumes, manners and physique of the East. Here are to be seen those costly wares which have a world wide reputation, the splendid shawls, slippers, pipes, robes, sabres, dyes, perfumes, etc., much prized in the East. Jewels, fruits, the "kohl," henna and other articles indispensable to the ladies' toilettes, are here exposed for sale. All colors and costumes are mingled in the tide of life that flows among the bazaars. The Eastern ladies pay much attention to their personal appearance—indeed they have little else to occupy their minds about. They wear no stockings. Their pretty feet, undistorted by tight shoes, are as spotless and well kept as their hands. Yellow morocco, or richly embroidered velvet slippers, a kind of pointed shoes, without heels or lacings, are commonly worn on the feet. In their toilette they adopt many curious practices to heighten their natural charms. Instead of allowing their eyebrows to grow freely, they diminish their breadth, and preserve



ARAB WOMEN BAKING.

only a very narrow arch. They dye the edge of the lids black with a preparation of antimony called *kohl*. To heighten the whiteness of their skin, they commonly dye their nails, the ends of their fingers and the soles of their feet black and red, with a preparation of the leaves of the *henna*, the *launsonia inermis* of Linnaeus. Large black eyes, shaded with long lashes, and sparkling with vivacity, impart a grand expression to their countenances.



AN ARAB TENT.

Their noses are small, and often slightly flattened. They have large but well formed mouths, although the lips are sometimes thick. Their teeth are very even and brilliantly white, and contrast with their complexions. They are generally remarkable for the elegance of their shape. The vertebral column is arched, the limbs regular and rounded, the hands and feet small and smooth. The bust is large and well developed, and undistorted, as in

through the medium of the stars, motion and life; one in his essence, manifold in his exterior manifestations, appearing in the world in various forms, which were his successive personifications, and which changed incessantly from one to the other; a god, in a word, the cause and material of a universal and eternal metamorphosis, very similar to the divinities of India, and the god of the Stoic philosophy. This religion they dated back to Abraham, the father of Ishmael, and first author of their race. They ended by sinking into a superstitious adoration, either of celestial bodies, or of terrestrial symbols, designed to represent them on the earth, temples, idols, sacred stones, amulets, etc., and their religion was almost entirely changed into a gross idolatry. This people, who lived in ignorance, almost unknown by the rest of the world, and who hardly knew their own history, were yet summoned, in the 7th century, to high and glorious destinies. The old world had just perished; the new world was not yet born. To the painful death throes of antiquity succeeded, amid a terrific chaos, the laborious birth of the modern age. For the accomplishment of this great transformation of humanity, it was necessary that the East and the North should strive together, and mingle, in some way, on the battle-fields of the West. In this encounter, and necessary commingling of all the great races, the Arab nation was the champion, the representative of Asia, the oriental element. They possessed, in fact, all the qualities useful to the great part they were going to perform for the first time in the history of the world. They were young—so young that they had hardly passed the bounds of infancy; they had the force, the fire, the daring, the faith and the courage of youth; they were not only brave, they knew how to fight; for their internal struggles had, for a long time, accustomed them to the difficulties and dangers of war; if they cultivated neither the arts nor the sciences, if they did nothing but pillage or raise flocks, they were apt for everything; if they sometimes were guilty of acts of rapine and cruelty, they often showed themselves great, noble and generous. They had ardent imaginations; they loved poetry passionately; they spoke a magnificent language

Europe, by the tyranny of fashion. Their step is light and firm; their attitudes majestic; their gestures, full of grace, remind you of the souvenirs of antiquity of which they have preserved some practices and traits of resemblance. No. 4 represents an agricultural scene in the East, and shows a group of Arabs threshing out wheat, an operation which is performed by spreading the straw over a large space and driving several horses round in a circle, the animals being fastened together and also attached to a post in the centre of the space round which they revolve. The practice of employing animals to thresh grain is of the remotest antiquity, and is spoken of in scripture. The Dutch at the Cape of Good Hope employ the same process, and the descendants of the Dutch and German settlers of New York and Pennsylvania thresh out their oats with horses, in the manner of the Arabs, to this day. No. 5, the last of our series, depicts a party of gazelle hunters returning to their tent with their prey. A trained falcon is used in taking this beautiful animal, as its speed baffles the fleetness of the swiftest hounds. The hawk dashes swiftly on the gazelle, and so terrifies and confuses the poor animal that it easily becomes the prey of the sportsman. The gazelle is the smallest of the deer family, and is exceedingly slender and graceful. It is easily tamed. Its large eyes are celebrated by the Eastern poets for their lustrous darkness, and no higher compliment can be paid an Eastern belle than to tell her that her eyes are like those of the gazelle. Though retaining many of the traits and customs of their ancestry, and occasionally boasting of some chief, such as Abd-el-Kader, worthy of their old renown, the Arabs of to-day are a sadly degenerate race. The invasion of the west by the Arabs, in the 7th century, is, without question, one of the most surprising revolutions

in the history of humanity. In the Asiatic peninsula designated by the name of Arabia, lived, from time immemorial, a people who, although they had acted as intermediaries in the commerce of Europe and Asia, never felt any of those great shocks of which the East had been the theatre. Their sands or their valor had always shielded them from foreign invasions and conquests; they had never experienced the want of changing their country, or of exercising any influence whatever on the destinies of the world. If, as certain philologists assert, they had, at one time, extended outwardly, they soon fell back on their peninsula, and there their independent and solitary existence surrendered them to all the influences of the soil they inhabited. "The earth," says a contemporary writer, "had acted profoundly on man, and in the midst of their constantly-moving sands, the Arabs had accustomed themselves to a wandering and vagabond life, and ceaseless evolutions. No common centre, on this shifting ground, had been able to group their numerous tribes, which seemed constantly to float at hazard in a wild independence. They lived without order or rule. The anarchy which consumed them armed them continually against each other, and they wore out, in these intestine struggles, the energy peculiar to their race." Their religion had first been Sabbaism, that is to say, the belief in a divinity chiefly inhabiting heaven; but, at the same time, spread throughout the whole universe, and communicating to all things,

through the medium of the stars, motion and life; one in his essence, manifold in his exterior manifestations, appearing in the world in various forms, which were his successive personifications, and which changed incessantly from one to the other; a god, in a word, the cause and material of a universal and eternal metamorphosis, very similar to the divinities of India, and the god of the Stoic philosophy. This religion they dated back to Abraham, the father of Ishmael, and first author of their race. They ended by sinking into a superstitious adoration, either of celestial bodies, or of terrestrial symbols, designed to represent them on the earth, temples, idols, sacred stones, amulets, etc., and their religion was almost entirely changed into a gross idolatry. This people, who lived in ignorance, almost unknown by the rest of the world, and who hardly knew their own history, were yet summoned, in the 7th century, to high and glorious destinies. The old world had just perished; the new world was not yet born. To the painful death throes of antiquity succeeded, amid a terrific chaos, the laborious birth of the modern age. For the accomplishment of this great transformation of humanity, it was necessary that the East and the North should strive together, and mingle, in some way, on the battle-fields of the West. In this encounter, and necessary commingling of all the great races, the Arab nation was the champion, the representative of Asia, the oriental element. They possessed, in fact, all the qualities useful to the great part they were going to perform for the first time in the history of the world. They were young—so young that they had hardly passed the bounds of infancy; they had the force, the fire, the daring, the faith and the courage of youth; they were not only brave, they knew how to fight; for their internal struggles had, for a long time, accustomed them to the difficulties and dangers of war; if they cultivated neither the arts nor the sciences, if they did nothing but pillage or raise flocks, they were apt for everything; if they sometimes were guilty of acts of rapine and cruelty, they often showed themselves great, noble and generous. They had ardent imaginations; they loved poetry passionately; they spoke a magnificent language



AN ARAB BAZAAR.

in fine, they were as little attached to the earth as the burning sands in the midst of which they had wandered, the sport of chance, for so many centuries with their flocks. As the writer above quoted says, they had only to trace a path in the stormy waves which beset them, to make a river, broad and deep, capable of sweeping away, in its course, nations and empires. The pathway was traced, and the river rolled, at the command of Mahomet, the last of the prophets, as the Arabs call him. Who knows not that, at the voice of this man of genius, the Arabs, before so divided, rushed, as one man, and with irresistible fervor and enthusiasm, to the conquest of the entire world? Who is not aware that if Karl Martel had not arrested them at Poitiers, they would have realized the dream of their ambition, which was to supplant by violence, everywhere, Christianity by Mahometanism? Who has not remarked that, as soon as they had quitted their native land, they became civilized and civilizing, pouring forth a torrent of imagination and learning; that they cultivated, with marvellous success, arts, sciences and letters, while all the rest of Europe was plunged in profound barbarism; that their civilization perished with them, when they were driven from the countries they had conquered; and that, after Mahomet, Arabia, becoming what she was before him, relapsed into that stagnant, motionless condition in which we now behold her plunged?

HOW THEY MAKE GUNPOWDER.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, in a letter from Wilmington, Delaware, gives the following interesting sketch of the process by which powder is made at the celebrated mills of Du Pont in that city: Of course, of the details of the business of the Messrs. Du Pont, even if known to me, I could not make mention, unless by their consent; but the process of manufacture is in reality no secret; every book of chemistry treating of it to some extent. All know that gunpowder is composed of saltpetre, brimstone and charcoal, though but few have any idea of the trouble and labor gone through to have these materials of a proper quality. The saltpetre, as received at the yards, has the appearance of dirty coarse salt, filled with a short fibrous matter; by a process of refining, two or three times repeated, it assumes the appearance somewhat of fine table-salt, in which state it is fit for the powder-mill. Great care is also taken to have the sulphur pure. But the most labor and forethought seem to be necessary in procuring the charcoal, which is made of the willow and poplar, the former being used for the best kinds of powder. To procure supplies of these woods, the proprietors set out, yearly, in every nook and corner, trees, which are hewn down every three years, and the branches are converted into charcoal. This method of procuring the wood gives a singular appearance to the country; for in many places alongside the roads, or by the streams, may be seen old tree trunks, standing but little higher than a man's head, and topped only with a bunch of small branches. I saw some trunks that appeared to be forty or fifty years old, without a limb bigger than my wrist. The mill buildings in which the materials are ground or mixed, are scattered along the banks of the stream, each one containing a mill. They are built of stone on three sides, with heavy walls strengthened with piers; the other side, facing the stream, is of wood, and the roof also slopes toward the stream. The plan of construction is to lessen the damage from explosions; for, should an explosion take place, the force would be diverted toward the stream. The mills consist of two heavy iron rollers on wheels, moving in a trough. I saw one pair, each of which weighed 15,000 pounds—about seven tons. The materials being well mixed up, and pulverized in these mills, is slightly moistened, when it is pressed into cakes, till it becomes almost as hard as plaster of Paris. These cakes are then broken up into small pieces, and taken to the granulation mill, an operation which, on account of its danger, I was not permitted to see. After granulation, the powder is taken to the glazing mill. Here 600 or 700 pounds are put into a wooden cask, revolving moderately fast for twenty-four hours, there being six or eight of these casks, and close by each were 700 pounds more, ready for another charge. From the glazing mill the powder is taken to the drying house. Here, at the time of my visit, were nearly four tons of powder, spread out on trays, while close by were two furnaces roaring away at the rate of a ton of coal each, in twenty-four hours. Danger there was not, yet I could not but think of Sebastopol and the story of its mines. From the drying house the powder is taken to the packing house, where it is put in barrels or canisters, and thence taken to a magazine, of which there are several, built with the same regard to non damage in case of explosion as the grinding-mills. While standing in one of the packing-houses, and just as I had given a kick to a hundred pound keg of powder, intended for his excellency Santa Anna, Mr. Du Pont called to a man to bring him some powder in a scoop shovel, and therein I inspected about half a peck of powder, destined to knock out of this world some enemy of his said excellency. Great care is exercised, the yards and the various buildings being under the direct and constant supervision of some of the firm, and to such an extent is this supervision carried, that one of them visits the yard every night at one o'clock; the discipline is more efficient than in the army or navy.



ARABS THRESHING.

OBJECT OF SALT IN THE SEA.

Professor Chapman, of University College, Toronto, has published an interesting paper on the object of sea water being salt and after giving his objections to the usually received opinions, he urges the theory that the object is to regulate evaporation. If any temporary cause renders the amount of saline matter in the sea above its normal value, evaporation goes on more and more

ments of a race of people who have long since passed away, leaving no other trace of their existence. It is fashionable to speak of the Eastern continent as the Old World, yet it is not known to be entitled to this appellation. Who can say that the Andes and the Sierra Nevada are not the seniors of the Alps and the Himalaya? Who is prepared to prove that the ruins of Uxmal and Palenque, and the pyramids

of Cholula, in Mexico, do not take precedence in age of the sphinxes and pyramids of Egypt, and the winged lions of Assyria? History traces the rise and fall of Nineveh, of Babylon, and of Thebes; but we have no record of the rise, progress or fall of those great cities in Central America, which the laborious researches of Stevens and Catherwood brought to light. There the human-faced hulls and the winged lions of Nineveh find their equivalents in the grotesque carving in stone of hideous forms of men and animals. Who can say that these rude sculptures of America did not precede those of Asia? But we will not speculate on a subject that offers no basis on which even a plausible argument can be erected. The existence of numerous and immense ruins in America of what were once large cities is a fixed fact, and we must be content to remain in utter ignorance of the epoch in which they flourished.

The most extensive of these ruins are to be found at Uxmal and Palenque, in the southeastern part of Mexico. At Uxmal are immense pyramids, coated with stone, and quadrangular stone edifices and terraces. The highest of these pyramids is one hundred and thirty feet, and on the summit it supports a temple; on one of the façades of the temple are four human figures cut in stone with great exactness and elegance. The hands are crossed upon the breast, the head is covered in something like a helmet, about the neck is a garment of the skin of an alligator, and over each body is a figure of death's head and bones. At Palenque are immense ruins—a city of great extent, with the remains of a royal palace. One temple, that of Copan, was 520 feet by 650, and is supposed to have been as large as St. Peter's at Rome. Another temple of great dimensions is here, having an entrance by a portico 100 feet long and 10 feet broad; it stands on an elevation of 60 feet. The pillars of the portico are adorned with hieroglyphics and other devices. Different objects of worship have been found, representations of the gods who were worshipped in this country. These temples, with fourteen large buildings and many other objects of curiosity, stand here as monuments of ancient greatness, to remind us of the remote origin of a mighty empire. This city has been described as the Thebes of America, and travellers have supposed that it must have been sixty miles in circumference, and contained a population of 3,000,000 souls. The pyramid of Cholula in Mexico, is described as covering forty-four acres of ground. On its summit was a temple, and in the interior has been discovered a vault, roofed with beams of wood, containing skeletons and idols. Several smaller pyramids surround this large one. It appears to have been formed by cutting a hill into an artificial shape. Its dimensions are immense, being nearly three miles in circumference and about four hundred feet high. It is divided into terraces and slopes, covered with platforms, stages and bastions, elevated one above the other, and formed of large stones skilfully cut and joined without any cement. In some respects the style of architecture resembles the Gothic, in others the Egyptian; yet the general construction, manner and style of its architecture are different from anything hitherto described in the world.—Louisville Journal.



THE WELL IN THE DESERT.

slowly. If this value be depreciated by the addition of fresh water in due excess, the evaporating power is the more and more increased. He gives the results of various experiments in reference to evaporation on weighed quantities of ordinary rain water, and water holding in solution 2.6 per cent. of salt. The excess of loss of the rain water compared with the salt solution, was from 46 to 54 per cent.—Philadelphia Ledger.



ARABS RETURNING FROM HUNTING GAZELLES.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night! good-night! the world is still;
The stars their watch are keeping;
The hum of day has died away;
And all the flowers are sleeping.
Good-night!

Good-night! the mountain stream
Is singing to the shore;
The fairies quaff from tily cups
With nectar running o'er.
Good-night!

Good-night! good-night! sweet dreams be thine!
And may the angels hending
From heaven above, behold in love
Thy sleep, protection lending.
Good-night!

Good-night! good-night! when thou shalt sleep
That sleep which knows no waking,
May seraph care conduct thee where
The eternal morn is breaking!
Good-night!

L. H. F.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

COMPANY FACES.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

MEN and women have company faces. They put them on with their best clothes, as a part of their toilet, wearing them as long as there is anybody to please, deceive or dupe, and then put them off just as readily. Some persons seem to have two individualities; one for home, the other for the public. Yet they never antagonize, having a sphere of operation so widely different, that they cannot well compromise each other. The world is apt to judge by the exterior; therefore, say they, we must blind the world. It forms its opinions from tangible evidences; therefore, let us appear to the best advantage. This resolve is strengthened by the whispers of policy, which adds, that much may be gained, but nothing lost by this course. And so truth, that unappreciated genius, is pushed from the stage of action, to make way for inferior but more showy stars, who shine in borrowed garments.

The evil effects of this baneful practice cannot be calculated. Candor looks with apprehension upon the deceit, good old honesty bluntly testifies its disapprobation, and sincerity sends in an eloquent protest against the dissimulation. These wise counsellors are unheeded, or complacently assured that there is really nothing to fear; that a trifling evasion is not a prevarication; that a little false coloring is far from being falsehood; that an innocent white lie should not be classed with a guilty black one; in fine, that what is done by so many people, so many times, cannot be morally wrong. Let us see; we will look at results, then we will judge of the cause.

Mrs. Vail, an unmarried sister, and a young daughter sat in a pleasant parlor, the first two sewing, and the latter alternately reading and looking out of the window.

"I should like to know whether your new minister will be fortunate enough to please the majority of his parishioners?" said the young lady.

"I can't tell, I'm sure; but one thing I do know—he does not please me," replied Mrs. Vail, pushing her needle in and drawing it out with a sort of jerk, implying that her mind was in a positive condition.

Miss Danforth looked up inquiringly.

"Has he been here?" she asked.

"Yes, once; but I have no great desire that his calls should be frequent. His manners do not please me, and I dislike his way of preaching."

"He has some reputation, I have heard."

"Yes, for oddity and peculiarity; nothing more. He speaks bluntly, and people call him original; I do not. I think that a minister should not be at all peculiar; I don't like these quaint, out-of-the-way ideas, they sound so strange and unfamiliar. Then he's awkward going in and coming out of the pulpit, handling books, etc.; a minister should study gracefulness as much as his sermons. His voice, too, is harsh and wiry, and he reads as though every word hurt him, without—"

"Mother, Miss Bates is coming up the walk," said Ella, interrupting her.

"Dear me! that woman is everywhere; she's been here three times within a month! A dried up old maid, Emma," added Mrs. Vail to her sister, by way of explanation. The bell rang; the lady of the house went quickly to the door and opened it herself.

"Ah, good morning, my dear Miss Bates! What a stranger you are!" she exclaimed, with animation, kissing the visitor on both cheeks. "Come in, come in!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Vail, but I merely called to return this book you were so kind as to lend me. I am going farther," was the polite response.

"But that won't prevent you from coming in a few minutes. I can't let my friends off in this manner, when they are on the threshold." And thus urged, the lady followed Mrs. Vail, who, after introducing her sister, placed herself very near her dear "Miss Bates," and began to chat as though she had everything to say, and but little time to do it in. Why had she neglected her so long? Why didn't she run in without ceremony, any day? How were her worthy parents? And so rosy and well she was looking, was she not in excellent health?

Miss Bates smiled gratefully, and thought Mrs. Vail a charming woman.

"Now, I want your opinion of our new minister," said the former, when the string of inquiries was duly asked and answered.

"O, I am much pleased with Mr. Wade. He is a ripe scholar, a clear reasoner, a profound thinker, an eloquent speaker, and I know he must be a good man. I think we must congratulate ourselves, Miss Bates."

"I knew you would like him—nobody could help it!" rejoined the lady, gratified with this enthusiastic panegyric. "Don't you think he has a peculiarly sweet and mellow voice?" she added.

"Perfectly musical!" replied Mrs. Vail.

"And his manners—manner is something, you know."

"O, in manners he is *au fait*. A perfect Chesterfield, Miss Bates."

"I have heard him called awkward and clumsy; and I feared that because that hymn book fell off the pulpit last Sabbath, people would really believe he *was*," continued Miss Bates, in a slightly anxious tone.

"Ah, that was merely an accident—a mischance likely to happen to anybody; it could not be called awkwardness or embarrassment. I am glad to see," resumed Mrs. Vail, "that Mr. Wade has independence and moral courage sufficient to make him speak his thoughts boldly. We want a little something out of the beaten track, and certainly he has original ideas, and a way particularly his own for expressing them."

Mrs. Vail was not chary of her commendations of the new minister; his extraordinary merits were discussed and enlarged upon, until Miss Bates took leave, fully satisfied that the worthy man had a warm advocate in her friend.

Mrs. Vail re-entered the parlor, dismissed her company face, and summoned a very self-approving, complaisant countenance to take its place.

"That was a master stroke—a cunning piece of policy!" she exclaimed, after a great laugh. "Do you know, Emma, that in just thirty minutes from this time, Mr. Wade will be acquainted with every word I have uttered concerning him?"

Miss Danforth shook her head.

"Well, he will; Miss Bates and Mrs. Wade are very intimate, and what the wife knows, the husband won't long be ignorant of. So you perceive that I have secured three friends, and can still maintain my own opinion. Dear me, what a multiplicity of ways one has to look in this world!"

Miss Danforth did not reply; perhaps she was thinking. Ella, who had been gazing steadily at Mrs. Vail's face, first spoke.

"Mother," she said, suddenly, "do you like Miss Bates?"

"Not very well, I'm afraid. Why?"

"Because you kissed her; I never kiss anybody I don't love."

"That is only custom, my dear; love has nothing to do with it."

"Do you like to have her visit you?" continued the young girl.

"Not so well as some other people," laughed Mrs. Vail.

"Then, what made you tell her that she had neglected you?"

"Why, my dear child, because I couldn't think of anything better to say. It is a common expression, and sounds very well, too. It wouldn't have been at all polite in me to say, 'Miss Bates, your calls are not agreeable to me;' so I say, instead, 'Don't forget me so long again, my dear friend.' Do you understand, Ella?"

"Yes, mother; but isn't that wrong?"

"Wrong!—wrong to tell her not to forget me?"

The young girl blushed. Mrs. Vail had chosen her words so carefully, that she quite confused the juvenile reasoner.

"You are old enough now, Ella," continued the mother, "to know that people do not mean *all* they say—that is, in company. Make people pleased with themselves, and they will be pleased with you, is a safe motto. Agree with them when they are present, and differ from them as much as you like when they are gone. Never allow your real feelings to show themselves in your face. If it is for your interest to flatter anybody, there is no harm in so doing. Friends, Ella, are always preferable to enemies, and can be made without much effort or self-sacrifice; only be careful of your face, and circumspect with your tongue, and you need dispense no one."

This was the counsel Ella Vail received from day to day; these were the examples she was told to imitate as she passed up to maidenhood. The few, faint throbs of conscientious feeling that strove to take root in her heart, were soon hushed by counter influences that met her at every turn. An apt scholar, she trod in her mother's steps with scrupulous exactness.

Ella had not Mrs. Vail's naturally amiable disposition. She was passionate, selfish and obstinate; yet with her company face, she acquired the reputation of a winning, prepossessing girl, with bewitching smiles and captivating manners. Not deficient in good looks, and well educated, the young lady had suitors; but as she treated all alike, it was difficult to tell which was the favored one. Her encouragement was dispensed so impartially, that four aspiring swains avowed an engagement with her at the same time. A great many hard looks and hard words resulted from Miss Vail's company face and flattering words; but she finally settled the matter by a public acceptance of the most eligible of the four; that is, the one said to have the most money.

"People wouldn't congratulate me on this engagement, did they know how disagreeable Mortimer is to me; I wouldn't think of marrying him, if I hadn't an eye to the position he can give me," she said, confidentially to her mother. "And he is silly enough to think," she added, with a laugh, "that I am ardently attached to him! As if I meant it! What if I do smile pleasantly and blush prettily when he is near me!—if he misconstrues their import, I surely am not in fault."

Mrs. Vail was in buoyant spirits on Ella's wedding day. There was only one slight drawback; the bride was escorted to a boarding-house, and not to a handsome residence of her own, as had

been expected. But this, Mr. Mortimer assured them, was owing solely to the neglect of his business agent, who had been entrusted with the matter; a fortnight would complete every preparation. So the young bride consoled herself by choosing the best suite of rooms in the house, and making the servants as much trouble as possible, to show her consequence.

After waiting a reasonable time for an invitation, Mrs. Mortimer ventured to propose a call at the house being fitted up for them, to see how things were progressing. Mr. Mortimer made answer that really the premises were not in a presentable condition—mason, painters and paper-hangers having created their usual amount of dirt and confusion. This was a trifling obstacle to a curious woman, and assuring him that a plain dress and a little care were all that were required, she ended by affirming, in the sweetest of voices, that "her dear Mortimer could not have the heart to refuse such a slight favor." This induced a "My love, how can you doubt my judgment?" in a slightly reproachful tone. Ella pouted prettily at his unwillingness to gratify her, and at last dropped the subject as the idea suggested itself that he was planning an agreeable surprise, which might be thwarted by the desired call at the place in question.

"Ella," said Mr. Mortimer, after a short interval of silence, "I have heard that your mother is worth considerable property. Now, as I have never before mentioned the subject, and am not certain of the truth of the report, I cannot be accused of interested motives, if I ask you how much she is possessed of."

Ella glanced furtively at the speaker's face, as if to read his object for making an inquiry which made her color in spite of herself.

"O, of course not, my love! But, then, ten thousand seems such a small sum in comparison with—"

"Only ten thousand!" he interrupted, with manifest surprise.

"Why, I was told that it was double that amount!"

"She has not even ten; you jump at conclusions, it seems to me, Mr. Mortimer," said the bride of a week, coldly.

"Not even ten!"

"Only the income of ten. My mother, as you well know, is a widow, and was left by my father in destitute circumstances; but for several years she has had the income from the amount I named."

"The principal being yours, I suppose?"

"I beg your pardon. If it was mine, I should retain it; but, unfortunately, at her decease it reverts to another branch of the family."

Mr. Mortimer's expression changed perceptibly.

"I don't see why you need look so disappointed, considering you did not marry for money!" retorted the wife, with decided symptoms of annoyance.

"Disappointed, madam! Who shows disappointment? I simply discover that you have deceived me, that is all."

"In what way?" she asked, with forced composure.

"By significant hints and false representations."

"If you have seen fit to put a false construction on a few idle, unimportant words, you must take the consequences."

At this point both flung aside their masks, too much in earnest to sail longer under false colors.

"Then you have no property?"

"Not a cent."

"Neither have I; we can sympathize with each other," replied the husband, smiling bitterly as Ella's astonished eyes met his own. "But, of course, this trivial information will not occasion disappointment, as you have so often said that you married me for love alone. Ah, Mrs. Mortimer!"

"And you have been playing a part!" exclaimed the bride.

"I have had that honor, madam, and have been fortunate enough to meet with an actress fully competent to sustain me in different roles!" he retorted, in a provokingly polite tone.

"You are a double-tongued hypocrite!" she exclaimed.

"And you a double-faced dissembler!" he ejaculated.

Ella burst into a flood of passionate tears, and Mr. Mortimer laughed as though it was the best joke of the season. A knock at the door interrupted this interesting *tableau*, and Mrs. Vail walked into the room before the daughter had time to wipe her eyes, and too soon for her son-in-law to adjust his company face. One sobbed and used her handkerchief freely, the other bowed stiffly, and left the chamber.

We shall not attempt to describe the reflections of Mrs. Vail, when Ella related what had happened; she was quite as much afflicted by the unhappy development as the latter, lamenting most of all the scandal such an event would surely occasion, did it become public; while the victim of this false marriage mourned her lost "position" and blasted hopes. Mortimer was denounced as a "vile impostor," a "scheming pretender," a "designing villain," for which confinement in the State's prison for life was too light a sentence. In dwelling upon his dishonest pretences, they forgot their own culpability. Had not both intimated in language ambiguous enough to mean anything, that there was property in the family, which, they well knew, would be classed in Ella's "prospects?" Had not the latter shown every preference for the man, who, in deceiving her, had deceived himself? Had she not often said, with apparent truth, that she could not be induced to marry for money? Was Mortimer more to blame than herself?

Mrs. Vail's son-in-law was found to be a penniless speculator, who had run deeply in debt to play the agreeable gallant to the fascinating Ella. The latter, shamed and humbled, insisted upon a separation, but was finally induced by her mother to live with the man the law called her husband, in order to deceive the world as far as possible. But now the company face is hard to wear; angry upbraidings and bitter recriminations are doing their work; the recompense of deceit must be paid in full, for truth can never be violated without a penalty.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SETH SNIPE'S SAILOR EXPERIENCE.

A HUMOROUS SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

SETH SNIPE was raised in the State of Maine, and until the age of four-and-twenty he had worked on his father's farm. His home was not far from the Kennebec, and often had he seen the noble vessels sailing to and fro up and down the river. It happened that Seth got sick of farming at an early age, and at one period of his earlier youth he had entertained the idea of being a schoolmaster; but somehow he never could get the committee to believe that he was qualified. Seth learned enough, but it would not stay learned. He had ciphered clear way over to the "single rule-of-three," but the "pesky" rules slipped his mind as soon as he left his book. It also happened that Seth fancied he should like the sea. To him there was something noble and grand in the appearance of a ship coming up the river. And then he had been on board the different vessels that chanced to be at the wharves when he was in town, and once he "climbed clean way up to the top of one of the great tall masts." O, it was beautiful up there, and he could see all round the country.

One other thing happened which put the clincher upon Seth's sea-going proclivities. One summer—the season that he was twenty-four years old—a man worked for his father on the farm who had been to sea one voyage from Portland to Havana. This individual was excessively salt. He talked *sailor*, and wore big-bottomed trousers without suspenders, and his hat was painted and adorned with a long, wide black ribbon. Seth listened to this man until his head was fairly turned. There was nobody else like Wilson—such was the man's name—and the young aspirant used to sit by the hour and listen to fabulous accounts of sea life. Old Mr. Snipe was very indignant at Seth's plan, but that made no odds.

"Let him go," said uncle John, a younger brother of Seth's father. "Let him go, and you may take my word for it he'll come back cured. You see he's crazy about it, and you'll never get any good of him till he's been to sea."

So the elder Snipe at length consented that his heir should take a peep at life on the raging sea. The old horse was harnessed to the still older wagon, and preparations were made for starting off after a berth.

"Mind 'at yer starboard riggin' is fast, there!" uttered Seth, as his uncle hooked the off breeching strap. He had heard Wilson talk *sailor*, and he loved to talk so, too.

Uncle John smiled, and said 'twas all fast.

"Neow jest haul yer wind in here, uncle, an' off we go right afore the wind. Avast there, ole Jericho!" Seth cried to the old horse, who was snapping at a fly. "By my tarry toplights, I'll rig a bolun to your head piece!"

Whether the horse understood this direful threat, or whether the fly left, is not certain, but he stood still from that time until they were ready to start. Uncle John was to accompany Seth, for he knew several ship-owners, and might therefore be of service. In due time the old horse reached the town, and Seth and his uncle went down to the river. The ship "Eliza Downs" lay at one of the wharves; and to her master uncle made his application. Seth was called forward, and the captain commenced to catechize him. But the hero was not to be bluffed now. He had resolved to be a man, and he spoke up boldly.

"I doan't know nothin' 'bout yer ship neow, but I want tew larn. I've been clean way up tew the tip top of the great high mast, an' I done it just as easy as grease."

Uncle John saw that the captain was becoming incredulous, and he took that functionary one side and conversed with him some time in a whisper. The result was, that Seth was engaged for a voyage to Liverpool and back. His wages were to commence at the commencement of his second month's service, and then to be regulated according to his usefulness.

"You'll be on board in just a week from this time," said the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"And mind that you have elothing enough."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

Seth was almost crazy with joy. He went down on board the ship, and strolled about awhile like a commodore. He seized the ropes and shook them with a professional air, gave the wheel a turn, enought hold of a backstay and leaped upon the rail, and ended by kicking a coil of rigging out of his way, which some careless fellow, not knowing that he was coming, had left in the scupper-way.

Seth's next movement was towards a furnishing store, where he purchased a full rig of seaman's clothes; and after this he went home. His mother wept when she found that he was really going, but he laughed at her.

"Don't worry," whispered uncle John, "for you'll see him again before long. He wont go far."

On the next morning Seth appeared in all his glory. He was rigged in full sea costume, even to having a sheath-knife hung to his belt. His usual expletive, "darn," was now changed by leaving out the *r*, and substituting an *m* in its place, and this word he applied in a most extraordinary manner to all sorts of imaginary things, such as "buttons," "timbers," "top-lights," "my eyes," and so on. He told the oxen to "haul their wind," and the cat was ordered to "haul in the slack of her tail."

"Starboard yer helm a bit!" he shouted to his father, who was coming round the corner of the barn in his ox-cart, "starboard, old man, or you'll be afoul of somethin'."

Towards evening Mrs. Snipe went out to the barn, and a cry of horror burst from her lips as she saw her son standing erect on one of the beams, with his arms folded across his breast. But Seth did not hear her.

"Come, you lubbers, in with them tops'ls. Clue 'em up quick! By the lightnin', how it does blow! Starboard your helm?"

"Seth! Seth! O, Lord a' merey, you'll fall!"

The youth looked down and saw his mother.

"Come down out of that, Seth. You'll sartinly fall!"

"Go in, mother. Go below; you don't know nothin' 'bout it." But Seth's energy was gone now, and with a show of astonishing boldness he sidled along upon the ten-inch beam towards the point where the hay-mow reached nearly to it.

"Oho—you was a leanin' agin that brace, eh?" uttered the anxious mother, as she saw her son had had support for his back.

"No I wa'n't a leanin' agin it, nuther," retorted the hero, contemptuously. "Do yer think I'm afeared up here? Ef yer do—then—th—a—ah—"

He came nigh losing his balance, and his face turned very pale. But with steps of striking caution he reached the hay, and then let himself down.

"I aint afeared—not me!" he uttered, shaking himself proudly.

And during that week Seth visited all his acquaintances, and wherever he went he gave a glowing account of the brilliant career that was open before him.

"Wont you put on your coat?" asked his mother. "It'll look better than that jacket does."

"I want none of yer lubbery land-toggs on me!" was his majestic reply. So his mother accompanied him in his "little boy's jacket," as she called it.

At length the week wore away, and Seth started for his ship. The parting was dreadful, but he told what magnificent things he should bring home from Europe, and this served to lessen the blow a little.

"Dew I sleep in sich a leetle place as that?" asked Seth, as he was shown to his bunk.

"Rayther guess so," said his guide.

"Kind o' funny lookin' place, aint it, though? Jehosiphath, I should think as heow they might afford better beds than these."

"O, they will by'm-by; but ye see they aint got things fixed."

"O—ah—yaas. But I s'pose I'll be wanted up on deck neow."

And with this Seth went up. The sail down the Kennebec was fine, and Seth was in ecstasies.

"By mitey," he said to himself, "I rayther guess these elaps thinks as I'm green. Neow I'll jest show 'em 'at I aint. By the minein' Jemina, I will." And with this remark Seth made his way into the main rigging with some difficulty, and then began to ascend the shrouds. He seemed a little jealous of the rattlings at first, but when he found they held him, he went on more boldly. At length, by dint of much perseverance, he reached the futtock shrouds, and here he got stuck.

"Gaul blast it," he muttered, "dew they s'pose sich a feller's I am ken git through sich a leetle hole as that is. Hellow, yeon sailor man, up there; heow 'n thunder dew yer git up there where you be, hay!"

"Ah, spooney, is that you?" cried the topman, looking over.

"My name is Snipe, mister—Seth Snipe. Mebbe ye didn't know it. But how dew ye git up thar?"

"Come right up."

"But this pesky hole aint big enough for me to git through."

"We don't come through the lubber-hole, spooney; we come right over here."

Seth looked up and saw that the futtock shrouds were rattled down, and after some consideration upon the subject he concluded that he would go back, and he would have done so had not the man above him laughed at him. This quickened his energies, and he made a desperate effort. At last he was able to reach the topmast shrouds, and with a convulsive scrambling he reached the top. He looked down upon the deck, and turned pale. Then he sat tremblingly down, with his arms wound tightly about the stoutest rigging he could find, and began to get his breath.

"Kind o' ticklish up here, aint it?" he said to his companion, who was engaged in getting the studding-sails ready for setting.

"Is it?" was the laconic response.

"By gaul, aint it though. But say, did yeon come up over jest as I did?"

"Just about."

"But what d'ye call them leetle short rope ladders right under here?"

"Them's the flapwhack railways."

"Jerewsalum! I should think they was flapwhacks. Why, a feller's rite bottom side upwards there, nint he? By gaul, I thought I should 'a' catnipped rite off. I s'pose you don't never come up here in the dark, dew yer?"

"You'll think so, I guess, afore you've been here long."

"But a feller couldn't elime up them wigglin' ladders, an' hold his lantern, both."

"Main-top, there!" at this moment came from the deck.

"Ay, ay," returned the topman.

"Come down here and help stow the anchor."

The sailor secured the studding-sail, and then swung himself easily around the topmast rigging, and in a moment more he had disappeared below the edge of the top.

"Wal—neow that feller did that kind o' slick—I vum he did."

"Come, spooney, come down and give us a lift."

"Yi—yi—yi," returned Seth.

But the thing was not so easily done. He had managed to get up over the projecting edge of the top, but getting down was another matter. He laid down upon his face and looked over, but he could not imagine how he was ever to reach those "little

ladders clean way in under thar." And the longer he looked the more difficult it appeared. He turned his attention to the lubber-hole, but that was closed to him. He might have got through the hole itself, but he couldn't get through the "tarnal great ropes that were strung all round rite under it."

The ship passed Bath before the topman went down, and ere long Seguin was on the beam. In fifteen minutes more the great ocean was opened, and the heavy swells began to show themselves. There had been a stiff northeaster blowing, and the sea was rough.

"O! O! O!" groaned Seth, clinging to the topmast shrouds with all his might. "Murder! Fire! Brimstone! O!"

The ship's course lay her directly in the trough of the sea, and she rocked and rolled considerably. Poor Seth was performing such evolutions as he never dreamed of before. The place where he sat moved in an arc of some thirty feet in length, and the motion was not of a very agreeable kind.

But a new source of trouble presented itself. Seth began to feel a motion in his stomach unlike anything he had ever before experienced. He grew pale as death, and a mortal sickness came over him. His grasp upon the shrouds began to weaken, and nothing short of death presented itself to him. To get down from the top he could not, and he knew that he should not be able long to remain there.

"Mercy! O, Jerewsalum! what *did* I cum here for!" he groaned. "Hellow! fire! murder! I'm dyin'! Come an' take me down!"

In a few moments after this the order was passed to set the studding-sails, and the maintop-men came up into the top.

"Hallo, spooney. Sick, eh?"

"O, mercy! save me! Dew git a ladder an' set it up agin the back side of this ere place! I shall die ef yer doan't."

"What's the matter! Why didn't ye come down afore!"

"'Cause I couldn't. O, my boweels! O, I daren't go onto them flapwhacker ways, thar. The plaguy things puts a feller rite bottom side up! O! O! I'm dyin'! Git me daown!"

The topmen saw that the poor fellow was weak and faint, and they concluded to let him down. So they made a running how-line on the end of the top-rope and drew it taut under his arms.

"By the great bar, ye aint a goin' tew hang me!"

"Easy, easy, spooney."

"Snipe, my name is. O—awah!"

In a moment more poor Seth was over the after part of the top, and as the line was let out he began to sway to and fro in a most unpleasant manner. He yelled and shouted with fright, but he could only kick the air in his wild contortions. When he at last reached the deck, he shook the rope off for fear he should be again hoisted up. He had just got the line clear, and was about to turn to the captain and mate, who stood convulsed with laughter, when there came a heavy sea dashing over the rail. The ship broached to leeward, and Seth was thrown upon his back, and away he went into the lee scuppers, where he floundered in the cold salt water until the captain hauled him out. He had contrived to swallow full a pint of the briny liquid, and such another picture of absolute despair and misery was never before seen on board that ship.

"O, eap'n, dear, dew go back an' let me git out. O, I can't stan' this. Why can't ye go back?"

"Pooh, nonsense. You'll soon get over this, my brave fellow. Why, I wouldn't lose such a noble snilor for anything. I mean in less than a week to have you do wonders."

"Jerewsalum! only jest look at that feller cleann way out on the tip eend o' that great long cross-beam. My gracious, what a careless dog."

"You'll hve to go out there pretty soon, Seth."

"Me? Never! O—aw! O, my stomach! No, sir. Yeon doan't git me up onto that ere darned top agin. I tell ye, I aint a goin' to be made—"

At this moment the ship gave another lurch, and away went Seth again into the scuppers, this time striking his head against the bniwarks. Once more he was helped to his feet, and now he began to cry in good earnest. He blubbered like a sick calf, and at length the black cook came and helped him below.

On the next morning the ship entered Boston harbor, where she put in for part of her cargo. Seth got permission to go on shore, and with long, quick strides he made his way up into the city. Within himself he swore that he would never go aboard the "tarnal ole thing agin." And he was as good as his word. He took a day's rest, and then he started out through Charlestown to Malden. He got several opportunities to ride, and before night he reached Haverhill.

In just one week from the day on which Seth Snipe sailed he reached his home. He came by the way of fields and woods, for he dared not show his face on the highway. His mother was delighted, and his father was satisfied.

"Why Seth, how's this?" asked uncle John.

"Haow *is* it?" iterated the youth, with a most comical expression, in which disgust and shame were about equally blended. "Why, I rayther thought as haow I'd cum hum an' see the folks. The fact on't is, aour ship stopped to Bosting, an' when I was ashore the ole thing went off an' left me."

But of course the truth leaked out. Seth went to work once more on the farm, and he was content, for he had seen enough of the sea. For a long while he had little peace among his mates, for the story of his experience as a sailor was too good to be lost. And even now, though years have elapsed, he is known as "Captain Snipe," or "Snipe the main-topman." And once in a while some of his waggish relatives superscribe his letters after the same fashion. Not long since I saw, in the post-office at Gardiner, a letter directed to "Captain Seth Snipe, of the ship Eliza Downs." And then in one corner was added, "To the care of the main-top." It was there I learned the story of his sea-going experience.

HON. ABBOTT LAWRENCE.

The recent death of this distinguished and excellent man seems to call on us for a parting tribute to his memory. We have rarely noticed more true feeling exhibited by the public than was manifested during his lingering illness. Men of all classes inquired of each other, at all hours of the day, how Abbott Lawrence was; and all felt that a good and valuable man—one of our most sterling citizens—was passing away. The portrait accompanying this sketch is a correct one, and will recall those benevolent and intelligent features we shall never again look upon in life. The subject of our notice was born in the town of Groton, Massachusetts, Dec. 13, 1792, and here he received that rudimentary education, which was the basis of those acquirements his unaided exertions added in after life. At the age of sixteen, young Lawrence came to this city to seek his fortune. Thousands before him had abandoned the country with the same purpose, and, from inaptitude, or through a want of strong moral principle, had failed—as thousands will follow in the same career. But young Lawrence had that self-reliance, which commands success, intelligence, earnestness, habits of economy and self-control, and the sound, immutable principles of Christian morality to sustain him. It was soon evident that he had not mistaken his vocation. His shrewdness, foresight and untiring industry and activity gave earnest of his success as a business man. Accordingly, in a very few years, we find him successfully engaged with his brother as an importing merchant. But it was not in this line of business that he was destined to build up the colossal fortune which he afterwards enjoyed. Early in the present century, he directed his attention to manufactures, and determined to build up a great manufacturing district in this country. The scene selected for this grand experiment was Lowell (then Chelmsford), a locality, the vast water power of which afforded all the conditions necessary for a thorough trial. It was a bold movement, although the date of the enterprise, and the existing policy of the government, warranted the step. Mr. Lawrence's plans were vast and liberal. He built extensive factories for the manufacture of calicoes, and probably, even in the infancy of these undertakings, beheld the future magnitude of the business he was commencing with such zeal and faith. He lived to see every anticipation realized; to behold a small country village increase to a magnificent city—to see its manufacturing establishments multiplied by hundreds, and its goods shipped to every quarter of the globe. When Willis was wandering through the bazaars of Constantinople many years ago, he saw bales of cotton marked "Lowell Mills," ranged along the passage-way, and it gave him a realizing idea of the magnitude of the Manchester of America. With fewer vicissitudes than might have been expected, Mr. Lawrence now rapidly accumulated wealth, each year adding largely to his honorable gains. While yet a young man he had passed that coveted bound of so many aspirations—a million—and enjoyed all the influence which wealth can command. But Mr. Lawrence must not be classed with those sordid spirits who regard wealth as the end and not as the means of a true life. He prized it so far as it enabled him to indulge in extensive charities, to extend the circle of a liberal but unostentatious hospitality, to found or foster institutions of learning or benevolence. His soul was not wedded to the pursuit of wealth. He devoted much of his time to self-culture, much to the society and guidance of his family, the scene of his true joys, much to the society of his friends—in a word, his conduct was such that none but base spirits envied the wealth his commercial genius commanded—wealth not inherited, not extorted, but created by himself. He so lived that the summons to the life to come found him prepared and ready to obey. The popular mind did him justice while living, and will do yet ampler justice to his memory. Men will now sum up the amounts he dispensed with a liberal hand, and will be surprised at the magnitude of the total, for in the course of his life he gave away, not simply a fortune, but fortunes. We have not space to enumerate here his magnificent donations and bequests. His endowment of the Scientific School of Harvard University, for which purpose he gave fifty thousand dollars, is a single instance of his princely liberality. Churches, schools, hospitals, were benefited by his wealth. Whenever an enterprise, sound in idea, lagged for want of funds, resort was always had to Abbott Lawrence. But the world will never know the extent of his private charities. He was the providence of many families. We have not yet spoken of his public career. He was a zealous politician, and shared the honors and abuse which in this country await every man of ability who enters the turbulent arena of



Abbott Lawrence.

politics. In 1839 he was chosen Representative to Congress, and for four years discharged the duties of his office to the acceptance of his constituents, and of course, the dissatisfaction of his opponents. He was well adapted for legislative business by his practical character, industry and foresight. In 1842 he was appointed one of the commissioners to adjust the North Eastern boundary line—a question which at one time threatened to produce a collision between this country and Great Britain. On the election of General Taylor, he was appointed Minister to England, a diplomatic trust of the highest importance. He had more than once before visited England and received a warm welcome from its best society. It was yet to be seen whether his abilities were adequate to the discharge of his new duties. But he accomplished the task,

shadow of death, and emerged into that brighter than sunlit atmosphere that smiles eternally beyond.

HORSE-CAR, NEW ORLEANS.

The accompanying engraving is from a drawing made for us at New Orleans, by Mr. Bellew, and represents the horse-car in use upon the city railroad. It is unlike any employed at the north, and will doubtless prove interesting to our readers, now that the introduction of horse railroads here is a settled thing. It will be seen that it is intended for the accommodation of both outside and inside passengers; the entrance for the latter being at the extremities, as in the New York horse and the common steam-car; while

the upper deck passengers, as they may be termed, mount to their lofty station by a flight of steps, accessible from two sides. It is evident that with no greater area than that of a common car, a much larger number of passengers can be accommodated, and in fine weather the roof seats must be quite pleasant. The introduction of railroads and horse-cars into New York city was quite an event in the history of internal locomotion, and there, with the broad, rectangular streets, as in New Orleans, they have been found to work to a charm. The immense travel over the streets of great commercial emporiums will always keep their surface full of irregularities, so that a passage over them in an ordinary conveyance reminds one of a run across a chop sea. All this jolting is avoided on the rail. The cars glide along as smoothly and as pleasantly as a row-boat over a quiet stream. These channels of internal communication will be multiplied till all the broad avenues of the city are occupied by them. In the city of Brooklyn the cars are running continually from Fulton Ferry to Greenwood Cemetery, and even beyond it in the direction of New Utrecht and Bath, while another railroad, at right angles with the preceding, connects the Brooklyn with Williamsburg and Greensport. We have no doubt that in a few years many of our suburb villages, which are now served by omnibuses, will be connected with the city by horse railroads.



BELLEW

STREET RAILROAD CAR, NEW ORLEANS.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

GOSSIP.

The Rachel fever is at its height. Racine has been printed, translated and studied; the emperor's French has been murdered worse than the queen's English ever was, and simulated raptures take the place of real enthusiasm. We could never relish French tragedy, even with so great a central figure as Rachel; but in genteel comedy they lead the world. And the reason is, that genteel comedy, being a reflex of highly artificial society, the French shine in it, from their habitual artifice. How artificial and conventional are the relations of man and wife in France! And speaking of double blessedness, did ever any one hear anything so utterly audacious as the last "gift enterprise" scheme—the highest prize a "marriageable young woman and 20,000 dollars?" Every handsome girl, with a handsome dower, is a prize to the man who wins her, and marriage is in some sort a lottery. But the idea of a young lady being willing to take any one of forty thousand ticket-holders for better or worse, is, as Dominic Sampson says, "pro-di-gious!" The originator of this wonderful scheme perhaps borrowed his idea from Moore:

"A lottery,
A lottery
In Cupid's court there used to be:
A pair of eyes
The highest prize
In this his famous lottery."

But then this scheme is not only a matter of beauty, but a matter of money. Singular generation! If this marriageable young lady be a flaunting belle, the interest of her 20,000 dollars will hardly serve to dress her *comme il faut*; for the single article of handkerchiefs is pretty expensive. The fashionable code divides handkerchiefs into seven classes. There are morning, evening, dinner, walking, ball, riding and bridal handkerchiefs. Each handkerchief has its appropriate perfume. But who thinks of extravagance? Is not California within the limits of the United States? "Fine feathers make fine birds." Even the garments for the grave are costly now-a-days.

"One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead."

COMFORT FOR BACHELORS.—Single gentlemen, when too severely rallied on their celibacy, may retort with a quotation from Lord Bacon: "Certainly the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men, which, both in affection and means, have married and endowed the public."

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—An Italian professor is said to have discovered the means of sending counter messages simultaneously on the same wire. We should be afraid of the despatches getting mixed, corkserew-wise.

SPLINTERS.

.... Ridiculously small waists are getting into fashion again. When Venus led the ton, there was no such heresy.

.... M. Thomassay thinks salt can be made here from evaporation of sea water at two cents a bushel.

.... The Attorney General has given his opinion that our citizens can purchase foreign ships and hold them.

.... The New York Times thinks it hard to find both reading matter and brains to comprehend it. Very.

Some of the papers are down on the book of P. Q. Philander Doesticks. Yet it abounds in good things.

.... A man, the other day, would not try to save a drowning girl for fear of wetting his clothes. Sentimental!

.... Mr. Green, an American, has discovered and deciphered the Egyptian calendar mentioned by Champollion.

.... An excellent spirit is rife with regard to the projected steam line from Boston to Liverpool. We shall have it.

.... Isaac C. Pray, Esq., a gentleman and scholar, has written the life of James Gordon Bennett of the New York Herald.

.... The city marshal of Memphis has ordered all the free negroes out of that place to quit the State.

.... George Peabody, the American banker at London, says that Europe will require all our surplus grain this year.

.... Dr. Waterbury has discovered that the mummified bull in the Egyptian museum is a species of our common ox.

.... The order of Jesuits contains 5510 members. In its palmy days it boasted no fewer than 19,816 members.

In old times, at the South, it required a fine of 40 pounds of tobacco to make a man serve as constable.

.... The corner stone of the State House, displaced in the course of the late repairs, was recently re-laid.

.... The Chinese men get up after breakfast, and go to bed before dinner; while the women are working like beavers.

.... Every tree is known by its fruit, except dogwood, which is known by its bark.

.... Sydney Smith said Mrs. Siddons carried her tragedy into private life, and used to "stab the potatoes."

.... A white crane with black wings, and presenting a long bill like a tailor, was shot lately in Litchfield.

.... In Russia there are only eight souls to an area of a square; in England two hundred and thirty souls. Poor souls!

.... The Maidstone (England) Swimming Club lately assembled, and each man ate his breakfast floating in the river.

.... Mr. George Raynes, of Portsmouth, N. H., is building a white oak ship of 1200 tons for a Newburyport firm.

WHAT MARSHALS ARE MADE OF.

We do not mean United States marshals, nor yet those honorable gentlemen who conduct the array of our civic processions; but individuals much more dangerous to the peace of the world—Marshals of the French army. We have lately been reading some of the letters of the late Marshal St. Arnaud, the favorite of Louis Napoleon—the hero of the Alma—who did not live long enough to see his laurels fade in the long and dreary siege of Sebastopol. Their contents are not of a kind to endear the memory of the writer to members of the Peace Society. St. Arnaud loved war for its own sake, and confesses it frankly. His military career commenced in 1815, when he was admitted into the guards of Louis XVIII., and here he disgraced himself by his unbridled dissipation. Long afterwards, however, he first earned distinction in the African service, particularly at the storming of Constantine. In a letter, describing this event, the following passages occur:

"An admirable resistance—men who had to be killed twice—a city taken with the bayonet, under a murderous fire, house by house, street by street, and the massacre continuing on both sides for three hours:—you may imagine what blood was shed. As for myself, what shall I say? I brought my men to the bayonet charge ten times, under fire; broke into the houses, and rushed through the blasts of shot and missiles with that fury and spirit which you know I can exhibit. I told you I would die or distinguish myself; I told you I wanted to gain the cross. I don't know whether I shall have it; but I am rewarded already; for my officers and comrades have embraced me, and declared that I deserve it. * * * * After climbing the breach, loud cries of 'Forward!' arose, and the French, momentarily driven backward, rallied to the charge. These shouts brought up Lamoriciere with reinforcements, and he arrived just as the assailants were once more upon the walls, with the Turks flying before so close that we stabbed them in the backs as they retreated. Our soldiers fell over one another, pell-mell, with their officers, and a fearful disorder followed. Lamoriciere sprang up, sabre in hand. We reached the summit of the breach. Destiny willed it that one company should be in before mine. At that instant a terrible explosion took place. The silence of death succeeded. Those who remained on their feet, startled by the shock, sought to lean on one another, or on their swords, or against the walls. All who were nearest the mine had their eyes filled with dust and powder, and were momentarily suffocated. But then ensued the most horrible scene. The wretches who retained their limbs, and who could emerge from the ruins, came running down the breach, exclaiming: 'Save yourselves, friends; we are all lost; the whole place is mined; advance no further, but save yourselves!' When I remember those scorched figures—those heads without hair, without skin, and dripping with blood—those flaming garments, dropping away with the victim's flesh,—when I recall those miserable cries, I am astonished that the entire column did not recoil from the breach. In a few moments, however, with one accord the soldiers waved their weapons in the air, shouting: 'Forward! forward!' That shout, my brother, I re-echoed to them; I cried to my soldiers: 'On with me, legion! on with me, bayonets! It is nothing—it is only *mitraille!* forward! forward!' and I flung myself into the gulf, in which, on my conscience, I expected another explosion."

The war which the French waged against the Arabs was conducted with great severity; but St. Arnaud did his part with a keen relish, burning hamlets and harvests, and driving women and children into the gorges of Atlas, where death by cold or starvation awaited them. St. Arnaud adored the sword, and had an unphilosophic contempt of the pen—that nightier weapon. He raves against editors and literary men: "If my evil star should ever put me at the head of a regiment, or any other force, during a revolution, I would make myself remembered. But it is thither that we are being led by your journalists, and by all your scribblers, of the meanest description. It is this set that vitiates the ideas of the age, and impresses our generation with the seal of bad tendencies and false ideas. They are a terrible plague, these literary men and journalists, sprung from nothing, adhering to nothing, but who cling together, praising themselves, admiring themselves, offering incense to themselves, advancing, coalescing, forming public opinion, making and unmaking reputations, destroying honest men, exalting rogues upon their shields, and wielding a power which we submit to while we blush for it. It is a veritable plague, I tell you, and increases every day. I detest all these intriguers—these Robert Macaires." What wonder that, with such sentiments as these, enjoying bloodshed, hating freedom of thought and expression, he should have been selected by Louis Napoleon as an available tool for crushing the liberties of France, and rewarded for his aid by the baton of a marshal. Let us, however, observe that his conduct afterwards, regarded only in a military point of view, justified his nomination. But there is a wide remove between this soldier of fortune, ready to any dirty work for which he was well paid, and the high-souled paladin of the palmy days of French chivalry.

ACCIDENTAL POISONING.—This is of far too frequent occurrence, and indicates gross carelessness. Where the poisoning of vermin in a house is undertaken, too great care cannot be observed in the operation, and where deadly preparations for such a purpose are kept on hand, they should be always under lock and key in the charge of one person. Four children in this city were lately poisoned by eating arsenic and sugar prepared to kill flies.

SANTA ANNA.—What an up and down life this man has led! His star has sunk low enough now, but who can say it will not again shine in the zenith? He is a man of unquestionable ability, civil and military; but what a country he has to govern! He is another Napoleon, *minus* the soldiers.

FOG-BOAT.—An iron fog-boat, the third which Mr. T. Cunningham has constructed for the U. S. government, is now moored at the Hardings, just outside Boston harbor.

DAGUERREOTYPING.—Who ever thought, twenty years ago, that the operation of being "sun-struck" would produce an imperishable likeness of a man's features?

SABBATH IN NEW ENGLAND.

A Frenchman of to-day, "newly caught," complains bitterly of the lugubriousness of a New England Sabbath, and contrasts the observance of the day, as he notes it, with the riding, racing, promenading, drumming and fifeing, picnics, theatricals, gay music and balls of his godless native city. But what would a rattled Parisian say, were we to renew the rigidity of the Puritanic Sabbath of the old colonial days—when no man was allowed to "walk in his own garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting"—when no woman was allowed to kiss her children, or man to kiss his wife—and when Sunday began on Saturday night? We have lapsed away sadly since those days of grace. And the structures devoted to worship with us differ as much from the old colonial meeting-houses, as the people of to-day do from their remote ancestry. To the good old pilgrims, one of our splendidly ornamented Gothic churches would have appeared an abomination—a temple of Dagon. The old meeting-houses were another guess sort of affair. The earliest one was built of logs and mounted with cannon, while, during service, a grim sentinel, with breast, back and head-piece of iron, and a firelock on his shoulder, strode to and fro on the lookout for "heathen salvages," who were wont to choose the Christian Sabbath as the most promising season for their incursions on the infant settlements. Within, a sense of the sanctity of the place and the day rested on every individual of mature age—while the boys were kept in awe by the close vicinity of "ye constable," and "ye whipping-post and stocks alsoe." Those rigid days are gone—but with all our boasted liberality, can it be said that the tone of moral and religious sentiment is higher now than then?

ART DEPOT.

Messrs. Chandler & Clapp have just opened a suite of rooms at No. 24 Winter Street, opposite the church, for the exhibition and sale of engravings, photographs, water-colored and oil paintings, casts, and books on art, exclusively. The apartments are furnished in the style of drawing-rooms, and rendered so attractive, that they must become a resort for ladies and gentlemen interested in art. We have rarely passed a pleasanter half hour than that spent in examining the already fine collection, to which additions will be constantly made. This art depot is unlike any other in the city, and cannot fail to succeed.

THE REPUBLIC DODGE.—This is said to be the last card in the hand of that imperial gambler, Napoleon III. It is now said that he means to make republics of Hungary and Poland, to atone for his depriving France and Rome of free institutions. The "Napoleonic idea," on which he harps so much, is to educate people for freedom by keeping them in slavery. Luminous!

AFLOAT.—A man in New York has got up a floating circus. The great difficulty with theatrical managers has been to keep their heads above water. We hope the affairs of the new enterprise will go on swimmingly, and that much capital may not be sunk on it. It will be cruel to throw cold water on such a scheme, as *divers* people will be tempted to do.

KEPT STANDING.—We believe some of the newspaper offices keep a certain amount of foreign news standing against the arrival of each steamer. The items it is perfectly safe not to "distribute" at present are: "Nothing important from the seat of war;" "Sebastopol not yet taken;" "More Russian reinforcements arriving."

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.—The chief social difference between us and the folks on the other side of the water is, that, in England, wealth and poverty are *entailed* on two classes, and that here we have no such fatal inheritance.

COAL.—This article has been plenty and cheap, and those householders have done well who remembered the biting days of January in the sunshine of September.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Alden B. Smith to Miss Hannah T. Clark, both of Cambridge.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Miles, Rev. Franklin Holmes, of Norton, Mass., to Miss Martha C. Sawyer.—At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Dean, Mr. John F. Pool to Miss Ellen F. Alden, both of Randolph.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Cushman, Mr. Henry H. Goodridge to Miss Elizabeth P. Dearborn, of Newburyport; by Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Thomas Newhall to Miss Sarah P. Sweetser, both of Saugus; by Rev. Mr. Sewall, Mr. Nathaniel T. Davidson, late of Newburyport to Miss Mary D. Adams; by Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. Rogers D. Jerrett, of Essex, to Miss Margaret J. Jackson, of Nova Scotia; by Rev. Mr. Jewell, Mr. Edward A. Chandler to Miss Lois A. Ashton.—At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Emerson, Mr. Abraham Berry, of Windham, Penn., to Mrs. Elizabeth Symonds.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dalmun, Mr. Thomas C. Constantine to Miss Ellen M. Allen, both of Lawrence.—At Fitchburg, by Rev. Mr. Marvin, Mr. Peer M. Bowen, of Palmer, to Miss Eliza Ann Ellenwood.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Thomas, Capt. Humphrey W. Seabury, of Westport, to Miss Susan M. Gifford.—At Williston, Vt., by Rev. Mr. Barber, Mr. Henry H. Mitchell to Miss Esther B. Sprague.—At Portland, Me., by Rev. Mr. Moor, Mr. Charles G. Richards to Miss Annie E. Gates.—At Belleville, N. J., Mr. James S. Grinnell, of Greenfield, Mass., to Miss Ann E., daughter of the late Col. John Stanard, U.S.A., of Virginia.

DEATHS.

In this city, William Barry, Esq., 79; Mrs. Mary E., wife of Mr. Albert Morse; Mrs. Eliza T., wife of Mr. Joseph H. Sears.—At Somerville Charles E., son of Mr. E. H. and Mrs. J. S. Blake, 3 years.—At Quincy, Mrs. Martha Baxter, 71.—At West Wareham, Mrs. Mary J. O'Neill, 23.—At North Bridgewater, Miss Rosaline Theresa O'Neill, 21.—At Feltonville, Mr. Jotham Gates, 81.—At Newburyport, William Ellery Channing, only son of Mr. Joseph B. and Mrs. Martha H. Morse, 15 mos.; Mrs. Hannah Floyd, 82; Miss Dorothy Blanehard, 66; Miss Ann Flood, 17.—At Plymouth, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Nathaniel Hoxey, 29.—At Taunton, Widow Nancy Still, 73.—At East Taunton, Mr. Richard Kenefick, 63; Mrs. Abby, wife of Mr. Thomas Seckell, 31.—At New Bedford, Widow Mary E. Cuffee, 62; Mr. Joseph Benington, 54.—At Duxbury, Mrs. Susan, wife of Mr. Charles Drew, 78.—At Worcester, Mr. Henry Stocking, 29.—At Springfield, Mrs. Persis Maria, wife of Mr. Tyler R. Blake, 33.—At Weston, Mr. Henry William Cutter, 29.—At Nashua, N. H., Rev. John M. Ellis, 62.—At Gilford, N. H., Mrs. Lydia, widow of the late Mr. Israel Potter, 92.—At Chesterfield, N. H., Mr. Nathan Atherton, 82.—At Newark, N. J., Mrs. Cornelia, widow of the late Rev. John H. Townley, 82.—At Baltimore Co., Md., Mr. James Monroe, eldest son of Gen. James Bankhead, U. S. A.—At Portsmouth, Va., Mrs. Imogen, wife of Commodore James Barron, of the U. S. Navy, 47.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

London has five hundred firemen; New York, three thousand. The rates of insurance are five times as much in New York as in London. — Mr. Scott, at Peoria Junction, Illinois, has two thousand acres of wheat now being harvested; and Jacob Strawn, the well-known cattle-raiser, has one field of four thousand acres of corn. — A New York jury has decided that "Wolfe's Aromatic Schiedam Schnaps" are not intoxicating, but merely a compound of Holland gin and juniper juice, their only action being upon the kidneys. — The New Haven Register says, that the rapid growth of episcopacy in New England is, in a great degree, owing to the fact, that the church avoids the discussion of all extraneous matters. — Queen Pomare, of the Society Islands, goes barefoot, with her great toes dyed red, and encircled with gold rings. — A stocking knitting machine is now on exhibition in New York. A girl ten years old can knit half a dozen pairs of stockings in a day, working the machine by hand or foot. In a factory, with motive power, one person can manage a dozen machines. The stocking is entirely made by the machine, from top to toe. — A party of gentlemen from Fall River, one day, lately, caught sixteen sword fish. This fish has been more plenty this summer than for a great many years past. — The Scientific American announces a machine for picking geese, the result of a number of years of labor, and one of the most ingenious pieces of mechanism ever seen. It not only plucks the feathers, but separates the long ones from the short ones, and cleans them perfectly while passing through the machine. It will pick forty-five geese per hour, and must materially affect the price of feathers. — Mr. Benjamin Crane, of Pine Brook, New Jersey, recently found a land turtle on his farm, marked "N. S., 1711," one hundred and forty-four years ago. Mr. Crane is of the opinion that it was marked by one of the first settlers of the place. — The quantity of bakers' bread daily consumed in New York within sight of the cross on Trinity steeple, must be enormous. Allowing a sixpenny loaf to every inhabitant, we have, say a million of loaves consumed every day; value, sixty thousand dollars—barrels of flour consumed, four thousand five hundred. — Joshua Evans, of Virginia, has received intelligence that an estate of \$1,800,000 has been left in Wales, and that he is one of the three heirs to it. The sum may reach \$2,500,000. — In the year 1784, the legislature of Pennsylvania, to abolish a practice then prevailing, passed the following resolution, after considerable opposition: "That, hereafter no member shall come into the chamber barefooted, nor eat his bread and cheese on the steps of the capitol." — Beware ladies, in town and country, of fine looking, but bogus satin, peddled by pretended sailors at three and four dollars, but not worth fifty cents. — Three men attempted to rob the safe in the custom house at Milwaukee, lately, by blowing it to pieces with powder. One of the burglars, who had a wooden leg, was detected by its print in the ground; he confessed his guilt, implicating two other men. — The laborers of New York are very much opposed to the introduction of street-sweeping machines, and have had a meeting upon the subject. — A married lady cowhided a young doctor in Atlanta, Georgia, lately. The valiant disciple of Esculapius offered no resistance; but when the performance was over, he immediately sent a challenge to her husband, probably afraid to try the experiment of making mouths at her sister. — It is said that the small twigs of cedar chopped fine, and mixed with their grain, will cure cough in horses; and it has been used with complete success. — Seventy-six new banks and thirteen old ones are already applicants for charters from the Pennsylvania legislature at its next session. The total increase of banking capital contemplated by these applications is \$37,350,000, of which, \$23,000,000 is for the city of Philadelphia alone. — The Spiritual Telegraph tells of the spirit of a "six foot" Yankee, who lifted a table, with a Mrs. Kellogg, weighing 180 pounds, sitting on it; and promised to "saw all her next winter's wood," if he did not produce certain phenomena in the interval. — A new line of steamers is to be established between Quebec and Montreal and Liverpool. Vessels of 1750 tons, and 350 horse power, are to make fourteen fortnightly trips from Liverpool to Canada, and five monthly trips to Portland, in each year.

HIS OWN SERVANT.—A writer in the Christian Witness says of the late Bishop Griswold, that not one man in a thousand ever gave so little trouble to his friends. What he could do for himself he allowed none to do for him. He was a hewer of wood and drawer of water, made his own fires, polished his own boots, carried his own valise, and did his own errands. The bishop was peculiarly orderly in all his habits, and accordingly sensitive to all disorder. If a corner of a rug were accidentally lapped over, he would leave his chair and replace it; and this perhaps two or three times in a single evening. If a crumb fell upon the floor, the bishop would not rest till it was discovered and taken up.

ENGLISH ADVERTISEMENTS.—Advertisements appear occasionally in the English papers, which show a queer connection between business and religion. For instance, a London apothecary, of evangelical sentiments, has a vacancy for an apprentice; a man, whose sentiments are strictly evangelical, wants to borrow £20 for six months at five per cent.; an elderly widow lady would take a young man not over 23 or 24, who would conform to a dissenting family, as a boarder.

SUNDAY LABOR.—A work has recently been published in France on Sunday observance in that country, and particularly in Paris, from which it appears that in all buildings undertaken at the expense of the government, working has been stopped long ago on that day; and the number of stores closed has considerably increased in all the departments.

Wayside Gatherings.

The following toast was given at Biddeford, July 4th:—"The Clergy—all honor to the clergyman who follows his *Master* instead of his *Pay-Master*."

Home-sickness (nostalgia) is said, according to the *Gazette de Medecine*, to be the predisposing cause of the greater part of the sickness among the allied troops in the Crimea.

The quantity of cotton cleared at the custom house, New Orleans, on the 31st of July, reached the large aggregate of 12,150 bales; and that of tobacco, 1861 hogsheads.

Mrs. E. Oakes Smith is out in favor of female lawyers. She says three ladies have already commenced the study of law. Female lawyers ought to be good at *cross* questioning.

On the 1st of November, an Englishman in New York received \$100 from an American on condition that he should pay him back \$25 a month until Sebastopol be taken by the allies.

Dr. Kenney, physician of the lunatic asylum on Blackwell's Island, says, that many of the patients are specially fond of engravings, and that the influence of such upon them is very beneficial. A decided puff for our Pictorial.

The cornice of the new building in progress of erection for the Ohio Life and Trust Company, Cincinnati, fell on the 7th ult., crushing to death six persons, and injuring two so seriously that their recovery is despaired of.

A destructive fire has occurred on the island of Bermuda, by which the government lumber yard and buildings were totally destroyed, involving a loss of property estimated at £30,000. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

As the steamer *Alice C. Price* was coming out of Cone River, on her up trip to Alexandria, Va., lately, a horse-mackerel leaped from the water and fell on the hurricane deck of the steamer, a distance of sixteen feet above the water.

Margaret Cain, at Albany, lately, stole a covered basket from the steps of a grocery store, and made haste to get away with her booty. What was her astonishment and chagrin to discover, on opening the basket, a pretty little baby snugly tucked in and sleeping!

The American Iron Trade is spoken of by the Philadelphia Gazette as being in a healthy and prosperous condition. Pig iron is now in far better repute and demand than it has been for a long time; and by the attention of the manufacturers, it has been so improved as to possess all the valuable qualities of Scotch pig.

The eastern tunnel on the Blue Ridge Railroad has been cut 1556 feet; it is sixteen feet wide, and twenty-one feet high. The whole is of solid rock; the western tunnel has been cut 1704 feet. During the last month, seventy-seven feet have been cut in both tunnels; there are 1000 feet to finish, when daylight will shine through the Blue Ridge.

Dr. Turnipseed, of Tennessee, who joined the medical staff of the Russian army in the Crimea about fourteen months ago, with the understanding that he was to continue during the war, has obtained his discharge on account of ill health. In accepting the doctor's resignation, the czar conferred on him the order of St. Ann, and presented to him 700 silver roubles.

Chauncey Jerome, the great clock builder of New Haven, and late mayor of that city, has ordered one of Hook's best organs for his new church. But while he is building a Christian church, he is also affording the heathen shrines for their idols; for the Chinese, to whom he sends hundreds of clocks, tear out the inside works, and placing the little images in the cases, worship them.

The Philadelphia Bulletin, in an article on the recent Dental Convention, remarks that it is universally admitted that the dentists of America are the first in the world; that the most eminent in Paris for years have been Americans; and a German dentist knows no higher praise for any improvement in his profession than to term it American.

The production of iron by the smelting furnaces of Great Britain has reached 3,000,000 tons annually; and for every ton of iron two tons of slag are formed, making an aggregate of at least 6,000,000 tons of this hitherto useless material. At the present time, it costs the smelters no less than £150,000 to cart it away and get rid of this refuse.

The steamship *Iberia*, of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's line, left Southampton last month, on her one hundredth trip. It is a three weeks' voyage, and upwards of 2000 miles in length. The *Iberia* has taken ten years to perform these one hundred voyages, and has done so without an accident worthy of note, and traversed a distance of nearly 250,000 miles.

The Arctic Committee, appointed by the House of Commons to investigate the claims of the commanders of the recent Arctic expedition for a reward for the discovery of a northwest passage, have come to a determination to recommend that £5000 should be given to Captain McClure, and £5000 to his officers. This is a graceful conclusion of the Arctic expeditions.

Hen fanciers in England are just now interested in a new species of domestic fowl brought from the Black Sea, which is likely to rival the Shanghai and Cochinchina breeds. It is as large as the former, crested, has feathered legs, and is either all white or a glossy raven black. Its tail feathers droop and lie close to the body, so that it appears tailless. It is pugnacious and lively.

One of the three young lady graduates of the Oread Institute, in whose proficiency the principal takes so much pride, and whom he has placed against any three of the college graduates for examination, is a Nashua factory girl. She left the mill to get an education, and now temporarily returns for the purpose of obtaining money for the support of indigent parents and younger sisters.

Accounts from the West state that the coming crop of apples promises to be very abundant. In many sections, propping up of the limbs of the trees, on account of the great quantity of fruit, has already become necessary, to save the branches from destruction. On the Western Reserve, Ohio, farmers have made contracts to sell them on the trees, the buyers to pick them, at six to ten cents a bushel.

The great silk factory at South Manchester, Connecticut, with its branch in Hartford, gives employment to about five hundred operatives, and brings into use the best machinery French or Yankee genius can supply. Italy produces no silk of finer texture or greater strength, than that of the Manchester mill; while, in point of elegant finish, beauty of color, and brightness of lustre, the Connecticut establishment bears off the palm.

Near a charity school in the neighborhood of Liverpool, there is a full sized brig sunk into the earth, all rigged and equipped. The intention of this is to teach such children as intend to follow the sea, the nature and management of a vessel. Sometimes, on very stormy nights, the boys are piped out of bed, and sent on board and aloft to unfurl and furl sails, in order to acquaint them with some of the duties they will have to perform in after life, as soon as they get into deep water.

Foreign Items.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany has released the unfortunate cigar-maker, Cecchetti, who was sentenced to a year's imprisonment for reading the Bible in company with the members of his own family.

The English engineers spent ten days in erecting an eight-gun battery in order to oppose a small Russian work of six guns near the Redan. When finished, it was found to be several feet too low to command the irregularities of the intervening ground.

Paris is going to indulge in new taxation, after the example of the State; the bread affair has cost it many millions. The first tax to be applied is that of a franc a day on all the hacks, cabriolets, and public carriages of every nature. This will produce 1,200,000 francs a year.

Prince Lucien Bonaparte, a grandson to Joseph, has adopted the ecclesiastical career, and been enrolled among the supernumerary chamberlains of the pope. The reverend prince is just now in Paris, having accompanied his brothers and sisters thither at the recent call of the emperor.

Jenny Lind and her husband, it is said, are harmoniously and actively engaged in carrying out her plans for the establishment of public schools in Sweden. She keeps up her correspondence regularly with the friends she made in this country during her professional visit.

One of the naval surgeons on duty at the Crimea was recently court-martialed upon charges of neglecting the sick, behaving in an unfeeling manner towards them, and calling them by offensive names. Being found guilty, he was sentenced to be mulcted of the pay due him, to be dismissed from her majesty's service, and to be imprisoned for two years in one of her majesty's jails.

Some experiments have been made in France with a coupled cannon, which, with one breech and touch-hole, fires two shots at the same time. A new self-breech-loading and priming carbine has also been satisfactorily proved. It weighs seven pounds seven ounces, has a barrel twenty-two inches long, a range of from one hundred and fifty to seven hundred yards, and can be fired ten times a minute. Damp, or plunging into water, scarcely affects it.

Sands of Gold.

.... Life has always action; it is our own fault if it ever be dull.—*Bulwer*.

.... In diving to the bottom of pleasures, we bring up more gravel than pearls.—*Balzac*.

.... I confess God has no need of any man's parts or learning; but certainly, then, he has much less need of his ignorance and ill behaviour.—*Dr. South*.

.... Few authors are ever so aware of the admiration they excite as to afford to be generous; and this melancholy truth revolts us with our own ambition.—*Bulwer*.

.... With every one, the expectation of a misfortune constitutes a dreadful punishment. Suffering then assumes the proportions of the unknown, which is the soul's infinite.—*Balzac*.

.... You may depend upon it, religion is, in its essence, the most gentlemanly thing in the world. It will alone gentileize, if unmixed with cant; and I know nothing else that will alone. Certainly not the army, which is thought to be the grand embellisher of manners.—*Coleridge*.

.... It is averse to talent to be consorted and trained up with inferior minds, or inferior companions, however high they may rank. The foal of the racer neither finds out his speed, nor calls out his powers, if pastured out with the common herd, that are destined for the collar and the yoke.—*Colton*.

.... There is no difference between knowledge and temperance; for he who knows what is food and embraces it, who knows what is bad and avoids it, is learned and temperate. But they who know very well what ought to be done, and yet do quite otherwise, are ignorant and stupid.—*Socrates*.

.... Truths of all others the most awful and mysterious, yet being at the same time of universal and acknowledged interest, are too often considered as so true that they lose all the powers of truth, and lie bed-ridden in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors.—*Coleridge*.

Those who have resources within themselves, who can dare to live alone, want friends the least, but, at the same time, best know how to prize them the most. But no company is far preferable to bad, because we are more apt to catch the vices of others than their virtues, as disease is far more contagious than health.—*Colton*.

Joker's Budget.

The most tanelful Choir—A quire, every note of which is a bank-note.

The Peruvian navy is an institution. It consists of three captains, eleven boys, two flat boats and an eleven ounce cannon. A dangerous body that.

"Small thanks to you," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this cause."—"Ah, sir," replied the conscientious witness, "but just think what I *didn't* say."

Stock brokers should be named breakers, since they break about everybody that has anything to do with them. If you want to get broke to a certainty, go to a broker.

A young lady on pulling open a fig was shocked to find an insect burrowing in the core, and instantly threw the fruit into the grate. "There," said she, "I have burnt the creature in F-I-G!"

The following is a copy of an advertisement posted at West Medford:—"Hog strait. a shoat waying 1,30 with one ear cropt long tail any one will give enformason where he can be found will receive due reward."

"Grandmother," said a little girl, "buy some of these cucumbers."—"No, my child," replied the lady. "Why not?" asked the little girl. "Because I should hate to be seen carrying them home, when everybody knows they are only a cent apiece."

A blundering compositor, in setting up the toast, "Woman, without her, man would be a savage," got the punctuation in the wrong place, which made it read, "Woman, without her man, would be a savage." The mistake was not discovered until the editor's wife undertook to read the proof.

On the afternoon of the Fourth of July last, a swippy individual, who had been for some time swaying to and fro, in earnest contemplation of the great telescope on Boston Common, finally muttered his powers of locomotion, and approaching the proprietor, said, in a persuasive tone, "See 'ere, you—a' say—w-when you goin' to touch her off! More'n a dozen people's sighted the darn thing—now, why don't you touch her off!"

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements. The immense circulation of the Pictorial (being over one hundred thousand copies weekly) forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the Pictorial as an advertising medium is, that it is preserved, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the inside of the paper) becomes a permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.

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sept 1 3t

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THE undersigned have associated themselves under the firm of **CHANDLER & CLAPP**, as DEALERS IN WORKS OF ART, to which business they will give their exclusive attention. They have taken House, No. 24 Winter Street, and fitted up spacious and well-lighted rooms for the favorable exhibition of Paintings, Drawings, Engravings, etc., of which they have now on hand a large and valuable stock, selected with great care, and including many rare works by the most celebrated masters, both ancient and modern. Persons interested in Works of Art are invited to visit their establishment, where they will find the finest collections of Engravings in the country, and every convenience for examining them at leisure. The stock will be constantly renewed by importations from the best Publishing Houses in Europe.

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sept 8

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Publisher, and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
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195 Broadway, between Fulton & Dey Sts., New York.

WOULD most respectfully call the attention of the public to his establishment, where a larger assortment of TRAVELLERS' GUIDES, POCKET AND MOUNTED MAPS, HAND BOOKS, etc., can be found than at any other store in the city.

N. B.—1000 AGENTS WANTED, to travel through the United States and Canada, to whom very liberal inducements will be offered. Addresses above, when catalogues containing wholesale and retail prices will be sent.
sept 8 1t

NEW PIANO MUSIC.—Just published, RUTOER'S FEMALE INSTITUTE COMMENCEMENT MUSIC for JULY, 1855, consisting of five pieces, elegantly gotten up from engraved plates. Poetry by the young ladies; the Music by J. C. Cook. Price for the whole set only 33 cents, being one of the cheapest collections ever published. Mailed free of postage.

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June 16 3m Atlanta, Ga., or Montgomery, Ala.

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sept 8

Office of the Maryland Consolidated Lotteries, }
Baltimore, Maryland, 20th June, 1855. }

CAUTION!—LOTTERY FRAUDS!
THE Commissioner of the Maryland State Lotteries has deemed it his duty to caution the public against the numerous swindlers who circulate by mail and otherwise, fraudulent Lottery schemes, and pretend to be agents for the sale of tickets in Lotteries which are wholly fictitious.

The only legal Lotteries in Maryland are those drawn under the superintendence of the Commissioner elected by the people of the State, under the new Constitution, to examine and approve the schemes and attend to the drawings.

All the tickets in these Lotteries, and all certificates of packages of tickets, have the lithographed signature of F. X. BRENAN, General Agent for the Contractor. Office of the Maryland Consolidated Lotteries, Baltimore, Maryland. All others are fraudulent. For full information on the subject of these frauds, address

sept 8 5t F. X. BRENAN, Baltimore, Md.

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WIRE BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIVER DNEIPER, AT KIEV, IN RUSSIA.

THE WIRE BRIDGE ACROSS THE DNEIPER AT KIEV.

The accompanying engraving contains a selected view of the Wire Bridge across the Dneiper, at Kiev, which was drawn on the spot on the occasion of its opening and dedication, and a representation of the economical which was peculiar to Russian construction. The foundation of this bridge was laid August 20, 1844, and from that day the work of its erection progressed steadily onward until September, 1848, when it was completed. For a long time the practicality of laying a bridge across the great river Dneiper was held extremely questionable by sensible men, from the fact that every spring when the ice closed under the river in winter breaks, it causes an overflow of its banks, extending miles around, and sweeping away in its current everything before it. In the face, however, of this serious difficulty, with the aid of the Holy Spirit, as the devout Russians say, the project was at length brought to a successful issue. At the request of Emperor Nicholas, a plan was drawn and presented by an English engineer named Charles Vyse, and others by engineers of Russia. That by Vyse was preferred, and he being furnished, equipped with workmen and aids, the emperor pronounced a blessing upon them,

and attended in person at the laying of the foundation. Though the disadvantages which the natural characteristics of the Dneiper, as already described, opposed to the task thus unexpectedly committed, were abundantly manifested in the course of their construction (and more especially, perhaps, in the early stages of them, as the bed of the river was found extremely soft and uncertain to the trustworthiness of being sufficiently cleared by nature, the bridge was completed, rapidly and economically in every part, and ready on the 20th of September, 1848, for the ceremony which was to show it open to the public. The Grand Duke Nicholas, Nicholas II., one of the imperial, presided by Prince K. S. G. Prince Wladimir, and several other engineers had preceded them. St. Peterburg, to take a part in this last winter service, the description of which will accompany us with the reader, in which every bridge in the Russian empire is opened for the first time. A large number of people having assembled, they were formed in line of procession before the bridge, a body of priests in their official robes, carrying a cross in the front. After a suitable and holy mass and chanting a prayer, the most reverend Metropolitan Filaret, made a formal prayer, and at its conclusion the procession

passed across in the following order—the Grand Duke Nicholas, Nicholas II., one of the grand dukes, and the last prince, some of engineers, some of nobles, people, etc. When they reached the other side, the grand duke stopped, and the engineers, which had followed after, and sailed for St. Peterburg. The ceremonial progress of Russia—indeed, its whole position, history, and its nature, for study and comparison. Important instances, who have made themselves familiar with its physical conditions, are attended at the necessity of its being visited. It is situated, with some exceptions, its magnificent roads and bridges, from the work of modern, compared with the old monuments or pictures of antiquity or of ancient European countries. The two principal features of the material signs of industry and intelligence are Russia and the United States of North America—one an ancient and despotic, the other a free republic. The main-giving of action in Russia is the will of one man; the source power in the country is the intelligence of the mass. In fact, the result is the same. We have, however, based on despotic is likely to be permanent, as a question that can only be decided by experience. History, the history of the world goes against it.



RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES AT THE CONSECRATION OF THE BRIDGE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1855.

\$3.00 PER ANNUM. } Vol. IX., No. 11.—Whole No. 219.
6 CENTS SINGLE.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

The fine picture designed for us by Billings and engraved by Andrew, is emblematic of the youngest of the sister States—the far-famed Eldorado. In the upper part are the State arms—a figure of Minerva, supported by the grizzly bear, miners and ships in the middle distance, and far off the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Nevada. The nearest foreground of the design exhibits the stratagem employed by the native Indians to approach near enough to the deer to shoot them. In the upper right hand corner is a miner's camp, a group of Californians being engaged in digging, washing and cradling the precious ore, while a Chinaman is seen equipped with a ponderous pair of scales. A rude log lodging house is facetiously designated as the Astor. California is the youngest star in the galaxy of States. It is the golden

land of promise, teeming with the precious metals, embracing a great variety of climate, and agricultural and commercial resources, which will make it the great empire State of the farthest West. It is the great golden gate of the Pacific, as New York is of the Atlantic shore. As early as 1542, a Spaniard named Cabrillo discovered a part of this country. In 1578, Sir Francis Drake, in command of an English expedition, visited it, and conferred on it the name of New Albion. Spanish colonies commenced the settlement of the seacoast in 1768, and it remained a Mexican province until 1836, when the people revolted, drove the Mexican officials from their posts and declared themselves independent. For ten years the Mexican government feebly and vainly endeavored to reclaim their revolted province. In July, 1846, Monterey was seized by a squadron under Commodore

Sloat, the American flag hoisted on the citadel, and a provisional American government established. The progress of California would have been slow, but for the discovery of gold at Sutter's mills in 1848. The extraordinary wealth thus developed attracted the attention of the world—people flocked thither from all quarters of the globe, and in September, 1850, California was admitted into the Union as a sovereign and independent State. Its length from north to south, is 764 miles, its average breadth, 212 miles; area, about 188,500 square miles. It is bounded on the north by Oregon, east by Utah, south by Lower California, and west by the Pacific Ocean. The finances of the State are in a flourishing condition. Education has received the attention of the State, and a system of free schools has been established. In its surface the country presents a great variety of features.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

FALCONER:

—OR—

THE MYSTERIES OF MEXICO.

A ROMANCE OF OUR DAY.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VI.

PADRE HERRERA.

IN the back room of a single-storied, squalid-looking house, or rather hovel, situated on one of the principal streets, and surrounded on every side by imposing palaces, under the shadow of which it seemed to shrink and hide, like a seared beggar-child in some gorgeous cathedral—in the solitary back room of that unpretending hut sat a man whose age might not be determined by his features, since in their expression was observable that mixture of youthful freshness with the wisdom of mature years, which distinguishes some countenances, to the manifest perplexity of the best physiognomists. Nevertheless, though it was difficult to settle upon the man's exact age, it was not hard to conjecture, by the mingled softness and determination stamped in his every lineament, that the priest, for such his vesture denoted him to be, was neither of a harsh nor common nature. His eyes were bright and penetrating in their gaze, his cheeks ruddy, and his brow thoughtful, but neither deeply worked with wrinkles nor sallow from midnight vigils. The capacity for action as well as reflection was plainly apparent to an observer in both face and figure of the good father, who now bowed his head against the wall of the hut, as he sat on a block of wood which answered for a chair, and who, as if in assistance of his meditations, smoked quietly a cigarette which he had just rolled up.

The smoke of this cigarette, ascending in the confined apartment, soon encircled the priest's head with a grayish cloud, which suited very well the dim light that entered the hut through an unglazed aperture in the rear wall. The morning breeze, for the sun had but just risen, slightly agitated the wreaths of smoke, and blew aside the stray locks of hair which grew on either side of the padre's tonsure—but otherwise a character of intense quiet and repose was presented within the hovel, in which the occupant seemed to share equally with the place.

But a sudden tap upon the outside of the wooden window-pane followed by the appearance of a grotesque-looking head at the aperture above-mentioned, aroused the good priest from his reverie, and caused him at once to remove his cigarette and to turn his head toward the new comer. A glance of pleased recognition accompanied the movement, and he said, in a low voice:

"Benedicite, my son! you are stirring early this morning."

"Yes, and I ealk'late I was stirrin' late last night, padre. And that's the why and wherefore I'm here now. I want your advice, padre, seein's how two heads are better than one, and I want you to come straight along, ef you can conscientiously, for I'm in a hobbler, an' no mistake."

"The saints preserve us, son Jacob, you have not been getting in trouble with the police, I trust?"

"O, nothin' o' that sort, padre. 'Taint for myself I'm afeard, no how. Jake Dusenbury can hoe his own row, now I tell ye. But ef you want to save as purty a young critter as ever wore calico, from some consarned chap that's been a-plottin' agin her, and gittin' her brother shot, and actin' like pizen ginerally, I reckon now's your time, and no mistake. So padre, beggin' pardon, supposin' we hurry up our teams, and push along!"

The worthy priest smiled at the Yankee's earnest adjuration, and proceeded to interrogate him further in relation to the object which he had in view. When, however, the incidents connected with the suicide of Charles Glinton had been communicated by Dusenbury to his reverend friend, the latter acceded with alacrity to the Yankee's request that they should at once repair to the house of mourning.

"There are, I fear me, some dark purposes threatening this poor young lady," said the priest, "and it may be that the Almighty will permit us to be the instruments of counteracting them. We must learn more from those faithful servants, and if need be, signor, we have powerful friends, as you know, in the capital."

"I know you kin du jest about what you please with Mister Herrera, padre. But, arter all, I'd like to see our old friend Glamozin, that's got to be a great nob now, and that ere real fightin' chap, Captin' Nunez—I'd like to see both on 'em standin' right side o' you this minute. Jehosophat! them two fellars are the sort o' critters to walk into rascality, an' no mistake."

"Our friends are noble spirits, and would doubtless be of much assistance to us in any crisis. But Montognone seldom leaves his retired estates in the mountains, and Colonel Nunez, as you know, is with the army on the frontiers. But, we may need them not at all, my son. Perhaps our fears are magnified in regard to your countrywoman. However, of that we shall soon learn more. Let us depart at once."

"Padre, I aint afeard o' any harm while you're about, for by the eternal hokey, I know you're the clean grit when occasion requires. I only kind o' hanker arter a sight o' Captin' Nunez, because he's a boss, and no mistake. But, as you say, padre, there's no tellin' whether we shall want any assistance whatever; so let's be movin' spy."

The padre at once proceeded to the door of the hut, to reach

his North American coadjutor, for the conversation we have related had taken place between the two through the medium of the aperture before alluded to. Wrapped in his cloak or holy cowl of black bombazine, the good priest passed through the front portion of the hovel, only pausing a moment to glance at the olive face of an old woman, the hostess of the hovel, who was quietly slumbering upon a rude pallet in one corner of the room. Then, softly unbarring the frail outer door, he emerged into the street, and being at once joined by Dusenbury, hurriedly proceeded in the direction of the house occupied by the latter's unfortunate countrywoman.

Already the noise and bustle of daily life was beginning to fill the streets along which the two took their way, and on arriving at their destination, they found that the officers of the police were busily engaged in making an examination of the premises, interrogating the servants, and with all the airs of authority, placing the seals of official interference upon such cabinets and desks as they deemed the repositories of papers or documents likely to be of importance in the event of further action on the part of the district alcalde. At the appearance of a priest, they bowed respectfully, but continued their scrutiny; and Dusenbury, as his eyes glanced hurriedly around the apartment, which was the room that he had occupied alone during the night, and contiguous to that in which lay the corpse of Glinton, saw that another was present beside the two weeping servants of the household. This was the suicide's sister.

The maiden was very lovely, though at the present moment her face was pale as marble, and her eyes heavy with a bitter grief. She sat in the large arm-chair near the window, her beautiful figure wrapped in a loose white robe, secured about the waist by a blue sash, and clasped upon her agitated bosom by a small golden cross. In her dark brown hair was twined a wreath of yesterday's roses, drooping and withered now, alas! like the sweet child whose brow they had decked. She was indeed but a child to look upon, for scarcely seventeen summers had passed over her, and the light of girlhood had, until this fatal hour, been bright within her bosom, and a clear, ringing laugh and sunny smile more natural to her than sighs or tears. But now, oppressed and bending beneath the dead weight of her loneliness, with the image of her bleeding brother evermore present in her thoughts, she sat motionless in the great arm-chair, her eyes shaded by her small hands, her tresses falling down and disordered upon her white neck, and a deep abstractedness of sorrow in her whole appearance that showed how perfectly her spirit was crushed, how measureless was the abyss of her despair.

The padre, as his pitying eye rested upon the young girl, felt at once, with the quickness of a good heart, how vain would be all common modes of solace for the anguish of the bereaved one. He was well read in life's sad lore, and to read the pages of many a book of grief, had been his duty often in the past; for the priest's existence had not been dreamed away in cloistered idleness. His experience, gleaned in many lands and among various sects and qualities of men, was narrowed by no arbitrary application, and his charity, expanded by his acquaintance with suffering and endurance, was something more than a mere mantle of conventionalism; it entered into and radiated from his every act and word, so that unconsciously he won the trust of others, and he administered consolation because he had first awakened interest.

It was therefore with rare delicacy that the good man approached the stricken maiden, to tender her the spontaneous sympathy of his soul. Whilst Dusenbury turned aside with the chief official, to answer some interrogatory which the functionary addressed to him, the padre softly laid his hand upon the bowed head of the young girl, and said gently: "Daughter, I sorrow with thee."

The tone of the priest's voice and the gentle pressure of his hand aroused the maiden from the apparent stupor into which she had fallen. Her own hands dropped slowly from before her eyes, and she lifted her glance to the speaker's face, with an expression of such mingled fear and anguish that it penetrated at once to the priest's heart. But his own look, so mild yet earnest, so full of love and pity, yet withal with such an influence of strength irradiating from it, seemed to arrest the current of the mourner's reflections. She gazed a moment upon the stranger's features, her troubled countenance revealing naught but perplexed and wondering emotion, her eyes tearless, as if the fountains of their grief had been wept to desert dryness, and then, with an inexpressibly touching movement, shook her head in silence, as if in utter abandonment of every hope of consolation.

"Nay, my child—my poor child, I would not see despair in one so young. I know the sorrow which oppresseth thee is stern and difficult to bear. But it is not amid flowers alone that the path of life conducs to heaven. Behold! through chastening trial cometh sweetest mercy, and He who tempers the wind to the lamb that hath been shorn, will tenderly look down on thee, my stricken one."

The padre took the maiden's hand within his own, as he uttered these hopeful words, in a voice whose earnest melody penetrated to her heart. His gaze, still calm but lofty in the high confidence which beamed from its clear depths, began to exercise an influence of kindly power. It was the magnetism of a soul pure and good, calling to its aid the faith and love which are from Heaven, and must sway all natures in which heavenly instincts dwell. Insensibly, the harsh grief which had well nigh crazed the young girl's brow, appeared to yield before the soothing gentleness of the padre's voice and look. Her eyes, fixed and arid before, soon grew more natural in their melancholy; a moisture trembled on their silken lashes, a dewy softness suffused their orbits, and then, as the good priest tenderly drew her fragile form towards him, she sobbed, and breaking into sudden tears, reposed her drooping head upon his bosom.

O, blessed tears! what heart would break not, were their precious flow denied? What nature, steeled though haply it may be against all chances of the world's hard field, what self-reliant spirit, proudly mailed in triple panoply of harsh resolve, what soul encased in custom's adamant, but yet will own the healing charm of tears? They are the medicine of desperate grief—they quicken better moods in baser hearts, and melt the rough, unkindly will. But to the good they are like angel-food, that beautifies and strengthens while it fills—the balm of sorrow, that with healing charm overflows the heart and waters in its mould new germs of living hope.

Such tears, such blessed tears, now softened the sister's heart, raining upon the bitter memory of her brother's death, and cleansing it of that blood-stained horror which had well-nigh driven her mad.

In the meantime, Dusenbury, after satisfactorily replying to all the questions which the Mexican police thought proper to inflict upon his good-nature, received a permit from these worthy officials, authorizing him, as a countryman of the deceased, to take charge of the preparations which might be necessary, both for his funeral and for the protection of such property as he might have possessed. In obtaining this liberty, the Yankee owed much to a paper which he exhibited, signed by the president of the Republic, vouching for his respectability, and for his excellency's confidence in him, as one who had rendered good service to the commonwealth. Though the sight of this document occasioned some expression of wonderment on the part of the Mexican functionaries, inasmuch as our friend Dusenbury's grotesque and careless appearance did not tally well with the character or services which were indicated in its contents, yet, as there was no disputing the authenticity of the paper, the Yankee was elevated at once in the eyes of his examiners as a personage of no common pretensions—perhaps some grandee of the neighboring republic, on an incognito mission to General Herrera. Consequently, it was with great show of courtesy and respect, that Jake Dusenbury was invested with full authority to bury his countryman, and the Mexicans, in taking their leave, invoked a thousand saints to aid the "noble American" in his disinterested service to the dead.

The Yankee, relieved from the presence of the police, and remarking with gratification the soothing influence which his friend the padre had exerted upon the mourning sister, who reposed, still softly weeping, on his breast, turned his attention at once to the steps requisite in order to perform the last duties to poor Glinton's remains. Quietly beckoning to the two servants, he led the way into the inner room.

The suicide's body lay where it had been deposited on the previous night. A mantle concealed all but the bloodless features, which were also hidden by a white cambric handkerchief, bound around the forehead. A dark stain was visible upon this handkerchief, but on one corner might be perceived, inwrought with figures of lace, evidently the work of some graceful female hand, a small scrolled shield, in which were embroidered the same words that Dusenbury had read upon the locket of Glinton—"To my brother. N. O., 1845." Alas that the gift of sisterly affection should now be devoted to so sad a use!

Upon the heart of the corpse was a small wooden crucifix which some pious enthusiast among the Mexican police had there laid, perhaps in the hope that it might be beneficial to the soul which had been evoked so suddenly to its account. Dusenbury remarked the emblem, but he did not remove it, nor smile at the superstition which had caused it to be placed there; Protestant by education as he was, our American could respect the sincerity of another's faith, though he might not himself subscribe to its dogmas. He prepared to make the necessary dispositions for interment, giving directions to the two servants, who appeared to recognize in him a friend on whom they might rely, and in a brief space, the poor victim to a ruinous passion was arrayed in the habiliments of the grave, and stretched upon the last couch which he should press above the green sod that must, sooner or later, be the couch of all.

CHAPTER VII.

DON TADEO'S REVELATION.

THE solemn moments lingered, yet passed quickly enough, for they brought nearer and yet nearer the dissolution of the good Don Tadeo. Alonzo still knelt beside the couch of the dying man, his unmoved will vainly endeavoring to stifle the expression of that grief which was yet no unworthy manifestation, for it sprang from the deep and abiding affection which he entertained toward his noble uncle.

Don Tadeo had remained silent for some moments, his lips moving in quiet prayer, and his eyes glowing with sublime confidence in the mercy of that Being in whose presence he was soon to enter. At length, however, as if a sudden resolution had been forced to his mind, the uncle spoke in a low voice to his nephew.

"Dear Alonzo, before I depart, I have a brief history to relate, which has ever till now been locked within my own bosom. The tomb closes all earthly memories, and I thought to have borne to my grave the reminiscences of sorrow and disappointment which made my youth a desert till Heaven vouchsafed a boon and blessing in giving to me my Alonzo. But now I feel a strange desire in my heart, urging me to recall the story of my youth, and perhaps, in its recital, you, my boy, may at once learn all that your uncle has ever concealed from you, and gather from the story some knowledge of the strange world on which you are about to enter. Listen!—but first, dear Alonzo, reach to me yonder ebony casket."

The young man arose from his kneeling posture, and proceed-

ing to the bookcase opposite the bed, brought from one of its shelves a small box of ebony, curiously carved and ornamented, which he knew had ever been much prized by his guardian as a memorial of his younger years. Don Tadeo unlocked the casket with trembling fingers, and then, after covering his face for a moment, and pressing his forehead as if to revive his recollections of the past, clasped the hand of his young relative within his own, and began his narration.

"My Alonzo, when youth weaves for itself a golden future, in which all excellence of enjoyment seems to be natural and possible, there is ever one blessing shining with purest halo and inviting the holiest anticipations. That blessing is the union, sweet and enduring, of a heart which dreams to a kindred heart—its counterpart, its sun, its other self. To such a loving union my heart looked anxiously forward—in the realization of every dream of earthly bliss, *one form, one soul* was ever present to my hoping vision. Around this beautiful *ideal*—for at first it was but an ideal—I twined all the highest attributes of virtue, intellect and affection. In the possession of such a being I centered all my life's desires, and what enthusiastic purposes, what glorious schemes, entered into my kaleidoscope of the life which I was to share with this, my ideal bride, may only be appreciated by one who, loving as I afterwards grew to love, can fancy the intensity with which I thought and hoped. And at length, Alonzo, I encountered the reality of my visioned love—at last, while yet my heart throbbed with all the ardor of early youth, I met the being of my pictured hope. And she was the bride of another.

"Alonzo, you behold tears in these aged eyes—you feel my heart wildly beating even with its failing pulses. Judge then, Alonzo, what must have been the strength, the devotion of that passion, which, through all the lapse of years, still clings to this frail heart—judge how I loved, who, never having possessed, has still unceasingly adored the object of my boyhood's first affection. She was another's, and I learned that she was unhappy. I know not how it chanced that fate so often threw us in each other's society—a fate which, as if in mockery of my love, that grew daily more intense, revealed each day new virtues, brighter charms, in her I never might possess. I learned that she was unhappy—that she was that too common sacrifice to pride and mistaken interest—a bride betrothed from childhood. Her husband, older than she by some score of years, was not a man to win or keep the love of a woman like her he had espoused. Proud, passionate, cunning and unscrupulous, he had passed a youth in wild dissipation, indulging his lawless passions to their full extremity, and even in the possession of the beautiful being he had literally bought, for his wealth was enormous, of her unfeeling parents, he refrained not wholly from the excesses which had marked his previous life.

"Maria had been betrothed to this man in infancy, and whilst all his selfish and ignoble passions were strengthening into habit by his evil course of life, her gentle being, passed in a religious seminary, had been familiar only with quiet lessons and pure associations. Her parents were of an ancient but reduced family, and doubtless the expectation of restoring the shattered grandeur of their house had entered largely into their calculation in the matter of betrothing their only child to the even then dissipated son of a wealthy friend of the family. Whatever might have been the motive, however, betrothed Maria was, and hardly had she stepped from the school which had secluded her childhood, over the threshold of her father's dwelling, when she was transferred at once to the home of another—a man from whose companionship she shrunk with all the instincts of her virtuous and sensitive nature.

"The facts I learned at intervals and by degrees; not, at first, from Maria's own lips, though afterwards her heart was opened to me with all the confiding sincerity of a sister; but by observation and the remarks of others, who little suspected my absorbing-interest in the theme. At my first meeting with the lovely but unhappy lady she had been married but a year, and an infant clung to her gentle bosom. Why it was that I knew at the first glance, that this wife of another was in truth the being of my secret and passionate painting, the realization of my youth's dreaming, I cannot tell, but such assurance I felt, my Alonzo, and its strength grew as I gazed, till my brain whirled with a thousand delirious thoughts. How I brought under control the passion which immediately took possession of me, how I afterwards refrained from declaring it to Maria, when I became a constant visitor at her husband's house, and daily in her company—how I concealed, as a miser does his gold, all manifestation of the flame which was consuming my heart, He alone knows who overlooks all spirit, and who in mercy chastened that he might subdue my heart.

"But such a struggle could not last. I fell dangerously sick, and for months my life was despaired of. In the ravings of delirium, the form of my beloved was evermore present, and when at length a strong bodily frame resisted the disease which had overthrown it, and I awoke once more to reason and the hope of life, my first collected thoughts were clustered round the memory of her who was not, never could be, mine. Her name was the first word that trembled on my lips, and then I learned the destiny of my life—to live in loneliness."

Don Tadeo paused in his recital, overcome for the moment with the poignancy of his recollections. Alonzo gazed upon his face with a look which told the old man how deeply his young nephew was affected by the mournful story. Indeed, the picture which his uncle had presented, of a bright ideal shrined in his youthful heart, had penetrated Alonzo with the truest sympathy; for indeed, had he not himself thus portrayed in his silent dreams, the vision of a being to be his in blessed union at some future period of life! Ah! when did not youth paint thus its glowing hopes? Who has not dreamed of a radiant ideal bride?

"Maria," resumed Don Tadeo, mastering his emotion, though his voice, as he proceeded, grew more and more feeble, "Maria was to me and to her husband lost forever. In the few months during which I lay balanced between life and death, a fearful drama had taken place—a sad but fitting finale to a selfish betrothment and loveless marriage. My adored Maria had fled from her husband, as rumor said, with one of his reckless companions—left her home, her child, and threw herself, weak and inexperienced as she was, upon that great unknown world, of which she had merely passed the threshold. The villain who was suspected to have enticed the young wife away, was a young libertine, of fortune equal to that of Maria's husband, and of a character much like his. This man, soon after the flight of my poor beloved, had returned to his old haunts, and, when called to account by the husband, swore that he knew nothing of Maria, and that he was not responsible for the step she had taken. His statement was disbelieved, as many circumstances conspired to fix upon him a direct agency in the elopement, and his character, moreover, was known to be so bad, that he was even suspected of having added the crime of murder to seduction, and buried all proof of his wickedness by the death of his hapless victim. Maria's husband challenged him at once, dangerously wounded and left him apparently dead upon the field. The authorities examined into the case, but no proof was elicited in support of the popular suspicions, and the libertine, recovering from his almost fatal wound, soon after left the capital."

Again Don Tadeo paused and covered his face with his hands. Alonzo, though deeply interested in the recital, implored his uncle to cease, and no longer bring to memory events which were so harrowing to his soul. But the aged man shook his head and proceeded with the story.

"When I recovered so far from the severe malady that had prostrated me, as to be able to go forth, I learned that another act in the wretched tragedy had taken place—Maria's husband, tormented with chagrin at the flight of his wife, and perhaps conscious that his own unworthiness of character had induced the rash step she had taken, gave himself up from the period of his duel to a career of reckless dissipation, which speedily destroyed his health and brought him to the gates of death. At the time I became acquainted with these details, he was prostrated and raving under the horrors of *mania a potu*. He never recovered."

Don Tadeo ceased his sad relation, and lifting the cover of the little cabinet, which had remained on the couch beside him, took from it a small golden locket, the spring of which he pressed, and disclosed the miniature portrait of a beautiful lady.

"This is her likeness," murmured Don Tadeo, "and this, my Alonzo, I give into your keeping as the most sacred memento of your poor uncle, who, loving its dear original through his lonely life, welcomes the approach of death, in the sweet hope of being united with the angelic spirit of his Maria, in that blessed land where we shall 'see no longer through a glass darkly, but face to face.'"

With these words Don Tadeo pressed the portrait fervently to his lips, while bright tears rose to his eyes and rolled slowly down his aged cheeks. Then after replacing the locket in the casket with his own trembling hand, he fell gently back upon the pillow; and with a sigh so low that it seemed but a gentle inspiration of the air, the spirit of the good man passed from its earthly home forever.

Alonzo, reverently taking up the casket, waited a moment in expectation of hearing his uncle's voice again, and it was not till some moments had elapsed that the youth became aware of the dread change which had taken place. So calm and quiet had been the transition, doubtless Don Tadeo was clasping the hand of his immortal spirit-love ere yet his mortal friend had ceased to muse upon his dying words, so full of tenderest hope.

CHAPTER VIII.

FALCONE'S FRIEND.

"GABRIEL FALCONE, we must confide in each other."

These words were addressed by the stranger whom we have noticed as watching for and encountering the reckless gamester in his egress from the gaming-house, and subsequently conducting him to his own dwelling, after the dreadful scene of suicide which had so powerfully affected young Falcone. A night's slumber had operated to restore in a great degree the usual appearance of the latter, but his mind remained still strangely excited. His first words, on recognizing at his bedside in the morning, the acquaintance whom he had made so unpremeditatedly upon his own part, were to advert to the fearful act they had witnessed, and it was in response to his agitated remarks that his singular companion uttered the sentence which begins our chapter.

"Gabriel Falcone! you would know who I am," continued the host, perceiving that the young man's memory still dwelt upon the last night's incidents. "Your father knew me well."

"What know you of my father?" cried Falcone, abruptly, as he turned his bloodshot eyes upon the stranger at his bedside.

"What the world knows, partly," replied the man, in a quiet tone, "that he trusted too much to a woman and was fooled, as he deserved to be."

"By what right do you thus speak of my mother?"

"Oho! do you defend the lovely sinner?" sneered the host. "She was indeed a mother who could desert her infant, and fly with a stranger from her husband's house! Gabriel, you are more forgiving than was your sire."

"But who are you who thus dare to speak of my unhappy mother? And for what object have you recalled her memory?"

"I have said, Gabriel Falcone, that we must confide in each

other. Listen then, to what I have to say. But first, if you please, look at this scar."

Speaking thus, the host unloosed the girdle of a robe-de-chambre which he wore, and baring his side disclosed an oval scar, evidently the mark left by the wound of a bullet.

"You mark this token of a skillful marksman. You may be proud of it, for it was your father, Gabriel Falcone, who did me the honor of putting his shot within a hand's breadth of my heart."

"You are then—"

"I am that poor devil of a friend who had the luck to incur the jealousy of your good father, for no reason at all save that I was good-looking and your mother a woman of taste. In fine, I am Don Ricardo Ramos, of whom you have doubtless heard, and who is very much at your service."

The flippant manner in which the speaker delivered this sentence did not conceal a certain bitterness of tone that impressed his listener with a sudden disquietude. The young gamester's course of reckless improvidence and dissipation which had resulted in his last night's desperate attempt to rob the man with whom he now conversed, had not entirely blunted his sensibilities, and the stranger's sinister allusions to his family affairs aroused a feeling of anger which at once found vent in his rejoinder.

"I have heard of you, Don Ricardo Ramos," he exclaimed, "as a villain of the deepest dye—a wretch whom—"

The young man paused, as if in want of language to employ in painting the character which report had given the strange, dark man who now stood, calm and smiling, at his bedside.

"Go on, Gabriel! Proceed, my excellent young friend!" said Don Ricardo Ramos. "By my patron saint, whoever that holy personage may be, I would not like to spoil so brave an eulogy."

Falcone turned abruptly to the head of the couch on which he lay, and hastily seizing his coat which hung near it, tore from its pocket the purse which he had the night before received from Don Ricardo and threw it angrily at its donor's feet.

"There," he cried fiercely, "there is the gold which I had better have wrested a prize from your dead body, than received, a gift from your living hand."

"Very well done, Gabriel Falcone," remarked the host, in the same, unmoved voice and manner that had before marked his address. "I see that among your other accomplishments you have acquired a truly dramatic mode of expressing your sentiments. Allow me to admire you, Gabriel Falcone."

"It becomes the devil to sneer," muttered Falcone.

"Nay, nay," cried Don Ricardo, suddenly changing his manner, and speaking in a tone of apparent feeling. "We must be friends with each other, and I was very wrong to speak as I did. Now hear me while I declare to you, on my life and soul, that in the wrong done your father, I was guiltless. In this body, now," continued the man, with a sudden contraction of his brow, "I carry about the bullet which he lodged in my breast, and I may be pardoned if the presence of such a reminder of the injustice done to me has made my language somewhat rough. I never won the favor of your mother, but on the contrary her dislike; and when she eloped with another to a foreign land, her flight was as much a mystery to me, as to her husband. This I swear to you, Gabriel Falcone."

Don Ricardo paused and watched the effect of his address upon the young man, who, weak from his late excitement, had fallen back upon the pillow of his couch. Receiving no answer, he proceeded:

"I now have offered you my friendship in consideration of that which I once bore to your father. Though he wronged me, yet he was deceived. And, in truth, what was the injustice which he did to me, compared to that which he inflicted upon your innocent head?"

"What mean you by that?" exclaimed Falcone, hurriedly.

"Simply, that, whereas you should have inherited the entire wealth of your father, his unjust suspicions of your legitimacy made him transfer the greater portion of his possessions to the younger branch of his family. While your uncle and his kin have enjoyed the revenues of the Falcone estates, you have been allowed to squander your inferior portion, until now you stand stripped of all—a gentle lepro of Mexico."

Falcone struck his forehead with his clenched hand and muttered savagely:

"By the fiend, that is too true. But how know you that my father thus denied me my rights? I have ever thought that the estates which my uncle's family possess were inherited from a distant relative of our house."

"It was as well, perhaps, that you should think so, since the will was sufficient by which you were cut off with a few thousands of all your fortune left. 'Twould have been vainly disputed, had you known the facts."

"By heaven, I would have torn his ill-gotten wealth from that gray-beard uncle of mine, if my life were to be the forfeit."

"You could not have done so," returned the other, calmly. "Answer me—how many days is it since you went to that same gray-beard uncle, to implore a simple and not enormous loan, and were most cavalierly refused, though the good Don Manuel did not know the money you asked was to be staked at the gaming-table?"

"Are you the devil, that you know all my movements?"

"The devil certainly ought to know all that interests him, good Gabriel, but I have no claims to satanic omniscience, and must refer my acquaintance with your affairs to its natural cause—my old friendship for your father, and a wish to serve yourself."

Again the man's brow contracted, and his lips quivered as these words escaped them. But Falcone did not notice the expression, or he might not have reached out his hand, as he did, saying:

"Pardon me, Don Ricardo—I have done you wrong in my anger. If you are disposed to serve me, I neither desire, nor can afford to reject your friendship. There is my hand again."

"And now, as we are friends," said Don Ricardo, "I would serve you. But first, let us, as I said, confide in each other. Tell me, Gabriel, why the death of that gambler last night so strangely affected you. Did you know him?"

"Know him?" echoed the young man, with a sudden tremor evident in his voice. "Yes—he was a sort of boon companion—that is all."

"A spendthrift, doubtless, and gamester; fair representative of Mexican youth."

"He was no Mexican," rejoined Falcone.

"What! a European?"

"No—an American from New Orleans. Doubtless his name is now well known to all the city—Charles Ginton."

"Ginton!" exclaimed Don Ricardo, with a start.

"Ay—Ginton! Did you know him, that his name agitates you?"

"Doubtless I have met him or his kindred in my wandering life. The name, it is true, awakened vivid reminiscences, which yet may have no connection with this youth. Was he a stranger here?"

"He resided here a few months, and—"

"Well—why do you stop?"

"What do I know of the wretched suicide?" cried Falcone, in a fierce tone, as if he would shake off a fearful recollection. "How many ruined fools have preceded him in the same course and end? It may be my fate yet," continued the young man, gloomily.

"Well, despair not yet, Gabriel," said Don Ricardo. "I saved you from one crime last night, and perhaps can put you in a way to repair your shattered fortunes. For the present, I request that you will remain quiet in this apartment, for you are yet weak and require rest. On the table yonder is a bell, by which you may summon your attendant. By eve, I trust to find you much restored, and till then will leave you to yourself."

With these words, Don Ricardo Ramos stooped to the carpet and lifting the purse of money which Falcone had thrown at his feet, deposited it, without further remark, upon a small table near the bedside. Then, with a parting salutation, he retired from the room.

Falcone listened to the departing footsteps of his host with an expression of mingled distrust and satisfaction, apparent in his handsome, though dissipated countenance. He raised himself slightly upon his pillow, and gazing scrutinizingly around the apartment, seemed desirous of familiarizing his glance with every object visible. Grim, old-fashioned, wainscotted and grotesquely carved, the walls and doors of this apartment appeared to shadow forth the sinister character of their master, Don Ricardo. A book-case of black, polished wood stood in one corner, an escritoire of the same fabric stood in another nook, and the heavy-armed chairs, a massy couch, half covered by the thick window drapery above it, and the bedstead on which the guest lay, that seemed a relic of the Spanish invasion, all bore token, not more of an antique taste than of a sombre disposition in him who possessed and preserved them.

Falcone noticed everything in a brief glance, and then, smiling bitterly, muttered, as he fell back upon his pillow:

"This man was my father's friend and enemy, so all report has vouched. Whether his friendship for me be worth my preserving, is to be seen. At present, I will profit by his advances, for, by the fiend, I have no other resource,"—the gamester's eye fell upon the purse which Don Ricardo had placed upon the table near him—"truly, it was a silly freak of passion that prompted me to dash his gold at the man's feet. I must be more cautious in the future, for such purses grow not on every bush in Mexico. And—now," continued Falcone, while his eye glowed with an expression of cunning resolve, "now that Ginton's death has beggared his lovely sister, it may be that Gabriel Falcone will not be so unwelcome to the maiden—provided that his purse be full. This Don Ricardo shall assist me *there*, at least."

So saying, the young man, brooding over the means of furthering his schemes of villany, snatched the purse from the table, and placed it once more in the garment from which he had taken it. Then, apparently exhausted, he closed his eyes as if to sleep.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DOUBLE FUNERAL.

THE sun was descending upon the islands and lagunes of Mexico's incomparable valley—bathing the quadrangular city itself in a flood of yellow light, beneath which the lofty churches, the turreted convents, and splendid private mansions glittered like a fairy panorama. On the beautiful Lake Tezcuco, skimming amid the still attractive remnants of its once magnificent floating gardens, the light boats of pleasure-seekers darted to and fro, and the souls of romance-lovers, won by the beauty of the approaching evening, dispersed themselves at various points, enjoying the cool mountain breeze that floated mysteriously from the *terra incognita* of the north.

Wherever beauty reigns, it is tempered, perchance sanctified, by sorrow, and so, upon the quiet loveliness of the Mexican evening, when the perfume of a thousand flowers imparted a delicious aroma through all the air, and when the flute-like warbling of a hundred golden-plumaged birds united in a dreamy strain of music, till the atmosphere seemed loaded with its mingled wealth of harmony and fragrance, it was no wonder that a shadow intervened between the setting sun and those whose hearts were fitted to enjoy its brightness.

A funeral cortege emerged from the city, near the national bridge, and slowly took its way towards a quiet burial place, where thick-embowered groves, garlanded with vines, and emerald openings, tessellated with flowers, marked the chosen spot of all for nature to receive her wearied children in the bosom of their mother earth. Slowly and solemnly over the highway and through a shaded road diverging from the lake, and up a gentle rise of verdure-covered hills, the funeral procession proceeded. It was not a large one. Scarcely a dozen persons composed the followers of the simple bier; but there were flowers upon the dark pall, and tears of heartfelt grief had watered them.

Behind the funeral carriage, a small caleche was driven by an aged negro. In it were a young girl clad in plain but deep sable, and a man, who, by his garb, appeared to be a priest. Another vehicle followed, in which were seated two other persons, male and female. Under either vehicle, alternately, walked a large dog of the Newfoundland breed. He followed the body of his master. This funeral cortege was that which conveyed the body of Charles Ginton the suicide to his last home, and the mourners, few but real ones, were his young sister and her two servants, the faithful Yankee—Dusenbury, and the good clergyman, Padre Herrata.

Slowly, until they reached the gate of the quiet burial place, the procession passed along. No word was spoken, but the priest held the trembling hand of the young sister within his own, and the maiden felt that the sympathy of a strong and tender nature was sustaining her spirit in its hour of trial.

At the entrance of the graveyard, another hearse, followed by a single carriage, with but two persons in it, joined the cortege of the suicide, and together, for some time, the trains proceeded to their destination. Two open graves, nearly side by side, were to receive the bodies of two, who in life had been strangers, but were here to be united, to sleep quietly in the same earth till the time when the "corruptible shall put on incorruption." Padre Herrata, as the stranger hearse paused opposite to that which bore the remains of Ginton, recognized in one of the occupants of the solitary carriage which followed it, a clergyman known to him as a most esteemed and worthy brother of his order. He addressed him with the customary salutation, at the same time pronouncing his name, Fray Pedro, and was responded to by a hearty "peace be with you." At the same instant the eyes of the other person in the carriage, a young man of perhaps twenty years, who was clad in simple black, were raised slowly, and their gaze fell upon the face of the maiden who sat by the side of the priest Herrata.

At once a singular change was noticeable in the countenance of this young man. His cheeks, before pale as marble, became flushed with apparent excitement, his lips trembled, his eyes dilated. Padre Herrata noticed his agitation, and looked inquiringly toward Fray Pedro. The latter, however, was descending from the carriage, and did not catch the glance of his brother priest, but, so soon as he had alighted, took his station near the hearse, from which the undertaker and an assistant were now engaged in lifting the coffin. The same sad portion of the funeral duties was taking place at the other hearse. Hannibal, the negro, lifting one end of the coffin which enclosed the form that he had often supported in its childish days, in their happy American home, assisted the solemn-looking hearse driver to bear it to the narrow grave, while Lucille, the mulatto girl, and the Yankee, Dusenbury, stood silently by. Padre Herrata sustained the shrinking frame of the sister, with whom he had left the carriage, and thus the rites of burial proceeded, and two mortal bodies were consigned to their neighboring graves, while the mellow sunbeams slanted through the thick-leaved grove, and the birds sang thrillingly a requiem for the dead.

Nor were the warbling inhabitants of that graveyard the only choristers at the strangers' graves. Full and tenderly arose from the lips of the two priests that impressive chant for the dead which their church ritual enjoins particularly to be sung on the occasion of interring strangers. Up through the leafy arches of that glorious cathedral of nature, swelling and rolling amid the woody aisles, and sinking gently among the flowers and vines, the sad but beautiful melody of that funeral chant dispersed itself upon the quiet evening air. And, while tree and sward and grove were flooded with the golden sea of light that filled the western skies, and while the song of birds and requiem of priests arose together unto Heaven's throne, the mourners for the dead knelt down together—the young and old, the bond and free, and murmured their responses to the solemn music of the funeral hymn.

The graves were near each other—the buriers worked side by side as they cast the sods upon the coffins. Was it strange that, as the priests sang together, the two chief mourners for their respective dead should draw near unto one another? Was it strange, as the sister of Ginton, with eyes closed and heart communing with her departed brother's memory, knelt beside his grave, that she should feel her hand pressed by another hand, and hear low sighs mingling with her own? She thought it was Padre Herrata who was near her, but in truth it was the young mourner who had followed the other hearse. His eyes were filled with tears, his breast heaved and sunk tumultuously, and uttering a low moan, he clasped the maiden's hand within his own, and raised it to his trembling lips.

At this moment the chant of the priests ceased, the last sod fell upon the graves, and the Padre Herrata, drawing near the young man, just as the wondering eyes of Ginton's sister opened upon her stranger companion, said, in a low voice:

"My children—do ye know one another?"

"O, indeed, indeed, it must be she!" was the hurried exclamation of the young man, as he hastily thrust his hand into his breast and drew forth a small locket. Then opening its case, while the tearful eyes of Ginton's sister were fixed upon his face with a look, half of terror, half of interest, he disclosed the por-

trait of a young girl, which, in every lineament seemed the "counterfeit presentment" of the maiden by his side. "Tis she—it must be she!" he murmured wildly.

"What means this, brother?" asked Padre Herrata, turning to his fellow priest. "Who is this youth, and what would he with this mourning maiden?"

Fray Pedro glanced for a moment at the picture which the young man held, and a sudden light broke over his features.

"I see—I see it all!" he cried. "Alonzo—speak! Did not this picture belong to your uncle—the good Don Tadeo, who now lies at our feet?"

"Reverend father, it did. 'Twas the last gift that I received from my uncle's hands. It was the portrait of one whom—"

"I know it all, my son," rejoined the priest, "I was your uncle's confessor—his only confidant, save it might be yourself. That picture is the likeness of one whom Don Tadeo passionately loved in his youth, and who died in a foreign land. You, brother Herrata, well know the sad story, though many years have passed since the unhappy Donna Maria Minas—"

"Donna Maria Minas!" interrupted the young girl, with a sudden start, as she heard the words pronounced. "It was my mother's name."

"None may doubt that, who look upon this portrait of Donna Maria and then upon your face, my daughter," responded Fray Pedro. "Doubtless the hand of Heaven is in this meeting. Mark! this picture, long preserved as the dearest treasure of his existence, by one who cherished your mother's memory to the forgetfulness of all the world—"

"Save only me," cried Alonzo. "My generous uncle was ever to me all that a father could be."

"He was a just man," said the priest, solemnly, "and his reward is not to be doubted. O, Padre Herrata—"

This last exclamation was occasioned by the sudden discovery made by the good priest that the young maiden beside them had fallen into a state of insensibility. She still knelt upon the sward and clasped the portrait of Donna Maria in her hands, her eyes fixed upon it with an intense earnestness. But no rays of intelligence fell from them—they were fixed but expressionless. The unhappy child, overcome by conflicting emotions, had swooned as she gazed, and now, as the two clergymen looked toward her, they beheld that two ready assistants were supporting her sinking form—on one side was the Yankee, Dusenbury, and on the other, the youth Alonzo.

"Dead—dead! O, no—she is not dead!" cried the latter, his countenance growing ghastly with apprehension.

"Let her lie, air, or she will be," rejoined the Yankee, with his prompt understanding and quickness of action. "Gently there—she's only a faintin', and poor innocent—she's had a heap o' trouble enough for one weak critter. Jes' stan' aside and she'll be all right again in a minute."

Saying this, the stalwart Dusenbury with his right arm brushed every one aside, and lifting the maiden's slight figure in his left, as a mother would her babe, carried her in a moment from the grave to a small marble basin at a short distance, where the dripping of a cool fountain was making music in unison with the song of birds.

Alonzo followed closely the Yankee's steps, whilst the two servants, Hannibal and Lucille, seized with dread that some new misfortune threatened their unhappy young mistress, gave way at once to violent grief, moaning and clasping their hands together, and calling upon their mistress to revive.

"O, Missy Teresa," cried Hannibal, passionately, sobs almost stifling his words, "don't-a go way from us—don't-a die, like Massa Charley—dat's a darlin' missy—don't-a die!"

And Lucille, running back and forth like one distracted, echoed the negro's plaints in her own half-broken exclamations:

"O, *ciel! ma chere maîtresse!* O, what shall we do ourselves? *Marie! reine du ciel—priez pour nous.* Save my sweet mistress—*ma mignonnette*—my dear Mademoiselle Teresa, and let *pauvre* Lucille die once, three times—one dozen times."

"My good child, trust in God. He will not desert your mistress in this hour of trial," said Padre Herrata, striving to check the mulatto's vehement grief. "Look! even now the maiden revives! Yes! her eyes unclose to the light."

"Ah! *mon Dieu!* I am so glad!" cried the girl, a torrent of tears gushing from her eyes, while Hannibal uttered a loud cry of joy.

Mademoiselle Teresa had indeed opened her eyes, once more restored to animation by the cool water with which Dusenbury had bathed her temples and sprinkled her pale face. But no consciousness appeared in the dim look which she cast around. It was evident she did not recognize any one.

"I'm mortal 'feared the poor gal has taken it too hard," whispered the Yankee to Padre Herrata. "Her strength was e'enmost gone when she got here, and this ere new business has overset her mind completely. Poor little critter—she's as tender as a hummin' bird, an' no mistake."

Uttering these words, Dusenbury ceased not to bathe the maiden's head with the cool fountain water; and Lucille, kneeling beside, chafed her hands and wrists, calling upon her mistress with the most endearing names. At length the numbness which had terrified all so much, began to disappear from the young girl's frame, and a slight flush revisited her pallid cheeks.

Recovering in some degree, she was taken to the carriage, and they returned to the city. Dusenbury, Alonzo and Fray Pedro followed in another carriage; on the way Dusenbury recounted the story of Ginton's death. Alonzo listened with deep interest. Destiny had brought before him on the occasion of his uncle's funeral the daughter of her who was last in his living thoughts.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

BY MRS. SARAH E. DAWES.

I've crossed the threshold once again,
With thoughts of mingled joy and pain;
Unchanged it stands, an ancient pile,
But O I miss the well-known smile
Of the aged form, who, still and cold,
Is sleeping in the churchyard old.

The same green carpet covers o'er
The yard before the old front door;
And there's the grove across the way,
The scene of many a merry play,
When we from city homes would come,
To visit grandpa's pleasant home.

The frog-pond still is smiling there,
Close beside the garden fair;
How oft within its depths we've caught
Some careless frog when fish we've sought.
'Tis just the same, save, white as snow,
Lilies now on its bosom grow.

And there's the barn with its wealth of hay,
And the pasture near where the cattle stray;
And there's the rock o'ergrown with moss,
And the babbling brook I used to cross;
And just beyond is the woodland shade,
Where oft in childhood's hours I've strayed.

'Tis joy each dear old scene to view,
Though many have gone who loved them too;
Some dwell in distant homes away,
And some in yonder churchyard lay;
While I have come once more to roam
Around the old ancestral home.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MAJOR'S STORY.

FROM THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER OF THE EMPIRE.

BY FREDERICK WARD SAUNDERS.

"Go, my child," said my uncle Pierre, to me; "shoulder thy musket like a true Frenchman and soldier. It is surely but just that those who cannot give money should give themselves to their country. Go, therefore, my child; serve the emperor; remember thy prayers; kill as many of the enemy as possible, and may Heaven prosper thee." With this pious ejaculation, my worthy uncle placed a five franc piece in my hand, pushed me into the street and closed the door.

My uncle Pierre, with whom I had lived from a time to which my memory raneth not back, was my mother's only brother; for many years he had occupied the same house from which he, with so much feeling and eloquence, had expelled me. His profession was that of a fancy baker and confectioner, and report intimated that he baked to some purpose, as he had been enabled thereby to accumulate quite a snug little fortune. Be that as it may, he destined none of his savings for my benefit, as was evident from the grudging manner with which he parted with the five francs.

I had come under my uncle's protection at the somewhat immature age of five days. My father—whom my mother had married against the will of her friends—was, by all accounts, a harum scarum, rattle-brained scamp, who busied himself more with the politics of the barricades than with the support of his family—a course of action which eventually brought him into collision with the government, and resulted, after a brief interview with several eminent legal gentlemen, in his being suddenly deprived of his head.

My mother, poor woman, was not noisy in her grief, but took it more to heart, and five days subsequently, after commending me to the care and protection of a kind Providence and her brother Pierre, she closed her eyes upon a troublesome world, and—I was going to say, followed her husband, but upon second thought I am inclined to think the contrary—took the, at that time, little travelled path from Paris to heaven.

My uncle Pierre, like a dutiful brother as he was, and a good Christian as he called himself, took me to his own house, and placed me in charge of his excellent wife, who found the care of an infant so excessively pleasant as to induce her, shortly afterwards, to present her husband with a daughter of his own, and having fulfilled her mission, she too passed to that other country. Thus, amid a general stampede of my relatives, was I introduced into the world, and to Paris life.

My cousin Annette was certainly the dearest little treasure that a benignant Providence ever bestowed upon a fancy baker, and her father was fond of her, as it was possible for a somewhat tight-fisted old hunk like him to be of anything beside money. Being nearly of the same age, and both orphans, we were naturally very much together, and, until we arrived at the age of sixteen, I do not think we were separated for a day. Both were employed in the shop; she selling pies and tarts, and myself delivering them, through the medium of a little chip basket, to the customers.

Annette had grown up a beautiful girl, and was the attraction of the quarter in which we lived. I am inclined to think half the patronage my uncle enjoyed was distinctly traceable to her bright eyes and rosy cheeks. At all events, before she was sixteen, at least half a dozen very eligible persons had solicited her hand; but she always excused herself to her father, by saying she would marry no one whose rank was less than that of a general of division—an answer with which he was very well pleased, as he had

rather ambitious views for her himself, and, furthermore, did not care to spare her from behind the counter.

All this time we were enjoying ourselves mightily, although we did not know it,—at least, I did not realize my happiness; as for Annette, she being much more of a woman, at her age, than I a man, I cannot speak for her; but we were very loving and very familiar, and many a sweet kiss from her ruby lips was mine, that some of her father's customers would have given a handful of golden Louis to receive with half the freedom and affection that was lavished upon me.

How long this state of things might have continued, it is hard to say; not a great while, I fancy, for we were fast getting to an age when such things are not permitted; indeed, I had already begun to notice a diminution on Annette's part of the display of affection of which she had formerly been so liberal.

About this time, the emperor was preparing for the grand expedition against Russia, and in the levy for recruits in our quarter, I was drawn as a conscript. The idea that we were to be separated, first opened our eyes to the real state of our affections, and Annette and myself threw ourselves into each other's arms, weeping and sobbing in the most approved manner, vowing and protesting that we would continue to love each other from that moment to the final consummation of all things; and, as a clincher upon this, the further assurance that we would never, under any circumstances, entertain the slightest degree of affection for any other human being.

We had scarcely concluded this little scene, when my uncle entered, and upon being informed as to the state of affairs, quieted our fears by remarking that he should at once procure a substitute, as he could not spare me from the shop. He had no sooner turned his back to go to an inner room, than we again precipitated ourselves into each other's arms with mutual kisses and congratulations, in the midst of which my uncle re-entered; he said nothing, but regarding us with a peculiar look, left the shop, and we saw no more of him that day. I did not feel very comfortable, for his manner alarmed me, and Annette was sure something dreadful was about to happen. I tried my best to comfort her, but, at the sight of her tears, I could not help roaring and blubbering like a great big booby of a boy as I was. In doubt and conjecture, we passed the remainder of the day gloomily enough. Nor were our fears without foundation; for, upon closing the shop, my uncle called me into his private room, and addressed me in the words with which this history commences.

The whole extent of my misfortune forced itself upon me as I heard the door close and found myself in the dark wet street. It was raining heavily. I glanced up at the little window of Annette's room, hoping to get a glimpse of her; but all was dark. I felt friendless and deserted enough, and, as if the rain did not make it sufficiently damp, began to blubber afresh. I am convinced the tears I shed that day would have filled a moderate-sized camp kettle. However, I could not stand there snivelling all night; so, with a great deal of hesitation and reluctance, I wandered slowly toward the rendezvous. But for leaving Annette, I should have been overjoyed at the prospect of being a soldier. The constant reports and descriptions of battles and victories which followed in the train of the emperor, had inflamed the youth of France with a wonderful military ardor, and I was by no means exempt from the mania for soldiering. But my desire of remaining with her was so strong that, if the idea of entering the army occurred to me, it was only to wish that she could be a soldier also. When together, I had no doubt, we could easily conquer the world.

Arrived at the rendezvous, I sneaked in, looking, I dare say, ludicrously miserable; for I was saluted with a loud laugh from some half a dozen military gentlemen of all ranks, from a colonel to a corporal, who were seated at a long table, drinking poor wine and smoking poorer cigars. Without daring to lift my eyes, and feeling very sheepish, I seated myself in a dark out-of-the-way corner, hoping to escape any farther observation, and was soon completely absorbed in the contemplation of my sorrow. But I was not destined to be miserable, comfortably, that night, for I was speedily aroused from my revery by a staggering slap upon the shoulder, which drove every particle of breath out of my body, administered by one of the before-mentioned military gentlemen, who accosted me in an immensely loud but hearty and good-humored tone, which at once inspired me with confidence.

"Hallo, my lad! you wish to be a soldier, I take it,—volunteer, eh?"

"N-no, sir. I am a conscript," I gasped, as soon as my breath returned sufficiently to allow of speaking.

"A conscript!" he repeated, in surprise. "Well, you are in a deuce of a hurry; you are not required to present yourself before day after to-morrow. Conscripts are not usually so anxious to anticipate the time. I suppose, however, you are desirous of becoming one of the grand army soon as possible. Why, then, did you not volunteer?"

"So I would, sir, but for l-l-leaving An-Annette—hoo—hoo—hoo!" With the remembrance of her, tears and sobs completely choked my utterance.

The officer regarded me with a look of mingled pity and amusement, and in a kindly tone, which at once won my heart, he inquired who Annette was. This was a subject upon which I could enlarge to any extent, and I poured forth a flood of eloquence that must have astonished my worthy comrades. Commencing as far back as I could remember, I gave every circumstance connected with Annette, expatiating in glowing terms upon her marvellous beauty, her angelic goodness of heart—not the least part of which was her love for me, and wound up with an account of the almost fabulous wealth she would receive from her father, whom I denounced as the most unnatural baker that ever made a tart;

who would thus sacrifice the happiness of his child for money. This recital of my private history, which was given with all the artlessness of verdant youth, raised a smile upon the countenances of my auditors; and one colossal captain, with a face as hairy as a lion's, gulping down something less than a gallon of wine, declared he had been so much pleased with the narrative that he had quite fallen in love with Annette, and should make a point of calling upon my worthy friend the baker, that he might receive one of those delightful kisses from her own lips, in order to decide whether my description was too highly colored or not.

I was not particularly charmed with this speech, and angrily retorted that "she would as soon think of kissing a baboon as such a great fuzzy monster as him."

"By Jove!" returned the captain, not at all pleased with the laugh which this speech had raised against him; "what I said was partly in jest, but now I am in earnest, and I will convince you to-morrow, my young malapert, that you are not the only one who receives favors from the charming Annette."

"You will convince me of no such thing," I replied, working myself into a furious passion. "You are fitter to frighten children in a wild beast show, than to please such a dear little angel as Annette, and, furthermore, I will warn you to be more cautious in your remarks concerning her, or else—"

"What then?"

"I shall give myself the pleasure of poking a sword into that overgrown carcase of yours."

"Well done—well done, my little bantam! no fear but you'll make a soldier!" shouted the other officers, who had been excessively amused at my unexpected boldness. The captain, seeing that all were in my favor, had the good taste to recover his temper, and I suddenly found myself quite a lion, and from that time was treated with marked respect and consideration.

The officer who first accosted me, and came so near dislocating my shoulder, I discovered to be a colonel of cavalry, and, what was more to the purpose, a man of excellent heart, as the many favors, for which I afterward became indebted to him, fully proved. Upon this occasion he took considerable pains to raise my spirit, which had fallen below zero, now that my passion was over.

"Never mind a short separation, my lad," said he. "She says that she loves you—what more can any reasonable man ask? If she remains constant, it is well; if not, it is better; for then you will be well rid of a woman who is unworthy the love of a soldier. If she loves you now, will she not love you better when you return with an epaulet upon your shoulder, a general of division, perhaps, and, it may be, with a few of your arms or legs shot off in the service of your country?"

I could but answer yes; for what woman would not be better pleased with a valiant general for a lover, than a baker's apprentice? As to the wounds, I could hardly bring myself to believe but that she would like me quite as well with my full complement of legs and arms, as if I were made mince meat off. The idea of promotion, however, pleased me greatly, and with charming naïveté I asked:

"Do you really think I shall be made a general, and how long does it usually take to arrive at that rank?"

"Why, really, my friend," returned the colonel, with a comical smile, "I will frankly own to you that there is a possibility you may never reach that particular grade. As for the time required, look at me; I have been sixteen years in the service, and, as you perceive, am not a general yet. Let not that dishearten you, however; for I have known a general made from the ranks in two campaigns."

The next day found me one of the grand army, arrayed in enormous jack boots and spurs, a ponderous sabre swaying and jangling at my heels, a smart uniform brilliant with scarlet and gold, and a gigantic horse with a gait more like an ox than other quadruped with which I am acquainted. You can fancy the pleasure I experienced in trotting my unwieldy Bucephalus past the shop of the worthy baker, a proceeding which I repeated every half hour until we left Paris. Annette was constantly at the window to greet me with a pleasant smile. But her father took good care that we should have no opportunity for an interview; he could not, however, prevent an infinity of letters passing between us, a young friend of mine, an apprentice in the adjoining shop, acting as our Mercury.

The time at length arrived for the army to march. The regiment in which I was placed was one of cavalry, commanded by a no less person than my kind friend the colonel; the third in command being the fuzzy-faced captain, who never entirely forgave what he termed my insolence at the guard house on the first night of our acquaintance. Passing over the events of the glorious march of the grand army into Russia, the most magnificent spectacle earth ever witnessed, and also the disastrous retreat therefrom, I will relate one incident only as being at all connected with Annette. Three weeks had we continued the retreat through drifts of snow and over bodies of our fallen comrades; starvation threatening us on the one hand, and clouds of Cossacks hovering on our flank and rear, and the bitter cold literally strewing our route with frozen corpses. Upon this occasion a portion of the army, about twelve thousand in number, became separated in the battles and skirmishes, which were of almost daily occurrence, from the main body. Ney, with his command, was nearly a day's march in advance, while a still larger force followed, at about the same distance in our rear. The ground occupied by our encampment for the night bore fearful evidence of the multitudes who perished from the cold; the gray light of dawn making visible nearly two thousand little mounds of snow, each covering the body of a soldier. Gloomy and desponding, benumbed with cold and hunger, we endeavored to infuse sufficient life into our frost-bitten limbs to enable us to resume the weary march. Upon every

side, for hundreds and hundreds of miles, stretched the wintry solitude; one broad and ghastly trail covered with the corpses of men and horses, shattered and abandoned gun-carriages, tattered standards trampled into the discolored snow beside the men who bore them, marked the track *Ney* had followed. Our only hope of safety was in joining him, for the enemy were advancing upon us from every side. With all possible speed we pushed onward, abandoning cannon, baggage wagons, even the ambulances and the wounded,—everything, in short, that impeded our march. The emperor, who had not yet left the retreating army for France, was everywhere inspiring and encouraging the troops, and sharing equally the hardships and privations with the meanest camp follower. About two hours had the toilsome march continued, when, upon reaching the brow of a hill, we beheld, directly in and upon each side of our path, an army of at least forty thousand cavalry and infantry; while beyond, on either side of a defile, through which our route lay, was posted an immense park of artillery. To advance was our only course. Halting to form in closer order, we pressed onward toward the centre of the overwhelming force. Rattling volleys of musketry fearfully thinned our numbers; swarms of Cossacks threw themselves again and again upon our serried ranks, only to be as often repulsed by our sharp bayonets; while a storm of cannon shot, from the hills beyond, plunged and ricocheted from end to end of our little column, opening frightful breaches, which were instantly closed up by our men falling in, in still closer order. Without artillery to reply, and lacking ammunition, or with fingers too numb to use it, as could the well fed and clothed enemy, we could only oppose the layonet to every engine of destruction known to the art of war. With the sharp steel we pressed onward with desperate haste, crushing or scattering squadron after squadron of the foe from the path of our fierce and bloody despair.

The Russians, who had anticipated our unconditional surrender, were appalled at our unexpected and almost presumptuous courage. Already we had passed the whole force of infantry, the cavalry only being able to hover on our rear, from the nature of the ground, we having entered the defile; the artillery alone opposed our progress, which, sending a storm of canister and grape on our devoted ranks, threatened total annihilation. It was necessary the batteries should be taken. The regiment to which I belonged was the only one of cavalry, consisting originally of a thousand sabres; it was now reduced to four hundred. As the guns were placed, only cavalry could hope to take them. Our orders were first to storm the battery upon the right, then, if successful, to storm the left, while the infantry marched up to retain possession. Making a wide circuit, we came unexpectedly on the rear of the first battery; a short but desperate conflict ensued, and the enemy, to a man, were slaughtered at their guns. Our loss had been severe; but, with the courage of desperation, we wheeled to attack the second battery. At that instant, a cannon shot, from the opposite hill, passed completely through my horse, barely escaping taking my legs with it, and exhausted its force in the flank of the colonel's horse, severely injuring the colonel himself, his foot being badly crushed. Before we could disengage ourselves from the fallen animals, our regiment was out of sight in the smoke of the battle, and we were alone in the battery.

On one side of the hill, a column of French were rapidly advancing to secure the guns. On the other side, considerably nearer, the Russians were advancing for the same purpose. The fate of the battle evidently depended upon the possession of this battery, and from the nearness of the enemy, it was certain they would arrive first.

Simultaneously a thought struck the colonel, who, spite of his wounded foot, was stumping about quite vigorously, and myself. Springing to the guns, most of which were already loaded with grape, and exerting a strength which, until that moment, I was ignorant of possessing, I turned them, one after another, on the enemy, while the colonel levelled and fired. The whole thing was accomplished so rapidly, and the heavy charges of grape, at short range, occasioned such fearful havoc, that the enemy were thrown into confusion, and retreated precipitately down the hill; while our own troops marched up and took possession.

The colonel, from loss of blood and exertion, fainted. I could not leave the man, who had been such a good friend, to be trampled to death in the snow. While hesitating what course to take, a riderless horse galloped past. Calling to him, as I was accustomed to call my own horse, he stopped, looked inquiringly at us, neighed and came slowly up to me. Placing the inanimate form of the colonel across, before the saddle, I mounted and began to look for our regiment. It was nowhere in sight. Thinking it might be concealed by the smoke in the valley beneath, I made a short circuit to a hill beyond, that I might obtain a better view. I had nearly reached the summit, when, on looking forward, I found myself in the presence of the emperor and his staff. I instantly turned to retreat, hoping I had been unobserved. But the emperor had seen me, and riding up, he demanded what I was doing away from my regiment.

"My horse was shot, your majesty," I replied. "The one I am riding I have but just caught."

"And do you think this a time to carry about wounded men on your horse, when you should be fighting?" he asked, in an angry tone.

"My colonel was wounded in the battery yonder, and I intended but to remove him to a spot where he would not be trampled upon."

"Was your colonel in the battery?" he asked, with animation. "Who else was there?"

"My colonel and myself," I replied.

"You only? Did you turn those guns against the enemy?"

"We did, sire."

A pleasant smile lighted up the countenance of the emperor as he replied:

"You have done well. I shall remember your colonel. As for yourself, here," and taking a cross of the legion of honor from his coat, he presented it to me, with the remark: "You may be a colonel yourself some day, young man."

The capture of the battery removed the last obstacle to our advance, and the whole force, now reduced to less than five thousand men, passed through the defile. Our regiment of cavalry had been almost entirely annihilated; the major was killed, the colonel wounded, and, of the whole rank and file, we mustered but thirty-seven. This small force, not requiring the services of many officers, was placed under the command of a lieutenant, and our captain was selected, among others, to carry despatches to Paris. Here was an opportunity, the first which had presented itself since leaving France, of communicating directly with Annette. The frost and snow of a Russian winter had not cooled the ardor of my affection, but had rather served to heighten it. Materials for writing were among the impossibilities; accordingly, obtaining an interview with the captain, I repeated, over and over again, a message he promised faithfully to deliver to Annette as soon as he arrived in Paris. Enclosing the precious cross of the legion of honor, together with an enormous lock of my somewhat tangled hair, in a strip torn from an old regimental coat, I entrusted it to his care, again and again refreshing his memory by repeating to him my message. The certainty that she would hear from me, and be made aware of the distinguished honor I had received from the emperor, rendered me almost as happy as if I were to see her myself, and it was with feelings of real pleasure I saw the captain depart for France.

Three months elapsed before the skeleton remains of our regiment entered Paris. The feelings with which I passed through the gate, and up the well-known streets, can only be appreciated by the men who accompanied me. It was like a restoration from death to life, and to me more than life, for I should see Annette.

With what anxiety I waited, and how interminable seemed the time until we should be reviewed and allowed to depart. For a short period, we were allowed to go whither we chose. Depositing my arms in the guard-house, I rushed out of the building, all tattered and shabby as I was, to fly to Annette; but I had reckoned without my host. As I was about to pass the guard at the door, the sentries crossed their muskets before me, and a corporal of the guard stepped up and placed me under arrest. In vain I protested; I could not even learn with what offence I was charged, and soon I found myself incarcerated in a strong room, with a sentry pacing lazily before the door.

All that day I raved like a maniac; but night brought me sound sleep, and I awoke in the morning much refreshed and with a clearer idea of my situation. At first I tried to bribe the sentry, but he was incorruptible. In consideration, however, of all the money I had about me, he kindly consented to go to Annette, and also discover what was to be done with me. He soon returned. He had been but partially successful in his efforts; he indeed saw Annette, but not to speak with her. She looked, he said, pale and unhappy. From the apprentice in the adjoining shop, our former post boy, he learned that the captain had indeed delivered the cross and lock of hair, but substituting in the place of my message a speech of his own composing, which, however prettily it might have been worded, I did not in the least admire; it being to the effect that he had taken the mementoes from my dead body on the field of battle, according to a promise exacted of him previous to my decease. He also learned that the captain, from the time of his arrival in Paris, had been a daily visitor at the baker's, and a suitor for the hand of Annette,—a proposition very favorably entertained by her father. Although she did nothing but weep, and utterly refused to think of the captain as a husband, she treated him with the greatest consideration as having been my friend. As to what was to become of me, he learned that I had been arrested, by order of the captain, for some imaginary offence, what, he could not discover, and was to be sent, on the morrow, to the army of the Rhine, without being allowed a moment's liberty in Paris.

The whole thing was now plain to me. I must see Annette,—that, I was determined upon. Again I tried to bribe the sentry; but he was inexorable.

"What!" he at length exclaimed, in virtuous indignation; "do you think a soldier of the empire is to be bribed? No—no! the men who composed the grand army are only to be overcome by force." Having concluded this disclaimer of his corruptibility, my worthy friend turned his back on me, with an air of injured innocence, that he might no longer be troubled with my importunity.

I was forcibly struck with the soundness of his views, and, stepping up behind him, I floored him in an instant. I must own that he came to the ground very easily, and appeared not at all surprised at the suddenness of the assault. So jumping over his prostrate form, I was making off with all possible speed, when his voice recalled me.

"What sort of a way do you call this to leave a conquered enemy? Don't you know I am bound to give the alarm! which I most certainly shall be forced to do."

The idea was a good one. Hastening back, spite of his resistance, which was not very powerful, I made his hands fast to a staple in the wall, during which process he abused me in unmeasured terms, winding up by remarking:

"You are not at liberty yet, my fine fellow, and what's more, you won't be; for the sentries at the gate will be sure to arrest you, I'm happy to say, and I shall take good care to have you under lock and key, when I have you in charge again. All that I'm afraid of," he continued, in a sort of soliloquy, "is that, instead of attempting to go out by the gate, you may take it into your

head to turn to the right, for about thirty paces, and scale the low wall which faces the street, where there are no sentries."

By a singular coincidence, I did precisely as he was fearful I would do, and, to my joy, I found myself at liberty. I hasted down the street toward my former home, and arrived, breathless and trembling with expectation, at the door of the shop. Annette was alone; she looked up in surprise at my abrupt entrance. At the moment she did not recognize me in my altered and shabby dress. But instantly, with a cry between surprise, delight and fear, she sprang toward me, and, as of old, we were folded in each other's embrace.

With hurried words I was recounting the events that led to the present state of affairs, when the door was thrown suddenly open, and a corporal's guard, with the captain at their head, filed in, and I was a second time under arrest. The captain, feeling that any defence would be useless while I was present, hurried me off to the guard-house. But Annette, hastily donning her bonnet and shawl, and leaving the shop to the protection of the public, followed, keeping close to me and declaring she would never leave me until I was released.

Arrived at the guard-house, I made a frantic attempt to escape, but was speedily secured, and hurried toward my old quarters. They could not, however, prevent my using my lungs; for I was determined my comrades should know that I was a martyr. We had traversed about half the length of the passage, when a sudden confusion at the entrance announced something unusual.

"Silence!" exclaimed the guard at the door. "The emperor! the emperor!"

"Silence!" echoed the captain, vainly endeavoring to put a stop to my outcries. "The emperor!"

But I would not be silenced; I was wild with rage; ten thousand emperors were as nothing to me at that moment.

"What is all this disturbance?" asked the emperor, of one of his attendants.

"The re-arrest of an escaped prisoner, your majesty," replied the captain, endeavoring to hurry me out of sight.

"What is his offence?" persisted the emperor, noticing the action and fixing his piercing eyes upon him.

"Insolence to his superior officer," faltered the captain.

"That is *not* his offence, your majesty," boldly exclaimed my brave Annette, her pretty face flushed with excitement, and with truth beaming from her sparkling eyes. With hurried accents she recounted every particular which had led to my arrest, not forgetting to give the reason why the captain wished me out of the way.

"What have you to reply to this, sir?" asked the emperor, in an indignant tone and with a withering look.

"Simply that it is all false," replied the captain, with an attempt at boldness which miserably failed.

"It is not false, sire,—it is not false!" returned Annette, with energy, at the same time drawing my cross from her bosom. "Could the man, whom your majesty thought worthy to receive this cross from your own hands, be guilty of the offence he charges?"

"Ah!" ejaculated the emperor, in surprise, looking toward me. "Did I give this cross, and where?"

"In the retreat from Moscow. My colonel and myself turned the guns of the enemy's battery against them, when we were—"

"I remember,—I remember," interrupted the emperor; and turning to the captain, who, with his face of a beautiful crimson hue, was evidently wishing himself in Russia or any other place than where he was, he tore the epaulet from his shoulder, remarking in a significant tone: "You will take your place in the ranks to-morrow." Then turning to Annette with a pleasant smile, he asked: "What is your lover's name, my child?"

"Pierre Carnot, sire," faltered Annette, blushing at this public announcement of her lover.

"Well, my child," he continued, "say to Captain Pierre Carnot, from me, that he shall have his commission this afternoon."

This little incident worked a wonderful revolution in my favor. My friend, the baker, suddenly discovered there was a great difference between a hopeless, penniless subaltern and a captain of cavalry, wearing a cross of the legion of honor, and possessing a commission signed by the emperor's own hand.

My old friend, the colonel, was in the hospital, and when I called on him, which I did the next day, after receiving my commission and mounting my epaulet, I found his wounded foot nearly well, and himself chuckling over a general's commission, which he had just received.

"My dear boy!" he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, as he grasped my hand, "to you I owe not only my life, but this commission."

"Not a bit of it," I replied. "You owe the commission to Annette. The emperor never would have thought of you in the world, but for her reminding him of you, and she has sent me to command you to appear in person, and in a general's uniform, to express your gratitude in a proper manner, and there can be no better opportunity for so doing than to-morrow night, when, you must know, our wedding takes place."

"Of course,—I shall be present," said the delighted colonel.

"What did you say became of Annette?" called out one of the major's auditors.

At that instant the door opened, and a beautiful girl of about sixteen, with rosy cheeks and eyes as black as a very large piece of jet, multiplied by four, came bounding into the room, with a merry laugh, and step as light as a butterfly; but catching sigh of the number of visitors, she blushed vigorously, dropped her bright, roguish eyes, and instantly darted out again.

"Annette! Annette!" called the major. But Annette did choose to hear. "There, gentlemen," he continued, "you! the exact picture of what her mother was at her age. Do wonder at my falling in love with her!"

VIEWS IN QUEBEC.

The present series of beautiful views, representing some of the most interesting localities in the city of Quebec, was drawn from nature and engraved expressly for the pages of the Pictorial. The city of Quebec occupies the extremity of the point of land which terminates at the junction of the St. Lawrence and St. Charles Rivers, about three hundred and forty miles from the mouth of the former. The population of the city is somewhere between thirty and forty thousand. It is located on an elevated ridge of land, terminating in the angle formed by the junction of the rivers above mentioned, the apex of which bears the name of Fort Diamond, and is nearly three hundred and forty feet above the level of the river. On this point stands the citadel, which is delineated with spirit in our fifth engraving. The scenery here is bold and striking. The fortifications and barracks crowning the highest point are defined sharply against the sky, and the appearance of the upper town is strikingly picturesque. To the steep rocks forming a natural fortification, the engineers have applied the resources of their art so as to render them as impregnable as the rock of Gibraltar. Below, and skirting the water, lies the lower town, while the river, bearing on its breast a heavy fleet of steamers and sailing vessels,



PRESCOTT GATE, QUEBEC, FROM WITHOUT.

on the Plains of Abraham, flew to arms to repel the attack, but they were beaten at all points. In the heat of the conflict, Wolfe received two balls, one in his wrist and the other in his body. Falling into the arms of his soldiers, he was carried out of the fire a short distance to the rear. As he lay fainting on the field, a loud shout rallied his expiring energies. The cry of "they run" fell upon his ear. "Who run?" eagerly inquired the dying general. "The French!" was the reply. "Thank God," said Wolfe. "I die content," and almost instantly expired. The French commander, the Marquis de Montcalm, mortally wounded in the same battle, died thanking God that he should not survive the defeat of the French arms. Quebec was taken September 13, 1759. Wolfe was but thirty years old. A magnificent monument was erected to his memory by the British government in Westminster Abbey—for England cannot be accused of being ungrateful when fortunate soldiers, as Marlborough, Nelson and Wellington are the idols of their country. In this monument the names of the French and English generals are united in honor, as they were united in death, though one perished in the arms of victory, and the other in the shadow of defeat. The city of Quebec is, as we have remarked, divided into the upper and lower towns.

The old town lies wholly without the walls, and its streets are narrow, dirty and irregular, reminding one very strongly of portions of the city of Edinburgh in Scotland. The ascent from the lower to the upper town, which crosses the lines of fortification, is by flights of steps. The traveller, on landing in the city, finds himself in the lower town, with the fortress, grim with its threatening batteries, frowning three hundred and fifty feet above him. Winding his way through the narrow and steep streets we have noticed, with quaint, antique and picturesque stone buildings on either hand, he reaches the fortified barrier, and enters the upper town by the Prescott gate, shown in our first engraving. The contrast between the two parts of the city will here strike him forcibly. There is a passageway for carriages through the Prescott gate. This, and the four other gates, are constantly guarded by sentries night and day. This military preparation is a novelty to the eyes of a visitor from the States, but it harmonizes with the character of the city, and invests it with a peculiar interest. In both the upper and lower town, the buildings are entirely of stone, and many of the private residences in the former, as well as all the public buildings, are roofed with tin plates, which send a thousand reflected rays in the sunshine, stamping the city with a peculiar individuality. The streets are paved or macadamized, and are well kept and clean. The most prominent object which arrests the attention of the stranger, after his passing

through the Prescott gate, are the Parliament buildings, which are on the right. The walls are built of stone, and stand firmly, though the interior was destroyed by fire a few years ago. Our second view represents the market square and the French cathedral, a picturesque and prominent edifice, which cannot fail to be regarded as a very fine structure. This square is in the highest part of the city. Opposite the church, and not shown in our engraving, are the Jesuit barracks. The court-house is a plain, neat and substantial building, not unlike many of our United States court-houses. Passing through the city to the St. Louis gate, we emerge upon the Plains of Abraham, the scene of Wolfe's death and of a monument to his memory, depicted in our last engraving. This monument bears two inscriptions. That on the western side reads: "Here died Wolfe, victorious, September 13, 1759." That on the other side is: "This pillar was erected by the British army in Canada, A. D., 1844, His Excellency, Lieutenant General Sir Benjamin D'Urban, G. C. B., K. C. H., K. C. T., etc., commander of the forces, to replace that erected by Governor General Lord Aylmer, G. C. B., in 1832, which was broken and defaced, and is deposited beneath." Quebec has been styled, and very appropriately, the Gibraltar of America, and is nearly as impregnable as a place can well be, though "nothing is impossible to him who wills." Some idea may be formed of the vast extent of the artificial defences of this natural stronghold, when it is borne in mind that the citadel covers an area of forty acres!



FRENCH CATHEDRAL AND MARKET SQUARE, QUEBEC.

rolls its deep tide onward towards the ocean. The tall shaft seen among the trees is the monument to Wolfe and Montcalm, in the governor's garden, delineated on a larger scale in our third engraving. Both Wolfe and Montcalm perished on the field of battle in 1759, when Quebec was taken from the French by the British. General James Wolfe was the son of Lieutenant-General Wolfe, and was born at Westerham, in the county of Kent, in 1726. He early adopted the profession of arms, from enthusiastic love of it, and a burning aspiration for military glory. He possessed every requisite for a brilliant military career—energy, gallantry and a chivalric cast of character. At the age of twenty he was already distinguished, and he served in Germany with great credit. His talents commended him to the notice of the elder Pitt, and when the expedition against Quebec was decided on, he was appointed to the command. The bold plan which achieved the victory was entirely his own. The English army embarked in boats on the St. Lawrence, approached the city unsuspected by the French, effected a landing by scaling the Heights of Abraham, to the west of the city. Holding commissions and ranks of the invading army were the best and bravest of New Englanders. It was while floating on the St. Lawrence, on the night before the battle, that Wolfe read or recited a poem, and remarked to one of his officers: "I had rather be the conqueror of tomorrow than the conqueror of today." The French, at the presence of an enemy



MONUMENT TO WOLFE AND MONTCALM, GOVERNOR'S GARDIN, QUEBEC.

The line of the fortifications stretches nearly across the peninsula, and all the works are constructed on the best principle and the most gigantic scale. The public buildings, the churches, Roman Catholic and Protestant, with the exception, perhaps, of the cathedral we have depicted, are rather substantial than elegant. Neatness and solidity are also characteristic of the private residences. The whole place has an old world air about it. There are three nunneries in the city, one of which, the Hotel Dieu, is a hospital. The French college, a Catholic institution, enjoys a high repute. It has a principal, professors of theology, rhetoric and mathematics, with five regents for the Latin and Greek classics. There are also in Quebec a royal grammar school, a classical academy, a national school, and a number of private educational institutions for both sexes. The Royal Institution for the Advance of Learning, the Literary and Historical Society, the Mechanics' Institute, and the Public City Library deserve honorable mention. There are some manufactories in Quebec; many fine ships have been built here, and the community is flourishing and industrious. The climate is healthy, although the inhabitants are subject to vicissitudes of heat and cold during the year, which requires care in the article of dress. They have, in fact, Italian summers and Russian winters.

The St. Lawrence is early, in winter, closed by ice; snow falls to a great depth, and the frost spirit asserts its empire for many months. During the summer, on the other hand, the heat is sometimes almost tropical. A large proportion of the population is of French extraction, and this gives a lively tone to society. The gentlemen and ladies of French descent, whom you meet in the higher circles of society, are even more polished than the Parisians of the present day. They have preserved the social traditions, the usages and manners of the old regime, which the new school of the revolution and the empire extinguished and replaced in France. The manners of some of the Canadian ladies lead back the imagination to the Court of Versailles in the days of Marie Antoinette, or to the yet more gallant circles of preceding reigns. The English in Quebec are a high-toned and substantial people, and certainly nowhere in British America is better society to be met with than in this picturesque northern capital. The trade of the city is quite extensive, and it enjoys great business facilities. Vessels of the largest tonnage can reach the quays. The harbor, which lies between the city and the island of New Orleans, is very large and commodious. McCulloch says that Quebec "engrosses almost the entire trade of the province with the mother country, the West Indies, etc., and is annually resorted to by vast numbers of immigrants who partly settle in Canada, but mostly re-emigrate to the United States.

It has a regular intercourse, by means of steamers, with Montreal, and other ports higher up the St. Lawrence, and with Halifax and other ports on the Atlantic. Still, however, it must not be forgotten that, in so far as the United Kingdom is concerned, the trade with Canada and Quebec is wholly forced and factitious, and is not a source of profit, but the reverse." We have thus sketched rapidly some of the principal features of this interesting city. It receives annually many visitors from the United States, but not near so many as it would were its attractions known. No tourist to the north, with a little time at his disposal, should fail to visit Quebec. Those who are projecting a foreign tour, and wish for a foretaste of foreign travel, cannot do better than to cross the line, and climb the streets of the great Canadian city. Within a comparatively short distance of Boston and New York—close at hand if we reckon only time—they may place themselves in a locality which will possess all the charms of novelty, and of a diametrical contrast to familiar scenes. The view of Cape Diamond from the St. Lawrence is alone worth the trouble and expense of the journey. The environs of Quebec, too, are quite inviting and picturesque. Here you see villages almost wholly French, and buildings which exactly resemble those in the rural districts of France; barns thatched with straw; strange farming implements, and, above all, a people who do not speak English, but use a dialect of the musical language of la Belle France. Quebec and its environs are very gay in winter, but one must have a good deal of nerve to encounter the climate.



COURT HOUSE, QUEBEC.



CITADEL, LOOKING OVER DURHAM TERRACE, QUEBEC.



WOLFE'S MONUMENT. PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, QUEBEC.

THE FRENCH LOAN.

The eagerness with which the masses of the French people subscribe to the national loans asked for by the emperor is remarkable, though unmistakably characteristic. As many of our readers may not be aware how these loans are raised, we copy, from the letter of a Paris correspondent of the Pennsylvania Enquirer, the following account of the plan adopted for a similar object on a former occasion:—"On that occasion, persons wishing to subscribe to the loan were furnished with tickets, one only to each individual, and were obliged to *faire queue*, that is, form a line, and wait their turns at the offices of subscription. They began to collect as early as four o'clock, A. M., and during the interval, until the books were opened, a brisk trade in places was driven. Considerable sums were paid for advance places in the *queue*. Stopping a few hours at Havre, about three months since, on my way to Paris, I fell into conversation with an intelligent French gentleman on various topics, and among others, the last loan. He told me that when the books were opened at Havre, nothing could exceed the eagerness of all classes, and particularly of the humbler classes, to secure a place upon the register. Mechanics, servant girls, beggars, sour, at least, in appearance, were seen in the long *queue*, waiting their turns, with

their little heaps of coin, not always so very little either, tied up in handkerchiefs, stockings and rags of every description. Joy was depicted upon every one who secured a place on the 'big book,' while those who were excluded, from the excess of the offers over the demands of loan, retired homeward with sad faces, as if from the obsequies of a near relative. This system of popular loans is the grand *coup-d'état* of Napoleon III. It has opened for its treasury resources perfectly inexhaustible, while it has attached the masses of the nation to his government, by the strongest of all ties—those of pecuniary interest. It will be difficult to overthrow a government which has its guarantee in the purses of the million; and even should another dynasty succeed that of Napoleon, the loans will still be an element of stability, since one of the first acts of the new government would necessarily be the ratification of the public debt. Napoleon III. has, therefore, done an invaluable service, not only to himself, but to France, to all future time. In this instance a national debt may be truly said to be a national blessing, inasmuch as it interests the entire nation, in the stability and permanence of its government." This event is a most important one, in several points of view. It shows how abundant the resources of France are; and it shows, moreover, that the French people not only tacitly acquiesce in the rule of Louis Napoleon, but that they are ready to sustain his throne. For a long period—so long, at least, as Louis lives and governs wisely (and it is his interest to do the latter), the internal prosperity of France will be undisturbed by revolutions.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TIS THE LAST RAY OF SUNSHINE.

BY WILLIAM B. LEARY.

'Tis the last ray of sunshine
That peeps o'er the hills,
That sadly entwineth
The hearts that it chills.
No red light is streaming,
No bright beam is nigh,
To cheer up the sad heart,
Or weep for its sigh.

And darkness is coming
To sadden the heart,
The sunbeams have vanished,
'Tis time to depart.
And soon it will leave thee
In sorrow and pain;
That last ray of sunshine
Shall ne'er beam again.

And thou shalt soon follow
That bright beaming ray,
As the flowers of spring-time
That live for a day.
Prepare thyself, then,
That no darkness or gloom
May encounter thy footsteps
When thou meetest thy doom.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TREASURE TROVE:

—On,—

THE GOLDEN GATE OPENED.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

"To-morrow we shall land."

A joyous announcement to any tempest-tossed mortal, but it was especially so to Col. Stevenson and his command, after a tedious passage from New York to the then rarely visited shores of California. Enlisted in the "Empire city," the regiment embraced nearly every variety of character, which the long passage around Cape Horn had fully exhibited. A few, too indolent for the toils of an honest livelihood, had evidently enrolled themselves in the hope of an easy vagabondage; others, fond of daring adventure, exulted at the exciting prospect of stirring life, free from the restraints of civilization; and many, very many, had joined the regiment, because to them any position in a strange land was preferable to their home-existence.

Charles Eynard was one of this latter class. A graduate of Columbia College, he had entered upon the practice of law in New York city with the most flattering prospects. Clients multiplied, and he would soon have amassed a fortune, had he not met with a young lady of Brooklyn, who awakened emotions previously unknown. She reciprocated his affection, and they soon loved with that indescribable attachment, born in the heart, ineffaceable as it is engrossing. A beautiful, accomplished, true-souled girl was Fannie Raymond, but there was no reason to hope that her wealthy father would give her hand to a young lawyer, so Charles persuaded her to take that fatal step, a clandestine marriage. As they had expected, Mr. Raymond refused to see his daughter or her husband, but the young couple, buoyant with hopes of a reconciliation, were none the less happy. Charles leased a handsome house, where he was so petted by his bride, that his clients soon began to grumble at his absence from his business. What cared he, if Fannie smiled!

Months glided away in happiness; nor can any day-dreamer, in his most gorgeous dream of happiness, vision purer felicity than theirs. But when New Year's day arrived, bills came in from all quarters, and Charles Eynard started from his delirium of enjoyment into stern sanity. The dream was dissolved!

Removing into a smaller house, Charles Eynard hoped to weather the storm of debt. But it was in vain that he essayed, for usurious interests, with Shylock-like lawyer's fees, swallowed up his earnings, and fettered his progress. He was a father; he possessed that trinitarian poetry of existence—a wife, a child and a home. His son was the incarnation, the embodiment of the heart thoughts of himself and wife—the ideal affection of two wedded hearts wrought into palpable life—but soon, father wife, and son wanted food!

Sitting down in his now clientless office, he addressed letters to those on whose friendship he had claims, which he fancied would not be despised; but the responses showed him that there is little dependence to be placed on friends. One was in difficulties himself, another had nothing to spare, another advised prudence, another abused his wife's father, but no one gave him a copper. They all told the same plausible, lying tale, and but added to Eynard's humiliation. As to Mr. Raymond, he was a miser. There are fewer misers, as there are fewer hypocrites in the world, than people generally believe. Yet there are misers—men whose being is buried in money, who have no pulse of love, no aspirations of religion, save for gold. Such was Mr. Raymond, director in many boards, yet deaf to the cry of destitution from his son-in-law.

At last, after a sleepless night, Charles Eynard went out early in the morning, determined to throw himself into the broad tide of the Hudson from Castle Garden. Providentially, there was a boat load of recruits embarking from the Battery Bridge, on their way to California, where they were to serve "until the close of the war," and the sergeant jestingly asked him to enlist. Without a moment's thought, he seized at this offer of expatriation. An hour afterwards he was on board the ship, where he enlisted as

Charles Clark; then wrote his wife a sad letter of farewell, carefully concealing his new position and his destination. He also wrote a bitter letter to Mr. Raymond, commanding him to take his daughter home, which the hard-hearted miser did, when he found Eynard had really gone "to parts unknown." Poor Fannie! She had known her husband's troubles, and the only consolation was the consciousness that he had ever loved her. Alas! some may underrate the power of money, others may affect to despise it, but human happiness is too often dependent upon it. Here were two fond hearts severed, and from no fault of theirs.

Education (no thanks to our legislative jurists) cannot be levied upon, and the accomplishments of "Clark" soon attracted the attention of his colonel, who appointed him sergeant quarter-master. This removed him from the degrading duties to which a private soldier is subject, and by his attention to the duties of his office, he not only won the confidence, but the esteem of his superiors. Of course, the barrier of rank remained between them, yet they saw his mental ability, and gave him free access to their libraries. A good classical scholar, he was enabled by the aid of books to master the Spanish language, and to familiarize himself with the strange land whither they were bound.

"Navarette's Digest of Spanish Discoveries" had been presented to Colonel Stevenson by some kind friend, and the sad-hearted soldier read with interest of those daring followers of Columbus to the new world. Some sought the famed fountain of "Bayena," which gave perpetual youth to those who bathed in it; others wished to discover the famed "Cibola," where the houses were roofed with plates of gold. Nor was there a more interesting record in the narratives of these "conquistadores," who had followed the setting sun in quest of "El Dorado," than that of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, the first European who ascended the Pacific coast. "Ah, me," murmured Eynard (or rather Clark) to himself as he closed the work, "would that I was animated by the hopes of discovering mines of wealth, wherewith I could return to those I love."

"To-morrow we shall land," said the captain of the vessel, as Point Lobos loomed up in the distance, and soon they hailed a coaster, in the hope of obtaining information. The frightened Californian lowered his "dug-out," and came on board, but no one could converse with him, until "Clark" made practical use of his Spanish studies. All were delighted, for they learned they could land without opposition. Once on shore, with their cannon and other munitions of war, all Mexico might attack them, if agreeable.

"That 'Clark' is a valuable man," remarked Col. Stevenson that day at dinner, "but he appears sadly depressed at times."

"Yes," replied Captain —, "probably some love affair." Poor fellow, he himself had left New York because an avaricious brother-in-law refused to aid him in business transactions, and thus threw him into insolvency. A few months, and he was buried at Los Angeles, leaving his widow to mourn his loss until she followed him to the grave.

Morning came, and as the vessel passed through the strait known as the "Golden Gate," little did the volunteers dream that to them it would prove a golden gate indeed. Indeed, they were almost sadly displeased at the scene of desolation around them. San Francisco was then the small hide-trading "adobe" village of Yerba Buena, nestled in at the base of the sand hills, which looked very unlike the "land of promise" so poetically described by their recruiting officers in New York. There was not much time for reflection, however, as the large armament had to be landed. "Clark's" knowledge of Spanish was invaluable, not only to the officers of his own regiment, but to Colonel Mason, of the regular army, who commanded that military district.

When General Kearney came, as governor of the new territory, he found "Clark" the most useful man in his government. Nominally stationing him under Major Hardie, at the old "Presidio Barracks," General Kearney employed him as a confidential messenger, sending him in various directions with his orders. These journeys led the exile through the fertile valleys of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, where gorgeous wild flowers were generated in a soil of virgin richness, unturned as yet by the bright ploughshare. Sometimes his path would wind along the slope of a broad hill scatteringly decked with tall pines of exquisite symmetry, and then he would descend into a ravine so densely wooded that he would at every moment expect to see a grizzly bear peer from the matted undergrowth. Then, at a dirty "rancheria," he would enjoy the hospitable feast of beef-ribs, "tortillas" and "frijoles."

The "Missions" were "Clark's" favorite resting-places, and often did he think of those days when around them were gathered happy communities of Indians, rescued by the priests from savage debasement. It was a sad day for old California when the Spanish government, longing to finger the profits, sent out to these Missions "gonerbadors," to whom was entrusted the chief authority in matters temporal, while the good "padres" were restricted to spiritual affairs. The poor neophytes were soon driven back into barbarism, leaving only the ruined Missions, and their traditions, to tell of their prosperous days. Falling in the social scale, their half naked descendants subsisted upon the roots dug from the soil replete with treasure of which they knew nothing, and which would have been valueless to them had they known of its existence.

Months passed away, and in the spring of 1848 "Clark" was somewhat indisposed. The surgeon at the "Presidio" reported that he needed rest, and Colonel Mason ordered him to "Sutter's Fort," to take command of a detachment stationed there, the officer having been sent with the rest of the garrison to Sonoma. This fort was the home of Captain Sutter, a brave Swiss, who had obtained a large grant of land from Alvarado, the then Mexican governor. His stronghold was constructed of brick, with towers and batteries, mounted with cannon purchased from hide-gathering

vessels from Yankee land. Martial law prevailed, and about two hundred Indians were regularly at work.

Captain Sutter took a great fancy to "Clark," and one day insisted on his joining him in a trip up the hills to inspect a new saw-mill at Coloma. It had been built by a Mr. Marshall, but did not work over well, as the "race" was too contracted. To enlarge its capacity the water was let directly into it, and as "Clark" was examining the action of the current, he discovered something glistening in the mud. What could it be? Catching up a handful of mud, he washed out several of the shining lumps. "Eureka!"

The honest Swiss and his enterprising millwright at first thought the sergeant quarter-master was mad, but he soon convinced them that it was gold—that the whole soil teemed with the coveted ore.

"My good friend," exclaimed Sutter, "you shall have one half."

"Stop," said Marshall, "don't say a word about it till I get Col. Sutter's grist-mill done. If there's gold to be got for the digging, men won't build water-wheels at eight reals a day."

When they reached the fort that night, "Clark" received a letter from his commanding officer, enclosing him, as a mark of approval for good conduct, ten town lots in "Yerba Buena." These Eynard at once saw would be valuable if a portion of California turned out to be a succession of caves of Aladdin, and with a letter of thanks he forwarded his real name, that his title might be duly recorded by the alcalde. That night he dreamed that he had erected a fort upon these lots, into which he was wheeling lumps of gold, while his wife kept watch at the door. His wife! Alas, when he awoke and found it a dream!

"Is Sergeant Eynard here?" asked a keen, legal looking man, as he alighted one night at the fort.

"That is my name, sir," replied Charles Eynard.

"You own ten lots of land in San Francisco, I believe?"

"I do—ten lots."

"Will you take ten thousand dollars for them?"

Ten thousand dollars! Half of that sum would have relieved him from all his pecuniary difficulties in New York, and have kept him along swimmingly. Now it was, as it were, thrown at him. But the thought then struck him, that if the lots were not of immense value, so high an offer would not have been made. The would-be purchaser saw his hesitation, and eagerly exclaimed:

"Say fifteen thousand, then."

But Eynard would not sell until he had seen them, and as in addition to his military duties he was making an average sum of two hundred dollars a day, he determined to keep along where he was. One by one, he saw his old companions pass on to the diggings, having deserted in their thirst for gold, and he had but few comrades when the regiment was mustered out of service by "Department Order, No. 50," dated August 7, 1848.

Eynard was again free; not only free, but wealthy. On visiting San Francisco, he found that his lots were in the very heart of the embryo city, and soon disposed of them at ten-fold what was first offered him for them. His ambition was gratified, but his heart yearned for home.

In 1849, Charles Eynard, Esq., was one of the passengers in the "California," homeward bound. On the Atlantic side, he found an old Brooklyn acquaintance acting as purser of the steamer, who greeted him as one risen from the tomb.

"Why, Eynard, is that you? We have all thought you dead, man, since your pretty wife came back to her father, dressed in deep mourning. Why, I saw her in widow's weeds not a month since, and well did they become her."

A few days more, and the impatient Eynard saw with delight the well-remembered scenery of the "Narrows."

"Any news?" he inquired of the purser, who was perusing the "Herald" of the day previous.

"Not much—yes, there is, though. [He reads.] 'Stocks are down; the Treasurer of the Grand Junction Trunk Railroad has cleared out, and we regret to learn that Jacob Raymond, Esq., is likely to be a loser.' That's your father-in-law, Eynard."

About two o'clock that afternoon a bearded and whiskered individual, carrying a heavy carpet-bag, entered the broker's office of Mr. Raymond. The old gentleman was conversing with a well-known notary public, who said:

"I must protest the notes, then. Yet I dislike to do it."

"And I," replied Raymond, "see a life-toil swept away. Six thousand dollars would pay these notes; but these newspaper reports have so destroyed confidence, that I don't believe a man in Wall Street would lend me a tenth of that sum."

"I will—the whole of it!" coolly remarked the stranger.

"And who are you?" exclaimed the notary.

"Charles Eynard, Mr. Raymond's son-in-law."

"No jesting," sharply replied the notary. "I know your circumstances, for I have protested your paper."

"Begone," said the angry broker. "I had—"

"No, no," interrupted Eynard, "you had no such hopes, any more than you had of having me enter with this load of pure gold. Take it for my wife's board bill. I have more in the steamer."

Ere the sun had set, as Fannie Eynard was gazing vacantly from the window of her father's house, not even heeding the prattle of her son, who sat playing with some pewter soldiers at a table, she saw the old gentleman approach, accompanied by a commonly dressed man, who had a wilderness of whiskers masking the lower part of his face, while a slouched hat concealed his eyes. She feared he had come home, as she had seen her husband, in charge of a deputy sheriff. The door opened. She could not raise her eyes, but soon she heard a well-remembered voice exclaim, "Fannie! my own Fannie!" And she was folded to the heart of her long lost husband. With softened, yet joyful hearts, their days have since been passed in domestic enjoyment, consecrated by the blessings of the poor, who have received a goodly share of the wealth brought home by the discoverer of gold in California.

THE MIDDLESEX CANAL.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

THE Middlesex Canal has "gin cout"—"snaked out" would be a more appropriate expression. Where late a tranquil water-course reflected in its polished mirror the green banks, the over-arching foliage, the light bridges, the rustic farm-houses, all the magical incidents of summer scenery; or, in winter, a bright serpentine belt of steel sustained a thousand gay forms of skaters, skimming along with the rapidity of swallows, there is only a dull gravelly or sandy furrow, like the dry moat of some abandoned fortress of the olden time. The Moorish arch on the Brooks estate, at Medford, no longer sees its inverted counterpart below. The useless locks stand gray and dry at intervals along the route. The good old Middlesex Canal, the gigantic enterprise of its day, that respectable line of communication between Boston and Lowell, is no more. It was too slow for this fast age, and it has been sacrificed to the spirit of progress. And it has been suffered to die

"Without the meed of one melodious tear."

There are no water-nymphs in America, no stromkerls or boys of the stream, else the sacrilege might have been bewailed in strains of touching melody. We are not sure, however, that any spirits were ever appropriated to canals. They were the invention of the Chinese, and the pets of the Dutch—and who ever heard of a Chinese or Dutch water-nymph or fairy?

Very pleasant was voyaging on the Middlesex Canal in the olden time, in fine weather. Your progress was slow, but it was sure. Three miles an hour was about the maximum. It was a good day's work to go from Boston to Lowell. You embarked at Charlestown in a trim-built barge with a very comfortable cabin occupying near all the length of the craft inboard, drawn by two horses harnessed tandem. At the very outside you entered a lock. The gates enclosed you in a damp wooden receptacle, and you seemed to be hopelessly lost to society in the bottom of a mouldy chest. But right ahead of you the water came sizzling and streaming down from above, and you gradually found yourself rising in the world, finally coming up to quite a respectable elevation. Then the gates swung open; the horses were put to, and you resumed your voyage. Slowly moved the laden boat through the still water, between smiling hedge-rows, through patches of woodland, under low bridges, and past pleasant villages, with delicious glimpses all along of charming, romantic, or pastoral scenery. Sometimes the canal widened into a miniature lake, mirroring the azure vault of heaven, and the bending foliage of the surrounding trees. Ever and anon a "sail ahead" would appear in the shape of a vast flat-boat, laden with flour or lumber, or the produce of some of the nascent factories, or it may be a huge raft of timber came floating down with two or three mariners in charge, an old spavined horse dragging the establishment along. Many points on the line were exceedingly picturesque. One, in particular, was quite charming—the place where the canal skirted Horn Pond at a much higher elevation, and you looked down through the button-wood trees on the broad expanse of water, with its little wooded islet in the centre, and across to the mountain that guarded and guards, like a giant sentinel, its southern shores. In fact, a panorama of the Middlesex Canal, after the fashion of Banvard's Mississippi, would have been by no means an uninteresting exhibition.

But the condition of this pleasure was fine weather. To embark on the "raging canawl," in a storm, required a hardihood and nerve vouchsafed to few. Then furious waves, at least an inch in height, disturbed the usually placid surface of the water. The little ponds into which the canal frequently widened realized the descriptions of a mud-puddle in a thunder-storm, to be found in ancient poetry. Your safety depended on the strength of the tow-ropes, the skill of the rider-boy, the docility of the horses, the vigor of the mariner with the setting-pole, and the experience and energy of the captain, who usually managed the helm. The captain, the ruling spirit of the elements combined in canal voyaging, must needs be an "ancient mariner" of unequivocal force of character. Fabius told the Roman Senate—and a very sensible gentleman was that same Fabius—that any of the sailors could steer in pleasant weather, but when a storm had arisen, and the deep was disturbed, then the helm required a strong hand. This was emphatically true of canal navigation. In pleasant weather, the very cabin boy could steer; in a storm, it took a man, and he "couldn't hardly."

We never saw one of those noble canal-boats, breasting gallantly the fury of a summer storm, the ripples flashing round her bows, the cabin windows all closed, the captain in his "sou'wester," standing to the tiller like a Trojan, the man in the pea-jacket with his "settin'-pole" well "for'ard," and the boy bending over the neck of his drenched leader, without a thrill of that pleasure which sublime spectacles awaken, without a glow of that enthusiasm which the contemplation of high courage imparts. On went the gallant boat. It mattered not that the dripping branches sent down showers of rain on the head of the devoted boy, it mattered not if there was a perceptible oscillation in the boat—its progress was onward, for every being connected with the establishment, boy on horseback, man with setting-pole, "cap'n" with helm, felt the awful responsibility that devolved on him. The boats generally got through safely, though doubtless some were lost, and went down with their precious burthen to the depth of that relentless canal, and were never recovered till the water was drawn off. We expect some thrilling revelations were made when the heart of that mysterious canal was compelled to give up its hidden secrets. What wealth was strewn along that furrow!—lost jackknives embedded in the sand—copper coins and pistareens

—rings from the fingers of careless beauty, lost while dallying with the treacherous wave! We wonder if the stockholders will ever recover the money they have lost in it!

But the voyages of the canal-boats on the Middlesex, though pursued frequently in the midst of storms, had this alleviating feature—they were never made in the night. That horror, at least, was spared the hardy mariners. When darkness covered the face of the earth and heaven as with a pall, the canal-boat rode out the storm either at Chelmsford or Boston, with both lower and stream anchors under foot, fast grappling in the mud, a stopper on the tow-ropes, and the tiller lashed amidships. There was no stove on board, and if there had been, the funnel would have been sent down and housed. Far different was it and is it with the Erie Canal in New York. In that State, where a reckless disregard of human life characterizes all the modes of travelling, the passenger boats continue their voyages in the night time. The imagination would seem to recoil from the contemplation of a night on the Erie Canal.

Fortunately, however, for the lovers of the sublime and terrible, a local poet, whose name, though not his verses, is unknown to fame, has recorded his own experience in strains worthy of Falconer, and which have already become classical. They are probably familiar to many of our readers. To us they are and always were as thrilling as Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic."

Who does not remember the perils that beset the bard?

"Our oil it soon gave out, and our lamps they gave no light,
Our horses gave a stumble, and our driver gave a squall,
And there he was a splashing in that raging canawl."

The captain's advice to "cut the horses loose," saved the boy's life. The captain appeared to have possessed all that presence of mind we have stated to be imperatively necessary in his position, but that "ministering angel," woman, proved the salvation of the craft in the extreme imminence of her peril.

"The cook she lent the steersman a portion of her dress,
Which was holsted on a setting-pole in token of distress,
And then our gallant bowman, who was a man of sense,
He jumped on the shore, and he snubbed her to a fence."

Thus ended the perils of this particular voyage on the "raging canawl." The last words of the bard contain the golden rule of navigation on these dangerous water-courses:

"Now would you learn to navigate in spite of wind and weather,
You must closely hug the tow-path, lay her 'feather to feather';
And if the night is dark, so 's you cannot see the track,
You must call the driver down and tie a lantern to his back."

But alas! these golden rules can never more be put in practice on the Middlesex Canal. No more will blooded steeds strike fire from the flints upon the tow-path in their fleet career. No more will the boatman's mellow fish-horn summon the lock-tender to the gates. No more will pleasant greetings be exchanged between raft and shore. No more will playful boys from graceful bridges drop pebbles on the heads of subjunct mariners. The fountains of the great deep are dried up. Many frogs have doubtless perished for want of water. Many pickerel, and perch, and bream, and eels have died a cruel and unnatural death, and the race of hardy, fresh-water mariners have been driven from that school of American seamanship, the best, next to the whale fisheries, that ever existed.

Tears! tears!—but we cannot go on. The subject is too painful. *Fuit Ihon!* The Middlesex Canal is no more!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

KISSING THE BABY.

BY TIM TIMMINS.

ONE would certainly have said that, if any person's lot in this world was fortunate, it was that of Mr. Joshua Potts. A man of middle age, unmarried, but with loads of nephews and nieces that answered the purpose of children in every respect, except entailing parental responsibility—a fortune, certainly not colossal, but amply adequate for himself, and, as the poet says, "a little more, sometimes, to oblige a friend;" these alone would be, in themselves, enough to captivate any man's heart. But when we add to this, that Mr. Potts enjoyed the title of "honorable" from having actually been a State senator in former years—that he had inherited and purchased a neat little store of pictures, statues, and other valuables—that he possessed a lovely little place on the Connecticut, and that he was a superb chess and whist player; in our opinion, Mr. Potts was decidedly to be envied.

Yet no man is entirely happy, and why should the Hon. Joshua Potts be exempted from the category of ordinary mortals? This one drawback of his forms more particularly the subject of the following story.

Mr. Potts, though dearly loving children, had an objection to kissing babies. He would play with them, talk with them, make them presents, do anything to amuse them, and flatter their parents, but kiss them—this he stoutly refused to do. His reasons we will not give here; but we are of the anti-baby kissing school ourselves, and if called upon by affectionate mothers for the reasons which could have induced Mr. Potts from kissing the little cherubs, we shall give our own, which probably much resemble his.

One would suppose that this resolve of Mr. Potts would not have had more effect than to draw down a few mild execrations upon his head, at the moment, from young mothers, and that a new rattle or so would have made up the affair with ease. The case, however, was not so, and we will proceed to show how.

Mr. Potts was sitting in his library, one morning in April, when the sky was not perfectly clear, and he, therefore, preferred a warm room to a doubtful out-of-doors ramble, when a carryall drove up to the door, and a portly lady got out, accompanied by a gentleman in tremendous whiskers and moustache. This latter person-

age proceeded to "see to the horse," while his lady rang, and asked for Mr. Potts. She was ushered into the library, and it then appeared that a large baby constituted a part of her travelling apparatus.

Mr. Potts courteously requested her to be seated. She complied after a deal of fussing with her various trappings, and began her oration as follows:

"Hon. Joshua Potts, sir, my name is Matilda Hobson. My father was Mr. Timothy T. Jenkins; you may have heard of him; his brother was in the Senate two years before you; married a Wilkins—her mother was a Tomkins. This Mr. Jenkins, my father, married a Perkins; her sister, Amanda Perkins, was rather celebrated in the school-keeping line; her husband was a Hodgkins," (and so on, as any gentleman, whose female acquaintances have a turn for genealogy, can well understand); "but, to come to the point, about two years ago, as I was travelling in Greenfield with my sister—she afterwards married Mr. Hopkins, of Waterville,—I fell in with Mr. Henry Hobson, who won my young heart," (here her handkerchief went up to her eyes), "married me, and we emigrated to California. In a short time this sweet babe was born. The mines failed; our little all was seized by bandits. My husband was attacked with yellow fever, and I hastened to you, my husband's early friend, to seek for succor-r-r." Here she fell at Mr. Potts's feet, thereby considerably discomposing her progeny.

"My friend?"

"Yes—at least his father, John A. Hobson, who married a Dodson, was your friend."

"Yes, yes; I certainly knew Mr. Hobson, but not intimately. I cannot see that your husband has any claim upon me."

"Perhaps not as the world judge; but can you look in the face of his innocent offspring and refuse assistance?" and the worthy lady ran on, holding up a remarkably healthy baby.

"But, my dear madam," said Mr. Potts, parenthetically, "I don't kiss babies."

"You reject, then, my last plea; you refuse to look upon the sweet face of a helpless child; then I spurn you, and despise you. I want not your assistance!" And her husband entering at this moment, Mrs. Hobson poured forth a terrible tirade against Mr. Potts, which resulted in Mr. Hobson being quite as incensed as his wife, and leaving the house, with the expression:

"Your kindred and mine shall know your hard-heartedness."

Till then, Mr. Potts had never thought of a certain mortgage which Hobson held over him, the foreclosure of which he had contrived to delay, but which, he was afraid, this contretemps would hasten. He was obliged, therefore, to call back the Californians, and bring them over with a considerable sum not to tell. His disgust was still farther increased by the fact that, meeting Mr. Hobson some time after, Mr. Hobson told him that an impostor and his wife had been going the rounds, assuming the name of Hobson, and telling of a story of distresses in California.

Here was a blow. Mr. Potts reflected that had he kissed the baby, such a storm would not probably have been excited, his fears not been aroused, and he could have got off from giving anything, or only a moderate sum at most. But his foible brought him afterwards into more serious trouble.

Mr. Potts was staying in New York, once on a visit, when a lady and gentleman, with a baby, walked down, one morning, into the parlor of the hotel where he was staying. Mr. Potts fell into some conversation with the lady, in consequence of sitting next to her at dinner, and the baby naturally formed a part of the conversation. The child was apparently used to kissing, and Potts, perceiving the lips approaching his, and entirely forgetting his late experience, motioned the baby away. His hand moved a little farther than he meant, and the baby's head and his hand both hit the lady. Potts was apologizing for and laughing at the occurrence, when the appearance of the lady's face, of compassion for the screaming child, and horror with which she regarded him, induced him to think that something was the matter, and he was confirmed in this opinion by hearing her scream "Al—fred!"

The husband advanced—evidently a Southerner.

"Alfred," said she, "will you permit your wife and child to be insulted—nay, even struck? Instantly demand satisfaction from this man!"

"Who are you, sir?" said the Southerner; "or, rather, are you a gentleman?—if so, I do demand satisfaction; if not, beware of my wrath."

"I believe I am a gentleman, sir," said the innocent Mr. Potts, "as my title of honorable would show; but, really, I am opposed to duelling. My name is Joshua Potts."

"Joshua Potts!—you will hear from me." And he and family sailed out of the room.

In a few days, the unfortunate Mr. Potts received the following letter:

"Sir,—I understand, from my son, that you grossly insulted him and his wife at New York, lately, and refused to give satisfaction. I had thought to recollect you to the amount of nearly \$100,000 in my will, as a return for kindnesses done by your father to me, but this is now impossible. Remember that such beings still exist as gentlemen of honor.

"Charleston, S. C. ALFRED K. PERCY."

Here was another blow! Mr. Percy—from whom he had decided expectations—a main-stay gone—the enmity of the family, too! Mr. Potts returned home a wiser man. He has been noticed frequently, when playing with babies, to gesticulate vehemently with his lips near the baby's face—the nearest approach he can make to that, the want of which has cost him a pretty penny—KISSING THE BABY.

The first step to self-knowledge is self-distrust. Nor can we attain to any kind of knowledge, except by a like process.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, THE POET.

[FROM A DAGUERRETYPE BY WHIPPLE & BLACK.]

The age of poetry has not yet passed away. The shriek of the steam-whistle, the thunder of the locomotive, the din of factories, the roar of life in great cities has not hushed the "still small voice" that translates the music of nature, that syllables the fall of waters, the song of birds, the mute eloquence of flower, and sky, and wave, and breeze, that echoes the sighs of passionate hearts, and gives expression to the aspirations of the soul. If Willis rarely wakes the lyre now, if Dana's harp is hushed, if Percival has abandoned poetry for science, if only at long intervals Bryant shows that the divine fire still animates his soul, if Halleck, grown peacefully old, reposes on his unfading laurels, if the lyre of Hoffman is sadly shattered, there is yet no dearth of poetry and poets. Longfellow, in the plenitude of his resources, gladdens us with frequent songs, exquisite works of art, in which the workmanship is veiled by a sweet simplicity. Read follows with those delicate pencillings, which are as graceful and glowing as his pictures; and Lowell, in the vigor of his life, affords us the hope of many a golden fruit of his matured genius. And there are listeners to this minstrelsy. These songs are not warbled only to the echoes. The American people, thrifty, energetic and enterprising, like the Scotch, are, like them, passionately fond of poetry. Of the thousands of newspapers, dated from obscure and inconspicuous towns in this country, there is not one that does not have its poet's corner,—not one that does not publish occasionally some original piece not unworthy of preservation. And these published poems bear but a very small proportion to the number written. Of course, where there is such a multitude of verse-makers, there must be a multitude of verse-readers; and the booksellers, who look on poetry, as they should, from a purely business point of view, will all tell you that good poetry is sure of a sale. There is, therefore, all the encouragement to be met with here that genius need demand. The poet of to-day, and of this country, commands a respect and love which the bards of other times and other lands never experienced. One of the most prominent of those thus honored in our day and land, is James Russell Lowell, whose portrait, drawn for us by Mr. Barry, from a photograph by Whipple & Black, accompanies the present sketch. The poet is the son of the Rev. Dr. Lowell, and was born in Cambridge, Mass., about the year 1819. He was educated at Harvard University. During his collegiate course, we are not aware that he gave any public proofs of his poetical genius. After graduating, he commenced the study of law, but his position not requiring professional exertion, he abandoned its practice, after a brief experience, for literary pursuits. His first publication, a volume of poems, entitled "A Year's Life," was issued in 1841, and at once attracted respectful attention. If it had some of the faults incidental to a first book of poems, it had also a degree of merit unusual in a maiden effort. Some of the poems needed pruning and condensation, it is true; but there were few pages that did not contain bold and original ideas, and images and expressions at once beautiful and forcible. It was evident that the author had overleaped a wide gulf of time in going back for a model. It was apparent that he was enamored of Spenser and those stately and vigorous writers, his compeers, who were the glory of the Elizabethan era. On the whole, this book was full of golden promise. After an interval of some three years, it was followed by another, which contained some of the finest poetry its author has ever written. The "Legend of Brittany," embraced in this collection, more than justified the warmest expectations of the author's friends. It is Spenserian in its tone and manner, without the servility of direct imitation. The march of the versification is stately and imposing, and pours along in the full tide of melody. The following stanzas show the boldness and strength of the young poet, and describe the effect of church music with extraordinary success:

Then swelled the organ: up through choir and nave
The music trembled with an inward thrill
Of bliss at its own grandeur; wave on wave
In flood of mellow thunder rose, until
The hushed air shivered with the throb it gave;
Then, pausing for a moment, it stood still,
And sank and rose again to burst in spray
That wandered into silence far away.

Deeper and deeper shudders shook the air,
As the huge base kept gathering heavily,
Like thunder when it rouses in its lair,
And with its hoarse growl shakes the low-hung sky,
It grew up like a darkness everywhere
Filling the vast cathedral;—suddenly
From the dense mass a boy's clear treble broke
Like lightning, and the full-tongued choir awoke.

Through gorgeous windows shone the sun ablaze,
Bringing the church with gold and purple mist,
Meet atmosphere to bosom that rich chant,
Where fifty voices in one strand did twist
Their vari-colored tones, and left no want
To the delighted soul, which sank abysmal
In the warm music cloud, while far below
The organ heaved its surges to and fro.

Mr. Lowell has not, as many poets have done, kept himself aloof from the movement of the world around him. On the contrary, he has evinced a deep interest in the great political questions of the day, and has chained his Pegasus to what he and his friends believe to be the car of Reform. Strongly opposed to the admission of Texas, the war with Mexico, and with certain existing institutions, he has lent their opponents the aid of his poetical genius. The poetry, however, which he has written, with the zeal and purpose of a reformer, will not, we think, enjoy more than an ephemeral existence; while such glorious productions as the "Legend of Brittany" will have an enduring life. A notice of Lowell as a poet would be incomplete without an allusion to his humor. That he possesses an abundance of this quality is conclusively shown in the "Biglow Papers," a production bearing the genuine American stamp. Satire, irony and sarcasm, veiled by simplicity, subtle delineation of character, smartness, wit and humor, give vitality and interest to this performance. The genuineness of the Yankee



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

dialect in which Mr. Biglow's lucubrations are written is an admirable feature. It is undeniably authentic, and when the Yankee dialect becomes a dead language, these papers will prevent its passing into oblivion like the tongue in which Elliot's celebrated translation of the Bible is written. In the "Courtin'," a little fragmentary piece, Mr. Lowell has given us the only Yankee pastoral ever written. But though it is exceedingly well done, it shows conclusively, in our opinion, that the Yankee dialect can never be employed, like the Lowland Scotch, on tender and pathetic themes, but must be confined to subjects requiring broad humor or satire. The following verse, describing Huld's feelings at the approach of her lover,

"She heered a foot, an' knowed it, tu,
A raspin' on the scraper,
All ways to once her feelings flew
Like sparks in burnt up paper,"

reminds us, by contrast, of the beautiful passage in an old Scotch song, which expresses the love of a wife for her husband:

"His verra foot has music in't
As it comes up the stair."

Mr. Lowell's prose is good, sound Saxon, drawn from the well of English undefiled. The vigor and beauty of his prose style may be learned from his "Conversations with some of the old Poets," published in 1845. His lectures on poetry, delivered in this city last winter, and admirably reported in the Daily Advertiser, have added greatly to his reputation. Their eloquence is of a high order, and their views, in the main, sound. Mr. Lowell has lately been appointed to the professorship in Harvard University vacated by the resignation of Mr. Longfellow, and is at present travelling in Europe.

INDIA BUILDING, STATE STREET.

We present our readers with a view of the beautiful building on State Street, recently erected, and well known as the head-quarters of Thomas Groom & Co., the celebrated stationers. The drawing was made for us by Mr. Worcester, so well known for the accuracy of his delineations. The design of the building was furnished by Mr. Paul Schulze, the architect, and is a creditable effort. It is in the Romanesque style now so popular, and the material employed is Connecticut freestone, which works easily, is of a fine warm neutral tint, and is represented as quite durable. Messrs. Paul & McNutt were the builders, and the stone work was executed by Mr. John Foote. The basement and the first and fifth stories are occupied by Messrs. Groom & Co., and it is really worth while for a stranger to go through their establishment and see how complete and extensive their assortment is, and how admirable are their interior arrangements. Every article in their line, both domestic and imported, may here be found, and we know of no similar establishment, either in England or this country, where a superior stock is kept on hand. The name of the firm is well known abroad, and we remember seeing a view of their old establishment in the Paris "Illustration," there given, very properly, as one of the noted places of Boston. The business done by them is commensurate with the capital

employed and the liberal scale in which they transact business. "India Building" stands on the north side of State Street, near Merchants Row, and its external appearance at once attracts the eye; forming quite an addition to the features of that old historic street, down which the old State House looks as it looked upon that memorable night of 1770, when the first blood of the revolution was poured upon its pavements. We suppose that one of these days we shall be obliged to give up this old landmark, which forces the tide of travel into two channels too narrow to contain it. The *coup d'aile* presented when looking either up or down State Street is sufficiently picturesque. Uniformity is not to be expected in the streets of an American city. Each sovereign possessor of a lot of land, and particularly where land is as valuable as gold dust, will put up such a building as suits his own individual fancy, without any reference whatever to the taste of his neighbors, or the general effect produced by his structure. Thus

we see a Gothic temple shouldering a Grecian church; an Italian villa elbowing a Romanesque pile; the style of the Renaissance contending with a building ornamented in the Saracenic manner. This makes a sort of carnivalesque melange, not at all disagreeable to the eye, however it may offend against severity of taste. This is of less consequence, however, in a city where the tortuosity of the street does not admit of a very rigid alignment. But we must take matters as they come, and it is certainly possible to render Boston a picturesque, if not a symmetrical and well balanced city. Within the past ten years our local architecture has taken a rapid start. The purely utilitarian principle has been discarded, and a style more or less florid has been introduced, not only into churches and private residences, but in stores and warehouses, to the manifest improvement of the aspect of the place. The building represented in our engraving is a proof of the effect of this reformatory spirit, which we believe will eventually prevail.

RACHEL'S POWER.

Gautier, a French critic, thus hints at some of the features of the acting of this great tragedienne:—"Master-pieces alone will no longer attract. There must be the most perfect interpretation. When we have become so familiar with an author that we finish, in our thought, each verse as the actress commences to deliver it, we will not be satisfied with any delivery short of the perfect. * * * This wonderful perfection of delivery is Mademoiselle Rachel's peculiar excellence. Outside of her talent as an actress, she is undoubtedly the best reader in the world. Possessed of every secret of an elegant diction, she gives to a fine line a wonderful power, and to a poor one even, often a Coracilian dignity. * * * Mademoiselle Rachel has, probably without knowing it, introduced an almost melodramatic style into tragedy, and this is clearly one of the secrets of her immense success. With her marvellous instinct, mademoiselle has taken a new conception of the part of Phedre; she has presented, not the mother-in-law, filled with incestuous love, but the instrument of the vengeance of Venus—a Greek conception, but new to the beautiful tragedy of Racine. Here she has presented to us a delineation of that antique love that resembles an intoxication—that burns with fires inextinguishable—a fever in the blood and a flush on the cheek. She was foolish, furious, wonderful, as if she had drunk the magic wine of the Thessalian magician. The evening was a brilliant one. A storm of applause greeted the tragedienne at every entrance—and as for bouquets, Phedre was more than once in danger of being missed. Mademoiselle improves at every new representation."



INDIA BUILDING, STATE STREET, BOSTON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

It is the privilege of great geniuses to be absent-minded, but it does not follow that every absent-minded man is a genius. While many a man is laughed at for his abstraction from little things, while his mind is soaring to the empyrean in the pathway of the stars, the wits of many a dolt are wool-gathering, without an idea in his noddle. An exchange paper tells of a man in Boston who went to the post-office to inquire for his letters, and did not know how to frame an interrogatory, having forgotten his own name; and of a farmer in New Hampshire who, while revolving some deeply important problem, sat down on his milk-pail and milked the cow into the stool. We knew a gentleman of this city who, the next day after he was married, called at the house of his bride's father, asking for her by her maiden name. The reply of the astonished servant girl: "She's married, sir, and gone to live at your house," brought him to his senses. Old Parson Blank, who, when pruning his apple trees, would sit on the end of a limb and saw it off inside of him, was a case in point. But the most melancholy termination of a life of blunders, was that, as well attested as the history of the Kilkenny cats, of the unfortunate gentleman, who, on retiring to rest at night, put his patent leathers to bed and pulled off his head with the boot-jack. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of "accidental suicide."

"THE MISTAKE OF A LIFE-TIME."—W. V. Spencer has just issued a new and convenient edition of this popular work, the previous large editions having been all exhausted, and the work in constant demand. It is a narrative crowded with character, adventure and incident, and belongs to the class which always captivates the million.

DESTITUTION.—A man and his wife applied for a free railroad pass at Buffalo, pleading destitute circumstances. As it turned out, however, he had 175 dollars in gold, and so was compelled to deduct the price of a couple of tickets. The unfortunate couple did not go on their way rejoicing.

RAILROADS.—It is anticipated that before long—how long we cannot say—there will be an uninterrupted line of railway communication between the Falls of St. Anthony, on the Mississippi, and the Gulf of Mexico, a distance of twelve hundred miles. Success to the iron horse!

OLD AGE.—There are plenty of old people round now-a-days. An old gentleman on the northern shores of Oneida Lake, N. Y., lately celebrated his 105th birthday. He is hale and hearty, and his "little boy," aged 80, was quite smart at the last accounts.

HEALTH.—The ravages of yellow fever at the South have been dreadful. The cold weather is looked for with anxious expectation to put a stop to the dreadful scourge.

CALIFORNIA.—The steamers for the land of gold continue to go out crowded, and the return boats to bring plenty of the ore.

SPLINTERS.

.... The Germans intend to erect a splendid theatre in Milwaukee, where they are numerous and thriving.

.... Rev. Dr. Watson has been appointed a chaplain in the U. S. navy. He formerly officiated at Trinity Church here.

.... Whipple & Black's daguerreotypes are hard to bent here or elsewhere. They are indeed "counterfeit presentments."

.... George Barrett, "Gentleman George," is about retiring to Long Island, N. Y., for life. He was a capital actor.

.... De Soto, the Spanish dancer, has been performing at the Metropolitan, New York. She is the best dancer we have.

.... The Californians are sick of theatricals, and actors are leaving a land no longer golden for them.

.... The corner stone of the new public library in this city is to be laid with appropriate ceremony on the 17th.

.... It is now denied that the noted Richard P. Robinson died lately at the Galt House, Louisville, Ky.

.... Mr. de Korponay, who introduced the polka here, is in the Crimea, giving balls to the Russians.

.... The Harvard Society are about erecting a chapel at the corner of Edgeworth Street, Charlestown, in the Gothic style.

.... Throwing a stone is now called "projecting a boulder"—a refinement on the vulgar phrase.

.... In six week-days a person may now travel two thousand four hundred miles in this country.

.... Mohammed Ali is about to publish an Egyptian newspaper called the Bulah Independent. What a name!

.... George Sand went to relieve a man who said he was dying of starvation, and found him eating sausages.

.... The tapestry alone of the imperial retiring-room, at the Paris exhibition building, cost \$4000. Whew!

.... Sydney Smith said he held out awhile against Dickens, but was finally conquered by "Nicholas Nickleby."

.... A Shaker community in Ohio has imported an entirely new breed of cattle. What are they?

.... The Boston Theatre was opened with the *eclat* that might be expected of that popular establishment.

A LOOK ABOUT US.

In the month of August we had a foretaste of the fall. The old croakers, who had predicted in the spring a cold summer, were delighted by the realization of their prophecies. When pinched and blue noses were prevalent in the dog days, their countenances alone were radiant with joy. These are the men who have a keen, unerring scent for evil—who anticipate the canker worm amidst the bloom of the orchard, and scent the potato rot before the seed is fairly in the ground.

They'd wrinkle with deep cares the prettiest face,
Pour gall and wormwood in the sweetest cup,
Poison the very wells of life, and place
Whitechapel needles with their sharp points up,
E'en in the softest feather bed that e'er
Was manufactured by upholsterer.

But now that "an eager and a nipping air" legitimately bites us, now that paletots are justifiable, and do not seem a paradox, now that the yellowing elm leaf and the reddening maple are the appropriate livery of the season, we can walk abroad and meet the kiss of coming winter with a clear conscience. We suppose we ought to moralize and meditate upon decay. Let us stroll into the Common, and, seated beneath the shade of melancholy boughs, be as sad as Jacques in his forest solitude. It will not do. These fallen leaves, decayed though they be, gleam like scales of gold in the sunshine, and flutter in the eddying breeze, and dance a most irreverent waltz about our feet.

And the fountain, too! There is not a bit of melancholy in the glad upward rush of its bright water, and the musical tinkle of its diamond drops as they strike the surface of the pond. How can one be "melancholy and gentlemanlike" while those pretty cherry-checked *bonnes* are romping and frolicking with that group of little fairies on the green sward? One might as well seek to "hold a fire in his hand by thinking of the frosty Caucasus," as to conjure up black melancholy out of the brilliant sights and sounds about him. And, by a strange coincidence, that foreign gentleman in the monter cap and velvetten smalls, the happy proprietor of a monkey, which looks like a miniature and rather flattered copy of himself, extorts "Away with melancholy" from his hand-organ.

"Gentle musician, let thy dulcet strain
Proceed."

The organ is wheezy and has a bad cold—is very shaky and unsatisfactory on the demi-semiquavers—slept on the turnpike with the gate open last night, probably; but no matter,—there is a faint likeness of the old air, sufficient for recognition, and memory and imagination supply the rest. After all, everything depends upon the condition of the individual. There goes a thin, pale man, whose seedy garments ill fence his worn body from the eager air; he can hardly look on the approach of winter with much satisfaction. He sees a perspective of fading embers, and wet feet, and shivering midnights passed under scanty coverlets, with the cold hand of the northern blast rattling his crazy sashes, and even in this gush of genial sunshine he turns blue—poor old fellow! But yonder comes a portly, well-fed gentleman, just descended from the steps of his mansion in Beacon Street, whose views of life's vicissitudes are very different from those of the old mendicant we have just been observing. There is a faint possibility of "generous Burgundy" in the florid flush of his smooth cheek. His spectacles have Claude glasses, and all his views are rose-colored. To him this great elm is the tree Ygdrasil, and this plashing pool the fountain of Mimers; for we are told in the northern mythology (and we are so far north that we ought to embrace it) that a squirrel (Rotatoskr) runs up and down the "tree of the world," and may not this glorious Common be likened to "Glasor, the forest of golden trees?" Go on, well-filled waistcoat and brilliant patent leathers. The club-house is thy Gladheim,—the hall of joy, and the Boston Theatre thy Valhalla. We will not stop to ask what harm that portly gentleman has done us that we should suppose his brain filled with Scandinavian notions instead of stocks and consols, but dismiss him, all unconscious of the wrong, to his business or pleasure, while we return to ours.

APPLICATION REJECTED.—A number of colored persons in this city, who had organized into a military company, under the title of the "Massasoit Guards," were refused the use of the State arms on application. We believe that military charters can be granted only to free white citizens. We remember that when the colored men used to parade to celebrate the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, they were restricted, in their display, to the use of tin-headed spears, which made, however, a very good show.

NEW TACTICS.—A German surgeon in the Russian service, who has written a very clever book describing what has taken place during the campaign on the Russian side, attributes the Russian defeats outside the walls to the persistence of the Russian commander in attempting new manœuvres which had failed even on parade ground.

FLOUR.—Look out for a heavy decline of this article next month. It is a little queer that while housewives are doing their best to make their bread rise, their husbands are waiting for it to fall.

THE "FRETFUL PORCUPINE."—One of these curious animals, whose quills are its defence, like those of controversial writers, was killed, lately, at Chester, in this State. It was what an Englishman would call "an 'edge 'og."

FAST PEAR TREE.—Mr. Lyons, of Greenfield, has a pear tree that has borne two crops of pears already this season, and is trying to raise a third. "Sure such a pair was never seen."

THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL.

On page 165 of the present number will be found a large engraving giving an exact representation of the great Rotunda in the Capitol at Washington. It is a vast circular hall, 95 feet in diameter, and the same number of feet in height, surmounted by a dome, from which it receives light. Our engraving exhibits two of the large paintings which fill the panels on the sides of the apartment, the "Embarkation of the Pilgrims at Delft Haven," by Wier, of which we presented an engraving in No. 6 of this volume, and the "Landing of Columbus," by Vanderlyn. Other panels are filled with Trumbull's pictures of the "Signing of the Declaration of Independence," the "Surrender of Burgoyne," the "Surrender of Cornwallis," and "Washington Resigning his Military Commission." The series just mentioned have a great historical value, for the portraits of the characters introduced are all of them authentic, and most of them painted by Colonel Trumbull from the life. Chapman has contributed a "Baptism of Pocahontas," and Powell his grand composition of De Soto. Besides the paintings, the hall is further decorated by alto-relievo sculptures, representing the "Rescue of Captain Smith by Pocahontas," "Penn concluding a Treaty with the Indians," and "Daniel Boone engaged in Conflict with the Savages." The Capitol at Washington is certainly one of the most striking objects in the Federal city, and when the additions liberally provided for by Congress are completed, it will be one of the most commanding structures in the United States. It is built of freestone, and the old portion of it occupies an acre and a quarter of ground. It is 352 feet long from north to south, by a breadth of 121 feet. The splendid projecting portico on the east front, 160 feet wide, has been much admired for the beauty of its design and the elegance of its lofty Corinthian columns. The steps which give access to the building are adorned by two very large statues, representing War and Peace. On the western front is a projection 83 feet, adorned by a recessed portico of Corinthian columns. The Senate Chamber is in the northern and the Hall of Representatives in the southern wing. The architect of the Capitol was a Bostonian—Mr. Charles Bulfinch. It was commenced in 1793. The southern wing, which alone was completed in 1814, was ruthlessly burned by the British, according to their usual style of conducting warfare. The extension of the Capitol consists in two wings of marble, placed at the north and south ends of the present structure, and connected therewith by corridors. The entire area covered by building will be three and a half acres. The additions will cost, when completed, about two millions and a half. The Capitol grounds comprise twenty-two acres, and are beautifully laid out, planted with shrubbery, trees and flowers, and adorned with fountains. The tasteful decoration of these grounds was planned by the lamented Downing, a landscape gardener, who was, in the truest sense of the word, an artist, and whose loss has left a sensible void in the profession he had adopted.

THE COMING HARVEST.—In speaking of the prospect of abundance of crops in the country, the Hallowell Farmer says:—"We are—if we may judge from present appearances—to be blessed this fall with the most bountiful harvest that has ever been gathered into the store-houses of the nation. Accounts from every quarter—North, South East and West—are alike encouraging, and begin already to affect the markets."

A SEA-QUAKE.—While the ship *Bostonian* was on her passage from Liverpool to Hong Kong, she experienced two shocks of a submarine volcano. These sea-quakes are not very common—old Neptune being rarely troubled with the ague.

LADIES' DRESSES.—It is said now that a belle full dressed, with plenty of whalebone in her garments, requires ten square feet to stand in. This must be death to the system of crowded entertainments.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Joseph Francis to Miss Mary Rose; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Miles S. Cahill to Miss Henrietta G. Perry; by Rev. Mr. Muir, Mr. John McCahill to Mrs. Catherine Hayes; George L. Gibson, Esq., of Marysville, California, to Miss Henriette Molineux, of Boston.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Leonard, Mr. Henry G. Fay to Miss Clara C., daughter of Capt. George W. Pearce.—At Brighton, by Rev. Mr. Whitney, Mr. Henry Lloyd, of Birmingham, England, to Miss Mary Jackson Thwing.—At Waltham, by Rev. Mr. Frost, Mr. James Smith to Miss Lucy Spoor.—At Lexington, by Rev. Mr. Frost, Mr. George M. Bascom, of Westboro', to Miss Ophelia M. Stearns.—At Lawrence, by Rev. Mr. Foster, Mr. Oscar Coburn, of Dracut, to Miss Eliza Cleveland, of South Royalton, Vt.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Mr. Harvey, Mr. Stephen Perkins, Jr., to Miss Mary A. Edmunds.—At Westfield, Mr. C. A. Robbins, of the News Letter, to Miss Laurette Woodworth, of East Suffield, Ct.—At Barre, by Rev. Mr. Fuller, Mr. F. H. Houghton, of Brattleboro', Vt., to Miss Sarah M. Thomas.—At Oakham, by Rev. Mr. Kimball, Mr. Sanford B. Kellogg, of St. Louis, Mo., to Miss Martha Louisa, daughter of the officiating clergyman.—At Newport, R. I., Henry Loboyens, Charge d'Affaires de Belgique, to Harriette Livingston, daughter of the late Capt. Lowndes Brown, U. S. A.—At East Turner, Me., by Rev. Mr. Hill, Mr. Ralph Davenport to Miss Eveline R. Gilbert, both of Boston.—At Belfast, Me., by Rev. Mr. Cutter, Mr. A. L. Allen to Miss Annie F. Howe, both of East Boston.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Benjamin Simpson, 50; Mrs. Margaret Higgins, 84; Warren Bowker, Esq., 78; Mr. Ignatius Sargent Amory, 30; Mr. Wm. D. Terry, 52; Mr. Abel Baldwin, 73; Henry Gassett, Esq., 81; at South Boston, Mrs. Ruth Wellington, 86.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Mary Ann Thompson, 22, formerly of Lovell, Me.—At Somerville, Mr. Aaron Endicott, of Salem, 27.—At Roxbury, Mr. Whiting Hewins, 65.—At East Cambridge, Mr. Emor Winsor, 81.—At Cambridge, Widow Abigail Gorton, 82.—At South Malden, Mrs. Lydia Kimball, 66, widow of the late Deacon Elihu Kimball.—At North Chelsea, Elizabeth Craft, 90.—At Salem, Mrs. Malvina T. Hart, 41.—At Andover, Mr. Charles A. Cooper, printer, of Boston, 26.—At Lynn, Mrs. Rachel Morse, 72.—At Marblehead, Mrs. Mary Ann Eastland, 36.—At Rockport, Deacon Solomon Poole, 74.—At Chelmsford, Samuel Davis, Esq., a Revolutionary pensioner, 90.—At Canton, Mrs. Hannah B. Gove, widow of the late Timothy Gove, of Deerfield, N. H., 83.—At Newburyport, Mr. Nathaniel G. Pierce, 28.—At West Newbury, Martha, widow of the late Enoch Dole, 67.—At Worcester, Mrs. Mary E. Breckenridge, 22.—At North Providence, R. I., Mrs. Anna, widow of the late Elisha Olney, 93.—At Pembroke, N. H., Lu Thompson, formerly of Medford, 55.—At Bucksport, Me., Mrs. Charlotte B., wife of Col. S. Skinner, formerly of Mansfield, Mass., 68.—At Vincennes, Ind., Horace F. Parkhurst, formerly of Boston, 37.—At Shelbyville, Illinois, of cholera, Rev. Joseph M. Groat, formerly of Westboro', Mass., 42.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Wilson Shannon has accepted the governorship of Kansas, and will depart immediately for that territory. — A girl thirteen years old, at Hartford, Conn., is a splendid swimmer and diver, and boldly jumps into the water from a pier thirty-five feet high. She is not encumbered with a bathing dress on these occasions. — All agree in affirming that since the discovery of gold in California, the present year has been the most successful one. — Dr. Waterbury has examined the jaw bone of a mummied bull in the Egyptian Museum, and has ascertained the animal to have been of the species of our common ox, and that the bone does not differ in size from that of a full-grown ox of the present day. — Michael Maloy, Irish, died at Providence, R. I., lately, at the advanced age of 108 years. — The Cleveland Plaindealer says, that by the first of January next the single State of Iowa will contain over half a million of persons. The census of the State in 1850 was but 193,000. — The lady visitors at Cape May propose a movement for the purchase of Mt. Vernon. The sum of \$200,000 is necessary, and the ladies at the Cape gave a dollar each. — It is estimated that this year the crop of wheat will reach the aggregate of 115,000,000 bushels in the United States. In 1850, it was 92,000,000, and last year but 70,000,000. This would give an increase over last year of 45,000,000 bushels. — There was but one solitary female who refused to reveal her age to the census takers, during the recent canvass in Boston. She lives in Washington Village. — Dr. Stenhouse, a London physician of eminence, has discovered that a very thin layer of charcoal effectually absorbs the very minute quantities of infectious matter floating in the atmosphere of what are called unhealthy localities; and this has led him to the construction of a charcoal filter, which is applicable to ships, to the gully-holes of sewers, to respirators, etc. It consists of a thin layer of charcoal powder enclosed between two sheets of wire-gauze, and has been used very successfully. — Mr. John B. Green, an American, has succeeded in discovering the celebrated Egyptian calendar, of which Champollion could only copy the first lines. — Goblets made of quassia wood are now sold at the leading druggists' shops in New York. Water is poured into them, which, after being left for some minutes, is drunk as a cure for dyspepsia. The quassia is a valuable corrective. — The late Rev. Sydney Smith, so it is narrated in his published memoirs, once read a sermon of Rev. Dr. Channing's in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. — Henry Stowe, Esq., a prominent merchant of New York, has presented to the Mercantile Library Association, of that city, two pieces of statuary from the studio of Mosher at Florence. The pieces are "Silence" and "Truth," of the life size, and have been the admiration of travellers visiting Italy. — "Mary Lyndon," a new work of fiction from the pen of Mrs. Gove Nichols, is ignorantly imputed by several critics to Mrs. E. Onkes Smith. — A nice looking young man went round among the citizens of Nashua, N. H., the day before a circus was to exhibit, to accommodate the public with tickets, just to save them the trouble in the midst of the rush. He realized about a hundred dollars, and of course the circus repudiated the bogus tickets. — The grasshopper scourge still fearfully continues in Utah Territory; the saints are in despair. — The new census of the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada shows a large increase of population since 1851. At that time the population of Upper Canada was 952,000; that of Lower Canada, 890,261. The population of Upper Canada is now, in round numbers, 1,332,000; the Lower Province has 1,050,000; total, 2,382,000. — Three families of gypsies, numbering twenty-seven persons in all, landed at New York from England, lately, and pitched their tents at West Hoboken. — Lord Rosse, in one of his addresses to the Royal Society, announces that some nebula are in physical connection with stars, as bright as some other stars whose parallax is approximately determined. If so, the nebular hypothesis, in one main point of it, is almost proved. — Some of the New York papers are in favor of establishing a Zoological Garden in that city, similar to the one in London. — There are 37,800 dozen eggs consumed at the United States Hotel, Saratoga, per week. At the United States Hotel, in this city, we think there are 33,000 dozen per week consumed—and throughout the year.

ADULTERATION IN MEDICINES.—An English writer in one of the Reviews gives some curious items concerning the extensive adulteration of medicinal stuffs. For instance, epsom salts are adulterated with sulphate of soda; carbonate of soda with sulphate of soda—a very injurious substitute; mercury is sometimes falsified with lead, tin and bismuth; gentian with the poisonous drugs aconita and belladonna; rhubarb with tumeric and gamboge; cantharides with black pepper; cod liver and castor oils with common and inferior oils; and opium in a dozen different ways.

THE WAR.—Russia is apparently preparing for a long war. The government has commenced the construction of a road which is to unite Finland to Sweden around the northern extremity of the Gulf of Bothnia, by means of which Russia may procure from Sweden all the merchandize which the blockade prevents getting into Russia direct by sea.

HOUSE RENT.—This heavy item of expenditure is high here, and very high in New York, though there are plenty of empty houses in the latter city. Landlords wont come down, and house-hunters wont give in. This makes good business for the boarding houses and hotels, but it is a great social evil.

FASHION.—Young ladies shine in *moire antique*, and even more antique females figure in the fashionable stuff. Feathers and diamonds will be much worn this winter by those who can get them.

Wayside Gatherings.

The Mount Vernon Hotel, at Cape May, was recently sold for \$80,000.

Mrs. Barron, wife of James Barron, U. S. N., lately died at Norfolk, Va., of the prevailing epidemic.

Mr. Lambert Allen, of Palmer, has a small apple tree, four feet high and three years old, which has upon it *sixty* fair sized apples.

The latest news from the Sandwich Islands reports the death of Hon. A. Paki, the last of the family of the old chiefs.

The Odd Fellows have, in the United States, 3129 lodges, with 199,197 members, and the revenue was \$1,334,935 last year.

The assessors of Boston have, this year, found three million dollars of real estate, and ten millions of personal property heretofore unassessed.

The Maple Leaf says that four dollars per day is held to be moderate harvest wages in Wentworth, C. W. In York county, the farmers are paying California wages, also.

The yield of wheat in the Fox River region, Wisconsin, is said to be larger this year, by five bushels to the acre, than it was last. It is also said to be of a far better quality.

The Albany Transcript says the copper mines of Bristol, Conn., owned by the venerable Dr. Nott, bid fair to be a profitable concern; a vein of ore, worth over \$1,000,000, have been discovered.

Rev. Mr. Channing, minister of the Renshaw Street Unitarian Chapel, Liverpool, has been invited by his congregation to continue his ministry with them for the further period of two years, at a salary of \$2500.

The corporation of New York is beginning to introduce larger sized hydrants, which have six or eight apertures, for the simultaneous supply of as many different streams of water to different fire engines.

The placards of theatres sometimes publish the announcement, "No performance on account of indisposition." The Zouave theatre at Inkerman lately posted the following notice upon its door: "No performance on account of wounds."

As Mr. Jonathan H. Dow, of Westbrook, was leaving a river in which he had been bathing, he stepped upon a log, which, rolling, threw him down and passed over his body, crushing him so severely that he died shortly afterwards.

The New Orleans Picayune, in noticing a new theatre to be opened there on a grand scale, says that one of the manager's rules is to have no "ugly women" in his *corps dramatique*, and that his motto is to be, "youth, beauty, profusion of light, flowers and gayety."

Several of the crowned heads of Europe have homœopathic physicians attached to their courts. The present Emperor of France, when in London, was a patient of Dr. Quin. The King of Hanover is a homœopath. The Queen of England gives the system no favor.

An old man named Martin, who kept a curiosity shop in Gosport, took it into his head that he had discovered a cure and preventive of yellow fever. His wife being sick, he dosed her, and to prevent his getting sick, he dosed himself. He is dead, and she is expected to die. So much for the nostrum.

The total importation of guano into the United States, during the last seven years, ending June 30, 1854, was 321,086 tons. The largest importations were from Peru, and the smallest from Africa, being only 148 tons. In 1854, the importations of guano nearly quadrupled those of any preceding year.

The Commissioners of Appeal in cases of taxation, at Trenton, N. J., meet with many ludicrous scenes. One lady, formerly a school teacher, gave as a reason for reducing her tax that the assessor was a former pupil of hers, and was taking his revenge for whippings, received long ago, by imposing heavy taxes, alleging, at the same time, that she had not given him enough.

The best gamboge is brittle and inodorous, and may be resolved in resin and gum by the successive action of ether and water. The finest article contains about 70 per cent. of resin. Gamboge is used as a pigment and in miniature painting; also to tinge gold varnish. An artificial gamboge, of very little value, is manufactured with tumeric and other materials.

A writer in the Christian Intelligencer claims the credit of the invention of printing for Holland. It is stated that as Laurens Janse Roster, of Harlem, was walking in a wood, he inscribed a letter upon a piece of bark. The bark falling to the ground, an impression of the letter was made in the sand; and this was the origin of printing.

A company in Ohio is engaged in making portable steam engines, to be used for various agricultural purposes, such as threshing, winnowing, shelling and grinding corn, etc. It is also asserted that over 15,000 reaping machines have been made and sold in this country during the present year. The cost of the machines amounted to nearly \$2,000,000.

Dr. McLochlan, a physician of the old school, having been sent by the English government to inspect the hospitals, during the cholera last autumn, states in his report that the results in Golden Square Homœopathic Hospital far exceeded in success those of any other hospital, and that if he himself should have the cholera, he would wish to be treated homœopathically.

A. C. Bullitt, Esq., one of the editors of the New Orleans Picayune, has become a member of the Christian Church in Louisville, and was immersed by Elder Henderson. He has given fifteen thousand dollars toward the endowment of the Christian University in Missouri—such being the desire of his wife, the late Fanny Smith Bullitt.

Two magnificent rings, presented by the Emperor and Empress of Russia to Colonel Samuel Colt, of Hartford, are on exhibition in that city. One of the rings contains diamonds worth \$3000—each contains the cyphers of Alexander and wife, set with very minute diamonds in enamel. The shank of one of the rings glitters with numerous petite diamonds, and the whole affair makes a gift worthy of an emperor.

Street preaching is gaining great favor in Great Britain, and seems to be the only means of reaching the masses of the people in the cities with religious instruction. The Bishop of Winchester has recommended street preaching to his clergy; and the celebrated and eloquent Hugh McNeil, of Liverpool, has adopted the practice himself. In London, they have a society to sustain street missions, and, last year, had some sixty stations where their laborers gathered the people.

The editor of the Charlottesville (Va.) Jeffersonian has in his possession a pistol that was dug up three feet beneath the surface of the house, at Camp Holly, some forty-two years since. It, in all probability, belonged to and was used by some person engaged in Bacon's rebellion, in 1640. A fight took place in that vicinity between Bacon's troops and the government. The barrel of the pistol is made of very fine wire, welded together in a superior manner. It will be good for service a century or two longer.

Foreign Items.

M. Calvi, a Mazzinian agent, has been arrested and executed at Mantua.

A reunion of the chief naturalists of Europe was to take place at Vienna, at the close of August.

Cholera is spreading desolation and dismay through the fertile provinces of Navarre, Arragon and Andalusia. In other districts the public health is not affected.

Sir Edward Banks, the builder of three of the noblest bridges in the world (Waterloo, Southwark and London) began life as a common laborer, and worked as a navvy on the Merstham Railway.

The London News announces the arrival in that city of General Count Zamoyski, a distinguished Pole, who came by special invitation of Government. It is supposed that this visit has some reference to the affairs of Poland.

Professor Botta, of the University of Turin, has at length completely succeeded in establishing the practicability of sending counter messages simultaneously on the same wire; which was tried some months ago at Vienna with only partial success.

The emperor of the French has sent over to the Institute Canadian, several beautiful and costly pieces of sculpture in marble—the Group of the Laocoon, the Venus of Milo, the Apollo Belvidere, some beautiful candelabra, and a number of books.

A return, just published at Rome, shows that the order of Jesuits at present consists of 5510 members, 1515 of whom are in Italy, 1697 in France, 463 in Belgium, 364 in Spain, 177 in Germany, and 1294 in England, America, and other countries. In 1797, when the order was at the height of its glory, it possessed not fewer than 19,816 members.

The societies that have been formed in England and Scotland for the "protestantizing" of Spain, are said to display the greatest activity. Rich contributions have been made in Glasgow and Dundee for spreading the Bible in Spain. A Protestant paper in the Spanish language, *El Alba*, which is published in London by converted Spaniards, works successfully; and some presses for printing the Bible and Protestant books in Spain itself, are under way.

Sands of Gold.

.... Resignation is a daily suicide.—*Balzac*.

.... Old friendships are destroyed by toasted cheese, and hard salted meat has led to suicide.—*Sydney Smith*.

.... Hatred without the desire of vengeance is seed sown on granite.—*Balzac*.

.... Trust him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all.—*Lavater*.

.... Certain persons are like zeros: they require a figure to precede them, and then their value is increased tenfold.—*Balzac*.

.... The ready way to the right employment of life is, by a prospect towards another, to have but a very mean opinion of it.—*Addison*.

.... Thou must content thyself to see the world so perfect as it is. Thou wilt never have any quiet if thou vexest thyself because thou canst not bring mankind to that exact notion of things, and rule of life, which thou hast formed in thy own mind.—*Fuller*.

.... There was a certain vastness of mind in the adoption of utter solitude in which the first enthusiasts of our religion indulged. Say what we will of the necessity and charm of social life, there is a greatness about man when he dispenses with mankind.—*Bulwer*.

.... If you suppress the exorbitant love of pleasure and money, idle curiosity, iniquitous pursuits, and wanton mirth, what a stillness would there be in the greatest cities!—the necessities of life do not occasion at most a third part of the hurry.—*La Bruyere*.

.... You see men of the most delicate frames engaged in active and professional pursuits who really have no time for illness. Let them become idle,—let them take care of themselves,—let them think of their health,—and they die! The rust rots the steel which use preserves.—*Bulwer*.

.... Youth will never live to age without they keep themselves in breath with exercise, and in heart with joyfulness. Too much thinking doth consume the spirits; and oft it falls out, that while one thinks too much of doing, he leaves to do the effect of his thinking.—*Sir Philip Sidney*.

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When is music like vegetables? When there are two *beats* to the measure.—What is it that goes when a wagon goes, stops when a wagon stops; it is of no use to the wagon, and yet the wagon can't go without it? Why, the noise, to be sure.

A butcher in Dansville shot his dog on suspicion of hydrophobia. Whether his suspicion was well founded, must ever remain a matter of doubt; but there can be no doubt that the butcher's customers who bought the sausages the next day had cause to be mad.

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The new Russian minister to the United States is called Somonoff (saw my nose off). An attaché of the same legation at Washington, Blomanosoff (blow my nose off); besides which we have Col. Kutmanosoff (cut my nose off), of the Imperial Guard; Marshal Polmanosoff (pull my nose off); General Noshogon (nose begone), and many others.

At the commencement of the sporting season in 1853, the following important information was exhibited at Lord Camden's seat, the H-rmitage, Sevenoska. "This is to give notice that Lord Camden does not mean to shoot himself or any of his tenants until the 14th of September." A considerate lord to give such timely notice of his desperate intentions.

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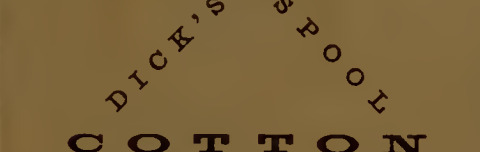
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CITY OF JALAPA, MEXICO.

We present our readers with a striking and authentic view of the city of Jalapa, on the road from Vera Cruz to Mexico. The picture shows to advantage the site of this noted place, the scene of memorable occurrences during our war with Mexico. The foreground displays the luxuriant growth of the vegetation in the environs; the centre exhibits the peculiar aspect of the city, while the distance is crowned by those bold and commanding eminences which add so much to the picturesqueness of the site. At Jalapa, within the compass of a few miles, the characteristics of temperate and tropical climates are singularly blended. The city is built on the declivity of a range of mountains that slope easterly to the Gulf of Mexico, so that the heat arising from the valleys is modified by the cool airs from the most elevated regions, causing an agreeable temperature, even in mid-summer. Yet, descending but a short distance, you find yourself in valleys where the temperature permits the growth of the richest vegetable productions of the tropics. Here, almost in juxtaposition, the foliage of trees usual to our climate are found beside the strange, fleshy leaves of gigantic cactuses. The Mexican chapparal and the American maple growth blend together. We should imagine that no place on the continent was better suited to the residence of invalids, since a slight change of locality would at all seasons of the year give them the exact temperature, either warm or cold, suited to the feelings of the moment. The full beauty of this climate is felt by the traveller who is journeying towards Mexico from Vera Cruz. The latter place—arid, sandy, suffocatingly hot and pestilential during the summer months, does not prepare the traveller for the agreeable surprise which awaits him when he emerges into the delicious atmosphere of Jalapa. The weather is so intolerable at Vera Cruz during mid-day, that the diligence does not start upon its way to the city of Mexico until eleven o'clock at night. The next day higher latitudes on the mountain are attained, and in the cool of the evening the cumbrous conveyance rattles into the pleasant, paved city of Jalapa, landing its passengers perfectly happy if they have escaped a visit from those murderous salteadors who infest the road and punish resistance with death, when their claims to a traveller's money are disputed. The unsettled political condition of Mexico causes great insecurity of life upon the highways, and adventures with robbers on the road from the coast to the capital are common.



CITY OF JALAPA, MEXICO.

CITY AND HARBOR OF VERA CRUZ.

Our engraving shows the world-renowned castle of San Juan d' Ulloa on the right, with a British mail steamer firing a gun as she enters the harbor. A portion of the city of Vera Cruz (the true cross) is seen in the middle, with the line of arid hills which serve as a background to the place. The castle of San Juan d' Ulloa was for a long while regarded as the Gibraltar of America. Yet it failed to protect effectively the city, which has been taken three times—once by the buccancers, in the palmy days of those freebooters, when they were lords of the Spanish main—once by the French, on which occasion General Santa Anna lost his leg, and lastly by the Americans. The successful debarkation of the American army by General Scott, was one of the most brilliant achievements of that veteran soldier. Not a man, nor a boat was lost, and the world regarded the achievement with astonishment. Then followed the capture of the city, which was accomplished with a comparatively trifling numerical loss, though among the

equated in the teeth of the northerly gales which sometimes rage here for days. The principal exports are gold and silver, cochineal, sugar, flour, indigo, provisions, sarsaparilla, vanilla, jalap, soap, dyewoods, etc. In former times, a fair used to be held here on the arrival of the merchant fleet which sailed periodically from Cadiz, and by means of which the commerce of the colony was carried on. Vera Cruz was founded in the 16th century, and marked the site where the Conquistador Cortez first set foot on the adventurous expedition that gave Mexico to Spain. In 1615, it received its charter of privileges from Philip III. Its capture by a French squadron, alluded to above, was in 1839. Seven years afterwards it was destined to fall into the hands of our countrymen. It is a city well worth visiting by persons making the tour of the continent. Few, however, are inclined to make a sojourn here, which, in fact, at certain seasons would be a dangerous experiment. The traveller is apt to despatch it at a glance, and push on for Mexico, the most magnificent city of America.

officers killed on our side were some of the most gallant spirits in the American army. The city of Vera Cruz is a well built place, and its towers, cupolas and battlements give it an imposing appearance as seen from the harbor. It is, however, a very unhealthy residence, and here the yellow fever rages annually to a fearful extent. The houses in the city are mostly large, some of them three stories in height, built in the old Spanish or Moorish style, and generally enclosing a square court with covered galleries. They have flat roofs (azoteas), glass windows, and frequently balconies and verandahs in the front. There is one large plaza with the government house on one side and a church on the other. There are six churches in use and many more in ruins. Provisions are dear here and the water bad. The city is so much affected by drought that the inhabitants are very careful to collect all the rain water in cisterns as it falls. The badness of the water is supposed to have no small share in producing yellow fever. The castle of San Juan is built upon an island of the same name, about four hundred fathoms from the shore, and is a strong place, as we have remarked above. At its northwest angle there is a light house, as shown in the engraving, furnished with a powerful revolving light. The harbor is a mere roadstead between the town and castle, and the anchorage is so bad, that vessels secure themselves by passing their cables keyed into the walls of the castle, and even such precautions are inad-



CITY AND HARBOR OF VERA CRUZ, MEXICO.

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M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1855.

\$3.00 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IX., No. 12.—WHOLE No. 220.
6 CENTS SINGLE. }

MADemoisELLE RACHEL AS PHEDRE.

[FROM A DAGUERRETYPE BY MEADE BROTHERS, OF NEW YORK.]

We have thought that we could not offer the patrons of the Pictorial a more acceptable picture than a portrait of Rachel, the queen of the French stage, in character. Our readers may be assured that the likeness, as many of them will have an opportunity of verifying, was a correct one. The daguerreotype was taken by Mr. Meade, of the firm of Meade Brothers, daguerreotypists, New York, and shows Mademoiselle Rachel in costume, while Mr. Barry has transferred the picture to wood with his accustomed and remarkable fidelity. The character selected for illustration is that of Phedre, in Racine's tragedy of that name, perhaps the most finished work of the great classic dramatist of France, of whom Voltaire said, when asked why he had not written a commentary on Racine as well as on Corneille: "It is already done; you have only to write at the bottom of each page, beautiful, pathetic, harmonious, sublime." Corneille was the poet of virtue, honor and glory; Racine the minstrel of the tender passion. In Phedre, we have the guilty, tempestuous, vainly-combated love of Phedre for Hippolyte, contrasted with the warm and pure attachment of the latter to Aricia. Phedre is the wife of Theseus and step-mother of Hippolyte. The subject is borrowed from Euripides, and its treatment was modified by Racine to suit the age and the court for which he wrote. Phedre, as the author tells us, is neither entirely guilty nor wholly innocent. She is involved by her destiny and the anger of the gods in an illegitimate passion, of which she is the first to realize the horror; she makes the greatest exertion to surmount it: she prefers to die rather than declare it to any one, and when forced to discover it, she speaks with a confusion which shows that her crime is rather a punishment of the gods than a movement of her will. The dread fatality that hurries her along in spite of her struggles, as the irresistible tide sweeps away the strong swimmer, tempers the horror of the spectator with pity, and compassion for the victim is as strong as condemnation for the criminal. That Racine, hampered by the conventionalities of the French tragic stage, bound by the fetters of rhyme, by the inflexible requirements of the classic unities, involving the use of those tiresome confidants, the modern substitute for the ancient choruses, should have been able to impart energy, interest and fire to his tragedy, is a proof of his exalted genius. Through the artificial garb with which he was compelled to clothe his ideas, nature and truth pierce their way to the popular heart and stir it with strong emotions, particularly when the classic author has such a representative as Rachel. This truly great actress made her triumphant debut on the Parisian stage at a period when in the war of the classic and romantic schools the latter had just achieved signal victories. Dumas and Victor Hugo had obtained a hearing—Shakspeare was no longer regarded as an insular barbarian. The modification of popular taste thus produced influenced of course the style of acting, and Rachel, with true artistic instinct, infused into the cold forms of the

ancient drama, the passion and fire of her inspired genius. She gave a new life and a new interpretation to the classic character. It was a renewal of the fable of Pymalion—she warmed the statue into life. The representation of Phedre is perhaps her highest achievement. Her convulsive struggles with her fatal passion—her confession to Ceneone, her wild exposure of her passionate heart to the object of her unhallowed love—the terrific jealousy that rends her soul—her gathering gloom and dark despair—form a picture of tragic love and woe unequalled in the history of the stage. The audience is swept away by the stormy torrent of emotion that rises at her will; the rigid framework of the tragedy, the unfamiliar language, the repellent character of the story, are all forgotten in the triumph of the artist, and she is hailed, without one dissentient voice, as the queen of the tragic stage. The French owe much to Rachel. It is to her, we firmly believe, that their beautiful classic drama, beautiful in spite of its coldness and formality, still continues on the stage. In her interpretation of Racine and Corneille, the characters of those dramatists cease to

be French men and women of the reign of Louis XIV., and become Greeks and Romans. Her stately classicality, the statuesque beauty of her poses, the soul that informs her every motion, are all of the ancient time. They carry us back to the palmy days of the Athenian stage—the era of Sophocles and Euripides. She lives, moves and breathes under the unseen pressure of that inexorable fate which was the ruling principle of the ancient tragic story. And yet from this style of acting, she passes with equal ease into the domain of modern comedy. In the *Lady Tartuffe* of the lamented Madame de Girardin, her triumph was no less signal than in the *Phedre* of Racine; while in the glowing creations of the romantic dramatists, Victor Hugo and Dumas, she appears imbued with that spirit which is the antithesis of the ancient drama. Though much has been said in gossiping Paris of the private life of Rachel, little is known concerning it, and little need be known to us. We have to do with the artiste, and not with the woman. It is, however, interesting, to know that this child of genius is a child of the people; that she commenced life as a

strolling ballad-singer in the streets of Paris; that the intellectual beauty of her face, and the melody of her voice, casually impressed a Parisian editor, by whose exertions she was placed in the path of greatness and fortune. When, after various struggles, she achieved a triumph, it was a triumph more brilliant and stable than ever man or woman won upon the French stage. For years she has ruled the Parisian public, as an empress rules her subject. They have lavished on her fame, homage, wealth. She has visited other cities, from time to time, always like a vietress. In St. Petersburg, she is as madly worshipped and idolized as in Paris. We have wonderful tales of her magnificence; and her private mansion in Paris is said to vie with the palaces of kings in splendor. At one time her carriage and liveries bore the colors and arms of the imperial family by a title it is unnecessary to state. The first minds in France have rendered a willing homage to this Queen of Tragedy. She has always been courted, but has never stooped to win the popular favor. On the contrary, her lofty disdain is proverbial. Just at this moment the Parisians appear to be revenging themselves for this pride of their idol, by lavishing on the Italian actress, Ristori, the same applause, the same worship, we might say, that they bestowed upon Rachel. But it is only a rebellious freak; they will welcome her back, crowned with American laurels, with the old enthusiasm and the old delight. Mademoiselle Rachel belongs to a Jewish family, and, we believe, is herself a Jewess. There is much of the oriental style of beauty in her face. Her figure is slender, but exceedingly graceful, and all her movements are harmonious and appropriate. In 1848, she astonished the Parisians by singing, or rather reciting in a sort of chant, the *Marseilles Hymn*. This performance has been described to us as one of the most original, thrilling and electrifying exhibitions on the stage. She gradually wrought herself to the fury of the *Pythones*, and her cry "to arms," rang like the notes of a war-trumpet, thrilling the heart of every listener.



MADemoisELLE RACHEL, AS PHEDRE, IN RACINE'S TRAGEDY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FALCONE:

—OR,—

THE MYSTERIES OF MEXICO.

A ROMANCE OF OUR DAY.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUOANNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.

DON RICARDO RAMOS.

Two days had elapsed since the funeral of Don Tadeo and Ginton. Teresa, the desolate sister, after remaining for hours in the strange stupefaction into which she had fallen at her brother's grave, awoke at length to life with all its sad recollections and realities. The good Padre Herrata was unremitting in his kindly attentions, and the faithful servants, attached to their mistress by the strongest ties of early association and love for her gentle character, were untiring in their devotion to her service. The Yankee, Dusenbury, whose position as regarded the favor of President Herrata had been made manifest to the officials on the occasion of their domiciliary visit, was permitted, as a countryman, to exercise the duties of an executor on such property as the deceased possessed at the time of his death. This, on examination, was discovered, as both Padre Herrata and Dusenbury had anticipated, to be scanty enough; for the unfortunate young man, involved in expenses during his brief sojourn in Mexico, and induced by his evil associates to risk his means on the uncertain chance of the gaming-table, had been stripped of his last dollar upon the fatal night which had witnessed his death. Save a few jewels possessed by Teresa herself, the furniture of their dwelling and a small supply of money which the sister had retained, nothing remained of a comfortable competence which a few months before had been the fortune of the two orphans.

Two years had passed since the death of that mother whose unhappy history has already been briefly adverted to. When, wearied of the union which had made her life wretched, Donna Maria Falcone had fled from her home, and cast herself upon the wide world, she was yet innocent of infidelity against her husband. Though Falcone's character and habits had rendered her life insupportable, the unhappy wife had never cherished a thought of wrong. The sympathy and apparent devotedness of the young Don Tadeo had, it is true, awakened a responsive chord in her earnest nature, but she had not loved him. He was to her, in the short period of their acquaintanceship, as a brother, in whose honor and affection she was conscious that she might rely, but no warmer feelings than those of a sister had ever entered into her heart.

But young, inexperienced and unhappy, she had been worked upon by one whose life was as much stained with excesses as even that of Falcone himself. Don Ricardo Ramos, the boon companion of her husband, had cast his evil eye upon the beautiful wife, and resolved to make her his victim. As insidious and cunning as he was bold and wicked, he sought to ingratiate himself in Donna Maria's favor, by all the arts in which he was an adept. With pretended sympathy, he hinted of the neglect with which Falcone evidently treated her—with affected indignation he wished that he could claim a brother's privilege to call him to account. He shrewdly made it appear that he sought to restrain Falcone in his evil courses, when, in reality, he was urging him constantly to the worst dissipation. Donna Maria at first lent an ear to the words of her husband's friend; and more readily, that a violent sickness which had attacked Don Tadeo, her youthful friend, had deprived her of the gentle support which his truthful character ever afforded her. She could not believe in such baseness as was a portion of Don Ricardo's very being, and consequently she admitted him to her society, and often to her confidence, until the villain, grown daring through her unsuspecting kindness, ventured to unveil his true design, and proposed that she should fly with him from the capital to one of his estates in eastern Mexico.

The first intimation of Don Ricardo's motives terrified the wife, but when, with crafty deliberation, he unfolded his schemes, and, as if secure of her compliance, proceeded to paint, in glowing colors, the life to which he would lead her, the pride of the woman roused her to resolution. She was of a high-spirited and ancient race. The blood of the Minas, her family, was reckoned as the *sangre azul* of old Spain, and it was the pride which could not brook their reduced fortunes that had induced her parents to give their child to the wealthy Falcone, albeit the latter boasted not a line like theirs. But Don Ricardo Ramos, rich though he was, had not the claims of birth to back his pretensions, since he was of the mixed race which claims as much affinity with the servile ranks of Mexico as with those who deem themselves the conquerors' descendants. This circumstance might, perhaps, have had little weight with Donna Maria, had her heart been interested in the man who addressed her; but when, arrogant from past success, the libertine appeared to count at once upon the wife's submission to his arts, a sudden and decided change took place in the woman's character. She did not spurn the man from her presence—she did not appal him with a look of lofty anger from her flashing eyes, nor pierce him with accents of withering contempt. No! Donna Maria did not resort to weapons like these. She trembled, she gasped—as Don Ricardo fondly fancied, with a wife's scruples and the woman's yielding—and then, with a smile strangely breaking over her proud features, and a light, careless voice, she cried:

"Don Ricardo, you talk like a poet; you paint the future like an artist. A woman would be unreasonable to reject so enthusiastic a lover for a husband who neglects her."

The tone was natural—the smile which accompanied it was enchanting. Don Ricardo threw himself on his knees at the feet of Donna Maria, and seizing her beautiful white hand, covered it with kisses.

One only stipulation was made by the lovely woman—that, until they should have arrived upon the lover's estates, near Monterey, no further mention must be made of love—no closer intimacy exist than that of the past. Don Ricardo regarded it as a whim, but Donna Maria was inexorable, and the arrangement was made. All things were prepared by the expectant lover—the lady secured her private jewels, kissed with a tear the infant child of Falcone, which, though she loved not its father, was yet dear to her—and then gave her hand to Don Ricardo Ramos, for an elopement, while Falcone, absorbed in his worthless career, discovered not the double treachery of his wife and friend.

As the lover lifted the beautiful wife to her carriage, in which she had stipulated that she should ride alone, he attempted to kiss her lips, but she repulsed him.

"Don Ricardo—your promise!" she cried, gaily. "Will there not be time enough when we reach your home?"

So Don Ricardo Ramos contented himself with mounting his horse, and riding beside, and behind, and before the carriage, wherever he could catch a glimpse of the closely-veiled face of his lovely prize. Thus he escorted Donna Maria Falcone from the capital—thus eloped with the wife of his friend. A proud and fortunate Lothario was Don Ricardo.

But all fine things have an end. One morning, when Don Ricardo arose betimes at the small hostel, where the horses had been put up for the night, and after glancing with a satisfied look at his travelling mirror, hurried to tender his morning salutation to the fair Donna Maria, and congratulate her upon their nearness to Monterey, which they should reach during the day—behold! Donna Maria was not to be found. His own horse was still in the stable, but the horses and carriage of the beautiful lady, as well as the lady herself, had disappeared.

"Where is she? In the fiend's name, answer!" cried Don Ricardo to the trembling host.

"The—lady?" stammered the man.

"You scoundrel—yes!" roared Don Ricardo.

The host did not know; she had ordered a relay of horses, and departed during the night—did not desire that the gentleman should be disturbed, but had left a note for him.

"A note! The furies—give it to me!"

It was brief, but quite explanatory.

"DON RICARDO RAMOS:—I return thanks for your escort, which I have accepted thus far upon my journey. You have been deceived in my character, as I was in yours. Though I am an unhappy woman, I cannot be a guilty one. Farewell forever."

Don Ricardo Ramos stormed—took his horse and rode to his estates—scoured the country in every direction. But no tidings did he gather of the fugitive, save that relays of horses had been taken to the confines of Texas. At Matamoras all trace was lost of Donna Maria Falcone.

So Don Ricardo returned to Mexico, to be accused of the elopement, and half suspected of murder—to fight a duel with his friend Falcone, and receive a bullet in his body as a lasting memento of that affair—and finally, to leave his native country and become a wanderer in foreign lands, vainly seeking to discover the woman who had refused to become his mistress, and on whom he panted to revenge himself. But he saw Donna Maria no more.

And she—beautiful, proud and desperate—what destiny was in store for her? Truly, an exceeding common one, though in its outset romantic. Flying at once from her husband and Don Ricardo, she crossed the American border and reached a military station of the United States army. Here she found honorable protection, and became acquainted with a young Creole of New Orleans, who, with his sister, was about to return to the States. She gladly accepted the escort which they offered, and accompanied them upon their way. The young merchant became passionately enamored of her, and Donna Maria discovered that her own heart could love. She made a confidant of the merchant's sister, who was of a noble nature, and had grown warmly attached to her Mexican friend. The result was commonplace enough. Through his correspondents, the young lover learned of the death of Falcone, which occurred soon after their arrival at New Orleans. He proposed, was accepted, and Donna Maria Minas became Madame Ginton, and afterwards the mother of two lovely children, one of whom we have seen die the death of a suicide, in the presence of his unknown brother, Gabriel Falcone, and the other, a daughter whom we left slowly recovering from the deadly swoon into which she had fallen at her unhappy brother's grave.

But if the union of Ginton and Donna Maria was commonplace, their life was a happy one. For nearly twenty years they dwelt together in elegant private life, unmingling with the world, but content in their own family enjoyment. Maria looked back upon her brief relationship to Falcone, as a sad dream from which she had soon awakened. At times, the mother's heart reverted to her child, deprived of her maternal care, and often she regretted that she had not taken the babe with her upon her abrupt departure. But she recollected that under the circumstances such a thing was impossible. To escape with a lover, while she yet pressed a husband's child to her bosom would have seemed hypocrisy, and though never contemplating other than the step actually taken, still she had known beforehand how fraught it was with danger, and how could she have imperilled the life of her

innocent babe in her own wild expedition? But it was past—she had become another's wife, and she strove to banish the recollection of the single tie which linked her to her native land.

Thus years fled swiftly by, and the two children of Maria's second marriage, Charles and Teresa, grew up lovingly beside their parents. How many, how bright were the hopes linked around the fair young brother and sister? How often the husband and his foreign wife fondly speculated upon the time when they should become old, and their offspring, young and beautiful, sustain and gladden their declining years?

But such was not to be. Reverses came suddenly upon the merchant Ginton. Disastrous seasons affected his affairs, and at length, from wealth he speedily found himself reduced to little more than a competency. He grieved not for this on his own account, nor did Maria, but they loved their children, and with natural pride, desired to leave them in the style to which they had been accustomed from infancy. But as this desire could no longer be gratified, Ginton gathered the wreck of his possessions, and investing the greater portion for the benefit of his children, set himself once more at work, to build up with the remainder a new fortune for himself. At this crisis, another blow fell upon him. The annual epidemic which so cruelly affects New Orleans, made its appearance just at the season when Ginton's affairs were beginning to take an auspicious turn. It smote the mother amid her children, and by her husband's side. It deprived him of his Maria, and with her he lost hope itself. Ginton did not survive the loss of his wife.

"He tried
To do without her—liked it not—and died."

In one short month the two slept side by side, and Charles and Teresa were orphans.

At this period the brother was at college—the sister at school. They remained in their respective positions till their education was completed, and then received the small portion which had been secured for them by their father's timely provision. It amounted to but ten thousand dollars, but Teresa was confident that it would be a great fortune for them, at least till her brother, on whom she doted, should retrieve by his talents, all that their parents had lost. Alas! the hopes of youth!

Charles Ginton had often heard his mother speak of her native land, though he, like Teresa, was unaware of the early events of her history. Nevertheless, the associations of the descriptions he had in childhood listened to from Donna Maria's lips, had given him an earnest desire to behold Mexico, and, consequently, when with his sister, they proposed for themselves a future course of life, the idea of a short visit to the neighboring republic was first among his suggestions. Teresa, who believed her brother's judgment infallible, at once acceded to Charles's proposal, the more readily as he assured her that he designed making such arrangements as would enable him on his return to pursue his father's business as a consignee of the Mexican and Indian traders. Thus the two children, for they were little more, left their native New Orleans, and set out on their ill-fated visit to the capital of Mexico. What afterwards occurred need not be dwelt upon. Ginton, possessed of engaging manners and apparently wealthy, soon found himself immersed in the gay life of Mexican young men—he became acquainted with Gabriel Falcone—was led into dissipation and play, and became

"A thing
O'er which the raven flaps his funeral wing."

CHAPTER XI.

FALCONE AND TERESA.

Two days, as we have said, had elapsed since the funeral of Charles Ginton, and in that time, the Yankee, Dusenbury, had ascertained the exact state of the surviving orphan's worldly affairs. With his habitual calculation, he knew that what little cash and effects save her jewels that Teresa possessed would be barely sufficient to defray the expenses of her journey home; and the two slaves, Hannibal and Lucille, had they not been already emancipated by the Mexican laws, he knew would never be disposed of by their gentle mistress. Consequently they must be provided for, and our Yankee was not himself rich in personal means, though his shrewd business tact was already making itself felt in many commercial circles of Mexico.

Jako Dusenbury, finding himself in Mexico about a year before, with but little else than his native thrift, and some services which it had been his good fortune to render to the existing government, as his capital, had nevertheless managed, through the assistance of some influential Mexican friends, to organize a profitable trading business, which, requiring his supervision alone, was now bringing him steady and increasing returns for skill and enterprise. At the present time he discovered that his presence in an eastern province of the republic might be of advantage to himself in point of profit, and it required not much consideration on the part of the worthy North American, to discern that it was his plain and downright duty to see that his young countrywoman should be escorted safe and comfortably to her distant American home. Therefore, with as much real knight-errantry as ever existed in the days of chivalry, our hero constituted himself the defender and protector of the orphan beauty, and forthwith took under his direction, not only all preparations for the journey, but the care and expense of the lady's household itself. In his quality of executor, Dusenbury possessed an undoubted right to act in this manner, though few would have asserted such right, accompanied as it was with constant pecuniary expense to himself. Dusenbury, however, as disinterested as he was unpretending, used his executorship only as a plausible covering for his concealed generosity. He knew very well, that, while Teresa would shrink from

receiving benefits at the hands of a stranger, she could very well be induced to believe that, as executor, he was but providing supplies from her deceased brother's effects.

"And how on airth," quoth the Yankee, to himself, "how on airth am I a goin' to administer, unless I get something to administer with? That gal and those niggers are bound to live, and while Jake Dusenbury's got a dollar, he aint a goin' to let a lady suffer—pertick'ly when that ere lady is a countrywoman, and a derved sight better than any o' these Mexican feminines that ride round the market, jes' like yaller angels. Jehosaphat!"

In accordance with this resolution of the indomitable Yankee, everything went on as formerly in the dwelling of Teresa Glinton. The servants went regularly about their duties, at the same time making the necessary preparations for leaving the city; and Dusenbury, without parade or assumption, quietly constituted himself a "business committee of one," as he jocosely expressed it, to make everything about the young mistress as comfortable as possible.

Padre Herrata observed all this, for the priest well knew the character of his American friend, and also the state of the unfortunate Glinton's affairs. He smiled approvingly, as he noticed the methodical manner in which Dusenbury attended to all that was necessary, and pressing the latter's hand, said, in his fervent manner:

"Signor Dusenbury—you are a noble heart, and I esteem you more as I know you better. Heaven has truly blessed me in the friends it has given me."

"Padre, you jes' talk so, because you're good yourself. I aint a doin' any more than my dooty, and I take it we're all Christians, and headin' for the same heaven."

"It would be well if some of the crowned and mitred heads of earth were as sure of reaching there as this honest American," murmured Padre Herrata to himself, as he turned away.

Alonzo Vallejo, the nephew of Don Tadeo, after his return from the funeral where he had become so strangely acquainted with the daughter of his uncle's cherished friend, remained in a state of mind entirely new to him. He wondered that his thoughts dwelt not so much upon his recent loss as upon the singular revelation it had caused. The image of the beautiful Teresa, as he had beheld her kneeling by her brother's grave, and then reposing, pale and deathly, upon the breast of the faithful Lucille, presented itself constantly before his memory, and he tortured himself with apprehensions concerning her safety. Early on the following morning he was at the house into which he had beheld her borne still wrapped in stupor, and there learned from his new acquaintance, Dusenbury, the state of the maiden's health. He lingered long that day, and again in the evening he presented himself. Thus for two days, the young man, feeling that love for the almost unknown girl was henceforth to be a part of his being, pondered upon his uncle's sad story, and tenanted his imagination with a thousand vague uncertainties.

"Ah!" he cried, as he paced up and down the floor of the apartment which had been the studio of his revered relative, "ah! if she should love another, I feel that my uncle's fate will be mine."

But on the evening of the second day, on reaching the house of Teresa, Alonzo was informed by Hannibal that his mistress was so far recovered as to be at that moment sitting in an inner parlor of the house, opening upon the small garden attached to its rear.

"And a gemman is wid missy," added the negro.

"A gentleman!" cried Alonzo, starting. "Ah, a friend of the family—Senor Dusenbury, probably."

"Gorra no! Massa Dusenbury gone way to-night long wi' Padre Herrata, but he say he be back soon. Dis am no friend ob any body. Gorra! I wish he head brake—dis gemman."

"He is evidently no friend of yours, Hannibal," said Vallejo, smiling at the negro's frankness, though more than ever alarmed lest the gentleman in question might prove to be a favored admirer of Teresa. "Will he remain long with your mistress?"

"I tink not," answered Hannibal. "Missy Teresa no liko him nuther."

This piece of information greatly relieved poor Alonzo, so he quietly took a seat, in order to await the appearance of Dusenbury, whilst Hannibal departed to attend to his duties. In the mean time, we will take the liberty of introducing the reader to the little inner parlor of the dwelling occupied by Teresa Glinton, where that lady now sat, or rather reclined, upon a sofa, near the open window. She was very pale, but at the same time very lovely. A loose white robe, modestly trimmed with narrow lace, and clasped across the bosom with a small brooch, in which was a portrait of her brother, covered, but could not conceal the graceful symmetry of her form. Her hair, parted over the wide brow, hung in thick ringlets upon her shoulders, in one cluster of which her left hand had buried itself, supporting her beautiful head. Her right pressed tightly against her heart, which was heaving with evident excitement. Her eyes were tearless and very bright.

Opposite to her sat Gabriel Falcione, his eyes fixed upon hers with a look which was manifestly intended to express much tender sympathy, but to which the dissipated features of the young man imparted an uncertain and not attractive character. But his voice was very low and alluring.

"I loved your poor brother deeply, senora. I appreciated his noble qualities—his earnestness of nature—"

"His credulous nature, which made him too easily your dupe, sir," cried Teresa, her voice quivering with repressed agitation. "O that Charles had never entered this ill-omened city, he would not then have fallen into a heartless villain's snares."

Falcione looked with amazement upon the young girl, for he

had never heard such harsh language from her at any time before. He bit his lips, in the effort to preserve his own grave demeanor, and answered:

"Truly, the senora is unjust to one who esteemed her brother—who would serve herself."

"Esteemed my brother—serve me!" exclaimed Teresa, slightly elevating her voice, but altering not otherwise her manner. "Senor Falcione, you can serve me best by speaking no more of him, and leaving me at once and forever."

"Nay, senora," murmured the unabashed Falcione, in his singularly mellow tones, "I should be false to my esteem for him, and untrue to my deep respect for you, could I neglect my duty at this time. Do not condemn me that I sympathize with you, Senora Glinton—so lovely, so unfortunate—"

"Cease, sir. This is no time nor place for flatteries!" cried Teresa, suddenly rising from the couch on which she had partially reclined, and folding her small hands upon her bosom.

She spoke in a voice of determination, and her eyes, dilating into brilliancy, were fixed undauntedly upon the intruder. So might have looked her mother, Donna Maria, upon the man who proposed to her dishonor, had she not chosen to conceal her indignation. But the blood of the Minas was in the veins of both, and though Teresa's glance dwelt so fixedly upon his bold countenance, the eye of Gabriel Falcione fell not, nor changed from its look of seeming sensibility.

"Senor Falcione, I am young, and the ways of the world are unfamiliar to me. I know not what wicked prompting in your heart led you to tempt my trusting brother to his ruin. I know not what new design of evil you may harbor against an orphan girl. But, in my soul, Senor Falcione, I feel that on your head lies the blood of Charles Glinton. You, senor, enticed, betrayed him to his fate. But for you he had been innocent, and I had not been desolate."

The maiden covered her eyes, as she said this, with both her hands, whilst her breast heaved tumultuously. Falcione, hardened as he was by selfishness and dissipation, could not for the moment recover his assurance sufficiently for a reply, and Teresa, collecting her fortitude, continued:

"Now, sir, be satisfied with the misery you have caused. I implore you to insult me not with your compassion. Depart from this house, Senor Falcione, and let me forget that you exist, ere my memory urges me to curse your name."

Teresa stood before the libertine with all her mother's pride legible upon her features, yet tempered with a sadness that made its exhibition still more impressive. But Falcione was not one to be thus repulsed.

"Senora," he rejoined, blandly, "it would be impious for me to believe that such gentle lips could utter a curse—"

"Have I not said that this is no period for flattery? Senor Falcione, hear from these lips that I hate—despise you! Hear, when I declare that the bitterness of my brother's death, is that he died by following one so base as you. Now, sir—away! Dare no longer to pollute the air which he breathed with your false-hearted words. Go! or my menials shall hear me utter my contempt!"

The young girl's form swelled into majesty with the indignation which filled her spirit, and Falcione, while he writhed under the evident loathing which she manifested, could not but feel that she was a woman born to awaken admiration and respect. Nevertheless, with the hardihood which formed a large portion of his character, he did not even then despair of softening the obduracy of her feelings towards him; for Falcione believed himself skilled in all the ways of womankind, and smiled within himself at the thought that such a child as Teresa could be proof against his art and experience. Therefore, though the last words of the maiden grated harshly on his ear, he neither chose to answer them nor comply with their requisitions. He simply let his glance fall suddenly upon the floor, and leaning his forehead upon the open palm of his hand, seemed for a moment absorbed in abstracted meditation.

Teresa remained standing, her slight but erect form scarcely supported by the window-frame against which she partially leaned. Her eyes still rested upon Falcione's face, and the scorn which had a moment since wreathed her delicately-chiselled lip, yet gave a determined expression to all her features.

At length, as if by a quick impulse, Falcione sprang suddenly from the chair on which he sat, and throwing himself upon one knee before the young girl, clasped both her hands within his own, before she could make a movement to prevent the action. Then, speaking in a hurried whisper, while undoubted sincerity gleamed from his passionate eyes, the young gamester proceeded with an energy of resolve that constrained Teresa's attention before she could control her faculties.

"Listen to me, senora," cried Gabriel Falcione. "You shall hear me! I love you—passionately, madly love you! Think you that with such a feeling in my heart, I could have meditated aught against your brother's safety—against your peace of mind? No! by all the saints, I mourn as deeply as yourself the loss of one so dear to both of us. Senora! senora! drive me not to despair—urge me not to become all you have declared me to be! I love you, I adore you. Beware, ere you rouse within my nature other and different feelings—"

Falcione paused, for he caught the bright eye of Teresa fixed on his with a look of such defiant scorn that it almost seemed to burn into his soul. The daughter of Donna Maria Minas had forgotten her weakness, her suffering, her sorrow. With every feature rigid in marble beauty, with nostrils swollen and lips compressed, while the light that blazed from her glorious eyes seemed to irradiate her entire countenance, she towered a moment before the gambler's vision, and then, thrusting her hand beneath her white

robe, where it was clasped over her bosom, drew forth a long, thin-bladed dagger, which she uplifted suddenly, its point aimed at the heart of Gabriel Falcione.

The young gambler was brave and confident, but the suddenness of Teresa's action startled him, so that he immediately sprang to his feet, and retreated a step from the threatening weapon. But a moment afterwards he seemed to be ashamed of his apparent timidity, and with a smile that partook as much of bitterness as humor stretched out his hand, as if playfully to put the stiletto aside.

"Beware, senor—I trifle not. Go!" cried the unmoved maiden, pointing to the door.

Falcione laughed, and dexterously advancing his hand, seized the maiden's wrist, and compressed it so harshly that a loud cry escaped her lips.

"Ah, pretty one, you cannot harm me now," cried the young man, mockingly.

But scarcely had the cry which she uttered left Teresa's lips, when the door of the apartment was opened, and the figure of a young man appeared upon the threshold. It was Alonzo Vallejo. A single glance sufficed to discover to the youth the position of Teresa Glinton, though he knew not who was her companion. The dagger, still clasped in the maiden's hand, whilst her wrist was compressed by the stranger's grasp, and from which she was struggling to free herself, her look of mingled scorn and terror, satisfied Alonzo at once that the other gentleman was no welcome guest in the house. So, without staying a second for further information as to the merits of the case, our young student sprang forward at once, and dealt a heavy blow at the forehead of Falcione, which made the gamester not only release his hold, but reel, for a moment, like a drunken man.

"Senora—senora! are you hurt?" cried Vallejo, in great agitation, as he turned to look upon the maiden, without appearing to think any further upon the man whom he had struck. But Teresa Glinton, more watchful than her defender, saw that Falcione was about to rush upon his assailant.

"Take care!" she exclaimed suddenly, and threw herself forward, with the stiletto raised in her hand, just at the instant when the infuriated gamester was about to attack the student. "Back! senor!" she cried, interposing herself between Falcione and the young man. "Unmanly as you are, I permit you to depart unscathed; but go at once!"

Gabriel Falcione's features fairly writhed with passion, and the foam gathered on his lips.

"Is this the favored one?" he cried, hoarsely. "How many more lovers has the virtuous Teresa concealed?"

Alonzo Vallejo heard the taunt, and springing before the fair girl who had interposed herself between them, struck once more at the face of the gamester, grasping, at the same time, his neck-cloth. Falcione was of stouter build, and stronger in reality than the young student, but the energy of the latter's assault bore him backward toward the open door, through which he would in a moment more have been precipitated, had not he succeeded in gripping firmly the other's arm, and thus impeding the exercise of his muscles. Then, gathering his own strength, he bent suddenly and cast the student violently upon the floor. The next moment Falcione drew a dagger and lifted it above Vallejo's breast—but not before the brave Teresa Glinton had discovered the murderous intention. Quick as thought she sprang forward and seizing the gamester's hand, turned his weapon aside, while her own stiletto threatened him in turn. But at this moment a gentle pressure upon her head caused her to look up, and she beheld the mild face of Padre Herrata, who, with Dusenbury, had just entered the apartment.

"Don't kill the cuss—he aint wuth it," cried the Yankee. "Jehosaphat!" he continued, looking admiringly upon the maiden, whilst, with all the equanimity imaginable, he inserted his fingers beneath the collar of Falcione's coat and unceremoniously dragged that gentleman from the prostrate Vallejo, "Jehosaphat! Miss Teresy—you're the clear grit, an' no mistake. Reg'lar American spunk, by kingdom! Who's afeard, I'd like to know, when our gals can protect themselves so fashion? Here, you black-muzzled, yaller-skinned chap, I dunno who you are, or where you come from nuther, but jes' you walk Spanish this time, an' if you want to settle, call on Jake Dusenbury."

So saying, while Alonzo Vallejo arose to his feet, and Teresa, clinging to Padre Herrata, seemed about to relapse into the deathly state from which she had so lately recovered, the imperturbable Yankee, confining Falcione as with an iron grasp, thrust him forcibly out of the room, and through the outer apartment, to the open hall-door, where stood the negro Hannibal. Here, releasing him, he said, quietly:

"You know my name, and somethin' o' my natur. So, good-by, and keep your distance."

Falcione ground his teeth together, and cast a malignant look upon the unmoved Yankee. Then, clutching his hat and cane, which the grinning negro extended to him, he rushed from the house.

"Gorra! dat am de ticket!" cried Hannibal, clasping his hands delightedly, when the Yankee had returned to the inner room. "Dat Massa Dusenbury aint 'fraid de debbil hi'self. O, Missy Lucille! what for you no be here, for see the fun?" he asked, of the mulatto girl, who now made her appearance. "Massa Falcione he get he walkin'-papers. Gorra nity, how he go!"

"Ma foi!" returned the girl. "Do you think I not see him? *Mon Dieu!* I am full of fear he will come back and kil' us all. *O ciel!*"

"Nebber you fear! Massa Dusenbury eat him up, like chaw o' bacca. Gorra! He make on'y one mouf-ful ob Massa Falcione."

CHAPTER XII.

ANSELMO ZUMOSIN.

THE position of Mexican affairs at the point to which we have arrived in our story, was exceedingly dubious. It was at that great crisis in the history of the country, when her foreign relations were threatened with serious disturbance, growing out of the loss of one of her finest northern provinces, the latter's erection into a separate republic, and its subsequent annexation as a State to the American confederacy. Texas had been for the last fifteen years a Pandora's box of evils to unfortunate Mexico. Wrested from her jurisdiction by the preponderance of a foreign population, and held manfully by them against her bravest troops, it had been well if she had granted to the province its independent possession of the territory north of the Rio Nueces. Doubtless if, after the disastrous defeat of the republic's forces and the capture of its president and commander-in-chief at San Jacinto, by the Texan General Houston, a wise foresight had relinquished all claim beyond the Nueces, a long train of ruinous results might have been prevented. At that period, requisitions were suddenly set on foot by the American government, through which spoliation damages to the amount of several millions of dollars were peremptorily demanded from the Mexican administration; and there is little room to doubt that had the latter seen fit, it might have effected an amicable adjustment of all differences and quashed every demand by the simple cession to the United States of its asserted title to sovereignty over Texas. For the annexation of the "Lone Star Republic" to the Federal Union was even then rising into a question of magnitude. Therefore we may conjecture that, however humiliating to the dignity of the nation the cession of Texas under coercion might have been at the time, Mexico would have gained by it in every political point of view, and been spared the after degradation which her feeble councils were rapidly approximating.

There is very little occasion to doubt that the condition of Mexico at the period, when the American minister Slidell (accredited for the purpose of reducing the conflicting questions between the two republics to a *point d'appui*, from which a final adjustment might proceed) arrived at the capital, was deplorable in the extreme.

"The country," wrote the envoy, in communicating to his government, "torn by conflicting factions, is in a state of perfect anarchy, its finances in a condition utterly desperate. I do not see where means can possibly be found to carry on the government. The annual expense of the army alone exceeds twenty-one millions of dollars, while the net revenue is not more than ten or twelve. While there is a prospect of war with the United States, no capitalist will loan money at any rate, however onerous. Every branch of the revenue is already pledged in advance. The troops must be paid, or they will revolt."

The administration of the republic at the time of Slidell's arrival, was exceedingly insecure, and a very large party existed, adverse to the temporizing policy pursued by General Herrera, and ready for a change of rule, to whatsoever consequences such change might lead. Consequently, Jake Dusenbury, whose two years' residence among a Mexican population (during which various transactions, political as well as commercial, escaped not his shrewd observation) had familiarized him with the harlequin changes continually transpiring around him, was not unprepared for a communication made to him by the Padre Herrata on the morning after the occurrence of the incidents related in our last chapter. Indeed, this communication related to an event long looked for by both.

"General Herrera has resigned, and a new administration enter at once upon the field," was the substance of the information imparted by the priest.

"And General Herrera's documents are at a discount, eh, padre?" asked the Yankee.

"Doubtless he retires with the esteem if not the favor of this fickle people," answered the priest. "But what mean you, my son, by his 'documents'?"

"O, nothin' extra—only, as I sort o' spected, that clever old fellow, Herrera, wouldn't be in power much longer, an' as there was a smart chance o' that fightin' General Paredes succeedin' him, and as that same boss, Paredes, aint best friends in the world to me or you, nuther, padre—you see I kind o' cal'lated it was best to get our passports from Herrera, an' start at once for the frontier, before Paredes gits his fixin'.



MADREPORE OR CORAL ATTACHED TO A MOTHER OF PEARL AVICULA.

ready for upsettin' all that Herrara's been doin'. What do you think o' that, Padre?"

"It is what I might have expected from your prudence and forethought, my good friend. It would be indeed difficult for either of us to procure a favor from General Paredes, though I trust his excellency is both a good patriot and a wise man. Therefore I am greatly rejoiced to know that you have President Herrara's sign-manual, which, for the present at least, will be certain of respect."

"Here are the passes, signed and sealed by the old chap himself, for Senor Dusenbury and Senora Glintou, with their family and servants—so you see, padre, if you'll jes' go along with us, we're all right an' no mistake."

"But we may have enemies very speedily upon our track," said the priest. "Are you aware that the young man with whom the difficulty occurred last night, is known as one of the friends of our new president?"

"That chap Falcone?" cried the Yankee. "He be derned—ask your pardon, padre—but he aint o' no account, that feller."

"Be not too sure of that, my son. Such times as the present

He was elad in a light suit of green, half military, half hunting, as if he had just stepped from some woodland region, where he reigned a forest prince. A maroon velvet hat, from which a single eagle's feather drooped, crowned carelessly his nobly-fashioned head, covered with profuse, clustering curls of glossy blackness, that depended thickly on his broad shoulders. Altogether, Anselmo Zumozin was a figure for women to love and men to envy.

"But you are pale, my son—you bring not the brown hue of health from your mountain home."

"I must seek it elsewhere, father—perchance in foreign lands. Travel, adventure, perhaps, are what I need most."

The young man uttered these words with a smile whose sad expression did not escape the priest's eye.

"You are unhappy, my Anselmo," said the latter, in a tone of tenderness—"but I will not ask you why—perchance I know. But wherefore speak you of foreign travel? This is no time to leave your native land!"

"Are then the rumors to be believed that I heard on my journey hither? That Mexico is threatened with a foreign war?"

"The countrymen of our friend Senor Dusenbury are anxious for the spoils left by Montezuma," answered the padre, with a smile. "Is it not so, senor?" he continued, addressing the Yankee.

"Wall," replied Dusenbury, "if Slidell goes home mad, there's no knowin' what'll be to pay. Our people are mighty hard to manage when they'll over riz. On the hull, I reckon it'd been 'bout as well, if you'd let old Slidell slide and accepted him as a minister, jes' out o' politeness, if nuthin' else."

"He has never been rejected, senor," replied the priest. "And had General Herrera remained in office, I doubt not a satisfactory settlement might have been arranged. Now, under the full sway of the war party, Heaven only knows what we may expect. But in any event," continued Padre Herrata, clasping the hand of Zumozin, and leading him to a seat, "your course is clear, my son. Mexico needs defenders alike against internal and foreign foes."

"And I s'pose my course is jes' to make a bee-line for the Rio Grande or Vera Cruz, 'bout as quick as chain lightning," exclaimed the Yankee. "There's t'arnal few o' these countrymen o' yours, padre, that I cotton to at all, an' if it wasn't for Captin' Zumozin here, and yourself, and that ere boss, Captin' Nunez, that's a kurnel now—Jehosaphat! the hull nation might go to thunder, for all me. But, as you say, padre, Captin' Zumozin is bound to fight for his country, and I know he'll never flinch when it comes to a scrimmage. But, by thunder," proceeded the Yankee, suddenly brushing his elbow across his eyes, to hide the tear which sprang to them, whilst he seized Zumozin's hands in his own, "I'd hate to hear o' any



OSTREA HYOTIS AND SPONDYLUS DELESSERTI NATURALLY UNITED.

thing happenin' to you, or Senor Nunez. Thunder! I hope there wont be any war, arter all."

"Let us pray that there may not be," said Padre Herrata, solemnly. "But, Anselmo my son, your arrival is unexpected. How is the Senor Montegnone, your father?"

"In good health and here in the city," replied Zumozin. "He accompanied me hither, and designed proceeding forward to Vera Cruz, whence we had nearly determined to embark for the United States."

"You will now, I think, alter your intention, my son. Whatever may be the form in which it shall come, certain it is that danger threatens our country. Much have I heard, Anselmo, of your noble acts upon your estates—of the improvement and elevation of your tenants, the civilization of the Indian population, and—"

"Say not civilization, Padre Herrata," interrupted Zumozin, "at least not such civilization as is manifested in this unhappy capital, with its brigands and leperos. No, my father, if I have influenced the wild tribes who inhabit the regions around Montegnone, it has been, thank Heaven, to cause them to cherish more devotedly the independence which they inherit from the unconquered race of Aztlan. I have not yoked those free children of nature, like oxen to the plough, confining them to corn-planting, that their mighty hunting-grounds might be made spoil for speculation. I have not poisoned them with fiery drinks, nor taught them avarice, and theft, and falsehood—lessons too early learned, too long practised, by the wretched tribes of these lower districts. No, Padre Herrata, the northern Indians with whom I have sojourned, eating at their boards, and sleeping peacefully in their humble cabins, look upon Zumozin, not as a trader, or a government agent, nor propagandist of new creeds; but as a man, like themselves, pitying their miseries, recognizing their virtues, and strengthening their hopes."

The speaker paused, checking with an effort the enthusiasm that had led him to speak earnestly upon a subject which of all others interested him most; for Zumozin's sympathy with the pure Indian tribes was not the effect of philanthropy alone. Himself a child of the ancient race, a descendant of the Aztec princes, whose blood so freely ran in defence of their country's expiring independence, when the foot of the haughty Spaniard trampled the bright bowers of Tezcuco, it is no marvel that the accumulated wrongs which had reduced the aboriginal inhabitants to a state of degradation noticeable among nearly all the native population of Lower Mexico, furnished a theme for his thoughts at all times, and often led him into eloquent expression of those thoughts. Dwelling of late among the yet untamed people who inhabited the almost impenetrable wildernesses of the *tierras frias*, he had formed a plan, generated, it is true, by enthusiasm, but not at all impracticable, of uniting the scattered and dissimilar tribes, who owned a common country, into a warlike, disciplined nation, federated by a single object, the preservation of their rude independence. In his own character, Zumozin combined much that was requisite for the successful prosecution of a scheme like this. Well read and educated, he could avail himself of all the experimental lore of history in adapting his project to the rude comprehension of his savage friends—brave and enduring, he won their respect by deeds which rivalled their own—grave in speech, and a master of the Indian tongue, he could move their council to smiles or tears; and added to these qualities, he was recognized and revered by the most potent of the tribes as a true scion of the ancient kingly race who once ruled the empire of Tenochtitlan. And when Zumozin, garbed in the romantic costume of the long-perished Aztec people, and crowned with a diadem of eagle's plumes, stood amid the assembled warriors of those stern northern tribes, and spoke, in their native language, words of hope and inspiration—truly he seemed to these rude men the embodiment of majesty.

"O, children of our dead mother, Aztlan!" he would cry out, stretching his arms above their bowed heads, "why are ye scattered like forest leaves, driven before the wind? Why are ye spoiled of your inheritance, and the land which your fathers held made now the footstool of strangers? Behold! ye are numerous like the oaks of the wood; ye have strength and stand erect like them. But the axe of the poison-drinking Spaniard will soon be at the roots of the oak; and its lofty trunk must fall—its branches must be gathered and burned at the strangers' camp-fire."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



DIADEM VOLUTA.—IMPERIAL VOLUTE, OR CROWN IMPERIAL.

A CHAPTER ON SHELLS.

The four engravings accompanying this notice were executed expressly for the Pictorial, and are remarkable for their beauty and fidelity to nature. They embrace the rarest shells in existence, and are worthy of the attention of those who are studying conchology. In natural history collections, the only objects that never suffer a change are the shells; hence they are found in great abundance in the cabinets of naturalists and amateurs. When vessels are cruising among the numberless islands of the Pacific, or in the India or Red Seas, they meet everywhere with the madrepores known by the common name of coral. Numerous in species and very various in their colors, the animals which compose these islands, though dangerous to sailors, are an inexhaustible source of interest and study to naturalists. Surrounded by a coral reef, the traveller might think himself in the midst of a garden of the choicest flowers. The madrepora, represented in our first engraving, is fixed to the upper part of a mother of pearl avicula. This shell had terminated its growth when the little beings which form these stony masses began to develop themselves. The coral shown in our engraving was the work of a few months.

figure in our second engraving exhibits the singular anomaly of two different shells naturally joined. One of them is an oyster, the *Ostrea hyotis*, the largest living species of this genus; the other, the *Spondylus Delesserti*, the finest and largest of the genus *Spondylus*. On the left hand of the picture is a very large terrestrial shell of the genus *Helix*, called the *Bulinus Ovatus*, found in Brazil; the animal that inhabits it lays four or five eggs, one of which is shown in the engraving. The *Carinaria* of Lamarck is found in the Mediterranean. Its color is a fine blue. The body is covered with thorns, and has two salient parts at its posterior extremity. The upper part is a fin, and at the lower part there is a sort of hood which supports a very thin shell, graceful in shape and of a transparent milky white. The *vitreous Carinaria* on the right is very rare. Certain fossil shells are of a size which far surpasses those of modern times, still we sometimes find species of considerable volume. One of them, the *Diadem Voluta*, is the largest, depicted in our third engraving. It is more than three feet in length. It is the largest of anivalve shells. Travellers speak of some bivalves in China which are used for bathing-tubs and watering-troughs for horses.

The Crown Imperial, shown in the same engraving, is much sought after for its beauty. It is the large shell on the right. The little group of shells on the left is the *Trochus agglutinans*, found in the Antilles. The *Trochus niloticus* is a shell that is found in the waters of New Holland, but does not possess the property of the other *Trochus*, that of attaching to it a great number of other shells. The last figure of this plate represents the *Pholas Dactylus*, which specially inhabits the Mediterranean. The first figure of our fourth engraving represents a large bivalve shell inhabiting the Mediterranean, and attaching itself to submarine bodies by means of a bundle of fibres called Byssus. This byssus—shown near the point of the shell in the engraving—is of a fine and silky texture, capable of being spun, and which serves in Sicily and Calabria for weaving very fine tissues, which are exceedingly dear on account of the small quantity of material which each animal furnishes. The Madagascar Cassis, the large and handsome shell on the right, is that employed by cameo cutters, and is the only kind that possesses sufficient hardness, thickness and distribution of colors in layers to serve that purpose. A well-preserved specimen is worth about five dollars. The species of shell called *Placuna* is used in the East, instead of glass, to form window panes, on account of its great transparency. The churches of Goa, on the coast of Malabar, are glazed with these shells. The specimen we have represented is the *Placuna Sella*, called, on account of its shape, the Saddle Shell. The *Spi. Shell* is a very beautiful shell found in the China seas, but difficult to discover on account of its long and abundant spine. This figure closes our collection of shells, and it is one of the most curious of the group.



GREAT BIVALVE MEDITERRANEAN SHELL AND ITS BYSSUS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

STANZAS,

SUGGESTED BY THE GIFT OF A BOUQUET.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

A gift of flowers! a simple thing;
But simple things have often power
To flush the heart's imaginings,
And lead it into pleasure's bower.

It has a charm that gives to me
Remembrances of other days,
Shrined in the halls of memory,
And hallowed by thought's kindling rays.

It tells of hours when eye met eye
With friendship's true and earnest glow,
And bathes some scenes that eere-hued life
With glory's rich, resplendent flow.

A stranger I—strange scenes among!
Although perchance my simple lay
Had floated on the tide of song
Nigh to her pure and placid way.

Yet, as I heard the kindly tone
Of welcome, coming from the heart,
I felt I was not quite alone,
Though flattery of it was part.

A little while I lingered there—
As one would linger o'er a dream,
Where all was beautiful and fair
As roses pillowed on a stream.

Then came a parting, and these flowers
Were culled and placed within my hand,
As a reminder of the hours
Spent in the friendly northern land.

Now—far away, I yet seem near,
In memory's sweet, delicious trance;
While glistens in my eye a tear!
A tribute words could not enhance.

O lady of the meek brown eyes,
And brow where thought sits high enthroned,
I pray, beneath thy northern skies
Thy heart-throb may to joy be toned.

And O, when memory foldeth back
The curtain of the mystic past—
When thought speeds swift along the track
To scenes too beautiful to last!

May gentle glance and gentle thought
To Edgar for awhile be given,
Who found, in eld, thy presence fraught
With the true aroma of heaven.

And I! Above the world's award—
Its sneer, or its vain need of fame,—
My purest thoughts, in sweet accord,
Will centre around Mary's name.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

EVA LEE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"Don't look so sad, Eva. You will like living in the country, —I know you will," said Mrs. Hemminway, addressing a young girl attired in a plain travelling dress, who sat awaiting the arrival of the stage-coach.

"I've not the least doubt of it," replied Eva; "but I'm afraid that Mrs. Derwent won't think me qualified to fill the place she wishes me to."

"If she's not unreasonable she will. With such a sweet voice for music and reading, and such a skilful hand at all kinds of embroidery and fine needlework, what more can she ask or expect? I can think of nothing more, unless it be just such a pleasant temper, and such an earnest wish to do right, as you have. I shouldn't say this to your face, only I know it won't make you vain."

"If Mrs. Derwent should only prove as favorably disposed towards me, as you, I should have nothing to fear; but I'm a stranger to her, and cannot expect it."

"You should never, with my consent, leave my house," said Mrs. Hemminway, "if I were not in such straitened circumstances; but the education your father took so much pains to give you would be the same as thrown away, were you to stay here and earn your bread, by helping me tend my little shop. There, the stage is coming. Don't forget to write to me, Eva, the moment you find time."

"I shall not forget," replied Eva, with a smile, though tears were in her eyes, "and, in return, I shall expect a long letter from you. I shall think of you often—very often."

"Not oftener than I shall of you, dear child," and silently clasping each other's hand—for their hearts were too full to speak, now that the moment of departure had come,—Eva Lee and the kind-hearted Mrs. Hemminway separated. The next minute Eva had taken her place in the coach, and was on her way to Mrs. Derwent's.

Mrs. Derwent was a widow lady of great wealth, and having no children, nor any near female relation whom she wished to reside with her, had applied to a friend to find her some young girl, whose qualifications would render her a suitable and pleasant companion. Mrs. Barton, the friend applied to, had formerly been acquainted with Mr. Lee, and rightly judging that the moral and mental training of his daughter had been such as would qualify her for the situation she would be required to fill, she at once wrote to Eva on the subject, and received a favorable answer.

The negotiation was speedily completed, with respect to all concerned, and it was Mrs. Derwent's request that she should come to her without delay.

The day was drawing to a close when the coach stopped at a hotel, and Eva heard some one ask if Miss Lee was one of the passengers. The answer was in the affirmative, and the next minute Eva stepped into a handsome private carriage, which was to convey her to the residence of Mrs. Derwent. A two miles' drive, and they were there. The sun, which was near the horizon, tinged the dark woods, which rose in the distance, with a dusky gold, and streaming through the foliage of the oaks and chestnuts that waved near, threw long lines of radiance along the paths, which, from various points, led to the fine old mansion where Eva expected to find, at least, a temporary home.

She was met at the door by a large, coarse-looking woman, who, having leisurely surveyed her, said:

"You're the young person, I s'pose, that's come to keep Mrs. Derwent company."

"Yes," Eva replied.

There was something in the woman's air, more than in her words, that made Eva sensible that she regarded her as an interloper.

"She's in her own room," said the woman, "and she said that as soon as you arrived, she should expect you to go to her. Come along with me, and I'll show you the way."

Eva did as directed, and her conductress having ascended a flight of stairs, was proceeding to a door on her right hand, when the door was opened, and some one within said:

"Miss Lee has come, I believe."

"To be sure she has."

"Well, Peggy, as you complain of being pressed for time, I won't detain you," and, stepping to the door, she invited Eva to enter.

Peggy did not relish being dismissed so unceremoniously, but not daring to manifest her displeasure to Mrs. Derwent, she indemnified herself by casting a withering glance at Eva.

Mrs. Derwent was a tall, rather stately-looking woman, and attired in a fashion which had long been obsolete. She was thin and pale, which made her keen gray eyes appear larger and more piercing than they would otherwise have done.

"I shall require you to do a great many different things," said she, having caused Eva to take a seat near her, "but I shall not hurry you. I neither expect nor wish to have a great deal accomplished in a day. What is done, must be well done. Mrs. Barton informed me that you play on the harp."

"I do, a little."

"That is well. The pianoforte had not come in fashion when I was young, and I always like best what is old-fashioned. Your life, while with me, will doubtless appear to you a lonely one. I never visit my neighbors, neither do they visit me. I go out daily, if the weather will permit. When I walk, I never go beyond my own grounds. On Sunday, the carriage is ordered, and I attend the morning service. In the afternoon, I prefer to listen to a sermon from one of the old English divines, which I shall expect you to read. When you have been with me a week, you will know what to expect for a year to come, should you remain for so long a time, with the exception of about a month, when my niece, Miss Angeline Merwin, makes me a visit. She makes it a point of coming to see me once a year. She considers it a duty, I suppose, and, no doubt, an extremely onerous one. It is certainly, on my part, an infliction I should be willing to spare myself. I thought it right to say thus much to you, that you might know what to expect. Supper should be ready by this time. I told Peggy to make preparation, so that you wouldn't have to wait after your long journey. You must be fatigued, I think."

"Not much."

"Peggy is out of humor, or your supper would have been ready before this time."

After a minute's silence, Mrs. Derwent looked at the bell-cord, which was within reach of Eva's hand, and seemed about to speak, but, for some reason, checked herself. The truth was, she suddenly recollected that Delia, the little girl whose duty it was to answer the bell, was absent, and she had often heard Peggy say that she considered it an insult to be rung for, which she would not put up with.

In something like fifteen or twenty minutes, the door was abruptly opened, disclosing Peggy with a red and frowning face.

"If the lady wants any supper," said she, "I should be glad if she'd come down and eat it. It's been ready this half hour, and I'm tired of havin' it round. I want to clear things away, so that I can have a minute's peace."

"I am sorry that I've put you to any inconvenience," said Eva, rising, and at the same time thinking it rather strange that she should dare to express herself in such a manner in the presence of the stately Mrs. Derwent. When Eva had taken a seat at the table, Peggy took a chair at a little distance.

"You expect to suit Mrs. Derwent, I s'pose," said she, "but you won't. That person never yet lived that could do it. I don't, for all I try so hard; but she don't dare to find much fault with me, 'cause she knows she can't get along without me. Now jest confess, that you didn't expect to see such a pale, dismal-lookin' person, as you find her to be."

"I knew before I came," replied Eva, who could not evade answering a direct question, "that Mrs. Derwent was somewhat of an invalid."

"You'll wish yourself away before a week is gone, if you have nobody to speak to besides her. I like you better than I thought I should, and if we've only a mind to, we can be good friends, and have good sociable times together. I've the keys of the pantry, and when I make anything nice for the mistress, I take care

to make plenty of the same sort for myself, and all the rest that I think deserve it."

Eva made no answer to this, and when, a day or two afterward, Peggy invited her to come to her room, after Mrs. Derwent had retired for the night, where there would be plenty of cream-cakes and other delicacies, and she, in return, declined the invitation, without assigning a reason, the offended housekeeper said to herself that she "rather thought that Miss Lee would be sorry for the slight she had put upon her before long."

As respected Mrs. Derwent, Eva found her much less difficult to please than she had anticipated. It was true that she was a little eccentric, but instead of finding her morose, as had been represented, she was only sedate and occasionally grave. One morning, among a number of letters received by Mrs. Derwent, there was one from Angeline Merwin.

"My niece," said she, addressing Eva, when she had finished reading it, "is coming several weeks sooner than I expected. September is the month she generally selects for her visit, but she says she shall be here next Wednesday. I regret that she has decided to anticipate the usual time; for, in September, I expect Philip Derwent, the son of my late husband. You know, I suppose, that I was a second wife. Though Angeline is somewhat wilder than a young lady ought to be, she has many excellent qualities, and I think, on the whole, she would be a good match for Philip. I have never seen a young man who, in every respect, was equal to him. But I need not praise him; he will be here in September, and then you can judge for yourself."

Eva, when alone with Mrs. Derwent, seldom spoke, unless there was a necessity for it; yet being one of the best of listeners, showing, by her countenance, that she took an interest in what was said, Mrs. Derwent was not displeased at her silence, more especially as she knew it was from deference to herself, rather than from having nothing to say.

Though Eva's life had thus far been monotonous, she had not suffered herself to be discontented; yet she certainly did not, like Mrs. Derwent, feel sorry that Angeline Merwin had decided to make her visit earlier than usual. She had already, as is natural in such cases, drawn a picture of her in her own mind. It represented her as a dark-eyed, laughter-loving maiden, with a form full of lightness and grace, and with a step so free and buoyant as to leave no imprint on the green, flower-starred glades, which Eva had now and then found time to seek out in the woodland haunts, and where she loved to sit and listen to the deep dreamy melody woven among the branches by the wind, and often intermingled with golden and sparkling gushes of bird-music.

What was, at first, a quiet expectation, had, by the time Wednesday came, grown into an eager longing. Angeline was to come by the public conveyance, and would not, therefore, arrive till near sunset. There were many questions which Eva wished to ask concerning her, which she forbore to do, thinking that Mrs. Derwent might think them trivial, if not impertinent.

If she had regarded some muttered comments made by Peggy, Angeline's presence would have been anything but desirable; while, on the other hand, if she had paid attention to what Delia, the little chore girl, said respecting her, she would have been certain that the name she bore was no misnomer.

The long day was rapidly drawing to a close, and the sun, as it neared the horizon, threw a more golden effulgence over the green slopes, and brightened the foliage of the distant woods that rose against the eastern sky; while the song of birds, mingled with the voice of a laughing brook, which danced and sparkled among the pebbles that retarded its course, floated on the mellow air, redolent with the fragrance of newly mown grass.

It was the hour which Mrs. Derwent was accustomed to walk about the grounds, but the expected arrival of Angeline prevented her from going forth; and Eva, though she did not find much time for out-door exercise, kept her seat at the window, and busied herself with her sewing. The sound of wheels was heard, and in a few minutes Angeline had arrived.

"I shall like her,—I know I shall," thought Eva, as, with a step light and bounding as she had pictured to herself, she crossed the parlor to meet her aunt, who rose, and gravely and, it must be confessed, rather coldly welcomed her.

Of this, however, Angeline either was or pretended to be unconscious; for, pressing her rosy lips on the stately lady's thin, pale hand, with one of those beaming smiles which spring from a heart overflowing with sunshine, she said:

"Dear aunt, how glad I am to see you!"

Mrs. Derwent could not resist the witchery of that smile, and the caressing manner in which those few, simple words were uttered. Her own sedate countenance lighted up as she said:

"Though I didn't expect you for several weeks, I am not altogether displeased at seeing you, wild and giddy as you often are."

"I don't intend to vex you in that way any more. You can't imagine how serious I've grown within the last six months," and as she spoke she threw her bonnet aside with so little care that the small comb she wore beneath it dropped on the carpet, so that her loosened curls fell in a golden cloud round her neck and brow.

"I never knew any one, who was very serious, liable to such an accident as this," said her aunt, placing her hand on Angeline's dishevelled tresses.

"How could I help it, aunt? I'm sure I'd no thought that my comb would slip away so easily. Where's Malek Adhel?"

"In the pasture."

"I hope he's well, for I mean to have a nice ride to-morrow."

"He is well, I believe; but I suspect he has grown wild at having his freedom so long. He hasn't had a saddle on him this summer."

"But haven't you a young lady with you, and doesn't she ride? Her name is Lee, is it not? Where is she?"

"By looking round, your last question will be answered."

"Is it possible that she has been present all this time, and I not see her? No wonder, you are nearly hid by the window curtain," said she, approaching Eva, who advanced to meet her, and cordially taking her hand.

"My mind is at rest, as respects you now," said Angeline, "for I know that I shall like you."

"What if she shouldn't like you in return?" said her aunt.

"She will,—I know she will. I can read it in her deep clear eyes. Am I not right, Miss Lee?"

"I think you are."

"I knew so. And now I want to know if you ride on horse-back."

"Not much."

"No matter. I'll teach you, so that in a few weeks you will ride as well as I can, that is, if you have courage enough."

"I don't think I shall be afraid."

"Though you may be at first, you will soon get over it. Where is the amiable Peggy? Do you still retain her as your house-keeper, aunt?"

"Yes."

"I wonder she hasn't just peeped in at the door before now, she likes me so well."

"She didn't know that you were coming, though she knew that I expected some one, as I told her to have supper ready at eight," replied Mrs. Derwent.

"I will go and see what attention she has paid to your orders, for you know, aunt, I'm not one of those young ladies who live on air," and before Mrs. Derwent had time to advise her to remain where she was, she had left the room.

Eva and Angeline were early risers, so that they could confidently count on two hours previously to Mrs. Derwent's leaving her room. Eva soon found that Angeline was on the best of terms with every member of the household. Delia considered it a privilege to wait on her, and David Jemerson, the ostler, was ever ready to lead Malek Adhel from the stable, or to entice him from the pasture with a measure of oats, when she wished to ride; nor did he murmur though she required him every morning to have brown Sibyl ready for Eva.

Angeline, somewhat to her surprise, found in Eva an apt pupil. Her quiet and retiring manners had given her the impression that she would be a timid rider.

"It is well I came when I did," said Angeline, one morning, as she and Eva reined in their horses on the summit of a breezing hill, where the fine view on the south and west was bounded only by the horizon.

"Why?" inquired Eva.

"Because these morning rides are giving light to your eyes and color to your cheeks. I really believe that, in a few weeks, you would have lost all your vitality. You had already begun to look quite too ethereal for an inhabitant of this mundane sphere,—that is, in the estimation of such unromantic mortals as Philip Derwent and myself. Philip, as I suppose you know, is expected here in September, and by that time, if you go on as you have since I first came, you will do to sit for the Hebe he has promised to paint for me."

"Is Mr. Derwent an artist?"

"Only an amateur artist; yet he paints beautifully, and could find no difficulty in earning his bread by his pencil, had he no other resource."

"You will remain here till Mr. Derwent comes, will you not?"

"I should like to, and shall, if I'm not sent for to return home."

"Your aunt will be disappointed if you go."

"Yes; it will disarrange her plans a little. You know what I allude to?"

"I suspect I do."

"She intends that I shall be Philip's wife, one day. Well, the plans of mice and men, and, I may add, women, fail sometimes. The truth is, Philip does not like me well enough to marry me."

"Which you don't regret, if I may judge by the careless way you allude to his supposed indifference."

"I don't intend to break my heart about it. Come, Malek," and before Eva had time to make any further remark, Angeline, with the white plumes of her little jaunty riding-hat dancing gaily to the breeze, was dashing down the somewhat steep descent at a speed which was dangerous to imitate. She stopped when she reached the foot of the hill, and waited till Eva had descended more leisurely.

It was the twilight hour, the time when Mrs. Derwent was accustomed to walk in the garden and adjacent grounds. She always required Eva to accompany her, and Angeline, without any direct invitation, usually joined them. The softness of the air and the beauty of the hour had lured Mrs. Derwent beyond her usual limits, which was a certain vine-shaded arbor, where, after reposing a short time, she returned to the house.

Eva and Angeline, at the same moment, heard footsteps behind them, and looked round. A gentleman, who was a stranger to Eva, had almost reached them. She soon ascertained his name, for Angeline exclaimed:

"Aunt Derwent, here's Philip!" while at the same moment, springing back to meet him, she welcomed him with kind words and a cordial clasp of the hand.

Mrs. Derwent was so rejoiced at his unexpected arrival that she forgot her accustomed reserve, and chatted with a volubility which would have surprised herself had she given herself time for reflection. The first time that she and Eva were alone, she introduced the subject most in her thoughts.

"Now that you have seen Philip," said she, "you may not think he is deserving the high praise I bestowed on him."

"I have not seen him enough yet to enable me to form an opinion concerning him," replied Eva.

"I believe he is too good for Angeline, though, as I remarked on a former occasion, she has many good qualities."

"She certainly has," said Eva, warmly, "and her faults, if she have any, are of a nature so venial that no one can refuse to overlook them."

"I have strong hopes of effecting my favorite plan. Fortune seems to favor me. I regretted that Angeline came so soon, yet it has turned out to be precisely the right time. You will now be obliged to dispense with your morning rides, as there are only two saddle-horses, and besides, it won't be amiss to leave them by themselves, when it can be done without having it appear a preconcerted scheme."

This was a hint, which was not thrown away on Eva, and subsequently, whenever she found herself in company with Philip and Angeline, and no one else present, she always found some plausible pretext to withdraw. Mrs. Derwent was much pleased with the aspect of affairs; for she found that Angeline, instead of avoiding Philip, as she had formerly done, seemed gratified at having frequent opportunities of conversing with him. They were certainly on the most friendly and confidential terms, as was evident to Eva as well as Mrs. Derwent.

A week had passed in this way, when Angeline said to Eva, one evening, that she must join her and Philip in their morning ride.

"It won't be convenient, I believe," replied Eva, "and if it were, there are only two horses, you know."

"Only two belonging to Aunt Derwent; but Philip has purchased one to-day,—a superb horse, black as jet, and handsomer, if possible, than Malek Adhel, that I shall now get back again, so that brown Sibyl will be at your service, as heretofore."

"I rather think that Mrs. Derwent would prefer not to have me go."

"She cannot be so barbarous as to permit you to lose your health for want of air and exercise. You already begin to look pale."

"Well, if she has no objection, I will go."

"I'll go and speak to her about it, and won't leave her till I obtain her consent."

Eva tried to prevent her from going, but she was not to be dissuaded, and after an absence of ten minutes, she returned with the intelligence that her aunt, alarmed at the idea that her health was suffering in consequence of keeping so secluded, was not only willing but earnest that she should go.

The morning proved to be one of the finest there had been for the season, and fifteen minutes after sunrise, Philip, Angeline and Eva were ready for their ride. For the first mile they dashed along at that brisk rate which can scarcely fail to raise and invigorate the spirits, when they came to a small house, the residence of a man who was often employed by Mrs. Derwent.

"Go on," said Angeline, to Philip and Eva. "I promised to call, the next time I passed, and leave some flower-seeds Delia has been gathering for her little sister. I can soon overtake you,—that is, if I please," she added, in a low voice.

"If you are detained longer than you expect to be," said Philip, "you will find us at The Oaks."

Eva checked her horse, and often looked back; but Angeline seemed in no hurry to follow. At last, by a turn in the road, she was prevented from seeing her any longer. They continued to walk their horses, and after a silence of several minutes, Philip Derwent remarked that he supposed Angeline had told her about the letter she received the day previous.

"No, she has not," replied Eva.

"She probably did not find opportunity. It was from a gentleman by the name of Lansing, informing her that he had at last become associated in business with the rich merchant whose clerk he had been for several years, and that her father had signified to him his willingness, now that he had the means of maintaining a wife, to receive him as his son-in-law."

"I thought," said Eva, blushing, "that—"

"She had honored me with her preference, perhaps you would say."

"Yes."

"We have been on terms of friendship—nothing more, nor was I aware of my step-mother's wishes, with regard to Angeline and me, till a few days since. Last evening, we had a long and confidential conversation on the subject, during which, she showed herself more willing to relinquish what had grown to be a favorite project than I had reason to expect. This was more especially the case after I told her that my affections were given to another—one whom I was happy to find, she approved. It now remains for me to ascertain if I have your approval."

"Mine?" said Eva, with a look and accent of surprise.

"Yes, Eva, for it is you, who, by a thousand excellencies, seen and felt, though not easily described, to say nothing of numerous personal graces, many of them as rare as they are fascinating, who have won my heart, and with it, I now offer you my hand and my fortune. Will you accept them?"

"This is all so unexpected, I had so fully believed that you and Angeline were engaged—"

"That you wish to have time for consideration, before you give your answer?"

"Should I have years for that purpose, I could not think of you differently from what I do now."

"And your opinion is unfavorable?"

"No, indeed."

Just at this moment they reached "The Oaks," where they were to wait for Angeline, and by the time she arrived, Eva had owned to Philip Derwent that she knew of no reason why she should reject his proposals. Angeline offered her sincere congratulations,

and when, after their return, Philip made known to Mrs. Derwent the situation of affairs, she remarked that she believed she had reason to rejoice at having been foiled in her first and only attempt at match-making.

"When you are married," said she, "you will, of course, make the old mansion house your residence for the greater part of the year, which will secure to me the companionship of Eva, which, I find, has already become necessary for my happiness."

"And my old friend Peggy, or, rather, enemy, as I might, with more propriety, term her, shall you feel yourself obliged to retain her?" said Philip.

"No, and I can think of no one who, according to the description I have heard of her, will supply her place so well as the good Mrs. Hemmingsway, who, for nearly a year, gave Eva a home."

THE SERPENT STONE.

That quaint and spicy publication, the "Bizarre," translates the following from Tavernier:—"The Indians say that this stone grows upon the head of certain serpents, but I prefer believing this story to be a fabrication of their priests, and that this stone is veritably a composition made by them from some drugs. Whatever it may be, it possesses an excellent virtue in extracting all the venom from any one bitten by a poisonous animal. If the place, where the bite is made, is not entirely open, it is necessary to make an incision to let the blood flow, and the stone being then applied thereto, it will not fall off until it has drawn out all the poison, which collects around it. To clean it, it is soaked ten or twelve hours in woman's milk, or, in default thereof, in cow's milk, which, being impregnated by the poison, assumes a festering appearance. Having dined, one day, with the Archbishop of Goa, he led me to his cabinet of curiosities, containing numerous articles. Among other things, he showed me one of these stones, informing me of its qualities, and assuring me that its virtues had been tested only three days before—whereupon he presented it to me. As he was crossing a morass upon the Island of Salsete—upon which Goa is situated,—on his road to a country-house, one of the men (who go nearly naked), carrying him in his *palekis*, was bitten by a serpent, and cured upon the spot by this stone. I have bought several of them, the Bramins alone vending them, whence I judge them to be manufactured by that class. There are two methods of distinguishing the genuine serpent stone from an imitation. The first is by putting it into the mouth, in which case, if good, it leaps and cleaves inconspicuously to the palate. The other method is to put it into a glass full of water, which will immediately, if the stone is not counterfeit, be agitated by little bubbles rising from the stone at the bottom to the surface of the water."

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANO FORTÉ MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street, has just published the "Bonquet Royal Valse," "The Resignation Polka," "The Fountain," comprising four easy duets, and "Paddy Carey," arranged for three performers.

THE GLORIA IN EXCELSIS. By W. WILLIAMS. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1855.

This is an admirable and extensive collection of church music, comprising hymn tunes, anthems, chants, chorusses, etc., with an elementary music treatise, and a variety of vocal exercises for social meetings, singing schools and glee practice. The author is the well known organist of Bowdoin Square Church, and professor of music in the Charlestown Female Seminary, and is worthy his high reputation.

JAPANESE BOTANY. Philadelphia: J. B. Lipplincott & Co. 1855.

This is a literary curiosity, being a fac simile of a Japanese book on botany, with illustrations, an interlinear translation, and a very valuable treatise on the Japanese language. It is very well executed, and the drawings give us a higher idea of the artistic skill of the Japanese than anything we had before seen. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

PEN PICTURES OF THE BIBLE. By REV. CHARLES BEECHER. With an Introduction, by Harriet Beecher Stowe. New York: J. C. Derby. 1855.

This little volume narrates in a plain style, with appropriate comments, some of the most striking events recorded in the Old Testament; and it is designed to awaken a fresh interest in Holy Writ, "now that the disposition of so many minds is to undervalue the Old Testament as compared with the New." The book before us is to be followed by others. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co., 13 Winter Street.

HISTORY OF THE COUNCIL OF TRENT. From the French of F. L. Bungener. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 546.

The history of one of the most important councils ever held by the Church of Rome, an event on which hinged a vast religious revolution, has been often written, and by writers of opposite creeds. The present writer is a Protestant, and the author of several works illustrating the history of French Protestantism, two of which, the "Priest and the Huguenot" and the "Prophet and the King," have sufficed to give him an extensive reputation in America. His style is very vigorous and picturesque, and he gives proof of liberal scholarship. For sale by Redding & Co.

MY BONDAGE AND MY FREEDOM. By FREDERICK DOUGLASS. New York: Miller, Orton & Mulligan. 1855. 12mo. pp. 464.

Autobiography is all the rage now-a-days, and Mr. Douglass sees no reason why his experiences, narrated by himself, should not meet with acceptance from the public. He began life as a Southern slave, and now, as a lecturer and speaker, pronounces judgment on the leading legislators and laws of this country. The work is embellished by a likeness of the author. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

MAUD, AND OTHER POEMS. By ALFRED TENNYSON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1855.

A voice from Tennyson, wafted over the wave that brings us such incessant tidings of broil and battle, is as welcome as a "sunbeam on a sullen sea." Maud is a love story, tender, passionate and soulful. It is written in various measures, and is full of inspiration. We could fill pages with choice quotations had we the space, but must refer our readers to the book itself—a dainty specimen of the style in which Ticknor & Fields clothe their admirable publications.

MEMOIR OF REV. SYDNEY SMITH. By his daughter, LADY HOLLAND. 2 vols. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.

One of the most delightful books we have read in years. The letters and sayings of the genial humorist, the ripe scholar, and highly cultivated man, who commemorates, embraced in these pages, would alone give them currency; but the narrative itself, illustrated as it is with many pen-and-ink portraits, is highly interesting. Smith was world-renowned for wit, and this book gives ample proof of its sparkle; but it shows, what the world was not perhaps aware of, that his daily life had a daily beauty in it worthy of imitation. For sale by Redding & Co.

LETTERS TO THE PEOPLE ON HEALTH AND HAPPINESS. By CATHERINE E. BEECHER. New York. 1855. 12mo. pp. 220.

This little work contains an amount of physiological information that every man and woman in the land should be possessed of. It is written in a plain, sensible and straightforward manner, pointing out the laws of health and the consequences of their infringement. For sale by Redding & Co.

LEARNING TO TALK. By JACOB ABBOTT. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a book intended, as its name imports, for the youngest class of readers, for whom its stories are admirably adapted. The engravings are numerous and beautiful. For sale by Redding & Co.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS: OR, THE SHADOW OF FATE. A Story of Fashionable Life. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 319.

A highly-wrought romance, full of character and incident, and written to show the fatal results of undue leniency to the first footsteps of crime; that the miseries of social life are due to the faults of many, rather than the errors of the few, and that beauty and fortune are treasures to the slaves of impulse. There is a good deal of intense writing in the book, but the evil characters are not painted in jet black, nor the good in pure white. The story embraces all the elements of popularity. Redding & Co. have it for sale.

**WALCOTT'S
BUTTON-HOLE CUTTER MANUFACTORY,
PAWTUCKET, N. I.**

Our present high state of civilization is owing to the fact that we moderns have not neglected little things. Civilization itself is but an aggregation of small matters, as "grains of sands make the mountains, and atoms infinity." Hence the humblest day laborer of the present century, and his family, enjoy personal comforts unknown to the wealthiest families two hundred years ago. And any contrivance that lightens the labor of those who minister to the wants and comforts of society, is worthy of respectful attention. One of our artists, while in Pawtucket, R. I., recently chanced to visit the large establishment of Messrs. Walcott Brothers (H. D. & M. E. Walcott), where is manufactured that simple and ingenious button-hole cutter, which is now coming into universal use, and suggested to us the idea of illustrating the manufactory by a series of drawings, the result of which is the present set of well-executed engravings. Our first engraving shows the counting-room of the establishment, a handsome and well-arranged apartment, adapted to the extensive business of which it is an indispensable part. The second picture shows the exterior



COUNTING ROOM.

engraving represents the interior of the general workshop, a large and well-lighted room, furnished with every appliance for their labor. Here are seen lathes, presses, grind-stones, and all the machinery of this extensive business, with a little army of mechanics diligently plying their skill. There are in all less than a hundred men constantly employed, and all the processes of manufacture are carried on with as much system and regularity as there is in the Springfield armory, the only difference being that while the latter forges instruments for drilling eyelet holes in men's bodies, the former only turns out contrivances for making button holes in their garments. Each operative has his own department, and produces only a certain portion of the instrument. Our last engraving is a view of the packing-room, where the manufactured articles, after being thoroughly dried, are put up in packages, to be sent off to their destination. The invention is really a most ingenious one, and patents have been secured for it in England and France as well as in this country. It combines the chisel, punch, bench and mallet, all of which were formerly used by tailors in making button-holes, and then with less precision and neatness than these instruments, the work of which is ma-



EXTERIOR VIEW OF WALCOTT BROTHERS' MANUFACTORY, PAWTUCKET.

of the building. It is situated on Pleasant Street, and is quite new, being occupied for the first time only about a year ago. The style of architecture is plain and neat, and has the rare merit of being appropriate. The main building is 130 by 40 feet. The third engraving shows the furnace room, where the japan, which is used for lacquering the handles of the cutters, is baked. The cutters are suspended in the furnace, and subjected to a heat of 250 degrees Fahrenheit, by which process, in eight hours' time, the japan becomes as hard as the iron itself, to which it is applied. The japan gives a fine finish to the instrument, though the immediate object is to prevent oxydation of the metal. The fourth engraving shows the interior of the polishing room. The polishing is performed by means of wooden wheels, covered with emery, and making 2000 revolutions in a minute. Water power is employed in this establishment, and steam during a dry time. In our sketch of the polishing room, some likenesses are given of the workmen, which will be readily recognized by their friends. We may here remark that the ten hour system was adopted by the Messrs. Walcott at the outset of the establishment, and has been adhered to ever since. The fifth



BAKING FURNACE.

thematically exact. The cutters are nearly in the form of scissors, while a brass scale, sliding to and fro, and tightened by a screw when adjusted, regulates the length of the cut. It is so contrived, also, that the slit may be made with or without an eyelet hole. These cutters are made of different sizes, and they are sold at so reasonable a rate that private families as well as professed tailors and seamstresses must all, before long, be provided with them. The object of the manufacturers has been to combine excellence and cheapness in the article. The handles are made of malleable iron, and the cutting portion of the very best steel. The manufacture, though begun only a few years since, and with a most liberal investment of capital, is lucrative as it should be, and constantly increasing in importance. The establishment we have briefly described is well worthy of a visit. It is one of the thousand manifestations of Yankee ingenuity applied to useful purposes which meet us on every hand, one of the numerous sources of that wealth which has made our cold and infertile New England one of the most prosperous sections of the Union, and which is causing us rapidly to rival the old world in all the arts of mechanic skill and enterprise.

CANOVA'S FIRST LOVE.

Anything relating to the early history of Antonio Canova, the celebrated Italian sculptor, whose genius, in connection with Michael Angelo and Bernini, formed an epoch in Italian statuary, possesses a strong feature of interest. In the story of his earliest love (if a juvenile and vague aspiration may be so termed) there was something of a romantic and melancholy interest, which seems long to have shaded, with perceptible coloring, his future musings. While pursuing his studies in the Farsetti Palace, on first arriving in Venice, he one day beheld a female, somewhat older than himself, and very beautiful, enter the gallery, accompanied by a friend or attendant, who, daily departing, soon after returned again before the hour of closing, leaving the former to pursue her studies, which chiefly consisted in drawing from antique heads. Chance first placed the youthful pair near each other; and some secret excellence, hitherto undiscovered, subsequently determined him constantly to select as models such subjects as brought him nearest the fair artist. Time thus rolled away, and the youth found his bosom penetrated with new, delicious, but undefinable sensations. He knew not why he wished to be near her, or why he delighted to gaze on her mild and lovely coun-



POLISHING ROOM.

VENETIAN BRIDES.

One of the most daring incidents relative to the history of the Venetian State is detailed in the following account of the capture of a body of Venetian brides by the Istrian pirates, on one of their annual celebrations. According to an ancient custom, the nuptials of the nobles and principal citizens of Venice were always celebrated on the same day of the year. The eve of the Purification was consecrated to this public festival, and the State annually increased the general joy of the occasion by endowing twelve maidens with marriage portions. In the morning, gondolas, elegantly ornamented, assembled from all parts of the city at the Episcopal Church of Olivolo. The affianced pairs disembarked amidst the sounds of music; their relations and friends, in their most splendid habiliments, swelled their retinue; the rich presents made to the brides, their jewels and ornaments, were proudly borne for display; and the body of the people, unarmed, and thoughtless of danger, followed the glad procession. The Istrian pirates, acquainted with the existence of this annual festival, had the boldness to prepare an ambush for the nuptial train in the city itself. They secretly arrived over night at an uninhabited islet, near the church of Olivolo, and lay hidden behind



INTERIOR VIEW OF MANUFACTORY.

tenance—so pale, so delicate, yet so full of feeling—nor could he tell why the furtive glance was so often directed to her sylph-like form and graceful movements; but he felt that with such a being he should be forever happy, although incapable of defining his ideas of that happiness. One day the object of his silent adoration was absent—another and another passed; still she did not appear. Antonio was inconsolable; but he shrunk from inquiry, for he feared that every one already possessed the secret of his thoughts. Many days elapsed in this uncertainty, during which he was indefatigable in study—for she had once, while leaning on the shoulder of her companion, praised his work as being *assai belle*—words never forgotten, though answered only by a silent obeisance, and he hoped again to attract her notice. At length the attendant again appeared—alone, and habited in deep mourning. The heart of the youth failed at the sight; but summoning courage as she passed, in departing with a portfolio, he ventured to inquire for her friend. “La Signora Julia,” replied she, bursting into tears, “is dead!” No more was asked, and nothing more was said. Who Julia was, Canova never knew; but her name, her image, long remained engraven on his memory.—*Life of Canova.*



PACKING ROOM.

it with their barks until the procession had entered the church, when, darting from their concealment, they rushed into the sacred edifice through all its doors, tore the shrieking brides from the arms of their lovers, possessed themselves of the jewels which had been displayed in the festal pomp, and immediately put to sea with their fair captives and their booty. But deadly revenge overtook them. The Doge, Pietro Canian-do III., had been present at the ceremony; he shared in the fury and indignation of the affianced youths; they flew to arms, and throwing themselves under his conduct into their vessels, came up with the spoilers in the lagoons of Carlo. A frightful massacre ensued; not a life among the pirates was spared; and the victors returned in triumph with their brides to the church of Olivolo. A procession of the maidens of Venice revived for many centuries the recollection of this deliverance on the eve of the Purification. But the Doge was not satisfied with the punishment which he had inflicted on the Istriots. He entered vigorously upon the resolution of clearing the Adriatic of all the pirates who infested it; he conquered part of Dalmatia; and he transmitted to his successors, with the dual crown, the duty of consummating his design.—*Ladies' Newspaper.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DISTANT BELLS.

BY FREDERICK J. KEYES.

Distant bells are softly pealing,
Pealing o'er the azure deep,
Seem they like sweet voices, stealing
From the shores of night and sleep,
Where the sigh of pain is muffled,
And the noise of earth is stilled,
Where the soul by sorrow ruffled,
Is with dreams of beauty filled.

As I listen to their measures,
Like the flow of vesper chimes,
Voices which the memory treasures,
Seem to float from happier climes.
Voices which have cheered me onward,
Onward through this weary world;
Breezes from kind souls, which forward
Bore life's bark with hope unfurled!

And when song and music round me,
All their pleasing power have thrown,
Steal those voices soft and gently,
To my spirit all alone.
Calming down its troubled fever,
Like an ocean, to repose;
Whispering joy and peace forever
To its world of many woes.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PLEASANTEST CREATURE IN THE WORLD.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

NEIGHBOR ATKINSON was a sweet-faced old lady; those who loved her (their name was legion) called her "aunty," and by everybody, far and near, she was designated the "pleasantest creature in the world."

"The pleasanterest and most serene creature in the world," said the squire's wife, one day, speaking of her; and carefully adjusting her spectacles, she added, "I can't see through it."

"Easy enough for her to be pleasant," exclaimed Miss Frett, in her usually slightly disagreeable manner. "Hasn't she got a handsome house, two handsome sons, and one handsome daughter that's going to be married to a rich man this day fortnight? Easy enough!" and she gave her knitting-needle a jerk that broke the yarn.

"But she might have seen trouble," remarked the squire's lady, complacently. "The rottenest apples sometimes make the sweetest cider, you know; besides, she hasn't been settled here many years, and the latter part of her life may be the easiest."

"Might have seen trouble!" muttered the other, not seeing what rotten apples and sweet cider had to do with the subject, "never!—seen trouble, with those eyes of hers twinkling with fun all the time!—seen trouble? Why, her forehead is as free from wrinkles as—as—" she would have liked to say, as mine is; but remembering the squire's jokes on that subject, she smoothed out her own care lines, and added, "as a baby's."

"Well, here she comes, any way," ejaculated the squire's lady, looking down a long, cool avenue, bordered by chestnut trees, whose lower limbs were covered with clusters of wild grapes, "Now, with a little skill, may be we can learn something of her former life; and mark my word, if Aunty Atkinson hasn't seen sorrow in her day, and plenty of it."

A rather tall, very erect figure came with a cheerful step, and more than cheerful smile, towards the pleasant portico where sat the two ladies busy with their work until now. The squire's lady had arisen, and her portly figure nearly covered the small grayish window, and its provenance rose-bush that grew in a huge pot underneath. The other also stood with knit brows, and fussily adjusting her knitting-needles, looking now and then at Aunty Atkinson with a less rigid frown, until at length she held out a meagre hand that was clasped with a pleasant warmth in that of the handsome looking old lady.

"Now, you've come to spend the afternoon, I know," exclaimed the squire's lady, poking her fat hands under the bows of her visitor's green calash, and rapidly untying them. "Sit right down in this big easy chair; I've been wanting a good long talk with you, this great while. Kitty," she continued, depositing the calash and white shawl, which she had removed with good natured force, in the hands of the servant girl, "tell John to have the table carried in the arbor, and we'll take supper there. It's so pleasant," she continued, turning to aunty, "to take tea out doors in such balmy air as this."

"I really didn't intend to stay," said aunty, with her twinkling smile; "but since you seem bent upon it, why, I will. I couldn't find a pleasanter place, that I know."

It did not take long to set three tongues going; there was plenty to talk about. Aunty's sons and aunty's daughter, the squire's "rheumatiz," and the little pet lamb that died yesterday and was buried under the peach tree in the garden, and aunty's daughter so soon to change name and station.

"Don't you feel bad to have her taken from you?" queried Miss Frett, drawing her solemn countenance to the utmost limits of sympathizing sorrow.

"O, I don't know as I do, very," replied aunty, with that ever merry twinkle; "she loves the man she is going to marry, and he loves her. He has enough to keep her in comfort, even elegance; and if the poor thing gets along without her mother's trials, I shall be very thankful. If troubles come, why, she must even bear them as I have."

The squire's lady cast a triumphant glance towards Miss Frett; the latter smiled incredulously, as she asked:

"Pray, what do you call trouble, Aunty Atkinson?"

"The worst trouble, and the hardest to get over, is the loss of kindred," replied aunty, smiling serenely, in return for Miss Frett's little show of sarcasm. "I have lost many friends," she added, in a lower voice, her eyes instinctively turning towards heaven, "but (and this thought makes me happy and contented to stay) I am every day drawing nearer to those I loved, who have only 'gone before.'"

Quick springing tears obscured the merry twinkle for a moment, but, as suddenly, the smile shone through.

"We were wondering," said the squire's lady, "if ever you had any sorrows of any kind—Miss Frett and I; that was just before you came. She said 'no,' with confidence, and the reason was, because you were always so sunshiny and happy looking. Now, do tell us if you have had trouble—anything deep and abiding?"

"Not abiding," said aunty, softly. "Don't you know, the Scotch have a saying, that 'the morning blinks sometimes on heavy clouds, but it shuts its een on a clear, starry night!' And so 'trouble abideth for the night, but joy cometh in the morning.' Thus with my heavy afflictions—they could overshadow my blessings only for a little while. Now, shall I give you an outline of my history?"

"Do," cried the squire's lady, delightedly, nodding at the same time to a respectable man servant in reply to some mute gesture; the nod meant, "Yes, Cole, put the silver on; aunty is a distinguished visitor." The man and his snow white apron disappeared, and Miss Frett leaned her eyes over her hooked nose, that she might look narrator and narrative clean through, while she was evidently prepared to listen to a few commonplace afflictions, chastenings of the flesh rather than the soul.

"I was born," began aunty, "in a splendid mansion on the banks of one of Connecticut's loveliest rivers. My father was the oldest son of a revolutionary soldier, and very wealthy. I was nurtured in luxurious ease, and had one only brother, Lester. At the age of eighteen I was pronounced handsome and accomplished. It was at a ball to be given on my eighteenth birthday that I was first to come out. I remember every article of my apparel; my dress of pale blue satin, my white silk slippers, my wreath of lilies—ah, what a happy girl I was! I was standing before my mirror, my servants about me, when I grew frightened at a great noise—confusion below stairs and above, shrieks, cries of despair, and all the various sounds of woe and discord. From the top of our great staircase we could easily overlook the hall; and standing there, what do you think I saw? Both father and mother lying lifeless on the floor—dead—drowned."

Miss Frett gave a nervous little scream; the squire's lady suspended her knitting, and cried, breathlessly, "that was trouble."

"Never shall I forget it!" resumed aunty, folding her hands. "There were the guests flying from different rooms, all richly attired, wringing their hands and shrieking with horror, and the lights streaming out from open doors. My parents had been standing on a bank made insecure by late, continual rains; it gave way, and they fell a fearful distance into the deep water. The shock was agonizing; I sank in a fainting fit, and my reason was not restored for weeks."

"I married at twenty-four, bringing my husband a large fortune—and my brother travelled abroad after completing his studies. In two years my husband failed; my money went, and we were penniless. Meanwhile, unpleasant rumors were rife about my poor brother. One day after my second almost overwhelming trial, a tall, emaciated figure crawled up to the mean house to which we had retreated, and where my husband lay sick. It was my poor brother, dying of consumption. He had the misfortune to love the gaming-table, and he had lost all, and ruined his health."

"O, dear!" exclaimed the squire's lady, vehemently.

"I sold all my jewels," continued aunty, "and they procured comforts for the sick—that was all. At last, my husband regained his health, went diligently to work, and in time we owned a neat and commodious house again. My brother, in the meantime, lingered along, suffering most fearfully; but, thank God, before he died he became 'as a little child,' and fell asleep trusting in the merits of the Crucified."

"It was the second day after his funeral that a great storm came. It was the most terrible tempest I have ever witnessed; hurling strong trees from the ground, and sending them across roads and meadows. Our little orchard, our grapery and hot-house, were thoroughly demolished. I sat in my chamber with my first born, then only a fortnight old, clasped closely to my bosom. There was a great crash, and looking upward, almost stupified, I saw above me the frowning heavens, while the rain poured furiously on my unsheltered head. The third story of the house was taken completely off, I was thoroughly drenched—the babe I protected—and, to crown all, my husband was brought in a moment after with a broken leg, against which, as he was hastening home, a young tree had been hurled by the wind."

"Dear, dear, dear," ejaculated the squire's lady, with most profound sympathy, "what did you do then?"

"Yes, what?" echoed Miss Frett.

"The best I could, my friends," continued aunty, with a smile. "I deserted my chamber and went down stairs, where lay my poor husband. With some assistance from the neighbors we were made comfortable, and after three months of illness my husband got round again. All our savings had been spent, his illness had thinned his customers, and our house was in an unsafe as well as inelegant condition. Well, we got over that, too; my health became established, so did that of my husband, and we were once more, with God's blessing, independent."

"Surely, nothing came after that!" exclaimed the squire's lady, with gentle interest.

"Wait a moment," said aunty, softly. "I lost a beautiful babe after that. I gave him up to heaven just as he seemed to have winged his way down into my arms. O, that boy was so lovely! I miss the visits to his little grave since I have been here," she murmured; "we planted it with rose bushes. But God gave me another child," she continued, throwing a sigh from her heart, "and he too was a good and a lovely babe. It was perhaps a year after he was born, I sat at my window looking out on a calm night. The babe slept in his cradle, and I was musing on my happy condition, when three shouts came up under the window, 'fire, fire, fire.' Then the red flames shot right out underneath me, and again came a startling shout, 'Atkinson's shop is all on fire!' The room swam round, my presence of mind deserted me, and I fainted. When I came to consciousness, I found myself lying on the floor where I fell, drenched with water and stiff with bruises. The firemen had been there, and in their zeal, not noticing my insensible form, stepped upon me; my arms, my ankles, my shoulders were black with the marks of their feet. Where was my babe? I crawled to the cradle to find him gone. The smell of the smouldering coals below (for they had succeeded in stopping the progress of the flames), anxiety for the safety of my husband and child, and my inability to move, overcame me again, and again I fainted. When once more recovered, I was lying on a comfortable bed in the house of a friend, my babe beside me. Then I learned that my husband had been badly burned, that I had come near perishing; for the house took fire again in the middle of the night, and, with several others, was totally consumed, but that barely an hour before that I had been searched for and found, insensible."

"And how did you feel, then?" snappishly inquired Miss Frett.

"Unspeakably thankful that four precious lives were spared; my children's, my husband's and my own," replied Aunty Atkinson, with a reproving look.

"These reverses dampened my husband's spirits considerably, and for years he toiled along, while we lived without luxuries of any kind, and with hardly conveniences. My daughter was born in the midst of our deepest poverty. I wondered, then, how we should raise her—a little, sickly thing, delicate from her birth. But she lived, thank God!—lived and thrived on coarse fare; lived to be my comfort; lived to aid me with her own hands."

Aunty grew silent, and the squire's lady was perplexing herself with conjectures as to the noble farm and handsome house which the Atkinsons owned in the village, when the narrator, after a few thoughtful moments, resumed her story.

"Five years ago," she said, "just as we were struggling to keep the boys at a good school (we could not then think of sending them to college), my husband saw a chance notice in a daily paper, calling attention to the relatives of one John Atkinson, and requesting an attendance upon a certain lawyer as soon as possible. He went, and the result was, he found himself a rich man; the old gentleman having owned immense estates in the West Indies, and he being his nearest and most direct heir, inherited all. Since then," said aunty, "God has blessed us more than we deserve. We have known only plenty and graciousness from his hand."

"But how can you wear so clear a brow," asked the squire's lady, replacing her spectacles, and taking up her neglected needles, "after so many years of sorrows?"

"Because, I always felt that 'all things would work together for good to those who love God,'" replied the dear old lady; "that afflictions spring not from the ground, but are sent for our good. Besides, I strove to be most a Christian when most I was in trouble; to trust Him most when His providences were darkest; to walk under the cloud with the staff of faith in my hand, till God pleased to show me sunlight. Which would you love best—the child that fawned while you caressed, and grew cold, revengeful and angry at your just chastisement, or that one who receives all things with meekness and sweet submission, whether of good or evil (seemingly evil to him), at your hands?"

The squire's lady was silent.

"Some people can bear everything, but I can't, nor I never shall," ejaculated Miss Frett; "it aint in my nature."

"Neither was it in mine; neither can it be in any, till purified with that spirit which the divine One wore," returned Aunty Atkinson. "But see how gloriously the crimson of the setting sun falls on the chestnut trees."

"Yes, and there is Cole to say supper is ready in the arbor," remarked the more practical lady of the squire, as the honest face of the serving-man appeared.

"No, ma'am," said Cole, with a practised bow; "I've come to tell you that Kitty's broke the great chany bowl of the squire's."

"O, my goodness!" cried his mistress, with a face of absolute distress. "I'd rather most anything 'd a happened. What shall I do! What a loss! The squire'll turn Kitty off to-morrow. It does seem as if I should die with that girl! I'm just the unluckiest being in the world! To think!—that bowl has been in the family for twenty-five years, and the careless jade must go and break it! She might just as well have broken my heart; for I—"

She paused, meeting that merry twinkle, strangely mingled with a glance of sorrow, in Aunty Atkinson's eye. In confusion, she tried to apologize.

"Ah," said aunty, shaking her head, "'where the treasure is, there will the heart be also.'"

The squire's lady was silent; she felt the rebuke, and no longer wondered why the calm brow of her friend was yet unwrinkled, the soul unshaken. All her life she herself had been fighting for and grieving over trifles, while aunty had fixed her eye singly on heaven, and the storms of adversity were all under her feet. Happy are you, reader, if you "go and do likewise."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SHIPWRECK.

The fast falling shadows of even
Came down o'er the city and sea;
The light of the stars lay reflected
Far out where the coral reefs be;

The voice of the waves was as mournful
As winds when the autumn is nigh,
Or hymns that are chanted at midnight
O'er graves where the beautiful lie.

We saw through the mist and the white foam
The lights of the city afar;
We heard the loud cry of the sea-bird
From rocks where the bright mosses are.

But we thought of the beautiful perished,
Of the loved that had gone to their sleep,
Of the good ship that folded her white wings,
And sunk to her rest in the deep.

We saw the pale hands still embracing,
The fair locks spread out on the wave,
And gazed as the winds wove a death-shroud
Round forms of the true and the brave!

And we said, "O, how many will slumber
To-night on the pearl-gleaming bed!"
But gray rocks smiled cold on our sorrow,
So watched we alone with the dead!

And then in that lone, little dwelling,
The fisherman's hut by the shore,
We saw the death-shadow down stealing
On lips that should smile never more;

For the form of our darling was lying
All robed in her garments of white;
She heard not our sighs nor our sighing
In the noon of that sorrowful night.

So calm and so deep was the shadow,
As in her pure slumber she lay,
We knew not when the death angel carried
Her beautiful spirit away.

But long ere the light of the morning
Flung "gold fetters" over the sea,
We knew that our darling was singing
In lands where the child angels be!

Then the light of a blessed Evangel
Beamed o'er us despairing and sad—
And it said, "for the freed from earth trouble,"
"The saved from earth sorrow be glad!"

The flowers of the unfailing river
Are white as the robes of the blest!
The harps 'neath the life-tree that quiver,
Are tuned to an anthem of rest!

And so to the blest, holy angels
Who dwell in the God light above—
We gave in the right of our sorrow
The beautiful child of our love!

And we know when "the Father" shall call us
To come to his home far away,
We shall fold to our hearts our earth darling,
And list to her sweet seraph lay!

L. H. F.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

PHOEBE HATHAWAY'S WEDDING.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.

THERE were wonderful preparations going forward in the comfortable farm-house of Laurence Hathaway; such preparations the old homestead had never before witnessed even at Christmas—to celebrate the wedding of Phoebe, the pretty Phoebe, to young Robert Lincoln, who had come all the way from America to carry back with him as a bride, the beautiful young woman, whom, twelve years before, when both he and she were children, he had so often called his "little wife."

And if farmer Hathaway felt pain at his approaching separation from his daughter, he was comforted by the knowledge that, when he would be laid in the grave, his child would have a protector, and one whom he always preferred. For were not Robert's father and he warm friends in their youth, and now, though the broad Atlantic separated their homes instead of the mill-stream of former years, and was not Robert himself, noble-hearted and handsome as he was, with that free, independent manner of his, acquired from his American residence, a better match for Phoebe than any of the farmers around the country who had so unsuccessfully sought her pretty hand in marriage. Besides, in her union with Robert he would find a balm for a half painful regret that was always reminding him of his harsh treatment of young Richard Hepton, whom he had adopted and educated from his orphan childhood, and regarded as tenderly as he would his son, had God been pleased to have spared to him the sweet little boy that called him father, until he discovered that the lad had whispered love to Phoebe, and that Phoebe had promised never to be the wife of any one but Richard.

When he spurned the offender with execrations from the door, and disregarded the passionate supplications of Phoebe, farmer Hathaway did not look forward to the reproaches of his own heart, when he afterward saw, day-by-day, the paling cheek and lustreless eye of his darling. But when Robert Lincoln came, and was received as a suitor, and the faded bloom of Phoebe's loveliness revived once more, bringing back the roses to her cheek, the violet to her eyes, the memory of his unfeeling pride ceased to torment him, for Phoebe had forgotten, or remembered no more with tenderness, her love for the dependent Richard.

And why, I question, if farmer Hathaway loved Phoebe so well, why did he not entertain the same regard for his other daughter, Bessie, who always seemed to him the shadow of Phoebe's sunshine, darkest when Phoebe was brightest? Poor little Bessie! was it her fault that her mother was farmer Hathaway's second wife, whom he married to be a mother to his Phoebe, and who, instead of being a mother to his child, and a loving mate to himself, cast the gloom of dissension and unkindness around the house, that only vanished when she died? To be sure it was not little Bessie's fault, and I am inclined to think that it was that old obstinate pride of his, and not unfatherly feeling, that made farmer Hathaway refuse to cherish the child of the woman who for three years had made his home a dreary place for him, as he cherished Phoebe. If her father looked coldly upon her, no one else who knew her denied Bessie the love which was her due, and the beautiful, blooming Phoebe blessed God many times a day for the sister he had given her, whose influence made her the amiable girl she was, and who, in the time of her trouble and grief, when she would have gone forth from her father's house to share the uncertain wanderings of her lover, clung to her with prayers and tears, pointing out to her her filial love and duty, and the desolation she would bring upon the heart whose only joy was centred in her, and how they stole out to the threshold where Richard waited, and before he went away alone, as she taught them it was best he should, he kissed little Bessie, saying, "he knew that God had sent her there."

So fondly did Phoebe regard her sister, I am sure, had she known that she loved Robert Lincoln, she would have gladly resigned him to little Bessie. How should she know it, when little Bessie herself was totally unconscious of the nature of the feeling, that from the moment she first saw him, made her think that never in the wide world was, could or would be found another like Robert Lincoln? That when his footfall sounded outside the door, made her heart flutter, and busied her earnestly with some trivial occupation; and when he was gone, caused her face to droop upon her hands, as if she would keep in her brown eyes the image of his manly form.

It was only when arraying her sister in her wedding finery that the withering knowledge of her hopeless love fell like a blight upon little Bessie. She was wondering with a sense of quiet regret if Richard Hepton was living, and if he would grieve to hear of Phoebe's marriage, and with Robert, who used to be a boy rival of his in their happy childhood; and she thought if it was she herself who had loved Richard, would she have forgotten him. With that thought a bleak, desolate feeling swept over her young heart, and with a low moan she sank down on her knees beside her whom Robert's love was to bless forevermore, and winding the folds of Phoebe's dress around her, implored Heaven that it might be her shroud. Phoebe bent down, praying her sister not to weep, that she should go with them, and share Robert's home and hers, and drawing up the slight form to her side, strove to soothe the sorrow she did not understand.

There was a low tap at the door, and farmer Hathaway came into the room to see his Phoebe in her bridal dress. He kissed and blessed his favorite, and then with humid eyes he drew Bessie to him, saying "that they would be better friends in future, and that he was always fond of her, though he had not shown it." Even that could not comfort little Bessie.

After a while they went down into the sitting-room, meeting Robert at the door. All their friends and kinsfolk were gathered there, and a stranger, a friend of Robert's, a tall, dark-browed man, with a heavy moustache and beard, who had come from America to be present at the wedding, and who had arrived but a few minutes before, was seated apart from the cheerful groups at a window.

"What ails my little Bessie?" asked good old uncle Dillaway. "She is as white as a daisy, and as tearful and drooping as one would be after a storm."

Bessie looked up with a faint smile, to say, "that it was natural she should be dejected when Phoebe was going to leave her," but meeting the questioning gaze of Robert Lincoln, the words faltered on her lips, and she hung her head without making any reply.

There was a bustle now at the head of the room. The minister of God stood waiting to begin the ceremony. Farmer Hathaway led his daughter up, and stood before him, but instead of Robert Lincoln, the stranger strode across the floor, and taking his place beside Phoebe, uttered her name.

She reached her hand to him, and the joyous smile of her girlhood broke like a gleam of heaven's sunlight over her charming countenance.

Through the surprise of all present came their recognition of the stranger. For the light streamed upon his face, and with the same old fondness for Phoebe beaming in his eyes, they knew that it was Richard Hepton who stood there, claiming the hand she had promised him three years before.

In that moment of suspense little Bessie knew as well as if she had been told it, that Phoebe had expected this; that she never intended to marry Robert; and when, with a faint sensation in her heart she looked up to behold Robert's misery, she once more encountered his eyes, and there was no sorrow in their depths. If little Bessie hung her head again it was not to hide sorrowful tears.

It was Robert who spoke first. He went over where the old man stood in proud amazement, and said, "that in Richard Hepton he would have a son-in-law better and richer than he. That if Phoebe and himself had planned this little surprise, they knew that farmer Hathaway would forgive them, and he would, when he learned that in wedding his Phoebe to Richard, she would not leave him, that her husband would give her a home near her father. For the gold mines of California had yielded to him wealth that Sir Roderick up there at the Hall would be proud to possess.

When farmer Hathaway heard this, it did not require the pretty, beseeching looks of the blushing Phoebe to win his consent to Richard's claim. He held out his hand to him, saying "that he would not ask him to forgive him for the past, for he did not desire it. He had only done what he should do again were his daughter as young, and Richard as unsettled in life as then. That he was very glad that his Phoebe could marry the man she loved, and that she was not to leave him in his old age; but he was sorry that there could not have been a closer tie between his old friend across the ocean and himself. That alone would make the change a regretful one to him.

"And there may be closer tie, farmer Hathaway," said Robert Lincoln; and taking the little hand of Bessie, as he stood beside her, he prisoned it in his own.

With a wild glance of surprise Bessie looked up into Robert's eyes, and if the tale she read therein caused her own to drop as quickly as they were raised, and sent a new and beautiful emotion fluttering through her heart, I am certain it made that heart the happiest one that ever beat in the bosom of any little maiden.

"What wonderful climate has transformed my drooping daisy into a 'red, red rose?'" said uncle Dillaway, playfully pinching Bessie's blushing cheek. "Ah, little Bessie, little Bessie, would not earth be a dismal place without the sunshine of love!"

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

I have heard of two brothers, whose father died, leaving them five hundred dollars apiece. "I will take this money, and make myself a rich man," said Henry, the younger brother. "I will take this money, and make myself a good man," said George, the elder. Henry, who knew little beyond the multiplication table, abandoned all thoughts of going to school, and began by peddling, in a small way, over the country. He was shrewd, and quick to learn whatever he gave his attention to; and he gave all his attention to making money. He succeeded. In one year his five hundred dollars had become a thousand. In five years it had grown to be twenty thousand; and, at the age of fifty, he was worth a million. George remembered the words of the wise man: "With all thy getting, get understanding." He spent two-thirds of his money in going to school, and acquiring a taste for solid knowledge. He then spent the remainder of his patrimony in purchasing a few acres of land in the neighborhood of a thriving city. He resolved on being a farmer.

After a lapse of thirty-five years, the two brothers met. It was at George's house. A bright, vigorous, alert man was George, though upwards of fifty-five years old. Henry, though several years younger, was very infirm. He had kept in his counting-room long after the doctors had warned him to give up business, and now he found himself stricken in health beyond repair. But that was not the worst. He was out of his element when not making money. George took him into the library, and showed him a fine collection of books. Poor Henry had never cultivated a taste for reading. He looked upon the books with no more interest than he would have looked on so many bricks. George took him into his garden, but Henry began to cough, and said he was afraid of the east wind. When George pointed out to him a beautiful elm, he only cried: "Pshaw!" George took him into his greenhouse, and talked with enthusiasm of some flowers, which seemed to give the farmer great pleasure. Henry shrugged his shoulders and yawned, saying: "Ah! I don't care for these things." George asked him if he was fond of paintings and engravings. "No, no! Don't trouble yourself," said Henry; "I can't tell one daub from another." "Well, you shall hear my daughter Edith play upon the piano; she is no ordinary performer, I assure you." "Now, don't, brother,—don't, if you love me!" said Henry, beseechingly; "I never could endure music." "But what can I do to amuse you? Will you take a ride?" "I am afraid of a horse. But if you will drive me carefully down to your village bank, I will stop and have a chat with the president." Poor Henry! Money was uppermost in his mind. To it he had sacrificed every other good thing. When, a few days afterward, he parted from his farmer brother, he laid his hand on his shoulder, and said: "George, you can just support yourself comfortably on the interest of your money, and I have got enough to buy up the whole of your town, bank and all, and yet your life has been a success, and mine a dead failure!" Sad, but true words.—Osborne.

DROUGHTS.

The Agricultural Chemist of Maryland, Mr. Higgins, publishes a new theory with reference to droughts, which is worthy of the consideration of those who have time and inclination to investigate the subject. He assumes that were it not for droughts to replenish the land with mineral substances, the soil would become completely impoverished and exhausted by the rains which carry the minerals to the sea, and the crops, the manure which is applied failing to return what is thus taken away. Drought is a natural counteraction to these causes of exhaustion, and operates to supply the waste in this manner: During dry weather, a continual evaporation of water takes place from the surface of the earth, which is not supplied by any from the clouds. The evaporation from the surface creates a vacuum, so far as water is concerned, which is at once filled by the water rising up from the subsoil of the land; the water from the subsoil is replaced from the next stratum below, and in this manner the circulation of water in the earth is the reverse to that which takes place in wet weather. With this water also ascend the minerals held in solution, the phosphates and sulphates of lime, carbonate and silicate of potash and soda, which are deposited in the surface soil as the water evaporates, and thus restores the losses sustained as above stated. The author of this theory appears to have taken considerable pains to verify the fact by a number of interesting experiments.—Scientific American.

HAPPINESS.—The true secret of happiness lies in contriving to be continually pleased, rather than highly pleased, and this is best effected by providing constant employment for our time. Business and those preparations of pleasure which partake of the nature of business, as requiring long contrivance and application, are more productive of enjoyment than pleasure itself. Nor is it the least distinguishing mark of difference between the civilized and the savage, that the one spend their days in idleness and gaping, unless while fighting with man or beast, whereas the others have a multitude of employments to busy themselves upon.—Tucker.

To lose an expected happiness, to renounce a whole future, is a keener suffering than that caused by the ruin of a bliss experienced, however complete it may have been. Is not hope better than memory?—Balzac.

WM. CULLEN BRYANT, THE POET AND EDITOR.

The second engraving on this page is an admirable likeness of the poet-editor of the New York Evening Post, engraved in the very best style by J. W. Orr, of New York. The now venerable countenance of the poet who for more than a quarter of a century has been the delight of his countrymen, and held in high esteem abroad, looks up to us with the thoughtful and benign expression that is familiar to him. The author of *Thanatopsis* was born in the town of Cummington, Hampshire county, Massachusetts, Nov. 3, 1794. His father, a respectable physician and well versed in literature, early perceived the great talent of his son, and developed it by the most assiduous training. A passionate lover of nature, the poetic youth revelled in the magnificent scenery of his native country, and studied it with that minuteness which enabled him in after life to depict with accuracy the most striking phenomena of wood and water, sky and field. The emotions of his heart found early utterance, and his boyish verses gave undoubted evidence of talent. In his sixteenth year he entered Williams College, in his native State, but left it after studying there two years. He received a degree, however, in 1819. In the interim he had studied law and been admitted to the bar at Plymouth, in this State. Bryant was only eighteen when he composed his immortal poem "*Thanatopsis*," first published in the *North American Review*. Mr. E. T. Channing and Mr. Richard H. Dana, the then editors of the *Review*, were so struck with its magnificence that they could scarcely be induced to believe it an original production. It is said that Campbell, the English poet, could never read the closing lines without shedding tears of rapture. Bryant himself has never surpassed this early effort. It is a complete composition, as symmetrical, as perfect as a Grecian temple. The sentiment is noble and lofty, the thoughts original, and the language worthy of Milton himself. We can conceive nothing finer than the following passage:

"The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadow green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning—and the Barren desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
To their last sleep—the dead reign there alone."

The close of this poem, so much admired by Campbell, is like the dying notes of the organ in some cathedral pile, when a high-souled melody is melting into silence.

"So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
Th' innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave—
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

We have spoken of the influence of nature upon Bryant's muse. This is beautifully illustrated by a passage in his "*Inscription for the Entrance of a Wood*."

"Even the green trees
Partake the deep contentment; as they bend
To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.
Scarcely less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy
Existence, than the winged plunderer
That sucks its sweets. The mazy rocks themselves,
And the old and pond'rous trunks of prostrate trees
That lead from knoll to knoll a causeway rude,
Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots,
With all their earth upon them, twisting high,
Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet
Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed
Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
Seems, with continuous laughter, to rejoice
In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
Lest from her midway perch thou rouse the wren
That dips her bill in water. The cool wind
That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee,
Like one that loves, nor will let thee pass
Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace."

The poem from which the above was quoted was written at Great Barrington, Massachusetts, where the author was practising law. Here he wrote his "*Lines to a Water-fowl*," one of the most finished of his minor poems, which our readers will thank us for quoting entire.

"Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?"

"Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy shadow floats along."

"Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide;
Or, where the rocking billows rise and sink,
On the chafed ocean side?"

"There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost."

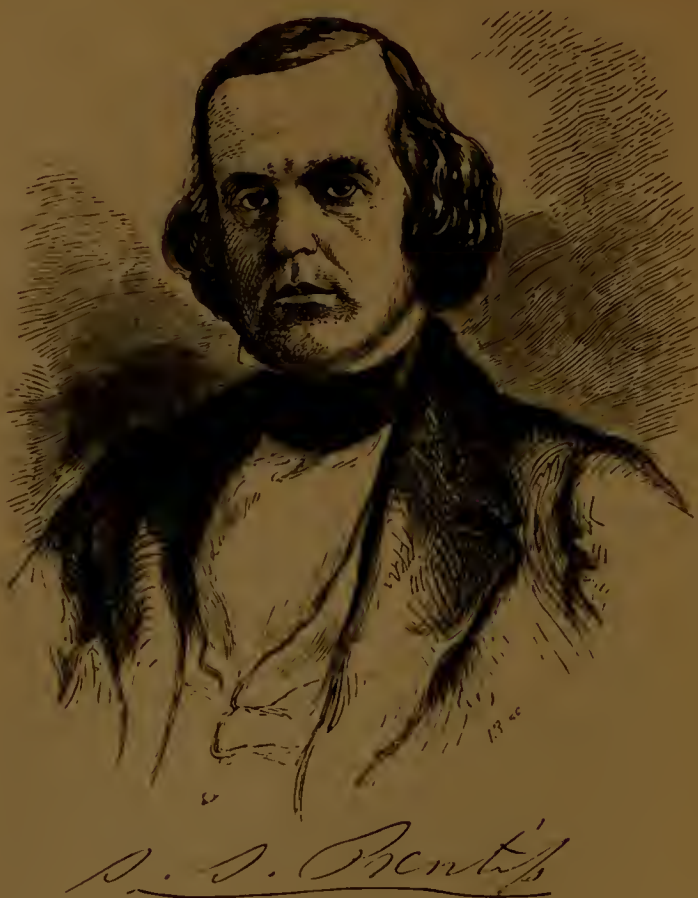
"All day thy wings have fann'd,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near."

"And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home and rest,
And scream among thy fellows: reeds shall bend
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest."

"Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart."

"He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

In 1821 Bryant delivered his poem "*The Ages*," before a literary society in Harvard. This is a noble production,



and besides its poetical merit evinces a thorough acquaintance with the philosophy of history, while the time that has elapsed since it was written has justified many of the political predictions of the author. Mr. Bryant practised law about ten years, and then removed to the city of New York, whose literary society included such men as Sands, Leggett, Verplanck, Halleck and Drake, author of "*The Culpit Fay*." Here he abandoned the law and devoted himself to literary pursuits. In 1826 he assumed the editorship of the "*New York Evening Post*," of which he has remained the principal conductor to the present day. A strong partizan journal, the asperities of political controversy were contrasted in its columns by the fine original poetry, the essays and the criticisms which Bryant and his friends contributed. It is now, as it was then, one of the leading journals of the country, standing beside the *National Intelligencer*, the *Boston Post* and the *Boston Daily Advertiser* in the estimation of the public. Bryant is as vigorous and powerful as a political writer, as he is polished, natural and true as a poet. In the former capacity he has been likened, and with truth, to Albany Fonblanque and to Armand Carrel. Whatever may be thought of his political opinions, and however much umbrage he may have given to his antagonists by his severity, no one ever charged him with insincerity or venality. Mr. Bryant has travelled much in Europe and America, and has enriched the columns of his paper by valuable letters written during his peregrinations. His "*Letters of a Traveller, or Notes of Things seen in Europe and America*," containing descriptions of Great Britain, Holland, Germany, Italy and Cuba, published collectively by George Putnam, in 1849, are most agreeable reading and full of valuable information. Mr. Bryant is about the medium height, and strongly built. His keen



William Cullen Bryant.

gray eyes still flash with the fire of youth, when animated by a stirring thought. His manners are simple and dignified, tinged with a gentlemanly reserve. Yet no one is more genial in the intimacy of the private circle. Long may he be spared to gladden the world with his lofty and spiritual music!

MEDICAL FAITH.

The career of all great quackeries has been for the most part the same. An ignorant person, in or out of the profession, is accidentally impressed with the belief that some particular thing or process is attended with a curative effect. As an example: a young man, who had been brought up as a journeyman cooper, was instructed by his mother in the art of *shampooing*. Shampooing and other modes of friction have been long known as useful remedies in certain cases of stiff joints and weakened limbs, and as a substitute for exercise in bed-ridden patients, and there are many respectable females of the class of nurses in London who practise the art very successfully, and think themselves amply remunerated by earning a few shillings daily; but this youth was more fortunate. One or two cures which it was reported he had made caused him to be talked of at every dinner-table. It was believed that he had made a prodigious discovery in the healing art; that shampooing, performed according to his method, was a remedy for all disorders. Not only to those to whose cases the treatment was really applicable, but those to whose cases it was not applicable at all—patients with diseases of the hip and spine, of the lungs and liver; patients with the worst diseases, and patients with no disease whatever—went to be shampooed. The time of the artist, being fully occupied, rose in value, and we have no doubt that we do not over-estimate his gains in saying that, for one or two years, his receipts were at the rate of £6000 annually. Matters went on thus for two or three years, when the delusion ceased as suddenly as it had leapt into vigor, and the shampooer found himself all at once deprived of his vocation. As another and equally instructive example: it was about the close of the last century that Benjamin D. Perkins, an American surgeon practising in London, announced the sanative virtues of what he called his *Metallic Tractors*. They were a couple of small tapering pieces of metal—one zinc and the other copper—which the practitioner drew along in repeated passes near the part of the patient affected by disease, giving out that thus the disease was somehow drawn or magnetized away. For a time persons afflicted with rheumatism, gout, and other disorders, came in vast numbers to Mr. Perkins to be healed. His tractors, for which he had taken out a patent, were sold at five guineas a pair. The society of Friends, to which body he belonged, benevolently raised an hospital in which he might practice on the poor. At length a Dr. Haygarth, of Bath, hit upon a method of exposing the fallacy of the tractors. He suggested to Dr. Falcater that they should make wooden tractors, paint them to resemble the steel (?) ones, and see if the very same effect would not be produced. Five patients were chosen from the hospital in Bath upon whom to operate. Four of them suffered severely from chronic rheumatism in the ankle, knee, wrist, and hip, and the fifth had been affected for several months with the gout. On the day appointed for the experiments Dr. Haygarth and his friends assembled at the hospital, and with much solemnity brought forth the fictitious tractors. Four out of the five patients said their pains were immediately relieved; and three of them said they were not only relieved, but very much benefited. One felt his knee warmer, and said he could walk across the room. He tried and succeeded, although on the previous day he had not been able to stir. The gouty man felt his pains diminish rapidly, and was quite easy for nine hours, until he went to bed, when the twitching began again. On the following day the real tractors were applied to all the patients, when they described their symptoms in nearly the same terms. To make still more sure, the experiment was tried in the Bristol Infirmary, a few weeks afterwards, on a man who had a rheumatic affection in the shoulder so severe as to incapacitate him from lifting his hand from his knee. The fictitious tractors were brought and applied to the affected part, one of the physicians, to add to the scene, drawing a stop-watch from his pocket to calculate the time exactly, while another, with a pen in his hand, sat down to write the strange symptoms from minute to minute as they occurred. In less than four minutes the man felt so much relieved that he lifted his hand several inches without any pain to the shoulder. The possibility of such cures by such means is established beyond all contradiction. One noted case, often alluded to in medical works, is that of the besieged inhabitants of Breda, who, when invalided and bed-ridden with scurvy and other complaints, were rapidly restored to health by drinking of the solution of what they were told was a very precious drug, smuggled into the town for their especial benefit by the Prince of Orange, but which was confessedly only a little colored water. M. Huc informs us, in his amusing "*Travels in Tartary*," that the Lama there cures all diseases by vegetable pills; but "if he happens not to have any medicine with him, he is by no means disconcerted. He writes the names of the remedies upon little scraps of paper, moistens the paper with his saliva, and rolls them up into pills, which the patient tosses down as if they were genuine medicaments. To swallow the name of a remedy, or the remedy itself, comes, say the Tartars, to precisely the same thing!" It is curious to note how imagination and empiricism often cajole human nature.

S. S. PRENTISS.

This distinguished American lawyer and orator, whose fame belongs to his country, was born in Portland, Me., a city which seems to have been very fertile in the production of eminent persons—being the birthplace, among others, of the poets Longfellow and Willis, and John Neal. But Mr. Prentiss did not make the north his home. After receiving a thorough education, and after giving proof of that talent which raised him to such eminence at the bar, he removed to the State of Mississippi, where he became very distinguished both as a lawyer and a politician. He was thoroughly read in his profession, and after mastering all the details of a case, was unequalled in presenting all its strong points, and pressing them with almost irresistible eloquence. In the stormy days of Gen. Jackson's administration and the war on the United States Bank, Prentiss, who was an uncompromising opponent of the general, was elected to Congress, under peculiar circumstances, and made himself felt there as a bold partizan. On his return from Congress he made New Orleans his place of residence. He wielded a powerful influence over his fellow-citizens, up to the very day of his death, which occurred but a few years since.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LAUGHTER.

The old maxim says "Laugh and grow fat"—"Laugh and grow good" would be equally truthful. A genuine hearty laugh can never proceed from a man whose soul is corrupt, and whose brain is filled with evil principles and wicked projects. The wildest imagination can never conceive of Cassius as being jolly, or Brutus as a funny man. Cassius, we are expressly told by Shakespeare, was "lean and hungry;" of course he never laughed, but was as solemn as a starved owl. The lugubrious personage, who frowns at a pleasantry, can't take a joke if it is shot at him out of a gun, and requests the explanation and the use of a play upon words, is either a mortally stupid character, or the most likely man on earth to put the contents of a "Colt" into your waistcoat of a dark night, if you happen to have a couple of hundreds in your wallet, and he has a note to pay the next day. The world has at length embraced this theory of laughter as the true one, and we are glad to see that we are not to enjoy it "without benefit of clergy." The Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, lately said in the pulpit:

"For my own part, I say it in all solemnity, I have lived to become sincerely suspicious of the piety of those who do not love pleasure in any form. I cannot trust the man that never laughs; that is always sedate; that has no apparent outlets for those natural springs of sportiveness and gaiety that are perennial in the human soul. I know that nature takes her revenge on such violence. I expect to find secret vices, malignant sins or horrid crimes spring up in this hot-bed of confined air and imprisoned space; and, therefore, it gives me a sincere moral gratification anywhere, and in any community, to see innocent pleasure and popular amusements resisting the religious bigotry that frowns so unwisely upon them. Anything is better than the dark, dead, unhappy social life—a prey to ennui and morbid excitement, which results from unmitigated puritanism, whose second crop is usually unbridled license and infamous folly."

ALBANY.—This fine old city is one of the most picturesque places on our continent. The inhabitants do not "stand with their gable ends to the street," as a certain geography informs us, but many of the houses do—quaint edifices of the good old Dutch stamp, which Irving has taught us to love. The very tortuosity of the streets is more agreeable to the lover of the picturesque, than the rectangularity of a city laid out in squares.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.—The New York Journal of Commerce learns from an American, who recently returned from England, that Louis Napoleon is unboundedly popular in France. We need no further proof of it than the avidity with which the government loan was taken up lately. Louis can have any amount of money, and any number of men, to carry on the war in the East.

SNOW AND FIRE.—A boy named Snow has been arrested on a charge of making four ineffectual attempts to burn up (or down) the high school-house in Augusta, Maine.

SPLINTERS.

.... Messrs. Cushing & Crosby of Lowell, have the contract for building the Gloucester (Mass.) custom house, at \$25,596.

.... The engines for the U. S. steamer Merrimack, built at the West Point foundry, are the admiration of our engineers.

.... Alex. McCracken, a Scotchman, taken prisoner with Burgoyne's army, lately died at Colchester, Conn., aged 104.

.... Rachel's manager must make her chant the Marseilles Hymn before she leaves us—that's certain.

.... Jack Frost began to nip us as early as the 28th of August in this neighborhood. Sharp practice.

.... The Chicago Tribune thinks Captain Kinney intends to take the Moro Castle. With ten men?

.... At the Doyleston, Pa., baby show, a girl of four years took the prize. Rather an old baby!

.... Kossuth wrote a letter to Gen. Pierce to tell him what this country ought to do for him. Unanswered.

.... The great horse exhibition at Providence was a grand affair. The nags were good ones to go and to look at.

.... Thirty-five persons died in forty-eight hours during the prevalence of the yellow fever at Portsmouth, Va.

.... Mr. Chapin finely remarked that the Scientific School at Cambridge was Abbott Lawrence's monument.

.... Boston will soon be as famous for its magnificent stores and warehouses as Baltimore for its monuments.

.... A brilliant star seen by Professor Alexander in 1762, appeared to be burning up—a world destroyed.

.... Mrs. Pike, the authoress of *Ida May*, is building a splendid house at Calais, Me., with the profits of the book.

.... Minnesota has 53,600 inhabitants. She will be kind enough to step into the Union, if she pleases.

.... A country blacksmith puts up a notice: "No hosses shodded Sunday except sickness an deth."

.... Large numbers of emigrants are going back to Europe in Train's ships—most of them with money.

.... The residence of the late Thomas H. Perkins in Temple Place, will soon be occupied by the Savings' Bank.

.... The name Tetotalism is said to have originated in the stammering of a temperance speaker.

.... The French name for brandy is *eau de vie*. It may be spelt in three letters—ODV.

A GLANCE AT THE GALLERY.

It is a bright September morning, and the tide of fashion and business is flowing through Tremont Street, but let us step ashore—if you like the phrase, and quietly ascend to that quietest and most aristocratic of Boston streets—Beacon Street. We are bound for the Athenæum and a glance at the twenty-eighth exhibition of paintings and statuary. We confess to have seen the first—but then, of course, we were a very small boy, and don't remember anything about it. "Hang all parish registers!" Are you fearful of a crowd? Then pluck up courage—there is no sort of danger. No crowd ever pours through those freestone portals. Enter boldly. These are halls of silence. You may imagine them to be peopled by the spirits of *dilletanti*, but you will vainly look for their bodily presence. It is much easier to be Athenian on paper and in word than in deed. Men talk of their love for art as cowards do of their courage—every one professes to have it.

But the young lady at the door has accepted our "open sesame"—let us enter the sculpture gallery. It has a familiar look. Looming in the extreme archway lie those grand figures of Night and Day, by Michael Angelo, and here are the antiques as good as new. Brackett's lorn and lifeless mother and child, wave-abandoned on the pitiless rock, lie here in their marble loveliness. And here are two works by Crawford. His statue of Beethoven pleases us at the first glance. Genius, soul, life—animate those features. The attitude is dignified, easy and natural, and the drapery is grandly massed and arranged. We have never seen costume better managed. And here is the group of Hebe and Ganymede in marble by the same artist. It is quite Canova-like. The beautiful boy has just been invested with the office of which the lovely maiden has been deprived for a similar misfortune to that which befell Kitty of Coleraine, and no fault of hers; but instead of pride at being the cup-bearer of the gods, he leans pityingly on the shoulder of the disgraced favorite, and looks compassionately on her down-cast face—as if he were whispering words of consolation. The figure of Hebe is open to some of the criticism applied to Powers's Greek Slave.

But it is in vain that modern art attempts the revival of the old mythology. Its spirit is gone from the world.

"The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from his prophetic cell."

The picture gallery of the present exhibition contains an important feature wanting to the last. The northeast room is devoted to the works of living artists of Boston and New York. Here are more than a hundred choice pictures, forming an attractive gallery in themselves. The subjects and styles are varied, and there is not an undue proportion of portraits. Among the latter is a very striking sketch in oil of Rev. John Pierpont, by Walter M. Brackett, the painter, and a very vigorous head in oil by Edward A. Brackett, the sculptor, proving that he is as capable of treating heads in color as in marble. The head we speak of is well modelled and well colored. There is a fine, effective picture by J. W. Glass, representing a group of horsemen in armor, fording a river by moonlight. Pope's portrait of Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne is very clever. Mr. F. S. Frost, a young landscape painter of great promise, has contributed a couple of pictures, but by no means his best. We shall be disappointed if this young man does not prove himself one day one of the first landscapists of the age. Mr. C. A. Barry, with whose skill in drawing our readers are well acquainted, is well represented in his portraits. Alfred Ordway's "Lizzie," is very creditable to this meritorious artist. We regret that we cannot linger longer among these works of living art. They inspire us with hope for the future. Fair performance and golden promise are here. The American Athens and the Imperial City have talent in their midst, awaiting only liberal patronage to be nobly developed and perfected.

BEQUESTS.—The will of the late Hon. Abbot Lawrence bequeathes sums to the amount of \$130,000 to various public charities, among which are a donation of \$50,000 for the establishment of Model Lodging Houses, \$10,000 to the Boston Public Library, \$50,000 to the Lawrence Scientific School, besides three to religious objects. The whole amount of his estate is supposed to exceed two millions.

PRESERVING OUR PAPER.—As the Pictorial is universally preserved for the purpose of binding at the close of each volume, we would impress upon our subscribers the best mode of keeping it in a neat and perfect manner. On receiving the paper place a strong pin, or a few stitches of thread in the back, and then carefully cut the leaves. This will make it most available for reading and reference, and will keep it in convenient and safe form.

MUSICAL CONVENTION.—Mr. B. F. Baker's musical convention, which was held lately at the Music Hall in this city, was a brilliantly successful affair. Pupils were present from nearly every State in the Union.

HONOR TO AMERICANS.—James Dana, of New Haven, Ct., and Asa Gray, of Cambridge, Mass., have been elected corresponding members of the physico-mathematical class of the Royal Academy of Berlin.

NEWARK, N. J.—We lately published a series of views of this pretty and thriving place. We see that the late census makes its population 50,711. Quite a village!

NATURAL PHENOMENA.

Surrounded by objects of natural beauty, how few of us there are who appreciate and enjoy them as they deserve to be appreciated and enjoyed! It is true that when we make a special pilgrimage to some spot celebrated for its romantic beauty, when we rise in the night time expressly to observe a magnificent aurora borealis, we contrive to get up a certain amount of enthusiasm about the spectacle; but of the daily beauties that embellish the path of life, we are too apt to be sadly heedless. How few give more than a passing glance at a gorgeous sunset or sunrise! A momentary pleasure is excited, but its memory passes away like mist from the surface of a mirror. These thoughts occurred to us lately, as we witnessed, at Nahant, within the compass of a few hours, three of the finest spectacles that the daily life of nature presents—sunset, moonrise and sunrise. The sunset, though fine, presented no unusual features, no gorgeous array of vari-colored cloud-drapery. Yet the western sea and the western sky were like two commingling oceans of molten gold. But long ere the sunset flush had faded from the west, creeping on the brief gray twilight that veiled shore and sea, a dim, religious light, only broken by the kindling stars of the lighthouse towers along the line of coast, came a faint purple blush that heralded the approach of the moon. Soon her rim appeared, and then the whole disk hove upward, blood-red and distorted by refraction. The wet rocks and the rippling sea looked for a moment grim and portentous in the lurid light; but the shadow of blood passed away as the luminary mounted upward, and soon hung, a burnished silver shield, bridging the waves with a broad and glittering pathway, and bringing out every feature of the wild peninsula, as if by the touch of a magician's wand. How solemn, hushed and beautiful was the night that followed—a night so calm and lustrous that it seemed almost sinful to waste its waning hours in sleep! While the moon yet rode high in heaven, but faded to a filmy cloud of silver gauze, the sun burst upon the weltering waste of waters. A warm glow like a blush of pleasure on the face of nature, and then the glorious daystar, "centre of life and energy," leaped upward from the waters, blazing with that intolerable splendor which mortal eye cannot gaze upon with impunity. Such are the magnificent spectacles which we are daily invited to witness, and which we neglect, only because they are of regular recurrence, and offered without money and without price.

DUNCAN'S PAINTINGS.—Frederick Parker, Cornhill, is always surprising us by the exhibition of some new and beautiful work of art. He has now two splendid historical paintings by Thomas Duncan, R. A., one representing the triumphal entry of Prince Charles Edward into Edinburgh, and the other, Flora MacDonald watching over the sleeping prince in a Highland cave, after the disastrous defeat of his hopes at Culloden. They are finely colored, and full of historical truth, of feeling and expression.

NATIONAL DEBT.—The national debt of England is just about \$3,869,615,000. A person in England bequeathed \$5000 towards reducing this debt, but it did not pay the interest that accrued while the money was being counted and a receipt written out. This "great national blessing" is likely to be a perpetual one.

A MORMON SETTLEMENT.—There are some eight hundred Mormons at Beaver Island, Lake Michigan. The women wear the Bloomer costume, and their leader, Strang, is an ex-lawyer of Philadelphia, so, of course, he must know something.

MARKETING.—We believe, that in practice, there is no restriction placed on the peddling of provisions in Boston. We are in hopes that prices will shade down a little lower yet before long.

NEWSPAPERS.—In 1812 the number of copies of newspapers issued weekly in New England was 100,000—less than our weekly issue of the Pictorial.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Charles E. Mecum to Miss Achsah W. Newton; by Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. Elbridge G. Hanaford to Miss Julia Brady; by Rev. Mr. Scandling, Mr. Noah Phillips, of Philadelphia, to Miss Joanna Nasson; by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. James B. Hill to Miss Eliza J. Tenney; by Rev. Mr. Wise, Mr. Denison Gage, Jr., of Stanstead, Canada East, to Miss Anna D. Brigham; by Rev. Mr. Irwin, Mr. George Thompson to Miss Mary Curlling;—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Tappan, George Craig, Esq., of Philadelphia, to Miss Lockerman, of Delaware;—At Lynn, by Rev. Dr. Cooke, Mr. J. A. Austin to Miss M. J. Bean;—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Mills, Mr. John Inns to Miss Harriet F. Evans; by Rev. Dr. Emerson, Mr. John Morse to Miss Sarah A. Dorman;—At Andover, by George Foster, Esq., Mr. Charles D. Woodbridge, to Miss Sarah M. Stevens, of Montpelier, Vt.;—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Barnaby, Mr. Charles H. Ordway to Miss Mary A. Small;—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Nathan Brooks, Esq. to Mrs. Sally Goodrich, both of Acton;—At Freetown, by Rev. Mr. Cory, Mr. Simeon Borden, 2d, of Fall River, to Miss Irene S. Hathaway;—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Bronson, Mr. William Yates to Miss Eliza Davenport;—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Burt, Mr. David E. Randall to Mrs. Elizabeth H. Taber; by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Seth Collins to Miss Mary L. Crocker, both of Falmouth;—At Manchester, N. H., J. P. Newell, Esq. to Miss Mary W. Bell.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Theodore Cushing, 79; Mr. Simon T. Blanchard, 74; Miss Dolly S. Smith, 45;—At Roxbury, Widow Sarah Pritchard Mansfield, 79;—At Charlestown, Mrs. Elizabeth Knights, 95; Miss Susan Kettell, 75;—At North Chelsea, Edward E. Plunkham, 17;—At Brookline, Miss Lucinda Newell, 51;—At South Malden, Mr. Zachariah Mansfield, 23;—At Lynn, Mrs. Tabitha Alley, 54; Mr. Eben B. Glinan, 39;—At Salem, Mr. Benjamin Annable, 39; Miss Laura Curtis, of Bristol, Me., 13; Mrs. Rachel B. Osborne, 22;—At South Danvers, Mrs. Harriet W. Flint, 24;—At Ipswich, Widow Sophia Smith, 56;—At East Sandwich, Mr. Barzillai Weeks, of West Barnstable, 87;—At North Weymouth, Mr. David Lovell, 84;—At Taunton, Mrs. Almira Usher, of West Cambridge, 42;—At Middleboro', Mr. Zebia Bourne, 76; Mr. Otis Thomas, 74;—At New Bedford, Mr. Stephen Lawrence, formerly of Freetown, 56;—At West Townsend, Mrs. Caroline S. Greenwood, of Boston, 56;—At Saunderville, Widow Lydia Crozman, late of Sutton, 82;—At Leicester, Mrs. Susan Hail, 60;—At New London, Conn., Rev. Oliver Dimon, formerly a resident of this city;—At Brooklyn, N. Y., David H. Merwin, Esq., formerly of Westfield, Mass., 52;—At Baltimore, Capt. Cornelius Lowe, native of Boston, 91;—At New Orleans, Mr. William R. Neal, of Gardiner, Me., 27;—At Columbia, Cal., Miss Julia L. Morse, late of Hallowell, Me., 28;—At Santa Clara, Cal., Mr. Joel Doolittle, late of Shoreham, Vt.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

A Sunday evening concert in the Tivoli Theatre, at Cincinnati, was brought to a sudden termination by the appearance of the police, who arrested the principal portion of the orchestra. The reason for the interference of the police was found in the fact that the music performed was more secular than sacred. — Mr. Taft, of Charleston, S. C., who recently lost an arm on the Western Railroad, claims \$100,000 damages. — Mr. Timothy Bartholomew, of Northford, Ct., has upon his estate a turtle which he caught and marked with his initials in 1806. The turtle is often met with in the meadows of the farm. — The Virginia Central Railroad is now completed as far west as Craigsville, twenty-two miles beyond Staunton. — The war, which terminated in 1813, cost the French about 460,000 lives. This was the most extravagant campaign, as to human life, of all modern warfare. In the course of a very little while, however, the losses occasioned by the present war of Europe will have reached this number. — The Foreign Legion in the British service at Halifax, recruited in the United States and Canada, contains one thousand men—Irish, English, Hungarians and Germans. — A prisoner in the Penitentiary at Albany, laboring under insanity, from recent sickness, eluded the vigilance of his keeper, a few days ago, and sprang off a gallery thirty feet high, striking on the stone slabs beneath. Strange to say, he only sustained a slight injury—spraining one of his ankles. — Mr. Buchanan, our minister to England, signifies his intention of returning home in October next. — John Legar has lately been arrested in New York city for shooting a butcher, who went to Mrs. Legar to get his washing done. The butcher was traced several rods by his blood, but his name is not known. — The wine made in the region of Cincinnati is fully equal in quality with French wines; but nobody will believe it, of course; so higher prices are paid for the foreign import. — A Brooklyn gentleman planted some Winnebago corn, which he received from the Agricultural Bureau of the Patent Office, and in eleven weeks after it was put in the ground, it produced ears for boiling. — A farmer, residing in Onondaga county, New York, has exhibited a leaf of pie-plant grown by him, the exact circumference of which was eighteen feet one inch. — A suicide epidemic prevails in New York just now. The Times says that strangers must be very careful to behave themselves while there, and not dissipate, lest next morning the epidemic seize them, and they pitch into the sea, or blow out their brains. — Madame Maubourg, the eldest daughter and last surviving child of the Marquis Lafayette, recently died, aged about 75, at her princely residence in Turin, where she had lived many years. — Captain West, of the Collins steamer Atlantic, has crossed the ocean two hundred and thirty eight times, and the most serious accident which has ever befallen his ship was the breaking of a shaft, which obliged him to put back. — The Worcester Transcript chronicles the death, in Petersham, on the 24th ult., of Mrs. Mary Farrar, widow of the Rev. Joseph Farrar, at the age of one hundred years and seven months. — A valuable horse belonging to Edward Sargeant, of Leicester, being turned into a grove to graze, in which was a swing attached to a tree, bethought himself, *a la* monkey, to take a swing as he had seen others do before him. Being a novice in that exercise, he made rather bungling work of getting started, and finally got his neck so entangled in the rope that he swung himself out of life before assistance arrived to extricate him. — M. Chottin, a Protestant clergyman, and M. Briere, a printer, have been condemned by the French tribunals to pay a fine of \$400 each, and to be imprisoned several months, for writing and publishing a book turning the Romish religion into derision. — A magnificent cane, intended as a present to Governor Gardner, of Massachusetts, from his Boston friends in San Francisco, was lately exhibited there. It cost \$500; the head is of solid gold, and adorned with brilliants. — M. Magne, Minister of Finance of France, has been raised to the dignity of Grand Cross. This is in recognition of his skill in managing the late brilliant loan. The minister's private bonus, protected—in accordance with tradition and precedent,—is supposed to be about three millions.

SALARATUS.—Dr. Alcott pronounces the use of this article as excessively injurious to the human system. After relating an instance of very dangerous disease induced by the use of salaratus—causing muscular prostration, loss of the tone of the bowels, and immediate mortification wherever a blister was applied,—the doctor makes the following startling declaration:—"There can be no doubt that the subinflammation of the alimentary canal, which the habitual use of this alkali induces, both in children and adults, is one cause of that dread mortality which prevails among the former; but which, in summer and autumn, when other causes co-operate, proves peculiarly alarming."

VULTURES.—A letter from the Crimea says:—"Vultures are very numerous in the Crimea. They smell the powder, and await the end of the fight to throw themselves on their victims. After one of the recent combats, an English officer was found on the battle-field, who had just expired, pressing in both his arms one of these birds of prey, dead, like himself, and which he had crushed in a last effort of agony!"

LONGFELLOW'S NEW POEM.—This eagerly expected work is an Indian legend, and is entitled the "Song of Hiawatha." It is said to be very original, and to have all the simplicity and charm of a northern saga.

FEMALE EQUESTRIANISM.—Prizes are to be awarded to the best lady riders at the Agricultural Fair at Bridgewater. A number of belles are training to enter the lists as competitors.

Wayside Gatherings.

Large quantities of Georgia and Tennessee wheat are arriving at New York by the steamers and packets from Savannah and Charleston. The grain is of the very best quality, and commands high prices.

The Boston Courier says:—"The most infamous system of forestalling and monopolizing exists in the metropolitan provision markets of the United States that could possibly be conceived of greediness and rapacity."

Felix McLarmen, in Toronto, was choked to death by a piece of beef sticking in his throat while at dinner. His wife, by beating upon his back, caused the dislodgment of the meat, but with the effort of throwing it up the man expired.

The present season potatoes have never looked better—since they had eyes; so say the press. Potatoes, by the way, are the most expensive living, looked at from the elevated points of price and nutrition, that a man can be guilty of indulging in.

Mr. Michael Cassidy, an old and well known citizen, sexton of St. Peter's Church, Lowell, and for many years one of the city undertakers, was found dead in his bed, lately, having retired in apparent good health. He was between 60 and 70 years of age.

There is said to be thirty-six iron ship-building establishments in the neighborhood of Glasgow, on the river Clyde. The capital employed is \$10,000,000, and 50,000 skilled workmen are engaged. At the present time there are thirty-two new iron ships on the stocks.

The compositors employed upon the London newspapers have organized a news-room and library. The library contains many valuable works of reference, and some of the best standard editions of historical and scientific works so necessary to them to obtain the higher branches of knowledge.

The Smithsonian Institute is going, it is said, into a minute investigation of the variations of the magnetic needle, which are now exciting so much attention. The subject is important, not only to mariners, but to the accuracy of titles to lands, the description of which often depends upon the compass.

Mr. William C. Frazer, living eight miles west of Corbinville, Ill., says the Spectator, of that place, sowed last fall 7 3-4 bushels of wheat on 10 1-4 acres of ground, which he has just threshed and delivered to a produce buyer there, which weighed four hundred and fifty-one bushels—just forty-two bushels per acre.

About three hundred miles of telegraph wires are in operation in California. Prices from San Francisco to Stockton, Sacramento or Marysville, \$2 for first ten words, and ten cents for each additional word. The tariff is higher than in England, where \$1 50 is paid for what would cost twenty-five cents in this country.

It is stated that the census now nearly completed will give New York State a population of 3,500,000—about one sixth of the white population of the Union. There is a falling off in several of the agricultural counties. The total increase since the last census will be about 7 1-2 per cent.

An "upright shoemaker's bench" has been patented in England, and by it the work of shoemaking can be carried on better in a standing than in a sitting position. This will be a great relief to the devotees of St. Crispin, and prevent pulmonary complaints, so frequent among shoemakers.

Different nations have different kinds of loafers. The Italian spends his time in sleeping; the Turkish loafer in dreaming; the Spanish in praying; the French in laughing; the English in swearing; the Russian in gambling; the Hungarian in smoking; the German in drinking, and the American in talking politics.

M. M. Manly, a marble dealer of Vermont, offers \$10,000 premium to any one who will produce a machine that will at the same time saw on a taper both sides of a block of marble, as for an obelisk; it must, of course, work quicker and cheaper than a single saw. The thing is hard to contrive, but it can be done. Let our mechanics think of it.

Lightning rods will not protect buildings at a radius of four times the height of the rod above the building—a radius of twice the height is safe. If the rod is ten feet high above the building, it will, if properly constructed, protect all parts of the house at a distance of twenty feet from the rod. These facts are important to be kept in mind.

The Canadians take great interest in their elections; they never allow the ballot-boxes to suffer for want of ballots. At a late election in Saguenay county, where the population is 12,000, the number of ballots was 14,000; and in a parish where there were but 400 inhabitants, 2000 votes were returned certified on the oath of the inspector.

Hemp has advanced in price immensely within the last twelve months, owing, no doubt, to the war with Russia. In St. Louis, Missouri, we note the price is still advancing. On the 13th ult., undressed hemp commanded \$125 per ton, and dressed, \$175. The growing crop in Missouri is said to be seriously damaged, and the yield will fall short of an average.

Irving's "Life of Washington" is praised by the English reviewers. One of them remarks:—"Englishmen can heartily appreciate the greatness of Washington; for was he not of our blood?—and now that the asperities of contest have been removed, we can acknowledge the justice of his cause, and the heroism of his actions."

The amount of stone brought to Chicago by canal this season up to the first of August, is 25,744 cubic yards. The whole of this has been used in buildings in the city, either as foundations, principal walls, caps, cornices, or other uses. It may assist the apprehension of the amount of stone thus used, to remark that it would cover an acre of ground to the depth of fifteen feet.

An awful explosion at Naples occurred in the Castel Nuovo, where percussion caps are made, on the 20th of July. The entire building was blown up, and it is said that at least two hundred persons were buried in the debris. Fearing that another revolution had broken out, the soldiers rushed to arms, whilst the inhabitants, imagining that an earthquake had happened, ran about in a frantic condition.

Not long since, a woman left her lodgings in Barnsley, England, with her infant four months old, and returned in the evening without it. She was asked to account for her missing child, when she stated that a shopkeeper at Silkstone offered her a sovereign for it, and that she had accepted the sum and sold the baby. This statement was found to be correct, the infant having been purchased by a clothier, who is a married man, but has no children.

Balfe, the composer of the operas of the Bohemian Girl, Enchantress, Daughter of St. Mark, etc., has recently written a letter, offering to come to New York city professionally, on the following modest terms. He asks \$1000 to superintend three performances of a new opera of his own, in New York, besides demanding that the expenses of himself, family and three servants to, from, and while in the city, shall be paid, and the copyright of the opera remain his own.

Foreign Items.

M. Louis Batissier, vice-consul of France at Suez, has sent to the Museum of the Louvre a papyrus nearly 2000 years old. It contains a fragment of the 18th Book of Homer's Iliad.

The Prussian government has recently made inquiries in relation to the crops in all the districts of the provinces; the result promises an abundant yield of wheat, while rye will scarcely be an average yield.

An excursion party, consisting of gentlemen from Glasgow, travelling from Malta to Egypt, across the desert from Jaffa to Jerusalem and the Holy Places, are now on their way to Constantinople and Sebastopol.

A new trade is said to have been introduced into Sheffield, England, by the casting of bells of cast steel, which is reported to have all the advantages of bell metal, with the recommendation of greater cheapness.

The Junior United Service Club has received a splendid copy of Winterhalter's picture of the Emperor Napoleon III. It is full length and life size. The British public have been made familiar with this picture by the engravings. The likeness is perfect.

The closing of the Paris Exhibition is fixed for the 31st October. Nevertheless, there is a question at present, if not of prolonging it, at least of leaving it open for two months longer; in other words, to allow the exhibitors time to effect the sale of their goods.

Madame George Sand is said to have just concluded an arrangement with the Librairie Nouvelle for the publication of various works, with an agreement that each edition is to consist of at least twenty thousand copies. A new book, long expected, "Les Contemplations" of Victor Hugo, is about to make its appearance, which is looked for with lively interest.

Advertising is now very generally adopted by tradesmen in London; but there are a few who spend a little fortune annually in this way, and make a large one by it. It is estimated that Holloway, the pill-man, spends £30,000; Moses & Son, clothiers, £10,000; Rowland & Son, macassar oil, £10,000, and £10,000 more on their cod liver oil; Heal & Son, bedsteads, etc., £6000; and Nicoll, a tailor, £4500.

Sands of Gold.

.... The property of a great man is to baffle ordinary calculations.—*Balzac*.

.... What are the aims which are at the same time duties? They are, the perfecting of ourselves—the happiness of others.—*Kant*.

.... The contemplation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when he descends to human affairs.—*Cicero*.

.... To divert at any time a troublesome fancy, run to thy books; they presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness.—*Fuller*.

.... As good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.—*Milton*.

.... Try to be happy in this very present moment, and put not off being so to a time to come: as though that time should be of another make from this, which is already come, and is ours.—*Fuller*.

.... A physician is not angry at the intemperance of a mad patient, nor does he take it ill to be ruined at by a man in a fever. Just so should a wise man treat all mankind, as a physician does his patient, and look upon them only as sick and extravagant.—*Seneca*.

.... The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness—who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging, alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such an one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.—*Lessing*.

.... The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once fixed in, and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it.—*Sir J. F. Buxton*.

Joker's Budget.

Side issues—cash from the breeches pocket.

Most tailors leave the world in fits—though their customers rarely do.

Somewhere down East they make coffee so weak that it has to be set on a chair to rest. They must have that coffee weekly.

Our friend Tom Brook says: "When he went to see a lady, and unexpectedly found half a dozen, he was mistaken."

A dollar in the hand looks larger than ten dollars seen through the perspective of a sixty day due bill. Cash is practical, while credit takes horribly to taste and romance.

Many people, when they experience the slightest tinge of illness, betake themselves to bed. They most probably think they will alleviate their pain by using a counter-pane.

A modest cotemporary calls veal "unfinished beef." This is pretty good; but why not extend the vocabulary? Suppose we term lamb "incipient mutton," and denominate pig "premonitory pork!"

A gentleman, entering a ball-room, accidentally tripped over the feet of several ladies. Gracefully recovering himself, he exclaimed, with a smile: "In all my classical course I never met with so many feet in a line!"

The Morgantown Union notices the discontinuance of the barber shop in that place, in consequence of one of the parties having gone to making tombstones, and the other having accepted the highly responsible position of United States mail rider.

It is related of a famous wit that, having been appointed to attend to the removal of a stove, and not having performed his duty, he urged, in excuse, "that it was his warmest friend and he could not be expected to remove it."

The Hoosiers on the Wabash turn their "agy shakes" to some account; they climb into the top of a "shelf-bark" just as the chill comes on, and by the time the "personal earthquake" leaves them, there is not a hickory nut left on the tree.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements. The immense circulation of the PICTORIAL (being over one hundred thousand copies weekly) forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the PICTORIAL as an advertising medium is, that it is preserved, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the inside of the paper) becomes a permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.

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We might have hurried this work through the press to forestall others commenced long after ours was in progress, but we could not be tempted to waive a single feature of excellence requiring time for its perfection.

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Publishers, Philadelphia.
Orders respectfully solicited. It sept 22

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Office of the Maryland Consolidated Lotteries, }
Baltimore, Maryland, 20th June, 1855. }

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All the tickets in these Lotteries, and all certificates of packages of tickets, have the lithographed signature, "F. X. BAZAN, General Agent for the Contractor. Office of the Maryland Consolidated Lotteries, Baltimore, Maryland." All others are fraudulent. For full information on the subject of these frauds, address
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NATIVE TRAVELLING CHAIR, MADEIRA.

NATIVE TRAVELLING CHAIR, MADEIRA.

In No. 5 of the present volume we gave a picture of a beautiful landscape in the island of Madeira, in the vicinity of the church of Nossa Senhora Do Monte, and we now present an illustration of the genteel mode of travelling used in the same romantic island. The roads are so rough and steep, owing to the mountainous character of the country, that wheeled vehicles are entirely out of the question. Everything required to be moved is either drawn by oxen on sledges, or drags, as we call them, carried on the backs of asses and mules, or on the heads of men and women. Once in a while a pony phaeton makes its appearance on a tolerably good road; but this is quite a phenomenal occurrence. The

conveyance shown in the engraving is a sort of litter suspended from a pole, supported by two men, and its motion is easy and luxurious. It is a far more agreeable conveyance than the eastern palanquin. The bearers are very dexterous in the adjustment of the weight, and a couple of stout fellows will carry a lady for miles safely, and with apparent ease to themselves.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

The accompanying engraving shows us the harbor of Santiago, with its bold, commanding shores and castellated crags. It is on the southern coast of the eastern department of Cuba, and was first discovered by the Spaniards in 1508. Four years afterwards

the foundations of the city were laid. The narrow entrance to the harbor is guarded by the fortress on the rocks called the Moro, which is a miniature copy of the strong structure of the same name at Havana. On the water's edge are seen the natural caverns worn by the dashing of the sea. Just above them is quite a formidable battery, and there are other fortifications within the scope of our view. The population of the city is between thirty and forty thousand. It has suffered very much from earthquakes, which have destroyed or damaged many of its buildings. It is the third in rank among the commercial places of the island. One of its staple exports, copper, is found in the neighboring mines, which are worked by a company of English capitalists.



SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1855.

\$3.00 PER ANNUM. } Vol IX., No 13.—Whole No. 221.
6 CENTS SINGLE. }

FISHING PARTY—BOSTON HARBOR.

Our artist, Mr. Wade, has here sketched for us with his usual felicity, an amphibious scene, with a mixture of land and seascape in it, strongly characteristic of Boston harbor, Boston folks and Boston notions. It requires no stretch of the imagination, from the skilful indications of the artist, to picture to ourselves the close of a summer day, when the fainting breeze scarcely ruffles the surface of the inner harbor—when there is no wind outside, and outward and inward bound vessels, making scarcely any perceptible progress, rise and fall slightly on the ground swell, their flaccid sails swinging to and fro with the motion of the sea. Yet with all this tranquillity no lassitude is felt by the party of fishermen who are making preparations for a grand marine banquet under the rocky bluff, for if there be no wind, yet the salt air is invigorating and bracing, and the “sun’s perpendicular height” no longer “illuminates the depth of the sea.” There is no danger of their being boiled and stewed themselves, while subjecting cod, haddock and hialves to those agreeable processes. Let us glance at the various characters and their avocations. In the centre of the picture is the huge iron pot, almost large enough to serve as a cauldron for the witches represented so quaintly by Shakspeare in Macbeth. But it is not destined to contain

nor,
“Eye of newt and toe of frog,”
“Toad that under the cold stone
Nights hath numbered thirty-one.”

But other and wholesomer ingredients “to make the mixture slab and good.” At this moment the chowder is cooking in that pot, and the amphibious gentleman on the butter-box is having a taste—a foretaste of the principal dish of a banquet worthy of Apicius. Talk not of chowder, ye benighted mortals who have only eaten it at hotels in the city. You do not know what chowder is. You must partake of it where the ingredients are obtained—where the fish, fresh from the water, are sliced up while they are firm and hard, and vitality has not yet left them; and then your cook must be a man *born with a genius for chowder*. This is indispensable. Moreover the chowder must be eaten with that appetite a trip upon the bay alone inspires. We hold it to be morally impossible that an out-and-out landlubber can enjoy a chowder. Behind the magician entrusted by the party with the highly responsible office of chowder-master (it is harder to make a chowder than to write a poem!) is another individual, pondering on the origin of his huge cigar, and endeavoring to settle the important question whether it originated in the Vuelta de Abajo, or in Kinderhook—a problem ultimately to be resolved in smoke. There is no “sogering” in

our group of pleasure-seekers. A third individual is busy cleaning fish for a fry; a fourth is picking up chips to “keep the pot *biling*”—voluntary stoker to the piscatorial association. The pleasure-boat is high and dry, with her balliards and sprits hanging loose in the idle wind. A part of the “expedition” are about putting off in the jolly boat, after they have seen the revenue cutter slowly working her way up the bay in the calm. Others of the party are digging clams for a clam-bake—baked clams being a seaside luxury in great repute, and quite worthy of being named in the same sentence with fish-chowder. Far in the distance of our picture is seen the pyramidal city of Boston, crowned by the dome of the State House, a perpetual landmark. During the summer season these fishing parties are of frequent occurrence. They are rarely so unsuccessful as not to obtain the material for a glorious maritime banquet—and often a good deal of adventure befalls them. To be becalmed in a fog—to get aground, to be compelled to pass a night on one of the islands, these are contingencies that *must* enter into the calculations of all those who abandon the bosom of their families for the bosom of the deep. These parties are often composed of men of wealth and station, who don the nautical garb to “have a good time.” There are a number of clubs organized for this purpose.



A FISHING PARTY IN BOSTON HARBOR.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial]

FALCONE:

—OR—

THE MYSTERIES OF MEXICO.

A ROMANCE OF OUR DAY.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUOGANNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XII.—[CONTINUED.]

Then, raising his voice, as he marked the despondent looks which followed his sad prediction, Zumozin would begin a strain of enthusiastic hope.

"Children of Aztlan—despair not! Ye are many—ye are strong. Come up together in concert! let the tribes from afar send their young men and their wise chiefs. Let the Indian no longer lift his hand against an Indian, but join in the great feast of union. Let us learn how the Spaniards march on the war-path. Let us have captains and an army, like the strangers, and be together a great nation once more. Then shall we build up cities like our Aztec fathers, and the red warriors of the land shall come to us, asking shelter beneath our power. And we will unite all the tribes from the mountains to the sea, and be as one warrior and one wise chief, possessing the land forevermore, even as our fathers of Aztlan. Behold, children! the spirits of the dead look down upon us, and I hear their words, crying: 'Join! join! descendants of Aztlan! join, and become a great and mighty people.'"

With such harangues had Zumozin unfolded to the tribes among whom he sojourned, the plan of an Indian confederacy that might succeed in arresting the decay which he knew too well must be the fate of all the race, should they in their present divided state, become more intimately known to the encroaching white man. The craft and violence which had reduced the aborigines of the *tierra caliente* to a condition abject and deplorable in the extreme, would be equally ruinous to the yet uncorrupted denizens of the upper regions above the city of Mexico, just so soon as the marauding adventurers and traders should become sufficiently numerous to warrant their customary methods of tampering. The object of Zumozin, therefore, was, by some wise plan of confederation, to consolidate the roving families and remnants of nations into a federated people, formidable in point of numbers, and governed by such regulations as would admit of their being disciplined in military science, and taught the rudiments of a sound national education. The scheme was not Utopian; indeed it was one which promised important results, and which, if devised at any period before the Spaniards had corrupted the unhappy natives, might have preserved the latter from much of the misery which is now their lot in the interior of Mexico.

Such a plan of confederation had been already twice conceived by purely savage intellect among the Atlantic tribes, and foiled only because of its being too late in execution to reach its object—once, in the early history of the New England colonies, when King Philip's war threatened total annihilation to the English, and again, in later times, when Tecumtha rallied the tribes, and fought the last good fight of the savage against the white man. In both of these aboriginal schemes of union, the lack of success arose simply from their having been devised too late, when the whites were become too powerful to resist.

Dusenbury had listened to the earnest words of his friend Zumozin, with a countenance that showed how fully he appreciated the noble impulses which gave birth to them; and he rejoined, with a glistening eye:

"Capt'g, you're a brick, an' deserve to be president o' this erodod-rotted republic in jes' about no time, now, I tell ye. Ef you want to bring about the real elevation o' yaller skins, jes' you larn 'em to respect themselves, and make 'em feel that an ingin's good as a white man, if he's decent. A man's a man, and by jingo, they owned the land before any white fellar ever set foot on't. 'Taint fair to drive 'em clean out o' their own shanties, by thunder."

"Let us hope that the age of persecution is passing away," said Padre Herrata. "No nation is secure that is intolerant."

"True as gospel," ejaculated Dusenbury. "But what course will our new government take, if it be true that Paredes is to have dictatorial authority?"

"I know not that such authority will be allowed him," answered Padre Herrata, "but this we must expect—war on the part of the United States, and civil war in Mexico."

"And who will wage the civil war?"

"A dozen ambitious chieftains, anxious for power—men who could be controlled but by one master-spirit, popular alike with the people and the army."

"You mean Santa Anna?"

"You understand me, Anselmo. But, alas! the general dwells ingloriously abroad, when his country demands his services here."

"He hates the Americans!"

"More bitterly even than Paredes, who, besides, is not popular with the soldiers. If we would avert civil war, Santa Anna must return."

"But how? his life might be the forfeit. Remember Iturbido and Guerrero."

"The army will protect him, and Paredes must yield the command of that, in order to secure himself from a host of jealous rivals."

"It is true—Santa Anna must return."

"Go then, Anselmo, at once to Vera Cruz, as was your intention. Embark for Havana, where Santa Anna now waits, and tell him that his presence is needed in Mexico. He will return with you."

"But if in the meantime war should break out?"

"What better service can you accomplish, my son, than to bring another defender to our country? Santa Anna is ambitious, but ambition in one man, is better than anarchy and disunion among all our chiefs. Anselmo—follow my counsel, as you love Mexico! Senor Dusenbury and myself leave at once for the frontier. Go you at once to Santa Anna."

"I will, my father!" cried Zumozin, rising and taking the priest's hand. "Farewell! we shall soon meet again. And you, my brave American," continued the Mexican youth, as Dusenbury came forward for a parting embrace, "if all your nation and all my countrymen were just and loyal as yourself, the name of war would never be breathed in their councils. Farewell, my friend, and may we yet greet each other under less gloomy auspices."

With these words, Zumozin departed, leaving his two friends to arrange all things for their contemplated journey from the capital. In the meantime, we must return to other actors in our drama of history and life.

The news of Taylor's occupation of the eastern bank of the Rio Grande had just reached the capital of Mexico, and had been made the subject of a public proclamation which was placarded throughout the city. It was considered as the initiative of war. Whatever might have been the numbers or vitality of the peace party of Mexico a few weeks before, ere yet Herrara's administration had succumbed to the demands of popular belligerency, there was very little manifestation of pacific feelings by an assemblage at the market-place. All lips breathed hostility to the invader, albeit some were pale in so doing. Anathemas without stint were hurled at the perfidious nation which, it was asserted, had wantonly provoked and pushed to extremity the quarrel, in the lust for aggrandizement and territory. Many priests mingled with the laymen of the crowd, exhorting the latter to die, if necessary, in their country's defence, and to pay out their last dollar to support a righteous cause; but none of these religious gentlemen offered of themselves to furnish contributions, though it was well known that the revenues of the state were insignificant compared with those of the church. However, if wanting in liberality, the good clergy lacked not in zeal, and dispensed the blessings of the church very generously, if they did not its funds.

Aside from the crowd, conversing in an animated manner, walked two individuals with whom the reader is already acquainted. They did not appear to be so much occupied with the general subject of excitement, as with their own personal matters.

"By St. Iago! whoever this villain of an American be, I shall not sleep well till I triumph over him," muttered the younger of the two colloquists, clinching his teeth as he spoke, and frowning ominously.

"You have your father's temper, Falcone," cried his companion. "But who and what is this American?"

"I know nothing of him, further than that he rendered some service to the late administration, and was in favor with Herrara. He is called Senor Dusenbury, and rumor says he assisted in dispersing the brigand band of Joaquin Morani some time since; a bold fellow, that Morani, who attacked a government conducta not long before he was taken."

"And a priest, Padre Herrata, was not such a one mentioned in connection with the capture of Morani?"

"You know all about it."

"Doubtless! I have a good memory, and readily recall the circumstance. Moreover, I will tell you something else. The government conducta which the brigand attacked, was designed, if captured, to supply the troops of General Paredes, then in revolt. This American and the priest, by preventing the plunder, saved Herrara's government from pecuniary ruin. You understand me, Falcone?"

"I think so."

"Consequently Herrara became a friend to both the worthy gentlemen. But that is no reason Paredes should remember them with gratitude. You understand me now, Falcone?"

"Perfectly, Don Ricardo."

"Your path, then, is open. Paredes knows you for his friend, and will give you full authority as regards not only this American and the priest, but as to all connected with them. Doubtless you understand me now, my dear Gabriel Falcone."

Don Ricardo laughed in his singular manner, as he quietly gave utterance to these words, the effect of which on his hearer was powerful. Falcone stopped short in his walk, and seized his associate's hand.

"Don Ricardo," he cried, "you are the devil, I believe, for knowing everything. I see clearly what you would have me do, and will at once to the president."

"He will give you a commission, doubtless, which you can turn to account, my dear Gabriel. But, now, a word with you. This lovely maiden, Ginton's sister—she will very probably require new protection. Would she scorn to accept my poor hospitality till—"

Falcone looked in Don Ricardo's face, and marked the hidden meaning of his covert glance.

"You know she will be perfectly safe under my roof," continued Don Ricardo.

Falcone smiled in response to the sardonic expression of his companion.

"And perfectly at home," pursued Don Ricardo.

Again the two men exchanged smiles.

"And you will be quite at home, likewise, you are aware, Gabriel."

There was no need of further interchange of glance or smile, the two schemers understood each other as well as if hours had been expended in mutual explanation.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PASS OF RIO FRIO.

The lofty summits of the Anahuac Cordilleras glittered in the full blaze of a noonday sun, like shafts of gold or emerald, and a thousand streams skirting their declivities, belted the plains as with ribbons of shining silver. On a lofty point on the main highway leading from the city of Mexico downwards toward the coast and the eastern provinces, a small cavalcade had just halted, as if to rest, after ascending one of the most difficult hills upon the route.

Below the eminence, whence the party now gazed admiringly, lay the city of Mexico, with all its towering edifices, lying in the bosom of an immense plain, over which a multitude of bright lakes were scattered far and wide, reflecting the meridian splendor of the day. Tezcuco, that immense sheet of water, once so magnificent a feature of the capital's environs, stretched to the right, its shores bordered by white-walled haciendas, divided by broad green pastures and waving woods. Afar could be discerned the snow-crowned tops of Popocatepetl and Iztaccithuatl, monarch-like, looking down upon the valleys over which they had presided, priests of fire, since the creation of the world. Lake Chalco, in the distance was dimly discoverable; Xochimilco, somewhat nearer, seemed stretching from the base of the mountain beneath them, almost at their feet. And, on every side, whereon the eye could rest, it beheld a blooming garden of luxuriant vegetation, falling, in successive terraces, from the elevated plain of Mexico, down to the beautiful plateaux beneath, where smiled the superb city of Puebla, circled by rolling fields of golden grains and orchards of thriving fruit trees.

But Popocatepetl, snow-diademed eighteen thousand feet above the sea-level, and three thousand higher than the regions of perpetual snow! and that brother mountain, Iztaccithuatl, returning the icy glitter of his smile! O, what histories might these giant monarchs of the land unfold, could voice be given them to tell us of the past. Beneath their unchanged regards, nations and dynasties, races and royalties, have crumbled and mouldered away. They beheld the march of the first Asiatic adventurers, who, led by the visioned sign of the eagle and cactus, came from the wild north to occupy the luxuriant southern vales. They looked upon the peaceful people that, herding their flocks, and dwelling in peace and content, first made their abiding-places in the fertile land of Anahuac, and then perished before the fierce and warlike Aztecs, who, centuries after, swooped down upon the country. They saw, in later days, the warlike Aztec nation conquered by a superior race, their temples demolished, their children enslaved. They witnessed the expulsion of the conquering Spaniards by the united descendants of all the ancient races, and now they awaited the coming of a greater invader than had ever before appeared—the indomitable and resistless Saxons of the new world.

Perhaps such were the thoughts of two, who, halting their horses on the highest ridge of the elevated road, looked into each other's eyes and with that mute communion revealed a world of thought. These two were a youth attired in a riding suit of black, and a young girl clad in garments of the same sombre hue. They drew their horses near, side by side, and the young man, as with an involuntary impulse, clasped his companion's ungloved hand which lightly held the bridle of her palfrey, and pressed it in his own, while their mutual gaze dwelt upon the magnificent panorama beneath them.

Silence seemed indeed the fitting tribute to such a glorious scene as was mapped before their vision; silence which allows the heart to drink deeply of the spirit of beauty, until the overwrought feelings gush in tears. But a voice, low and earnest, from one of two horsemen, who followed immediately the youth and maiden, broke thrillingly upon their ears.

"It is a land to live and to die for!"

"Truly, truly, Father Herrata—a land blessed by Heaven!" replied the young girl, turning her face toward the first speaker, its lovely features illumined with deep interest.

"Ah! that men should desecrate such a land!" cried the young man beside her; "that injustice and oppression make it necessary for men to die in defence of a region so beautiful. Why cannot peace abide where all is so peace-inspiring? Why must war enter here?"

"Would that it might be prevented!" said Padre Herrata, solemnly. "Would to Heaven we had yielded that unfortunate territory of Texas, which your people," addressing Dusenbury, "have so long coveted. And doubtless had Herrara been firmly established in authority—had he not been threatened so long by Paredes—a negotiation would have been effected without difficulty. But the popular voice is for war—it clamors at Paredes because he does not at once take the field. What can we look for when the two republics breathe defiance, and thirst for one another's blood?"

The Yankee was about to speak, when an exclamation from the young girl, Teresa, whose gaze had been directed back toward the city, caused the whole party suddenly to turn their heads. At first they looked anxiously for their attendants, Hannibal, Lucille and a couple of half breed Mexicans, who, with the pack-mules, were slowly toiling up the hill which they themselves, riding fast, had ascended somewhat in advance. Nothing seemed to be apprehended concerning these, but an appearance lower down fixed their attention and at once filled them with forebod-

ings of evil. A cloud of dust upon the road indicated the approach of mounted men, who, from the speed with which they urged their horses on the unsheltered road exposed to the direct heat of the sun, were evidently in pursuit of some one in advance.

"We are discovered and followed," cried Padre Herrata. "Those are government soldiers, doubtless sent to recall us. Let us to our speed at once."

"Or fight it out here—which shall it be, padre?" asked Dusenbury, coolly examining the priming of a horse-pistol which he drew from one of his holsters.

"We cannot resist—there are too many," answered the priest. "Best try the speed of our horses, and those mules could likewise be pushed forward. But stay—there is a better plan. Below us, scarce a quarter of a mile, the road diverges, to unite again at the base of yonder range of hills. Let Hannibal and the mules pursue the left, while we press forward on the right. We shall be followed by the pursuers, if such they be. On now, my children, while I direct the good Hannibal on his course and inform him where to halt and await us. His road is direct, ours circuitous. Fly, my children!"

Saying this, Padre Herrata dropped behind to communicate with Hannibal, whilst the rest of the party, spurring their horses, dashed at once down the slope of the road, and plunged amid the thick woods that skirted either side. Alonzo Vallejo, riding close to Teresa, kept a watchful eye upon her mettled steed, and the Yankee, having satisfied himself that his pistols were in good condition, kept close behind, at the same time keeping his head half turned about to catch the first glimpse of pursuers on their headlong track.

Thus, through the vistaed length of shady forests and out upon the open fields, and over slope and acclivity, the three riders kept their way. A gallop of ten minutes carried them far down the mountain terraces, but they still preserved unabatedly the speed with which they had started. Suddenly the quick ear of Dusenbury detected the sound of a horse's hoofs clattering behind, and presently a single steed mounted by a female came flying after the fugitives.

"What on airth hev yo done with yer mule? Where's the padre?" were Dusenbury's rapidly uttered questions, as wheeling about in his saddle, without drawing bridle, he recognized the mulatto, Lucille, who had now arrived abreast of him.

"*Mon Dieu!* I am killed—of me there is no more," exclaimed the girl, almost gasping for breath, while the excitement of the race reddened her yellow visage. "The padre—he is not here—*un outre chemin*—he has my mule. *O ceaux!* Mam'selle, I am ready to die with the fatigue."

Teresa looked back inquiringly to Lucille, who, with a great effort, for the speed with which she had followed the party had almost exhausted her strength, managed to explain that Padre Herrata had exchanged his horse for the mule on which she was riding, and bidden her to press forward to join her mistress, whilst he, with Hannibal and the other attendants should make at once for the Pass of Rio Frio, and there await the arrival of his friends.

"Rio Frio!" cried Teresa, "but where is that pass?"

"I know the place very well," answered Dusenbury. "And if you want to drink some of the coolest water that ever flowed out of a natural ice-house, jes' wait till we get to Rio Frio. I've been there afore now, I tell ye, and in good company, too. And I tell you, Miss Teresa—if anything ever did puzzle me, 'twas to know how in time such ternal cold water comes out of a volcano! Jerusalem! it's like the old chap in Esop's fables, that blowed hot and cold at the same time. But let's push ahead and keep movin', miss. There aint no time to lose."

At that portion of the great national road which the party were now descending, the mountains rose steeply on every side, and many volcanic peaks were visible at various points of the horizon. The highway was broad and well beaten, and sheltered from the sun's rays by wooded hills, rising continually, between which could be caught at intervals, a view of some little lake filling a hollow which perhaps was once a crater's bed, and worn upon the green mountain side like a silver buckler on a giant's arm. They were now more than ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, having, since leaving the city of Mexico on the day previous, ascended about three thousand feet and travelled nearly forty miles. Twenty of these, however, had been ridden since day-break that morning, consequently it became important that they should speedily reach a place of rest and security, or abandon all hope of escape.

Meantime they urged their flagging horses down the hills at a pace which was hazardous in the extreme. Vallejo's right hand held a rein of Teresa's horse, whilst he guided his own with the left, and the Yankee performed the same office for the girl, Lucille. Fortunately, all the company were good riders, and their animals well trained to mountain travel, so that no mishap interrupted their adventurous course. Conversation, however, was impossible, for all attention became absorbed in the contemplation of their position, and nothing was heard on that lonely road—lonely, because the midday is unusual for travel—but the sharp clatter of the horses' hoofs, echoed from the mural eminences on both sides of the road, and from the deep clefts of wood beneath.

At length Rio Frio was discovered; Rio Frio, a small mountain stream, its waters of the lowest possible temperature, and transparently clear. Piled up around it are the bases of the great mountain range whose summits guard forever the snows that fall upon them. Ledges and walls of porphyry rise steeply, one above another, to incredible heights all over this region, and form bastions, as it were, through which the road winds in a narrow channel to which the streamlet has given the name of Cold River Pass. Here a small force might probably resist successfully

the passage of an army, for the locality and natural defences make the position a sort of Thermopylae; as it is the gateway of the loftiest ridge of all the Cordillera chain below the city of Mexico, and only a few miles beneath the point of prospect over all the surrounding country.

The route of the fugitives pointed toward Puebla, and till reaching that city, they had intended journeying by easy stages. Consequently, though travelling that day since the earliest light, they had, at the moment when alarmed by pursuers, accomplished less than forty miles from the capital, scarcely half the distance to the plain of Cholula, on which Puebla stands. But the fear of capture made a great difference in their rate of progress, and the last eight miles had been traversed in an exceeding brief space of time. Rio Frio was now at hand, where doubtless the mule party, which had travelled by a shorter cut, would be found awaiting their approach.

But when Rio Frio was reached, no mule party—no Padre Herrata or Hannibal were to be seen. Dusenbury and Vallejo looked at each other in silence, fearing to give voice to the apprehensions which obtruded upon their minds. Teresa observed their uncertainty.

"They may have delayed—they may have rested."

"Rayther doubtful," responded the Yankee. "Padre Herrata aint the man to stop when he's got started; and the road they took was clean three mile shorter than our'n. I'm kind o' scared about the party—*fac!*"

"Could they have been interrupted?" asked Vallejo.

"Wall, to tell the real truth, I've been sort o' dubious for some time about findin' the padre at Rio Frio. You see, if the fellars had follered us, we'd had some signs o' chasin' afore now. 'Stead o' that, we haint seen a hooter of anybody behind us since we fast sot out on a run. Now my 'pinion 'is that they've hunted the padre instead of our party, and as the mules couldn't travel fast with their packs, they've jes' overhauled 'em, and captured the hull—"

"Listen! that's surely the sound of horses' feet," cried Teresa, suddenly raising her finger to impose silence.

Her companions listened, and in a moment detected the noise of hoofs, very faint and apparently distant, but evidently advancing at a rapid pace along the lower road by which the mules should have arrived ere now.

"I hear 'em—I do so," cried Dusenbury. "And they aint no mule hoofs either. It's jes' as I expected. The ternal yaller skins have got the packs, and now they're in hot chase after us. Miss Teresa—Senor Vallejo—I guess we'll have to knock under, this time."

"No! let us defend ourselves," exclaimed Alonzo.

"Can't be done—they're too many for us," returned the Yankee, loosening his pistols in their holsters as he spoke, and shifting the handle of a large knife which he wore in his belt, so as to bring it nearer his hand. There was a look of quiet determination on Dusenbury's countenance which gave assurance to his companions, even while he declared the uselessness of defence.

"We've got to play Ingen," remarked the North American, with a twinkle of his gray eye.

"What do you mean, senor?"

"Why, jes' take to the woods, and trust to Providence," returned Dusenbury. "Don't say another word, one o' ye, but follow your leader, and we'll look out for chances."

Saying this, Dusenbury grasped the bridle of Lucille's horse, as he had done before, and without more ado led the way, by turning on the banks of the stream, and plunged into the thick forest which skirted the mountains that here shelved steeply over the narrow road. In a moment more, Rio Frio was deserted, but from the lower road could now be heard distinctly the measured and rapid sound of an approaching party of horse.

CHAPTER XIV.

TERESA'S ESCAPE.

MEANWHILE, as divined by Dusenbury, the mule party had been overtaken and captured. Padre Herrata, after joining Hannibal and hastily giving him orders to await his mistress at the Rio Frio pass, was about to follow his friends immediately, when he was accosted by the mulatto, Lucille, who begged to accompany him to her mistress, leaving to Hannibal the care of the mules.

"*O, pauvre mademoiselle!*" cried Lucille, "what we shall do without one another? each will be lost. Let me go, Padre Herrata."

"Truly, child, your place is with your mistress," answered the good priest; "but you ride a mule; it cannot keep up with the horses."

"*O, Mon Dieu!* what will become of me?" cried the girl.

Padre Herrata glanced backward from the height which the mules had now reached, and beheld the pursuing party skirting the precipice beneath, at a pace which would soon bring them up the winding road. He decided immediately what course to take.

"Dismount," said he, quickly, to the mulatto, at the same time springing from his own horse. "We will exchange animals. Gallop forward and overtake your mistress; I will mount the mule and go on with Hannibal. We shall stop at the Rio Frio pass. Away, my girl!"

Lucille needed no second command. In an instant more the exchange was effected, and the mulatto dashed down the mountain in pursuit of her mistress, while Padre Herrata, bestriding the mule, said quietly to Hannibal:

"It is doubtless for the best; now let us press forward quickly."

The negro, who cherished great respect for the padre, ranged the mules, five in number, with his two fellow-attendants bringing up the rear, and thus disposed, the party diverged suddenly from the main road, and clattered swiftly down the more direct, but

rough and difficult road that led to the Paso del Rio Frio. Padre Herrata and Hannibal led the way, whilst the two attendants, riding on either side, and grasping the head of the heavily-laden pack-mule, followed as fast as they were able. Behind them, as they descended the rocky pathway, they heard the noise of horses' hoofs suddenly cease, and knew that the pursuing company had gained the eminence which they had just left, and were doubtless halting to reconnoitre; that point, as we have before noticed, affording an extended prospect over the lower plain.

Padre Herrata knew that, if pursued vigorously by the party behind, his own had little chance of escape, but he trusted to reaching the Rio Frio before being overtaken, in which event he relied on being able to elude immediate capture, and perhaps to rescue his friends entirely, by abandoning the mules to the two females and Hannibal, under conduct of Dusenbury, and then to ride back upon the main road with Vallejo and the mestizoes, in order to parley with the enemy and thus give time to the fugitives to escape. He knew the Yankee to be well acquainted with all the country around Puebla, and trusted in his courage and discretion to protect his charge, while himself and Vallejo, being Spaniards, could not be in danger of much beyond capture and imprisonment, even if the pursuers should prove to be, as he feared, vindictive personal enemies.

But the priest, in this calculation, had not thought of the probability of the lower and dangerous ravine road being taken by those behind. Such, however, it became very soon evident was the case, for hardly had the mules advanced a mile when the clatter of horses was heard above, and Padre Herrata at once knew that the mules and not the horses would be first overtaken. At first, this conviction was gratifying to the priest, promising as it did, a means of delaying their enemies, and thus affording better opportunity of escape to Teresa and her escort. But he reflected immediately that the pack-mule carried all the personal apparel and necessities of the lady, and that, moreover, as he had appointed Rio Frio as the place of rendezvous, it was quite probable that his friends might there await his coming, which must of course result in their capture. Padre Herrata was almost in despair, for he saw no method of extrication from this new danger; but, nevertheless, the priest was quick to resolve and prompt to execute, and he seized a forlorn hope.

"Hannibal!" he cried, "take the bridle of the pack-mule and push forward on the straight road, at your speed, till you reach your mistress. Then say to Senor Dusenbury that we are taken, and he must escape as he can. Do you understand, Hannibal?"

"Yes, massa. I'm to 'scape long wi' Massa Dusenbury, and you is to be cotched."

"Away, then, and do your best."

Hannibal seized the baggage mule's bridle and urged his own forward at its utmost speed, while Padre Herrata addressing the mestizoes, bade them turn their mules and follow him. Hannibal, the negro, looked back once and beheld a cloud of dust as his late companions disappeared in a curve of the ascent, and then pushed forward as rapidly as possible. The road was rough and uneven, and the sharp points of the porphyritic rocks caused even the mules, sure-footed as they were, to hesitate in some portions of the rugged way. But Hannibal, intent on reaching his mistress, took note neither of danger nor difficulty, lashing his beast with a short leathern thong which he carried, and using various inducements of voice and hand to accelerate the animal's motion.

"Gorra! you creep, you son of a jack, you!" ejaculated the negro. "Why for you no run like horse? 'Spees I gits off, 'fore long—go alone. Come up, ole missis—no time for go to sleep yeah."

By dint of such admonitions, Hannibal managed to infuse considerable energy into his long eared steeds, and they ascended and descended the rocky paths with unabated celerity, till the pass of Rio Frio, with its high walls of mountain on either side, was at last reached. But to Hannibal, unacquainted with the appointed place of meeting, the little stream that gushed by the road presented no inducements to pause. His mistress and her companions were nowhere to be seen, and the padre had directed him to push forward till he reached them. Consequently he stopped not at Rio Frio, save for a moment to breathe his mules, but plunged downward once more and entered in the narrow intricacies of the pass beneath.

Thus it happened that, when in a very brief space after Hannibal's passing the stream, the horses of his mistress and her party reached the same spot, no traces of the negro were visible. The road was too rocky to receive any indentation from the feet of mules, so Dusenbury and the others remained in ignorance of the too earnest servant having missed them; and therefore, only pausing to be sure they were still pursued, the fugitives, as we have seen, departed from the highway and plunged into the woody defiles on the right of the Rio Frio.

The sun was now declining, for the day had worn some two hours since the time when our travellers had contemplated so calmly the grand panorama of the valley of Mexico, outspread beneath their gaze. On the unsheltered road, the heat and glare were still, it is true, almost unbearable; but when, diverging from the pass, our party reached the velvet carpet of a succession of secluded glades, and felt themselves borne over the grassy turf, without the sound of a hoof upon its springy bed, and when, coolly from its mountain openings, a delicious breeze came to refresh both riders and steeds, the sudden transition seemed like enchantment, and the woodlands through which they advanced might have passed for the borders of fairy regions.

But the green glades and unobstructed forest openings soon gave place to difficult and devious paths, as the horses began to descend the mountain terrace on which they had entered from the highway, and became involved in the thick growth of under-

wood and long-reaching clumps of cactus, interspersed with palm trees and dwarfed oaks. The ground, too, grew uneven and dangerous, sharp peaks of volcanic fragments protruded in all directions, and beds of lava lay scattered like heaps of slag and cinders.

It soon became impossible to advance in the saddle, so Vallejo assisted Teresa to alight, and took charge of her and the mulatto, whilst Dusenbury, with one of his peculiar methods of invention, fastened the horses in a single file and led them through the tangled woods, choosing the least difficult slopes, and contriving always to discover a practicable path where none at all appeared at first sight. Thus they proceeded for several hours, descending the mountain sides for a considerable distance, and becoming, as Teresa thought, so entangled in the wilderness as to cause serious alarm on her part, lest they should be unable again to discover the highway.

But Teresa's spirit was bold and she complained not, though regretting the loss of Padre Herrata and her faithful servant, Hannibal; for she confided greatly in the shrewdness and resolution of that strange fellow-countryman, whom Providence seemed to have sent for her protection in the hour of deepest affliction. Nor was the maiden insensible to the earnest and almost chivalric attentions of the youth Alonzo, whose growing passion for her she could not but perceive. Young Vallejo was not one to be of light estimation in a lady's eye, for he possessed a large share of personal attractions. His form was graceful, and though slight, sinewy and compact, his manner was courteous and noble, and his face, generally pale, but now flushed with his exertions and with the happiness of being near and of service to her he loved, was indeed very handsome. Many a young lady would travel hundreds and thousands of miles for the sake of the company of a cavalier like Vallejo.

But that is not asserting that any young lady would have complained less than did Teresa of the hardships of their route—of the brambles and rough cactus that tore her garments—of the flinty soil which wounded her delicate feet, albeit the supporting arm of Alonzo lifted her lightly over the most difficult places. Teresa suffered, smiled at each obstacle surmounted, for she had thus far escaped what all dreaded the most, the unscrupulous pursuers who had been so near overtaking them.

At last the yellow sunbeams began to slant through the foliage and fell in bars across their pathway, and soon, much to their joy, the thorny and rugged ground began to disappear, and wide breaks of level sward appeared before them through the less interwoven trees. They were evidently approaching the banks of a stream, for the foliage appeared greener and the barren cactus less frequent in their way. Presently they reached an opening in the woods which suddenly ushered them into a small level space of luxuriant verdure, so sequestered and beautiful that its first view caused them to forget at once the fatigues and dangers of their long march through the wild.

It was indeed a lovely spot where the wearied pedestrians now halted, and the horses, equally overtaken, appeared to recognize it as a place of repose. Dusenbury, without speaking, proceeded to unbuckle the trappings and remove the saddles from the animals, allowing them to crop the rich grass which invited them to a repast, and then, quietly turning to his companions, addressed them in the most natural manner imaginable.

"My friends, we've had consid'ble of an Ingen trail this arternoon. My 'pinion is now that we've got about as far as sun-down, and a little out of them yaller skins' calk'lations."

"But what do you propose to do now?" asked Teresa, of her countryman.

"Wall, I guess we're 'bout tired enough to enjoy a good night's rest 'fore we tackle up again," replied the indomitable Yankee.

"What! remain here?"

"Wall, now, I rayther think we might look farder and fare a sight wuss, Miss Teresa. This ere spot's intended by natur' for a campin'-down-place, and I cal'late Squire Vallejo and myself can fix up a wigwam for you that Pocahontas might ha' been proud of. Look here, squire, don't you say so?"

"I have all confidence in Senor Dusenbury's judgment," remarked Vallejo, "and shall acquiesce cheerfully in whatever arrangement he proposes to make."

"And we'll make a queen's palace for the senora, now I tell ye," rejoined Dusenbury. "But in the fust place, before the sun goes down, I want to show you about where we are. Jest look up there."

The Yankee pointed, as he spoke, through an opening in the upper branches of the overhanging trees, and Alonzo's and Teresa's glance anxiously followed the motion. Gazing in the direction indicated, they could see nothing above them but a succession of steep and shelving precipices.

"Now, jes' look as sharp as possible," cried Dusenbury. "Look up slantendicular to that mountain top, and sight that ere white spot, lookin' like a tarnal great cro'-nest. Well, now I tell ye, that's the 'dential ridge where we stood this arternoon when those yaller skins come in sight on full chase."

"Impossible!" said Vallejo. "We cannot have descended from such a height."

"Fac'!" replied Dusenbury. "We've come down nothin' short o' two thousand feet, an' travelled mor'n fifteen miles since we stood on that ere cro'-nest. Now, you see the great national road leads down the sides o' the mounting about ten miles away from where we are now, and winds round the foot hills till it reaches Puebla. We're about thirty miles from Puebla by my reckonin', and about ten miles from a place where Miss Teresa 'll be as safe as if she was at home."

Teresa looked inquiringly at the Yankee, as he uttered these last words, but Dusenbury only replied:

"There's a friend o' mine hereabouts that'll take care on us, I guess," and then proceeded to the saddles which he had removed from the horses when they first arrived.

"I reckon a bite o' somethin' wouldn't hurt us, nuther," remarked the North American, as, much to the surprise of his companions, he drew from his own saddle-bags several articles which his shrewd forethought had provided. "Here's some figs, and here's a box o' sardines, and here's a flask o' real super wine, an' no mistake. Miss Teresa, do you like sugar tamarinds and pound-cake? Here they are—any quantity; an' I reckon, with the addition of some cool water from that brook I hear runnin' not far off, we'll manage to make out famously—but lor sakes! Senor Vallejo, we've forgot our wigwam. Here, Lucille, you fix up the tea-things, and the squire and I'll draw wood. Come, senor."

Vallejo followed at once, whilst Teresa cast a grateful glance at Dusenbury, which the lover would fain have received himself. In a few moments, penetrating the surrounding grove, the Yankee, with the assistance of a huge jack-knife, contrived to collect together a mass of green boughs and parasitic foliage, with which, loading themselves to their utmost capacity, the two returned to the camp. Then, while the girl, Lucille, assisted her mistress to prepare their repast, Dusenbury and Vallejo erected between four beautiful trees, a little arbor which, indeed, Pocahontas might have been pleased with. Crossing and interlocking the thick branches in an impervious roof, supported by the enclosing trees, they wove the long, vinous undergrowth beneath it, and disposed the sides, like drapery, in festoons and looped tendrils. A quantity of variegated mountain flowers, rich with perfume, were tastefully scattered on roof and sides, and beneath all was the velvet carpet of nature, soft as a downy couch. Altogether it was such a bower as astonished and delighted the young maiden for whose shelter it had been erected, and Dusenbury was overwhelmed with compliments for his skill, from both Teresa and Alonzo, whilst Lucille, the mulatto, began to consider the Yankee as master of all arts and sciences, horse menage and wood-craft.

At length all was completed, and the supper, spread upon the sweet grass, was discussed with an appetite by all concerned. Then, after securing the horses and making a general observation of the camp, Dusenbury escorted Teresa to her bower, where, with Lucille, she retired for the night; and then, reclining with Vallejo on the sward, the two friends soon became immersed in the aromatic smoke of a brace of fine cigars which the Yankee's saddle-bags opportunely produced. The night was passed wakefully by both, save a short alternate nap which refreshed Vallejo toward morning, and as soon as the first rays of the sun began to tremble on the eastern slope of the mountains, Dusenbury was up, with horses saddled and bridled, ready for the road.

Teresa emerged from her umbrageous tent rosy and beautiful as the morning itself, and Alonzo, who advanced to meet her, was delighted to learn how calmly the night had passed over her innocent repose. He had already, like a true cavalier, arranged everything for the travelling comfort of his young mistress, and she had nought to do but mount and ride. But Dusenbury had yet another provident preparation—*au déjeuner sans fourchettes*. A draught of sparkling water brought from the running stream near by in a mysterious-looking goblet, that had emanated, like everything else, from the Yankee's saddle-bags—some dates and tamarind conserve, and delicious white crackers tempted the appetite of Teresa, and added to the wonder expressed by Lucille in Dusenbury's marvellous goblet, after which the gentlemen, taking each a sip of wine from the flask, put foot in saddle and led the way from their pleasant place of sojourn. Teresa cast one more look backward at the little bower which had been her sylvan dormitory, of which occasional glimpses could be caught through the woody gaps as they rode on; and Alonzo, on his part, sighed to think that such romantic wanderings must be ended, and that he could not forever guard the bower of his slumbering lady.

The mellow atmosphere of morn, the cool breeze, and fragrant perfume arising from the wooded plain where all the freshness of springtime diffused itself around, combined to render pleasant the early expedition of our travellers. Dusenbury recounted various adventures of which the scene reminded him, for he was familiar with much of the surrounding country, and Teresa listened, with a rich color mounting in her beautiful cheeks, and her breast almost relieved of the weight which had oppressed it before leaving Mexico. At times a pang would cross her heart, as the memory of her brother, and the thought that he should have shared with her the present journey, became present to her mind; but she endeavored with all her resolution to gather resignation and hope in the future.

And Alonzo Vallejo—how enjoyed he that delightful ride through the cool glades and along the banks of a great river, and over broad terraces of emerald turf, from which the eye could look far down upon broad fields, and rolling hills, and lakes glittering in the morning sunbeams? Ah, he was a lover, and beside him was the dear one of his soul—no need of asking more.

At length, emerging from the sheltered mountain declivities, through which they had journeyed for some hours, the party entered once more a well-beaten path which Dusenbury knew conducted to the great national road from Mexico to Puebla de los Angeles. On either side of the sequestered way appeared the first signs of husbandry that they had encountered since leaving the valley on the other side of the great mountain range which they had traversed. Above, on their route, both on the highway and in their perilous descent through the wilds, no vegetation but that of nature's rank distribution had met their observation. But now they were greeted with the view of wide fields wherein were springing all the varieties of grain which flourish in this luxuriant portion of Mexico. Dusenbury's well-pleased eye recognized on all sides the familiar products of his native northern clime—the

tender blades of wheat emerging from the generous soil, with the more rugged leaves of corn and barley, and here and there, as in his own New England, the blossoming apple trees, whose perfume came to his senses like a breath from his childhood's home. Perhaps Teresa was deceived—but as she looked at the silent Yankee's countenance, she thought a tear had gathered in his eye, and that a soft shade was passing over his shrewd features. But Dusenbury immediately afterwards commenced to whistle vigorously the celebrated air of "Hail Columbia."

At a turning of the path, the white walls of a mansion, almost embowered in woods, and crowning a small eminence at their left, attracted at once the attention of Teresa and Alonzo. It was evidently the abode of refinement, perhaps of luxury, for as the travellers looked upward through the well trimmed trees, they could catch glimpses of sparkling fountains, whose lulling drip fell sweetly on the air, and of statues gleaming amid the green like wood-nymphs startled from their chosen domain.

"That is a beautiful hacienda!" cried Vallejo, gazing admiringly upon the house, which appeared more fully in view, with its balconies commanding the terrace immediately above them, their jalousied casements overrun with clinging woodbine, honeysuckles and clematis, whilst roses crowned the porch and almost hid the open door.

"Indeed, it is lovely!" responded Teresa, with a sigh.

Perhaps, with woman's feelings, she pictured love as making of such a spot its sweet abiding-place.

"Wall, I reckon we'll put up there," said the Yankee, quietly. "I'm nation sure we'll get a good breakfast and a raal welcome, or my name aint Jake Dusenbury."

With these words he turned his horse's head and led the way from the outer road through a green lane, which, winding around the base of a beautiful slope, conducted to the mansion. The rest followed in silence, for they were well aware that Dusenbury chose his own methods of proceeding, and invariably, as had been their experience thus far, for the best.

On either side of the lane which they traversed were clumps of evergreen, interspersed with flowers of different hues, all exhaling the most delicious aroma. Extending backward, beyond the house, they could behold wide orchards, thick with blossoms, and fields rich with newly-springing grain. Around the cottage, or hacienda, was a wide piazza, surmounted by a balcony, with oriel windows, commanding a view of all the lower vale. The piazza, like the rest of the mansion, was covered with vines and flowers, and through the windows opening upon it, Teresa's quick glance could detect many lovely ornaments, sure token of the presence of a woman of taste and feeling.

But she had little time for extended notice, as they had now reached the rose-crowned door, and Dusenbury, dismounting, gave his hand gallantly to his fair charge. At the same moment two figures appeared upon the piazza, apparently the master and mistress of the hacienda.

"Don Lorenzo—I s'pose you don't forgit an old friend," was the salutation of Jake Dusenbury, as a young and noble-looking gentleman advanced to meet him.

"Senor Dusenbury—welcome—a thousand welcomes!" cried the other, warmly clasping the Yankee's hand. "How happy your arrival will make us all. And your friends?" he continued, glancing with a frank smile toward Alonzo and Teresa.

"We shall all be acquainted in double quick time, I reckon," cried Dusenbury, proceeding to introduce his companions to the master, who, in turn, presented them to his lady, a beautiful creature, just in the flush of womanly beauty.

Teresa, as she found herself tenderly embraced by the warm-hearted Mexican wife, felt that she was in the presence of one who could sympathize with her situation, and almost unconsciously the lips of the two young women met in a mutual kiss. The husband's glance rested approvingly upon his wife, and Alonzo cast a look of gratitude toward Dusenbury. But the Yankee was engaged in close confab with Don Lorenzo, and apparently noticed not the excellent terms on which his new and old friends were proceeding. Nevertheless, there was meaning in the remark which Vallejo fancied he overheard him utter:

"Senor Lorenzo—if you an' Senora Inez aint matched, there aint no snakes, now I tell ye. It jes' warms up my heart to look at you smilin' so happy like. God bless both on ye."

And Lorenzo gave a hand to each of his two guests, whilst Teresa, arm-in-arm with the gentle Inez, and followed by the wondering Lucille, entered the peaceful hacienda.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MODERN SCIENCE—WHERE WILL IT STOP?

Almost everything under the sun has received the benefit of scientific study and researches, and now babies are to be taken in hand and a great improvement is to be effected. It is now proposed, by science to increase the size of the human race, by removing, from its infant growth, the pressure of atmosphere which constrains and represses it. The idea arose from a successful experiment at enlarging violets by placing them in balloons to be lifted where they might blossom in thinner air. A horticulturist of the suburbs of Versailles, in studying the physiology of the vegetable kingdom, conceived that the smallness of certain plants—the violet, for example—was owing to an atmospheric pressure too great for their delicate organs. Having fixed this idea in his mind, the florist conceived the notion of putting his idea into practice. Providing himself with a small balloon, rendered sufficiently tight to prevent the escape of any gas, he launched it into the air, having attached to it a silken cord twelve hundred metres long. Instead of a ear, the balloon sustained a flower pot of Parma violets. This experiment has been going on about two months with the most wonderful result, in the shape of violets as large as Bengal roses. Balloons for amplifying the infant violets of our own compressed race, were the natural and immediate suggestion. We have not yet heard the particulars of the first experiment, however.—N. Y. Evening Post.

SCENES IN ABYSSINIA.

Abyssinia is one of the most interesting countries of the African continent. It is about 770 miles long and 550 broad, and is bounded north by Sennaar, south and west by Sennaar, Kordofan, and regions but little known to us, and east by the Red Sea. The inhabitants, numbering from four to five millions, are mostly of Arabian extraction, but mixed with Jews, Turks and negroes. This kingdom was embraced in that portion of Africa to which the ancients gave the name of Ethiopia, though the limits of Ethiopia were vague, and even part of Asia was included under the title. There were two kingdoms of Ethiopia known to the ancients. The first was Meroe or the Peninsula, and supposed by the earliest writers to be an island formed by the successive union of the Nile with the Astaboras and Astapus (Blue River and Tacazze). The traveller Bruce noted some vast ruins near Chendi, in Sennaar, which he supposed to be those of the ancient capital of Meroe. The other kingdom, the existence of which was unknown to the earliest writers, was that of Axumitæ, situated on the Red Sea, and occupying part of the Abyssinian province of Tigré. There are still remains, though decayed, of the ancient capital, Axum. Adulis, its principal seaport, was a place of great trade, and through this channel the finest ivory then known found its way to the banks of the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean. The natives of Abyssinia contend that their country was the scriptural Sheba, whose queen visited King Solomon in the height of his glory. They also assert that it was converted to Judaism several centuries before the Christian era. The nation was converted to Christianity, which it still professes, prior to the middle of the fourth century, but many Mosaic rites are still observed among them. The seventh day is their Sabbath, and their altars have the form of the ark of the covenant. Their dogmas are those of the Monophysites, the members of a party, who, according to the language adopted in the 5th century, hold that there is but one nature in Christ; that is, that the divine and human natures were so blended as to form but one nature without any change, confusion or mixture of the two natures. The Abyssinians make use of the Bible in their church service, together with the apocryphal books in the Tigré or Gheez tongue, their literary language. They observe the festivals and fairs of the Greek church, and baptism and



AN ABYSSINIAN HOUSE.

sive. They devour the raw and quivering flesh of cattle while the animals from which it has been cut, are roaring with pain; they disregard the sanctity of the marriage tie, and the unburied bodies of their friends become the food of dogs and hyenas. A constant condition of civil war may serve to account for this degradation and demoralization; the rulers are despotic in church and state, and condemn their subjects to death by the mere exercise of their will. Yet this people are liberally treated by nature. The climate is good, the vegetable and animal kingdoms are rich. Gold and iron are found in Abyssinia, and salt, a most valuable

the small seaport on the bay of the same name whence recent travellers to Shoa have started. (The scenery at Shoa is depicted in the sketch of a stone mill in the last engraving). The bay of Tajourah deeply indents the coast in a long funnel shape. In a line with its contracted extremity, not more than six miles distant, lies the celebrated salt lake which appears to have been a portion of the sea, separated from the bay by some violent volcanic convulsion, which has thrown up the intervening rocks of cellular and compact lava; a character suitable to an occurrence of such nature. The whole neighborhood exhibits a black and barren surface of the once molten streams of rock, and presents to the eye one vast scene of desolation and gloom. At the bottom of this valley of stones is a large lake surrounded by a wide circuit of pure crystallized salt, the glittering whiteness of which contrasts strongly with the hue of the black or dun red shores, and connects, by its natural properties, additional ideas of sorrow and bitterness with the locality over which the weary and thirsty traveller is journeying. Like the waters of the Dead Sea, the level of this lake has been reduced by evaporation to below that of the neighboring sea. Dr. Beke, during his journey, determined this, and his observations were subsequently confirmed by Lieut. Barker and Mr. Kirk, on their visit in 1841. These gentlemen found it to be from four to five hundred feet lower than the level of the Bay of Tajourah. The water is intensely brackish and has an irritating effect upon the skin. Besides, the large beds of salt, which extend from the edge of the fluid some hundred yards to the former confines of the lake, prove the great diminution which has taken place, and which would be considerably greater but for mountain torrents which, in the rainy season, return some compensating quantity for the loss occasioned by the hot sun of a tropical country during the other nine or ten months of the year. One of these streams contains water all the year round in detached pools, or it may be found a few feet below the surface of the ground; and the beds of all the others, by a scanty vegetation of dry scenna shrubs and dwarf mimosa trees, present some indications of moisture retained. From the borders of Lake Assal the natives collect vast quantities of salt, which they convey into the interior, the country of Abyssinia being deficient of any home source of supply. So valuable indeed is that commodity there,



SALT LAKE, NEAR TAJOURAH.

the eucharist are administered according to its ritual. In the latter rite, however, a discrimination is made in favor of persons of rank, who receive the largest pieces of the consecrated bread. No one is admitted to this rite until he has attained his twenty-fifth year, for it is a part of their belief that no one is accountable for sins committed prior to that age, and that all who die before attaining that age are sure of attaining salvation. The churches of this singular people are small and conical, standing upon hills in the midst of cedar groves and in the vicinity of running water. The churches are adorned with pictures like those of the Greeks and Russians. Like the Mahomedans they leave their shoes at the door when entering a church, and remain standing throughout the service. The service resembles that of the Greek church and consists of alternate prayers and Scripture readings. The clergy are generally very ignorant. Celibacy is not enjoined on them, and they usually marry. The abuna (our father), the head of the Abyssinian church, is usually selected from the Coptic priests. The kamosats, or chief priests of the secular clergy, the theologians and monks, are under the authority of the abuna. The monks and nuns are divided into two classes, one of which makes profession of chastity. Abyssinia is now divided into three states, but when formerly united, was ruled by a monarch called the negus, or nagush. In the 16th century an attempt was made, with partial success, to introduce the Roman Catholic form of worship into Abyssinia, but in 1632, the negus Basilidas yielded to the wishes of a majority of his people, banished the Roman Catholic monks, and ordered the Jesuits who remained to be hanged. There is an independent Jewish government in the western part of Abyssinia, called Falasjan, the people styling themselves Falaschas, which means exiles. Bruce, Salt, and later travellers, describe the customs of the Abyssinians as extremely savage and repul-

article in Africa, is one of its natural productions. We now proceed to notice our illustrations, engraved from the sketches of a modern Abyssinian traveller. Our first engraving is a correct representation of an Abyssinian house. It is very simple in its construction, consisting of two circular walls of wattle sticks, about six feet high, and separated from each other by about the same number of feet; the whole is covered by a conical roof of thatch. The largest of the three will give the reader a good idea of the character of the scenery in Abyssinia. It represents Lake Assal, which is situated about three days' journey from Tajourah,

that little bricks of it, a span long and two or three inches thick, constitute the only currency that can be called national; and how much salt a man is worth, or whether he is not worth it at all, is a definite standard of respectability well understood by those who are situated like the Abyssinians. The Dankali, or natives of Adal, in which country Lake Assal is situated, are in the most degraded political and social condition that can be imagined. They are not savages—they are demons; and the character of their country, a desert of stones and fire, has imposed a corresponding nature upon the devoted race who have descended from the once highly favored nation that here filled to overflowing the cup of rebellion against Heaven, and has thus been punished. What a moral lesson might not the traveller draw from the evidences presented to his eyes in this situation of the very recent alternation of present misery with a state of former abundance. Large millstones, more than half a ton in weight are found in pieces, strewed along the whole beach of Tajourah, brought down by the annual torrents from the alluvial strata behind the town, now covered with beds of lava several feet thick. The presence of these millstones can only be accounted for by supposing them the work of times when the surrounding country supplied both olives and grain, and a populous agricultural and peaceful people cultivated the soil. No means exist by which to form any probable estimate of the number of people in Abyssinia. Mr. Salt could obtain no accurate information on the subject. If the country were tranquil, it could hardly fail, owing to the great fruitfulness of the soil and the general healthiness of the climate, to be exceedingly populous; but the anarchy and civil war in which it is constantly involved more than neutralize these advantages, and keep the population far below its natural level. Its total amount is estimated in the Weimar Almanac at 4,500,000.



STONE MILL AT SHOA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CHILD AND THE RAINBOW.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

The burning sun poured down its rays
On fainting flowers;
The brassy sky was all ablaze;
No breeze, no showers.
The bobolink, with open beak
And drooping wing,
Perched on a weed, was faint and weak,
And could not sing.

The sheep were panting in the shade,
The swine in mire;
And the fair earth began to fade
Beneath the fire.
White tender plants from bursting seed
Died 'neath the crust
Of iron earth, like noble deeds
Lost in the dust.

When from behind the eastern hills,
Like sails at sea,
Dun clouds arose, and thunder thrills
Made melody;
Then precious drops came pattering down
In grateful showers,
And summer washed her dusty gown
Of weeds and flowers.

The modest rose held up its face,
The daisy smiled,
The meadow-lark sang songs of grace,
The wondering child
Looked at the rainbow in the sky,
Called in the road,
Good children travel when they die,
And go to God.

It saw "footsteps of angels" there,
And wings of white;
It longed to climb the radiant stair,
And take its flight
Up from the azure arch above,
Where rainbows end,
To thrones where angels reign in love,
At God's right hand.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SIMON HUGGINS'S NOTE IN BANK.

BY F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

"THEN I must have dreamed it!" This was Mr. Simon Huggins's usual exclamation and explanation when anything transpired for which he could not clearly account. "Was it not so, wife?"

"No, never, Mr. Huggins. Aunt Sarah has not been in the city within a year."

"Then I must have dreamed it. But certainly it must have been so, Jane. I recollect distinctly when she drove up to the door. It was in a four horse hack, the four horses all a-tandem, one harnessed before the other. I distinctly recollect my surprise at seeing her come in such a way, and with so many horses, so I can't be deceived. The hack, I clearly remember, had a coat of arms on the panel: it was a *queer* coat of arms. I remember it distinctly. I could draw it with pen and ink. It was a shield—an oval shield—with a devil rampant climbing up one side, with a forked tail, and on the other side, the American eagle, with a human head that looked like President Pierce. I can't be mistaken!"

"Yet you *are*, Mr. Huggins. No such carriage *ever* stopped at the door."

"But I can see Aunt Sarah getting out of it. I helped her out. I remember she had a live lobster in one hand, and a little baby, that seemed to have wings on its naked heels, in the other."

"But Aunt Sarah is an old maid."

"I know it; but there was the baby! I took it from her, and it scratched me like a cat, and became a fierce tom-cat in my arms, and I had to let it go; and as for the lobster, it turned into a red reticule. I see it all now. It was no dream. I remember one of the lobster's claws was broken off, and that the cat had half its tail cut off!"

"Now," said his good wife, to her husband,—“now you ought to be convinced that it was a dream.”

"Dreams are not real. Yet here all is clear. Why, I recollect your aunt shook hands with me. She wore red satin shoes and a man's hat: it was a wide-awake hat. I recollect that a hole was burnt in it by a spark, she said, from the locomotive, as she came down. Besides, I paid the hackman for her. The charge was a dollar. I recollect paying it in twenty-five cent shin-plasters. You know the package I have had laid by in my desk for years as a curiosity; well, I happened to have four of them in my left hand vest pocket. I offered them to the driver, not doubting but he would receive them. He took them cheerfully, and drove off. Besides—"

"My dear husband, you have dreamed all about this."

"Are dreams more real than our waking life? I don't see holes burned in hats by locomotive sparks down town. I never notice what hats people have on. But here I saw all so clear—"

"Dreams are clearer sometimes, Simon, to some folks than reality, and I believe they are to you."

"But I am convinced that it could be no dream."

"I will convince you. How many shin-plasters, as you call them, had you in the package in the secretary?"

"Just twelve."

"Now go and see if four are missing."

Mr. Huggins unlocked his desk, counted the shin-plasters—eight—nine—ten—*eleven*—TWELVE!

"They are *all* here! You *must* be right, wife. Then I *must* have dreamed it!"

One day, Mr. Huggins returned from Albany, where he had been for two days on business; for he was a large produce merchant. Upon coming into the house, he emptied his pockets of two doll babies, a tin trumpet, sundry picture-books, a pound of "mixed sugar-plums," and from a package, which he unfolded, presented to his wife half a dozen worked baby caps and long white infant robes to match.

"Why, Simon, what are all these?" exclaimed Mrs. Amelia Huggins, who, in eleven years of married life, had never presented her husband with any little heads for babies' caps, nor any little bodies for infant garments, the two being childless. "What have you brought home?"

"Caps, toys and dresses for both the children."

"Children? What children, Mr. Huggins?"

"Ours, to be sure! Here is a little hat and feather for little Simon, Jr., and a wooden sword, and here are caps and gowns for little Jemima. I had to guess at the size, but telling the lady where I bought 'em that it was eight months old and Simon two years and ten months, I got exact fits. Send for them, and try them on. Where are the little dears?" and Mr. Huggins's benevolent countenance shone with paternal affection.

"Why, Mr. Huggins, you must be either tipsy or you mean to insult me!" And his wife, who fondly enough loved her lord, began to shed tears.

"Tipsy? You know I am a temperance man. I never take anything, you are well aware. Why these tears? Let me see the children, and give them—"

Here an exclamation between a scream and a laugh appalled Mr. Huggins. He believed his wife was going into hystericks. But she spoke distinctly as she waved him off.

"You have been dreaming, Mr. Huggins."

"Dreaming? Impossible! Dreaming about my children? Have we not two living children—a girl and a boy? The girl named Jemima, christened in the Roman Catholic cathedral, by Rev. Dr. Mulenburg, at midnight, and the boy Simon, with blue eyes and rosy cheeks, and the gash on his temples he got when he fell over the bathing machine down at Rockaway last summer. Tell me, is it all a dream?"

"It *must* be, Simon. I am not so happy a mother," she said, sadly. "What a dreadful habit you have of dreaming and mixing up your dreams with the scenes of the day!"

Mr. Huggins laid his hand upon his brows. He seemed to painfully reflect. He looked sad and troubled and disappointed. His eyes fell on the toys and the baby-dresses, and he shook his head heavily.

"Well, Jane, it is all as if it had been real. I must, however, have dreamed it. It is a sad disappointment. I must have dreamed it all on board the steamboat going up the Hudson the first night, on Tuesday. It was a dream of three years in one night. Why, I remember ten thousand incidents of it. I recollect when Simon cut his first tooth, and how Dr. ——— came to lance the gums; and it was the night Jemima was born, when I was running after Dr. Cheesman, that I was chased and captured by a watchman as a thief running away, and was taken to the lockup and kept there in unendurable agony till morning; and while there, my pocket was picked of some loose gold and silver!"

"All a dream, Simon."

"Well, then, I live in my dreams, and am asleep when I am awake," answered Mr. Huggins, with a despairing look of bewilderment. "Why, don't you recollect when Jemima was born there was a great earthquake? and that there were fifty vessels swallowed up at Hellgate at once? You recollect *that*, for it was in the newspapers!" he said, emphatically.

"My dear Simon, there has been no earthquake, nor were any vessels swallowed up in Hellgate. Mr. Mallefort has exploded rocks there, and—the fact is, you had best give it all up. It is all a dream—baby, earthquake, lost vessels and all!"

"Well!" sighed Mr. Huggins. And that is all Mr. Huggins said. He kicked the tin trumpet across the room, walked determinedly over the picture books, grinding the features out of the visage of old Goody Two-Shoes, and kicking the baby's caps hither and thither with fiery disappointment. Mrs. Huggins, who was a pretty, sensible and lovable woman, laughed, and yet an expression of sadness came over her fine face.

"Poor Simon!" she said, as he banged the street door; "what a pity it is he should dream so distinctly and vividly! He don't seem to know half the time which world is the real one—that of dreams or of day-light."

This remark was full of truth. Mr. Huggins, from some metaphysical peculiarity, was a vivid dreamer. He did not dream often,—was not an "everyday dreamer;" but when he *did* dream, he did it so effectually that, for days afterwards, he was perplexed and mystified, and greatly embarrassed in his business operations.

One day, not long after the affair of the two babies, Mr. Huggins received a letter from a correspondent in Charleston, S. C., desiring him to ship to him so much wheat, so many casks of hams, so many thousand pounds of butter, etc.

This order was accompanied by drafts to the amount of \$9000 on New York banks. It came in very good time; for Mr. Huggins had not been so successful in some recent speculations as he hoped to have been, and he had a note of sixteen thousand dollars to pay in bank on the Saturday coming, which he was at his wit's end how to raise, as all his available means were in circulation, and could not be recalled. The day he received the letter from Charleston, he had but six thousand dollars with which to pay his note.

"This is all in good time," he said. "I can borrow the other thousand, and that will save my credit." So the next day he deposited the checks, and with his cash in hand redeemed his note. The day after, he sent his clerk to the storehouse, where he kept his merchandize, to ship the articles in question. He even went himself to see them done, and went on board the brig *Cornelia* to see that they were properly stowed. He even walked with the captain to the custom-house to see him get his manifest and full clearance. And it being a pleasant day and a fine air, he accepted the captain's invitation to go down as far as the Narrows with him, and return on the tow-boat. He had a delightful passage. The sea air invigorated him; but he was so unfortunate as to lose his hat overboard, which immediately sunk. Upon the captain, who had a wart on the left eyebrow, expressing his surprise and regret that it sunk so soon, Mr. Huggins explained it, with a sorrowful air, by stating that it contained a package of daguerreotypes he had had taken that day of his wife and his four children,—a family group!

Mr. Huggins was pleased with the dinner. To be sure, the captain had a large number of guests, there being not less than twenty-seven sea captains at the table, and among them Captain Paul Jones. Mr. Huggins was charmed with the commodore, and on expressing his surprise to find him alive and looking so young, he was perfectly satisfied by the answer made by the commodore, that the report of his death was a mistake.

"People must have dreamed it, then, sir," was the observation of Mr. Huggins, to which the commodore (whom Mr. Huggins noticed had but one eye, and that in the middle of his forehead) politely bowed acquiescence.

The dinner passed off admirably. "It was the feast of reason and the flow of soul." Besides the twenty-seven sea captains, Mr. Huggins had the honor of taking wine with eleven reporters of the city papers, who had been invited guests to do honor to the departure of the brig. At length, the brig got outside, and Mr. Huggins, shaking hands with the captain, whom he now, for the first time, noticed had a huge wooden nose painted blue, went on board the steam-tug to return to the city. To his surprise, not one of the twenty-seven captains budged, all of whom he now perceived had taken blue wooden noses out of their pockets and put them on; and he was told by one of the eleven reporters, who wore a tall newspaper cap on his head, with a cock's feather stuck in it, that it was a filibuster expedition, and that it was not going to Charleston at all, and that he had been deceived in shipping on her!

But Mr. Huggins, though at first appalled, began to feel easy at the idea that he had dreamed she was a filibuster, and that, in reality, she was all he took her to be.

"I must have dreamed that this reporter told me she is a filibuster," he said. "Why, there is my friend, the captain, then there are the twenty-seven captains that I dined with, all going out to meet their ships at sea; why, to be sure, I dreamed that this reporter told me she was a filibuster!" So he contented himself, and went back to the city rejoicing in having shipped so good a bill of goods, and all paid for.

On the arrival of the steam-tug back at the Battery wharf, Mr. Huggins, in stepping on shore, was shoved from the plank by a fat man with five children in his arms, and knocked into the water. He felt himself sinking and sinking until he touched bottom. He was no swimmer; so he tried to walk out along the bottom. But the water rushed into his ears, nostrils and mouth, and he soon felt himself strangling. He thought of his wife and four children, how they would weep for him, and how his business would go to ruin, and then he lost all consciousness for a moment—but only for a moment. He seemed all at once to be in a world of light and glory ineffable. Palaces, cities, temples, thrones, gardens, music, angels, gorgeous scenes every instant changing, passed before his vision, or, rather, he passed through.

He was conducted to a beautiful house that seemed to be one pearl sprinkled with gold. Here a lovely being, who, as he thought, his wife resembled, gave him a pair of purple wings and a harp of gold. He was then led into a lovely garden, and made acquainted with countless celestial beings. They welcomed him with songs, and invited him to join their company. He did so, happy and at peace at the idea that he was in heaven at last.

Years passed away, and cycles of years, and each hour brought with it a new joy. At length, after many thousands of years, he happened to wander too far from the realms of joy, and lost his way. He came, at last, to an opening, and fell through. He fell, and fell, and fell—down—down—down, falling for a thousand years, until he saw the earth beneath! Under him was New York city. He recognized it readily. He began to fear he would be killed by the fall; but, fortunately, he descended into the water, close to the Battery wharf, and disappeared beneath the surface. In a moment he found himself grasped by a strong arm and raised to the top of the water, and dragged upon the plank from which so many thousands of years ago he had fallen. He opened his eyes and found the people rubbing him and pumping the water out of his stomach. He was soon restored. He shortly got to his feet, and thanking them, was put into a carriage and drove homeward.

He wondered if his wife and children were alive. It could not be. But, on reaching his house, he found all as he had left it. He entered the house, and was met by his wife, who expressed no particular surprise, receiving him as if he had just come up from the store after a few hours' absence. He told her his adventures, and kissed his four children, who ran in to welcome him.

She assured him he had been dreaming again about the drowning, and that he was not even wet, and could not have fallen into the water.

"Perhaps so. I recollect, after the dinner, that I fell asleep

on the tug-boat coming up. I dare say I did dream; but it was a pleasant one. If heaven is like that place, I shall try, the rest of my life, to get there, wife."

He then spoke of the fortunate order from Charleston, and how it had enabled him to pay his note, with the thousand dollars he had borrowed of Burns, Brothers & Co.

The fourth day after Mr. Huggins had received the Charleston letter and drafts, and the day after he had paid his note so nicely, he left with his wife to go for a week to Lebanon Springs. He passed a pleasant time there, and returned to the city in improved health and spirits. No notes to pay in bank, and business prosperous, he was a happy man, as he ought to be.

The next morning, he went down to his counting-room. The first thing he saw on his table was a little, ugly-looking note to this purport:

"Sir,—Your note for \$16,000 was this day protested for non-payment."

Mr. Huggins looked appalled. A second note lay before him:

"Sir,—Your note, endorsed by us, has been protested. We must express our amazement at your neglect. You will please take it up and explain. Yours, RABBIT, BLANBIT & Co."

"Not more amazed than I am!" ejaculated Mr. Huggins.

A third note lay before him. It was from a notary. While he was gazing upon these notes, bewildered, he saw Burns, senior, come in.

"Now," thought Huggins, "here is more trouble. They want the thousand dollars I borrowed of 'em to pay this note, which yet seems not to have been paid."

"Will you sell me a thousand bushels of wheat, Huggins?"

"About the thousand I borrowed?"

"Of us?"

"Yes."

"You borrowed no money of us."

"I did, and of you in person. You gave me your check on the Atlantic Bank."

"Never! We have no funds there."

"Then—then—merciful heavens! can I have dreamed it? Yes, —you shall have the wheat. Thimpkins!" to his book-keeper and cashier.

"Sir?"

"Did I or did I not receive a letter containing nine thousand dollars in drafts from Charleston?"

"Yes, sir. Here it is."

Huggins read the letter.

"Where is the draft?"

"Here it is in the safe, sir!"

"Why, did I not pay it to the bank and take up my sixteen thousand dollar note?"

"No, sir. The note is not due until to-morrow!"

"Then, in the name of horror, what mean these protests?"

"Mr. Huggins!—Mister Huggins! Wake up! you are dreaming some horrid dream again! You will lay on your back so!"

Punch—punch—punch! then a dash of water from his wife's hand into his face, and Mr. Huggins woke up. He rubbed his eyes. It was daylight.

"Why, Jane! What—what! Am I here? I thought I was in my counting-room. I must have been dreaming! What a horrible dream! Am I not protested, then?"

"I am the one to protest. I never heard such doings. Anybody would think you were drowning!"

"Well, thank Heaven! it is all a dream. What day of the month is this?"

"The nineteenth."

"Then it was only yesterday I got that Charleston letter."

"There it is, and the draft in it, on the bureau, where you put it when you came to bed."

"Bless me, so it is! What a concatenation of dreams! what dream on dream I have had! Then my note is not due till to-morrow. I have dreamed that right at any rate. Wife, have we been to Lebanon?"

"No."

"Have we any children?"

"What a stupid! No!"

"Did I ship my wheat and bacon on the Cornelia?"

"She hasn't got in yet, I heard your clerk say yesterday."

"That is true. It has been a dream, from beginning to end, ever since I got that letter. Bless me! I live more with my eyes shut than I do with them open, and transact more business on my back asleep than on my feet awake. What shall I do?"

"Give up ale and oyster suppers at eleven o'clock."

"Dear me!"

"Yes,—that is it, husband."

"I will try it."

Mr. Huggins was as good as his word. He left off oyster suppers and ale, and his dreams left him.

If any of our readers mix up life and dreams together, we advise them to leave off night suppers, or some night they may dream they have paid a note in bank and be at ease, and next day find a protest on their desk.

HEROISM.—Heroism, in fact, is rarely understood to be, simply—uncompromised duty! Heroism, which is not duty, is but a dream of the dark ages. Duty that is not performed with the spirit of a hero is but the mortar and the brick of hard bondage. The hero understood this who proclaimed to his heroes no premature paeans of secure victory, no highly-wrought representations of martial glory, but the simple words: "England expects every man to do his duty!" and the aggregate of individual duty was triumphant heroism. In the daily walks of life, unseen and unadmired, there may exist the truest heroic elements, and "all may find, if they dare choose, a glorious life and grave" in the sphere of common-place duty.—*Brewster.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CHARLES WESTON'S ADVERTISEMENT.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

CHARLES WESTON was very handsome, talented and rich; but he had some very romantic notions which caused him to behave and appear at times very absurdly. He was an only son, and having arrived at a suitable age, namely, twenty-six, his parents were perpetually urging him to choose himself a wife from among his many lady acquaintances; but that Charles did not seem at all inclined to do.

In the "Star of Beauty," a journal of fashion and romance, issued weekly, he had read a story which pleased him very much. The story treated of the struggles of a young man in a like position with himself, who had advertised for a wife, and obtained one, who proved gentle, amiable and refined; and the story closed with a rose-colored picture of his happiness. It was written in such life-like style, and the joy and delight of such a romantic method of obtaining a wife was painted in such glowing colors, that Charles determined upon following the same course himself; consequently, when his next number of the Star came, he read with delight his own advertisement, worded as follows:

"A young man, of the highest respectability and most unexceptionable habits, is desirous of becoming acquainted with a young, pretty and accomplished lady, with the view of making her his wife, should their tastes prove congenial. Address C. W., Box 1211, New York post-office."

Spending the winter with the Westons, was a niece of Mrs. Weston,—Carrie Spencer, a lively, bright girl, and the following letter, which she indited to a bosom friend—Susie Lee,—may be interesting:

"DEAR SUSIE,—This is written in great haste, so, without preamble, I will dash right into the middle. I have found Cousin Charles very handsome (he was a fright when I last saw him—nine years ago), pleasant, and all that sort of thing; but all his sense—and he has considerable—is completely concealed by some of the most romantic—absurdly romantic—notions any mortal was ever possessed of. The other day, he sent to the Star of Beauty an advertisement for a wife, which I want you to answer, and that immediately. I have read all the answers he has received, and they are absolutely distressing; for you know as well as I that no really sensible person would answer any such advertisement. I want you to answer, writing elegantly and with a large sprinkling of romance, and sign yourself Nelly Hammond, that I may know which is yours, and act accordingly; for you must know that my good, foolish cousin has made me his confidant in this 'the most momentous act of his life.' Don't forget, and we will see if we can't cure him of his absurd notions. CARRIE SPENCER."

Charles had received any quantity of letters; the common sense he really possessed, prevented him from replying to any of the sappy, flushy epistles. He was beginning to be disgusted, not with the idea, but his success and the wording of his advertisement, upon which he laid all the blame of his failure, when he was pleased by the receipt of a dainty little note. The note was written on paper of the palest green tinge, and in a very delicate running hand. The contents were as follows:

"FRIEND C. W.—Your advertisement met my eye this morning, and the tone was so manly and generous, and I felt as if I could not resist answering it, in spite of some misgivings I have, that you will scarcely deign to look at my poor little note, as I feel sure that you must have had, ere this, innumerable answers far outshining mine in elegance and brilliancy. When I read your advertisement, my heart expanded, for I felt that at last I had found what I had been struggling after and dreaming for—a congenial spirit. You may smile, perhaps,—a proud, contemptuous smile,—at this; but my heart told me plainly that I had at last found my mate. I hardly dare express the wish which is causing my heart to throb, and yet if you would condescend to answer this, I should be unspeakably happy. Any letter directed to Miss Nelly Hammond, box 38, Troy post-office, N. Y., will be received with intense joy."

No words can express the delight of Charles Weston as he showed the letter to his cousin Carrie. She read it with a serious face, and, in a grave tone, advised Charles to answer. Her advice was, of course, followed, and in less than an hour a letter, directed to Miss Nelly Hammond, was safely lodged in the post-office, and Charles Weston turned his steps homeward, feeling much more like dancing than walking soberly along.

It is needless to transcribe the whole of the correspondence. Each letter made Charles more in love with and impatient to see his fair (?) correspondent. At last, he asked to be allowed to visit her in Troy, and if she refused him that, to send him her daguerreotype. The next letter was awaited for anxiously. It came, containing a refusal to allow him to visit her, because he might do so in a short time in New York, where she was intending to make a visit, and saying she had sent her daguerreotype by express.

It came, and Charles, with trembling fingers, opened the little case, and saw—a female figure, enveloped in a heavy shawl, and large bonnet, and the features completely concealed by a thick veil. At first, Charles was angry, but before long began to look upon it as a joke. Letters continued to pass between them, and the last had announced that in two days, at four o'clock P. M., Mr. Charles Weston might see his correspondent by calling at No. 98, Murray Street.

The intervening days passed slowly. An hour before the time, Mr. Charles Weston was mingling with the crowd in Broadway. As he passed Stuart's, he paused, feeling very desirous of enter-

ing and purchasing some elegant present, and he would have done so had he not met a friend, and so he merely bowed and passed on, solacing himself with the thought that the handsome ring set with pearls he carried in his pocket, would do for the first time.

At last the clock struck four, and Charles rushed across Broadway and sped down Murray Street. Arrived at the door, his heart beat and his hand trembled so violently that he felt tempted to turn back. A moment's pause, and he gave the bell a quick, nervous pull, which almost broke the wire, and caused the bell to ring violently. The summons was answered by a slovenly-looking servant girl, who asked, bluntly: "What do you want?"

"Is Miss Hammond at home?" asked Charles, in a low tone.

"There's half a dozen Miss Hammonds living here; do you want to see all, or only one?"

More than ever, Charles felt tempted to retreat; but the remembrance of his cousin, Carrie Spencer, deterred him, and, with an attempt at indifference and self-possession, he said:

"I wish to see Miss Nelly Hammond."

"Don't know whether she's to home or not. I'll see, if you will wait," and stepping a little farther into the hall to the foot of the stairs, she bawled out with the whole strength of a pair of sound lungs: "Miss Hammond, is Nelly to home?"

"Yes," answered a little, thin, wiry voice from the attic apparently. "What's wanted?"

"A gentleman wants to see her!" again bawled out the strong voiced servant; while Charles stood trembling on the steps, fearing, each moment, some one of his numerous acquaintances would pass him standing there.

The thin voice from above directed the girl to show him into the parlor, and Nelly would be down pretty soon. Charles followed the girl into the very light and tasteless room, and seated himself upon the sofa. He was obliged to wait a long while before Miss Nelly Hammond appeared, and had leisure to examine the room and its contents. There was a very old-fashioned piano, shell-table and little light-stand surmounted by a huge moss cottage, looking-glass pond and glass ducks, on one side of the room; on the other side, opposite to Charles, was an old-fashioned fireplace, and the mantel-shelf was really covered with plaster images, yellow glass candlesticks, stuffed birds and cheap china vases filled with tissue-paper flowers. The third side was occupied by chairs and stools, and a large mahogany table literally covered with books, shell-boxes, cologne bottles, daguerreotypes and other trash.

Just as Charles had determined upon examining the miniature, the door opened, and Miss Hammond entered. She was of medium height and had very bright complexion and light hair, but her eyebrows were black and her eyes concealed by blue goggles. Her hair was braided, and puffed, and curled, and trimmed, in every possible way, with orange ribbon, which was fastened in the most impossible ways by silver arrows and doves. She wore a black silk basque, marvellously tight and ill setting, and a very full orange and black plaid silk skirt; an enormous cotton lace collar and buff gloves completed the dress of this maiden.

Charles Weston stood appalled by this sight. Miss Nelly gave a little scream, and retreated to the door, as she murmured:

"I thought there was somebody here what wanted to see me."

"If you are Miss Nelly Hammond, I wanted to see you. I am Charles Weston."

"Charles Weston?" drawled out Miss Hammond. "I never heard of you, nor any person by that name. I don't know no Charles Weston. I never saw you!"

"I know you never did," replied Charles, feeling as if he must explain. "But I have been corresponding with you, and you appointed this house as a place of meeting. I came here, true to my promise. I feel astonished that you do not recollect my name."

"I never heard it before. I never wrote a letter to any one called Weston in my life. I mean to call Aunt Hammond!" and bursting into tears, the girl turned to the door.

"Good heavens, stop!" exclaimed Charles, springing to the door and placing his hand on the handle. "There has been some mistake which must be explained. Pray be seated."

The girl seated herself on the chair nearest the door, and was now weeping and rocking her body to and fro, while now and then such words as the following became audible between her sobs:

"O dear! It's all turned out just as ma told me. O dear! what shall I do! She said as how if I came to this great big city, 'cause I was pretty wicked people would enter my aunt's house on false pretensions, and I'd be carried off or killed. O dear sakes!"

"I beseech you to be calm," said Charles. "I will explain all," and he hurriedly told her what had led him to come there.

During the recital, the girl forgot to cry, and appeared to be very much interested in the story. When Charles had finished speaking and rose to go, she said:

"Why, how silly I have been all this time! I don't believe but what it is a young lady what came yesterday to board with my aunt, and didn't like, and went away this morning. And now I think she gave me a note to give to Mr. Weston, if he called;" and leaving the room, she soon returned with a little pale green note. Charles opened it impatiently and read:

"I have thought to teach you a lesson, and hope I have not failed. Go home and destroy all evidence of your folly, and be advised that common sense will show you a safer and surer road to happiness than romance. N. H."

Charles Weston folded up the note, and returned home. The next day he handed Carrie a ring set with pearls, saying:

"Take it, Carrie, and all my romance with it."

Not a year passed before Charles Weston married Miss Susie Lee, Carrie's dear friend. After they were married, Susie confessed her deception, and dressed in the black basque and orange plaid skirt to prove to Charles that, after all, he had married Miss Nelly Hammond, and obtained the wife he advertised for.



STATE STREET, NEW LONDON; FROM THE DEPOT.

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT.

M. M. BALLOU, Esq.: Dear Sir,—In my last I endeavored to give you some account of Woonsocket, R. I., and its immediate vicinity. In the present letter I propose to delineate the peculiarities of a much more interesting locality, so far as my humble pen and pencil are capable of doing. It is not without a feeling of hesitancy that I approach the task, for the ground we are about to tread is hallowed by the blood of martyrs in that glorious cause for which our fathers sacrificed everything but honor. Look about you, as you enter the harbor from the Sound, on the deck of the little steamer which plies between Stonington and the city we are approaching. On the right, towering toward the clouds, stands the monument which commemorates the massacre of those noble yeomen, who lost their lives within the walls of the fort, whose rugged outlines are seen at its foot. On the left is Fort Trumbull, whose frowning ramparts occupy the site of the one our sires defended; while behind it is seen the city, which, Phoenix-like, has arisen from the ashes of its former self. Every object which meets your gaze is replete with historic interest. The noble estuary, whose waters are parted by the prow of the little steamer, was once familiar with the paddle of the Pequot and the Mohegan, when Uncas, the rebel chief, braved the authority of Sassacus, his rightful lord, and the white man was a stranger in the land. Its shores are dyed with the blood of the red man and the pale-faces, shed in the contest for supremacy, and have witnessed the marshalling of armies, and the battling of hosts, when the white man fought with his kindred for dominion. The hills around have reflected the glare of a burning town, when that arch-traitor, whose name is a by-word of ignominy and reproach, sealed

his infamy in the blaze of his neighbors' homes. The approach to the city from the sound presents natural beauties, too, of no mean order. The morning of my arrival, however, was by no means calculated to heighten the coloring of any landscape; a cold, dull atmosphere, and a slight, drizzling rain, chilling the feelings which naturally rise in the breast, in viewing the picturesque features of such a scene as is displayed to the eye, in rounding the bold promontory on which is situated Fort Trumbull, and the whole vista of the city and its environs bursts upon the view. The city of New London is built upon an elevated semicircle, which projects from the western shore into the river Thames, which, a few miles above the sound, widens into a capacious harbor, wherein ships of war find secure anchorage in the lowest tides. A short distance below is another peninsula, which effectually closes in the harbor, and shuts out the view in coming up the river. Passing the portal, you enter the amphitheatre, which, rising from the water, is bounded by the high grounds in the distance, on which are built many private residences, that peep out from among the foliage, like gems in a setting of brilliant green. On the right, the village of Groton, nestling at the foot, and creeping up the sides of the rocky heights which form the eastern banks of the river, exhibits a strong contrast to the more compact city opposite, while the rugged and rocky steeps present features bold and strongly marked; forming altogether a *tout ensemble* very pleasing and attractive. A closer approach to the city dispels in a measure the illusion which distance lends, and a feeling of disappointment takes possession of the beholder as he lands at a mean dock, and enters the main street of the city. A glance at the engraving which stands at the head of this page will convey a better

idea of the appearance of this portion of the city than any description. The drawing was made from a daguerreotype that I had taken while there. Like a skilful general, I first sought a "basis of operations" immediately on my arrival, and was fortunate in my selection of the City Hotel, kept by Messrs. Cady and Root, and situated on the main street (State Street), a short distance from the depot. I can recommend the table of this house as all that can be desired by the most fastidious, and if they entertain all their friends as I was entertained, the most exacting would have no cause of complaint. These gentlemen have recently taken charge of this house, and seem disposed to make it one of the best hotels in the State. Mr. Root generously devoted his time to me during my stay at the place, and I owe him many thanks for his kindness and consideration. We sallied out together, and visited first the house of the Nameaug Engine Company, represented on this page. This company is widely and favorably known by firemen and citizens. They were organized April 18, 1850, having previously been in service two years under another name. They now number on the active and honorary rolls about 100 men. They are an independent corps—owning their apparatus, etc., and number in their ranks men of all trades and professions, banded together in one common brotherhood. These young men—the elite of the city—are annually at a great expense in maintaining the efficiency of their organization. The engine-room below is fitted with all the conveniences necessary to promote the objects of benevolence for which they are sustained. It is enjoyed as a club-room, is furnished with marble wash-basins, a hose-tower, closets, and all the necessary fixtures for comfort and cleanliness. But the great attraction is the noble "Nameaug" herself. This powerful machine, the pride of her company, is a large double-decked engine, with 10 inch pumps, capable of being worked by 48 men. She plays, when necessary, six streams, frequently using over 1200 feet of hose, and has been of inestimable service to New London. She forms, together with the accompanying hose-carts, the prominent feature of the lower room. But let us visit the hall above. On entering it one would suppose himself in the palatial dwelling of one of our "merchant princes." The floor is covered with a costly carpet of softest texture and beautiful design, a large and richly wrought chandelier suspended from the ceiling, and the whole spacious apartment filled with magnificent carved rosewood furniture, sofas and chairs covered with blue and gold silk brocatelle, desks, luxurious arm-chairs, a splendid piano, paintings, marble-covered tables, and all the usual articles of luxury and elegance ever found in the houses of the aristocracy. The Nameaug's have several thousand dollars invested in the engine-house and furniture. The house is situated on a back street, the name of which has slipped my memory, just in the rear of the new City Hall, corner of Union and State Streets. This latter building, now in course of erection, will, in connection with the Congregational Church, on the opposite corner, prove to be handsome ornaments to this portion of the city, and excite in the minds of its citizens a taste for architectural adornments commensurate with their growth in other respects. The City Hall is after the design of Mr. Hallett, is to be 50 by 52 feet, and the estimated cost is \$60,000; the lot cost, so I was informed, \$10,000. The basement, which is of freestone, and rusticated, is the only portion erected. The Congregational Church, on the opposite



CITY HALL, NEW LONDON



NAMEAUG ENGINE HOUSE, NEW LONDON.

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FORTS GRISWOLD AND TRUMBULL, NEW LONDON.

corner, is certainly one of the handsomest specimens of church architecture I have ever seen. It occupies the site of the old Congregational Meeting House, built in 1786. In 1849-50 this edifice was taken down, and the present imposing structure raised. The stone, which is of granite, was quarried out of the foundation and from a neighboring ledge. The cost of the building was about \$43,000, and the architect was Leopold Eidlitz, of New York. The main features of the design belong to the most ancient Gothic style; the arches are semi-circular, the recess for the pulpit semi-octagonal, and the side windows double, with a broad column in the centre. The architectural design and proportions of the building, with the open, airy appearance of the campanile or bell tower, and the light and graceful spire, harmonize well with the elevated position of the building and color of the stone. After making sketches of these buildings, I returned to the hotel to dinner. After dinner I procured the assistance of a daguerreotypist to take the view of State Street, given at the commencement of this article. It was not a favorable day, but I succeeded in getting a picture, and then jumped on board the diminutive steam ferry-boat and crossed to Groton. To one accustomed to the boats of the Jersey City and Brooklyn ferries, the craft which runs on the Thames appears rude and dwarfish enough. However, we are admonished to "speak well of the bridge which carries us safe over;" and, as in due course of time I was landed upon the other

side in safety, I suppose I must not find fault with its accommodation, size or speed. Turning to the right from the ferry, I commenced the rather steep and rugged ascent, and in a few minutes stood in the presence of the monument shown at the lower left hand corner of this page. This structure stands on the brow of what is now called Mount Ledyard, in honor of the brave but unfortunate commander of the fort which stands near, where so many brave men lost their lives in the murderous foray of the traitor Arnold, and his tory and Hessian troops. The anniversary of the massacre was celebrated for many years afterward, but towards the close of the last century, the Rev. Henry Channing preached a sermon on the occasion of its celebration, taking for his text, "If thine enemy hunger, give him bread to eat; if he thirst, give him drink," in which he animadverted with considerable force upon the disposition which kept alive the hatred engendered by the occurrence, and the celebration thereof was discontinued; but an earnest desire was shown to commemorate the bravery and unfortunate deaths of the victims of the massacre. A celebration was held in 1825, at which it was decided to erect a suitable monument near the spot. The legislature was memorialized, and granted a lottery for the purpose; the funds were raised, and the cornerstone laid with appropriate ceremonies on the 6th of September, 1826, and the monument was completed in 1830. The stone of which it is built was quarried in the immediate vicinity. The

base is 26 feet square, and the shaft diminishes to 12 feet at the top, where is a circular iron cage, which prevents the possibility of accident. It is 127 feet in height, and a winding flight of 168 steps affords access to the platform, from whence a magnificent view of the surrounding country is obtained. Over the entrance, on a marble tablet, is the following inscription: "This monument was erected under the patronage of the State of Connecticut, A. D. 1830, and in the 55th year of the independence of the U. S. A., in memory of the brave patriots who fell in the massacre at Fort Griswold, near this spot, on the 6th of September, A. D. 1781, when the British, under command of the traitor Benedict Arnold, burned the towns of New London and Groton, and spread desolation and woe throughout this region." Within the monument stands another marble tablet, which formerly occupied a niche on the southern side, and which bears the names of the 84 patriots who fell in the fort; among which there are nine by the name of Avery; four Lesters; three Allyns, and three Chesters. Applying at the door of the little house which stands in the angle of the enclosure, after repeated knockings I roused the inmate, a sandy-headed boy, who, on the payment of a shilling and eight cents, supplied me with the massy key of the monument, and a printed pamphlet, containing the narrative of Stephen Hempstead, who was a participant in the battle, was seriously wounded, but fortunate enough to survive his wounds. When I approached the door, I was almost deterred from entering by a loud roaring sound, which indicated the strong draft passing up the interior. The openings at top and bottom being small, and a strong breeze blowing, the shaft acted the part of an immense chimney, and I had to press my hat firmly to my head to prevent it from preceding me on the upward journey. Locking myself in, however, I commenced the ascent. For a short distance all went well, but after a little while the light, which struggled feebly to illuminate the interior, was shut out entirely, and I found myself in impenetrable darkness. The steps grew smaller and "more beautifully less" as I proceeded, and to add to the inter-



GROTON MONUMENT, OPPOSITE NEW LONDON.



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, NEW LONDON.

The entire region embraced within the bounds of the horizon was the country of the Pequots, and was the scene of many a bloody strife and warlike struggle between the Narragansetts and Mohegans; the Mohegans and Pequots, and the two former combined against the latter, when Capt. Mason, with Miantinimoh and Uncas, utterly destroyed the Pequot fort upon the Mystic river, put to death by fire and sword seven hundred men, women and children, and wiped out their once powerful name from among the list of nations.

The first white settler was John Winthrop the younger, who, on the destruction of the Pequots, sought and obtained from the general court of Massachusetts a grant of Fisher's Island, situated in Long Island Sound, nearly opposite the mouth of the Thames. All the islands in the sound being considered within the jurisdiction of Connecticut, he applied to the general court of that State, which confirmed the grant; and when, in 1664, they were included in the patent of New York, he obtained from that State also a confirmation of his claim. His title was therefore confirmed by three different States. He did not appear to be in any hurry to locate, for after it was confirmed by Connecticut, he went to England, and was absent a long time. In 1644 the general court of Massachusetts granted him a "plantation at or near Pequot harbor, now New London, in 1645. Associated with him was Thomas Peters, a clergyman, who had been ejected from his parish, in Cornwall, England, for non-conformity, and had, like many others, fled to America. This gentleman entered heart and hand in the enterprise, and the elder Winthrop being governor of Massachusetts, every aid was rendered by that colony to the undertaking. Winthrop removed his family to "Nameaug"—so called from a remnant of the Pequot tribe who inhabited the west side of the river—and the settlement began to grow in numbers and importance.

The colony of Connecticut, wishing to obliterate the Pequot name, directed the Nameaug Indians to become subject to the rule of Uncas, the Mohegan chief—who had been a petty sachem under Sassacus the Pequot, but had rebelled and joined the whites previous to the tragedy at Mystic Fort—but they strenuously objected to submit to his yoke. The settlers at New London encouraging them in their objections, was the cause of much dissatisfaction on the part of Uncas, and for a long time fears were entertained that he might injure or attack the little settlement. This calamity was fortunately averted, and the embryo city flourished apace. Some idea may be formed of its growth, by the fact that in 1653, eight years after its settlement, it paid to the general court a tax rate of £3334, and ranked as the sixth town in the colony.

The safe and eligible harbor early attracted the attention of commercial men, and New London soon enjoyed a very important and valuable coastwise trade. In 1730 an association called "The New London Society of Trade and Commerce," was established on a grand scale, to carry trade into new channels, and operate largely; and for a time—being encouraged by the colonial government—it flourished; but losses and misfortunes impaired its resources, and having issued bills of credit, with which to sustain its sinking fortunes, it was dissolved, and went out of existence, not, however, without leaving much misery and suffering behind it, as the natural consequences of its mismanagement. Trade continued to increase; ships and smaller vessels were built, launched and fitted in her yards, and when the war of the Revolution broke out, it was a busy, thriving and populous place. Its inhabitants exhibited the most decided resistance to the oppressive measures of British ministers, and when Boston was called upon to suffer for its patriotic ardor, the New Londoners sympathized deeply in their cause, and took an active part in the struggle that soon commenced. In 1775 two forts were erected to protect the harbor, one on the point where now stands its namesake, Fort Trumbull, the other at Groton, which was called Fort Griswold. Several of the vessels of war which were ordered by Connecticut for the naval armament, were built at New London. Privateers were fitted out from here, and numerous prizes brought into the harbor, confiscated and sold. In 1777 a frigate of thirty-six guns was constructed on the Thames, by order of Congress, and under the direction of Capt. Huntington. While the British occupied New York, their vessels and convoys were frequently annoyed or captured by private armed vessels from New London, and it became unsafe for them to navigate the sound, so bold and audacious had the Yankee privateers become. This state of things excited the ire of the British commander, and he determined upon its destruction. Circumstances, however, delayed the consummation of the object until the 6th of September, 1781, when a British fleet of 24 vessels appeared off the harbor at daybreak, and landed a force of about two thousand troops, composed of British veterans, Hessians and Tories, the whole under command of the infamous Benedict Arnold, who had recently returned from Virginia, where he had been engaged in similar expeditions, and who was now about to consummate the basest act of his life, and close his infamous career by burning the dwellings of his neighbors and old friends.

The alarm signal agreed upon to call for assistance from the country people in case of attack, was two minute guns from Fort Griswold. These were fired when the fleet was first discovered, but one of the vessels fired a single gun immediately afterwards, and as three guns was a signal of rejoicing over a prize, this stratagem altered the import of the signal, and proved that the enemy had been faithfully informed of all matters appertaining to the defence of the place. Everything was confusion in the doomed town. The inhabitants were hurrying to and fro, gathering their most valuable articles and placing them on board of the shipping in the river for safety, while others were hurriedly arming themselves and hastening to defend their homes as best they might. Col. William Ledyard was the military commandant of the district, Capt. Adam Shapley commanded at Fort Trumbull, and Capt. Wm. Latham at Fort Griswold. The former was a mere battery, not tenable when attacked from the land side, and orders were given to Capt. Shapley to evacuate in case of attack, and cross to Fort Griswold. Expresses were sent off to alarm the country, inform Gov. Trumbull, at Lebanon, and collect assistance; and Col. Ledyard hoped to be able to make an efficient defence. As he stepped into the boat to cross to Fort Griswold, after making every arrangement in his power, he said to some friends whose hands he pressed, "If I must lose to-day, either honor or life, you who know me, can tell which it will be."

The enemy, meanwhile, had landed in two divisions, one under Col. Eyre, composed of the 40th and 54th regiments of British regulars, and the third battalion of New Jersey volunteers, with a detachment of yagers and artillery, landed on the Groton side; while the other, composed of the 38th regiment of regulars, the loyal Americans, the American legion, refugees and a detachment of yagers, under the immediate command of Arnold, landed on the New London side, in a cove at Brown's farms, near the light-house, and marched direct for the town. A party of the inhabitants had collected, to the number of a hundred or more, armed with what came first to hand, and marched without leaders towards the point where the enemy were landing, but when they saw the overwhelming force with which they had to contend, they became disheartened and scattered in small parties to annoy the

enemy's flanks. A small band threw themselves into an advanced battery, about half way between the light house and town, wherein were six iron cannon, and commenced a hot fire upon the advance of the British. They were forced to retire, however, without doing much damage, and the town lay at the mercy of the torch-bearing foe, who commenced immediately the work of destruction.

The shipping in the harbor was specially marked for the flames, and hence the attack of Col. Eyre upon Fort Griswold, which work commanded the harbor, and its possession by the British would have prevented their sailing up the river. The harbor was filled with vessels, and many were lying at the wharves; among the rest was a rich merchant ship called the "Hannah," recently captured from the British, whose valuable cargo had been taken out and placed in the stores on the wharves. These with all their contents, the shipping at the docks, all the public buildings of whatever kind, and a greater portion of the town, were given up to the flames and plunder. Justice to the traitor who commanded, however, leads me to give him the benefit of the doubt whether it was his intention or by his orders, that private property was destroyed. He expressly states in his report that he is indebted to "Capt. Stapleton (who acted as major of brigade) for his spirited conduct and assistance; in particular in the attack upon Fort Trumbull, and his endeavors to prevent plundering (when the stores were burnt), and the destruction of private buildings." He further says: "The whole of which (the cargo) was burnt with the stores, which proved to contain a large quantity of powder, unknown to us; the explosion of the powder, and change of wind, soon after the stores were fired, communicated the flames to part of the town, which was, notwithstanding every effort to prevent it, unfortunately destroyed." Numerous instances are on record, too, of officers protecting buildings and females from the torch and from insult, and in one case an officer chastised a soldier on the spot, for attempting to plunder from a female, who appealed to him for protection.

The change in the wind was favorable to the vessels at anchor in the harbor, and they slipped their cables and sailed up the river. Seeing this, Arnold "despatched a boat with an officer to Lieut. Col. Eyre, to countermand his first order to attack the fort, but the officer arrived a few minutes too late." What an unfortunate few minutes too late was that! How many valuable lives had been spared, and how much of misery been saved to weeping relatives! how much of human suffering and agony had been prevented, could those few minutes have been recalled! One of the saddest pages of American history had never been written!

The record of events on the east side is best given in the narrative of Stephen Hempstead, who participated in the contest at Fort Griswold, and was severely wounded and left for dead, which I subjoin:

"I was first sergeant of Captain Adam Shapley's company of State troops, and was stationed with him at the time, with about twenty-three men, at Fort Trumbull, on the New London side. This was a mere breastwork or water battery, open from behind, and the enemy coming on us from that quarter, we spiked our cannon and commenced a retreat across the river to Fort Griswold in three boats. The enemy were so near that they overshot us with their muskets, and succeeded in capturing one boat commanded by Josiah Smith, a private. They afterwards proceeded to New London and burnt the town. We were received by the garrison with enthusiasm, being considered experienced artificers, whom they much needed, and we were immediately assigned our stations.

"The fort was an oblong square, with bastions at opposite angles, the longest side fronting the river in a northwest and southeast direction. Its walls were of stone, and were ten or twelve feet high on the lower side, and were surrounded by a ditch. On the wall were pickets projecting over twelve feet; above this was a parapet with embrasures, and within, a platform for the cannon, and a step to mount to shoot over the parapet with small arms. In the southwest bastion was a flag-staff, and in that side near the opposite angle was the gate, in front of which was a triangular breastwork to protect the gate; and to the right of this was a redoubt, with a three pounder in it, which was about one hundred and twenty yards from the gate.

"Between the fort and the river was another battery, with a covered way, but which could not be used in this attack, as the enemy appeared in a different quarter. The garrison, with the volunteers, consisted of about one hundred and sixty men. Soon after our arrival the enemy appeared in force in some woods about half a mile southeast of the fort, from whence they sent a flag of truce, which was met by Captain Shapley, demanding an unconditional surrender, threatening at the same time to storm the fort instantly, if the terms were not accepted. A council of war was held, and it was the unanimous voice, that the garrison was unable to defend themselves against so superior a force. But a militia colonel, who was then in the fort, and had a body of men in the immediate vicinity, said he would reinforce them with two or three hundred men in fifteen minutes, if they would hold out; Colonel Ledyard agreed to send back a defiance, upon the most solemn assurance of immediate succor. For this purpose, the colonel started, his men being in sight; but he was no more seen, nor did he attempt a diversion in our favor.

"When the answer to their demand had been returned by Capt. Shapley, the enemy were soon in motion, and marched with great rapidity, in a solid column, to within a short distance of the fort, where, dividing the column, they rushed furiously and simultaneously to the assault of the southwest bastion and the opposite sides. They were, however, repulsed with great slaughter, their commander mortally wounded, and Major Montgomery, next in rank, killed, having been thrust through the body while in the act of scaling the walls at the southwest bastion, by Captain Shapley. The command then devolved on Colonel Beckwith, a refugee from New Jersey, who commanded a corps of that description. The enemy rallied and returned to the attack with great vigor, but were received and repulsed with equal firmness. During the attack a shot cut the halcyards, and it fell to the ground, but was instantly remounted on a pike pole. This accident proved fatal to us, as the enemy, supposing it had been struck by its defenders, rallied again, and rushing with redoubled impetuosity, carried the southwest bastion by storm. Until this moment our loss was trifling in number, being six or seven killed and eighteen or twenty wounded. Never was a post more bravely defended, nor a garrison more barbarously butchered. We fought with all kinds of weapons, and at all places, with a courage that deserved a better fate. Many of the enemy were killed under the walls by simply throwing shot over on them; and never would we have relinquished our arms, had we had the least idea that such a catastrophe would have followed.

"To describe the scene, I must be permitted to go back a little in my narrative. I commanded an eighteen pounder on the south side of the gate, and when in the act of sighting my gun, a ball passed through the embrasure, struck me a little above the right ear, grazing the skull and cutting off the veins, which bled profusely. A handkerchief was tied around it, and I continued at my duty. Discovering some little time after that a British soldier had broken a picket at the bastion on my left, and was forcing himself through the hole while the men stationed there were gazing at the battle which raged opposite to them, and observing no officer in that direction, I jumped from the platform and run to them, crying, 'My brave fellows, the enemy are breaking in behind you!' and raised my pike to despatch the intruder, when a ball struck my left arm at the elbow, and my pike fell to the ground. Nevertheless, I grasped it with my right hand, and with the men, who turned and fought manfully, cleared the breach.

"The enemy, however, soon after forced the southwest bastion, where Captain Shapley, Captain Peter Richards, Lieut. Richard Chapman, and several men of distinction and volunteers, had fought with unconquerable courage, and were all either killed or mortally wounded, and sustained the brunt of every attack. Colonel Ledyard, seeing the enemy within the fort, gave orders to cease firing, and to throw down our arms, as the fort had surrendered. We did so, but they continued firing upon us, crossed the fort and opened the gate, when they marched in, firing in platoons upon those who were retreating to the magazines and barrack rooms for safety. At this moment the renegade colonel commanding cried out, 'Who commands this garrison?' Colonel Ledyard, who was standing near me, answered, 'I did, sir, but you do now,' at the same time stepping forward, brandished his sword with the point towards himself. At this moment I perceived a soldier in the act of bayoneting me from behind. I turned suddenly round and grasped his bayonet, endeavoring to unship it and knock off the thrust—but in vain. Having but one hand, he succeeded in forcing it into my right hip above the joint, and just below the abdomen, and crushed me to the ground. The first person I saw afterwards, was my brave commander, a corpse by my side, having been run through the body with his own sword, by the savage renegade.

"Never was a scene of more brutal, wanton carnage witnessed, than now took place. The enemy were still firing on us by platoons in the barrack-rooms, which they continued for some minutes, when they discovered that they were in danger of being blown up by communicating fire to the powder scattered at the mouth of the magazine while delivering cartridges, nor did it then cease in the rooms for some minutes longer. At this time the bayonet was freely used—even on those who were helplessly wounded and in the

agonies of death. I recollect Captain William Seamount, a volunteer from Hartford, had thirteen bayonet wounds, although his knee had previously been shattered by a ball—so much so, that it was obliged to be amputated the next day. But I need not mention particular cases. I have already said that we had six killed and eighteen wounded, previous to their storming our lines, eighty-five were killed in all, thirty-five mortally and dangerously wounded, and forty taken prisoners to New York, most of them slightly hurt.

"After the massacre, they plundered us of everything we had, and left us literally naked. When they commenced gathering us up, together with their own wounded, they put theirs under the shade of the platform, and exposed us to the sun, in front of the barracks, where we remained over an hour. Those who could stand were then paraded and ordered to the landing, while those who could not (of which number I was one), were put into one of our ammunition wagons, and taken to the brow of the hill (which was very steep, and at least one hundred rods in descent), from whence it was permitted to run down by itself, but was arrested in its course near the river by an apple-tree. The pain and anguish we all endured in this rapid descent, as the wagon jumped and jostled over the rocks and holes, is inconceivable; and the jar in its arrest was like bursting the cords of life asunder, and caused us to shriek with almost supernatural force. Our cries were distinctly heard and noticed on the opposite side of the river (which is nearly a mile wide) amidst all the confusion which raged in the burning and sacking of the town. We remained in the wagon more than an hour before our humane conquerors hunted us up, when we were again paraded and laid on the beach, preparatory to embarkation. But by the interposition of Ebenezer Ledyard (brother to Colonel Ledyard), who humanely represented our deplorable situation, and the impossibility of our being able to reach New York, thirty-five of us were paroled in the usual form. Being near the house of Ebenezer Avery, who was also one of our number, we were taken into it. Here we had not long remained, before a marauding party set fire to every room, evidently intending to burn us up with the house. The party soon left it, when it was with difficulty extinguished, and we were thus saved from the flames. Ebenezer Ledyard again interfered, and obtained a sentinel to remain and guard us until the last of the enemy embarked, about 11 o'clock at night. None of our people came to us till near daylight the next morning, not knowing previous to that time that the enemy had departed.

"Such a night of distress and anguish was scarcely ever passed by mortal. Thirty-five of us were lying on the bare floor—stiff, mangled and wounded in every manner, exhausted with pain, fatigue and loss of blood, without clothes or anything to cover us, trembling with cold and spasms of extreme anguish, without fire or light, parched with excruciating thirst, not a wound dressed, nor a soul to administer to our wants, nor an assisting hand to turn us during those long, tedious hours of the night; nothing but groans and unavailing sighs were heard, and two of our number did not live to see the light of the morning, which brought with it some ministering angels to our relief. The first was in the person of Miss Fanny Ledyard, of Southold, L. I., then on a visit to her uncle, our murdered commander, who held to my lips a cup of warm chocolate, and soon after returned with wine and other refreshments, which revived us a little. For these kindnesses she has never ceased to receive my most grateful thanks and fervent prayers for her felicity.

"The cruelty of our enemies cannot be conceived; and our renegade countrymen surpassed in this respect, if possible, our British foes. We were at least an hour after the battle within a few steps of a pump in the garrison, well supplied with water, and, although we were suffering with thirst, they would not permit us to take a drop of it, nor give us any themselves. Some of our number, who were not disabled from going to the pump, were repulsed with the bayonet; and not one drop did I taste after the action had commenced, although begging for it after I was wounded of all who came near me, until relieved by Miss Ledyard. We were a horrible sight at this time. Our own friends did not know us; even my own wife came into the room in search of me, and did not recognize me, and as I did not see her, she left the room to seek for me among the slain, who had been collected under a large elm-tree near the house. It was with the utmost difficulty that many of them could be identified; and we were frequently called to assist our friends in distinguishing them, by remembering particular wounds, etc. Being myself taken out by two men for this purpose, I met my wife and brother, who, after my wounds were dressed by Dr. Downer, from Preston, took me—not to my own home, for that was in ashes, as also every particle of my property, furniture and clothing—but to my brother's, where I laid eleven months as helpless as a child, and to this day feel the effects of it severely.

"Such was the battle of Groton Heights; and such, as far as my imperfect manner and language can describe, a part of the suffering which we endured. Never for a moment have I regretted the share I had in it. I would, for an equal degree of honor, and the prosperity which has resulted to my country from the Revolution, be willing, if possible, to suffer it again."

Before the work of destruction was complete, the militia from the country had collected in such numbers that Arnold thought his safety lay in retreat, and he accordingly gathered his troops and re-embarked at dusk, taking with him many of the inhabitants and soldiers from Fort Griswold as prisoners. Thus ended one of the most bloody scenes of massacre and destruction during the war for independence.

In 1793, the General Assembly of the State endeavored to remunerate the sufferers by gifts of land on the Western Reserve in the State of Ohio, but owing to deaths and removals, but few of the actual sufferers ever realized much benefit from their munificence. So many heads of families had been killed and their households broken up, so many left for safer abiding places, that for many years the town did not cease to exhibit marks of the besom of destruction which had swept over it. The treaty of peace which soon followed, and the consequent release from heavy drawbacks upon trade, induced many who had been thrown out of employment thereby—captains of privateers, discharged officers and soldiers,—to seize upon the inducements held out by commercial enterprise, and as early as 1784, we are informed, a flourishing commerce was the characteristic of the place.

From 1812 to '15, or during the last war between Great Britain and the United States, New London suffered immeasurably, in a commercial point of view; nor were her sufferings limited to the period embraced between those dates. The embargo act of 1807 completely and suddenly stopped the tide of a prosperous trade which had come to her shores up to that time, and for a portion of the period during which the war lasted, her portals were so closely shut and guarded that not even a row boat could pass out. In December, 1812, Commodore Decatur entered the harbor in the United States, accompanied by his prize, the Macedonian, which he had captured a month previous in latitude 30 degrees, longitude 26 degrees. In April, 1813, Sir Thomas Hardy, in the flag-ship Ramilies, accompanied by a formidable fleet, entered the sound, and blockaded the entrance thereto, so as to shut off the exit of vessels in that direction. In June following, the frigates United States and Macedonian, and sloop-of-war Hornet, came through the sound, hoping to slip past the enemy and get to sea; in this, however, they were disappointed, and being chased by their whole force, were driven into New London harbor, and a strict blockade commenced. The British fleet was augmented, and for a long time the inhabitants feared another invasion, and made every preparation to meet it. Nothing of the kind was attempted, however, and the remainder of the time, until the close of the war, was passed by the vessels and the inhabitants in a state of inactivity, unrelieved, except by incidents, which came more properly within the scope of her local historian. One or two of these I will notice.

The first, which has given the name of Mother Bailey a wide celebrity, occurred when the British fleet first blockaded the port. Preparation was made to cannonade the enemy, in case he should bombard the vessels and town, and Major Smith, with a company of volunteers, garrisoned Fort Griswold. He was somewhat deficient in the munitions of war, and, among other things, lacked flannel for cartridges. He mentioned this want to a Mr. Latham, who volunteered to procure it. He crossed to New London, but such was the confusion consequent upon the expected attack—many families removing their effects from the city,—that he was unable to obtain a supply, and he re-crossed to Groton. While walking through the village in pursuit of his object, he was met by Mrs. Anna Bailey, a warm-hearted and impulsive woman, the wife of one of the defenders of the fort in 1781, who rallied him upon his downcast countenance. He explained the cause, and she immediately promised to relieve him. Going about among her neighbors, she collected all the children's petticoats she could find, and brought them to Mr. Latham, who told her there was

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 206.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

I AM NEVER ALONE.

I am never alone—everything is a token—
The winds, and the streams, and the clouds, and the sea;
There is not a leaf or a bud but hath spoken,
In eloquent silence, my loved one, of thee.
I roam amid scenes that some would call dreary,
When night o'er fair nature her mantle has thrown,
But thy gentle form is still hovering near me—
Wherever I wander I'm never alone.

I am never alone: when the red morning blushes
The rose of thy cheek in the tints I can trace,
The soft rippling waves, when the wind gently gushes,
Remind me alone of thy beauty and grace;
Thy lips seem the roses the sunshine outvies,
Thy voice I can hear in the lake's joyous tone;
Thy violet eyes 'neath the mossy bank lying,
I fancy I see—I am never alone.

I am never alone; for thy spirit is near me;
'Tis thou art my first happy dream in the night;
I whisper thy name when the winds only hear me;
I hear the sweet echoes, and they are delight.
Though doomed for a time my heart's treasure to banish,
The thought that thou'rt constant, for all will atone,
As long as the light of thy love will not vanish,
Wherever I wander I'm never alone.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE NEW WHITE DRESS.

BY ALICE CAREY.

THE Osborns were the most unpopular family in the village where they lived—not for any harm they had done to anybody, and not because they were poor—so their neighbors said; they would not think of disliking Mrs. Osborn and her daughters on that account simply—O, no, not they! But to use the term by which she was characterized among the village people, she was “stuck up,” and what right she had to be so they could not see. Now there was no reason that any one knew of, why Mrs. Osborn should not entertain as much self-respect as any other person, except that she was very poor—so poor, indeed, that herself and children were obliged to do that which their hands found to do, in order to procure the necessities and comforts of life; and with all their efforts, they were often forced to do without a good many of the latter. But no matter what Mrs. Osborn's neighbors said to the contrary, the secret of their dislike was all in the fact that she was poor and proud. She would starve to death, it was often said, before she would set her big girl to washing, as she ought to do.

She had lived in the village of Clopperton seven years at the time our story opens, and though people believed and said she had never five dollars in her purse at one time, no one had ever seen herself or her children untidy, or even inelegant, if to be tastefully and becomingly dressed may be called elegant.

At church she and her children were always as well dressed as the best of them—not so expensively, to be sure, but with a propriety and prettiness which no vulgar outlay of money could match. The same black silk dress, which assumed the new fashions under the skilful management of Mrs. Osborn, as often as the new fashions came, served her all these seven winters; the same white shawl, which the Clopperton ladies said, spitefully, looked always as if it had just come from the store, and the same leghorn bonnet, with one dark brown ribbon for winter, and another of mixed blue and white for the summer, made the chief variety of her costume; all the variety in which she went abroad, if we add a white summer dress, and a new collar now and then, which Mrs. Osborn's neighbors said were invariably trimmed with the same lace.

When she came, she brought a baby in her arms, and a little girl ten years old, and those were grown now to be seven and seventeen; and two lovelier children were not to be found in all the village, but never grew sisters together more unlike. Rebecca, the eldest, had eyes and hair as black as the night, and her complexion was that clear brunette where the reddest roses are sure to grow. She had all her mother's pride, and more than her mother's stateliness of manners. It did not grieve her at all to be left out of the play at school; with her book at the brookside, or in the shadow of some thick-topped tree, she could amuse herself more pleasantly than with their pastimes; and when she grew older it was an easy thing to find compensation for the forgetfulness of her young acquaintances, when at their merry-makings she was overlooked. She had the same smile, and the same polite salutation for the young women of Clopperton one time as another. If she chanced to be carrying the bundle of sewing-work, which she and her mother had been doing, she made no effort to conceal it, nor turned her feet one inch from the path she was in, nor averted her eyes one inch from the eyes that looked scornfully upon her; and this, the villagers said, was the worst pride of all—if she would but avoid them, or try to conceal her bundle of work, they would comparatively care nothing about it.

The younger child, Lucy, had never a rose on her cheeks from year's end to year's end; her eyes were brown and melancholy, and her hair of the same color hung in half curls down her neck and shoulders. It was her delight to tend the flowers, of which Mrs. Osborn had many beautiful varieties, and to feed the birds, which congregated in great numbers about the garden and dooryard. Her voice was low and soft, and few persons had ever heard it at all, or knew what music they lost in shutting their doors and their hearts away from the little girl.

Spring was come; the time for new leaves and new dresses, new hopes and new plans, new improvements and new courage. But none of these, except, indeed, the new leaves and flowers,

came to the house of Mrs. Osborn; and these last, the flowers, were raining down untimely. The low, mossed roof of her cottage was white with the blooms of the cherry trees that grew thick in her dooryard; the eaves were full of them, and with the lightest swaying of the wind they drifted in at the open window, and over the pillow and the white face of little Lucy, sick unto death.

The wild winds of March had blown too roughly for her frail constitution, and a chill had been struck to her heart by them, which the soft, showery April, and the sweet, genial May, and even the golden warmth and rosy flush of June had failed to dissipate. The birds that had been used to her feeding, chirped at her window, and fluttered their brown wings in and out the rose-bushes; but she made no answer—she did not see them now. The pieces of broken china, so carefully gathered in days past, shone in a row on the shelf of her playhouse, the mossy carpet of which had grown black and dry for the need of her careful tendance; her frock hung by one sleeve at the head of the bed, and close by it against the wall hung her straw hat, some withered violets and rosebuds twisted through its blue ribbon, and beneath it, their strings tied together, dangled her half-worn shoes. Dear little child, she would never need them any more—so the mother felt as she trembled and prayed at the bedside, and so felt the sister as she kissed her and called her name, saying, when the white lips made no answer, “God giveth his beloved sleep.”

O, how dark the night shut in over the little house that till then had been so happy; they could not believe, mother and daughter, that the morning would ever come—surely never to their hearts. No voice of lamentation went up. There were none to hear, or to comfort the poor widow and child, and shutting the agony close in their own hearts, they suffered a double torture.

The candle light shone faintly from the open door—so faintly, that the Rev. Dr. Ephraim Flint, as he walked staidly and circumspectly past, did not see it. His hat was lowered over his eyes, and they were downcast, as in a musing mood—it might have been supposed that he was meditating the next Sabbath's sermon, as with slow steps he pursued his way, not looking to the right nor the left. He wore his “customary suit of mourning black,” as became a clergyman, and on his face a look of sober sanctity, exceedingly proper. And you would have thought, to look at him, that the heart beating in that broad chest would have sometimes rebelled against the everlasting propriety, but it did not; no smile but the benign one following the quotation of some scripture text had ever been known to cross his lips. Was he not set apart and consecrated to the work of the ministry, and how should he smile like common, worldly men?

Rev. Dr. Flint was not, however, a bad man, nor a hypocrite; at any rate, it was a sanctified hypocrisy (if such a thing may be) that made him the solemn, respectable, unsympathizing individual he was. He had confounded the manner and method of his life to what both himself and his parishioners considered propriety, if not duty, and long habit had become second nature; and Rev. Dr. Flint had no conception of how much better the nature was which God had given him than the one he had made for himself. He had been the pastor of a church in Clopperton (the wealthiest and most respectable, of course,) for fifteen years, and his fine black hair had now a few sprinkles of gray, and the real careworn expression in the deep lines about his mouth and across his forehead told of struggles with sorrow, of wrestlings with temptation, and it may be (for who is wholly pure?) of yielding to sin.

He was familiar with the faces of Mrs. Osborn and her children, for he had been used to seeing them in one of the rear pews of his church all the seven years of their life at Clopperton; but he had never seen them in their own house—indeed, he had never thought about their house at all, or themselves, except as creatures immortally endowed. He had greater and more profitable things to contemplate than the widows and orphans of his congregation!

He had wrought earnestly, in season and out of season, desiring the salvation of souls; nevertheless, his people were like a collection of dry bones, needing to be stirred by an influx of spiritual life, which he had no power to pour upon them. He could convince the understandings and enforce a dry obedience to the performance of religious duty, but he could not touch the hearts of men, nor make the dead bones live. And as he made his melancholy walk past the house of death, he was mourning over his incompetencies and insufficiencies; he had searched all the ends of the earth for moving epithets, yet they had fallen powerless, and he had ingeniously knitted strong and burning phrases one into another, yet they had seemed rather to sear than to melt the hearts for which they had been coined. His own heart the while was darkened and close shut—that needed to be touched first of all. So profound were his meditations, that his hands, closely locked behind him, failed to unclasp themselves as he came opposite the gate of Mrs. Josiah Longstreet, who gave a strawberry supper that night, and had invited the great Dr. Flint as the crowning glory of the repast. It was the cessation of the hum of voices (for the assembled party were awaiting him in the garden), rather than the solemn beckoning which the oldest woman of the party made with her black fan, that arrested his attention, and turning soberly about he undid the latch noiselessly, and with scarce a perceptible brightening of his customary benignant expression, walked down the path, shaking hands to the right and left as he went.

The party now received an accession in the person of Miss Abigail Spankum. There was something in the manner of her shaking the dust from her black silk gown, and stamping her little feet at the door, which told of unusual excitement before it had been seen in the flashing of her black eyes, or heard in the sharp twang of her voice. Miss Spankum felt herself, and was acknowledged to be, one of the regulators of the proprieties of Clopperton. How she became invested with the authority she exercised I cannot tell, but she was the law in matters both sacred and secular. Her

sharp black eyes quickly detected the corner of the room in which sat Dr. Flint, hedged round by half a dozen old ladies in black, and quickly Miss Spankum was seated in the rocking-chair next to him.

“What do you think I saw as I came along?” she said. “Why the greatest piece of folly that a certain proud woman you all know could be guilty of—the extravagance of some people is dreadful. I was positively shocked when I thought what might have been done with that money! Just to think what that money might have done!—bought our minister a new hat, for instance. But some women are so selfish and so proud, they never think of anybody but themselves, and I dare say, it is not without design she spent that money to-night.”

The doctor said something about the wonderful excellence of charity, but Miss Spankum cut him short, by adding:

“She bought what she was not able to pay for; and any woman that will do that, would soon ruin a husband, if she could get one.”

“Do you understand the circumstances?” inquired Dr. Flint. “The purchase you so disapprove, may have been a necessity; and always to be slow to condemn is commendable.”

Everybody knew that Mrs. Osborn was alluded to, and all inquired eagerly what it was that she had bought, and what price she had agreed to pay. When it was known that it was a new white dress, there was a general uplifting of hands, and many exclamations of indignant surprise.

“If it were only herself she is injuring,” faltered Miss Spankum, wiping her eyes, “it would be very different; but think of the terribly extravagant example she is setting to our young people—who of them that can get a dollar will not sooner give it for some gewgaw than for a Bible!”

Everybody said it was shocking, except Dr. Flint, who looked solemn and said nothing. Miss Spankum eyed him sharply, saying something must be done, and somebody must do it; she for one had put up with that woman as long as she could or would. Mrs. Longstreet suggested the propriety of bringing the offender before the church.

“I'll tell you what I think,” said Miss Spankum; “I think Dr. Flint ought to go and talk with her. It's his privilege, as well as duty; and to give effect to the reprimand, and make the woman ashamed, if anything can, Mrs. Longstreet and I will go along.”

In vain Dr. Flint urged excuses, or suggested some other time. It would not do; the ladies knew right well that Mrs. Osborn outshone them in her old dress, and the thought of what she would do in her new one, stimulated them to urge the propriety, nay, the necessity, of a summary and severe reprimand.

When, after supper, the doctor announced his intention of calling on Mrs. Osborn, Miss Spankum and Mrs. Longstreet hastened to proffer their services, but the doctor politely declined; he felt that what he should say would be given to him at the right moment. He was enjoined to hasten his return, and the ladies, highly delighted, resumed their tea drinking and their gossip.

An hour went by, and two hours, and three hours, and Dr. Flint did not return; Miss Spankum was afraid some fearful accident had befallen him, and suggested the propriety of following him, but for the first time in her life her suggestion was disregarded. The ladies blamed her for the deprivation they suffered in the absence of Dr. Flint. Now that it was too late, they felt that another time might have been chosen for the visit to Mrs. Osborn—a time when it would not, as now, have conflicted with their pleasure. Miss Spankum had made a mistake—a serious mistake; she felt it, but not so positively then as thereafter.

Irritated with himself and with everything (for ministers may sometimes be irritated), Dr. Flint walked hastily to the widow's house, and without having been noticed by mother or daughter, rapped abruptly and sharply on the open door.

“How good in you to come,” said Mrs. Osborn, a smile shining through her tears; “she has been in heaven more than an hour.” And softly she led him to the bed, where fast asleep lay the prettiest lamb of all his flock. As he laid his hand on the soft hair combed smooth for the burial, his heart smote him for never having done so till then; and kneeling beside the dead, he prayed long and fervently—not so much for the mourners, as for those who had never been called to mourn; those whose hearts in the continual sunshine of prosperity had been withered to littleness, or parched to dusty dryness. We need scarcely say the white dress was for the dead child, and that the mother herself wept less bitterly at the funeral than did Miss Spankum, for her heart reproached her for all the evil things she had spoken; and though she tried to speak some comfort to the mourners, it was herself who needed comfort the most.

The next time there was a gathering at Mrs. Longstreet's the mirth of the children was unrebuked, and never a shake of the head was given to the young girls for their sly jokes and laughter. Merriest of them all was Rebecca Osborn; before the first real kindness of her young neighbors all her proud reserve had melted away, and it was the wonder of the young folks of Clopperton how they had ever got along without Rebecca.

Shining among them like the genial sunshine of summer, was the contented smile of Dr. Flint. And chattering and bustling, everywhere at once (a little authoritative, but not disagreeably so), was Miss Spankum. It was, indeed, time now that Mrs. Osborn had a new white dress, and Mrs. Longstreet whispered confidentially to some of her friends that it was the gift of Miss Spankum. We said Mrs. Osborn had a new dress; but though made for her, it was worn by Mrs. Flint—a name which no one took occasion to speak so often as Miss Spankum.

Thereafter the dry bones of the church in Clopperton moved and lived; the tears of sympathy had fallen on them, and they had recovered as beneath an exceedingly precious dew—through human love, divine love had descended.

THE OYSTER BUSINESS.

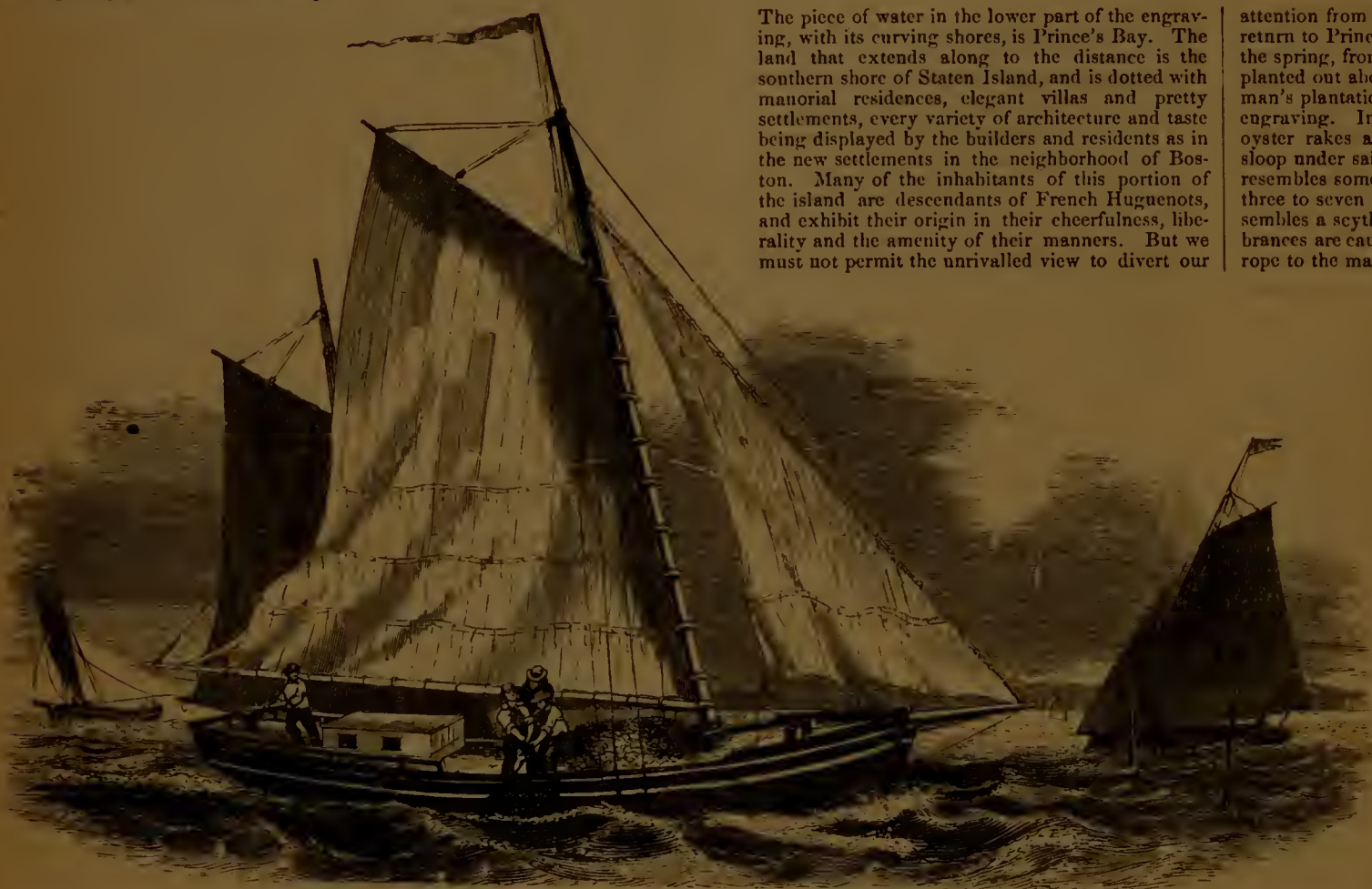
During the hot months, the Pictorial was silent on the subject of oysters. It brought up no reminiscences of "fancy roasts," it indulged in no anticipations of "raw in the shell." It would have been an aggravation to epicures to allude to these delicious bivalves during those melancholy months which are spelt without an R. We knew, by the way, an inveterate oyster-eater who always insisted on writing "Orgust," instead of August, and he was borne out in his spelling by several dealers in the bivalves from selfish (sell-fish or shell-fish) motives. But now they are no longer tabooed, and we may speak of them, not as things that were or are to be, but are. They are a fixed fact. They may be indulged in with impunity—they are indulged in. Let us, then, speak of Prince's Bay, and the hardy mariners who there obtain these luscious treasures of the deep. The largest of the engravings on this page represents Prince's Bay, a very picturesque locality, apart from the interest which connects with the subject of this notice, as one of the greatest oyster depots on the continent. The sketch is taken from Red Bank Light, looking towards Coney Island, the favorite resort of the New Yorkers, for sea-bathing, and the ocean. The light-house tower on our left is quite a picturesque object in the wide landscape



RAKING FOR OYSTERS.

The piece of water in the lower part of the engraving, with its curving shores, is Prince's Bay. The land that extends along to the distance is the southern shore of Staten Island, and is dotted with manorial residences, elegant villas and pretty settlements, every variety of architecture and taste being displayed by the builders and residents as in the new settlements in the neighborhood of Boston. Many of the inhabitants of this portion of the island are descendants of French Huguenots, and exhibit their origin in their cheerfulness, liberality and the amenity of their manners. But we must not permit the unrivalled view to divert our

attention from the more immediate subject of our remarks. To return to Prince's Bay. The oysters here are mostly brought, in the spring, from the coasts of Virginia and Delaware, and are planted out about a mile from the shore, the boundaries of each man's plantation being designated by stakes, as shown in our first engraving. In the fall they are raised by means of oyster tongs, oyster rakes and dredges. Our second engraving represents a sloop under sail, with the crew dredging for oysters. The dredge resembles somewhat a steel purse open, and varies in length from three to seven or eight feet. One edge of the mouth, which resembles a scythe, scrapes the bed, and the shells and other encumbrances are caught in the dredge bag, which is attached by a strong rope to the mast of an oyster sloop, and dragged along while the vessel is under full sail, running up and down over the bed until it is dragged in every direction. Just before the sloop goes about, the dredge is hauled up and its contents emptied. For supplying the market, the usual way of raising the oysters is by the tongs and rake, as shown in our first engraving. In very severe winters, many oysters adhere to the cakes of ice which form at low tide, and are thus raised from their beds and carried out to sea, occasioning great losses to the oystermen. When large bodies of sand are driven over the oysters by storms and currents, they are invariably killed, and this is not a very unusual occurrence. Almost every family that borders on the shore of the bay has a bed of its own, and when appetite calls, all hands go to work and raise an immense quantity for a general oyster feast, compared to the luxury of which, even a Rhode Island clam-bake must sink to insignificance. In the deep holes near the foot of Red Bank, oysters are found of a fabulous size. Though large enough to fill a breakfast plate, yet they are delicate and of a most delicious flavor. These Rip Van Winkles of Prince's Bay are not often disturbed; but sometimes an ancient oysterman, who has acquired by long experience a venomous facility of handling a sixty foot rake, makes no scruples about laying his skiff over the deep hole, and bringing to light, by the aid of his terrific implement, some scores of these submarine monsters.



DREDGING FOR OYSTERS.



VIEW OF PRINCE'S BAY

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

BOSTON MEN.

The Providence (R. I.) Journal recently paid a very high compliment to our city, in a general article upon our eminent men. It gives us the credit of fostering virtue and talent from the earliest stage of its manifestation. "She (Boston)," says the Journal, "selects the gifted and promising boy at her public schools, and honors his early industry with appropriate rewards. In the subsequent stages of his progress at the university, or in his apprenticeship, or clerkship, she still remembers the promise he gave, and the hope he inspired; and when at length he enters upon his profession, or is settled in business, she reminds him of her expectations of his future eminence. His first deeds of benevolence, or public spirit, or his first public achievements of intellect, are sure to be greeted with lively interest as those of one who is on the road to worthy distinction. She multiplies the occasions on which he may appear, and cherishes the early reputation which he wins. He soon feels that he 'has a future,' and begins to live more for others, and less for himself; and when at length success has crowned his efforts, and he finds his reputation established, and his position strong as a leader in the community, she loses no opportunity to bestow on him her applause, and promote him to the high places which she has to bestow." This, we think, is well-deserved eulogy. In the pursuit of wealth, men are here, probably, as selfish and striving as they are elsewhere, but they are certainly ready to accord praise, and to bestow honor and position where they are deserved. And, as a result of this appreciation of industry and ability, there are very few idlers among us. Mere wealth is not a passport, though it certainly has its due weight. There are very few among us who are known as mere men of fashion and fortune. On the contrary, nothing is more common than to see young men, born to opulence, earnestly devoting themselves to one of the learned professions, or embarking in commercial pursuits, not from a sordid desire to increase their possessions, but from an internal conviction of the duty they owe to themselves, and to a community where capital and talent command little consideration unless they are usefully employed.

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.—We lately published a view of this memorable spot. When Lord Dalhousie was governor-general, he ordered the plain to be ploughed up and seeded to grain, whereupon the following epigram was perpetrated:

"Some care for honor, others care for groats—
Here Wolfe reaped glory, and Dalhousie, oats."

ECONOMY.—There is nothing like beginning life with settled economical principles. Extravagance is a habit easily contracted, and goes on increasing as a snow ball does in volume when rolling down hill. The slang phrase "Go it while you're young," has been the ruin of thousands.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is for sale at all the periodical depots in the country, at *ten cents* per copy, but the best and cheapest way to obtain it regularly, and at the earliest moment after publication, is to enclose us *one dollar*, and receive it for one year by mail direct.

SPLINTERS.

.... Peaches have been sent from Illinois to New York this season, and arrived in perfectly good condition.

.... Editors and others are just as mad about Rachel as they were about the Swedish nightingale.

.... There is an aged colored woman in this city who is at least one hundred and seven years old—perhaps older.

.... Very pretty ballet girls are to be among the attractions of the Boston Theatre, the present season. A sure card.

.... The Cambridge horse railroad promises to be a successful speculation. It will soon go into operation.

.... Ninety-nine young men compose the present Freshman Class of Harvard University.

.... There is a spring in Western Pennsylvania which yields sperm oil. What will the whales say to that?

.... Bochsa, the harpist, is probably no more by this time. At the last accounts he was very low.

.... Henry Ward Beecher is out in favor of coffee. He is rap-turous in decanting on the beverage.

.... Every orchestra contains two pairs of mnstachios, one pair of spectacles, a bald head, and a man in a white cravat.

.... Signor Arditì has written an opera, the libretto being from Cooper's spy. Will there be a solo for Washington?

.... A woman at Albany stole a basket, and found it contained a baby. Nobody prosecuted her.

.... During the funeral of Lord Raglan, the Russians did not fire a gun. Yet the British call them savages.

.... The grasshoppers are said to be starving out the Mormons. Why don't the Mormons eat the grasshoppers?

.... Santa Anna's last appearance in Mexico is probably not his "positively last appearance." He'll be re-engaged.

.... In a certain village in New York, Mr. Butcher sells cloth, and Mr. Taylor deals in coal.

.... Donna Isabella Alvarazio, a Spanish lady, lately died at the immature age of 129 years.

.... A Frenchman in San Francisco with a portable boiler makes money by going round selling hot water.

OLD TIMES.

It is strange with what tenacity we cling to the past, and with what constancy we harp upon the "good old times." All times seem good times, if they are only old. The merry-makings of the hour do not seem half so pleasant to us as

"The days when we went glpseylog,
A long time ago."

Of course, in the decline of life, when we are incapable of present enjoyment, we cannot believe that anything is enjoyable in the present, and look back to that period as the golden age, when we were a part of the movement of the times. But the backward-looking of vigorous manhood is another affair. It is perhaps rather a fashion than a natural impulse. The sort of regretfulness with which we call up bygones, embraces not only the earlier of our own years, but the earlier ages of the world. We weary of the present, and fancy that the past was a brighter era, simply because distance has obliterated its repulsive features. Were the memory as tenacious of evil as it is of good, this were a wearier world than it is. Our religion inculcates upon us the duty of the forgiveness of injuries, and Providence has kindly rendered the memory less tenacious of pain than pleasure. We can recollect a joy vividly, but who can recall or describe a pain that he has suffered? We cannot, and ought not if we could, close our eyes to the evil that surrounds us, for it is each one's duty to do his share towards its mitigation; but the past is utterly beyond our control. It is a fixed fact—it is completed history. Perhaps we take that sort of pleasure in looking upon it that we do on a completed structure, a finished painting—and regard it with the more favor because we know it is incapable of being altered. We gaze with almost unalloyed delight on the tremendous ruins of the Colosseum, save that we regret its crumbling condition, its falling arches—forgetful of the fact that man met man in deadly strife within its bloody arena,

"Butchered to make a Roman holiday,"

and that here our co-religionists were rent limb from limb by ravenous wild beasts, for embracing the doctrines of the meek and holy Jesus. A golden mist rises between us and the past—a lovely mirage changes the desert sand into an oasis. Few persons have not wished, at some time, to have existed in the good old times rather than the present. But those good old times had, all of them, their great evils, their petty annoyances, their constant trials; and it would be unphilosophical to deny that the world is constantly progressing. Our grand old Puritan ancestors, with their far-reaching political foresight, their deep religious enthusiasm, their care for the welfare of the mind, their soaring self-denial, had faults and errors, not indeed peculiar to them, but to the "good old times" in which they lived. They banished, branded, whipped and hanged Quakers; believed in witchcraft, and punished sorcery by death. They smote the Indians, hip and thigh, and sold into slavery the innocent children of the vanquished chieftains. We may thank Heaven that we are not so bigoted and cruel; but yet without much self-glorification, for we have sins and errors of our own to answer for that will scarcely bear the light of rigid examination. It is well to honor the virtues of the past; but it is idle to be constantly regretting the "good old times," and fancying them superior to our own.

NATIONAL SUBJECTS.—We are very glad to find that it is now the rule and not the exception for popular writers to locate their stories at home and not abroad. "To prove how interesting national subjects may be made," remarks an essayist, "we need but to refer to the tales of Irving and Cooper. The former has converted the good old city of New York into a land of story and of song. What dreams of poetry should we enjoy, if lulled to rest in the silence of Sleepy Hollow? In what vagaries might we not indulge around the scene of Rip Van Winkle's adventures in the Katskills? The scenes of the adventures of Harvey Birch and Natty Bumppo meet us at every step around the 'Hloriean' and the interior of New York. All this is classic ground."

A NEW GEM.—A Parisian jeweller, Mr. Brahy, is the owner of a mine in Brazil which yields a new precious stone called the rubasse, very hard, and more brilliant than the topaz and amethyst, with a splendid internal crystallization, which gives it the luminous qualities of the diamond. The action of fire does not injure it. In color it resembles a ripe red currant. We shrewdly suspect that the Brazil mine which produces this wonderful stone is in the laboratory of Mr. Brahy. The French jewellers are famous for manufacturing precious stones.

THEATRICAL MANIA.—We have not heard of any such frantic excitement about Rachel as there was in the case of Cooke and the elder Kean. When the latter played at the Federal Street Theatre, in Boston, boys used to be let down by ropes from the eaves of the box-office to the window for tickets! Kean lived to be hooted and hissed at the same theatre.

STEAM MURDERS.—Under this title the "Mail" lately published a vigorous article respecting the wholesale slaughter of passengers on railroads. Railroad disasters are quite too common, and it is aggravating to think that the greater part of them are not accidents, but the sure consequences of criminal carelessness.

WALCOTT BROTHERS, PAWTUCKET.—This firm, whose extensive establishment we last week noticed and illustrated, are, we observe, now exporting largely of their valuable "button-hole cutters" to various parts of Europe.

PUFFING.

Mr. Puff, in Sheridan's "Critic," discourses of various sorts of puffing—the puff direct—the puff preliminary—the puff collateral—the puff collusive, and the puff oblique, or puff by implication. He illustrates the puff direct as follows: "A new comedy or farce is to be produced at one of the theatres: the author, suppose Mr. Smatter or Mr. Dapper, or any particular friend of mine—very well; the day before it is to be performed, I write an account of the manner in which it was received—I have the plot from the author,—and only add—characters strongly drawn—highly colored—hand of a master—fand of genuine humor—mine of invention—Attic salt! Then for the performance—Mr. Baker was astonishingly great in the character of Sir Harry! That universal and judicious actor, Mr. Edgerton, perhaps never appeared to more advantage than in the Colonel; but it is not in the power of language to do justice to Mr. Jones! Indeed he more than merited those repeated bursts of applause he drew from a most brilliant and judicious audience! In short, we are at a loss which to admire most,—the unrivalled genius of the author, the great attraction and liberality of the managers, the wonderful abilities of the painter, or the incredible exertions of all the performers!"

Now do not one half the puffs we read in the newspapers seem as if they were bodily stolen from Mr. Puff's exaggerated illustration? We are in the infancy of the science—we are not adepts in the ingenious subtleties which he afterwards describes—but are contented with the bold point blank discharge of the puff direct. Certainly we must be, with all our acuteness, a very credulous race. We take for gospel whatever booksellers choose to tell us about their wares, and on the faith of an advertisement of an interested party, buy, read and admire. Enormous fortunes are daily stolen out of our pockets by the puff direct. If we were the victims of ingenious swindling, we might console ourselves for our losses by reflecting on the subtlety of the roguery—but we give up our change to the "gay, bold-faced villain" who demands our money in the face of day. What a monument of popular gullibility might hereafter be built of the volumes of profitable trash with which the press groans, if haply they escaped the rag-pickers' and the trunk-makers' clutches! The "most splendid romance ever issued," the "soul-thrilling narrative," the two-hundred-thousand-edition book, where will they be a dozen years hence? The waters of Lethe will have rolled over them, for the time is not far distant, we verily believe, when men will no longer listen to the voice of the puffer, puff he ever so wisely, and literary productions will stand or fall by their own intrinsic merit. Then new books will not pour from the press in avalanches, and yet we shall be wiser and better for the cessation of the rush—for have we not an English literature, ripe, golden and glorious, almost unknown to the masses, though unequalled? Now-a-days men and women make a business of writing who have no business to write, but the good time is coming, when no man will assume the pen, unless, like the Friends, he has a call from the spirit, and then he will "look in his heart and write," and write well, too.

THE CRIMINAL SCALE.—The "six degrees of crime" are thus defined by a cotemporary: "He who steals a million is only a financier. Who steals a half million is only a defaulter. Who steals a quarter of a million is a swindler. Who steals fifty thousand is a knave. But he who steals a pair of boots, or a loaf of bread, is a scoundrel of the deepest dye, and deserves to be lynched."

CUNA.—One of the absurd and oppressive port laws of Havana is that which prohibits the entrance of vessels into the harbor after sunset, even during stress of weather. Our government ought to demand that our flag should enter at all times.

FORTHCOMING.—We have some rare and valuable illustrations, just designed for the Pictorial, which we shall hasten to place before our readers.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Hanson, Mr. Henry Bell to Miss L. Annie Bassett; by Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. John W. Cornell to Miss Mary C. Thompson, both of Westport; by Rev. Mr. Cilley, Mr. George H. Parks to Miss Rachel Howe; by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. L. L. Oliver, of New York, to Miss Mary C. Noyes; by Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. William H. Lillyman to Miss Elizabeth Guard.—At East Boston, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Rodolphus F. Haho to Miss Sarah G. Irvin.—At South Boston, by Rev. Mr. Colver, Mr. William H. Probie to Miss Hannah A. Poole.—At Lynn, Mr. Henry A. Smith to Miss Mary F. Huse; Mr. George A. Curtis to Miss Mary Harris.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Dutton, Mr. Andrew Madison to Mrs. Hannah Caswell; by Rev. Mr. Richmond, Mr. John Hammett to Miss Ellen Mullan.—At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Abbott, Capt. Charles H. Odell to Miss Nancy F. Lovett.—At Essex, Mr. John S. Atkinson to Miss Sophronia P. Burnham.—At Stowe, by Rev. Mr. Bates, Mr. Osgood Chase, of Boston, to Miss Sarah E. Hannaford, of Somerville.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Girdwood, Mr. Henry Eames to Mrs. Emily S. Hall.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Fannce, Mr. Daniel S. Kelley to Miss Harriet G. Lesure, both of Rutland.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Bronson, Mr. George T. Berkely, to Miss Elizabeth Perry, of Tiverton.—At Portland, Me., by Rev. Mr. Pratt, Mr. John T. Thurston to Miss Mary A. Strong.—At Copsham, Me., by Rev. Mr. Jacques, J. H. D. Blake, Esq., of Boston, to Miss Martha M. Coffin.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Ann Howland, 66; Miss Elizabeth Jones, 43; Mr. Edward B. H. Stewart (printer), 41; Miss Elizabeth Anastasia Brown, 16; Miss L. Josephine Bryant, 22; Mr. David Davenport, 54; Mr. Abraham Taylor, 44; Mrs. Mary D. Ellis, 34.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Hannah Parks, wife of Mr. Samuel Roulstone, 41; Mr. Isaac Sargent, 46; Widow Mary Stoddard, 77; David Devens, Esq., 78.—At Cambridge, Mrs. Mary Elliot, 85; Robert J., son of Mr. Joseph and Mrs. Mary Brownlow, 5.—At Chelsea, Miss Mary Susan Jones, 16.—At North Woburn, Mr. Archelaus Tay, 76.—At Dedham, Widow Lucy Morse, 71.—At Weston, Widow Anna Warren, late of Charlestown, 78.—At Jamaica Plain, Miss Martha Swett, formerly of Marblehead, 95.—At Blackstone, Mr. Moses Farnum, a worthy elder of the Society of Friends, 86.—At Fitchburg, Mr. William B. Walker, 32.—At Leicester, Mrs. Eliza P., wife of Mr. Horace Howard, 50.—At Holden, Mrs. Lucinda Steele, 31.—At New Bedford, Mr. Allen Stoddard, 40.—At Marblehead, Mrs. Rosanna, wife of Mr. James Elworth, 42.—At Walpole, Mrs. Adaline, wife of Mr. Charles, 49.—At Salisbury, Widow Mary H. Roof, 85.—At Weston, Mr. John, 84.—At South Scituate, Mrs. Hulda Leavitt, 88.—At South Adams, Harriet S. Tanner, 43.—At Carlisle, Mrs. Isabella Symonds, 100.—At Portland, Me., Frederick B. Franklin, M. D., 23.—At Providence, R. I., Mrs. Chloe Pettengale, 84.—At Kingsbury, N. Y., Mr. Asa Catlin, 95.

NEW LONDON.—[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 202.]

not yet enough for his purpose. "You shall have mine, then," said she, and taking her scissors, she cut the strings, slipped out of it, and handed it to her neighbor; "it is a stout, new, blue one, and I hate to part with it, but all I want is to see it go through the Englishman's insides." After this sacrifice, Latham could ask no more, and departed for the fort, where he told the story, and the blue petticoat was hoisted on a pike and cheered with enthusiasm as a banner under which to fight the British. This little incident made her renowned as the heroine of Groton, and she received many attentions from visitors, among others of several of the presidents and other distinguished personages. She was burnt to death by her clothes taking fire, in January, 1851; aged ninety-two years.

Another affair, and one which caused considerable excitement at the time, occurred in the winter of 1813 and '14. Commodore Decatur, accused by thoughtless and reckless minds of a want of courage and efficiency in remaining so long inactive without making an attempt to escape, determined to accomplish that end if within the bounds of possibility. For this purpose, he gradually dropped down the river from Norwich, and by the end of November he was anchored off the city. Every precaution, as regarded secrecy, was observed, and at length the night of the 12th of December was fixed upon for the attempt. Everything promised success to the effort; but to the surprise and indignation of the officers and crews of the ships, about two hours before the time appointed, blue lights were seen on both sides of the harbor's mouth, evidently intended to warn the enemy of the attempted escape—at least, so thought the officers and many of the inhabitants, and the plan was relinquished. This affair caused the utmost excitement, and for many years it was the frequent source of controversy, and even to the present day it is a matter of doubt whether there were traitors among the residents who were ready to sell their country's interest for British gold, or whether the officers mistook the lights in fishermen's cottages for beacon lights to warn the enemy of the effort to escape. At any rate, the vessels made no further attempt, and returned to their former anchorage, where they were placed in ordinary until the close of the war.

The West India trade, in which New London was so actively engaged previous to the war of the Revolution, and which was followed to some extent previous to the embargo non-intercourse and war of 1812, was completely destroyed by those events, and was not resumed when peace was restored; but the efforts of many of its leading business men were devoted to the establishment of the whale fishery. This promised to fill the void, and proved a source of much greater profit, not only to owners and captains, but to all engaged, even to the crews, and in 1845, New London ranked next to New Bedford, which stood at the head of the trade. In that year, New London had seventy-eight vessels employed, with an aggregate of 26,200 tons, and a capital invested of over two millions of dollars.

During the period when the California excitement was at its height, twenty-five captains of whaling vessels gave up the business, and took their departure for the new Eldorado, which had a serious effect upon the trade, and reduced the imports from 81,052 barrels in 1847, to 38,148 barrels in 1850, since which time it has somewhat improved. A glance at her noble harbor, her wharves, and the city itself, will convince the observer that her proximity to the empire city, and its paramount attractions to men of enterprise, alone prevents her from ranking among the first of American cities.

Let us descend from our elevated perch among the clouds to earth again. Be sure of your footsteps as you attempt to descend, and grasp well the hand rail, for a single misstep would send you inevitably to the bottom of the shaft, without the possibility of there being the semblance of manhood left in our lifeless corse, by which to recognize it as belonging to humanity. Look over the railing, if you have steady nerves, down, down, to that small speck of light, which, like the star in the heavens, seems to evade the computation of distance, and imagine, if you can, what your fate would be were you to fall. Once more safe at the bottom, let us visit the fortress near by, which will ever prove a subject of interest so long as America shall have a history.

The walls remain in a good state of preservation, although dismantled and devoted to far more peaceful purposes than to shield the breasts of the heroes of liberty and '76 from the steel of the foe. A glance at the engraving, with Hempstead's description, will give a far better idea of the fort than any words of mine, and it only remains for me to say that the view of the exterior was taken from the foot of the monument, and shows the angular breastwork in front of the gateway; and in the distance, on the right, you get a glimpse of Fort Trumbull on the other shore. The view of the interior was taken from the gateway, and shows the interior of the fort with the barracks, and in the background, the magazine, which is fast decaying under the "corroding tooth of time," in the angle of the southwest bastion, where so many brave men lost their lives. The barracks are used as stables, and where the heroic Ledyard was slain, and dyed the earth with his heart's blood, where "fury raged and shuddering pity quit the sanguine field," where the lowing herds yield their milky streams, and proud chanticleer loads it o'er his feathered flocks. I was forced, by the fast falling drops of rain, to seek shelter, and, leaving a spot where I vainly would have lingered, I retraced my steps to the ferry, and was shortly landed upon the other shore. The storm prevented me from visiting and sketching Fort Trumbull; but I met with a faithful representation, which I have copied in the first of the group of illustrations at the top of page 201, and extract from Miss Caulkins's "History of New London" an able description:

"Fort Trumbull is situated on a point of land that extends into the river from the west side, nearly a mile and a half north of the light-house, and two-thirds of a mile, in a straight line, from the centre of the town. The present structure is the third that has stood upon the site. The old revolutionary fortress, built in 1775, was an irregular work, of comparatively small size; but standing high on its munition of rock, it had a gallant air of defiance, which concealed in a manner its defects. The old inhabitants of the town regarded this fort with a kind of hallowed affection. It was allowed to fall into decay, but this very neglect softened its features, and gave it a rural and picturesque appearance, pleasing to the eye of taste. In 1812, the old walls and battlements were entirely levelled, and the work reconstructed from its foundation. The portions retained of the former work were so inconsiderable that it was considered a new fort. In a military point of view, it was far superior to the former structure, though by no means a finished work. The surface had been perfectly prepared, and the dishevelled rocks, which ran straggling about the isthmus, were much better adapted to cover and protect assaults than to defend the garrison.

"This second fortification was demolished in 1839, the rugged ledges blasted away, and the site beautifully graded for the reception of the new fortress. The old original block house of 1775 has, however, been retained, through all changes, standing amid the magnificent walls and embankments of modern art, like a sepulchre in which the old forts lie entombed.

"The present fort is built of granite from the quarry at Millstone Point, and was ten years in building. The works were planned and executed from the commencement to the completion in 1849, by Capt. George W. Cullum, of the U. S. Engineers. By his judicious management, the cost of construction was kept within the first estimate, viz., \$250,000. It is allowed by all observers to be a beautiful structure, simple, massive, and yet elegant in form and finish; a magnificent outpost to the town, and a fine object in the landscape."

I spent the evening in visiting an old and highly esteemed friend, whom I had not seen for years, and, in the morning, bade my friend and host Root, of the City Hotel, good-by, and took the cars for Norwalk. I am yours, NEUTRAL TINT.

Wayside Gatherings.

Whiteman's paper mill near Nashville, Tenn., has been destroyed by fire—a great loss, as there is no other establishment of the kind nearer than Knoxville.

Catharine Hayes would seem to have found a gold mine in Australia. On dit, the immense Barnum is concerned in her travels.

The Bangor Journal states that a resident of North Lincoln, Me., has caught a young wolf, and is training him to serve the purpose of a watch dog.

It appears not to be generally known that the Haytian government have removed the discriminating duty of ten per cent., formerly levied upon American commerce.

The head and feet of a boy named Jones were found in Woodford, Vt., on the banks of a stream beside his fishing rod and line, and it is supposed he had been killed and eaten by a panther.

An amateur performance was given at the Wessellhaef Water Cure, Brattleboro', Vt., a few evenings since. "The Day after the Wedding" and "The Two Buzzards," were the pieces represented.

The gas company of Providence, R. I., announce that "in consequence of the reduced cost of coal," the price of gas will be reduced on the 1st of October, to three dollars per thousand cubic feet.

Ladies who have attained the age of twenty-four or five, without having married a fool or knave, a gambler or a drunkard, are generally called old maids; but they need not be ashamed of the appellation.

John J. Fleming, a colored man residing in Boston, was sentenced by Justice Willard, in Charlestown, to one month's imprisonment in the House of Correction, for robbing the orchard of the McLean Asylum. Good!

At the ensuing Fair of the American Institute, to be held at the Crystal Palace, New York, as an encouragement to the youthful talent of our country, \$500 have been set apart as a premium for the productions of apprentices and minors.

Newly discovered copper mines in Torrington, Ct., promise to yield abundant returns to the owners, and the old copper mines of Granby, under the increased facilities offered by late discoveries and inventions, are now being worked with profit.

In the city of Brooklyn, the Primitive Methodists are holding Sabbath services in the open air, with good effect, it is said, upon those who are too poor or too wicked to visit the churches. Thus occasionally "the poor have the gospel preached unto them."

The Rev. Eleazer Williams, the lost Bourbon, officiated as clergyman in St. Paul's church, Troy, recently. His appearance is said to excite much interest wherever he goes. He is collecting funds for a projected church among the Indians of northern New York, where he intends to labor.

A foreign paper says "the Russians not only throw shells, but keep up a constant discharge of 'grape' and 'bouquets' against the advanced trenches." This is following botanical pursuits under difficulties. Possibly it is intended as a reflection upon the want of stamina among the allies.

A letter passed through the post-office at Carlisle, lately, with the following direction: "Tak this letter to Carlisle. Tak it to Wm. Graham, blasterer, Dixon street, its no for him its for A son of his they Ca John Graham a canny young Cheil about Twenty-two. Tak it to Carlyle as I said before."

The annual State election in this Commonwealth, which has heretofore been held on the 2d Monday in November, will this year be held nearly a week earlier—on the Tuesday following the 1st Monday in November—agreeably to the 15th amendment to the constitution adopted by the people in May last.

The conductors on the New York and Erie Railroad have adopted a uniform. It is appropriate and becoming, not unlike that of the New York police. The buttons bear the emblem of a miniature locomotive, and the word "Conductor." Will not the example be followed by conductors on other roads?

Some days ago, a washing-fluid pedler, while pursuing his vocation in Portland, had his cart searched. Of course, those who made the examination had pretty good grounds for suspicion, as it was dealt out from a barrel boxed in the rear part of a wagon. The searchers were satisfied, however, after imbibing a quantity of the "fluid."

Improvements are shortly to be commenced in the Boston Post-Office. The newspaper department is to be enlarged and improved. A foreign department is to be established, and an office opened for the sale of postage stamps. These improvements will be located in the new building now in process of erection on the west side of the Exchange.

The Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, Va., with the large tract of land attached to it, has been sold for \$750,000. It is conjectured that the purchase is made by a northern company. It is to be hoped that the White Sulphur will be revolutionized and made worthy of the incomparable fountain which has kept the locality famous and attractive under every disadvantage.

There have been discovered in Costa Rica, lately, a number of coal, copper and gold mines, and one mine from which potassium is taken. One of the gold mines, though worked only on a small scale, is rich in its yield; the coal mines which exist upon the coast of Pleasant Gulf, will, it is thought, in time form a source of inexhaustible wealth. The copper mines, however, are by far the most abundant and important, and are already worked with great success.

Next to St. Peter's at Rome, the mosque of St. Sophia is the most sublime monument of architecture, and many testify that in unity of effect and impression on the mind, St. Sophia is far superior. Indeed, it was designed to surpass all that had been before or might come after it. Justinian lavished upon it, in gold, marbles and precious stones, the wealth of the Roman empire; and as he came in state on Christmas eve to celebrate its completion, he raised his hands to heaven, and exclaimed: "God be praised, who hath esteemed me worthy to finish so sublime a work! O, Solomon! I have surpassed thee!"

The use of narcotics appears to be universal. Siberia has its fungus; Turkey, India and China their opium; Persia, India and Turkey, with all Africa, from Morocco to the Cape of Good Hope, and even the Indians of Brazil, have their hemp and hashish; India, China and the Eastern Archipelago, their betel nuts and betel pepper; the Polynesian Islands their daily ava; Peru and Bolivia their long-used coca; New Grenada and the Himalayas their red and common thorn-apples; Asia and America—all the world, indeed—their tobacco; the Florida Indians their emetic holly; northern Europe and America their ledums and sweet gale; the Englishman and German their hop; and the Frenchman his lettuce.

Foreign Items.

Baron de Dietrich, of Vienna, who has just died, has left a fortune of 20,000,000 florins (about 50,000,000 francs), consisting chiefly of landed property. The whole of this vast sum goes to his grandson, aged seven.

The Emperor of the French has just placed at the disposal of the President of the Committee of Gendarmerie a sum of 10,000*fr.* to be distributed among the wives and children of the two battalions of the regiment of Gendarmerie of the Guard now in the Crimea.

The banner, sword, crown and achievements of the Emperor of the French were recently placed by Sir Charles Young, Garter King of Arms, over the stall of his imperial majesty, which immediately faces that of the King of Prussia, in the Chapel Royal of Saint George, Windsor.

The University of Königsberg intends to erect a monument to the philosopher Kant, once the great ornament of that institution. It is to be a statue in bronze, and will be placed on the daily promenade of the great man, which, after him, has been called "Der Philosophenstein" (the Philosopher's Path).

A gamekeeper's wife at Stanthorne, Cheshire, Eng., named Bancroft, has made herself famous by the capture of a burglar named Whittaker. Coming home and finding a man had broken into her house, she seized him, dragged him to the front window, opened it, gave the alarm, and maintained her hold of the prisoner until her husband came to her assistance.

The Singalese religion is Buddhism, and their sacred language Pali. Buddhism numbers at least three hundred millions of followers—a more extensive religious system than any other in the world. It does not acknowledge God, and invites to a life of self-mortification by no other ultimate inducement than a heaven of annihilation.

The number of monastic institutions in England is considerably on the increase, as will appear from the following statement: In 1847, there were 34 convents and 8 monasteries; in 1848, there were 38 convents and 11 monasteries; in 1851, the convents for women alone had increased to 52; in 1852, they numbered 60; and in 1853, 75.

Sands of Gold.

.... I take it to be a principal rule of life, not to be too much addicted to any one thing.—*Terence.*

How can we explain the perpetuity of envy—a vice which yields no return?—*Balzac.*

No liberal man would impute a charge of unsteadiness to another for having changed his opinion.—*Cicero.*

.... If idleness be the root of all evil, then matrimony is good for something, for it sets many a poor woman to work.—*Vanbrugh.*

.... Sin is never at a stay; if we do not retreat from it, we shall advance in it; and the further on we go, the more we have to come back.—*Barrow.*

.... It is an unhappy, and yet, I fear, a true reflection, that they who have uncommon easiness and softness of temper, have seldom very noble and nice sensations of soul.—*Greville.*

.... The greatest parts without discretion may be fatal to their owner; as Polyphemus, deprived of his eye, was only the more exposed on account of his enormous strength and stature.—*Hume.*

.... In this theatre of man's life, God and angels only should be lookers-on; contemplation and action ought ever to be united, a conjunction like unto that of the two highest planets, Saturn the planet of rest, and Jupiter the planet of action.—*Bacon.*

.... Gaiety is to good humor as animal perfumes to vegetable fragrance. The one overpowers weak spirits, the other recreates and revives them. Gaiety seldom fails to give some pain; good humor boasts no faculties which every one does not believe in his own power, and pleases principally by not offending.—*Johnson.*

.... We meet men who are charlatans externally and in good faith. These men deceive even themselves. Mounted on their stilts, they think themselves on foot, and perform their tricks with a sort of innocence; their vanity is in their blood; they are born comedians and boasters, extravagant in form as a Chinese vase: perhaps they laugh at themselves. Their personality is, moreover, generous, and, like the splendor of the royal garments of Murat, they attract danger.—*Balzac.*

Joker's Budget.

"I shall be indebted to you for life," as the man said to his creditors when he ran away to Australia.

The king's evil is not known in this country, and is becoming rare even in Europe.

"I really can't express my thanks," as the boy said to a school-master when he gave him a thrashing.

"The smiles of home are exceeding pleasant," but there are many people who have good homes, who prefer "smiling" with a friend outside.

The learned have often been puzzled about the sudden rise and fall of western lakes. May these phenomena, suggests the Boston Post, not be owing to the great snake moving from one lake to another?

The statement that there are no mosquitoes in Hull having been deemed fabulous by the suffering inhabitants of the city, the town authorities of that noted spot are about offering a reward for the capture of a single insect of this species.

A "stuck up" sort of a genius entered a store in Philadelphia, and turning up his nose at some apples in the window, exclaimed: "Are those apples fit for a hog to eat?" "I don't know; try them and see," was the instant reply of the storekeeper.

A matter of fact friend of ours, some five years a father, speaking of the return a child should make a parent, said that he didn't think, as children behaved now-a-days, that they paid three cents on a dollar of what they owed of affection and gratitude.

A witty gentleman of Buffalo, speaking of a friend who was prostrated by illness, remarked that "he could hardly recover, since his constitution was all gone." "If his constitution is all gone," said a bystander, "I do not see how he lives at all." "O," responded the wag, "he lives on the by laws."

Sydney Smith writes of a Miss Markham: "In carving a partridge, I splashed her with gravy from head to foot, and though I saw three distinct brown rills of animal juice trickling down her cheek, she had the complaisance to swear that not a drop had reached her. Such circumstances are the triumphs of civilized life."

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements. The immense circulation of the Pictorial (being over one hundred thousand copies weekly) forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the Pictorial as an advertising medium is, that it is preserved, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the inside of the paper) becomes a permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—Fifty cents per line, in all cases, without regard to length or continuance. M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

A SCHOOL COMMITTEE'S VOTE, and a TEACHER'S OPINION.—The vote—“By vote of the School Committee of Boston, passed August 7, 1855, TOWER'S ELEMENTS OF GRAMMAR was introduced as a Text-Book for the Second and Third Classes of the public Grammar Schools of that city.”

THE OPINION—FROM THE REV. S. SALEMARSH.

CANTON, July 20, 1855. “DEAR SIR:—I have to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of your ELEMENTS OF GRAMMAR. The excellence of your little book having been suggested to me some months since, I procured a copy for examination, and being satisfied of its worth above any other Grammar for beginners with which I am acquainted, introduced it into our schools. I am happy to say that its practical working has confirmed my estimate of its worth. I trust the time is near when it shall displace in the hands of the younger classes the books which now serve mainly to bewilder and confound the young mind. There is, indeed, no ‘royal road to knowledge,’ but there is a natural and logical road, and I congratulate you on having opened it.”

TOWER'S ELEMENTS OF GRAMMAR is published by DANIEL BURGESS & Co., 69 John Street, New York. Price, 25 cents. Copies sent by mail, prepaid. It sept 29

TO DEALERS IN CHEAP PUBLICATIONS. THE undersigned having entered largely into the publishing and supplying of CHEAP BOOKS is prepared to furnish country dealers and peddlers at a lower rate than ever before offered to this class of customers. This house has been opened expressly to give the small dealers the same advantages as the larger houses have hitherto enjoyed, thereby saving some 20 per cent. from the present rates.

N. B.—Postmasters and private individuals wishing reading matter, will do well to send their address, and they will be furnished gratuitously with the most complete catalogue of cheap publications ever given to the public. GEORGE AKARMAN, sept 29 It 167 William Street, New York.

NOTICE.

THE advertiser would respectfully announce to his customers and the public generally that he continues to supply the various MAGAZINES named below at the prices annexed, per annum, viz:—Harper, \$2 25; Putnam, \$2 25; Knickerbocker, \$2 25; Household Words, \$2 25; Blackwood, \$2 25; Godey, \$2 25; Graham, \$2 25; Horticulturalist, colored plates, \$3 50; Horticulturalist, plain edition, \$1 63; Little's Panorama, \$2 25; Frank Leslie's Gazette of Fashions, \$2 25; Ballou's Pictorial, \$2 50; Ladies' Repository, \$1 63; Peterson, \$1 63; National, \$1 63; Arthur's Home Magazine, \$1 63. Letters of inquiry must contain a stamp for the return postage. Books sent, postpaid, on receipt of publisher's advertised prices. Address WILLIAM PATTON, Bookseller, sept 15 It Hoboken, New Jersey.

JONES, SHREVE, BROWN & CO., (Late Jones, Lows, Ball & Co.) No. 226 WASHINGTON, and 1 SUMMER STS., BOSTON,

IMPORTERS and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Watches, Jewelry, Military and Fancy Goods, offer for sale to the Trade, and at retail, a large and extensive assortment of goods, consisting in part of the following: Fine London and Geneva Watches and Clocks, Sheffield, and Birmingham Fine Plated Wares, Bronzes, Parian Ware, Fancy Goods and curiosities. Also, a great variety of Rich Silver Goods and Fine Jewels. Sign of the Golden Eagle. s 8

Office of the Maryland Consolidated Lotteries, Baltimore, Maryland, 20th June, 1855.

CAUTION!—LOTTERY FRAUDS!

THE Commissioner of the Maryland State Lotteries has deemed it his duty to caution the public against the numerous swindlers who circulate by mail and otherwise, fraudulent Lottery schemes, and pretend to be agents for the sale of tickets in Lotteries which are wholly fictitious. The only legal Lotteries in Maryland are those drawn under the superintendence of the Commissioner elected by the people of the State, under the new Constitution, to examine and approve the schemes and attend to the drawings.

All the tickets in these Lotteries, and all certificates of packages of tickets, have the lithographed signature, “F. X. BRENNAN, General Agent for the Contractor. Office of the Maryland Consolidated Lotteries, Baltimore, Maryland.” All others are fraudulent. For full information on the subject of these frauds, address sept 8 It F. X. BRENNAN, Baltimore, Md.

A GUIDE TO PAINTING IN WATER COLORS.

CONTAINING Directions for forming Shades, or Tints, by mixing Colors, those necessary for

Coloring Landscapes and other Scenery, their Names, Varieties and different Uses, together with Information on Preparing or Sizing Paper, sizes and kinds of Brushes, etc., with

COLORS ILLUSTRATIONS.

Price, only 25 cents. Sent free of postage. Address PHILIP J. COZANS, sept 22 It 107 Nassau Street, New York.

THE OLD FARM HOUSE. A DOMESTIC STORY.

By MRS. CAROLINE H. RUTLER LAINO. Beautifully illustrated, is now ready and for sale by all the Booksellers in the United States.

CHARLES H. DAVIS, PUBLISHER, PHILADELPHIA. aug 25 It 3m

LITERATURE, ETC.—The subscriber, having resumed his residence in New York, will, as heretofore, act as attorney and counsellor for authors in the reading and disposal of publishers of manuscripts, in matters of copyright, in the preparation of works for the press, and in the purchase of old and new books and works of art for individuals and public institutions.

Apply to or address PARK BENJAMIN, No. 8 West Fourteenth St., New York. LECTURES.—Managers and committees of Lyceums and Institutes, desirous of securing Mr. BENJAMIN'S services as a lecturer, are requested to observe the foregoing address. aug 25 It

Tar Water, as combined with other simples by Dr. Wistar, in his Balsam of Wild Cherry, has a peculiar power over all diseases of the lungs. Many physicians have used it in their practice and generally with marked success.

PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS.

N. B. CHAMBERLAIN, 280 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON. It June 16

TO THE FARMERS.

DEBURG'S NO. 1

AMMONIATED SUPER PHOSPHATE OF LIME.

THE subscriber begs to call the attention of the agriculturists to the above invaluable constituent for their approaching Fall Grain Planting. The present harvest indicates its superiority as a fertilizer over Peruvian Guano, where it has been tried in equal quantities and expense by the side of the latter, producing much heavier grain. The late scrupulous experiments made with this article on the Model State Farm, Massachusetts, places it at the head of the list over all other concentrated manures; likewise it has been pronounced by the committee of the Model State Farm, Petersburg, Va., without an equal. As there are various compositions bearing the same name being offered in the market for disposal, purporting to be of the same description, etc., some caution should be observed by the customer in purchasing his article only from deputed and authorized agents. To avoid deception being again practised, each bag or package will be distinctly marked with the maker's name. The subscriber is working for a future and lasting reputation, and begs to assure his patrons no pains or exertion shall be wanting on his part to merit their continued patronage. His article he warrants genuine and to perform all he claims for it. Pamphlets containing testimonials and instructions for use, etc., will be forwarded on application to C. B. DEBURG, Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer, Williamsburgh, (L. I.) New York, or his authorized and reliable agents as under:

George Davenport, Esq., Boston, Mass.; Messrs. H. H. Titus & Co., Trenton, N. J.; C. M. Stewart, Esq., Baltimore, Maryland; Messrs. C. French & Co., Philadelphia; S. McQuirers Sons, Richmond, Va.; Rowlett & Hardy, Petersburg, Va.; Brearley & Mount, Rockhill, N. J.; Elliott & Co., Cleveland, Ohio; H. C. White & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.; R. H. Hubbell, Esq., Wheeling, Va. sept 22

FIRST PREMIUM MELODEONS.

THIS VERY BEST NOW MANUFACTURED.

S. D. & H. W. SMITH

RESPECTFULLY call the attention of the public to their IMPROVED MELODEONS, constantly on exhibition at their Warerooms,

No. 417 WASHINGTON STREET.

By means of a new method of voicing, known only to themselves, they have succeeded in removing the harsh and buzzing sound which formerly characterized the instrument, and rendering the tones full, clear and organ-like. The action is prompt and reliable, enabling the performer to execute the most rapid music without blurring the tones. The swell is arranged to give great expression.

The manufacturers received the First Premium over all competitors, at the Fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association; also, at the Metropolitan Mechanical Fair, held at Washington, D. C.

For the Parlor, Instruments are furnished at prices varying from \$45 to \$150.

Larger Instruments, with two banks of keys, for small churches and chapels, \$200.

This last instrument, known as the ORGAN HARMONIUM, has been essentially improved by Messrs. Smith, and they have secured a patent therefor.

Persons who wish to hire Melodeons with a view of purchasing at the end of the year, can have the rent credited as part payment of the purchase money. It sept 29

RUSHTON'S COD LIVER OIL.

A PAMPHLET has reached us on this subject, issued by FREDERICK V. RUSHTON, son and successor to his father, the late Wm. L. Rushton, of New York, in which the merits of Cod Liver Oil in Consumption and analogous diseases are set forth under the seal of professional authority, and discussed with earnestness and ability. Without endorsing all that is claimed for its remedial powers, we are nevertheless free to say, that the name of Rushton has been so long identified with Cod Liver Oil, by reason of his laudable efforts to procure and prepare the genuine article for the profession and the public, that the son deserves to be sustained in perpetuating the reputation acquired by “RUSHTON'S COD LIVER OIL,” to the preparation of which in its purity he is devoting his special attention. The attempt to deprive him of his legitimate claims in this particular, by a rival house, is unworthy of public favor, and cannot fail to be frowned upon by liberal men in the profession. Mr. RUSHTON'S stores are at No. 10 Astor House, and on the corner of Broadway and Canal Street. —Keese's Medical Gazette, sept 29 It

LADIES!

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CONVOY OF GOLD FROM BRAZIL TO RIO JANEIRO.

SCENES IN BRAZIL.

Previous to the discovery of gold in California, the greater part of the precious metal which supplied the European market came from South America, and a large proportion of the gold from Brazil. The gold mines were discovered in 1698, and the diamond

Carolina, there were coined, in one year, \$320,000—an amount that now seems utterly inconsiderable in view of the prodigious sums annually exported from the Pacific coast. The mountain of Vorostapak, near Abrudbanya, in Transylvania, is a remarkable instance—a rock impregnated throughout with a small portion of

ornia has led to the supposition that it would become a drug in the market; but, as yet, this precious metal, the “root of all evil,” has not depreciated in value. The gold “costs what it comes to.” Whether improved machinery and processes applied to the auriferous quartz which exists in such enormous quantities in Cali-



HALT OF THE CONVOY

mines in 1782. Up to the year 1810, Brazil had sent to Portugal 14,280 cwt. of gold and 400 pounds of diamonds, which foreign countries, and especially Great Britain, purchased at the London market. The first of our series of engravings shows a convoy of gold on its way from the interior of Brazil to the city of Rio Janeiro. The gold is laden on the backs of mules, which are accompanied by their *arrieros*, or driver. Armed native and creole soldiers on foot precede it, while a group of mounted officers and soldiers bring up the rear. The second engraving exhibits the halt of the convoy. A well thatched roof protects them from the rays of the sun. While the menials of the party are engaged in the preparation of the noonday meal, the officers disperse themselves in easy attitudes, and one skilled in the favorite instrument of the Spanish races, thrums a *seguidilla* on his guitar. The third engraving exhibits a scene in the hills, with the various operations connected with washing the superficial sands, and filtering the mountain streams for particles of gold. These spots are commonly found in places inaccessible to any but the most resolute climbers, and delays of months' duration are consequently not uncommon in the transmission of produce. On the left hand of the picture are a party of slaves catching the gold dust by immersing fleeces in the running water. On the right are two negroes beating out the dust from a fleece into a large wooden dish placed on the ground to receive it. Further back is seen a man weighing the dust in scales. Men and women are seen bringing down pieces of quartz containing gold to be broken up by others. The whole scene is a curious and interesting one. The great sources for a supply of gold are, of course, California and Australia, and here the deposits appear to be inexhaustible. Native gold is, however, found in all parts of the world. From Georgia and

gold. It has been worked to a considerable extent since the time of the Romans; it consists of greywacke and porphyry. In a similar rock it is found in many places along the chain of the Alps, and in the Schlangenberg in Siberia. The treatment of the ores of gold, where the gold is free, consists in submitting them to the contact of mercury after they have been crushed and rendered fine by washing. The levigated ore and mercury are agitated together, until it is conceived that the amalgamation is perfect, when the compound is exposed to a heat sufficiently intense to volatilize the mercury, which is condensed and recovered for successive operations. When gold occurs intimately mingled with iron pyrites, the process differs from that described above, only it is necessary to roast the ore, in order to pulverize it sufficiently to set it at liberty. Some years ago, Humboldt estimated the average annual gold product of Mexico and New Spain at nearly \$11,000,000. The whole of Europe furnishes less than a million annually, of which a large proportion comes from the Hungarian gold mines. The immense influx of gold from Cali-

fornia and Brazil will produce the condition of things to which we have alluded, is a question that time only can determine. There is certainly no complaint as yet that gold is too plenty, nor will there be likely to be for a long time.



GOLD WORKS OF ITACOLUMI, BRAZIL—GOLD WASHING.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
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BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1855.

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6 CENTS SINGLE.

AN INLAND FISHING PARTY.

Our artist, Mr. Warren, has here presented us with a pleasing scene, thoroughly American in its character, which he has treated with great spirit and taste. It has the merit of telling its own story, the figures being all characteristic and expressive. Nowhere are these fresh water excursions more common than in New England, the physical peculiarities of which have served to create a race of fresh-water sailors, just as the ocean gives birth to a race of hardy mariners. You cannot go far in any direction in New England, without encountering some bright stream, pouring from a rocky cliff, or meandering through green meadow or woodland or some placid pond, mirroring the blue sky, and set in a framework of embowering shores. These streams and ponds would be rivers and lakes in the old world; but here, where we have, as standards of size, the great chain of inland oceans on our northern border, and such lordly water courses as the St. Lawrence, the Hudson, the Mississippi and the Missouri, the great arteries of a vast continent, sheets and streams of water, in themselves inconsiderable, sink into insignificance by comparison. Lakes and

streams, Goethe has remarked, are the eyes of the landscape. The most beautiful combinations of wood, and indeed all valleys lack an essential charm if this brighter element be wanting. But here we are not subjected to this deprivation. We have "water, water everywhere." The Charles and the Mystic pour their bright waters around the feet of the city. At a greater distance, the Merrimac and the Connecticut roll over their silver tide to the ocean. Maine boasts of her brimming and exulting waters. But besides these considerable streams, besides such vast sheets of water as Lake Winnipiseogee, Mooshead and Umbagog Lakes, Champlain and Lake George, there are a thousand nameless streams and ponds, intersecting our whole territory, like threads of silver, performing incessantly their service of beauty and utility, swelling the material and intellectual wealth of the community. The dweller of the city is not denied the enjoyment of their beauty. There are some charming streams and ponds within the compass of a short walk from the city. Fresh Pond, in Cambridge, would have its minstrels and its painters, were it a European scene—or were it an almost inaccessible lake hundreds

of miles away in the mountains. Spot Pond, in Stoneham, is a truly magnificent expanse of water, with wooded shores and islets, greener than that which gems the bosom of Loch Katrine. Our rivers and lakes have the pure, fresh charm of nature alone. In the place of those storied castles that frown along the "wide and winding Rhine," we only have the castellated crags that nature sometimes loves to pile along the shores in mockery of human art. We have no ruined monasteries, no ivied towers, to reflect themselves in the blue wave by day, and paint their dark outlines against the evening sky, but we have a charm more unalloyed in the exuberant beauty of Nature herself. Those old towers of the old world are haunted by memories of battle and murder, of superstition and oppression—they are the monuments of dark deeds or desolating splendors. Thank Heaven, we have no ruins. And if our little sailing party is not destined to pass beneath the frowning battlements of an old castle, it is sure of those simple pleasures which have pure air, and bright scenery, and sweet companionship for their bases—a union, perhaps, of the highest gratification which falls to the lot of man.



AN INLAND SAILING PARTY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FALCONE:

—OR—

THE MYSTERIES OF MEXICO.

A ROMANCE OF OUR DAY.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XV.

HANNIBAL.

HANNIBAL, intent on overtaking his mistress, pushed on with undiminished ardor, descending the national road, from the pass of Rio Frio, at a pace which the mules under his charge doubtless considered quite unnecessary, particularly as many portions of the hard highway were quite destitute of shade. But Hannibal was a literal constructionist of the orders of those in authority, and consequently, as he had been directed to follow "Massa Dusenbury," no alternative presented itself to the mind of the faithful black, but to pursue his forward march till his mistress and her party should be overtaken.

But, anxious as was Hannibal to make the best of his way, the mules were far from being averse to rest, the more so as the morning route had sufficiently taxed their powers of endurance. It was not therefore extraordinary, that, in a quite sheltered and inviting spot, where overhanging rocks prevented the slanting sunbeams from invading a wide patch of grass on either side of the road, the foremost beast should incontinently plant himself on his knees, and in spite of Hannibal's remonstrances, by rein and thong, insist on maintaining that position, to the manifest retardation of farther progress. In this specimen of obstinacy the animal received "aid and comfort" from his associate which carried the pack, and the result of this mulish combination was to bring our poor negro at once to a standstill. In vain alike were coaxing and threats; in vain did Hannibal, taking his place between the two refractory beasts, alternately implore and flog, in order to bring them to a sense of their dereliction. Useless were his asseverations concerning the importance of his speedily overtaking "Missy Teresa," unavailing were his dark intimations of the treatment they might look for at the hands of "Massa Dusenbury," when that formidable individual should "cotch 'em cuttin' up in dat fashion."

"T'ink nigga gwine to stay yer all night?" demanded he contemptuously, of the principal rebel, which he had ridden. "T'ink nobody in de world but jist two sons ob jackass? Gorra! Wait till we cotch up wid de hosses—dat's all."

But "cotching up wid de hosses" did not appear to enter at all into the calculations of Hannibal's mules. With all the stolidity vouched for by the organ of "firmness," so notorious in their race, they continued the "masterly inactivity" which no dint of persuasion or of menace, no promises "in futuro" of a beating "in esse" could move them one inch from the posture which they had assumed. It was manifest that the Mexican mules were inimical to the Anglo-African origin of their sable driver, or else were flatly determined on taking their own time in the matter of repose from labor. The passage of the Anahuac Alps appeared less practicable to our present Hannibal than was that of the Italian Alps to his Carthaginian namesake of ancient memory.

But the negro was fertile in invention, and ceasing to berate the animals, he gathered up a clump of tender grass and sought to entice the fellow with the pack, by holding off the morsel a few inches above his expectant nose. This plan succeeded admirably as could be expected. The mule rose to his feet in order to possess himself of the dainty, whereupon the politic Hannibal withdrew it immediately and essayed the same method with the saddle beast, which, in its turn, was induced to take a standing posture. But alas for human calculation! the pack-mule at the same instant dropped back on his knees, and when Hannibal turned quickly to present his whisp of grass—lo! the saddle mule sank into his former attitude. It was too much. Hannibal lifted up his voice and lamented long and loudly.

It is not within the province of the historian, truthful and accurate though he may strive to be at all times, to detail the oburgations and perhaps reprehensible figures of speech, which fell rapidly from the voluble negro, upon the devoted heads of his unmoved mules. Suffice it, that in the midst of a stream of luxuriant tropes, Hannibal was cut short by a merrily-ringing laugh at his side, while at the same time a cracked voice from a little distance, cried:

"Take care, daughter—be wary, child! It may be a brigand."

Hannibal looked up, and became aware that the laughter proceeded from a beautiful young Mexican lady, who was mounted on a gaily-caparisoned pony, whilst the cracked voice belonged evidently to a little, sallow and dried-up specimen of an old gentleman, who bestrode a sedate-looking mule, at a short distance behind. Two servants, mounted like their master, brought up the rear, and the whole party had apparently just entered the high road from one of the rugged mountain paths which intersected it below the pass of Rio Frio.

The perplexity of the negro gave way to surprise at the long-continued and exuberant laughter which broke from the rosy lips of the youthful lady. It seemed as if she recognized something extremely ludicrous in the countenance and attitude of poor Hannibal, who still held the clump of grass with which he had endeavored to influence his unruly charge. Clear and silvery,

like the gurgling music of a brook, the light mirth of the girl rang through the woods around, until the negro, puzzled but pleased, opened his own mouth with a broad smile, and resorted to that invariable African operation when in doubt, scratching of his sable poll.

"Gorra! Wha' for she make laugh so long?" ejaculated he, with an inquiring sneeze.

"Mexicana! Mexicana!" cried the old man, in his shrill treble.

"Why do you laugh so? Are you afraid of nothing?"

"Surely, when there is nothing to make one afraid," replied the girl. "What's the matter, comical fellow?" she continued, fixing her merry black eyes upon Hannibal. "Why do not your mules go forward? Why do you weep?"

The negro raised his hand and felt upon his cheek the large teardrops, of which in his vexation he had not before been conscious; and truly, the poor fellow's countenance presented an absurd appearance, a wide grin revealing his teeth, whilst the tears he had shed mingled with the perspiration and dust, and formed great blotches, that added more picturesqueness than beauty to his African lineaments.

"O, missy—I am e'most dead. Mules no go farrard—no 'tand up on dere feet. Gorra!"

Hannibal's Spanish, broken like his English, was yet sufficiently intelligible, and he soon made the new-comers acquainted with the fact that he had lost or missed his mistress and her party, and that, in spite of his desire to overtake them, the incorrigible mules insisted upon suspending their progress. He did not mention the fact of pursuit having occasioned the separation, for his good sense told him that such a disclosure could have no bearing upon his present difficulties, but simply explained that his mistress, by pushing forward with the horses, had left him considerably behind with the pack-mule.

"And your mules are so obstinate that they will not move?" cried the Mexican lady, with another silvery laugh. "Let me see if I cannot coax them."

Saying this, she beckoned one of the servants to ride up, and directing him to open a small valise that was strapped to her saddle, took from it some little cakes, which she presented to one of the mules, at the same time patting the animal gently with her delicately-formed hand.

"There! do you not see? He obeys *me* at once," cried she, laughing loudly, as the mule rose from his knees, and munched the cakes which she extended to him. "Now, mount, my brave fellow, and we shall presently get you out of your difficulties."

"Mexicana! Mexicana! this may be all a plot!" cried the old man, shuffling uneasily in his saddle. "Should there be an ambuscade of robbers, my child! Pablo! Juan! hold fast to your arms! be ready!"

"Poh—poh—father! let me manage my long-eared friends," replied the young lady, whilst the two servants, Juan and Pablo, smiled at an order which was regularly repeated to them every ten minutes by the apprehensive Don Manuel their master. And the girl continued to feed the two mules, now firmly on their legs, and apparently quite disposed to a compromise. Hannibal, meantime, had bestriden the saddled beast, and possessed himself once more of the pack-mule's bridle.

"Now, then, let us consider," cried the senorita, addressing the negro, whilst continuing to feed the mules, "whither was your mistress travelling?"

"'Spees we go to Puebla—'spees we go to Monterey—'spees we go home to New Orleans," answered Hannibal, with a sigh, as he thought of his lost master, Glinton.

"Aha! you hear! They are Americans and we are to be invaded by them. Should he be a spy, Mexicana! Pablo! Juan! stand fast to your arms!"

"Puebla—Monterey," said the young lady, paying no attention to Don Manuel, who was eying the negro with great suspicion expressed in his withered old features. "We are going thitherward ourselves. You may accompany us, as you are unacquainted with the route. Will that suit you, if I take care that your mules go? What is your name?"

"O, t'ank you, missy—t'ank you! Hannibal my name, missy. Go long wi' you, for sartain; Missa Teresa be very glad to see you—lub you very much, for sartain."

"Ah, and why do you think your mistress would love me, Hannibal?"

"Can't help, missy. Ebbery body lub dem what is kind. Eben de mules—dey mind you when dey no mind me. Gorra!"

"Well, Hannibal, ride forward with Juan and Pablo. No doubt we shall find your mistress at Puebla. Come, dear father! there is no danger. We have Hannibal at our backs."

Saying this, the merry Mexican girl gave her last cakes to the mules, and then, tapping her father's chin with a little fan which she carried in lieu of a whip, rode forward at Don Manuel's side. Pablo and Juan, with Hannibal and the pack-mule, brought up the rear.

CHAPTER XVI.

LORENZO AND INEZ.

An atmosphere of happiness reigned in and around the hacienda of Lorenzo and Inez, the gentle entertainers of Dusenbury and his two companions. Lorenzo, possessed of ample means, and warmly seconded in his tastes by the devotion of his lovely wife, had surrounded their beautiful home with all that could contribute to the gratification of true artistic taste, or enhance the pure pleasures of domestic life. The mansion itself, embowered in fragrant woodlands, and redolent with the perfume and grace of the flowers which encompassed its every border, was a fit dwelling-place for hearts inspired with mutual love, and charm-

ing as the seat of freely-dispensed charity and enlarged hospitality. The master and mistress of that hacienda, though mingling little in the world beyond their threshold, were yet known and esteemed by high and low through all the cultivated neighborhood, which stretched from the main road nearest to their gates, downward through the luxuriant "Valley of Murillo," named after the father of Lorenzo's bride, a rich proprietor, and around the base of the lofty "Outlaws' Mount," once the retreat of a band of brigands, lately dispersed by the death of their famous leader.

Dusenbury's welcome, the welcome which warm hearts extend to a tried friend, was shared in by Alvaro and Teresa, and the latter speedily found herself as *spiritually* acquainted with her young Mexican hostess as if the intimacy of years had been cementing a friendship between them; for there is a magnetism in guileless natures that, losing sight of mere conventionality, bases its esteem on an appreciation which is the result, not of reason, but of intuition, and is therefore seldom deceived.

Lorenzo and the Yankee found much to engage their thoughts and converse, for they talked of mutual friends, linked to their recollections by the association of past service and grateful appreciation; and it was, consequently, no wonder that the first day's sojourn of the travellers at the romantic hacienda passed like the transition of a happy dream.

The family circle of Lorenzo was not large, for Heaven had not yet vouchsafed the blessing of children to their wishes. The father of Inez, a cheerful old man, who passed his time in light superintendence of the planting operations upon the estate, and found his comfort chiefly in the contemplation of the serene happiness of his children, and a young girl, named Berta, the orphaned daughter of the notorious brigand Moroni, who had lost his life at the neighboring city of Puebla, were the only members of the household, besides the husband and wife. Berta, the young orphan, was beautiful and interesting, but, alas! reason no longer dwelt in the shrine of her classic brow. The severe experiences of early life, and the shock of losing her only friend, the brigand chief, had stricken this child of nature with an insanity deemed incurable, but harmless and touching in the extreme. Brother and sister could not have been more tender than were Lorenzo and his wife to this poor maiden, who wandered evermore about the cottage and through the neighboring vale and mountain, known to all the peasants by her sad smile and fantastic costume, as the orphan of him who had been the terror of the neighboring country, and, moreover, as one whose affliction demanded pity and kindness from every Christian heart.

The American orphan, Teresa, sympathized deeply with the stricken Berta, whose sad story was quickly revealed by her new friend Inez, and it became apparent, soon, that the mad girl was attracted by the gentleness of the stranger-guest, for only a few days elapsed before it began to be noticed that Berta, instead of absenting herself for hours in the day, as was her usual custom, and roaming distraught through the forest, seemed now desirous of remaining near the hacienda, and within sound of the low and musical voice which was one of Teresa's sweetest charms. Lorenzo and Inez said, with a smile, that their fair American guest was a fairy who could draw all natures to do her homage, and Dusenbury, shaking his head as he puffed one of his host's fragrant cigars, declared, in his broadest vernacular, that, "Miss Teresa was a gal it wa'n't no use talkin' about—she was jest a bran noo angel waitin' for wings."

But a week fled swiftly over the heads of the three guests, and yet no tidings of the Padre Herrata, or of the missing Hannibal and the meztiza could be gathered, though messengers had been despatched at various times from the hacienda to the neighboring villages, and even as far off as Puebla, some miles across the plain, from the other extremity of the valley of Murillo. Dusenbury grew impatient, for he apprehended that danger had befallen his friend the padre, since he well knew that the good priest's enemies, as well as his own, were not few among the supporters of the new government. Once or twice, when no news came, he thought of leaving the hacienda, which would afford a secure retreat for his young countrywoman, and retracing his course to the capital; but a little reflection satisfied the Yankee of the futility of any aid of his, should the priest be really in the hands of powerful foes, whilst his own discovery might involve both himself and friends in greater peril. He resolved, therefore, to accept for a period longer, the hospitality of his Mexican friends, in order to see what turn the political affairs of Mexico might take, before exposing himself to all the risks which, in the present excited state of popular feeling, an alien might encounter, even though provided with a passport of the late president, Herrana.

But when, after the lapse of ten days more, during which nothing was heard of Hannibal or the luggage of Teresa, but instead of which the most alarming rumors crowded fast upon one another concerning the war with the United States, Jake Dusenbury resolved to leave the valley of Murillo, and press forward on his interrupted journey. Various considerations induced this decision. The Yankee, in his capacity as trader, had no small amount of pecuniary interest involved in his business connections with the north-eastern province of Mexico, and it became very necessary that he should journey near the borders, in order to be ready for any contingency of risk, which a protracted state of hostilities might threaten. Besides this, Dusenbury knew that, in a country so distracted as Mexico, he could not for a great while reckon upon the personal protection which Herrana's passport for the present might insure, and it was therefore of importance, if he valued his liberty or life, that he should make the best of his way to a less excited portion of the land. It was now established beyond doubt that a severe contest between the two republics was at hand, and the news of Taylor's successive victories at Palo-Alto and Resaca de la Palma, the capture of Matamoras and the advance of the conquer-

ing Americans into the province of New Leon, had exasperated the hatred of the inhabitants of all the interior, who loudly called upon General Paredes to avenge the shame of the first defeats. The government, in obedience to the popular feeling, as well as in pursuance of its own plan, was now engaged in pushing enlistments vigorously, and collecting men and means for the concentration of a powerful army, to be pushed forward to the defence of the northern provinces. Dusenbury, convinced that no time was to be lost if he would effect his escape, communicated his wishes to Lorenzo, and implored the latter's protection for his countrywoman, Teresa.

"It is out o' question for the senora to travel further now, ye see," said the Yankee, "for it's as much as I can do, you may be sure, to take care o' my own skin, agin these yaller chaps, now they've got their dander so riz about the States. So, you'll oblige me, senor, if you'll jes' let the young folks stay at the hacienda till better things turn up. This war can't last long, I hope, and maybe it'll blow right over. But it's best to be prepared, senor, and so—jes say you'll take care o' the senora."

"Fear nothing, my friend," answered Lorenzo, grasping the Yankee's hand. "Senora Teresa is as safe beneath this roof as is my Inez herself. Thank Heaven, we are secluded and very little troubled with the tumult of politics or strife. Trust me, the senora shall be as a sister in our household."

"Thank ye, thank ye," cried Dusenbury, warmly. "I'll not forget you, and I feel easy about the young gal as long as she's here. There's that Senor Alonzo, too, he'll be a protection to you all, for he's a brave young chap, and loves the senora as the apple of his eye. There's no deceit about that boy, Senor Lorenzo. He's open and above board."

"Alonzo Vallejo is a noble youth," replied Lorenzo, who had conceived a strong attachment for his guest. "I feel toward him like a brother, and truly believe, as you say, that he is worthy of all esteem. Trust me, Senor Dusenbury, you leave us a happy family in all but losing one whom we regard so highly as yourself."

"I shall be back before you know it, maybe," returned Dusenbury. "But of anything should happen to me, Padre Herrera is the friend o' these young folks, and in him, you know, you can confide. And now, senor, I must make short work sayin' good-by all round, for to-night must see me beyond Puebla."

In accordance with this determination, Dusenbury speedily acquainted his young friends with the necessity of his departure, enjoining them to make themselves contented with their quiet retreat in the hacienda, and await with patience the first results of the war. Teresa grieved deeply at the prospect of losing her kind protector, but perhaps she would have been less reconciled had Alonzo been likewise obliged to pursue his journey. Alonzo, on his part, regretted to separate from his North American friend, but the consciousness of his being left the proud guardian of the one beloved best, contributed doubtless to the equanimity with which he supported the parting. Nevertheless, it needed no demonstration of regard, to assure Jake Dusenbury that all who crowded around him, as he put foot in stirrup, were his warm and true friends, who would gladly never lose sight of his honest countenance. The Yankee felt, as he wrung the hands of all, from his host's to that of the mulatto Lucille, that it was no hollow courtesy but deep and earnest regard which followed him out upon his perilous journey. Thus he bade adieu to the pleasant hacienda of the hospitable Senor Lorenzo.

It was the dusk of evening which Dusenbury chose as the most fitting time for his passage through the populous city of Puebla, in view of his unwillingness to subject himself to too great scrutiny on the part of Mexicans. The Yankee was acquainted with several commercial friends in the place, and these he sought as speedily as possible, in order to make provisions for the settlement of such business as must be left hereafter without his supervision. He found the traders filled with apprehensions concerning the war, and astonished at the Yankee's temerity in attempting at this time to penetrate through the wild frontier provinces.

"You will most assuredly be arrested and imprisoned, Senor Dusenbury," said one of the traders, a rough-looking fellow, who had brought peltries to the American, and had derived much profit in driving bargains with the latter.

"More likely he will be shot," was the consoling remark of another fellow, who had often supplied Dusenbury with the silver of Chihuahua in exchange for articles of traffic with the northern tribes.

"That's true," rejoined the first speaker. "General Ampudia is in command below San Luis, and he makes short work of aliens and spies. Take advice, Senor Dusenbury, and keep quiet till this unlucky war is over, and honest men can travel unmolested."

"Good friends, all o' ye, no doubt," answered Dusenbury. "But I reckon I'll take my chance out in the open country, sooner than stay here, cooped up and rustin' out."

So saying, the Yankee proceeded to develop such plans for future connection with his trusting friends as might be carried out, with due consideration of the contingencies of war, and then announced his intention of resuming his regular speculations, so soon as hostilities should cease. The traders declared that he had their best wishes, and drank their aqua ardiente to his good health with the greatest show of enthusiasm.

"It's lucky, however, that you're not troubled with personal effects in your travels, Senor Dusenbury," remarked one of them, "or you might fare as badly as the poor devil of an American black clad, a few weeks since, who lost his mule-load, and was near being clapped in prison as a spy or something worse."

"What say you—a black?" inquired Dusenbury, whose quick perception immediately divined that Hannibal must be the unfortunate wight alluded to.

"Truly, senor—a fellow who, with a couple of fine mules, one loaded with goods, was arrested by the guard as he entered the

gates. He told some stupid story of being in search of his mistress, which nobody believed, and the fool would have been shot had it not been for the protection of some Spanish don and donna who took pity on him."

"And what became of him?"

"He was suffered to go off with his Castilian friends, but the pack-mule as well as the one he rode, was detained by the captain of the guard. So you see, senor, what risks you run, and that to keep concealed is your best policy."

"But I have President Herrera's safe-warrant."

"Good for nothing with the army, my friend. The soldiers of Paredes will laugh at you."

"Well, then, I take my chance," said the Yankee, laughing and lighting a cigar. "And now," he continued, addressing the peltry-trader, "as we may be parting for the last time, I will ask a little service of you. When I am gone, take a note for me to the hacienda beyond Murillo's Valley, to a certain Senor Alonzo Vallejo, whom you will find there."

"With much pleasure, Senor Dusenbury," returned the peltry-trader, "for I pass the house to-morrow."

Dusenbury hastily penned a short note to Vallejo, informing him of what he had learned concerning Hannibal, and directing him to request Lorenzo to apply to the authorities at Puebla for the restitution of the pack-mule with Teresa's wardrobe and effects. The Yankee had little doubt that the influence of Lorenzo or his father-in-law, Murillo, would easily obtain the mules; so congratulating himself upon the accident which had acquainted him with the negro's mishap, he gave his brief note to the peltry-trader, and bidding the Mexicans adieu, set out once more to pursue his dangerous journey.

But fortunately for the North American, the very excitement which existed concerning the war, generating a common hatred of the enemy, was of such a nature as to absorb public attention with the news constantly arriving from the border States; so that, contrary to his fears, Dusenbury found that the pass which he carried signed by Herrera, was examined without much scrutiny by the officials to whom it was presented. Besides, in many towns through which the Yankee passed, after diverging from the Vera Cruz road, his name was known to several in connection with his northern trading operations; so that our traveller soon banished all apprehensions so far as regarded his personal safety. His purse was well lined, he spoke the provincial language with a tolerable accent, and prudently avoiding the fortified posts, Dusenbury managed, after a fortnight's leisurely travel, to reach the lower districts of the State of Tamoulipas, without experiencing other difficulties than those naturally consequent on the route he had taken, hardships and exposures which, to one accustomed to ease and luxury, might have been formidable, but which the enterprising Yankee trader deemed scarcely worth a passing thought.

The neighboring State of New Leon was then in daily expectation of being invaded by the American army that threatened its borders. General Pedro Ampudia, a brave and experienced commander, had fortified the capital city, Monterey, and there, with about seven thousand men, awaited the approach of Taylor, who, flushed with the first successes of the Rio Grande campaign, was concentrating all his forces for the capture and occupation of the inner States. Dusenbury, as he entered upon the great road leading through the province of Tamoulipas, and approached upon the actual seat of strife, became painfully aware of the incipient afflictions of war, though as yet he witnessed none of its horrors. A large military draft had been made by the authorities upon the population, and great numbers of the peasantry were forced from their harvest fields to bear arms in defence of the republic. Consequently, though no hostile foot had yet pressed the soil, much misery was already occasioned by the withdrawal of the people from their agricultural operations, and by the high prices of every necessary of life, the natural effect of the presence of a large army of non-producers. Dusenbury's heart was touched at the many deserted cottages, and groups of wandering, half-famished women and children that met his eye, nor was he less moved at witnessing the arbitrary manner in which able-bodied men, unwillingly recruited for a war of whose merits they were totally ignorant, were dragged in pairs and driven to barracks, thence to be marched to the battle-field and sacrificed in the quarrel of governments, which had never thought of them till they were found necessary as food for powder. But Dusenbury had little opportunity for more than pity, inasmuch as it required the utmost caution on his part to avoid observation, which at this crisis might be followed by serious results.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LADY MEXICANA.

In the meanwhile, Hannibal, the negro, after his gentle auxiliary, the lady Mexicana, had opened to his sagacious perceptions a novel and striking method of rendering tractable that stubborn beast, the Mexican mule, rode on in the rear of his protectors, quite contented with his good fortune, and doubting not that he should find his mistress Teresa at Puebla, which they would reach on the morrow. With this conviction, the black replied with good-humored frankness to the questions of the servants with whom he rode, and when the party halted at dusk to pass the night at a small village, the best understanding in the world prevailed between them all.

But at Puebla no traces of Senora Teresa, Senor Dusenbury, or the rest of his friends, were to be discovered. On the contrary (as Dusenbury afterwards learned from the peltry-trader), the negro's anxious inquiries, coming to the notice of the officials, rendered poor Hannibal himself an object of suspicion; so much,

indeed, that he was very speedily relieved of his charge, as respected the mules, and might have seen the inside of a prison for some months, had not Don Manuel Ribera, the old Spanish sire of the beautiful Mexicana, who was well known as a person of importance (having amassed a great fortune in Mexico), interfered in season to prevent any severity being visited upon the unfortunate servant who had lost his mistress. This good offer of Don Manuel was due to the gentle pleading of Mexicana, rather than to any generosity on the part of her nervous old father, and Hannibal evinced his assurance of this by the grateful manner in which he acknowledged the offer of further protection from the lady's party.

"It is very evident, my poor fellow," said she, to the perplexed black, "that you can do no good to your mistress, and must endanger yourself, by wandering without protection through the country. It may be that your friends have gone to Monterey. My father's destination is Tampico, and we shall travel the great road, making a circuit, in order that Don Manuel may transact some business at Victoria. Now, brave Hannibal, if you like, you shall continue to journey with us, at least as far as Victoria, where you must surely learn if your mistress has journeyed to Monterey."

"Ah, Missy Mexicana—I am so t'ankful to you for dis kindness. But, O, de Lord lub your sweet soul an' body, what will 'come ob de dear young missy?"

"It is true, good Hannibal, you can be of no service to your mistress."

"Berry true—berry true! I'm only a poor nigga—dey wont b'lieve I lub my missy so, and maybe dey put poor Hannibal in de calaboose after all."

"That is more than likely, Hannibal, so you had better go on with Juan and Pablo, and all three 'look well to your arms.'"

So saying, with a merry laugh as she repeated her father's customary injunction to their attendants, Donna Mexicana turned away and went to make preparations with the old Castilian for their journey from Puebla.

Don Manuel Ribera, long known as a thriving *administradore*, or overseer and collector of revenues from estates held in Mexico by non-resident Spaniards, had, it was equally well known, amassed a very large fortune by his shrewdness. He had managed to make himself useful in the way of negotiating loans to various administrations, from that of Guerrero to the present one of Antonio Paredes, and had therefore enjoyed many immunities which he failed not to turn to good account for his personal advantage. He was now travelling to various points, but still *en route* for the seaboard at Tampico, whence he proposed taking passage for his native Spain, whither the bulk of his fortune had already been transported; for the old financier had long foreseen the crisis to which Mexican affairs were hurrying, and resolved, in his declining years, to wind up his connection with the distracted republic, and with his only daughter, the one object he loved better than his money bags, seek some quiet spot in old Castile, where, free from care and apprehension, he might enjoy a repose that as yet he had never known.

The negro Hannibal proved himself no useless member of the little party which now traversed the mountain passes and half-desert plains bordering on the highway that stretched from Puebla through the rich mining districts of Potosi, downward to the province of Tamoulipas, and thence, diverging coastward from Victoria, forms the most travelled road to Tampico. Hannibal was shrewd and faithful, and his gratitude prompted him to many offices of prudence and kindness, which the stolid attendants of Don Manuel would never have dreamed of; so that the old Spaniard not only soon lost all apprehensions concerning treachery on the part of the black, but grew accustomed to look upon the latter as a very valuable addition to the party.

No event of importance, however, transpired to the travellers on their journey over the great road from San Luis. The national troops were concentrating at various points in the country, extending westward from the foot hills of the Sierra Madre; and save an occasional examination by some officious government representative (an interference which the old *administradore* never failed to resent with querulous impatience), nothing disturbed the regularity of the short daily stages which, in consideration of Don Manuel's feeble health, sufficed for their progress.

It was near the middle of August when they arrived at Victoria, and there the fears of Don Manuel began to acquire some tenure in the constantly augmenting and exaggerated reports which were rife concerning the invading North Americans. Victoria, the capital of Tamoulipas, situated at the head waters of the Rio Santander, which empties into the Gulf of Mexico, was the extreme north-eastern point to which the *administradore* had proposed extending his journey, and thence, after transacting his affairs, he contemplated proceeding at once to Tampico, there to embark for the old world. But greatly to his dismay, news here greeted him to the effect that the American naval force menaced the entire coast bordering on the gulf, and that Tampico was blockaded and threatened with capture. At the same time he learned that the entire country below the valley of San Juan, from the environs of Monterey to the borders of the Rio Grande del Norte, had submitted to the enemy, who, with his victorious army was now advancing upon the interior provinces. Don Manuel Ribera cursed his unlucky stars that had led him to waste so much precious time in his long land journey; and though, speedily concluding his business at Victoria, he found himself in possession of a large amount of specie, he trembled lest the unlooked-for protraction of the war should involve him in dangers which, had he proceeded at once from Mexico to Vera Cruz, he would in all likelihood have escaped. But with this reflection obtruded the uncomfortable recollection that Vera Cruz was at this very

season the seat of malignant disease, which might have proved quite as perilous to his safety as would the invading Americans; and so the poor old don found himself in a state of perplexity that tended in no degree to improve his temper.

Donna Mexicana, on her part, laughed heartily at the gloomy forebodings of her father. She had enjoyed her expedition through the wild and picturesque regions they had traversed, with all the ardor of her buoyant nature, and would have made not the slightest objection to a return to Mexico in the same romantic manner. This, however, Don Manuel dreaded as much as he did the enemy, so Mexicana endeavored to convince him that Victoria itself was not a bad place for sojourning.

"I am very sure, dear father, we shall enjoy ourselves very much here," she said. "They say that General Santa Anna will soon be here with a great army, to drive the wicked Americans back to their own country."

"What they say," answered Don Manuel, with an uncomfortable shrug of his shoulders, "is not always to be believed. For my part, I shall marvel little if those marauding Americans drive General Ampudia from Monterey yonder, and we have to run from this charming Victoria, as you call it, faster than we entered, my child."

"O, nonsense, dear father. General Ampudia has a great army of ten thousand brave soldiers."

"Brave fiddlesticks!" cried Don Manuel, irreverently. "Ampudia should have met that fire-eating General Taylor on the Rio Grande and driven him back, before he had frightened all Mexico."

"But you forget, father—they say our troops fought bravely at the Rio Grande."

"They should have died there—the last man—the last general," cried Don Manuel, stamping his foot. "All Mexico should have marched to the border and met the enemy there. But no! It is now as in days past. This unhappy country is doomed, and the sooner it falls the better."

"O, say not so, my father. Our soldiers are gallant, and will yet defend their country."

"I tell you no, child!" exclaimed Ribera, angrily. "This wretched Mexico is doomed to be the sport of her unnatural children, till the strong hand of the stranger crushes all beneath it. Have I not seen it, child? Have I not seen a dozen of these puppet presidents, fighting one another by turns, whilst their country lay prostrate and bleeding beneath them? Away with them. Herrera has fallen—Paredes will go next, and then Santa Anna comes once more to play the old game of ruin."

"O, father! let us hope for better things."

"Hope!" muttered the old man; "let us hope to get away from this unhappy land before we become involved in her ruin. Did I not tell thee, Mexicana, years ago, that these times must come? Maledictions! why did I not leave the country then?"

"But there is yet time, father. The enemy is far away. Let us at once go back."

"Back! Whither? No! I will take my chance at Tampico, so soon as fate shall decide the battle which must speedily take place between Ampudia and Taylor. Till then, we may as well remain where we are."

"And shall Hannibal go to Monterey? The poor fellow seems anxious—"

"Another piece of nonsense! Is it not evident that his mistress (if the fellow ever had one) has taken some other route? We have discovered no trace of persons such as the black describes—and I am convinced that they have never passed over the road."

Donna Mexicana was about to reply to her father's remark, when the voice of Hannibal was heard beneath the balcony on which they were conversing. Unlike his usual quiet tones, the black's accents seemed now to be agitated with great emotion, and he spoke in a high key, though so hurriedly that what he said could not be understood.

"What is the matter with that fellow?" demanded Don Manuel, suddenly alarmed. "Are we attacked by thieves, that he makes such an outcry? Look, Mexicana! Holy saints! Call Juan! call Pablo!"

"O, Santa Maria! what a man!" answered the maiden, as she leaned over the balustrade, and looked down upon the little paved court in front of the house, where, in the shadow of a clump of lime trees, the dusky form of Hannibal could be seen in the twilight which was now enveloping the street. The negro was uttering a succession of ejaculations expressive of satisfaction, whilst he flourished in one hand the straw sombrero which he usually wore composedly upon the apex of his woolly head, and with the other grasped the extended hand of a stranger, whose grotesque appearance caused Donna Mexicana to laugh outright.

"What's the matter? Are we attacked? Juan! Pablo!"

"O, father! look here!" cried Mexicana, running to the old don, who, seated in his arm-chair, shook to and fro with nervous excitement. "See Hannibal! and that odd man he is speaking with! Was there ever such a grotesque figure?"

And with difficulty suppressing her laughter, Donna Mexicana assisted her father to rise and look over the balcony at the stranger beneath, who was conversing with Hannibal.

The appearance of this individual was well calculated to excite the risibilities of a volatile maiden like Mexicana. Imagine a tall, broad-shouldered and loose-limbed specimen of the genus *homo*, clad in a costume motley and fantastic as could well be adopted by a merry-andrew in masquerade. On the ungainly shoulders slouched an enormous hat of rusty cotton velvet, that had once been black, profusely trimmed with parti-colored ribbons, and shaded by a heavy red plume, which, as the sombrero rested on the top of its wearer's head, flapped down over his forehead,

directly between the eyes. From beneath the sides of this imposing head piece depended two masses of matted brown hair, that parted in disordered flakes as it came in contact with the high collar of a soldier's coat, heavily embroidered, and ornamented with tarnished bullion. Over this coat was strapped a knapsack, or pack, a short-barrelled gun, and a long-necked, crooked gourd, and below the garment appeared a pair of yellow jean pantaloons, very scant, and reaching scarcely below the tops of heavy cow-hide boots, on which were buckled a ferocious pair of Mexican spurs. A brace of pistols and a long knife without a scabbard hanging from a belt, completed the costume of this personage, whose *tout ensemble* inspired Donna Mexicana with a mirth which communicated itself even to the nervous Don Manuel himself.

"But what does it want? What is it doing with Hannibal?" asked the old man. "Surely—that cannot be the fellow's mistress—h, Mexicana?"

At this suggestive query, the young girl's suppressed laughter broke forth into a peal so clear and ringing that it echoed through the balcony and court-yard like a silver trumpet. Hannibal paused suddenly in his animated discourse, and the stranger, looking up, beheld fixed upon him a pair of dancing black eyes, which seemed, as they flashed amid the twilight, like twin stars falling from heaven. His mouth opened in surprise, and had the light been such as to enable Donna Mexicana to distinguish his features as well as he could hers, she would have beheld a sudden flush mantle his bronzed cheek, as he met the clear glance and heard the musical laugh of the sudden apparition above him.

"He may be dangerous! surely—he is heavily armed," cried Don Manuel, in trepidation. "You should not laugh, Mexy, dear! Juan! Pablo!—where are the knaves?"

"Hannibal! who have you there?" cried the maiden, bending over the balustrade.

"O, missy! dar you is! Lor' bress me, dis yer is Massa Dusenbury for sartain! Gorra! I'se so happy I doesn't know nothin'. Massa Dusenbury! dat is de bressed missy herse'f, dat I'se tellin' you 'bout—Missy Mexicana—and dat is her fader, de don—Lor' bress me, I'se so happy!"

And with a caper which the honest negro could not resist, he again seized the hand of his companion, who at the same time removed his motley head-gear and revealed the marked and not unhandsome countenance of the Yankee.

"Well, come up here, and let us know all about it," said the maiden, "and bring your friend with you. O, there's no danger, father," she continued. "I'll warrant those heavy arms will be at our service instead of against us."

And then, with a new gurgle of laughter, as she cast a side glance at the queer-looking Dusenbury, Donna Mexicana led her father from the balcony into the spacious apartment from which it projected, and where Pablo was now bringing lights. There in a few moments the grinning Hannibal appeared, radiant with ebony satisfaction, as he introduced the doughty North American to the notice of the old Don Manuel Ribera.

Certainly no two individuals with more dissimilar traits of character could have been brought *vis-a-vis* than were the Spanish *administradore* and the American citizen and general adventurer, Jake Dusenbury, "from the States." What opinion they formed of one another, however, and what events followed their acquaintanceship must be related in other chapters, for we have at present to follow the fortunes of other characters in our true history.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FALCONE AND THE PADRE.

PADRE HERRATA, after enjoining Hannibal to make all haste in overtaking his mistress, rode back with the mestizos to meet his pursuers, as we have stated. Arrived within speaking distance of the advancing party, he drew rein at their abrupt command, his countenance being as serene, his demeanor as placid, as if he stood in the presence of brother pilgrims, instead of vindictive foes.

The two mestizo servants checked their mules and cowered behind Padre Herrata, as he looked calmly into the angry face of Gabriel Falcone, who, curbing his foaming steed, presented a pistol at the priest's head.

"Dog! traitorous friar! where is the rest of your party?"

"Truly, all of my party is before you, senor."

"Liar! where is the North American spy and his female accomplices, for whose capture I bear the warrant of General Paredes? Answer me without evasion, priest, or I will blow your plotting brains out on the spot."

"Have you a warrant for that, also, my son?" asked the padre, in an unmoved tone.

"By the fiends, you will learn that speedily. At once, answer! Where are the Americans?"

"They have journeyed another road," replied Padre Herrata, calmly.

"Another road! beware, priest!"

"What I say is the truth, my son. My friends, with great foresight, chose the upper road, leaving myself and these poor fellows to be honored by your pursuit, my son."

"Villain!" cried Falcone, turning fiercely in his saddle, "you shall have your warrant for this, at any rate."

And pressing the trigger of the pistol with which he had not ceased to threaten the priest, he discharged it full at the latter's breast. Padre Herrata raised his hand to his bosom, looked for a moment at the inflamed features of Falcone, and then fell heavily from his mule upon the dust of the road.

The Mexican soldiers who formed the troop which Falcone led, uttered a cry of horror as they beheld the friar reel from his saddle, and hardly did he touch the earth before two or three had

dismounted and were kneeling beside him. Gabriel Falcone smiling contemptuously and contenting himself with a savage glare at the fallen padre, rode toward the two mestizos, who shrank in their seats at his menacing look.

"Where the fiend are your masters?" demanded Falcone, savagely. "Did yonder friar lie to me? Speak, or you shall hang to the boughs above you."

The mestizos glanced from the distorted countenance of the enraged young man to the branches of a tree above them, which offered a gallows altogether too convenient for their comfort. Then, dropping the reins of their mules, they with one accord slid to the ground and dropped upon their knees.

"O, misericordia por amor de Dios! O, senor! we are innocent! We are only poor devils of servants, not worth hanging."

"In the devil's name, then, speak! Where are your master and mistress?"

"Los Americanos!" cried the nearest mestizo.

"El Senor Dusenbury?" murmured the other trembling wretch.

"Yes—and the young lady—the young senora. Speak, dogs! or you hang at once."

"O, illustrissimo! the padre spake the truth. They have taken the upper road. It is more than a league back, *excellenza*."

"Perdition!" cried the young man, spurring his steed and riding down the wretched servants, who grovelled in the dust of the highway. Then, gulping down an oath, he whirled the horse around and fronted the group of soldiers who had raised the padre in their arms, and were engaged in stanching a wound in his right breast from which the blood flowed freely.

"Is the traitor dead?" demanded Falcone, frowning at the foremost soldier.

But, instead of a reply, he encountered an ominous look from the man that boded no good.

"Dost hear? Is the knave dead?"

"Not quite a murder," muttered the man. "The holy father still breathes!"

Captain Falcone, for he now held that rank, smothered his indignation and gave the order to mount.

"And what shall we do with the wounded priest?" asked the soldier who had before spoken for his companions.

"To the devil—. Will ye mount, or are ye, too, traitors to Mexico?"

"We are no traitors, captain, neither mutineers, in point of duty," answered the soldier. "But Padre Herrata is the friend of Mexico, as every soldier knows well. He has shared camp and field with many of us, and we like not to leave him in the highway."

This speech was spoken with a dogged calmness that convinced Falcone of the determined character of the men who composed his refractory command. He saw at once that intimidation of such a party was out of the question, and bitterly cursing the rash passion which had led him to attack the priest, he yielded reluctantly to necessity, and ordered the trembling mestizos to assist in placing the wounded man upon a litter which was hastily constructed with branches stripped from the roadside trees. Several of the dismounted soldiers joined in supporting the rude carriage, whilst their horses, together with the mules, were led by the rest of the cortege. And thus, instead of pursuing his fugitive enemies and the fair Teresa, Gabriel Falcone, with muttered curses, saw himself compelled to retrace his steps to the capital. Falcone did not know, what might possibly have prevented his committing the rash act of shooting a priest, that Herrata had mingled far and near with the Mexican soldiery, and had devoted much of his wandering life to offices of kindness and benevolence performed for a class of men generally looked upon as but blind instruments of military despotism, but in whom such true Christians as the good padre beheld immortal spirits to be accounted for at the last day by their more fortunate fellow-men.

With secret threats the captain solaced his angry feelings, as, riding at the head of his gloomy troop, he took his descending way to the gates of Mexico, and revolved his plans for the future. Chagrined at the escape of Dusenbury and the fair American girl when he had deemed both almost within his grasp, the young gamester considered what should be his next move in the play. That the senora would succeed in leaving Mexico, or that Dusenbury, well known as an American, could fail to be intercepted at Puebla, or some other military post upon the route he travelled, did not enter into Falcone's calculations for a moment. He did not know, however, that the shrewd Yankee had possessed himself of the sign-manual protection of the former president, nor of the arrangement which, by separating Dusenbury from his countrywoman, Teresa—had insured, to a great degree, the security of both.

Arrived at the city, the young adventurer found that evening was at hand; so, ordering the two mestizos to be conducted to the guard-room of the barracks, and the Padre Herrata to be placed at the disposal of his superior officer, Falcone divested himself of his road-stained military trappings, and proceeded to seek his friend Ricardo, just as the promenading throngs were passing through the grand plaza, and about the same hour, too (though he did not know it), in which the Yankee, Dusenbury, and the young Alonzo Vallejo were busily constructing that romantic bower in which, as we have elsewhere seen, the beautiful Teresa passed so quiet a wildwood night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but, by ascending a little, you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

EAST ROOM—INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

The signing of the Declaration of Independence on the 4th of July, 1776, was incontestably the most important event of modern times. This is not the partial opinion of an American citizen, who seeks to magnify the great deeds of his countrymen, but the deliberate verdict of the historians and statesmen of all ages. Followed up by the successful assertion of the rights it proclaimed, it became the great charter of universal liberty. Henceforth, whenever a nation of the world rises to assert its rights, it will look to the immortal declaration for an enumeration of those political principles which are applicable to east and west, to north and south, to one hemisphere as to the other—in a word, to the whole universe. The spot where this declaration was adopted has become sanctified; it is the Mecca of the pilgrim of liberty. Like the old cradle of liberty, Faneuil Hall, its memory will be cherished long after the materials of which it is composed shall have crumbled into dust. In the letter press which accompanied our series of Philadelphia scenes in the fourth number of our last volume, we sketched the history of the declaration and of the eminent men by whom it was signed and adopted. We now present our readers with a highly interesting picture—a view of the East

EXECUTION OF ANDRE.

The following account of Andre's execution was taken from the lips of a soldier in Colonel Jeduthan Baldwin's regiment which was stationed a short distance from where Andre suffered. "One of our men, whose name was Armstrong, being one of the oldest and best workmen at his trade in the regiment, was selected to make his coffin, which he did, and painted it black, as was the custom at that period. At this time Andre was confined in what was called the Old Dutch Church—a small stone building with only one door, and guarded by six sentinels. When the hour appointed for his execution arrived, a guard of three hundred men were paraded at the place of his confinement, and the guard were placed in single file on each side of the road. In front were a number of American officers of high rank on horseback. These were followed by the wagon containing Andre's coffin, then a large number of officers on foot, Andre in the midst. The procession wound slowly up a moderately rising ground about a quarter of a mile to the west. On the top was a field without any enclosure; and on this was a very high gallows, made by setting up two poles or crotchets, and laying a pole on the top. The wagon containing the coffin was drawn directly under the

he gave to the executioner, and then replaced his handkerchief. His arms at this time were tied just above the elbow and behind the back. The rope was then made fast to the pole overhead. The wagon was very suddenly drawn from under the gallows, which, together with the length of rope, gave him a most tremendous swing back and forth; but in a few moments he hung entirely still. During the whole transaction, he seemed as little daunted as John Rogers when he was about to be burnt at the stake, although his countenance was rather pale. He remained hanging from twenty to thirty minutes, during which period the chambers of death were never stiller than the vast multitude around, when orders were given to cut the rope and take him down without letting him fall. This was done, and his body carefully laid on the ground. Shortly after, the guard was withdrawn and the spectators permitted to come forward to view the corpse; but the crowd was so great that it was sometime before I could get an opportunity. When I was able to do this, his coat, vest, and breeches had been taken off, and his body laid in the coffin, covered by some under-clothes. I viewed the corpse more carefully than I had ever done that of any human being before. His head was very much on one side, in consequence of the manner in



EAST ROOM, INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

Room, Independence Hall, Philadelphia, where this important document was passed. The hall has in it nothing striking of architectural character. Many a country lyceum has a more beautiful place of meeting. It would scarcely do for the entrance-hall of a European palace. But it needs no adventitious splendor. Its severe simplicity gives it an additional charm. It is unostentatious, like the republic which there was born. It is hallowed by associations which no marble shafts, no gilded canopies, no waving banners, no tessellated floors, no frescoed ceilings, could enhance. The memory of the author of the declaration, Thomas Jefferson, pervades the chaste interior. As we stand before his silent but eloquent effigy, the mind travels back to those days of doubt and trial, when to take the step required by the men of '76 required the greatest moral heroism. Jefferson and his compeers were equal to the great emergency. While speaking of Independence Hall, we may remark that in this country there is perhaps a little inattention to and carelessness of memorials of the past. We dwell, perhaps, too much in the present and the future, and too little in the past. How many of our battle fields are marked by enduring monuments? In a country where the face of nature is constantly being changed by the hand of man, there is more need of commemorative land-marks. Bunker Hill and Lexington have monuments, so should other noted fields.

gallows. In a short time Andre stepped into the hind end of the wagon, then on his coffin, took off his hat and laid it down; then placing his hands on his hips he walked back and forth as far as the length of the wagon would permit, looking up to the pole over his head and the whole scenery around. He was dressed in a complete British uniform; his coat was of the brightest scarlet faced and trimmed with the most beautiful green. His under-clothes, vest and breeches were bright buff; he had a long and beautiful head of hair, which was wound with a black ribbon and hung down his back. Not many minutes after he took his stand on the coffin, the executioner stepped into the wagon with a halter in his hand, on one end of which was what the soldiers in those days called a 'hangman's knot,' which he attempted to put over the head and around the neck of Andre, but by a sudden movement of his hand this was prevented. Andre now took the handkerchief from his neck, unpinned his shirt collar, and deliberately took the cord of the halter, put it over his head, and placed the knot directly under his right ear and drew it very snugly to his neck. He then took from his coat pocket a handkerchief and tied it before his eyes. This done, the officer who commanded spoke in rather a loud voice, and said, 'His arms must be tied.' Andre at once pulled down the handkerchief which he had just tied over his eyes, and drew from his pocket a second one, which

which the halter had drawn upon his neck. His face appeared to be greatly swollen and very black, resembling a high degree of mortification. It was indeed a most shocking sight to behold. There were at this time standing at the foot of the coffin two young men of uncommon short stature. They were not more than four feet high. Their dress was extremely gaudy. One of them had the clothes just taken from Andre hanging on his arm. I took particular pains to learn who they were, and was informed that they were his servants sent up from New York to take care of his clothes—but what other business I did not learn. I now turned to take a view of the executioner, who was still standing by one of the posts of the gallows. I walked near enough to him to have laid my hand upon his shoulder, and looked him directly in the face. He appeared to be about twenty-five years of age; his beard of some two weeks' growth, and his whole face covered with what appeared to me to have been taken from the outside of a greasy pot. A more frightful looking creature I never beheld. His whole countenance bespoke him to be a fit instrument for the business he had been doing. I remained until the spot until scarcely twenty persons were left, but the coffin was still beside the grave which had previously been dug. I returned to my tent with my mind deeply imbued with the shocking scene which I had been called to witness."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SONG.

BY WM. L. SHORMAKER.

O, do not think I love thee less,
That I ne'er sing in praise
Of thee,—thy more than loveliness,
And dainty, winning ways!
The violet that loves the star,
Can only love and gaze,
And the flower that loves the sun afar,
Is silent in his rays.

Thyself art sweetest poetry,
With music rich and rare
As sound of seraph's harp may be
To a holy saint at prayer:
'Twould mar that soul-felt melody,
If I thy praise should dare,
And weak my strongest eulogy
Would be for one so fair.

As in some river's deep, dark breast,
The star of evening beams,
And he enfolds the lovely guest
In silence in his streams:
So, bright within my silent heart,
Thine image ever gleams,—
A ray from heaven—a throb apart
For worship and for dreams.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CHRISTOPHER AND HIS LODGINGS.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

TAP, tap, tap!

Now Mr. Christopher Mayhew heard these sounds plainly enough; but he was standing before a mirror, making a very graceful tie in his cravat, and if he let go the ends to open the door, the prospect was that the knot would have to be made over again; so he waited until the summons was repeated, and then simply said: "Walk in."

A "good morning, Mr. Mayhew," caused him to turn round.

"Excuse my early call, sir," said a short, plump woman, with a great many flowers on her dress, a great many curls about her face, and a great deal of ribbon on her cap. "I just stepped in to see if you are suited."

"Suited? with what, ma'am?"

"With the room, sir," said the plump lady, with a bland smile.

"O, very well,—very well, Mrs. Ross."

"Is your bed made to please you, sir? Some folks like a square bed, and some a round bed; others like most of the feathers at the top, and others want them all over alike. I knew one man who wanted his feet elevated, and his head lowered; but I pleased him completely by putting three pillows at the foot and none at all at the head—reversion, you understand, Mr. Mayhew? Now if you have any little whims about such matters, don't be backward about telling me. I want to make my lodgers feel at home."

"Thank you, Mrs. Ross; I don't humor myself with whims, and I have no fault to find with your chambermaid," responded the gentleman, in a dry tone, at the close of this voluble preface.

"Does she sweep often enough? Some gentlemen don't want sweeping done oftener than once a month; while others aint contented unless the broom and dust-brush are flying every day. Single gentlemen almost always have pet ways of their own, which I make it a point to gratify, if I can, and when I undertake a thing, Mr. Mayhew, I never stop for trifles. Now if you'll be good enough to tell me what you've been accustomed to, I'll—"

"I beg you not to trouble yourself, Mrs. Ross; I have no pet ways that I am aware of. My carpet is clean, and the furniture free from dust, as you can see," replied the lodger, rather annoyed at the lengthy interruption.

"I dare say, now," she resumed, not in the least daunted by Mr. Mayhew's responses, "that your fire isn't built properly. There are so many different ways of making fires that it's impossible to hit right every time. There was Mr. Mills, the gentleman who occupied this room before you, sir,—wouldn't have the coal disturbed but once in three days; while Mr. Martin wanted his grate emptied, and the fire made up new twice a-day. A trial that lodger was, sir! but I had the satisfaction of hearing him say that I was the only woman of judgment he ever met with. A piece of flattery, I presume, but then it was very good in Mr. Martin to do me justice. But as I was saying, sir, if you have any particular notions about coal fires, just tell me."

"I don't believe I have any particular notions; but if I have, I shall be careful about exposing them. My fires burn very well—that is a sign that they are properly made. By the way," added the gentleman, at a loss to know what all this preamble was for, "if my rent is due, the money is ready for you."

"Rent, sir?—that will not be due for three weeks. I beg you will give me the credit of knowing *something* about propriety, Mr. Mayhew!" exclaimed Mrs. Ross, with a slight toss of the head, and an uprising of her short person.

"I ask your pardon, ma'am," said the submissive lodger.

"I am sure you didn't mean to insult me, sir; but your words implied a lack of knowledge on my part," continued the mollified landlady, who had refused an offered chair, and stood holding the door-knob with one hand, and fingering her curls with the other; while the impatient Christopher leaned against the bed-post, with hands crossed behind him, wishing devoutly that lodgings could be obtained without the interference of landladies. "Very few such slightly and airy chambers to let as this," resumed the plump woman. "There's the mall, and the State House, and the fountain, and Park Street Church, and the green grass, and—"

"A good view, I will allow," interrupted Mr. Mayhew, buttoning his coat.

"O, you are thinking of going out! I hope I haven't detained you, sir. I only wanted to ask if you are willing to pay more for this room; I've got a chance to let it to much better advantage, but as I didn't wish to do anything impolite or unhandsome, I thought I'd mention it to you, before giving the other gentleman a final answer," said Mrs. Ross, hesitatingly.

"Then why in the—in the deuce, ma'am, couldn't you say so at once!" exclaimed the lodger, fretfully. "I pay you an exorbitant price for this room, now, and am certain I shall vacate it before giving more."

"Just as you please, sir; but I've given you the first chance," returned Mrs. Ross, as she closed the door and ran down stairs.

"Imposition!" muttered Mayhew. "It seems to me that landladies are made up out of the refuse part of creation. They're tyrannical, miserly, ignorant, ill-mannered, uncultivated and homely. I never saw a handsome one, upon my word! They all have yellow hair, like Ross, square shoulders, red faces, turn-up noses, low foreheads, short, thick fingers, tub-like figures, and know as little about good taste and harmony of colors in dress as monkeys. Then they are either squint-eyed, or cross-eyed, or freckled, or have wens on their heads, or warts on their hands, or scandal on their tongues."

Ah, Christopher Mayhew, it is easy to see that you are a bachelor!

"Here I am," pursued the plain-spoken lodger, "scarcely settled in this room—which I was three weeks in finding, and which I pay too much for by a dollar and a half a week,—when Madame Ross coolly informs me that she can get more for it, the same as to say, 'Give me the like, or vacate the premises,' and this, after spending an hour of my time getting at the subject. It is intolerable! Single men are entirely at the mercy of penurious widows and scheming old maids; nobody else has lodgings to let. I might have known something was coming when the old feminine spoke so feelingly about my comfort; they never ask an unfortunate lodger if his bed is made to suit him without intending to make at least fifty cents out of the question, and the motherly enquiry, 'if he hasn't pet ways,' is nothing but a forerunner to some fleecing operation which he will soon be the victim of. But what's the use of complaining? looking for lodgings isn't any worse than hunting houses for squalling babies and scolding wives. Christopher, you might be worse off!" And with this consoling assurance, Mr. Mayhew lowered himself into an arm-chair, and seizing the morning paper, began to devour the contents of a column headed "To Let." Nothing applicable to his peculiar case presented itself, until his eye met these lines:

"A large, airy chamber, commanding a most delightful prospect of the city and surrounding country, situated in a house where there are no other lodgers and no boarders, and in a neighborhood most unexceptionable, will be let to a single gentleman of quiet habits, who wishes the comforts of a home instead of the frigidities and annoyances of a boarding-house. Breakfast and tea can be had, if desired. Apply at No. 12, Blake Place, between the hours of ten and eleven, A. M."

"What a lucky dog!—just the thing—capital chance!" cried Christopher, thrusting the paper into his pocket. Hurriedly donning hat, coat and gloves, he locked his door and walked down the street as though he had a note to meet at bank in precisely ten minutes; somebody might forestall him at No. 12, for it wanted only that period of time to eleven o'clock. He reached Blake Place, heated and panting for breath, stopping an instant opposite the house where "the comforts of a home" were to be obtained, to take an outside survey; but he could not learn much by externals of the character of the inmates, the house being, like all city houses, a brick one, with stone steps and green blinds—the former dirty and the latter closed. However, mud would stick that morning, as his boots testified, so that explained the offence against cleanliness. A white-headed urchin answered his ring, opening the door just wide enough to peep out.

"Is your father at home, my little man?" queried Mr. Mayhew.

The "little man" shook his head.

"Is your mother in?" continued the would-be lodger.

The "little man" nodded affirmatively, but made no demonstration toward calling his maternal parent, and evidently disposed not to waste words. To relieve his increasing embarrassments—Christopher had glanced over his shoulder, and perceived a couple of young ladies tittering in the opposite house,—a motherly-looking woman pushed open the almost closed door, and politely asked him to walk in, apologizing so gracefully for the boy's ill-manners that he forgave him on the spot.

The "large and airy chamber" proved to be of common size, ventilated by two windows of the usual dimensions. The "prospect," he was grieved to find, had been exaggerated; by standing on his toes and straining his neck disagreeably, he could just catch a glimpse of Charles River, and one house and two barns in the "surrounding country;" but the "home comforts" in prospective promised to remunerate him for the lack of scenery. The house, he thought, had not quite such a well-ordered appearance as that of Mrs. Ross; yet there was certainly less of stiffness and formality about it. There was a marble mantel—that looked better than a wooden one; there was a gas-burner—Mrs. Ross burned oil; there was a bathing-room at his disposal—without doubt that was an advantage.

"We don't make a practice of taking lodgers," said the motherly woman, familiarly; "but as we had a spare room, and rents are so high, I suggested to Mr. Dodge—my husband, sir,—that we should let it. Besides, the more people I have round me, the better I feel; and a lodger, I think, is just as much entitled to the comforts of my sitting-room as a boarder. I don't like ceremony, and cold conversation chills me; sociableness is the great thing

n this life. Then I don't object to mending a pair of hose, or sewing on a button, or a string, once in a while, for gentlemen who haven't any sisters, and whose mothers live a long way off."

"That is really kind of her," thought Mr. Mayhew. "I shouldn't wonder if this proved to be the very place I've been in search of these two years. How different she is from Mrs. Ross! None of that don't-care-for-you expression, and that condescending manner which signifies that one is receiving a favor by being allowed to hire her rooms. There is a charming home-feeling here already."

"When lodgers are sick," pursued Mrs. Dodge, "I feel it my duty to wait upon them. I can't tell, I'm sure, sir, how many bowls of gruel and herb tea I've made for folks that wasn't any relation to me; though, perhaps, I shouldn't be the one to tell of it," she modestly added.

"Kind soul! Catch Mrs. Ross making a bowl of gruel!" mused Christopher, glad that one woman had an idea beyond dollars and cents.

These valuable considerations, added to that of moderate terms, being summed up, the product was so promising that Mr. Mayhew engaged the room at once. His earthly possessions, consisting of two trunks, a valise, a writing-desk, several books, four pictures, three statuettes, and a boot-jack, were soon transported to No. 12, Blake Place, where he spent the rest of the day in selecting places, with proper light, to hang his landscapes; Mrs. Dodge kindly assisting him with a hammer, a high stool, a "piece of advice," for which he was duly grateful. Having completed his artistical movements, Christopher looked at the marble mantel, the gas-burners, thought of the bath-room, the herb-tea, the missing buttons and strings that would not be off when they ought to be on, the friendly calls in Mrs. Dodge's sitting-room, and then retired to sleep the sleep of the satisfied.

During the ensuing week, the master of the dwelling was seldom seen; but this can be explained by saying that Mrs. Dodge was active, and Mr. Dodge passive; therefore, the latter came and departed without any noise, went on errands submissively, and drank his tea cold without a murmur. But his wife was sociable enough for both; she looked in almost every time she came up stairs, either to bring an apple, or a piece of cake, or a new book, quite disdaining the trifling formality of knocking, as that was "so ceremonious." The lodger was not over particular, but he could not help reflecting that it might sometimes be inconvenient, to say the least. The idea occurred to him, furthermore, that, perhaps, something in return was expected of him; for selfishness, he truly believed, was the prominent characteristic of people with lodgings to let. If he had doubts respecting Mrs. Dodge's motives for her repeated kindnesses, they were quickly removed; he could not mistake the path of duty. She made him a confidant; told him of a difficulty with her nursery girl, which had ended in her dismissal that morning; of the necessity of her going shopping that afternoon, which would have to be delayed on account of their being no one to take care of her youngest. So what could our bachelor do—with a large slice of fruit-cake and a glass of lemonade fresh in his memory—but offer to "look after" the child during her absence. Mrs. Dodge was profuse in her thanks, and put on a more motherly air than ever.

Two hours from that time, view Mr. Mayhew, baby in lap, its hands and feet flying, its lungs in full operation, making violent efforts to get away, which only resulted in throwing off two tiny shoes, and being held the closer. Now Christopher had never sung a note in his life; but, in this instance, he availed himself of all his musical ability, in hopes to drown the rival voice, if he could not stop the exercises on the high notes; he rapped loudly on the window-panes; he talked of imaginary horses and dogs; he trotted his knees up and down until they ached with weariness; he produced his gold watch, which was nearly thrown from his hand by a more energetic kick; but quiet the infantile he could not. It was his first experiment in baby-tending, and it neither raised children in his estimation nor strengthened his patience; it was a kind of "home comfort" not to his fancy.

When Mrs. Dodge returned—it was nearly night,—her lodger had experienced several conditions of mind: annoyance, vexation, dejection, and was now in the last stages of resignation. She was astonished at the report; "the dear little fellow was always so good, something must have ailed him. Yes, and there was the whole trouble—a great pin! No wonder he cried."

This, however, we must add, was an innocent ruse on the part of the mother to screen her hopeful from the charge of misbehavior. Wily woman! And now the young Dodges dodged in and out of Mayhew's room very often, sometimes under maternal patronage, sometimes alone; in the latter case they were mildly requested to leave, in the former they spoiled good pens and tore nice books with impunity.

Mr. Mayhew was a gentleman of leisure, and Mrs. Dodge was not long in remarking that he had an abundance of time on his hands. It was curious how much shopping she had to do, and how many calls she had to make, and what difficulty she had in getting somebody to take care of the children. Victimized Christopher! he could not say "no" to the motherly landlady, and so he tended the baby, and waited upon the white-headed urchin a great deal. More, he had once ordered dinner for the family when Mr. Dodge was too ill to go out; afterward, Mrs. Dodge observed that she wished he would do so every day, flatteringly adding that few single gentlemen were such good judges of meat. Our bachelor tried to be oblivious to her intentions; but just as he was leaving the house the next morning, the words, "A pair of chickens to-day, if you please, Mr. Mayhew," settled the question as to her meaning. But it was one of "the comforts of a home;" he selected the fowls very ungraciously, notwithstanding.

In rather bad humor, he spent the day at his club-room, and the

evening at a concert, returning home about ten. He was proceeding directly up stairs, when Mrs. Dodge called to him; he stopped.

"I've had company come since you went out, Mr. Mayhew, and as I didn't know what else to do with them, I've put one couple in your room."

"In my room!" cried the wondering lodger.

"I didn't suppose you'd have the slightest objection," she said, in an aggrieved tone. "I was sure you had an accommodating disposition."

"But how did you get in? it was locked."

"O, I have duplicate keys, in case of fire, you know, sir."

"But where am I to lodge?" pursued Christopher, quite taken aback by these unanticipated developments.

"There are plenty of hotels, my dear Mr. Mayhew, and very near by, too. I hope you won't be much incommoded by my arrangements. You see I don't make strangers of my lodgers, as I told you when you first came; I treat them the same as my own family. Good-night, my dear sir."

"Extraordinary conduct, it seems to me," soliloquized the dismissed gentleman. "Extraordinary! Who ever heard of the like? Walking into a man's room without leave; putting strangers into his bed, and then coolly advising him to lodge at a public house! My trunk isn't locked, my writing desk is open, my papers are exposed, my gold shirt studs are on the table, my books will be handled, my statuettes will be thrown down, my razor will be used. Confound the woman! She's worse than Mrs. Ross! I shan't sleep a wink to-night."

Curious as it may seem, Mr. Mayhew not only spent *one* night at a hotel, but three, the unwelcome bed tenants taking possession of his couch at a certain hour, whether he was present or absent. These proceedings had such a novel and, on the whole, objectionable aspect that he seriously thought of expostulating with the prime mover in the matter; but after discovering that his socks were whole, and the full complement of buttons on his shirt, he was ashamed to; his landlady had such coaxing ways he could not withstand them; he knew she had a good heart and meant well. Yet these proved only initiatory trials; as the old ladies would say, the good-natured bachelor was "put upon" in every conceivable way, each day unfolding some new method to Mrs. Dodge to make her lodger useful. But the aid at length grew discontented; the marble mantel, the gas-burner, the conveniences of a bath-room, the usual offerings of cake, and the other "comforts of a home," became of slight consequence in his eyes. He was hard-hearted enough to believe that Mrs. Dodge had an interested motive in discharging her nursery-maid, and that she intended the "large, airy chamber" to serve for both guests and lodgers. He wished from his heart that he had never left Mrs. Ross—she did not cloak her cupidity or cover her selfish purposes; and honesty he esteemed a great virtue—considerably above mere amiability.

Singular as it may appear, Mr. Mayhew found himself again in the mood of looking for lodgings. He took up an evening journal, and read:

"A lady, residing near the Common, is desirous to let a spacious, handsomely-furnished apartment to a first-class gentleman, on remunerative terms. No cheap applications desired. A widower, with one child, providing he be agreeable, would find a rare opportunity. Address box 2992, post-office."

"Here are three important points to be considered," mused Mr. Mayhew, "viz., a first-class gentleman, a widower, a child. What is a first-class gentleman? Here is a subject for critical inquiry and analysis. First-class must evidently mean a gentleman of the highest caste, before all others. The word gentleman signifies a person of politeness and good breeding. Am I a first-class gentleman, is the question to be decided. O, awful test of modesty! I will look in the glass; I will consult my friends; I will read *Chesterfield*. How do I converse? how do I walk? how do I eat? am I *comme il faut*? Astute lady advertiser, to what an ordeal have you subjected me! But I will settle it at one audacious dash, by voting myself a 'first-class gentleman.' Next comes the abominable item of a 'widower with one child.' I certainly am not a widower, and I haven't one child. But I am a bachelor, and a bachelor is worth two widowers and as many children—a fact which I thought pretty well understood, especially by the ladies. I'll tell her so, which despatches the second and third propositions. Now for the note:

"DEAR MADAM,—I hope to convince you that I shall answer all the purposes of a 'first-class gentleman, a widower and one child,' all of which is respectfully submitted. No. 12, Blake Place. CHRISTOPHER MAYHEW."

The next day brought the following response in a pink envelope:

"SIR,—Please call at No. 10 1-2, Park Street.

"LUCINDA FLOWERS."

"That looks maiden-ladyish," was his first reflection. "The handwriting is too stiff for a young lady, and too plain for an elderly lady. She's about forty, not 'fat and fair,' but tall, thin and yellow, with a disposition of the nature of pickles. But I can't be much worse off than I am at present. If she says a syllable about sewing on buttons, or making gruel, or speaks in general terms of the comforts of a home, I shall know she is a humbug, and not to be trusted."

Though Mr. Mayhew had, in the course of the last eight years, answered a great many similar advertisements in person, he felt more lively curiosity mingled with a little trepidation than he could account for. He made a more careful toilet than usual; his hair took an extra brushing and curling; his whiskers were subjected to a careful trimming, and a new cravat made its *début* that morning. Then drawing on his gloves, with hat in hand, he took a long survey of himself in a mirror. The face and figure there reflected satisfied Mr. Mayhew; whether they would anybody else, was another thing.

Arriving at the designated place, the applicant for lodgings was shown into a pretty room, where a harp, a piano and an open work-box denoted the existence of musical taste and industrious habits in the occupant. He had not long to wait; a lady, perhaps thirty years of age, but not more, of medium height, graceful bearing, and pleasant countenance, entered.

"Ah, sir," she said, somewhat confused, "you called in consequence—"

"Of an advertisement," added Mr. Mayhew, bowing. "But since I have seen you," he resumed, "I regret that I am not—"

"That you are not?" interposed the lady, anxiously.

"A widower," said Christopher.

"And, of course," continued the lady, averting her eyes modestly, "are—are—"

"Without the third requisition; but I had the vanity to suppose that a young bachelor would offset a widower and one child. I think, moreover, that I am a first-class gentleman, but I don't happen to remember, at this moment, any practicable way of proving it, which is certainly unfortunate. The fact is, madam, you'll have to try me; if I bring you a spurious article, why, expel me from your paradise."

"You are frank—that I like. But you have not seen the room destined for my lodger: it may not please you; neither do you know my terms," said the lady advertiser, smiling naively.

"That is true, madam; it always takes two to make a bargain. But I shall be willing to engage the room before seeing it, and accept your terms before knowing them," he gallantly rejoined, in reply.

Rash Christopher! He had never spoken a sentence so lacking in discretion in his life.

At the words "Please walk up stairs," he followed his fair guide to an apartment furnished with the softest of carpets, the prettiest of curtains, and the most luxurious of beds. Nothing was said about "prospects," conveniences, or advantages; not a promise was made, or an inducement held out. The place and its appointments spoke for themselves. He surveyed the whole with unfeigned gratification, nor was he backward in verbally expressing the same.

"The room suits you; I am glad of it, and as my terms are complied with beforehand, I do not need to mention them now; some two or three months hence, if we please each other so long, will be time enough. I observe you do not address me by name, perhaps for the good reason that you are not certain what it is; I am called Miss Lucinda Flowers, and your appellation is—"

"Christopher Mayhew, at your service, madam," he added, with an indefinable sense of relief at learning that his future landlady was not a married woman. Curious, wasn't it, that he should care for such a comparatively unimportant declaration? It looked rather inconsistent in a man professing entire indifference to the whole sex, to say the least. Experience kept telling him that he must not trust to appearances; but, despite this wholesome counsel, he assured himself over and over again, after the termination of his interview with Miss Flowers, that he had "made a hit." How unlike Mrs. Sampson, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Dodge, and a score more of female rulers, under whose reign he had lived anything but happily! Possibly he had not been very prudent in promising to pay whatever she might see fit to ask; but she seemed too much of a lady to take any undue advantage.

Mr. Mayhew's leave-taking with the motherly Mrs. Dodge could not be called cordial. That lady thought he was decidedly ungrateful, deeply regretting that she had been foolish enough, to use her own language, to treat him so well. There was her nice cake and oranges just thrown away! But she might have known how it would be; men, especially, never knew when they were well off. To revenge herself for having been kind enough to sew on a few buttons for her departing lodger, she opened the bundle of clean linen which his washerwoman had just left in her charge, and spitefully pulling out the different articles, cut off all the buttons she could find on the luckless shirts, and picked out all the darning she had put into several pairs of socks, besides putting her finger (accidentally of course) through a thin place in a nice handkerchief, and tearing it quite across; then neatly tying the bundle again, she carried it to the owner with the most innocent face in the world. As a parting tribute of kindly feeling, she ran against Mr. Mayhew's pet statuette, knocking off its head and breaking an arm, thereby causing that worthy gentleman much sorrow.

After considerable tribulation, Christopher succeeded in changing his lodgings, leaving his old quarters in a state of mind bordering on disgust. No more baby-tending, no more dinner-buying, no more errand-doing, no more hotel-sleeping, thanks to Miss Lucinda Flowers! It was directly ascertained by Mr. Mayhew that the household of the latter consisted of herself, a niece of twelve years, an aged housekeeper, and several servants. He was told, moreover, that the lady had never harbored a lodger before, and it was plainly a matter of surprise to the whole domestic cabinet that she should do so now. She was well provided for, and did not need money. What, then, did she give up one of her best rooms for, and inconvenience herself by the coming in and going out of a strange man?

"Sure enough!" thought Christopher. "What possible motive can she have?"

But this query did not long tenant his brain. Miss Flowers was so lady-like, so attractive in manner, so intelligent, and such a good talker, that he let possibilities and probabilities go, occupying himself solely with actualities. If she had not wanted a lodger, she would not have advertised for one; it was nothing to him what she was doing or intended to do; she seemed content, and he was comfortable: what more was there to be known? What a mistake he had made in supposing his correspondent a starch, stiff prude, in

age forty, and of a sour disposition! Indeed, she was the very reverse; he should be careful, in future, how he estimated people by their chirography.

Mr. Mayhew was excessively fond of music and whist-playing; he could listen to sweet tones a great while without tiring, and shuffle pasteboard as long as anybody would keep him company; for amusement only, it must be understood. Miss Flowers kept open house; rarely an evening passed that more or less agreeable company could not be found in her drawing-rooms, among whom she was the "bright, particular star," twinkling with wit and wisdom for each and all. To these reunions the lodger had the *open sesame*; he was treated with marked attention and courtesy, his hostess soon perceiving that he bid fair to be a valuable addition to her coterie of friends. She was correct; in a short period he was a universal favorite.

The bachelor was in his element; he had lost his relish for solitary reveries, and his club associates—jovial fellows, too,—bantered him in vain concerning his non-appearance among them. Refined female society imperceptibly drew him away from the delights of eating, drinking, smoking, lounging, and the many other modes which a man of leisure devises to spend time. But now the hours never hung heavy on his hands. It was astonishing how well Miss Flowers wore; she improved wonderfully upon acquaintance. Highly educated, talented and accomplished, united to a cultivated intellect and good qualities of head and heart, Mr. Mayhew began to think her an uncommon woman. He walked with her, rode with her, sung with her, read to her, and escorted her to evening entertainments, and all voluntary on his part. Miss Flowers employed none of the Dodge tactics; she was neither patronizing nor condescending, but quiet, modest and unassuming. He felt a certain kind of pleasure in offering her his attentions, they were received so gratefully and unaffectedly. She did not treat him like a lodger, nor a father (fudge!), nor a brother, nor quite like a friend. What *did* she treat him like, then? Christopher wished he knew.

"Miss Flowers," he said, looking up suddenly, "you advertised for a widower; does a bachelor answer as well for a lodger?"

"Quite as well, my dear sir."

"And a 'first-class gentleman'—how about that?"

"O, you have proved yourself one, Mr. Mayhew, and when I say that, you will not care to have me define the term, I am sure," laughingly replied the lady.

"Nevertheless, I am dissatisfied," added Christopher, looking the blushing Lucinda steadily in the face.

"Dissatisfied?"

"So much so that I must leave, unless you accede to a condition I shall name," he continued, growing more serious.

"What may it be?"

"That you take me as a lodger for life."

"That I have no hesitation in doing," was the immediate reply.

"You do not understand me; I simply mean—will you marry me?"

"I understand perfectly; I will marry you, Mr. Mayhew."

"And when, my dear Miss Flowers?"

"To-day, if you wish."

"Excellent woman! Now tell me your motive for advertising for a lodger."

"Willingly; that I might get a husband and he a wife, providing we liked each other well enough to assume these relations. These were the terms you accepted before knowing them," rejoined the lady advertiser, meaningly, her eyes shining with mirth.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Mayhew, playfully. "I'm afraid I've been the victim of a conspiracy. But I'll cancel my obligations on the spot; accept my hand, my dear Lucinda, and my heart, too."

Lucinda did, and a kiss into the bargain; all three had been fairly won. Both looked as happy as though a courtship of six years had just been terminated, and although their love-making was not after the established mode, it was probably as genuine and likely to be as lasting as that we read about in romances, where soft-sighing and heart-fluttering are distinctive features. Yes, Mr. Christopher Mayhew had uttered words he never meant to speak in female ears—words significant of joy or sorrow.

"It occurred to me several times, my dear Miss Flowers, that you received my advances in very good part, just as though they were expected," he said, at the close of this tete-a-tete.

"Yet you must admit that they were entirely unsolicited," was the smiling retort. "I believe there were no compulsory measures resorted to."

Mr. Mayhew was so well answered that he dropped that phase of the subject; in truth, the lady had exhibited no boldness or female vanity. And now the genuine "comforts of a home" are in a fair way to be realized; for to-morrow is the wedding-day of Mr. Mayhew and Miss Flowers. No more cross landladies and uncomfortable lodgings for the former, or lonely hours for the latter. Never despair, bachelors, of getting good quarters; never despair, ladies, of getting good husbands while newspapers are so plenty and advertising so cheap.

THE TEACHER'S OCCUPATION.—Have you ever thought of what that man is doing who teaches children? You go into the workshop of the wheelwright; he is making wheels and shafts, and you say he is a useful man. You enter the house of a weaver, who is making cloth, and you say he is a valuable man. You visit the blacksmith's shop, where you find him making pickaxes, hammers and plowshares, and you say this man is essential—you salute these skillful laborers. You enter the house of a school-master, salute him more profoundly. Do you know what he is doing? He is manufacturing minds.—*Annals of Education*.

VOYAGE OF AN AMERICAN CLIPPER.

Eighteen hundred years ago, the Roman poet, enlarging on the temerity of the first navigator, gave utterance to the sentiment which occurs spontaneously to every one who for the first time stands by the shore of the great deep and beholds the frail embarcations committed to its mercy. Horace says:

" Illi robur et æs triplex
 Et circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
 Commisit pelago ratem
 Primus."

" His breast in oak and triple brass was sheathed,
 Who first the frail bark to the false sea gave."

" Vainly," he goes on to say, " has the wisdom of God placed the ocean limit to the earth, if the impiety of men has invented vessels to pass those gulfs which they should not approach." These protestations were not called forth by the departure of a friend on a voyage around the world—the circumnavigation of the globe was unknown to the ancients: their *Ultima Thule* was a near point in Europe,—but on a brief trip from Ostia to Athens. How would the imagination of the poet have kindled, sweeping away his fears, could he have beheld, if only in a vision, in place of those three-banked galleys with their little fluttering sails, his highest conception of a ship, a magnificent American clipper, such as Mr. Wade has drawn for us in the first of the fine series of marine sketches now laid before the reader, with every inch of canvass spread aloft and alow, looking, not like an inanimate object, but a " thing of life," spreading her broad wings exultingly, like an ocean bird, and sweeping, in her triumphant flight, across the pathless waters!

" So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
 The main she will traverse for ever and aye;
 Many ports will exult in the gleam of her masts."

The origin of ship-building, like that of most of the useful arts, is lost in the dim night of antiquity, and poets and fabulists have lent their aid in yet further obscuring it. The wings which *Dædalus* fabricated to escape from the labyrinth of Crete were the sails with which he fled from the pursuit of *Minos*. *Hercules*, we are told, used his lion-skin to waft him over the water. We find a great similarity among the contrivances of savages and half-civilized nations to navigate the deep. The primitive canoes of the Egyptians, Ethiopians, Arabs and early Britons, as described to us, were not unlike those of our North American Indians. The early Egyptians used to traverse the Nile on rafts. Sicily and Corsica were colonized by parties who came thither on such contrivances. So the " balza " of the modern Peruvian is made of a number of logs tightly bound together, secured by transverse beams, and sharpened towards the prow, while vertical planks, almost identical with our centre-boards, hold the water, and enable the balza to sail on a wind. Some of these rude vessels safely navigate the stormy coasts of Peru, carrying ten and twenty tons of merchandize. The Egyptians, who probably originated the raft, soon improved on their contrivance. They built vessels of strong joists of the



AMERICAN CLIPPER SHIP, CLOSE-HAULED ON A WIND.



AMERICAN CLIPPER SHIP, ALL SAILS SET

acanthus wood, overlapping each other, and secured together by strong wooden pins. The seams were strengthened by introducing leaves of the papyrus, and the stout fabric, thus constructed, supported the benches of the rowers. Afterwards, a mast, furnished with a sail of papyrus, took advantage of a wind. But the Egyptians improved little on this rude contrivance. Their navigation being confined exclusively to the Nile, necessity did not prompt the spirit of invention. They had a horror of the sea, which they figured as the monster *Typhon* swallowing up their sacred river. They were emphatically fresh-water sailors. The Phenicians, a more adventurous and sea-faring people, improved on the contrivances of the Egyptians, and rendered their vessels somewhat more sea-worthy. In the Chinese junk of to-day, the same in model and equipment as the junk of thirty centuries since, we probably behold the counterpart of the Phenician ship. The early ships of the sea-faring people of the East were broad and flat-bottom, without a keel, which was subsequently added. We are told that, " in order to increase the strength, a keelson was soon added, overlaying the floor timbers and confining them to the keel; beams were also placed aloft, to hold the sides together and sustain the deck. The planking, which took its name among the Greeks, from the garment which covers the human body, was firmly attached to the frame by means of iron nails, some of which passed through, and were clenched within. When, however, the ancients discovered the tendency of iron to rot the wood, they substituted copper. To obviate the danger of starting the plank ends—a danger sometimes fatal to the mariner,—a piece of wood was sometimes let into both in form of a dove-tail. Oak and pine, then as now, were the woods most used, and to the last the Greeks gave the name of 'everlasting wood,' though it was found not to hold well when nailed in the ordinary way, and to grow iron-sick; cypress, not being subject to shrink and cause leakage, was also esteemed, and elmwood was placed in such parts as were constantly under water. The Romans were very particular as to the season of felling ship-timber; aware that there was much to be gained by attention to this subject, though mistaken as to the means. They would only fell between the fifteenth and twenty-third days of the moon's age, believing that when it was on the wane, the sap, which is the chief cause of early decay, descended; they were also attentive to the quarter from which the wind blew; in autumn it should be westerly, in winter, north. To stop the leakage at the joints, lime and pounded shells were first applied; these being found soon to pull off, wax, rosin and pitch were advantageously substituted; flax was also driven into the seams, and leather occasionally used as a sheathing. A vessel of the time of Trajan, raised, after thirteen centuries, from the bottom of a lake, was found to have a bottom of pine and cypress, still in a sound state; her seams were caulked with linen smeared with pitch, then sheathed with sheet lead and copper nails. Nor were the ancient vessels without ornament; the prow was especially decorated with paint and gilding, representing the forms of the gods; taking its

name from the human face, its sides were called the *cheeks*. Its foremost extremity was usually carved into the representation of men and animals, or else formed in graceful curves; where it divided the water, it was called the *goose*, from the image of that animal, placed there as an omen that the vessel should not sink. The distinguishing banner stood at the bow, representing a mountain, tree, flower, or other emblem; from this the name was usually taken, and conspicuously painted on a round piece of wood called the *eye*. The stem was sometimes carved in the figure of a shield and elaborately decorated; upon a staff there erected, ribbons were hung, distinctive of the ship, and serving, at the same time, to show the direction of the wind; there, too, stood the *tutela*, or chosen patron of the ship; prayer and sacrifices were daily offered to it, and it was held so sacred as to offer a sanctuary to those who fled to it. Family considerations, patriotic partiality, or simple expediency, determined the selection of the deity; thus merchants committed themselves to the protection of *Mercury*, warriors to *Mars*, and lovers to *Cupid* and *Venus*." As ship building improved among the ancients, the form and size of ships was greatly varied. The war galleys were extremely narrow and sharp, with an armed prow, while the merchantman was broad and capacious. The first sailing vessels had a single mast, with a leather, and afterwards a cloth sail, managed with ropes of the same material, or of a bush broom and hemp. The first anchors used were large stones attached to a cable, afterwards they were made of wood and stone combined, and finally of iron with large teeth to enable them to take hold. There is no question but in their palmiest days the ancients built ships of enormous tonnage, equalling, perhaps, the leviathans of modern times. The largest of the obelisks of Heliopolis was conveyed to Rome by the Emperor *Constantius* on board a ship which must have had a carrying capacity of 2600 tons! We are told marvels of a ship which *Archimedes* constructed for *Hiero*, king of Syracuse, and which had banquetting rooms, galleries, stables, fish ponds, a temple of *Venus*, and many other marvels,—in short, quite a floating world. Allowing for the propensity of the ancients to exaggerate their achievements, we must confess that this must have been a noble specimen of naval architecture. Yet such vessels as these were undoubtedly exceptional—were monstrous curiosities, for *Cicero* speaks of a ship of 56 tons as being noteworthy for her size. Naval architecture, with other valuable arts, was driven backward by the night of the dark ages. The vessels which carried the Saxon invaders to Britain were rude structures of wicker work sheathed with hides—mere floating-baskets. Then mariners began again, and, by slow degrees, to recover the lost arts of ship-building. The Mediterranean was again covered with war-galleys, until, finally, the oar was banished by the sail. The introduction of the compass and the application of astronomical principles to navigation gave it a new impulse, and from that moment the art of constructing ships has been rapidly advancing, until it appears to have reached its *acme*. It was reserved for the mechanics of this country, by industry, perseverance and practical experiment, to surpass all the rest of the world in the model, symmetry and speed of their vessels. The Baltimore clipper schooner first



AMERICAN CLIPPER SHIP, SCUDDING.



AMERICAN CLIPPER SHIP ON HER BEAM ENDS.

attracted European attention to the skill of our builders. Overhauling everything upon the ocean, she excited admiration by her performances. It is only of late years, however, we have resolved the problem of combining speed and capacity, and, applying the same principle which governed the construction of the clipper schooner, produced clipper ships which vie with it in speed, and nearly so in facility of handling. The American clipper ship stands forth pre-eminently the champion of our mechanic skill. She carries the fame of our builders to every port. She gladdens the waters of San Francisco, and astonishes the natives of Japan. The rake of her masts, the gleam of her canvass and the flash of her beautiful sides excite as much attention in the waters of the Mersey as they do in the ports of Australia, where the gold flies for transportation to the stars and stripes. For many years our English friends had had reason to admire the beauty and speed of our ships; but there were one or two things on which they still prided themselves as excellent. They built the fastest yachts in the world. The royal yacht squadron boldly challenged the maritime universe. This was all very well, until, one day, a saucy little schooner-rigged craft, showing Yankee colors, made her appearance at the Isle of Wight. The blind followers of routine held up their hands in astonishment, and curled their lips in contempt at this embodiment of the spirit of innovation. "What a queer-shaped hull, and what a trim! what raking masts! and how curiously those sails are cut! They set as flat as boards!" Such were the expressions of amateurs, as they gazed upon the phenomenon. But more than one salt, who knew what Yankee clippers had done, shook his head as he gazed, and, with a hitch of his trousers, whispered to his mates that she was an ugly customer. The day of trial came. How gloriously the stranger craft behaved! How she shot right into the wind's eye, laying two or three points nearer than the best boat in the royal squadron! "Never mind," said the still sanguine; "we shall beat her going free." But alas! how speedily that hope vanished when the Yankee schooner came about, and spreading her enormous wings, whose close texture imprisoned every sigh of the breeze, swept down to the goal triumphantly, beating some of the crack boats of England out of sight! What a triumph for the little "America," and the great nation she represented and typified! And such it was acknowledged to be by hearty John Bull, who, with all his prejudices, is a generous fellow at bottom, and who is magnanimous enough even to forgive a victory. From that time to this the old fellow has never breathed a word of disparagement of Yankee ships and Yankee crews. From this necessarily brief and cursory glance at the history of ship-building, let us proceed to a consideration of the series of beautiful engravings made from original designs furnished for our paper by Mr. William Wade, whose spirited marine drawings have elicited so many commendations from the subscribers of the Pictorial. This series might be termed not inaptly the life of an American clipper ship, for it is next to impossible to look upon a noble ship as an inanimate object. Byron says of his corsair bark: "She walks the waters like a thing of life;"

and a ship does indeed seem to move by her own volition. The first picture shows the American clipper, gliding majestically down the bay on her outward voyage, every stitch of canvass set, her royals and sky-sails seeming to sweep the very heavens. What a beautiful and complicated fabric! Yet there is not a line, not a spar, not a sail in that magnificent moving pyramid which has not a name and a purpose. The whole structure is nicely balanced and adjusted, and she rides like a sea-bird on the wave. A thousand hearts beat high as they see her moving onward in obedience to the pressure of the breeze, gathering headway as she glides, and gradually disappearing on the verge of the horizon, her white skysails being the last to fade from the object-glass of the observer, as they melt like mists in the distance. How many hopes and prayers go with her, as she goes on her path, freighted with a richer burthen than the valuable cargo with which she is laden! The second engraving exhibits another phase in the adventurous career of our ship. She is no longer darting through the waters under a press of canvass. The wind has shifted and is blowing fresh, and the clipper is now on the wind, close hauled, under double-reefed topsails, courses, spanker, fore-topmast staysail and jib. She holds her own gallantly, and now the pride of the naval architect is seen as she runs steadily into the wind's eye, the steersman at the wheel keeping her on her course. The shattered waves are pierced by her sharp prow, and flash away under her counter. She seems born to conquer the element with which she strives. The third engraving shows yet another change in her circumstances, and one which calls into exercise the seamanship of her commander, and the prompt obedience of her hardy crew. It is now blowing a gale, and the noble ship, unable to make headway against the fury of the wind, is scudding under close-reefed fore and main topsails and storm-sails. The waves are running high, and every sign that shows itself informs the wary commander that a hurricane is at hand. He is prepared to meet the exigency. His orders, brief, stern and peremptory, are promptly obeyed; for every man feels that on perfect obedience and alertness the safety of the ship and cargo depends. All sails are furled and secured, and the hatches battened down to exclude every drop of water should she ship a sea. The light spars, yards and gaffs are sent down and stowed away for use, and the flying jib-boom is taken in,—all being made snug aloft and aloft. A spare tiller is got in readiness; axes and hammers placed ready, and the pumps tried. A life-line is rigged along each side of the deck, and each man has a belt on to make fast to, to prevent his being washed overboard. And now everything having been done, that experience and foresight can suggest, the hardy crew, with firm hearts, prepare to meet the storm, ready to cry out, with Shakspeare, "Blow wind, and crack your cheeks!"

"The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say, 'Let the storm come down!'
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and the waters rave,



AMERICAN CLIPPER SHIP MAKING PORT.

A life on the heaving sea!
A home on the bounding wave!"

In scudding, the safety of the ship depends on the steering, which demands a "quick small helm," and the best man in the ship. Sometimes the sea travels faster than the ship, and swamps her. The minutest detail must be attended to. Many a ship has been lost by the blowing out of the binnacle lamp; a lighted lantern should always be on hand. Our fourth engraving represents a thrilling scene—the ship on her beam ends, with the crew cutting away her masts. If, in this exigency, the wreck be not cleared immediately, the ship will infallibly go down. The mizen-mast is cut away first and secured to the quarter to act as a drag. This is a period that tries the souls of those who encounter the dangers of the stormy deep. The fifth picture shows a change for the better. The hurricane has subsided, the ship righted, and the decks are clear. An old mast or spar attached to the ship is now useful in enabling her to lay to. After the waves have gone down, all hands are employed in rigging jury-masts. The ship, as it now appears, is stripped of all her ornamental work, and lies on the waves a naked hull, like a giant oak stripped of its foliage and branches by the fury of the hurricane. The sixth engraving completes the series. It shows us fair weather and a calm sea. After all her trials, the noble ship is proudly entering the port of Marseilles, under jury-sails, with her rich merchandize safe and sound under hatches. The jury-masts are rigged in the following manner: Take any large spar (and all ships carry extra ones), say a topmast; with the head over the night heads, and heel against the stump of the foremast, rig on a couple of ropes to the head, take to sides and heave taut; hook on another, and take aft. Lash the heel to the stump, and raise the mast with the after-rope. When it is raised, set it up with stays and rigging. Send up a smaller spar for the topmast, and rig on what yards you have. The process for main and mizen-masts is the same. To navigate a ship in fair weather is a comparatively easy task; but to meet and control the storm in its might, to repair damages by ingenious expedients, "from the nettle, danger, and pluck the flower, safety," this demands a brave, able and experienced man, and taxes his knowledge of seamanship to the utmost. The experienced commander must not only be thoroughly acquainted with seamanship, but with human nature; for he has various specimens of humanity to deal with; and he must, moreover, love his profession. A thorough seaman has the same love for his ship that an Arab has for his horse. Cooper, who understood the sailor's character thoroughly, does not violate probability when he makes Long Tom Coffin refuse to leave the wreck of his schooner, saying: "I saw the first plank of the little Aiel laid, and I always said she should be my coffin." And it was. And this feeling pervades the sailor's heart, and binds him like a lover to his mistress's embrace; so that he is often ready to perish with the destruction of the craft that has been his joy and pride in her voyages over the deep.



AMERICAN CLIPPER SHIP RIGHTED—MASTS CUT AWAY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MEMORY.

BY WM. RODERICK LAWRENCE.

Fond memory will recall the forms
Of those we loved, though passed away,
Far from the troubles and the storms
That here beset the pilgrim way.

None tread a thornless path below,
Though roses greet us through the shower;
And in the genial sunlight glow,
Oft sorrow lurks beneath the flower.

Though specious phases life may wear,
And many a pleasing mask put on;
How soon will fade the bright and fair,
How soon life's golden hour be gone.

The dear companions of our way,
Who fought the fight, whose race is o'er,
Have borne the burden of the day,
And safely reached that far-off shore.

Yet memory will recall the forms
Of those we loved, now passed away:
Far from the troubles and the storms
That here beset life's transient day.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

YOUNGER BY THIRTEEN YEARS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

FLORIBEL ELTON was not far from the truth, when, raising her eyes from the embroidery with which her delicate fingers had been trifling for the last ten minutes, she thought that the face and figure reflected in the mirror opposite were the most beautiful she had ever beheld. There was all the bloom, freshness and sparkle of a June rose, the dew still unexhaled, with features such as a sculptor would have chosen for a model. And then her blue, starry eyes were so deeply fringed, and the whiteness of her forehead and throat was relieved by such a profusion of golden brown hair, which fell in natural ringlets, that nothing more could be desired, either in contour or color, to please and satisfy the eye.

Floribel and her sister Gertrude, who was thirteen years older than herself, were the only survivors of a large family. Parents, brothers, sisters, were all gone. Since the decease of their father, who outlived their mother by many years, they had resided with an aunt, whose name was Seaton.

Gertrude, while her sister's attention was divided between a primrose leaf, which was not more than half done, though commenced an hour previously, and the contemplation of her own fair person, was busy with some plain sewing. Gertrude, as has been said, was thirteen years older than her sister. She had never been as handsome as Floribel, and now, at the age of thirty, when she had a little over-exerted herself, or when her spirits were somewhat depressed, it could be seen that her beauty was on the wane.

Mrs. Seaton sat in a retired nook, half concealed by the drapery of a window. Though she held a book in her hand, her eyes wandered from its pages as frequently as Floribel's did from her embroidery. She noticed how often her younger niece looked towards the mirror, and though she could scarcely find it in her heart to blame her for gazing with delight on the fair form it reflected, she regretted that she entertained so exalted a sense of her personal grace and loveliness, as to seriously interfere with mental or moral culture. She could even recall instances, when, by her vanity and selfishness, she had wounded the feelings of Gertrude, who had, for the last ten years, watched over her with maternal solicitude. To her own mind, Gertrude, with her soft hazel eyes, smooth, serene forehead, shaded with rich wavy hair of a dark brown, and with fresh red lips, around which hovered a world of sweetness, that even in moments of sadness lingered there still, was by far the most interesting and lovable.

As the hour approached for making fashionable calls, Floribel, when she raised her eyes from her embroidery, as often directed them to one of the windows which looked upon the shaded avenue that led to the front entrance, as to the glass. He whom she hoped to see, did not make his appearance, and at last she exclaimed, rather petulantly:

"There's no dependence to be put in any one. I wished very much to call on Fanny Wilmer this morning, and should, had I not heard you say, aunt, that Mr. Clevedon inquired of you last evening, if Gertrude and I should be at home this morning, an inquiry which showed that he meant to call."

"It isn't too late, yet," said Mrs. Seaton.

"If he don't come," remarked Gertrude, "I shall think he is for some reason necessarily detained, rather than that no dependence can be placed in him."

"We may be quite certain of that," said Mrs. Seaton, "it being evident that the attraction in this quarter is so strong, that he wouldn't voluntarily refrain from calling, especially after giving us reason to expect him."

"When he does call," said Floribel, "I shall be tempted to punish him by not being at home."

"What if it shouldn't be a punishment?" said her aunt.

"There can be little doubt of it, I should think, if the attraction is as you represent it to be."

"That does not follow. Will not Gertrude be here?"

"And what if she is? I am younger by thirteen years than Gertrude. She has already turned 'the old maid's corner.'"

"If she has, Mr. Clevedon is her senior. He told me the other day that he was thirty-two."

"Well, if Mr. Clevedon resembles other gentlemen I've been acquainted with, he will not be likely to prefer a woman of thirty to a girl of seventeen."

"Unless there were advantages possessed by thirty, which seventeen had no pretensions to," said Mrs. Seaton.

Floribel looked at Gertrude, then at herself in the glass. Mrs. Seaton understood what was passing in her mind, and replied the same as if she had spoken.

"I admit," said she, "that there are few who would not award you the palm of beauty. Mr. Clevedon does, without doubt."

"O, yes, aunt," said Gertrude. "Neither Mr. Clevedon, nor any other gentleman would be likely to notice me, except what was required by common politeness, when Floribel was present."

"But, if I mistake not, Mr. Clevedon is one to be attracted by goodness of heart and superior acquirements, rather than a pretty face. I have thought for some time, if Percy Clevedon should make up his mind to marry, it will be Gertrude, not Floribel, that he will choose for a wife."

"We shall see," said Floribel.

The next minute Clevedon was seen coming up the avenue. He was a model of manly beauty, and his air was at once noble, elegant and refined. His was

"A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal."

Owing to the remarks made by her aunt, Floribel was not in a very amiable mood at the time of his arrival, while Gertrude, who felt hurt that she should be presented to her sister's mind in the light of a rival, was silent and embarrassed. Floribel was not long in rallying her spirits, and she entered with animation into a light and playful conversation, in which she peculiarly excelled. All at once, Mr. Clevedon made some remark, which gave it a graver turn. Floribel soon became silent from her inability to properly sustain her part, and he naturally turned to Mrs. Seaton and Gertrude. Mrs. Seaton, who was determined that Gertrude should be drawn out, so managed as to evade bearing a prominent part in the conversation herself, which Mr. Clevedon saw, and perhaps suspecting the cause, addressed himself solely to Gertrude. Gradually, her embarrassment wore off, the conversation became more and more animated, and while she felt surprised at her success, she could not but feel it was pleasant to be something more than a mere cipher.

When Mr. Clevedon rose to take leave, he was surprised to find that he had far exceeded the limits of a fashionable call. There was a cloud on Floribel's brow, but it vanished, she knew not how, as Clevedon, previously to his departure, addressed a few words to her in the gay and playful vein in which she was most at home.

"There can be no doubt that I was right in my conjecture," said Mrs. Seaton, when he was gone. "Youth and beauty alone have not the power to gain the ascendancy over a mind like Mr. Clevedon's. Don't frown, Floribel. It is for your good that I speak thus plainly. The estimable qualities of Gertrude, without her once thinking of such a thing, have imperceptibly been winning his good opinion, which will, I hope, impress on your mind the value of those precepts which hitherto have had little effect."

"I'm not afraid of finding a rival in Gertrude," said Floribel. "I should almost as soon think of finding one in you."

"At any rate," said Mrs. Seaton, "it won't injure you in his, or any other gentleman's opinion, should you think less of your beauty, and devote more time to the cultivation of your mind."

Gertrude, since her first acquaintance with Percy Clevedon, had thought him superior to any gentleman she had ever seen; yet it never occurred to her, as may be inferred from the remark she made that morning before he called, that she, rather than Floribel, was the attraction. And now, though her aunt seemed so certain of it, she could not think that he preferred her to her sister—her, who had lived thirty years without ever having a single offer which any lady of education and refinement could think of accepting.

In a few days, Mrs. Seaton and her nieces were invited to attend a large party. As it was known that the parties of Mrs. Danby, the lady who had invited them, were more *recherche* than any one else in that vicinity had the means of giving, and that she, moreover, expected that some rich and fashionable city friends would be present, Floribel said that she could not think of going, unless she could have a new dress.

"I rather think 'twill be necessary for each of us to have a new one," said Mrs. Seaton. "We can tell better, however, after we examine our old dresses."

The examination was made, and the decision was made in favor of the new ones. As there was no time to lose, the materials were purchased without delay, and the services of the best dressmaker in the place fortunately secured. Mrs. Seaton insisted, that in all essential points her nieces should dress alike, though it was strenuously opposed by Floribel. It was preposterous, she said, for Gertrude to dress like her, who was younger by thirteen years. Gertrude would willingly have been ruled by her sister, but Mrs. Seaton said that it should not be, for there was no reason in the world why the rich silk that had been selected, would not be as suitable and becoming for Gertrude as for Floribel.

It was late when the dresses were sent home. Floribel had been extremely impatient for the last half hour previous to their arrival, and when they at last came, approaching hastily to examine them the moment they were unfolded, she upset a lamp, which fell directly on one of them. The blazing wick came in contact with the elegant and costly trimming, consuming a part of it, while one of the breadths was covered with splashes of oil in a place which neither folds nor gathers could be so disposed as to conceal. It was Floribel's dress, as could be seen by the trimming, Gertrude having selected a much plainer one. An exclamation too passionate to be exactly ladylike, burst from the lips of Floribel, when she saw the result of her carelessness, then, having remained silent a few moments, she burst into tears.

"Floribel," said Gertrude, "don't make yourself uneasy about it. You shall wear my dress. We are so near of a size, that it will fit you as well as it does me."

"And what are you going to wear?" said her aunt.

"I have nothing I can make answer on so short notice; it won't disappoint me to stay at home half as much as it would Floribel."

"But my dress looks so much handsomer with its beautiful trimming," said Floribel.

"If you had foreseen this accident," said her aunt, "you would not have said so many sharp and cutting things to Gertrude about her being old, in order to persuade her to select a plainer trimming. Your fault has met a speedy punishment."

"Come, Floribel," said Gertrude, "there's no time to lose. Let us go to our dressing-room, and I will assist you to prepare."

When Floribel's toilet was completed, Gertrude thought that she could hardly wish to appear more beautiful; and so thought the young beauty, as she surveyed herself in the pier-glass, which was so large that it reflected the whole of her figure, from the beautiful head, with its bright brown hair, to the small, well-turned foot.

"I am not at all reconciled to leaving you behind, Gertrude," said Mrs. Seaton, when she and Floribel were ready.

"You know, aunt," replied Gertrude, smiling, "that I like my own thoughts so well, I seldom feel lonely."

They had been gone scarcely five minutes when the door-bell rung, which was answered by a girl who had been in the room at the moment Floribel overturned the lamp, and had heard the arrangement for Gertrude to remain at home, so that her sister could attend the party. It was Percy Clevedon who had rung, and he inquired for Mrs. Seaton and the two young ladies.

"Mrs. Seaton and Miss Floribel have gone to the party," replied the girl.

"And Gertrude (I mean Miss Eldon), hasn't she gone?"

"No, sir. Miss Floribel turned the lamp over on her new dress, and spotted it so bad with oil, it weren't fit to wear; so Miss Gertrude, when she found how disappointed her sister was, told her she should wear hers, and she would stay at home. It's the way she always does—she gives up to Miss Floribel in everything."

"Is Miss Eldon particularly engaged?"

"O, no, sir, she is only reading; and stepping to the parlor-door, she threw it open, and said, 'Miss Eldon, here is Mr. Clevedon.'"

"It is later than I thought it was," said he, as he entered the room. "As Mr. Seaton is absent, I intended to be in season to escort you all to the party."

"My aunt and sister have been gone only a few minutes," said Gertrude.

"And you (so the girl told me who came to the door) have decided to remain at home."

"Yes."

"Then I hope that the book I saw you lay aside at my entrance is not so very interesting, but that you will allow me for an hour or two to find in your pleasant room a refuge from the crowd I shall be sure to encounter at Mrs. Danby's."

"Neither Mrs. Danby, nor her guests, would thank me for allowing it," she replied.

"Half an hour spent in such a crowd is as good as a whole evening."

By some means the conversation took a very confidential turn, during which the flight of time was so carelessly noted, that Mr. Clevedon came near being late for even the half hour which he had decided to spend at Mr. Danby's party.

Soon after his departure Mrs. Seaton and Floribel returned. The latter was in no very pleasant frame of mind, and when Gertrude inquired of her how she had enjoyed herself, she replied:

"Not at all; and that she didn't thank her for forcing her old maidish-looking dress upon her to induce her to go, when she should have been much happier at home."

"The dress, my child," said her aunt, "had little to do with your enjoyment. Learn to be amiable, and you will be comparatively happy. We cannot with impunity disregard the feelings of others. By so doing, we always mar our own happiness."

"I know," said Floribel, "I said some ill-natured things to Fanny Wilmer, but I couldn't help it. I was provoked with myself for refusing to dance with Harry Sudley, for I was expecting Mr. Clevedon every minute, and that he would invite me. So Harry asked Fanny to dance with him, and as Mr. Clevedon didn't make his appearance, I was obliged to accept the invitation of Peter Bowen. I wish I knew where Percy Clevedon was."

"He was here," said Gertrude.

"Here?" said Mrs. Seaton and Floribel, both speaking.

"Yes, he called to wait upon us to the party, as uncle was gone; finding me alone, he staid longer than he intended, I believe."

"You must have found something marvellously interesting to talk about, by his taking no better note of time," said Floribel.

"It was interesting to me," said Gertrude, "and of moment to us both."

"Without pretending to necromantic skill," said Mrs. Seaton, "I think I know what it was. He has proposed, and you've accepted. Is it not so?"

"It is."

"You are welcome to him," said Floribel. "Harry Sudley is as good as Percy Clevedon; and if he prospers in the profession he has chosen, he may one day be as wealthy."

"There can be no doubt of Harry's goodness, or the superiority of his talents," said Mrs. Seaton; "but Miss Floribel Eldon will never have the offer of his hand till she learns to correct some of her faults."

"I can correct them, I know, if I try."

"There's not the least doubt of it; and your success will soon show you, that by promoting the happiness of those around you, you increase your own."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SPEAK GENTLY.

BY JULIA M. EMERSON.

Speak gently; cold, hard words are felt
Beyond the passing hour;
In after life is known, alas!
Their chilling, deadly power.

Speak gently to the blithe and gay;
Earth has enough of woe,
Then do not by thy coldness check
The spirit's joyous flow.

Speak gently to the sorrowing;
The heart, oppressed with grief,
May find, in thy consoling words,
A blest and sure relief.

Speak gently to the little ones
That cluster round thy way;
Life may not always wear to them
An aspect fair and gay.

Speak gently to the suffering poor;
'Twill help to soothe their woe,
If thou, with kind and gentle words,
Thine alms in love bestow.

Speak gently; a kind, friendly word—
It is not much to give;
But, in the weary, care-worn heart,
Its memory long shall live.

Speak gently; for kind, loving words
Possess a magic power,
To lighten sorrow, care dispel,
And cheer a lonely hour.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FIRE AT SEA.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

COMPARATIVELY few persons have had an opportunity of witnessing the burning of a large ship upon the open sea; to those connected with the burning vessel the sight can only be one of terror and apprehension, but to a spectator, safe upon the deck of his own ship, having no fears for the safety of the crew of the doomed vessel, and with the comfortable consciousness that whatever loss there may be, will fall upon the wealthy underwriters of Wall and State Streets, the spectacle is one of unsurpassed grandeur and sublimity.

In December of '48, on a homeward bound passage from the East Indies to Boston, near latitude thirty-five north, at about three bells—half past nine—in the first night watch, we discovered a dim light in the horizon, about two points on the larboard bow; it was, however, so faint, and at such a distance, that but little notice was taken of it at the time. The wind, which was on the quarter, was steady, and with royal studding-sails set, we were going from seven to eight knots. The night was clear and starlight, and the sea nearly as smooth as a pond; the good ship gathering headway from her immense spread of canvass, was darting through the water with a continuous rushing sound, very musical to homeward-bound ears, especially after a long voyage.

The beauty of the night had kept most of the watch below upon deck, and the increasing light, which we were rapidly approaching, brought up the rest; the crew were scattered about in the forward part of the ship, some walking backward and forward in the waist, talking of home, which they were so soon to see, and from which they had so long been absent; others, in the rigging and aloft upon the yards, gazing at, and speculating as to the cause of the strange light. Various were the conjectures; the most probable, and the one which for the time satisfied us, was that it proceeded from some whaler, trying out blubber.

By eleven o'clock, tongues of flame could be distinctly seen—by the aid of a glass—shooting up from the horizon; there could no longer be any doubt; it was some ship on fire. Our course was accordingly changed two points, and squaring the yards, we stood directly for her—another half hour, and the flames could be seen from the deck—the highest sails caught and reflected the light, imparting to them a soft, hazy, golden hue, while every brace and stay were as clearly defined as at noonday—the fresh tar upon the rigging glittering like diamonds—in strong contrast to the pure white of the sails, and the misty, indistinct tracery of the rigging, not yet lighted up by the flames.

As we continued to approach, one sail after another took the same sunset hue, until every part of the ship, from water-line to royal truck, was aglow with the weird light, now becoming dim and pale, as huge clouds of smoke settled between us and the flames, and again flashing out with almost dazzling brilliancy, as they rose and drifted lazily off to leeward.

We were now within three miles of her; the masts, rigging, and bulwarks were already gone, but the inflammable nature of her cargo—oil, she being a homeward bound whaler—caused the flames to ascend to an immense height, twisting and curling like fiery serpents, and finally disappearing in a dense column of black smoke, which rose almost perpendicularly, as if unwilling to leave the scene of destruction.

The wind had been gradually dying away as we approached, and the gentle swell and ripple of the sea momentarily caught and reflected the light from their summits in a thousand gorgeous hues, while the concave space between took the deep metallic tint of burnished steel, ever varying with the changing motion, like the beads of a kaleidoscope. The frightened sea-birds circled round and round the flaming mass, terror stricken at the unwont-

ed illumination of their watery domain, and yet impelled by an irresistible influence to keep ever near. Soaring high in air, with outstretched neck and wildly beating pinion, they approached to the very verge of the fiery column, hovering for a moment with motionless wing, in seeming indecision whether to plunge at once into the new and terrible element, then with sharp discord and cry, darting swiftly away, their snowy pinions gleaming whitely for an instant, ere they disappeared in the surrounding gloom.

Having approached to within half a mile to windward, the studding sails were taken in, the fore and mizzen yards braced sharp up, and the main-topsail laid to the mast. It had now fallen almost a complete calm, the hissing and crackling of the flames only breaking the stillness.

Having hove the ship to, we commenced firing guns for the purpose of attracting the attention of the crew, who, we imagined, had taken to their boats, and were still in the vicinity, as no shipwrecked sailors would ever dream of quitting the spot while such a signal of distress as a burning vessel remained to attract to his rescue. The firing was continued at short intervals for nearly an hour, but as no answer was returned, and we saw nothing of the boats, we came to the conclusion that the crew had already been picked up; and were about squaring away the main yards, when slowly emerging from behind the smoke and flame, which had before hidden it from us, a small topsail schooner made its appearance, and slowly ranged ahead, within speaking distance, to windward.

The schooner, from its size and appearance, we rightly judged to be a coaster. No event could have given us greater pleasure than this meeting, for we had not heard a word from home for the preceding eight months, and had been anxiously expecting to fall in with some American vessel ever since leaving St. Helena. It was therefore with considerable gratification that we heard in reply to our hail, the answer come across the water, that the schooner was from New Providence, and consequently possessed of much later news than ourselves.

The first questions were of course concerning the crew of the burning ship. They had seen nothing of them, but supposed they must have been picked up by a large ship which had passed them about six hours before; at any rate, as the captain of the schooner remarked, the fact of their not being there was conclusive evidence that they were somewhere else—a position which we were not prepared to contest; he also informed us that the ship must have been burning for some time, as he had seen the light for twenty-four hours, while beating up from the leeward. Then followed questions of home—who was president?

"Gin'ral Taylor," answered the schooner; and three rousing cheers went up from our deck, although it must be owned, we would have cheered just as loudly had it been any one else; and considering nearly the whole crew were natives of Great Britain, quite patriotic to cheer for any one; but in consideration of the holiday we had enjoyed, and the powder we had burned on the preceding fourth of July, we felt it a duty to cheer anything Yankee, whatever it might be.

Our questions and replies occupied considerable time, and the attention of all was very naturally directed toward the schooner, to the total forgetfulness of the burning ship. I was standing leaning over the weather rail, when a sensation of heat at my back induced me to turn my eyes to leeward; we had drifted into fearful proximity with the fire, and with an exclamation of surprise and alarm, I called the attention of the captain. He was perfectly thunderstruck at the position in which our carelessness had placed the ship.

"Lee main-braces there—haul in the lee main-braces," he yelled, springing to the rail, and throwing off to windward.

The men executed the order with a will, and the main and main-topsail yards swung round to the back-stay as if by magic; but, having been laid to, there was, of course, no headway upon the ship, and the wind, which had almost wholly died away, scarcely filled our sails; we were laying broadside to the ship, our head being exactly abreast of her stern, at a distance not exceeding two cables' length.

Having got to the wind, or where the wind should have been, we watched with intense anxiety for some indication that we were forging ahead, but the sails flapped idly against the masts, without any apparent effect upon the ship. All hands were set to work wetting the sails; the force-pump was rigged upon the topgallant-forecastle, the deck wash-tub taken up into the main-topmast cross-trees, and a whip for drawing water rove at the main-topgallant yard-arm. The sails being completely saturated, belied out, as if with a breeze; all danger appeared to be passed, and with a cheer louder than we had given for "Gin'ral" Taylor, we ceased our exertions, expecting to see the ship shoot ahead at once. But no; although the sails were full, we made not the least headway, and were diminishing the distance between ourselves and the burning ship with fearful rapidity. The cause was apparent: the vast body of flame causing an immense quantity of heated air to ascend, the surrounding atmosphere rushing in to supply its place, would, in a calm, as it then was, create a current upon every side, towards the fire as a centre, and we were slowly but surely being "sucked in" to destruction, our efforts in wetting the sails only hastening the catastrophe.

The only thing that could now be done, was what should have been done in the first place, and would, had it been possible; but our ship, like too many others, was provided with boats for show, not for service; they having been put on board when the ship was new, and no occasion arising for their use, they had remained lashed to their davits, exposed to the sun and weather voyage after voyage, with no other care taken of them than to apply a fresh coat of paint at the termination of each passage, and now that we had occasion to use them, we found the seams so shrunk and warped, that a good sized mouse could have gone through them without ruffling a hair. Our only hope was in obtaining aid from the schooner.

"Schooner ahoy!" bellowed the captain, dancing about the deck like a monkey, in his excitement. "Schooner ahoy! send your boats, that we may row the ship out of this—we shall be a-fire in ten minutes—our boats are all stove."

"Can't spare 'em," returned the schooner; "want 'em for our own use; wait till we are well out of the scrape, and we'll come to you."

The schooner was light, and the vigorous exertions of her crew soon placed her at a safe distance, when they immediately came to our assistance. More than ten minutes could not have elapsed, but to us it seemed like so many hours, and by the time they arrived under our bow to take the line for towing, so rapid had been our approach to the burning vessel, that our destruction seemed inevitable, and for a moment we hesitated whether to attempt to save her, or make the best of the time in removing valuables. The heat had become so intense as to be almost unendurable, and the tar, trying out from the standing rigging, was running down upon the deck in streams.

The idea of abandoning the ship to her fate, lasted but for an instant, and plunging over the bow and into the boats, we bent to the oars as if our very existence depended upon our exertions. The double crew furnished an abundance of power, and with three men to each oar, the boats, as the tow-lines tightened, fairly leaped from the water, quivering beneath the strokes.

A forward motion was soon communicated to the ship, and she began to move slowly by the burning vessel, but at so short a distance that we were in momentary expectation of seeing the rigging take fire. Already we were half the ship's length ahead, our quarter just lapping over the fore-castle of the other, but scarcely a distance of ten feet intervening.

"Pull—pull!" roared the captain, as he stood upon the fore-castle, the hair fairly singeing upon his head.

We did pull, and as a light puff of wind filled our after sails, and drove her stern still nearer the fire, we bent to the work with such a will, that half the oars broke in our grasp. But it was enough—a stronger puff drove her bodily to leeward, the stump of the burning bowsprit just grazing our taffrail as we swung clear; two feet less headway, and the fire would have been communicated to our mizzen rigging, and the destruction of the ship inevitable.

The puff of wind became stronger, until they finally settled into a steady breeze, and we quickly placed a half mile between ourselves and our late foe, when the burning ship suddenly assumed a new aspect; the stern gradually settled, while the bow rose higher and higher, until it stood almost perpendicular, then with a deep sough, a gurgling and hissing of the water, the wreck disappeared; huge columns of steam rose from the surface, hovered a moment over the spot, then quickly condensed and vanished—and the stars which had been outshone by the flame, once more resumed their brilliance, and there was nothing to mark where a noble ship had perished.

With many thanks to the schooner for her assistance, we braced up the yards, and on a west-nor-west course, turned our prow toward the coast of our native land with joyful anticipations.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OLIER: or, *The Old West Room*. By L. M. M. New York: Mason Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 525.

A work of great originality of conception and treatment, quiet and truthful in its delineation of character, and the antithesis of the flashing tone of novel-writing of which we have latterly had so many specimens. For sale by Feltz & Co.

THE HIDDEN PATH. By MARION HARLAND, Author of "Alone." New York: J. C. Derby. 1855. 12mo. pp. 433.

It has become the fashion—and a very good one—for American writers to select home scenes and characters for their locality and dramatic purposes. The author of this vividly written and interesting story has looked about her, and drawn what she has noticed of the machinery of society, and the workings of the passions. Her first work was a success—and this will be another. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

ELLA: or, *Turning over a New Leaf*. By WALTER ADWELL. Illustrated. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1855.

A capital little work, written with a good purpose, and well calculated to enforce the moral lessons of the popular author. The leading object of the "Adwell Stories" has been to persuade the young to lay the foundations of a good character. The tales are interesting, and the moral insinuated pleasantly, and not forced upon acceptance.

SIX DAYS OF CREATION. By W. G. REINH. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1855. 12mo. pp. 247.

The "Six Days of Creation" is the leading title of a very attractive illustrated work, in which, in a series of familiar letters, a father describes to his children the "natural history of each day's mercies, with particular reference to the illustration of scriptural truth." It is a beautiful reprint of an English work which has enjoyed the widest circulation. It is based on the idea that all parental instruction should have the salvation of the children as the leading purpose. The engravings which aid the comprehension of the marvels unfolded are numerous and well-executed, and the designs truthful and spirited.

THE MINERAL AND THERMAL SPRINGS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. By JOHN BELL, M. D. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1855. 18mo. pp. 394.

An admirable manual for travellers in search of either pleasure or health, embracing an account and an analysis of every noted spring in the Union and Canada. It contains a vast amount of interesting and important information, and gives evidence of the greatest care in its compilation.

THE ISLAND EMPIRE. By the author of "Blondelle." Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1855. 12mo. pp. 335.

This book gives a most interesting and elaborate account of the island of Elba, the temporary empire of Napoleon Bonaparte after his abdication at Fontenbleau, from which he went to France to figure in the memorable events of the "Hundred Days." It tells the story of his first exile very graphically, and treats of a series of occurrences in the life of the "man of destiny," of which, hitherto, there has been no historical record. It is a very attractive book.

ORFIELD: or, *Fellowship in the East*. By W. D. ARNOLD, Lieut 58th Regiment, B. N. I. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1855. 12mo. pp. 444.

The scene of this very agreeably written work, which has met with great success in England, will be entirely fresh to most of our readers, lying in British India, a country which presents many social features of the highest interest. So far as we are able to judge, the circle in which our author moved is sketched with the utmost fidelity, as it certainly is with spirit and animation. Altogether it is one of the pleasantest books we have met with for a long while.

PICTURES OF EUROPE FRAMED IN IDEAS. By C. A. BARTOL. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 407.

This is no ordinary book of travels, merely describing external objects with statistics from Murray, but the production of an original mind, regulated by the purest principles, and seeking in the world of art and nature, something better than transient amusement. Mr. Bartol gives rather the results than the incidents of travel; and he has done it so admirably, that we can scarcely regret that one who can describe so well, has been so sorry of his graphic talent. An interesting account of the ascent of Mount Blanc, by Dr. I. T. Talbot, of this city, forms an appendix to this truly valuable volume.

HON. CHARLES H. PEASLEE,

COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS FOR THE PORTS OF BOSTON AND CHARLESTOWN.

Hon. Charles H. Peaslee, whose admirable likeness, accompanying our sketch, was drawn for the Pictorial by Mr. C. A. Barry, was born in Gilmantown, New Hampshire, in February, 1804. He entered Dartmouth College at an early age, and graduated in 1824, with the highest honors of his class, and a well-deserved reputation for classical culture and scholarly attainments. He commenced his pupilage, as a student of law, in his native town, immediately after his college graduation, and completed his preparatory legal term in Philadelphia, where, under the teachings of the astute and learned practitioners of the very able bar of that city, he enjoyed facilities for complete legal training of a superior order. After admission to practice in the courts of New Hampshire, he opened a law office in Concord, the capital of the State. He was immediately successful in his professional business, and acquired the reputation of a wise counsellor and a persuasive advocate. The political career of Mr. Peaslee commenced in 1833—soon after he had established his residence in Concord—when he was chosen representative of the town in the State Legislature. He was re-chosen representative at three subsequent elections, and in a locality where party spirit always runs high, and where a nomination by the party of which Mr. Peaslee has always been a persistent and devoted member, was very far—as was and is the case in other portions of the Granite State—from being tantamount to an election. As a member of the legislature he was diligent, discreet, and eminently serviceable to his immediate constituency, and to the State. With the ability and directness of a man of affairs, and one looking to those objects of legislation which concern “the common good,” he devoted himself to those objects with that thorough assiduity which has conspicuously characterized every business or official relation of his subsequent life. The New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane, of which he has been a trustee since its establishment, is of itself a monument to his energy, his public influence, and his labors for that large and pitiable portion of humanity, the indigent insane. Mr. Peaslee is justly recognized as the originator and founder of that institution. His labors in its behalf—voluntary and always without pecuniary consideration or emolument of any kind,—commencing with addresses in different towns in various portions of the State, sustained by his speeches and reports on the same subject in the legislature, and ending with the completion of the firm pecuniary and legislative foundation upon which the institution now reposes, are, in their results, amply sufficient of themselves to characterize him as one “who has done the State some service.” In 1839 he was appointed Adjutant and Inspector General of the Militia of New Hampshire, the duties of which office he discharged till 1847, when he was elected Member of Congress from the Concord district. Mr. Peaslee carried to Washington those most desirable qualities in a legislator, sound judgment, eminent discretion, and unabated devotion to the best interests of his State and his country. Throughout his Congressional career, he was recognized by the leading members of both political parties as a controlling man of large influence and great energy, although never seeming to desire a reputation for either attribute. His speeches in Congress and on different occasions are marked with great clearness of mind and power of reasoning. He was elected a member of Congress for three successive terms, an occurrence of prominence in his career, because public opinion in New Hampshire has so generally decided that the rotatory rule of “two terms” is the most expedient and the best. His Congressional career having expired in March, 1853, Mr. Peaslee was offered by President Pierce the office of Collector of the port of Boston and Charlestown, the most important position in New England under the federal government, which office he accepted, and which he now holds. How well he discharges its manifold and responsible duties, we leave the merchants of our prosperous city, and the government, whose agent he is, to decide; venturing however to suggest that it will be long, very long, before either will find a collector of this port with more fitness for the place, more intelligence, more integrity of purpose and action, or with more urbanity of official demeanor. His administration has already been signalized by two acts by which it will ever be distinguished and remembered. One of these was the removal of the appraisers' stores from the extremity of Long Wharf to Commercial Street, a change which the merchants of Boston had long desired, but which no preceding collector had been able to effect, and the other the erection of a new marine hospital at Chelsea for the accommodation of invalid American seamen, in place of the present inconvenient and inadequate building. To the representations and the labors of Mr. Peaslee, the adoption of the latter measure is mainly attributable; and the magnificent building which is now in the process of erection will be a monument of his warm-hearted philanthropy and disinterested zeal in behalf of one of the most deserving and most neglected classes of our citizens. In the life of Mr. Peaslee, of which we have given but a meagre outline, success is the predominant characteristic. He has seldom failed to accomplish whatever he has deliberately undertaken, and the reason thereof is obvious, to those familiar with his character. His unsurpassed accuracy of judgment, and his wise foresight in the anticipation of obstacles, never allow him to embark upon any wrongful, ill-starred enter-



HON. CHARLES H. PEASLEE, COLLECTOR OF BOSTON.

prise, but whenever he has once entered upon the pursuit of a given object, the amount of practical, every-day wisdom, of irrepressible activity, of unyielding tenacity, of capacity to meet the requirements of every exigency, of thorough acquaintance with the motives and inducements which control the action of men, never fails to achieve the result at which he aims. In all the relations of social life Mr. Peaslee is precisely that which the expression of his countenance indicates. He is as kind and quick in sympathy, as he is wise in counsel. His devotion to his friends, no matter what circumstances may surround them, is proverbial. Nature, in her most generous moments, has bestowed upon few men more of those elevated social qualities, which adorn and gladden life, than she has upon the subject of this imperfect sketch. Blessed with a good constitution, and enjoying vigorous health, he may look forward to many years of active usefulness.

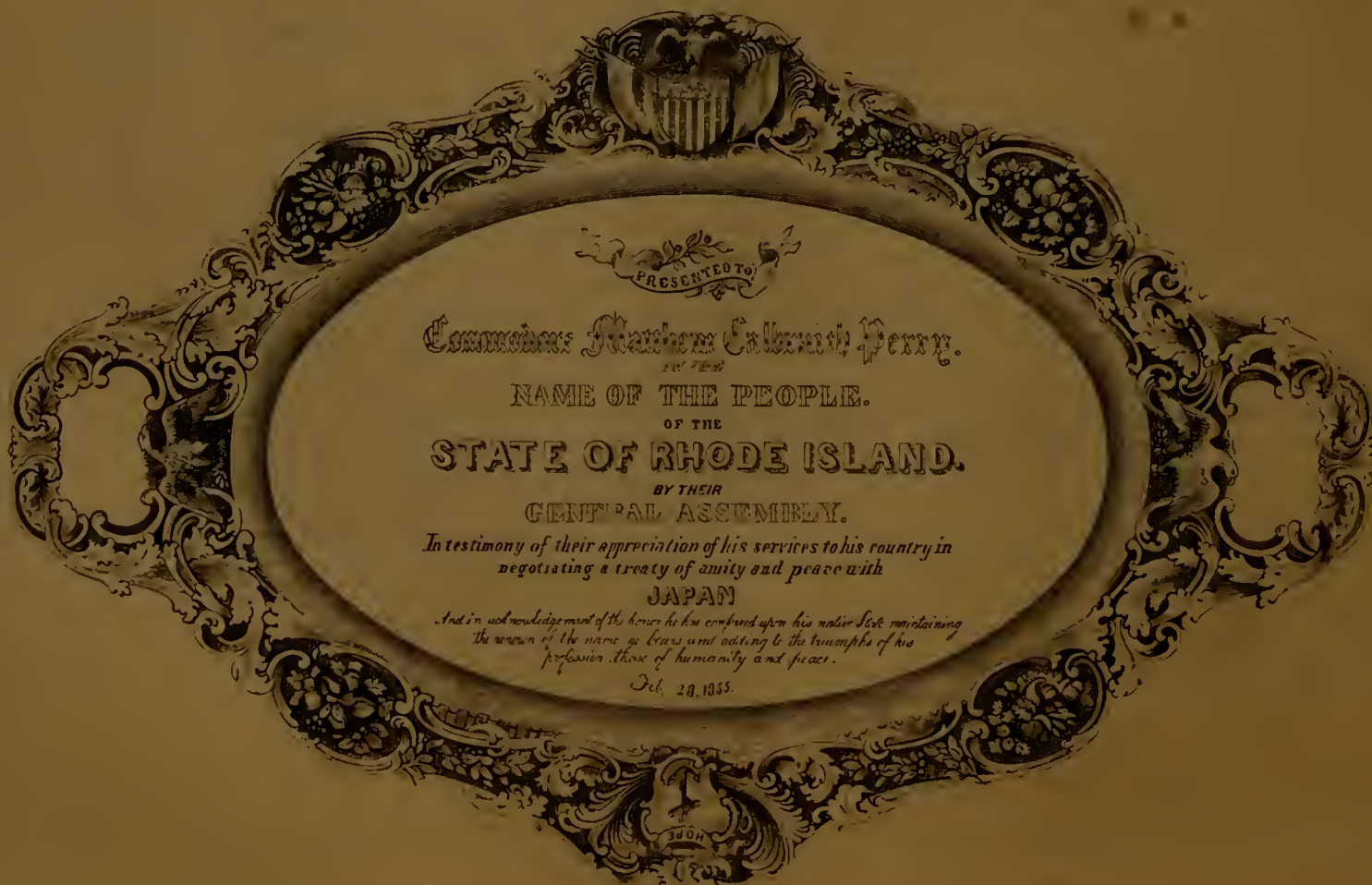
TESTIMONIAL TO COMMODORE PERRY.

The engraving below is an accurate representation of the magnificent silver salver lately presented by the General Assembly of Rhode Island to the gallant Commodore Perry, of the United States Navy, as a token of their appreciation of his national services in conducting the mission to Japan, which resulted in the opening of the long-sealed ports of that wealthy and important country to the commerce of America. The ceremonies of the presentation were of an imposing character, and took place in the balcony of the venerable State house at Newport, in the presence of a vast and brilliant concourse, on the 14th of June last. Governor Hoppin made an exceedingly felicitous speech on presenting the token to the gallant commodore, who made a brief but appropriate response. In the course of his remarks, the governor said: “Were this the occasion, and would time permit, many highly interesting additional facts relating to your personal history in connection with the mission to Japan might be presented. The unwavering faith which you had in the expedition, akin to that which animated the spirit and fortified the courage of the great discoverer of this continent; the extraordinary discretionary pow-

ers confided to you by your government, and the wise, humane and beneficent use which you made of those powers; the memorable and delicate consideration manifested by you in the treaty stipulations for the just rights of the Japanese women, thus recognizing in that far distant land the appropriate influence of woman in all the important affairs of life; the great moral power of the course of policy and rules of conduct which you adopted, especially in declining to receive or to make visits of ceremony, or to negotiate on the Christian Sabbath—thereby presenting to the minds of this intelligent and observing people, irrefutable proof of the respect and reverence of your nation for that great commandment of the Almighty, which is enjoined upon us all, ‘to remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy;’ these and kindred topics afford rich food for thought, and invite to extended remarks—but I forbear. Permit me now, sir, to present to you, in the name of your native State (which cherishes, as among its most priceless possessions, the name and memory of your heroic brother), this piece of plate, voted to you by the General Assembly of Rhode Island, in such terms as must give you gratification. The plate is altogether of Rhode Island fabric; and from this circumstance, its slight intrinsic value may be increased in your estimation. It is at least, sir, a sincere expression of the respect and approval of your fellow-citizens of Rhode Island. They rejoice that the name of Perry is still a word of strength to your profession and country; they rejoice that the olive leaf of peace is entwined with its unfading laurel.” The reply of Commodore Perry is worthy of preservation. He said:—“Your Excellency: It is impossible for me to express the feelings of gratitude with which my heart responds to the flattering expressions you have this moment uttered in your capacity of governor of the gallant little State of Rhode Island, and as the organ of both branches of its legislative body. You may well imagine my pride and satisfaction in being permitted thus to stand before this assembly, and upon a spot sanctified by the most agreeable associations. It was in my earliest boyhood, before the introduction of steamboats or railroads, that I often watched upon the shore for the first glimpse of the gaily-decorated packet-sloop that, in those days, annually brought the governor from Providence to this town—and witnessed, with childlike delight, in sight of this very

edifice, the pomp, parade and festivities of ‘Election Day.’ Since then, I have traversed almost every part of the globe, in the prosecution of the duties of a profession of which I am justly proud; and now, after a lapse of nearly half a century, when in declining life, to be called by the Representatives of my native State back to these hallowed precincts, here to receive from the lips of its chief magistrate the commendations of my fellow citizens, is an honor I little expected, when, as a boy-midshipman, forty-six years ago, I first embarked upon an element then and always the most congenial to my aspirations for honorable emprise. And should I not feel doubly honored in finding my public services associated with those of a lamented brother, the memory of whose heroic deeds has so far been, and I trust ever will be, fondly cherished by every true Rhode Islander. In conducting the mission to Japan which a confiding government entrusted to my sole charge, I was fully impressed with the magnitude of the responsibility imposed upon me; and true to this generous reliance upon my judgment and discretion, was the more ambitious to accomplish an object which to many seemed unattainable. You have just now, sir, told me how these services are appreciated by those of my compatriots who are nearest and dearest to me—and I am satisfied. The valuable testimonial, now presented with so much eloquence and grace, shall be preserved in my family as an heirloom, to commemorate an event to be remembered by all who may be allied by the ties of blood to the grateful recipient, who begs to tender to your excellency and all here present his profound and heartfelt thanks.” The testimonial consists of a magnificent silver salver, of unusually large dimensions, massive in weight, and most elaborately chased. This salver is oval in form, 28 inches long inside the handles, and about 38 inches outside. It weighs 319 ounces. The embellishments and designs are entirely in the border, which is four inches in its greatest width, the centre being left plain to receive the inscription. The opposite centres of the border, midway between the handles, are occupied by the coat-of-arms of the United States and of Rhode Island, in bold relief—the former supported upon a cluster of flags of the United States, and the latter surrounded by a wreath of palm leaves.

The handles, which are large, and composed of scroll and shell work, are so arranged as to form a portion of the border, by which means the awkward appearance of detached pieces is avoided. Immediately beneath, or inside of each handle, is a large eagle, in bold relief. At the quarters, midway between the handles and the coats-of-arms, are four compartments, formed by the arrangement of the scroll work, containing clusters of fruit from all countries. The olive branch, bearing fruit, is entwined among the scroll work. The handles, though very large, do not have that appearance, owing to the great width of the border and manner in which they are connected. This salver was designed, modelled and made in every particular in the establishment of Messrs. Gorham & Company, and there is no doubt that it has the heaviest border ever manufactured in this country. The case, which is of beautiful workmanship, is of solid rosewood, and mounted with heavy plated trimmings; the whole design is exquisitely beautiful.



TESTIMONIAL TO COMMODORE PERRY.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

NAHANT HOTEL.

The season which has just closed at this popular establishment, has been, in all respects, brilliant and agreeable. Notwithstanding the capricious character of the weather which was unaccountably fickle in its transitions, and which caused the tide of company to ebb and flow, the number of visitors was, in the aggregate, very large, and the books show a greater influx than at Saratoga even. To the attractions of the peninsula itself were added those of a summer establishment without a rival in the States. Persons, who this year divided their time between Nahant and other celebrated watering-places, concede unhesitatingly, that the former bears away the palm. Col. Stevens has won new and unfading laurels by his administration of this great establishment, which he entirely remodelled on taking possession of it. There is scarcely a memorial of the old hotel left, while to the new one every luxury and comfort have been added which money could command and taste suggest. The fashionable furniture, the excellent attendance, the nightly music in the drawing rooms, the weekly *soirées dansantes*, the character of the guests—all rendered the internal life of the hotel agreeable and attractive, when the weather was unpropitious without. An additional inducement to visitors was the excellence of the steamer—the Nelly Baker, Captain Rouell—placed upon the route. Nahant needed but the accommodations to which we have alluded, to enable it to keep the lead among the fashionable resorts. It has it now and it will retain it.

COLE'S VOYAGE OF LIFE.—This series of splendid paintings, on which, perhaps, rather than on the "Course of Empire," the fame of the lamented Cole will rest, is now on exhibition at Parker, King & Co's, Cornhill. They have already attracted many visitors. Among the wonderful pictorial effects noticeable in this series is the gorgeous cloud palace, which attracts the gaze of the ardent. While the architecture of the airy vision is distinctly made out, it is still so like some of the fantastic sports of the atmosphere, that it does not impress you like a strange phenomenon. Its introduction was a bold but perfectly successful experiment, and of itself stamps its author as a genius.

A LOVE OF NATURE.—Who was it that said "Nature never betrays the heart that trusts her?" Akin to that sentiment is one of Foster. "It is the peculiarity of genius, that the phenomena of nature never become so familiar as to lose their influence."

SPLINTERS.

.... In New York they are selling Rachel shoes and Rachel cigars. There is quite a Jenny Lind furor about Rachel.

The company of the Boston Theatre is an admirable one, and the present season has opened with every prospect of success.

.... Mlle. Gabrielle de Lamotte, the celebrated piano-forte teacher, has re-opened her classes here, and is reaping rich harvests.

.... We are sorry to see the Evening Gazette condemning "Venice Preserved" as an acting play, and wishing to shelve it.

.... An engineer ran a railway train so fast that the telegraph poles looked like a fine tooth comb. Good time, that.

.... Low prices of provisions, fair prices for board and crowded houses, are making hotel keepers look peculiarly pleasant.

Who does not enjoy the fine October weather? Some prefer our Indian summer to the regular summer—a failure often.

Why can't we learn economy of the Chinese? A couple of door mats and a pussy make a nice soup for the Celestials.

There are no fewer than twelve places of amusement open in New York this season. The Gothamites ought to be cheerful.

.... Professor Agassiz is teaching natural history to a class of young ladies at his residence in Cambridge.

.... There is a young lady in New Haven who can dive deeper, stay under longer and swim farther than any other girl there.

.... Mrs. Bodisco, late from St. Petersburg, declares that the allies only burned a wood-pile at Sweborg. Guess she's mistaken.

.... The great agricultural show and horse fair on the Neck will draw crowds. It will be Neck or Nothing.

.... Miss Adelaide Phillips will soon be singing here in Boston, where she is so much loved and admired.

The original manuscript of Mozart's Don Juan has been purchased by Madame Viardot for 5000 francs.

.... De Beriot, the violinist and friend of Malibran, is at Brussels. He has become hopelessly blind, they say.

.... The French government have offered the Italian, Ristori, Rachel's rival, a life engagement at the Theatre Français.

.... A gentleman in England has lately recovered heavy damages of a lady for a breach of promise of marriage.

.... After all the talk about the potato rot this season, it does not appear to have done very considerable damage.

.... The barque Juniata of Boston, when ashore on the Barbary coast was protected from the Arabs by a French war-steamer.

.... The American officers sent abroad to observe the war, have been kindly treated and aided by the Emperor Alexander.

The citizens of Philadelphia are erecting a new and elegant opera house and theatre which will seat 3000 persons.

Recently there were 3700 Americans in Paris. Gen. Scott's wife and sister were there, and the general was expected.

ENDICOTT AND THE ENGLISH ENSIGN.

The very spirited engraving on our last page, drawn for us by our artist, whose pencil appears for the first time in the Pictorial, illustrates one of Hawthorne's most brilliant stories, "Endicott and the Red Cross." The scene is on the training-field at Salem, when the militia were mustered under English colors and the command of stout John Endicott. The period is the reign of Charles I., when "the bigoted and haughty primate, Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, controlled the religious affairs of the realm, and was consequently entrusted with powers which might have wrought the entire ruin of the two Puritan colonies, Plymouth and Massachusetts." "The central object in the mirrored picture," says Hawthorne, "was an edifice of humble architecture, with neither steeple nor bell to proclaim it, what nevertheless it was—the house of prayer. A token of the perils of the wilderness was seen in the grim head of a wolf, which had just been slain within the precincts of the town, and, according to the regular mode of claiming the bounty, was nailed on the porch of the meeting-house; the blood was still splashing on the door-step. * * * In close vicinity to the sacred edifice, appeared that important engine of Puritan authority, the whipping-post, with the soil well trodden with the feet of evil doers, who had there been disciplined. At one corner of the meeting-house was the pillory, and at the other, the stocks; and, by a singular good fortune for our sketch, the head of an Episcopalian and suspected Catholic was grotesquely encased in the former machine, while a fellow-criminal, who had boisterously quaffed a health to the king, was confined by the legs in the latter. Side by side, on the meeting-house steps, stood a male and a female figure. The man was a tall, lean, haggard personification of fanaticism, bearing on his breast this label, 'A Wanton Gosseller,' which betokened that he had dared to give interpretations of Holy Writ, unsanctioned by the infallible judgment of the civil and religious rulers. His aspect showed no lack of zeal to maintain his heterodoxies, even at the stake. The woman wore a cleft stick on her tongue, in appropriate retribution for having wagged that unruly member against the elders of the church; and her countenance and gestures gave much cause to apprehend that the moment the stick was removed, a repetition of the offence would demand new ingenuity in chastising it. The above-mentioned individuals had been sentenced to undergo their various modes of ignominy for the space of one hour at noonday. But among the crowd were several whose punishment would be lifelong. Some, whose ears had been cropped like those of puppy dogs; others, whose cheeks had been branded with the initials of their misdemeanors; one, with his nostrils slit and seared, and another with a halter about his neck, which he was forbidden ever to take off, or to conceal beneath his garments. * * * There was, likewise, a young woman, with no mean share of beauty, whose doom it was to wear the letter A on the breast of her gown, in the eyes of all the world and her own children; and even her own children knew what that initial signified. Sporting with her infamy, the lost and desperate creature had embroidered the fatal token in scarlet cloth, with golden thread, and the nicest kind of needle-work; so that the capital A might have been thought to mean Admirable, or anything rather than Adulteress."

The latter passage is quite remarkable as being the germ of Hawthorne's splendid romance, the "Scarlet Letter."

Endicott receives intelligence by letter of a design on the part of King Charles to send over a governor-general, "in whose breast shall be deposited all the law and equity of the land." Thereupon, he summons his warriors around him, and delivers a violent harangue, denouncing the aggressions of the throne.

"Endicott gazed around at the excited countenances of the people, now full of his own spirit, and then turned suddenly to the standard-bearer who stood close behind him.

"'Officer, lower your banner,' said he.

"The officer obeyed, and brandishing his sword, Endicott thrust it through the cloth, and with his left hand rent the red cross completely out of the banner. He then waved the tattered ensign above his head. * * * * *

"'Treason, treason!' roared the royalist in the stocks. 'He hath defaced the king's banner!'

"'Before God and man, I will avouch the deed!' answered Endicott. 'Beat a flourish, drummer! Shout, soldiers and people, in honor of the Ensign of New England!'

"With a cry of triumph, the people gave sanction to one of the boldest exploits which our history records. And forever honored be the name of Endicott! We look back through the mist of ages, and recognize, in the rending of the Red Cross from New England's banner, the first omen of that deliverance which our fathers consummated, after the bones of the stern Puritan had lain more than a century in the dust."

SENTIMENTAL.—Mrs. Child once heard a young girl remark to her mother, "I should like of all things to be married if I could be sure my husband would die in a fortnight; then I should avoid the disgrace of being an old maid, and get rid of the restraint and trouble of married life." That young lady had a very exalted opinion of the marriage relation.

THE PERRY TESTIMONIAL.—We call particular attention to the engraving of the Perry Testimonial in this number. The script lettering is equal to any piece of work ever executed. Our readers are aware that the wood on each side of every letter has to be cut away, leaving the delicate lines standing.

THE PILGRIM MONUMENT.—We understand that the committee of the Pilgrim Society have adopted H. Billings's plan of the monument which is to be erected at Plymouth, to commemorate the landing of our forefathers at that place.

ARTIZANS' RECREATIVE UNION.

This institution is of a novel character, and deserves more than a passing notice. The trustees, Judge Russell and Messrs. John Gove and Israel Nash, state its aims to be "to open cheap avenues for refined and elevating recreations to classes hitherto mainly shut out from them; to establish evening schools and other means of instruction to young working men; and to advance the cause of temperance, by simply ignoring the use of anything that intoxicates upon whatever premises may be used under the auspices of the Union. In short, to overcome intemperance and other evils by practical moral suasion." The members of the Union are to form their own constitution, to elect their officers and make their by-laws; while the board of trustees will appoint the treasurer of the institution and supervise its affairs, so as to afford a satisfactory guarantee to contributors that the objects of the association are faithfully cared for. The funds to carry out the views of the projectors will be derived from annual subscriptions of members at \$1, life subscriptions at \$50, and the profits of lectures, concerts and the sale of refreshments. This revenue is to be devoted to opening suites of rooms, some for music and conversation, others for light refreshments. They will be furnished elegantly, and adorned with pictures, statues and engravings. The ladies of the families of members will be admitted free, as their countenance and presence is relied upon to give a healthy tone to the society. A beginning has already been made by the recent formal opening of a suite of rooms at No. 15 Brattle Street, by Mr. N. Gilson, jr., the lessee of the dining-establishment known as "Our House." There is a large music and conversation hall, a library and reading-room, and an ice cream and coffee saloon. Thus the incipient step (the only one that costs according to the popular saying) has been taken. We are confident that great results will flow from it. The plan is, as far as we know, an entirely original one. It provides for the enjoyment of the elegancies and refinements of life by those whose individual resources could never command it; it secures all the advantages of the club-room, without any of its obnoxious features; (and we should have mentioned that nothing sectarian nor partizan enters into the organization;) in a word, it supplies certain means for social and intellectual improvement, which have never yet been brought to bear upon the masses. We shall take occasion to refer to this subject hereafter. Mr. J. Fed-erhen, Jr., No. 53 Court Street, is the treasurer of the Union.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.—The readers of the Pictorial will observe that we are giving faithful and picturesque views illustrating the various towns and cities of the United States. We shall confine these sketches to no particular locality, but shall continue them east and west, north and south. We have two of our best artists constantly engaged in travelling for this purpose. This fall and winter, we propose to illustrate some of the southern and western cities, and large towns, making our journal, what it purports to be, a paper for every section of the country, knowing no local interest, but *national* in all respects.

"REDPATH: or, The Western Trail."—The novelette thus entitled, which we are now publishing in the Flag of our Union, from the pen of Dr. J. H. Robinson, author of "Silver Knife," and other Indian stories, is the most popular tale ever published from this establishment. The Flag and Pictorial, it will be remembered, are sent to one address for *four dollars* per annum. The Flag has a wide-spread popularity, especially for its stories of frontier life and adventure, and the sterling character of its historical and nautical tales.

LONG SERVICE.—There is a compositor on one of our large daily journals who has worked thirty-five years in the same office. How many million ems he must have set up!

BEAT THIS WHO CAN.—Eleven hundred subscribers' names were added to the list of our Dollar Magazine in the last seven days!

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Kirk, Mr. Albert A. Decatur, of Nashua, to Miss Sarah A. Upton; by Rev. Mr. Himes, Mr. Charles E. Gage to Miss Hannah E. Wentworth; by Rev. Mr. Twombly, Mr. Charles Williams to Miss Julia Fitzpatrick; by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. Frank L. Penney to Miss Anna W. Whitney; by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Daniel Cowing, Jr. to Miss Catharine E. Wilkinson; by Rev. Mr. Tucker, Mr. Edward Le Drot to Miss Anna Maguire; by Rev. Mr. Randall, Mr. John H. C. Campbell to Miss Carrie E. Huse; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Charles Cummings to Miss Catherine E. Handy.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Holland, Mr. William Robbins to Miss Elizabeth S. Young.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dudson, Mr. Sylvester Parker, of East Leonminster, N. H., to Miss Maria S. Thompson, of Burnham, Me.; by Rev. Mr. Woodbury, Mr. Henry A. Coburn to Miss Rhoda P. Lindsey, of Chelmsford.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Spaulding, Mr. Theodore Jaques to Mrs. Betsey Elliot, both of West Newbury.—At Franklin, Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, of Dorchester, to Miss Julia Baker.—At Pittsfield, by Rev. Mr. Parvin, Mr. Henry A. Orne, of Memphis, Tenn., to Miss Annie S. Merrill.—At Hingham, by Rev. Mr. Townsend, Mr. Isaiah B. Hamblin to Miss Maria G. Gardner, all of Boston.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Mills, Mr. Moses Roberts, of Boston, to Miss Olive L. Henderson.—At Bangor, Me., by Rev. Dr. Lothrop, of this city. Mr. Gilbert Atwood, of Boston, to Miss Sarah B. Goss.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. William P. Jackson, 50; Mrs. Adah Parker; Mrs. Abigail H. Payson, 33; Mrs. Olivia Prescott Adams, of Dover, Mass., 54; Mr. John Lefavor, 36; Widow Elizabeth Annandown, 80; Mr. Seth Thaxter, 74; Mrs. Mary Pope, 54; Mr. George A. Lewis, 34; Mr. Charles Abbott, 21.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Hepsy Felton, 68; Mr. A. S. Cutting, 37.—At Charlestown, Mr. Joshua Taylor, 20; Mr. John Felley, 30; Miss Augusta B. Kimball, 20.—At Jamaica Plain, Mr. George Washington Ames, 62.—At Brookline, Mr. Lemuel Foster, 69.—At Winchester, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Dea. Calvin Richardson, 77.—At South Weymouth, Miss Malvina R. Blanchard, 18.—At Andover, Mrs. Stuart, widow of the late Prof. Stuart.—At Lowell, Widow Mary Rice, 73.—At Groton, Mrs. Hannah M. Woods, 46.—At Sterling, Mrs. Sally Allen, 78.—At Nantucket, Mrs. Abigail, wife of Mr. Matthew Myrick, 81; Mrs. Sarah, widow of Capt. George W. Gardner, 67; Mrs. Abigail, widow of the late Capt. Grafton Gardner, 89; Mrs. Sarah J. Waitt, 35.—At Barris, Mrs. Melitable, widow of the late Mr. Spooner Kuggles, of Petersham, 97.—At Thornton, N. H., Mrs. Maria, widow of the late Mr. Winthrop Bagley, 94.—At Haverhill, N. H., Mrs. Hannah, widow of the late Hon. Ezra Bartlett, 79.—At Stratford, Vt., Mrs. Harriet E., widow of Rev. Benjamin Austin, late Rector of St. James's Church, Amesbury, Mass.—At Norfolk, Va., of yellow fever, Mr. Luke Kevill, 20; Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Wm. L. Kevill, 25; Mrs. Mary Kevill, 66.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Captain J. L. Folsom, who recently died, was believed to be the richest man in San Francisco. He went out there poor enough, with the New York regiment of volunteers. One-third of his real estate he leaves to his nephew, G. D. Folsom, who is at school in Ohio, and the other two-thirds to the children of Mrs. Forrest. These are subject to an annuity of five thousand dollars per annum to his mother. His personal property he divides between his mother and sister. — Miss Andrews, the young lady from Syracuse, who performed the Good Samaritan in the fever-infected districts of Virginia, at the risk of health and life, is a niece of Judge Hall, of New York State. — The cause of Santa Anna's flight was the desire to save his private fortune, which is immense. The skirmish at the National Bridge is said to have been occasioned by the attempt of the pursuing party to capture a particular box of gold, which, although marked as the private property of Santa Anna, was claimed to be government funds. But he had taken his measures too well, and got off with the gold. — The widow Woodbury, who hung herself in Goffstown, N. H., on account of the death of her husband a few days before, was a very respectable woman, and leaves a comfortable property and four grown up sons. — Dr. Knapp, of Covington, Ky., has recently published an essay, in which he claims to have discovered the cause, nature, cure and prevention of epidemic cholera. Dr. Knapp discards all previously conceived notions on the subject, and attributes the attacks of cholera to the causes which produce scorbutic affections. He is induced to do this from the fact that the winters and springs preceding the appearance of cholera, as an epidemic, were marked by severe cold, which caused an abridgement of the supply of succulent vegetables, thus giving rise to scurvy in its most virulent form. — Colonel Stockton, of Fayette county, Va., has recently sold 40,000 acres of land in that county to Dr. Salisbury, of one of the northern States, for \$105,000, the money to be paid some time this month. — The Chicago Tribune relates a case of a young girl, only twelve years of age, who attempted to implicate a German, against whom she had a grudge on account of a whipping he gave her mother, in a murder. She adhered to her story until confronted by the accused, when she confessed the lie. The tenacity with which she adhered to the story, which was well fabricated, was remarkable for one so young, and showed a degree of mendacity most deplorable. — A man named Patten, a spiritualist, living in Rochester, lately deserted his wife, and sought another woman, because, as he said, himself and his wife could not agree upon the doctrine of the resurrection. — The Victoria (Texas) Advocate contains some very singular statistics. It says that, according to the report of the assessor and collector, there are two hundred families in that town, of whom fifteen are "happy families!" There are also in the town fifty young ladies who are opposed to marriage, forty-eight of whom would marry under "favorable circumstances," notwithstanding their opposition! It further asserts that there is one honest lawyer in the place! — Three American ladies, Mrs. Kyle and two daughters, were lately robbed while on a visit to the heights of Camaldeli, in Italy, by four Neapolitan brigands. The robbers demanded and obtained all they had, which was only two piasters. — Says one of the editors of the Independent, we lately inquired of the son of an American missionary, just arrived from Constantinople, "If Russia should take Constantinople, how long could your father remain there at his work?" "Not a day," was the instant reply—an answer thought, by those who know, to be a true exponent of the respective attitudes of Russia and Turkey toward the missionary work. — Rev. J. S. Hayes, of New Orleans, and General Charles W. Clifton, of Point Coupee, are among the victims of yellow fever. — Mr. Jacob Courson, of Sussex county, N. J., whilst binding a sheaf of wheat, took up a rattlesnake and bound it so tight that it could not escape. He was unaware of the fact till his attention was called to it, and he then killed it.

THE MINIE RIFLE.—M. Minie, of bullet celebrity, has just lost his patent case, before the imperial tribunal of Paris. He sold his patent for France four years ago to a M. Moreaux. Last year M. Mares offered to the minister of war an improvement on the Minie bullet; M. Moreaux, hearing of this, sued him for infringement. The advocate of M. Mares pleaded that Minie, belonging to the army, and holding a commission from the government to make improvements in instruments of war, could not take out a patent for any improvement so made. The court decided that the patent was null, and that any one may manufacture or improve upon it.

THE CONGREVE ROCKET.—This missile was the first step in an invention by which the flight of such projectiles is considerably extended, and a size and power secured which, under other principles, prevent the rockets rising from the ground. They are armed with shells and case-shot; are formed in metallic vases, and are the invention of Colonel Congreve. One of their great advantages is, that they can be discharged at the largest sizes from a small boat, as they cause no recoil.

BROCK'S MONUMENT.—The monument which is in process of erection on Queenstown Heights, to the memory of General Brock, has risen to the height of one hundred and forty feet. The workmen are now busy upon the Corinthian shaft, and probably this will be finished next summer. Upon the top of the shaft is to be placed a colossal statue of General Brock, seventeen feet in height.

NICE CALCULATION.—A modern philosopher, taking the motion of the earth on its axis at seventeen miles a second, says that if you take off your hat in the street to low to a friend, you go seventeen miles bareheaded, without taking cold!

Wayside Gatherings.

Dr. Pond, of Rutland, Vt., has invented a pill-making machine, which will manufacture any quantity of those articles in a day.

The tolls on the Suspension Bridge, over the Niagara, have been sold to Mr. Walsh, of Portland, for one year for £1503.

The trotting horse belonging to Mr. Snyder, of Congress Hall, Saratoga, worth \$4 or \$5000, died a short time ago.

Miss Vandenhoff has written a play, which is to be brought out in New York by Mr. and Mrs. G. Vandenhoff.

In Galesburg, Mich., a rowdy, who grossly insulted some ladies, was recently tarred and feathered, and then rode on a rail.

The total population of Chicago, as by the census just taken and complete, is 80,028. In 1850 it was 28,620.

Miss Glyn, the actress, a relative, we believe, of Charles Kemble's, was married, recently, in England to Edward S. Dallas, the author.

Madame Santa Anna is a brilliant woman, of French descent, and engaging manners, well educated, and only twenty-three years of age.

The Japanese authorities have recently been so ungallant as to refuse to allow several American merchants and their wives to land upon their territory.

The New York Herald discovers a secret treaty between Great Britain, France, Spain and St. Domingo, excluding the United States from a commercial foothold in the island.

A Mr. Pense, of Linerick, Me., was recently swindled out of \$1200 by some gipsies, who persuaded him that the sum of \$4000 in gold was buried somewhere on his farm.

The Hon. George S. Boutwell, late governor of Massachusetts, has been appointed State Librarian and Secretary of the Board of Education, in place of Rev. Barnes Sears, D. D., the newly elected President of Brown University.

A few days since the citizens of Provincetown held a meeting, and chose a committee of five persons to proceed to the West, with full powers to contract for flour sufficient to supply the families in town.

A company has been formed in England for the manufacture of paper from the stem of the plantain. A good paper for printing upon, and a very superior kind as a wrapping paper, it is said, may be made from this weed.

The wife and daughter of Captain Dumaesque, of ship Romance of the Seas, were recently upset in a boat on the Kennebec, near Swan Island, and drowned, with Miss Richards, of Gardiner, Me. Mrs. and Miss Dumaesque resided in Roxbury.

The great "crib," as it is called, for the draw of the new bridge to rest on, in the river at Rock Island, Illinois, is 500 feet long and 40 feet wide, and requires 1,000,000 feet of lumber to build it, and 16,000 yards of rock to fill it. The estimated cost is \$75,000.

An Eastern paper announces, as a matter of news, that it has "been informed by a most reliable correspondent that there is at present residing somewhere in California an editor who has actually killed but one man for a year, and has been shot at but six times during that period."

A regular line of stage coaches is about to be established between Independence, Mo., and the Mormon city of the Salt Lake. A contract for carrying the mails has been made with Mr. W. W. Magraw, who has already purchased coaches and wagons for the line, six of which have arrived at St. Louis.

The N. Y. Tribune says that a New York mechanic named Reade, who is the inventor of a compact and simple style of steam engine, has gone to Paris, and has just finished putting up three of his engines, and is said to have already received French orders for more engines than he can make in months.

Captain Hughes, of the schooner D. B. Warner, on the passage from New York to Charleston, S. C., in about twenty-three fathoms water, forty miles northeast of Frying Pan Shoals, in hauling up the deep sea lead, found attached to the bottom of it a gold ring set with red stone, which he now has in his possession.

Mr. Hiriart, the warden, and Mr. Booth, assistant warden of the state prison at Baton Rouge, La., had a fight in the street, fired four or five pistol shots at each other, then strack each other over the head with the pistols, clinched and fell down, and all without mortal wounds; and the advocate hopes the matter will be amicably arranged!

Mrs. Evans, of Franklin Square, Baltimore, after washing an infant ten months old in a tub of water, laid it on the floor while she left the room. Meantime a larger child put the infant back in the tub, and attempted to resume the washing of it; but, unfortunately, the poor baby's head was kept under water so long that when the mother returned she found it dead.

A bar keeper in Rutland complains that the authorities have put back the temperance cause years by prosecuting him. He says that the people were becoming so well trained that they took liquors from him which were two-thirds water, and if he had been let alone he would have got them so that they would have drank clear water within six months.

The Wesleyans in Ireland have lately been inaugurating a new scheme for home missions, viz., raising a sum sufficient to secure preaching for every hamlet in the country. One gentleman is said to be giving \$170,000 annually, with a view to the increase of church sittings or church edifices for the masses of London. Another gives \$25,000 for the same purpose.

An American lady direct from St. Petersburg (Mrs. Bodisco), states that there was no financial or commercial distress in Russia, that money is abundant, and business as brisk as ever. No fears were entertained of the capture of Sebastopol. A large reserved force was awaiting orders at St. Petersburg, and there was no difficulty in obtaining recruits or supplies of provisions and money.

According to the Russian admiral's account of the bombardment of Sweaborg, the allies appear to have done but little damage, besides the burning of the public stores. He says no damage whatever has been done to the fortifications or guns, and closes his despatch of the evening of the 12th ult. thus: "The enemy remain at their old anchorage, and do not renew the attack."

In the vault of a building on the corner of Montgomery and California Streets, San Francisco, formerly occupied by Adams & Co., an apparatus for the preparation of bogus gold dust was recently found, including acid and other chemicals, and an iron mill used for the purpose of giving to the particles of base metals the peculiar shape of flake gold. This mill had the remains of the last grist in it.

There is a religious sect in Russia, called the Bepoportehine, who dislike the national bishops and priests so much that, when any one of them enters their houses, they hasten, as soon as they leave, to wash the seats and the walls. They believe that the church is in a state of decline and apostacy, and that legitimate priests are impossible at the present day. They await the Lord's coming for the reorganization of the church.

Foreign Items.

Omar Pasha has been decorated with the British Order of the Bath.

M. Louis Battisier, the vice consul of France at Suez, has just sent to the museum of the Louvre a papyrus nearly two thousand years old, containing a fragment of the 18th book of Homer's Iliad.

The shoe-blacks of London are divided into brigades, and are stationed in different parts of the metropolis, in the neighborhood of the great thoroughfares. It is stated that these "brigades" earn from £1500 to £2000 a year.

One of those ingenious spirits who delight in statistics has found out that there are at present living in Paris no less than three hundred of the scribbling confraternity calling themselves "historians."

In the Green Vault at Dresden there is a pair of ruby ear-rings, which have been valued at 24,000 thalers, though at present they would probably bring a much higher price, owing to these gems being greatly in fashion. The above sum would be about 18,000 of our dollars.

One of the curious sights to a stranger in Florence may be seen at the market-houses. An ox is slaughtered, hung up entire in the stall, head, hoofs and tail complete, and exposed in the morning for sale, when it is separated into joints, steaks or roasting pieces, as customers may demand.

After three months' incessant labor, the Russians have replaced the great bell in the tower of San Juan, on the Kremlin, which, our readers, perhaps, recollect, on being tolled for the late czar, fell and broke through no less than three separate stories of vaults, killing five persons on the spot. The bell is said to be the largest in the world, weighing no less than 80,000 pounds.

The good results of vaccination are shown in the fact that in the British army, where all recruits are vaccinated, of 11,000 deaths in twenty years, only six were of small pox. In Marseilles, in 1828, of 30,000 vaccinated, only twenty died of varioloid, while of 8000 unprotected, 4000 took the small pox, and 1000 died; out of 2000 inoculated for small pox, twenty took the disease a second time, and four died.

Sands of Gold.

... Truth is violated by falsehood, and it may be equally outraged by silence.—*Amnian*.

... Misfortune makes of certain souls a vast desert through which rings the voice of God.—*Balzac*.

... The reason why so few marriages are happy is, because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.—*Swift*.

... He that lives in perpetual suspicion, lives the life of a sentinel—of a sentinel never relieved, whose business it is to look out for and expect an enemy, which is an evil not very far short of perishing by him.—*Young*.

... The approaches of sin are like the conduct of Jael: it brings butter in a lordly dish; it bids high for the soul. But when it has fascinated and lulled the victim, the nail and the hammer are behind.—*Cecil*.

... There are cases in which a man would have been ashamed not to have been imposed on. There is a confidence necessary to human intercourse, and without which, men are more injured by their suspicions than they could be by the perfidy of others.—*Burke*.

... Accustom your children to a strict attention to truth, even in the most minute particulars. If a thing happened at one window, and they, when relating it, say that it happened at another, do not let it pass, but instantly check them. You do not know where deviations from truth will end.—*Johnson*.

... The two most precious things on this side the grave are our reputation and our life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon of the other. A wise man, therefore, will be more anxious to deserve a fair name than to possess it; and this will teach him so to live, as not to be afraid to die.—*Colton*.

... I am well convinced that this life is not the land of enjoyment, but of labor and toil, and that every joy is granted to us but to strengthen us for further exertion; that the management of our own fate is by no means required of us, but only self-culture. I trouble myself, therefore, not at all concerning the things that are without. I endeavor not to appear, but to be.—*J. G. Fichte*.

Joker's Budget.

It is said that a lady, bathing at Coney Island, was carried away by several under-toes!

"Bill," said Bob, "why is that tree called a weeping willow?" "Cause one of the sneaking, plaguy things grew near our school-house, and supplied master with switches."

A person out West is offering for sale grass seed gathered from the path of rectitude. A religious cotemporary fears that the path must be sadly overgrown with grass, as it is so little travelled now-a-days.

The Waterbury Democrat knows a man who, on going out of a house, stumbled over a dog in the entry, fell and broke his nose! He attempted to kick the dog, but missed him, kicked over a hat-stand, put his ankle out of joint, and was laid up three months.

Anybody who supposes that locking a girl in a back room will prevent her from knowing what love means, might as well undertake to keep strawberries from blushing in June, by whispering in their ears about the snow we had last winter.

A witty lawyer once jocosely asked a boarding house keeper the following question: "If a man gives you five hundred dollars to keep for him, and dies, what are you to do? Do you pray for him?" "No, sir," replied he, "I pray for another like him."

Lately, at a masquerade ball in New York, when the party sat down to supper, and the masks were removed, "several gentlemen found they had been flirting with their sisters, making love to their mothers, and, for once, playing the agreeable to their own wives."

A preacher once broke off the thread of his discourse, and said to his hearers: "My dear friends, let me tell you that I am halt through with my services; but, seeing your impatience, I will say that the remaining half is not more than a quarter as long as that you have heard."

A sick man was telling his symptoms—which appeared to himself, of course, dreadful—to a medical friend, who, at each new item of the disorder, exclaimed: "Charming! Delightful! Pray go on!" and, when he had finished, said, with the utmost pleasure: "Do you know, my dear sir, you have got a complaint which has been for some time supposed to be extinct?"

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements. The immense circulation of the PICTORIAL (being over one hundred thousand copies weekly) forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the PICTORIAL as an advertising medium is, that it is preserved, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the inside of the paper) becomes a permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.

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Office of the Maryland Consolidated Lotteries, }
Baltimore, Maryland, 20th June, 1855. }

CAUTION!—LOTTERY FRAUDS!

THE Commissioner of the Maryland State Lotteries has deemed it his duty to caution the public against the numerous swindlers who circulate by mail and otherwise, fraudulent lottery schemes, and pretend to be agents for the sale of tickets in Lotteries which are wholly fictitious. The only legal Lotteries in Maryland are those drawn under the superintendence of the Commissioner elected by the people of the State, under the new Constitution, to examine and approve the schemes and attend to the drawings.

All the tickets in these Lotteries, and all certificates of packages of tickets, have the lithographed signature, "F. X. BRENAN, General Agent for the Contractor. Office of the Maryland Consolidated Lotteries, Baltimore, Maryland." All others are fraudulent. For full information on the subject of these frauds, address
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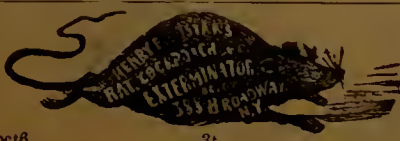
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BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
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BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1855.

\$3.00 PER ANNUM. } Vol. IX., No. 15.—Whole No. 223.
6 CENTS SINGLE.

NEW MASONIC HALL, CHESTNUT ST., PHILA.

We present our readers below, with a drawing from the pencil of one of our favorite artists, Mr. Chapin, of New York, representing the new and magnificent hall recently erected in the city of brotherly love, by the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, and dedicated with becoming ceremonies by that body on the 26th of August. This splendid structure, which reflects great credit upon the taste and liberality of the fraternity, is an ornament to the Quaker city, and will be an object of admiration to its citizens, and to all who visit her from abroad. It occupies the site of the old hall, which was demolished to make room for the new and more commodious building, and is located in the immediate vicinity of Independence Hall, the Custom House, etc., the centre of the fashionable thoroughfare of Philadelphia. The design and plans were drawn and furnished by Mr. Samuel Sloan, architect, and the exterior presents a beautiful specimen of the Gothic order of architecture. The whole front is of brown stone, most elaborately carved and ornamented, as a glance at our engraving will show. The size of the lot on Chestnut Street is 101 feet seven inches, by 178 feet in depth to Lodge Alley, and the building occupies the entire site, except about eight feet of the depth. The first floor is devoted to stores, of which there are four, extending the entire depth to Lodge Alley. The entrance to the Lodge rooms on the second and third floor is by the wide doorway in the centre. The height of the finials on either side of the turret in the centre, is 112 feet above the pavement. The front of the first story on Lodge Alley is formed of cast iron box pilasters, into which the shutters fold, and above, the wall is of pressed brick, and is thirteen inches thick; double cellars are under the entire building. The beautiful brown stone front rests upon granite pillars below the pavement. The second story contains the following rooms:—1. A magnificent and elaborately ornamented Grand Lodge Room in the Goth-



NEW MASONIC HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

ic style, 78 by 42 feet in dimension, with a gallery at the west end over the Ante-Rooms and Tiler's room, and increasing the length to nearly 100 feet. In connection with this room, at the western end, there are three ante-rooms of the following dimensions, viz., one of 32 feet by 11 feet, and two of 11 feet by 8 feet each. 2. Blue Lodge room, 30 feet by 56 feet, with three connecting rooms, viz., one of 14 feet by 11 feet, and two of 11 feet by 8 feet each. 3. Banqueting rooms, 76 feet 8 inches long by 33 feet in width. 4. Tiler's room, 72 feet long by 10 feet wide. 5. Conversation hall, 42 feet by 25 feet in dimensions. 6. Grand Master's room, 21 feet by 31 feet. 7. Grand Secretary's room, 21 feet by 31 feet. 8. The north-eastern part of the building, over the easternmost store, is appropriated to the residence of the Tiler. To this there is an entrance from the main centre passage-way by the side of the Banqueting room. The portion of the structure appropriated to the Tiler contains a parlor, kitchen, dining-room, six bed-rooms, a bathroom, etc. Over a portion of the second story rooms there is a half, or entresol story, which contains four committee rooms and a regalia room. The third story contains the following apartments:—1. A Chapter room, 30 feet wide by 78 long, having four connecting rooms, 21 by 12 feet, 30 feet by 10, 20 feet by 11, and a closet 11 by 10 feet. 2. An oval Encampment room, 43 feet by 31 feet; this apartment also has four connecting-rooms, besides the ante-rooms, which will be 33 feet long by 7 feet wide. 3. A regalia room, 58 feet by 12. 4. A Tiler's room, 21 feet by 31 feet, and an apartment 20 feet by 12. In the centre of the building, and extending east and west about ninety feet over the stores, there is an area for the purpose of affording light and air; this area divides the building into two parts (over the stores). The Tiler's room connects the two branches. The ceilings of the stores are 16 feet in height; those in the second story are 30 feet in the front building, and in the back are 22 feet; the third story ceilings are 22 feet high.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FALCONE:

—OR—

**THE MYSTERIES OF MEXICO.
A ROMANCE OF OUR DAY.**

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVIII.—[CONTINUED.]

"So you let the bird escape when it was so nearly caged, and the fiend only knows if you can lime its pretty wings again," was Don Ricardo's salutation to Falcone when they met.

"Little fear have I that either will escape, Don Ricardo. The route they travel is filled with the troops of Paredes, and they have lost the guidance of the treacherous priest, whose wind I nearly stopped for him."

"A bad business that, Falcone. Paredes will never dare to uphold such assaults against the sons of holy church, particularly as her well-filled coffers are to be tapped very soon, to support the war. You had better get out of bad odor, my friend, in that quarter."

"The priest is a traitor, as Paredes well knows."

"True, my friend, but he is likewise a priest. Had you shot the *Señor Dusenbury*, your fortune would have been made—but a padre!—it was a blunder, my dear Falcone."

"What's to be done?"

"Wash your hands of it, and let the government settle with the church. And as you think that our friends, the Americans, will certainly be captured—"

"Not a doubt of it."

"Then make your peace concerning the padre, and obtain authority from the general to dispose of the other traitors as may be deemed advisable."

"That I have already."

"Very well, my dear Gabriel—go to sleep, and to-morrow we will talk further upon the subject."

But the morrow did not realize the sanguine expectations of Gabriel Falcone concerning the capture of the fugitive Americans. On the contrary, the morrow and another, and a third day passed, and yet no news from Puebla or any of the military stations related to the interception of foreigners without passports. Had Dusenbury and Teresa sunk into the earth or vanished into unsubstantial air, all traces of them could not have been more suddenly lost. A week passed on and naught further was revealed. Gabriel Falcone raved, and Don Ricardo twirled his gray moustache.

"I'll scour the country for twenty leagues around," threatened Falcone.

"Wait a while, Gabriel! Be not precipitate! Padre Herrata is in the hospital, recovering from his wound, so you are safe out of that difficulty."

"Do you think they are concealed?"

"Not a doubt of it."

"Between here and Puebla?"

"That is my opinion."

"Don Ricardo—I do not like to flatter you to your face—but you are—"

"Speak out, Gabriel."

"You are an enigma. But you are my friend, though I once doubted you."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Don Ricardo, as he found himself alone. "An enigma—and his friend. And so I was his father's and his mother's friend. Ha! ha! It will be a nice match—a rare union indeed, when brother and sister wed! And I shall be godfather to the first child! Ah, my dear Gabriel, an enigma, indeed!"

CHAPTER XIX.

SANTA ANNA.

Is the meantime the aspect of Mexican affairs grew more warlike day by day. General Paredes, elevated to the station which had so long been the object of his aspirations, found himself at the head of a party strongly opposed to any concessions to the demands of the United States government, and determined to sustain the belligerent attitude which Mexico had assumed at the outset, even under the presidency of Herrera. It is true that many minds, the sagest of the nation, were in favor of opening every honorable channel for peaceful negotiations to be resumed between the two republics, but the voice of dispassionate reason was unheard amid the tumult of ambitious counsel, and the few who hazarded their doubts as to the ultimate result of the strife, and sought to blend prudence with the courage that was lauded on all sides, were stigmatized as timorous or untrue to their native land. It was one of those crises in the political affairs of a nation, when contending factions unite for their selfish purposes on a popular line of action, and push it to the extreme, in order to display their own present zeal, without reference to future consequences. In Mexico, whose disrupted system had long been the prey of military and civil leaders, intent on their own aggrandizement, and bringing their personal feuds into action upon the field of national politics, there was at this time apparent union of parties so far as regarded the one great question of a patriotic defence of the soil against invasion. In the councils at the seat of government and at the quarters of detached sections of the army, all who were or aspired to be leaders of the masses

united in ringing the changes upon the duty and necessity of organization in the country's behalf. Differences of party must be forgotten, individual jealousies ignored, personal quarrels waived—until the insolent Americans were driven back beyond the northern limits of Mexico, and the severed portions of the republic re-united to the natural trunk. War, till Texas should be conquered and re-incorporated, was the controlling idea of those who sought, not only to keep pace with, but to outrun the spirit of the nation. On the other hand, the war feeling, in spite of some opposition, was rife in the United States.

Months had elapsed since the first blood of the opposing nations had stained the waters of the Rio Grande del Norte, and hitherto the success of the invader had been signal. Taylor, the American general, had advanced from his position on the banks of the dividing river, and capturing Matamoros, Camargo, and several other towns upon his march, defeating some of the best troops of Mexico in various engagements, had at length taken up a position which threatened the seaboard portion of the northern provinces which his army already partially overran. General Ampudia, entrenched at Monterey, the fortified capital of New Leon, was now prepared to dispute his further progress, but in the meantime affairs at the seat of government were becoming more complicated.

Paredes found himself opposed suddenly by an unlooked-for rival. General Santa Anna, the former president of Mexico, who had once been very popular, and signalized himself often in defence of his country, suddenly left Havana, where he had sojourned for some time, and, passing through the blockading squadron of an American commodore, unexpectedly appeared upon the soil of his native land. His arrival was the signal for one of those spontaneous political changes to which Mexico is so accustomed. A party immediately rallied around the returned ex-president—he was declared the man for the times, the only general capable of withstanding Taylor; and at once measures were taken for the deposition of Paredes from his seat and the placing of supreme authority in the hands of Santa Anna. Thus matters stood on the eve of the siege of Monterey, and thus it happened that a group of officers, assembled in the midst of an encampment of Mexican soldiers, on the great road which leads from San Luis Potosi to the sea-coast, were engaged in a warm discussion concerning an event which had just transpired.

These officers, of various grades and ages, surrounded the entrance of a large tent, or marquee, over which waved the federal flag of Mexico. Scattered in sight, at various points, parties of soldiery, off duty, appeared occupied, like their superiors, in animated conversation. Indeed, the event that had occurred, though one common enough to their experience, had, at this juncture of their affairs, more than common interest attached to it. A change of government had been decreed by the army, and the General Paredes was to succumb to the General Santa Anna. The latter had arrived among the division of military encamped at this place, and was now in the tent over which floated the republic's banner. Santa Anna was once more Dictator of Mexico.

"But who is this Montagnone who has returned with the general?" inquired one of the officers, a splendid-looking colonel, dressed in the uniform of the chivalrous lanceros.

"Say, rather, Colonel Aldrade, that this Montagnone brought our general to his country, and rumor will bear you out," rejoined an artillery-officer, standing near.

"But who is Montagnone? Since you know that to him we owe the general's return, pray enlighten us further, Colonel Obando."

"Faith, my knowledge ends with Madame Rumor's gossip, and that only vouches for Montagnone's enormous wealth and his great interest with Santa Anna."

"And he is now with the general—is he not, Obando?"

"In close counsel with his excellency. And yonder in waiting for the same honor are a dozen generals of renown. It is marvellous, truly, Aldrade, that this stranger, whoever he be, should engross our commander-in-chief to the exclusion of Lombardini, Pacheco, Micheltorena, Andrade and Minon, all of whom I see waiting patiently as we poor subalterns."

Colonel Aldrade might have replied to his fellow-officer's complaint, but the drapery at the entrance of the marquee was suddenly drawn aside, and Santa Anna appeared, closely grasping the hand of a majestic-looking young man, who slightly preceded the general as the latter limped from the tent. A sudden movement of respect was visible among all the officers, of high or low degree, who stood near, which the commander-in-chief acknowledged by an inclination of his head, at the same moment addressing his companion.

"Colonel Montagnone,—it is with regret that I suffer you to depart. But we must all haste to the post of duty, which is also for us that of danger. For me, the task of concentrating the forces of our country, of putting in military shape these incongruous materials which constitute our defence, of restoring the lustre of our tarnished arms, is one of peculiar difficulty; but if the fatality which unhappily seems to direct the destinies of this nation does not interdict a unanimity of our counsels—if division and distrust do not frustrate my hopes and annihilate my plans, then I will make a good report against these vandal Americans."

"And peace is still distant, alas!" said the young officer.

"I fear so, Montagnone. But our quarrel is a just one. We sustain the most sacred of causes—the defence of our territory and the preservation of our nationality and rights. We are not the aggressors, and our government has never really offended that of the United States."

"And yet, as we were told on our journey, the authorities at Washington expect you will at once exert the power confided to you, in making a peace."

"Could I effect a peace honorable to Mexico, no time should be lost—not another drop of blood be shed," answered Santa Anna. "But that is not what these ambitious Americans look for. They believe that I can be made the tool of their schemes—that I will overthrow Paredes only to accept whatever terms they may dictate. They are mistaken. They will find me harder to deal with than a score of such as Don Antonio."

"O, may God prosper your excellency's plans," cried the other, with enthusiasm, as he kissed the hand of Santa Anna. "Though I mourn that these pleasant provinces should be given over to the desolation of war, yet I know there is no alternative. But that one commands who combats, not for personal renown, but to liberate his native land from her invaders, and force by his arms a speedy peace—that such a chief is at our head, must be the consolation which I share with every patriot Mexican."

"Montagnone! we will perish or vindicate our rights! While our ports are blockaded, our soil ravaged—while a single North American in arms treads upon the territory of this republic, I banish every idea of peace. If annihilated, Mexico shall be annihilated with glory!"

With these words General Santa Anna warmly embraced his young friend, and bade him farewell. The latter bowed respectfully as he turned away, and sprang to the saddle of one of the general's horses, which a servant at the moment led up to the marquee. Then, as the commander-in-chief made a signal to one of the waiting subalterns that he was now prepared to receive his general officers, the stranger Montagnone, who had awakened such curiosity in the groups around, rode quietly past them, and touching his hat gracefully, as he recognized an acquaintance, put spurs to his steed, and was soon far distant from the encampment.

CHAPTER XX.

FALL OF MONTEREY.

To the parties who in Victoria awaited the result of what was daily expected, a battle at Monterey between the Americans and Mexicans, a despatch one morning verified the worst predictions of the old Don Manuel Ribera. Monterey had surrendered after a determined resistance of three days, and General Taylor was, as heretofore, triumphant. To the inert inhabitants of the interior provinces, the news of this defeat was overwhelming, and a sudden panic overspread the country, far and near. General Pedro Ampudia had, however, in consideration of his brave defence, succeeded in effecting the most favorable terms of capitulation, being allowed to retire with all his army, and with all the honors of war, relinquishing only the artillery defences, and stipulating to fall back to a point specified by the American general. An armistice of eight weeks had likewise been granted by the victorious enemy, the acceptance of which, however, was an error on the part of the Mexicans, never afterwards retrieved. And in this light was it viewed by the testy *administradores*, who, on the evening after the intelligence of the fall of Monterey had reached them, was seated, with his daughter and the Yankee, Dusenbury, upon the balcony of their dwelling at Victoria.

"A truce!" muttered Don Manuel, as he lit off his cigar with a vexed closing of his teeth. "What does the fool Ampudia want of a truce? Answer me, *Señor Americano*—does not the very moderation of your countrymen, after this signal victory, show that they are incapable of following up their success?"

"It does look like it, I must confess," answered the Yankee, who, in the space of a week's sojourn at Victoria, had managed to fall into the good graces of the old don to an extent which quite puzzled the latter individual to account for. "Not that those awful critters from the States are afraid, for by thunder! I believe they'd follow old 'Rough and Ready,' as they call him, to the very gates o' Jimmy Squaretoes' underground arrangements—but I kind o' think the general has calk'lated putty sharp about the chances, and has made up his mind that he kin afford to lay by, and rest a spell. That's my 'pinion, Don Ribera."

"*Señor Dusenbury*, you are a sensible man," said Don Manuel, sententiously, as he lit a fresh cigar from the silver brazier of coals which the fair Mexicana handed to him. "I respect your opinion because it is precisely my own. General Ampudia should have marched away without making any stipulations for the future, collected a greater force, roused the people, and returned upon Monterey, backed by the whole force of the republic."

"He's skeered, I reckon," said Dusenbury—"skeered orfully."

"He's afraid of his shadow—like half our popinjay generals," muttered the old man. "But it's no use talking about this doomed nation. Monterey is but the beginning of its troubles."

"O, dear father! why are you so fearful of our poor Mexico?" cried his beautiful daughter, approaching Don Manuel, and placing one white hand caressingly upon his snowy head. "Is she not unfortunate—is she not also brave and noble?"

"She is all that you say, child—but her base children are her worst enemies."

"Ah, father! what a general you would have been!" laughed Mexicana.

Dusenbury contented himself with smoking his cigar, and replying, when he found an opportunity, to the oracular sayings of the ancient Don Manuel, who avowed his determination to set forth on the morrow for Tampico, and take his chances for getting safely to sea.

"And you, I suppose, *senor*, will lose no time in pushing forward to your countrymen," said the *administradore*. "Now that Monterey is in their possession, and the country open back, you will experience no difficulty in reaching the frontier."

"And precisely for that reason, I reckon I'll not push on," remarked Dusenbury.

"Indeed, señor! And wherefore not?"

"Because, Don Ribera, I'm a good deal o' your notion about what's goin' to happen. General Taylor'll just put ahead, when this truce is over, and, like as not, gain half a dozen more victories over these greasers—beg pardon—Mexicans, in short order. So, in that case, you see, I sha'n't want to go to the States suddenly."

"Ah! I understand you, señor. You would remain and witness the utter fall of this wretched country—join with your barbarous countrymen in insulting a nation which—"

"Now, Don Ribera, just shut up," interrupted Dusenbury, with a rather vehement gesture, that precipitated his half-consumed cigar over the balustrade. "I never was otherwise than a gin this war, from the first shot. However, I tell you plain, I wouldn't like to see the boys whipped, and so I hope that General Taylor'll do his dooty."

"Then, señor," said Mexicana, "you and Hannibal will go with us to Tampico, will you not?"

"Yes, by thunder! I'll go to the ends o' the earth with ye!" said Dusenbury.

The next moment Jake Dusenbury was puffing vigorously at his weed, conscious that he had said a very bold thing, but unable to divine how he should remedy his fault. Mexicana, however, only laughed heartily, and went away with the brazier, while Don Manuel, who had heard the Yankee's excited assent to the proposition, said, very quietly, that he should be happy to have Señor Dusenbury's protection on the journey.

"And we shall go to-morrow," he added. "Hannibal will accompany you. Then there will be myself, Mexicana, and the two servants—six in all. I think there will be no danger of attack, though they say the roads are infested above Victoria."

"By brigands?"

"By lawless characters of all kinds. To mend the matter, not a soldier can be procured to escort us, for love nor money."

"I would rather trust to my own barkers than to any gridiron greaser of a soldier," said Dusenbury. "And as for brigands and such chaps, I have had experience of 'em before, Señor Ribera."

Don Manuel proceeded to discourse with Dusenbury concerning further arrangements for their journey, which resulted in the understanding that the Yankee should accompany his new friends to Tampico, and there assist in getting them on board one of the blockading ships, whence they could easily be transferred to some American or British vessel bound for the old world.

In accordance with this plan, the administradore and his party took leave of the capital of Tamaulipas, leaving its inhabitants greatly excited by the further news which reached them concerning the defeat at Monterey, brought by couriers who had been engaged in the defence. General Ampudia had retreated from the city, and fallen back with his army toward the interior, where were concentrating the new levies which were to be controlled by General Santa Anna. Too late the central government would learn that their policy should have been to throw detachments continually forward, reinforcing the advanced troops of General Arista, in such time as would have prevented the rapid progress of the enemy. But the opportunity was now lost forever. Monterey, the key of the interior, was in the hands of an enemy flushed with success, and determined to carry the war to the very heart of Mexico.

Such were the reflections of Don Manuel Ribera, as in company with his daughter and Dusenbury, who rode at the right of the maiden, and followed by Hannibal, Juan and Pablo, he left Victoria, and proceeded on the road to Tampico. The gay laugh of Mexicana oft awoke the echoes of the hills adown which they journeyed through the day, or was borne in silver clearness on the still air to the ears of some wondering peasant girl, plaiting straw at her cottage door, or to an admiring husbandman, beguiled for a moment from his toil in the field. Dusenbury's loud glee at some lively sally of the maiden, and the half shout of the privileged Hannibal, who was ever ready with his native love for humor, mingled at times and added to the hilarity, so that the *administradore*, in his novel enjoyment of travel, almost forgot his customary timidity, and ceased to bid Juan and Pablo to "look well to their arms."

Thus, the first two days of their easy journey passed pleasantly enough, and Don Manuel blessed his good fortune in meeting the negro Hannibal, who had been the means of introducing to him so good-humored and sensible a fellow-traveller as Dusenbury the Yankee. More than once the old don expressed his wish that the wretched Mexicans whom they encountered, could have infused into them a modicum of the American temperament.

"In that case," quoth the *administradore*, "there might be hope for the poor rascals—but as it is—*diable!*"

The latter exclamation was occasioned by the sudden apparition of a specimen of the "poor rascals" whose condition the good don so deplored, emerging from a thicket which they were at the moment passing, and stepping upon the road close to the saddle of the *administradore*; so close, indeed, that the latter's remark must have distinctly reached to his ears. The Mexican was a biped of that class peculiarly described by Dusenbury's epithet "greaser," and his appearance in any locality might have resulted in a slight derangement of ordinary nerves. He was a low-browed, scowling individual, with mahogany-colored skin, lank cheeks, hair matted and disordered, and teeth decayed. He carried in one hand a heavy stick, and the other was stretched out to the *administradore* in an instantaneous appeal for charity.

And, apart from his repulsive personal characteristics, the man exhibited certainly as strong a claim to compassion as garments ragged and filthy, shoeless feet and uncovered head, joined to an air of sullen despair, could present to the beholder; and so

thought the gentle Mexicana, whose fair hand in an instant drew from her pocket a handful of silver and tendered it to the beggar.

"Tut, tut, child—if we give to every vagabond who crosses our path, we shall soon have nought left to give," muttered the old don, attempting to arrest his daughter's hand, which had, however, been emptied into the broad palm of the Mexican. But apparently the fellow was not satisfied with the liberal alms dispensed by his beautiful countrywoman, for at the same instant in which he received the gift, he clasped also the white fingers of the maiden, and at the same time grasped the bridle of her horse. The movement was so sudden that Donna Mexicana was hardly aware of it before she felt the man's rude hand confining her arm. Dusenbury, however, had in an instant perceived it, and reaching his long arm behind the maiden, seized the "greaser" by the neck with an iron grip. The fellow uttered a cry of pain, and releasing Mexicana's hand, turned his scowling face toward the Yankee.

"What do ye mean, ye varmint?" demanded Dusenbury, whirling the Mexican round to his own steed with the quickness of lightning. "What do ye want with that lady?"

The beggar muttered something about the hand of Donna Mexicana, at which the maiden burst into a merry laugh.

"Poor fellow! He but wanted to tell my fortune!" she said. "Ah, señor! you have frightened him out of his senses."

The Yankee released his grasp, and sent the Mexican reeling from him with a vigorous push.

"Where's his manners, then, to take a lady's hand, without her liberty?" exclaimed Dusenbury, not deigning to cast a second glance at the discomfited "greaser."

Don Manuel, however, as well as his daughter, looked back as they moved on, and beheld the eyes of the Mexican following the figure of Dusenbury with an expression of such intense malignity that they simultaneously uttered an exclamation.

"Holy St. Iago! what eyes!" cried the Castilian.

"Santa Maria shield us! what a wicked look!" exclaimed his daughter.

But the next moment the "greaser" had darted from the road and was lost in the thicket out of which he had emerged.

"That was a dangerous fellow! You should never have given him anything, Mexicana!" said Don Manuel, as they rode on.

"But he was such a pitiable object."

"A brigand—thief—the Lord knows what else!" cried the *administradore*. "We must be on our guard. Juan! Pablo! look well to your arms!"

CHAPTER XXI.

THE VALLEY OF MURILLO.

THE news of the disastrous termination of the campaign which had been opened by the battle of Palo-Alto and concluded with the fall of Monterey, completed the annihilation of that party in the capital which still supported the claims of General Paredes, and at the same time turned all eyes to the man who was felt to be the centre of national hopes, if not of entire national confidence—Santa Anna. But to the peace party, or to those in favor of an attempt to re-open negotiations with the Washington government, the intelligence of Ampudia's surrender imparted no welcome anticipations; for with it came the avowed determination of the new commander-in-chief and dictator to prosecute the war at all hazards, and dispute every inch of Mexican ground against the advance of invaders.

Don Ricardo Ramos and his friend Falcione were not, it may be imagined, inspired with the loftiest impulses of patriotism; and yet there were hundreds of adventurers, holding stations of responsibility under the government, and thousands of political gamblers swarming in the capital, who held quite as lax sentiments in reference to their duty as citizens, as did either of these men. Under such influence the true lovers of their country beheld, day by day, their noblest efforts wither in neglect—their best aspirations mocked, their fondest hopes blighted.

But the two worthies above-mentioned gave themselves in truth little concern about the approaching dangers which menaced their native land. Don Ricardo was rich and a refined voluptuary—played high at the gaming-house, and seldom lost. Under his tutelage Falcione grew more adroit in his calculation of fortune, as well as more skilful in controlling her uncertain chances, so that there seemed now little danger of his ever being compelled to turn footpad, or reduced to the unpleasant necessity of blowing out his own brains on account of bankruptcy.

But, in spite of the young captain's (for Falcione still held the commission of Paredes, and was in command of a company at the castle of Chapultepec) unremitting efforts to discover the whereabouts of his North American enemy, Dusenbury, and the North American maiden in whom he was no less interested, in spite of her rejection of his advances, Señor Gabriel remained in entire ignorance of the fate of either. That they were concealed not many leagues from the capital was strongly impressed upon his mind, though the country had been scoured by his spies as well as traversed by himself and Don Ricardo, in every direction. At times, indeed, the thought that they might have met with some fearful accident among the mountains, which had removed them forever from both friends and foes, would obtrude upon his reflections, but he banished it immediately, choosing rather to remain in uncertainty than to recognize a possibility of his revenge losing its victim or his passion its object.

Thus passed the months, till the return of Santa Anna, the fall of Paredes and the capitulation of Monterey, followed one another in agitating the public mind. But, hardly had the latter event been chronicled by report, than intelligence more nearly affecting his desires, was communicated to Falcione. Don Ricardo roused

him one evening with the information that he had at length obtained certain traces of the fugitive Teresa.

"And—Dusenbury."

"Of him I have as yet learned but little. One at a time ought surely to satisfy you, my dear Gabriel. Here we have the lovely American maiden almost in our clasp."

"In the name of all that's —. Explain yourself, Don Ricardo, and tell me where she is."

"Ah, you come to your senses. Well, to shorten the matter, Gabriel, the fair one is at a romantic hacienda, some miles this side of Puebla, where, snugly concealed, she has hitherto managed to baffle all our search."

"And how the fiend did you find this out?"

"By the merest accident. A silver-trader from Chihuahua, who has dealings with Señor Dusenbury, and who is a talkative fellow, made acquaintance with me last night at the gaming-table. From him I learned that your friend, the Yankee, had passed through Puebla, and given a note to the silver-trader to convey to a hacienda on his way to the capital. This note was to Señor Alonzo Vallejo, the young cavalier who accompanied the Americans. This was hint enough to me, and following up the trail, I have the satisfaction to inform you that Señora Teresa is within a day's good ride of us, and quite secure, as she fancies, from all molestation."

"And this Vallejo?"

"Is with her, it seems—but him you do not fear?"

"Fear!" echoed Falcione. "I think not, Don Ricardo. But—this good news—is overpowering! What shall we do now?"

"A half-dozen stout fellows at our backs will easily remove whatever objections the senora might interpose to our company—eh, Gabriel?"

"And she can be brought here, to your house, in Mexico?"

"Certainly—where the grave is not more secret."

"Let us set out at once."

"To-morrow, my dear Gabriel. But, one other thing is necessary. You think you love this girl, my friend?"

"Proud and insulting as she is, I cannot help it."

"And you will marry her—I think she will agree to no other course."

"I will marry her, Don Ricardo."

"That is nobly spoken, Gabriel, and you shall lose nothing by it, for I am rich, and will take care of her dowry. All we want is a priest when the senora arrives."

"Priests are not hard to find in Mexico."

"Well, can we not secure our friend the padre, whom you so nearly murdered with that unlucky shot? He is in prison still, I believe."

"But he is completely recovered from his wound. These friars are tough."

"All the better. When he is wanted, I shall take measures to have him released, but will first make a bargain for his services in the matter of the marriage. You comprehend me, Gabriel?"

"Yes—but I fear this—Padre Herrata is an impenetrable fellow."

"He must be gained over. With friars one can do anything. And he has influence, it is not to be doubted, with your senora, so he can smooth the matter for you as no other priest could."

"That is true! He is acquainted with her."

"I am right, then, Gabriel."

"I leave all in your hands."

It was at the earliest dawn of day, not long after this conversation, that the two schemers, Don Ricardo and Falcione, might have been seen, in company with six other horsemen, riding leisurely along the national road in the neighborhood of a declivity which conducted to the entrance of Murillo's valley, near which was situated the hacienda of Lorenzo and Inez—the happy retreat in which the lovely Teresa had till now found a secure refuge.

September was drawing near its close, and the luxuriant beauty of the valley and plain had arrived at its highest point of perfection. The emerald woods rocked in leafy magnificence, the rich, soft verdure of the meads stretched into the passes and up the mountain sides and broadly across the plains, and far and near the harvest fields and gardens, teeming with their ripened products, presented a picture of plenty and luxury in nature which seemed to bid defiance to all the rude assaults of man. War had not yet assailed the peaceful plains of the ancient Cholula.

But neither Don Ricardo nor his younger associate took much interest in the lovely scenes beneath their eyes. They were intent upon other purposes, long conceived and now ripening to completion. Little conversation passed between the two during their ride from the small hostelry where the party had lodged on the previous night, but they had matured their plans beforehand, and now waited only for the moment to carry them into execution.

The thick woods through which the road wound, before reaching the eminence on which stood the hacienda, shielded from observation of all who might approach from the direction of the hills, while many narrow openings in the prospect afforded to the traveller glimpses of the house and grounds, long before he reached their immediate vicinity. Don Ricardo and Falcione were thus enabled to make their observations at a distance before arriving in the neighborhood; and, after satisfying themselves that their followers could be concealed within a few hundred yards of the gardens of Lorenzo, they prepared to dismount and dispose their horses within the leafy covert which lined the mountain sides.

The six men, who, at a word from their leader, threw themselves from the saddle, and proceeded, without confusion to tether their steeds in such manner as to permit the animals to crop the herbage, whilst at the same time they should be securely confined within the thicket, were such characters as one seldom meets

in time of quiet or in a peaceful land, but who, in Mexico, are at all seasons too common. Swarthy and sunburnt, with the stamp of fierce passions marked legibly upon their faces, and with a look in their eyes that told of the utter recklessness which inspired them, these fellows might be recognized at once as members of that lepero confederacy which is the curse of Mexico, as the lazaroni are the pest of Naples. Devoid of conscience, yet possessing cunning, violent in passion, yet cringing with instinctive baseness, these wretches afford a fair type of the degradation of manhood, when ignorance and despotism unite to enslave it—when the loftier feelings of humanity are blotted out, and the possessor of man's physical attributes retains no spark of divine intelligence; alike unconscions of true religion or patriotism, yet superstitiously servile to priestcraft, and fitting material where-with ambitious demagogues may work their country's ruin. Such is the half-bandit, half imbecile lepero of Mexico.

It had not been difficult, therefore, for Don Ricardo, by the bribe of a well-filled purse, to choose his instruments for the present enterprise; and now naught remained for the completion of his nefarious designs against Senora Teresa but the opportunity to approach the hacienda as soon as the fair inmates of its walls should be discovered in their morning walk through the sequestered grounds. For this, the conspirators had not long to wait.

The Senora Teresa had, in the seclusion of her new home, surrounded by the gentle attentions of her hostess, and cheered by

alarm, Teresa found herself tightly wrapped in a heavy cloak and borne swiftly through the dense undergrowth that laced the forest-paths. In vain she struggled with all her strength and strove to articulate a cry. The arm of Gabriel Falcone gathered her slight form nearer to his breast, and the ruffian's hand pressed the mantle more closely on her lips. Don Ricardo led the way, parting the thicket for their passage, and at times assisting, without speaking, in the management of his companion's restless burthen. Thus the abductors hurried through the woodland to the sheltered covert where the leperos awaited their coming, in readiness to mount and gallop away with the prize which they had not deemed so easy of attainment. But, indeed, the prize was not yet secured.

For, as the ruffians reached the thicket's edge and gave the signal to their myrmidons to emerge from their hiding-place, Teresa, with a spasmodic exertion, forced the covering momentarily from her mouth, and uttering a shriek of pain, half smothered, but still piercing in its despair, sunk insensible in the arms of her kidnapper. Don Ricardo muttered an oath and hurriedly made toward the thicket, whither Falcone followed with the now motionless weight which he bore. Ere, however, the latter had advanced another pace, he saw himself confronted by the form of a young man, who, grasping a heavy club, presented himself in the narrow path. It was Alonzo Vallejo, who, half doubting that he had caught the sound of Teresa's voice, had hastily rushed to the spot and beheld the situation of his beloved. At once he grasped the

remaining leperos, and, forgetting that but one man opposed them, they turned as if to flee from the spot. But the voice of Don Ricardo recalled them.

"Cowards! do ye fear a stripling like that?" cried the latter, drawing his sword and rushing upon Vallejo, whose weapon immediately crossed with his.

And now it seemed that the poor lover was indeed to expiate his devotion with his life; for, though Falcone, embarrassed with his insensible burthen, could take no part in the conflict, yet five armed men upon one, was odds too fearful to resist. Nevertheless, the young man for a moment gallantly withstood his antagonist, who pressed him vigorously, at the same time crying to the leperos:

"Leave him with me! Out with the horses and mount. I will settle this affair."

In obedience to this command, the horses, which stood ready for flight, were led into the road, and whilst Vallejo, unequal in strength or skill to Don Ricardo, felt his arm failing under the latter's assaults, the leperos, with deadly imprecations upon the slayer of their comrades, had assisted Falcone in securing Teresa upon one of the dead ruffians' steeds.

"Settle that youth with a pistol-shot," cried Falcone, as he sprang to his steed, to one of the leperos beside him.

The obedient villain at once drew his weapon and fired it at Alonzo, just as the latter received Don Ricardo's blade in his sword-arm. But the bullet passed the youth harmlessly.



CHARIOT RACES, AT FLORENCE, ITALY.

the deep and poetic affection of Alonzo Vallejo, recovered in a great degree from the depression which had threatened, after the death of her unfortunate brother, to cast a blight over her young life. The consolation of love is mighty, and as Teresa grew daily more sensible of the worth and nobility of Vallejo's character, and felt that he was becoming inexpressibly dear to her, the bitter recollection of her late bereavement became softened in her mind, and she ventured to cast off a melancholy foreign to her nature and youth, and once more began to look forward to the radiant future which loving hearts are ever weaving out of the beautiful mists that enfold them, and which they cannot believe will ever distil to tears.

Such, perhaps, were the dreamings that occupied Senora Teresa—such hopes, perhaps, formed the burden of her thoughts, as leaving her friend Inez engaged in the graceful duties of her household station, she descended from the hacienda to wander amid the garden walks, perchance to venture into the great depths of the woods, and there steal suddenly, with a fairy footstep, upon her dreaming lover Alonzo, who, stretched beneath some branching tree, was very likely at that moment building bright realms of fancy, in which her beauteous self was throned, the queen of all his future hopes.

But whatever might have been the senora's reflections, as she passed from the garden, after plucking a bunch of fresh blossoms, and entered upon the solemn stillness of the woody mountain side, they were rudely cut short by the sudden rush of a man from the thicket near her, and before she could utter a note of

only weapon in his reach, the fragment of a fallen tree that lay near, and cast himself upon the villain, whom he immediately recognized as his former antagonist, Gabriel Falcone.

Had the gamester been armed in proof, and of a giant's strength, he could scarcely have withstood the sudden onset of the young lover, or escaped impending death from the huge weapon which Vallejo, inspired by the momentary vigor of a Hercules levelled at his enemy. But Falcone, at the instant in which he beheld his peril, adroitly interposed the form of Teresa beneath the threatening blow. Alonzo's arm remained fixed, as if petrified, and ere he could recover his presence of mind, Don Ricardo had discovered the danger of his comrade, and emerged from the thicket followed by all the leperos, who threw themselves at once upon the young Mexican.

Vallejo saw the strength and audacity of the kidnappers, but he resolved to sacrifice his life, if necessary, in defence of Teresa. Springing aside to avoid Don Ricardo, he struck the foremost lepero so sturdy a blow with the huge club he had seized, that the villain fell bleeding to the earth. Then, relinquishing the unwieldy weapon, he rushed upon the fallen man and grasping with one movement the sword from his scabbard and a pistol from his belt, stood in a moment armed before his surprised enemies. Don Ricardo fell back a pace, and just in time to escape the bullet which sped from Alonzo's pistol. It grazed his cheek and buried itself in the brow of a lepero who stood behind him.

Such an unlooked-for disaster as the fall of two of their comrades in the space of a moment, seemed to strike a panic in the

"Curse your unsteady hand!" cried Falcone, drawing a pistol from his own holster.

But ere he could discharge it another interruption changed the face of affairs. A sudden dash was heard from the roadside, and the tall figure of a Mexican officer sprang into the path, and dashing toward the gamester, who sat on horseback next to the steed on which two of the leperos supported Teresa, grasped him firmly by the shoulder, and tore him from the saddle to the ground. Then, striking the lepero who had just discharged his pistol, a heavy blow with his fist, which laid the myrmidon beside his master, the stranger drew his sword and prepared to renew the conflict. This unexpected incident put the conspirators and their assistants to flight.

Senora Teresa, who had speedily recovered from her swoon, now looked wonderingly upon her rescuer, whilst Lorenzo with a half-dozen servants appeared advancing through the wood. Hardly had Lorenzo glanced at the scene, than a mutual recognition took place between him and the officer. Their hands met and then they were folded in a warm Mexican embrace.

"Guamozin!"

"Lorenzo!"

It was Montagnone or Guamozin. Sent by Santa Anna to the capital, he had arrived in this vicinity this eventful morn. After renewed congratulations the joyful party returned to the hacienda, returning thanks to that Providence which had so signally manifested itself in their behalf.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



HORSE RACES AT FLORENCE, ITALY.

SCENES IN FLORENCE.

The festival of St. John is annually celebrated at Florence with great splendor. With the exception of the Cascine, a drive outside the gate of Pisa and the perpetual Longchamp of Florence, excepting the long mercantile street, recently improved and embellished, which joins the palace and the new cathedral, there are few situations in Florence more favorably adapted for public ceremonies than the street of stone, which, between two walls of elegant dwellings and sculptured palaces, leads from the Duomo to the church of Santa Maria Novella. San Gallo, La Scala and Cocomero are broader, but less central avenues. Besides this street, dei Bianchi (Bianchi) is the most burning page of the history of Florence; it has been the great path of its seditions, and of its most memorable events. It is here that the souvenirs of Dante seem to come most home to us; the Portinari family, and consequently Beatrice, lived there, and later yet, Bianca Capello. It was on St. John's Day, 1438, that Pope Eugene IV. repaired from Santa Maria Novella, where he lived, following this street to the cathedral (then Santa Reparata) which Brunelleschi had just completed. The first of the engravings, the announcement, represents the square of the Trinity at the opening of Long-Arno, near the hotel Schneiderff, formerly one of the palaces of the Medici. The third represents the square and obelisk of Santa Maria Novella at the moment of the chariot race, one of the details of the festival, instituted by Cosmo I., in honor of St. John, the patron saint of Florence. This race, imitated from antiquity, revives the quadriga and the colors of the Roman circus—white, red, scarlet and green. The engraving above shows the horse race without riders, which takes place at the Piazza San Piero. These animals are brought up in line to a cord stretched across the street, the owners exciting them and rousing all their energies for the start. At a given signal the cord is dropped and away they go at the top of their speed. The interest of this race lies in the spontaneous emulation of the noble animals. The goal is marked by a white drapery, and the horse who first touches it is of course declared the victor. The spectacle attracts vast throngs of people. Like all the public festivals of the Italians, this of St. John is terminated by a grand display of fireworks, exhibited on the Bridge Alla Carraia, not far from the gate of San Frediano, through which Charles VIII., coming from Leghorn, entered Florence in 1494. Formerly these pyrotechnies represented the infernal regions, mixed with the phantasmagoria of Dante:

Diversi voce, orribile favelle.

"Whoever," said the programme of those days, "desires to have news of the other world has only to repair to the bridge of la Carraia;" and it happened one day (1378) that the fireworks illuminated a dreadful catastrophe, which the bills had unconsciously predicted, for the bridge gave way under the pressure of the vast multitude upon it, and thousands of the citizens of Florence perished in the Arno.

ST. PETERSBURG BIRD MARKET.

Perhaps for a stranger, the most interesting portion of this world of markets is that of the Tshukin Dvor, where the birds are sold. Two long booths are full of living specimens of ornithology; pigeons, fowls, geese, ducks, swans, larks, bullfinches, siskins and hundreds of other singing birds are there collected, and form the most picturesque and variegated menageries that can be imagined. Each booth is of wood and open at the front, so that the whole of its contents may be seen at once by the passing stranger, who is saluted with such a concert of cackling, crowing, chattering, cooing, piping and warbling as would suffice to furnish the requisite idyllic supply of melodies for a hundred villages. Between the opposite booths are usually bridges, from which the pictures of saints are suspended for the edification of the devout. On these bridges and on the booths whole swarms of pigeons are constantly fluttering about, the peaceful Russian being a great lover of this gentle bird. Each swarm knows its own roof, and the birds allow themselves to be caught without much difficulty when a bargain is about to be concluded. The pigeon is never eaten by a Russian, who would hold it a sin to harm a bird in whose form the Holy Ghost is said to have manifested itself. Pigeons are bought therefore only as pets, to be fed and schooled by their masters. It is curious to see the Russian merchant directing the flight of his docile scholars. With a little flag fastened to a long staff he conveys his signals to them, makes them at his will rise higher in the air, fly to the right or left, or drop to the ground as if struck by a bullet from a rifle. The poor little singing birds—the larks, the nightingales, linnets, bullfinches, etc., must be of a hardier race than in more southern

lands, for in spite of the bitter frost, they chirrup away merrily, and salute with their songs every struggling ray of sunshine that finds its way into their gloomy abodes. The little creatures receive, during the whole winter, not one drop of water, for it would be useless to offer them what a moment afterwards would be converted into a petrified mass. Their troughs are accordingly only filled with snow, and thus they must liquefy in their own beaks when they wish to assuage their thirst. Moscow is famed for its cocks, and here the Moscow cock may be seen proudly strutting about, in cages and out of them. The best pigeons are said to come from Novgorod, and Finland furnishes the chief supply of singing birds; geese are brought even from the confines of China, to be sold as rarities in the Tshukin Dvor, after a journey of more than four thousand miles; gray squirrels may be seen rolling about in their cages like incarnate quicksilver; while rabbits and guinea-pigs without number gambol their time away in their little wooden hutches. Within the booth, a living centre of all this living merchandize, behold the merchant, closely wrapped

in his wolf-skin, and ready to dispose of his little feathered serfs at any acceptable price. At the back of the booth, be sure, there hangs a saintly picture of some sort, its little lamp shedding a cheerful light to guard the feathered crowd against the evil influence of intruding demons; but there are evil spirits that the good saint cannot banish. Man is there to hold in chains or sentence to death, according as it may suit his calculations for profit, or the caprices of his palate. On shelves around are ranged the trophies of his murderous tribe, and the northern swans, the heathcocks (*reptshiki*) and snow-white partridges (*kurapki*), are piled up under the very cages from which the captive larks warble their liquid notes. It is astonishing what a quantity of these birds are yearly consumed at the luxurious tables of St. Petersburg. In the winter the cold keeps the meat fresh, and at the same time facilitates its conveyance to market. The partridges come mostly from Saratoff; the swans from Finland; Livonia and Esthonia supply heathcocks and grouse, and the wide steppes must furnish the trap geese which flutter over their endless plains where the Cossack hunts them on horseback, and kills them with his formidable whip. All these birds, as soon as the life-blood has flown,

are converted into stone by the frost, and, packed up in huge chests, are sent for sale to the capital. Whole sledge loads of snow-white hares find their way to market; the little animals are usually frozen in a running position, with their ears pointed, and their legs outstretched before and behind, and when placed on the ground, look, at the first glance, as if they were in the act of escaping from the hunter. Bear's flesh is also sometimes offered for sale in this market: and here and there may be seen a frozen reindeer lying in the snow by the side of a booth, its hairy snout stretched forth upon the ground, its knees doubled up under its body, and its antlers rising majestically into the air; it looks as if, on our approaching it, it would spring up and dash away once more in the search for its native forests. The mighty elk, likewise is no rare guest in this market, where it patiently presents its horns as a perch for the pigeons that are fluttering about, till, little by little, the axe and saw have left no fragment of the stately animal, but

every part of it has gone its way into the kitchen of the wealthy. Similar markets for birds and game will be found in every large Russian city. Indeed, the habits and fashions of the Russian markets are completely national. Those of Moscow vary but little from those of Tobolsk: and Trkhutsh, Odessa and Archangel have shown themselves equally servile in their imitation of the metropolitan bazaars.

GIRLHOOD OF RACHEL.

Some years ago, the summer *habitués* of the Champs Elysees used to find amusement in listening to an open air entertainment of some singularity. A pale, thin, fragile, but bright-eyed and intellectual looking girl of perhaps ten or twelve years of age, used to appear in the most crowded part of the walk, an hour or so before sunset, attended by an old woman who carried a violin, a tin cup and a carpet. While the girl stood apart for a moment, with something of a rapt look, the old woman spread the carpet, put down the cup at one corner, and scraped a preliminary air upon the violin. The air was not always appropriate to the drama that was to follow, for the favorite overture of the performer was "*M'a'm'selle Pinson est une blonde*!"—and that was like making "*Yankee Doodle*" or "*Nancy Dawson*" pass as introductory symphonies to "*Hamlet*" or "*Macbeth*." However, the orchestra having terminated the prelude, the girl stepped on to the carpet with the air of a little tragedy queen, and recited long tirades from Racine and Corneille. But then she recited them superbly; and despite her air of suffering and her exceedingly poor attire, she produced such an effect upon her hearers, that while she rested, the audience were never weary of filling the cup carried round by the old woman, with sous and half-franc pieces, in order to encourage her to new efforts. The collection was always a large one; and when the delicate looking child retired, all palpitating and with a flush upon her cheek, of which it was difficult to say whether it were the flush of her own triumph or that of death destined to triumph over her, the acclamations and cordial compliments of her hearers greeted her as she passed. Well, a winter had gone and a summer had come, but with it did not come to the loiterers in the Elysian fields the tragic muse whom they were disposed and eager to welcome. But during the year a marvellous child appeared on the stage of the Gymnase Dramatique. She came like a meteor and so disappeared. The truth was, that her friends saw at once that she was too good for that stage and she was withdrawn, in order to appear on one more classical. Well do I remember that we loiterers in the shady avenues that lead to Neuilly used to dispute, and we youths the loudest of them all, as to whether the *debutante* of the Gymnase was or was not the inspired nymph that used in the public highway to create as much delight as Duchesnois herself before the critical pit of the "*Français*." The dispute was not to be determined by us, and in the meantime she spoke of our absent delight as of a lost Pleiad, and so the year wore away. And then came the eventful night on which a girl, of whom no one had previously heard by the name which she now wore, glided on to the stage of the Théâtre Français, and in a moment awoke French tragedy out of the shroud in which she had been decently enveloped since Duchesnois had laid her down to die. The name of the girl was Rachel; and so pale and unearthly was she, yet so inspired in her look, so commanding, so irresistible, that every one was not only ready to acknowledge the new sovereign of the tragic throne, but all Paris declared that the Rachel who was now famous forever, was no other than the poor girl who used to stand on a carpet in the Champs Elysees, and recite Racine and Corneille for sous and half-franc pieces.—*Dr. Doran's "Men and Habits."*



CAR ANNOUNCING THE FESTIVAL OF ST. JOHN.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE IDEAL OF THE SPIRITUAL.

BY MRS. E. R. B. WALDO.

The lofty walls are tapestried superbly
With scenes of glory, changing evermore;
And light—not of the sun or moon—is streaming
O'er golden dome and tessellated floor:

Far-reaching aisles, with everlasting pillars,
And jewelled pavement mortal foot ne'er prest:
Such is the inner temple; at whose altar
My weary spirit folds her wings to rest!

It is a haunted spot—a spell is o'er it;
And all around, on terrace, lake and tree,
Enchanting bird-notes mingle with the perfume
Of flowers, that bloom to live eternally!

I said 'twas haunted—not in the old fashion,
By restless sprites, whose coming I should fear—
But by angel forms of the true-hearted,
Who seek my earthly pilgrimage to cheer.

I see their radiant smiles, and hear their voices,
In dear, familiar tones, repeat my name;
Fond arms encircle me, and joy ecstatic
Pervades my soul, and thrills my trembling frame!

Same, smile, when I describe this habitation,
And say I am deceived—but well I know,
That He who gave me powers for such creation,
Would never mock my yearning spirit so!

Not half so real is my outward being,
Wearing itself away in earthly strife;
While stronger, brighter, grows this blest ideal—
The sacred earnest of eternal life.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ROSICRUCIAN.

BY FRANCIS BACON.

WHEN James the First of England, that "crowned cur," had betrayed Raleigh unto death, he began to turn his attention to affairs of a more jocund nature, and pave the way for the entrance into England of the destined bride of his son Charles, Prince of Wales. Buckingham—who, though far fitter for a troubadour than a statesman, was, at that time, master of the highest offices of the realm, including the chief justiciary, the wardenship of the *Cinque Ports*, and the lord high admiralty of Great Britain,—encouraged the infatuation of the king, and proposed a plan more absurd than the wanderings of the Paladins in search of Angelica, a plan no less than that the prince, in disguise of a knight errant, accompanied by Buckingham himself, should visit the court of Spain, and, in *propria persona*, woo and win the infanta. Instead of checking so precious a scheme, the king gave it his hearty consent; and being speedily equipped, the prince as knight and Buckingham as squire, they soon stood together on the coast of France, bound on their southern way.

Scarcely had they passed a day's journey beyond Paris, ere the country, far and wide, became illuminated at evening, with bonfires on the hills, colored lamps hung in every window of the many villas, and triumphal arches of dazzling light over the entrance of every hamlet. Bright flags, bearing the French esentelcon, hung rippling from casement to casement across the broad streets, and the great cathedral of the town behind was one blaze of candle, cresset and gilded spire. At first, Buckingham thought all this pomp was a salute to the prince, whom they must have discovered, but was finally re-assured, by the information vouchsafed by a peasant returning with his bundle of fagots from the woods, that it was in honor of the sweet Princess Henrietta, the darling of the French, who returned that way from the court of Naples, whither she had been tarrying.

A bend of the road brought them in full view of a tower, where, the peasant informed them, the princess and her attendants would lodge that night, as guest of her friend the Marchioness du Rene. The tower stood alone like a huge column upon a lofty hill, and was the solitary remnant of an old inheritance ruined by feudalism and civil commotions. A scanty band of attendants stood around the gates with torches, and in every bracket, niche and loophole of the wall, burning knots of pitch-wood sent forward a ruddy, smoke-wreathed glare. Large latticed windows, at about the central height, proclaimed the reception-room, and the perfect composure of all things bespoke the rare precision and refinement of the marchioness.

"Steenie!" said Prince Charles, to his companion, "we two will lodge in this fine ruin, and behold what manner of marvel is she for whom so gay a reception waiteth."

"I doubt, your highness, would we be received."

"Nay, a trial will do us no harm. Remember, my squire, our respective disguise. The Knight Gervase feareth naught," and spurring their steeds, the two dashed up the hill and halted before the group of astonished attendants. "Your mistress, the marchioness," demanded the prince, and, awed by his commanding address, a gray-haired seneschal withdrew to seek her. Instead of ordering the stranger into her presence, the marchioness came speedily down the open flight of steps, fearing lest some accident to the princess would be announced. As she paused in the descent, fully visible in the torchlight, the prince threw himself from the saddle, and, bowing almost to the ground, said: "Your ladyship beholdeth an adventurer and his squire, who, bound on knightly errand, beseech your hospitality till the morrow's sun shall send them on their way."

The marchioness hesitated an instant.

"Our abode," she answered, "is prepared for a royal occupant. Yet never be it said the widow of Du Rene turned from his door those bound in his own holy profession of arms. Sir knight, you are most welcome." And consigning their steeds to a groom, she bade a footman conduct them to suitable apartments, requesting their presence below, when refreshed.

Accordingly, within an hour, Buckingham, in a proper although elaborate toilet, accompanied the prince to the reception-room. Prince Charles, who was declared the handsomest man of his father's kingdom, wore only the dignified undress of a knight; his rich sword by his side, and a purple mantle, on whose fringed end was embroidered in gold the English heraldry, thrown over his shoulder and looped low behind—an attire that admirably displayed the pensive beauty of a countenance whose paleness was enhanced by the heavy eyes, the dark love locks flowing on his shoulder, and the curling, silky beard just fringing cheek and lip; no wonder if the marchioness, charmed by such appearance, received him with an impressive cordiality quite worthy of his real and unknown rank.

A few moments' conversation, replete with courtly phrase and compliment, was interrupted by a burst of loyalty as the varden called aloud from the top of the tower: "Her highness cometh!"

"Ay, it is she!" cried the marchioness, as she beheld the small cavalende approach from the wood. "Conduct me, sir. I will greet her at the gate;" and placing her hand in that of the prince, she led the way down.

The coach, where sat the Princess Henrietta, was plainly to be seen from the lofty summit of the hill where they stood, as it wound from the wood, along the river side and among the bosky hedges of the road below. A jutting mass of rock lined the path on one side, a little in advance, and the outriders having preceded, as the coach itself was passing, there came a mighty flash, followed by the loud report of a dozen fire-arms aimed at the attendants, and a band of men sprung from the shelter of the rocks, and, knocking the coachman into the dust, turned the vehicle about amid loud shrieks from one of the occupants, and re entered the forest.

"For the love of Heaven, save her!" cried the marchioness, wringing her hands.

And Charles, who had perceived, by the glare of illumination, a shorter path through which he could intercept the villains, darted down, followed by Buckingham and the servants. Leaping fence and dyke, hewing his way through thickets, he plunged into the forest, and just as the leader, goaded by the spur of a self-constituted postilion, would have dashed by, the ponderous hilt of Charles's sword descended upon his head with the force of a giant, and felled him to the ground; while Buckingham dealt a similar blow to the rider. As quickly as the bandits had usurped the coach, so quickly were they ousted from their position, and, content with saving the princess and her property, the conquerors left them in the forest, and once more turned the coach about, freed the horses from the burden of the dead leader, and galloped back. Still the female voice within continued loud lamentation.

"Be quiet," said a low, sweet tone, which was, nevertheless, very firm and authoritative, and must have belonged to the princess,—*"be quite directly, Marie. We are safe now."* And, in a few moments, the princess was clasped in the embrace of the sobbing marchioness.

"My love," cried the latter, as they entered the drawing-room, "had it not been for this brave knight, never had I seen thee again!"

The princess threw herself on a cushioned lounge without a word, and, while the marchioness sat on a low seat beside her, closed her eyes as if completely weary. At the marchioness's request, her maidens and attendants retired to their apartments, and, obedient to a sign, the prince, smiling at Buckingham, took a lute and sang with exquisite modulation an Italian canzonet. Then bowing low, he would have resought his apartment; but the princess, springing to her feet, caught his hands.

"Delay a moment!" she cried. "I have thanked you for nothing, generous stranger, for I had no words to utter. You have saved me from death, and worse than death—from the arms of Gaspard de Marche! I can never thank—never repay so great a debt, but the lifelong gratitude of a princess of France is at your service." All the hauteur of her previous conduct had vanished, and in its place a beaming thankfulness, a gentle, yielding tenderness was visible, as, half-drooping before him, she held his hands.

"Believe that you owe me nothing, dear madam!" answered Charles, in her own language. "The pleasure of having rescued so divine a beauty from the grasp of ruffians would be sufficient recompense for the labors of Hercules." And he released her hands. If he had thought her beauty divine before, what must he think now when, throwing aside the hood of rose-colored silk she had hitherto worn, she turned the full force of it towards him? Large, dewy, languid eyes—dusky wells of light, beaming beneath a curtain of fine lashes that curled back in their pencilled length; features like some antique intaglio in delicate regularity; the small scarlet lips, half-parted and pouting over their ivory enclosure; a pale rosy tint resting on the firm, soft cheek, and long hair, half-escaped into curling masses of darkness from the braids that confined it beneath a fillet of pearls; a form, lithe and slender as a sylph's, and clad in an ash-colored robe broadly faced with rose, combined in all a beauty which the prince in his wildest dreams had never imagined.

She returned to her seat, and motioned Charles to take one by her side; but he contented himself with a cushion at her feet, questioning the marchioness who Gaspard de Marche might be. The princess took the word from the marchioness's mouth.

"He is a villain!" she said. "A needy adventurer; a Rosicru-

cian—detestable chimera! who thinks to obtain, perhaps, even my father's crown by forcing me to wedlock. He is mistaken, and he forgets the Salic law. Far from placing a crown upon his head, my father will put his head upon the traitor's block!"

"Is that, then, the reward of having loved in France?" asked Charles, expressively.

"The reward of those who love beyond their rank," she answered, haughtily.

The color flew into Charles's cheek, not unobserved by the princess, who, dropping her lids, hummed, with a deeper hue on her own meanwhile, the first words of a light air:

"The nightingale who hymns the rose all night,
Pours forth no note till the full bloom is blown,
But bursts in musical, ecstatic flight.
When veils of tenderest green aside are thrown,
And rolled in fragrance the rich heart offers itself his throne."

There was silence for a few moments, till the pageant, prepared by the marchioness, according to custom, for the royal Henrietta's pleasure, entered, disported and departed. Then, after partaking refreshments and prolonging a merry conversation till a late hour, they separated.

A heavy shower, accompanied by violent wind, had fallen during the night, and when, early in the morning, Prince Charles descended the staircase and entered an open balcony filled with roses, looking out over the broad chatellany, upon the other side of the tower, he espied the princess, attended by a fair-haired girl, binding up the vines of convolvulus and fragrant eglantine, blown down by the last night's gale. Her robe was of pure white, loosely girdled, and, blushing as she turned, she wound her rosy, taper fingers in the dropping mass of her dark hair, ere, with a sudden motion, she took a spray of eglantine, and offered it to him as she returned his morning salutation. Pressing the hand that gave it to his lips, the prince, with perfect gallantry, opened a scene of light badinage that gave Henrietta time to re-assure herself, and, accepting his arm, she left the balcony and entered the breakfast-room, whither Buckingham had already conducted the fair attendant Marie, and where the marchioness awaited them.

That day, at the persuasion of the marchioness, the next day and the next, delayed by heavy rains, till a week and more had elapsed, he prolonged his stay. At last the sun rose clear and bright; the horses were ordered round, and Buckingham was below at the gate, receiving the hearty farewells of the marchioness, who half-suspected some disguise, awaited the prince. Meanwhile, Charles still delayed with Henrietta. They were standing together in an alcove, the princess leaning, white and trembling, against the light balustrade, Charles gazing sadly at her, and toying idly with the white rose he held. It may have been that the lips of him who was on his way to wed another woman were pale as hers in whose presence he now stood and whose farewell he had come to receive.

"And you will persist in going?" asked she, with a faint smile.

"It is my duty, and were it not, I could no longer trespass on the hospitality of so recent a friend as the marchioness."

"Can friendship only grow on long acquaintance?"

"No other way, your highness. Love indeed springs into the world full grown, yet friendship is puny and weak, and of constant growth."

"But love is its apotheosis."

"True, dear lady; therefore, even friendship with those of superior station must be forewarned."

"Insensate man!" she cried, a passionate color streaming over her pale face. Then checking herself, she only said: "Farewell, Sir Gervase! Farewell, generous preserver! Rank is the curse of us all, and thrones are gilt icebergs. Gladly would I pass through worse dangers to be thus again rescued. Go; leave me isolated by pride!" and tearing her hands from his retaining grasp, she fled up the corridor, and sadly the knight and his squire rode from the tower.

Six months had passed, and Charles, with his follower, was wandering among the Apennines, the prince having left Spain, heedless of the handsome infanta, and filled with the love of Henrietta; for she, too, had been visitant among the dons, a guest of the Spanish court, with her princely pride forever rebuking her passion for a knight. Amid festive throngs and lordly sports, at tourney, dance and promenade, in palace and in barge, he for three months had met and squirmed her; for, carrying despatches as an honored messenger merely, the infanta and her friends were ignorant of his incognito, and knew him only as the Knight Gervase. Wandering through orange groves and down olive gardens, many a time by moon and star-light, had his lips severed to utter words of passionate emotion, for which he knew the sad girl waited in answering suspense; but shudderingly thinking how bloody a war, should he slight the Spanish and wed the French princess, must ensue; how fiercely the intriguing Gondomar would excite the Spaniards, and how many lives must be lost to please his idle fancy; again he fell into miserable silence. He could sacrifice himself, he thought, to his people's good, and thus early he began his trial.

And Henrietta had glided by his side, her eyes glooming large and pensive, her cheeks losing their crimson tints, her manner silent, uncertain, fearful, until, at last, gathering up her retinue, she resought her now cheerless home; and the Knight Gervase, a month later, made his worshipful adieu, and embarked on a small ship for London.

Scarcely had they sailed a day and night beyond the straits, when a frightful tempest seized and drove them back upon their path, through the straits and far up the Mediterranean, and stranded them, wrecked and weary, on the Italian shore. Leaving the coast, they entered the country, and sustained by a scanty provision they had secured, a week's journeying found them in a hostile region, shut in among the Apennines, and floating, in a

narrow skiff found on the banks, down a stream that broadened and narrowed at the bases of lofty mountains, along wide, marshy regions and under cavernous hills, in sunlight and in starlight, through a succession of several days. At last the river, running under a natural arch of dripping stone, flowed through a cavern larger than they had heretofore crossed, whose vast roof, full of frosty sparkling, gave back distant flapping echoes to the rushing stream and to their own low voices. Stalactitic formations of marvellous beauty depended from the vault; water-spouts dashed them here and there with a perpetual spray, and all the perpendicular side of the cavern was carved with grotesque outlines and strangest hieroglyphics.

"Steenie!" cried Charles, suddenly. "All along have I thought we were traversing regions hewn by art, and now I recognize it. Behold carved yonder the cross, symbol of light, shedding rays of splendor upon a plain washed with dew—dew, most powerful solvent of gold! This cavern and those behind, and God knows how many beyond, are the realms of the Rosierucians, and of Gaspard de Marche! Now we may learn something of mysterious art."

As he spoke, the boat swept into a broad cove of the cavern, whose waters were yellow with lamplight, and turning, full of astonishment, the voyagers beheld, upon the side where should have been the surface of carved rock, long curtains heavily adorned with gold, looped across a wide arch, and opening into an apartment filled with a luxury and magnificence that was plainly visible from the boat. Four brilliant sconces, slowly burning perfumes, swang from the lofty and highly ornamented ceiling, and two well filled grates sent out a cheerful gleam as they glowed with ruddy embers. Rich crimson tints of shadow relieved the brightness, and threw a flesh-like hue across the pale brows of marble muses as they stood still and white in their niches. But beneath the centre of the arch, at the water's edge, stood a figure more pale and perfect than the most symmetrical of statues, as loosely clad in white drapery, with a scarlet mantle wrapped about her, and long, dark hair falling around her; she gazed with wild, melancholy eyes into the depths of the pool at her feet. It was Henrietta, the princess of France. Charles uttered an exclamation of delight and wonder, and, seizing his oar, gave a tremendous sweep and sprung from the boat to her side. Instantly the boat with its single occupant swinging round, in the rebound of so sudden a movement, grazed its keel against an unseen point of rock, and a noise like the beat of a thousand gongs filled the whole place with fearful echoes.

"O you are lost, Sir Gervase! You are lost!" shrieked the princess. "Gaspard de Marche holds me in durance here. He is at hand. You have touched the spring, and all the Rosierucians are about you. Leave me and escape!"

"Stayeth your highness by free will?"

"Not so indeed, Heaven knows. Save yourselves and think not of me."

"If thou wilt come with us, dear lady, we may yet all be safe."

The princess hesitated, then wringing her hands, half turned away.

"Your highness thinketh," said the prince, in low, bitter tones, "that there are other adventurers like Gaspard de Marche. Know, lady, that the Knight Gervase wishes only to restore thee to happiness."

The color going and coming in her cheeks, the shining tears and the quick breath, told too painfully her thoughts; a moment she delayed, then stepped freely towards the skiff. One foot was on the gunwale; her hand was in that of Charles; Buckingham sat with uplifted oar; wild, joyful hope beamed on the three faces, when a score of boats shot from up and down the cavern, and completely fenced them in. At the same moment, Gaspard de Marche, tall and erect, stood alone beside the fugitives, and seizing the sword of Charles, whirled and threw it far into the stream.

"You are my prisoner," said he, blandly. "As for my fair dove, I did not dream she would spread such wings. It is doubtless unpleasant to be foiled; but you have had your turn. By what name am I to know my haughty guest?"

"I am called Gervase, the knight," replied Charles, curtly, who now found himself completely in the power of his rival and enemy.

The princess, proud and unmoved, retired within the apartment, and seated herself beside the grate, toying a hand-screen to and fro.

"The heir of England's crown," murmured Gaspard de Marche, in a tone inaudible to Henrietta, "can afford to lay aside imperial dignity in quest of lovesome adventures, but cannot afford to cross the path of Gaspard de Marche. Let him beware!" And he courteously offered his hand to Buckingham, who, disdainfully rejecting it, lay back in the boat. "Make room, my merry men all, for the squire of Knight Gervase!" then cried De Marche. "Who sails from here, must sail alone. Adieu, gentle sir; dream not of rescuing your master; he will enter one of the *Cinque Ports* ere you, their warden, can!" and touching the boat lightly, it spun round with the quick impetus, and darted from the cove down the dark bosom of the stream. The other boats, at command of their master, shot off in pursuit, and followed in sight of Buckingham till he emerged into sunlight, when they drew great stone gates across the cavern's mouth, and left him.

When they were lost to the view of De Marche, he turned with most courtly tone and address, bade his unwilling guest a warm welcome, and entered into as blithe a conversation as if he were the warmest friend on earth. Not long had his gay quips been in play, when a low stone door opened, and a bent, old man, gray and wrinkled, entered. Shading his eyes with his hand, he gazed steadily at the prince, and then he looked De Marche aside. He spoke the Latin tongue, and both Henrietta and the prince comprehended him.

"They love," he said; "lovers are fools; they will never serve us. Not all the gold of France will attain our purpose. Suffer them to go."

"Not I," laughed De Marche, unheeding the crimson blushes that dyed Henrietta's face. "If I never attain the great aim of Rosierucian mystery, shall I lose my love and labor! Hundreds of miles I journeyed to bring her hither. Nay, the princess is fairer than gold; her crown is gold itself. Kingly power, I now believe, is the only philosopher's stone. Alchemy is wearisome. Lover's alchemy, permuting everything it touches to gold, is the truest—the best. Go hang over thy alembic, good Martin, and join us at the symposium. We understand each other."

The old man sighed—a sigh full of old memories of a youth buried under ruined hopes, trampled upon and desecrated by one degrading purpose,—and left the place. After a time silent servants spread before them a sumptuous feast. Many masked guests gaily partook, and, rising from the table at midnight, Gaspard de Marche bade the silent princess a stately good-night, and conducting Prince Charles along a vaulted corridor, turned the key upon him within a well-furnished apartment.

A long, weary time thus passed over, whose monotonous hours, like scenic figures on an antique frieze, variously passed the old man Martin, querulous and mournful; the prince haughty and silent; Henrietta disdainful and impassioned, and Gaspard de Marche, gay, potent and diabolic. Morning and night were alike in those caverns, the secret repository of the huge wealth of so great a society as the Rosierucians, and lamplight always reigned.

"I pine for my native sunlight," said the princess, in answer to an interrogation from Charles. "Damp, dark, and the noise of running water, wearies me. Fear also of this villain!" and she hid her face in her hands.

They were standing by the doorway of a small cell, where the old man Martin, appointed that morning to guard them, watched intently the contents, bubbling and seething, within a small stone cup.

"Forty years have I labored, no longer did the children of Israel tarry in the wilderness," he muttered. "For this, my art, my hope, I gave up every joy. Loving children might have wound about me; a tender wife have sat beside me. I denied myself, and made my hearthstone desolate. My Penates, my wife, my heirs, are in my crucibles. Shall I have suffered all this for naught? O foolish dotard! Leave thy thinking; remember thee of her whose heart thy wild purpose brake. Thou hadst no pity on her. Thy pity must be bought with blood. Wherefore pity these?" and he seized phial after phial of precious drops, and distilled them into the crucible's molten mass.

Finding themselves thus disregarded by their sentinel, Charles and the princess turned and wound along, down vaulted passages and spiral staircases, whiling the way with gentle words, till, after ascending many grades, they saw the light of heaven peeping through sundry chinks and rents of the upper cavern. One ray, indeed, fell on the pale face of Henrietta herself, illumining it with a color unwonted of late, and filling the heart of Charles with love and pity to overflowing, as he gazed upon her. She stooped and plucked a snowy bell-flower growing at her foot.

"Even flowers," she said, "gather perfume here. There is joy for all but me."

"Joy is within the reach of many," answered Charles, "but they scorn to extend the hand."

"They would be despised should they do so!" she cried. "O wretched life, where we live for forms! No longer pride, but shame restrains me. I will say it; I will confess it, though you spurn me at once, Sir Gervase! No hope is in my heart, only that I may speak these wild words to you and die!"

"No need to speak them,—no need!" murmured Charles, all fear of Spanish war and ministerial murmurs banished, all great emotions glowing in his eyes. "Gervase, the knight, might fear to speak of love to a princess of France; but I, Charles of England, thine hereditary foe, thine eternal lover, declare it. Thou art dearer than crown or kingdom, and for thee only would I live!"

His lips showered hers with kisses, as her head lay on his bosom, and he murmured words more passionate yet. They stood where the scattered rays of light from crack and crevice fell on them in the narrow place, built upon either side with solid stone. In front, below them, and impeding further progress, was a cistern of deep black water, behind them, through the galleries by which they passed, huge sluices and empty water-works. A low, distant roar and rumble, like thunder among the Apennines, was heard, swelling nearer and nearer, till the ear plainly discerned the rush of vast volumes of water rolling ever on. The cistern at their feet rocked its contents turbidly; escape was not to be thought of there. The other way! The flood was boiling up the spiral staircases they had ascended, hissing through all the devious ways, and pouring along the gallery with maniac speed. Should they fly? It was impossible.

"There is no safety!" cried Henrietta, throwing her arms about her lover's neck. "Let us die! Better thus, wrapped in one last embrace. God shrive thee, my beloved!"

Nearer thundered the waves, when, with a fearful crash, they ceased, and dead, echoless silence reigned. Charles cast his eyes around. High above, on a ledge of rock, holding a torch in his hand, and gazing mockingly upon them, sat Gaspard de Marche. Behind them, at the mouth of the gallery whence they had issued and whence they expected destruction, stood, with dripping hair, the old man Martin.

"He would have slain ye when he saw your bliss," he said, pointing at De Marche; "but I—I remembered a time, to reach which I cross a bridge of weary years,—a time when I, too, loved, and I saved ye. I have curbed the torrent. Follow me!" Taking the fainting girl in his arms, Charles quickly went with him,

along the still wet halls, till they reached dry passages and the apartment by the banks of the stream. "Change thou thy dress for mine," said Martin. "Yonder bands of gray hair wind round thy face and head. Hang over crucibles, and vouchsafe few words to any. Thou wilt personate Martin the Rosierucian; I will conduct the maiden to France, and will return for thee, since I alone can guide thee hence." All things were quickly ordered as he bade, and, leading Henrietta by the hand, he vanished speedily.

The next day, Charles sat in the recess of the alchemist, when he heard the step of Gaspard de Marche approaching. Springing to his feet, he grasped a phial and bent eagerly down to the crucible.

"Where are the miscreants, Martin?" thundered De Marche. "Are they flown? Answer! By Heaven! if thou toyest longer I will brain thee!"

Waiting till three precious drops had fallen from the phial, held by a hand trembling apparently with age.

"Trouble me not!" said Prince Charles, in the cracked, querulous tones of Martin. "What care I? I will have no murder. Go thy way and seek them. I but brought them into dry passages."

Gaspard de Marche was far from satisfied; but he dared not, despite his threat, offer injury to one so invaluable to the society, and he left him; nor in his search did he again trouble him.

Three more long weeks elapsed, and old Martin stood before the prince.

"She is safe!" he said; "and thou and Gaspard de Marche?"

"He is afar. I have denied admittance to all, though many a brother has knocked at the cell with strange words."

"It is well. Come thou, my son; I forget no promise."

Many weary miles, far below the roots of all green, summer shrubs, with bandages across his eyes, Charles accompanied the old man. At last the sunlight warmed his heart; he journeyed over hills and moors, through gardens and vineyards, and now he lay in a boat that rocked, as he knew, upon blue waters; and when, finally, the bandage was lifted off, a little schooner bore him down the Rhine between castled heights and below a cloudless heaven. Buckingham was by his side, and the old man Martin, who had brought him hither, lay on the deck before him.

"In all my life," moaned Martin, "since, at my twentieth year, making many hearts wretched, I parted the dim veil that shrouded my mystical future, I have done no good act but this. I am old and gray; I think, dying. God will spare of his exceeding mercy for one so needy." And softly closing his eyes, he turned away. When sunset came, old Martin, the alchemist, was dead!

Three times a season had rolled by, ere Charles Stuart again entered France. Then no longer the Knight Gervase came to woo, but amid regal magnificence and princely bounty a king's son claimed his affianced. The bridal morning dawned clearest of bright days; all the fountains of Paris played; the streets blazed with pomp, and hearty blessings from myriad throats saluted the royal procession. When the bridal train swept up the aisles of Notre Dame, beneath triumphal organ peals and merry chiming of a hundred belfries, the prince, tall, stately and splendid in his pale dark beauty; the bride, lovely, blushing, trembling (as what bride was ever not?); the kings, unbent from stern council, with thoughtful, benignant eyes; the queens eclipsing each other, with happy brows and gorgeous trains; gay chevaliers and jewelled ladies; when all this splendor shimmered up and down, even the old walls of the cathedral glistened in answering radiance, and the beholders smiled with delight, half fearing such glory was but the reflection of a dream. But in the distance, lightly leaning on the altar rail, stood one whose eyes blazed scorn and mockery as the holy services proceeded, who said amen to every prayer, in clear, derisive tones, and who trusted to the magical name of Gaspard de Marche, as he stalked haughtily forth in advance of the wedding suite.

Centuries have passed, and even yet rumor sometimes makes mention of a wild banditti chief, who, throwing up the visionary dreams of his alchemic youth, became the boldest robber of the stormy Apennines; a chief most courteous to ladies, fearfully ferocious to men, who was known as Gaspard de Marche, and who finally was broken on the wheel. But again a sister rumor whispers of an old man, with lint-white locks and bright, maniac eyes, wandering from realm to realm, crying aloud one cherished name, and never listening to other words than that. Be all this as it may, I have seen the Italian peasant girls leave fingering their slark, pearl necklaces, and, with a paleness overspreading their sun-bronzed cheeks, draw closer together in the twilight, as one, more daring than another, told venturesome and thrilling tales of Gaspard de Marche.

And thus the Lion of England won the Lilies of France.

THE WOLF OF SCANDAL.

Mr. Wilberforce relates that at one time he found himself chronicled as "St. Wilberforce" in an opposing journal, and the following is given as an "instance of his Pharisaism":—"He was lately seen," says the journal, "walking up and down in the Bath Pump Room reading his prayers, like his predecessors of old, who prayed in the corners of the street to be seen of men." "As there is generally," says Mr. Wilberforce, "some slight circumstance which perverseness turns into a charge of reproach, I began to reflect, and I soon found the occasion of the calumny. It was this:—I was walking in the Pump Room, in conversation with a friend; a passage was quoted from Horace, the accuracy of which was questioned, and, as I had Horace in my pocket, I took it out and read the words. This was the plain 'bit of wire' which factious malignity sharpened into a pin to pierce my reputation." How many ugly pins have been manufactured out of even smaller bits of wire than that!—*Home Journal*.

Without books God is silent, justice dormant, natural science at a stand, philosophy lame, letters dumb, and all things involved in Cimmerian darkness.—*Bartholin*.

MONTREAL SCENES.

In No. 11 of the present volume we gave a series of views in and about Quebec, and we now furnish a set of original designs by the same artist—Mr. Kilburn, executed expressly for this paper, illustrating the most noticeable features of the sister city of Montreal, the second city and chief seat of commerce in Canada. This important and interesting place is situated on the south side of the island of Montreal, in the St. Lawrence, 142 miles southwest from Quebec. It lacks the commanding and picturesque features of the latter place, but in all other respects is by far its superior. Like Quebec, it is divided into an upper and lower town, but the difference of elevation between them is inconsiderable. The buildings are generally of stone—a material which gives them a very substantial appearance, and the streets, though narrow, are kept in a state of cleanliness which reminds the traveler of those of our own city. St. John's and Notre Dame Streets are exceptions, however, to the general rule of narrowness, being noble avenues which would not discredit any city on the face of the globe. The quays, also, are the noblest on this continent, and are, indeed, unsurpassed by any in the world. The



NEW COURT HOUSE, MONTREAL, CANADA.

Connected with this establishment is the Black Nunnery, founded in 1650. Its inmates consist of a superior and sixty nuns, whose duties are directed to the education of young girls. Nelson's monument, the subject of our last engraving, is situated in the Place Jacques Cartier, opposite the Place d'Armes. The statue is of colossal size, and stands upon a Doric column, resting upon an elaborately sculptured pedestal, which has bas-reliefs portraying the principal actions of the great naval hero. It was originally a very fine monument, but has been suffered to go to decay. The Custom House, shown in our sixth engraving, stands on Custom House Square, near the quays, and is a neat and substantial building, which has the merit of being well adapted to the purpose for which it was erected. Bonsecours Market, as represented in our fifth engraving, is a handsome stone structure. Bonsecours Church, depicted in our third engraving, is an old French ecclesiastical edifice, chiefly remarkable for its antiquity. It is situated at the foot of Rue Bonsecours, near the market, and was built in 1772. On the front is the following inscription: "Si l'amour de Marie en ton cœur est gravé, en passant ne t'oublie de lui dire un ave," an injunction on the pious to say their prayers, in passing, for the love of the virgin mother. The Court House, shown in the first of our engravings, is a very noble building, not, however, entirely finished. The Mechanics' Institute, the subject of our second design, stands at the corner of Great St. James Street and Rue St. Pierre, and is an honor and an ornament to the city. St. Patrick's Cathedral, shown in our seventh engraving, occupies an elevated position at the corner of St. Alexander Street and Rue Lagache. It presents a noble appearance. Most of the Roman Catholic churches belong to the order of St. Sulpice, to the members of which Montreal chiefly owed its foundation. The seminary of St. Sulpice, attached to the cathedral, is a very large establishment. In this and another Catholic educational institution, the higher branches of learning are taught at very moderate charges. The principal English church in Montreal is a very handsome building in the Grecian style, surmounted by a lofty



MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, MONTREAL.

city, with its suburbs, stretches for two miles along the river from north to south, and for some distance has a nearly equal depth inland. The principal commercial avenue is called Paul Street, and extends parallel with the river, along the whole length of the city. This is in the lower town. In the upper town are several streets running in the same direction, and connected with Paul Street by cross streets. In the suburbs, many of the houses are built of wood; but there are no wooden houses within the space once encompassed by the walls, which have now fallen into decay, leaving the city entirely open. The surrounding eminences are beautifully wooded, and covered with villas and pleasure grounds. The harbor of Montreal is not a large one, but perfectly safe, and vessels drawing fifteen feet of water can lie close to the shore. Its average depth is from three to four and a half fathoms. St. Mary's rapid, about a mile below the city, is a powerful current, and difficult to stem. The Lachine Canal, about Montreal, nine miles in length, was undertaken to improve the navigation. A large amount of steam vessels are employed in navigation, and during the summer season, vast rafts of timber float past the city to Quebec; while the produce of Upper Canada is transported in scows and batteaux. In winter, the ice is covered with thousands of sledges, carrying provisions to the city. Montreal is the centre of the commerce between the United States and Canada, and the depot of the adjacent country; while most of the business done in Quebec is transacted by branches of the Montreal houses. Its trade is nearly or quite as active in winter as in summer. It was formerly the headquarters of the fur trade. It has various manufactories and a number of shipyards. The markets are excellently supplied. The society is pleasant and refined. About two-thirds of the population are of French descent, the remainder being English, Americans and Indians, the latter seeming to get along much better with the Gallic than the Anglo-Saxon races. The public buildings of Montreal are numerous and handsome. The most prominent is the cathedral of Notre Dame, depicted in our fourth engraving. This remarkable edifice, devoted to the Roman Catholic form of worship, is the finest cathedral in British America. It is of Gothic architecture, 255 1-2 feet in length by 134 1-2 in breadth. It is faced with stone and roofed with tin, like most of the public buildings in Canada, and has six towers, of which the principal are 220 feet in height. On the roof is a promenade 76 feet long and 20 broad. The principal window is 64 feet high and 32 broad. It is capable of accommodating 15,000 persons, and so admirably contrived are the outlets that such a congregation can disperse in six minutes. It comprises seven chapels and nine spacious aisles.



CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME, MONTREAL.

and symmetrical spire. The Montreal General Hospital, erected by voluntary contributions, is a very large and well managed institution. The Hotel Dieu, under the charge of nuns, is appropriated to the reception of the sick and indigent, and the convent of the Gray Sisters is partially devoted to the aged and infirm, the insane, foundlings, and other objects of charity. An excursion through the island of Montreal is very pleasant and interesting. The view from the summit of Montreal Mountain is very extensive; the St. Lawrence River is here seen in all its sublimity and grandeur. Opposite the lower part of the city is the island of St. Helens; upon this island is a strong fortification, which commands the river, and is the key to the city. The inhabitants being composed mostly of French Canadians, both the English and French languages are fluently spoken by all classes. The names of the streets are in French upon one corner and English upon the other. In 1760, a year after the capture of Quebec by General Wolfe, Montreal,



BONSECOURS CHURCH, MONTREAL.

the last remaining stronghold of the French in Canada, was invested by Generals Amherst and Murray, and by Colonel Haviland. The Marquis de Vaudreuil, the French governor general, finding himself unable to cope with the besieging force, and despairing of succor from his government, capitulated to the enemy on the 8th of September. At an early period of our revolutionary war, after the capture of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, a project for conquering and revolutionizing Canada was set on foot. In September, 1775, about three thousand men, recruited from New England and New York, under the command of Generals Schuyler and Montgomery, appeared before St. John's Fort, at the head of Lake Champlain, and not far from Montreal. General Carleton had furnished Fort St. John with a garrison of a thousand men, about the time the provincials arrived. The latter fortified the island of Aux Noix, about 115 miles north of Ticonderoga. Soon after this, General Schuyler falling sick during a temporary absence from camp, the command fell upon his colleague—Major-General Richard Montgomery. This gallant officer was a native of Ireland, where he was born in 1737. Having chosen the profession of arms, he served under Wolfe at Quebec in 1759; but on his return to Ireland, he then gave up his commission. He had conceived a strong attachment to this country, and came hither shortly after his resignation, purchased an estate on the Hudson, and married a daughter of Judge Livingston. His military talents and his love for his adopted country procured him a major-general's commission at the opening of the revolutionary war. On receiving the command of the army, Montgomery immediately prepared to attack Montreal, the preliminary step to which was the reduction of Fort St. John. This was rather slow work, as the provincials were deficient in ammunition. The fort, however, surrendered on the 3d of November. In the interim he had captured Fort Chambly by a gallant dash; while Ethan Allen, who had offered to take Montreal with 150 men, had been defeated and made prisoner. General Carleton, who commanded at Montreal, hearing of Arnold's approach to Quebec, retreated down the St. Lawrence to arrest his progress. Montgomery, a few days after the surrender of Fort St. John, left a small garrison to defend it, and crossed the St. Lawrence with his remaining troops to attack Montreal. It fell into his hands by capitulation on the 13th of November. Leaving a small force there, Montgomery marched to meet Arnold, who, after leading his troops from Cambridge, Massachusetts, through the then wilderness of Maine, traversing forests, swamps and plains, and overcoming almost unparalleled difficulties, reached Point Levi, on the St. Lawrence, on the 9th of November. On the 13th, he crossed the St

Lawrence, and, following in the footsteps of Wolfe, scaled the Heights of Abraham, and found his little band upon the plains. But finding his force—reduced to about 400 men only—insufficient to oppose the garrison, he retired to Point Aux Trembles, twenty miles above Quebec, where Montgomery effected a junction with him. With a combined force of nine hundred men, the brave generals (for Arnold was as brave as he was base) marched upon the Gibraltar of America. Arrived under the walls, Montgomery sent a flag with a summons to surrender. The British replied by firing on the flag (a similar act, on the part of the Russians, by the way, lately caused a storm of indignation in England). As his batteries were too light for a siege, Montgomery determined to storm the city. His desperate attempt was made on the morning of the 31st December, in the midst of a heavy snow storm. The Americans were divided into four columns, two of which made feigned attacks on the upper, while the other two, headed by Arnold and Montgomery, assaulted the lower town on the opposite side. Montgomery was killed by a point-blank cannon shot, and his men retreated, Aaron Burr carrying the body of his lamented leader out of the fire,



BONSECOURS MARKET, MONTREAL.

Enterprise when she took the Boxer. The Epervier brig, eighteen guns, sailed from the Mediterranean for the United States, in 1815, and was never heard from after she passed the straits of Gibraltar. She had been taken from the English, in 1814, by the Peacock, Captain Warrington. We believe that at the time of her loss she was commanded by one of the Shubricks, an historical name in our navy. The most remarkable instance of the loss of a national ship, since the close of the last war with England, was that of the Hornet, which is supposed to have foundered in a "norther," in the Gulf of Mexico, about a quarter of a century ago. Nothing was ever heard of her, if we remember, after she left Tampico, some time in the year 1830. The Hornet was one of the "lucky ships" of the navy, and a great favorite both with the service and with the country, and was distinguished for the part which she took in the war of 1812, capturing everything with which she fought and escaping from superior vessels. In 1813, when commanded by Captain Lawrence, she took the British brig Peacock, after a short but very warm action of fifteen minutes, the Peacock being sunk. Attached to Commodore Deatur's squadron, a few months later, she



CUSTOM HOUSE, MONTREAL.

officers, who had belonged to the frigate Essex, and were passengers in the Swede from Rio de Janeiro. This was the last time that she was seen and known. Various stories as to her fate were current for years. Mr. Cooper says: "There is only one rumor in reference to this ship that has any appearance of probability. It is said that two English frigates chased an American sloop-of-war off the southern coast, about the time the Wasp ought to have arrived, and that the three ships were struck with a heavy squall, in which the sloop-of-war suddenly disappeared." The Wasp was uncommonly well manned and officered, and her loss was a severe one to the navy. Captain Blakely was an admirable commander, and the gentlemen under him were of high merit. Two of the lieutenants, Mr. Reilly and Mr. Baur, had taken part in the capture of the Guerriere and Java, and another, Mr. Tillinghast, was an officer on board the



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, MONTREAL.

while Arnold's column entered the town, and met temporary success. But Arnold was severely wounded and carried to the rear, and a large proportion of the assailants were forced to surrender. The body of Montgomery was found in the snow the day after the battle, and buried with military honors. Congress afterwards directed a monument to be erected to his memory, and in 1818, his remains were placed in St. Paul's churchyard in the city of New York, and at the expense of the State. The monument is a bas-relief under the portico of St. Paul's Church.

NATIONAL SHIPS LOST.

Our navy, as at present organized, dates from the year 1794, and it is, perhaps, not a little curious that one of its first prizes should have been the first vessel lost without any one being able to say how she was lost. In 1799, the frigate Constellation, then under command of Captain Truxton, captured the French frigate l'Insurgente, after a very gallant action. This was during what was called the *quasi* war with France, caused by the depredations that were made upon our commerce by the cruisers of that country, which we very properly resented. The prize was taken into the navy, and was first commanded by Captain Murray, who was succeeded by Captain Fletcher. The latter officer sailed on a cruise in July, 1800, with a sort of roving commission. Some letters were received from persons on board of her, sent in by vessels that she spoke; but, though she was to have been absent only eight weeks, nothing has ever been seen of her for almost four-and-fifty years. The Pickering, Captain Hilar, a fourteen-gun vessel, which sailed a month later than the Insurgente for the West Indies, was never heard from again. The Saratoga, of sixteen guns, was lost in the same way, in 1807. One of the finest vessels that ever sailed from this country was the sloop-of-war Wasp, which left Portsmouth, N. H., in 1814, under the command of Captain Blakely. On the 24th of June, she captured and destroyed the British sloop-of-war Reindeer, and on the 1st of September, the Avon, a vessel of the same class. One of her prizes was taken on the 21st of September, and sent to America, under command of Mr. Geisinger, and no direct intelligence was ever afterwards received from her. She was spoken by a Swedish brig on the 9th of October, out of which she took two American

was compelled to take refuge in New London, Conn., when that squadron fell in with a greatly superior British force, where she was blockaded for a long time. Escaping from New London, she went to sea in January, 1815, under command of Captain Biddle. On the 23d of March, she engaged and captured the Penguin, a British vessel of about her own force, and with a picked crew. Subsequently she was chased for two or three days by a British seventy-four, and narrowly escaped being captured. The recent losses of the Albany and the Porpoise have revived the interest that used to be felt in the losses that we have mentioned above. It will be seen that it is no new thing in our navy for vessels to disappear, leaving no trace of their fate, and the same remark applies to all navies.—*Boston Chronicle*.

A VETERAN OF A HUNDRED FIGHTS.

An aged soldier and sailor died lately at Manchester, England,—Joseph Gilman, of Hulme. He was a hero, a warrior, from his cradle to his death. He was born at Little Over, near Derby, in 1759, and consequently was in his 96th year. He fought in more than a hundred battles in his country's cause, and a still greater number on his own account. He fought under Rodney and Hood in the West Indies, off Port Royal, in April, 1782, against the French admiral, Count de Grasse, and is believed to have been the last survivor of that eventful day. Whether right or wrong, Joe was one of the foremost mutineers at the Nore. Joe dictated the third, the effective telegraph message to Mr. Pitt—namely, "Unless their demand for double pay was granted, to soldiers as well as sailors, in one hour they would weigh anchor, and, with fifty ships of war, in four hours, they would lay London in ashes!" In this case, Joe's threat, without blows, conquered both minister and monarch! This rebellious act was Joe's chief glory; he used to say he "had rendered no other service to his country or mankind to be compared with it." Joe's favorite, the immortal Nelson, personally selected him to accompany him in the St. George to the Baltic, to Copenhagen. At Copenhagen, Joe received a compound fracture of both legs. He served in the Royal Navy about eighteen years, and was one of the forlorn hope in the storming of Seringapatam.—*English paper*.



NELSON MONUMENT, MONTREAL.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A WALK IN THE VALES.

BY GEORGE W. BUNOAY.

I'll court dame Nature in the vales,
Where die in love her wandering gales.
Her tears come down in crystal showers,
Her kisses meet my lips in flowers.

What violets, with meek blue eyes!
They won their azure from the skies.

Here buttercups, like drops of gold,
Sprinkle the banks of fountains old.

The red-breast from his yellow beak,
Trills out the joy he cannot speak.

The oriole that floats along,
Seems like a mornbeam turned to song.

And here the gentle blue-birds fly,
Like wandering fragments of the sky.

To-day they sing a song of thanks,
To music written on these banks.

What clouds are moving in the stream?
Such are the phantoms of life's dream!

The water-flies skate o'er the tide,
And play like children when they slide.

I fell in love with Nature when
I met her in the balmy glen.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SHIFTLESS WOMAN.

BY ONE OF THE SISTERHOOD.

READER, I consider myself the most unfortunate of mortals, for no less a reason than that I have been pushed into that fraternity of women that embraces within its fold so many of my sex. For a long time, the chances were about even, whether I should come out a strong minded woman, with the cloven foot and brazen tongue, or a shiftless one.

Of these two evils, I chose the least; and making a desperate plunge, broke crockery in the kitchen, and raised a cloud of dust in the parlor, spoiled a web of the finest cotton in a vain attempt to make myself useful, ruined the best dress I ever possessed by a foolish desire to cut it myself, and finely succeeded in defining my position to the entire satisfaction of all my neighbors, and thus became installed as a life member of the great sisterhood of "shiftless women."

I confidently affirm that my present position is the result of an ingenious device to escape a greater evil. I consider myself unjustly thrust out of my natural sphere. I was designed for a practical, every-day sort of woman, and had I not had all my energies crippled in my girlhood, by the constant assault upon my feeble attempts towards practicality, I should without doubt have fulfilled nature's design.

As it is, I never have been able to make my husband's shirts fit about the neck; but then I should like to see the woman who could. There has been more conjugal happiness wrecked on those abominable shirt bosoms, than by the wine-cup. All the married women of my acquaintance relate the same experience. The first family quarrel inevitably takes place on an unsuccessful attempt to make the plaited linen, starched to the consistency of a plank, pliable enough to embrace in graceful folds the neck and shoulders. It is a thing that cannot be done, by either strong-minded or shiftless woman; and it is a pity that husbands are so visionary as to believe such results possible.

I remember, as if it were but yesterday, the delicious dream into which I was plunged by the first dawning of love in my soul. How like the rosy morning in June seemed the cloudiest day. No shadow in the heavens was dark enough to keep my lover from my side.

It was during the preparations for my marriage, that I first awoke to the terrible reality that I was noted for certain peculiarities. Some said I was odd; others, that I was proud; while some, noting my fondness for books, opened their eyes in horror, declaring if I was not snatched from the frightful chasm, I should inevitably become a "literary woman." But my maiden aunts (I am wonderfully blessed in that direction) took it upon themselves to put me in the right place. I was nothing more nor less than a "shiftless woman." I had been a shiftless girl; had never knit my own stockings, nor made a pound of butter, and the man who married me would repent the day. The neighbors felt it their duty to warn James of his danger.

"You are not going to marry that shiftless girl; you are crazy to think of it! Who will make your shirts and cook your dinners?"

James did not seem to care then so much about his shirts and dinners as he has since, and he only laughed at other people's fears. "There were plenty of women who could make shirts," he said, "and cooks enough to get the dinners;" and he actually told me, and I was simpleton enough to believe it, that "he was perfectly and altogether satisfied with me just as I was. I was the most perfect creature he had ever known; I need not give up one favorite pursuit, nor give a thought to the art of bread-making or starching."

What girl of eighteen would fail to be comforted by such assurances from such a source? It was a most agreeable kind of consolation, for there never was a poor child so beset by grandmothers and aunts as I was. It was, "Child, don't be so shiftless!" "Child, let me teach you this," "Child, why will you be so

shiftless?" from morning till night; but when evening came, James came, too, and then my troubles all disappeared.

I married, and believed myself standing on the highest pinnacle of happiness. I had only to stretch forth my hand, and grasp heaven and all its joys; the dust and confusion of the world lay at my feet, and I looked down upon it with a serene contempt. In my own pleasant home I reigned queen of all my possessions, and all hearts. I gave orders in the most royal and dignified manner to my servant, and she, a good-natured German girl, implicitly obeyed all my requirements.

I took the greatest pleasure in escorting Aunts Tamar and Sophia over my house. They, with their eye-glasses, peeped into every corner, and opened all the doors, and were forced to say, that Marie, after all, *had* improved—she was really getting over her shiftlessness.

Thus things went on; the German girl cooked the dinners, and I took charge of the parlors, flitted about the garden, pulling fresh flowers for my vases, and watched over my home with a miser's diligence and pride.

O, blissful days! Those quiet, serene days, before the shirt-making came on; before the German cook got married; before my husband found out I was not the most perfect, the most angelic being ever made; before he had learned not to be quite satisfied with my attainments.

It was a terrible day to me when James first brought home that ominous roll of cotton and linen. He laid it down with the appearance of a man who placed implicit confidence in the capabilities of his wife. I received it with the air of a seamstress who had supported a widowed mother with ten children by the work of her own hand. I worked on those shirts days and weeks; I gave all my energy to the task. I thought of nothing, dreamed of nothing but the work that weighed so heavily upon my spirits. But the day arrived when the shirts were finished. With a proud heart, I first displayed them to Aunt Tamar. She went over them with her eye-glass, and found no flaw in them; the stitching was nicely done, and they looked as though they would fit to a charm. James praised them, too, and I was the happiest of women. I proudly laid them aside in the drawer, where it would have been well for me, and my happiness, had they forever lain; but this could not be.

On an eventful occasion, James called for his new shirts. I presented them, then flew to my room, shut myself up, and stopped my ears that I might not hear any fault that might be found with my darling work. Curiosity, however, conquered, and I just opened the door to listen, when sure enough, there was James calling lustily for help.

"Marie, Marie, what upon earth have you done to these shirts? There is no form nor fit to the bosoms!"

I was in despair, and felt more like precipitating myself from the chamber window than appearing before my husband. But I put on a brisk manner, and hastened to the rescue, feeling like a guilty wretch going to the gallows. James's face did not look as pleasant as on our bridal day.

"What is the trouble with this shirt, Marie?"

I looked, and O, woful sight!—the bosom bulged out in one place, strained in another, and seemed to be without form or fit, as James had really said.

"I am sure I cannot tell what is the matter with the bosom," I answered, in a perplexity of mind better conceived than described.

James now put on a very wise look, and said *he* could solve the mystery; the bosom needed sloping in front.

"Ah well, that could be very easily remedied; glad, indeed, to get off with so little trouble. An old shirt was brought forward, and I shut myself up to alter the new ones. A long, hard day's work I had of it, and I stitched away with a heavy leaden feeling about my heart. I felt, even then, a presentiment of coming danger.

"Be sure and slope the bosoms enough," were James's last words to me as he left the house. I was resolved not to fail this time. I sloped and sloped, cut and cut, being in a most nervous frame of mind all the while, hardly knowing what I did, or how I did it. At length the work was completed, and laid aside for the second time.

When James made the next call for his shirts, I found the house quite too confined and close for free breathing, and after delivering the garments, went into the garden to pull a bouquet. But there was no safety for me even there; I was soon recalled. Turning my eyes in the direction of the voice, I saw my poor James at the window, making a vain attempt to scream, with a voice that indicated some trouble about the throat. I hastened to the toilet-room, and found my husband in a half-strangled state, blue black in the face, and actually gurgling out small oaths. I had sloped the bosom so much that it pitched his head forward, and the linen being extra stiff, sat about his neck like a noose, holding my poor hero in a bondage that was by no means agreeable or desirable.

"What new instrument of torture is this, Marie?" gasped James, with as audible a voice as he could command. "If you wish to rid me of life, there are easier and more efficient modes of executing your wish."

O, horror! I felt the death-blow struck at our conjugal happiness. I said nothing; there seemed to be nothing left for me to say, but James went on—

"I now understand, Marie, what your mother meant when she took me aside before our marriage, and told me you were a shiftless girl, and she feared would make a shiftless woman. I fully agree with her, and confidently believe you to be the most shiftless of all shiftless women."

What a speech for a man to make to his bride, whom six months before he had called an "angel," a "divine creature," a "perfect, adorable being." James knew then, as well as now,

that "angels" and "divine creatures" never made shirts; then, why expect me to do it? Why not be content with my divinity, and not quarrel with me for my human qualities.

Thus the corner-stone was loosened on which our marriage altar had rested, and from out the depths of this experience, I warn all young married women to beware of the first shirt making. Better pay half your fortune to the seamstress, than risk your happiness, and find it wrecked ere the honeymoon is over. But the better way of all, is to learn to make the shirts first and before accomplishments. In fine, I am not sure that the love of the best husband in the world can be safely counted on for more than six months, without this requirement. It probably will hold out till the first grand shirt-making, and then, dear sisters, your stilted hopes of Eden bliss lie in your own hands. If the fingers of that delicate jewelled hand be dexterous and skilful, the triumph is yours. Constancy becomes a fixed habit, and only ends with laying aside the lost garment to put on spiritual robes not made with hands.

Let me now pass on and over ten years that followed this experience of my life, and give one instance of the annoyance that haunts me from this perverse shiftlessness that promises to be the last friend to leave me.

Company in the house, and the servant up stairs groaning with incipient dysentery. Straight I go into the kitchen, although out of doors men, women and children are dropping in the street, sun-struck or fainting from excessive heat. The sago must be stirred for a half hour; the range is of a fiery hue, and the water from the kettle sputters over on to the heated surface, then flies in small bubbles of hot lava into my face and over my brow and neck. I sit down to stir. My position is intolerable. I look about to find something to take off the blunt of the evil. I see "Christie Johnstone" laying on the secretary. Five days has it been in the house, and with heroic politeness I have permitted cousins Tom and Bill to read it, to go over it at their leisure, to talk about it in my presence, to discuss it, until it is spoilt for me, and now the book lies before me. I can read a dozen pages while I stir the sago as well as to sit idle. With a book in one hand and a spoon in the other, I forget the discomfort of my situation. I no longer feel the heat of the furnace. I begin to think it not so dreadful a thing after all to be a cook. I feel like taking some credit to myself for my ingenious invention. The sago can be stirred, and the mind cultivated at the same time. The practical and the beautiful *can* be united in a grand, victorious marriage union, and I have made the discovery.

"Marie, cousin Marie!" screamed Tom and Bell, rushing into the kitchen, "what upon earth is going on? The house is full of smoke, and the odor of burning milk."

"Ho! ho!" cried Tom; "reading Christie Johnstone and cooking the dinner. Truly a shiftless woman—Aunt Tamar was right. Do Marie, save the peas; the water's all boiled away, by George! and every pea clinging for dear life to the kettle. No dinner to-day, Bell."

And so, reader, my dinner was wrecked, as my happiness had been before. I see there is no escape for me. A shiftless woman I surely am, always have been, and probably always shall be. I cordially embrace the whole sisterhood; I am with you in heart, in purpose, in—shiftlessness. Let us be worthy of our illustrious calling.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PANAMA IN 1855. By ROBERT TOMES. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 18mo. pp. 243.

An exceedingly clever account of the Panama Railroad, the cities of Panama and Aspinwall, with a description and history of the isthmus. While it will serve as a guide-book, it is pleasant reading to those who never purpose to visit these localities. The book is beautifully printed and liberally illustrated. For sale by Redding & Co.

THEORY OF NUTRITION. By LARROY SUNDERLAND. Boston: Bela Marsh.

A philosophic treatise on the art of healing without the use of medicine is quite a desideratum. Mr. Sunderland's reputation will give this clever essay currency.

A VOICE FROM AMERICA. New York: Edward Walker. 1855. 12mo. pp. 464.

A book purporting to be written by a number of gentlemen, and embracing, says the publisher, "a vast range of valuable facts and historical illustrations pertaining to the rights and immunities of citizens under a republican government." The dangers to be apprehended from "foreign political faith, as well as foreign manners and customs," are insisted on, and nationality strongly inculcated. We have not sufficiently studied the book to speak confidently of its merits, but it will commend itself to those readers who make general politics a study. For sale by Parker, King & Co., Boston.

THE STANDARD SECOND READER. By EPER SARGENT. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1855. 18mo.

Mr. Sargent has shown extraordinary ability in the preparation of his popular "Speakers" and "Readers." The present book is for young pupils; it has an admirable introduction, containing exercises in articulation, with other valuable matter, and the body of the work is filled with interesting sketches in prose and poetry, mostly original, and rendered attractive by the introduction of beautiful illustrations from the pencils of Billings and other eminent artists.

JAPAN AS IT WAS AND IS. By RICHARD HILLI BETH. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 576.

A most opportune work, executed with the accuracy which might have been expected from the author of "History of the United States." It contains all that the public generally find time to read respecting the singular country of which it treats. It is ample, well arranged and perfectly reliable, and will become, without doubt, a standard readable work. It is put forth in a style which reflects the highest credit on the publishers.

THE POETRY AND MYSTERY OF DREAMS. By CHARLES G. LELAND. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 275.

This book is the result of quite an original idea. The compiler has selected a number of the popular interpretations assigned to particular dreams, and illustrates them by quotations from the poets. Many quaint and many beautiful snatches of song are thus gathered, and woven together by the cobweb threads of old-time superstition. To us the volume is a very attractive one. For sale by W. J. Reynolds & Co., 24 Cornhill.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE, AND ART. A Dramatic Tale. By CHARLES READE, author of "Peg Woffington" and "Christie Johnstone." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1855.

No one can commence reading these fascinating stories, without finishing them at a sitting, totally unconscious of the flight of time. The preceding works of this brilliant author gave him a popularity which very few novelists have obtained, and the present is worthy of his reputation. The book is got up with the usual good taste of the publishers.

NEW MUSIC.—Among the recent publications of Oliver Ditson, are "Early Flowers," "My Cot beside the Sea," songs: "Stormy Life," by Adolphe Henselt, a composition for the piano, and the "Coronation March," from Meyerbeer's Prophete.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CHURCH OF THE GOOD ANGELS.

The mellow chime of Sabbath bells
Comes floating on the morning air,
And young and old with reverend tread,
Are wending to the house of prayer.
As by resistless fate impelled,
I join the restless, moving throng,
And, unconscious to the Church
Of Good Angels am borne along.

And now the last faint, lingering note
Of yonder chime dies on the air,
And every knee to God is bent
In humble, reverential prayer.
And now the organ's solemn tones
Sweep swelling through the vaulted aisles,
And blending voices sweetly tell
Of heaven's joys, of Satan's wiles.

Why mounts the hot blood to my cheek?
Why leaps my heart with quickened throes,
As on my ear the mellow tones
Of one sweet voice melodious flow?
I know not why forgotten all
Is reverend praise and holy prayer,
Unless affection whispers true
Thine own good angel's voice is there.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FILLIBUSTERO.

BY FREDERICK STANHOPE.

Four idle months had I lain at anchor in the bay of Manilla, in my sweet little brig, the Fauchette, and this long vacation, though sufficiently pleasant, made fearful inroads into our year's profits. My brig was of that class yelect Baltimore clippers, and a model of her kind. Of some two hundred and fifty tons register, yet so perfectly lined, that to an unpractised observer she would not seem half that size. Her masts, raking far over the taffrail, tapered away to mere whip-sticks; yet her yards were long and heavy, and her topsails and courses contained as much canvass as many vessels of double her size. Sitting low in the water, her long black hull seemed like some water snake; and generally gained her a wide berth from merchant ships. Intended for the opium trade, she carried six nine pounders, and a long eighteen amidships, that would have settled any little dispute with a mandarin junk in a summary manner; about the fore and mainmasts racks containing cutlasses and boarding-pikes were placed, and a row of muskets were the ornaments of my cabin transom.

As I mused, stretched at length on the taffrail, I perceived a boat nearing us, coming from the Cavite shore; a few moments brought her alongside, and the *banquero* after inquiring for *el capitán*, came aft, bearing a note. "*Para vuestro, señor.*" (For you, sir.)

I opened it; thus it ran:

"If *el señor capitán* would like to engage himself and brig in a voyage of some little adventure, and cures not for the risk, providing it be profitable, he can follow the bearer."

This was just the idea; filthy lucre, though very desirable and pleasant, forsooth, was not all I cared for, and here was adventure too; but stay; follow the bearer, hum! well, a pretty looking cutthroat said bearer is, certainly.

"Who is your master?"

"Don Rodrigo Galvez, señor."

"Where do you propose carrying me to meet Don Rodrigo?"

"To Cavite, señor."

Curse your señors, thought I; your lesson is evidently well learned. "Mr. Seymore (my first officer), have the second cutter manned, and let the second mate take charge; she will follow me on shore, having this fellow's banca in sight; when we land, Mr. James will keep within hail, wherever I may go; and hark you, sir, a pistol or two in the boat, if you choose."

Some fifteen minutes placed us at the side of one of the little piers, and as I jumped on shore, I saw my own cutter just rounding the point. We plunged into the town, and after threading many of the narrowest lanes I ever came across, turned into a courtyard, and were at the door of a large, gloomy looking mansion, evidently of great age, which, with the native, I entered.

In a large room, as naked as all old Spanish rooms are, at a table covered with papers, sat a man, who rose as we entered. Lights coming in, I found him to be a person of some fifty years, tall and stout, with a certain bearing that stamped him a soldier.

"*Bueno tarde*; you are prompt, señor; 'tis a trait of you Americans I much admire; would my own unhappy people possessed it in a greater degree; but be seated, sir; chocolate, Juan, and cigarettes. To business, capitán. I have noticed your brig, the Fauchette, with much interest; she can sail; am I right?"

I assented, adding that few if any in these waters could pass her.

He smiled. "You are enthusiastic; well, you are right to be proud of your home, your wife; for I doubt not she is all these to you. I am about to place, captain, in your hands a secret that endangers my liberty, my life; what security have I for your faith?"

"I had to place myself also in your power, sir; my security was in myself, and this friend,"—touching my pistol; "now all I can offer is the word of a Yankee tar, and I believe an honest one."

During my speech he had watched me narrowly. He held out his hand. "I take your word, sir; I am Don Manuel Cavalla, a general in the armies of Mexico, a senator from the State of Zaeetacas, a friend of constitutional liberty, and a deadly foe to the dictator Santa Anna; some trivial reason was seized as a pretext to confiscate my estates, declare me a traitor with a price on my head, and immure my only daughter in a convent; while I, flying

for my life, embarked in a vessel from Mazatlan a ruined man. I have passed six dreary months in utter seclusion, unknown in this retreat, Juan, my servant, my only friend; were I known, Santa Anna's spies even here would doubtless compass my life. I have just heard of a *pronunciamento* in my native State; friends have sent me letters, urging me to return and join them in driving out the tyrant; ample funds are at my command; but arms, the great necessary, are much wanted. The seaports are closely guarded, and none can be entered, if known; now to your ingenuity, or rather the proverbial talent of your countrymen for *finasse*, I leave this point, premising that you are to set your own terms. "What say you, captain, do you accept?"

"I do, sir general, with the understanding that I have entire control of the whole affair; that after the arms are once landed safely beyond the port officers, I am exempt; and that you insure my vessel to the full amount of her value till at sea again; my terms I shall take time to consider, and the money must be deposited before we leave Manilla with an American house here; this is for business; now if you can lay me alongside of a Mexican cruiser, with an open sea and none to tell tales, I'll give your wooden-legged friend one less to attend to, for sheer friendship for yourself."

"Bravo, *Don Terrífico*! I shall have you enlisted in my cause, yet; but hold, no more business; I will now take one little moment's relief—the first for months—and to-morrow the preliminaries shall be drawn out. Now, señor, for our chocolate."

I followed him, and entering the next room, found an elegant repast, on a service of gold, every appointment showing perfect taste and great wealth. Midnight found me returning in my own cutter, as elated as a man on being accepted by his adored one.

During the week, everything was arranged to my perfect satisfaction; the sum I demanded as charter money was deposited with my bankers, subject to my draft after the accomplishment of the voyage; and a mock contract was entered into for a trading voyage on the coast of Mexico, for the purpose of warding off suspicion from the authorities. Soon the cargo began to come on board, consisting as per manifest, of silks, shawls and hardware; and pretty hard some two hundred packages were, in faith! The usual custom-house official was on board, but strange to say did not seem to pay much attention to my cargo; I have an idea he received *weighty reasons* for his blindness. In ten days we were ready for sea; I had shipped ten more men, so that my crew now numbered twenty-six seamen, and I was ready for what might turn up; I also received my worthy friend, the general, rating him as supercargo, with his servant as second steward. Bidding a joyful farewell to my friend, the consul, I saluted the castle with thirteen guns, and getting under weigh, run out by the Altoma with colors flying, exciting no little comment among the worthy *Hidalgos*.

During our run over, I had arranged my plans, and from my acquaintance with the manners and character of the Mexicans, had little fear of my success. Don Manuel passed much of his time in meditation, and as we neared the coast his nervous agitation became intense.

"If I can but land my arms, and only pass them by the port, I am safe," said he; "my friends will rally around me, and my poor Mexico may yet be liberated from the *cojo*."

"But, Don Manuel, I fear you will have to sacrifice that moustache; as you are, recognition is to be feared, and then good-by to all your hopes. Come, sir, let me act as barber." This was a point I had long urged.

"Since you think it necessary, I consent."

I soon shaved the old fellow, and the change was incredible; none but a very close observer would have recognized him.

The thirty-first day from Manilla we ran in by the Creston, and came to anchor at the Puerto Viejo of Mazatlan. The captain of the port, *jef de politico*, and commandante, and all the numerous officials, came on board at once, and did ample justice to my lunch, not omitting the *vinu puro*. Juan was despatched at once into the interior, to acquaint his friends of our arrival, and we commenced our trade. Taking a house on shore, I removed into it, fitting up one part as a wareroom, and, not feeling any special interest in the business, applied myself to gaining information as to the *lay of the land*, and making myself agreeable to the magnates. I found the commandante, and the captain of the port, were the rival masters, and divided the authority, being necessarily extremely jealous of each other. Don Pablo (the captain) possessed a fortune, and a charming niece—ah, Therésita, you were lovely then! My business, I found, called me much to her uncle's, and we soon became sworn *compadres*, but not lovers—O no. I learned from Theresa that the old gentleman, who to me always seemed a most amiable old scoundrel, was in fact the very reverse, and that her lot was a pitiable one; in fact, with one she loved, she might be willing to leave her home.

Time passed; what with *bailes*, and *fiestas*, and all sorts of amusements, I must say, remarkably rapidly, and I found myself making rapid steps in love's young dream, and yet gaining much with the old fellow through the medium of numerous presents. At last Juan returned; all was prepared; on a certain day, one hundred mules were to be in town, their drivers picked men, and devoted to the general; if I could arrange to land the arms, they would take charge of them to the mountains, where they would be beyond the reach of Santa Anna or his myrmidons.

I appointed a day for a grand dinner on board; with the aid of Theresa, of whom I had made a confidant, a letter in capital Spanish, and most mysteriously worded, was conveyed to the commandante, stating that *el capitán Americano* had leagued with the captain of the port to smuggle certain goods on shore at the Puente Arenas, and that it was to be cloaked by a dinner on board. The bait took, he refused my invitation, pleading an engagement.

On the appointed day Don Pablo, with Theresa, the *jef de po-*

litico and others, were taken on board in my cutter with much ceremony. We were ready for sea, and had been for some time. Giving my second officer his instructions, he started in the long-boat, pulling stealthily out towards Puente Arenas; at the same time I observed a body of horsemen taking the Garita road. It was the commandante and his force! *They were disposed of*. I had now the whole day before me. A few glasses of wine put Don Pablo in right trim;—now for action.

"Don Pablo, my water is nearly out, and my men are all employed; could you spare your custom-boat and crew for the day?"

"Certainly, Don Federico; here is a line to the master; she is at your service." The note ran thus: "To the master of the customs' boat. You are at the orders of the captain of the Fauchette for this day." It was beyond my hopes.

"Now Seymore, my charge is the don; see you to the hardware; speed, man, is everything; this note gives you every assistance from shore, and with it and the presence of the *magníficos* nothing will be suspected."

If I could only land the guns, get them outside the town, and my vessel under weigh, I was safe; my contract would be fulfilled, and my own little affair, I felt confident, I could manage. My dinner was a success; my cook had outdone himself. Course followed course, and each I spun out to the greatest length; each noise on deck was to me a pang, and every moment seemed an age.

"De veras, capitán mio, your artiste is a jewel, but those noisy sailors of yours destroy the pleasure which would otherwise be unalloyed; let me step on deck; I hear the voices of my men, the scoundrels, I'll put them in the stocks this very night!"

"Not for worlds, most worthy Don Pablo; this *ragout a' la finesse* has just come on; it must be taken on the moment, or its virtues depart." I knew the glutton could not resist it.

Time passed, and also the bottle, and as I squeezed my Theresa's little hand beneath the table, I saw both the old buffers drop off into a drunken sleep. Turning the key in the cabin-door, I hastened on deck. The last load had just landed, and already were the mules in motion on their journey. Cavalla was on deck; he grasped my hand.

"Farewell, captain; you have nobly redeemed your promise; but how shall you escape from the harbor?"

"Fear not for me, señor; I shall be all right; and now, sir, hasten; you have no time; and may you succeed far beyond your hopes."

The old man shed tears as we parted, and throwing about my neck a superb chain with a cross of brilliants attached, he said, "for la Señora Theresa," and sprang into the boat. I watched him land; and as he passed out of sight, my topsails were loosed, the anchor hove short, and the recoil gun fired for my absent boat. Now for my friends below!

"What gun was that, captain?" said Don Pablo, as I met him.

"O, merely a signal for my boat. Come, what say you, gentlemen, to a trial of my little Fauchette; the land breeze has set in, and I can give you a run outside the Creston, and be at our moorings again by dark."

"*Bueno!* We are ready; we will see your speed, señor."

"But first, Don Pablo, despatch your boat to the fort with due notice, else might we be suspected of running away, hey?"

No sooner proposed than effected. We were soon a-weigh, and half down the harbor, when a cloud of dust on the old road, and the commandante was visible, spurring towards the fort at the entrance. Now for it, thought I.

"All hands clear for action! Make all sail, Mr. Seymore; and keep her a good wrap full, quartermaster; do you hear?"

"Ay, ay, sir; there is a gun-boat clearing away from the lower fort!"

"Gad, so there is. Now, gentlemen"—to the Spaniards, who during this colloquy had been looking on in stupid wonder—"your precious lives hang on that fort; one shot in the hull of my craft, and you will make jewel-blocks on those yard-arms!"

My words, though not exactly understood, seemed to make an unpleasant impression, and between fear and bewilderment they seemed ready to faint.

"Heave to, or we will fire into you!" shouted a voice in Spanish from the walls. My answer was to point to my prisoners by my side. But, unfortunately, the commandante had reached the fort, and thinking it some ruse of his enemy, Don Pablo, he gave the orders, and bang—whizz, came a shot right between our masts; down dropped the Mexicans as though shot.

"Steady your helm; a small pull of the lee braces. Lee bow there, where is that gun-boat now?"

"Nearly ahead, sir, on the other tack."

"If I can't fire at a fort that is above me, I'll get square on that infernal boat," I muttered. Bang—crash, and away went my fore top-gallant mast. By this time we had got beyond the easy range of the excited gunners, and clearing away the wreck, I prepared for my share of the game. We rapidly neared each other, but were yet out of the range of her brass guns, while my long eighteen was just in play.

"All ready there with the gun?"

"All ready, sir."

"Then blaze away, and, Mr. Seymore, take the sticks out of her if you can."

The first shot fell astern; but the next plumped her, and in ten minutes she was a mere hulk. Then heaving to, I out dingy, and putting the Mexicans on board, ordered Don Pablo to join them.

"Si, señor; but my Theresa?"

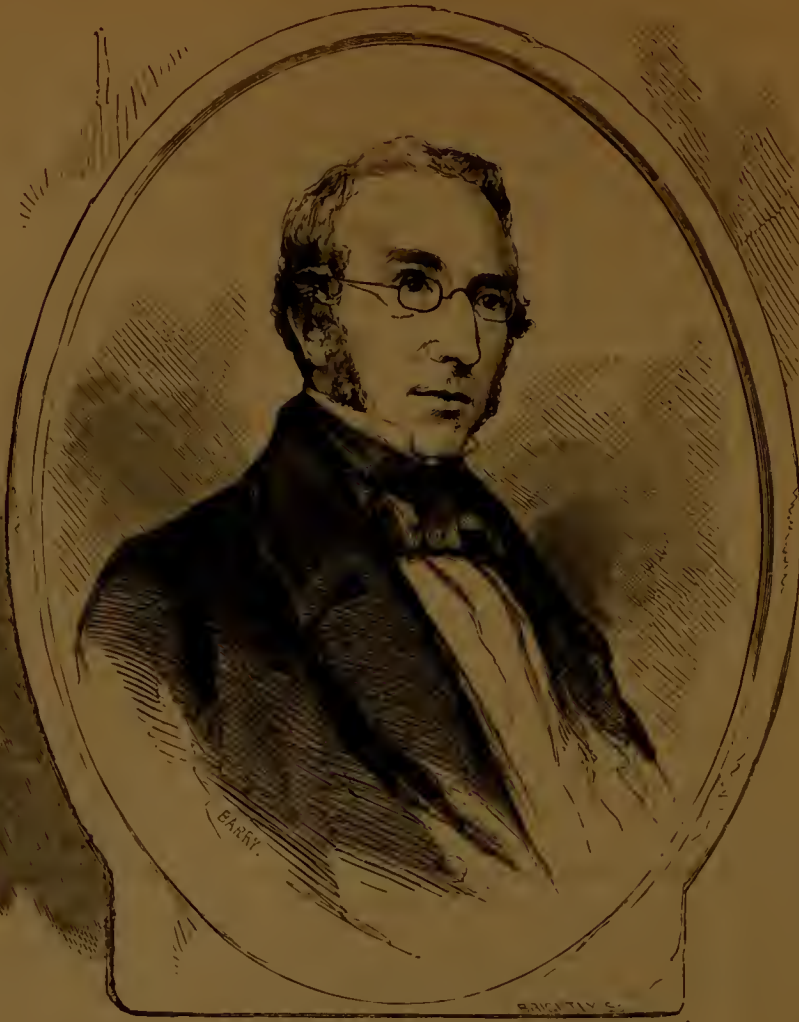
"Is no longer yours, but mine. Come, sir, no words but adios and *memorias*." * * * * *

A pretty romance, says the reader, for these modern days; and faith it seems now to me, as I sit here in my quiet study, and look out on the Hudson, that I have but dreamed this tale.

HON. ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP.

[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MASURY & SILSSEE.]

We take pleasure in placing before our readers a portrait of our distinguished fellow-citizen, the Hon. Robert Charles Winthrop, drawn for us by Barry, after an admirable photograph by Masury & Silsbee. Mr. Winthrop was born in this city, May 12, 1809, and was a son of Hon. Thomas Lindall Winthrop, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Temple and a grand daughter of Governor James Bowdoin. His ancestor, Governor John Winthrop, was the first chief magistrate of the Commonwealth, it will be remembered, elected by the General Court of Massachusetts. Young Winthrop received his preliminary education at the Boston Latin School, from which he graduated with credit, and then entered Harvard College. At the latter institution he was distinguished for scholarship and talent, and on graduating, delivered an English oration which is well remembered for the fair promise fulfilled by the subsequent career of the youthful speaker. Having selected the law for his profession, he was fortunate in having Daniel Webster for an instructor and adviser, and was admitted to the Suffolk bar in 1831. Like most of the active young men of his time, he had his period of military ardor, commanded that fine corps, the Boston Light Infantry, was a commissioned officer of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and wore his colonel's epaulettes as aid-de-camp in the staff of Governors Davis, Armstrong and Everett. In 1834 he was elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives by the conservative interest of his native city, and was annually re-elected to the same body until 1841, when he succeeded the Hon. Abbott Lawrence as representative to Congress. From 1838 to 1841 he filled the office of speaker of the Massachusetts legislature, displaying the same ability, self-possession, readiness and courtesy which afterward commanded the respect and admiration of his colleagues at Washington. To the latter place, his reputation as a well-read as well as practical, clear-sighted and highly honorable man, had preceded him. He went through the trying ordeal of a maiden speech in that House where a man's capacity is immediately and mercilessly gauged, with credit, and, surrounded by men of experience and eminence, soon made his mark as a ready and powerful debater. He remained in the House until 1850, with the exception of the year 1842, at the beginning of which he resigned, the vacancy thus created being filled by the Hon. Nathan Appleton. He occupied the post of speaker of the House during 1848 and 1849. Every one who has visited Congress, or has followed the Congressional reports, can form a tolerably accurate conception of the difficulties and trials of this position. It requires a perfect familiarity with parliamentary usage, decision, readiness, nerve and moderation. Mr. Winthrop displayed these qualities, and was fully equal to the task imposed on him, as even his opponents have ever been ready to testify. In July, 1850, the governor of Massachusetts appointed him to succeed Daniel Webster in the United States Senate, on the latter's nomination as Secretary of State. In 1851 he was the whig candidate for governor, and received about 65,000 votes—20,000 more than were cast for any other candidate; but a combination of the minority parties in the legislature defeated his election as governor, as it had done his election as senator the year before. Mr. Winthrop declined another nomination. In 1852 he was president of the



HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

electoral college of Massachusetts. As politics are a forbidden topic in this paper, we cannot analyze the political career of the subject of this sketch; neither can we withhold our tribute of respect from his general conduct as a public man. It is undeniable that he never stooped to those low arts of intrigue by which some men crawl to place and power, and it must also be added that while a warm and consistent party man, he never, in times of the most fervid excitement, forgot that he owed a higher duty to his country. Thus, while his government was engaged in a war with a foreign country, he hesitated not to vote for supplies to our army, although an opponent of the administration during which that war occurred. The key to Mr. Winthrop's public career may be found in a declaration contained in one of his orations. "I know no policy as a statesman, which I may not pursue as a Christian. I can advocate no system, before men, which I may not justify to my own conscience, or which I shrink from holding

up, in humble trust, before my God." Mr. George T. Curtis says of Mr. Winthrop: "Mr. Winthrop has been, from his earliest youth, an object of public regard, as a person of high qualifications for the public service. In his talents, his cultivation, his correctness of principle, his uniform adherence to a true public policy, and his capacity to judge rightly and speak eloquently upon public affairs, he has been all his life a representative of the people among whom he was born—of their institutions and of the spirit of their whole condition. To these characteristics there have been added, in his case, the associations which gather about a name interwoven forever with our history and our glory." Since his retirement from public office, Mr. Winthrop has been largely connected with our literary and benevolent associations, and is now president of the Massachusetts Historical Society, president of the Boston Provident Association and president of the Commissioners for erecting the new Public Library. His address before the Massachusetts Charitable Association, delivered November 29, 1853, gave the first impulse to the movement for procuring the statue of Franklin, which will soon adorn our city. The lecture referred to and his numerous addresses before various societies, are all characterized by original ideas, by ripe scholarship, by a symmetrical arrangement and forcible application of facts, and by a purity of style which might be expected from one whose extemporaneous speaking is remarkable for accuracy of expression. We regret that our space is not ample enough to permit us to make extracts from some of these finished productions. But it must be remembered that Mr. Winthrop does not aim at making brilliant points. The several parts of his discourse, like the colors in a fine painting, depend for their value on their juxtaposition. This effect is the result of a nice balance of the intellectual faculties, evenly trained and disciplined by rigid culture. As a speaker, Mr. Winthrop is somewhat deliberate, but his elocution is graceful and winning. None of our eminent men command better or more attentive audiences. A collection of his speeches and addresses was published in 1852, since which time, however, he has delivered several others to literary, scientific and agricultural societies, all of them worthy of his reputation. A large number of our fellow citizens had an opportunity of listening to him on the 17th of last month, when he delivered a very appropriate address on the laying of the corner stone of the new public library in Boylston Street.

Mr. Winthrop has shown himself from the outset an ardent and practical friend of the library, and the post he occupies in connection with it could not have been more worthily bestowed. Thus, though withdrawn temporarily from political life, it will be seen that he is not disposed to adopt the policy of a "masterly inactivity," but rather to place his talents and time at the service of his fellow-citizens, nor is there one among us better fitted to conduct philanthropic enterprises with credit and success. Mr. Winthrop is still in the vigor of manhood, and may look forward to a long career of usefulness. During a tour of Europe, which he was so well fitted to enjoy and profit by, Mr. Winthrop met with a reception from the best circles of England and the continent, which showed that his character as a scholar, a statesman and a gentleman was as justly appreciated abroad as it is at home, where he is properly regarded as one of our leading representative men.



BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

OCTOBER.

The English poets style this month "brown October," and talk of it as in "sober russet clad;" but the description is not applicable to our hemisphere. Our October wears a "coat of many colors," outvying in its splendors that which costs Prince Esterhazy ten thousand dollars every time he wears it. For a brief period the aspect of nature during this month is brilliant beyond description. It is no kind of use to try and paint it; it is far beyond the reach of art. Carmine, vermilion, gold and silver, even gems encrusted upon canvass would fail to convey an adequate idea of the glories of our autumn woods, when the noonday sun streams into their openings, filling them with mellow light, and the pools and streams reflect the fairy scene. Then the foliage of the sugar-maple seems a pile of leaves of beaten gold; the light tresses of the aspen shine like the waving locks of a fair bride, while the swamp maple glows and burns like a pyrotechnist's tree. Royal purples, emerald greens, flaming scarlets and scales of gold are blended cunningly together. No artist but Nature herself can set such a palette. We never saw autumn scenery truthfully depicted, though we have seen many attempts. They are too pallid for the original; too gaudy for art. We must gaze on the transitory splendors of this season with loving eyes, and frame them in the picture gallery of memory, to be re-produced before our mental vision, when they shall have passed away in the reality, and shall have been followed by the dreary nakedness and cold, sombre hues of winter.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.—Since we commenced the publication of the "Spur," we have been constantly in the receipt of this splendid mammoth Pictorial, and we are at a loss to know how the publisher of it is able to present such a number of splendid engravings, and such an amount of choice reading matter, for three dollars a year. That excellent Temperance Tale, "The Unmuzzed Itebuke," which we published in our second number, was from it. The reading matter is worth the price of the paper, and the seeing matter, twice as much more. We think that pictures, which are pictures, are exceedingly valuable, both for old and young. We know that many a historic incident and many an interesting fact have been forever riveted in our minds, by a view of the delineations of some artist, and that often a desire for information has been awakened by some illustrations of which we might have caught but a glance. Pictures, too, are suggestive of thought. The portrait suggests the study of character; the landscape, the beauties of the material world; of public buildings, architecture, and the reason and object of its construction; of cities, their history, commerce, etc. We believe that pictures may, and yet will be used as valuable aids to education. Ballou's Pictorial is the only paper of the sort in America, so far as we know—and from the numbers which we have seen of the London Pictorial, it is the best, and by far the cheapest in the world.—*Ripon Spur, Fond du Lac County, Wisconsin.*

PHOTOGRAPHS.—The best specimens of this art we have yet seen, *beyond comparison*, are on exhibition at Masury & Silsbee's rooms, 299 1-2 Washington St. These gentlemen have introduced a finish to their pictures which defies rivalry and delights the possessor. We most cheerfully recommend to our readers to call and examine for themselves.

BOSTON THEATRE.—The new pink walls are a decided improvement on the dark red of last season. How much science was wasted in proving that we ought to like them.

UNANSWERABLE.—The Post thinks the chemist must be a funny man because he has a *retort* for everything.

SPLINTERS.

.... George W. Heard, a Boston boy of 18, lately had the glory of standing on the highest point of Mont Blanc.

.... The Boston Veterans lately paid a visit to the City Guards of Manchester, N. H., and were hospitably entertained.

.... One or two horses have been poisoned lately out of revenge. Such deeds are cowardly and base in the extreme.

.... An insane woman who fancies herself a daughter of Louis Philippe, has been sent to the asylum in New York.

.... To give tobacco to our State prisoners is an offence punishable by two years imprisonment and fine.

.... The man who would rob a neighbor's hen-roost, ought to be sentenced to keep Shanghais and eat the flesh thereof.

High-heeled slippers with large rosettes are now worn by the Philadelphia belles instead of gaiter boots.

.... There has been an immense falling off in the foreign immigration this year as compared to that of last.

.... Ten ships of large tonnage are now building on the Merimae. During the summer this business has been depressed.

.... The sugar crop of Louisiana this year is below the average—rather bad news for the lovers of sweetmeats.

.... Bourcicaul's new theatre at New Orleans is described as a perfect gem. The company embraces many pretty women.

.... Robbers have been stealing hens largely from the people of Needham, who need poultry as well as ham.

.... A wild hog, weighing 145 pounds, was lately hunted and shot in Woburn woods by Mr. Pierce.

.... A whale ship now lying at Nantucket has cleared for her owners in three voyages, \$80,000.

.... The new Cunard steamship Persia, now fitting in the Clyde, is said to be the largest steamer afloat.

.... G. W. F. Mellen recommends a "free use of lemon juice, tamarind water, pickles and vinegar," against yellow fever.

.... Assassins are re-commencing their work in Havana. They want another Tacon there—the terror of evil doers.

.... The surest way to get a legacy, or get an office, or anything in this world, is not to seem to want it.

.... Cold weather has put an end to one monstrosity—ladies' straw flats as large as umbrellas.

FRANCE AND THE WAR.

Our readers will do us the justice to acknowledge that we have not, since the commencement of the war in the East, crowded our columns with details of the carnage, or indulged in any very lengthy speculations as to the probable issue of a conflict waged with more destructive means than were ever brought into play by hostile nations. We have preferred to select more agreeable and suitable topics for our pages, leaving the full chronicle to journals devoted to news. Still we have, from time to time, made such remarks, and given such pictorial illustrations of the progress of the war, as seemed called for by the magnitude of the events. It was impossible, even if desirable, utterly to lose sight of one of the greatest events of modern times. Hence we make no apology for another brief allusion to the subject.

More than a year has now elapsed since the allies landed in the Crimea. Tremendous conflicts have taken place, blood has been poured out like water on both sides, and treasure lavished with a prodigality which will mortgage, for a long time, the future of three great nations. At the time of writing this article, Sebastopol still stands, a monument of the persevering heroism of its Russian defenders—though it may have fallen while we are penning these lines, giving the allies one great point in the terrible game they are playing.

But what will be the issue of the war? To what end is the expenditure of blood and treasure on the part of the allies tending? This question must be answered by the ruling spirit of the war—and this ruling spirit is France, personified in its emperor. It is Louis Napoleon now, we can no longer deny it, firmly seated on the throne, the accepted sovereign of a vast majority of the French people, who, by his inflexible will and tenacity of purpose, holds his ally with a firm grasp to the prosecution of the war, and scouts every overture of peace which comes directly or indirectly from the great northern despot. He has obtained this controlling influence by the superiority of his military system, by the superior numbers and condition of his army. It is right that the sovereign who supplied the deficiencies and retrieved the errors of his ally should be allowed to sway the fortunes of the desperate game in which both are engaged.

Now Louis Napoleon, Sebastopol fallen or standing, is satisfied with what has been achieved. He says:

"A Russian army is not raised with facility; men can be had, but not soldiers. The Russian peasantry require from two to three years' exercise at drill before they are fit for the ranks. We have nearly extirpated the elite of their forces—those which the czar had taken many years to create. England and France, on the contrary, grow stronger as the struggle proceeds; our peasantry in a few weeks become staunch troops, and the fire of war, which burns slowly at first among our population, increases with reverse. It would be folly to inflict merely a wound upon Russia from which she would soon recover. Let us rather establish a running sore in her side, from which her strength will run out. Sebastopol is draining her system. The future will judge my tactics, but the people are too small to see around them."

Now, in our humble opinion, events have shown that Louis Napoleon has missed a figure in his calculations. If he has established a running sore in the side of Russia, has not the war also proved a drain to France and England? The losses have certainly not been all on one side. Neither are the Russian recruits as despicable foemen as the French emperor seems to consider them. Their new levies have shown themselves capable of defence, at least, if inferior in the open field. Is it more difficult for the czar, with unlimited control of nations of warriors, to raise armies than for France and England to do so? We have seen that England is driven to the most desperate resorts to obtain men, and can only get them at a ruinous cost. France, with her system of conscription, finds it an easier task; but the loss of the flower of her youth by pestilence and the sword, cannot fail to be a severer wound to her prosperity than the loss of five times as many men to the czar. We have said nothing of the drain of treasure to which the continuance of the war subjects the western powers.

In all sincerity we must say that we consider the future of the allied powers a dark one. It does appear to us that the chances are in favor of Russia. Were the issue between despotic Russia on the one hand, and the free West on the other, we should not despair of the result. Were Poland, Hungary and Italy free, the hosts of the czar might vainly menace their millions of "sacred bayonets." But the battle is not between czarism and republicanism; the invincible impulse of the spirit of liberty is the great element wanting to the hosts of the West. Lord Clarendon said of the Dutch in his time, "They can endure to be beat longer than we can endure to beat them." It seems to us that the czar is now in this position, and that the theory of Louis Napoleon is not calculated to yield the allies a real victory. To us it appears that they must in the end accept peace on dishonorable terms, or give liberty to Poland, Hungary and Italy. But it will be long, we fear, before they accept the last alternative.

A GREAT INVENTION.—Bonelli, an Italian engineer, has invented a railroad telegraph, by which a locomotive announces its own coming and position, while passengers can send messages ahead at any time. We are not informed of the process, but the results achieved are certainly astonishing.

NOVEL CELEBRATION.—The journeymen hatters of this city will celebrate the birthday of St. Clement on the 23d of next month, St. Clement being the gentleman who invented hats. The hatters are a very respectable body of men. They are as busy as beavers, and their productions are seen, admired and felt.

RISTORI.—It is said that this great actress will follow in the footsteps of Rachel, and visit this country. American applause and gold seem to be necessary to every foreign artist's triumph.

NEW HAMPSHIRE AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

Few public exhibitions are more attractive and popular, or more important in their relations and results, than our agricultural fairs. Our subscribers will thank us, therefore, for presenting them with the picture sketched on page 236, expressly for the Pictorial, by one of our best artists, representing a scene at the Sixth Annual Fair of the New Hampshire State Agricultural Society, held at Manchester last month. The picture represents the spacious grounds devoted to the exhibition, Yale's mammoth tent, the horses and the race track, and the vast crowd attracted by the show. The agricultural tent was filled with interesting implements and objects connected with the purpose of the fair. The mechanical skill of Manchester and Concord were well represented here. Another tent contained the miscellaneous products of the husbandman, the artist and the artisan. The exhibition of cattle was very fine. Though there was not so large a number of animals as at some previous fairs, their excellence was quite noticeable. Among the live curiosities in this line was a Durham cow, owned by Mr. William Shepherd, of Manchester, weighing 2600 pounds. The show of swine was good, and would have done credit to Porkopolis. There were few sheep on exhibition. The horses made a very fine show, many splendid and fast stallions as well as elegant mares, fillies and colts being on the ground. On the 13th ult., the officers and members of the society, accompanying the orator of the day—Hon. Charles B. Haddock, the Amoskeag Veterans, the Manchester City Guards, and several fire companies, formed an imposing procession, and marched to the fair, where the address was delivered. It was an eloquent and appropriate production, and gave universal satisfaction. A splendid exhibition of fireworks closed the fair in a brilliant manner.

ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS IN FRANCE.

Queen Victoria is the ninth sovereign of England who has visited France. The first was Henry II., Plantagenet, who owned Normandy, Anjou, Touraine, etc., and who died at Chinon in 1187. The second was Richard Cœur de Lion, who was killed by an arrow at the siege of the castle of Chalus in Limousin. The third was John Lackland, who had no appanage, and sought France to usurp one. The fourth was Henry III., son of the preceding monarch, who was beaten by Louis IX., canonized as Saint Louis, at Taillebourg and at Saintes in 1242. The fifth was Henry V., the victor of Azincourt; he rendered himself master of nearly the whole of France, and died, in the midst of his successes, at the castle of Vincennes, in 1422. The sixth was Henry VI., son of the preceding, crowned at Notre Dame, afterwards driven out of France, and afflicted with insanity. The seventh was Henry VIII., the English Bluebeard, whose story, with that of his six wives, has just been so graphically told by Henry William Herbert, in a recently published volume. The eighth was James II., who fled to France after the revolution which placed the Prince of Orange on the throne, and died at St. Germain in 1701. Queen Victoria completes the list. She made a flying visit to Louis Philippe at the Chateau d'Eu in 1845.

THE CROSS OF HONOR.—In the presence of the Queen of England, Louis Napoleon lately took the cross of the Legion of Honor from his own breast and fastened it on that of a voltigeur who had lost his leg before Sebastopol. The soldier deserved it; but by what title came the cross of the legion on the breast of Louis? We should call this incident a restitution of stolen property. The cross belongs only to the brave and true.

MORE WARNING.—Two more horrible deaths have lately occurred from hydrophobia, one in Philadelphia and one in Cincinnati. What are all the dogs in Christendom worth, compared to one human life thus sacrificed? The pet dog about your family may, at any time, inflict an awful and fatal injury on your loved wife, children, or yourself. Dogs are almost entirely useless.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Joseph A. Hunt to Miss Catharine Morrison; by Rev. Dr. Kirk, Mr. Richard H. Stearns to Miss Louisa M. Watson; by Rev. Mr. Porter, Mr. William Tomlinson to Miss Priscilla N. Elms; by Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. Nathan C. Mulliken, of Charlestown, to Miss Margaret Smith; by Rev. Mr. Cilley, Mr. Nahum R. Howard to Miss Mary T. Brown; by Rev. Dr. Lowell, Mr. John D. Lilley to Miss Helen M. Tyler.—At Charlestown, Mr. Robert Ireland, Jr. to Miss Maria A. Hooper.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. William B. Pear, of Boston, to Miss Lucy A. Hazeltine.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, Mr. Miller Crabbe to Miss N. Elizabeth McClune.—At Medford, by Rev. Mr. Marvins, Mr. Walter B. Kellogg to Miss Hannah B. Cushing.—At Andover, by George Foster, Esq., Mr. Adolphus F. Woodbridge to Miss Lydia Mason.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Mr. Harvey, Mr. Samuel N. Dunham to Miss Betsey F. Dunham.—At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Thompson, Mr. Samuel G. Chamberlain to Miss Helen M. Chase; by Rev. Mr. Clapp, Mr. Henry Saltonstall to Miss Georgiana Crowninshield Appleton Silsbee.—At South Reading, by Rev. Mr. Hull, Mr. Horace D. Carley, of Boston, to Miss Abby B. Eustis.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. James M. Bush to Miss Jane McKimley; by Rev. Mr. Chapin, Mr. Robert Cuthbert to Miss Margaret Hunter, both of North Andover.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, George F. Choate, Esq., of Salem, to Miss Rebecca W. Greenleaf.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Daniel S. Cheever, 42; Mrs. Sallie B. Eastman, 57; Mr. James Kettell, 62; Mrs. Sarah A. Barrett; Miss Ellen Moran, 19; Mrs. R. A. Smith, 42; Mr. Thomas Kirk, 28; Mr. Ephraim Titcomb, 64; Mrs. Esther B. B., wife of Rev. Charles K. Colver, 32.—At Dorchester, Mr. Edward M. Harris, 28.—At Charlestown, Miss Mary A. R. Skilton, 36.—At Cambridge, Miss Hannah Barrell, 75.—At Brookline, Mrs. Maria, wife of Capt. E. C. Taylor, 41.—At Lynn, Miss Martha Helen Atwood, 24.—At West Newton, Mrs. Sarah W. Savage, 45.—At Quincy, Mrs. Adelaide H., wife of Mr. George W. Shaw, 19.—At Salem, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Mr. Josiah Maxwell, 40.—At Ipswich, Miss Sarah Elizabeth Lord, 32.—At South Danvers, Widow Sophronia Jones, 68.—At Medford, Gorham Brooks, Esq., 60.—At Lexington, Mr. John Skinner, 79.—At Braintree, Mrs. Ellen C., wife of Asa French, Esq., 25.—At Plymouth, Mr. John Battles, 76.—At Dunstable, Mrs. Julia A., wife of Mr. Alpheus Bowers, 46.—At New Bedford, Mr. Benjamin C. Jones, 84.—At Amesbury, Mrs. Mary Locke, wife of Enoch Winkley, 93.—At Marlboro', Mrs. Eliza B., wife of Mr. Benjamin Hawkes, of Boston, 48.—At Portland, Mr. Lemuel Moody, 63.—At Bath Me., Dr. Ben. Prescott, 73.—At Burrillville, R. I., Randall Angell, Esq., 88.—At Royalton, Vt., Joseph A. Denison, M. D., 81.—At New York, Mr. Stephen B. Munn, a native of Massachusetts, 90. He served a short time in the revolution.—At New Orleans, Mr. John C. Austin, a native of Charlestown, Mass., 23.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The mackerel fishery for the Gloucester fleet on the northeast coast promises well the present season. About two hundred sail are now absent from home. — The petrified remains of an Indian, together with some unique relics of olden time, were recently dug up by workmen upon the Milwaukee and La Crosse railroad. The body is not in any degree decayed, and measures seven feet in length. On his breast was found a copper plate, with numerous hieroglyphics engraved upon it. — Two diamonds were recently taken from the root of a tree at Dudley's Ferry, King and Queen's county, Virginia. — John Randolph once said of a man who refused to fight a duel on the plea that he belonged to the church, though no one before suspected him of being a Christian, "I revere a true and consistent Christianity; but I do not like a man who turns Christian merely in order to hide himself under a communion-table." — A mill for the manufacture of thread is soon to be erected in Plymouth, Mass. The capital stock, \$35,000, has all been taken up. — The Irish O'Donnells are of some note in military annals. General O'Donnell, of the United States army, after an absence from his native land for thirty-eight years, is now visiting his brother, Major General Sir Charles O'Donnell, of the British army, at Limerick, Ireland. This distinguished Celtic family is now represented by four general officers, in the service respectively of America, Great Britain, Spain and Austria. — "The Hickory Thrasher and Fusion Flail," is the title of a paper just started at Ravenna, Ohio. — The Poughkeepsie Eagle says that while other crops are good all over the country, people will rejoice also to learn that the buckwheat crop promises thus far to be a very great one. It is very early, and as stout as it can grow in this country, promising to be double an average crop, or even more. — Gen. Thomas Chamberlain, of Worcester, for many years erier of the courts in Worcester county, died, lately, at the age of 72 years. — The Troy Traveller learns that Mrs. Robinson conducts herself at Sing Sing in a quiet and orderly manner, and gives but little trouble; she is at present employed winding cotton. So far she has dropped the many eccentricities she betrayed while an inmate of the jail in Troy, with one exception—the singular practice of concealing her face from the gaze of visitors. — There is much activity in the anthracite coal trade, the shipments from coal districts being considerably larger than last year. — Old smokers often declare that a lighted cigar thrown into a pile of hay or shavings will not produce a conflagration. Two barns in Farmington, Ct., owned by Col. William Rowe, were burned lately, and the New Haven Palladium says the fire was caused by a boy throwing down a lighted cigar between the two barns, which set fire to the loose straw lying around. — L. S. Hawley, of Albany, New York, has hanging in his bar-room, a cucumber measuring thirty-five inches in length. It grew in his yard from seed brought from Europe. Beat it who can! — A natural bloomer is a cherry tree in Canaan, N. H., which blossomed the 1st of July and continued in blossom until the first of September, having during the intermediate time the ripe fruit and the blossom. — Abbott Lawrence gave \$15,000 to religious charities sustained and directed by Orthodox Christians, but nothing to Unitarian charities, though he was usually claimed as a Unitarian himself. — An aeronaut named Marion, of Philadelphia, lately ascended from Doylestown, Pennsylvania, in a balloon, by moonlight, seated upon the hoop without car, ballast or valve cord. The act was one of reckless daring, but Mr. Marion landed safely in about half an hour after his ascent. — The New York Times is rejoicing in the knowledge that for an entire year, or since the drought of 1854, there has not been such an abundant supply of good meat in New York as there is now.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

"This city is a place of a very singular nature," says Viscount Ponsonby, in a recent memorandum; "nearly all military men agree in saying, that, by very little exertion, it might be made almost impregnable. Military men also say that it is a place from whence attacks upon the nation, not too far distant from it, could be made with the greatest advantage to the assailants; whilst, from its situation, it could be only with great disadvantages to the enemy. Constantinople, in fact, is the natural capital of an immense district, within the limits of which exist all that is necessary for the material formation of a naval force for war or commerce, of any conceivable magnitude. Primeval forests furnish timber; mines furnish minerals, including copper, to any extent. There is, on the very margin of the sea (something under one hundred miles from the city), a coal mine known to be of many miles in extent, and of which the quality of the coal equals that of Wallsend in Durham. The soil is generally so good that agricultural produce is in the highest degree easy to be obtained and at a low cost, and it is with other numerous valuable articles spread over Europe."

THE COST OF WAR.—According to a statement made by the London correspondent of the New York Post, it appears that within two years England has added to her debt twenty-nine millions, and France sixty-six millions sterling; together, ninety-five millions sterling, or five hundred millions of dollars. The year's expenditure of England alone is upwards of ninety-four millions sterling; instead of the average peace outlay of fifty-four millions sterling; (of this, seventy-one millions are raised by taxation, and twenty-three millions are fresh debt;) in other words, forty millions sterling, or two hundred millions of dollars, goes this year for the war.

INTERESTING TO FLOUR SPECULATORS.—"He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him; but blessings shall be upon the head of him that selleth it."

Wayside Gatherings.

Gideon Martin, of Swansey, Mass., has a pear tree over two hundred years old, which bore fruit this season.

Thanksgiving was celebrated in New Jersey on the 4th of October. Too early; it cannot be done properly except in November.

The Hallowell (Me.) Gazette says: "Our ship-yards are to have continued occupation, and the ship-building business looks favorable."

Mr. Asa Bushby, Jr., of South Danvers, lately gathered six thousand bunches of onions from half an acre of land, which sold for more than \$200.

The Directors of the Reusselaer and Saratoga Railroad offer a reward of \$500 for the apprehension of the villain who fired the bridge over the Mohawk.

The Buffalo Express says that the amount of building going on in that city is without precedent. New and handsome edifices are springing up in all directions.

A party of fifty first class mechanics have left Syracuse, New York, for Kansas. They are engaged to work on government buildings at Fort Leavenworth.

The second annual exhibition of the Connecticut Agricultural Society is to be held in Hartford during this week. Mayor Deming, of Hartford, will deliver the address.

The secretary of the treasury has instructed the collector of New York, that articles used only in part as drugs, need not, hereafter, be all sent to the appraiser's store for examination.

Within a year or two, it is believed that Minnesota, Oregon, New Mexico, and perhaps Kansas, will contain people enough to authorize their application for admission to the Union as States.

The late Mad. de Girardin described the well-known contralto, Mad. Alboni, who lately so excited the Parisians in the "Prophet," as "an elephant that had swallowed a nightingale."

Amos Barrett, of New York, took prussic acid and killed himself, on account, it is said, of some publication in the *Amador Sentinel*, regarding his connection with Wells, Fargo & Co., as their agent in Jackson.

The wheat pressing forward to market begins to embarrass the Western roads, whose freight equipage will soon be fully employed. The Illinois Central Road has found it necessary to order three hundred more freight cars.

Among the numerous deaths by yellow fever at Portsmouth, lately, was that of Rev. James Chisholm, of St. John's Church, in that city. Rev. Mr. Chisholm was a native of Salem, and a graduate of Harvard College in 1836.

At San Francisco, a Frenchman named Briant went into the office of L. E. Ritter & Co., with a carpet-bag containing twelve pounds of gunpowder, and discharged it by throwing a lighted cigar into the bag. Briant was badly hurt.

Twenty colored men (all heads of families) who had been persuaded to remove to Hayti, now petition to be taken to Liberia, preferring that republic to the Haytian empire. They ask that their case be laid before the Colonization Society.

The steamship *Fulton*, built to run with the *Arago* to Havre, was successfully launched in New York, from the yard of Messrs. Smith & Dimon. She is about 2500 tons burthen, of a beautiful model, and it is judged will prove a very fleet steamer.

A despatch states, that at a party given near Danecyville, in Haywood county, Tennessee, lately, forty-five of the guests were poisoned. One man is dead, and several other persons are not expected to recover; the poison was contained in some of the ingredients of the cake used on the occasion.

Philander Markham, of Westfield, Mass., shot a rattlesnake lately, which was four feet in length, and had thirteen rattles. Mr. Markham was hunting, saw the snake just as it was ready to jump at him, raised one of his legs, and the serpent passed under it; and as it was preparing for a second leap he shot him.

Spanish mackerel caught off the south shore of Long Island, are in the New York market; this kind of fish is said to be equal to salmon. It is a native of the southern waters, and of late years they have been in the habit of straggling to the north. They are nearly the size of a shad, and sell at two shillings a pound.

It is but twenty years since the first house was built in East Boston, and now it has a population of 16,000, and a valuation of more than \$6,000,000. In the last year it has gained 226 polls, and \$195,000 in valuation. The old settlers there propose to have a meeting this fall to celebrate the anniversary of the settlement.

Dorchester has, by recent votes, shown herself liberal in the cause of common school education, as will be seen by the following statement.—Four very elegant structures are under contract for primary and grammar school houses, at a cost of about fifty thousand dollars, including land, furniture and arranging of grounds.

In the city of Worcester, there are 347 persons and firms who are taxed for \$10,000 and over, 278 who are taxed for from \$10,000 to \$50,000, forty whose taxation is between \$50,000 and \$100,000, twelve who are taxed for from \$100,000 to \$200,000, three whose valuation is over \$200,000 and less than \$300,000, and one who is taxed for over half a million.

A singular mortality prevails among the fish in the St. John River, Florida, as we learn from the Jacksonville Republican, and their dead carcasses are scattered along the shores in astonishing numbers. They swim up into shallow water, give a flounce and die. Eels and flounders suffer most; the crabs die in large numbers. Fish literally cover every rock, log, stump, etc., near the water.

Farnum, the railroad contractor, is said to have cleared about \$2,000,000 by his contract to finish the Rockland and Chicago Railroad, by a given period—he reserving to himself the privilege of running the road, and securing its revenues, if completed before the contract time. He did complete it twelve months before the date of delivery, and has run the road on his own account, cleared \$200,000, and then turned it over to the directors—finished.

Mr. Lewis Brown's death, which took place from cholera, at Chicago, Illinois, was communicated to his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, at Rochester, New York, lately, when the old lady became much affected, and remarked, "Poor Lewis, I shall soon be with you!" A few moments after, she rose to go up stairs, a tremulous motion was observed, when she fell backwards and was caught in the arms of her daughter, and died almost instantly, without a struggle.

The following is copied from a French paper: "A young woman, who pretends to have a divine mission, has just been locked up in the Orleans prison. She asks to be sent to the Crimea, pretending that she could take Sebastopol in a very short time. She speaks on the subject in a very calm and deliberate manner. All she asks for to accomplish her glorious mission, is an escort of a sergeant, a corporal and ten men; she is at present committed ingloriously as a vagabond."

Foreign Items.

The potato harvest in Ireland is favorable on the whole.

The export of iron north of Dunkirk is prohibited, and a bond is required whenever exported.

A number of Arab chiefs are on a visit to Paris. They are quite a dirty and dissipated set.

General Canrobert has excited great attention in Paris since his return from the East to be made a marshal of France.

The London Times contains an editorial article, couched in very severe language on the non-effectiveness of the fleet, and says that "Nelson and Collingwood must blush in their graves."

The Nord (Russian journal) says:—Omar Pasha freely expressed himself at Constantinople that the allied commanders—especially Gen. Pelissier—were humbugs, and that he should twice have lost his army if he had followed their advice.

Private letters state that the loss of the Russians in Sveaborg was not less than 2000 men. The Russian paper Nord says that the loss was only 50 killed, and that 1300 guns still remain in position, and that the batteries are wholly uninjured.

Queen Victoria is said to resemble Mrs. W. H. Smith, the Boston actress. During her recent visit at Paris, to avoid the crowds of gazers, she drove about incognito in a hack carriage. She gave \$5000 for objects of charity while in Paris.

A Paris rumor is that we may expect from day to day to hear of the involuntary abdication of Queen Isabella, and of important events in Spain. The plan is for the Queen of Spain to abdicate in favor of her sister, the Duchess de Montpensier, which would make the duke (Louis Philippe's son) king consort, and then, by a legal enactment, he might be made king regnant—a plan Louis Napoleon would defeat at all hazards.

A formidable insurrection has broken out in the centre of Bengal. The insurgents are the Santals and other tribes occupying the Rajmahal Hills—a bold and hardy race. They number from thirty to fifty thousand men, acting in five parties, and are armed with axes, poisoned arrows, and a few fire-arms. They have spread over the country a hundred miles in extent, destroying everything European, and pretend that they are led by their god in person.

Sands of Gold.

.... That's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.—*Shakespeare*.

.... We exaggerate misfortune and happiness alike. We are never either so wretched or so happy as we say we are.—*Balzac*.

.... No man ever offended his own conscience, but first or last it was revenged upon him for it.—*South*.

.... Perhaps one of the greatest enjoyments that little minds or inferior beings can experience is that of sporting with great souls and entrapping them.—*Balzac*.

.... When we desire or solicit anything, our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it; when it is obtained, our minds run wholly on the bad ones.—*Swift*.

The great secret of social alchemy is to make the most of each of the ages through which we pass; to have all its foliage in spring, all its flowers in summer, and all its fruit in autumn.—*Balzac*.

... Marriage is a desperate thing: the frogs in *Aesop* were extremely wise; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.—*Selden*.

.... Story-telling is subject to two unavoidable defects—frequent repetition, and being soon exhausted; so that whoever values this gift in himself has need of a good memory, and ought frequently to shift his company.—*Swift*.

... Let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of invaluable service: Do the duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a duty; thy second duty will already have become clearer.—*Carlyle*.

... It will be impossible to have one set of opinions for the high, and another for the low, only when they cease to see by the same sun, to respire by the same air, and to feel by the same sensorium. For opinions, like showers, are generated in high places, but they invariably descend into low ones, and ultimately flow down to the people, as the rains into the sea.—*Colton*.

Joker's Budget.

It is not the false teeth which should be objected to, but the false tongue behind them.

In the neighborhood of Albany, N. Y., the potatoes are so large that (the Knickerbocker says) the dealers paint them green and sell them for watermelons.

Sir John Irwin was a favorite with George III., who once observed to him: "They tell me, Sir John, that you love a glass of wine." "Those," replied Irwin, "who so informed your majesty have done me a great injustice—they should have said a bottle."

An Hibernian was reproved by an officer for daring to whistle in the ranks while going on duty. Just as the officer spoke, one of Russia's balls came whistling over the ravine. Pat cocks his eye up towards it, and quietly said: "There goes a boy on duty, and, by jabsers, hear how he whistles!"

The rules governing the "theatre of war" at Sebastopol are different from such establishments at home. Those who have "checks" at most places of amusement are entitled to admission, but at Sebastopol the allies having received one, are denied entrance most positively by the door-keepers.

On examining some new flowers in the garden of Sydney Smith, a beautiful girl, who was of the party, exclaimed: "O, Mr. Smith, this pea will never come to perfection!" "Permit me, then," said he, gently taking her hand and walking towards the plant, "to lead perfection to the pea."

The celebrated Malherbe dined one day with the Archbishop of Rouen, and fell asleep soon after the meal. The prelate, a sorry preacher, was about to deliver a sermon, and awakened Malherbe, inviting him to be an auditor. "Ah, thank you," said Malherbe, "pray excuse me; I can sleep very well without that!"

A letter writer says that every created thing has a brain, has a memory, has a past, and applies its experience for the benefit of its future happiness. An old dog in a bear-hunt is as cautious of Bruin's teeth as an old broker is of suspicious stocks; and both act on the same principle—the recollection of being bitten "in a previous transaction."

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—Our page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements. The immense circulation of the Pictorial (being over one hundred thousand copies weekly) forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the Pictorial as an advertising medium is, that it is preserved, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement all being placed on the inside of the paper) becomes a permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.

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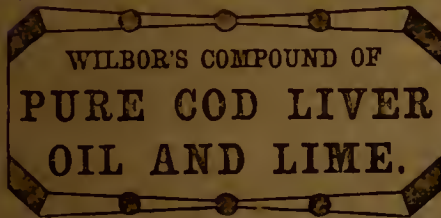
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THE BOSPHORUS.

The striking scene depicted in the accompanying engraving possesses a peculiar interest now that the eyes of the whole world are turned towards the theatre of war. Nature has certainly been lavish in her adornments of Turkey, while oriental architecture has done its best to add grace to the enchanting scenery. The passage from the Black Sea to Constantinople is spoken of by all travellers in enthusiastic terms. The Bosphorus, which separates the continents of Europe and Asia, and connects the Black Sea with the Sea of Marmora, is about fifteen miles long, and varies in width from three quarters of a mile to a mile and a half. The opening at the entrance of the Black Sea, where the two light-houses and forts are established, is about two miles wide, after which the waters are compressed to a narrow channel by the convergence of their mountainous sides. There are seven principal promontories and as many bays on either side, opposite to each other, and where the channel narrows, the current is very rapid. This is particularly the case with what is known as the "Devil's Current," beneath the time-worn battlements of the castle of Rumili-Hissar, about half-way to Constantinople. In this case, row-boats are towed along, like canal-boats, by means of ropes. The best anchorage spots are at Buyuk-Liman and Buyuk-Dere on the European, and at Com-Burnu and Riva-Burnu on the Asiatic side. The western shore is inhabited by both Turks and Christians, but the eastern principally by the Ottomans. Their graceful residences, palaces, kiosks and gardens, rise in amphitheatrical magnificence. Now and then a hoary ruin of old time contrasts with the brilliant novelty of a modern structure, while relieving the stern rocks are patches of verdure, vineyards, orange-groves, and clumps of odorous flowering shrubs and gaudy flowers. This is indeed a storied land. The frowning towers of Rumili-Hissar tell of the reign of the fierce Mahmoud II., a structure of the fifteenth century, and built just before his victorious hordes poured tumultuously, shouting the name of the prophet, into the

vanquished streets of Constantinople. On the Asiatic shore, on the slope of the Giant's Mountain, were encamped, in 1833, those Russian troops who volunteered to aid Turkey against revolted Egypt. Here, too, was signed the famous treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, which, if it had been executed, would have given Russia the virtual command of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. What political changes twenty years have brought about! Turkey and Russia are at swords' points, and France and England, old enemies, now reconciled, are lending their aid against the nation which proved the most reliable instrument of Great Britain in crushing the armies and the hopes of France. Between this point and the capital there are at least a dozen imperial palaces. The whole passage of the Bosphorus is indeed one panorama of enchantment. About a mile across the Bosphorus from the Seraglio point, on the Asiatic side, stands the town of Scutari, and some two miles south of it the ancient Chalcedon.

BIBLE SOCIETY'S HOUSE.

This noble pile of buildings is in the upper part of New York city, with a front on 4th Avenue of 198 feet 8 inches, on Astor Place 232 feet 10 inches, on Third Avenue 96 feet 11 inches, and on 9th Street 232 feet 6 inches, 50 feet in depth, with a large area in the centre. It is six stories in height. The fronts on 4th Avenue and Astor Place are each divided into six sections. The two end and the centre sections have a projection of twelve inches in front, and also extend above the intermediate sections; and there is also a centre section to the front on 9th Street, with a projection of twelve inches. The principal entrance on 4th Avenue is decorated with four columns with Corinthian capitals and moulded bases, resting upon pannelled and moulded pedestals, and semi-circular arches are placed between the columns to form the heads of doors, etc., the whole being surmounted with a heavy cornice and segment pediment. There are four principal entrances to the buildings, and several others for the persons employed. The manager's room is located on the 4th Avenue, second story, 30 feet wide, 50 feet deep, 25 feet high, fire-proof, and lighted by a dome. The depository and library-rooms, on the first story, are also fire proof. The press-room, on 9th Street, on the fifth and sixth stories, is 119 feet long and 41 feet wide. The utmost care has been taken to guard against fire, the boilers being placed in the inner court-yard. From these boilers pipes are laid, conveying steam for warming purposes throughout the building. The utmost pains has been taken to ventilate the establishment thoroughly, a very important point, since there are from three to four hundred males and females constantly employed in it. The sale of the spacious establishment formerly occupied by the Bible Society in Nassau Street, and special donations, citizens of New York contributing their full share, furnished the means of defraying the expense of the new structure, so that the regular business of printing and circulating the Holy Scriptures has not been in the least hampered.

ENTRANCE TO THE BOSPHORUS. TURKEY.



THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY'S BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
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HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

The great local event of last month was the 27th annual exhibition of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, which took place in the Boston Music Hall. In the engraving which accompanies this notice, prepared expressly for the Pictorial, and designed by Mr. Champney, the artist has shown us the interior of the hall, with its beautiful floral decorations, its lusciously-loaded tables, and its crowds of admiring spectators, the whole forming a truly brilliant spectacle. The exhibition was opened on the 18th of September, and continued four days, attracting throngs of visitors from the city and the surrounding country. The hall had the appearance and the fragrance of a flower garden. Flowers were displayed everywhere—in bouquets, in vases, in splendid

pyramids, and in a thousand other fanciful devices. Intermingled with the flowers on the tables, were grapes, apples, pears, nectarines, peaches, plums and other fruits in endless variety, delicious to the eye and tempting to the appetite. No one could wonder at the frailty of Eve, "who for an apple lost mankind." On the platform usually occupied by the orchestra, and which faces the spectator in the drawing, there was a very fine display of floral pieces, many of the designs being the tasteful achievements of fair hands. On this platform Mr. W. C. Strong, of Newton, exhibited, on a large flower stand, a choice collection of fruit-bearing vines, clustering round a figure of Pomona. The model of Bunker Hill monument seen in our engraving, was designed by Messrs. Galvin & Hogan, of Somerville, and was a mass of pur-

ple and white amaranths and German asters. A beautiful Chinese pagoda, three stories in height, surmounted by an elephant, a maze of flowers whose tints were most artistically blended, was contributed by Mr. A. Bowditch, the well-known floriculturist of Roxbury. A splendid floral bower or temple, enclosing the figure of a flower girl, the whole designed and executed by Messrs. Evers & Bock, was very much admired. Mr. Bowen Harrington, of Lexington, contributed a model of the Lexington revolutionary monument, and Messrs. Curtis & Lincoln contributed a case containing flowers and grasses and tropical birds—a very beautiful affair. Mr. W. J. Underwood, of Wellington Hill, furnished a magnificent floral design, which is represented under the organ: there were many other designs which we cannot specify.



HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION, AT THE MUSIC HALL, BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FALCONE:

—OR,—

THE MYSTERIES OF MEXICO.

A ROMANCE OF OUR DAY.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BANDIT'S ATTACK.

"JUAN! Pablo! look well to your arms!"

Many times had Don Manuel needlessly reiterated this injunction, but in the present case it seemed not at all out of place; for scarcely had the words been uttered before a volley of carbine-shots from a ledge of rocks at the roadside, brought two of the pack-mules to the ground, and whistled about the party's ears with an unpleasant proximity enough, inasmuch as Juan's high-crowned hat was riddled and the hand by which Pablo grasped his horse's bridle was grazed by a leaden messenger intended doubtless for his heart.

The party at this time were traversing a lonely portion of their route, where high shelves of rocks overlooked the narrow pass-way. Dusenbury had been relating some mirth-provoking episode of his past life to the listening Mexicana, whose merry laugh as usual attested her enjoyment of the Yankee's quaint humor; while Don Manuel, who, since their rencontre with the mendicant "greaser," had not seemed so much at his ease respecting the security of travel, was nervously engaged in reconnoitering with wary glances the peculiarities of the roadside, so unpleasantly suggestive of ambuscades. It was late in the afternoon, and the sun had been oppressive during the day, so that the animals had taken advantage of their passage through the sheltered pass, to husband their strength by a leisurely progress, to which their masters did not object, being confident that the few miles intervening before the next town would be reached could be easily traversed before the setting in of night.

It may well be fancied that so sudden and murderous an assault was calculated to plunge the travellers into dismay. Don Manuel uttered a despairing exclamation, Mexicana shrieked, and the two servants who had been so often enjoined to take care of their arms seemed at once to lose all consciousness of possessing such material aid, for they dropped at once upon their horses' necks and began rapidly repeating their *paters* and *aves*, as if spiritual weapons alone were powerful to resist. Only Hannibal, the negro, seconded Dusenbury in the retention of presence of mind, and drawing his pistols from their receptacles, galloped forward to the Yankee's side, prepared to lend what assistance might be expected from him.

But the course to be pursued was not long left undecided. Scarcely had the echoes of the carbine-shots ceased to reverberate through the rocky defiles than a dozen savage-looking men appeared rapidly descending the shelving precipices and making toward the road, sheltered in their approach by the fragments of rock that lay irregularly scattered upon either side of the pass.

"O, *Señor Americano!* what is to be done?" ejaculated Don Manuel.

"If those chaps o' your'n don't quit prayin' and get ready for fightin', there aint no insurance on our lives, now I tell ye," answered Dusenbury. "Jehosaphat! jes' look at them critters, Hannibal! a-whinperin' like cry-babies when they ought to blaze away at the 'greasers.' It's a tarnation shame, by king! But I'll stir 'em up, or my name's not Dusenbury."

Saying this, the Yankee plunged towards the two attendants, and drawing his pistols, dealt both Juan and Pablo a blow with the heavy stocks that speedily dissipated their devotional thoughts.

"Take your shootin'-irons and act like men, ye tarnal fools!" he shouted to the half-paralyzed Mexicans. "There aint more'n a dozen of them 'greasers,' and I'll be chewed up if we can't skin 'em alive."

The two attendants, inspired by Dusenbury's resolute bearing, now put themselves in a posture for defence, whilst the Yankee, dismounting and assisting Mexicana from the saddle, led the young lady to a steep rock by the road-side, and then, with Hannibal's assistance, dragged the dead pack-mules with their loads, a little farther off, and ranged the living horses behind them.

"We'll have to make a fortification out o' these poor critters," quoth Dusenbury, coolly. "'Taint so high as General Jackson's cotton-breastwork, but then here's a Yankee rifle behind it, and that goes a great ways. Hannibal—jes' you stand to the right! Don Ribera! fall back a trifle behind us, and when you git a chance, pepper the 'greasers.' As for Pablo and Juan, they'll stand between me and Hannibal, and we two intend to 'look well to their arms.'"

These words were accompanied by a cheerful laugh that made the two Mexican servants look upon "Señor Americano" as a wonder of coolness. Then at a signal from their indomitable leader the whole party took their stations at the roadside, Don Manuel and his daughter effectually shielded by the high rock, and the rest protected by the dead mules and the horses fastened securely to their packs. Hardly had these arrangements been effected, than the assailing party made their appearance immediately in front.

A wilder or more villainous set never stopped a traveller in the passes of Mexico; a dozen or more sallow, tattered and murderous looking men, some in military garb, others almost naked, but

all armed with carbines, pistols and long, sharp knives. They approached the narrow road with confidence, but drew back suddenly on seeing the dispositions which had been made for defence, and apparently held a consultation concerning their movements.

"The tarnation cowards daren't charge for fear one o' their precious carcasses 'll git bored," whispered Dusenbury, to the sheltered Don Manuel, who only replied by requesting Juan and Pablo to "look well to their arms."

In a few moments the result of the robbers' council was made manifest by a second discharge of their carbines, which brought one of the poor horses lifeless upon the mule to which he was tethered. The dying steel set up a cry of agony which rang through the mountains, and made the very blood curdle in the veins of his human companions. But no further damage was done by the shots, and Dusenbury prepared for the onset which he deemed would follow.

Nor was he mistaken. Ere the smoke had cleared the bandits broke from their concealment and appeared upon the road, advancing over a space of three or four yards which separated them from their anticipated booty. Dusenbury at once cried "fire!" and discharged his rifle, bringing the foremost "greaser" to the earth, shot directly through the heart. Hannibal followed quickly with his pistols, both of which told upon the enemy, and even the bullets of Juan and Pablo whizzed so close to the brigands' ears, that the success greatly encouraged both those valiant attendants of Don Manuel. The robbers paused as their comrades fell beside them, and retreated hastily behind the rocks of the defile.

"So far so good," quoth Dusenbury—"if it weren't so near dark and the mules dead, we might stan' a chance yet. Load up, Hannibal, and git ready for the critters once more. Here—you Pablo and Juan—you must take better aim next time, or we'll be all night straightenin' them 'greasers' out."

The shadows had now sensibly lengthened in the road, and Dusenbury knew that the dark would soon shut in without the lingering twilight of more northern latitudes. He felt, too, that the repulse which they had given to the robbers, by which at least four of the latter had been wounded, if not killed, would not be sufficient to prevent further attack; and if obliged at last to succumb, he knew what was to be expected by himself and companions at the hands of the revengeful enemy. Nevertheless, the brave North American gave no thought to surrender, for he was resolved to sell his own life dearly, and he remembered that one beautiful being was kneeling near him, whose safety was dearer to him than life itself. He encouraged Hannibal and the servants, therefore, to prepare calmly for another attack by the banditti, and enjoined upon them the necessity of taking good aim at their antagonists.

"Let the 'greasers' come closer," cried the Yankee. "Wait till ye see the white o' their cussed eyes, and then give 'em Bunker Hill."

But the expected attack did not immediately take place. The robbers had drawn off, and were hidden by the numerous huge boulders which hung, poised as it were for a plunge, upon the acclivity at the other side of the road. These boulders, large and small, marked the hill-sides for many miles around; and far up the shelving precipices opposite to the point where the frail barricade of mules and horses feebly sheltered Don Manuel's party, could be desiered hundreds of rocky fragments, some imbedded in the mountain wall, others apparently loose and ready to tumble in a wild avalanche, to overwhelm the road and fill up the passes beneath.

Dusenbury watching for the re appearance of the robber band, and anticipating that the next assault would be a desperate one, bestowed but little attention upon the peculiarities of the surrounding landscape, until a sudden cry from Mexicana caused him to turn and direct his gaze to an object on which the maiden's eyes were riveted. He beheld a sight that, brave as he was, drove the blood from his cheeks and made his heart for a moment cease its regular pulsation.

The declining sunbeams, slanting over the rocks that skirted the pass-way, shone full upon the sloping mountain on the other side of the road, throwing in bold relief the boulders and fragments of jagged precipices, half disrupted from the soil. Far up the slope, at a height beyond pistol-shot, Dusenbury saw the robbers who had so lately been repulsed, not, however, in retreat or relinquishment of their object, but intent, as it appeared, on a speedy and terrible accomplishment of the bloody purpose which they had failed to carry out below. The whole band had paused beside an enormous boulder, and with their united strength, were endeavoring to force it from its balance and hurl it headlong on the road below; in which case the path of its fearful descent would traverse the narrow pass-way where Dusenbury and his company had found their precarious shelter.

The eyes of all the rest followed the Yankee's glance, and beheld with him the imminent peril which threatened them. A shriek of terror broke from the two servants; even the stout-hearted negro uttered an alarmed exclamation, while Don Manuel Ribera covered his face with his hands and fell upon his knees beside his daughter. Dusenbury alone preserved an appearance of calmness.

"The sneakin' cowards!" he cried. "They want to stone us like rats here in this hollow, instead o' fightin' it out like men! Jerusalem! what mean critters! But by the living jingo, I'll give 'em a shot in rifle range, anyhow. Thunder! there's that 'greaser' we saw this mornin'. Jes' look, Don Ribera! there's the identical scump, and no mistake!"

Saying this, Dusenbury pointed to an individual who stood a few paces from the rest of the robber band, evidently directing their efforts as they labored to dislodge the boulder from its place.

The sun's rays fell upon the man's form and face, and, in spite of a slouched hat and red plume which partly shaded his malignant features, the whole party below recognized him at once as the beggar who had that morning received alms from Donna Mexicana. It was now evident that the man had a tale as a spy upon their motions, and that the attack upon them had been premeditated. It could be seen likewise that the pretended mendicant was no other than the leader of the band, and doubtless its master spirit. Dusenbury revolved this rapidly in his mind, and then slowly raised his rifle.

"I calk late that 'greaser' aint got long to live," he remarked sententiously.

Then, taking deliberate aim from behind the dead horse, he fired at the man above. The echoes answered from all sides, and then, as the smoke cleared away, Jake Dusenbury saw that his unerring rifle had done its work. The "greaser" was seen to stagger, fall, and then roll heavily down the mountain side.

"That'll do, I reckon!" said the Yankee, as he beheld the robbers leave their operations at the boulder and descend to their fallen comrade. "Now let's take it easy, and see what they'll agitate next."

But at this moment the sound of horses' hoofs struck sharp and quick upon their ears, and the sudden blast of a trumpet rang through the valley and passes. Dusenbury dropped the rifle which he was about to reload, and sprang to his feet. At the same time the foremost of a party of Mexican cavalry appeared in sight, rapidly entering the pass-way which was now half barricaded by the slain horse and pack-mules.

The officer who led the troop drew rein in astonishment as he beheld the bodies of the two bandits lying upon one side of the road, while the strange breastwork of dead animals occupied the other. But scarcely had his eye surveyed the scene, than a voice sounded from the barricade:

"Captin' Nunez, by thunder!"

The next instant a figure grinned with dust and smoke leaped over the dead horse into the middle of the road, and grasping the Mexican officer by the hand, exclaimed, in joyful accents:

"Captin' Nunez—don't ye know an old friend?"

"Dusenbury! my Yankee comrade! is it indeed you? I am rejoiced!"

"Come out, Don Manuel! Hannibal! Come along, all! there's no danger. Captin' Nunez is here—and he's a hoss!" exclaimed the Yankee, in joyous accents, as again and again he shook the officer's hand.

Then, suddenly darting away, he rushed behind the barricade, and presently re-appeared leading by her hand the beautiful daughter of Don Manuel, while the old *administradore* and the servants at the same moment gained the road. A brief space sufficed to make the Mexican captain, or colonel of cavalry, as he actually was, acquainted with the state of affairs; but on looking around where the robbers had so lately been visible, not one of the band was to be seen. The trumpet blast had effectually frightened the "greasers" from their nefarious attempt, and they had fled to the distant defiles, leaving their dead leader on the mountain-side and two others of the band stretched before the barricade upon the road. Thus fatally for themselves ended the robbers' ambuscade.

Don Ferrado Nunez, a gallant young officer in the service of the republic, who had armed and equipped a brilliant troop of horse at his own expense, and who stood high in favor with General Santa Anna, was now formally introduced to Don Manuel Ribera and the fair Mexicana. He was soon made acquainted with all the circumstances of their journey, and likewise with many items of interest which Dusenbury, as an old friend, could communicate to him; the result of which was his offer to escort the *administradore* and his daughter to Tampico, whither he was proceeding at the head of his men, on business of the new government.

"And, as I then proceed to Vera Cruz," said Don Ferrado, after making his offer, "perhaps, should you find it difficult to embark at Tampico, I shall have the honor of your company to my destination. In times like these, a military escort is of no slight advantage to the traveller."

Don Manuel Ribera protested that Colonel Nunez was the most courteous of officers, and avowed a determination to accept his protection to Vera Cruz, particularly as Don Ferrado informed him that Tampico was threatened with a descent from the American naval force commanded by Commodore Perry.

"By St. Iago! I will not risk the place then," cried Don Manuel, who had, in view of the presence of a strange troop of horse, recovered in no small degree, his vivacity. "No, Mexicana! we will go at once to Vera Cruz! It is a walled city, with an impregnable castle—and there we shall at least be safe—war or no war! What say you, *Señor Dusenbury*?"

"I reckon Vera Cruz aint the place for me, Don Manuel; so, if you conclude to go on, I'm afeared we shall have to part company. Captin' Nunez 'll do the right thing, and you kin jes' trust to him as if he was your own son, Don Ribera. As for me and Hannibal, I guess Tampico is the place for us—unless the nigger wants to go along with you."

"Massa Dusenbury—I go where you does—no whar else, Massa Dusenbury. I can't afford to lose all de ole friends, no how! 'Specs I finds Missy Teresa best by stickin' to you, Massa Dusenbury—poor Lucille, too, Lor' bress de chile!"

And as the thought of his lost friends—perhaps more especially the memory of his smart fellow-servant Lucille—crossed the black's mind, he hurriedly brushed his hand across his face to hide a starting tear.

"Well—that's settled. We'll have to part at Tampico," cried Dusenbury, as if anxious to deal curtly with an unpleasant topic.

And then, as the Yankee's clear eye fell upon the face of Mexicana, half-averted as she listened, an observer might have noticed that an unusual moisture was trembling upon its lids. Nothing more, however, was said upon the subject, for the advancing evening made it necessary that the party should be at once upon their road. Very speedily, therefore, the packs were shifted from the dead mules to others belonging to the cavalry troop, and a led horse being found to supply the place of the one slain, the travellers were soon in motion again, and, guarded by the soldiers, rapidly leaving behind, the scene of their late perils and escape.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FALCONE THWARTED.

"A THOUSAND curses light on my ill luck!" cried the gamester Falcone, as he sat with his friend Don Ricardo, in the latter's dwelling, about a week after their abortive attempt to abduct the Senora Teresa.

"Ten thousand curses will not help the matter," returned the elder conspirator, in his cynical manner. "But, my dear Gabriel—go you at once to the padre, and promise him what you please, on condition that he assists you to marry—mark, I say *marry*—the Senora Teresa. With the priest's aid, you may soon lure the fair one from her retreat, or I know little of friars or women."

"But the padre has little cause to bear good will to me. That rocky pistol-shot—"

"Poh! it will be forgotten if your bribe is satisfactory."

"The priest's assistance would, I doubt not, be valuable."

"Secure it then, my dear Gabriel, at once."

"I will take your advice, Don Ricardo, and report the result to-morrow."

So saying, Captain Falcone took leave of the elder villain, and went home to his quarters at the castle of Chapultepec, whose strong walls and towering dome commanded the city of Mexico, as well as all its approaches. Here were the military school of the republic and the head quarters of the national guards, with the first reserve of all the army officers. Through the favor of Padre Herrata, Falcone had here been stationed in command of a company of veterans worthy of a nobler captain, and to his charge had been confided a fort or outpost of the main castle, in which were confined several prisoners under ban of government.

Falcone, immediately after his arrival, sought the quarter in which Padre Herrata was confined. He found the priest at his devotions, kneeling near a small barred window through which could be discerned an extended panorama of the beautiful vale of Mexico. Down the sloping hill of Chapultepec to the city walls, and to the more remote Lake of Tezcuco, a line of defences could be seen, interspersed with the ruins of gardens and groves, and the glory of the valley, and the seat of those magnificent halls where the Montezumas collected their almost fabulous treasures of nature and art.

"O, land of beauty and plenty!" murmured the priest, as, unconscious of a listener, he continued his prayers—"may the sins of thy unnatural children be visited not on thee! May war and violence be stayed, and—"

"A very good prayer, padre, but out of season just now. War is here and violence not far off, I imagine."

The priest slowly rose, turning his calm eyes upon the intruder, whose voice he at once recognized. Padre Herrata's face was pale and his form much thinner than before his imprisonment; for though now recovered from the wound inflicted by the wanton attack of Falcone, he had yet suffered greatly from loss of blood and reduced strength.

"Prayer is never out of season, young man, and violence is ever so," rejoined the priest, quietly.

"Well, padre, we will not discuss the matter," said the officer, in a flippant tone. "I have come to converse with you on another subject entirely—that of love."

"And why am I sought for such converse?"

"Because you can aid me—because, padre, though a priest, you can pardon, I believe, the crime of passion in a young man, and because, finally, by assisting me, you may benefit yourself."

"Proceed, my son," said Herrata. "I am bound by my vows as well as inclination, to forgive wrongs inflicted and to do good to others."

"Hypocrite!" thought Falcone. "He is ready with his priestly palaver." Then, with an effort to assume a frank demeanor, the gamester continued:

"You are aware of my affection for the Senora Teresa Ginton, and must also know that to my disappointed pursuit of her was owing my rash attack upon yourself, which I have ever since deeply regretted."

Falcone paused to notice the effect of this speech upon the priest. But the latter made neither reply nor motion.

"I love the senora—I would marry her, padre, and thus bestow my affection and care upon an orphan, and at the same time bring one more soul into our holy church."

The priest looked at the soldier with a gaze that penetrated to his soul.

"And what would you that I do, my son?" he asked.

"Be my friend, reverend father! forget the past, and aid me with your good offices in disposing this dear girl to regard me with the affection which I feel for her. Thus you will be the instrument of uniting two hearts, and of making me supremely happy."

The padre did not immediately reply. He seemed to be absorbed in thought, and his gaze wandered abstractedly through the barred window. At length, however, he spoke:

"I think, my son," he said, in a measured tone, "you remarked that by assisting you, I shall benefit myself. How may that be?"

"Aha!" said Falcone, to himself, "the pious fox must know his reward beforehand." Then he continued aloud: "All that I can promise shall be yours. I will at once take measures for your release from this place, and if my purse and influence can advance you in—"

"Enough!" cried the priest, suddenly elevating his voice, and fixing his glance sternly upon the young man. "Gabriel Falcone! desperate gamester! unprincipled adventurer! do I not know that through you the unhappy brother of this maiden was lured to his destruction? Do I not know that the pure child loathes you as the serpent whose trail has poisoned her happy youth? Enough, Gabriel Falcone! Get thee from me!"

As Padre Herrata uttered these words, he turned away, raising his left hand with a gesture of repugnance, and expressing in his features all the horror which the retrospection of Falcone's acts was calculated to inspire. The bold young man quailed for a moment before the significant action, but he recovered himself immediately, and with features distorted by rage, advanced upon the priest.

"Cursed monk!" he hissed, savagely, "it is you, then, who have influenced her. But I will have a reckoning from you. The next time my shot will not miss!"

Saying this, Gabriel Falcone shook his clenched hand at the calm face of the padre, and, with a fierce oath, turned toward the door of the cell, which he opened with a violent wrench. But an object here met his eyes which somewhat confounded him.

Standing majestically in the opening, having apparently been about entering, was the tall form of the very officer who had so lately foiled his attempt to carry off the young Teresa—uplifted before him was the very hand which had dragged him ignominiously from his saddle on that occasion. Unconsciously almost, the young man retreated a pace into the cell. The stranger stooped his lofty head beneath the stone arch, and passing Falcone without a word, advanced quickly toward the priest, whose figure was distinctly visible in the light of the window.

"Padre Herrata!"

"Anselmo—my noble son! is it indeed thee—returned?"

"Truly, my father! And but this instant have I learned of your incarceration. But it is ended!"

He embraced the priest warmly as he said this.

"I shall be glad to know what all this means!" here interposed Captain Falcone, who had regained his assurance, momentarily disturbed by the sudden appearance of one whom he had such cause to remember. "Having the honor to command in this quarter of the hill, I demand by what right—"

"Ah, sir—you shall know my right to be here," returned Colonel Montognone, in a chilling voice. "You know the signature of your commander? Here, then is authority for my presence here, and for the release of my friend, Padre Herrata."

Montognone drew a paper from his breast, and extended it to Falcone. It was an order, signed by General Bravo, directing the instant release of the priest, and commanding that the captain should at once report himself at the commander's quarters.

Falcone dashed the paper to the floor of the cell, and, gnashing his teeth as he glanced savagely from the padre to his friend, cried to the latter:

"You shall hear from me, sir!"

Then, striding from the cell, he repaired to his quarters in another part of the fort. But Gabriel Falcone did not immediately report himself to his commander. Fearful of consequences, and knowing not who the strange officer was, or what adverse influence it might be in his power to exert, the gamester resolved to escape while yet he could. Mounting his horse, therefore, he galloped at once from the hill, and soon found himself within the gates of Mexico, and at the house of Don Ricardo Ramos.

Don Ricardo received the young man with a smile which contrasted greatly with the haggard and enraged features of Falcone, who, swallowing hastily a goblet of wine, related the occurrences at the castle.

"But I have good news to balance the evil," said Ramos.

"How say you? good news?"

"Nothing more nor less than that our fair one is here in Mexico, and within less than half a mile of us at the present time, my dear Gabriel."

"In the devil's name—"

"In any name you please. Listen to me. I have learned the name of the mysterious stranger who crosses your path so unluckily. He is called Montognone, is immensely wealthy, with estates in the north, and is at present in high favor with government. So you perceive what you have to contend against in that quarter."

"Curses on him!"

"I encountered him at the moment of his arrival in the city, having under his protection, not only the charming Teresa, but that young gallant who is so good a swordsman—Vallejo—and another cavalier with a lady, who, I apprehend, are the good host and hostess of the hacienda."

"And you saw her, then?"

"Ay, my dear Gabriel; and traced them to their quarters, a fine old mansion, owned, it is said, by Montognone's father—a prince, they say, of the ancient *sangre azul* of Spain. Ah, my poor Gabriel, I fear you have no more chance with the lady."

Don Ricardo laughed, displaying his white teeth. But Falcone was in no humor for merriment—he sprang to his feet and strode to and fro across the floor.

"Take another glass of wine, sit down, and let us discuss the matter," said Don Ricardo.

"Discuss! have you not said she is in the power of that man?"

"Well, my dear Gabriel!"

"What, then, can I do? This Montognone has already twice thwarted me. Even now, through him, I am disgraced with General Bravo—perhaps my life perilled."

"Well—drink a glass of wine."

"Confound your cold blood!" muttered Falcone, throwing himself back in his chair and pouring out the wine till his glass ran over.

"Tut, man! it will all be right. I intend that the Senora Teresa shall be in this house within a week."

Falcone paused, with his glass at his lips.

"I mean what I say," pursued Ramos. "The senora has an attendant—a female mulatto or quadroon?"

"Ay—Lucille—an intriguing little French mulatto maid; what of her?"

"The maid shall assist us to secure the mistress."

"Ay—as Padre Herrata was going to assist us," rejoined Falcone, bitterly.

"Never mind the priest, and I shall take care of the maid. Drink your wine now, and trust me, Teresa shall be our guest ere the week passes."

So saying, Don Ricardo lit a fragrant cigar, and leisurely revealed his new plot while the wreaths of blue smoke curled gently about his head. Falcone could do no less than imitate his example, and thus the two companions passed their evening. But alas for human calculations. Don Ricardo, on renewing the next morning his observations upon the newly-arrived strangers whom he had traced to Montognone's mansion, found that all had suddenly removed, and as was reported, left the city. So Don Ricardo was at fault.

And Gabriel Falcone, much to his chagrin, during the same morning, found himself arrested by an order from the castle, and ordered to report himself for active service at once, on pain of a trial by court-martial for desertion, should he refuse. So Gabriel Falcone was once more thwarted.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CAPTURE OF VERA CRUZ.

THE winter months of the Mexican war were not signalized by battles of importance. After the reduction of Monterey, the American general, Taylor, establishing his head-quarters in the vicinity of that beautiful city, and occupying with a force of nearly twenty thousand men the long line of back country which he had opened by his arms, confined himself to the preparations necessary for the spring campaign. General Santa Anna had at the same time concentrated at San Luis a force equal to Taylor's whole army. San Luis, a fortified city in the midst of the silver mines of Potosi, was supposed to be the next point at which the invaders' operations would be directed, but subsequent events ordered it otherwise.

In the mean time, the general in-chief of the American forces, Winfield Scott, was preparing with an army of twelve thousand men to invest the city of Vera Cruz, which, guarded by the renowned castle of San Juan d' Ulloa, was the natural gate of all Mexico. On the 7th of March, 1847, the disembarkation of the combined land and naval forces destined for the siege was effected in a masterly manner, and on the twelfth of the same month the operations commenced against the city.

The harbor of Vera Cruz, filled with vessels of many nations, amid which the American fleet, under Commodore Connor, rode proudly pre-eminent, presented therefrom by day and night a spectacle of grandeur, but, alas! also of horror. The roar of artillery and the explosion of bomb-shells continued incessantly through light and darkness. All day were the smoke and flame belched from the numerous batteries erected against the city, and were returned from the walls; all night the air was traversed and illuminated by blazing shells, rising in terrible circles, and dashing murderously upon the churches and dwellings of the doomed city. The waves seemed like blood in the red glare of the cannonade as the frigates belched forth their broadsides. Explosion followed explosion from ships, and shore, and city—flames chased and mingled with flames on sea and land. It was an awful scene.

And yet another horror was to be added to those of war. Nature in her stormy mood roused herself upon the coast, and one of those violent winds known as "northers," lashed the waters of the gulf into a tempestuous fury. The waves rose savagely and dashed upon the coast, driving stout ships from their moorings, and whirling the light sands of the shore into dense clouds like the overwhelming blasts of the desert simoom. Such a fearful strife of the elements contended for supremacy with the warfare waged by men.

Among the vessels which, stripped of their canvass, and in many cases dismantled or rendered unmanageable, were driven madly before the "norther" was a small brigantine, that, with fluttering sails, broken rudder and with signals of distress streaming from her shattered masts, rocked heavily in the churning waves, careening to her beam ends with every swell of the billows and plunging every moment nearer to the sandy beach, on which the gulf-waters were furiously beating.

But signals of distress in such a sea, and when each vessel exposed to the gale found it requisite to confine all exertions to self-preservation, were not likely to be of much avail, and so the brigantine's crew saw their craft destined to be cast upon the shore and knocked to pieces by the waves. The night was setting in, and soon darkness would add to the terrors of their situation. In the meantime the battle-thunders from ships and batteries mingled with the storm, and lent a startling animation to the scene.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF MENEELY'S BELL FOUNDRY.

Clinging to the sides of the brigantine, as she pitched headlong to her fate, were two individuals whom the reader last encountered among perils of a different nature. These two were the Yankee, Dusenbury and the negro, Hannibal, who, anticipating a comfortable landing on this evening, found themselves making to the shore under circumstances quite the antithesis of comfort. Jake Dusenbury, after parting from his friends Don Manuel and Colonel Nunez, and dashing away an unbidden tear as he pressed the small, trembling hand of Donna Mexicana, had remained at Tampico for a few days and thence, in company with Hannibal, taken passage to New Orleans, where, investing his ready money in goods suitable for speculation with the army, he had chartered a brigantine and sailed for Vera Cruz, where he confidently anticipated the realization of a "smart sprinkle" of profit by the disposal of his "ventur" to the soldiers who, far in advance of their supplies, were in want of some actual necessities and many seasonable luxuries, for which they would doubtless be very willing to exchange the "filthy lucre" of their pay. But "man proposes and God disposes;" and so, instead of safely landing his freight of knick-knacks, and speedily transferring them to the sutlers of the camp, Dusenbury, on the very evening of his arrival in the harbor of Vera Cruz, found himself in the midst of a "norther," and driving ashore without sails or rudder. The night was fast closing in, the captain and crew of the brigantine were, like himself and Hannibal, clinging for life to whatever served for support, and thus our Yankee trader, in a manner far different from his anticipations, found himself approaching the American batteries without the walls of San Juan d' Ulloa.

Perhaps Dusenbury thought of other things beside ventures and profits during those terrible moments when the vessel was plunging like a wild steed to her destruction; perhaps the image of a beautiful maiden whom he knew was within the walls of Vera Cruz, exposed to all the horrors of the siege—the fiery rain of shells, the tempest of shot, the dread of famine and flame—perhaps her peril mingled with his own in augmenting the terror of the scene around him. But whatever might have agitated his mind, Dusenbury, as he met the gaze of Hannibal, was calm and fearless as in other moments, and his last words, ringing above the roar of the surges as the vessel broke in two upon a sand-bank, were still as ever words of hearty cheer:

"Stick to your spar, Hannibal, and trust in Providence."

During that long, tempestuous night, the very carnival of destruction raged over the devoted city of Vera Cruz. From the sand hills and chapparals where the American lines of investment poured forth their hail of missiles, from the war-steamers and frigates of Perry's squadron, which kept up a constant fire from the murderous Paixhan guns and mortars, that, worked by sailors and soldiers behind the entrenched batteries, vomited forth an incessant deluge of shells and cannon-balls, nought less than the entire ruin of the city was threatened during that nocturnal bombardment and assault. But, however impressive to any witnesses was that midnight accumulation of desolating power and skill, it was surely doubly so to a group of naked, shivering wretches, who, during all the hours of darkness, crouched upon the wind-beaten beach, and watched the warfare and the storm. There were five men saved out of a dozen that lately trod the deck of the wrecked brigantine, and of these, two were Dusenbury and Hannibal. When the vessel parted amidships, yielding her freight and cargo to the mercy of the waves, the Yankee had secured a spar to which hung a few yards of torn canvass, and with this feeble support he committed himself to the surf. Nor was his own preservation his only care. Hannibal, dashed suddenly into the sea, had relinquished the spar which he held, and found himself

whirled rapidly from the wreck. Totally unable to swim, the negro would have speedily shared the fate of a majority of the crew had not the watchful eye of Dusenbury perceived his situation and his stout hand been stretched out to save him. Scarce had Hannibal time to realize his peril, before he felt himself grasped by his friend and flung across the Yankee's spar, to which he clung instinctively. The heavy rollers soon bore them exhausted to the shelving sands, where they encountered three of the crew, the only survivors, beside themselves of the twelve who were on board the vessel. The captain, mate and five sailors had found a watery grave. But the morning came, and with its first gray streaks, the wrecked Americans dragged themselves to the entrenchments, and made themselves known to their countrymen. They received all the attention it was possible, under the circumstances, to expect, and were provided with food and clothing for their immediate necessities. That day the castle capitulated, and the American general, Scott, entered in triumph the city of Vera Cruz. Over San Juan d' Ulloa and the forts of Santiago and Concepcion the stars and stripes flaunted bravely in the noonday sunbeams. The invading troops marched through the open gates, the trumpets blared, and salvos of musketry and cannon sounded the victory of American arms. Following his triumphant countrymen, Jake Dusenbury traversed the ruined city, his thoughts occupied with but one subject, the fate of his friends Don Manuel and Mexicana. A bombardment of nearly four days had done its work thoroughly. Dusenbury was occupied with his own reflections, and he spoke not a word even to Hannibal, who followed wonderingly his rapid footsteps. The know-

ledge that for four days the gentle Mexicana had been exposed in this horrible place, filled his heart with still increasing anxiety as he hurried on. But no traces of the objects of his search could be discovered by Dusenbury, though all that day, while the American troops were taking possession of the various positions assigned, he wandered with the faithful Hannibal through different quarters of the city. At night, when the rattle of drums and the peal of artillery were silent and only the sentinels answered one another from their posts, ordering straggling wayfarers to their homes under penalty of arrest, the Yankee sought a resting-place; but his thoughts slept not, though his frame reposed. General Worth, appointed governor of Vera Cruz, turned his attention as speedily as possible to the establishment of strict military discipline throughout the city; but he found it was no easy task to check the disorders always incident to the capture of a fortified place after a determined resistance. The night that succeeded the surrender witnessed excesses among portions of the volunteers which added yet more to the terror of the hapless Mexicans. The darkness of that night of conquest was a fitting veil for the atrocities which many who called themselves Americans perpetrated upon the defenceless inhabitants of Vera Cruz. Jake Dusenbury could not sleep, and the first gray of the morning found him once more in the streets accompanied by Hannibal. He threaded the principal thoroughfares, and proceeded to the southwesterly portion of the city, where the work of havoc had evidently been most complete. Suddenly his progress was blocked by the ruins of a lofty mansion, the front of which had been blown out by shells, filling with its debris the whole wide street. Here, as Dusenbury and his companion paused, their ears were suddenly startled by a woman's shriek, sounding from the interior of the half-demolished house, followed by the report of pistol-shots in quick succession. The Yankee sprang at once through the shattered entrance and over the marble floor of the hall, in the direction whence the noise proceeded. Hannibal followed promptly, and the two soon reached the inner portions of the dwelling. What a sight met their gaze! what a spectacle for a man and a friend was that which now al-

most transfixed the Yankee's frame with horror, as he gazed through the open door of a large parlor, the walls of which were rent and blackened, and the furniture torn in pieces. In the middle of the apartment, his gray head wrapped in a silken shawl, whilst the rich carpet beneath was clotted with blood that had dripped from his brow, lay an old man, whose features, rigid with death, Dusenbury at a glance recognized as those of Don Manuel Ribera. Kneeling beside her father, with her two beautiful arms outstretched, and each small hand grasping a pistol just discharged, the Yankee beheld the administradore's daughter, Mexicana. The young girl's countenance was pale as marble, and her lustrous eyes, dilated with excitement, were fixed upon the form of a soldier, who, wounded by one of the shots she had just fired, was falling into the arms of a comrade, who, with a drawn sword, was menacing the maiden's breast. Another soldier was in the act of rushing toward the undaunted maiden, intent, as it seemed, on a violent assault. A single glance sufficed to inform Dusenbury of the state of affairs, and the next moment his clenched fist struck the advancing ruffian and flung him reeling to the side of the room. Then, drawing a revolver, his only weapon, he confronted the soldier whose sword was raised against Mexicana.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

We never seek happiness in ourselves, but in the opinion of men whom we know to be flatterers, insincere, unjust, envious, suspicious and prepossessed; unaccountable folly!



INTERIOR VIEW OF FOUNDRY.

MENEELY'S BELL FOUNDRY.

At West Troy, N. Y., is an establishment which may be literally said to have made a great deal of noise in the world, and, therefore, as most of our readers have heard, or heard of its bells, it may not be uninteresting to them to be conducted through the establishment, and learn something of the *modus operandi* by which a bell is made. The engravings which illustrate it were executed expressly for the Pictorial. The first engraving gives a bird's-eye view of the establishment from the front, it being composed of a number of buildings, built substantially of brick, occupying a front of 120 feet upon Broad Street, and extending through 200 feet to Rochester Street, upon which there is a frontage of 150 feet, and upon the opposite side of which is a commodious yard for the storage of timber, coal, etc. The main front building, which is three stories in height and 60 feet in length, is occupied upon the first floor for offices, upon the second by machinery for brass-finishing, and the third for the deposit of patterns and sweeps in use at the establishment. As we pass from the office, we enter the mounting room, in which the different styles of hangings, adapted either to church, factory, steamboat or other bells, are fitted up, the machinery for which purpose is driven by a ten horse-power engine. Over this room is the show-room for bells of 150 pounds and less, where they are arranged along in tiers, mounted and ready for ringing, and to which room they are hoisted directly from the mounting room below. From this building we pass to the foundry, which is 100 feet in length by 53 feet in width, a view of the interior of which we give in the second engraving. The mouldings, from the smallest to the largest bells, is loam, which is a mixture of sand and clay. The frame work of the mould is an iron bell-shaped case, upon which the mixed clay is spread, and which, being perforated with small holes, causes the clay, when dry, to adhere to it. It requires two moulds to form the bell: the *cope*, which forms the outer surface, being closed over the *core*, which forms the inner. The process of making the moulds is simple, the skill of the art being to make the *sweep*, which forms the mould. These sweeps—which also go in pairs, one forming the inner, the other the outer mould,—may be described as vertical sections of the proposed bell revolving about its centre; one describing its outer, the other its inner surface. Upon making the outside mould, the sweep is placed in the case, so as to revolve about, there being between its edge and the surface of the case an intervening space varying from three quarters to two inches, which is filled in with loam, and under a few revolutions of the smooth-edged sweep is brought up to a perfect finish. Before the loam has hardened, the founder's name, and whatever inscription may be desired, are stamped upon the mould. The inside mould is made upon the outer surface of an iron case, which is perforated like the outer one, and over which the inside sweep revolves, smoothing the clay up to a finish. In this state, the moulds are run into an oven, twenty by ten feet, the floor of which is made of perforated iron plates, beneath which there is a space, so that the heat passes up equally through the whole extent of the oven, and thoroughly dries the moulds. These being ready for pouring, the cores are arranged about the floor of the foundry by means of the crane, and then each core has its appropriate cope closed over it, when they are clamped together by means of a projecting flange at the bottom of each, and are ready for pouring. In casting heavier bells, the moulds are placed in a pit near the mouth of the furnace, and the metal at once drawn into them by a trough; but in ordinary sizes, as before described, the moulds are placed about the floor by the crane, which is a ponderous engine, the arm of which describes a circle 40 feet in diameter, and is capable of hoisting with ease a five ton bell, with its moulds attached, out of the pit; the metal is then poured from a ladle holding about a ton, which is replenished from the furnace as often as is



MOUNTING ROOM AND YARD OF THE FOUNDRY.

necessary. The furnace is shown in the extreme end of the room, it being reverberatory, and is 19 feet in length, by seven feet in width, with a circular stack 70 feet in height, and is capable of melting ten tons at once. There is also a smaller furnace of the capacity of three tons, which is not represented in the engraving, and which is used for reducing slags and ores, and, in the hurrying season, for ordinary melting upon alternate days with the large one. The requisite quantity of metal, which depends—in the language of the workman—upon the “size of the heat,” is all melted and thoroughly mixed before any is drawn off. Then

“Hark! how the furnace pants and roars!
Hark! how the molten metal pours,
As, bursting from its iron doors,
It glistens in the sun!
Now through the ready mould it flows,
Seething and hissing as it goes;
And filling every crevice up,
As the red vintage fills the cup.”

After pouring the moulds, they are allowed to stand over night, when the bell is removed, and the burned edge and pouring sprue cut off, when it is washed off with diluted vitriol, and is then ready for mounting. The mounting-room and yard are represented in the third engraving, where we find, hung and ready for use, bells of all descriptions, from the sharp-toned schoolhouse bells to those of two tons weight, whose deep-mouthed, solemn tones are fitted to resound from the tower of the massive cathedral. We notice that, by means of an adjustable cap upon the yoke, the bell, when hung, can in a moment be turned so as to bring the clapper to strike at a new point of the circumference, thus making the bell

practically new again. This is a great desideratum in bell hangings, and, by a recent improvement, the Messrs. Meneely have applied it to all sizes, large and small. There is also an adjustable arm attached to the yoke, in order to elevate or depress the bell at pleasure, which, with the addition of tolling hammer, stop, etc., makes their hangings of the most efficient character, without which a good bell loses half its power. We must pass by with a mere word of mention the smaller foundry, where all bells of less than one hundred pounds are moulded in the same manner as large ones, but are poured from crucibles heated in air furnaces; also, the blacksmith and carpenter shops, where the hangings are constructed. This establishment employs from twenty-five to thirty men, and it has cast and sent out, since it has been in operation—which is nearly thirty years,—over ten thousand bells suitable for churches, to say nothing of smaller ones. From one end of the land to the other, in the “islands of the sea,” in short, wherever civilization has yet advanced, has also re-echoed the “church-going sound” of “Meneely’s bells.” This whole subject of church bells possesses much interest. They originated in Italy, being formed, by degrees, out of the cymbals, small tinkling bells and handbells of the East. Among the Christians, they were first employed to call together religious congregations, for which purpose runners had been employed before. In the sixth century, bells were used in the convents; they were suspended on the roof of the church in a frame. Towards the end of this century, bells were placed on some churches. In 610, Clothair besieged Sens, when Lupus, bishop of Orleans, ordered the bells of St. Stephen to be rung. The sound so frightened Clothair that he gave up the siege. In the eighth century, the custom of baptizing and naming bells began. Church bells were probably introduced into England soon after their invention. They were first mentioned by Bede, about the close of the seventh century. In the East, they came into use in the ninth century; in Switzerland, in 1020; when they were brought into Germany is uncertain. In the eleventh century, the cathedral at Augsburg had two bells. The same spirit which induced people to build immense minsters, and to apply their wealth in ornamenting the places of worship, made them vie with each other in the size of their bells. The great bell of Moscow, cast in 1653, in the reign of the Empress Anne, is said, by Mr. Clarke, to be computed to weigh 443,772 lbs. A bell in the church of St. Ivan, in the same city, weighs 127,836 lbs.; another, 356 cwt.; and the one cast in 1819 weighs 1600 cwt., the clapper alone weighing 18 cwt. On the cathedral of Paris a bell was placed, in 1680, which weighed 340 cwt., and measured 25 feet in circumference. In Vienna, a bell was cast, in 1711, of 354 cwt. In Olmutz is one of 358 cwt. The famous bell at Erfurt, in Germany, which is considered to be of the finest bell-metal, having the largest proportion of silver in it, and is baptized “Susanne,” weighs 275 cwt., is more than 24 feet in circumference, and has a clapper of four feet, weighing 11 cwt. “Great Tom,” of Christ Church, Oxford, weighs 17,000 pounds; of Lincoln, 9894 pounds; the bell of St. Paul’s, London, 8400 pounds; a bell at Nankin, in China, is said to weigh 50,000 pounds; and seven at Pekin, 120,000 pounds each. The inscriptions on old bells are curious, and, in some cases, have even historical value; and, at this time, when curiosities of all kinds are eagerly sought for, a collection of these inscriptions would not be uninteresting. The different uses of bells have given rise to many poems, some of which are inscribed on the bells themselves. Perhaps the finest poem which has ever been written on bells is Schiller’s poem, *Die Glocke* (The Bell), in which he describes the casting of the bell, and all its uses, in a highly poetical manner. This has been translated into many languages, and is regarded as a perfect literary gem.



MOULDING AND CASTING PROCESS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LINES

WRITTEN IN A WEST INDIAN LADY'S ALBUM.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

I've marked beneath the tropic skies,
In Cuba's verdant isle,
How sudden Night her mantle drops,
And darkness reigns the while;
With no soft twilight's dainty hour
To usher in the scene,
But stately palm and blossoms sweet
Are hidden by the screen.

And yet, when darkness reigned o'er all,
And sombre was the shroud,
There came a pleasant messenger—
A phosphorescent cloud—
The bright torch-bearing cuculus
Now played its brilliant part,
As distant rays of hope shine out
To light the drooping heart.

Thus, lady, should misfortune come,
And clouds about thee lower,
Should sudden grief thy soul possess,
With no forewarning hour—
May angels bright their torches bring,
And light thy favored way,
While stars of hope illumine thy path,
And brightest suns thy day.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NO. 342:

—OR—

THE HEIRESS AND ARTIST.

BY F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

MAUDE is not a very pretty name, and is, moreover, we think, a nickname of Margaret,—at least, we have been told so. Margaret has a fine, noble air about it, and, it strikes us, must always belong to some superior girl, a sort of queenly person, with dark brows and hair, and a figure à la Minerva. But we like none of its nicknames, such as Maude, Madge, Mag and Maggy, and Mat. But of the five, Maude is, in our notion, the best, and retains more of the dignity of the original than any one of the others.

But a handsome, dashing girl can invest any name with beauty, and seeing such an one wear it, we shall always associate it with her. So "Maude" belonged to one who was the most beautiful girl in Philadelphia,—not a mere beauty, but she was beauty's self. The wearer of this blunt appellation was a belle, a wit, and an heiress. What more can be said? She was charming nineteen, and with the freshness and guilelessness of girlhood, united with the sweet dignity and virtuous reserve of womanhood.

Maude had numerous admirers. She had not many strings to her beau, but many beaux to her string. Were she by chance on foot walking down Walnut or Chestnut Streets, she would not have gone five squares before five beaux were her escort; one on each side and three walking with locked arms behind. Were she at a ball, everybody knew in what part of the room Maude May was by the group of devotees that clustered about her.

No other belles were jealous of Maude. Her transcendent and superb beauty was confessed by them all; and then she was so amiable and good-natured, so sweet and engaging in her manners, had such a frank friendship about her, that nobody could have got angry with her, for she would not let them. Before the warmth of her sunny smile, the iciest look of envy would dissolve.

There was no assumption about Maude. She was born, as it were, to receive homage and to float gracefully upon the upper clouds of the social skies of fashion. Grand-daughter of a lordly colonial governor, great-grand-daughter of an English earl, her father one of the millionaires and leading merchants in the city, with beauty, education, talent, wit, humor, grace and tact, the brilliant girl was "to the manor born," and none disputed her right to her dazzling position.

The residence of Mr. May was in one of the most townish quarters of the city, and was one of those elegant palaces, with marble steps in front and porticoes of white marble, which adorn the avenues of the city of Penn. In this rich mansion, Maude reigned supreme; for she was an only child, and an orphan since her fifth year. Her father set no limit to the gratification of her desires, while her good sense never allowed her to transgress the boundaries that economy drew between extravagance and discretion.

"Well, Maude," said her father, one night, after ten o'clock, when they were left alone in the drawing room by the departure of all her beaux, six in number,—“well, my daughter, which of these attentive gentlemen are you to prefer?”

"None of them, dear father," she said, quietly turning over the leaves of a music book.

"You do not mean to live and die an old maid?"

"No, dear father, I hope not," she said, laughingly; "but look at these six admirers, who follow me like shadows!"

"Well, I have looked at them. They are all very unexceptionable matches. There is Charles Girault, a young attorney of good family and talents, and will, one day, be a judge or a senator in Washington. What have you to object to him?"

"Only that he is so vain and self-loving. He wishes me only to adorn himself. He wishes to attach me to himself to glorify him. He would like to say, 'I have the handsomest wife in Philadelphia!' Of course, I speak freely my mind to you, father, and I hope you will not think me vain. But I can see through

Charles. His vanity is as transparent as glass. Were I to have the small-pox and be disfigured, he would soon leave my train, and would hardly deign me a passing nod in Chestnut Street."

Mr. May laughed heartily; for he felt the truth of her portrait and the accuracy of her knowledge of human nature.

"But what say you to Edgar Ellis? He is of a good family. He is a promising physician, and will, one day, be at the head of the medical profession. Besides, he sings so splendidly."

"That is, dear father, he is in love, not with me, but with my voice. He says that our voices together make perfect harmony. He is so near sighted, with all his good spectacles, that I do not believe he has the least idea how I look. I question if he knows whether my eyes are blue or hazel. He wants a wife who can sing with him, and especially the songs and music composed by himself. He fancies I can, and so he wants to marry me."

Again Mr. May held back his head and indulged in a hearty laugh.

You are a complete portrait painter; but your brush is a sword dipped in acids. There are no oil colors about it, Maude. But you can have no objections to George Leslie. His father is a rich man. He himself has travelled in Europe. He speaks half a dozen languages. He devotes himself to you. Every morning I see a superb bouquet on your table that he has sent to you. He paints, too."

"Leslie, dear father, loves brown hair and brown eyes: they are his passion. I have such hair and eyes. When he sees me, he is ever talking rapturously about my eyes and hair. In his amateur pictures, one sees only brown eyes and brown tresses. His own are brown. He never sees a person's face or form. It is all brown hair—brown eyes. If I should turn gray to-morrow, farewell to bouquets and to Mr. Leslie!"

"Upon my word, Maude, you take off your lovers with a great deal of freedom; but I believe with truth. Can you have any possible objection to Mordaunt Montmorency, the poet? It seems to me you take pleasure in his society."

"So I do. But he is not in love with me, but with the heroines of his poems; and because I am kind enough to listen while he reads his poems to me, and can appreciate them, he considers me almost equal to one of his romantic heroines. Only yesterday, after I had listened an hour to a sort of epic, with a blue-eyed, golden-haired heroine, named Leillette, this diletanti had the impertinence to say to me: 'Miss Maude, if you were only an ideal being, a creature of the imagination, I might fall in love with you; but I can't endure the grossness of flesh and blood.'"

"Excellent! admirable! How perfectly you have hit him! Bless me! if you go on at this rate, girl, you will put an end to your lovers with a death worse than the guillotine. You cut off their heads without mercy. There is Fred Frazier; to be sure, he is rather 'fast,' but marriage soon cures this sort of gentry. He has money and is advantageously connected. What of Fred? I like him vastly."

"He thinks only of my fortune; he hopes to get it, to repair his own. He courts you, pa, for me. Instead of sending me bouquets, he drinks champagne and hock with you. He hopes to secure you, and so thinks I shall drop into his lap from the paternal tree, like a ripe peach. He dares not propose to me, because he is shy of me, and knows I do not approve of his habits. I have no respect for such a person. If you were to fail to-morrow, you would never see him at your table again."

"Dear sus! bless my soul! What havoc you make! How many is this you have decapitated? Five, I believe. There is but one more."

"Who is that, dear father?" she asked, demurely.

"Colonel Forsyth. It is true he is a widower; but he is young, of good family, an officer in the army, and seems to think the world of you."

"He is in love with my fortune, father. He betrayed his secret wish one day, recently, in a manner not to be mistaken. None of these gentlemen are anything to me," she said, with quiet decision. "If I were poor to-morrow, not one of them would stoop so low as to do me reverence. And all the others not named by you, I fear, seek only my money."

"What will become of you, child? I want to see you settled in the world."

"But only with a man who loves me for myself. I am known to be rich in prospective; and it is natural, without being suspicious, that I should mistrust the motives of my suitors. Besides, dear father, love is sympathetic. It can never be concealed. If one of these gentlemen truly loved me, I should know it, intuitively. I should feel it in my heart; for there is in the soul a responsive chord that is never silent when struck by love."

"You talk as wisely as Ovid, child. Yet I believe you are right. But you speak as if you experienced this emotion."

The young and beautiful woman dropped her eyes and colored superbly to the brows. Her father saw the crimson wave flow towards the fair shores of her temples, and perceived its undulations rise and fall within the deep sea of her heaving bosom.

"I have felt it, dear father," she said frankly, and in a low tone.

"Ah! who is he, child, that has the power of moving your heart? Upon my word, I would like to know the happy youth."

"You smile. I cannot be ridiculed, father."

"It is far from my wish to ridicule, my sweet Maude. I sympathize with your love, whoever is the object of it. I know I can trust your prudence and pride, and that he is no unworthy person."

"There, sir," she said, in a faltering tone, "is the face." And she placed in his hand a miniature on ivory.

Mr. May first gazed affectionately and kindly upon his daughter, as she placed herself at his feet upon a fauteuil, and looked with beautiful earnestness up into his face. He then kissed her and said:

"You need not fear; I shall love whom you can love."

He then gazed on the face of the locket. It was a noble countenance. It was that of a young but sensible and proud man. The face pleased Mr. May; it commanded his attention. The more he examined it the more he liked the air and expression and fine character it betrayed. She seemed to hang on his decision. At length he spoke:

"Maude, you have chosen a handsome and fine fellow, if this ivory does not flatter. But I never saw him. How in the deuce is it that young girls always manage to fall in love with somebody whom their pas never saw?"

"I don't know how it is, pa; but somehow we don't love those who are always about us."

"That is it. If the young men would fly, you would pursue; if they pursue, you hide and box their ears if they overtake you. May I ask who this is, who has the merit of having won your heart and carried off the prize without effort?"

"He does not know that he has won the prize, father," she said, with pretty confusion. "He does not know but that I am perfectly indifferent to him."

"Then you love him?"

"Yes, dear father, but not until I saw that he loved me. But he was too modest and humble to betray his secret; but I saw it in his eyes, heard it in his voice, perceived it in his manner. Nay, the more he strove to conceal it, the more it betrayed itself. As a truant boy trying to hide a bird in his bosom, betrays the treasure he would conceal by his anxiety to conceal it. So with Edward Copley."

"And who is Edward Copley, child?"

"An artist, a portrait and landscape painter, a young man of education, genius and the most sensitive refinement of soul."

"A poor artist?"

"An artist and doubtless poor, dear father; but is poverty a barrier to honor?"

"By no means, my daughter, but—"

"You need not say more, dear father. I can anticipate all your ideas. Edward Copley, though an artist and poor, is an honorable and noble person. He has nobility and elevation of soul that would, were circumstances equal, place him at the head of the best society. But he is poor. He toils night and day at his easel, not for wealth, but for fame—for honor—for glory, to enrol his name at the top of the scroll of his country's men of genius."

"There can be no better or higher motives, it is true, but—"

"There can be, and there is a better motive moving him, dear father, to which all ambition is secondary. He has a widowed mother and two sisters, to whom the proceeds of his pencil go. He sustains them; he educates them; he toils in self-forgetfulness, to surround them with comforts, and even luxuries. For once they were rich. He was born to affluence. The wreck of the United States Bank reduced his father, Herman Copley, to poverty, and hastened his death, leaving a widow and these three dependent upon her."

"Stop, my child; is this Herman Copley's son? Yes—I know the likeness. I knew his father: an honorable merchant, and a man of large wealth. It is true, he went down, with hundreds of others, in that tornado. And his eldest son is an artist?"

"Yes, sir."

"I have seen, I think, a picture of his in the exhibition. Did it not take the first premium?"

"Yes, sir."

"Supports his mother and sisters?"

"Yes, sir."

"And pray, where did you see him, Maude?"

"At his rooms."

"And what were you doing there? You did not have your portrait taken, I hope, without consulting me?"

"No, sir. But Laura Conrad had hers taken before she went to Europe, and, at her request, I frequently accompanied her, as it was not proper she should go alone."

"And there you first saw Mr. Copley?"

"Yes, sir."

"And—"

"My dear father, let me anticipate further questioning. It was impossible to be often in the society of such a young man without appreciating his genius and tastes. He taught me much; he taught me how to distinguish the beauties of his high art, to discriminate between good and indifferent pieces, to love the masters—"

"And the young master too, eh?"

"To—to—father, you are too severe."

"Well, I will not say another word to hurt your feelings. A young man who supports his mother and sisters is worth all the moneyed popinjays who sue for your hand. Do you know, Maude, that I have had no less than seven applications to consent, in the last two months?"

"I was not aware of it, sir," she said, calmly. "But I will assure you, dear father, that I cannot look upon any one but Edward Copley with regard."

"So be it. But are you sure he loves you?"

"Without a doubt."

"And not your fortune?"

"I have doubts whether he knows more than my name. I have never seen him but in his atelier, and we talked only of paintings and—"

"Love?"

"No, sir; but, O, dear father, you do not understand me!"

"I do, my child, fully," he said, kissing her. "I know you love a young man worthy of you, and that he loves you, I know your word for; for women understand these matters better

women do. But are you sure he does not love you for your money?"

"But he has never told me he loved me, nor sought my hand."

"He loves only with his eyes, then, I am to understand?" said her father, roguishly.

"Yes, sir; and—"

"And you love him back with your eyes?"

"He is too modest—too poor—to think I could love him."

"And so his love, like

"the worm in the bud,
Feels upon his cheek, and—"

"Nonsense, dear father!" she said, slapping him prettily upon the cheek. "In two words, I love Edward and he loves me; and one of these days we will be married with your consent."

"Will you ask him, or is he to ask you?"

"Mischief! How provoking you are, pa! But I have a plan to test all my lovers, and Edward, too, if you doubt him?"

"What is it?"

"Listen. You know you have advertised our fine house for sale, before going to Europe on our two years' tour. Now, nobody knows that we are going; yet they all see the advertisement. Now, dear pa, I want you, as soon as you get a purchaser—"

"I have one already."

"So much the better. Then, I wish you would move into that small brick house that you own second door from the next corner. It is vacant."

"Move there? Where Crisp, the shoemaker, lived? The child is crazy!"

"Not one bit, sir. You know I am unfortunately very rich, and that I am tormented with suitors, most of whom seek, evidently, my fortune, while my heart is not my own, and I cannot endure their fulsome presence. It is difficult for an heiress to decide which of her suitors are sincere and love her for herself. Now, I know that you wish me to make choice of one of the fashionable young men who flutter about me, rather than marry a poor artist. I see this in your face, dear father. But you would not have me marry where my heart cannot be married also to my husband's heart?"

"By no means."

"Then, pray, listen to my plan. Let us move next week into that humble house. Let us dismiss our servants, and dispose of our equipage. Let us—"

"Become poor folks at once, hey?" he ejaculated with surprise.

"Yes, that is what I mean. Let us appear poor; this will test my lovers, and will prove to you who loves me for my fortune and who loves me for myself."

"But people will think I have indeed lost my property."

"Let them. It will enable you to try your friends and sift the chaff from the wheat. You are not now in business. Your acts can affect no one."

"You are a queer girl. I am half of a mind to indulge you in your whim."

"Be of a whole mind, dear father."

"Well, have it so. But I shall lose credit."

"What if you do? You have no use for credit. You are rich, and your money is invested."

"I will do it, Maude. I feel already awakened in me a curiosity to see the result of this strange experiment."

Two weeks after this conversation, the people who passed and re-passed the handsome mansion of Mr. May saw it closed, and on the door a placard: "Moved to No. 342, opposite."

Charles Girault, an exquisite of the *première classe*, a suitor of Maude May, rang at the door without noticing the placard. It was opened by a strange servant whom May had left there.

"Is Miss May within?"

"No, sir. They've moved over at yon house. This house is sold."

"Over where?"

"That small red house, yer honor. Read the card."

Mr. Girault placed his quizzing-glass to his eye, and read the placard. He looked surprised. He descended the steps, and putting his glass to his eye on reaching the sidewalk, surveyed the house over the way.

"What can this mean, Ellis?" he asked, of snitor number two of Miss May's, who came lounging along with the nonchalant self-possession of a tonnish young physician. "This house is shut and sold, and May and belle Maude are living in that mean tenement over the way. See this card."

"It is impossible! Let us cross and see. It must be a joke."

But on the door was a plain brass plate with Mr. May's name upon it.

"Let us ring," said the exquisite.

"There is no bell," remarked the doctor.

"Knock, then. The Mays must be gone to the country, and this is a quiz of some fellow's."

The doctor rapped. The door opened, and Maude herself opened the door. She was dressed in a plain calico gown, her hair plain, and, to sensible eyes, looked more handsome than in all her rich apparel. She bowed with quiet dignity, and asked them in.

"We keep no servant now, gentlemen, and you will excuse me for letting you in."

"What, Miss May! Is it the fact, then?"

"Walk in, gentlemen."

They could not well refuse, and awkwardly stumbled in through a narrow entry, and took their seats in a plain and poorly furnished parlor. They were confused. Neither could speak. They looked volumes of amazement at one another. The self-possession and quietude of Maude confounded them.

"Pardon us. We will not intrude. We were not aware of—"

"Our having taken humble lodgings?"

"We were not aware of your father's reverses. Pardon us. Good morning,—good morning, Miss May!"

And the two lovers, the most ardent of the six, bowed themselves out, and scarcely touched their hats to the young lady, who they believed had lost her fortune; for, in that day, men rose up rich and went to their pillows poor. It was a day of sudden and great failures, and when the richest men were looked upon with the most suspicion.

It was soon noised about that Mr. May had lost his fortune, and that Maude was poor and living in a miserable abode. In a week's time she ceased to see callers in carriages stop at her handsome mansion opposite, and none crossed over to call upon her in her humble abode. Mr. May was cut by certain people; and even Maude, who went down Chestnut Street, neatly attired, shopping, noticed that all her old beaux and female friends seemed to be deeply interested, when they passed her, in gazing at the windows on the thither side. She had an opportunity not only of testing her beaux but her female friends. No more bouquets came. No more liveried servants left tickets for parties in high life at her door. No more phaetons called to take her in. No elite young men found their way into the parlor.

"What a pity!" "A fine girl!" "What a sacrifice she will have to make of herself!" "How unfortunate!" "She will never now make a match!" "How great a fall!" So the world went on; while Maude and her father were sifting the world's chaff from its wheat.

"I do not regret it, Maude," said Mr. May, the third week.

"It shows me now who are my true friends."

"And you are satisfied now who are my true lovers?"

"I do not wish to have better proof," he answered, smiling.

"You have weighed them all in the balance, Maude, and found them wanting."

"Except Edward."

"And what of the artist? He has not been near you either."

"Nor before, dear father."

"True; and, by the way, child, how came you by that miniature?"

"To tell you truly, father," she answered, blushing, "I borrowed it of his eldest sister, a sweet girl of sixteen."

"And so you know his sister?"

"This one is learning to paint of her brother, and I saw her several times when there with Laura. And, one day, there being a storm of rain, finding her standing below at the street door, waiting for it to cease, I invited her to ride with me in the carriage, as Laura's carriage had come for her. So I set her down at her home. She politely invited me in, and desirous of seeing where Edward lived, and of knowing his mother, I went in with her. I was charmed with my visit, and I repeated it; and Ida—that is her name,—seeing I admired a miniature of her brother, painted a copy of it and presented it to me."

"And do you suppose Mr. Copley knew nothing of this?"

"I suspect he aided some, sir, from what she said," answered Maude, blushing like a nectarine.

"I understand it all now. But the mother knew you?"

"Yes, sir. She said she was a school-mate of my mother's."

"Ah! that is enough to make me like her. I feel kindly towards everybody that once knew your dear mother, Maude. But there is a knock at the door. Perhaps a lover."

Maude opened the door, and Ida Copley stood before it. Miss May welcomed her with a delighted tone of voice, and drawing her in, introduced her to her father. Mr. May thought her a perfect Hebe.

"Miss May, pardon me, but mother heard of your misfortune," said Ida, embarrassed, "and has sent you this note. She hopes you will not be offended."

"Your ma can never offend me," she answered, and father and daughter interchanged perplexed looks. Maude opened the note. From it dropped to the floor a folded bank note. She picked it up, opened it and saw it was of the value of \$100. The note read as follows:

"MY DEAR MISS MAY,—Edward has informed us of your reverses. We deeply sympathize with you and your father. Be not offended if we entreat you to do us the kindness to accept the enclosed. We can spare it. Edward has just disposed of two pictures, and does not need the money. His delicacy would not suffer him to send it; but it, in truth, comes from him. He would not forgive me if he knew I told you of it. If I can be of any service to you, or my daughter, pray let me know."

"Your mother's friend, MARY COPLEY."

When Maude, with tearful eyes, had read this note, she looked up; but Ida was gone. She had softly glided out of the open front door.

"There, my dear father; when you have read that, you will know who are our true friends."

Mr. May had to wipe the glasses of his spectacles twice before he finished it. He looked at the bank note, and said, with emotion:

"This does me more good than all the money I have, Maude. Here is a noble woman and a noble son!"

"And a nobler lover, dear father," she said, archly.

"Maude, I must know this young man, and these good people."

"Shall I invite them all here to tea to-morrow evening?"

"Do so. They think we are as poor as they. Let us accept the money, and show our gratitude to them by this invitation. Such true goodness shall have its reward."

The next evening, Edward—happy Edward,—his mother and sisters came to tea at Mr. May's. It was the happiest evening he ever passed. This visit broke the ice, as Maude hoped it would do. The visit was repeated. Mr. May was more and more pleased with the mother and young artist. Unawed by the glare

of supposed wealth, Edward at length got courage to proffer his love and urge his suit for Maude's hand. Mr. May gave his consent, after Maude had given her's.

Three weeks after, the lovers were married, at eight o'clock in the evening, in the humble mansion of Mr. May. After the ceremony was over, the father of the bride said:

"Mr. Copley, I have made my daughter a present of a small house; for I am not altogether bankrupt. Come, sir; come, Maude; come, Mrs. Copley; come, my friends, all! Let us cross the street together."

Maude was in the secret. She was all smiles and joy. They ascended the marble steps of the noble palatial edifice which they had three months before left. A servant in livery threw open the door into a lighted hall. They passed through into brilliantly illuminated drawing-rooms, and were met by a few true friends of Mr. May, whom he had invited there to receive his newly married daughter and son-in-law.

The amazement of Edward Copley what pen can describe! His astonishment, who can paint, when Mr. May turned to him and said:

"Mr. Copley, you sought not my daughter for her fortune, therefore, it is yours with her hand. This house and all it contains is her bridal gift. I have lost no wealth. I am richer to-day than I ever was before. We have been only testing our friends and those who have passed the ordeal," he added, looking round upon the surprised company. "You will be dearer to us than ever. You loved Maude for herself, and now you have your two-fold reward!"

The beautiful bride enjoyed infinitely the surprised and puzzled happiness of her husband. But we will not attempt to describe his satisfaction and joy at this unlooked-for denouement. He who in adversity had been so noble, prosperity was not to overthrow, and the heart that beat so warmly and truly to mother and sisters in poverty, would beat no less truly for a wife in opulence."

"Be poor for three months, if you wish to try your friends or your lovers," Mr. May used to say afterwards, when he wished to be facetious. "No man knows his real friends, no woman her true lovers, until they try them."

We need not say that this was a happy marriage. We need not allude to the chagrin and disappointment of those bought and sold young gentlemen who had turned up their noses at "No. 342, opposite!"

MORAL.—Appearances are deceitful.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LAND OF GOLD. By HINTON R. HILPER. Baltimore. 1855. 12mo. pp. 800.

"A weary and unprofitable sojourn of three years in California," did not, of course, give the author of this book a very favorable impression of the "land of gold." He tells us so with frankness, and has painted us the dark side of California with a ruthless pencil. It will create, doubtless, a great deal of discussion. For sale by Pettridge & Co.

CORA AND THE DOCTOR: or, *Revelations of a Physician's Wife*. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 406.

In spite of the floods of novels pouring from the press, a really good one is quite as much a rarity now as formerly. The present work is an exception to the rule of trashiness. It is an exceedingly interesting domestic story, worked out with great artistic skill, and pervaded by a high moral tone. In passages it is terribly exciting. We cordially commend it to our readers.

LIPPINCOTT'S PRONOUNCING GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD. Edited by Dr. J. THOMAS T. BALDWIN and others. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 2182.

An admirable and complete geographical dictionary, indispensable for reference. It is brought down to the present date, and contains a greater amount of matter than any other volume in the English language, embracing 20,000 more words than any other gazetteer extant. The Pronouncing Dictionary is an admirable feature, and a treatise on pronunciation in the introductory portion of the book is very well executed. We have looked for several quite obscure and inconsiderable places since receiving the work, but have not yet found it at fault. The Gazetteer may be obtained of Sanborn, Carter & Bazin, in this city.

THE ANNALS OF SAN FRANCISCO. By FRANK SOTLE, JOHN H. GIBSON, M. D., and JAMES NISBET. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. pp. 824.

The history of California is a romance from the beginning, while the gold discovery, and the subsequent successful efforts at establishing civilization on the shores of the Pacific, fill an epoch which will be ever regarded as one of the most interesting periods in the history of the United States. The present work tells the whole story with an amplitude of detail which renders it peculiarly valuable and attractive. It has, moreover, sketches of manners, of prominent persons, of those social peculiarities which give life to history—and the whole is executed with great spirit and zeal. Moreover, it is liberally illustrated with fine maps, with splendid steel and wood engravings in the very best style of art, and it requires no foresight to predict that it will meet with a prodigious sale. It may be obtained of Redding & Co.

MEMOIRS OF HENRY VIII. AND HIS SIX WIVES. By HENRY WM. HERBERT. New York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Mulligan. 1855. 12mo. pp. 441.

A work with all the fascination of a romance, written in the best vein of its accomplished and popular author. The uxorious and ruthless tyrant, the twentieth Norman king of England is painted with the graphic vigor of Scott, while Katherine of Arragon, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, Katherine Howard and Katherine Parr are masterly delineations. The publishers have done their part well, by issuing this book in beautiful style, and illustrating it by seven fine steel engravings. This most attractive volume may be obtained of Crosby, Nichols & Co.

SALLUST'S JUCERTHA AND CATALINE. With Notes and a Vocabulary. By NEELB BUTLER and MILLARD STURGIS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. pp. 297.

An admirably edited and beautifully printed edition of the most brilliant of the Roman writers of history. The vocabulary and notes are ample, and evince ripe scholarship. The work will commend itself to every classical student. For sale by Redding & Co.

ROEMER'S POLYGLOT READERS.—Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. are publishing a series of works under the above title, edited by J. Roemer, A. M., Professor of French Language and Literature in the New York Free Academy, and based on an entirely new plan. The volumes are each of 12mo. size, and contain 250 pages, neatly bound. One volume is an English reader, the contents of which are varied, consisting of anecdotes, stories, essays, dramatic sketches, etc., chiefly by American authors. Another volume has the same articles in the French language; a third, the same in German—so that the several parts serve as mutual keys. A Frenchman learning English, takes the English volume to translate from, and the French as a key to it. The Italian and Spanish readers are to follow next in course of publication. An admirable essay on the study of language introduces the contents of each volume. The plan is an admirable one, and cannot fail to be successful. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE HUNDRED BOSTON ORATORS. By JAMES SPEAR LORING. 4th edition. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 8vo. pp. 727.

This work, embracing biographical notices and extracts from the speeches of more than one hundred of the orators selected by the municipal authorities of Boston to address them on public occasions, was first published in 1852, and rapidly reached an extensive sale, three very large editions having been completely exhausted in a couple of years. The present edition has been corrected and improved, making a record of the eminent men of Boston as reliable as possible. The work is desirable and attractive, and supplies a missing link in the chain of historical authority. No American library can be said to be complete without it.



MAIL-COACH CHANGING HORSES.

OLD AND NEW MODES OF TRAVELLING

Within a very few years a complete revolution has taken place in the system of locomotion. The young man about town, sporting his first moustache, can still remember, almost vividly, when the first New England rail-car was launched upon its adventurous career. Nay, the machinery of railroads is still a novelty. Though the long trains daily meet our eyes, though we may daily travel in them, though at night their rumble shakes our pillow, and their thunder fills our sleep, still they seem, in a measure, dreamlike and unreal. Their extraordinary power idealizes such unpoetic elements as ribs of iron, plates of steel, ponderous wheels, and masses of wood. What wonder in all the "Arabian Nights" is comparable to this daily marvel? The Arabian enchanter transported his heroes from place to place on a bronze horse, or a flying carpet or in a house; but on the railroad we behold hourly whole blocks of palaces flitting from town to town and city to city with the speed of light. But one should never speak ill of the bridge that has carried him safely over, and our enthusiasm for the new system of locomotion should not cause us to forget the old. A thousand pleasant and interesting associations cluster around the good old stage-coach system—the reliable dependence of the public for so many years. As we look back to those days—not, indeed, very far remote, when our streets were filled with the thunder of arriving and departing coaches, a tender regret takes possession of our soul. For a moment the railroad is out of favor with us. We are willing—for a moment only—to forget the great blessings it has conferred upon mankind, and to remember all the ills that are chargeable to its account. We conjure up dreadful accidents—accidents of enormous magnitude, involving the carnage of a battle; we dwell upon fluctuations of fares and unreasonable suspensions of accommodations; we review the record of defaulting treasurers, and bitterly think of the money we sank in projects of branch railroads that lived upon assessment and died for want of funds. For the time being we become, not of the present, progressive, but of the past, foggy. Old scenes, old friends, come thronging back upon the memory. We recall the excursions, pleasant, fairy like, because performed in that golden season of life when fancy paints a rainbow on every cloud, and even tears have their prismatic colors. We recall bright mornings in June, with the dew glittering upon the elms by the wayside, the sunlight bathing white villages, and brightening the floating clouds, and dimpling the streams with radiant sparkles. We behold ourselves seated beside the coachman—perhaps, O, joy of joys! entrusted with the "lines"—lines drawn, not over the backs of "three blind ones and a bolter," but four shining bay nags, half-blood, whirling along the freshly-washed carriage, with its nine inside, and a huge pile of baggage on the rack behind, as if it were a feather. Fleetly and gayly the gallant leaders skim the road like deer, tossing their heads their little sensitive ears in motion, sometimes fondly nestling together, sometimes parting in the freedom of their stride, the heavily wheelers bravely following, up and down hill, at the rate of ten miles an hour. If we can take our boyish eyes off the horses—those magnets of attraction, we have ample time to scan the scenery; for the trees do not whiz by, like a troop of wild witches bound for their sabbath on the Hartz, as they dash by the windows of the cars; but the landscape moves slowly, gracefully changing from one kaleidoscopic figure to another. We recall, too, pleasant drives in the sharp autumn weather, with nerves braced up like chords of a drum; pleasant mornings, mellow noons, and cool evenings, coming down on the landscape, and

darkening all but the broad track over which our horses patter rapidly, as they approach the welcome village inn, the termination of the stage and the day's journey. What a hustle the arrival of the coach caused! The day's work over, all the male villagers were congregated in the streets. The village blacksmith, leaving the horse he was shoeing, would come to the door of his shop to catch a glimpse of the coach, and exchange a friendly nod with the driver. The village belle, decked in her best, sat at her window "a love-lighted watch-fire;" and how her little heart fluttered in her bosom, when, from the buff gauntlet of the driver, a snow-white letter, a missive from the distant lover, winged its flight to the very window-sill of the expectant maiden. But the largest representation of village curiosity, wisdom, wit and wealth was to be found at that favored hostelry where the stage stopped. The figures of the village idlers and magnates were defined against the glowing background of the bar-room windows, ruddy with the light of generous oak and nutwood fires within; for, in those days, wood was plenty, before the confounded railroads devoured our forests, doubled the price of fuel, and reduced us to the ghastly substitute of anthracite. What a hustle as the coach drew up, and the portly coachman, tossing his reins to a hostler, descended with dignity from his box, like a king from his throne! The first greeting was for the driver. He felt his importance. It could not be otherwise; it was not in human nature to be proof against the flatteries of which he was the object. When the Duke of Saxe-Weimar was travelling in this country, and waiting for the coach in the sitting-room of an inn, an individual opened the door, and presented himself with the following salutation: "Are you the man that's going in the coach? 'Cause I'm the gentleman that drives you!" The duke was too sensible a man to be offended.

The gentleman who held the reins and guided the conveyance over the corduroy roads of Georgia was, at that moment, of far greater importance than the individual committed to his care, and who knew no reins but the reins of state—far easier articles to handle, according to Chancellor Oxenstein. The ladies handed from the coach, the gentlemen extricating themselves, the luggage unstrapped and carried into the house, the male travellers congregated round the bar-room fire, the habitual frequenters of the place, the village politicians, and the village *bon vivants* courteously making way for them, and removing from the focus of generous heat. Then how many questions would be asked and answered! for the stage-coach was the messenger of news. In those days people were not crammed with news, as they are now, when every important village has its journal or journals. Perhaps since the last stage-coach, a packet had arrived from Europe, bringing forty days later intelligence. There was no such thing then as regular weekly arrivals, with scraps of intelligence, trivial items about a queen's sneezing, or a princess's birth. A European arrival could not fail then to bring a good solid budget of news, ample food for discussion for a month. Slow and sure was the motto of that day. We never heard, in those days, of fast young men; and if there were few slow coaches on the road, there were plenty of them off the road. How easy it was to make a reputation! A few verses, written by an aspiring country clerk, who "penned a stanza when he should engross," copied in a clerical hand, sent to a Boston newspaper, and there inserted, coming back with the author's initials, in the "poet's corner," to the chimney corner of the bar-room of the inn, at once made the fortunate writer a village Milton. From that time forward he was the oracle of tea-tables, the idol of blue stockings. Every bar-room had its brace of political oracles then, the champions of their respective parties; for then the science of multiplying parties was unknown. There was the sturdy old federalist and the sturdy old democrat, hammering away at each other with incontrovertible arguments, and keeping up a never-ending warfare. Then there was the school-master, always appealed to to settle abstruse arithmetical questions, and, of course, the squire. Squires were not created in hatches as they are at present, and no one but him who bore the legal title was ever addressed as such by letter or by word of mouth. The squire, of course, was always the high court of appeal in cases involving the quirks and quiddities of law, and if he was well read up in the "Axe relating to a Gustus Pease," of course he gave his decision with oracular emphasis. To complete the picture, throw in a dozen brawny teamsters, huge, stalwart fellows, who drove six in hand, and resided, the greater part of their time, on huge, covered baggage wagons, beneath which an immense mastiff kept perpetual watch. The favorite paper in the country, in those days, was the "American Traveller," a weekly sheet, edited by Royal Porter, and containing, in addition to news, poetry, romantic love tales, and letters of travelling correspondents. But we are keeping our stage-coach company from supper. The bell rings and a regular stampede takes place to the banquet-hall, as towards the cabin of a steamboat under the same circumstances of want and supply. With what a relish the stage-coach passengers sat down to the hot supper in the dining-hall! It was a plain apartment, with pine chairs, a pine table, and room-paper curtains to the windows. There were no splendid hangings, no French mirrors, no service of plate, no damask tablecloths, no Turkey carpets, no rosewood chairs, which make up the charges in our modern entertainments. As Hastings says



OLD-FASHIONED STAGE-COACH.

"We passengers are to be taxed to pay all these fineries. I have seen a good sideboard or a marble chimney-piece, though not actually put in the bill, yet inflame the bill confoundedly." But solid creature comforts were not wanting. The table quite groaned with hearty luxuries, eaten with appetites unknown in these days of French cookery and dyspepsia. And the cherry-checked Phillises, real rustic beauties, added a charm to the hospitable entertainment. There was a poetry and picturesque about those old days of stage-coach travelling lacking to our present mode of progression. The old and new *regime* are very happily illustrated in the engravings accompanying our text, to which we are indebted to the graphic pencil and pleasant fancy of young Champney, the artist, who caught the true spirit of our theme and faithfully embodied it. In the first large engraving he has depicted that bustling scene, "changing horses," which was quite a feature in the stage-coach days. The horses were changed every ten miles. The relay was ready, and in the hands of half a dozen active servants. The moment the coachman pulled up, the horses were taken out and found their way to the stable, while the fresh team were "put to" with incredible celerity, scarcely giving time to the passengers to alight and stretch their legs, in the fashion of Mr. Squeers, Senior. "Stage ready!" was shouted with stentorian lungs, and every one sprang to his seat, the whip was cracked and off thundered the vehicle once more. The second engraving shows the four-horse coach as we have described it, howling along the road. Macaulay gives a picture of the introduction of improved stage-coach travelling in England which will serve as a contrast to the railroad system we propose to speak of next. "During the years which immediately followed the Restoration, a diligence ran between London and Oxford in two days. The passengers slept at Beaconsfield. In the spring of 1669, a daring innovation was attempted. It was announced that a vehicle, described as the Flying Coach, would perform the whole journey between sunrise and sunset. This spirited undertaking was solemnly considered by the heads of the university, and appears to have excited the same sort of interest which is excited in our own time by the opening of a new railway. The vice chancellor prescribed the hour and place of departure. The success of the experiment was complete. At six in the morning the carriage began to move from before the ancient front of All Souls' College; and at six in the evening the adventurous gentlemen who had run the first risk, were safely deposited at their inn in London. The emulation of the sister university was moved; and soon a diligence was set up which in one day carried passengers from Cambridge to the capital. At the close of the reign of Charles the Second, flying carriages ran thrice a week from London to all the chief towns. But no stage-coach, indeed, no stage-wagon, appears to have proceeded farther north than York, or farther west than Exeter. The ordinary day's journey of a flying coach was about fifty miles in the summer; but in winter, when the ways were bad and the nights long, little more than thirty. The Chester coach, the York coach and the Exeter coach generally reached London in four days during the fine season, but at Christmas not till the sixth day. The passengers, six in number, were all seated in the carriage, for accidents were so frequent that it would have been most perilous to mount the roof. The ordinary fare was about twopence halfpenny a mile in summer, and somewhat more in winter. This mode of travelling, which, by Englishmen of the present day, would be regarded as insufferably slow, seemed to our ancestors wonderfully and indeed alarmingly rapid. In a work published a few months before the death of Charles the Second, the flying



A RAILROAD TRAIN.

coaches are extolled as far superior to any similar vehicles ever known in the world. Their velocity is the subject of special commendation, and is triumphantly contrasted with the sluggish pace of the continental posts. But with boasts like these was mingled the sound of complaint and invective. The interests of large classes had been unfavorably affected by the establishment of the new diligences; and, as usual, many persons were, from stupidity and obstinacy, disposed to clamor against the innovation, simply because it was an innovation. It was vehemently argued that this mode of conveyance would be fatal to the breed of horses and the noble art of horsemanship; that the Thames, which had long been an important nursery of seamen, would cease to be the chief thoroughfare from London up to Windsor and down to Gravesend; that saddlers and spurriers would be ruined by hundreds; that numerous inns, at which mounted travellers had been in the habit of stopping, would be deserted, and would no longer pay any rent; that the new carriages were too hot in summer and too cold in winter; that the passengers were grievously annoyed by invalids and crying children; that the coach sometimes reached the inn so late that it was impossible to get supper, and sometimes started so early that it was impossible to get breakfast. On these grounds it was gravely recommended that no public carriage should be permitted to have more than four horses, to start oftener than once a week, or to go more than thirty miles a day. It was hoped that if this regulation were

adopted, all except the sick and lame would return to the old modes of travelling. Petitions embodying such opinions were presented to the king in council from several companies of London, from several provincial towns, and from the justices of counties. We smile at these things. Our descendants, when they read of the opposition offered by cupidity and prejudice to the improvements of the 19th century, may smile in their turn." Our fourth engraving shows a scene in the Boston and Worcester railroad depot, at the starting of a steamboat train for New York. A number of passengers that a hundred horses could hardly draw, and who, a few years ago, would have had to ride night and day for half a week to accomplish the journey, are to be carried from one city to the other in eight hours. What a contrast! The scene presented by the starting of a train is an exciting one, and bewildering by the number of persons involved in its vortex. Yet everything is admirably systematized, and punctuality necessarily enforced. The old stage-coach used to wait for tardy passengers; the modern railway train knows no such amiable weakness. It is inexorable as fate. The cars, like tide and time, wait for no man, woman or child. The "all aboard!" of the conductor is as imperative as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and when the bell rings off goes the train with the speed of a rocket and the noise of thunder. The third engraving illustrates the opening of the Providence Railroad, June, 1834. At that time, the road to Dedham being finished, the public were invited to test it, and a train of six cars well filled made the excursion to Dedham and back in good time. Doubtless many of the adventurers in that untried mode of locomotion, made their wills and settled all their worldly affairs before embarking for the trip. The sad experience of later years has shown that such preparation is not always unnecessary. To say nothing of what they have added to the wealth of the community, railroads have completely revolutionized the social life of New England. They have introduced into its most remote portions the refinement, elegancies and solid advantages of the city. Over these iron conductors, literature, art and music have sped with the speed of lightning

The dweller of the Green Mountains and the resident of Tremont Street have become neighbors. The settler on the Arcoostook no longer need be a stranger to the Berkshire mountaineer. And, while to the rural citizen this new mode of intercourse has tended to brighten his existence, to link him in closer bonds of kindness and interest to his fellows, expanding his mind, and filling it with cosmopolitan ideas, it has poured many a ray of sunshine into the dark places of the city. It has enabled families, confined before to murky and unhealthy haunts, to make familiar acquaintance with that nature which they had only known in books. Hundreds of families have availed themselves of this cheap and rapid mode of transportation to remove to the suburbs, where they now enjoy pure air and bright sunshine, and have little patches of flowers and vines clustering round their own little homes. It has invited forth the opulent, who have crowned the adjacent hills with princely villas and liberal culture. It has redeemed from idleness and desolation thousands and thousands of acres of waste wilderness, causing it to blossom like the rose. Say not that railroads are unpoetical, or, if unpoetical themselves, acknowledge that they give birth to poetry and beauty. If the scream of the whistle and the thunder of the train invade some spot hitherto sacred to elegant retirement, we must remember that for every individual annoyed by its invasion, the locomotive unseals the eyes of thousands to the holy and happy influence of nature in her ever-varying yet ever-glorious phases.



WORCESTER RAILROAD DEPOT.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

OUR EARLY FRIENDS.

BY AGLAUS FORRESTER.

Our early friends to us express
The happiness they feel,
And only hide the bitterness
They tremble to reveal;—
A holy sympathy they wove,
Our anxious thoughts employ;—
I'd rather weep with those I love,
Than share a stranger's joy.

How blest to have our early friends
Still loving, fond and true;
'Tis better to hold one faithful friend,
Than find a dozen new!
Our early friends, though few and far,
Can bless our hearts much more,
If they remain as they now are,
Till life's career is o'er.

[Prepared expressly for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SKETCHES OF THE OLD MASTERS.

LET us enter an Italian studio of the 15th century. It is a darkened room, in which the unaccustomed eye finds it difficult at first to distinguish the objects by which it is filled; but by degrees pieces of old armor, helmets, panoplies of arms, banner-staves, fragments of antique statues, cumbrous articles of furniture, panels covered with unfinished drawings, become visible. On an easel in the centre of the room upon which the rays from the sky-light descend nearly vertically, is a large picture representing the baptism of our Saviour by Saint John. An old man, palette and pencil in hand, wearing a dark purple velvet robe with a cap of the same material shading his gray locks, stands gazing on the picture. But his attention is not riveted by the central group. He gazes with admiration mingled with astonishment on the shining figure of an angel holding up a mass of drapery to permit the spectator to behold the scene of the baptism. A supernatural glory seems to shed a halo round the glorious figure.

—"prime
In manhood where youth ended."

Color, light, shade, expression, relief, nothing is wanting to the illusive effect of the painting. Long and silently the old painter Varrochio gazed upon the work, and then his lips moved, and he called a name.

"I am here, Master Andrea," said a boy, emerging from the shadow of some curtains which had partially concealed him. The slender but graceful figure of the boy gave promise of a coming beauty radiant as that of the angel in the picture.

Pointing to the latter with a tremulous finger, he asked:

"Did you paint that angel?"

"I did, Master Andrea," replied the boy, blushing.

"And who assisted you?"

"No one, dear master. Do you think it ill done?" he added, anxiously.

"Ill done! It is a master-piece. My own work is a poor daub beside it. The child has vanquished the veteran at his own art. Henceforth Andrea Varrochio will never touch pencil more."

And the old man kept his word. But he—the boy-artist—was this figure one of those premature blossoms of promise which bear no fruit! No, it was the first of a series of triumphs, rising in greatness till "The Last Supper," still the admiration of the Christian and artistic world, crowned the fame of LEONARDO DA VINCI—the universal genius, painter, poet, sculptor, architect, musician, mechanician, chemist, mathematician, astronomer, the idol and ornament of courts, the companion of sages, a man as beautiful in mind as in person, and with a heart as pure and noble as his intellect.

Circumstances may prevent the manifestation of talent, but no circumstances can prevent the resistless development of genius. The self-taught astronomer, Ferguson, measured the stars with a knotted string, and mapped the shining heavens while watching his flocks by night in the highlands of Scotland. More than six hundred years ago, another shepherd boy, in the environs of Florence, with no better materials than broad flat stones, sand or earth for canvasses and paper, sharp sticks or hard flints for pencils, busied himself day after day in delineating the animals and the scenery around him. While he was one day finishing a sheep that he had painfully etched upon a flat stone, a cavalier, who had ridden up unheeded upon the tufted grass, bent over the boy artist and examined his work. The shadow of his plume upon the boy's hand was the first token of his presence. The child looked up in alarm.

"Whose son are you?" asked the horseman.

"I am the son of Bondone the laborer—I am his little Giotto, excellency."

"Giotto mio," said the stranger. "How should you like to go away with me and learn to draw and paint, not only sheep, but men, horses, warriors, castles, cities?"

"I will go with you to the end of the earth," replied the boy. "But not without my father's leave."

The stranger accompanied him to his father's house, and obtained his permission to make a painter of the boy, his opinion of the lad's talent having its due weight from the fact that he himself was the celebrated painter Cimabue. That boy's progress verified the judgment of the benevolent artist, and repaid the pains which he bestowed on him. The shepherd boy became in time the most renowned painter in Italy, honored by princes, cardinals and popes, and yet more highly honored by the friendship of Dante, Boccaccio and Petrarch.

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI, sculptor, painter and poet (born 1474, died 1563), is one of Italy's greatest names. Guided by lofty principles of art and life, scorning every littleness in painting, and every meanness in action, never bowing his lofty head before the great, and never despising the lowly, his is the leading figure of the age in which he lived. The gardens of Lorenzo the Magnificent, which were filled with sculpture, were his first academy. Here, when a boy, he modelled a mask of a laughing fawn from a fragment of antiquity, which lay, much mutilated in the garden. In his copy he supplied the ravages of time and added some improvements of his own. Lorenzo saw it, and was astonished at the workmanship. "But," he suggested, "I must find fault, or I should forfeit my reputation as a critic. This mask represents an old man's head, and you have restored all the teeth." When Lorenzo had departed, the boy broke off one of the teeth, and made a cavity in the gum to show that it had fallen out in the course of nature. This deference to his hint, and the ready ingenuity of the boy, at once secured the favor of the greatest of the Medici, who provided for the boy's education, and indeed adopted him as his son.

When in his old age the painter saw a bas relief in bronze representing the Battle of the Centaurs, which he had executed for Lorenzo at the age of fourteen, he was heard to say that he regretted that he had not devoted himself entirely to sculpture. His statue of a "Sleeping Cupid," which he stained and buried where it was dug up and mistaken for an antique, confounded those who asserted that the moderns were incapable of rivalling the ancients in sculpture. The frescoes of the Sistine Chapel are among his greatest achievements. Their subject is the progress of religion from the creation to the last judgment. The pope wished that ornament had been bestowed on the raiment of the apostles. The artist's reply was characteristic of his fearless nature. "I have painted men who were poor, nor wished for riches—holy men, to whom gold was an object of contempt. I will add nothing." St. Peter's, the grandest temple in Christendom, was his design. Once, some of the cardinals, who had endeavored to displace him, complained that a portion of the church was insufficiently lighted.

"Three more windows will be placed there," replied Michael Angelo.

"You never told us of that before," replied a cardinal.

"Nor will account to you what I do or what I design to do," thundered forth the painter. "It is your part to provide money and keep off thieves—mine to build St. Peter's!" He would never marry—saying that his works were his children. To a cardinal who expressed his surprise at finding him in his old age meditating among the ruins of the Colosseum, he said modestly, "I yet go to school that I may continue to learn." The head of Angelo was as noble as any that he himself portrayed.

TITIAN VECELLI, the most marvellous colorist that ever adorned the annals of art, was born in the castle of Cadove, in Friuli, in 1479 or 1480, and displayed a talent for painting at a very early age. His early pictures were very hard and dry, differing very much in style from that which he afterwards adopted. Somewhere about 1512 he was invited to Ferrara by the Duke Alfonso, and painted for him a Bacchus and Ariadne, now in the British National Gallery. In 1530, however, when all Italy rang with his fame, he was steeped to the lips in poverty. From this he was rescued by the liberal patronage of the Emperor Charles V., who invited him to Madrid, and treated him almost as an equal. He silenced the murmurs of his auditors at his placing Vecelli at his right hand when riding, by the well-known remark, "I have many nobles, but only one Titian." So when the painter, on one occasion, dropped his pencil while Charles was visiting him, the monarch stooped, picked it up, and restored it to him, saying, "It becomes Cæsar to serve Titian." Titian Vecelli lived to nearly a hundred, painting to the last, and then died, not of old age, but of the plague.

SALVATOR ROSA was the son of an architect, of Revella, near Naples, and was born about 1615. He was designed for the church, but he could not or would not master the elements of the theology. He persisted in running about the country, making sketches of landscapes; and when confined to his room as a punishment, he would cover the walls with drawings, executed with the burnt end of a stick. At Naples, whither he was sent to pursue his religious studies, he neglected the doctors of divinity for the poets, composed and wrote songs, and learned to play on the guitar. At eighteen he abandoned his cowed instructors and his parents, and set forth into the world to seek his fortune as a painter. While sketching in the Abruzzi, he was captured by a troop of bandits, among whom he lived some time, making studies of their faces and costumes, and the wild scenery in which lay their haunts. He was living in Naples on the precarious profits of drawings he made on scraps of paper, when Lanfranco, the artist, chanced to see one of his paintings, and gave him employment. But he quarrelled with him, and then painted with Falcone, and afterwards Spagnoletto. But he did not possess application, and suffered the consequences. At Rome, however, he finally made a hit, and there his fame and fortune were established; his society was courted, and he became the observed of all observers. When the Neapolitans revolted under Massaniello, Salvator left Rome, and joined the revolutionists, but returned after the failure of the insurgents. He was again compelled to leave it in consequence of satires and caricatures published against members of the papal government. His place of refuge was Florence, but he returned to Rome, where he died at the age of 58. Unrivalled as a painter of wild scenery and savage men in private life, he was singularly romantic and adventurous, but he was brave, frank, and honest, and very much beloved.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SVEABORG.*

BY ANNE T. WILDER.

OPPOSITE Helsingfors stands the powerful fortress of Sveaborg, which, with its seven islands garnished with bastions, crosses the gulf like a barrier of iron, defends the coast and the city, and opens a broad bay for ships of war. Count Ehrensward, Field-Marshal of Sweden, constructed this fortress, and requested that his tomb should be placed there. No Egyptian king ever had a finer sarcophagus, and I know not a funeral inscription more imposing than this: "In this spot reposes Count Augustus Ehrensburg, surrounded by his work, the ramparts of Sveaborg, and the military fleet." The first stone of the citadel was laid in 1749, by King Frederic, the last stone in 1758, by Gustavus III. Their two dates are engraven on the stone. Another inscription thus signalizes the situation of the fortress: "Sveaborg, which on one side touches the sea and on the other the shore, gives to its wise sovereigns the dominion of the land and of the sea."

After the conquest of Viborg and of Ingermania, by Peter the Great, this fortress was the last rampart of Sweden against Russia, the defender of the Finnish provinces, the rallying point of its troops and vessels of war. In the month of March, 1808, it was besieged by the Russians, and, two months afterwards, Admiral Cronstadt, who defended it, capitulated with a garrison of seven thousand five hundred men, two frigates, three thousand barrels of powder, two thousand balls, and a prodigious quantity of other munitions of war and provisions of every kind. The Russians had scarcely troops enough left to replace on the bastions and in the barracks, the thousands of men who defiled before them. The secret of this capitulation, unexampled in modern history, has never been known. Admiral Cronstadt had been frequently tried, and every one regarded him as a man of courage and an experienced officer; nothing had proved him to be capable of betraying his country and selling his honor for money. Neither can it be believed that, sustained as he was by a numerous corps, master of a citadel, abundantly provided with everything necessary for its defence, he could have allowed himself to be terrified at the sight of an army encamped on the coast, and weaker than his own. The event which decided the entire rendition of Finland to Russia, is a problem of which no one has yet been able to give a solution. On leaving the fortress, the admiral, who had at first manifested a desire to repair to Sweden in order to explain to the king the motives of his conduct, renounced this project, which, to tell the truth, was not without danger to him, and returned to Helsingfors. There, he laid aside every office, dissolved his former relations, isolated himself completely from the world, and died a few years after. A Finnish officer, who had known him intimately, assured me that he died of chagrin.

A steamboat plies several times a day between Helsingfors and Sveaborg, and conveys passengers to the foot of the fortress. If you penetrate the enclosure, you find only convicts dragging their chains, and soldiers. If you attempt to pause before an inscription, or to cross the threshold of a gate, a sentry, with sabre at his side and gun on his shoulder, addresses to you immediately an energetic command which cuts short conversation and exploration.

When I arrived at Helsingfors, the whole city was in motion; they were awaiting the hereditary prince, and preparing for him a pompous reception. At last salvos of artillery resounded on the ramparts of Sveaborg. The Grand Duke arrived in a magnificent steamboat. He went at first to the church, according to the custom of Russian sovereigns; he is a tall and handsome young man, of a mild and interesting countenance. In the hasty conversation which he did me the honor to grant me, he spoke with great justice of several foreign countries, with a lively sympathy of this beautiful country of Finland, which he now saw for the first time, and whose aspect enchanted him. He was accompanied by Prince Menschikoff, governor-general of the province, admiral of the empire, and one of the most intelligent and well-informed men among the high Russian officers. The Grand Duke turned towards him at every instant, and seemed to consult him with the deference of a modest pupil who is interrogating his master. If the atmosphere of the court, and the exercise of power, do not affect his natural endowments, the Grand Duke promises to Russia a sovereign of noble character and rare amiability.

* This account, as our readers will perceive, was written prior to the present war. Though considerable damage was done by the bombardment, the place is far from being ruined.

UNNOTICED AND UNHONORED HEROES.

When I see a man holding faster his uprightness in proportion as it is assailed; fortifying his religious trust in proportion as Providence is obscure; hoping in the ultimate triumph of virtue more surely in proportion to its present afflictions; cherishing philanthropy amidst the discouraging experience of men's unkindness and unthankfulness; extending to others a sympathy which his own sufferings need, but cannot obtain; growing milder and gentler amidst what tends to exasperate and harden; and, through inward principle, converting the very incitements to evil into the occasions of a victorious virtue; I see an explanation, and a noble explanation, of the present state. I see a good produced, so transcendent in its nature as to justify all the evil and suffering under which it grows up. I should think the formation of a few such minds worth all the apparatus of the present world. I should say that this earth, with its continents and oceans, its seasons and harvests, and its successive generations, was a work worthy of God, even were it to accomplish no other end than the training and manifestation of the illustrious characters which are scattered through history. And when I consider how small a portion of human virtue is recorded by history, how superior in dignity, as well as in number, are the unnoticed and unhonored saints and heroes of domestic and humble life, I see a light thrown over the present state which more than reconciles me to all its evils.—*Channing.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE COURSE OF THE STREAM.

BY CHARLES G. CHAMPNEY.

Through the green and sunny meadow,
Deep beneath the waring shadow
Of the silent grove,
There flows a pleasant little stream,
Oft sparkling in the bright sunbeam,
Whispering gentle love,

Here and there it rushes madly,
Now and then it murmurs sadly,
Here again is still;
In its journey ne'er delaying,
O'er the polished pebbles playing,
Ever moves the rill.

In its cool and dark recesses,
O'er which hang gay leafy tresses
Waving all about,
Or beneath the sunlight basking,
Kisses from the waters asking,
Dwell the speckled trout.

From its birthplace on the mountain,
From the sparkling, dropping fountain
Moves it in its course
To its grave, the mighty river
Flowing headlong, flowing ever,
Sounding deeply hoarse.

Like a stream all nature's moving,
Unto mortal hearts still proving,
We must ever on.
As the stream returning never,
We through life must journey ever,
Till our task is done.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MR. LISCOM'S PREJUDICE.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"You will have neighbors at No. 20, next week, Liscom, and very pleasant ones, too, as far as I can judge," remarked one gentleman to another.

"Ah, indeed," was returned, in a tone of pleased interest.

"Yes, I have rented the house to a gentleman with whom I have been acquainted several years; his name is Goodwin. He is about removing from Boston, his native place, to our city."

"Boston!" repeated Mr. Liscom, his tone and manner changing instantly. "That word put an end to the pleasurable anticipations you were leading me to indulge. I detest Yankees, and cannot endure the thought of having them for near neighbors."

"When you become acquainted with the Goodwins, I have not the least doubt that you will consider them an acquisition to the neighborhood. Their house has been my home during my frequent visits to Boston of late years, and I have seldom seen altogether a more charming household. If you do not, on your very first interview, concur in my favorable opinion, your lady at least will; for, from what I know of Mrs. Goodwin and Mrs. Liscom, I am persuaded they will very soon become warm friends."

"That they never will," replied Mr. Liscom, decidedly. "My wife is well aware of my unconquerable aversion to Yankees; and I assure you once for all, that we shall hold no intercourse with this charming Boston family."

"But, Liscom, why this unconquerable antipathy? What cause of offence can the people of New England ever have given you?" asked Mr. Ellis, seriously.

"I never saw one of them who was not cold, grasping and calculating in disposition, incapable of taking an interest in anything that did not promise to turn to his own advantage. With such people I have no feeling in common."

"Neither has my friend Goodwin. But are not such people as you very naturally condemn to be found in every part of the world?—and why speak of them as peculiar to one section of the Union?"

"Because from 'other parts of the world' I have met generous, high-souled persons, as well as those who were sordid and mean; from New England I have seen only those of the latter class."

"Your acquaintance with New Englanders must be very limited."

"More extensive than I desire. I could wish never to come in contact with one. In fact, this repugnance is instinctive. I have never yet had dealings with a Yankee without experiencing it."

"Then you would never imagine your new neighbor to be one. For, unless prejudiced against him, you would like him at first sight—you could not help it; and I regret that I was so quick in informing you of his birthplace."

"And I thank you sincerely for your unconsciously given warning. I can now sedulously avoid an introduction to the new comers, whereas I should probably have called in there with my wife; and these Yankees are intolerable bores, if you once give them a pretext for intruding on you."

"O, Liscom, you are too bad!" laughingly exclaimed Mr. Ellis, as the two parted.

As Mr. Liscom returned to his elegant dwelling, he glanced across the street to No. 20 with feelings of peculiar dissatisfaction. It had been vacant for some weeks, and as the late tenant had not been in all respects such as he desired, he had rejoiced when they moved away, hoping that their successors would prove more congenial to his taste. The next house, which stood directly opposite his own, was inhabited by the Blakes, old and highly esteemed friends, and he was on terms of friendship or civility with nearly everybody in the square. This, as he was of a social disposition, was often a subject of self-gratulation; no wonder, then, that he

was annoyed by the advent of new neighbors, with whom he was predetermined to hold no intercourse. He repeated to his wife the conversation he had had with Mr. Ellis. She knew too well the strength of his unjust prejudice to attempt by argument or persuasion to turn him from his purpose; though frequently, as she saw Mrs. Goodwin at the door or window, she wished it were possible, without seriously displeasing her husband, to form an acquaintance with one whose appearance particularly attracted her. As the winter passed on she saw Mrs. Goodwin less frequently; but she heard from some of her friends such lavish praises of Mrs. Goodwin's little tea-parties, that she very much regretted her absence from the social gatherings—and felt both mortification and regret when the time for her own large party came, and invitations were sent to every family in the neighborhood save the Goodwins. But Mr. Liscom wavered not in his original determination; when passing through the street, he kept his eyes always carefully averted from No. 20, and rejoiced that he had thus far been able to avoid an introduction to its master.

Toward the close of winter, Mr. Liscom was obliged to leave the city on pressing business. His absence would be only for a few days; but at this time he was especially averse to leaving home, as his youngest child, a smart little girl of four summers, had been dangerously ill with the scarlet fever, from which she was but slowly recovering. A devoted husband and father, his solicitude for the little invalid as well as for his wife, who was worn out by watching and anxiety, made him determine to defer going; but a message by telegraph warned him of the dangers attending this delay, and constrained him to take a hurried departure.

After he had gone, his wife felt unusually depressed in spirits, and was haunted by a presentiment of coming evil, which she could not banish from her mind. Naturally timid and nervous, circumstances had not hitherto required her to think and act for herself in any emergency; and enfeebled as she now was by maternal solicitude, no wonder her nervous fears were painfully excited. Danger was indeed as near at hand as her wildest fears could suggest. On the second night after her husband's departure, a domestic having occasion to carry a light into a large linen closet, a spark accidentally falling among the contents soon ignited, and the loud tumult in front of her residence first gave Mrs. Liscom an intimation of her perilous situation. Almost frantic with terror, she could only snatch the sick infant from the crib, and enveloping it in a blanket, rush to the stairway. But one of the girls who had remained to keep watch with the mother through the night, gave the alarm to the two other servants, and rousing the children from their slumbers, all were soon safely out of the house, the flames not having yet reached the stairs.

Poor Mrs. Liscom!—what with the rustling of the engines and the deafening tumult on every side, her weak nerves were completely unstrung. Pressing the little invalid tightly to her bosom, she called aloud in terror the names of her three other little ones, unable to realize that they were standing safely beside her; for every time she turned a wild glance to the burning building, she fancied that some one of them was perishing in the fierce flames. Thus they had stood for a few moments, her children crying and clinging to their mother, the servants wringing their hands in grief and dismay; nor had the terrified woman thought of seeking shelter from the chill wintry wind, when Mr. and Mrs. Blake came to her aid. "Come over to our house, the flames will not cross the street," said the former. But Mrs. Liscom scarcely understood the words, and ere they could be repeated, another neighbor stepped forward:

"For heaven's sake, Blake, think of your children! Would you take a violent case of fever into your midst?"

"O," said Mrs. Blake, in alarm, "we never thought of that! Dear little Addie has the scarlet fever, and if one of the children should take it—come, let us go quickly!" And taking her husband's arm, the friend hurried back to her house, locking the door hastily, as if effectually to keep out the danger of contagion.

Her darling's name, uttered in the shrill whisper of alarm, aroused Mrs. Liscom's attention. She turned and saw the two who had for years been ranked among their best friends, flying from her; she heard another acquaintance say to an officious neighbor, "You were right in warning the Blakes. I was myself about to invite the family to our house, when my wife fortunately reminded me of the risk."

"I cannot think where they will go," said Mr. Hill. "If it were not for the sick child, they would be welcome in any house in the street."

Mrs. Liscom heard no more, for that instant a hand was laid with gentle force on her shoulder, and turning, she beheld Mr. Goodwin, who was well known to her by sight. Returning with his wife from a concert, he had only waited to see her safe in her house ere he hastened to the scene of destruction.

"Allow me to conduct your family to my house," he said, in a friendly tone, at the same time taking the child from her feeble clasp. Kind-hearted Mr. Hill thought proper to whisper a word of caution, as 'the child had the scarlet fever.'"

"The more reason that it should be sheltered from the night air," was the stern reply; and Mr. Goodwin, giving his arm to the trembling woman, and bidding the servants follow closely with the three children, led the way to his house.

Mrs. Goodwin having heard of the child's illness, took it carefully from her husband and placed it on a couch in the nursery; and while the half-frozen children and servants gathered around the genial fire, she placed the weak, spiritless mother in a luxurious arm-chair, and brought her a composing draught, of which she was in great need.

"All are safe now, I believe," said Mr. Goodwin, glancing his eye over the group. "No one of the family is missing."

"No, sir," replied one of the girls.

"Then, my dear madam, compose yourself, and remember you are perfectly safe now," said he, addressing his pale and exhausted guest. "Is there anything you wish particularly saved from the flames—any papers or family relics?"

His gentle and quiet tone and manner acted like a charm on the excited nerves of Mrs. Liscom, and she replied that there were some papers of great value and various articles she would like saved in a small secretary that stood between the windows of the front chamber.

"Which floor?" asked Mr. Goodwin.

"The second."

"Then they can probably be got out," he replied, and hastened once more to the burning building.

Calling for a ladder to be placed against the wall, he carefully wrapped his comforter about his face so as to exclude the heat and smoke from his lungs, then sprang up the ladder followed closely by one of the firemen. The latter was obliged to retrace his steps instantly, the room being filled with smoke; but Mr. Goodwin succeeded in tying a rope around the secretary, then, with the aid of those below, lowering it to the street. He sprang out on the ladder but just in time, for he had scarcely reached the street ere flames were issuing from the room he had left. Finding that nothing else could be saved from the devouring element, he had the secretary carried to his house, and in a short time proceeded thither.

He found that his thoughtful wife had sent for the physician of the Liscoms, as she deemed his attendance necessary for the sick child after its sudden exposure to the cold, and equally as for the mother, whose feeble system seemed completely prostrated. The doctor soon arrived, prescribed the usual sedatives for Mrs. Liscom, advised warm baths for the children ere they were placed comfortably in bed, and assured the friendly hostess that there were no evil consequences to be apprehended. The next day verified his prediction; Mrs. Liscom was almost as well as ever, and little Addie's recovery was so rapid that no fears on her account disturbed the serenity of either family.

The little Goodwins (who miraculously, as some thought, escaped the sickness to which the quixotism of their parents exposed them) were delighted with their new associates; and Mr. Liscom, on his return, found the family domiciled with the despised Yankee neighbors, and evidently feeling very much at home. His emotions on learning from his wife the circumstances which rendered them guests of that house, rather than of any in which they might naturally claim refuge, may be easily imagined. He hastened to offer his warmest acknowledgments to the amiable couple, as well as very sincere apologies for the churlish reserve he had hitherto maintained towards them, but he was pleasantly assured that neither the one nor the other were needed. As for thanks, none surely were due for a trifling service which neighbors should always be ready to render in time of calamity; and for apologies, why, every one had a right to choose his own associates, and should not be censured for exercising that right.

When Mr. Liscom heard from some of the spectators of the scene the risk that his generous neighbor had run in saving the secretary, his admiration and gratitude were increased. It was, indeed, of vital importance to him to have some of the papers it contained safe in his possession. Hence he placed them where they could be instantly reached in case of danger; but his wife's total want of self-possession would have rendered the precaution unavailing, had it not been for Mr. Goodwin's thoughtfulness and courage. Scarcely less valuable in Mrs. Liscom's estimation were the little family relics, mementoes of her deceased kindred and friends, which she had always kept for security in the secretary—herself a treasured memento of her father; and she never could look upon it without tears of grateful emotion.

The delicate consideration evidenced in every act and word of Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin increased Mr. Liscom's appreciation of their disinterested kindness; and with noble pride he took every opportunity of expressing the obligation he was under. His very particular friends carried off their embarrassment as well as possible on their first meeting with him, regretting that they had been prevented by natural solicitation for their own families from offering the hospitality which otherwise they would have delighted to bestow.

"I do not blame any one for the precaution," Mr. Liscom was wont to reply. "I have no doubt that in similar circumstances, I should be equally careful of my own; but that does not lessen my admiration for the generosity evidenced by Mr. Goodwin in disarding all selfish considerations, when he saw the helplessness and desolation of my wife and children."

The Goodwins would not hear of their guests leaving them until little Addie was perfectly recovered, lest a relapse should follow her second removal. They therefore remained another week at the hospitable mansion, at the end of which time they had the satisfaction of being able to move into the adjoining house—Mrs. Blake having prevailed on her husband, on account of the fire and its attending circumstances, which would render her intercourse with Mrs. Liscom less familiar than formerly, to remove into another dwelling which she had long coveted.

Thus, to the delight of Mrs. Liscom and her amiable hostess, they became close neighbors and friends in the true meaning of the word. Mr. Liscom, never forgetting the noble and generous conduct of Mr. Goodwin, for his sake learned to look with a less prejudiced eye on his section of the country; and during a happy and unchanging friendship of many years, the two gentlemen and their mutual friend, Ellis, enjoyed many a joy over Mr. Liscom's "unconquerable antipathy to Yankees."

Thorough knowledge only enables a man to think more justly.

COL. ISAAC H. WRIGHT.

The portrait which accompanies this article is an accurate likeness of a gentleman who has for many years occupied a prominent position before our fellow-citizens—Col. Isaac H. Wright. He was born in Boston, in 1814, a younger son of Winslow Wright, a well-known merchant of intelligence and probity, and is a direct descendant from the pilgrim stock of the old colony. He received his education in the public schools of Boston, attending the Latin school when that excellent institution was in charge of Benjamin A. Gould, a ripe scholar and rigid disciplinarian. He afterwards graduated a medal scholar at the English High School, under the supervision of the much loved and honored Solomon P. Miles, now deceased. But though Col. Wright may be indebted to his early training for habits and methods of study, it is to his own exertions in after life that he owes that fund of information which has enabled him to win distinction in various lines of thought and action—as a journalist, a politician, a soldier and an orator. He entered into mercantile life at the age of sixteen; and while strengthening and developing the body with manual toil, his mind received sound culture in the theory and practice of mercantile business. His business experience and observation of financial matters led him to take an interest in politics at the time when the sub-treasury doctrines were the political theme of the day, and he soon devoted himself to the democratic party. This led to a dissolution of his mercantile connections. After contributing largely to the party press, he became editor and proprietor of the Bay State Democrat, and in this position gave proof of distinguished ability as a writer. His tone was marked throughout by a boldness and fearlessness in the cause he supported—his pen being like Fitz James's weapon, "sword and shield." He neither asked nor gave quarter, but carried on the warfare in the most dashing and effective style. As a political speaker, he was even more effective than as a writer. Gifted with a fine voice, bold, ready, fluent, he rose to a rapid popularity as an orator, doing whatever he undertook with his whole soul—and *hard work* has ever been the lot of democrats in Massachusetts. While conducting a daily press, he served one term as a member of the State Senate, and although among the youngest at the board, he proved himself a powerful and influential debater, and made his mark. This was during the administration of Marcus Morton. During the administration of Polk, he filled for a short time the office of navy agent of this port with universal acceptance. When the war with Mexico broke out, and a call was made on Massachusetts by the administration for a regiment of volunteers, Col. Wright was among the very first to offer his services for the enrolment of volunteers, delivering public speeches vindicating the course of the government against the charges of a virulent opposition, and thus neutralizing the treasonable attempts that were made to prevent volunteers enlisting for the service. It was mainly owing to his individual services, that the roll of the Massachusetts regiment was filled. He left Boston as lieutenant colonel of this regiment, and returned as its colonel, after nearly two years of service in Mexico, during which time he marched with this body of men the entire length of General Taylor's line, and afterwards the length of Scott's, to the city of Mexico—at different times acting governor of Monterey, governor of Perote, etc. Devoted to his military duties, he accomplished the tasks assigned him successfully, perfecting his command so thoroughly as to gain them high compliments, and even causing them to rival the infantry of the regular service. Generals Scott, Taylor and Worth commended the soldierly appearance and fine discipline of this regiment in high terms; and had it been called into battle, the stars and stripes would have found in their ranks as powerful and ready defenders as any that had won laurels on the fields of Mexico. Col. Wright's speeches upon national subjects, such as the tariff, the sub-treasury, the Texas question, were distinguished by force and directness; eminently practical in their character, they addressed themselves powerfully to the convictions of the people, and were productive of great results in the popular vote. His recent defence of the volunteer militia before the legislative committee of this State was so thorough and effective, as to stay the hand of destruction raised against it. For this service, he was complimented by the friends of the military by a handsome set of silver plate. At the present time, Col. Wright is conducting a large and lucrative auction and commission business in Boston, in Winter Street. He has not, however, abandoned the political field, but has performed active service as a member of the "Liberal Party," having recently served with satisfaction as president of their convention. Col. Wright is a very effective public speaker. He is bold, fluent and animated, ingenious and



COL. ISAAC H. WRIGHT.

forceful in argument, and fertile in illustration. Though in the habit of discussing a subject at length, he is neither discursive nor tiresome, but fixes the attention of his audience from his first period to his last. On the occasion of his departure for Mexico, he received the honor of a public presentation of a splendid sword in Faneuil Hall. The "Old Cradle of Liberty" was never more densely filled; for, even after it appeared crowded to its utmost capacity, a battalion of his regiment entered, and it was only by marching in solid column that they could obtain places. Colonel Wright, on this occasion, spoke for more than an hour, his voice reaching every part of the vast hall, and his eloquence provoking repeated bursts of applause—though the audience was a mixed one, and must have contained many opponents of the war in which he had enlisted. Yet he swept away all prejudices by the torrent of his eloquence, as he vindicated the course of his country, and appealed to those feelings of patriotism which are always kindled by the voice of a popular orator.

NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY, BOSTON.

The interest justly felt both here and elsewhere in the New Public Library of this city, has induced us to present a front view of the building as it will appear when completed. The drawing was made for us by Mr. Champney, from the designs of the architect, Mr. Charles K. Kirby. The style selected is the Roman Italian, and the material will be brick, with freestone facing. It will have a front on Boylston Street of 82 feet, with a depth of 128 feet; the first story will be 21 feet in height, and the second, 52 feet. The dimensions of the library room on the second floor will be 40 by 85 feet. The lower story will be devoted to reading and conversation rooms, the janitor's apartments, etc. A separate reading room will be devoted to the accommodation of ladies. All the interior details of the plan are tasteful and appropriate, and designed with reference to the future as well as the present. It will be thoroughly heated and ventilated, and supplied with gas and water. No better location than that selected could have been obtained within the city; and the building when completed, will reflect the highest credit on all the parties concerned in it. The ceremony of laying the corner stone was performed on the 17th of last month, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. A procession was formed, consisting of the mayor, the city government, a deputation of the Grand Lodge of Masons, the building committee, with their president, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, and others interested, who took their places on the platform prepared for their reception. The services were opened by a prayer from Rev. E. N. Kirk, after which a hymn by the Hon. George Lunt was sung by a choir of forty young ladies, under the direction of L. H. Southard, and accompanied by one of Chickering's grand pianos. Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, on presenting the trowel to the mayor of Boston, delivered an appropriate and truly eloquent address, in which he descanted on the importance of the occasion, and the results to be anticipated from the inauguration of a free public library. He gracefully complimented the projectors and benefactors of this great enterprise—Bigelow, Bates, Everett, Lawrence and others. It will be remembered, Mr. Winthrop himself made the first donation of books. Hon. John P. Bigelow, in 1850, diverted to the use of the library a sum of money raised by his fellow citizens for the purchasing him a silver vase. In the same year, Hon. Edward Everett made a presentation of valuable books, while Mr. Bates's munificent donation established the library on a sure basis. Hon. Abbott Lawrence and others liberally contributed to it, and it will doubtless be aided by donations from our wealthy men as it advances in age. Mayor

Smith replied in a very appropriate speech, and then proceeded to the honorable duty assigned him. The services closed with the singing of Old Hundred, and a benediction by Rev. Dr. Gannett. A box deposited under the corner-stone, contained the following articles:—1. A crystallographic likeness of the commissioners. 2. Crystallographic of the trustees of the library, his honor the mayor, the chairman of the committee of arrangements, of the board of aldermen and common council. 3. Silver and copper coins of 1855. 4. Franklin and city medals. 5. Four medals of the Humane Society of Massachusetts, presented by Hon. David Sears. 6. City documents relating to the library, embracing its history from its first conception to the present time; municipal register; organization of the school committee; Boston directory; Catalogue of the library. 7. Order of exercises, etc., connected with the laying of the stone; manuscripts of the addresses of the mayor and President Winthrop. 8. A massive silver plate, bearing the following inscription, engraved by E. W. Bourne: "The corner-

stone of a building for the Public Library of the city of Boston, laid on the 17th day of September, A. D., 1855, it being the 225th anniversary of the day on which Triumphant was first called Boston, in presence of the city council, at the request of the commissioners on the erection of the building, by his honor, Jerome V. C. Smith, mayor; Commissioners for the building—Robert C. Winthrop, president; Samuel G. Ward, George Ticknor, Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, Charles Woodberry, Joseph A. Pond, Edward F. Porter. Trustees of the library—Edward Everett, president; Geo. Ticknor, John P. Bigelow, Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, Thos. G. Appleton, Jas. Story. Librarian—Edward Capen. Architect—C. K. Kirby." The library has been in operation more than a year in the rooms now occupied in Mason Street, of which we have already given a drawing. Its inauguration was attended by a large number of gentlemen. On that occasion, Hon. John P. Bigelow made a few remarks, in which he paid a deserved compliment to Dr. Shurtleff and George Ticknor, Esq., to whose constant cares, with the board of trustees, the public are indebted for the progress thus far attained.



FRONT VIEW OF THE NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY, BOSTON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE DRAMA IN BOSTON.

What would the old Puritan settlers of the Bay State say the iron-featured founders of the Trimount city, who brought from England with them a rooted hatred to stage plays and stage players (in which, by the way, they were justified, if they judged by the graceless plays and players of the Restoration), could they revisit New England's capital, and behold its four dramatic temples nightly crowded! The "Great and General Court" passed no laws against the drama till 1750; doubtless, because they never dreamed that any histrionic corps would have the audacity to show their faces within the limits of the realm of grace. But in the year referred to, certain young gentlemen, the ringleaders being two Englishmen, performed Otway's "Orphan" at the coffee-house in King Street, now State Street; and this drew from the legislature a stringent "Act to prevent stage plays and other theatrical entertainments," which remained in force for nearly half a century, and the repeal of which was procured with great difficulty. At the time of the repeal, two theatres were in existence, and clandestine performances had frequently taken place, as every one hankers after forbidden fruit.

FRENCH ENGLISH.—On the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit to Paris, many of the shop-keepers, who profess to speak English, undertook to show their pleasure, at seeing the queen, in her native tongue. But the greeting was couched in the words "Willcome," "Willcome," "Velcome," etc. Punch says it proved a difficult word for them to spell rightly, but they managed to do it with due significance in the *bon accord* they gave to Lord Mayor Moon; for, over his hotel, blazed in oil lamps the letters "Velcome!"

SLANDER.—The Xenia (O.) Torchlight relates the sad story of a most respectable widow lady, the mother of an interesting family, whose reputation was without a blemish, but who actually died of a nervous disorder produced by slanders uttered against herself and daughter. What punishment would be too severe for the authors of such a tragedy? A slanderer is usually a coward and stabs anonymously, and if a man, generally selects a helpless woman for his victim.

EXTRAORDINARY.—The Duke of Wellington, while awaiting for the arrival of the Prussians at Waterloo, amused himself by making his staff solve conundrums. One of these was: What is the difference between a physician and a magician? Ans.—Because the physician is a cupper and the magician a sorcerer.

RESIGNATION.—Major Brinley, of that splendid corps, the Independent Cadets, has resigned the commission he held so worthily and acceptably.

SPLINTERS.

.... Mr. Boker, author of "Calaynos" and the "Betrothed," has written a tragedy called "Francesca di Rimini."

.... Singleton Mercer, who shot Heberton on the Canada ferry boat, for dishonoring his family, died lately at Norfolk.

.... There is a talk of digging a railroad tunnel under the Falls of Niagara. A nice route for nervous people.

.... On the 10th of this month, Toronto became the seat of government for Canada.

.... A man in Orlando, Maine, is father of twenty-one children—quite a company of infantry.

.... The Ravel troupe, always and everywhere popular, have gone back to France with plenty of money, of course.

.... Raebel plays at the Howard, in this city, at two dollars a ticket—choice of seats at auction.

.... Gold has been found in Maine. At Sharon Bridge, a nugget worth \$552 has actually been exhumed.

.... Charles Ingersoll, killed on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, would have inherited \$500,000 had he lived.

.... The anniversary of the declaration of the first French republic was celebrated in New York.

.... Pickerel fishing at Fresh Pond has commenced. They are certainly not hard to take—if properly cooked.

.... Messrs. Ladd & Co., of this city, received a prize medal at the Paris exposition for one of their piano fortes.

.... Commander Ingraham, who behaved so gallantly in the Kosta affair, has received a captain's commission.

.... W. B. Astor has given the Astor Library a lot of ground which will enlarge its accommodations. It is a generous donation.

.... Mr. Thoman, whilom of the Boston Museum, has opened the Union Theatre at San Francisco. Good luck to him.

It is said that a number of Mormon ladies "followed the drum," when the United States troops left Utah.

.... America came out with honor at the Paris exhibition. Her cute inventions carried the day.

.... The removal of the Seminoles to the west has been commenced. Poor Indians! they must "push on, keep moving."

.... After playing in Boston and Philadelphia, Rachel goes to Havana to electrify the dons and señoritas.

.... Mr. Bates, of London, has recently announced to the mayor of Boston another donation of books to our City Library.

.... A young lady committed suicide, lately, because her lover kissed her on the cheek instead of the lips. A sad warning!

THE SOUND DUES.

In the "good old times" so much lauded and regretted by ancient fogies (the days of heading and hanging, and drawing and quartering, and boiling in cauldrons of oil—the gentle amusements of gentle legislators), certain robber nobles established themselves on the banks of the Rhine, and levied black mail on all the passing merchant barks, for the purpose of keeping up the state of their feudal castles.

"They lay down to rest
With corslets braced,
Pillowed on bucklers cold and hard;
Carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And drank the red wine through helmets barred."

The system has passed away with much of the rubbish of the olden time; the nests of these birds of prey are now only picturesque ruins, blending with the crags of Drachenfels and Stolzenfels. But there is one little nook of Europe, whose sovereign has inherited the business of the old Rhenish freebooters. The king of Denmark has, from the 13th century, established a toll-gate at Elsinore, at the gateway of the Baltic, where he collects a heavy fee, in the shape of sound duties, on every vessel that approaches his cye. Here, like a highwayman at a cross-road, he takes his position, and bids the mariner "stand and deliver." We believe the fee demanded is one per cent. on the total value of a ship's cargo. Every commercial nation has yielded to this extortion—a manifest infringement on the freedom of the seas. Even Great Britain, when she knocked the fleet of Denmark all to pieces,

"By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore,"

(a very rascally and unjustifiable piece of business, by the way), made no stipulation for the abolition of the sound duty. The United States, after thumping the Algerines for a similar pretension, acquiesced in a reduced toll conceded by Denmark, in a treaty about to expire.

Uncle Samuel now finds that he has paid black mail long enough, and coolly informs his friend, the Dane, that he can't submit to it any longer. Our revered uncle has no particular fancy for such a tax on navigation, and no particular reverence for toll-gatherers, whom Mr. Weller, senior, has described as persons, who, becoming disgusted with life, "shuts themselves up in pikes, and renews themselves on mankind by takin' toll of their fellow-bein's." Of course this attitude of Uncle Sam has caused great commotion in Denmark. For, if Uncle Sam wont pay, of course John Bull and Johnny Crapean wont pay, unless their Danish friend makes it an object for them to assist him in resisting Uncle Sam, and forcing him to submit to a continuance of the tax.

There is a prospect of rather exciting times growing out of this affair. The first Yankee skipper who refuses to back his topsails and heave to out of respect for the batteries of Kronberg and the royal flag of Denmark, will bring matters to a crisis. If Denmark is unsupported by her neighbors, of course she must yield with the best grace she can muster; but if she can manage to obtain the support of France and England, then we may look to see a renewal of those times,

"When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her ships along the deep proudly shone:
At each gun a lighted brand
In a bold, determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on."

But that this speck of war may disappear from our horizon, leaving it bright and cloudless, must be the wish of every lover of his country and his kind.

THE EVERETT HOUSE, NEW YORK.—This splendid hotel is now in full operation. It is situated upon Union Square, and is one of those magnificent structures which add so much to the beauty of that city. The arrangement of the interior is such that very great conveniences are afforded for the accommodation of families. It contains two hundred apartments, all elegantly and some luxuriously furnished. One suite of these apartments is called the "Everett Room," and the walls and ceiling are decorated with the Everett arms, in compliment to the scholar and statesman of Massachusetts, after whom the house is named. At this hotel, one may live on the European or American plan; that is, at the *table d'hôte*, or such dishes as are preferred may be ordered and paid for separately.

NEW YORK EMIGRANT RUNNERS.—In consequence of the new arrangements of the Commissioners of Emigration in New York city, the business of the emigrant runners, like Othello's occupation, is "gone." They tried meetings, showed fight, but it would not do. They have now prudently turned their attention to peddling fruit and vegetables, driving hacks, etc., while some thirty of them emigrated to California in a solid chunk.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.—We would recommend to our readers this remarkably cheap and popular magazine. Long editorial experience, a ready pen, good taste, and ample means, all combine to enable Mr. Ballou to produce a most admirable serial. "How one hundred pages of reading matter," says the Boston Transcript, "can be furnished monthly through the year for one dollar, is to us an unsolved riddle." But the fact is, Mr. Ballou's extensive publishing house affords facilities which are probably unrivalled in the country, and certainly the great circulation and popularity which the "Dollar Monthly Magazine" has realized, are only in accordance with its unquestioned excellence.—*Christian Freeman, Boston.*

BRYAN & WILCOX'S WRITING FLUID.—Having used this fluid in our office during the past year, we are prepared to recommend it, for ease of flowing and beauty of color, as the best we have seen.

SEVERE.—Professor Agassiz says that the difference between a tree and an elephant is that the tree leaves in the spring, and the elephant when the menagerie closes.

THE GAME OF BRAG.

The game of brag is part of the game of war. Army bulletins are the least reliable of all documents; and to "lie like a bulletin" is a popular proverb. Every nation has practised it in turn, and it is one of the evils of war, that it renders a departure from truth almost necessary. Napoleon the First was accused by the English of dealing very extensively in this sort of "Mung news;" and it is so very easy to win a battle upon paper, that the temptation must be admitted to be very great. People at war are constantly clamoring for victories, and their rulers generally contrive to give them their money's worth on paper. Napoleon the Third has been charged with cooking up the despatches from the Crimea; and his cookery is very much like that of his countrymen who cater for the epicures—the material is so disguised you cannot tell what you are devouring. The safest way is to take the accounts of both sides and strike a balance. Now the British did not entirely ruin Sveaborg when they bombarded it, as they asserted; and they did something more than burn a wood pile, which is about all the damage the Russians admitted. Punch very happily hits off the Russian versions in the following squib:

A supplement to the "Invulnerable Russe," contains the following despatches from the commander of Sveaborg. They are dated 29th of July, (otherwise August 10).

"The enemy's fleet, consisting of 150 ships of the line, 120 mortar-boats, and 230 gun-boats, anchored at 9 and 11 A. M., and opened fire. They fired from 500 to 520 shots a minute, but with no effect.

"2-40 after midnight.—The fire of the enemy has become so heavy that three mortar-boats have been shattered to pieces by the recoil, the crews of which have been picked up by the boats of the ships of the line. The enemy has already lost 10,000 shells.

"5-55 A. M.—A shell has fallen upon a spirit shop, and the conflagration of twenty hogsheds of raki is the consequence. Nothing can exceed the enthusiasm of our brave soldiery, who burn for the hour of vengeance.

"8-15 A. M.—A rocket has just entered a chemist's, and an explosion followed. The chemist's unfortunately joining an oil and pickle shop, the flames have spread. The conduct of our troops is excellent.

"10-25 A. M.—A shell has burst in a barrel of tar, in close proximity to a powder magazine. The impending destruction was stayed by the heroic Bombadier Waghisownchinoff, who flung himself into the burning mass, and, at the cost of his life, and with incredible coolness, extinguished it. His ashes have been preserved, and, duly enshrined in an urn of platina, will be dedicated to St. Andrew.

"12-30 P. M.—The enemy has brought up all his boats, but thanks be to St. Nicholas, has done nothing of consequence.

"1 P. M.—A lucifer match manufactory caught fire, but the flames have been extinguished by a milkmaid (name not given).

"2 P. M.—The enemy have withdrawn all their ships, mortar-boats, and gun-boats that have escaped.

"All our batteries are consolidated in their foundations by the thunder of the enemy.

"Casualties.—One Cossack missing."

SPLENDID PRESENT.—Messrs. Ponson, Phillipe & Vibert, silk manufacturers of Lyons, France, have recently presented to the city of New York a portrait of our beloved Washington, woven in silk, and framed gorgeously, at an expense of ten thousand dollars. Its manufacture occupied several artists two entire years. The authority for the likeness is Stuart's head.

RELEASED.—G. G. Foster, a brilliant writer, the author of several popular works, recently confined in the Moyamensing Prison, Pa., on a charge of forgery, has been liberated, no one appearing against him. He probably owes his freedom to the Baroness de Marguerites, who was faithful to him in his misfortunes, and who married him in prison.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.—This brilliant man delivered one of his characteristic addresses before the Woman's Rights Convention, in this city. It was an eloquent production, but its spirit militated somewhat against the doctrines of the ladies. It gave great satisfaction, however.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Sidney T. Bates to Miss Mary Arkerson, both of Cambridge; Mr. John H. Brazor to Miss Mary E. Russell; Mr. Alvan Pease, of Mobile, to Miss Catharine C. Chase, of Fall River; by Rev. Dr. Kirk, Mr. David T. Thompson, of Foxboro', to Miss Josephine C. Washburn, of Kingston; by Rev. Mr. Peetee, Mr. Richard K. Sparrow to Miss Mary J. Bailey, by Rev. Dr. Barrett, Mr. D. F. Caverly to Miss Mary Jane Dean; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Henry Moran to Mrs. Hannah Roy; by Rev. Mr. Alger, Mr. R. Montgomery Field to Miss Louisa Hastings Fenno.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Warren V. Tuxbury, of Amesbury, to Miss Huldah J. Roberts; by Rev. Dr. Thompson, Mr. Frederick M. Creamer to Miss Martha W. Chase.—At South Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Wheeler, J. Lovett Whipple, Esq., of Salem, to Miss Emma N. Dodge.—At Marblehead, Mr. Jacob T. Paine to Miss Mary E. Roads; Mr. Nicholas Tucker, Jr., to Miss Ellen G. Montcreaf.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Woodbury, Mr. Dennison S. Kimball to Miss Eunice W. Kendall.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Prince, of Georgetown, Mr. William F. Chase to Miss Elizabeth C. Greenleaf.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Brigham, Mr. S. Chester Coddington to Mrs. Mary W. Lawrence, both of Mansfield.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Hale, Mr. George H. Clarke to Miss Lucia M. Barnard.—At Nashua, N. H., by Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Henry Mears, of Dorchester, to Miss Sarah Gray, of Boston.—At New York, Capt. John H. Luscomb, of Salem, Mass., to Miss Rebecca F. Lovett, of Beverly, Mass.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Elizabeth Wood, 77; Mr. Peter Daniels, 46; Mrs. Ann, wife of late Dea. Joseph Woodcock, 91; Mr. Phoebe T., wife of Mr. Jeremiah Judge; Mr. James Gardner Moulton, formerly of Biddeford Me., 36.—At Roxbury, Mr. Ambrose Blaney, formerly of Boston, 76.—At Charlestown, Mr. Charles F. Horn, 43.—At Quincy, Mrs. Margaret M. T., wife of Mr. Thaddeus Churchill, 29.—At Swampscott, Mrs. Mary Lamphier, 42.—At Salem, Mr. John Allen, 78; Mrs. Maria Louisa, wife of Mr. Devereux Dennis, 35; Mr. Stephen Stone, 60.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. Charles A. Currier, 27; Widow Mary Osgood, 77; Mr. John A. Smith, 75.—At Taunton, Mr. Joseph Callender, of Roxbury, 65.—At Amherst, Mrs. Sarah Augusta, wife of Mr. E. L. Pennington, of Bedham.—At Andover, Mrs. Elizabeth, widow of the late Dea. Phineas Aiken, of Bedford, N. H., 89.—At Middleboro', Mr. Samuel Smith, 73.—At Rochester, Mrs. Catherine W., relict of Dea. Nathaniel Briggs, 80.—At New Bedford, Miss Elizabeth R. Grinnell, 22; Miss Elizabeth Allen, 18.—At Springfield, Mrs. Elizabeth G., wife of Mr. Dennie Hubbard, 29.—At Princeton, Mr. Willard Parker 63, and his wife, 63; 1—were sick at the same time; both died within a few hours of each other, and both were buried in the same grave.—At Shelburne, Dea. William Long, 100, the oldest person in Franklin county.—At Stonington, Conn., Hon. Benjamin Pomeroy, 89.—At Rutland, N. Y., Daniel Ames, Esq., a native of Hopkinton, Mass., 83.—At Union Town, Kansas T., Mr. Newell Adams, formerly of Boston, 49.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

It is generally allowed that there is work for five times the number of dentists in this country than there is in Great Britain; and that, while bad teeth is the exception there, it is the rule here. We also take more pains with our teeth by washing than do the natives of Ireland, and yet the Irish have far better teeth. Acetic acid is thought to be the main cause of this early decay of teeth among us. — It is estimated that the great female college at Worcester will be completed and commence operations in the autumn of 1856. — A gentleman, resident in Calcutta, in a late letter, thus describes the condition of field sports in that quarter: "There has been a good deal of sporting the last month, with a great slaughter of tigers. A party from the Dacca, of five, have shot, in one week, twenty-five tigers, five rhinoceroses, twenty wild pigs, and a boa-constrictor eighteen feet long!" — The Newfoundland papers state that the Merlin rock at the entrance of St. John's harbor has been successfully and triumphantly removed. — A new method of raising the wind has been invented by an enterprising rascal in Buffalo. Upon the arrival of the cars from New York, he takes his stand upon the Erie Street bridge, and demands a toll of one shilling from every stranger who passes over it on the way from the depot to the lake boat. The unsuspecting stranger pays the toll, and does not discover the imposition until he arrives at the boat. — Rattlesnakes seem to abound in southern Oregon. Three men recently went to the mountains, where dens of these snakes were known to exist in large numbers, and in a short time killed seven hundred of them. — A physician of this vicinity telegraphs indirectly to physicians at Norfolk: "Let the streets, avenues and yards of the city be freely spread with salt, and the yellow fever will, in my opinion, abate in a short time." Any idea which has sense in it will probably be attended to. — Samuel Dukes, postmaster at Colfax, Indiana, has been arrested for robbing the mail, and was admitted to bail in \$3000. — Several children have been poisoned recently, in Vernon, Vt., by eating the seeds of the "spotted cow-berrie, or musquash, which closely resembles caraway. They were found a short time after they had partaken of it in a state of stupor, but, by the application of sinapisms, and a resort to emetics, they were finally restored to consciousness. — Dr. J. H. M. Cate, of Northampton, has been appointed surgeon in the Russian army. The compensation is \$1000 per year salary, with rations, all expenses paid, and \$500 outfit. — The official statistics of the number of emigrant passengers arriving at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New Orleans, for the first half of the present year, show a great falling off as compared with last year. The number arrived this year, during the first six months, was 106,515; last year, same time, 199,299. — The recent exhibition of the Rhode Island Horticultural Society was very creditable. — A number of young American physicians in the Russian army at the Crimea find themselves unexpectedly bound to keep their places till the close of the war. They can get no discharge, lest they communicate information injurious to the cause of their employer. — It is said that Mr. Meagher, recently admitted to practice in the New York courts, has been retained for the defence of the alleged murderers of Poole. — Professor Vergnis, of New York, is said to have been the first who applied the galvanic fluid to extract metals from the human system. He extracted silver from his own system by the galvanic pile, in 1852, he having then seriously injured his hands by the use of nitrate of silver. — The President has lately restored Commodore Charles Stewart to command of the Philadelphia Navy Yard. — A court martial has convicted a lieutenant of militia in Puerto Principe, named Zayas, of having constructed cartridges and moulded rifle balls for the filibusters. General Concha has sentenced him to eight years' imprisonment. — The sugar crop of Louisiana this year will not be above the average. — During the past summer, the wool-growers of Piermont and Haverhill, N. H., have lost between three and four hundred sheep. The lover of mutton was at first thought to be a wolf, then a dog, but now it is believed that a jaguar has done the mischief. — Mrs. Hayne (Julia Dean), it is said, has fixed upon Chicago as a place of permanent residence. A paper of that city says that she will be attached to Mr. Rice's theatre.

GUNPOWDER.

The Russian war is at length felt in the demand for gunpowder and the raw materials of which it is manufactured. Gunpowder has largely advanced recently, and is still rising. Many of the mills in the United States are about being closed, being unable to procure saltpetre, not a sack of which is now for sale in the commercial ports. It has advanced in price one hundred and fifty per cent. in the last sixty days, and agents from Europe in New York and Boston have bought all that will arrive this year from Calcutta. It is said that there is but one powder-making firm in the United States that has stock to run more than sixty days longer. So the allies will have to look out for "villanous saltpetre."

LO! THE POOR INDIAN.—The other day, a young Indian chieftain, clad in complete native American costume—leggings, tomahawk, wampum belt, deerskin moccasins, eagle's plume and all,—a very handsome young fellow, by the way, made his appearance in our office—not to scalp the editor or scarily the clerks, but to buy a lot of Pictorials and Flags for the winter reading of his tribe. Ah! waugh! It is good, brother.

NO STARVATION.—The wheat crop of the United States for the present year is estimated at one hundred and eighty-five millions of bushels! This will make several loaves of bread, and will, with corn, potatoes, apples and beef, enable all of us to get a tolerable living, if the speculators in food will let us.

Wayside Gatherings.

At a late term of the Superior Court for Litchfield county, Ct., twenty six persons were divorced.

California will soon have a railroad in operation. The Sacramento Valley Railroad is in process of construction.

The National Exchange Insurance Company, of New York, has been declared a bankrupt concern.

Wm. B. Astor, of New York, has given a lot of land on which to erect a large addition to the Astor Library building.

The people of Holmes Hole have subscribed \$10,000 to extend the telegraphic cable across the Vineyard Sound.

The Baltimore Republican estimates the funded debt of that city at \$15,222,000. It is proposed to introduce water into the city from Gunpowder River, at an expense of over \$4,000,000.

Nebraska Territory already contains taxable property to the amount of \$619,816, according to the returns of the assessors. Of this aggregate, no less than \$311,116 is in Douglass county.

The pearl fishery has been carried on very successfully on the coast of California within the past five years, and the Santa Barbara Gazette says that "a very great amount of pearls have been found."

A petition is in circulation for a new park in the eighth ward, New York. It is proposed to have it bounded by Fifth and Sixth avenues, and by 13th and 14th streets. The movement bids fair to succeed.

Missouri has enormous crops of corn and wheat this season. Much of the wheat land, it is said, averages forty bushels to the acre, and more corn will be raised in the State this year than for any five years before.

It is remarkable, says Dr. Darwin, that all diseases arising from drinking spirituous or fermented liquors are liable to become hereditary, even to the third generation, and gradually to increase, if the course be continued, till the family becomes extinct.

A conductor on the Sixth Avenue Railroad, New York, has been arrested on charge of defrauding the company of sixty six cents! Might it not have been a safer operation to have taken \$200,000, as matters go now-a-days?

The Yarmouth Register states that the safety of Yarmouth from fire has of late depended entirely upon the efforts of the volunteer fire companies evoked for the occasion. These companies are composed chiefly of ladies, and have proved their efficiency upon several occasions.

Mr. Elijah Denny is the oldest man in Kentucky. He lives in Pulaski county, and is 118 years of age. He served several years in the American revolutionary army under Marion, Sumpter and Horray, and bears the scars of wounds which he then received. He has four sons and five daughters living.

Mr. Ragers Bagley has purchased one hundred and sixty acres of land in Minnesota Territory, which he intends settling upon and improving. Mr. Bagley is one hundred and seven years old, and is still an active and industrious pioneer, in the enjoyment of excellent health.

It is said that Kate Hayes has cleared nearly one hundred thousand dollars in Australia and in the East Indies by giving concerts. She expects to give a series of concerts in the different cities of Australia on her return from India, and then she will return to England and retire to private life.

An order from the post-office department requires route agents to put an end to the indiscriminate reception of letters in their cars, "by closing the openings in their respective cars through which letters are deposited, and by receiving and mailing such only as cannot be conveniently mailed at the post-office."

Mrs. Mary Lewey has been found not guilty of poisoning Mrs. Abigail Allen, of Bloomfield, Vt., though Dr. A. A. Hayes, of Boston, found Parson's vermin exterminator in the stomach of the deceased, and proof was direct and positive, by one witness, that this poison was administered to the deceased by the prisoner.

Among the boats on the Erie Canal, says the Toronto Colonist, is one under the charge of Mrs. Captain Catharine Peck. She has twice been before the Albany courts, once for beating an impudent "deck hand," and again for trying to pitch a former owner of the boat into the canal, because he demanded his pay of her.

Mr. Henry Opp, of West Belleville, Mo., claims to have discovered the perpetual motion, and to have constructed a machine upon its principle. Perpetual motion is discovered about once in every two months, according to the newspapers; but we incline to the notion that, during the course of time, we shall not be favored with such a discovery.

A romantic story comes from Calcutta. It is reported and believed that an officer who was supposed to have been killed at Cabul, thirteen years ago, has suddenly "turned up" alive. He has been a prisoner in Rokan. His name had long been removed from the army list, and his wife had married again, and has a family by her second husband.

An amateur sportsman, of New Haven, Conn., with three companions, lately returned from the region of the Adirondack mountains. They have been absent about six weeks, and in the time have shot thirty-six deer and a moose. The gentleman referred to shot fourteen of the deer and the moose, the latter weighing eight hundred pounds.

The quantity and value of cotton delivered at New Orleans for twelve years was as follows:—Number of bales, 13,692,934; value, \$498,634,273; average value, \$37 12 1-2. This vast quantity of cotton has, at the low rate of freight, paid \$34,768,000 for transportation, and much of it two freights—one to the north, and thence to Europe.

Commander Downing, formerly of the U. S. navy, died at Bristol, Pa., lately. Commander Downing was recently deprived of his command by a court-martial, owing to his conduct in South America, in relation to the reception of Commodore Coe on board a U. S. ship, after Coe had betrayed the cause in which he was engaged.

The increase of Catholic priests in England, is at the rate of 25 a year, while those of the Church of England increase at the rate of about 300 a year. The number of chapels for Roman Catholic worship has risen since 1851, from 586 to 658, and of clergy, from 826 to 925. The number of female religious houses has somewhat increased, but not those of the male.

In the East Indies children are rarely washed in water; but they are oiled every day. A child's head can be kept much cleaner if oiled than without it, and many young persons with hectic cheeks would probably never know the last days of consumption, if their parents would insist on having the chest, back and limbs anointed with sweet oil two or three times a week. The Hebrew physicians seem to have considered oil as more efficacious than any other remedy.

Foreign Items.

Twelve autograph sermons of Luther have recently been discovered at Raksan, in Hungary.

There is a rumor in print, that Miss Cushman intends taking the Haymarket, London, for a winter season.

A. Dumas has been appointed by the French government to collect all the popular ballad poetry of the south of France.

There is a grape vine in Paris, which was planted by Racine in 1699, which is consequently over a hundred and fifty years old, and this year bears a splendid quality of grape.

Sir Moses Montefiore has arrived at Jerusalem, with, it is supposed, firmans authorizing the foundation of several religious establishments, and even a synagogue for the Jews.

The Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay, president of the Philosophical Society, Edinburgh, has presented an extensive and valuable collection of books to the library of that establishment.

The Russian General Bodisco has been restored to his native country by the French emperor. Before leaving, he addressed a letter to the editor of the *Courrier de l'Encre*, speaking in the highest terms of the generous kindness of the French people.

A correspondent of one of the London journals does not think much of the services of the allies of the French and English in the Crimea; he says that "the Sardinians are doing nothing, and the Turks are helping them." This is probably near the truth.

Andrew Crosse, a well known chemist and electrician, died lately, in England. He was possessed of wealth, but was ardent and laborious in his scientific pursuits. His development of animal life in a caustic solution of potash and flint, by galvanism, created much excitement a few years since.

Among the latest novelties in Paris is the Alma pocket handkerchief. It has rounded corners enriched by elegant embroidered designs, and trimmed with shells of fine Valenciennes lace, placed flat. The embroidery nearly covers the cambric, and is a succession of small spots, with here and there a lance, fire-arms, helmets and flags; and at each corner is a man on horseback, in full armor.

Sands of Gold.

.... Indiscriminate pursuit of perfect infallibility leads to mediocrity.—*Fuseli*.

.... Society repudiates incomplete talents, as nature removes feeble or misshapen creatures.—*Balzac*.

.... He that dies a martyr, proves that he was not a knave, but by no means that he was not a fool.—*Cotton*.

.... The lessons of disappointment, humiliation and blunder, impress more than those of a thousand masters.—*Fuseli*.

.... We never love heartily but once, and that is the first time we love. Succeeding inclinations are less involuntary.—*La Bruyere*.

.... Envy feeds upon the living—after death it ceases: then, every man's well earned honors defend him against calumny.—*Ovid*.

.... A copious measure of evil is sometimes assigned to ordinary and contracted minds; whilst greater faculties as frequently evaporate in indolence and languor.—*Balzac*.

.... If thou desirest ease, in the first place take care of the ease of thy mind, for that will make all other sufferings easy; but nothing can support a man whose mind is wounded.—*Fuller*.

.... The little mind who loves itself will write and think with the vulgar; but the great mind will be bravely eccentric, and scorn the beaten road, from universal benevolence.—*Goldsmith*.

.... I have lived to know the great secret of human happiness is this—never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of "too many irons in the fire," conveys an abominable lie. You cannot have too many; poker, tongs, and all—keep them all going.—*Dr. E. D. Clarke*.

.... A guilty conscience is like a whirlpool, drawing in all to itself, which otherwise would pass by. * * * Be fearful only of thyself; and stand in awe of none more than thine own conscience. There is a Cato in every man; a severe censor of his manners. And he that reverences this judge, will seldom do anything he need repent of.—*Fuller*.

Joker's Budget.

The attempt to make omelets out of "egg" coal has been abandoned.

"Hold your tongue for a fool," said an Irishman, to his wife. "Then you'll be after speaking?" was the cutting reply.

We are acquainted with a printer who is so enthusiastic in his business, that he never sits down to dinner without insisting on seeing a *proof of the pudding*.

A bachelor advertised for a "helpmate; one who would prove a companion for his heart, his hand and his lot." A fair one replying, asked very earnestly, "how big is your lot?"

In the present day it can no longer be said that "kissing goes by favor," as it is a well established fact, that every person may take a buss (omnibus) for sixpence.

"Pap, has Mr. Jones's eyes got feet?" "Why, my boy?" "Because I heard mother say to Mr. Doolittle that at a party the other evening, Mr. Jones's eyes followed her all over the room."

"Is there much water in the cistern, Biddy?" inquired a gentleman of his Irish girl, as she came up from the cellar. "It is full on the bottom, sir, but there's none at the top," said Biddy.

A young man at a tea party, overheard one lady say to another, "I have something for your private ear," and immediately exclaimed: "I protest against it, for privateering is illegal."

A Maltese offered his services as dragoman at Alexandria. "Know English well, sir," said he, "have served many English gentlemen; I'm English subject, sir; I get drunk, get drunk, sir."

The latest peculiarity of John Bull is recorded by the French papers. An English lady and gentleman are making the tour of France, on purpose to indulge in midnight bathing in the different rivers.

A man named Stone, exclaimed in a tavern, "I'll bet a sovereign I have the hardest name in the company." "Done," said one of the company, "what's your name?" "Stone," cried the first. "Hand me the money," said the other, "my name is Harder."



ENGLISH MAIL STEAMER ALLIANCE.

ENGLISH MAIL STEAMER "ALLIANCE."

This splendid boat, in which many an American traveller has made the passage from Southampton to Havre, is a very fine specimen of British naval architecture, and reminds us, in a good many particulars, of an American built boat. She is said to be the fastest steam packet-boat which has ever plied across the Channel, and we can readily receive the statement when we scan her model, and glance at her proportions. She was built for the South-Western Railway Company, which runs a fleet of the finest vessels in the British mail and packet service. It is stated that by her excellent performance some hours are saved in the transit from Southampton to Havre. The vessel was named the "Alliance,"

in honor of the happy union of France and England, for so many centuries antagonistic powers. She is commanded by Captain Smith, late of the *Atalanta*, an officer well known to American travellers for his gentlemanly and seamanlike qualities. The British boats cannot vie with ours in splendor, and the *Alliance* makes no pretensions to do so, but for strength and comfortable arrangements she has hardly a superior. The old fashioned steamboats that conveyed passengers from England and France were sadly deficient in accommodation and in ventilation, so that the passage was a sort of purgatory to those who embarked for business and pleasure. The boat of which we have given a drawing is far in advance of any of her predecessors.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

Our engraving represents the present Sultan of Turkey as he appears in public when moving through the streets of Constantinople in the style and with the attendance that befits his rank. Though considerable parade attends the public appearance of crowned heads in the West of Europe, still the "divinity that doth hedge a king" is not so apparent there as in the East. The name of Sultan is still a word of power with the servile and superstitious inhabitants of Turkey. They behold in him the Commander of the Faithful, the vice-regent of the Prophet upon earth, and are ready to lick the dust before his horse's feet, or kiss with trembling and devout lips the hem of his garment.



THE SULTAN OF TURKEY ON HORSEBACK IN THE STREETS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M M BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1855.

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6 CENTS SINGLE.

STATE OF GEORGIA.

"Last of the thirteen," Georgia adopted an armorial bearing indicative of the constitution, supported by those figurative pillars of strength—"wisdom, justice and moderation," with a "continental" on guard. These arms are shown conspicuously in the accompanying emblematic design by Billings. At the base of the picture, two Indian girls in their canoes are gathering flowers. To the right of the shield, we see the middle section of the State, with its "stone mountain" surmounted by a lookout tower. A railroad skirts its base, giving life to many flourishing towns upon its banks. On a yet nearer plane of the picture is a group of field hands gathering cotton. High up on the left of the shield, the artist has given us a glimpse of the renowned Toccoa Falls, and at the bottom, the arrival of De Soto and his knights, in 1541. The

highlands of Georgia abound in magnificent scenery, making it an American Switzerland. Until within twenty years it was the chosen home of the Cherokees. The agricultural region yields heavy crops of corn and wheat, while cotton and rice are among the staple productions. In addition to these sources of wealth, Georgia has rich mines of iron, of gold, and of other minerals. There is an United States' mint at Dahlonega, in the centre of the gold region. The first regular colony was planted in 1733 at Yamacraw Bluff, now the city of Savannah. The founder was General Oglethorpe; but in 1754 the colony was given up to the crown. In the revolution, it was the scene of several desperate conflicts, and furnished many brave men for the army. Georgia ratified the constitution on the 2d of January, 1788. Georgia was among the first States which constructed long lines of railroads, and their pro-

fitable operation has done much to enrich her citizens. At the last census she had 906,185 inhabitants, an increase of 31 per cent since 1840, and many of her cities doubled their size and their wealth during the same decade. In addition to a university at Athens, there are colleges at Milledgeville, Oxford, Penfield and Macon, with a medical college at Augusta. 1251 public schools furnish ample means of education for all, and there are 219 academies for the more advanced in study. Georgia contains 39,680,000 acres, and has 81,364 farmers, besides some ten thousand agricultural laborers. The estimated cash value of her farms is \$95,753,445, and of the farming implements \$5,894,150. Internal improvements have imposed a heavy State tax upon Georgia, yet her finances are in a good condition, and she is among the most prosperous of the States.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FALCONE:

—OR—

THE MYSTERIES OF MEXICO.

A ROMANCE OF OUR DAY.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXIV.—[CONTINUED.]

The prompt action of the Yankee, his flashing eyes, and the sight of the negro Hannibal, who followed closely, intimidated the ruffian soldiers. The one whom Dusenbury had struck fled first, and the other villain, dropping his raised weapon and abandoning his wounded comrade, turned and disappeared through an opposite door. The Yankee took no further thought of either. He had caught the sinking form of Mexicana in his stalwart arms, and beheld her beautiful face upraised to his with a look which repaid him for all the perils he had passed through—a look of gratitude and love.

Dusenbury was no poet. But as he knelt beside the body of Don Manuel and supported that beautiful maiden upon his manly breast, whilst his weather-beaten face was illumined with an expression tender as a mother's when she hushes her babe to slumber, he surely exhibited, in his whole manner, and truly felt in his heart, more of the pure elements of poetry than could be wrought into an epic of description.

Hannibal beheld the meeting, and his hand, which had half grasped the wounded marauder, released its hold and permitted the wretch to stagger from the room and escape. The Yankee's first care was to convey the orphan girl to a place of safety, and to take measures for the disposal of Don Manuel's remains. He soon learned from Mexicana the brief but fearful particulars of her experience during the dreadful days of the siege, and, moreover, that the death of her father had left the lovely girl almost friendless in Vera Cruz, the social as well as business relations of the *administradore* having been confined chiefly to the capital and interior provinces of Mexico.

After parting at Tampico from the fellow-travellers to whom they had been indebted so greatly in the affair with the brigands, Don Manuel and his daughter were escorted by Colonel Nunez without further peril or adventure, until they reached Vera Cruz. Here, the blockade of the port was in full force, and the *administradore*, instead of embarking at once, concluded to remain, partly in order to receive expected advices from Mexico, and partly to avail himself of a Spanish ship which was to depart in a few weeks for his native country. But the old Castilian was destined never to behold that land to which his thoughts of late had been so anxiously directed. A severe illness, the result of excitement and fatigue, prostrated him for several months, and when, under the care of his affectionate daughter, he once more recovered his strength, it was to learn with new anxiety that the city of Vera Cruz had been marked for capture by the Americans, and that the army of General Scott was about investing its walls. At this crisis, too, their new friend, Don Ferrado Nunez, who had established a claim on their regard by his constant attentions during Don Manuel's illness, was recalled to the interior by an order from headquarters, and, with his command, obliged to depart from Vera Cruz.

Mexicana clung to and sustained her parent—but alas! the blow at last fell upon the poor child. By her side, almost within her arms, the blind bolt of death reached her trembling sire. A shell, whose curving ascent she had watched as it rose over the walls, came crashing upon the roof of the dwelling in which she remained with Don Manuel. Through roof and ceilings, down to the apartment in which the doomed man lay, descended the terrible missile, riving walls and tearing furniture; down it rushed, and bursting upon the very floor beneath the maiden's feet, finished its dreadful course. Mexicana escaped unharmed, though the explosion shook the mansion, and overthrew its massy front. She rose to her feet unharmed—but alas! it was to behold her father bleeding and dying before her, a fragment of the shell having inflicted a mortal wound upon the *administradore*.

Through the long day and dreadful night which followed the capture of the city, Mexicana remained, half-stupefied, beside the body of her sire, until some ruffian soldiers, such as are to be found in every army, ranging the city through the midnight hours, had penetrated to the lofty mansion in search of plunder and adventure. The beautiful maiden appeared to their drunken eyes a prize of no common value, and their hardened natures heeded not the lifeless body which absorbed her attention. But Mexicana, fragile and tender though she seemed, was of the royal nature which defends itself against a host. Her father's pistols lay beside the shattered couch, and with what bravery she could use them had already been attested by the fall of one of her assailants, when the timely arrival of Dusenbury and Hannibal rescued her once more from impending danger.

The joy with which Mexicana welcomed the presence of her American friend can only be sympathized with by one, who, like this poor child, had first been deprived of her only relative by so cruel a fate; yet it was a joy, of course, shadowed by the memory of all she had suffered, and the bitter consciousness of her orphaned situation. Dusenbury, quick and rough in action, was of a nature tender as brave; and his ready sympathy administered all the consolation which a sister might receive from the affection of a brother. It was he who took charge of all the details necessary in order that fitting respect might be rendered to the

dead. It was he who obtained the requisite protection and safeguard for the deceased *administradore's* effects which were in Vera Cruz, and in all that he undertook, the Yankee preserved a quiet and dignity which impressed Mexicana more strongly than ever with the sterling qualities of soul concealed beneath his rude exterior.

The funeral arrangements were completed, and, followed by Dusenbury and Mexicana, with a few citizens who had known the *administradore*, the remains of Don Manuel Ribera were borne to their last resting-place. He had hoped that his native Castile might receive his dust, but Heaven, for its own wise purposes, had overruled the wish, and, as Mexico had been the scene of his life struggles, so now it became the land of his repose.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO.

THE reader will now accompany the transition of this true narrative from the dismantled towers and ruined dwellings of the True Cross City, to the environs of the Mexican capital, and the borders of that lake so romantic in its historical associations and beautiful in itself, Tezeuco.

Two great events pregnant with the fate of Mexico had just taken place; two great reverses sustained by the republic's arms had opened the way to her interior for two invading armies. On the 22d of February had been fought the great battle of Buena Vista, which, though claimed as a success by Santa Anna, had resulted in the retreat of that general with his entire army, and the occupation of several new points by the troops of his adversary, Taylor.

But the mischance of Buena Vista was followed by a disaster infinitely more threatening; for the capture of Vera Cruz occurring in the space of one month after the retreat of the Mexican commander-in-chief, opened wide the gulf gate of Mexico to the men and armaments of the enemy, and threw twelve thousand soldiers, flushed with conquest, right upon the highway which conducted to the capital. That highway must therefore be defended; and to effect this result, Santa Anna traversed the interior provinces by forced marches, and leaving General Taylor either to follow or fortify himself, as the latter might determine, pressed forward with all the troops he could muster, in order to occupy some point upon the national road which would command the approach from Vera Cruz to Mexico. This point he soon decided upon. It was one of the snow-topped ranges of that vast chain of mountains that defines the ascending climates of the garden-spot of earth, from the Xalapan hills, upward along the summits of Orizaba, until the table land of the ancient empire smiles in loveliness over all. Cerro Gordo, a lofty eminence, almost impregnable from its natural situation, was now sought by Santa Anna with fifteen thousand soldiers; and there the Mexican dictator resolved to entrench and defend himself against the advance of Winfield Scott.

And here, throwing up his works with the greatest celerity, whilst he implored through his proclamations, on the one hand means and material of war from the legislature sitting at the capital, on the other, new volunteers from the country at large—we will leave Santa Anna, whilst we visit a lovely hacienda or country-house, near the margin of Lake Tezeuco, where at the present moment are gathered several of the persons of our story.

It was indeed a lovely cottage, bowered in thick groves of trees over which clambered fragrant vines, and around and beneath which were flowers and blossoms in innumerable clusters of bloom and fragrance. It was a home such as love might choose for its temple and beauty sanctify with her eternal presence. And love and beauty were both dwellers in the charming place, breathing its delicious odors and dreaming over its flowers, through sunny days and quiet nights. Ah! mournful that love and beauty must anticipate a break upon their happiness, and that to this sweet paradise of domestic bliss the blast of war was to bring gloom and foreboding.

It was at the close of one of those exquisite days which herald the approach of Indian summer, that a group of "fair women and brave men," assembled in a small garden enclosure, near the main entrance of the hacienda alluded to above, conversed in tones of affectionate interest concerning events that were speedily to transpire. The most striking figure of this group was one with which the reader is familiar, being that of Anselmo Zumozin, otherwise the Colonel Anselmo Montognone, aide de camp to the commander-in-chief. Near him sat the Padre Herrata, and opposite to these were two other of our more youthful friends, Teresa Glinton and her lover, Alonzo Vallejo. Arm in arm, promenading the garden walks, while the light evening breeze sprinkled them with falling blossoms, could be seen the artist Lorenzo with his fair wife Inez, and on a rustic bench at a little distance from the rest, sat another couple—one of whom was Don Ferrado Nunez, the other his peerless bride, the Lady Isabella.

Isabella Nunez was in the full blaze of a beauty just ripening into womanhood, and of a type so majestic and dazzling that awe struggled with admiration in the breast of one who for the first time beheld her. Yet, in the magnificent eyes that looked with proud and peerless gaze out from beneath a brow pure as truth and broad with intellect, there was a depth that betokened in the lady's heart other qualities beside those which awaken only distant reverence. To one who could read such high natures, there would shine forth perceptible in all the noble presence of this woman, a warmth, a gentleness and passionateness of soul, far removed from the icy pride with which her stately manner might mislead the careless observer. Such was Donna Isabella, the fair wife of Colonel Ferrado Nunez.

"And so you encountered our good friend, Senor Dusenbury,

Colonel Nunez?" said the Padre Herrata, interrogatively, addressing Don Ferrado, who had just paused in a conversation with his lady.

"I met him as usual, with his hands full of responsibility," replied Nunez, laughing. "Fancy, my dear padre, our North American senor, barricaded with dead horses and mules in a narrow mountain-pass, at the edge of evening, defending an old traveller and his daughter from the attack of some dozen brigands, and you realize the exact position in which I very opportunely, it must be confessed, fell in with our friend Dusenbury."

"Ah! he is a true knight-errant," said Colonel Montognone, joining the conversation. "When last you parted with him, padre, I think he was engaged in a similar duty—I mean in the protection of distressed ladies."

"Yonder happy young dreamers will doubtless bear ready testimony to that," said the priest, pointing to Vallejo and Teresa. "It was to the Senor Dusenbury that they owed their escape, after my capture by the pursuers."

"And like a wise and good friend, as he is," said the low voice of Inez, who now approached with her husband, "he conducted the distressed damsel and her devoted cavalier to a friendly castle, guarded by my Achilles, here."

Saying this, the happy wife tapped Lorenzo's chin with the fan which she gracefully carried.

"And the good knight is now wandering after new adventures, with my sable Hannibal for a squire-at-arms," remarked Teresa, looking archly away from Alonzo, who was paying more heed to her beautiful face than to the conversation going on around him.

"Ah! did I forget Hannibal?" cried Colonel Nunez. "A brave, ready squire as one would desire to have, is that same squire follower of our knight Dusenbury. Hannibal was near on our road to Tampico, and many a want did he anticipate for me."

"Poor Hannibal!" murmured Teresa, and a sigh escaped her bosom, as the thought of the faithful servant recalled the image of one whom he loved. Padre Herrata divined her thoughts and hastened to turn the conversation. Addressing Inez, he inquired, with a smile:

"What say you, my daughter? Will you not abandon the valley of Murillo, and be content to dwell in our Tezeuco retreat, with your gentle sisters, at least till the war is over?"

"I shall deem it no hardship, surely," replied Donna Inez, with a glance at her husband. "But, O, padre, when will the war be over?"

"May Heaven influence the councils of those who rule the opposing nations to make a speedy end of it!" said the priest, solemnly. "The late disasters to our cause seem indeed a judgment upon the heads of the men who in times past have misruled the country. But the Almighty is just, and we may yet bear heroically our misfortunes."

"Bear!" cried Nunez. "It is for Mexico to strike—not bear! O that all true Mexicans would rise in their strength—O that I could behold the real friends of the republic in arms! We should then teach the invaders to endure—not ourselves!"

"If all Mexicans were like you, my dear son—if all were, like yourself, true to the republic and forgetful of self, then might we hope to withstand our invaders. But, ah, Colonel Nunez! at Anselmo!" continued the padre, taking the hands of his two friends, "I fear for Mexico that she must in the end succumb—that she is doomed to lie at the mercy of her powerful northern neighbor."

"Not till the last patriot has fallen," exclaimed Nunez, with indignation, "not, at least, till Ferrado Nunez has closed his eyes forever on such shame!"

The speaker paused, for the eye of Zumozin sought his own, and then fell upon the quiet and lovely face of Donna Isabella, whose glance was fixed upon her husband.

"O, Isabella, pardon me!" cried the young colonel, turning suddenly, and clasping his wife's hand, "but that I love thee, my country were my only love—with thee, Mexico must at least share my devotion."

"Mexico is not worthy of devotion!" answered Isabella. "Have our craven countrymen yet gained a single battle in this disgraceful war? Cowards are they, Ferrado, and unworthy of a sacrifice!"

"Nay, nay," said Padre Herrata, mildly, "not our countrymen, but their counsellors, and—must I say it?—their leaders are to blame. Bravely have the people risen in their country's behalf—but they have been betrayed—alas, it is too true—betrayed! But still let all true Mexicans defend their native land, but in the hands of One alone remaineth the future!"

In conversation such as this passed quickly the hours which were to precede a separation of this happy household; for on the morrow, Colonels Nunez and Zumozin and Padre Herrata were to depart for the army, obedient to the summons of Santa Anna, addressed to the bravest and best of Mexico's defenders. Alonzo and Lorenzo would readily have decided to accompany their friends, had not the lonely situation of the ladies, who would then be entirely unprotected in case of the enemy's sudden advance, rendered it advisable for the two younger men to remain as a sort of domestic guard for Don Ferrado's hacienda. Lorenzo, in compliance with the wish of his friend Zumozin, had accompanied the latter from the valley of Murillo to the capital, some months previously, and at the invitation of Donna Isabella Nunez, resolved now to remain at the Tezeuco cottage, both for the better security of the mansion and because his own little hacienda, where old Murillo still remained with poor Berta and the servants, was too much exposed to the visits of the military, then quartered in force at Puebla.

The morning too soon arrived which was to witness the departure of the officers. Ferrado Nunez, who loved his beautiful wife with an ardor from which his enthusiastic devotion to his country alone subtracted, stood beside the flower-decked gate of his home, holding one of Isabella's fair hands in his own, while his arm supported her drooping form, and his bright eyes looked in hope and animation upon her face.

"Courage, dear Isabella! It will all be well soon. These Americans—indomitable though they be—can never scale our well-defended mountains. Cerro Gordo will certainly be their Waterloo."

"Ferrado! my heart is heavy! I have a presentiment that unhappiness is approaching. O, my husband—why must you again leave me!"

"Dearest wife—our separation will not be long. The war must be decided by the next engagement, for General Santa Anna is gathering all his choicest troops. Ferrado Nunez must not be found a coward."

"Ferrado Nunez forgets that he has a wife," cried Isabella, her cheeks forehead flushing and the tears springing from her eyes.

"It is for you, Isabella—for you that I must combat. With me, with peace, our happiness returns once more."

Colonel Nunez pressed his wife closely to his breast, and then turned upon his steed which a servant held. Zumozin and the others were already mounted, and exchanging adieus with Lorenz, Anselmo and the two younger ladies. Isabella fixed her dark eyes upon Colonel Montognone with a look which he at once perceived to comprehend. He bowed, and placed his hand upon her forehead.

"Fare you well, Anselmo, I resign my husband."

"Well may life shall be guarded!" cried Zumozin, solemnly; and the two brothers-in-arms, looking into one another's face, in token of vows of devotion.

Even in the early morning sunbeams began to tremble through the clouds, Colonel Montognone and his companions waved their hands in lingering farewell, and galloped from the secluded mountain.

The national highway leading from Mexico to Vera Cruz, on which the three friends soon entered, was at the time filled with heavy ammunition wagons and camp-baggage, hastening to the point where Santa Anna had selected as the proper position on which to make his decisive stand against the American command. The road led with the conquest of Vera Cruz, advanced upon the Mexican coast, disposing his army in several divisions, each commanded by an experienced general. To oppose the progress of Santa Anna, the Mexican commander-in-chief had possessed himself of the highest summit of the mountain road, defending the approach to Xalapa and overlooking the national road. The hill of Cerro Gordo was a Gibraltar in its natural situation. On its top stood a deep river, necessary to be crossed before an attack could there be made. Below its brow a wall of mountains extended through the defiles and gorges of which the road on which the Americans were approaching, wound under the guns of the fort and fortifications planted by the Mexicans. Altogether, it seemed a position such that such a position could be forced, and the Mexicans confidently looked forward to a victory which should send the army of Scott to the sea-shore, if it did not indeed annihilate it completely.

In addition with the officers of the Mexican army, who seemed inspired with their general's confidence, Colonel Nunez prophesied a speedy success over the Americans. Colonel Montognone acknowledged the favorable position and character of the defile, but he did not share in the sanguine anticipations of his brother-in-law. He recalled the fearful day of Buena Vista, and well knew that the courage and dogged perseverance of that Anglo-American, when he came now again to measure itself against the combined efforts of Spaniards and aborigines.

"With ten thousand pure Indians, drilled in military science," cried Zumozin, "I would hold this height impregnable against the whole power of the invader. But, alas! what reliance can be placed on such as these?"

And the proud descendant of the Aztec kings glanced with contempt upon a party of Mexican officers who lounged on a rock beneath the spot, where, with Padre Herrata and Colonel Nunez, he was overlooking the fortifications of Cerro Gordo. These officers, like most of the boastful but incompetent young men who filled the subaltern grades, were noisily disputing, as, by way of example, they smoked their cigars and exchanged bad words with each other.

"I should know the features of yonder captain," remarked the priest, whose glance, following Zumozin's, rested upon the group of Mexicans.

"You should, indeed, since it is your Chapultepec jailor whom you see," answered Montognone. "It is with such material that these really brave common soldiers are officered. This poltroon Falcone is but a type of hundreds who disgrace the army."

"See! he recognizes us!" exclaimed the priest, as Gabriel Falcone's face was suddenly turned toward them. "Let us move forward."

The three friends descended the heights in a direction leading from the young officers. Falcone had indeed recognized the priest and Zumozin, and his sallow countenance became at once illumined with hatred. He followed their retreating figures with his malevolent glance, a glance that betokened all the evil of his nature.

The morning of the 28th of April broke in clear brightness over Cerro Gordo heights, and with its first dawn the muster of Santa Anna's troops was summoned by the trumpet blast and the quick beat of the reveille. Flashing in their glittering uniforms, and carrying the broad standard of their corps, the regi-

ments of lancers pranced gaily before the eye of their general. Then marched to their pieces the tried battalions of artillery, and following them, came columns of infantry, treading heavily across the ramparts, above which the frowning batteries looked threateningly from the gorges which they commanded. Santa Anna beheld his troops prepared for the combat, and as their loud shouts of enthusiasm reached his ears, he dreamed of an easy victory over the daring foe.

But the foe had not been idle during the previous night. Unsuspected by even the sentinels who walked their rounds above, the American engineers had succeeded in erecting a masked fort on an opposing hill, which commanded the Mexican batteries. From this fort, at the first sign of daylight, the deadly fire of a twenty-four pounder and two howitzers, which had been lifted to their positions in the darkness of the night, was poured upon the astonished defenders. Very soon the battle opened in earnest, and the American storming divisions advanced to the attack upon Cerro Gordo fort, climbing a steep hill under the terrific fire of the Mexicans. The first ranks of the assailants went down at once before the deadly discharge that met them; but the rest, like madmen, pressed upward over their fallen comrades. In vain was defence—in vain the Mexican general in command cast himself before his men and fell upon the ramparts of his last fortress. Cerro Gordo was captured—the American flag planted upon its loftiest peak.

In the meantime, the two friends, Montognone and Nunez, led their regiments in another part of the field. Stationed at the batteries which defended the inner approaches, the division to which they were attached met the front attack of the Americans. Here the close engagement, the hand to hand fight, the rushing charge, took place, and here the enemy were repeatedly driven from the assault and at length forced to retreat. Montognone and Nunez, at the head of their cavalry, swept over the desperate field like avengers of the slain, and, supported by the batteries at which the brave artillery-men worked with unflagging courage, thrice cleared the plain in front of all who opposed them. Then for a space the battle paused, and the defenders, confident that the field was their own, rested satisfied upon their arms.

But suddenly a messenger from the main division rides breathless to the entrenchments. His blood stained uniform, his broken sword, attest the fury of the strife from which he comes. But, alas! his first words have blanched the cheeks of those brave soldiers, who, till now, exhibited no signs of faltering.

"Santa Anna is in full retreat upon Xalapa, with eight thousand men, scattered and defeated. Cerro Gordo is taken—the battle is lost!"

The noonday sun was looking from the heavens. All that eventful morning this river division of brave Mexicans had fought hand to hand with the enemy, repulsing his repeated assaults, and remaining at last masters of the ground which they defended. And now, in one moment, their hopes were blasted; for their general was a defeated fugitive, their comrades dispersed, the army annihilated.

Anselmo Zumozin, who was returning from the pursuit of the repulsed Americans, with his sword still naked in his grasp, met his brother-in-arms, Ferrado Nunez, just as the messenger of evil appeared within the lines. The two colonels listened to the shameful news, and as the relation was concluded, Montognone returned his sword to the scabbard.

"Ferrado! this is no place for us!" said he.

"Whither go you, Anselmo?"

"To the capital—to Mexico! for I feel that this nation is doomed to bow the neck to her invaders. Neither you nor I can afford to lose our liberty at this time—for there are those who require our protection."

"You are right, Anselmo! To remain here now is to be captured. Let us away!"

And followed by a few soldiers, the remnant of a regiment, the two friends departed from the field, leaving their brave general, La Vega, who commanded the batteries, to keep the position, until, surrounded by the invaders, his valor was useless.

In the meantime, the Padre Herrata, who had remained at the main fortifications, there to administer to the wounded such aid as his pious mind might dictate or opportunity offer, found himself involved in the disastrous consequences of the invaders' passage to the heights. Close beside the good priest, General Vasquez, who commanded the fortress, fell at his feet and breathed his last sigh, just as the Americans captured the first redoubt. What harrowing scenes followed in swift succession might never afterwards be effaced from Padre Herrata's memory; the fierce hurrah and mingling curse and groan, as the storming-party gained the works; the quick, short conflict, when sabre stroke and pistol shot and bayonet thrust sent scores at once to their long account; and, finally, the desperate rush when all was lost, the tumultuous pursuit from the hill, the volleying discharges of musketry, the deep roll of cannon as their plunging shot was turned against those who had lately defended them—all these terrible episodes of battle drove rapidly before the sight of Padre Herrata.

But the priest was cast in nature's sterner mould, albeit his heart and habits were mild and human, and his instincts all of gentleness. Nevertheless, it was duty rather than hardihood, which upheld him during the terrible experiences of that battle-morn; it was duty which led him unarmed amid the smoke and heat and turmoil of conflict. Padre Herrata knelt beside the dying soldier, and murmured in his ear the last consoling words of religion; he lifted the drooping head of the wounded, pressing to his parched lips the grateful flask, many times filled from the running mountain stream; he dragged the wounded and disabled of his fellow-men from under the hoofs of charging horse, or the lumbering wheels of cannon-carriages. Enough found Padre Herrata

to do on that mournful battle-field and along the winding road over which fled the defeated troops of Santa Anna, pursued by their unsparing foes.

Padre Herrata knelt amid the dead and dying long after the whirl of strife had swept through the mountain gorges. He longed, yet dared not, to learn the fate of his two friends, whom he knew had been stationed at a point exposed to yet greater danger than that which surrounded the central fort; inasmuch as, with the heavy cavalry, supported by artillery, the division to which the two officers were attached was expected to defend the banks of the river for a wide distance on either side. Uncertain of their position, however, or of the means of reaching it, and absorbed, moreover, by the present necessity for his assistance, the priest remained near the main batteries, affording to countrymen and strangers such aid as he could bestow.

But the Padre Herrata had an enemy upon the battle-field, whose malignant nature could not be moved by the pious devotion which the good father's task of charity evinced. Closely observing the priest's motions from a cleft in the rocky wall, half concealed by a clump of shrubby oak, looked out the sinister face of a Mexican, who, failing to escape with his fugitive comrades, had slipped within the crevice, and thus evaded the murderous rush of the American dragoons, as they followed the infantry in dislodging the defenders. At the roots of the dwarfed oak lay a foot-soldier, prostrated by a sabre-stroke, but yet living and moaning with pain, and to this poor wounded man Padre Herrata's attention was at length attracted.

But, as he raised the wounded wretch in his arms and applied a wet sponge to his discolored lips, the priest, from that singular intuition, perhaps magnetism, which often informs us of the nearness of an evil thing, became conscious of the fixed look of hatred with which the concealed Mexican was regarding him. Mechanically he looked up through the shrubby foliage of the oak, and his glance at once recognized the glowering features of Gabriel Falcone.

The gamester at once sprang from his hiding-place, for, save the padre and the disabled men who lay thickly around him, no living being was to be seen in that lonely portion of the gorge to which the priest in his route of mercy had arrived. Falcone's eyes expressed the wicked intention which filled his heart, and in a moment Padre Herrata knew that his own life was in peril. He rose suddenly from his kneeling position, and would have retreated, but the desperado's hand grasped his throat, and bore him heavily to the ground, beside the wounded soldier.

"Dog of a friar!" muttered the gamester, between his set teeth. "It is you who have been my bane—you who have thwarted me in my purposes; and now—I have you!"

The last words were hissed out with a malignancy which exhibited at once the hatred of the desperate young man, and his determined purpose of revenge upon one whom he deemed his enemy. A few brief moments since, compelled to cast himself into the rocky cleft to save his threatened life, the wretched Falcone was now ready to lift his hand against an unarmed and defenceless priest. But Heaven was not to suffer the murderous deed. For scarcely had the padre sunk to the earth under the violent assault of his enemy, than a voice, loud and cheery as a trumpet, rang amid the rocks.

"Hold on, padre, till I sight the critter!"

The next instant a sharp report echoed through the gorge, and Falcone, releasing his grasp of the priest, staggered a few paces back, and then, with a fierce malediction, sprang to the mouth of a defile near by and disappeared from sight. At the same time a hand grasped that of Padre Herrata and raised him to his feet, while the hearty tones of Dusenbury, the Yankee, congratulated his friend upon his safety.

"I was jest in time, by thunder!" ejaculated the North American. "Another minute and that ere yaller skin would a' stuck you, sure. Jerusalem! what a pison sarprint! I reckon, however, he's got an ounce o' cold lead in his shoulder-blade, for I took tarnal good aim; and if he aint vitally hurt, I'll warrant he's mortal skeered, now I tell ye."

While rapidly uttering these words, Dusenbury was engaged in a vigorous shaking of the priest's hand, to which the latter returned a warm pressure. At length, however, the Yankee, seeming to recall himself, exclaimed:

"But you aint hurt—eh, padre? Can't afford to lose you, no how. Where's Captin' Zumozin and Nunez?—safe, I hope? Jehosaphat! what a scrimmage this has been, and no mistake!"

"Your countrymen are victorious once more," said the priest.

"Allers, padre—can't be helped! Scott's a hoss, as well as old 'Rough and Ready.' I don't say it for boasting, padre, nor to hurt your feelin's, but it aint no manner o' use for Santy Anny to stan' out agin our troops. They're bound to whip, and no mistake."

"It is too true, my friend," answered Padre Herrata. "The stronger must overcome us! May God so dispose us that our present misfortunes shall ensure us future wisdom!"

"He will, padre, he will," said Dusenbury, solemnly. "And now, jest you come away from this, and get in a safe place. I tell you what, stragglers don't stand no chance from Harney's troopers, and so it's better to keep out o' their way."

Dusenbury pointed, as he spoke, to the prostrate forms of the dead Mexicans, who lay thickly around where they had fallen, cloven by the sabres of the terrible second dragoons. Then, after pausing a few moments in order to re-load the rifle which he had discharged at Falcone, the Yankee took the hand of Padre Herrata and conducted him down the declivities of the road toward the Plan del Rio, where, at this time were fixed the headquarters of the American general, whose victorious troops were now pursuing the enemy to the very gates of Xalapa.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FALCONE SUCCESSFUL.

WHILE these events were taking place, involving the destiny of many in whom we are interested, the plotting Don Ricardo Ramos was not idle in his plans or practices. Whilst his protegee Falcone, attached to the army, was engaged in the rapid series of events which marked the operations of General Santa Anna, from the breaking up of his camp at San Luis to the last fatal field of Cerro Gordo, the clever schemer pursued his purpose of obtaining possession of the young maiden, Teresa Ginton.

It was not long after the departure of Falcone to join the troops, before Don Ricardo, through his emissaries, succeeded in tracing the whereabouts of Lorenzo and Vallejo, and shortly after, the retreat of Teresa at the hacienda of Colonel Ferrado Nunez. To the neighborhood of this secluded dwelling, which was situated only a few miles from the city, Don Ricardo soon made many visits, accustoming himself to reconnoitre the garden and grounds attached to the cottage, and to watch the graceful figures of Donna Isabella, Inez and Teresa, as they wandered together among the groves and flower-beds, or conversed with the cavaliers beneath the vine-covered balconies. And often, as his glance surveyed its unconscious subjects, Don Ricardo's countenance would wear a dark expression, and a spasm, as of secret pain, would quiver through his frame. The apparent happiness which he witnessed was, indeed, as gall and wormwood to this bad man, and he swore that at least Teresa's share of it should soon be destroyed.

But, though ever watchful for an opportunity of attaining his object in wresting the young American girl from the protection of her Mexican friends, Don Ricardo was for a long time baffled in his design. The constant presence of either Padre Herrata or Alonzo and Lorenzo, and afterwards the arrival and brief sojourn of Montagnone and Nunez, interposed constant obstacles to any overt attempt at abduction, and it was not till the departure of the two colonels and the priest for Cerro Gordo, that the indefatigable schemer beheld a prospect of successfully accomplishing his purpose; for then, much to his satisfaction, he found means to communicate with the mulatto girl, Lucille.

Lucille, like most of her volatile profession, was at once a warm-hearted and faithful servant and an incorrigible, vain coquette. At the period of her fellow-service with Hannibal, she had well-nigh broken the poor fellow's heart with her vagaries, though, it must be confessed, her own was very much grieved at her sable admirer's absence; for Lucille was well aware of Hannibal's good qualities, and, moreover, that his affection for her was a true and ardent one. Nevertheless, as the little Creole had been in past days, so likewise was she now, and many was the hapless Mestizo, and not a few the full-blooded Mexicans, whose pulse beat faster as Lucille's white teeth smiled on them, or her silvery laugh rang merrily in their ears. Indeed, were we to chronicle the mulatto maiden's besetting sin, we should very likely set it down as a coquettish vanity—the result, perhaps, of the partiality of her mistress and the general favor she enjoyed in the household. Such was Lucille, and such the cunning Don Ricardo judged her to be, when he adroitly approached her one morning after the priest's departure, and inquired concerning the health of the good Padre Herrata.

The good padre had left, was the reply, which Don Ricardo expected, of course; nevertheless, he did not, therefore, cease his conversation, but continued to talk in a low voice, not only of the good padre's many virtues, but of her own good looks and sprightly manners; so that the foolish Lucille was quite carried away by the grandee's discourse. And when, at last, he mounted his horse and at the same time slipped into her hand a bright piece of gold, it is no wonder that the simple yellow maiden was really unable to determine whether she stood upon her head or her heels. She contrived, however, to place the gold piece very carefully in her pocket, and then ran home to the cottage, not indeed, to tell her mistress all about the interview, but to ponder and talk to herself concerning the gentleman who had noticed her.

Another interview speedily followed this first meeting with the stranger, and soon after another; and each interview made Lucille richer by a new gold piece, as well as of infinite more value in her own estimation on account of the gentleman's compliments. Besides this, the stranger talked her own native French, and listened to her glib tongue as it answered his questions, with an attention that was indeed quite flattering. No wonder that poor Lucille's weak head was almost turned by the cunning Don Ricardo, or that she forgot her discretion, or the danger to which her mistress had been before exposed. And no wonder, indeed, was it, that the artful stranger soon discovered all that he desired to know concerning Teresa Ginton, and even enlisted Lucille in the scheme which he was arranging.

It is not to be supposed that Don Ricardo revealed to Lucille any portion of the dark plot he was weaving in order to ensnare her innocent mistress; but he, nevertheless, succeeded quite as nearly to his wish in the measures he wished accomplished. By degrees he had familiarized the girl to converse freely regarding Teresa, and at last avowed that he was aware of a great portion of the young senora's family history, inasmuch as her mother had been once well known to him in Mexico; that, moreover, Teresa Ginton was entitled to lay claim to considerable property which her mother had possessed, and that, finally, he desired to communicate all the particulars of these facts to the private ear of the maiden herself, in order that she might determine whatever course of action she should undertake. He therefore entreated of Lucille, that she would lose no time in informing him whenever an opportunity should occur, through the absence of the two young gentlemen of the household, of procuring him a strictly private interview with the orphan American.

This scheme was so very artfully woven that it completely deceived the unsuspecting mulatto girl. Deluded by the strange gentleman's familiarity, and possessed with the thought that she should be the means of insuring a great advantage to her mistress, Lucille promised to do all that Don Ricardo wished, in order to bring about the important meeting.

Important, indeed, it proved—though not in the manner that poor Lucille anticipated. The looked-for opportunity soon occurred; for Lorenzo accompanied his lady and Donna Isabella on a drive to the city, and Teresa was left at the cottage attended only by Lucille, though her devoted Alonzo was as usual in the vicinity. Teresa had declined accompanying her friends, and Vallejo had, of course, chosen to remain near his betrothed, as the fair orphan now was; but while the maiden was occupied in her chamber, the young man had wandered, according to his custom, poring over some quaint page, among the rustling shadows of the grove. It was at this juncture that Lucille stole forth and met Don Ricardo, who, aware of Lorenzo's absence, was impatiently awaiting the appearance of his duped coadjutor. The waiting-maid conducted him to the shaded drawing-room, with its jalousied casements looking out upon the garden sweets, and twined with a maze of jessamine and honeysuckle; and there, leaving him to remain, acquainted her mistress that a stranger was waiting to see her.

"A stranger! to see me, Lucille?" exclaimed Teresa. "Where is Senor Vallejo?"

"He is walking, with his book, by the lake-side," answered the attendant, demurely, though her heart palpitated uneasily with the consciousness of the part she was acting.

"But I cannot see a stranger, Lucille."

"Ah! he is so earnest, mam'selle! And, *O ciel!* I forgot—he did know your mother—"

As the word "mother" fell upon the orphan's ear, a deep flush and then a sudden paleness overspread her features.

"Ah, Lucille! I will go down at once. But do you seek Senor Vallejo, and request him to return quickly."

Lucille rejoined Don Ricardo, and informed him that her mistress would presently descend; but she did not, as Teresa had directed, immediately seek the Senor Vallejo. Unhappy Lucille! She did not know that the wicked Don Ricardo was not alone—that his ready satellites were concealed among the woods that skirted the roadside near by. Had the poor girl suspected this, she had not exhibited such tardiness as she left the cottage porch and pretended to search for Alonzo.

But what was that which came suddenly to her ears?—a suppressed shriek and the noise of rushing feet. Lucille paused a moment, listening intently, then darted toward the road that wound near the hacienda. Alas! the sight that met her eyes.

Don Ricardo, bearing her mistress in his arms, with her head closely muffled in a scarf, was just crossing the garden walk to an open carriage which stood at the very gate, and beside which were two dark-featured servants. Another moment and the orphan was thrust into the vehicle, but not before a loud scream from the pallid lips of Lucille apprised the kidnappers of her presence.

"Curse the wench! She will ruin all!" cried Don Ricardo, leaping into the carriage beside the muffled maiden, whom he held tightly. "Pedro! that girl must go with us! In with her!"

The next instant Lucille's shrieks were stifled by an operation similar to that which had rendered her mistress helpless. The ruffian Pedro grasped her in his arms, while his comrade bound a shawl around her mouth, covering her head and face in its ample folds. Then, lifting her to the carriage, he seated her beside him, opposite to his master and Teresa, and gave the signal to the other servant, who had sprung to the driver's seat.

Alonzo Vallejo wandered with his book, by the margin of the still lake; he mused tenderly upon her whom he loved so well, but dreamed not that a carriage drawn by two swift horses was bearing her far away from him. But too soon for his own peace, did the lover become aware of the absence of his betrothed. When, weary of strolling, he bent his steps to the cottage, and, entering its quiet precincts, called upon the name of "Teresa," no voice replied to him—no light footstep answered his welcome voice. Teresa Ginton was no longer here—she had gone—vanished, and no trace of her slight remained. The few servants of the hacienda were summoned, but could give no intelligence concerning the senora. Lucille, too, had disappeared. What terrible mystery was this?

All day with almost frenzied earnestness did Vallejo pursue his search. He explored the woods for miles around; he paused, shudderingly, and peered into the still waters of the lake; he mounted his horse and galloped wildly over the neighboring roads; but no vestige of Teresa nor of her attendant could be discovered.

At nightfall Lorenzo returned with the ladies to hear the sad news, and witness the passionate grief of his young friend. But, vain were their mutual counsels, unavailing the search which they continued that night and the next day and throughout the tedious week. Teresa Ginton was gone. It was as if the hand of death had removed her, so suddenly and mysteriously had she vanished. Many were the surmises of the sorrowing household, and Alonzo recalled the bold attempt that had so nearly succeeded, at the hacienda of Lorenzo, in depriving him of his beloved friend. He doubted not that the same parties had now succeeded in their designs; the more so because a neighboring peasant described a cavalier that he had often noticed in the vicinity of the cottage, and the description answered to the appearance of the man with whom Vallejo had crossed swords near the valley of Murillo. The young man now clung to the hope that the return of his friend Montagnone might assist him in the unravelling of the

dark conspiracy which had robbed him of his affianced; and he looked forward anxiously to news from the army.

That news speedily arrived. The battle of Cerro Gordo had been fought and lost by the Mexican general. Santa Anna, pursued by the victorious foe, was hastening to the capital. Presently rumor, and soon assurance, chronicled other disasters. Xela had been entered—the castle and town of Perote captured, and ere long Puebla, beautiful City of the Angels, situated on that sterile plain where once the armies of Cortez and Montezuma met in conflict—fell likewise into the power of the conquerors, who garrisoned its forts and the surrounding places of strength. Nothing now interfered to oppose the march of General Scott upon the capital itself—nothing, unless the good genius of Santa Anna's earlier campaigns should again return and enable him to hold successfully the numerous fortifications that surrounded Mexico. These, defended with skill and energy, might indeed bar the invader's further progress; but would skill and energy be at hand? Would the lost prestige of arms be ever regained by the dictator? Events alone were to determine this.

In the meantime the brothers-in-arms, Montagnone and Nunez, returned to the latter's hacienda, and received the sad tidings of Teresa's loss. But to Vallejo's anxious inquiries relative to the persons whom Zumozin knew to have been connected with the previous attempt at abduction, the latter could only return a reply that left the young man in deeper perplexity. Falcone, he said, had been with the army at Cerro Gordo—consequently it was impossible he could have had any part in the carrying off of Teresa, which took place near the date when the battle was fought.

"But he may have been privy to the deed," suggested Vallejo. "Where is this Falcone now?"

"I know not! The dispersal of the troops after the defeat separated us all. Falcone may have fallen, though his name is not in the list of dead."

"But he had an accomplice—one, too, of no mean account—an antagonist—him with whom I was struggling when your timely arrival saved my life."

"If the senora is in that man's power," answered Zumozin, "we have everything to fear, and must proceed with caution. Don Ricardo Ramos is an unscrupulous man."

"Let us seek the villain at once, and force him to confess," cried Vallejo, in great excitement. "You know him, Montagnone! let us to horse!"

"We must do nothing rashly," said Zumozin. "Would that our friend Padre Herrata were here! Alas! him, too, have we lost sight of since that fatal battle!"

"The Padre Herrata—lost!"

"I fear he is a prisoner with the enemy—indeed, I trust that no greater evil has befallen him. But we must lose no time! The senora must be rescued, if she be indeed in the power of Don Ricardo! Remain at the hacienda, my friends, and leave to me the task of ascertaining if such be the case. I will at once ride to the city and take measures to unravel the meshes of this villany."

"But may not I accompany you?" inquired Vallejo.

"It is better that you remain here—for the present. Don Ricardo is a schemer, and craft must effect for us what holden would fail to do. Farewell, my friends."

Montagnone's steed soon bore him to the capital, and through the streets now filled with anxious groups, discussing, with pale lips, the recent news of the war. A gloom seemed to envelop the city, doubt and dismay overshadowing every countenance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HUDSON RIVER.

I thank God I was born on its banks. I think it an invaluable advantage to be born and brought up in the neighborhood of a grand and noble object of nature—a river, a lake or a mountain. We make a friendship with it, we in a manner ally ourselves to it for life. It remains an object of our pride and affection, a rallying point to call us home again after all our wanderings. "The things which we have learned in our childhood," says an old writer, "grow up with our soul and unite themselves to it." So it is with the scenes among which we have passed our early days; they influence the whole course of our thoughts and feelings, and I fancy I can trace much of what is good and pleasant in my own heterogeneous compound to my early companionship with this glorious river. In the warmth of my youthful enthusiasm, I used to clothe it with moral attributes, and almost to give it a soul. I admired its frank, bold, honest character, its noble simplicity and perfect truth. Here was no specious smiling surface, covering the dangerous sandbar or perfidious rock, but a stream, deep as it was broad, and bearing with honorable faith the bark that trusted to its waves. I gloried in its simple, quiet, majestic, epic flow, ever straightforward. Once, indeed, it turns aside for a moment, forced from its course by opposing mountains, but it struggles bravely through them, and immediately resumes its straightforward march. Behold, thought I, the emblem of a good man's course through life, ever simple, open and direct; or, if overpowered by adverse circumstances, he deviates into error, it is but momentary—he soon recovers his onward career, and continues it to the end of his pilgrimage. The Hudson is, in manner, my first and last love, and after all my wanderings and seeming infidelities, I return to it with a heartfelt preference over all the other rivers in the world.—Irving.

SOUNDNESS OF MIND.

A perfectly just and sound mind is a rare and invaluable gift, but it is still much more unusual to see such a mind unbiased in all its actings. Few escape the bias of some predilection, prejudice, habitually operating, and none, at all times, are perfectly free. I once saw this subject forcibly illustrated. A watchmaker told me that a gentleman had put an exquisite watch into his hands, which went irregularly. It was as perfect a piece of work as was ever made. He took it to pieces and put it together again twenty times. No manner of defect was to be discovered; yet the watch went intolerably. At last it struck him that the balance-wheel might have been near a magnet: on applying a needle to it, he found his suspicions true. The steel works in the other part of the watch had a perpetual influence on its motions; and the watch went as well as possible with a new wheel. If the soundest mind be magnetized by any predilection, it must act irregularly.—Cecil.



CITADEL OF ST. PETERSBURG, FROM THE NEVA.

rial Winter Palace, the Admiralty, and the splendid residence of the nobles. The Exchange, the Bureau of Manufacture, the Customs, and the University, are on the opposite bank of the Little Neva, on Wasily Ostroff, or William's Island. The second engraving shows the humble residence of the founder of the magnificent city which bears his name, while his magnificent projects were being carried into execution. It is held in special veneration, and attracts multitudes of visitors. It is preserved in the state in which he occupied it; and in the interior are placed the tools with which he worked as a ship-builder. The house is in charge of an invalid guard, who shows it to strangers, and may daily be seen pacing in front of the house. The last engraving shows a fine view of Revel,

now menaced with destruction by the allies. It is strongly fortified, while its quaint minaret-like spires give it that half oriental character which distinguishes most of the Russian towns and cities. It is the capital of the Russian government of Esthonia, situated 59 degrees 26 min. north latitude, and 24 degrees 35 min. east longitude, in the Gulf of Finland. It is very strongly fortified, and in 1824, the harbor was made capable of receiving the Russian Baltic fleet. It has much the appearance of many of the towns of northern Germany, with narrow, irregular streets, and dark, old-fashioned houses. The best part of the city is that called the Dour, which is in fact a distinct portion, being surrounded with walls and towers in the old style; there are extensive suburbs. In all there are 1900 houses, of which one thousand are in the suburbs; and 15,000 inhabitants, of which a large proportion are Germans. There are numerous public and private schools, a gymnasium founded by Gustavus Adolphus in 1631, a theatre, and a naval and military hospital. The manufactures are cotton goods, hats, stockings, leather, powder, needles, earthenware, looking-glasses, etc. Revel has a considerable trade, chiefly in the hands of Germans. Revel was founded by the Danes, in 1218, and afterwards sold by them to the Knights of the Teutonic Order. In 1561, it came into the hands of Sweden, from whom Russia took it in 1710.

CITADEL OF ST. PETERSBURG, ETC.

Our first engraving presents an accurate view of this important structure, to which much interest has been added by the existence of a most serious war in which Russia is now engaged with the western powers, and which has drawn the eyes of all the world to every spot which may become the scene of deadly conflict. St. Petersburg, which sprang into existence at the will of Peter the Great, and which is only a century and a half old, is one of the most splendid cities in the world, and presents many views of unrivalled architectural beauty. The foundation stone of the citadel, the subject of our illustration, was laid by the great Peter, in 1703, and the fortress is situated on the right bank of the Neva, where the beautiful river divides into the Little Neva and the Neva properly so called. It is the burial-place of the imperial family, the Church of St. Peter and Paul (with its lofty dome), remarkable for its lofty spire, the mint, the Kasnaya Palata, or Money Office, the prisons of state, the barracks of the garrison, and extensive salt-petre works. In a little chapel in the fortress is preserved the origin of the Russian Empire, the first boat which Peter himself built in 1693. On the land side the citadel is surrounded by a deep and broad fosse. Opposite the fortress, on the so-called Palace Quay, are the Marble Palace (the Palace of the Grand Duke Constantine), the Hermitage, the Impe-



HOUSE OF PETER THE GREAT.



THE CITY OF REVEL, RUSSIA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ODE FOR A FAIR.

BY J. HUNT, JR.

We come, with honest, hopeful hearts,
And spread our offerings here to-day,
As products of those peaceful arts
Which grow along man's cultured way.
No orphan's sigh, nor widow's tear—
Which oft the cup of life doth fill,
Nor aged parents' hoarse fear,
Pollute these trophies of our skill.

We come, a striving brothers' band,
And ask the meed of praise to share;
Contented each to fall or stand.
According to the works we bear.
We shadow forth that epoch, when
Mankind shall feel the promised calm,
When wars will cease, and in his den
The lion nestle with the lamb.

When Peace shall hold her tranquil reign
Throughout this wide, yet wicked world,
When Pleasure's bowers will know no pain,
And Sorrow from its throne be hurled.
From north to south, from east to west,
O'er desert wilds and ocean's ware,
The Gospel tidings blessing, blest,
Shall nations cheer, and nations save.

We've laid the giant forest low,
Our landscape like an Eden looks;
We've changed the cannon for the plow,
And bent our swords to pruning-hooks.
For fame conflicting armies bleed,
And despots boast their royal birth,—
We claim to be, and are, indeed,
The bone and sinew of the earth.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

VALERIE D'ORSINI: —OR,— THE SPIRIT BRIDE.

BY EUSTACE ELLERY.

DURING the Christmas holidays of 18—, I was visiting at an old chateau, near the Appenine mountains. The mistress of the mansion had assembled an agreeable reunion of intelligent women, officers, and her most pleasant neighbors. Good humor and confidence reigned in our society. During the day, we amused ourselves with games and exercises, and, at night, assembled in the hall, where each would relate a "ghost story" in turn, which would send us, pale and trembling, although ashamed of our folly, through the long corridors, to our own distant apartments.

One of our company was a young Italian, named Valerie d'Orsini, who was visiting our hostess while her husband, the Count d'Orsini, was absent on business at Florence. This young stranger was very amiable. She joined to a bright wit, a sweetness and dignity of manner that was unalterable. Her large, dark eyes were languishing, and her beauty and touching grace received a new charm from the eternal paleness of her countenance. Her lips, even, shared this pallid hue; and when Valerie spoke, one would have believed she was an animated statue of alabaster; when she was silent, she appeared a realization of Pygmalion's charming image.

Among all the ladies, Valerie maintained the most courage during our horrible recitals. She was never alarmed; she listened and smiled, and when others were surprised and filled with wonder, she found the incidents very simple. At last, we were piqued at her apparent insensibility, and inquired the cause; when she replied thus:

"My friends, I find that the slightest history regarding a spirit surprises you, because you have never seen one."

"Then you have, yourself, beheld one, madame!" cried I, suddenly.

She smiled sadly, and answered:

"I have experienced all myself. I have ceased to exist; I have again arisen, and it is one from the dead who now addresses you!"

At these words, all the assemblage rose, uttered cries of horror, and fled precipitately. As we were leaving the hall, Valerie raised her sweet and tender voice, and calling us back, entreated our attention while she explained the mystery that surrounded her.

"It is not my fault, my friends," commenced she, "that I died six years ago. As to the period since then, I have found it infinitely happy, and, thanks to Heaven, have enjoyed uninterrupted life. It is true that the troubles I suffered, during my life, have been amply repaid by the joys that followed my death. It is necessary for me to inform you of my fortune up to that moment, that you may understand that it was by no fault of my own that I quitted the world.

"I was born in Florence, of noble and rich parents. I was their only child. I was brought up at home, where my good and gentle mother sought, by her care, kindness and tenderness, to compensate for my father's severity. Proud of his high birth, and of the services he had rendered the emperor, he was constantly lamenting that he had not a son who could inherit his name. My poor mother supported his humor with a sweetness that sometimes disarmed him. But he loved me not, because I could not succeed to the honors he prized so highly.

"The palace which we occupied at Florence was near a house inhabited by an old gentleman, not rich, but much esteemed, named the Marquis d'Orsini. A widower for a long time, he had consecrated his life to the education of his only son, Octave d'Or-

sini, a few years older than I. My father and the old marquis had served together, and been intimate from youth; and young Octave was accustomed from infancy to frequent our home, where my mother received him with indulgent kindness.

"Thus our childhood passed, until I had reached my sixteenth year, when Octave one day informed me that his father had obtained a commission for him in the army, and that he should soon leave home to join the troops of the emperor. This sudden announcement revealed to us the nature of our feelings for each other. We felt that our love was strong and enduring, and we pledged our vows to be constant in absence, and to unite our fate, if ever permitted to meet again.

"This interview was in a secluded grove behind the chateau; for we had agreed not to reveal our affection to my father, whom I had always feared, until Octave's return. As we were about to part, my young companion threw himself at my feet, pressing his lips to my hand, when my father suddenly appeared at the entrance of the wood. His anger was equal to our alarm. He ordered me, in a terrible voice, to return to my mother. I obeyed instantly; while Octave, without braving my father's wrath, slowly withdrew to his own home.

"I suffered, perhaps, more than he; for I had to endure the reproaches of my father, who treated me more cruelly than ever, and threatened even my destruction if I renounced not Octave. This love was born with my infancy, and, I felt, would only end with my life. In the midst of my father's threats, I silently vowed never to forget, and to belong only to him.

"The next day after this sad adventure, while I was with my mother, who sought to dissipate my sorrow, and teach me to hope for the future, we saw the Marquis d'Orsini enter. His air was noble and grave; his white locks and venerable aspect inspired respect. My father, on seeing him, ordered me to retire; but the powerful interest I felt in the interview made me remain in the hall, near the door, where I heard words I have never forgotten.

" 'Signor,' said the father of Octave, 'I come here to ask a pardon, and request a favor. My son has confided to me all; I have blamed his rashness, but my paternal heart feels a pity for his passion. Octave adores your daughter, and he dares to hope that he is beloved by her. If you oppose their vows, you will render them both unhappy, and you will suffer yourself; for nature compensates to us, my old friend, for the pleasures we have lost by our witnessing and enhancing the joys of our children. You know the name of Orsini; it is without reproach, and is worthy of being allied with yours. Your riches alone render the marriage unequal; but retain the wealth. Give only to Valerie what my son will receive from me; it will suffice their happiness.'"

" 'I am astonished,' replied my father, with a cold, disdainful air, 'at your son's presumption in aspiring to the hand of my daughter. Their childish intimacy should have ceased long ago; and it is repugnant to my feelings that you have thought that this marriage would be approved by me.'"

" 'I thought,' interrupted the old man, 'that you were sensible and good, that you loved your daughter, that pride would not reign in the heart of a parent over the sweetest, the most sacred duties. I think my son has committed no offence in loving Valerie, and you forget your old friend his father is at least your equal.'"

"At these words, my mother trembled for the reply which the marquis might receive; and, casting a look of entreaty on him, the old man left the apartment. From that moment, the most violent hatred replaced a friendship of thirty years existence.

"Judge of my misery! Hopeless of ever again seeing Octave, I could convey to him no tidings of myself, or receive any word from him. My father guarded me strictly, never allowing me to go out, except to mass. I saw him only at our repasts, when he never spoke, nor turned his glance towards me. I was in the house as a stranger, to whom he felt only cold indifference.

"At last, my health began to give way, and my mother, fearing for my life, allowed me to walk out around the chateau, in my father's absence. In one of these walks, I sought the spot where had commenced all my misfortunes. There, in that retreat, I wept over our cruel fate, and renewed to myself the vows that bound me to Octave. At that moment, I heard some one approaching, who rushed forward and fell at my feet. Alarmed, I turned to fly, when the voice of Octave arrested me.

" 'Listen to me,' said he; 'I have only one moment, and it is the last. I leave Florence this night. War is declared with Prussia; I go to join the army, and I shall perish, or merit you. I demand one year of you, Valerie; promise me, swear to me, to resist, for that time, the wishes of your father; then, if living, I will come to claim you.'"

"I listened, while my heart throbbed with love, hope and fear. I vowed to be faithful to him all my life; to die a thousand deaths before accepting another. We agreed to write by means of a servant who was to convey his letters to me in the garden. A slight noise, which we then heard, caused us to separate, and I parted from Octave to return precipitately to my chamber, where I passed the night in tears.

"During the first six months after the departure of my lover, nothing changed with me at home. My father treated me with the same severity; my mother, with the same tenderness. The servant faithfully brought the letters, which announced, each day, some new success. General Landhon had taken Octave under his own protection; and him one of his aids, and promised to advance him to the first rank. But this war was tedious and long. The great talent of Frederick of Prussia, and his brother, Prince Henry, disconcerted all the projects of General Landhon. The attacks and surprises of the Italian troops were of no avail against these two Prussian heroes, and personal valor and courage were as nothing in the war.

"At the end of six months, I ceased, all at once, to receive any

tidings from Octave. Troubled for his safety, I wrote him a last letter, and counted the hours of the couriers. The courier, who confidant, went, day after day, to the post, and always returned saying that nothing had arrived. In despair at this long silence, I sent to the Marquis d'Orsini, inquiring what intelligence he had received. His reply, while it calmed my fears, increased my sadness. Octave had written the old man that he was well, that he had advanced to the rank of colonel, and was passing the winter at Vienna with General Landhon.

"At this time, there arrived from Germany a certain cousin of my father's, who established himself in our mansion. He was a dark, powerfully made man, of forty-five or fifty years; his face was awkward, and his disposition cold and repelling.

"This cousin, who was called the Count Herald, had, on the first night of his arrival, after having, at supper, questioned my father as to all the distinguished families of Tuscany, inquired if there resided in Florence a certain Marquis d'Orsini. My father, in a tone of ill humor, replied that he knew him not.

" 'It is necessary that I seek him,' replied Herald; 'for, while passing some time in Vienna, I dined with General Landhon on the day of the marriage of his niece with the son of the Marquis d'Orsini. This young man, whom I found very amiable, begged me to take a letter to his father, and give him an account of his marriage, and the happiness of the newly-wedded pair.'"

"I listened to these words more dead than living. My father quietly observed Herald, without replying. My mother looked pityingly at me. The cruel Herald continued to say how much this young person was attached to Orsini, that the emperor had interested himself in the nuptials, and had given a dowry to the fair bride. All accorded with what he had already said; I doubted no longer the infidelity of Octave, and sure of my unhappiness, could no longer dissemble my sufferings, but sank fainting into my mother's arms.

"This unconsciousness was succeeded by a burning fever, which was long and dangerous. Through all the days of this illness, my father overwhelmed me with tender cares, and seemed to receive me in his heart for the first time. Overjoyed at the effects of his affection, I could not conceal my transports, and, resting in his arms, happy in this new delight, I said: 'Yes, my father, I am your Valerie, whose only desire is, in future, to make you happy, to obey you.'"

"These words decided my fate. I perceived from that moment that my father destined me for my cousin Herald. At last he spoke of his project to me, but without severity or unkindness. Octave was married: he was unfaithful. It was a crime to love him longer. I consented to this union.

"The preparations for my marriage commenced. My father showed the some pitying love. My father rebuked his cousin Herald overwhelmed me with presents, and protestations of an enduring love. The day of the marriage arrived, and I was conducted to church, dressed in costly robes, and glittering with diamonds. I pronounced the terrible vows without any perceptible emotion. After the ceremony, I left the altar, followed by my family, and led by Herald who could hardly restrain his expressions of joy. Stopping at the door of the church to take holy water, I raised my eyes and saw, leaning against a pillar, a young man, pale, agitated, his hair and dress disordered, who regarded me fixedly; then advancing, said sorrowfully: 'I wished to see you, Valerie; you have consummated your terrible crime. I have seen you; I am content. I go away to die!'

"He then disappeared. I fell to the earth without consciousness. I knew not if my father had seen Octave; all was unknown to me from that instant. My mother has since told me that I fell into an illness more severe than the former; that delirium seized me, and at the end of three days I fell into a state of extreme feebleness, and expired in her arms.

"My mother desired to follow me; my father was in despair, and Herald wept at his ill fortune. But their sorrow was without remedy. I was dressed in the simple robe of the sepulchre, and carried, with great pomp, to the tomb of the family, near the chapel of the cathedral. There the casket that contained my body was placed on large bars of iron; the stone of the tomb was replaced, and I was left alone in this cavern of the dead.

"That which afterward passed, was related to me by Octave. After speaking to me at the porch of the church, he had intended to go to some distant spot, and end his miserable life. But, seeing my deplorable state, he determined to remain in Florence. You can easily imagine his grief when he heard of my sudden death. Wretched and despairing, he determined to descend to the tomb and kill himself by my side. The same night of my interment, he found the sexton of the church, seduced by the power of gold, went with him to the chapel, raised the stone which covered the tomb, and descended the steps. There Octave perceived my bier, threw himself, sobbing, upon it, and the angel which concealed me, and pressed his mouth to my lips, a miracle of love! the soul of my lover recalled my own; my lips so fervently pressed by his, parted with a low-drawn sigh. Octave perceived it, uttered a cry, took me in his arms from my resting-place, and pressed me to his heart. I made a slight movement; he trembled with joy, and ascended the stairs, the sexton replaced the stone as before, while Octave silently crept to my father's house. Here I was laid upon a bed, and every means employed for my resuscitation.

"At last I opened my eyes; my first look fell upon Octave, and the physician who had attended me before my death. I knew that I lived again; but I was happy, for Octave was by my side, speaking words of love and tenderness. At the end of three days my memory returned to me; I recalled the incidents of my marriage.

"Now that I could comprehend what was said, I remembered

from Octave why he was present, how my resurrection had taken place, and of his inconstancy, alas! to me. When I spoke of his marriage with the niece of General Landhon, he believed me still delirious. His commander had no niece; he had never stopped at Vienna, but profiting by a leave of absence, and fearful from not having heard from me for two months, he had come to Florence, riding night and day, and arrived at the church just as I was entering. Horror stricken, he followed, heard me utter the vows which bound me to another, and reproached me, as you already know, with my perjury.

"I comprehended then, that Heraldi, perhaps assisted by my father, had framed this deception, and the servant we trusted had deceived us, and destroyed the letters. This discovery inspired me with hatred and horror toward the perfidious Heraldi; his crimes opened my eyes to his true character. And I was the wife of this wretch! I was condemned to live with him, for he was my husband, and consecrate to him all my life! This miserable idea plunged me in despair.

"Re-assure yourself, my dear child," said the Marquis d'Orsini, "I will go to the grand duke. I will inform him of all that has passed. This generous prince will interest himself for us; he will take you under his protection, and if he writes to the pope, this atrocious marriage will be annulled, and you will be free and happy."

These words restored me to hope. I promised to the old man that I would follow his counsels, and never quit the chateau during his absence. Alas! why did I not keep my promise? Octave was with me; we spoke constantly of our love and our marriage. My health was re-established; I was happy.

But while we were waiting for the arrival of a courier from Rome, an extraordinary event occurred which threatened to destroy all our projects. It was the time of the holy week. My mother had educated me in those principles of religion which, thanks to God, I have always preserved. I cherished, in my heart, a wish to go to the church during those days, when a penitent's prayers are accepted by divine clemency. I dared not disobey Octave of the wish which had arisen in my heart, to thank, in his own temple, that God who had saved me; but I resolved, notwithstanding all the perils, to perform this sacred duty. I started by a single moment when left alone, and enveloped myself in a black mantle, which concealed even my face, and leaving the chateau, hurried to the cathedral. The chapel was filled with people, who kneeling with covered faces, offered their prayers before the altar, on which was placed the sacred host. The altar was lit by a great number of burning candles, while the rest of the church was in shadow. I concealed myself behind a pillar, where I paid my devotions to the Saviour of the world.

On rising to leave, I felt an irresistible desire to behold, once more, the spot where I had been entombed. I directed my steps thither. What a spectacle met my view! I saw, in the sombre light which filled the chapel, my father and my mother on their knees before my tomb, and my husband Heraldi habited in deep mourning. My mother was near the grating which separated the tomb from the chapel, praying in the midst of her tears. With difficulty I restrained my cries; I threw myself towards her in a fainting fit, but was arrested by the bars. My mother heard me not; she was too much occupied.

For a long time I gazed upon them, weeping, when suddenly my mother, leaning her hand upon the grating which separated us, pronounced convulsively the name of Valerie, and pressed her lips upon the marble sepulchre. No longer mistress of my feelings, I kissed the hand which rested near me, and sobbed aloud.

At this moment the veil that covered my head was disarranged, which I perceived not. My mother, surprised, raised herself, looked, recognized her daughter, and calling wildly upon my name, sank fainting against the bars. My father remained immovable; and Heraldi, advancing, opened the grating. I was free. I could not move. Already had he extended his hand to my mantle, when love inspired me with a thought by which I might save myself. "Stop!" said I, in a voice which I endeavored to render terrible. "Respect, at least, after her decease, her whom you rendered wretched while living. Thou alone art the cause of my death. Leave me! Weep for thy crime, and fly from the wrath of Heaven!"

"After having uttered these words, which Heraldi, struck with terror, listened to without motion, I enveloped my head again in my veil, and walked with a slow step toward the door of the chapel. The people opened before me. Passing through the gates I reached the mansion of Orsini, no one having dared to follow me.

"The courier soon arrived with the dispensation from the pope annulling my marriage. The grand duke then sent for us to appear at the palace, and the next day I presented myself there, accompanied by Octave and the marquis. Shortly a servant entered and announced the arrival of my parents and Heraldi. The duke entered the hall where they awaited him; we remained in the cabinet, where we heard these words spoken:

"It was very strange, signor, that you obliged your daughter to marry a man whom she could not love. You repent of this injustice, I judge by the tears that I see in your eyes. Death has destroyed those unfortunate ties, and if, as the people believe, your daughter was permitted to revisit the earth, the marriage is no less void. Behold this letter from Rome which declares it annulled; I go to render it public. Choose, Count Heraldi, between a process to be instituted against your fraud, or sign a renunciation of your chimerical rights, and leave immediately for Vienna."

Heraldi hesitated not; he made his renunciation in terms dictated by the grand duke. Then, taking leave of his imperial highness, he left Florence immediately, promising never to return.

"This is not all," said the duke, addressing my father. "Your daughter lives again—" A cry from my mother interrupted him.

"You are surprised," he continued; "but she must live happily by becoming the wife of the young Orsini. It was he who raised her from the tomb. It is in their house that she has dwelt. Gratitude, paternal love, the glory of Valerie,—all require that you should consent to this union. Approve of this happy marriage, and I promise a regiment for your son-in-law and a cordon for yourself from Marie Therese."

"My father acceded without hesitation to his request; and my mother, bathed in tears, demanded with impatience to behold her cherished daughter. With difficulty had I restrained myself through this conversation; I rushed from the ante-chamber, and threw myself into her arms. My father pressed me to his heart, and cordially welcomed the marquis and Octave, who now entered. All kneeling at the feet of the grand duke, we could find no words to express our gratitude, and our happiness received its consummation by my marriage with Valerie."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE HOLE IN THE FLOOR.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

THE life-object of Seth Grovnor and Susan his wife was to amass property. It had been their aim since the commencement of their wedded existence, which now counted fifteen years, and was still cherished as the dearest wish of their hearts. No change was made except it would hasten the desired consummation of this long-nurtured hope; no outlay was ventured upon unless it promised assistance in the hoarding of money. Not a day's respite had the one from unceasing application to business, not an hour passed that the other was not planning some new way to save dollars and cents. In such an atmosphere of eager grasping for property, it would be strange had their children escaped the infection. Their little faces brightened at the sight of a penny, not that it would procure sweetmeats, but because it would add another to their store of coins; and the small hand grasped it with as instinctive and keen a pleasure as an aged miser clutches his gold. The oft-repeated parental injunction, "A penny saved is a penny earned," fell upon childish ears, but childish wisdom applied the maxim; the confectioner and fruit-vender were rarely called upon by the young Grovnors—the seed was taking root.

Mr. and Mrs. Grovnor had nothing to give away. Poverty, in the form of a ragged mendicant, was rudely repulsed; misfortune, in the garb of despondency, met with rebuke instead of sympathy; sorrow, in the persons of mourning widows and fatherless children, vainly sought words of consolation and a helping hand; the kindly voice of pity, and the whisperings of charity, were unheard by ears inaccessible save to the hints of frugality, the suggestions of economy, or the promptings of prudence. Ah, little do the unfortunate gain from those making haste to be rich!

Reading, the cheapest of all luxuries, Mr. Grovnor thought too expensive to be encouraged. Books cost money, and newspapers couldn't be had for nothing, even if there wasn't any postage on them. When he was rich, he would have a library worth showing. His wife had no social intercourse with her friends and neighbors; visits took time, and if she attended parties, she would be expected to give them. That would not do, so she remained at home, mind and body absorbed in the one paramount idea. Did either feel a lingering desire to listen to the notes of some lauded singer, or the eloquence of a distinguished lecturer, the price of tickets of admission softened disappointment, and made the sacrifice seem less. The Grovnor children were never permitted to leave the dusty, crowded city for a day in the woods with their companions. The fare back and forth was an item not to be disregarded; and an excursion of this nature was inevitably attended with more or less torn clothes. Money was always the mother's inducement; a promise of three cents each made the little men bear the deprivation heroically. There was a charm in the shining pieces that compensated for the bright sunshine, the fragrant flowers, and the singing of birds. Ah, nature is a better teacher than a mother whose idol is gold! One opens the heart to kindly influences, makes it more susceptible to genial impressions, quickens brotherly love, and brings the creature nearer the Creator; the other blunts the sensibilities, chokes the springs of benevolence, clogs the aspiring spirit, making it insensible to a loftier sentiment than the love of gain. Are there no other Mrs. Grovnors?

None of the family attended church, for pew-rent was an item, and a minister tax not an unimportant consideration. If preaching and good example cost nothing, they would have availed themselves of their benefits; but as it was, parents and children were "a law unto themselves." Their living was of the plainest possible kind, and quantity was studied as closely as quality. None of the Grovnors were afflicted with gout or dyspepsia, if their palates were never regaled by dainty dishes.

Mr. Seth and Mrs. Susan were threatened with a dire calamity, in the shape of a visit from an elderly relative, who had troubled them but once since their marriage. A letter had been received, avowing his intention to become better acquainted with his nephew and niece. They knew little about him, save that he was a childless old man, rather odd in his ways, and burdened with but a small portion of this world's goods. Yet this much was certain; his stay with them would be attended with great inconvenience and expense—and the last reflection was the most annoying of all.

His appearance was not an event of rejoicing on the part of the host and hostess; the respectable looking old gentleman missed the hearty welcome he had promised himself. They were polite, but not cordial; attentive, but cold and distant, meeting his fami-

liar advances with that indifferent reserve so chilling and discouraging. The children had been sent off to bed as soon as tea was over, and the three sat stidily about the cold stove, Mrs. Grovnor glancing now and then at the clock on the mantel.

"Perhaps your uncle would like to retire," she observed to Mr. Seth.

Conversation had flagged for some minutes; it was hard doing all the talking, and Uncle Abel approved the suggestion, though it was scarcely eight o'clock.

"I must confess to fatigue," he said. "I am not young as I was once, and exertion tires me. I've been accustomed to sleeping in a warm room. If it won't be too much trouble, I'd like a little fire kindled for me; old blood feels these chilly nights," he added, apologetically.

Mr. Seth said, "O, no!" and Mrs. Susan, "Certainly not. But anybody could see that their thoughts widely diverged from their words. The fire was made, and the nephew took a small hand-lamp to light Uncle Abel to his chamber.

"I should prefer this," said the latter, taking a larger one from a shelf near him, "if you have no objections. It holds more oil, I see, and sometimes, when I am restless and can't sleep, I read to induce drowsiness. It won't incommode you, I hope."

Seth said, "No, indeed!" and Susan, "Not in the least!" but mentally, their replies were different. Uncle Abel and the largest lamp went up stairs; husband and wife closed the doors for a conjugal conference.

"Well!" said the niece.

"What do you think?" said the nephew.

"An assuming old fox!" she exclaimed.

"A confounded bore!" he ejaculated.

"An extra fire, Seth!"

"A lamp to read by, Susan!"

"Meat for dinner!"

"And coffee for breakfast!"

"Will he stay long, think?"

"Two or three months, judging from the size and weight of his trunk."

"A pretty bill of expense, truly!—and not a dollar to pay his board!"

"Fuel and lights, and what he'll eat and drink, will put us back a whole year in our calculations. This comes of having relations! I wish I hadn't one in the world!—and to think he's nothing but a great uncle."

This interesting conversation was prolonged some time; but enough has been given to show the feelings of Mr. and Mrs. Grovnor in regard to Uncle Abel.

Morning did not mend the manners of the couple, yet the worthy old gentleman was urbane and smiling, seeming not to notice the frigid atmosphere that prevailed. He tried in vain to make the acquaintance of the children, but parental oversight prevented the object in view. It was recollected that they, with a certain class designated as "fools," were said to "tell the truth;" and that, in this instance, was not to be spoken.

Uncle Abel's sight was impaired, but he was not so blind that he could not detect dissatisfaction, though in a measure cloaked. His tarry was short at the Grovnor mansion; in a week he took leave of his nephew and niece, to their unbounded satisfaction.

"We have done well," they said, "to get rid of him so easily. He might have staid a month." And Uncle Abel was forgotten in the great struggle to make a fortune.

One year afterward, they heard of his decease by means of the following significant letter, which was found among his private papers, and forwarded after his death.

"NEPHEW AND NIECE:—When a childless old man crosses your threshold, yearning for love and sympathy, and that care which youth should voluntarily accord to old age, treat him not coldly, begrudge him not the food he eats, the fire that warms him, nor the light that enables him to beguile a lonely midnight hour. And, moreover, do not forget the hole in the floor. That this advice may benefit you, is the wish of your UNCLE ABEL."

"The hole in the floor." What did it mean? Light slowly began to creep into the bewildered brains of Mr. and Mrs. Grovnor, revealing a startling truth in every line of the singular epistle before them. They looked at each other in blank dismay, in the consciousness that their hypocrisy and littleness had been exposed. A place had been cut in the floor for the admission of a pipe from the stove in the room below. Being early in the season, this pipe had not been adjusted for the winter, and the space was consequently open. Uncle Abel occupied that chamber, and had no difficulty in overhearing every word that had been uttered beneath him by Mr. Seth and Mrs. Susan. The hole in the floor had betrayed them! How unfortunate that they should have forgotten it! The secret of his short visit was understood. Both were much discomposed that their petty meanness had been brought to light, but were consoled by reflecting that nothing antagonistic to their interest would come of it. But, ah, a great many improbable things transpire in this world! Who would have imagined that Uncle Abel was worth his thousands? Who would have supposed that he was in the possession of a fortune called by the initiated, "independent?" The "assuming old fox" had shown his cunning. Seth and Susan had overreached themselves. In striving to save a penny, they had lost a great many pounds. They were Uncle Abel's only surviving relatives, and he had intended making them his heirs. But, alas, the hole in the floor!—it had willed his money to a charitable institution, bequeathing them only the knowledge of their parsimony and self-abasement. Irretrievable mistake—irreparable error! The important secret of their lives defeated by a hole in the floor, when just upon the verge of realization!

PEACE AND WAR.

The two allegorical and emblematical designs on this and the next page were drawn for us by Mr. Rowse, and are creditable efforts of his pencil. These illustrations will be regarded as seasonable; for while, here in the West, we are enjoying all the blessings of peace, in the East, one of the most sanguinary wars of modern times is wildly raging. In illustrating Peace, our artist has grouped together many characteristic figures and objects. In the upper part of the design, Peace, personified by a female, wav-

picture represents the field of battle after an engagement, one of the saddest and most harrowing spectacles that the eye can rest upon. In the distance, the shattered bridge attests the fury of the combat. All over the plain lie men and horses stretched in death, or struggling convulsively in the agonies of recent mutilation. Soldiers are carrying off their wounded comrades upon stretchers. In the near foreground, the dead and wounded are thickly heaped together. The corpses of cuirassier and artilleryman lie side by side. A broken caisson is half sunk in the miry pool in front,

matic episodes of battles, and historians tell of the great results of war. It imparts grandeur and interest to the various provinces of art and literature; but art and literature stop short at the threshold of its horrors. They dare not enter the hospital; they do not record the work of the knife that follows the work of the sword; they cannot follow the various fountains of woe that gush from the battle-field, each bearing its burthen of sorrow to gentle hearts and humble homes. Had the horrors of war and the sorrows it produces been as faithfully delineated as its d



PEACE.

ing her wand, points to the genius of Art, while Agriculture is also represented. A busy city rises in the background, with a train of cars speeding along the railroad. Lower down we behold the enlivening spectacle of a rural festival, with the substantial tokens of an abundant harvest. Contrast with this the picture of War. Here we behold a city given to the devouring flames. Bona, with a blazing torch in one hand, and falchion dripping gore in the other, leads on a band of furies, waving on high their banners. The two weeping female figures on the left complete the sentiment of this allegorical scene. The lower portion of the

which is choked up with corpses. And this is War, or, rather, a feeble image of it; for Art shrinks from the delineation of its full horror. This is War, stripped of its gaudy trappings, shorn of its bright plumes, divested of the rustle of its banners, the blare of its trumpets, and reduced to the grim, grisly skeleton it is. Yet poets have chanted its praises, from Homer to Tennyson; artists have emblazoned its glories on immortal canvasses and undying marble, and historians have recorded in stately periods the march of armies, the conflicts of nations, and the achievements of heroes. Poets sing of the excitement of combat; painters give us the dra-

of daring and blazing victories, the pages of history would have been less crowded with accounts of battles by sea and land, sieges of fortresses and the destruction of cities. Yet the lessons of the past are lost upon the rulers of mankind who make war and peace. One would have thought that the years of carnage closed at Waterloo would have sufficed for a century. But the peace of Europe has been disturbed since then, and now Christian nations, in a quarrel that originated in the birthplace of the Prince of Peace, are cutting each other's throats with the ferocity of savages, and waging war with engines of destruction more terrible than were

ever before pressed into the service of national murder. Thrice fortunate are those nations who are not involved in the bloody conflict! The blessings of peace receive an added brightness from contrast with the horrors which a state of war inflicts. These horrors are of such magnitude that many men, appalled and terror-stricken by them, have embraced the opinion that all wars are sinful and unjustifiable. This opinion is not concurred in by the mass of mankind. The wise verdict of the ruling majority is against it. War, with all its horrors, is a necessary evil. The

lence must be met by violence; for "rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God." When a nation is called upon to defend its liberties, the principles of eternal justice hallow every weapon consecrated to the strife. Then, as in our own revolution, the altars of God are not desecrated by prayer for the success of arms; the servant of God is justified then in going forth to battle with his people,

"A soldier of the Lord,
With his Bible and his sword."

France, England, Germany, Italy and Spain have this blood guiltiness upon their past. And before the sword is laid aside forever, we must look for many repetitions of the sanguinary dramas that have been enacted so often. When a conflict like that now waging in the East has commenced, it is impossible to foretell its close. If it is indeed a trial of strength between Russia and the western powers, it may continue many years, involving all Europe in its vortex. Yet out of the enormous mass of evils such a war would produce, much good would be evolved. A continuance or



WAR

sword has its mission as well as the pen and the cross. It has conferred incalculable benefits on mankind. When it stayed the legions of Xerxes, when it arrested the sweep of the victorious Saracens, when it struck for liberty in Switzerland, in England, in America, at Morgarten, at Marston Moor, at Bunker Hill, it was a sacred weapon. The world has not erred in paying homage to such patriot warriors as Tell and Washington. There are wars like those of the American revolution, which leave no stain upon the page of history. In the unceasing struggle of Right against Might, the weapons of the flesh must frequently be used. Vio-

In proportion as we loathe and execrate wars of aggression, undertaken for false glory and for conquest, we revere the military achievements of those who peril life to repel tyranny and resist invasion. This country is fortunate in having no war upon her record on which her sons can look back with shame and repentance. The revolution was the holiest cause in which a nation ever appealed to arms; the war of 1812 was a necessary reassertion of our independence. The war with Mexico was equally justifiable, as a vindication of the national honor. But the history of older nations is full of wars that were national crimes. Russia,

the war will probably give the people of England a radical reform of government; it may improve the political condition of the French; it may be the means of restoring Poland and Hungary to the rank of independent nations, and of giving liberty to Italy. If such be the result we shall look upon the conflict with less repugnance and aversion. It may in the end prove to be one of those extreme remedies employed to germinate the principles of free institutions in the midst of Europe, and hasten the overthrow of despotisms that have for ages pressed with giant power on the necks of her inhabitants.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MOTHER, HOME AND HEAVEN.

BY SUS M. SCOTT.

The words of sweetest meaning
To erring mortals given—
Of purest, deepest feeling.
Are Mother, Home and Heaven!
The magic name of mother
Revives in every heart
The feelings first awakened
On that dear parent's part;
And cold must be the bosom,
Devoid of love the soul,
That is not moved to goodness
By mother's mild control!

With home we all remember
Some vision of the past—
A May-day in the morning,
Too beautiful to last!
When flowers of lowly beauty
Beguiled our youth of tears,
Concealing mid the roses
The thorns of riper years!
Yet, when the past is challenged,
"Wherever we may roam,"
The world that is most eloquent
Is that dear one of home!

The Christian to the future
His earnest gaze extends,
While in the brightening distance
The bow of promise beads!
His weary feet have trodden
The devious paths below;
But now the glorious heaven
With light is all a-glow—
His cares are nearly over,
His troubles soon will cease;
For smiles of resignation
Assure us of his peace!

Of these three words of beauty
I know not which is best—
They speak of love and happiness,
And one of future rest!
I feel that Heaven is dearest,
And yet I cannot tell,
For Mother fills the heart with love,
And Home has charms as well.
Then let the three united be,
Nor shall the tie be riven;
For words of thrilling melody
Are MOTHER, HOME AND HEAVEN.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MARY MUSGROVE.

A TALE OF THE SETTLEMENT OF SAVANNAH.

BY BENJ. PERLEY POORE.

BRIGHT and beautiful was the home of the "Yamacraws," the aboriginal dwellers upon the banks of that noble river which they named from the floral "savannahs" through which it meanders. Upon the sandy bluff where the councils were held, there was a dense growth of leafy pines; in the lowlands which generally bordered the river, the magnolia towered in imperial pride, the live oak waved its festoons of living moss in the breeze, and an occasional palmetto lifted its graceful head above masses of underbrush. It was an earthly paradise, and the Yamacraws had imbibed the soft beauty of their sylvan home, until they little resembled the ferocious Yamacrees of Carolina, or the warlike Cherokees who dwelt in the mountains. Though inheriting proud traditions of power and of conquest, they had not for years disinterred their deep-buried war-hatchet—but at last the peace laurels withered, and early in 1733 the war-drum resounded far and wide. At first the warriors hesitated, but there could be no mistaking the call to arms, and soon every fighting man of the tribe was on his way to the council-fire. On their arrival, they found their chief, the venerable Tomo-chichi, accompanied by a Yamacree, who was painted black, and had the emblematical rattle-snake skin twined around his raven locks. The warriors took their seats around the circle in silence, for it was not in accordance with Indian etiquette to betray curiosity, but they were not long kept in suspense.

"Shall the Fish-hawk of the Yamacrees speak?" asked the stranger, with a friendly smile playing upon his lips. A grunt of approbation signified assent, and springing to his feet, he gazed around with an expression of malignant ferocity, as he vehemently addressed the eager listeners:

"Yamacraws," he exclaimed, "the pale-faces draw near, and I have been sent to urge you to destroy them ere they set foot upon your hunting grounds. We welcomed them—they oppress us. We gave them gardens—they have seized our soil. We offered them corn—they have destroyed our young men with fire-water. We nursed their sick—they have danced on the graves of our fathers. Yamacrees, will you suffer this?"

The swarthy cheeks of the savages reddened, and many of them responded with a guttural "ugh!" But Tomo-chichi betrayed no interest, either by sign or word. From what he had heard of the whites, he regarded them as a superior order of beings, especially protected by the Great Spirit, against whom it would be madness to fight.

"The chief hesitates," continued the emissary. "Would he welcome the pale-faces? Will he invite them to sit upon his mat who told his daughter?"

"My daughter!" exclaimed Tomo-chichi. "Does she live?"

And as he spoke he fixed his keen eye searchingly on the Fish-hawk.

"The Dancing-Ripple lives—but what a life. The slave of the pale-faces, she is scourged like a dog. Yamacrees, will you not have vengeance?"

"Vengeance! vengeance!" was shouted on every side, and the warriors, brandishing their weapons, began to chant the heroic deeds of their ancestors, mingled with threats against the captors of their chieftain's lost daughter, the Dancing-Ripple. It was now nearly two years since she had somewhat mysteriously disappeared, and left her aged parent to mourn her loss.

"Vengeance! vengeance!" they shouted. "Let us drive the pale-faces from our hunting-grounds—let us sink them in the flowing tide of the Savannah—let us warm our tomahawks in their thin blood—let us hang their scalps upon the war poles of our wigwams." And as the ferocious joy of their infuriated natures peeled forth, the squaws who hovered around the circle echoed the hideous yells with shrill cries of "vengeance! vengeance!"

The gratified Yamacree saw with delight the demoniacal fury which he had provoked, but ere many moments had elapsed, there was a shout heard at the river-side, and then a light female form bounded into the centre of the ring. It was the Dancing-Ripple, clad in a European garb, though she wore a richly worked pair of moccasins. Astonishment at her appearance was depicted on every face, while the emissary started as though he had seen one from the grave. The old chieftain in vain endeavored to subdue his feelings, as he expressed his thanks to the Great Spirit for restoring his daughter.

"Who," he asked, "delivered the Dancing-Ripple from the cruelty of the pale-faces?"

"Cruelty of the pale-faces?" she inquired.

"Has not the Fish-hawk told us how the pale-faces misused the Dancing-Ripple?" replied the chieftain. "Even now we raise the war cry to avenge your wrongs, and to drive back the pale-faces in revengeful wrath."

"My wrongs!" exclaimed the young woman. "There, Yamacraws, stands the author of them. It was that trembling Yamacree who stole me from yonder river, where I had strayed away to bathe. It was he who sold me to the pale-faces for a gun. But I found kind friends, good friends. They hound up my bleeding feet, they told me of their Great Spirit, and now, as the wife of one of them, I have come before their canoes to ask for them a welcome."

"Is this true?" asked Tomo-chichi of the disappointed emissary, who now saw all his plans baffled.

"I am your prisoner, cowards," exclaimed the Yamacree. "I had almost nerved your weak hearts. But I fear not your anger. Light your fires, sharpen your arrows, I am ready. I stole your chieftain's daughter—I almost made you meet the pale-faces like men."

Such audacious duplicity could not be suffered to pass, and the unfortunate Yamacree was forthwith bound with green withs to the stake of torment. Dried brushwood was heaped around him, and before the torch was applied, the boys were permitted to shoot their arrows at him, in order to try their skill. But he did not betray the pain he must have felt, for, although his flesh often quivered with agony, not a groan was mingled with his chant of defiance.

Strange to say, he was soon released. The Dancing-Ripple had, by her earnest entreaties, obtained his freedom. "The pale-faces will soon be here," said she, "and would you greet them with a funeral pile? Shall the Great Spirit above look down upon the Yamacraws, and see them destroying one of his children? I am the one most wronged—I forgive him! If you are really glad to see me again, give the wretch his liberty, and let him depart. See his wounds, made by the boys' arrows, are they not punishment enough?"

Her entreaties prevailed, and the Fish-hawk, released from his bondage, soon left the spot where he had expected to die as became a Yamacree. Every trace of the death fire was obliterated, and in its stead the young women of the tribe, directed by the Dancing-Ripple, prepared a feast. There was a profusion of dried fruit, while smoked salmon and venison, broiled upon hickory coals, diffused a savory odor around. No sooner were the preparations concluded, than a scout announced the approach of the pale-faces.

It was the colony of James Edward Oglethorpe, which came to seek a land where they could enjoy "a free exercise of religion," and had learned from Sir Walter Raleigh's journal that the Savannah was superior to all other streams emptying into the southern Atlantic. Oglethorpe had left his vessels at Beaufort, in Carolina, and now came on an exploring expedition in periquas, or canoes. When he saw the Yamacraws, drawn up on the river bank before their village, he evidently feared attack, and ordered his arquebusiers to blow their matches, but soon his fears were removed, for a young man came to the water's edge, bearing a white flag. As the periquas approached, this pacific messenger shouted, in tolerable English:

"Welcome, welcome Englishmen to Yamacraw!"

Delighted with this salutation, the Europeans speedily landed, and were escorted to the feast, of which they partook with the relish for fresh provisions attendant on a tedious sea voyage. When every appetite was satisfied, Tomo-chichi approached, wearing ornaments of massive gold, and clad in the rarest skins. Behind him came his young interpreter, bearing symbolical presents, and he thus rendered the chieftain's remarks:

"Pale-faced brothers. Here is a gift which I offer you. It is the dressed skin of a buffalo, on the inside of which is painted the head and plumage of the eagle of our mountains.

"Pale-faced brothers, I ask you to accept the gift. The buffalo is an emblem of strength, and the eagle is an emblem of speed. So your nation is stronger as the buffalo and swifter as the bird—nothing can withstand you—you fly over vast seas to the uttermost parts of the earth.

"Pale-faced brothers. The skin of the buffalo is warm, and signifies protection—the feathers of the eagle are soft, and signify love. We hope our pale-faced brothers will protect and love us and our children.

"Pale-faced brothers, you are masters of Yamacraw."

Oglethorpe, no less surprised than delighted, desired the interpreter to thank the chieftain, and to assure him of the protection and the friendship of the English. "But," he concluded, "we must not forget our thanks to you, young sir, whose gift of tomahawk has been of such great use. I little expected to find an interpreter here."

"It strikes me," said the Reverend Mr. Litany (chaplain of the expedition), "that I have heard that young man's voice before."

"That your reverence has," exclaimed honest Tom Musgrove, dropping his sergeant's halbert in his astonishment. "It's my own wife, that I thought I left behind at Beaufort."

Such was the case. The Dancing-Ripple had been redeemed from captivity by this stalwart soldier, who afterwards married her. Forest life soon lost its charms, but when she was left alone, the thought struck her that Oglethorpe's colonists might visit her native Yamacraw, and perchance her husband might combat her father. Nerved by a wish to preserve both, she at once set out through the pathless forest, and Providence so directed her steps that she arrived just in time to avert hostilities, and to secure a friendly reception.

A new city was located by Oglethorpe on the bluff where the council-fire of the Yamacraws had blazed, and he named it after the river that flowed at its side—Savannah. There, happy in the enjoyment of every earthly blessing, the wife of an adoring husband—the mother of loving children—the friend of every colonist—lived and at last died, the Dancing-Ripple, and upon her tombstone you may yet read, "Mary Musgrove."

THE PHYSICIAN.

No class of men in the regular discharge of duty incur danger more frequently than the honest physician. There is no type of malignant maladies with which he fails to become acquainted; his hospital so crowded with contagion that he dare not work freely through its wards. His vocation is among the sick and dying; he is the familiar friend of those who are sinking under infectious disease; and he never shrinks from the horror of observing in order all its aspects. He must do so with equanimity; for he inhales the poisoned atmosphere, he must coolly reflect on the medicines which may mitigate the sufferings that he cannot remedy. Now, after death has ensued, he must search with his dissecting knife for its hidden cause, if so by multiplying his own perils he may discover some alleviation for the afflictions of others. And why is this? Because the physician is indifferent to death? Because he is steeled and hardened against the fear of it? Because he despises or pretends to despise it? By no means. It is his sacred business to value life; to cherish the least spark of animated existence. And the habit of caring for the lives of his fellow-men is far from leading him to an habitual indifference to his own. The physician shuns every danger but such as the glory of his profession commands.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ADVENTURES OF HAJJI BABA IN PERSIA, TURKEY AND INDIA. By H. J. JAMES MORIER. Phila.: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 417.

Hajji Baba is an Oriental (El Bias, and since the date of that charming romance, no novel of adventure has appeared comparable to this Eastern story by Morier. It has been many years before the public, but this has only improved its flavor. As a true picture of Eastern life and manners, it is valuable, as a romance, it is deeply interesting. Nothing in the whole range of fiction is more thrilling than the execution of Zeeb, the murderer and robber of the hero. For sale by Burnham Brothers, 58 and 60 Cornhill.

THE NEWCOMES. Edited by ARTHUR PENDENNIS Esq. 2 vols. 18mo. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. Illustrated. 50c.

The Newcomes, published serially, is at length completed, and in the present form makes a very thick volume. It has little plot, but a most interesting incident, and the characters are drawn with the most lively and original power by Morier. But we must protest against the name of the hero, and the ridiculously somber denouement. Poetical justice demands a happy conclusion. A few rays of sunshine ought to have been introduced before the night and darkness. In painting such a dismal picture of society Mr. Morier is unaccountably taking the surest means of making his picture of society as speedily as possible. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE ACRACANANS: OR, NOTES OF A TOUR THROUGH THE LOST TRIP OF SOUTHERN CHINA. By EDMUND REIEL SMITH, of the United States Asiatic Expedition in China. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. pp. 335.

The author of this very graphic and reliable account of a tour in the most interesting race, had every opportunity of studying their customs, and he has proved his chances well. His book is a valuable addition to our stock of information respecting the aboriginal races of America. The illustrations are very neatly executed. For sale by Redding & Co.

RAMBLERS IN EASTERN ASIA, INCLUDING CHINA AND MALACCA. By H. L. BALL. M. D. Boston: James French & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 417.

Many books of travels are written by men who never saw any of the countries from their libraries; but the book before us is more reliable, for it is written by a traveller. The author, a young townsman of our country, has been several years in the interesting countries he describes, and now brings forth his own observations and his own experiences. We are very glad that he has done so, for it is a privilege to have his impressions sketched in fresh and glowing colors, and with a freedom of touch which would have been wanting to a literary and elaborate review of his adventures. The volume possesses a fascination which few readers can resist, and an amount of valuable information, which renders it well worthy of preservation.

ISORA'S CHILD. New York: J. C. Derby. 1855. 12mo. pp. 504. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

Social relations, the intricate web-work of the passions, are capable of an indefinite number of combinations, that give an air of novelty to the most familiar materials. So long as the human heart beats, it will throb responsive to the hand that knows how to probe its secret—and the hand that has written the book before us surely has that cunning. There is not one dull page in the story, and more than one scene rises far above mediocrity. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

REJECTED—AMERICAN REJECTED ADDRESSES. New York: J. C. Derby. 1855. 12mo. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

The idea of this book is taken from the "Smith's Rejected Addresses." It is an attempt to parody some of our leading poets, who are indicated by their initials, but the aim is "laure and laureate." The idea is taken from the further than the adoption of the favorite metres of Longfellow and others. The "Smith's" verses were grotesque like and unlike the originals. Longfellow and Scott, and their competitors, received their own share in the parody. It is a bold up to the mark, though their names were distorted as in a conjuring glass. The letters in this volume, on the contrary, do not contain a literary parody.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FOR MAGGIE.

BY WM. L. SHOEMAKER.

O, fairer than the stars that shine
At midnight o'er the purple brine,
In climes where night is half divine,
Art thou, my lovely Maggie?
Let others praise what maliks they may,
In many a warmly worded lay,
I ne'er shall heed what they may say,
But still love thee, sweet Maggie.

Unwitting, thou my heart hast won,
And, as the sun-flower to the sun
Still turns, until his race be run,
To thee my heart turns, Maggie.
Thine image gleams before me now,
With cheeks of rose and ivory brow,—
A being love and truth endow
With soul-felt charms, my Maggie.

For not by outward charms alone
Dost thou such magic influence own;
A thousand virtues have their throne
Within thy heart, bright Maggie.
Thy these give thee thine empery;
And cold, in sooth, that heart must be,
That looks, unloving, upon thee,
Nor feels thy way, sweet Maggie.

But, ah me! whither runs my song?
(Forgive me,—love bears it along.)
Sure thou wilt blush, and deem it wrong
To hear thine own praise, Maggie.
Pardon, I pray, each ardent line
That dares to breathe this love of mine,
Yet, though 'twere bold to hope for thine,
I'll love thee still, sweet Maggie.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CROSSING THE ISTHMUS.

BY FREDERICK STANHOPE.

Wanted about to return to the Eastern States in 1851, I happened across an old friend, in San Francisco, then master of a small bark, bound direct to San Juan del Sud. I at once engaged a passage down with him. The voyage in the month of October proved a trial; the wind prevails from the northward, and the weather is cold and genial. For several days the shore had been so close and at times we were so near that smoke from fires in the forest could be seen curling up from the mountains. This day we had been standing off from land, and having a good breeze, had made considerable offing. As the sun went down, the clouds gathered about the horizon in dark and angry masses. Suddenly the sun touched the horizon, all cleared up, and our passengers, who had been watching the sky in silence, gave vent to their joy at the prospect of a fine night; but our captain, long familiar with the coast, felt distrustful of this fair show, and taking my arm, as we paced the deck, "We shall have an ugly night, and I am much mistaken." The welcome announcement of tea came up on board of none. At nine o'clock, when I ventured up, all had changed; the ship was under whole topsails, and dashing through a great race; but the night was as dark as Erebus.

At eleven it blew a gale, but having come on so gradually, we supposed, sufficiently snug to weather it. The watch, however, were just sent below; at midnight, as if the bag of wind had been rent, the most furious tempest burst on us; our topsails, and masts, distended to their utmost, burst with a report like cannon, and flew before the gale in shreds. Our good bark was left almost on her beam-ends, would have doubtless foundered at the moment, had our topmasts not snapped and come down, taking with them all top hamper. Relieved, she was saved, and by management being brought to the wind, she "lay to" under the mainmast; but the danger was not over; our water-casks on deck had broken loose; and as we rolled, these immense hogsheads, bound round, and filled, would rush from side to side, threatening each moment to dash out the bulwarks.

For a time our prospects seemed dark, when fortunately some chance intervening, stopped one of the casks in its headlong career for a moment, taking advantage of this, our captain, at imminent risk of being crushed, managed to crawl up, axe in hand, and stare in the head; this not only rendered it harmless, but its removal, with wood thrown by the men, soon made a barricade, which retarded the progress of the others.

"If the gale breaks with the day," said the captain, "we are lost?" "And if not?" I questioned. "God help us," he replied; "man cannot." How tedious and weary seemed these hours. The ship labored fearfully; and besides we did not know how near we might be to land. But at last the darkness becomes less intense; a gray light begins to shoot up in the sky, and the gale abates. Our pumps are tried, and the joyful news that no leak has been sprung, is announced. With the first light of an early morn we felt we were safe, and by the time the sun had arisen, the tempest had changed to a fine breeze.

The remainder of the voyage was speedy, and on the twenty-third day from San Francisco, we dropped anchor before the town of San Juan del Sud. The bay was a mere inlet from the ocean, and the surf rolled in on the beach with great fury. The village was a miserable collection of bamboo huts, facing the water.

Our landing was a ludicrous scene; the natives would wade out to the boats through the surf, to carry us on shore on their backs; many, from motives of economy or bravado, refused all aid, and, clad in Indian rubber suits, attempted the passage unassisted, car-

pet beer in hand; but the natives, not to be cheated of what they considered their lawful dues, would surround them, and seizing the bag, or hat, and in some cases the boots of the poor wights, would rush on shore, and refuse to deliver them except on payment of certain *amabos*.

Accepting the proffer of a lusty fellow, I mounted his back, and, as I flattered myself, with much dignity, commenced my transit; but just as we were about reaching terra firma, my bearer stumbled, in came a roller, and off rolled I, much to my disgust, anathematizing the whole "company," from Commodore Vanderbilt to the unfortunate cause of my accident.

Near the beach an enterprising Yankee had taken a large bamboo house, and on it placed another story of light boards, styling it pretentiously a hotel. Here my companions—for dry land severs the distinction of cabin and steerage—deposited their little luggage. With a friend I strolled out to see the lions of San Juan. Its front was the most imposing view, for a very short distance back brought one to the swamp. In the centre of the place was a newly laid-out street, on either side of which shanties and tent houses had sprung up, occupied by those who in their trusting hearts had settled there, thinking San Juan was to be the route, and that a large city must spring up. Most of these establishments were fitted up as eating houses, a board on two barrels constituting the table. The horrible malaria arising from the swamps and the newly cleared ground had left its marks on the pale visages of many of these adventurers, and the new made graves in plain sight told a sad tale of its effects on the new comer.

My object was to get speedy transit to the Atlantic. I therefore went at once to the office of the transit company, where I was coolly informed that no arrangements could be made to transport passengers coming down by other means than their own boats. This was a plumper! The news soon came to our men, and the excitement reached such a pitch that I feared violence might be attempted towards the persons of the agents. Finding mules could be obtained, if taken in time, I engaged two, with a fine looking half-breed boy for a guide, to take myself and friend to Rivas, said to be fourteen miles from San Juan, and near the lake of Nicaragua. In the morning, taking leave of my friend, Captain D., I mounted my mule, and bade farewell to the town.

The rainy season was just commencing; though the morning was a glorious one, the rain by the time we started had begun to fall; however, this did not deter us, and off we galloped. The road was very tortuous, and often some turn would bring in view the bay and little village, which at a distance looked picturesque enough. The sun would often shine out, almost drying our garments ere another shower. The foliage was diversified and most luxuriant, the rains had brought everything forward, and we rode on amongst the wild plantain trees, with the exquisite cactus blooming around us in the greatest profusion, and the tall coconut gracefully peering above all others. Once, as we reached a small lake or lagoon, a flock of birds like flamingoes arose, their plumage of the brightest scarlet, and under their wings the most delicate rose color. Monkeys filled the woods, chattering and gibbering at our intrusion, and at times shaking down on us a perfect shower from the rain-laden leaves. The rains had filled all the gullies, and the number of streams which we had to ford was incredible. We progressed so slowly that all hopes of reaching our destination that day were past. So our guide, though we had only made some ten miles of direct distance, said we must pass the night at a house we should soon reach. Near night we gained the top of quite a hill, where, surrounded by trees, on a clearing stood a house of bamboos and mud. As we rode up an old woman received us. The house was of one story, and comprised two apartments, the sleeping room of the family, and the cocino, or kitchen; here, before a cheerful fire, we made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Our hostess's daughter, a pretty girl of sixteen, bustled about to prepare the tortilla, a cake of pounded corn, baked before the fire; while the old dame, with great activity, pursued an unfortunate hen around the corral, despatching it at last with a blow of a stick. As we sat smoking, she proceeded to dress the gallina before us, while its blood was still warm. The daughter was a fine specimen of native beauty, tall and finely proportioned, straight as an arrow, with those deep Murillo eyes, pearly teeth, and luxuriant black hair. The entire crown of the head was filled with small natural flowers, something like our pansies; the effect was charming, and as she stooped, it seemed like a parterre of flowers springing from a bed of jet.

While conversing with Juanita, as she was called, I took occasion to mention the fact that myself and friend were both "bon Catolicos" (good Catholics), albeit my companion, a rigid Baptist, wished to contradict me; but I have ever found in South America that a Christiano (a Catholic) is better treated than a Heretico (a Protestant). I substantiated my statement by a small gold cross, which I wore on my watch-chain; and telling her it was from "las Californias," endowed her with it, much to her delight, making her thereby my firm friend. Our supper being prepared, we attacked it with the zest given by a long and tiresome ride, and with a smoking cup of chocolate, drank from the vessel in which it was prepared, we found our repast most excellent.

Complimenting our tortilla, and attributing its quality to the fair hands from which it emanated, by dark we were as jolly an impromptu party as were ever seen. But a loud noise outside announced new comers, and, much to our disgust, a party of some dozen mule drivers entered; overtaken by night, they drove their loaded beasts into the corral and claimed shelter. They were ill favored looking fellows, and did not add to our comfort by their presence. Each carried, in addition to their knives, a machete, or cutlass, used for clearing away brush, as well as protection. After making a meal of their own viands, smoking their

cigrettes and discussing the news, they withdrew to the loft overhead, wrapping themselves in their ponchos, while myself and friend were shown to the adjoining room, where a bamboo couch without covering was to serve us both as a bed. Having each a considerable sum about our persons in gold dust, we felt rather anxious as to our safety among these wild fellows; but as I stole a kiss, nothing loth, from our pretty attendant, at parting for the night, she said they were "Luen hente" (good men), and bade us "duerme bien."

Examining our pistols, and placing them in readiness, we threw ourselves down, and wearied out, were soon wrapped in slumber. After sleeping, as it seemed, for a long while, I was aroused by a whispering and some slight noise in the kitchen. Now, thought I, these "Luen hente" are going to cut our throats. My situation was far from pleasant; not daring to stir, lest I should bring them in *en mass*, I lay bathed in perspiration. A lucky thought struck me; by pushing the bamboos slightly apart, I could, as I lay, see all. No sooner thought of than done—and a fearful though unexpected sight was before me! Seated with all the confidence in life in the lap of our rascal guide, was my charming Juanita, whispering their tale of love; and as I looked, the fellow with great gusto kissed her! My midnight attack was a lover's assignation. The relief, overcoming my pique, I turned over, and left them to their delightful occupation.

Betimes in the morning we were stirring, and I found a glorious day breaking. After a hasty toilet, and a cup of chocolate, we mounted, and rode out of the corral—Juanita, thinking her fidelity unknown, kissing her hand to me as she held up the cross, my gift.

The remainder of the road was much better; being on high ground the country had a different aspect, and as we neared the city, the land was more under cultivation. At one time we rode for some distance by a plantain grove that must have been of vast extent; like our orchards, it was enclosed by a natural hedge of the cactus. Stopping on the outskirts of the town, our guide entered a house, and divesting himself of his garments, came forth in a clean white shirt and trousers, with red sash and a dashing sombrero—casting his employers entirely in the shade, with our travel-stained garments. Before noon we reached the city, and were taken to the mansion of Don Patricio Valdez, who, having an overplus of room, received strangers for a *consideration*. Rivas, the second city of the province, is of some importance; it bears the marks of age and earthquakes; in consequence of the latter, the houses are built of but one story, in a quadrangle, with an open space in the centre; the walls are of immense thickness, the poorest being two or three feet, and many as much as six; they are whitewashed, and the roofs are tiled, making a very pretty appearance; the houses of the poor, however, are of bamboo, and being raised on posts some three feet from the ground, on account of the rains, give one much the idea of our farmers' corn cribs. There are several churches, all of which are more or less dilapidated, and one of them has been rebuilt three times, and was again in ruins during my visit. The population is some 6000; but not being on the regular road across the country, the place is not often visited by Americans.

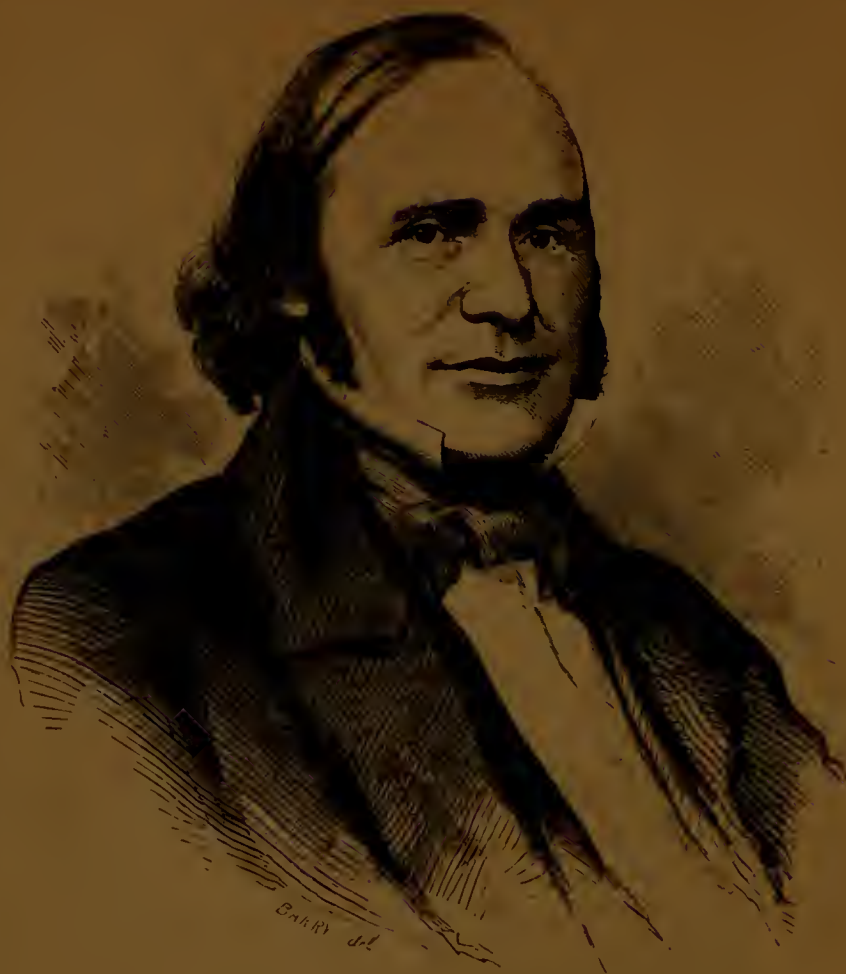
Having established my head quarters, I strolled up to the plaza, and found the agent of a line of schooners on the lake. He promised to have a vessel ready to transport us across the lake, and boats to take us down the river by the next day. The steamer Orus had just been lost, and the company having but one boat on the lake, could only attend to their own through passengers. The next day, my comrades whom I had left in San Juan began to pour into town, and by night the quiet Spanish city had much the aspect of Boston on a fourth of July. Every commodity rose in value; luckily, however, I had secured good quarters, and did not suffer; while my friends at the two cafés kept by Americans were being cheated in the most barefaced manner for the privilege of having English spoken, I had, in a quiet Spanish family, good fare at a moderate price. As a sample of the extortion, a man wishing change for a fifty dollar slug, received it from his landlord all in French ten sous pieces, eight to a dollar—the man making fourteen dollars brokerage. Day after day we waited, no schooners arrived, and no prospect of getting away; so at last, after a week's delay, fourteen of us rode over to San Jose, and embarked in a little sloop boat about the size of a ship's launch, manned by a captain and one boy. We got off late in the afternoon, having before us a sail of some eighty miles, with a chance of a gale of wind. To add to our misfortunes, the captain, long ill with the country fever, had a relapse, and by evening was perfectly helpless; the boy had been once across the lake, and to him we had to trust. To finish the chapter, our binnacle light went out, and on search, the oil could not be found. Here was a nice position. At intervals we could catch a glimpse of the north star, and by that, and the wind, did we steer; however, in the morning we were in sight of St. George, which we soon reached. Here we changed to bungs, long native boats with six rowers, carrying some dozen passengers, and commenced the descent of the Nicaragua river; the current is very swift, and great care is requisite to keep in the middle of the stream and avoid the bends. We dashed through the "Castilla Torras," or rapids, about midnight.

The next evening we reached a house alone on the banks of the river. Here we had a meal, and passed the night, devoured by mosquitoes and disturbed by the cries of wild animals. In the morning we again started, and in a few hours were on the bench at Graytown, with the Atlantic in full sight. We were soon domiciled at the U. S. Hotel. The town was very bustling, filled with Americans, waiting for the steamers. A day or two after, two steamers entered the bay, and we prepared for our departure. Our tickets procured, I was soon on board the David Webster, and so ended what was to me a very eventful passage of the Isthmus.

PROF. LOUIS AGASSIZ.

[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHIPPLE & BLACK.]

The accompanying portrait was drawn for us by Mr. Barry, and will be readily recognized as a correct likeness. Professor Agassiz has a highly intellectual head—one that in a crowd would arrest the attention of the most careless observer, while there is a simplicity and *bonhomie* in the expression of his features, which is a frequent characteristic of the countenances of men of true genius. The cases are very rare in which high attainments coupled with great original genius lead their possessor to the indulgence and expression of vain glory. More especially is humility the characteristic of the students of nature. The higher they climb in the pursuit of knowledge, the vaster is the panorama spread out before them; the greater their attainments, the more impressive is their sense of the unattainable, of the exhaustless wealth of the world of science, of the marvels of nature's arcana, until they are ready to confess with the ancient philosopher, that they are mere pickers up of shells and pebbles on the shore of the great ocean of truth. The expression of Mr. Agassiz's countenance is a true index of his truthful, honest and earnest soul. Louis Agassiz is one of the most distinguished naturalists of the age. His whole life has been devoted to the cause of science, and his unremitting labors, his bold and ingenious speculations, have rendered his name famous in both hemispheres. His reputation is especially dear to us since he has become a citizen of Massachusetts, a professor at our leading university, and is connected by marriage with an honorable family of this city, being a son-in-law of Hon. Thomas G. Carey, one of our leading merchants, and President of the Boston Athenæum. Louis Agassiz was born at Orbe, in Waatlande, in 1807, and is consequently but forty-eight years of age. He was the son of a respectable clergyman of that place. At a very early age he gave proof of genius, and particularly of a fondness and aptitude for the pursuit of the natural sciences. This inclination of the young student was judiciously encouraged and fostered. His earliest training was careful and liberal, and at the age of eleven he was entered at the gymnasium of Biel, an institution which enjoyed a high local reputation. After four years assiduous study, during the course of which he greatly distinguished himself, Agassiz passed to the academy of Lausanne, a transfer due to his rapid and astonishing progress, and designed as a reward for it. At Lausanne he continued to advance, and won the encomiums of his teachers and the admiration of his fellow-pupils. We next find him at Zurich, where he studied medicine and the experimental sciences. It was then resolved that he should avail himself of the educational advantages afforded by Germany, and he repaired to the renowned university of Heidelberg. From Heidelberg, where he made the best use of his time, he paid particular attention to the study of comparative anatomy, and pursued the same branch at the University of Munich, where he received the degree of M. D. His attainments may be inferred from the fact that, in 1826, he was entrusted by Martius with the publication of an account of the one hundred and sixteen species of fishes collected by Spix during his Brazilian researches. This task, confided to a young man of eighteen, he discharged in a manner that gave him at once a scientific reputation in Europe. In that work he gave to the world his new classification of fishes, a system to which he has since steadily adhered. Ten years afterwards he produced his great work on the "Natural History of the Fresh-water Fishes of Europe," a colossal monument of his industry and learning, and the brilliancy of his genius. It is remarkable for its clearness and completeness. During the progress of this work through the press, he found time to issue two works of less magnitude, but of great scientific importance, viz., "Researches on Fossil Fishes" and "Descriptions of Echinodermes." But it was reserved for his *Etudes sur les Glaciers* (studies of Glaciers) to attract the attention of scientific Europe to his talent and attainments, and win him an enduring reputation. The theory therein advanced was a new one, and effected a revolution in the science of geology. Though his views were entirely novel, they commanded great attention, and were accepted by many of the leading geologists of the age. Though universal assent has not yet been accorded to his entire theory, still his views respecting the agency of the glaciers in producing important changes on the surface of the globe have commanded serious attention and respect, even from those savants who are not disposed to admit them in their full integrity. These various labors obtained for Mr. Agassiz a cis-Atlantic as well as European reputation, so that when he arrived here several years since, he was warmly welcomed by the cultivated circles of New England. His reception and the vast field for scientific investigation afforded by the United States, induced him to adopt it as his country, and he may now be regarded as an oracle among naturalists and students of natural history. He resides at Cambridge, where he holds a distinguished chair in the scientific department of the University. The University of Charleston, South Carolina, also acknowledged his merits, by tendering him the Professorship of Comparative Anatomy. Since his residence among us, he has been ind fatigable in his labors. His numerous and valuable communications to various scientific societies, his essays, lectures, and published works attest his unflagging zeal in the pursuit of truth, and in the dissemination of scientific knowledge. One of the most valuable contributions to



PROFESSOR LOUIS AGASSIZ.

our stock of information on the natural history of this country is his "Tour on Lake Superior," in which he delineates the character, vegetation and animals of that interesting region. His "Principles of Zoology" is also a standard work. He has recently issued proposals for the publication of a yet more important work on natural history; and the rapidity with which the subscription paper was filled with names is both a flattering testimonial to the distinguished naturalist, and an honorable proof of the elevated character of our citizens and of their great liberality. The success of such a man as Professor Agassiz may be cited to show that the spirit of the day is not as frivolous and superficial as it has been represented, and that solid scientific attainments are appreciated amid the whirling race for wealth and amusement going on around us.

HISTORY OF THE VIOLIN.

The period when the violin may be said to have originated, was when the important discovery was made that the drawing over the strings a certain material such as horseshair, covered with a resisting medium, such as resin, would produce a powerful and continuous sound. This discovery of the principle of the bow was as important for the development of the violin, and with it of music generally, as that of the steam engine for mechanical, or gun-

powder for explosive power; and, therefore, setting aside the flowery fictions in which so many writers love to indulge their taste for allegory, and extricating ourselves from the realms of mysticism, we enter the regions of reality, and first touch *terra firma* somewhere about the tenth century. In the Cottonian Collection in the British Museum is a manuscript of the Psalms of David, in the frontispiece to which that monarch is represented playing on the harp. Before him stand four "gleemen," one of whom plays with a bow upon a kind of violin. This drawing is perhaps one of the earliest that records that instrument. Other manuscripts prove its existence about the same date. In the twelfth century the viol was common among the Provençal troubadours. They styled it "viola," whence our viola or tenor. The French used more than twenty instruments in the reign of Philip de Valois, but the forms of most of them are lost to us; but the bassoon, trumpet, flute, hautbois, harp, guitar, viol, cymbals and drum were amongst them. The Welsh claim the origin, on the strength of a rude instrument of an oblong square shape, called the "Cwth." From this the English doubtless derived the term "crowd," which, with that of the "fiddle," obtained until the importation of the perfected article from Italy, when the term "violin" supplanted them. Although the *fidicula* of the Romans had no connection with the fiddle, yet the term "fiddle" had with it; and the Anglo-Saxon *fithle*, and earlier German *vedel*, with their Danish, Icelandic and Dutch varieties, all own *fidicula* for their original. The hackneyed line recording that "Nero fiddled while Rome was burning," is a fable, no such instrument existing for one thousand years after Nero's reign. From the old Norman-French word *viol*, its varieties have derived their distinctive appellations; though for a long period they were called treble, tenor and bass viol. In England, no family of consideration during the sixteenth and to the middle of the seventeenth century thought its establishment complete without a regiment of viols. Public performers were few until the beginning of the seventeenth century, and vocal music not much cultivated, though in Italy it had attained much perfection. In the reign of Charles I., music suffered long and grievous depression, and during the protectorate the cathedral service was abolished and organs removed from the churches. In Charles the Second's time, engraved music was introduced, and the science thence advanced to the culminating point. But few works can be consulted on the construction of the violin. That of Jacob Augustus Otto, though very short and insufficient, is perhaps

the most useful. An elaborate work on the subject is much wanted; but so nice is the subject, so fine the thread upon which the excellence depends, that it is extremely difficult to describe the rules for obtaining it, and like that of the Free Masons, "the secret" is likely to be confined to the craft. An eminent dealer remarked that after twenty-five years of study he had just produced his *first* violin. The finest models of the instrument were made at Cremona. Hieronymus Amati, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, Antonius Amati at the middle, and Nicholas Amati and Antonius Stradivarius at the end of the same, and at the beginning of the eighteenth century, Joseph Guarnerius, were the makers whose instruments have enjoyed the most world-wide celebrity. Many other makers have earned a secondary reputation. The wood generally used is of three sorts—sycamore, for back, neck and sides; Tyrolean soft red deal, for belly; and ebony, for finger-board and tail-piece. Otto divides a violin into fifty-eight parts! Only a maker can he well posted up in the various models, as amateurs can but rarely see but one or two at a time. But there is no mistake about their distinctive features, though to describe them would occupy far too much space. Hieronymus, considered handsomest generally; Antonius, but few extant, and not quite so well finished; Nicholas, smaller, generally known as "Small Amati"; Stradivarius, the flattest of all modes, but in tone most approved; Guarnerius, also flat and very rare. Maple is also much used in the backs of these makers. The fine Tyrolean instruments of Steiner differ much in the neck and tone from the Cremonese. Much fraud has been carried on and many impositions practiced by dealers in the clever Tyrolean imitations of Steiner and the Italian classics.—*Musical Gazette*.

THE ECKFORD WEBB.

Our engraving presents a correct view of this fine vessel, which created such a sensation on her first trip to England. She was built by Mr. Thomas Dunham, of New York. She is a "tern-rigged" craft, has three masts, each 84 feet long, on which are set three fore-and-aft-mainsails. Over these are set three gaff-topsails. She has also staysails, but no square-sails. Each mast is furnished with a winch, by which the sails can be hoisted by two men in five minutes. Her length is 137 feet, breadth 30 feet, draft of water 11 1/2 feet, and she carries 494 tons. She can be handled by six men. She has run sixteen miles an hour, and 309 miles in 24 hours. Within a few years ship-building in this country has received an extraordinary impulse, and it is conceded that American ship-builders lead the rest of the world in their constructions. We can show craft of every class and size, that are models of symmetry and swiftness, from the 2000 ton clipper ship to the pleasure yacht. The British ship-builders have been very magnanimous in according the palm of superiority to ours—reserving to themselves the demonstration to bear us some day or other—if they can.



THE "ECKFORD WEBB," OF NEW YORK.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TARGET SHOOTING.

We don't mean that kind of shooting that "Doesticks" immortalizes, where a band of civic warriors march forth to perforate a bull's eye, and failing to do so with their bullets, accomplish the object with gimlets and augers, "kivering themselves all over with glory," on their homeward march; but that sort of target-shooting where a man is the mark, and that man is the ruler of a realm. It appears to be a special privilege monopolized by the monarchs of France, where regicide is a short cut to distinction or the guillotine. Poor old Louis Philippe got so used to being cracked at by fellows in blouses, that we believe he was very unhappy if he passed a review of troops without the ordinary "salute." He acquired the epithet of the target-king for his experience in that line. The poor fellows that took such wretched aim at him deserved pensions instead of decapitation, for whenever his popularity was waning, a pistol crack would give it a fillip (no pun meant) that would last him for a twelvemonth. He reigned eighteen years and was shot at seventeen times. At last individuals got tired of popping at him, and the public made a co-partnership affair of it, popped at his troops, and upset the poor old fellow's throne. It wouldn't be a bad plan for the emperor of France to keep an assassin, just as Queen Victoria and Warren's book-keeping keep a poet. Louis Napoleon is making a good thing out of the target and pistol business, and when Bellemare fired at him recently, it was "good for three rounds" of applause, as the theatrical people say. But Madame Ristori, the actress, made a better thing out of it; when she heard Louis's carriage had been shot at, she fainted dead away. Sensible soul! That is good for his engagement at the Theatre Français, and coupled with Rachel's singing the Marseillaise for the "Reds," in New York, will make her the idol of susceptible, loyal Paris, and place her on the pedestal the great Parisian tragedienne has vacated. Long live target shooting!

PARKER'S NEW HOTEL.—This magnificent establishment, of which we gave a representation in the Pictorial some weeks since, has been opened to the public, and is now in full operation. It is one of the most splendid restaurants in this country.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—A reciprocal free trade in all the products of the United States and the Sandwich Islands is secured by the late treaty.

SPLINTERS.

... Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance, has returned home from Madeira with improved health.

... "Villanous saltpetre" has advanced in price 150 per cent. in consequence of the Eastern war.

One hundred and forty freshmen joined Yale College the present year. A perfect freshet of freshmen!

... Thackeray, the author of the "Newcombes," is one of the new comers, and will lecture immediately.

... An Indian chief in Oregon is called the "Looking-glass;" he is much given to reflection.

... A professor of the "Eeling art" lately caught an eel weighing 11 1-2 pounds at New Bedford.

... Mr. Boker's new tragedy, "Francesca da Rimini," has been completely successful at New York. Glad of it.

... A French lady with balloon skirts failed in getting into a confessional lately. She remains unshriven.

... Mademoiselle Isabelle, a French lady, has been very successfully practising a new system of breaking horses.

... Some of the papers condemn the high prices asked by Rachel's managers for admission to her performances.

... Colonel Kinney is publishing a paper called the "Central American." He seems to be getting on swimmingly.

... By the last advices from Canton, they were chopping off rebels' heads at the rate of 800 per day.

Another accident lately happened from the rein-hook of a chaise getting into the sockets of a man's eye.

... A lady teacher in a Cambridge school has not received \$70,000 from a former lover, as was reported.

... Major L. Clark, who was one of the originators of the famed Boston Brigade Band, had a complimentary concert, lately.

... For days preceding the fall of Sebastopol, fifteen shells a minute were thrown into the enemy's works.

... A lady passenger from Liverpool to this port was searched lately, and denuded of a vast amount of laces.

... The storm of the Malakoff showed that the French are now the first military nation on the globe.

... In England, Miss Isabella Melrose has walked 500 half miles in 500 half hours—an immense feat.

... European convicts have been landed at Singapore much to the disgust of the inhabitants, who protest against it.

... Adam was the swiftest runner on record, because he was the first in the human race. An undoubted fact.

... Experience seems to show that penny papers cannot exist in England. Here they prosper finely.

... An immense gathering of Sunday School teachers and children lately took place in the New York Crystal Palace.

... Prince Murat has lately issued an inflammatory address to the people of Naples. Will they rise?

GOSSIP ABOUT PICTURES.

Some very fine landscapes have recently been exhibited at William Y. Baleh's, 90 Tremont Street. We allude to those by Bierstadt, a German artist, who has resided in this country, and is now, we believe, a student at Dusseldorf. One of them, a large painting, representing a meadow with a broad stream flowing beneath a fine group of massive trees, with a pleasing distance, is remarkable for its fidelity to nature, its rich color, its fine chiaroscuro and delicious atmospheric effects. It is a work of the highest promise. The artist is evidently a careful student of nature, and probably paints much in the field.

The French papers speak very highly of some of the efforts of the English artists, exhibited at the great Paris Exposition. A favorite seems to be "Sir Biorn of the Sparkling Eyes." Sir Biorn is an Englishman of the good old time. He gets drunk every evening alone, in what is called English fashion. The only company he can endure is that of his ancestors. He has their rusty coats of mail placed in a circle, and he drinks to their health without touching glasses. The grandfather of Sir Biorn, or, at least, his armor, is already under the table. Two other steel ancestors are leaning against one another that they may not fall, and the scion of all this illustrious ironmongery stares filially and stupidly at his relatives. It was rather a queer subject for an English artist to exhibit in France, as it exposes some little national weaknesses. It is a sort of confession, such as Hamlet makes when he says:

"This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduced and taxed of other nations;
They class us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our adornments; and, indeed, it takes
From all our actions, though performed at height,
The plith and marrow of their attribute."

A Parisian critic is rather down on the pre-Raphaelite school. Speaking of Mr. Millais, to whom he still accords high praise, he says:—"I regret that Mr. Millais, a man of very liberal mind, should give himself up to reactionary painting. Why return to Perugino, and forget that Raphael, Michael Angelo and Titian have existed? Has painting made no progress since the fifteenth century, and must we admit that all the genius of the greatest masters has served only to corrupt taste? Mr. Millais draws divinely and paints scientifically. His pictures, painted with truly British conscientiousness, not only reproduce the form and color of flesh, but the texture of stuffs; the tradesman who sold the cloth would recognize the quality of his goods; the sheep who furnished the wool would know the nature of his fleece. This merit would be but mediocre if the finish of the details destroyed the effect of the ensemble; but Mr. Millais expresses sentiment as well as a pair of gaiters, and a passion as well as a coat-sleeve. The "Order of Release" is a masterpiece, in spite of the minute perfection of all its details. The pretty little Ophelia, drowning herself unconsciously, is full of grace and *naivete*; the landscape which surrounds her is full of melancholy feeling, although you can count the leaves of the trees. What are we to think of this? That Mr. Millais has a great deal of talent, since he touches and charms us while depriving himself of all the means which modern art has discovered. We can only compare him to a man who has put on leaden soles to run a race in. Mr. Millais will consent to go far, if he will consent to change his shoes."

THE MODERN NIMROD.

Perhaps a mightier hunter than Nimrod of old, a slayer of elephants and lions, and quite a lion himself, is Captain Gordon Cumming, a Scotch gentleman, who sold out his commission in the British army, and passed four or five years in South Africa, hunting wild beasts on a prodigious scale. The record of his adventures was one of the most exciting books we ever read. He is now giving a series of illustrated lectures in London, and his advertisements have the attractive heading of the "Lion-slayer at home." The lecture-room is a sort of savage boudoir, fitted up with trophies won by Captain Cumming in the course of his forest life, elephants' skulls, tusks, antlers, horns, bones and skeletons forming the appropriate accessories. He himself is described—not as a stalwort, brawny, ruffianly-looking man, as one might fancy him to be after reading his battles with the beasts,—but a "slim gentleman, white of hand and delicate of feature," who "talks with the easy familiarity of a boudoir, of life-tussles with cobras and lions, making small drawing-room jokes about his old enemies, and occasionally catching up a date by easy reference to his hundredth elephant encounter." He is certainly a "mighty hunter," and we should like to see him and hear his account of himself.

SPORTING AT WASHINGTON.—Sporting has commenced at the federal city quite early this year. Some days ago an escaped elk was hunted and shot by a party of Marylanders on the borders of the Potomac. We suppose deer shooting will come next, and then congressional sharp-shooting. We hope the honorable marksmen will have *Marcy* on the souls of those they *Pierce*.

RUSSIAN SACRIFICES.—As Rostopchin destroyed Moscow that it might not shelter the troops of Napoleon I., so Gortschakoff has ruined Sebastopol to avoid giving harborage to the troops of Napoleon III. The English thought the destruction of Moscow sublime; they think that of Sebastopol rascally.

ACCIDENTS.—In England they don't allow accidents. The captain of the steamer Vivid lately run down a schooner, by which some of the hands were drowned, and the jury brought a verdict of manslaughter against him.

ARTISTIC.—"Truth" and "Science," two statues by Mosier, an American sculptor, have been placed in the Astor Library.

VARIOUS MODES OF TRAVELLING.

In our last number we contrasted, in a series of engravings, stage-coach and railroad travelling; on the last page of the present issue, Wade the artist has given us a more comprehensive view of locomotion, and grouped together all the principal systems of land carriage in the world. There is certainly a choice assortment of conveyances. At the top of the page, we have our dashing Yankee four-horse coach, not entirely "crushed out" by locomotives yet. In the centre of the picture is that glorious type of the age—a railroad train shooting at full speed under the arch of a viaduct. What a contrast!—forty miles an hour against ten! In the right hand upper corner, the long shafted volante, with a smart black postilion on the horse, and two bewitching senoritas fluttering their fans, and darting lustrous glances at us, carries us back to the queen of the Antilles, and calls up a thousand pleasant reminiscences of the Paseo at Havana. On the other side of the page are two Russian officers travelling post in the telega—a rough conveyance, but one that is driven at headlong speed. Below is an East Indian potentate carried along luxuriously in the palanqueen. A sturdy Swede next meets the eye, dashing along in his gig. South America is illustrated by the manner in which the sure-footed Indians carry travellers on their backs in chairs and frames constructed of cane and hide. The gay sledge with its bell-decked horse is eminently characteristic of North America. The lower line of figures illustrate travelling in Asia, India and Africa. We behold those desert ships, the camel and the dromedary, patiently plodding their way across the seas of sand, while the huge elephant, a living mountain, bearing a tower on his back, and loaded with provisions, arms and merchandize, the most powerful as well as the most docile and intelligent of brutes, contrasts strangely with the more insignificant animals by which he is surrounded, particularly with the ostrich, the successful rival of Burnham's shanghai, capering under the weight of an adventurous African. Higher up on the page is the heavy caleche used in France and Germany, and drawn by three horses abreast, requiring both driver and postilion. A reindeer and sledge, with a dog-sledge seen in the distance, characterizes Lapland. We fancy that no mode of locomotion is more exhilarating than a reindeer drive. In the sketch above, the clumsy mule carriage used in South America is shown, and finally, in the flight of the two balloons, we are reminded of the daring ambition of man, who, not content with traversing the land and ocean, seeks to penetrate the upper air, and emulate the flight of birds. The period may arrive when aerial navigation will be a certain reliance, but we fancy that will be about the time when "castles in the air" are conducted as well as the R. vere House, and a railroad to the moon is in full operation.

HIGH PRICES.—Old Roger of the Boston Post remarked on the passage of Shakspeare,

"Now in the name of all the gods at once
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great?"

that Caesar couldn't have afforded to get fat on Boston meat at Boston prices. There are more "lean and hungry Cassiuses" about town than fat Caesars.

FEMALE SCULPTOR.—Miss Lander, of Salem, who has evinced so remarkable a genius for sculpture, has sailed for Europe, with the intention of studying in Italy. There she will find the gems of Greek art, and the living models which cannot be obtained for love or money in this country.

THE TWO OCEANS.—The ship canal to unite the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by the Abrato route, recently surveyed, will cost "oceans of money"—\$150,000,000; but that's a better investment than a war.

THE WAR.—The war in Europe has lasted over two years. How much longer it will last is the question. The cost begins to be felt.

"Alas! how deeply painful is all payment!"

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Huntington, Mr. Samuel C. Joy to Miss Mary Munroe; by Rev. Mr. Tappan, of Charlestown, Mr. A. M. Burbank to Miss J. M. Ranstead; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Ebenezer Collyer to Miss Maria B. Frost, both of Marblehead; at the American House, by Rev. Dr. Blagden, Capt. William O. Alden to Miss Elizabeth Emery, both of Belfast, Me.; by Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. Joseph Billard to Miss Ann Crawshaw; by J. A. Adams, Dr. J. H. Payne, of Bangor, Me. to Miss Hatfield M., eldest daughter of Seth Whittier, Esq.; by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. John F. Peterson, of Providence, R. I., to Miss Mary C. Dean, of Charlestown.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Pryor, Mr. Frank W. Nutter to Miss Clarinda L. Aroold.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. Theodore E. King, of Boston, to Miss Susan H. Bradshaw.—At Malden, by Rev. Mr. Adams, Mr. Thomas W. Ripley to Miss Mary P. Lewis.—At Watertown, by Rev. Mr. Weiss, of New Bedford, B. B. Titcomb, Esq., of Newburyport, to Miss Lucy W. Thaxter.—At Waltham, by Rev. Mr. Winslow, Albion K. Norris, Esq., of Janesville, Wis., to Miss Eliza Thornton Deshon.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Hoppin, Mr. Isaac S. Noyes to Miss Caroline A. McCloy.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Brooks, Mr. Ira J. Webber to Miss Sarah E. Caswell, both of Salem.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Fiske, Mr. John L. Plumer, of West Newbury, to Miss Tamien S. Hervey.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Mr. Whitmore, Mr. John E. Morton to Miss Lydia A. Ripley.—At Albany, N. Y., by Rev. Mr. Conroy, Mr. Frank D. Wood to Miss Maria McDermott.

DEATHS.

In this city, Hon. John Welles, 91; Hon. Benjamin Gorham, 80; Mr. Moses H. Wetherbee, 41; Mrs. M., wife of Mr. John Blackler, 70; Mrs. Martha B., wife of Dr. James Aver, 32.—At Roxbury, Miss Charlotte Newton, 68.—At Chelsea, Mr. Joseph Richardson, 32.—At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Caroline C., wife of Mr. Alanson Way, 24.—At Melrose, Mrs. Mary T., wife of Mr. P. R. Wait, 41.—At Brighton, Mr. Albert Towne, 51.—At Newton Upper Falls, Mrs. Frances Ann, wife of Rev. John Paulson.—At Randolph, Mr. Martin Clark, 43.—At Milton, Mrs. Grace Gregory, 80.—At Auburndale, William Whitteley, Esq., 67.—At Lowell, Mr. Jonathan Allen, 39.—At Plimouth, Widow Susan Hart, 56; Widow Betsey Whiting, 80.—At Newburyport, Miss Sarah G. Colman, 50.—At Fairhaven, Mr. Nathan W. Millett, 35.—At Worcester, Mrs. Eunice E., wife of Mr. Lucius Hubbard, 33; Mr. Simeon Brewer, 73.—At New Bedford, Miss Mary J. Walter, 22.—At Springfield, Mrs. Ann, wife of Mr. William H. Horton, 50; Miss Sarah Marsh, 40; Mr. Orrin Parker, 30.—At West Tibury, Mrs. Desire, widow of the late Capt. William Ferguson, 74.—At Warren, R. I., Hon. John R. Wheaton, 62.—At Portsmouth, N. H., Mr. Martin P. Brooks, of Boston.—At Nashua, N. H., Benjamin H. Case, Esq., formerly of Windsor, Vt., 81.—At West Hartford, Conn., Mr. Pollard Merrill, 91.—At Lanshingham, N. Y., Peter, son of Mr. Peter and Mrs. Jane Duck.—At Philadelphia, Pa., Capt. Clement Gould, of Orleans, 45.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

During the last year, the income of the Methodist Episcopal Church South was \$96,453. — The Detroit (Michigan) Democrat says: "There is more peppermint grown in St. Joseph's county, Mr. Dean, than in any other locality in the Union. It is the staple product of one town. The oil is extracted and sold at \$1.50 per pound. An acre will yield from fifteen to twenty pounds, making a very profitable crop." — The yellow fever is checked at New Orleans. — As a train on the Hudson River Railroad was approaching a particular point just below Greenbush, recently, an Irishman named Patrick McGillish laid a wager that he would cross the track within a given distance in front of it. He tried it, and lost his wager and his life. — It is said that Pennsylvania now produces as much iron as was manufactured in all Great Britain thirty years ago. — James Broadwell, Esq., an old citizen of Cincinnati, died on the 17th ult. He was at the battle of Bladensburg, where he did good service, forming one of the few brave men who halted at the White House and saw the President conveyed to a place of safety. He voted for every President, from Jefferson to Pierce. — The New Orleans Delta says that in more than three thousand cases, during the present season, inoculation for the yellow fever has been tested with entire success. — The comparison between the results of missionary labor and the expense of carrying it on, is seen in the case of the Sandwich Islands. By comparing the number there since the establishment of missions with the amount appropriated to that mission, it appears that the conversion of each soul has cost \$20. — In the year 1790 the population of Georgia was 82,000, and in the year 1850 it was 905,000, an increase of eleven fold in sixty years. In 1790 the population of New York was 340,000, and in 1850 it was 3,097,000, being an increase of nine fold in sixty years. — An English chemist recommends that all legal deeds or documents be written upon a pull paper, as the contact of steel invariably destroys more or less the durability of every ink. — The Rev. Toney Proctor, a free colored man and a preacher, died at Tallahassee, Fla., on the 10th ult., aged 112 years. It is said he was at the battle of Quebec, as the servant of an English officer, in 1759—a fact he distinctly recollected. He was, at the beginning of the revolutionary war, in the vicinity of Boston, at the time the tea was thrown overboard; and afterwards at the battle of Lexington. — The fearful epidemic at Norfolk and Portsmouth is attributed to the fact that most of the wharves were made or filled up with green timber, logs, brush, and low marshy dirt some years ago. These have begun to decay, and they render the whole atmosphere impure. — An American congregation has been formed at Albuquerque, New Mexico, under the pastoral charge of Rev. Mr. Tallhurst. — Dr. Perazoff, chief army surgeon at Seltatopol, says that never in the history of surgery were such frightful wounds known as those that came under the treatment of the Russian surgeons during the bombardment which commenced April 9, and caused by the 65-pounder shot, and 200-pound shell of the besiegers. — Those who snack their lips over smooth old Heidsieck, must be gratified with the reflection that even the corks bearing the Heidsieck brand are worth ten cents apiece in New York, and are sold by bushels at that price to the wine merchants. — The Lutherans are endeavoring to raise \$15,000 for their Illinois university, by fifty subscriptions of \$300 each. — Pure native iron, the existence of which the scientific world has been disposed to doubt, has recently been found in Liberia. It was sent to this country, and has been analyzed in Boston by Dr. Hayes, who pronounces it, by conclusive proof, to be a true native iron, not meteoric, nor reduced in any way from an ore. — The amount of taxes for all purposes in the city of Brooklyn is \$1,533,127; or one hundred and sixty-two cents on every one hundred dollars. In one ward of the city, comprising a part of what late was Williamsburg, where there is a local assessment, the tax is \$2.28. This is the largest tax we have ever known imposed in the United States. — The board of aldermen in the city of Providence refused to grant a license for a baby show. — The territory which has been acquired by the United States under the Gadsden treaty with Mexico, is said to be rich in gold and silver mines. The precious metals are found, in many places, along the newly surveyed boundary line, and in localities distant from each other. — Buttons, rivaling jet in beauty of gloss and finish, are now made from India rubber. The U. S. navy and several large clothing houses have adopted the new style. — The total number of persons killed on the various railroads in the United States, from March 27, 1853, to August 29, 1855, a period of less than 2 1/2 years, was one hundred and ninety-six. The number of persons killed in the same time from railroad accidents was two hundred and thirty-two.

OXYGENATED BITTERS.—To those afflicted with that common and distressing complaint, dyspepsia, we would recommend a trial of the Oxygenated Bitters, prepared by S. W. Fowle & Co. We have great testimonials to the efficacy of this specific, in cases of dyspepsia, asthma and general debility, from men of undoubted character and high standing, and are assured that it contains nothing that can be injurious to the system. See advertisement in another column.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.—An English engineer has contrived a method of filling shells with molten iron, so that each of these missiles when it bursts will burn several men alive or mangle them dreadfully. What a bloody science is! And how satisfactory to the victims to be tortured so intentionally!

PARTING.—This is very proper in us when parting. A smile is a beautiful thing to see in a smile, particularly when you are in a tight place. The Psalmist says, "fret not thyself," and it is golden advice for every one.

Wayside Gatherings.

Hon. George S. Boutwell has accepted the appointment of Secretary of the Board of Education, and will soon enter upon the duties of the office.

Captain Folsom, deceased, late quarter master in California, who was reported to have been a millionaire, was a defaulter for upwards of \$200,000.

A new Congregational church is to be erected at Winsted, Ct., for which \$8000 has been subscribed by six individuals, and the balance, \$7000, will be made up without difficulty.

The secretary of the navy has detained Lieut. Maury on duty at the observatory, Commodore Stewart in command of the Philadelphia navy yard, and Commodore Smith as chief of the bureau of the dockyards.

A New York boarding-house runner, by the name of James Bay, has been arrested and committed to prison, upon a charge of drugging a sailor, and conveying him, while in an unconscious state, on board of a ship which was about to sail for Liverpool.

The Masonic parade at Philadelphia, on the 26th ult., at the laying of the corner-stone of the new Hall, was a magnificent affair. Over 4000 of the brethren marched in the procession to Independence Square, where the ceremonies of the occasion were performed.

It is proposed to dig a tunnel for a railroad track under the Niagara River, at Black Rock, near Buffalo, N. Y. Its length will be 2100 feet, descent of grade on each side 75 feet per mile, cost \$500,000. The river is 20 feet deep at the proposed locality, and its bed is of solid limestone.

It is said of Lafayette, that on approaching the harbor of New York, he made the unsophistical inquiry, whether his servant would be able to find a hack at the pier to convey his party to the hotel, so little did he anticipate the national pageant which anxiously awaited his landing.

A Bedouin Arab stallion has just arrived in Philadelphia, of the celebrated Kylan breed in Eastern Arabia. He is of gray color, and four years old; \$10,000 has been refused for him, and his owner requires \$12,500. The horse was 166 days on shipboard, during which time he never laid down.

Two boxes containing \$25,000 each in gold were sent from the U. S. assistant treasury at Dubuque, Iowa, to the assistant treasurer in New York city, but when they arrived the boxes were found to be filled with rifle bullets. It is supposed the boxes were exchanged while on the way from the treasury to the railroad depot at Dubuque.

The latest advices from Europe state that the Danish government has declared itself willing to reduce the Sound dues for all countries. It is said that Austria has strongly recommended Denmark to make this concession, and that this latter power will shortly make its intentions known to all the States interested in the question.

Homor Anderson, late professor of natural science at Clinton, N. Y., has invented a new war missile, in the shape of a most destructive shell. One of these shells was thrown from a six-pounder, by way of experiment, and falling upon some rocks, corrusions of light arose some fifty feet in the air, emanating from materials under the most intense ignition.

There are 37,553 inhabitants in Lowell, of whom 24,422 are natives, and 13,131 foreign born; females 22,320, males 15,233. The increase since 1850 has been 4170. The native children born of foreign parents are reckoned to be about 3000. Among the inhabitants Mrs. Monahan, an Irish woman, is 105 years old, and Mrs. Thomas, American, 103.

One James Crabtree, near Leeds, Eng., lately found a live frog in the centre of a large mine of coal, 78 yards below the surface of the earth, where it must have been through countless ages. It was numb and dark colored when first discovered, but soon changed to the usual color, and became very lively. Its eyes are bright and surrounded with golden rings.

The death of Dr. John Gorrie, an inventor of considerable note, took place recently at Apalachicola, Florida. His last and most important work was a steam ice-making machine. It has not been used, owing to the death of parties interested, and other causes. It consists of a series of air pumps ingeniously arranged to condense air and reduce the temperature of the water.

A "fast girl," named Mary Brown, a short time since, attempted to escape in the night from the jail in Utica, by cutting a large hole in the wall, but was discovered in time to secure her in close quarters. Not long since she shortened her hair, donned male apparel, and was accepted as a soldier by the recruiting officer recently stationed at Rome. She has twice escaped from jail.

The London Times pronounces the operations of the British and French fleets in the Baltic during the summer to be the grandest illustration of the art of *bathos* ever supplied. Ten ships-of-the-line, 21 frigates, and 19 of lower rate, carrying in the aggregate, 2721 guns, in the Baltic Sea, have kept a few Russian men-of-war in the harbor, captured some craft with fish and salt, burnt some stores, and bombarded Sveaborg.

The London Artizan describes a small iron steamer, fitted by Messrs. Rennie with disk or rotary engines, which has been tried on the Nile, and has done remarkably well. The length of the boat is 60 feet, width 6 feet, draft 22 inches. She has two disk engines 13 inches in diameter, two screw propellers (one on each stern quarter) of two feet diameter. With a pressure of 60 lbs. of steam on the square inch, the boat runs at the rate of 12 knots an hour, beating the best paddle boats.

Rarely, if ever, were the agencies of electricity more extensively adapted to the purposes of war than at Yenikale. One of the gun boats that lay off the fort—a mere hulk, without masts or cords, of 150 tons burden, with embrasures through her side on the deck for nine small guns—was found to be filled below with the most complete series of galvanic apparatus attached to vessels full of powder, which would explode on contact with a vessel's keel.

Friday is the Mohammedan Sabbath. They call it "the prince of days, the most excellent on which the sun shines," and say "it is the day whereon the last judgment will be solemnized." They esteem it a peculiar honor to Islamism that God has been pleased to appoint this to be the sacred day of the Moslems, and granted them the advantage of having first observed it. The sultan, as the head of religion, must always go publicly to mosque on that day, and lead in the prayers.

Moonshine will spoil fish in less time than the sun, or any other position that fish can be placed in. The reason of this is thought to be that fish is of the water, and contains more water and its gases, perhaps, than the eye of fish is larger, generally, in proportion to its body, than of animals; that the eye contains a fluid or water that spoils first; that the moon has a greater influence upon the eye by reason of the fogs, and that by putting the eye out, or cutting off the head, the fish will keep much longer.

Foreign Items.

Gen. Pelissier has been created a Marshal of France.

Upon the reception of news of the capture of Sebastopol in 1855, a great national Te Deum was celebrated at the church of Notre Dame. Throughout France and England, the rejoicing was immense.

The ages of the bishops of the church of England and Ireland are given in the Church and State Gazette. Fifteen of the number have exceeded the limits of threescore and ten; while four of them have reached beyond fourscore. The oldest is 89, the youngest, 44.

The United States gain similar honors at the Paris Exhibition to those in London in 1851. The telegraph of Prof. Morse is admitted to be better than any now in use on the continent of Europe. The American reapers have established their superiority over all others, and have created immense sensation.

A very detailed report of the state of the harvest throughout the various provinces of Austria has just been published in the *Oesterreichische Correspondenz*. It declares the crops of corn to be, on an average, if not more, throughout the whole of the Austrian monarchy, and says that there is no fear of any shortness of supply.

A papier-mache manufacturer in England has submitted to the authorities a model but of that material, intended for camp use. The papier-mache pulp is mixed with rags, the result of which is a paper plank much stronger than wood, nearly unflammable, a non-conductor of heat or cold, and impenetrable by wet, as well as very durable.

A celebrated cultivator of dahlias in Belgium says that he will be able, in the course of a year or two, to produce a blue dahlia, by keeping constantly watered the root of a white one with a solution of sulphate of iron in a weak state. It is well known that the sulphate of iron turns hydrangeas blue, and it is thought that a similar result may be produced with other white flowers.

MM. Benmont and Mayer have made a machine which may be seen at work at their establishment in Paris. It contains 400 lbs. of water, which is made to boil in two hours. A coil of wire which turns in a cylinder, so as to produce the necessary friction, is covered with tow, and that tow, in order that it may not catch fire, is kept constantly moistened by a stream of oil which runs on it. The heat gradually increases, until at last steam is generated.

Sands of Gold.

.... There are unequal matches of mind, as well as of man and blood.—*Balzac*.

.... Art, like love, excludes all competition, and absorbs the man.—*Fuseli*.

.... Passion is universal humanity. Without it, religion, history, romance and art would be useless.—*Balzac*.

.... Favor exalts a man above his equals, but has distressed him from that favor places him below them.—*La Bruyere*.

.... Light wit and conversational graces are a gift of nature or the fruit of an education commenced in the cradle.—*Balzac*.

.... Mediocrity despises and exalts; the man of talent congratulates himself on the success of his exertions; genius alone mourns over defeated expectations.—*Voltaire*.

.... When the heart is still irritated by the remembrance of a passion, we are more ready to receive a new one, than when we are entirely cured.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

.... I am told so many ill things of a man, and I know so few of him, that I begin to suspect he has a real but treacherous merit, as being likely to eclipse that of others.—*La Bruyere*.

.... The last, best fruit which comes to late perfection, even to the kindest soul, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearing toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic.—*Richter*.

.... Love can be found upon nature only (or the appearance of it) for this reason—however a peruke may tend to soften the human features, it can very seldom make models for the nature of artifice which it discovers.—*Shenstone*.

.... When I am assailed with heavy tribulations, I rush out among my pigs, rather than remain alone by myself. The human heart is like a millstone in a mill; when you put wheat under it, it turns and grinds and bruises the wheat to flour. If you put wheat, it still grinds on, but then it grinds itself and wears away.—*Luther*.

Joker's Budget.

A lovesick young gentleman, who had taken very much of his time to writing sonnets, has just hung himself with one of his own.

Never let people work for you gratis. Two years ago a man carried a bundle for us, and we have been lending him two shillings a week ever since.

Why are the months of the New York "upper ten," since the arrival of the Rachel, like the trenches of Sebastopol? They are filled with mangled French!

The man who imagined himself wise, because he detected some typographical errors in a newspaper, has come east to get a popular view of the rainbow.

An Irishman describing the trading powers of the great Yankee, said: "If he was east away on a desolate island, he'd get up the next mornin' and go round sellin' raps to the inhabitants."

An editor out west gives the following notice: "Our paper is lost! The finder is requested to return it, being careful not to disturb its contents, which were a brass rub, a piece of half-baked and nicely twisted, the stump of a cigar, and a very good illustration of a man."

"Well, Sambo, what's yer up to now-a-days?"—"O, I'm a carpenter and joiner."—"H! I guess yer is. What department do you perform?"—"What department? Why, I do the common work."—"What's dat?"—"Why, I turns de grind-tone."—"G'way."

In one of our seminaries, the other day, a little boy appeared before his teacher with his legs unbuttoned. On being asked the reason, the little fellow, with great *raisonné* replied, "Mamma was in last night, and the cook's spectacles were too small to take on the big words."

Antiquity to read a sermon in the pulpit is a well-known characteristic of the Scotch people. At Kerk a minister at an auguration, on a Sabbath, read the prophet's words, "I will be a companion to the lowly minister was a *little*." "An' how did it read, woman?" was the reply; "the poor man's *little*." To which the first made answer, "I'm glad to hear it; I wish they were all *little*."



VARIOUS MODES OF TRAVELLING IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1855.

\$3.00 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IX., No. 18.—WHOLE No. 226
6 CENTS SINGLE.

LEWISTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

The engraving below, from a drawing made on the spot for us by Mr. Kilburn, represents the famous suspension bridge which crosses the Niagara River between Lewiston on the American and Queenstown on the Canada side, and is one of the most remarkable mechanical works of the present day. It has 1040 feet span, and is supported by ten cables. It was erected in 1850, under the superintendence of Mr. E. W. Servell, C. E. The village of Queenstown is celebrated as the scene of one of the battles of the second war with Great Britain, in which Winfield Scott was taken prisoner, and the English commander, General Brock, killed. A monument to the latter was erected on Queenstown Heights in 1824, and nearly demolished in 1839 by a miscreant who placed a quantity of powder in the lower part and exploded it. The shattered monument is seen on the right of our picture. The battle of Queenstown was fought on the 13th of October, 1812. A detachment of a thousand men from the army of the centre, under command of Col. Solomon Van Rensselaer, crossed the river at an early hour of the morning. A storming party of six hundred men was divided into two columns—three hundred militia men under Colonel Van Rensselaer, and three hundred regulars under

Colonel Christie. These were to be followed by Colonel Fenwick's artillery, and then the other troops in order. The eddies of the stream and the fire of the enemy were serious obstacles to the passage of the river. Colonel Van Rensselaer, leading the van of one hundred men, was the first to land, and received four severe wounds. He did not fall, however, but was able to issue his orders for storming the fort, and had the pleasure of seeing that achievement gallantly performed, and the enemy driven down the hill. Both parties were now reinforced, and the struggle for the possession of the hill renewed. In this contest, General Brock and his aid, Captain McDonald, fell at nearly the same moment. The British were repulsed, and victory apparently crowned the American arms. To Lieutenant Totten, afterward Scott's chief engineer in the Mexican war, the duty was assigned of fortifying Queenstown Heights against further anticipated attacks of the enemy. But at three o'clock in the afternoon, the British, being reinforced by several hundred Chippewa Indians, rallied and advanced again to the attack. Their charge was met with the gallantry which had been displayed by our troops in the former conflicts, and they were again repulsed. At this moment, General Van Rensselaer, finding the militia on the American side embark-

ing but slowly, crossed the Niagara to hasten their transit. To his mortification and indignation, however, twelve hundred of them refused to obey orders. The sight of the carnage on the British shore had completely cooled the ardor they had manifested in the early part of the day, and which was so great that their commanding officers had found it difficult to hold them back. In spite of the commands, threats, reproaches and entreaties of the gallant Van Rensselaer, they remained inactive spectators of the heroic struggle for victory which their brave countrymen on the opposite shore were making against rapidly increasing odds. Although the British were reinforced by eight hundred men from Fort George, the Americans, for some time, prolonged the unequal struggle. At last, however, they were compelled to lay down their arms, and surrender themselves as prisoners of war. The American loss was about sixty killed and one hundred wounded, out of seven hundred and sixty engaged in the final conflict. The loss of the British must have been even more severe, owing to the superiority of our marksmanship. General Scott, then lieutenant colonel, was under fire in this action, and commanded on the heights after the fall of all his superior officers. He exhibited on this occasion the utmost intrepidity.



LEWISTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE, AND QUEENSTOWN HEIGHTS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FALCONE:

—OR,—

THE MYSTERIES OF MEXICO.

A ROMANCE OF OUR DAY.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

TERESA IN DANGER.

WHEN Teresa Clinton regained her consciousness after the swoon that wrapp'd her senses during the passage of the close carriage in which she was borne from the hacienda, she found herself lying upon a couch in a sumptuous apartment, whilst Lucille, kneeling beside her, was chafing her hands and bathing her forehead with restoratives. The sudden start with which she opened her eyes and stretched forth her arms, alarmed the mulatto, who uttered a slight scream. The door of the apartment was immediately unclosed, a man's form half appeared and was as quickly withdrawn, and the door again shut. Teresa sat upright and looked wildly around her.

"Lucille! what is that! Where are we?"

The mulatto placed her finger on her lips and glanced at the door.

Teresa raised her hand to her bosom.

"Where is it—the dagger!" she asked.

"It is here, mademoiselle!" answered Lucille, pointing significantly to the pearl hilt of a small stiletto which was hidden within the folds of a kerchief that crossed her breast. "I will give it to you, mademoiselle—when we are alone."

Hardly had the mulatto pronounced these words, than a knock was heard at the door, and it was again slowly unclosed, admitting now the head of the man who had before appeared.

"May I enter?" said a softly modulated voice, and the intruder, without awaiting a reply, advanced across the floor.

"Is the senora recovered—quite recovered?" proceeded the low toned voice, as its owner took the chair which Lucille vacated, whilst she herself crept to Teresa's back, and there stood, half bending over her young mistress.

"May I inquire, senor, where I am?" asked the maiden.

"The precise locality, my dear senora, is of no moment, I trust. Be assured you are here in the care of hospitable friends."

"I desire no hospitality, sir! I demand to know for what purpose I am brought hither?"

The American girl spoke in a firm tone, and fixed her eyes steadily upon the man before her, who returned the gaze with a singular smile.

"You will know all at some future time, senora. At present allow me to offer you all that this poor house affords for your comfort. These apartments are your own, and Lucille here will attend you. Whatever you desire will be brought whenever you shall order Lucille to ring yonder bell."

"I desire to return to my friends—I demand my liberty at once," exclaimed Teresa, with indignation.

"That is the only luxury my poor means cannot afford," returned the visitor, with the cold and heartless smile again wreathing his dark lip. "Permit me to wish you a sweet night's rest."

Saying this, the man arose, and with a ceremonious bow turned to leave the apartment. Pausing, however, at the door, he drew the key which was upon its outer side, and held it up.

"Lucille! this is in your care. We shall not intrude upon your mistress again, save with her gentle permission."

With these words, Don Ricardo Ramos, for it was he, left the two females to themselves once more. As soon as he had departed, Lucille hastened to lock the door, and then, running to her mistress, threw herself upon her knees, and burst into a flood of tears.

"O, mon Dieu! what have I done?" she cried, hysterically. "I have murdered—I have betrayed. O, I *une mauvaise*—I deserve to die! Here is the poniard! I am not to live!"

Uttering these woful ejaculations, Lucille writhed at the feet of her mistress, and proffered to her the pearl-hilted dirk which she had taken from her neckkerchief. Teresa knew not how to account for the girl's wild behaviour, for she had not yet suspected any connection between the mulatto and her present situation. When, however, with broken exclamations, Lucille related all that she knew concerning the abduction, and avowed her own wicked heedlessness in listening to Don Ricardo, the generous senora did not repulse her with the horror which she expected. On the contrary, Teresa bade her rise and dry her tears, expressing her confidence in her attendant's good intentions, and a belief that she would now prove faithful.

"O, mam'selle! I will die—perish for my kind mistress. Nevere—nevere more will I hear what man says—I will hate them—and desert my dear mistress—nevere!"

Teresa endeavored to summon all her resolution, in order to be prepared for whatever might transpire. She replaced in her bosom the little weapon which she had been accustomed to wear, and then endeavored to console the wretched Lucille, who continued incessantly to deplore her fault. Yet, indeed, though the maiden strove to appear calm, her heart was fearfully agitated; and though, as was usual with her, she composed her thoughts to prayer before retiring, and submitted herself piously to the will of Heaven, yet very little sleep visited her wearied frame on that first night of her captivity.

Three apartments, connected with one another, formed the suite which had been appropriated for Teresa's use; a large room, splendidly furnished, opening upon two smaller ones, one of which, fitted up as a lady's boudoir, being apparently intended for the mistress—the other, with humbler appointments, for the maid. But that night Teresa and Lucille occupied one chamber, the mulatto girl stretching herself at the feet of her mistress.

Next morning found Teresa little refreshed by rest, but composed in mien and features. A touch of the bell by Lucille summoned an old woman, who, after bringing in a tray containing breakfast, said, sharply:

"The senora will find her clothes in the wardrobe."

"My clothes!" repeated the maiden, half smiling through her grief, as the crone left the apartment after delivering this short announcement.

"O, mam'selle! *quelle merveille!* it is true! *vraiment!* it is wonderful! *Voilà!*"

Lucille held open the door of a narrow closet as she spoke, and disclosed several shelves filled with articles of female apparel, which Teresa at once recognized as her own. Lucille was wonder-stricken, but the truth at once flashed over the mind of her mistress. This clothing was a portion of her wardrobe which had been strapped upon the mules ridden by the mestizo servants on their journey from the capital, when the latter were pursued and captured by Falcone. The pack-mule of which Hannibal had been deprived by the authorities at Puebla, had been delivered up on an application of Lorenzo, and his guest thus regained the greater part of her property; but of the rest, until now, not a trace had been discovered. Its fate was now clear to Teresa, and at the same time her worst fears were realized, for she learned in whose power she had herself fallen.

The breakfast was scarcely tasted, and when the old woman had again appeared and removed the tray, Teresa drew near the windows. They could be opened, but were secured on the outside by iron wire, and overlooked only a naked courtyard, hemmed in by bare stone walls. The maiden felt that she was indeed a prisoner, and resigned herself in silence to what was to come. Thus a week passed on, and then another and another.

Don Ricardo Ramos came twice during this interval, apparently with no other object but to inquire if his captive's wants were attended to, or perhaps to inform himself if she drooped under her chains. Teresa answered his few questions with monosyllables, and his speedy withdrawal seemed to remove a weight from her feelings; for Don Ricardo's sardonic smile filled her with an unaccountable uneasiness.

Books Teresa found in abundance—a well-selected library forming part of the furniture; and, wearied with her unavailing thoughts, the young girl sought distraction in constant reading, whilst Lucille, seated opposite to her, plied her needle as incessantly. It was while thus occupied one morning, several weeks after their abduction, that a knock was heard at the door.

"O, mon Dieu! that is not the other! the door—shall it open!" cried Lucille, with an anxious look at her mistress.

"We cannot oppose force, should they resort to that," replied Teresa, quietly. "You had better open it."

The mulatto girl did as she was directed, and Teresa felt her heart suddenly stilled and her blood cease to flow; for upon the threshold of the apartment stood—Gabriel Falcone. The young man's face was pale, and his right arm rested in a sling; for he was yet suffering from the wound of a bullet which had passed through his shoulder, grazing the bone. That bullet had been fired by the marksman Dusenbury at the miscreant who sought to murder an unarmed priest upon the field of Cerro Gordo.

Falcone advanced slowly till he stood before Teresa, who essayed to collect all her fortitude. She still held the book she had been reading open in her hand, and looked from its pages to the gamester's face with a glance as fearless as that with which, at her own house, she had spurned him from her presence. But at the present time their positions were somewhat reversed; for here she was in that man's power, without a hope of escape, and well she read the triumphant expression of his glance as it met her own. She knew that the unprincipled gamester remembered her scorn, and that he was likewise determined to avenge himself. Nevertheless, as one white hand rested on the small handle of the weapon which lay hid beneath her bodice, Teresa felt that at least in one thing she was more than a match for her enemy—she feared not death.

"Senora Teresa! I come to ask pardon for all my offences!" said Falcone, with an inclination of his head. "Am I to be forgiven?"

"Forgiveness is for the repentant to expect," she replied.

"And I am truly repentant."

For an instant, as Falcone uttered these words with depressed head, a gleam of hope visited Teresa's heart; but it faded as she caught the raised eyes of the speaker fixed upon her once more, with an unmistakable expression of exultant villany. She shuddered as those bold orbs fell upon her, and the blood rushed tumultuously to her neck and forehead.

"Do you hate me, senora?"

"Falcone—why do you persecute me?"

"Is love, then, persecution?"

"Such love as yours is worse than hatred or persecution," exclaimed Teresa, "for it would degrade its object forever."

"Indeed!" cried Falcone, with a short laugh. "But you mistake me, perhaps, senora. I would not degrade—I would marry you!"

"And is not marriage with one whom I must despise a degradation?" cried the undaunted girl. "Falcone! it is useless for me to attempt concealment of my feelings, for you well know that now, more than ever, I must view you with contempt."

"Senora—beware!" cried the young man, his countenance growing dark with passion. "Pause ere you decide your course! for by all the fiends, you shall be mine!"

With this threat, spoken in a measured tone that evinced the resolute wickedness of his heart, Gabriel Falcone turned away, and without another look at Teresa or Lucille, strode from the apartment.

The poor mulatto girl, who had always felt an unaccountable terror of the gamester Falcone, now wrung her hands and passionately deplored their situation, entreating again and again pardon for the part which she had taken in the betrayal of her mistress. But Teresa, retiring to her chamber, sunk upon her knees and poured forth fervent prayers to Heaven for succor in her extremity.

"O, what is to be done? wretch—bad creature that I am—*moi!* it is I who am to blame!" moaned poor Lucille, walking up and down the room as she gave vent to her thoughts, the tears meanwhile streaming from her eyes.

Suddenly the girl paused opposite the window and gazed eagerly through the wires that barred it. Some object without apparently attracted her attention and checked the exuberance of her affliction. And, indeed, Lucille had cause both for wonder and attention; for, as she peered between the bars of thick wire she beheld a sight that was well fitted to astonish her. The window, as we before noticed, overlooked a square courtyard, shut in by stone walls. The floor on which the apartments in which Teresa was confined were situated, was in the third story of the building, and high above its easements rose the dull sides of the parallelogram which described the inner walls of the ancient building. As Lucille now looked upward she could just distinguish the figure of a man cautiously appearing upon the very edge of the lofty opposite wall, and beckoning to her with his hand. Lucille had never before seen this man, but a sudden feeling of joy thrilled her heart, as though he were in some manner to be connected with the deliverance of herself and mistress. She stopped not to reason with her hopes, but pressing forward against the wires, returned the motions of the figure above by waving her handkerchief. Immediately the man disappeared, and Lucille, agitated more than ever, rushed to the chamber of her mistress, and informed her of what she had witnessed. Teresa shook her head sadly.

"I fear you have seen only some idle workman on the neighboring walls."

"But, mam'selle,—if he be *une ourrier*—surely he will inform everybody—*toute le monde*—and we shall be rescued—free once more."

"Poor child; you forget we are in Mexico, where lawless acts are common. But let us trust in Heaven for all, Lucille!"

As Teresa said this, a sudden noise at the window startled them, and turning quickly, they beheld the face of a man at the bars. Lucille would have screamed aloud, but her voice failing her, she sank trembling upon a couch. Teresa, however, advanced at once to the casement. The man outside occupied a strange and perilous position. Clinging with one hand to the wires whilst the other grasped a rope, by the aid of which he had just descended from the roof, the bold climber lowered his head, and whispered in Spanish:

"Are you the Senora Ginton?"

Teresa, as she looked at the man's face and caught his words, saw that he was of the Indian race, and one of those daring and agile figures that she had often seen in the streets of Mexico, attired in the garb of savage life. The Indian at the window, however, was clothed only with a sort of tunic, and his firm chest and lithe limbs were exposed in graceful freedom. Noticing this with a glance, Teresa replied briefly to the climber's question:

"I am she."

The next moment the Indian released his hold of the wires and disappeared, ascending the rope with the quickness of a catamount. But, as he left the window, the maiden fancied she heard him whisper:

"To-morrow!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CONTRERAS AND CHURUBUSCO.

MEANWHILE the tide of war had rolled from Cerro Gordo's field, around and upward to the very gates of Mexico. On the 9th of August the van of the American army left the city of Puebla, where the various divisions of the army of occupation, as it was called, had concentrated under the orders of General Scott. Over the ancient track, once travelled by the conquering hordes of Cortez, these new invaders marched to the overthrow of the great Spaniard's descendants. Through the broad plain of Cholula, amid the mementoes of ancient empire and the ruins of Aztec civilization, the Anglo-Saxons pursued their line of march. Beneath the giant shadow of Popocatepetl and by the borders of Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco, the long divisions trod their way up the towering Anahuac mountains. Orizaba's fiery peak had greeted them upon their armed entrance into the land—now Ixcitlhuatl and Popocatepetl looked stern welcome from their icy tops. Around them stretched the rolling hillsides, luxuriant with gardens and groves, attractive in the gay robes of radiant summer. The Tlascalcan districts, where once dwelt the hardy allies of Cortez, extended below; and far away the great Cholulhu pyramid lifted its truncated head. Surrounded by volcanic eminences, and surveying lava-covered fields, the army of Scott swept itself a lava torrent, over all resistance swelling. At length the highest crest of the mountain range was gained, and the conquerors looked down upon the vale of Mexico.

The great city lay in its porphyritic basin, surrounded by

lakes and water-courses, its massy stone dykes, its sheltered *pasos* and secluded haciendas. Tezcuco was in front of the advancing army—El Penon, a fortified mountain, occupied the left of the main road to the capital. Farther on was Mexalcergo, defended by five strong batteries. These formidable obstacles were directly in the path of the Americans—to be stormed or evaded; and General Scott determined on the latter course. He diverged from the national road and began to cut a new passage around the Lakes of Chalco and Xochimilco. Here the Mexican troops first showed themselves in defence of their capital city; here, the brave lancers, driven back by the invaders, left their slain lying thickly amid the fields of waving barley that skirted the new road. But at the bridge of Churubusco the national guards of Mexico awaited their foe. Here General Rincon commanded. To the left, at Contreras, Valencia prepared his batteries. Behind both these posts, General Santa Anna marshalled his main divisions. Through these entrenched positions, the American soldiers were to force themselves, before they could assault the castled heights of Chapultepec or the walls and forts of Mexico.

The battles of the 20th of August opened at early morning, not preceded by skirmishing, but at once with terrible animation. All night long the American troops had rested upon their arms, laden by clumps of cactus and chapparal, and in many places, lying unseen within sweep of the Mexican guns. The rain poured down in torrents, swelling the streams, inundating the fields and roads, and beating upon the exposed soldiers through all the weary hours. It was a relief to the entire army, when the summons to action sounded at last, and the vanguard regiments were permitted to advance upon the fortifications.

That was indeed an advance!—a rush!—a wild sweep over the hill of Contreras, and upon the batteries defended by Valencia, his cannoniers and lancers. The fierce ardor of the American volunteers was irresistible. It carried them with levelled bayonets, after the first rifle discharge, completely over the parapet where were planted the enemy's cannon. All was thereafter confusion and slaughter; Mexicans were cut down, trampled on, or made prisoners by hundreds and by thousands. Twenty minutes sufficed to decide the battle of Contreras. The invaders were victorious, the defenders flying pell-mell before them—the road was open to Churubusco.

Two Mexican horsemen carried away by the current of retreat, at length managed to rein their reeking steeds, while the tide of battle followed fast behind them. Their swords were naked in their grasp, but yet glittering, unstained by blood. Their glances met sadly.

"Anselmo! it is destiny that fights against us. What else could make brave men cowards?"

"Cowards indeed they are!" answered Montognone. "Not a blow struck ere the entire post was in retreat. Valencia—where is he?"

"He was the first to desert us. But look, Anselmo! another flying mass of panic-stricken cowards! By heavens! they pass not here!"

As he spoke, the officer spurred his steed to the narrowest portion of the defile, up which were now rushing in wild disorder a troop of lancers, whose swords had hardly been drawn in the conflict, and whose gay uniforms were as yet unstained by a single powder-volley.

"Back! and die like men!"

At these bold words, some amid the flying lancers drew the bristles of their steeds, but by far the greater portion continued their headlong career; for the American hurrah came up the defile, causing their cheeks to grow pale with renewed fear. At this crisis, Montognone urged his horse downward amid the melee.

"Here is the spot for a Thermopylae!" he cried, rising in his stirrups, and waving his bright blade above his majestic head.

That loud, trumpet-like voice recalled in a degree the courage of the retreating troops. They paused, they wheeled their horses, and the next moment, with Montognone and Nunez at their head, dashed back upon the advancing Americans. As the lancers drove back through the pass, hundreds of the scattered infantry sprang from the rocks and chapparal to join them. The pursuing victors recoiled at the determined resistance encountered in that narrow pass, where, closely wedged, the horse and foot withstood anew their rushing foes, essaying with bold rushes to bear back the tide of war. No longer were the swords of Montognone and his brother-in-arms unstained with crimson! no longer the lancers' blades glittered as before. In that determined stand, too late though it was to change the fortunes of the field, the men of Mexico proved, what their conquerors never have denied, that cowardice was not with the common soldiers—that with leaders gallant as themselves, they could fight and die without retreating a foot.

But vain even such defence against the Americans, wild with their first success. Back, step by step, up that defile, the brave defenders were forced; for the pursuers were concentrating their battalions to sweep everything before them. Back—resisting, combating and dying, along that road for miles, the few whom Zumozin had rallied disputed the march of their conquerors. At length the bridge and entrenchments of Churubusco were gained, and the fragments of that brilliant force with which Valencia should have held Contreras found a shelter behind the batteries of General Rincon.

The day was now half run, and two battles, those of Contreras and San Angel, had been gained by the Americans. The fortified hacienda of San Pablo, forming the centre of the Mexican defences at the village of Churubusco, was now the point of assault; and to this strong work, flanked by heavy batteries, the volunteers and regulars of the invading army advanced in regu-

lar order of attack. Here the battle soon raged violently, cannon and musketry mingling their roar and crash—here the great clouds of powder smoke sank and rose with the frequent explosions; here charged and were repulsed the cavalry; here fought like heroes the forlorn hope of Mexico.

Again, amid the sulphurous atmosphere of that well contested field, the brothers-in-arms, Anselmo and Ferrado charged together upon the foe. It was when the American rifles and horse, supporting their infantry, met the flower of Mexican cavalry behind the captured works of San Pablo. Here the mingled representatives of all the States—the brave volunteers of New York, the Palmetto regiment, the men from New Hampshire's hills and Missouri's vales, rushed to hand and hand conflict with the horse and foot of Mexico. The Northman and Southron measured their might in mortal strife.

It was in the onset of battle, when lancers and opposing dragoons mingled, when sabres clashed, and pistol-shots were exchanged, and steed and rider sank to the earth, that Ferrado Nunez found himself hemmed in by a score of foes, whose vengeful arms rained death with every blow. The brave colonel had received a sword-cut on the forehead and his own weapon was knocked from his hand, when a rift in the smoke-cloud disclosed his danger to Zumozin, who was fighting side by side with Alonzo Vallejo and his friend Lorenzo; for on that eventful day of Mexico's struggle, no true son of her soil remained away from conflict. Zumozin beheld the peril of Nunez, and with his two young comrades dashed to the rescue.

It was full time; for the brave colonel, disarmed and wounded, had nearly fallen from his saddle, when a foot-combatant among the Americans interposed his arm, at the same time shielding the young officer from the threatening sabres by promptly throwing up the rifle which he carried and thus protecting his breast. At the same instant the three Mexican friends rode swiftly into the press and engaged the assailants. Nunez, profiting by the diversion, spurred his horse forward, and drawing a pistol from his holsters, ranged himself beside his comrades.

"Capturing Nunez is a loss!" ejaculated Jake Dusenbury, as he lowered the rifle which had for a moment defended Ferrado from the blades of his opponents. But the Yankee's further speech was cut short by a sudden charge of the Mexican cavalry, sweeping to the assistance of their officers, and he found himself half borne to the ground by an enemy's steed, whilst a lance crossed the barrel of his piece. But the horseman dashed on; his fellows behind followed fast; and again, ere Dusenbury could turn his head, a troop of his own countrymen mingled in the shock, and the deadly drama was once more rehearsed around him. Thus sped the fortunes of the day—thus shifted the scenes of Churubusco. Now Montognone's sword received the death-stroke levelled at the breast of Nunez—and anon Ferrado smote the arm that menaced his friend. Here Lorenzo, forgetful of his quiet valley home, or rather nerved by the thought of her who made it beautiful, sustained like a veteran, his gallant part, and there Vallejo, with the name of Teresa on his pale lips, rode to and fro amid the battle, rejoicing in its fierce excitement. Often, through the rent veil of smoke, the forms of his Mexican friends caught the eye of Dusenbury, as the latter fought amid his countrymen; and wherever the proud head of Montognone or Ferrado's waving plume appeared, there the North American was sure to advance with his rifle; for he knew that there was the hottest of the strife.

But Churubusco, like Contreras, was lost by its defenders. Slowly and hardly the remnant of the troops retired, and left the field to the customary victors. The roads were now open to the capital; for all their defences had been destroyed or captured. To the very gates of Mexico the Americans pursued the flying army of Santa Anna. The dictator himself was a despairing fugitive.

More than once during that disorderly retreat, the voice of Colonel Montognone recalled his countrymen to make a gallant though ineffectual stand in the passes or among the chapparal and groves; many a time, with Ferrado, Alonzo and Lorenzo, he led a suddenly gathered band of fugitives back upon the pursuers. But in vain was valor—useless all resistance; and at last, with his three friends, he turned despairingly from the contest, and striking off from the road, galloped through the village of Tocuabayo, already deserted, and sought the main highway to the city gates that skirted the Lake Tezcuco.

The beautiful wife of Ferrado Nunez, with her companion Inez, had passed a day of anxiety and alarm. The thunders of the battle, now swelling near, anon dying afar, the flight of whole regiments of defeated Mexicans, retreating in disorder across the hills and around the lake; the spectacle of wounded men falling to die upon the roadside, as they strove to reach a place of safety—all notified them, long in advance of the coming of their friends, that another disastrous field was added to Mexico's misfortunes. At the same time, neither of these lovely watchers, tortured by suspense, knew what might be the fate of her husband—what private grief the great woe to their country might involve for their own hearts.

At last, however, the four comrades, weary with strife and scarred by the blows of battle, arrived at the hacienda—that cottage lately the abode of peace and happiness, now threatened with the very brunt of war. Lorenzo and Ferrado pressed to their hearts those beloved women, whose mingling tears attested the strength of their devotion, their deep gratitude for the mercy which had preserved their noble husbands.

Alonzo, dismounting, turned his steps, as if mechanically, to the garden where he had last beheld her whose image occupied his thoughts. Montognone's eyes followed him with a glance of interest; then turning to a servant who was leading away the horses, he demanded, in a quick tone:

"Has Quahitzo returned?"

"Quahitzo is here!" promptly responded a voice, as a dusky figure emerged from the shadow of a large tree, whose branches hung low over the hacienda's walls.

The speaker was a man of middle size, with a lithe and compact form, and face whose olive tint marked the blood of ancient Aztlan. His dark eyes sparkled with intelligence as he stood before Zumozin, who continued the conversation in a low voice. A few words exchanged, apparently sufficed to impart to Montognone great satisfaction, for he laid his hand approvingly upon the young Indian's head, and then, writing a few lines upon a scrap of paper, gave the missive into Quahitzo's hand. Then, as the latter turned quickly away toward the road, Zumozin followed Vallejo to the garden, where he found the young man pacing to and fro.

"Rejoice, Alonzo! the lost is found!"

"Teresa!" cried Vallejo, stopping short and seizing his friend's hand.

"Even so! my trusty Quahitzo has not lost his native instinct, though I have brought him hither to civilized life from the wild forest. He has succeeded in tracing the senora to the very chamber of her imprisonment."

"He has seen her! Blessed be Heaven! is she well?"

"Quahitzo says, that though the northern bird is in a cage of iron, her song is still sweet and her plumage unruffled."

"And the place—let us at once fly to—"

"Nay, Alonzo! These unscrupulous men, in whose power the maiden is, must not suspect our knowledge, or they may remove her far away. I have despatched Quahitzo back, with a few words to the senora, promising speedy aid. To-morrow, Alonzo, we will rescue her!"

Vallejo's eyes filled with tears as he wrung Anselmo's hand, and together they proceeded to disclose what had been learned to their friends, and arrange their plans for the morrow. Alas! that morrow was to bring sorrow upon the household, and add yet another victim to the hecatomb of battle!

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE FATE OF THE PLOTTER.

TERESA GLINTON, in the silent apartments of Don Ricardo's mansion, heard nought of the loud tumult that filled the streets of Mexico, during that long day when the thunders of Contreras and Churubusco rolled significantly to the city gates, striking terror to the hearts of the inhabitants. She knew not that ten thousand brave Americans were marching and combating amid the beautiful groves that environed the capital, or that her country's flag floated over a dozen fortifications within cannon shot of the gloomy building which confined her in the power of enemies, desperate as unprincipled. Nevertheless, though trembling through the anxious hours at every noise that reached her ears, and enjoining upon Lucille to remain beside her and witness her death should she be able by no other means to avert the violence which she felt threatened her, the maiden still clung with hope to the recollection of that one word which she had fancied uttered by the Indian climber.

"To-morrow!"

To-morrow had come, its weary minutes had been counted, its last sunbeams were now trembling on the wires that barred the casements. Still no shadow of a human form appeared upon the dull surface of the dead wall opposite, upon which her gaze, like that of Lucille, was ever steadfastly directed. Suddenly a noise was heard at the door, and a low knock.

"It is not Senor Falcone now—it is—"

"Let them enter—I am prepared!" said Teresa, calmly, but with a tremor agitating her lovely frame; and Lucille, unlocking the door, admitted Don Ricardo, who bowed low and remained upon the threshold.

"If Senora Glinton is not disinclined for a few words of conversation," began the man, with his furtive smile twitching the corners of his dark mouth.

"Speak, sir—what power have I to prevent?"

"All things in courtesy," replied Ramos, in a meaning tone of voice, as he remembered the contemptuous glance of his captive. "I shall be brief, likewise."

"That is a favor, at least," said Teresa, in the same unmoved manner.

Don Ricardo winced, but he was not one to be easily ruffled. His smile, therefore, was as meaningless as ever, as he went on:

"My friend, Gabriel Falcone, who loves you so intensely that I really fear for the poor youth's health," said he, "desires to know if on the morrow you would be pleased to meet a little party, of whom himself and a good priest will form part?"

"I understand you not, sir!"

"I will endeavor to be more intelligible. In a word, I have summoned a priest, who will to-morrow anite in the sweet bonds of matrimony, my friend Gabriel with my lovely guest, Senora Glinton."

"Sooner will I die!" exclaimed Teresa, passionately, as she retreated a step from Don Ricardo, her calmness for a moment forsaking her.

"Death is not so pleasant as marriage," laughed Ramos.

"You have my answer, sir!" said the maiden, resuming her measured tone.

"Indeed!" cried Ramos, as if in astonishment. "What then will my friend Gabriel do?"

His eyes dwelt, as he spoke, upon Teresa's face with an expression at once so threatening and sinister, that the poor girl felt her heart sink within her bosom.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

FRENCH CHURCHES.

The great interest manifested in church architecture, the result of which has been the multiplication of beautiful edifices consecrated to religious worship, in the cities and towns of the United States, has induced us to present our readers with two fine specimens of churches in the old world. The first is a view of the Holy Chapel of Bourbon l'Archambault, and the second a representation of the Church of Vezelay. We will notice them in the order in which they are mentioned. Bourbon l'Archambault is a place of some historical importance. Its Roman name was Aquæ Bormonæ Borbonium Arcimbaldi, and it was, according to the Roman tables, situated in Aquitania Prima, in the country of the *Bituriges Cubi* or Berruyers. Jacques Fodéré, in his Historical Narrations, relates that Bourbon was erected into a seignory in 509, after the famous battle of Vouillé, near Poitiers, in which Clovis beat the Visigoths. Besieged and taken, in 759, by Pépin, who gave it, as well as its territory, to Nibelunge, his relative, this fortress became a barony under Charlemagne. Towards the beginning of the 10th century, Aymar or Ademar, Sire of Bourbon, possessed all the environs, as well as Chantelle, Hérisson and Murat, when Charles the Simple, in 913, bestowed on him the country where Moulins and Souvigny now stand. This increase of territory and the advantageous position of the chateau, situated on rocks, and surrounded by precipices and by the little River of Burge, which forms a vast pool at its base, enabled the successors of Aymar to possess a considerable seignory, which became in time a ducal peerage, of which the seat was at Bourbon. In 1272, Beatrix of Burgundy, daughter-in-law of Archambault IX., who died in the island of Cyprus, married Robert of France, Count of Clermont, one of the sons of St. Louis, and brought him in dowry the seigneuries of Bourbon, Charolais and St. Just in Champagne. Their posterity, who assumed, according to the usage of the time, the surname of Bourbon, filled the throne of France for many years, and still reigns in Spain, Naples and Lucca. Bourbon l'Archambault, with a population of 3000 inhabitants, is situated in the heart of a valley surrounded by a rich and fertile country. This little town, formerly the capital of a canton of a castellany which extended over some parts of Nivernais, in the parishes of Langeron and Livry, has become the capital of a canton of the *arrondissement* of Moulins, in the department of Allier. It is particularly known for its mineral waters, whose temperature reaches 31° 50' (centigrade). Their composition is formed of free carbonic acid, marine salt, sulphate of soda, and a little carbonate and silice. Another spring contains a little lime and oxide of iron. Its temperature, which is cold, varies like that of the atmosphere. These waters are specially used in the treatment of paralysis and rheumatism. The water is taken in doses or in baths, and the season begins on the 15th of May, and ends on the 15th of October; the baths are about eighty leagues from Paris. The Holy Chapel, commenced by John II. of Bourbon, continued by Peter II., finished in 1508 by Anne of France, and destroyed in 1793, might pass as a rival of that of Paris. It had statues of Christ and the twelve apostles, of Adam and Eve, as well as bas reliefs, on which were the blazon and genealogy of the house of Bourbon and its alliances. The portal was adorned with statues of St. Louis, of Peter of Bourbon, and of Anne of France, his wife. The glass windows, painted in the ancient style, were the finest and best preserved of any in France; they represented eight subjects taken from ecclesiastical history:—1. The sacrifice of Abraham; 2. Jesus Christ curing the paralytic; 3. a crucifix; 4. the Emperor Constantine deliberating whether he shall give battle, and an angel, who promises him victory, showing him the cross with these words: *In hoc signo vinces* (under this sign shalt thou conquer); 5. St. Helena demanding of a Jew where the cross is on which Jesus Christ died; 6. St. Helena discovering the true cross by a miracle; 7. Heraclius, who, after having vanquished Cosroes, recovers the true cross; 8. Heraclius, in his shirt and barefooted, bearing the holy cross in triumph. In the subterranean chapel, called the treasury, which was reached by a descent of twenty steps, was seen a very beautiful cross, of forty marks' weight, of which the shaft was a foot and a half long, the cross-piece, a foot, and the breadth of each, three inches. At the top of this cross was a crown of gold, which bore on one of its bands the following inscription: "Louis of Bourbon, second duke of that name, caused this cross to be ornamented with gems and gilding, in 1393." It was enriched with thirty large pearls and five precious stones. It was said to contain a thorn from the crown of Christ, as well as a small cross made from the true wood of the cross! It is asserted that this latter relic is still in the church of Bourbon. A mountain, or Calvary, silver-gilt, served as a pedestal to this cross, at the base of which were the Duke John of Bourbon and his wife, the Duchess Jane of France, in their festival garments, wearing their crowns, and kneeling. At the foot of the cross was a skull and four or five bones in silver. St. Louis having given his son Robert the pretended piece of the true cross of which we have spoken, Louis I.,

duke of Bourbonnais, and son of the latter, bestowed on his church the title of the Holy Chapel. He founded seven vicarships with an annual income of 62 livres (*tournois*) each, on condition that on the festival of the dead (*jour des morts*) the titularies should collect five hundred of the poorest persons of the Bourbon territory, and give each of them two denrees (about two pence) of bread, a pint of wine, Paris measure, a cloth frock valued at five sous, a pair of shoes worth 19 silver pence, and three pence worth of meat. Tradition relates that on the day when Jacques Clement assassinated Henry III., who had been duke of Anjou and Bourbonnais, the lightning struck the Holy Chapel, and broke the bar placed in the arms of the Bourbons, who ceased from that time, by the extinction of the Valois, to be the younger branch, of which that bar was the sign. What superstitious legends are attached to these old world places! The chateau of Bourbon, rebuilt in the 12th century, and standing in the 16th, were due to Archambault IX., Louis I., Louis II., Peter II., and, it was said, had 24 towers, two of which remarkable for their size were called the Admiral and the Quicengrogne, or Quicengrogne. When Louis I. wished to construct the *Quicengrogne*, the citizens of Bourbon complained

the left. The other, the Holy Chapel, constructed after the designs of Clement Manclere, and finished in the first years of the 16th century, was dedicated to Jesus Christ crucified. The two statues placed in niches at the two sides of the principal entrance of the porch are those of Adam and Eve. The three statues seen at the farther end of the porch are, in the middle, St. Louis, who had given Duke Robert the piece of the true cross, and on one side, Duke John II., the founder of the church, on the other, his wife, Jane of France. At the angles of the porch were two small winding staircases which led to the terrace, adorned by a pretty balustrade of carved wood. On the gable, above the little open gallery, was seen, according to some authorities, not an ogival window, like that represented in our engraving, but a colossal fleur-de-lis, serving as the base of a cross of gilded iron. Vine foliage, sculptured, wound over the whole church from the commencement of the windows, and the buttresses formed a sort of continuous arcade under which one could walk from one end of the porch to the other. The spire, finely elaborated, was ornamented with pilastres, bell-turrets and ogives. The total length of the edifice was 110 feet, its height under the arch 70 feet, and its breadth 37 feet. Three columns

of gilded bronze adorned the altar. From the central column descended the branch of a tree, which sustained an angel bearing the holy sacrament in the air. The stalls were elegantly sculptured, as well as a very rich canopy beneath, which was a representation of the creation of the world from chaos. The crypt, called the treasury, and in which the bit of the true cross was preserved in a gold reliquary enriched with rubies, sapphires and large pearls, was beneath the old chapel, but access was had to it by a staircase from the Holy Chapel. There are now no remains of either chapel—only the three towers of the castle remain. The Church of Vezelay is the subject of our second engraving. The town of Vezelay is situated on the summit and slope of a considerable mountain; the access is difficult on every side but the west. From the plateau, where the chateau of the abbots formerly rose, if we look to the valley opening to the south, the eye follows with pleasure the sinuous course of the Cure, which bathes, in passing, St. Peter, with its marvellous Gothic tower, the burgh of Asquins, and its fertile valley covered with vines, then plunges to the north into granite gorges, beyond which, and at a great distance, are seen the profiles of the country of the Auxerrois. The near and distant heights are crowned with thick woods, and the Morvan raises its dark crests in the distance of the picture on the southwest. The chateau of Bazoché, where Vauban went to meditate on the means of improving the lot of the peasants of the election of Vezelay, Pierre Pertuis and its pierced rock, and other little villages, animate the landscape. The mountain of Vezelay was selected, in the middle of the 9th century, to serve as the dwelling of a colony of the children of St. Benedict. The rude Count Gherard de Rousillon, the haughty antagonist of Charles the Bold, who is the hero of so many romances of chivalry, Gherard and his pious wife Bertha, were the founders of the monastery of Vezelay. They certainly possessed a strong castle in this mountain, and they gave asylum to the monks, when the convent which they had built at Saint Pere was destroyed by the Normans. Vezelay, placed under the immediate protection of the Holy See by its founder, soon took rank among the great religious houses of France, and it was in vain that the abbots of Cluny and the bishops of Autun tried to subject it to their authority; the heads of popes covered this privileged daughter. "For," said Hugh de Poitiers, "the church of Vezelay nobly born and more nobly educated, consecrated from the beginning to liberty, carried its head above all the churches of the west. The relics of la Madeleine, brought to Vezelay in the 16th century gave birth to numerous pilgrim-



CHAPEL OF BOURBON-L'ARCHAMBAULT.

that it would command and batter the town; they sought to revolt and expel the laborers who were working on it. But Duke Louis, by no means disposed to yield, posted his men at arms, lance in hand and helmet on head, about the foundations, and replied to his vassals, "*On la batira qui qu'en grogne*" (It shall be built whoever grumbles at it). When the tower was built, the name remained, and it now serves as the clock tower of the town. "It is pleasant," says M. Allier, in his "*Bourbonnais Sketches*," to see it black and sombre, crowned in the drollest manner in the world with a pepper-box cap painted rose color and white, with a slate-colored roof rising coquettishly like the plume of a National Guard beside his full dress bearskin." The Quicengrogne (whoever grumbles) is the subject of a romance by Victor Hugo, in which he develops his ideas of civil and military feudalism, as "*Notre Dame de Paris*" serves to express his ideas on religious and ecclesiastical feudalism. The chapel, as we have said, was destroyed at the end of the last century, but the drawing was made from old engravings and from minute descriptions. It was one of the masterpieces of the 15th century. On entering the courtyard of the castle, two chapels were seen. One of them had been built by Louis I., and dedicated to the virgin. It was very small, and in a severe ogival style. Our engraving shows the facade of it to

ages. The population increased, and the region became a more place. Its inhabitants grew rich by commerce, and from the 12th to the 13th century they were engaged in numerous transactions, either as witnesses or arbiters. They could not remain indifferent to the communal movement which was then felt in the north of France. As turbulent as the burgesses of other towns, in 1120 they had killed their seigneur, the Abbe Arnaud, who tried to impose an additional tax on them; they burned the monastery, and many persons perished in it. This was only the prelude to movements which were to agitate the town. The counts of Nevers and Auxerre, powerful neighbors and protectors, who cared were burthensome to the monastery, mixed themselves up much as they could with the affairs of the monks, and sought to extend their authority both over them and over the citizens. In 1139, Count William II. having demanded of the Abbot Ponce a homage which he owed him as guardian of the monastery, encountered a flat refusal. He resented this injury warmly, and resolved to avenge himself. Soon the abbot, vexed in every way, was obliged to have recourse to the pope. St. Bernard, delegated to arrange matters, could do nothing. Finally, the count ended by becoming a recluse. But the chronicler of Vezelay declares that he was devoured by a dog for having offended Mary Magdal-

The second crusade proclaimed at Vezelay in 1146, summoned to arms the elite of the barons of France, and St. Bernard blessed Louis the Young and the crowd of vassals assembled on the hill situated to the north of Vezelay. The place is still pointed out where stood the platform which sustained the great orator and the princes. A church was afterwards built here, which bore the name of the Holy Cross. The citizens of Vezelay, diverted a moment from their projects of emancipation, after a first attempt in 1137, which procured them some immunities, formed new plots against the abbot Pons de Monthoisier, at the instigation of William III., the young Count of Nevers. The insurrection which broke out surpassed its predecessors in violence. The officers of the abbot having put out the eyes of a citizen who struck a monk, the count seized this opportunity for action. He sent an armed band against the town, and they, led by the inhabitants, seized on the monastery and sacked it. After such a stroke, excommunication was the least they could expect. It was not long in coming; but it was only the first act of the drama. The pope, before whom the affair was carried, having decided in favor of the abbot, the count, furious, renewed his depredations on the domains of the monastery. The king intervened, but he could not settle it, on account of the ill will of the count and the pretensions of the inhabitants. The latter had offered the abbot as an ultimatum, to make concessions to the count. The haughty Pons refused. Then the insurrection recommenced. The citizens, no longer restrained by any consideration, banded together and swore fidelity to the Count de Nevers, forming an "execrable league," as the chronicler says. These events took place in 1152. The misfortunes of the monks of Vezelay moved all the Christian world, and the pope wrote urgently to the king to find a remedy. Louis the Young after many unavailing remonstrances addressed to the Count de Nevers, resolved to march against him at the head of an army. The count finally submitted, and the king, holding his court in the forest of Mares, pronounced the sentence which was to terminate these great disputes. The citizens were condemned, as guilty of treason and sacrilege, to deliver the murderers to the monks, to pay the abbey 40,000 gold sous, and to demolish the towers and fortifications by which they had strengthened their houses. Peace was thus restored to the church and inhabitants of Vezelay in 1155. The citizens attempted once more to recover their independence, but were once more victims, and fined in 60,000 sous. The abbot, wishing to deprive the count of all motive to push them into new revolts, granted them a charter of privilege, which, without containing the great rights of regularly constituted communes, consecrated the guarantees of liberty and property usually accorded by seigneurs to their vassals. The history of Vezelay ceases to be important with the epoch of the communal struggles. The monastery was for a long time visited by pilgrims, even by crowned pilgrims, like St. Louis, who came hither in 1277 to remove the ashes of Magdalen. In the 16th century Vezelay gave birth to the celebrated Theodore de Beze, who was one of the lights of intelligent reform. One of its abbots, Cardinal Odet de Coligny, embraced Protestantism, and saw the Huguenots seize his monastery in 1569, after a warm resistance on the part of the inhabitants. The devastation of the abbey followed, and the church, already neglected, was then grievously injured. The monks, who were secularized by Pope Paul III. in the middle of the 16th century, had no means of keeping their church in repair, and it had grown too large for their numbers. Their abbots, great lords, who contented themselves with spending their revenues at Paris, gave themselves no further trouble about the matter. One alone among them, Erard de Rochefort (1601-1630), attempted to arrest the increasing ruin. The church of Vezelay, of which our engraving is an accurate representation, is no less celebrated in the eyes of archaeologists, than the town in those of the historians of the middle ages. The body of this church, large as a cathedral, for it is over 360 feet in length, occupies a great part of the upper plateau of the mountain on which it is located. From whichever side the town is approached, it attracts the eye by its imposing mass. Its towers remind us by their unequal proportions, that they have been more than once struck by lightning. Many opinions have been expressed respecting the age and origin of the church of Vezelay. The learned men of the place give it a thousand years of existence, and attribute it to the Saracens. Without going back so far, and without believing that the good Countess Bertha rose in the night to assist with her handmaidens in carrying up the sand and stone destined for the building, we may be certain that the nave, of the pure Roman style, belongs to the end of the 11th century; that the Church of the Catechumens, that is to say, the porch, which is in the style of the transition (and only 62 feet long), dates from the 12th century; and the choir, in the bold and slender ogival style, is of the beginning of the 13th century at the latest. The grand portal, seen in our engraving, presents a mixture of several styles. We easily recognize the 12th century in the base, characterized by Roman

arcades; the two towers belong to the same period, with the exception of the upper story of that of the right, which is ogival and of the 13th century; the rather too slender balustrade which crowns it is recent. In the last century, the sculptures which adorned the tympan of the principal door were destroyed. If we could open the doors and display the admirable sculptures which decorate the tympan of the interior entrance, and those of the capitals of the pillars of the Catechumens, then the beautiful and severe ordering of the long triforia of the three naves, perfectly restored to their primitive state, in which the most sumptuous decoration reigns from the base of the four-columned pillars to the sweep of the arches and triforia, to the cordons which separate the three stories of the body of the church, the spectator would be surprised at seeing all that the monks of the middle ages knew how to accomplish in the decoration of their churches. Besides the beautiful and elaborate rose work, we must place, though in an inferior degree as a work of art, the thousand subjects of sculpture which cover the capitals of the whole Roman part of the church, and the vast tympan of the Catechumens. This last place is occupied by a figure of Christ seated in his glory, surrounded by the apostles,



CHURCH OF VEZELAY.

and blessing the world. The statue of St. John the Baptist rises on the central pier of the doorway. A zodiac, the ordinary accompaniment of Roman portals, encloses the tympan; the lateral door represents the principal scenes in the life of our Saviour; the sculptures of the Roman capitals of the naves, in which Satan plays a part under very hideous shapes, are symbolic, and figure the struggle of man against evil, and his triumph, aided by the angels. There are also many Biblical subjects; the choir of the church, decorated in the ogival manner, has no sculptured characters; the monolith columns of the sanctuary are adorned with some frescoes, and even incrustations in mosaic. The tympan of the exterior portal is an addition due to some abbot of the 14th century, who wished to light the nave of the Catechumens better than by the primitive Roman bay windows, by cutting long open arches in the centre of the facade. This part of the monument has recently been carefully consolidated. The subjects are arranged in the following manner:—the Eternal Father is placed at the summit of the tympan. Two angels at his side support his crown; but a little lower are two statues, one of the virgin crowned, and the other of Magdalen. On the lower story are seen statues of St. Peter and St. John. The style of these works is somewhat harsh and speaks of the epoch of their execution.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

The following extract from the *Zoist*, contains a very interesting narrative by Lord Ducie:—"In the highest department or phenomena of mesmerism, Lord Ducie for a long time was a disbeliever, and could not bring himself to believe in the power of reading with the eyes bandaged, or of mental travelling; at length, however, he was convinced of the truth of those powers, and that, too, in so unexpected a way, that there could have been no deception. It happened that he had to call upon a surgeon on business, and when he was there, the surgeon said to him, 'You have never seen my little clairvoyante.' He replied that he never had, and should like to see her much. He was invited to call the next day, and upon his replying that he should be obliged to leave town that evening, he said, 'Well, you can come in at once. I am obliged to go out, but I will ring the bell for her, and put her to sleep, and you can ask her any questions you please.' Lord Ducie accordingly went in. He had never been in the house before, and the girl could have known nothing of him. The bell was rung, the clairvoyante appeared, and the surgeon, without a word passing, put her to sleep, and then he put on his hat and left the room.

Lord Ducie had before seen something of mesmerism, and he sat by her, took her hand, and asked her if she felt able to travel. She replied, 'Yes;' and he asked her if she had ever been in Gloucestershire, to which she answered she had not, but should like to go there, as she had not been in the country for six years; she was a girl about seventeen years old. He told her she should go with him, for he wanted her to see his farm. They travelled (mentally) by the railroad comfortably together, and then (in his imagination) got into a fly and proceeded to his house. He asked her what she saw, and she replied, 'I see an iron gate and a curious old house.' He asked her, 'How do you get to it?' she replied, 'By this gravel-walk;' which was quite correct. He asked her how they went into it; she replied, 'I see a porch—a curious old porch.' It was probably known to many that his house, which was a curious old Elizabethan building, was entered by a porch, as she had described. He asked her what she saw on the porch, and she replied, truly, that it was covered with flowers. He then said, 'Now, we will turn in at our right hand; what do you see in that room?' She answered with great accuracy, 'I see a book case, and a picture on each side of it.' He told her to turn her back to the book-case, and say what she saw on the other side; and she said, 'I see something shining, like that which soldiers wear.' She also described some old muskets and warlike implements hanging in the hall; and on his asking her how they were fastened up (meaning by what means they were secured), she mistook his question, but replied, 'The muskets are fastened up in threes,' which was the case. He then asked of what substance the floors were built; and she said, 'Of black and white squares,' which was correct. He then took her to another apartment, and she very minutely described the ascent to it as being by four steps. Lord Ducie told her to enter by the right door, and say what she saw there; she said, 'There is a painting on each side of the fireplace.' Upon asking her if she saw anything particular in the fireplace, she replied, 'Yes; it is carved up to the ceiling,' which was quite correct; for it was a curious old Elizabethan fireplace. There was at Totworth Court a singular old chestnut tree; and he told her he wished her to see a favorite tree, and asked her to accompany him. He tried to deceive her by saying, 'Let us walk close up to it;' but she replied, 'We cannot, for there are railings round it.' He said, 'Yes, wooden railings,' to which she answered, 'No, they are of iron,' which was the case. He asked, 'What tree is it?' and she replied that she had seen so little in the country that she could not tell; but upon his asking her to describe the leaf, she said, 'It is a leaf as

dark as the geranium leaf, large, long, and jagged at the edges.' Lord Ducie apprehended that no one could describe more accurately than that the leaf of the Spanish chestnut. He then told her he would take her to see his farm, and desired her to look over a gate into a field which he had in his mind, and tell him what she saw growing; she replied, that the field was all over green, and asked if it was potatoes, adding that she did not know much about the country. It was not potatoes, but turnips. He then said, 'Now look over this gate to the right, and tell me what is growing there.' She at once replied, 'There is nothing growing there; it is a field of wheat, but it has been cut and carried off.' This was correct; but knowing that in a part of the field grain had been sown at a different period, he asked her if she was sure that the whole of it had been cut. She replied, that she could not see the end of the field, as the land rose in the middle, which in truth it did. He then said to her, 'Now we are on the brow, can you tell me if it is cut?' She answered, 'No, it is still growing here.' He then said to her, 'Now let us come to this gate—tell me where it leads to.' She replied, 'Into a lane.' She then went on and described everything on his farm with the same surprising accuracy, and upon his subsequently inquiring, he found she was only in error in one trifling matter."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

GROWING OLD.

BY F. BEYVITTS.

Older, older, older growing,
 Never ceasing—onward flowing
 To the mist where wrecks are strewing
 Life's great sea:
 Where the sun is dimly beaming;
 Where earth's visions lose their seeming;
 Where the dream of youth that followed,
 By the murky tide is swallowed
 Mourfully.

On this dark and sluggish ocean,
 Dead, yet trembling with emotion,
 Dies the din of life's commotion
 Evermore.
 Not a sound moves through the glooming,
 Where dim shadows vast are looming,
 Save anon some frail bark's bustle,
 As the waves with faintest rustle
 Close it o'er.

Here fond youth, with heart despairing,
 Sees unearthly spectres staring,
 From their hollow eye-pits glaring
 Desolate;
 And lo fears his thoughts awaken,
 And his spirit goes forsaken,
 As he feels the power that ever
 Bears him on th' unyielding river,
 To his fate.

Bright and gay the rill goes leaping,
 Through the sunny meadows creeping,
 Where the nodding flowers are peeping
 O'er its breast:
 Onward—ever onward flowing;
 Calmer, deeper, wider growing,
 Till the river hears the billow
 Sweeping past the mourning willow,
 Ne'er at rest.

We are daily growing older,
 Weaker, sadder, paler, colder;
 Soon these perfect limbs will moulder
 'Neath the soil.
 'Till thoughts will gather o'er us,
 So unlike it, once so sprightly!
 Let it rest; 'tis, though unsightly,
 Freed from toil.

O, why should it ever grieve us
 That the grave shall soon receive us?
 Will it not for aye relieve us
 From our foes?
 If the poor we're ne'er forsaken,
 And to truth men did awaken,
 Like the weary bark at even,
 We shall find a quiet haven
 Of repose.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

VIBORG.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

THE business of steamboats has rapidly increased for several years past in the north, and no country can better appreciate their advantages than these distant provinces of Finland and Scandinavia, isolated at the extremity of Europe, separated from each other by arms of the sea and gulfs, enclosed during several months in a barrier of ice. The steamboat is the blessed magician which abridges thousands of wersts, which approaches towards each other these tribes dispersed over an immense space, and which bears hither, in a few days, the riches of another land, the flowers of the south. In this country of rocks, of mountains intersected by so many streams, the railroad is impossible, and the steamboat must take its place. Several steamboats pass Helsingfors every week, some going to Stockholm, others to Revel and to St. Petersburg. They are large and fine boats, built in England or America, and luxuriously decorated. Their aristocratic names announce at once their imposing character, and the habits of the country to which they belong; one is called the *Grand Duke*, another the *Prince Menschikoff*; a third, much smaller and more unpretending, bears simply the name of *The Helsingfors*. It plies from town to town along the coasts, and, if the wind and current are favorable, goes as far as Viborg.

On the third of June, I embarked on this boat, and I speak of it with gratitude; for we had a pleasant and fortunate passage. Nothing can be more fresh and smiling to behold, on a fine summer day, than the shores of the Gulf of Finland, starting from Helsingfors. Along the coasts we sail constantly between woods and hills, whose outlines, forms and colors vary at each instant. Here it is a long valley shaded by birches with pendant branches, like those of willows, and studded with dwellings; farther on you encounter chains of rocks, pyramids of granite, red and veined, whence were hewn the column of Alexander and the pedestal of the statue of Peter the Great. Sometimes the sea, intersected by parallel islands, appears from afar like a river broader than the Rhone, and more picturesque than the Rhine; then it spreads out, enlarges once more, and one sees in the distant horizon only the beach buried beneath an azure mist. We soon enter a vast archipelago, and at sight of these forests newly clad with green, these branches of pines and firs, of alders and willows, with their various shades, these promontories fringed by the waves, these mysterious bays which flee far up into the shale, one would think this one immense park furrowed by rivers and traversed by lakes. A

light wind corrugates, like a silver lace, the surface of the waves; a spotless sky is spread out over our heads, and the sea reflects by turns, on its bosom, the rays of the sun, the purple of the rocks, and the verdure of the forests.

Nevertheless, I left with regret this city of Helsingfors, where I had passed so many charming hours, and with my eyes turned towards the shore, which was little by little flying behind us, I addressed to those who had so kindly entertained me there a cordial adieu.

Six hours after our departure, we arrived at Borgo, a poor little village, whose pitiful dwellings, crooked and obscure streets, presented a singular contrast to the brilliant spectacle we had just had before our eyes. Nevertheless, Borgo is the see of a bishopric, and the residence of Runeberg, the beloved poet of Finland. Happily the nature which he loves and sings with a rare talent is not far from him; he has but to go a few steps from his gloomy town, to find this nature, grand and beautiful, and she speaks to him the sweet language which he translates into harmonious verse. The next day we entered the town of Louisa, which indeed deserves to bear the name of a woman, since it is smiling and graceful. One of its streets descends to the seashore; others rise in an amphitheatre on the slope of a hill. Its origin does not date farther back than a century; it has the freshness and gaiety of youth.

The "Helsingfors," which conveyed us thus from station to station, is indeed the most obliging boat possible; its hours of departure and arrival are prescribed only for form. It is like a philosopher who does not care to give himself useless fatigues; it goes from island to island, like a happy mortal who loves to breathe the fresh air and to contemplate beautiful nature. If a passenger is tardy, it waits for him; if a fisherman, wandering over the gulf, invokes its assistance, it throws him a rope, and benevolently tows him along. Thanks to these caprices of the boat, instead of arriving at Frederikshamn at five o'clock, according to the promises of the programme, it was nearly midnight when we saw the spire of its steeple.

A rampart, built after the system of Vauban, has surrounded this town for a century past; it must have been built on a very defective plan, and in a very bad situation, for Russia to have allowed it to fall into ruins, since, in this country, wherever there is an island, a rock which can be defended by a corner of ground, one may be sure of finding a bastion or soldiers. On our way from the powerful fortress of Sveaborg, we saw one citadel at Svartholm, another a few leagues farther on, at the spot where, sixty years ago, Gustavus III. gained a naval victory over the Russians, and another still at six wersts from Viborg.

Frederikshamn was formerly the residence of the governors of the province. A massive tower, built in the middle of a square, overlooks it, and all the streets terminate at the foot of this tower like the spokes of a wheel. It is there that was signed, on the fifth of September, 1809, the treaty of peace which sanctioned the conquest of Finland by Russia. A conflagration ravaged, a few years since, the streets built under the auspices of the King of Sweden, and the house where the plenipotentiaries of one of his successors abandoned to the descendant of the czars, the country so often coveted and invaded by the Russians; the treaty alone remains. Nevertheless, it was neither, I acknowledge to my shame, a historical souvenir nor a poetic sentiment which attracted me to this town at midnight with my travelling companions; it was simply the desire to obtain a morsel of bread; for the restaurateur of the "Helsingfors," persuaded that we should go, according to the customs of passengers, to dine on one or the other shore, had provided nothing but tea and brandy, the commodities required for the ship's crew. The good inhabitants of Frederikshamn had been for three hours profoundly sleeping; not a gate open, not a light cloud of smoke above the roofs. The night watch, with halberd in hand, was alone traversing the streets, crying the hour at the top of his voice, and not knowing what to think of our nocturnal invasion. Perhaps we should have been very ill received by this vigilant sentinel charged with the repose of the burgomaster and the citizens, if we had not been accompanied by a Finnish officer, whose silver epaulettes glistened in the moonlight. The epaulette is, in the domains of the Russian empire, the symbol of power; everybody fears and respects it. The watch interrupted his refrain as he saw us pass, and gave the military salute like a man who knows his business. It was this officer who had undertaken to find lodgings for us. He knocked at the door of a little wooden house, decorated with the name of a hotel. An old woman put her dishevelled head out of the window, muttered in a cross tone a few not very courteous words, then disappeared, and all was again silence. Meanwhile, we looked at the streets, where not a soul was passing, and at the stars, which seemed to be mocking us. At the end of a quarter of an hour, the officer, thinking he had not been recognized, knocked again imperiously; then the old woman came herself to the door in a costume which I will not attempt to describe. She conducted us through a room where a whole family were asleep in four beds, side by side, and a little gloomy hall, where she had already had the precaution to deposit a light, which prevented us from treading on the body of a child stretched out on a box of straw, and striking against a large chest which barred half the passage. We seated ourselves in silence on a rustic bench, in order not to disturb the repose of the poor people who were probably greatly in need of it. The worthy hostess opened her cupboard, and stepped lightly about the kitchen; the magic sight of the epaulettes had given her the activity of youth. After these numerous trips, she returned, bringing some cakes of barley, some excellent butter, and some glasses of milk. This was the extent of the resources of the hotel; and as for beds, it was in vain to think of them. All in the house and a part of the straw in the barn were already occupied. Besides, we should have scrupled to have kept our good old woman longer on her

feet; we, therefore, thanked her cordially for her patriarchal hospitality, enforcing our thanks with a few roubles, and returned to the boat.

Its only furniture was four wooden benches and a folding chair; the four benches and the deck were in an instant occupied by my travelling companions. The captain was seated on the folding chair, like a pacha on his carpet. Fortunately, the boat suspended at the stern of the steamboat remained empty; I threw my cloak into it, and, all alone, in my aerial bed, slept, cradled like a sea-gull by the breeze of night, notwithstanding a swarm of gnats.

On the following day, we continued our route across a broad sea, the vaporous coasts of which we could distinguish only now and then. Nothing farther delayed our voyage. At four o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived at the port of Viborg, a fine and large port, formed by two islands which jut out into the sea like two piers. Here are a hundred houses occupied by merchants, laborers, innkeepers, and an immense quantity of planks and beams, which, in a few months from this, will, perhaps, cover the walls of a Portuguese city, or a palace of Cadiz; for Finland exports its wood to the most remote countries of Europe.

The city is at twelve wersts from the port, at the extremity of a broad bay, whose shores are covered with its old ramparts and its two faubourgs. Its castle, ravaged by a conflagration, is now falling in ruins; it was built in 1293 by the valorous Torkel Knudtzon, one of the most illustrious men of whom the annals of Sweden have retained the remembrance; the ramparts date from the fifteenth century. Viborg was then one of the most important cities of Finland, the see of a bishopric, and the capital of one of the three great districts of the country. At various epochs, it was attacked by the Russians, and several times resisted them valiantly. In 1710, Peter the Great besieged it, and took possession of it after some weeks of an obstinate contest. In 1721, the treaty of Nystad conceded to him its definitive possession, with that of the surrounding lands. In 1743, the treaty of Abo still farther enlarged this first conquest.

During a century, the districts designated under the name of old Finland (*gamla Finland*) were subjected to the same regulations, to the same administration, as the other Russian provinces. After the entire conquest of Finland, an imperial ukase re-united them to the country from which they had been disjoined, and granted them the same privileges. Viborg is at present the capital of the government and the seat of a supreme court of justice. It contains three thousand inhabitants, and a garrison of several thousand men. Russia has not ruled it so long without having left her imprint strongly there. This city has, more than all the other cities of Finland, including even Helsingfors, the aspect of a Russian city. You cross a square, and arrive at barracks; you turn the corner of a street, and you see a guard house; you go a little farther, other barracks or a bastion; everywhere officers dressed in uniform from morning till night, and everywhere soldiers. The clarion is constantly sounding, the drums beating in every direction; a company of Cossacks from the Don are mounting their horses, a battalion of infantry is about to parade, a corps of engineers drilling, and a squadron ofgend'armes manœuvring. Nevertheless, they are now in the midst of peace.

The bourgeois population is composed of four distinct races: the Fins, who first occupied this province; the Swedes, who conquered it; the Germans, who have come hither to settle at various periods; and the Russians, who have dominion over all. Each of these nations has its separate church, its priests and its peculiar customs. Through politeness for each other, and sometimes from necessity, they attempt to speak by turns the four languages admitted into public and private life of Viborg, and the result is an incredible cacophony of dialects and accents. Each idiom, thus thrown into circulation by dint of barbarisms, has yet its domain apart, and, if it would remain within its limits, would not be ill-treated. The Swedish is the judiciary and administrative language; the Russian is that of the soldiers; the German is especially used by merchants, and the Finnish by the common people and servants.

Science and study are represented at Viborg by the professors of the gymnasium, who possess a library of some thousands of volumes; art and literature by musicians and comedians, who, on their way to and from St. Petersburg, deign to tune their instruments or put on their buskins for the inhabitants of Viborg.

On the day of my arrival in this city, I had the pleasure of being present at one of these extraordinary representations which, from time to time, fortune procures for the worthy inhabitants of Viborg, to keep up in their minds a taste for the fine arts. To see the outside of the bull, one would have taken it for the staff-office of the place. All the steps were covered with officers and soldiers; it was a soldier who received the tickets, a soldier who led the way to the boxes; another circulated along the passages to salute the officers as they entered, that they might receive, even in the sanctuary of the Muses, the tribute of honor which was their due.

Four lamps lighted the stairs; a piano, flanked by a violin and violoncello, served as an orchestra, and a curtain, representing three bishops with mitres on their heads formed the immovable ground of all the decorations. Why were these bishops there? This was what I could not comprehend. Probably the curtain on which they had been painted to figure in some Christian tragedy, was the only one which could conveniently form the perspective of the theatre, and the venerable prelates thus found themselves condemned to be present in effigy at the comedy, the drama, the opera, and the vaudeville; for all these are played on the stage at Viborg, and all on the same evening. Here is the programme of the representation at which I was present, faithfully copied from the bill: 1st, a grand scene from the opera of Tancredi; 2d, two scenes from the *Don Carlos* of Schiller; 3d, a grand air from the

Marriage de Figaro; 4th, a little comedy of Saphir; 5th, a one act comedy of Kotzebue; 6th, a scene from *Sargines*, an opera of Paer; 7th, the scene of the oath in *Norma*; besides, by way of ballet, *La Cachucha*, danced by Mlle. Rothmayer. It was one and the same family—a family composed of four individuals—who thus gave to the public, for one franc, fifty centimes each, this specimen of so many *chef d'œuvres*. The father played the great nobleman, and the old men in comedy, and in the operas performed by turns as base and tenor; the mother figured now as duenna and now as an old coquette. The young girls represented in the same evening knights, princesses, heroes, majestic priestesses, and weeping lovers. At the end of the last piece, all the actors were recalled one after another; fortunately there were but four. Mlle. Rothmayer put her hand on her heart and addressed to the public a little speech which was not announced on the programme, and which put the climax to the public enthusiasm. Her father, who appeared afterwards, promised to return next winter, and take measures to have the theatre warmed. The spectators withdrew, congratulating themselves on this pleasant prospect.

The district of Viborg extend to the Russian frontier, about eight leagues from St. Petersburg. Its inhabitants enjoy generally greater comfort than those of the other provinces of Finland; it is rare that they are obliged to have recourse to bread made of birch-bark, as happens frequently with the poor people in the interior of the country. A great number among them live on the products of hunting and fishing; others are engaged in commerce in the Finnish boats. They do not earn more than from twelve to fifteen francs per month, which is enough to satisfy their modest wants. Others, more ambitious, engage on board English vessels, where they are eagerly welcomed, for they are excellent sailors. They receive then from sixty to seventy francs per month, and return in a few years enriched by their savings. Many of them are ranked in the class of torpars or farmers. The torpar cultivates on his own account a certain extent of ground, and pays his proprietor in days of labor; sometimes engages to make for his master one or two journeys a year to St. Petersburg or Viborg. This is a species of voluntary serfdom, regulated by a bail, a serfdom sufficiently burdensome, if we reflect that the torpar is often obliged to leave his field at the most important moment, and to go a distance of five or six leagues to put himself at the disposal of his proprietor; but the Finlander is endowed with the most patient and most resigned disposition. No other nation fulfils like this the sentence of the Bible: "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread." He toils without murmuring, and suffers without complaining. Such as I saw him, three years ago, in the gloomy provinces of the north, such I found him here on these southern coasts, and I observed him with a profound sentiment of interest and sympathy.

Notwithstanding the mixture of races settled in the province of Viborg by conquest and the colonizations of commerce, the Finnish tribe has still retained many of its ancient customs. One encounters still here and there numerous families, who, for many generations, have formed a little world apart, cultivated the same fields, lived the same life, and allied themselves with no foreign family. One of the old men of the tribe has over it a patriarchal ascendancy; he orders and counsels, settles differences and condemns the guilty. His word is loved and respected as that of a father, and his judgment has more authority than that of a tribunal. To see one of these virtuous families assembled in the enclosure of its domains, sharing the same labors and associated in the same fates, one would think it an institution of Moravian brethren, without the rigors of a systematic law and the constraint of a daily duty. All the members of this community are attached to each other by the memories of an hereditary affection, and by the ties of blood. He who directs them is the relative of all; their father and grandfather, their Nestor by age, their Mentor by experience, their master by a reciprocal sentiment of confidence and of tenderness. But interest and pride have already introduced revolt into the sanctuary of these pious associations. Day after day their bonds are slackening and breaking. An old Finnish proverb says: "Better is a good war than a bad peace." When the members of the ancient community feel that the foundations of the general concord are shaken, they withdraw and seek elsewhere another dwelling. Very soon there remains of these affecting family re-unions only a veiled picture and a distant remembrance.

The ceremonies formerly practised in betrothals and marriages still subsist in most of the parishes. When a young man wishes to marry, he chooses among his relatives or among the most experienced peasants in the village, an orator charged to state his demand. Both go to the house of her whose hand he wishes to solicit; the relatives of the young girl, forewarned of their visit, the friends and neighbors, are assembled in the same hall. The orator commences his speech, enumerates in pompous terms the qualities and merits of the suitor, and his present and future possessions. When he has finished his harangue, his client advances and offers presents to the nearest relatives of the young girl, a ring to this one, a girdle to that, some pieces of silver to the father and mother. If these presents are accepted, he is admitted as a lover, and has permission to go into an adjoining room to seek his intended bride, who, during this time, has remained alone, apart. The betrothals are usually celebrated in the cemetery; it is a philosophical idea or a religious thought which leads the young couple thither? Do the lovers, as they exchange rings above the dwellings of the dead, cast their eyes towards the ground and say to themselves that there is the termination of all human joys, or raise them towards heaven and think of those eternal regions where those who love each other in this world will be united one day to separate no more?

When this first ceremony is over, the bride goes, with a woman

who is her interpreter, to make a tour around the parish. The feminine orator makes a speech, and appeals to the sympathy of her auditors for her who is soon to quit her happy young girl's life to devote herself to the cares of wife and mother; and each then brings her offering. This one gives wool to weave her garments, that one, some household utensils, or linen, or a piece of silver. This is the complement to her dowry, the humble treasure which she receives with joy and gratitude; for to each of these modest presents is attached a wish from the heart, and an affectionate sentiment. The rich young girls also make this nuptial collection; if they do not need the gifts presented to them, they yet love to place around them, in their new dwelling, these voluntary tributes of friendship, as protecting egides or amulets.

The wedding is celebrated with great pomp. All the relatives and friends for several leagues round are invited. The bride appears in the midst of the guests with a gilt crown which does not belong to her; she borrows it in the morning and returns it in the evening: touching and melancholy symbol of the happiness which shines to-day on a smiling brow, and to-morrow sheds its celestial gleams over another countenance. At the end of the dinner, the bride advances like a walkyrie of the ancient times, and herself pours out beer for all her guests; then new presents are made to thank her for her hospitality, and she quits the house of her parents to enter that of her husband.

In some parishes, it is believed that the dead awaken from their long sleep three times a year, at the great festivals which they kept during their life-time in the bosom of their families—Christmas, Easter and St. John's. On these days, their nearest relatives deposit on their tombs cups of milk, and little pies of fish commonly called in the country *pirogues*, in order that when they rise from the ground which covers their coffins, they may find a souvenir of the fetes which rejoiced them, and the beloved beings who had celebrated these in their company.

After having repeatedly seen the barracks of Viborg, visited its Greek church full of pictures and gilding, traversed its environs, which are very beautiful and very picturesque, conversed by turns with the officer, the merchant and the citizen, it became necessary that I should think of continuing my route towards St. Petersburg, and this was no small problem. The only diligence which existed here a few years since has ceased its journeys, and one in vain invokes the aid of the steamboat: there is none. I was compelled to have recourse to the peasant's cart, and to give myself up to the miseries of a route which enjoys throughout all Finland a just celebrity. Fortunately, I had met a merchant from Lyons—M. Bessin, a young man of cultivated mind, gay and confident disposition, who was proposing to make the same trip, and I joyfully joined him. At so long a distance from one's natal soil, in the midst of a foreign nation, it is so sweet to find once more the melody of one's mother tongue, to press the hand of a countryman, and to hear France spoken of with love and enthusiasm.

Behold us, therefore, mounted on an open cart, with four wheels, and seating ourselves wherever we could find a place,—on our trunks and valises, our bodies without support, our legs hanging down, occupied in balancing ourselves on a vacillating seat, and praying Heaven that we might arrive safe and sound at St. Petersburg. If Scarron could have seen us on our tumbrel, with our hat-boxes on one side, our carpet-bags on the other, our oscillations at every jolt, he would have added one chapter more to his *Roman Comique*. Nevertheless, everything went well for the space of several miles. The carriages were large enough, the postilions honest and civil, the country picturesque. We set out in the evening, and enjoyed one of those beautiful nights, or, rather, one of those enchanting twilights which, during the summer, shed over the landscapes of the north so many soft hues of light and shade. We travelled along on our rude seats, now contemplating in silence through the foliage of the trees, the purple tints of the horizon, which the sun was leaving only for a moment; now reminding each other, with enthusiasm, of the finest sites of our country, and evoking in our conversations, in the midst of the dark forests of Finland, the smiling aspects of our valleys and mountains.

My travelling companion had but one predilection, which annoyed me much. He was perpetually praising the shores of the Rhone and Saone; while I asked him to be equally enamored of the banks of the Doubs and the mountains of Franche-Compte, and this was a long subject of discussion. At last, we concluded a treaty of peace, and it was agreed that our beloved provinces were the two finest countries, and their inhabitants the most excellent people, to be found in the world.

The satisfaction which pervaded our hearts when we had concluded and settled with the wisdom of diplomatists all the articles of this patriotic contract, was soon seriously disturbed by the aspect of the new stations where we changed horses and carriages. Instead of the large carts which we had found in the environs of Viborg, were tumbrels on which we could seat ourselves only by crouching on our trunks, with our chins on our knees. Instead of the kind and officious postilions of Finland, here were peasants who belonged to some unknown race, and who might have been taken for savages; civilization had as yet done nothing for these men; the razor had not touched their beards; the scissors of the coiffeur had never approached their long locks like a distaff of tow; no tailor had meddled with their garments. They wore only a huge pair of boots, and a shirt knotted around their waists by a colored girdle; some wore a round linen jacket over this shirt; but it appeared to us that in general they looked upon this additional garment as a very useless luxury. The houses where we stopped exhaled a fetid odor. At seven o'clock in the morning, we perceived one whose aspect seemed inviting. We entered the corridor; it was occupied by four peasants, stretched out at full length on the floor. In the adjoining room, a woman was lying

half dressed on the outside of a bed. We attempted to sit down, and all the chairs were covered with such thick dust that we could not. Our intention on entering had been to ask a cup of milk; we had but to cast a glance on the pieces of broken dishes scattered here and there, to forget immediately the most imperious thirst.

As for the route over which our postilion was conducting us—what shall we say of it? In what language, in what dictionary, shall we find words sufficiently characteristic to represent these remnants of pavements* interrupted by crevasses, furrowed by ruts, these masses of stones, thrown pell-mell, the impetuous bounds of our cart, and these perpetual vacillations! At every instant we were obliged to cling to the sides of our equipage in order not to roll into a rut, or to extend both hands over our baggage to prevent its being lost in the road. After half an hour of travelling, or more properly, of stormy navigation, over these rocks and reefs, the padlock of one of our trunks had broken to pieces, one of our valises was broken, one of our carpet-bags torn, and a hat-box in fragments. On our arrival at St. Petersburg, all that we had packed with rare traveller's dexterity was overturned, rumpled, and covered with mud and dust.

Some peasants of the province, who believe that the dead can, at certain periods, visit their houses, and who have no desire to see them, place the coffin which they are conveying to the cemetery on the roughest cart, and subject it to the most violent jolts, in order that the poor deceased persons may remember in their graves the fatigues of this cruel route, and not be tempted to repeat them. It seems to me that the roads and post carriages of Viborg have been made with the same intentions towards foreigners, and those who have originated the idea have perfectly attained their object. I am very sure that, unless absolutely compelled, not a traveller who has known by experience the hardships of the road from Viborg would brave them again.

At about eight leagues from St. Petersburg, our coachman stopped his horses at the foot of a large wooden barrier which crosses the road, took off his hat respectfully, and entered with profound humility a house guarded by sentinels. We were on the Russian frontier, and this was the custom-house. Meanwhile, Finland has been incorporated with Russia for more than thirty years. Probably it is not yet confident enough of its own self-control and its own intelligence to undertake the care of inspecting and judging the travellers who arrive in the capital of the empire. From the province of Viborg, conquered by Peter the Great, one enters that of St. Petersburg as into a foreign country.

Two men came to take our trunks and examine them with minute care. The books especially attracted their attention. I had had the precaution to send back to Stockholm all the books of history or literature which I had collected during my stay in Finland; I had left only a Russian dictionary and a Russian romance of Sagoskir. A superior employe took these works, turned over their leaves to assure himself that they contained no fraud, and to shelter himself from all suspicion, showed them to one of his colleagues. After this double inquisition, my innocent Russian books were restored to me; but an unfortunate leaf that strayed from a French journal prolonged the inspection a good half hour. The employes re-examined my effects, one after another, to see if they could not find some other fragment from these fatal leaves, and as I had none, we were very civilly dismissed.

After the employes of the custom-house, the *maitre de poste* had his turn. He came to ask to see our *podoroshna*, otherwise the official title in virtue of which a traveller obtains horses along his route. After having collected the tax due him, he pointed with his finger to a cabaret, red as the nose of a toper, and asked if we would not enter to drink, he said, a good bottle of wine. This time it seemed to us that he went beyond the regulations, and, in spite of our respect for his embroidered cap and green-collared coat, we thought we might, without being guilty of any great insubordination, resist his demands. At the following station, a new examination of the *podoroshna* and a new tax was made.

We were now only four leagues from St. Petersburg, and might have believed ourselves still in the midst of the sombre and silent regions of Nordland; for, on all sides, we saw only a dense forest of pines and birches, and not a steeple, not a dwelling. At last, we arrived at the barrier guarded by half a dozen sentinels and a battalion of grenadiers. A revenue officer examined our trunks again; another minutely inspected our pipers; thank God! it is over, and we are at St. Petersburg. Not at all; the puissant masters of St. Petersburg, who, in the course of a century, have covered so vast a space with edifices, aspire to occupy one still more vast; and, in order not to be obliged to remove the barriers of their capital, have, by a wise precaution, placed them at a good league from its actual limits. We, therefore, travelled another whole hour on our cart, dancing like pasteboard dolls, and supporting, with wonderful resignation, unexpected jolts. The first thing we sought, on our arrival in the capital of the empire, was, I confess, neither the marble church of Isaac, the winter palace, nor any other edifice whose magnificence the *Traveller's Guide* had painted in official metaphors; it was a hotel. This first incursion *intra muros* procured us the satisfaction of learning, as we paid five francs for an hour's rest, that we were in the city of Europe where life is the most costly.

MIND.—The mind perceives by occasion of outward objects as much more than is represented to it by sense, as a learned man does in the best-written book than an illiterate person or brute. To the eyes of both the same characters will appear; but the learned man, in those characters, will see heaven, earth, sun, and stars—read profound theorems of philosophy or geometry—learn a great deal of new knowledge from them, and admire the wisdom of the composer; while, to the other, nothing appears but black strokes drawn on white paper.—*Cudworth*.



SPRING GARDEN INSTITUTE, AND FOUNTAIN, SPRING GARDEN STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

VIEWS IN PHILADELPHIA.

M. M. BALLOU, Esq.—Dear Sir:—For the sake of diversifying my narrative, and not to appear too partial to New England, I will, if you please, drop “the thread of my discourse” at New London, and give you a sketch of a recent trip to the “city of brotherly love,” and its results pictorially. Behold me then, with carpet-bag in hand, on a dull, misty morning in the dog days (last past), sauntering up Dock Street from the *entrepot* of the N. J. R. R., past the Exchange; dodging among the various and numerous *omnibii* and through Third Street, where printers’ devils “most do congregate,” to Chestnut, and thence to 116, the depot whence the Philadelphians derive their weekly feast in the shape of the “Pictorial.” I was warmly welcomed by Mr. Winch, your gentlemanly and hospitable agent, who, it seems, was expecting me, and after spending an hour in arranging our plans of operation for the morrow, I sought for quarters, which I found at the United States, opposite the custom-house, and I recognize my usual good fortune in the selection of this house as my stopping-place. In the morning, procuring a vehicle, we drove through Arch Street to Broad, and up Broad to the new “Central High School,” on the corner of Green, Broad and Brandywine Streets, a view of which is given on the opposite page. For the following information I am indebted to Professor John L. Hart, LL.D., the principal of the institution, who will please accept my sincere thanks for his kindness in furnishing it. This school, like the free academy of New York and the high schools of our other American cities, grew out of the exigencies of the common school system. The common or public schools of Philadelphia began in 1818. For the first eighteen years, or until 1836, their existence was one continued struggle. They were organized originally on the same basis as the almshouse, namely, as a provision for the poor. Their doors were open only to those who came in *forma pauperis*, and they were emphatically, and in every sense of the word, poor schools. The consequence was, that not even the indigent, for whose benefit they

were designed, would attend them; and at the end of eighteen years the system stood where it began—confessedly a failure. Wiser counsels at length prevailed. The stigma of pauperism was removed by allowing all to attend who chose, rich or poor, thus making them really public or common schools. They were at the same time made better worth attending, by being supplied with a more adequate array of teachers. More than all, a special inducement to attendance and to excellence in the public schools, was furnished by the establishment of one *Central High School*, for the more thorough instruction of successful competitors from the schools of lower grade. The primary and main end of the high school has been to elevate the whole system with which it is connected. It has accomplished in this respect all that was expected of it. Both the pupils and the teachers of the lower schools have been stimulated to an extraordinary degree of activity, and their popularity has kept pace with their progress. When the high school was first projected, there were only about 7000 or 8000 pupils in the public schools; there are now more than 53,000. When the school was first opened, candidates went to the lower schools the term required, only in obedience to an odious restriction of law. Now those lower schools have become most attractive places of education, and some of the richest and most aristocratic people of the city send their children there, not merely as a stepping-stone to the high school, but because they offer the best training which the city affords for a common English education. The high school was first opened in October, 1838, by the appointment of four professors and the admission of sixty-three students. During the seventeen years that it has been in operation, innumerable students have enjoyed the benefits of its course of instruction. It has gradually increased in size, until it now numbers twelve professors, four assistants and six hundred students, instructed at an annual expense of about \$20,000. It has a liberal course of study, running through four years, differing somewhat from a college course, but equivalent to it, and those students who complete the course receive regularly the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts, a charter to this effect having been granted by the legislature. The success of the Philadelphia high school contributed largely to the establishment of the New York free academy, an institution of similar character and on a still more liberal footing. Both of these noble institutions, as well as all the subordinate subsidiary schools by which they are fed, are absolutely and entirely free, the only test and the only chance of admission to them being the individual and personal merit of the applicants themselves. The building originally erect-

ed for the high school was on East Penn Square, just back of the U. S. Mint. In 1853, however, a favorable opportunity occurred for selling the premises, which had become very noisy. The controllers thereupon proceeded to purchase a site and erect a building elsewhere. The lot selected for the new building is on the east side of Broad Street, having Green Street for a boundary on the north, and Brandywine Street on the south. It has a front of 150 feet and a depth of 95 feet, and the building is 100 feet long by 75 wide, and 82 feet high to the floor of the observatory. The building, finished and furnished, was dedicated to the purposes of its erection on the 28th of June, 1854. The cost of the lot was \$17,000. The entire cost of the lot, building and furniture (not including apparatus) was \$75,000. The school has an astronomical apparatus valued at \$6000, and an apparatus in physics valued at \$13,000. The building is constructed throughout in a substantial manner, with good materials and with a main reference to utility rather than ornament, although the latter has not been lost sight of. In the immediate vicinity of the high school—on the corner of Broad and Spring Garden Streets—is the “Spring Garden Institute,” shown at the top of this page, which is devoted to the purposes of a free reading-room and library, and other means of disseminating knowledge among a class who would, without the aid of this valuable institution, perhaps waste the time which they are now enabled to improve and render valuable, by having at hand the appliances of a library and reading-room of the most approved kind. Since the establishment of this undertaking, the commissioners of Kensington have started a similar one, and it is to be hoped that every district will follow the example, until all are possessed of institutions of a like character and object. Spring Garden Street, or rather that portion of it near to Broad, is a model street, and it is a cause for great regret that there are not more such in the city. The Odd Fellows’ Broadway Hall, an engraving of which is also given, is in the immediate vicinity of the last described buildings, and is, as its name implies, devoted to the meetings of the various lodges of that benevolent order. I did not get an opportunity to see the interior, and hence cannot speak of it as I could wish. The building is of brick, stuccoed; and the ornamental caps to the windows, with the cornice, and the statues of Hope and Charity thereon, give it a very handsome appearance. From this section of the city, we drove to Market Street railroad bridge over the Schuylkill, which we crossed, and speedily found ourselves in the straggling suburban village of West Philadelphia (now consolidated with the city proper).

LANDSDOWNE, NEAR PHILADELPHIA, SEAT OF THE PENN FAMILY.



NEW DROVE YARDS, NEAR PHILADELPHIA.

Our object in visiting this section was to find "Landsdowne," the seat of the Penn family, and as our information was rather scant regarding its locality, being limited to the fact that it was on the west side of the Schuylkill, we were compelled to seek for knowledge as we proceeded. After several unsuccessful inquiries, we were put upon the right track, and a short drive brought us to the ancient and dilapidated gate lodge that was, where we were accosted by half a dozen colored persons, great and small, accompanied by as many dogs, all of whom resided apparently in the house which had once been handsome, but was now very much decayed. In answer to our inquiries, they informed us that the place we sought was "bout half a mile frough de woods, dough dere aint much dere to see now, kase de house burnt down a year ago fourth o' July, and dere aint ony the bare walls standing. You can drive frough dough, ony look out when you cum to de bridge, kase it aint very strong, and you'll most likely have to leve your hoss, and go de rest of de way afoot." This was rather discouraging, but we resolved to try it, and followed his directions and the road, which led through the woods before us, and which had been a handsome carriage drive, but had degenerated into a corduroy road filled with sloughs and pools, which we had to use some care to avoid. At the end of half a mile, we came to a stand still and a plank road at one and the same time. This was an emergency not provided for, and we were completely at a loss to find the thread of our journey. A careful search on the opposite side of the plank road supplied no evidence of a continuance of the carriage drive, and there being no house near, and no person

in sight, of whom to inquire, we were again at fault. We resolved, however, to try the other side, and finding a pair of bars, we succeeded in getting our team over an embankment and through the fence into the wood, where there was nothing to guide us whatever. Taking the range of the road we had so far travelled upon, however, we picked our way among and between the trees, until we descended into the dry bed of a stream, and joyfully recognized the bridge spoken of, from whence the drive was seen winding among the trees, and far in the distance a glimpse of the buildings was caught through the waving foliage. Following the road which led through some most charming scenery, at the distance of quarter of a mile, we entered upon a spacious lawn, comprising some ten or twelve acres, in the centre of which stands the ruins of a once princely mansion, the abode of wealth and luxury. We spent an hour in rambling about the spacious grounds, in visiting the mansion and out buildings, and admiring the noble trees, one of which—a splendid pine—is shown in the engraving, until, tired of our ramble I sat down to make the sketch at the bottom of the opposite page. When William Penn founded the city of Philadelphia, he built a mansion for himself on the Delaware, about twenty miles from the city, which was called "Pennsbury." It was a very handsome building for those days, and was called "Penn's Palace." It was the residence of his heirs and successors until about the middle of the last century, when the then heir of the province, deeming it too far from the city to be convenient, built Landsdowne on the Schuylkill, about four miles from the city. The situation is admirable,

the residence of one of England's noblemen than of an American country seat. After the revolution, it was rented as a country residence, and was occupied by many of the first families of Philadelphia in succession. It finally passed into the hands of the late Wm. Brigham, Esq., of whose estate it still forms a part. About five years since, Granville John Penn, the present head of the Penn family, residing in England, visited this country, and gave a picnic on the grounds to many of the wealthy families of the city. The prestige of the place was revived to a great extent, and it became a fashionable drive to visit Landsdowne, the aristocratic abode of past times. For many years its sole occupants were the family whose business it was to care for the premises and show the place to visitors. In their absence, some two years since, a party of rowdies from the city set it on fire by the careless use of fireworks, one fourth of July, and the bare walls alone tell the story of its past magnificence. The next object of our visit was the new Drove Yards, recently established and opened for the use of the drovers who supply the market of this metropolis of Pennsylvania. The result of our visit is shown in the accompanying illustration, which exhibits the hotel kept by Mr. Nelson Wertz, and a portion of the yard for neat cattle, sheep, etc. The place is new, having been but recently opened for use. We partook of a substantial dinner at the hotel and drove back to the city, where I spent the afternoon in sketching various localities of interest, and in visiting some of the most notable public buildings. The result of my second day's experience I shall furnish in another series. Meantime, I am respectfully your artist, NEUTRAL TINT.

being upon the banks of a stream, which is poetically winding, and shaded with splendid forest trees, which line its banks and dip their foliage into its waters. Art could not have created a more desirable location, and every appliance that it was possible for money to procure, or genius to furnish, was lavished upon it. Magnificent trees—native and exotic, fruit and forest, adorned the park. Busts and statuary ornamented the grounds, and the choicest flowers lent their fragrance to beautify the scene. A carriage drive of a mile in length led from a handsome gate lodge through the midst of mighty forest trees up to the mansion, and Landsdowne had more the appearance of



ODD FELLOWS' HALL, BROAD STREET.



CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, BROAD STREET.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LOVE THY MOTHER.

BY AOLAUS FORRESTER.

Love, O love thy mother!
In her eyes thou mayest see
Her deep, ardent love for thee:
Love her more than any other.

Think, that when thou wert a child,
She wiped away thy sorrowing tears,
And calmed thy many idle fears
With gentle care and mild.

Think, that when thou older grew,
How she watched thy wayward youth,
Instructed thee in heavenly truth—
Taught thee all the good thou knew.

Love, O love thy mother!
Let thy prayers to heaven ascend
For thy earliest, truest friend—
For thy mother!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LONG NIGHT.

BY FREDERICK WARD SAUNDERS.

WE had weathered Cape Horn, made the greater part of our northing, and under a cloud of canvass, with a spanking breeze, were rapidly approaching our port of destination. Mr. Brady, the second mate, was attempting to walk a crack between the quarter deck planks. Having watched him until it became evident that the feat would remain unaccomplished, I determined to get him into his story-telling mood. Going over to the weather side of the quarter-deck, I accosted him.

"Well, Mr. Brady," said I, "in another month from this, I suppose we will be coming over this same spot, homeward bound."

"You may," he replied, "be coming this way, but I sha'n't. I intend to leave, and try another craft when we get into Valpy," (sailor for Valparaiso.) "I don't believe in staying too long by one ship,—get too well known."

"But you may not be able to get a mate's berth," I continued. "Isn't it possible all the vessels in port may be supplied? In that case, I suppose you will return with us."

"No fear of their all being supplied. Why, bless your heart, times have so changed from what they were a few years ago, when if a man once got a chance as mate of a vessel, he stuck by her as long as one plank held to another. If I leave, of course the ship will be wanting another second mate, which will be supplied by some discontented chap from on board one of the other vessels; that will leave a vacancy, into which I shall slip; that's the way it's done, you see. Now, in my grandfather's time, no one ever thought of leaving a ship until he was turned out of her; but it wasn't an easy thing to turn my grandfather out of a vessel. He stayed by one ship eight years after the owners had discharged him, and they couldn't get rid of him at any price. My grandfather had a genius for getting into scrapes; but then he was equally good at getting out of them—"

"Most of your stories seem to relate to your grandfather," said I, interrupting him. "Wasn't your father a sailor, also?"

"Why, yes," he continued; "he was a sailor, of course; but he couldn't hold a candle to my grandfather. It is a little singular, but it sometimes happens so in families, and it has always been so in ours. I mean the smart and really remarkable men only come every second generation."

"That is to say, your grandfather being the *last*, you are the *next* remarkable man."

"Well, ahem!—yes, you are not far out of the way. But as I was saying, my grandfather, with all his good qualities, had some few faults, or what at that time were so considered—he would never leave a bottle while there was a drop left, and he was no ways famous for telling the truth. But to offset that, he was no ways bigoted in the matter of religion. I don't believe he ever saw the inside of a church, except such times as he was being married; and another little thing that used to cause him some trouble—if he saw anything he wanted, he was bound to have it by hook or by crook, no matter to whom it chanced to belong, and there was no end of the money the owners had to pay to get him out of difficulty occasioned by such little frolics."

"Having served a pretty long apprenticeship before the mast and in the minor offices, he was promoted to a chief mate's berth on board a West India trader sailing out of Londonderry, and for a time everything went on smoothly. The captain liked him, for he was a good sailor, and took a deal of work off his hands; the owners liked him because he was a prompt, go ahead chap, and stopped at nothing—and many's the heap of savings they made over and above their regular profit on what he smuggled for them."

"The owners were willing to put up with all my grandfather's little peccadilloes, but there was one thing they would not put up with. For some reason or other, every trip he made to the West Indies, the cargo would fall short two or three hundred pounds. If it had only happened once or twice, they would have passed it over as a mistake; but occurring every voyage, they began to think it might be accounted for in some other way, and informed the captain and mate that they should hold them responsible for whatever loss there might be in future."

"The captain growled and protested, and my grandfather smashed the third commandment all to flinders, but it made no difference, the owners were firm, and they had to make the best of it. But this arrangement had no effect at all, for the next trip, the

cargo fell short more than ever, and the owners began to get their backs up.

"It was the same in those times as it is at present, the chief mate had charge of receiving and delivering the cargo; and strange as it may appear, they began to suspect my grandfather, and intimated to him that if there was any more deficiency, they would be obliged to dispense with his valuable services. But, as if to convince them how unjust were their suspicions, not only the freight, but provisions, spare rigging, and everything else fell short the next time. The owners, however, couldn't see how that proved his innocence, so they told him at once they didn't want him any longer in their employ."

"It was an easy thing to say they didn't want him, but a very different affair to get rid of a lad of my grandfather's complexion. Ships were not plenty in those days, and a mate's berth was not to be had every day for the asking. Neither were men who were qualified for mates as numerous as they might have been; so there would be difficulty on both sides—for him to get another situation, and for them to fill his place; and he took the best care that they should find it uncommonly difficult."

"My grandfather had lots of friends in the town—in fact, he was on friendly terms with everybody except the police; accordingly, all who would have applied for the vacant berth either held back from good will to him, or were frightened out of it by some rather broad-shouldered threats that were knocking about among my grandfather's chums. So by the time the ship was ready for sea, the owners in despair of finding any one to take his place, were obliged either to keep the vessel in port, or allow him to make another voyage."

"My grandfather was highly delighted with the success of his plan, and made no doubt he would be able to accomplish the same thing next voyage. But the owners had quite another idea; they were resolved that he should not go in the ship again at any price, and accordingly sent over to Greenock for a little red-headed Scotchman, one Sandy McDonald, a sort of relative of one of the owners—you know how it is with these Scotch, if they can claim any connection whatever, it's all the same as if they were brothers, like the links of a cable—well, as I was saying, he was a sort of one-horse cousin of theirs, and they were determined he should have the berth the very next voyage, and that there should be no trouble about the matter, they kept him waiting for the ship to come in."

"My grandfather was taken considerably aback, when upon his arrival he learned the state of affairs; but though somewhat bothered, he did not despair of making things come round right before it was time to sail again. Having loaded the ship, it was of course his duty to see her discharged; this occupied some two or three weeks, and he made the most of the opportunity to worry himself into the good graces of Sandy. He pretended to have taken a wonderful liking for him, and did his utmost to initiate him into his new berth, explaining and showing, until Sandy became as well acquainted with the ship as if he had sailed in her a dozen years; it was Sandy here, and Sandy there, until the innocent little Scotchman was quite won over, and notwithstanding the hard stories he had heard concerning him (which were of course all false), he came to the conclusion that, whatever my grandfather might have been in the West Indies, he was little short of a saint in Londonderry."

"The time drew near for the ship to sail, and still my grandfather was in doubt as to what course he should pursue to get rid of Sandy; he couldn't employ forcible means, and as for tricks, the Scotchman had been cautioned by the owners, and was constantly on his guard. Time passed on till the ship was ready for sea, the clearance papers were obtained from the custom house, and everything was in readiness to haul into the stream with the morning tide. My grandfather was wild with excitement; he had made up his mind to go in the ship, and go he would. All at once an idea struck him; Sandy and himself both stopped at the same tavern—a great, old-fashioned rattle-trap of a house, with more ells, wings and gables than you will find in a modern country village. Now, my grandfather was mighty thick and great friends with a smart little chambermaid belonging to the house. Having got the idea into his head, it didn't take him long to communicate it to, and make a confederate of the girl. With her assistance everything was arranged; she was to pretend, when Sandy wished to retire, that having understood he would remain on board the ship, she had given his room to another person, and the only vacant bed remaining was in a double-bedded room, one of which was occupied by my grandfather, while the room itself was to be in an out of the way gable of the rambling old tavern, which was seldom used. So much was to be the part of the play in which the girl was to act; the rest was to be done by my grandfather. But the sly baggage had an eye to her own interests (as girls are apt to have), and played a rather stronger game than was anticipated."

"It was quite late when Sandy came up from the ship that night, but my grandfather was on hand for him, and opened his batteries at once. As friendly as he had been to the poor little Scotchman before, it was nothing to the real love and affection he entertained for him at that moment; he shook hands with him half a score of times, and almost shed tears to think the next morning would separate them. Sandy was clearly overcome, for he had taken quite a liking for my grandfather, so they agreed to make a night of it as it was to be the last."

"My grandfather's idea was to get Sandy with rather more whiskey aboard than he could well manage. But these Scotchmen can carry off a wonderful quantity, especially when they don't have to pay for it themselves; and he found it so, for by the time Sandy was reduced to the proper state, he began to feel a little queerish himself. But that didn't much matter, for Sandy

was in a worse condition; so picking up what seemed to him half a dozen candlesticks at once, and in company with a score of Sandys at the very lowest calculation, they went up to their room and turned into a couple of all out as skittish beds as you'll find in a country tavern. My grandfather owned that it was at least fifteen minutes before he could catch and calm down his bed sufficiently to get into it."

"It didn't take long for my grandfather to sleep off the effects of what he had aboard, for he was a veteran in the service, and had been through no end of just such campaigns before; but it was only an occasional affair with the Scotchman, and he lay as quiet and stupid as a wet Sunday."

"Having stretched himself, yawned, and made the usual amount of waking noises, my grandfather proceeded to make the Scotchman fast, tying his hands and feet to the corresponding bed-posts as he lay; then with a silk handkerchief bound over his mouth, he had him safely bound to the bedstead."

"As Sandy didn't wake, my grandfather turned in for another snooze. In common with most sailors, he was a hard sleeper, and kept it up, how long he could not tell, but he awoke with a firm conviction that he had overslept himself. Still, it was as dark as ever outside, at least no light came in at the window. The lamp, however, had burned very low. Thinking that morning couldn't be far off, he turned his face to the wall and went off into another doze."

"When he awoke the next time, the lamp had burned itself out, and the half extinguished wick was offering up a cloud of incense to the memory of the departed whales that had thus far supplied it with oil. He now began to grow rather nervous, and would have gone down into the bar and passed the rest of the night, but he didn't care to be seen about the house at unreasonable hours, lest suspicion might rest on him as to the disappearance of Sandy, whose absence would occasion inquiry in the morning. So he amused himself as best he might with whistling and lecturing the poor Scotchman, who seemed to be in no quiet frame of mind, to judge from the way he floundered about on the bed, in the endeavor to free his hands and feet. As the handkerchief prevented his talking, my grandfather had all the conversation to himself, which he improved by giving Sandy a long talk on the meanness of trying to supplant a man in his business situation. But my grandfather, although he liked to hear himself talk, at last became weary, even with such an attentive listener as Sandy. He thought to vary the monotony by dressing himself, but after pawing about in the dark for a long time in search of his clothes, he remembered that both Sandy and himself had turned in with their clothes on. He tried to walk the room, but after making two or three turns, he ran against and fell over upon the bed. There was nothing to get up for, so he lay ruminating upon all the long and disagreeable nights he had ever passed, but could think of none to equal this. Again he fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed he was shut up in a huge bomb-shell, which was about to be fired from a mortar. With an exclamation of horror, he awoke and sprang to his feet. The darkness was intense; he could endure it no longer—he would at least open the window, and look out on the night."

"Groping his way slowly along the wall, he came to a window. What! there was no sash! It was closed by a solid wooden shutter—the truth began to dawn upon him. With a frantic blow of his fist, he dashed the shutter open; a flood of light poured into the room, while in the western heavens the sun was slowly sinking toward its setting. He looked anxiously towards the harbor; the ship was not in sight. With direful imprecations on the head of the unfortunate chambermaid, he cut with one stroke of his knife the cords which bound the hands of poor Sandy, and rushed to the bar-room; at the door he was met by the owner's head clerk."

"For heaven's sake, Mr. Brady," began that functionary, "can you tell me what has become of the Scotchman? The ship can't go to sea without some one."

"What! echoed my grandfather. 'Not go to sea!—hasn't she gone?'

"Gone! No!—and my orders are to send the first one of you on board that I can find—the Scotchman, if possible; if not, you."

"My grandfather stopped to hear no more, but sprang for the street, closely followed by Sandy, who had arrived just in time to hear the last sentence. The distance to the pier where they would have to take a boat for the ship, then lying in the stream with her sails loosed, and anchor hove short, was about a quarter of a mile. Down the street they tore with frantic haste; the one who reached the ship first was to be mate. For a good part of the distance the race was neck and neck; my grandfather had the greater stride, but the Scotchman picked up his feet the quickest. As they neared the wharf, Sandy began to fall behind. But a single boat was at the stairs. Each man put forth his utmost strength to reach it first, but my grandfather was in advance. Springing into the boat, he yelled to the amazed boatman,

"Shove off, ye devil! Shove off!"

"Hold on! hold on!" shouted Sandy, as he rushed down the pier. "Five pounds if you take me to the ship first."

"Shove off! shove off! or I'll make a widder of your wife before you are three ticks older!" roared my grandfather, seizing an oar and shoving just so far into the stream that Sandy, as he reached the end of the pier and jumped, missed the boat and plunged into the water. You may be sure there was no time lost in pulling on board, and getting the ship to sea."

"My grandfather was in luck after that, for somehow the cargo never fell short from that time; which so pleased the owners, that they continued him in his berth until he was made captain, while Sandy was provided with a situation in another vessel. Sandy never held any hardness toward my grandfather on account of the trick he played him; and years after it was a joke between them, nor was either weary of telling the story of THE LONG NIGHT."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MUSIC—IN FOUR PARTS.

BY RICHARD WRIGHT.

THE VIOLIN.

The marble hall is lighted up, and bright
The flame of well-fed pentant chandelier,
The frescoed ceiling festooned walls and white
Chalk-figured floor, betokening pleasure near.
In twos and fours, without a worldly care,
The place is filling—manhood's jubilee;
Eyes like to diamonds, cheeks where roses are,
And slipped feet, stepping so gracefully;
The signal—lo! Ole Bull's own VIOLIN,
The master's matchless spirit put therein;
Soft, lively, rising powerful as the ocean,
Guiding throughout the "poetry of motion,"
While happy beings joyously endure
Hours of exciting revel on the floor.

THE FLUTE.

Hiat! Beauty's window-lattice opens—there
Amid the stillness of the summer night,
And half-concealed by her luxuriant hair,
Peers forth the young and glowing maiden bright;
Is it the balmy, stirring air she loves?
Or watching fleecy clouds sail in the sky?
No! the fixed eye—the ear attentive proves
A dearer object to herself is nigh.
The FLUTE's melodious, dulcet notes begin,
And hearts respond with sympathy within;
Wrapt and entranced is every human feeling,
Sound reigns with fairy force, while o'er them stealing,
And knit by music's all-controlling sway,
Affections twine, nor fear e'en Time's decay.

THE BUGLE.

The glorious morning sun unclouded shines,
And genial spring is budding nature's trees,
While ranged in firm, compact and martial lines,
Their rock-fixed ensign floating in the breeze,
A valiant body stands—their country's all!
Its last appeal to arms! for liberty!
The Bugle sounds! the loud, shrill, charging call,
For rights, for safety, home and infancy!
The bugle sounds! down as an avalanche
They sweep—are checked—again—again advance
As one soul onward, still their "country" crying—
Till midst the trampled, maimed, and dead and dying,
Winds the proud notes of cheering victory!
And hill and vale, temples and homes are free!

THE ORGAN.

Enter the sacred Sabbath's edifice—
'Tis good to seek devotion's hallowed hour,
And to account it privilege and bliss,
"For all received," to thank Almighty Power;
Hark to the noble ORGAN's swelling sounds!
Grand, deep and solemn, thrilling, mounting high;
From wall to wall, from heart to heart, rebounds
The Christian's music—music of the sky,
Giving a strength and richness to the song
Of prayer and praise, that Heaven our lives prolong;
In its sweet, pure and holy notes ascending,
Our outward ears with inmost bosoms blending;
And in death's arms, unconscious though we be,
The organ peals our requiem-lullaby.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ST. CRISPIN'S VICTIM.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

"—no trifling sum of misery
New added to the foot of my accounts."

MR. MAGNUS DOLPHIN was a bachelor, "pretty well along" in years, but well cared for by Bogle and his Schneider; the former supplied his ambrosial curls, the latter his figure. He might have been fifty; but that "soft confession" never passed his lips; the date was betrayed by an early nurse who resided in Salvation Street, and took a malignant pleasure in ruining the reputation for juvenility of sundry young men about town. Mr. Dolphin was on the lookout for an heiress. Mrs. Constantia Merville, a dashing widow, genuinely thirty-five, with a fair person and a fortune, was on the lookout for a husband. Mutual friends introduced the parties by subdued gas light. Dolphin stood the burners very well, and Mrs. Merville's bright eyes and diamonds reflected every ray. Dolphin drove her out a few times, selecting intense sunshine or very cloudy weather for his excursions. Mrs. Merville was very fond of dancing, and Dolphin danced like Pappanti. The polka and redowa advanced him very far in the good graces of the rich and handsome widow. Dolphin had a very small foot. Why was he not satisfied with its natural dimensions? But I must not anticipate.

A certain day was marked in Dolphin's calendar as "big with fate." On that day, exactly at meridian, when he kept an appointment with the widow, he determined to "propose." There are two events in a man's life which make him nervous—his first duel and his first proposal. Dolphin determined to render himself as irresistible as Cesar. His complexion was good, and he looked well in the Fox colors—blue and buff—the test of an aristocratic appearance. A new wig—gossamer, glossy, Hyperion curls, a well fitting blue coat with bright buttons, a buff vest, white pantaloons, only one jewel, a perfect Koh-i-noor in his bosom—gloves, ashes of roses, a handkerchief with just a suspicion of perfume—the breath of the sweet south—so far his appointments scared above criticism. But he looked at the Arab arch of his instep and remembered that he must have a pair of new boots. This was the day before the assault on his Malakoff.

So he went to Messrs. Kalf, Welt & Snaik's to make a selection from their latest importation. Mr. Rattle Snaik, the youngest of the firm—a deuced handsome young fellow, who always fitted Mrs. Merville with her French boots—waited upon Dolphin. A marvellous pair was selected—the *chaf d'ore* of Parisian art. Dolphin got into them by means of powdered soap-stone and boot-hooks, and thought them rather tight. Welt, who was passing at the moment, with a pen behind his ear, corroborated his opinion, but his junior partner gave him a glance of such diabolical malignancy, that Welt retreated to his desk and wilted into his ledger in the most abject humiliation. Snaik then assured his victim that the boots would stretch like gloves, that they were just the thing, and Dolphin concluded the bargain, transferred his feet to his old gaiters, and ordered the purchase sent to his lodgings. That night he dreamed that he was a victim of the Inquisition, and that an agreeable familiar was anointing his soles with Florence oil, and doing them brown before an anthracite coal-fire. But he awoke like a young eagle, and spent the whole morning in pluming himself for conquest. As he walked down to keep his appointment, cheered and flattered by the passing remark of a young gentleman who subsisted by the sale of the daily papers and Ballou's Pictorial, "My eyes, what a swell!" he encountered Snaik, who raised his hat, and said, with a pleasant Carker-like smile, "Success to you." Dolphin beamed on him, and passed on. The footman who admitted him to the drawing-room wore a conscious smile. "I shall retain that fellow!" thought Dolphin, as he sank gracefully into the embracing arms of a *fanteuil*.

The widow was long in making her appearance. Dolphin counted the seconds on the French mantel-clock. Several times in the course of an hour the door-bell rang. But still no visitors made their appearance. It was a good omen. The dear creature had denied herself to every one but him.

But as time wore on, Dolphin began to be uneasy. Cold drops of perspiration stood upon his brow. If his hair had been his own by nature and not by purchase, it would have stood erect upon his head like "quills upon the fretful porcupine." He caught sight of his face in the Versailles mirror opposite. It was perfectly ghastly. What was the cause of this agitation—this agony? *The boots had begun to draw!* He raised first one leg—then the other—like a donkey cruelly compelled by an insane coster-monger to dance the polka on a hot boiler-plate. It now became torture for him to place his feet on the floor. In his dire distress he threw his legs over the arms of the chair. The relief was so great that it raised him from Hades to Elysium.

At this moment the widow stole into the room, blushing, beautiful, enchantingly attired, but stopped suddenly, as she noticed the vulgar attitude of her visitor. Dolphin sprang to his feet, but the agony caused by their contact with the floor, wrung a low, inarticulate cry from his lips. Yet he hobbled forward, and began to compliment the lady.

She begged him to take a seat beside her on the sofa, and entered into conversation with him. But Dolphin's remarks were wild and incoherent, and every few minutes a leg would fly up into the air as if he were a puppet and his strings in the hands of an incarnate fiend. The widow at last became seriously alarmed. She was a sympathetic soul, and was moved by his distress, although her suspicions that he was suffering from the *delirium tremens* were justifiable. But however guilty Dolphin appeared in her eyes, he was still a fellow-creature.

"You are not well, Mr. Dolphin."

"No, ma'am," and up flew his right leg beyond the power of his control, while a dismal howl corroborated the truth of his statement.

"Good gracious! what is the matter with you?" asked the fair one—half-vexed, half-alarmed.

"My head, ma'am!" replied the hypocrite, to divert attention from the other extremity of his person. "I really believe it is going to pieces."

"Dear me!" cried the widow; and reaching a bottle of cologne, and obeying only her kind instincts, she proceeded to bathe his head with the refreshing fluid. Dolphin faintly struggled—weakened by agony he could do no more—and what with his faint struggles, and the widow's champooing, his wig came off, leaving him as bald as Cesar.

With a sudden revulsion of feeling, Mrs. Merville recoiled from him in horror.

"Wretch, vile, deluding wretch!" she cried. "O, what a providential revelation! And to think that I wouldn't listen to good Mr. Snaik when he warned me!"

Dolphin waited to hear no more. He was now perfectly insane. He tore his boots from his feet, and rushed out of the house, bare-headed, tearing madly through the streets, and regained his lodgings. He was confined to his bed five weeks with a high fever. When he recovered he called for a newspaper. The first paragraph on which his eye rested was as follows:

"MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—On Saturday last, A. M., at St. Paul's Church, by the Rev. Dr. —, Rattle Snaik, Esq., of the firm of Kalf, Welt & Snaik, to Mrs. Constantia Merville. We wish the newly-wedded pair all happiness, for they did not forget the printer. A generous slice of wedding cake and a pair of French boots, worn only once, accompanied the marriage notice."

Dolphin's first idea was to murder Snaik, but we believe he has relinquished that Christian project, and lives on, a forlorn bachelor, the victim of St. Crispin.

AUTUMN.—A moral character is attached to autumnal scenes—the leaves falling like our years, the flowers fading like our hours, the clouds fleeting like our illusions, the light diminishing like our intelligence, the sun growing colder like our affections, the rivers becoming frozen like our lives—all bear secret relations to our destinies.—*Chateaubriand*.

THE BEGINNINGS OF GREAT MEN.

We clip the following exceedingly interesting facts from the last number of Chamber's Miscellany: It will be recollected that one of Sir Walter Scott's sayings was, that "Whatever might be said about luck, it is skill that leads to fortune!" There can be no doubt of this as a general principle. Few self-indulgent and apathetic men do well in any time of life. The skilful, the active, and the steadily persevering, usually carry off the prizes which turn up in the wheel of fortune. At the same time something is due to circumstances, as well as to the Power which wisely controls human destiny. Practically, however, the thing to be borne in mind is—that the young are bound to exercise all proper means to secure improvement in their condition. That with a fair share of ambition, prudence, and meritorious skill, it may be possible to attain a station of eminence—that is, "fortune," though, perhaps, not without corresponding responsibilities and cares—we present the following compendious list of distinguished men who rose from humble and obscure circumstances: AEsop, Publus, Syrus, Terence, and Epictetus—all distinguished men in ancient times—were serfs at their outset in life. Protagoras, a Greek philosopher, was at first a common porter. Cleanthes, another philosopher, was a pugilist, and also supported himself at first by drawing water, and carrying burdens. The late Professor Heyne, of Göttingen, one of the greatest classical scholars of his own or any other age, was the son of a poor weaver, and for many years had to struggle with the most depressing poverty. The efforts of this excellent man of genius appear to have been greater and more protracted than those of any other on record; but he was finally rewarded with the highest honors. Bandoein, one of the learned men of the sixteenth century, was the son of a shoemaker, and worked for many years at the same business. Gelli, a celebrated Italian writer, began life as a tailor, and, although he rose to eminence in literature, never forgot his original profession, which he took pleasure in mentioning in his lectures. The elder Opie, whose talent for painting was well appreciated, was originally a working carpenter in Cornwall, and was discovered by Dr. Wolcott—otherwise Peter Pindar—working as a sawyer at the bottom of a saw pit. Abbott, Archbishop of Canterbury, who flourished in the sixteenth century, and distinguished himself by opposing the schemes of Charles I., was the son of a cloth-worker at Guildford. Akenside, the author of "Pleasures of Imagination," was the son of a butcher in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. D'Alembert, the French mathematician, was left at the steps of a church by his parents, and brought up by a woman as a foundling, yet arrived at great celebrity, and never forgot or abandoned his nurse. Ammenius Saccophorus, founder of the Mystic Philosophy at Alexandria, was born in poverty, and originally earned his subsistence by carrying sacks of wheat—whence the latter part of his name. Amyot, a French author of some celebrity for his version of Plutarch, lived in the sixteenth century, and was at first so poor as to be unable to afford oil or candles to assist his studies, which he had to carry on by fire light; and all the sustenance his parents could afford him was a loaf of bread weekly.

INTERESTING FROM SYRIA.

A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, writing from Beirut, says that the massive gate of Nineveh and other monuments, obtained by Mr. Place, the French consul, all safely reached Bassora, the port on the Persian Gulf from whence they were shipped to Havre. The day on which they were put on board the rafts at Mosul was made a holiday by the inhabitants, and the whole city turned out to behold the sight and render any necessary assistance. Between Bagdad and Bassora the men who accompanied the rafts were robbed by the Arabs, and when they reached Bassora they had not a shirt to their backs. A letter from Mosul states that the excavations at Karsabad and Nimroud had been discontinued, and will not be resumed. The writer says that Dr. Duff, of Calcutta, had spent a few days at Beirut. The commerce of Beirut has been large beyond precedent the past season. Steamers and large vessels have always been in port for Constantinople, to be freighted with wheat and barley for the seat of war. Prices of provisions were high at Beirut. Nevertheless, fruits were abundant and low. Some of our readers doubtless would love to pass their summers in a country where half a dozen pounds of the most delicious grapes can be bought for two cents, and as many figs from the trees for three cents. Within a few years the potato has been cultivated in the island of Cyprus; they grow to a good size there, and are fair and sound.—*Boston Journal*.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PLANTER'S VICTIM; or, *Incidents of American Slavery*. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Wm. White Smith. 1855. 12mo. pp. 365.

Another tale which owes its birth to the success of Mrs. Stowe's book. This story appeals to those who care less for art than excitement—who require glaring colors, strong contrasts and plenty of horrors. We can promise a well-spared dish of the latter to readers of strong appetites. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE MATCH GIRL; or, *Life Scenes as they are*. Philadelphia: Wm. White Smith. 1855. 12mo. pp. 418.

This work, the scene of which lies in the city of Philadelphia, is of the "exciting" kind, and is thoroughly melo-dramatic in its character. It is written with great ability, but contains some passages and incidents which ought to have been omitted in a work intended for general circulation. For sale by Pettridge & Co., and Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE RAG-PICKER; or, *Bound and Free*. New York: Mason Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 431.

This story, romantic and full of startling incident as it is, the author declares to be a "record of facts." It is written with great spirit and vigor, and the interest is sustained throughout. It is proper to state that it is an anti-slavery novel. Though it is given to the public anonymously, we are much mistaken if it do not prove to proceed from a practised pen. For sale by Pettridge & Co.

We are indebted to Hon. Charles Sumner for some interesting public documents.

THE DESERTED WIFE. By Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 1855. 12mo. pp. 586.

The pen of Mrs. Southworth is about as prolific as that of Dumas, and yet her last productions are as vigorous as her first. The story before us is one of intense interest, and in it the author illustrates some of the commonest causes of unhappiness in the married state. The scene is laid in the south, and the characters are depicted with great energy of touch. For sale by Sanborn, Carter & Babin.

NEW MUSIC.—Messrs. Cook & Brother, 343 Broadway, New York, have recently published the "Rachel Polka," by Geo. R. Cronwell, with a colored portrait of the actress as *Pedre*, and the "Golden-Drum Schottische," by Julius Metz.

STRAY LEAVES FROM THE BOOK OF NATURE. By M. SCHELE DE VERE, of the University of Virginia. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 251.

The graceful mingling of romance and science in this artistic study of some of what we call the ordinary phenomena of nature, renders this work peculiarly fascinating and acceptable. It is one that will amply repay frequent perusal. For sale by Burnham Brothers, 50 and 60 Cornhill.

A VISIT TO INDIA, CHINA AND JAPAN. 1853. By BAYARD TAYLOR. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 89.

Since Stephens, no writer of travels has taken such a firm grip of the popular mind as Bayard Taylor. His present work treats of the birthplace of mankind—the region of romance—a realm not often traveled by tourists, and of which quite too little is known. The interesting localities visited by the author are described with his wonted vividness and fidelity, and supply material for a vast amount of matter. For sale by Burnham Brothers.

AMERICAN ARTISTS.

Considering the youth and the peculiar circumstances of this country, our achievements in the fine arts have been already sufficiently great to warrant a feeling of pride in recording them. In the departments of painting and sculpture we have done nobly. In the former branch, not to mention all the illustrious names which swell the record, even in the last century we furnished a president to the Royal Academy of London, while of late years we have sent to Europe sculptors who have attracted attention and awakened admiration, even in Italy, the home of plastic art. On this page we present, from the pencil of Mr. Barry, likenesses of four of the representative men of American art—Washington Allston, Hiram Powers, Horatio Greenough and Thomas Cole. We propose to accompany these portraits with brief biographical notices. WASHINGTON ALLSTON was born in South Carolina, in 1779, but was sent to Newport, R. I., at an early age, as the climate of the South did not agree with him. He remained at school there until 1796, at which time he entered Harvard College, whence he graduated with credit, after the usual course of study. At an early age, he evinced a taste and an aptitude for art, and while in college commenced painting, with a fair promise of after excellence. In speaking of his boyhood, he says: "My chief pleasure now was in drawing from prints of all kinds of figures, landscapes and animals. But I soon began to make pictures of my own, at what age, however, I cannot say. The earliest compositions that I remember were the storming of Count Roderick's castle, from a poor (though to me delightful) romance of that day, and the siege of Toulon; the first in India ink, the other in water colors. To these succeeded many others, which have passed into oblivion. Though I never had any regular instruction in the art (a circumstance both idle and absurd to boast of), I had much incidental instruction; which I have always, through life, been glad to receive from those in advance of myself. My leisure hours at college were chiefly devoted to the pencil—to the composition equally of figures and landscapes. I do not remember that I preferred one to the other; my only guide in the choice was the inclination of the moment. There was an old landscape in the house of a friend in Cambridge, that gave to me my first hints in color in that branch; it was of a rich and deep tone, though not by the hands of a master. In the coloring of the figures, the pictures of Pine, in the Columbian Museum, were my first masters. Pine had certainly, as far as I recollect, considerable merit in color. But I had a higher master in the head of Cardinal Bentivoglio, from Vandyke, in the college library, which I obtained permission to copy one winter vacation."



WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

In 1800, on returning to South Carolina from college, he painted a head of St. Peter and one of Judas Iscariot. In 1801, at the age of twenty-two, he embarked with his friend Malbone for England. The succeeding year he exhibited three pictures at Somerset House, one painted at college. After three years' residence and study in England, Mr. Allston went to Paris and revelled in the exhibition of the Louvre, then enriched with the spoils of the noblest galleries in Europe. In Italy, where he passed four years, principally at Rome, Mr. Allston studied drawing, painting and modelling in clay. In Rome he formed the acquaintance of Coleridge, by whom he was very strongly impressed. In 1809 he returned to America, leaving behind him the reputation of a distinguished colorist. In fact the artists of Italy called him the American Titian. After remaining in this country three years, he went to England, where he painted his first great picture, the "Dead man restored to life by the touch of Elijah's bones," the subject being taken from 2 Kings, chapter xiii, verses 20, 21. It is a grand and awful picture, exhibiting much of the power and effect of Michael Angelo. In 1817, his picture of "Uriel in the Sun" obtained the prize of the Royal Academy, and is now in the Stafford collection. His success in England was very great, and he could have amassed a large fortune there had he been a rapid workman. But his views of art were so lofty, he so revered his calling, his imagination was so exalted, that it was with the utmost difficulty that he satisfied himself. He was constantly altering and re-drawing his compositions, and he finally died, leaving his great work, the labor of years, "Belshazzar's Feast," now in the Athenæum Gallery, unfinished. In the same place are several other of his pictures in various stages, forming an invaluable study for artists, who can thereby trace the processes of the great master of color. Mr. Allston was a very careful and elegant draughtsman. The beauty of his drawing is illustrated in the design of a painting ordered by the Duchess of Sutherland, the subject being taken from the Midsummer Night's Dream. There is a grace, purity, delicacy and strength in the lines, a correctness of proportion and an exquisite beauty of composition that the artist himself never surpassed. It is so perfect and so suggestive, that the imagination readily supplies the light, shade and color that are wanting. One of Allston's most impressive pictures is "Saul and the Witch of Endor," engraved for the Art-Union. Mr. Allston did much for art in this city, and at the time of his death was president of the Artists' Association. The purity of his private life, and the thoughtful and religious tone of his mind, won the respect of all who knew him. He was an accomplished scholar, and wrote both poetry and prose with equal facility and elegance. His metrical compositions justly entitle him to rank among the poets of America. A romance of his, entitled "Monaldi," is a work of remarkable merit, blending very happily the characteristics of the dramatic and metaphysical schools. Mr. Allston's death was a severe loss to art. The



HIRAM POWERS.

best likeness of him extant is a marble bust by Edward A. Brackett. HIRAM POWERS, the sculptor, was born July 29, 1805, in Woodstock, Vt., where his father brought up a large family on a small farm. His education was afforded by an ordinary district school, but his Yankee ingenuity enabled him to pick up a knowledge of various kinds of handicraft. At quite an early age he found himself thrown on his own resources, his father having died in Ohio, whither he had removed in the hope of bettering his condition. In Cincinnati, the future artist lived for a while, successively as an attendant in a reading-room, clerk in a store, and assistant in a clock-making establishment. In Cincinnati he obtained some instruction in modelling from a Prussian sculptor, and made several busts in plaster, which were commended for their fidelity and finish. This led to his connection with the Western Museum, which lasted seven years, during which he superintended the fine arts department, and made many wax busts and figures connected with the exhibitions. The liberality of Mr. Nicholas Longworth, widely known for his generous patronage of American art, enabled Powers, in 1837, to visit Italy, where he has ever since remained. For some time after his arrival he devoted himself to making busts, but at last he produced his first ideal work, "Eve." Just before the model of this statue was completed, Mr. Powers received a visit from the celebrated Thorwaldsen, who expressed his admiration of Powers's busts, and declared, that as a sculptor of heads, he surpassed all the successors of Michael Angelo. When the artist modestly apologized for the imperfections of his "Eve," and stated that it was his first statue, Thorwaldsen replied, "any man might be proud of it as his last." The "Greek Slave" followed the completion of the model of "Eve." The "Slave" excited the warmest admiration in Italy and England and throughout the United States, where it was exhibited in all the principal cities. The original is in London, and there are two copies, one of which was the highest prize of the Western Art-Union, last year. A statue of Calhoun, executed for the State of South Carolina, is now safely deposited in Charleston, after suffering shipwreck on the coast of Fire Island. In the maturity of his fame and honors, Mr. Powers has retained the simplicity of manner of early years. Though residing in Europe, he is a true American at heart. Our countrymen abroad are always sure of a warm reception in Powers's studio and house at Florence. He is very fond of amusing his visitors by telling them Yankee stories; and not Hackett himself can relate them with more comic effect or more truthfulness of dialect and accent. HORATIO GREENOUGH is another sculptor who has added lustre to the American name. He was born in this city September 6, 1805. He was educated in the best schools of his native place, and in 1821 entered Harvard University, where he remained till the close of his senior year, when he was permitted by the faculty to leave the institution without forfeiting his diploma. Early in boyhood his artistic talent developed itself. While at school he was famous for carving various objects in wood with great accuracy and beauty, and his drawings elicited the commendation of good judges. At this time, incited by the daily view of a marble statue in his father's garden, he began to carve busts in chalk, and exhibited so much merit that he received every encouragement and aid in his artistic efforts. One gentleman procured him the *entrée* of the Boston Athenæum, another, Mr. Solomon Willard, taught him to model in clay, and Mr. Alpheus Cary instructed him in marble cutting. His father, delighted at his promising talent, consented to allow him to pursue the bent of his genius, judiciously exacting a promise, however, that the future artist should first pursue the course of studies that he had marked out for him. We have seen that Greenough



HORATIO GREENOUGH.

faithfully fulfilled this pledge. At Cambridge he formed the valuable acquaintance of Allston and Cogswell, now librarian of the Astor Library, whom he mentions in one of his letters as follows: "Cogswell contributed more than any to fix my purpose, and supplied me with casts, etc., to nurse my fondness for statuary. Allston, in the sequel was to me a father, in what concerned my progress of every kind." We have seen that he sailed for Italy in 1825, but a severe illness which attacked him after a year's residence at Rome, compelled him to return to Boston. After a year passed in this country, during which he executed busts of several distinguished men, he returned to Italy. But at this time the taste for sculpture had hardly been awakened in the United States, and the young artist waited in vain for those orders from his native land which he was prepared to execute with zeal. The first of his countrymen to relieve him from the anxiety occasioned by this dearth of patronage was J. Fennimore Cooper, the novelist, who ordered Greenough's group of "Chanting Cherubs," in marble, and, when finished, sent it to the United States, for exhibition, in the hope, crowned with fruition, that it would permanently establish the fame of the young sculptor. Mr. Cooper followed up this act, by using his influence with the Federal Government to order a statue of Washington, Greenough's "Washington"—the result of this order, is a striking figure, grand, expressive and characteristic. He exhibited his boldness in divesting it of drapery, and this circumstance has caused it to be severely criticised. We have elsewhere expressed our opinion in favor of representing historical characters in the costume of their day, and we have seen no reason to change our views. There is a sacredness in the very garb worn by a hero. In the absence of written record, tradition will preserve it to the latest time, and however ungraceful the costume of an historical personage may be, we think that art has no right to neglect the popular sentiment. We think Rauch, the great German sculptor, was right in representing Frederick the Great in his habitual military costume, and that Greenough erred in presenting Washington naked to the American people. In 1837 our artist was married at Florence to Miss Louisa Gore of Boston. The union was a happy one, and the artist's residence in the Baciocchi palace at Florence was for years the scene of tranquil domestic enjoyment and of refined hospitality rewarded by social intercourse of the highest character. Though Mr. Greenough was accustomed to speak of himself as the author of but few works, yet in addition to a large number of busts, he produced no fewer than eighteen statues or groups, some of them of heroic and colossal proportions. The two large works executed for the capitol were



THOMAS COLE.

the "Washington" and a group typifying the struggle between civilization and barbarism, as shown in a scene on our western frontier. For these he received \$41,000—less than the money he had expended on them. His last ideal work was a "Venus contending for the golden apple." This is of the heroic size. A statuette of the Venus Victrix is in the Boston Athenæum. Though Greenough was wedded to art, he took an interest in the social and political movements of the day, and gave much of his leisure to society. Besides being a classical scholar, he was a master of French and Italian, and had a competent knowledge of German. It is not generally known that while a college student he won the prize offered for a design for the Bunker Hill Monument, and that the obelisk on the battle-ground is but slightly modified from his plan. This excellent man and great sculptor died in 1852. THOMAS COLE, the landscape painter, was born in 1802, and early evinced a fondness for drawing and for fine natural scenery. Naturally diffident, he loved to escape from the society even of children of his own age, and indulge in solitary and rapturous contemplations of the beautiful banks of the Ohio. About the year 1820, Mr. Steiu, a portrait painter, who visited Steubenville, lent the enthusiastic boy an English illustrated work on painting. "This book," he says, "was my companion day and night—nothing could separate us—my usual avocations were neglected—painting was all in all to me." "The names of Starart and Sully came to my ears like the titles of great conquerors; and the great masters were esteemed above all earthly things." After acquiring some proficiency in the use of colors, he practised portrait painting a short time, but soon gave it up for landscapes. He made rapid progress as a landscapist, and his success in New York enabled him in a few years to visit Europe. In Italy he studied and worked with the greatest ardor. In Florence, he says: "I painted more pictures in three months than I have ever done in twice the time, before or since." In 1832 he returned to America. Among his greatest works are a series of allegorical pictures, called the "Course of Empire," and another called the "Voyage of Life." Both are well known to our citizens, as the former was embraced in the Athenæum collection of last year, and the latter was recently on exhibition at Frederick Parker's, Cornhill. Both of these pictures display a grand and fertile imagination. Cole's purely landscape compositions and views were inimitable. His pencil gave a poetical glory to the simplest scene. In 1841 he again visited Italy, returning in the succeeding year. He now commenced his series entitled the "Pilgrim of the Cross and the World," but died before its completion, in 1848. He was an excellent man—pure minded, modest, pious and beloved by all who knew him. His loss was severely felt by a wide circle of friends and by that yet wider circle who knew him only as an artist who was truly a bright ornament to his profession.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

AN AMERICAN OPERA.

We ought not to pass over without a word what is really a great event in the musical annals of our country, viz., the production of a brilliantly successful opera at Niblo's Garden, New York, the work of two American gentlemen, Messrs. Bristow and Wainwright, the former the composer, and the latter the author of the libretto. American operas have been produced before this, but none heretofore with complete success. We may, therefore, regard this work as opening a new page in the history of the fine arts in the United States. The story of the opera is taken from Washington Irving's exquisite legend of the Kaatskills, Rip Van Winkle, which had already furnished the material for a tolerably clever drama, and given Darley, whom we should call the American Hogarth, if he were not Hogarth's superior in artistic talent, the subjects of a series of delicious outline drawings singularly felicitous in expression and rich in comic humor. The New York Abion says of Mr. Bristow, that "his debut is remarkably successful, and reveals a composer of whom Europe might be proud." Of the overture, the same critic says: "The composer has introduced two lively melodies which the author of 'Martha' would not disown." A song of Rip Van Winkle—a "mug full of beer"—pleases the Knickerbockers amazingly. Two melodies in the second act are highly spoken of, and a military march is highly applauded. Scenes of the revolutionary struggle are happily introduced, to afford the dramatic aid of military costumes and evolutions, and the awakening of patriotic enthusiasm. The opera closes with a happy denouement and a brilliant finale. The characters are supported by the Harrison and Pyne troupe. And now for Mr. Barry, of this city. Dear sir, we would not for the world appear importunate, but you really must engage that troupe, and bring out that opera at the Boston Theatre. We assure you, on our word of honor, that it will prove a success, and put money in your treasury. "And your petitioners will ever pray," etc., etc.

PRECOCITY.—Little Miss Mary, a child of seven, when invited by a schoolmate to go to a boy's theatre one Saturday afternoon, replied: "No, I can't do it without a contest with mother, and I am terribly averse to scenes." The same young lady reproved a young gentleman of the same tender age for calling her his "little wife."

THE CAMELS ARE COMING.—The U. S. storeship Supply, in the Bay of Tunis, received two nice camels from the Bey of Tunis. Camels will soon be as common in the United States as working-oxen.

FASTIDIOUS.—A little girl told her teacher that her grandmother had died and left her mother a "limbacy." She had been taught to say limb, not leg.

LECTURING.—Henry Ward Beecher is sure to "draw" well wherever he lectures. Same ditto.

SPLINTERS.

.... Miss Adelaide Phillips has delighted her friends by the improvement she has manifested since her return from Italy.

.... Rachel has sung the "Marseillaise" at New York, much to the delight of the French republicans of that "ilk."

.... A whole congregation in this vicinity were startled from their Sabbath propriety by the buzzing of a dragon-fly.

.... Teresa Parodi, the great singer, is now under the direction of Strakosch, and concertizing with success.

A new submarine cable for the Atlantic Telegraph Company is making in London. Better luck this time.

It is rather aggravating to hear that potatoes are selling in Vermont for twenty-five cents a bushel.

.... The cholera has committed such ravages in Florence, Italy, that the population has diminished from 100,000 to 60,000.

The North American Phalanx in Monmouth County, Pa., have proved a failure, and the farm and fixtures have been sold.

.... Madame Lagrange once came near being poisoned by a bouquet scented with deadly drugs, like Adrienne Lecouvreur's.

.... The cigar-makers of Connecticut lately held a convention for the purpose of regulating prices. Nothing political in it.

.... Louis Napoleon treated ex-President Fillmore with great attention, and admitted him to a private audience.

.... Sir Francis Drake made four millions of dollars by robbing Spaniards on the high seas, in one voyage.

.... A squash weighing seventy pounds was raised this year in Minnesota by Captain William Foster.

.... The members of the Boston Police Department have contributed \$165 25 out of their own pockets to the Norfolk sufferers.

.... President Roberts of Liberia writes to this country discouraging sending out more emigrants just now.

.... The Pacific lately made the passage from Europe to New York in nine days, twenty one and a quarter hours.

.... Wm. Lyon McKenzie, the Canadian patriot, was lately pelted and hooted at Brampton, Canada, during a speech.

.... The son of Santa Anna lately came near being lynched by a mob who arrested him in Mexico.

.... One of Louis Napoleon's Hundred Guards was said to have shot at him, lately. A secret cuirass saved him.

.... S. Parkman Tuckerman is now the organist of St. Paul's in this city. He is M. (musical) D., and a good musician.

ROYAL MANNERS AND MORALS.

We believe that all children, not excepting the children of republicans, look with something of reverence on kings, queens, princes and princesses, and all that sort of people. There are many reasons for this. The kingly office derives lustre from the scriptural narratives—it shines on the stage in pageant spectacles,—royalty is invested with a subtle influence in those fairy legends which possess such a fascination for the young. Prince Camaralzaman and the Princess Badroulbador are angels of beauty and pinks of propriety. It is true that that audacious matron, "Mother Goose," in one of her time-honored melodies, insinuates that kings and queens are only mere mortals after all.

"The king was in the parlor
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the kitchen
Eating bread and honey."

But these radical assertions pass for nothing at the time; they are recalled in after years, when we read of the misdeeds and the littlenesses of monarchs and nobles, and find Alvauley's "fat friend," "Gentleman George," was a roué, and that

— "Russia's mighty empress
Behaved no better than a common sempstress"

No better! It was an insult to the honest needlewoman to mention her in the same breath with the vile Semiramis of the north.

Our first prince—quite a bathetic plunge from the spangled sprig of royalty in Cinderella, is generally a German potentate on his travels, who drinks his beer and smokes his meerschaum like a postilion; and when we go abroad, from the rickety Bourbons of the south to the Teutonic sovereigns of the north of Europe, we shall scarcely find one who is "every inch a king," according to the old poetical standard of royalty. The late Emperor Nicholas was about as good a specimen of a sovereign, physically, as there was going—a little bit Cossack for western tastes—but still well enough for an emperor. Generally speaking, these sovereigns are sad dogs—knaves where they are not fools. Frederick of Prussia, the father of Frederick the Great, was about as complete a specimen of the royal brute as you meet in modern history—for the decadence of the Roman Empire exhibits some unsurpassable specimens. Frederick of Prussia used to get drunk, kick his counsellors, beat his wife and daughter, and abuse his son like a pickpocket. Yet he called Peter the Great and his czarina barbarians. Jeffrey says: "Philosophers have long considered it as probable, that the private manners of absolute sovereigns are vulgar, their pleasures low and their dispositions selfish; that the two extremes of life, in short, approach pretty closely to each other; and that the masters of mankind, when stripped of the artificial pomp and magnificence which invest them in public, resemble nothing so nearly as the meanest of the multitude."

In modern times, public opinion and the general improvement of morals have influenced even courts, and many sovereigns are quite respectable people. Old Louis Philippe was one of this sort. A Boston mechanic might without loss of self-respect have introduced his wife and daughters to the target-king and his family. We believe that Queen Victoria and Prince Albert are very worthy people; though of course they have the little weaknesses and foibles which are common to humanity. Their children are just like other people, blessings in the main, torments at times. And, in dismissing the topic we have touched upon, let us relate a little anecdote of the royal family which will serve as an illustration to our remarks.

The Princess Royal, who is now fourteen years of age, and who by the way, thinks seriously of committing matrimony with a cousin-german, a homely likeness of her mother, who is no beauty, had a tutor named Birch. When about ten years old, her mother came into her school-room one morning, just as the preceptor was entering the opposite door, and overheard her offspring say to the teacher with flippant familiarity: "How are you, Birch?" The queen, very much shocked, lectured her roundly for her impertinence, and threatened if it was ever repeated, that she should be sent directly to bed. The very next time, however, that the opportunity was offered, the little aristocrat saluted the tutor with, "How are you, Birch? Good-night—I'm going to bed." George Wilkins Kendall of the Picayune is responsible for this harmless little bit of scandal.

PERSONAL.—George P. Burnham, Esq., has become a partner in the extensive periodical and book establishment of Federhen & Co., Court Street. This long established and popular house will receive a fresh business impetus from Mr. Burnham, who is a most courteous, prompt and active man. We heartily wish them continued success. Messrs. Federhen & Co. are agents for all our publications.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—After the present volume we shall remove all advertisements from the Pictorial, and devote its entire space to original and entertaining reading and illustrations. The continued success of our favorite journal enables us to make this liberal improvement for the benefit of our subscribers.

WHAT ONE DOLLAR WILL DO.—It will furnish you with "Ballou's Dollar Monthly" for one entire year, containing in each issue one hundred pages of delightful tales, sketches, biographies, adventures, wit, humor and news. Enclose us the money, and receive the Dollar Monthly by return of mail.

THE COMING VOLUME.—We have already in preparation by our best artists, some superb engravings, large and effective, for our next volume of the Pictorial.

LITERARY.—Professor Agassiz has 1000 subscribers for his new work, which costs one hundred and twenty dollars a set.

AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

If it were asked now, as the London Quarterly asked, some thirty years ago, "who reads an American book?" the truthful answer would be, "all reading England, and half of the reading continent." At the late brilliant Publishers' Festival in the Crystal Palace, New York, Mr. G. P. Putnam, the secretary of the association, in the course of his excellent speech, embodied a large amount of valuable statistical information, embracing many facts which ought to be laid before the "committee of the whole on the intellectual condition of the nation." The sheets from our book presses, in a single year, would reach nearly twice round the globe, and, including periodicals and newspapers, would make a belt of paper, two feet wide, printed on both sides, and reaching from New York to the moon. Harper Brothers issue more than a million volumes annually, and the number of newspapers published in this country exceeds two thousand, a number nearly equal to that of the newspapers published in all the rest of the world. For the twelve years ending with 1842, the records of American publications show an aggregate of 1115 different works. Of these, 632 were original and 492 reprints from foreign works. In 1853 there were 733 new works published in the United States; of which 278 were reprints of English works, 35 were translations of foreign authors, and 420 (a large preponderance) were original American works—thus showing an increase of about 800 per cent. in less than twenty years. As the average increase of the population of the United States in the same time scarcely reached 80 per cent., it appears that literature and the book trade advanced ten times as fast as the population. If we compare the numbers printed of each edition, the growth is still greater; for twenty years ago, who imagined editions of 300,000, or 75,000, or 30,000, or even of 10,000!

England receives lessons in the grammar of her own language from Lindley Murray, and in its orthography from Noah Webster, both American authors. The text-books used in our 120 colleges and 100,000 schools are mostly American.

With the data before us, we cannot even approximate the amount of money expended for books, magazines and newspapers annually in the United States, but it must be reckoned in millions. Many thousands of persons, male and female, are supported handsomely by the profits of their literary labors exclusively. The firm of Little & Brown have paid for copyrights, half a million of dollars, of which \$100,000 was paid to a single family, which still retains the copyrights. Mr. Bryant said, in his remarks at the festival: "The booksellers have been called the natural enemies of authors. But I deny the maxim. Authors and booksellers are each other's best allies. It is said that the bookseller grows rich upon the labors of the author. What else has he to grow rich upon? What else should tempt him into the trade? How else would he be able to deal liberally with the author? When I hear of a rich bookseller, I know that there have been successful authors."

The above are fragmentary items, but they suffice to show that when Sir Archibald Alison asserted that literary ability of a high character was rare in this country, and met with little encouragement, he showed himself more of a Dogberry than a Daniel.

LAKE ONTARIO.—We regret to say that this large establishment of water had a fall a few weeks since—it only fell a few inches, and is up and stirring again. Niagara River is famous for its falls, but it seems to get over them "just as easy."

REWARD OF VALOR.—A returned soldier of the Crimea, Sergeant Thomas Everett, who received five wounds and lost an eye before Sebastopol, has been presented by the queen with a silk handkerchief, hemmed by herself. Hem! glory!

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.—These majestic giants of New Hampshire have put on their winter caps and jackets of snow. We hope they wont indulge in the winter amusement of sliding.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Blakie, Mr. James Donigan to Miss Jane McIntosh, both of Caputh, Scotland; Mr. William Rolland to Miss Catherine Hogan; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Henry L. Leach to Miss Mary E. Watkins; by Rev. Dr. Kirk, Mr. Andrew J. Danforth to Miss Abby E. Wilson; by Rev. Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Calvin C. Bailey to Miss Emma Cooper, of Plymouth; by Rev. Bishop Eastburn, Rev. Gordon M. Bradley, Rector of Christ Church, Quincy, to Miss Rebecca B. Richardson; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Walter H. Sampson, of Charlestown, to Miss Susan H. Williams;—At East Boston, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Samuel Martyn to Miss Eliza Poor;—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Leonard, Mr. Charles C. Hutchinson to Miss Isadore B. Bliss;—At Somerville, Mr. J. P. Wallace, Jr., of Cambridge, to Miss Martha A. Tapley;—At Brookline, by Rev. Mr. Knapp, Mr. Edward Atkinson to Miss Mary C. Heath;—At North Denvers, by Rev. Mr. Briggs, of Salem, Mr. Charles V. Whitten, of Boston, to Miss Elizabeth L. Newhall;—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Benjamin C. Reed, of Springfield, to Miss Cordelia P. Hodgdon;—At Newburyport, by Rev. Dr. Dimmick, Mr. Andrew F. Shaw, of Weymouth, to Miss Martha O. Keen, of Kittery, Me.;—At Ashland, by Rev. Mr. Thayer, Dr. J. O. Harris to Miss Fannie G. Jennison;—At Troy, N. Y., by Rev. Mr. Sanderling, Mr. Wm. H. Lawton to Miss Sarah A. Blanchard;—At Philadelphia, by Rev. Mr. Ziegler, Mr. Edwin Walford to Miss Amanda M. Carmen;—At Portland, Me., Mr. Frank G. Rich to Miss Lydia A. Stone, formerly of Charlestown.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. H. A., wife of Mr. Enoch Bryant, 40.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Lucy, widow of the late Gen. E. Haskett Derby, 84; Mrs. Anne, wife of Mr. James E. Donahue, 20.—At West Cambridge, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Mr. William Dickson, 70.—At Quincy, Widow Rebecca Chandler, 87.—At Melrose, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. William Smith, 35.—At Salem, Mrs. Joanna C., wife of Mr. Thorp Fisher, 49; Mrs. Mary A., wife of Mr. Stephen A. Simon, 24.—At Concord, Mrs. Maria T., wife of Mr. Charles A. Holbrook, 27.—At Gloucester, Mrs. Mary Babson, 79; Mr. George Evans, of Portsmouth, N. H., 81.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Dorothy F. Coffin, 81; Mr. Samuel Pettingell, 81.—At Marblehead, Mrs. Catherine T., wife of Mr. J. H. Brown, Jr., 30.—At Taunton, Mr. James H. Luther, 23.—At Millbury, Gen. Joseph Farnsworth, of Westfield, N. Y., 80.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Susan A., wife of Mr. Charles M. Pierce, Jr., 23.—At Ludlow, Mrs. Hannah Atwood, 84.—At Lowell, Miss Abbie N. Bacon, 16.—At Spencer, Capt. Aaron Lyon, 76.—At Greenfield, Mrs. Lydia Strickland, 91.—At Edgartown, Mrs. Susanna N., wife of Mr. Benjamin F. Pease, 49; Mrs. Polly, wife of Mr. William Way, 67.—At Pittsfield, Mr. Nicholas Manning, 39.—At Bristol, R. I., Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Rev. M. A. DeW. Howe, Rector of St. Luke's Church, Philadelphia.—At York, Me., Capt. Elliphalet Grover, 77.—At New Hampton, N. H., Hon. Henry Y. Simpson, late Associate Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, 53.—At Middletown, Conn. Hon. Samuel D. Hubbard, late Postmaster General, 55.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Gov. Slade, of Vermont, lately passed through Buffalo, accompanied by between thirty and forty ladies, all of whom were bound to the western country as teachers. — Dr. Dana, now in his 85th year, preached at the Federal Street Church, Newburyport, one Sunday morning, lately, sixty years from the date of his settlement over that society. In the afternoon, his son from Charleston, South Carolina, officiated in the same pulpit. — Mr. Thos. Ryan discovered and shot a loon on Fresh Pond, Cambridge, which weighed 9 pounds, and measured 4 feet 8 inches from tip to tip of its wings. — A Third German Reformed Dutch Church, in New York, has recently received as its pastor, Rev. Mr. Schwedes, a young man of talent, energy and zeal, who promises to put forward effectively the new enterprise for the spiritual benefit of the German population of that city. — A miser named Andrew Grunderson died in Chicago, lately, for want of proper food and comforts. After his death, it was discovered that he possessed a property of \$4000. — Mr. C. J. Silliman, a graduate of Oglethorpe University, Georgia, and the Theological Seminary, Columbia, South Carolina, has been licensed as a probationer for the ministry, by the Tuscaloosa Presbytery, and has offered himself to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions for their work among the Choctaw Indians; the offer has been accepted, and he is soon to be ordained. — A soldier, found dead in England, lately, died from the effects of a tight stock and liquor combined. — There are now in Georgia between fifty and sixty cotton factories, conducted in the most skillful and successful manner, with all the appliances in the way of machinery that can be found in the same kind of establishments in New England. — If an observer, provided with slips of bibulous paper, which has been dipped in a solution of iodine of potassium and starch, ascend a hill near the sea, while the wind is landward, he will find that the papers suddenly change their tint, becoming blue. This indicates a new chemical agent in the atmosphere, called ozone by its discoverer, Professor Shambien, to whom we owe also the discovery of gun-cotton. — The Chinese rebels are far from being subdued. The imperial throne of Flower-land is destined to fall. — Professor Emmons, the State geologist of New York, has traced in the valley of the Adirondac, for a distance of two and a half miles, a bed of rich iron ore. He says there might be procured within two feet of the surface, seven million tons of ore, which would make three million tons of superior iron. — There are at present 197 prisoners in the jails and houses of correction in Essex county, viz., 75 at Ipswich, 57 at Lawrence, 8 at Newburyport, and 27 at Salem. — Another effort is being made to supply Brooklyn with pure water from the streams and ponds of Long Island. An organization has been effected under the name of the Nassau Water Company, composed of some of the solid men of the city, who are energetically moving in the matter. — Bull-fighting is fast becoming unpopular in Spain; but we see John Bull fighting in the Crimea. — Since the application of steam on the Western waters, there have been 30,672 lives lost by steam-boat disasters, 381 boats and cargoes lost, and seventy boats seriously injured, amounting in the aggregate to the enormous sum of \$67,000,000. — The London Mechanics' Magazine states that its editor recently saw at the Institution of Civil Engineers, in London, a submarine cable for the Atlantic Telegraph Company, which differs from all the other telegraph cables hitherto used. It combines increased conducting powers with a diminution of weight, so that the entire cable for the Atlantic telegraph may be carried in one ship. — The Rochester Democrat states that an American Protestant lady of that city, a few weeks since, entered the pale of Judaism, and last Sunday she was married according to the Jewish ritual, to a descendant of Abraham. — The Albany Atlas states that the cattle killed by a recent accident on the Central Railroad, near that city, were some of them sold to peddling butchers in that city, who cut the carcasses up, and peddled the meat out to citizens. This is a prevailing practice—especially when sheep are killed.

KEEPING FOWLS.—An intelligent farmer lately published the following result of his experience in keeping fowls:—He kept thirty-six hens last year, that yielded him three hundred and fifty dozen eggs, besides one hundred and twenty-five chickens. The net proceeds of the sale were \$59 37, the family having had, of course, what eggs and poultry they wanted for their own consumption besides. The whole cost of the grain for keeping the hens was a fraction over \$4, leaving a clear profit of \$55.

WISE MEN OF THE EAST.—Once in a while the British in India throw a few offices to distinguished natives, by way of atonement we suppose for having usurped their country, plundered its wealth, and decimated its population. We read with profound admiration that "Dr. Chuckerbutty has been admitted to medical rank." Happy Chuckerbutty! too fortunate Hindoos, did you but appreciate your blessings!

BANCROFT'S HISTORY.—Three volumes of "Bancroft's History of the United States" have been issued at Copenhagen, in the Danish language. The translator is a Mr. Wulff, who is said to be an accomplished English scholar.

ODD FELLOWS.—The Odd Fellows of this city contributed liberally to the relief of the Norfolk and Portsmouth sufferers. It would have been "odd" if they hadn't.

DOG SHOW.—It is said that a great dog show is about being got up to exhibit the excellences of "Tray, Blanche and Sweet-heart, little dogs and all."

Wayside Gatherings.

Professor Forshey has made arrangements to establish a Military Institute in Texas.

Frances Browne, the English poetess, is very poor, and writes for a scanty pittance. Poetry and pelf are not akin.

Amasa Howins, an artist, formerly of Boston, died, recently, of cholera at Florence, where he was U. S. commercial agent.

The poet Longfellow is engaged, it is said, upon a translation of Dante, which will be ready for the press some time next year.

Miss Rachel has taken the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for a series of performances, commencing in November next.

The Methodist publishing house in Nashville, Tenn., has been in operation only five months; but it has in that time printed 49,589,000 pages.

A Mr. McCoy, and three or four others, residing at Lasalle, Ill., are concerned in driving cattle from Texas and Mexico, and have now twenty thousand on the way to Lasalle.

The Memphis Bulletin says that real estate and rents in that city have never been so high as at present, and that dwellings were never in such great demand as now.

The present number of students in the collegiate department of Yale College is as follows: seniors 92; juniors 109; sophomores 109; freshmen 153; total, 463.

In New York State, hundreds upon hundreds of acres are apportioned to the cultivation of broom corn. Broom corn never was stouter, nor a better crop than during the present year.

President Pierce has not purchased a residence in Maryland, as reported. It would seem to be a gratuitous act, considering that the people have given him a residence, at Washington, rent free.

Mrs. Anna Hertzog (widow of the late Peter Hertzog), a member of the Third Reformed Dutch Church of Philadelphia, is the lady who recently contributed \$30,000 towards a Theological Hall at New Brunswick.

The war has already imposed upon Turkey expenses to the amount of over 300,000,000 francs, of which 220,000,000 have been met from its own resources, and 80,000,000 would be provided for by the new loan guaranteed by the western powers.

It is stated, in the Bibliotheca Sacra, that Professor Guyot, of Cambridge, intends to publish an exposition of the creation of the universe, upon the basis of the nebular hypothesis, embracing the internal fire theory as part of it.

The post-office department announces that it is a penal offence to deposit in any post office, to be conveyed in mail, any envelope or packet containing letters addressed to different persons, except in cases where the letters are addressed to foreign countries.

A farmer should never allow windows to be filled with red cloaks, tattered coats, and old hats, and he will not most assuredly acquire the reputation of a man who tarries long at the whiskey shop, and leaves his wife and children to freeze or starve at home.

A private of the 17th Hussars, English, who was in all the battles in the Crimea, and who took a part in the attack on the Redan, has arrived at Montreal, he having got his discharge, with a pension of about 2s. per day. This hero was wounded in each battle.

It has recently been all but proved that the earth and sun, with their splendid retinue of comets, satellites and planets are all in motion around some point or centre of attraction inconceivably remote, and that point is in the direction of Alyn, one of the Pleiades.

At Paterson, N. J., a day or two ago, a man was brought up before the police court, and fined for selling brandy. The amount of the fine was twenty dollars and costs. The justice obligingly took the prisoner's note for thirty days, and let him off at that very comfortably and pleasantly.

It was proved by competent testimony before one of the courts in New York, recently, in examining into the cause of a fire in Maiden Lane, that colored fireworks take fire by spontaneous combustion, unless properly prepared, at certain temperatures of the atmosphere.

An ingenious mechanic at Turin has just made a successful application of air and water as motive power. His machine is intended for the sharp inclined plane near Turin. Unlike the atmospheric principle adopted in England, the motion in this case is obtained by pressure instead of exhaustion, and for this purpose hydraulic power is used.

The Rev. John Angell James having completed a term of fifty years as minister of Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham, there has been a public jubilee in celebration thereof. A magnificent silver vase was presented to him; and a chapel, in honor of the event, is to be erected near Mr. James's own residence, at a cost of between four and five thousand pounds.

The zodiacal light, about which so much is now said in scientific circles, in connection with the important theories lately announced of a nebulous ring around the earth, was first described and named by Canini in 1683. It appears but toward the end of winter, and in spring after sunset, or before sun-rising in autumn and beginning of winter.

There are in New York and Brooklyn not less than 5000 "ladies" whose dress bills will average annually \$2000 each, or ten millions of dollars for all. There are 5000 more whose dress expenses will average \$1000 each, or five millions of dollars for the whole number; and five millions of dollars more would not cover the dress expenses of those whose bills average every year from \$200 to \$500.

Irving Ellsworth, son of Hon. J. Ellsworth, of Chataque county, N. Y., was recently killed at Pleasantville, Iowa. He was standing in front of a buzz saw that had just been fitted up, watching its motions, when a piece of oak lath, sharp at one end, was thrown by the saw with such force that the sharp end struck him under the left eye, and passed into the brain about two inches. He lived thirty minutes, entirely unconscious.

According to the Courrier des Etats Unis, the Russian flag counted at Sebastopol, in the month of September, 1854, seven teen ships, five of 120 guns, the remainder of 84 guns; four frigates of 60 guns; four corvettes or brigs; twelve steamships, and eighty-two ships of inferior rank; in all 108 ships, carrying 2200 guns. This colossal armament was destroyed by the Russians themselves, to prevent it from falling into the hands of their enemies.

A corps of skillful engineers have, for some time, been engaged at Troy, N. Y., in experimenting on several "infernal" machines which have been recently conceived by the mind of an ingenious Yankee. One of these machines is a cannon proof marine battery, which claims the power of being propelled on the water level or under it, at the rate of twenty or twenty-five miles an hour, and hurling itself against the adversary ship, cutting, tearing and exploding as it goes with terrific force.

Foreign Items.

The London Shipping Gazette says that twelve French buyers of breadstuffs embarked in a late steamer for the United States, and that large orders have been sent from England for supplies.

The satisfactory appearance of the vineyards in the provinces of Asti and Alessandria has lately led to a reduction of 30 per cent. in the price of wine, and the grapes themselves are sold at a low price.

A letter from an English merchant at Elsinore, who has received letters from Russian merchants at Helsingfors, states that the loss sustained by the Russians in the late bombardment of Sveaborg is enormous.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, one of the youngest preachers of London, is said to be gifted with the most extraordinary eloquence, nothing like him having been seen since the days of Whitefield; and like that celebrated itinerant, has a voice of most powerful and bell-like character, capable of reaching the ears of ten thousand at one time.

Messrs. de Ruolz and Fontenay, of Paris, have invented an alloy which may be employed for almost all purposes to which silver is usually employed. The improved alloy is composed of silver, copper and purified nickel, in the following proportions—silver, 20 parts; nickel, 25 to 31 parts; and the rest up to 100 parts in copper.

The committee of the Association of French Inventors has decided that the Minnie rifle shall in future be called the Delvigne Minnie rifle, M. Delvigne having declared, that while he reserved to himself the priority of the invention, M. Minnie introduced improvements tantamount to original inventions, and was therefore entitled to the position accorded him.

One of the curiosities of Paris is the enormous vine which ornaments the court of a house in the Rue des Marais, St. Germaine. It is said to have been planted by Racine; and supposing that he did it in the last year of his life, the vine must be now about 156 years of age, as that celebrated writer died in 1669. It is this year in a flourishing condition, and covered with fruit.

Sands of Gold.

.... Glory is a poison good to be taken in small doses.—*Balzac*.

True love can no more be diminished by showers of evil than flowers are marred by timely rains.—*Sir Philip Sidney*.

.... Chance is the greatest romancer in the world: to be prolific we have only to study.—*Balzac*.

The pleasure of love is in loving. We are happier in the passion we feel than in that which we excite.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

.... The social state has chances which nature does not permit, for it is nature plus society.—*Balzac*.

The knowledge when to stop, left Sylla nothing to fear, though disarmed; the want of knowing this, exposed Cæsar to the dagger of Brutus.—*Fuseli*.

.... All the while thou livest ill, thou hast the trouble, distraction, inconveniences of life, but not the sweets and true use of it.—*Fuller*.

.... It is very often more necessary to conceal contempt than resentment, the former being never forgiven, but the latter sometimes forgot.—*Chesterfield*.

.... Evils in the journey of life are like the hills which alarm travellers upon the road; they both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them we find that they are far less insurmountable than we had conceived.—*Colton*.

.... Modern art, reared by superstition in Italy, taught to dance in France, plumped up to unwieldiness in Flanders, reduced to "chronicle small beer" in Holland, became a rich old woman by "suckling fools" in England.—*Fuseli*.

.... The follies, vices, and consequent miseries of multitudes, displayed in a newspaper, are so many admonitions and warnings, so many beacons, continually burning, to turn others from the rocks on which they have been shipwrecked.—*Bishop Horne*.

.... Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and laborious attention to little objects which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man, who from thence is thought (and not unjustly) incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Netz very sagaciously marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment he told him that he had written three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.—*Chesterfield*.

Joker's Budget.

I admire your beautiful crops this year, as the fox said to the poultry, in the hearing of the farmer.

Why is a cricket on the hearth like a soldier in the Crimea? Because he often advances under a brisk fire.

A farmer on Long Island has just raised a cabbage of such extravagant dimensions, that he had to blast it with powder in order to get it fit for eat.

"Do you think I'll get justice done me?" said a culprit to his counsel. "I don't think you will," replied the other, "for I see two men on the jury who are opposed to hanging."

A pretended rhymester once remarked to an acquaintance, "that his verses cost him very little."—"They cost you quite as much as they are worth, then," said the other.

Emerson, in a lecture on the Anglo-American, says: "Americans would ride in steamers made of lucifer matches, if they could thereby save an hour in crossing the Atlantic."

Saxe, the punster poet, gives an excellent portrait of old Ben. Franklin, in a single line:

"A man of genius, ruled by common sense."

A deacon, who became rich in a grocery not a hundred miles from the State house, used to boast how much he had done for the cause of temperance, by mixing at least a gallon of pure water with every gallon of liquor he sold.

The most original spelling we have seen is the following. It beats phonetics:—80 you be—a tub. 80 O, pen—a top. Be 80 —bat. See 80—cat. Pea 80—pat. Are 80—rat. See a be—cab. Be you double tea—butt. Be a double ell—ball.

Ellen—"O, don't tease me to-day, George; I'm not at all well." George, twelve years old, a man of the world—"I tell you what it is, you are in love. Now, you take the advice of a fellow who has seen a good deal of that sort of thing, and don't give way to it."

"I come for the saw, sir."—"What saucer?"—"Why, the saw, sir, that you borrowed."—"I borrowed no saucer."—"Sure you did, sir, you borrowed a saw, sir."—"I never saw your saucer."—"But you did, there's the saw, now, sir."—"O, you want the saw. Why didn't you say so?"

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements. The immense circulation of the Pictorial (being over one hundred thousand copies weekly) forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the Pictorial as an advertising medium is, that it is preserved, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the inside of the paper) becomes a permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.

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Persons who wish to hire Melodeons with a view of purchasing at the end of the year, can have the rent credited as part payment of the purchase money. If sept 29

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They would call particular attention at this season to the new styles of FANCY BALL PAPER and CARDS, imported expressly for them, which they will be happy to print in their superior styles, or sell to the trade. 4t

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[From the Home Journal, New York.]

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oct 6 4t WALTER BAKER & Co., DORCHESTER, MASS.

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SCENES IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

We present our readers on this page with three striking views of scenery in Central America, a region peculiarly interesting at this moment to citizens of the United States. The largest view represents the cathedral of "La Merced," and the volcano of "El Viejo," at Leon, Nicaragua. A city of this name (Leon) formerly stood at the head of the western lake of Momotombo, and was founded by the Spanish general, Hernandez de Cordova, in 1523, but abandoned in 1610. The present city of Leon is located in the centre of the immense plain of Leon, midway between Lake Nicaragua and the Pacific Ocean. The water from the city is obtained from perennial streams of pure water which intersect the ravines that surround it. The place covers a large area, and is planned in Mexican fashion with squares or plazas at intervals. The houses are of adobe, and, with rare exceptions, only one story in height. During the revolutionary struggle, which resulted in throwing off the yoke of old Spain, Leon was the theatre of sanguinary battles between the liberals and the aristocrats, and we read that in a single night over one thousand buildings were destroyed by an incendiary fire. The ruins of palaces and splendid dwellings, as indicated in the foreground of our engraving, surround the great cathedral of La Merced. In whatever direction the traveller moves, he encounters the broken fragments of costly structures, the proof of the desolation occasioned by civil war. The church of La Merced has suffered severely from cannon shot. A convent was once attached to it, and also to the church of San Juan de Dios, but these have been suppressed and the buildings converted into barracks or hospitals. The church edifices are the finest of any in the Central American states. The great cathedral of St. Peter occupied thirty-seven years in building, and was finished in 1743, at a reputed cost of \$5,000,000. It covers an entire square, and its fronts extend the whole length of the grand plaza or square. It is built of cut stone, and forms one entire mass of masonry, like a fortress, for which purpose indeed it has been employed. In 1823, thirty guns were planted on its roof, and there is scarcely a square inch of its walls that is not indented with shot. Its centre presents now a naked appearance, contrast-



LAKE MANAGNA AND VOLCANO OF MOMOTOMBO, NICARAGUA.



ISLAND OF TIGRE, BAY OF FONSECA, NICARAGUA.

ing strangely with what is remembered of its former magnificence, when the splendor of its decoration was proverbial. The portraits of the bishops of the diocese, four in number, are preserved in one of its small apartments. The view from the top of this cathedral, extending to the waters of the Pacific, amply repays the

traveller for the trouble of ascending. Other churches of note in Leon are "La Recolection" and "El Calvario," distinguished like St. Peter's and "La Merced" for their magnitude and the breadth of their architectural design. In addition to the churches named, there are about a dozen others of smaller size, and less remark-

able for beauty of design. A feature of these churches is that each possesses a chime of bells, which are frequently rung, making a pleasing melody, and filling the air for miles with music. The prominent peak in the range of hills seen in the background of our engraving, is "El Viejo," a volcanic summit, 6000 feet in height. The old pirate Dampier speaks of it in his voyages as an "exceedingly high mountain, smoking all day, and sending out flames at night." Captain Belcher, of the British navy, who made its ascent in 1838, describes the view from the summit as one of unparalleled magnificence. On the summit are copious springs of boiling water. Another of these volcanoes, that of Momotombo, together with a section of Lake Managua, is shown in the first engraving. The second represents the Island of Tigre, Bay of Fonseca, Nicaragua. The bay affords the finest harborage on the Pacific, surpassing even the famous Bay of San Francisco, California, in capacity. Its entire length within the land is eighty miles by thirty-five in breadth. This island is destined, at some future day, to be the Pacific port of entry of a grand inter-oceanic canal. The principal defence of the Bay of Fonseca is the Fort of Lallion, belonging to San Salvador. There are several islands in the bay, all of them exhibiting striking features of natural beauty. The Indians formerly had populous settlements on these islands, but the pirates, who swept the South Sea with the black flag, making them an habitual rendezvous, inspired the peaceful native inhabitants with such terror that they fled to the mainland, abandoning their beautiful retreats forever. Drake had his headquarters on the Island of Tigre, during his famous operations in the Pacific. The British admiralty thoroughly understood its naval importance, and it was by their instructions that, in 1839, Captain Belcher, R. N., made a thorough and scientific survey of it. It completely commands the entire coast from Panama to San Diego. While Mr. Squier was minister from the United States to Nicaragua, it was temporarily ceded to us by that government to prevent its occupation by Great Britain. It was afterwards surrendered to the Nicaraguan government. The most recent event of importance, in these interesting regions, is the settlement of Colonel Kinney with his band of colonists, his favorable reception by the inhabitants, and his inauguration as governor. It is hardly possible to overrate the commercial importance of Nicaragua. It is the key to the Pacific; but in the hands of the Spanish races, unaided by Anglo-Saxon energy, it would have been lost to civilization and the world. It is destined to become the theatre of important social and political movements, being as it is, one of the finest portions of the American continent.



CATHEDRAL OF LA MERCED, AND VOLCANO OF EL VIEJO, LEON, NICARAGUA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1855.

\$3.00 PER ANNUM. } Vol IX., No. 19.—Whole No. 227.
6 CENTS SINGLE.

INVENTORS AND DISCOVERERS.

Mr. Kilburn, the artist, in the picture below, has grouped together for us the portraits of some of those leading men of modern times whose genius has conferred inestimable blessings on humanity. James Watt, whose thoughtful face appears at the head of the engraving, acquired a high degree of celebrity by his improvements in the steam-engine. He was the son of a tradesman, and was born at Greenock, in Scotland, in 1736. His original occupation was that of a watchmaker. In 1764, he conceived the idea of those improvements which he carried out in practice a few years after. He was a fellow of the royal societies of London and Edinburgh, and was highly appreciated by his associates. Vari-

ous inventions of the highest utility originated with his fertile mind. He died August 25, 1819. Scarcely less famous was Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin. He was the son of a farmer of Westboro', Mass., and was born December 8, 1765. He early gave indication of great mechanical genius. He abandoned farming, prepared himself for college, defraying his own expenses when there, and then went to the South to seek his fortune. The cotton gin was invented in Savannah, and completely revolutionized the system of preparing cotton for the market, adding millions to the wealth of the South. He died January 8, 1825. Fulton declared that "Arkwright, Watt and Whitney were the three men who did most for mankind of any of their contempora-

ries." Below Whitney's head is that of Daguerre, the brilliant Frenchman who first conceived the idea of pressing the sun itself into the service of mankind. On the other side of the picture we have Samuel F. B. Morse, fortunately a living illustration of the genius of our country. He is the eldest son of Rev. Jedediah Morse, the American geographer, and was born in Charlestown Mass., April 27, 1791. The electric telegraph, which has rendered his name immortal, was discovered in 1832. Mr. Morse is a finished scholar, and a distinguished artist. A head of Gutenberg, who in 1438, first made use of movable wooden types for printing, completes our group. The accessories introduced by our artist are happy conceptions, and add to the effect of the portraits.



INVENTORS AND DISCOVERERS

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FALCONE:

—OR,—

THE MYSTERIES OF MEXICO.

A ROMANCE OF OUR DAY.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XXIX.—[CONTINUED.]

"The senora will understand," pursued Don Ricardo, "that I am quite disinterested in this matter. As a friend of Gabriel, I should like to see him happily married. If you persist in your refusal, I have naught to say."

"Then you will permit me to go—you will no longer detain me here!" cried Teresa, a moment's hope deceiving her.

"That I leave entirely with Senor Falcone!" returned Ramos, with his sneering smile—"I cannot control one who loves so ardently, and—"

"Will you not protect me, senor? Are you a man of honor?" exclaimed the orphan, in a voice so plaintive that it might have affected another than Ramos, but only made that "man of honor" laugh quietly as he replied:

"Gabriel wished me, if I were unsuccessful in gaining her consent to the marriage ceremony, to inform the Senora Teresa that he would present himself ere long. I shall, therefore, take the liberty to resume the custody of these apartments, in order that my friend may find no difficulty in making his visit."

Saying this, Don Ricardo quietly removed the key from the lock of the door.

"You abandon me to this wicked man! 'Tis well—I shall defend myself!" cried Teresa, calmly returning the triumphant gaze of Ramos, who, with a ceremonious bow, turned to depart.

But at this moment Lucille's eyes sought those of her mistress with a sudden joy. The mulatto, seated near the window, had caught a sudden glimpse of the Indian climber, appearing upon the top of the opposing wall, and her quick glance conveyed the intelligence to her mistress. At the same time, with a violent motion she rushed forward and sinking on the floor beside Teresa, cried wildly:

"O mam'selle! do not die! Promise the senor—*quelle horreur!* to be sacrificed—*innocent!* O, mon Dieu! it is not too difficult to be married!"

"Rise, Lucille—and be silent!" cried Teresa, angrily, as Don Ricardo paused and surveyed them.

"Promise, *ma chère maîtresse!*" persisted the mulatto. "They will kill—they will destroy us all." Then, in a low whisper, scarcely reaching the maiden's ear, she said hurriedly: "To-morrow we shall be saved—the Indian is here!"

"Lucille! be silent!"

But, as Teresa spoke, she sank heavily upon a chair beside her, her delicate frame overpowered by the variety of her emotions. Don Ricardo saw, as he conjectured, the yielding of the timid woman, irresolute of her purpose. He softly re-closed the door and said:

"The good girl is right, Senora Glinton—marriage is not so difficult. And—Falcone is a reckless fellow if thwarted, you must know."

Teresa raised her eyes to the speaker, whilst Lucille, crouching at the feet of her mistress, pressed her hand closely.

"Let—Gabriel Falcone come hither—to-morrow!" she said, slowly.

"I doubt if his ardent love will not make him more impatient," responded Ramos, with his furtive smile—"nevertheless, if you promise that he shall then be made happy—"

"I promise nothing—but that to-morrow I will receive his visit."

"But I may say a word to give the poor youth some hope—eh, senora?" said Don Ricardo, with a low laugh.

"You may say what you please," said Teresa, coldly, as she rose, and turned with Lucille, toward the inner chamber.

Don Ricardo replaced the key which he held within the door.

"Very well, then, senora—to-morrow, the ceremony will doubtless take place!"

Saying this, Ramos left the apartment, and Lucille hastened to re-fasten the door. At the same instant, a folded slip of paper glided between the window wires and fell upon the floor. Teresa seized it and read it aloud with a beating heart:

"Be of good courage, Senora Glinton. We will come for you to-morrow. MONTAGNONE."

"O, Father in heaven, I thank thee!" cried the orphan, sinking on her knees, and devoutly clasping her hands, whilst Lucille ran to the easement, wild with joy.

But the Indian was not to be seen. He had evidently been aware of the presence of Don Ricardo in the chamber, and had watched the latter's departure for an opportunity to introduce the slip of paper. This accomplished, he had retraced at once his perilous way over the walls of the adjoining house. In the meantime, Don Ricardo Ramos, after leaving the presence of his anticipated victim, proceeded at once to another room, where Gabriel Falcone, extended upon a couch, lay awaiting his coming. The triumphant expression of the elder villain's face was noticed immediately by the gamester.

"She consents?" he cried.

"To see you to-morrow. Doubtless to reveal her long-concealed love—"

"Pish! but the marriage—"

"I am about to notify the priest immediately that he be on hand to-morrow," returned Don Ricardo. "So, my dear Gabriel, I desire you to keep quiet, and not irritate that wound of yours, which must be a painful one, though the bullet is not there."

"No, the bullet is not left, thank fortune!" said Falcone.

"I can assure you that it is not so pleasant to carry such a companion about with you!" added Don Ricardo, with his sardonic smile, as at that moment he experienced a twinge of pain occasioned by the ball which lay imbedded in his groin, and had always defied extraction, save at the risk of life. Gabriel Falcone knew that his father's skill had left a lasting memento with Don Ricardo Ramos.

But the latter shook his "dear Gabriel's" hand, and bade him be quiet until his return. Then leaving the apartment he descended to the hall, where the dark-featured familiar of the house presented him obsequiously with his gold-headed cane. Then, with slow and dignified steps, Don Ricardo took his way through the thoroughfares of Mexico, like a wealthy and proud citizen.

At the corners of the squares and streets were gathered knots of Mexicans, discussing the events of the day, and speculating upon the probable fate of the city. Some bold voices among these were heard to counsel resistance to the last drop of blood, but these sentiments found few echoes. Don Ricardo, in particular, smiled very scornfully whenever such patriotic expressions reached his ears as he passed onward. Arrived at length at the gate of a large building, near the plaza, the crosses surmounting which denoted it to be a religious house belonging to one of the various orders of friars established in the capital city of the republic, Senor Ramos inquired for a member of the fraternity, and was ushered into the refectory, where he encountered a person whom the reader has before met. It was Fray Pedro, the priest who had officiated at the burial of Don Tadco, the uncle of Vallejo. The worthy friar was engaged in writing at a small deal table, for he exercised the duties of a clerk in the monastery to which he was attached. At his feet crouched a large dog, which growled suddenly as Don Ricardo entered the room.

"Down, Beppo! you are unmannerly!" giving the animal a light touch with his foot. "God be with you, Don Ricardo—approach! the dog is harmless!"

"His looks belie him most confoundedly, then, worthy Fray Pedro!" answered Ramos, pausing irresolutely as the dog rose, and, displaying a row of formidable teeth, seemed prepared to dispute the visitor's advance.

"Out, Beppo, out! Indeed, he is quite unused to behave thus to visitors!" apologized the friar, driving the dog beneath the table, where he crouched, sullenly regarding Don Ricardo with glittering eyes, and emitting now and then a low growl, not at all calculated to allay the new-comer's apprehensions.

"You should shoot such a vicious beast—hang, or at least drown him, Fray Pedro!" cried Don Ricardo, taking a chair near the priest, so as to interpose the latter's person between himself and the animal.

"The dog has many good qualities and is attached to me," answered the priest. "Poor fellow! I found him half starved, watching by a grave, where, doubtless, his former master was buried. He is a great protection to me, I assure you, senor, as I walk the streets during these troubled times."

Don Ricardo feared to encourage the garrulousness of the good priest concerning the merits of an animal that found very little favor with himself, so hastily changing the conversation, he said:

"I spoke to you some time since, concerning a ceremony—a marriage—that I desired performed at my house. Your services will be required to-morrow."

"At your house, my son?"

"At my house the parties are now residing; and as in these unnatural times there is nothing certain but danger and death, I wish my young friends to be wedded and away from Mexico as speedily as possible. To-morrow at noonday, Fray Pedro, is the hour appointed."

"I will come, Don Ricardo."

"You will not fail."

"If Heaven spares my life," answered the friar, crossing himself, while his visitor rose to go, and by so doing, elicited a short snarl from the dog.

"In truth, your canine friend is no friend of mine," remarked Ramos, with his bitter laugh, as he walked to the door. "But remember, worthy father—at noonday, to-morrow."

Don Ricardo took his leave, and Fray Pedro resumed his seat, with the now quiet Beppo stretched before him. Much the good priest marvelled at the perversity which had occasioned his dog to greet the cavalier, Ramos, so inhospitably; and more he wondered at the summons which he had received to perform the marriage sacrament at Don Ricardo's house. Fray Pedro knew very well that his visitor was a bachelor and a man reputed to be of great wealth; and he recalled many other associations concerning Ramos in past time, many which the great world in general had forgotten; for Fray Pedro, long an officiating priest of his order, was a depository of much secret history, as well as of town reminiscences at large—but he in vain ransacked his memory for aught that might reveal to him who could be the young people whom the don was so anxious to marry. At length, after unavailing speculation as to whether one was not a natural child, and the other a poor relative of Ramos, or whether both claimed him as uncle and were cousins of themselves—the friar concluded that his wisest method of obtaining information would be to wait till the morrow, when he should see the separate parties and perform the ceremony which should make both one.

Punctually as the bell announced the hour of noon upon the following day, Fray Pedro presented himself at the great door

of Don Ricardo's mansion. Behind him followed gravely the burly form of the dog Beppo, and scarcely had the dark-featured porter opened a passage, when the animal with a loud bark rushed into the hall and bounded up the wide staircase. His pious master was shocked with the unwonted behaviour of his favorite, and the servant of that noiseless mansion grew absolutely horrified as the bay of Beppo rang through the passages. At this moment Don Ricardo Ramos emerged from a door which he opened at the head of the stairs, and immediately found himself thrown to the floor by an instant rush of the dog, as the latter, dashing between his legs, darted to the interior of the house.

"That infernal brute here!" cried the enraged Ramos, as the servant ran to his assistance, and the alarmed priest ascended the staircase, breathing heavily in his efforts to make haste. "What in the devil's name, Fray Pedro, do you mean by bringing that ferocious monster to my house?"

But the poor priest was too much spent with fatigue and anxiety to answer at once, and meantime the bark of Beppo, from the inner precincts of the mansion, sounded loud and joyfully. Don Ricardo hurried through the passages, and Fray Pedro followed him as fast as he best might.

Those dark passages seemed interminable to the weary friar, but at length his conductor reached the door of an apartment within which the dog's bark was heard, no longer violent, but apparently full of joy. A moment after, the owner of the house had led the way into a large chamber, where a singular spectacle met his follower's eyes.

The apartment was hung with tapestry and lit by waxen candles, burning in heavy silver candlesticks at different corners of the room. No light entered from without; for thick curtains effectually concealed the windows, if windows there were in the room, and a close, hot atmosphere pervaded the entire place. But it was the group of living beings before his eyes that first drew Fray Pedro's attention.

The dog Beppo lay at the feet of a beautiful girl who caressed the animal, whilst he in turn licked her white hand and laid his huge head in her lap as she sat in an arm-chair. Behind this maiden stood a mulatto girl, half stooping, to add her caresses to the noble dog. A few paces from both stood a young man, whose right arm was confined to his breast by a silken scarf, whilst his left hand rested upon a table covered with materials for writing. The priest had scarcely taken note of these things, ere Don Ricardo, addressed him with a harsh laugh:

"Your dog has made friends at last, it seems, good friar. How read you this, Fray Pedro?"

"The animal may remember old friends," replied the priest, suggestively, looking toward Teresa, who said quietly:

"The dog was my poor brother's—alas!"

At once, as the maiden uttered these words, Fray Pedro recollected her features and recalled the occasion when he had last beheld them. An expression of interest and wonder was visible in his countenance, and he was about to draw near to Teresa, when the voice of Don Ricardo abruptly pronounced his name.

"Fray Pedro! you are to unite these young people in matrimony," said the latter, motioning to Falcone, who approached the arm chair. Teresa half rose and placed her hand to her bosom. There was still concealed the poniard which she regarded as her resort in the extremity of danger. Lucille glided round and stood beside her mistress, and the dog, as if conscious that danger threatened the sister of his lost master, crouched low before them with an ominous growl.

Teresa Glinton saw that the crisis of her fate was approaching. She had consented to be conducted from the apartments in which she had been confined, because she was aware, by the paper received from Montagnone, that her friends were apprised of her position and active in her behalf; and she desired to secure a respite from violence on the part of her enemies by a seeming compliance with their wishes. Now, however, when she found herself face to face with the abhorred Falcone, whilst Don Ricardo stood by wearing his triumphant smile, and a priest approached to perform the ceremony to which she had apparently yielded her consent, a sudden despair began to overwhelm her. She gave up all hopes of rescue by her friends, and hesitated only as to whether she should make one last appeal, invoking the priest to aid her, ere she should defy her persecutors, and, like her lost brother, rush uncalled to the presence of God. It was a terrible alternative; for the maiden believed that the friar Pedro was but some ready instrument of her cruel captors, and feared that to implore his assistance would be but to accelerate her doom. Already the priest had taken her hand in one of his own, while he extended the other to Falcone.

"The names?" said Fray Pedro, looking to Don Ricardo.

"Gabriel Falcone and Teresa Glinton."

The priest stood a moment as if paralyzed with astonishment—then dropped his hands beside him—then clasped them violently together, while his eyes wandered from one to the other of those he had been about to unite. A sudden recollection was flashing through his brain—a revelation of the past was explaining the present. He fell suddenly back, an expression of horror agitating his features.

"I cannot perform the ceremony!" he gasped.

"What say you, Fray Pedro?—cannot perform it?" cried Don Ricardo, startled at the priest's manner, yet retaining his own self-possession.

"I cannot profane the sacrament," stammered the priest. "I cannot commit a mortal sin—"

"Priest—have a care," cried Don Ricardo, in a threatening voice, whilst a frown gathered on his brow.

The friar shrank away, trembling before the dark aspect of the speaker, and, half mechanically, murmured:

"I cannot marry them—they are the children of—"

"Of one mother!" he was about to conclude, but ere the words were spoken, his throat was violently grasped by Ramos, and he staggered back against the wall of the apartment. Gabriel Falcone, unaware that a strange disclosure was thus suddenly checked, stood in blank surprise, whilst Teresa's heart sank at this new scene of violence. But one actor promptly interposed. The huge dog sprang from the floor, and at one bound reached the bosom of Fray Pedro's assailant.

"Help! Falcone! help!" cried Don Ricardo, as he felt the dog's teeth meet in his flesh, whilst the double weight bore him against the friar, who struggling for life had wound his fingers in his assailant's long hair.

The young man promptly drew a dagger with his left hand, and, rushing forward, plunged the weapon into Beppo's breast. But he had as well wounded a lion. The pain of the stab only increased the animal's rage, and in an instant more he had turned upon Gabriel Falcone, whilst Don Ricardo, released from his peril, lifted his own dagger against the now exhausted priest.

At this crisis a sudden crash was heard, and a burst of sunlight streamed into the apartment from a wide rent in one of the velvet curtains which had hidden the casements. Teresa and Lucille looked up and beheld the Indian climber whom they had before seen. He stood with one foot extended within the drapery, whilst his right hand clung to the casement frame, which he had just wrenched asunder. But he was not alone; beside him, upon the stone parapet, stood Montognone and Vallejo.

The burst of joy with which Teresa Ginton recognized her lover was mingled with the report of a pistol discharged by that lover's hand. Alonzo, with the same glance that encountered his mistress, beheld likewise the imminent peril of his uncle's friend, Fray Pedro. Quick as thought he fired at Don Ricardo, whose dark features he had instantly recalled, and ere the smoke had cleared away, the villain had released his grasp of the priest and fallen heavily to the floor. All transpired in the space of a moment, nevertheless this brief space had sufficed for the fierce dog to drive Falcone to a corner of the apartment, where, sheltering himself behind a piece of massy furniture, he defended himself with the dagger which was his only weapon.

Vallejo meanwhile assisted Fray Pedro to a chair, for the poor priest was nearly exhausted with his struggle, and then turning to Teresa, clasped her in his arms, while Montognone interposed to rescue Gabriel Falcone from his canine assailant. The sagacious dog, however, seemed at once to recognize the defeat of his enemies, for with a low growl, in token of triumph, he walked to the chair in which Fray Pedro reclined, and crouched at his feet, quietly licking the wound which Falcone had inflicted, while his large eyes watched the writhing form of Don Ricardo, who was vainly striving to rise.

"Curses!" muttered the wretched Ramos. "Maledictions upon all priests!"

"Unhappy man! you will yourself soon need a priest," said Montognone, approaching and stooping beside Don Ricardo. "This hurt is mortal."

"I care not—where's Falcone? dog! has he fled? Ha! ha! where is his bride? his sister? O, curse that priest! I'll strangle him!"

The tortured villain essayed to uplift his hand which still clutched the dagger with which he would have slain Fray Pedro; but the effort only forced the blood from his mouth. Nevertheless, the priest shrank back as he beheld the malice and met the glaring eyes of his late adversary.

"Maledictions on all of ye! Why did I meddle with the sacrament, and thus lose all? Falcone—ha!—you should have had your will—brother and sister! ha! ha! ha!"

And with the chuckling laugh which was natural to him, Don Ricardo fell back to the floor, his eyes closing suddenly.

"He is dead," gasped Fray Pedro, with pallid lips, as Vallejo and Teresa drew near. "And without confession."

"Confession—bah!" cried the sneering voice of Ramos, his eyes unclosing with a sinister glance on all around him, "yes, priest—let me confess. I would have married them—dost hear me, Fray Pedro? Their mother scorned and slighted me—his father branded and dishonored me. It was my revenge, hark ye, priest, to give the sacrament to both—brother and sister—ha! what think you? have I not confessed?"

Again that strange laugh rang through the apartment—again the eyes closed, and this time forever. The jaw relaxed, a leaden hue overspread the countenance. Don Ricardo Ramos had gone to his account.

Gabriel Falcone—his bold eyes sunk, his cheeks pallid as those of a corpse—had listened to the incoherent words of him who had lured him step by step to ruin. The wretched young man's glance now caught the half averted gaze of Teresa Ginton—the child of his mother. And Charles Ginton, too, was the child of Maria Minas. Gabriel Falcone! a brother's blood is on thy head, for, but for thee, Ginton were now alive and happy!

This horrible thought burned like flame in the heart of the gamester. He cast one despairing look around him, and then, spurning the dead form of Ramos with his foot, fled precipitately from the apartment.

No one followed him!

CHAPTER XXX.

CONCLUSION.

THE battle-alarms of Contreras and Churubuseo had died away amid the valley of Mexico; but no quiet reigned, though negotiations were at once commenced with a view to making peace.

Montognone had long foreseen the result of the incapability of Mexican officers to discipline or lead their men. The battle of Cerro Gordo had shown him the incompetency of generals, and the want of principle which characterized the subordinate commanders. He mourned for his country, but he felt that her disgrace could not be averted.

Such thoughts possessed his mind, as, riding behind a light carriage which contained Vallejo, Teresa and the now joyous Lucille, he proceeded with his friends to the cottage of Don Ferrado Nunez. The road from Mexico to the hacienda was thronged with soldiers and country people, hastening to the city, the greater portion unarmed and seemingly interested only in attaining a less exposed neighborhood than the districts beyond Toluca, now overrun by their victorious enemies. Some few bands of military, preserving in a measure their discipline, were drawn up at various points of the road, or else were marching toward the fortified heights, where it was expected another and decisive action would soon take place. Montognone could not but remark, in the facts of these last, an expression of hopelessness mingled with determination, as if they felt that nothing was left them but to perish bravely at the threshold of their homes; for these latest conquered defenders were the national guard of Mexico.

But other and alarming thoughts rushed rapidly over Zumozin's mind, as, checking his horse on reaching the brow of a hill which commanded a view of Lake Tezcuco and its surrounding woodlands, he beheld a sudden flame shoot upward from amid the groves, and dense clouds of smoke rolling darkly over the trees. At once a dismal apprehension agitated his whole frame—a terrible presentiment, as it were, of evil to his friends.

The sun was setting in the opposite quarter of the heavens, and a crimson glow had for some time belted the horizon, but the ruddy sheen of nature now grew rapidly pale before what was evidently a fierce conflagration, and Zumozin knew, almost intuitively, that Ferrado's hacienda must be involved in it. Without pausing for a moment, he spurred his steed and dashed toward the lake, only bending a moment, as he passed the carriage, to whisper a word of his fears in the ears of Vallejo, who, too much absorbed in converse with Teresa, had taken heed of naught beyond her presence.

The short mile that intervened between the hill whence he had beheld the flame and the borders of Lake Tezcuco was traversed by Montognone with the speed of the wind; but before he reached the cottage an obstacle presented itself to his progress—a dozen soldiers in the American uniform rushed into the road as if to intercept him. Rising in his stirrups, his majestic form towering above the saddle, his eyes flashing brightly in the glare of the flames before him, Montognone raised his sword and with a sweeping blow struck the arm of a soldier just as it was lifted to grasp the bridle. The man fell upon the road, and the horse, bounding over him, bore Zumozin beyond his enemies, and in full view of the hacienda.

But what a sight there met him. Lorenzo and Nunez, standing upon the threshold of their garden, defended themselves desperately against a half-dozen assailants. Behind them, the walls of their dwelling were wrapped in flame, which darted to and fro, from doors and windows, and ran fiercely along the vine-covered verandah. All the out-buildings of the place were enveloped likewise in the raging element. Zumozin beheld it all, and with a frantic cry pressed his spurs against the sides of his horse and dashed forward through the Americans over the garden turnstile.

"Anselmo!" cried Nunez, as with renewed strength he struggled against the crowd of soldiers, who strove to enter the passage, "thank God! you are here. To the summer house—there they have fled!"

Zumozin knew well the significance of that word "they," so hurriedly pronounced by his friend. But, ere he sprang from his horse, he levelled his pistols at the soldiers who were pressing against the turnstile he had leaped, and brought the foremost two to the ground.

"To the senoras—we will die here!" gasped Lorenzo.

"No! it is my place!" cried Montognone, as he sprang from the saddle and threw himself between his two friends and the Americans, who, augmented in numbers by those who had occupied the road, were rushing to the attack again. "Be your wives your charge—this is mine," continued Zumozin, as the heavy blade which he wielded circled above his head and then fell upon one of their foes, striking him bleeding back upon the ranks who strove to force a passage over the wooden turnstile which had been here fastened to the gate-posts.

Don Ferrado hesitated for a moment, but the eye of Zumozin met his own and enforced the command. He turned, and followed by Lorenzo, hurried to the rear of the house, where, in a small summer-house at the margin of the lake, the Senoras Isabella and Inez awaited their husbands, half dead with terror.

The marauders—for in fact the assailing party were a band of lawless stragglers who had been engaged in plundering the Mexicans, on the pretence of repressing guerillas—now renewed their efforts to reach the cottage before the fire should devour the booty they had hoped to obtain. They pressed forward, anticipating an easy victory over the solitary defender of the stile, but Zumozin kept them at bay with the ponderous sword he wielded, and, sheltered in a measure by an abutment of the wall, withstood for a few minutes the violent assault. But it was plain that the unequal conflict could not last, and as the increasing throng of his enemies forced the passage and bore him back, step by step toward the blazing building, Zumozin, though he still plied his sword, abandoned all hope of escape, and only murmured as he fought:

"Father in heaven! protect them, and let me be the sacrifice to-day!"

Suddenly, however, and on the instant that a wild shout of triumph from the marauders announced to the almost exhausted Mexican that they had gained an entrance to the still unburned front of the cottage, and were dispersing through the garden at the lake side of the hacienda, the swift gallop of horses sounded on the road, and immediately afterwards a troop of American cavalry appeared in sight beyond the wall. Guarded by the front rank of this troop, Zumozin recognized the carriage containing Vallejo and Teresa, that he had left a mile back upon the highway. The foot soldiers who still pressed upon the Mexican desisted at once from their attack as the horsemen drew up within a few paces of the gateway, and, following their comrades into the cottage, disappeared quickly from the narrow walk which Montognone had so desperately defended. At the same time, a voice from amid the American cavalry, whose hearty tones were well remembered, exclaimed:

"Hullo—Capt'g Zumozin! By thunder! we're just in time, and no mistake!"

And in an instant the figure of Dusenbury the Yankee, riding a high-saddled mustang, emerged from the troop and rode to the narrow turnstile.

"Senor Dusenbury!" exclaimed Montognone, advancing to meet the extended hand of his American friend.

"Yes—and if them eternal skulkin', thievin' hangers-on, that's been settin' fire to this here place, don't get salad for their dish, then I'm mistaken—that's all. General Scott 'll hang some of 'em high as Haman, now I tell ye."

The commander of the American troop now rode up to the gate, and giving his hand to Montognone, whose name Dusenbury pronounced, added that a state of truce existed between the two armies at this time, and that severe punishment would doubtless be inflicted on the authors of this wanton attack upon the hacienda, of which he had but a few moments before received information from one of the terrified servants who had fled from the burning buildings.

Montognone bowed as the officer gave the signal to his men to dismount and enter the grounds, but at the moment and before he could advance to meet Vallejo, who had descended from the carriage, a succession of pistol-shots from the rear of the cottage caused him to start suddenly.

"O, heavens!" he cried, "the villains have reached the lake."

And turning suddenly, Zumozin rushed along the garden walk toward the summer-house, whither Nunez and Lorenzo had fled some time before. Dusenbury the Yankee, apprehending that some new disaster was at hand, threw himself from the mustang and leaping over the turnstile, pursued his Mexican friends, whilst several of the troopers followed closely behind.

But what a pang of anguish smote the heart of Anselmo Zumozin, when, on gaining the open terrace in front of the flower-roofed structure that nestled under the branching arms of two great trees, he beheld the form of his brother in arms and in affection stretched upon the velvet turf, his head resting upon the bosom of Donna Isabella, his hand lying slackly within that of Lorenzo, who knelt by his side. Ferrado Nunez—young, brave and noble—was slowly dying within sight of his ruined home.

Montognone needed to ask no question concerning the dreadful tragedy. Around the summer-house were the marks of a short but terrible conflict. Two of the plundering gang lay stark and rigid at a short distance—two others, wounded and bound with cords, were guarded by a couple of troopers belonging to the American party which had arrived to their relief, but too late to save Don Ferrado, who had received a mortal shot just as the soldiers appeared. Zumozin knelt beside his friend and raised him on his manly bosom.

"O, Ferrado!" he cried, "would to God I could have been accepted instead of thee!"

"Live, Anselmo—my friend! my brother!" murmured the dying man, feebly. "I have a sacred legacy to leave in your charge. Raise me a little, Zumozin. Dear wife—Isabella! let me look upon thy face once more!"

Montognone lifted Ferrado in his arms, whilst Donna Isabella, clinging to her husband's form, raised her pale face in mute agony to his. She could not speak nor weep, but sobs shivered through her lovely frame. Dusenbury the Yankee, who had reached the sad group, drew silently nearer, tears of real sympathy bedewing his manly cheeks, and Vallejo, who with Teresa, now approached, sunk beside him.

Donna Isabella threw her arms around her husband's form and his head sank calmly upon her bosom. But ere his eyes closed upon earthly things, his hands clasped faintly those of his wife and friend, and his lips softly whispered: "Be her protector, my noble friend!" Then Ferrado Nunez was no more of this world, and his friend tenderly laid his head on the flowery turf. But as Anselmo Zumozin lifted Donna Isabella from her husband's form—her beautiful eyes met his, and he saw, through the thick tears that clouded them, a look of confidence in himself which told him, more than words could express, that he was indeed the natural protector of the one he had loved so long—so hopelessly.

Padre Herrata, who, with the lovely orphan, Donna Mexicana, rejoined his friends upon the day following, performed the solemn obsequies of Don Ferrado Nunez. A few weeks after this sad event, he performed another and a double ceremony, in uniting Vallejo with Teresa, and Dusenbury with Mexicana.

A feeling of pity clouded the hearts of more than one of the friends when they learned that, during the treacherous rising of the leperos of Mexico against the army of General Scott on the day of its entrance into the capital, one desperate leader of the guerillas fell fighting upon the grand plaza, and that he had been recognized as GABRIEL FALCONE.



SERRA DOS ORGAOS.

SCENES IN SOUTH AMERICA.

The accompanying engravings, executed expressly for the Pictorial, form a continuation of the series of illustrations of striking scenery in South America, with which we have from time to time embellished our publication. The first of these, the Serra dos Orgaos, is one of the most curious natural objects to be found on a continent rich in the picturesque and impressive. It is a branch of the mountain chain which stretches along the coast from east to southwest, developing itself in the provinces of Rio de Janeiro, St. Paul, and St. Catherine. The greatest number of these inaccessible peaks rise in the region bordering on the Rio Macaca. The highest is not less than 3606 feet above the level of the sea, and among those which attain this elevation there are very few which the foot of the naturalist or hunter can scale to the summit. Situated at a dozen leagues from Rio de Janeiro, the chain of the Orgaos has become for several years the resort of persons whose health has been too severely tried by the tropical heats of this portion of Brazil, which reach their greatest intensity during the months of December, January and February. Europeans, particularly, here experience a revival of their faculties, and renew acquaintance with a climate analogous to that of Sicily or Andalusia. If it be admitted, for instance, that the mean temperature is twenty-three degrees at Rio de Janeiro, the learned Doctor Sigaud shows that there is almost always seven or eight degrees difference in the chain of the Orgaos; and if, at rare intervals, hail or sleet has been known to fall in the capital, this phenomenon is doubtless renewed more frequently in the locality of which we have represented one of the most picturesque and best-known sites. But we cannot admit with certain writers that the most elevated points of the Serra dos Orgaos are habitually covered with snow, and present the contrast of whitened summits relieved by the richly wooded hills of the inferior region. This phenomenon occurred only at Villa do Principe and Nova Friburgo in 1851. While denying that ice is ever found in those places where excited imaginations have beheld fields of snow, the learned authority we have just quoted shows that it is in the Serra dos Orgaos that those tempests arise which from time to time descend on the city of Rio. The recuperative wind, designated by the inhabitants as the *vento teral*, also breathes from the Serra dos Orgaos, and exerts the happiest effect on the hygienic conditions of the city. The delicious freshness enjoyed by this privileged part of the province, suggested to a skilful horticulturist, a few years since, the idea of making experiments in acclimation; and he succeeded beyond his hopes. In a few months, the greater part of the useful vegetables of southern Europe, naturalized under the happy climate of Minas Geraca, mingled their flowers and fruits with the rich flora and pomona of these tropical regions. By dint of assiduous care, Mr. Marsch succeeded in sometimes obtaining excellent cherries, pears and apples, which were not inferior in quality to those of Europe. The benefits conferred by the English horticulturist survived him, and, thanks to the exceptional climate of the Serra dos Orgaos, we have just noted, now mingle from time to time, on the tables of the wealthy, the mango of India with the pine apple, which the primitive inhabitants of Brazil had already cultivated. The wood strawberry of Europe unites its perfume to that of the *aracas* and *pitanguas*, and the firm-fleshed peach is displayed beside the smooth and yellow-skinned *caja*, the *maracuja*, whose taste resembles that of the plum, the *cambuca*, whose acidulated juice has the odor of the apricot, and the *jabuticaba*, whose abundant clusters furnish so refreshing a fruit. It is but justice, however, to state, that thirty-five years ago, the Count de Gestas enriched Brazil with some of the best European fruits and vegetables. His premature death interrupted him in the midst of his valuable horticultural experiments. We shall not speak here of the marvellous riches reserved by the Serra for the investigation of the botanist; they surpass the wildest imagination; and, about 1837, Gardner, who passed some months in this country, depicted with enthusiasm these beautiful solitudes, and described them as the botanist's land of promise. Our second engraving represents the church of La Gloria at Rio de Janeiro, and the beautiful aqueduct which supplies the city with water. The architecture of the church, the picturesque dwelling plunged in verdant groves at the base of the hill on which it stands, the graceful arches of the aqueduct stretching away into the distance, the irregular outline of the mountain range on the horizon, and the luxuriance of the tropical vegetation in the foreground, make up a scene which the eye is never weary of contemplating. Legends are rarely attached to the

monuments of America, but there is a graceful vogue current at Brazil, in the seventeenth century, which attributes the musical voices of the ladies of Rio to the limpid waters of the Carioca, the principal fountain which supplies the aqueduct. Perhaps we should attribute this tradition, almost forgotten in our days, to the Indians; for the Carijos, who gave their name to the locality, formerly had the reputation of being great musicians. However that may be, the waters of the capital of Brazil are of a purity and sweetness which give them an unchallenged reputation in the other cities of this vast empire. The celebrated fountain we have just mentioned, and which has been twice reconstructed from the adoption of different plans, rises on a spot where a limpid rivulet formerly flowed, marked on an old French map of the sixteenth century, which may be found in the cosmography of André Thevet. When the wants of the increasing population began to be felt, it was resolved to seek in the hills which ascend in tiers up to Corcovado, the abundant waters escaping from their gneiss rocks. The Portuguese, who have always shown great skill in whatever appertains to hydraulic constructions, constructed the magnificent aqueduct of which only one of the extremities is seen in the first plane of our engraving. This important work was commenced in the seventeenth century by Governor Correa d'Alvarenga, then abandoned, after some attempts to be resumed in the years 1719 and 1725, under the administration of Ayres de Saldanha, without being completed. In 1750, a captain-general of rare ability, Gomez Freire de Andrade, adopted the most gigantic plans for the continuation of the works, which were not afterwards interrupted. Henceforth the city was endowed with a monument which is regarded as the finest in the province, and which is superior to all other structures of the same kind in Brazil. In the upper portion, this aqueduct exhibits two ranges of superposed arches; there are forty-two, designed to unite the hills of Santa

Theresa and Santa Antonio. After the deplorable drought of 1829, Mr. Rivier (Mr. River—an appropriate name), a French engineer, executed new works to augment the volume of water, and constructed the fountain of La Carioca on new plans. These important modifications were accomplished by means of a subscription. La Carioca, in its present state, discharges its waters through thirty-five bronze pipes. The little church which crowns in so picturesque a manner the summit of the wooded hill, makes a part of what is termed the "Neutral District." This title (*município neutro*) is applied to the two districts of Rio de Janeiro. They extend from the sea and bay to the Serra dos Orgaos. In the city they comprise the following districts: Sacramento, Candelaria, Santa Anna, Santa Rita, Engenho-Velho, San José, and Gloria. The church dates nearly from the period when the first works of the aqueduct were projected; for its first origin goes back to the seventeenth century. In 1671, in the place where it now stands, a hermit, named Antonio de Caminha, officiated in a little chapel under the invocation of our lady da Gloria. He then received promenaders from the city, who came, attracted by pious associations and a fine view; but he died, and the hill having been surrendered by the proprietors in 1699, on condition of a church being erected on it, the modest hermitage was replaced in 1714 by the charming structure shown in our engraving, and which retained its ancient denomination. The church da Gloria is built of stone in an excellent manner, and may defy the action of centuries. It is reached by a well-kept pathway, and a cistern of water has been sunk to supply the wants of those who officiate in the lonely place where the piety of the founders erected the church. This church, which is seen from all points of the bay, has always been maintained at the expense of a fraternity. About the year 1808 it was transferred for a time to some Italian Capuchins; but, in 1827, the brotherhood were fully restored to the enjoyment of their church, and from this period have been sustained in their privilege. From the hill on which rises Nossa Senhora da Gloria, the view comprises the whole extent of the bay, and is lost in the horizon among the cloudy crests of the Serra dos Orgaos. It was the favorite place of pilgrimage of the first empress of Brazil, and, in 1819, when this princess gave birth to her eldest daughter, Donna Maria, she desired that she should receive the name of the chapel to which she so often resorted to offer up her prayers.

SCENES IN RUSSIA.

The first engraving on the next page presents a striking view of the city of Moscow, embracing so much of it as is necessary to give a clear idea of the picturesque and half-oriental character of its architecture. Moscow—in Russian, Moskva,—the first capital of the czars, the holy city of the Russians, the cradle of the Muscovite empire, is, after Constantinople, the most considerable city of Europe, not in population, but in extent. The former is set down at 300,000 souls. Built in a picturesque region, and on undulating ground, which contrasts agreeably with the monotony of the vast plain which forms the centre and almost the whole of Russia in Europe, Moscow is watered by a large river—the Moskva, which the melting of the snow swells and renders navigable in the spring. The immense area covered by the capital of the czars is occupied in great part by gardens, which give it, in summer, the most smiling aspect, but in winter a sad and desolate appearance; for the climate is severe, and although the latitude is four degrees south of that of St. Petersburg, the mean temperature is lower than in the latter city. We must not judge modern Moscow by the descriptions given of it before the catastrophe of 1812. Up to that time, the city deserved to be called a great village; it was irregular, dirty, built of stone rather than wood, and broken up by fields and vegetable gardens. After the terrible conflagration of 1812, the whole empire combined for the rebuilding of the sacred city, and, in our day, Moscow, with its twenty-one quarters, its three hundred churches and convents, its palaces, its treasury, its arsenals and its belt of gardens presents the fairy aspect of a city at once Asiatic and Christian, with cupolas, glittering with gilding, or variegated with brilliant colors, and with wide streets, bordered by elegant houses built in the European style of wood and brick. In the centre of the city, rises majestically the celebrated citadel known by the name of the Kremlin, or more correctly, the Kreml. The abutting quarter of Kitai-Gorod is the nucleus of Moscow, its first starting point. Here tea and other articles, furnished by the China trade, have been sold from time immemorial. Here we admire the beautiful cathedral of the Protection (Pakrofskoi), more commonly called by the people the church of St. Basil. No one of its towers—and there are sixteen



CHURCH OF LA GLORIA AND AQUEDUCT, RIO JANEIRO.

of them—is like another. Bright red, green, yellow and blue alternate there in odd designs so singularly diversified that they may be compared to the chance designs produced by the kaleidoscope. Moscow, though the czars have ceased to reside there habitually, is not only the first capital of the empire; it is still the most flourishing city in manufactures, and one of the most important in commerce. Moscow fits out those caravans which annually traverse Russian Europe and Russia in Asia, halting at Khiatka, on the frontiers of China, where they effect those commercial exchanges which yield in return the tea, called the caravan tea. In Moscow, the silk manufactories produce six millions of dollars worth of silk annually. The woolen manufactures yield nine million dollars annually; then there are jewelry establishments, morocco leather manufactories, soap boilers, distilleries, breweries, paper manufactories, and a hundred other industrial establishments, whose progress, it must be confessed, are owing to the influence of foreign artists and workmen, among whom the French and Germans take the lead. The plan of Moscow exhibits great irregularity, a circumstance, however, which renders it the most picturesque of cities. Its exterior wall, which describes a very irregular geometrical figure, is more than twenty miles in extent. Within these are two lines of boulevard forming concentric circles. The river is very winding; it enters the city on the western side, and after flowing beneath the walls of the Kremlin, receives the dribbling stream of the Jaousa, flows forth into the plain, and joins the Oka, a tributary to the Volga, at Nijnei-Novgorod. The Kremlin stands in the very heart of the city. The origin of the name is as follows. In the ancient Slavonic tongue, *Kreml* or *Kremen* signifies stone, and any fortified place is called a *Kreml*. From its superior strength, this citadel is called the *Kreml* or *Kremlin*. The form of the area on which it is built is a triangle of about a mile in circumference. The *Kitai-Gorod* (Chinese city), before alluded to, still retains its ancient boundary of towers and buttressed walls. Encircling these divisions, and bounded by the river and inner boulevard, lies the *Beloi Gorod* (white city). The space enclosed between the two circles to the north of the Moskva, and between the river and the outer boulevard on the south, is called the *Zmelnoi Gorod* (green city). Moscow was founded in 1147, and the nucleus of the great city was the Kremlin hill, a military station. In 1238, the Tartar chieftain, Batou Khan, who devastated Russia, sacked and burned it. Khan Nagai, another Tartar invader, again plundered it in 1293, and carried away the inhabitants into slavery. After being long the object for which contending princes strove, it fell into the hands of Dmitri, surnamed Donskoi, who died in 1389, from which period it became the capital of Muscovy. In 1536, the town was nearly consumed by fire, and two thousand of the inhabitants perished in the flames. In 1571, it was almost utterly destroyed by the Tartars, who set fire to the suburbs. On this occasion, no fewer than 100,000 persons are said to have perished by fire and sword. In 1611, it was again burnt by the Poles. In 1771, the plague visited it, and swept off large numbers of its citizens, and in 1831 it suffered severely from the cholera. It was the imperial residence until Peter the Great selected St. Petersburg for that purpose. Catherine II. enlarged and embellished it. But the most memorable event in the history of this great city was that which occurred in 1812. It is well at the present time, to refer to the events of that year, since the resolution and success with which the Russians defended their territory against the greatest captain of the age and the most numerous army which Europe had witnessed since the great migration of the nations, is an earnest of the manner in which the same people will wage war against the western powers. On the first of September, Kutosoff, the Russian commander, took post at Borodino, for the purpose of defending the capital against the enemy. His troops occupied a rising ground on the left bank of the Kaluga, from the junction of that river with the Moskwa to the wood intersected by the Kaluga road. Their right wing was covered by the village of Borodino, situated on an eminence on the left bank of the Kaluga, and behind them was a large redoubt. The left rested on a wood at the village of Seminovska, and was covered by works thrown up in front, and connected with the centre by a redoubt. The centre was covered by a ruined village. Benningsen commanded the centre, Barclay de Tolly the right, and Prince Bagration the left wing. Napoleon attacked the Russians on the 7th, following up the heavy fire of his artillery and small arms by a simultaneous attack on several points. The Russian centre was defended with great bravery, but the defeat of the left wing enabled Napoleon to concentrate so large a force upon it that his final charge was irresistible. The fighting was prolonged till the afternoon, when the



VIEW OF MOSCOW, RUSSIA.

Russians retired in good order. The number of men engaged on both sides was 300,000, and 80,000 men were killed in this desperate engagement. The French called this affair the battle of the Moskwa, and the Russians the battle of Borodino. It was a splendid victory, and won for the French triumphant laurels. The result of this engagement removed the last obstacle to the French occupation of Moscow, and a thrill of joy ran through the ranks of that great army as they felt that every footstep brought them nearer to the sacred city. The Russians retired sullenly before the advancing army, halting wherever a favorable position presented itself to plant their batteries and send their plunging shot through the vanguard of the foe. At length, on the 14th of September, the glittering domes and spires of the city of the czar came in view. In an instant, fatigue, wounds, danger, homesickness were forgotten, and cries of "Moscow! Moscow!" rent the air from van to rear. The winter quarters of the mighty host were at length reached. The victors of the Borodino might lay aside their arms, and enjoy the fruits of victory in the palaces of princes and nobles. Well was it for the French that no glimpse of the future revealed itself at that moment. To the surprise of the invaders, the city as they entered it was found silent, desolate and deserted. Kutosoff had resolved to sacrifice the imperial city. The military stores had been removed, and all the troops, with the exception of about two thousand of the most desperately wounded. The governor of Moscow, Count Rostopchin, had set the example of setting fire to his splendid country seat to prevent its harboring any of the invaders, and many others imitated him. Only a few thousand inhabitants remained in the doomed city, and many of these of the lowest classes, vagabonds, liberated convicts and other ruffians ready for any act of desperation. It has always been believed, though sometimes denied, that the conflagration of Mos-

cow was a premeditated plan, conceived by the Emperor Alexander, and executed by Rostopchin. The latter, however, thought proper to disclaim the responsibility and glory of the act, in a work entitled "The Truth with regard to the Burning of Moscow," in which he contradicted the reports of the French army, though he acknowledged that incendiaries had been taken by the French with rockets and combustibles in their hands. A large number of these were tried by a military commission, charged with setting fire to the city by Rostopchin's orders, convicted and shot. Notwithstanding a rumor of the intended conflagration, which he discredited, Napoleon entered the city and established his headquarters in the Kremlin. "What the Acropolis was to Athens, and the Capitol to Rome," says Sears, in his Illustrated Description of Russia, "the Kremlin is to Moscow. It is surrounded by a strong and lofty wall, embattled with many towers and turrets, and several gates. The most important of these is, beyond a doubt, the *Spass Vorata* (the Gate of the Redeemer). It is the *porta sacra* and the *porta triumphalis* of Moscow. Through it entered the triumphant warriors of Vassili-Ivanovich, after the conquest of Kazan and Astrakan, and those of Michael and Alexis after the victories obtained in the Ukraine. Over this gate is a picture of the Saviour under a glass, and before it hangs a large, ill-formed lamp, in a massive metal frame. This is suspended by a heavy chain, and under it to wind it up stands a complicated old machine, that jarred and rattled here in the days of the Czar Michael. A man, whose sole business it is to wind it up, has a table beside him with wax tapers, which he sells to be lighted before the picture. This shrine is the object of great reverence to the Russians, although few know what it represents, it hangs so high and the colors are so faded. This gate forms a passage through the tower of about twenty paces long, and every one, be he what he may, Mahomedan, heathen or Christian, must take off his hat and keep it off till he has passed through to the other side." The emperor himself is not exempted from this homage. It was in this venerated building, commanding a view of all Moscow, that Napoleon found himself a victor, and indulged in momentary hopes of the conquest of Russia. But he was standing on the surface of a volcano. Shells and powder had been placed in the vaults of the Kremlin, and the principal palaces had been converted into magazines of combustibles, ready to burst forth in devouring flames at the torch of the incendiary. At midnight, on the 16th of September, the French emperor was aroused by the cry of "fire!" He sprang from his bed to the window and looked out into the night. Flames were seen rising in various directions, and the thunder of exploding mines soon followed. In the morning the fire was raging in every direction. Compelled to abandon the Kremlin, Napoleon narrowly escaped death in making his way through the streets of the city, and from the towers of the Castle of Petrowskoi, three miles from Moscow, beheld that conflagration which he afterwards described as "the grandest, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld." The fifth day after the French entered, a high wind carried the flames all over the city, so that in the course of three days, 7932 houses were consumed. Moscow was burning till September 21. But the destruction of the city was the ruin of the French. It roused the Russians to frenzy, and the French army, in the midst of the priceless spoils of Moscow, wanted for the necessities of life. In five weeks, Napoleon saw his forces reduced from 150,000 to 40,000 men, and retreat was forced upon him. The disastrous close of the Russian campaign is, of course, familiar to all our readers. In nine years after the conflagration, a new city had arisen on the ruins of Moscow far more splendid than the first, and it is now as brilliant and attractive as any in the empire. Our next engraving is a scene sketched among the Tatar settlements in the Eastern Crimea. Between Alouchta and Caffa (Theodosia), you traverse many villages, among others, Toklouk, Kooz and Otowz, where the Tatar dwellings with their flat roofs rest against the hills which border the valley. By aid of this arrangement, the inhabitants communicate externally with the terraces of their houses, which serve as sleeping-places. At evening the whole population of the village wake and desert the obscure chambers, where they have sought shelter from the sun, to install themselves upon the roofs, which are protected by a strong framework and a thick coating of clay. The most agreeable animation then succeeds the silence of the day-time; and the spectator is never tired of observing the graceful effect of these various groups of persons, who pursue their household avocations, while breathing the fresh air of the evening.



ROOF OF TATAR VILLAGES, CRIMEA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HYMN OF LIFE.

BY H. RICH.

Our lives—not ours to give or hold—
A day of toil to win a night's repose.
Two nerveless hands—two feet at rest—a prayer—
For these we wait—thus every life must close.

The hopes we've fondled may go down,
To come no more in sadder years;
There's something still to love and keep,
Untorn by fate—unwet by tears.

It may be what our boyhood knew
Of gentle tones in guarded talk—
A look from eyes that ne'er shone false—
A laugh that had not learned to mock:

Or what our manhood felt, a warmth—
Lost sunshine sleeping on the heart—
As round the quaint, low altar knelt
Two forms—two lives untouched by art.

Lo! through our sorrow-latticed way,
How memory comes!—dead years are hers—
And through the fancies of our hearts,
An old, familiar gladness stirs.

Then all the past is here again;
Sweet lips—no goal but ours they knew—
The hand we only yearned to keep—
The place where only roses grew.

All these, but ah! a face of white
Gleams from a shroud; long years have rolled
Since in a quiet room he laid—
Nor heard the prayer, nor bells that tolled.

All these, ay more;—we may not tell
Of what the soul would guarded keep,
That may no outward tremor feel,
Watched o'er, unuttered e'en in sleep.

Whose lips are loosed from passion, quite?
What heart may live its memories down?
How heavy falls the dust of years,
That turns the whitened leaves to brown.

How dreaded is the tramp of days,
That leave no music in their track—
That steal the blush from cheek or rose,
And give nor bloom, nor promise back?

But life, and hope, and all we are,
With all the love our deeds have won,
Are but a handful in the shroud—
How soon the sexton's task is done?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LINKS IN THE CHAIN.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

"AND so the locket is really gone, Mary?" said Henry Cunningham, to his young wife, as, with tearful eyes, she told him of her loss.

"Gone forever, I fear, Henry. And I valued it so much. Your own miniature and hair. I would rather have lost anything else. I think it must have dropped from the chain when we were walking, last evening. I missed it when I went to my room, but I would not tell you then, because I hoped to find it in the house or garden, but I have searched every probable and improbable place in vain. Is it not provoking that one imperfect link in that beautiful chain should cause such a misfortune?"

"Provoking indeed! Nevertheless, it may teach us a useful lesson. Each member of the great human family forms a link in the chain which unites the whole. If one fails in his duty, the usefulness of the whole may be impaired."

"What a moralizer you are, Henry! Who else would ever have thought of drawing a lesson from the loss of my pretty locket, which, by the way, would be far more valuable to me than the moral? Will you not try to recover it for me?"

"Certainly. I will have it advertised; but it is rather doubtful whether you will ever see it again. It is not such a great loss, however, as the face itself is now in your possession."

"That matters not; the locket was your first gift to me, and I value it accordingly."

"Very well; I will do my best to restore it to you. I am going to my business now, and will attend to the advertisement as I go along. Good morning."

A short but rapid walk soon brought the merchant to the newspaper office. His errand there was soon transacted, and in a few minutes after he entered his own counting-room.

The absorbing business of the day demanded his whole attention, and it was with some impatience that he paused in his employment to attend to a young lad who had for some moments been standing by his side, evidently wishing to obtain his notice.

"Well, my boy, what do you want?" he said, at length, turning unwillingly toward him.

"Mr. Sloane, the tailor, sir, sent me with this bill. He would like the money, if you please, sir."

"The money! Why, the coat was only sent home yesterday. Does Mr. Sloane think I am going to run away? Tell him I will call upon him soon. Just as lief pay the bill," muttered Mr. Cunningham, to himself, as the lad turned away; "but I do hate to be dunned, and by Sloane, too, who makes so much out of me in a year."

No more vexatious interruptions. The morning's work was satisfactorily performed, and, punctual to the dinner hour, he stood at the door of his own house. His wife met him in the hall.

"No dinner yet, Mr. Cunningham," was her playful salutation. "Some link must have been wanting in the chain of events necessary to produce a good dinner at the appointed hour. What did you order from the market?"

"Nothing at all, Mary. I must plead guilty, and acknowledge myself to be the imperfect link;" and the husband smiled at the application of his lesson of the morning. "I stopped at the newspaper office," he continued, "and that put the market out of my mind, for I was in great haste this morning. So give me a cup of tea and a piece of bread and butter, and I will be content, as my own carelessness is the cause."

"O do not fancy that I intend to starve you by way of punishment. Nelly went to market after waiting some time beyond the usual hour; but this will make us a little late. But what do you think I have to show you? You cannot guess." With a smiling face, Mrs. Cunningham held up the locket.

"You are fortunate, indeed, Mary. Where did you find it?"

"Mrs. Owen, who keeps the thread and needle store at which I always supply all my wants in that line, sent it to me soon after you left home. A poor woman picked it up in the street, last evening, and stepped into the shop to make inquiries. Mrs. Owen recognized the likeness at once, and promised to restore it to its rightful owner."

"The woman is entitled to the reward offered in the paper. Five dollars is promised to whoever will restore it."

"Yes; I would gladly have given that or more; Mrs. Owen does not know anything about the woman who found it, excepting that she looked poor. I went there to make inquiries."

"Very well, then; we have nothing to do but to rejoice that we have found it. And there is the dinner bell. You and Nelly have done wonders."

While husband and wife are enjoying their social meal, let us return to an earlier period of the day, and look for a moment into the shop of Mr. Sloane, the tailor. A pale, half-famished looking woman has just entered. She is evidently unwelcome, and the usually polite Mr. Sloane says, with considerable asperity:

"What do you come for? Did I not tell you not to call until Saturday?"

"You did," was the calm reply—calm in its very despair; "but my wants are very pressing, and I came to entreat you to pay what is due me."

"I have not a cent. I had heavy payments to meet yesterday, and my purse is empty to-day. You must wait until Saturday."

The look of agony with which the petitioner turned to leave the shop touched even the heart of Mr. Sloane, who was little given to the melting mood.

"It is justly her due," he muttered; "but where am I to raise ten dollars? Stay a moment, good woman," he continued; "I will see what can be done for you. Here, Jack, take this bill to Mr. Cunningham's office, and tell him he will oblige me by letting me have the amount."

The boy disappeared, and the woman, clearly comprehending how much was involved in the success of his errand, waited with trembling anxiety for his return.

"Can't let you have it, sir," was Jack's reply, as he again entered the shop. "The gentleman says he will call in a few days. The coat was only sent home yesterday."

"Very true," thought the tailor; "but that makes but little difference to him, as the money is in his pocket. You see how it is," he continued, turning to the woman. "You must wait till Saturday, and then you shall have the whole ten dollars."

Ten dollars! How many weary hours had that wasted form bent over the work which was to ensure her that trifling sum! Trifling to the rich, but, alas! essential to her. Three half starved and nearly naked children were awaiting her return. They were fatherless, and the feeble mother was their only earthly protector. Willingly, gladly had she toiled for them, but now she felt that it was all in vain. For twenty-four hours they had scarcely tasted food, and the miserable room which had hitherto afforded them shelter could no longer be their home. A month's rent was due, and the unthinking or unfeeling landlord had declared that they should not remain another night unless the money was forthcoming. Could the widow have obtained her just due, all would have been well. Ten dollars would pay the rent and provide many comforts, but for this she must wait till Saturday. And now it was only Tuesday. No wonder that the poor mother's strength gave way. No wonder that when she reached her home, where her suffering little ones awaited her, she sunk exhausted upon the floor, and, for a time, lost all consciousness of her misery in a death-like swoon. But the cries of her children recalled her to life, and again she strove to devise some way for their relief.

"You might have sold that locket which you found last night, mother," said a bright-eyed little girl of seven years. "You said it was worth a great deal of money."

"But it was not mine, my child," was the simple reply. "It was my duty to restore it to the rightful owner."

Would that all were as faithful in the performance of their duty! The chain which connects the rich with the poor would then be indissoluble. But, alas! as yet too many links are imperfect.

Once more we will return to the pleasant home of Mr. Cunningham.

"I shall not return to my office, this afternoon, Mary," remarked the husband, as they left the dinner-table. "Would you like to ride into the country?"

"O, very much!" was the reply. "But I had an engagement which I ought to attend to. However, to-morrow will do for that."

"Anything of consequence, Mary?"

"No, I think not. I am on the Visiting Committee for the

Ladies' Benevolent Society, and I did promise to call upon a poor family, whom we have lately heard of, to-day. But, no doubt, to-morrow will answer as well."

"Then I will order the chaise at once."

"Very well. I can be ready in five minutes."

Nothing can be more delightfully invigorating, both to mind and body, than a ride in the country on a lovely afternoon in September, when the heat of summer is just sufficiently tempered by the cooler breezes of autumn. The merchant forgets the cares and perplexities of the counting room in his keen enjoyment of the beauties of nature; and the gentle companion at his side is gladdened not only by the loveliness of the scene around her, but by the renewal of that freshness of youthful feeling which had characterized the lover, but which the pressure of worldly care has, in a great degree, dispelled from the mind of the husband.

It is not strange, therefore, that no visions of neglected duty obtruded themselves on Mrs. Cunningham amid the joyousness produced by the afternoon's pleasant excursion. Neither can we wonder that the annoyance of the early presentation of the tailor's bill had passed from the remembrance of her husband. And yet both husband and wife were links in the chain which would have brought relief to the widow and the fatherless, and their apparently trifling neglect of duty was at this very moment the cause of many and bitter tears.

The landlord had fulfilled his threat, and the widow and her children were weeping by the side of their few scanty articles of furniture which now stood in the open street. But a shelter was at length provided. A poor neighbor, scarcely better off than those whom she wished to succor, bade them share the few comforts which she possessed, until something better could be devised.

"You will look up your poor family to-day, I suppose, shall you not, my dear?" asked Mr. Cunningham, on the morning following the pleasant ride.

"Probably. I have some calls to make this morning; but I will try to attend to it. I must find them before to-morrow evening, at any rate, as there will be a meeting of the society then, and I must report the case."

"Better go to-day, Mary. Delay is dangerous, where a duty is to be performed."

"Very well; I will go. At dinner I will give you an account of my success."

Following the address which had been given her, Mrs. Cunningham made her way through the dirty streets and dark alleys leading to the abodes of want and misery. Long before she found the room which she sought, her sympathizing heart was deeply touched with the desolation around her, and conscience whispered that even a few hours' delay might be of consequence where want was so pressing. Her disappointment was great when she found the apartment vacant, and was told by one of the motley group, who crowded around to stare at the fine lady, that "Mrs. Green got turned out yesterday."

"Turned out! and where is she now?"

After some questioning and delay, the place where she had found refuge was discovered. The knock at the door was answered by a pleasant, good-humored looking matron, who vainly endeavored to hush the crowd of children who elung around her.

"Mrs. Green?—yes, madam, she is here. Will you be pleased to walk in? Be quiet, boys. Susy, bring the lady a chair. The poor woman is in a sad way, ma'am. She has overworked herself entirely, since her good man died, and the grief of being turned in the street was too much for her. She was raving-like all night. I have put her in my own bed, but it is not much that the like of us can do for her. She is greatly to be pitied, ma'am, for she has seen better days."

With deep interest Mrs. Cunningham gazed upon the pallid face of the sufferer, who appeared quite unconscious of what was passing around her. The eldest of her children sat by her side, gazing tearfully upon her.

"These are her children, ma'am," continued the woman, "this girl and those two wee things. Nelly there will not leave the mother a moment; but I fear none of us can do her any good. Her heart is clane broke."

"A physician must be called immediately," said the lady, and she hastily pencilled a note to their family physician requesting his attendance. "Let your eldest boy take this to Dr. Wilson," she added. "He will probably find him at home at this hour."

The messenger was despatched, and while awaiting his return, Mrs. Cunningham put several questions to little Nelly, and was agreeably surprised at her intelligent and well expressed replies. The child had long been the confidant of her mother's trials, and this had given her a thoughtfulness beyond her years.

"Mother had no one to help her but me," she said. "I did all I could; but she had to work very hard. Sometimes we had no food to eat. Mother and I would go without a long time, so that the little ones could have our share. We worked a great deal for the tailor; mother did almost all, but I could help a little. But he has owed her some money for a good many weeks, and he cannot let her have it till Saturday."

"What is the tailor's name, Nelly? and how much does he owe your mother?"

"Ten dollars, ma'am. He lives in a street where there are a great many shops. His name is Sloane. Mother went there yesterday, and begged him to pay her, and he was sorry for her, she said, and sent his boy to try to get some money, but he did not get it, and so he said she must wait till Saturday. Poor mother felt so bad when she heard the children cry for bread, when she got home, that she fell on the floor and lay there a long time without speaking."

"And why did the landlord turn you into the street?" inquired her new friend.

"Because we could not pay the rent, ma'am. We all cried, and begged him to wait till mother got the money, but he would not. I wanted to sell the pretty locket that mother found, but she would not, because it would not have been right."

"When did your mother find a locket, Nelly?"

"Two evenings ago, ma'am. It was so bright and pretty. We carried it into a shop, and the lady said she knew to whom it belonged, and would give it to her."

"Was this the locket, Nelly?" asked Mrs. Cunningham, drawing her recovered treasure from her belt.

"Yes, ma'am, it is the very one. I remember the pretty picture of the gentleman. Did it belong to you, ma'am?"

"Yes, Nelly, and we offered five dollars reward to the person who should restore it. So that money belongs to your mother."

The entrance of the physician prevented further conversation. After a careful examination of the patient, he pronounced the case a critical one, but likely to yield to care and good nursing. Mrs. Cunningham then made such temporary arrangements as were in her power for the relief of the sufferer, and, promising to return before evening, hastened home. Her husband was already awaiting her return.

"Why, Mary!" he exclaimed, "what has disturbed you? Have you been called upon to witness want and misery beyond what your feeling heart could bear?"

"I could have borne the want and misery, Henry, but not the consciousness that I was in part the author of it."

"You, Mary! How is that possible?"

"I am but an imperfect link in the chain," she replied, with a faint smile. "The deferred duty of yesterday has caused much suffering."

Her husband listened with much interest to her tale.

"Well, we will hope for the best," he replied. "Dr. Wilson is skillful, and the poor woman may be restored. In that case, we will endeavor to place her in a comfortable position, and should she be taken away, we will protect the orphans. It was singular that you should thus discover the finder of your locket. Now cheer up, Mary," he continued, observing that her brow was still clouded. "You must not reproach yourself for what has passed. Nevertheless, it is a striking illustration of the lesson that I drew from the broken chain. Every link must be perfect, or the use of the whole is marred."

"It is so indeed, Henry. And more than one link must have been imperfect in this case. I had nearly forgotten to tell you that this poor woman has worked early and late for your tailor. He owes her ten dollars, and if he would but have paid her, all this trouble might have been avoided. To do him justice, he did make an effort to get it for her yesterday, but failed."

A change passed over Mr. Cunningham's countenance.

"I fear, Mary," he said, thoughtfully, "that I am one of the imperfect links in this chain. I recollect now that Mr. Sloane's boy presented me with a bill yesterday, which I declined paying, not because I had not the money in my pocket, but on account of a foolish feeling of vexation that he should present it so soon after the delivery of the garment. Probably he was short of funds, and made an effort to collect a small sum for the relief of the poor widow. I will see him this afternoon."

"I must confess that I am somewhat relieved by knowing that you will share the burthen on my conscience," replied his wife, smiling. "And yet that is but a selfish feeling. However, all may yet end well."

"We will hope so. Let us both endeavor to do what we can to repair the consequences of our negligence of duty, and the lesson, though painful, will be a useful one to us, I trust."

The next few hours brought relief to both husband and wife. The poor woman had greatly improved under the skillful treatment of the kind physician. Not many days elapsed ere she was comfortably settled in a home far more desirable than the one from which she had been so rudely expelled, and received the welcome assurance that there would be no rent to pay. The ten dollars from the tailor and five which was justly her due as the restorer of the locket seemed in itself a little fortune, and when, in addition to this, she was promised steady work and prompt pay, the widow's heart was indeed filled with gratitude and joy.

Reader, this is but a simple sketch of one of the many touching little scenes of real life,—one of those short glimpses at great truths which are often permitted in our everyday experience. Numberless are the chains which unite the great human family. Not only the rich with the poor, but society in all its forms. To ensure the happiness and welfare of the whole, each member must faithfully perform his part.

In the social and domestic circle this truth is even more strikingly apparent. Innumerable—almost fearfully innumerable and delicate are the links in the chain which should unite the hearts of husband and wife. No rude touch, no harsh discords can there be permitted. A word, a look—almost a thought, may sever the chain, or increase its durability and brightness. And how closely linked together are *all* the members of one household! Naught save failure in duty can dissolve the ties. The links are not broken when a loved one passes to the spirit land. Death hath no power to sever the imperishable chain of love. The impenetrable veil, which has hitherto separated the outer from the inner world, is drawn aside, and fully may we now realize the beautiful truth that, as substance and shadow, they are united. No impassable gulfs lie between. Those whom we have loved upon earth may still be loved in heaven. It is the spirit—the immortal spirit—which loves and is beloved. The frail covering of earth will soon be laid aside; but love will remain, and kindred souls will meet together in their eternal home.

AN AXIOM.—True valor is fire, bullying is smoke.

UNITED STATES AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The large engraving which occupies the whole of our last page was drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Champney, and presents a correct general view of the ground occupied by the great agricultural exhibition, on the 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th of last month, as it appeared when thronged with visitors during the height of the festival. The success of this affair exceeded the most sanguine anticipations of its friends, and is an honorable triumph for the president and those gentlemen who undertook an expenditure of twenty thousand dollars to carry through the enterprise. Various causes, in addition to the attractive character of the exhibition, co-operated to produce a vast concourse of visitors, such as the season of the year, the locality, in the capital of New England, the point of convergence of so many railroads, the reputation of the executive officers, the fame of the two previous exhibitions at Springfield, Mass., and Springfield, Ohio, and a knowledge of the admirable and ample arrangements made for the accommodation of the public. One hundred and fifty thousand persons purchased tickets during the four days.

The use of the ground was generously granted by the city of Boston. It included a square of fifty acres, at the south end, bounded by Harrison Avenue, Chester, Albany and Brookline Streets. Our design is made from a point which embraces the sweep of the whole field. The great gateway and towers on Harrison Avenue are prominent objects in this view. Their bold and graceful architecture, which has elicited universal admiration, reflected great credit on the ability and taste of Mr. John R. Hall, the architect of the society. The towers supporting the arch were forty feet in height. These towers contained the treasurer's office, and tickets were sold and distributed at twelve windows on the avenue front, by which arrangement, and the celerity displayed by the assistants, all that confusion and delay were avoided which are so often the unpleasant preliminaries of a visit to an exhibition.

The American ensign floated over the two towers we have referred to, and was also displayed at every conspicuous point throughout the grounds. These were graded to a perfect level, and, some weeks previous to the fair, were sown with oats, which came up finely, aided by opportune showers, and covered the whole area with verdure. This natural carpeting was not only ornamental, but presented an elastic footing and kept down the dust, which would have been otherwise overpowering. We do not think a fifty acre field of oats has been seen in Boston since the Rev. Mr. Blackstone used to plough and reap here more than two hundred years ago.

The pagoda, or tower, a prominent feature in our picture, was erected on the "home stretch" of the race track, and was seventy feet in height, surmounted by a splendid American ensign of thirty feet spread and twenty feet hoist. The race track was nearly in the centre of the field, of elliptical form, and exactly one half mile in circuit. On the west side of the track were seats for six thousand persons, and fully that number, densely packed, occupied them during the grand trial of speed on the third day. A large proportion of these were ladies, and the lively interest they exhibited in the fortunes of favorite nags was an amusing spectacle to those bearded amateurs of the horse and the turf to whom such sports were more familiar. The pagoda commanded a view of the whole course, and the judges occupied its second story. The first story was appropriated to the use of the officers of the society, the marshals and the invited guests. Of the latter there was a large number, invitations having been extended to the President of the United States, governors of the States, mayors of the principal cities of the Union, and many other distinguished persons.

We present here a list of the officers of the society elected for the present year.—PRESIDENT, Marshall P. Wilder, of Massachusetts.—VICE PRESIDENTS, John D. Lang, Maine; H. F. French, New Hampshire; Frederick Holbrook, Vermont; B. V. French, Massachusetts; Joseph J. Cook, Rhode Island; John T. Andrew, Connecticut; Henry Wager, New York; Isaac Cornell, New Jersey; Isaac Newton, Pennsylvania; H. G. S. Key, Maryland; G. W. P. Custis, Virginia; Henry K. Burgwyn, North Carolina; James Hopkinson, South Carolina; D. A. Reese, Georgia; A. P. Hatch, Alabama; A. G. Brown, Mississippi; J. B. D. Debow, Louisiana; Gen. Whitefield, Kansas; J. T. Worthington, Ohio; B. Gratz, Kentucky; M. P. Gentry, Tennessee; Joseph Orr, Indiana; J. A. Kinnicott, Illinois; Thomas Allen, Missouri; T. B. Flournoy, Arkansas; J. C. Holmes, Michigan; Jackson Morton, Florida; T. G. Rusk, Texas; J. W. Grimes, Iowa; B. C. Eastman, Wisconsin; J. M. Horner, California; Joseph H. Bradley, District of Columbia; S. M. Baird, New Mexico; H. H. Sibley, Minnesota; Joseph Lane, Oregon; J. L. Hayes, Utah; and Mr. Giddings, Nebraska. C. P. Holcombe, vice president for Delaware, died subsequently to the annual meeting.—EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, John A. King, New York; Alfred L. Elwyn, Pennsylvania; John Wentworth, Illinois; Ben. Perley Poore, Massachusetts; Arthur Watts, Ohio; and John Jones, Delaware.—SECRETARY, William S. King, Boston, Massachusetts.—TREASURER, B. B. French, Washington, D. C.

In about the middle of our picture is seen a line of fountains, which added vastly to the picturesque effect of the scene. In the mammoth tent, which occupied so conspicuous a position, the grand banquet of the afternoon of Friday, the 26th, took place. Three thousand persons found seats on this occasion at the tables. The entertainment was liberal and hospitable, and the intellectual feast, furnished by the distinguished men whose presence graced the banquet, was of the highest order. As the speeches and sentiments have been fully reported and circulated in the newspapers of the day, we can do no more than allude to them in passing. Near the mammoth tent is that of the president, where the invited guests were received and introduced to the presiding officer by a

committee of reception, consisting of Hon. J. V. C. Smith, mayor of Boston; his honor, Lieutenant-Governor Brown; George M. Atwater, Esq., of Springfield; Charles L. Flint, Esq., secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, and others.

We cannot omit to notice, as a distinguishing feature, the admirable arrangements made for the accommodation of the press. A tent was devoted exclusively to the use of the brethren of the quill, and furnished with every appliance. Here congregated a goodly number of representatives of the press, some of them from far distant States, "chiel among us takin' notes," with the avowed purpose of printing them. Every facility and accommodation was afforded these gentlemen, and they all speak warmly of the courtesies extended to them by the society.

The ladies were not forgotten by the managers, who relied much upon their presence to give countenance and brilliancy to the exhibition. A spacious tent was appropriated to their use as a withdrawing room, in which they could adjust their toilets and prepare their arms for conquest. This was connected with a large and beautiful marquee, set apart as a ladies' saloon and refreshment room. The mass of hungry visitors satisfied the cravings of appetite at an extensive establishment at the southeastern extremity of the field.

On the south side, the left hand of our engraving, were the covered pens for sheep and swine, of which there were many of the choicest specimens. On the opposite extremity were the stalls for neat stock, all roofed with canvass to protect the animals both from cold and sun. Here were several rows of tents covering an area of about one hundred feet by twenty. The locality for horses is indicated in our engraving, and in the distance is seen the drive way for carriages, a liberal space being allowed them.

The architectural arrangements, the erection of all the buildings, tents and stalls were made under the personal supervision of Hon. Marshall P. Wilder and Wm. S. King, Esq., the president and secretary of the society, and reflect the highest credit upon both these gentlemen, who, from first to last, were most untiring and self-sacrificing in the discharge of their arduous duties. To the president the brilliant and complete success of this affair must prove in the highest degree gratifying. His position was one of great labor and responsibility. His success, however, does not surprise those who are acquainted with his habits of forethought and industry, and his peculiar faculty of arranging and systematizing all the details of a complicated business. There are very few persons who would be willing to undertake the charge of such an exhibition, and few indeed who could carry it through from beginning to end, as he has done, without a single misstep or mishap. The post of chief marshal was entrusted to Major-General Tyler, a gentleman of large experience, and every way fitted to perform the duties of a field officer. He was assisted by a large body of gentlemen, and further aided by the presence of a powerful police force. The greatest order and decorum prevailed throughout the four days.

The liberality of the premiums offered (ten thousand dollars in the aggregate) brought together probably the most magnificent specimens of cattle, horses, sheep and swine ever congregated in the United States, while the tariff of entries was high enough to exclude all animals of inferior value. The highest premium was three hundred dollars. There were some cattle on the ground which cost three and four thousand dollars apiece in England. Among the sheep were several imported bucks which cost an almost fabulous figure. There were cows on exhibition worthy of the pencil of Hineckley or Rosa Bonheur. The horses mustered strong, and evidently considered themselves the feature of the exhibition. The various classes of horses were well represented, from the magnificent thorough-bred, proud as an hereditary prince, to the diminutive pony looked on with longing eyes by the juvenile portion of the spectators. Black Hawks abounded, each one showing the particular marks which enable you to recognize this breed at a glance. The trials of speed were attended with all the fascination of the race, without its accompanying sin, gambling. Gloves may have been lost and won by ladies fair, but nothing more valuable was staked upon the contest. The show of swine was excellent; the animals were well cared for. The stalls and pens provided for them were all covered, and hay, straw and water were supplied without charge. We have not attempted to particularize and describe favorite animals, as we have not the space to devote to it, but we refer all interested in the list of entries, the exhibitors, the premiums awarded, and the whole proceedings of the exhibition in detail, to the authentic record, the journal of the society for 1855.

The exhibition was one of the most agreeable affairs within our memory. As a mere spectacle, the extensive and gaily-decorated grounds, the throngs of human beings, representatives of the talent, manhood, beauty and wealth of numerous towns and several sections of the confederacy, the bustle, the animation, the prancing horses, the glancing carriages, made up a scene full of exciting interest and picturesque effect. But the occasion itself had a deeper significance. Its moral was the encouragement of the first and greatest of arts; its tendency, to elevate and dignify labor. We beheld the results of enterprise, capital, labor and intelligence advancing hand and hand; and we gathered a bright augury for the future prosperity of our country in the tangible proof before us of their successful union. We look on this exhibition as a great historical event worthy of being fully recorded and remembered. In all probability, the youngest of our readers will not live to see another such in Boston.

It requires a great man to hold the balance between his genius and his character. Talent expands; the heart withers. Unless a man is a Colossus, and has the shoulders of Hercules, he remains without heart, or without talent.—Balzac.

BOSTON THEATRE—RACHEL'S DEBUT.

Our beautiful theatre never appeared to better advantage than on the opening night of Mlle. Rachel, the distinguished French tragedienne. On that occasion it was filled with all that Boston possesses most distinguished of talent, of fashion, of beauty, and of wealth. Among the audience were persons we had not seen for many a long year, veteran play-goers, who live upon the memories of past theatre glories, and whose repose it requires a powerful enchantress to disturb. The representatives of a former generation were conducted to their places bewildered with a splendor that had no parallel in their day. And the youth of the metropolis was also represented. The not-yet come-out belles, who are now happier as school girls, and who had been for a long time fed on large daily prescriptions of *Cornille* and *Racine* (*usque ad nauseam*?) were there to find out the difference between academic French and the living language of the stage. We have selected this peculiar season of excitement for illustrating the interior of the theatre by a series of engravings. They are to be credited to the pencil of Mr. Champney, and are commendable for their spirit and fidelity. The first engraving represents the grand staircase, with various groups of figures that give it animation. The second engraving shows us the stage and auditorium. The figure before the footlights, diminutive as it is, will be readily recognized from the air and costume as Rachel in the role of *Camille* in *Cornille's* tragedy of *Les Horaces*. The auditorium is densely packed from parquet to ceiling, as it was on the occasion represented. Our distant readers may need to be informed that the auditorium is about ninety feet in diameter, and circular in form except that it slightly flattens in the direction of the stage. The distance from the curtain to the parquet is 84 feet; the height of the auditorium is between fifty and sixty feet, and the front of the stage projects into it about 18 feet. On each side of the stage are richly draped proscenium boxes. The chairs in the parquet and balcony have iron frames, and are cushioned with eather on the back, seat and arms, the seat being so balanced as



GRAND STAIRCASE OF BOSTON THEATRE.

to rise to a perpendicular position when not in use, affording a place to stand in the urea occupied by the frame. The first and second tiers are furnished with oaken-framed sofas covered with crimson plush, and the amphitheatre with iron-framed and cushioned settees. The ceiling of the auditorium is painted in fresco with allegorical designs, representing the twelve seasons, and the

experience of life, and, above all, a gentleman in soul and bearing, his assumption of the management gave universal satisfaction. The first season opened auspiciously, and closed with *éclat*. Mr. Barry's sympathies with old associates were not permitted to crowd his stage with superfluous veterans, but old favorites of ability were mingled with the new candidates for public favor.

compartments are divided by graceful composition mouldings, richly gilded. The whole style of interior decoration is at once rich and chaste. The walls are now painted of a warm rose color; a great improvement on the deep red hue of the first season. Our third engraving shows the interior of the Ladies' Drawing Room, a splendid and spacious apartment, fitted up in the best style. The last sketch is of the Vestibule, or Washington Street entrance. There is also another communication with the street on the opposite side of the house. The arrangements in that part of the house, to which the public have no "open sesame," the mysterious region behind the green curtain, where disenchanted operators concoct their magic charms—the laboratory of histrionic and scenic efforts—are liberal and complete. No theatre in the United States—probably none in the world—possesses superior scene, green, and dressing rooms. Cocoonate baths abound there, and the manager, if he chose, could produce the "Cataract of the Ganges with real water," with very little trouble. And in this connection we will say one word of the manager of the company. It was not enough for Boston to have built one of the noblest theatres in the world; the finest ship that Donald McKay ever launched would be useless without an able captain and a good crew. It was therefore fortunate for us that the very man to manage an establishment of this kind—the man we should have selected from a thousand—was ready to take charge of it. Mr. Thomas Barry was well known and highly respected by our citizens. He had managed the Tremont Theatre in past time with credit to himself, struggling manfully with the apathy and opposition the drama at that time experienced. A classical and finished actor, a man of varied accomplishments, and large



STAGE AND AUDITORIUM OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.

The success of the latter ratified the choice of the manager. Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Barrow, the Misses Biddles, Miss Emma Taylor, Messrs. Bennett, Pauncefort, Wood, Daly and Fiske made an impression on their first appearance, which lasted throughout the season, while Mr and Mrs. John Gilbert and Mrs. W. H. Smith had no reason to complain of forgetfulness or ingratitude. The record of the first season was full of legitimate triumphs. The present season opened with an equally fine promise. Some changes in the company have been made. That favorite musician and excellent actor, Mr. Thomas Comer, was inaugurated as leader of the orchestra. Mr. Belton, a dashing and sparkling light comedian, from the English boards, takes the place of Mr. Pauncefort. Mrs. Belton, a lady of fine person, has been added to the *corps dramatique*. Mr. W. H. Curtis, a favorite Boston actor, has been enrolled in the troupe. Mr. Stoddart and Mr. Donaldson are acquisitions, while Mrs. Hudson Kirby, who appeared last season, is a very valuable member of the stock company. We are aware that, in this rapid summary, we have passed over names which should have been mentioned, but we intended nothing more than a passing notice. From the stock company we pass to the stars. No planet of brighter magnitude than Rachel ever burst upon the stage. It is difficult to speak of her with coolness. It is next to certain that she is the greatest of living actresses, and it is difficult to believe that a greater ever trod the boards. If we were once disposed to smile at the enthusiasm of our New York contemporaries who vied with each other in their laudations of this wonderful woman, we are now ready to make them the *amende honorable*. In the presence of Rachel, the critic's occupation is gone; he has but to admire and applaud. Her first appearance on the stage reveals the consummate actress. Those eyes, luminous with intellect and passion, the slender but graceful figure clad in faultless drapery, the first accents of that thrilling voice, at once achieve a conquest of heart and mind, weaving a spell of enchantment which it is impossible to break. The greatness of Rachel consists in this: she has created her characters. Into the lay figures of Corneille, and the cold forms of the polished Racine, she has breathed the breath of life. They are not heroic in the closet, they are not antique, they are not Shaksperian; but Rachel has awakened them; they live and move and have a being. Camille is a Roman maiden, loving, suffering, denouncing and dying; and Phédre no longer a phantom, but a terrible being, burning with those fierce fires of passion of which antiquity and the East have so many records. She has given existence to the beautiful but lifeless forms of the classic French drama. All who have seen her will read those wonderful works in a new light, derived from her soul creating impersonations. "With the best disposition in the world to admire Corneille and Racine," says Putnam, "we

have been compelled to feel that the interest of their tragedies, or us, depends absolutely upon the genius of the actress who is their interpreter. But who has not felt a keen wish, on seeing Rachel, that he could behold her, supported by an adequate cast, darkening the stage with the awful spirit of Lady Macbeth, or making it gorgeous with the passion of Cleopatra?" The same thought intruded on our mind while witnessing Rachel's Camille; but it only for a moment interrupted the charm of her performance. The subject of the tragedy of *Les Horaces*, of which Camille is the heroine, is the famous combat of the Horatii and the Curiatii, on the issue of which depends the triumph or the fall of Rome. Rome and Alba have agreed to settle the long dispute between them by the issue of a combat between three champions selected by the Albans, and an equal number selected by the Romans.

his sword, yet reeking with the blood of her lover, into his sister's heart. Rachel does not confine herself to the classic tragedies. As she supplies to the elder dramatists the fire and vitality which they want, so to the fantastic creations of the modern schools she gives a consistency and appearance of probability in which they are deficient. From the Phédre of Racine she passes with facility to the Adrienne Lecouvreur of Scribe; from the royal woes of Mary Stuart to the passionate grief of poor Thïsbe; but whatever character she assumes, she clothes it with grace and power, and infuses it with vitality. Other actresses are content with interpreting the parts assigned them; Rachel re-creates each one of hers. In her task she combines as much of the author as the actress. One of her most wonderful performances is her recitation of the Marseilles Hymn. The curtain rises on the full extent

The lot falls on the three Horatii in Rome and the three Curiatii in Alba. But the wife of one of the Horatii is a daughter of Alba, and his sister is to espouse his brother-in-law, who lives in the same city. The situations here are certainly in the highest degree dramatic. Camille succeeds in momentarily shaking the resolution of her lover; but Horace is inflexible, and, supported by the counsels of his father, resolves to sacrifice every feeling on the altar of patriotism. The combat takes place. Two of the Horatii are slain, but the remaining brother, by engaging his antagonists singly, succeeds in destroying them all, and thus saving his country. The result of this contest drives Camille to despair. In her love of country and of kindred are entirely swept away by a deeper passion. The loss of her brothers, keenly as it is felt, is nothing to the loss of her lover. Her wild grief and despair are depicted by Rachel as she only can depict them. Her brother comes back in triumph to Rome. In his stern heart, all softer emotions are lost in the pride of victory and the fierce glow of patriotism. He is every inch a Roman—nothing more—nothing less. Camille, frantic with grief, insults the conqueror, and breaks forth into a terrible denunciation of her country. This outburst is the climax of the tragedy; from Rachel's lips it is withering and sublime. It rings through the memory like the curse of Lear as rendered by Booth. "Rome," she exclaims, in frenzied tones:

"Rome, thou sole object of my deepest hate!
Rome, for whose sake thou didst my lover slay!
Rome, that did bare thee, whom thou callest great!
Rome, whom I chiefly hate for honoring thee!
May all the neighboring tribes together band
To sap her walls and quench her flickering light!
If Italy's too weak to do the deed,
Then let the east and west combine to do it—
Let warrior tribes from all the face of earth
Rush on this Rome and hurl destruction on her!
May her own sons raze every wall and tower,
And furious, pour her bowels on the earth!
May Heaven's stern wrath, enkindled by my prayer,
Descend in hail and fire upon her head;
And may these eyes behold that fall of flame
Consume her dwellings and her laurels blast,
See the last Roman in his dying pangs,
Then, joyous that my prayer is granted, die!"

of the stage, upon which a tricolor standard is planted. "Rachel does not enter—she appears, like the shade of Liberty evoked by the aspirations of the multitude." Dark and silent, she glides to the foot lights and gazes a moment on the audience with her deep, luminous eyes, chaining their sympathies to her by an unquestionable magnetism. Her first accents, or, rather, breathings, are audible in every part of the house, though low, cold and choked. But suddenly an electric thrill seems to pass through the Pythoness; her eyes flame, her bosom heaves, her voice rises, and her words of vengeance and denunciation pierce the ear of the listener like arrows. As the words *Tremblez, tyrants et vous, perfides* (Tremble, ye tyrants and traitors), smite the ear, we seem to listen to the storm of revolution, rendered audible like the voice of a tempest. The thrilling appeal to arms is irresistible. If it fire even our hearts more than the voice of a trumpet, we cannot wonder that those accents, heard in a political crisis, have more than once armed multitudes of Frenchmen, piled up barricades in the streets of Paris, and shaken the government to its basis. We have very imperfectly touched on the merits of Rachel. Language is entirely inadequate to describe such acting as hers. At best it can but recall some of the emotions experienced by those who have seen and heard her. We are not alone in the opinion that the visit of this great tragedienne will exert a happy influence on the fortunes of the drama. It will give birth to more elevated ideas of the dignity of art both in those who make it their profession, and in the multitude on whom it relies for support. There is ever a moral effect thus to be deduced by the thoughtful mind from all current events, which, at the time of their occurrence, may be accompanied by too much excitement to leave a clear field for calm consideration.



LADIES' DRAWING-ROOM, BOSTON THEATRE.



VESTIBULE OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ALPINE SHEPHERDS.

BY M. N. DEARBORN.

"When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who dwells on the highest mount, takes his horn and calls aloud, 'Praised be the Lord!' As soon as he is heard, the neighboring shepherds leave their huts and repeat the same words, until every grotto has echoed the praises of the Lord."

As down behind the Switzer's cot,
All glorious, sinks to rest
The golden sun, who through the day
Has sought the distant west;
While the gathering shades of eventide
Their waving folds display,
And earth's attending angel
Looks up the gate of day!

There is a sound upon the breeze,
A voice that echoes far;
It comes from where the highest peaks
Of the lofty Alps are;
It calleth on its brother man
To praise the God of light—
The everlasting God, who built
Each dazzling, dizzy height.

"Praise ye the living God!"
Their snow-capped summits cry—
"Praise ye the living God!"
Those echoing cliffs reply;
"Praise ye the living God!"
From each sequestered glen;
Praise, praise his wondrous name!
Ye clans of mountain men.

And all those sparkling fountains,
Whose glittering waters rise
Where the highest cliffs are piercing
The carpet of the skies,
Quick catch the heavenly chorus,
And send its murmurs on,
To bear in gentler whispers
The beauty of the song!

While white-robed ones are gazing
From battlements above,
With heartfelt joys they listen,
And ken those strains of love!
Arise and sing, each shepherd cries,
Inviting one and all,
Each twilight ray would bear away
An answer to the call.

Thus where the welcome horn is heard
Along the mountain side,
Repeating voices swell the strain
In notes of honest pride,
Sing on, ye happy shepherds, sing,
And let his praise be heard,
Till in the dawn of nightless day
Ye greet the living Lord!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

INCIDENT IN THE COAL MINES.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

SOME years ago, before railroads had driven off and usurped the place of the old-fashioned, lumbering, but comfortable and social stage-coach, I was travelling through a portion of the State of Pennsylvania in which the coal fields are situated. The party consisted of five gentlemen beside myself, and as our route was a long one, occupying the entire day, we beguiled the time—as was customary in those days of "slow coaches"—with stories and anecdotes upon every imaginable subject.

Among others, there was one incident related by a fine looking, middle-aged gentleman, which interested me particularly—more from the manner and feeling with which it was narrated than from any real interest in the story itself; no one who had it from his own lips, could have doubted for an instant the truth of the circumstances, or that he was in reality the individual whose fate it had been to pass through the decidedly unpleasant scene to be described. Although I cannot hope to give to the recital anything like the interest with which he invested it, yet I will endeavor to write as nearly as possible in his own words.

"The sight of these coal fields and works," began the gentleman, "reminds me of an incident of my early life, which for the sudden revulsion from almost perfect happiness to the deepest despair, and as suddenly back again to happiness and life, I think few if any have experienced.

"The incident of which I speak occurred when I was in my twenty-first or second year. Having graduated from my *Alma Mater*, with a fair share of honors, I went with the intention of enjoying my freedom from care and study, to pass the summer at Saratoga. It was my first season at a fashionable watering place; all the gilding was pure gold to my eyes, and I enjoyed myself immensely, the more so as I there formed the acquaintance of a most bewitching and loveable young lady, who, I felt, was destined to influence my future life; nor was I mistaken; the lady has since become my wife. We were upon terms of great intimacy while at Saratoga, but the final and decisive question had not passed my lips at the time her family returned to their home; it was, however, understood between us, that a correspondence should be kept up, and that I would always be a welcome visitor at her father's house.

"They had no sooner departed, than I began to miss the society of my heart's idol so keenly, that all the gaiety and life of the fashionable society in which I was moving failed to banish her image from my thoughts for a single instant; not being disposed

to maintain the struggle for any considerable length of time, I resolved to follow the fair syren who had walked off with my heart, and hear from her own dear lips the momentous words which were to make me the happiest or most miserable of mortals. Accordingly having accomplished some necessary business in my native city, I took up my line of march towards my heart's Mecca, said Mecca being in the very region through which we are now passing.

"Arrived at the place of my destination, I found that the residence of her father was in the midst of a mining district—the old gentleman himself being extensively engaged in the coal trade—and at the distance of about a mile from the hotel at which I stopped.

"Having accomplished an elaborate toilet, to which I devoted an incredible amount of time and labor before feeling satisfied with myself, I left the hotel about an hour before sunset, and with the intention of making a 'short cut.' I avoided the road, which was somewhat circuitous, and picked my way across a large field in which workmen were engaged sinking shafts, with the expectation of striking a vein. There were quite a number of these shafts, some of them as much or more than a hundred feet in depth, though they were but a few feet in diameter, and I casually noticed that some which had been sunk and abandoned were covered over with plank, to prevent persons from falling into them. I did not, however, stop long to observe these things, my thoughts were too full of the business that had brought me into the vicinity.

"With little thought of how fearfully familiar I was soon to become with those accursed shafts, I hurried on, and soon arrived at the mansion where resided my adored. I was received with great cordiality by the whole family, particularly by the fair object of my visit. Taking advantage of a moment when we were left alone, I poured forth my tale of love, and was accepted. How my heart swelled within me, as with blushing modesty she gently murmured her consent. That evening! can I ever forget it? with what golden wings the time flew by!

"I sat hour after hour by her side, her dear little hand clasped in mine, until the night was far gone into the morning. How long we might have remained entranced, as it were, in each other's society, I know not; time flew by so totally unheeded, that when to our intense astonishment the clock struck the hour of three, neither of us supposed it to be past eleven.

"I had a dim perception that three in the morning was quite as late an hour as it was exactly proper for a young gentleman to stay when calling upon a young lady, even though they might be engaged, and accordingly rose to depart; my affianced followed me to the door, where we went through that mysterious, lingering form of leave-taking, which is so sweet to lovers, and so incomprehensible to those unfortunates who have never been struck down by the delightful disease. Another hour passed with incredible rapidity, and again the clock struck. What an intense and furious hatred I conceived for that unfortunate time-piece, and I internally vowed, if it ever came into my possession, that I would run it between the stones of a grist-mill. But it was four in the morning—there was no escape from that—so with a sounding kiss I tore myself from the delightful spot and hurried away.

"The morning was intensely dark, not a star was to be seen, not a glimpse of light from any quarter; if it was not a darkness that could be felt, I most certainly felt the objects which in consequence I was continually stumbling over; but I cared little for tumbles, or any other of the minor evils of life; for my spirits were in that state of exaltation which every lover of anything like an excitable temperament probably knows, and has experienced many a time, for a variable period after leaving his mistress, when she has been particularly kind to him—a species of happiness too intense to admit of either thinking or acting quietly.

"In precisely such a condition I retraced my steps toward the hotel; upon any ordinary occasion I should have undoubtedly gone round by the road, but in the excitement of the moment, roads or fields were alike to me, either or both, the whole town, the world, in fact, seemed made for me, and for me alone; accordingly without wasting a thought upon the path, I stumbled on, as nearly as possible in the direction I had come, feeling certain I could not go far astray, as a bright light, which I knew to be at the hotel, was shining some distance ahead.

"I had accomplished, it may be, half the distance, when I became aware that I was treading upon planks; the remembrance of the pits I had seen the previous afternoon flashed into my mind, and I turned to get upon the ground as soon as possible, but had scarcely taken half a dozen steps, when a plank upon which I placed my foot, slipped from under me, and I felt myself falling. Throwing out my arms, I clutched convulsively at the first object that met my grasp: it was a round pole of some three or four inches in diameter. A thrill of horror ran through my frame as I found myself suspended, and thought of the immense depth beneath me, a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet it might be, into which I had so narrowly escaped falling.

"I had no doubt, for the moment, that I could easily extricate myself from my unpleasant situation, and breathing a thanksgiving for my providential deliverance from a horrible death, I made an effort to reach the planks upon either side of me with my feet, but to my consternation they yielded to the pressure of my foot, and slid from me, each succeeding effort pushing them farther and farther away. The danger began to appear imminent; I attempted to get upon top of the pole to which I was clinging; but this was not so easily accomplished; for, although I succeeded in getting my feet upon the spar, I found it impossible to surmount it, as the ends were evidently lying loose upon the ground, and the weight of my body as I changed my position, caused the spar to revolve, leaving me hanging by my hands and feet, while beneath me yawned the horrible abyss.

"My situation had become alarming; what was I to do? It was evident I could sustain myself in that position but a short time; indeed I was then very much fatigued with the efforts already made; it was impossible to crawl along to the end of the spar, as I at first thought of doing, for it was so large that I could not clasp it with one hand, while I let go to advance the other in order to give the necessary progressive motion to my body.

"My situation was clearly hopeless, unless I succeeded in bringing some one to my assistance; with this view I shouted and hallooed to the utmost extent of my vocal organs, but to no purpose. There was no response. I yelled, howled, in my agony, until my voice failed me, and only a hoarse murmur answered my utmost endeavor, and blew feebly away the froth which bathed my lips.

"I was a doomed man; I felt my strength deserting me fast; it was with the utmost difficulty I could retain my hold. You can imagine, and only imagine, my feelings at that moment. With what amazing rapidity thoughts came and went; it seemed as if every event of my life passed in review before me. O, how I longed, how I begged, and prayed, for life. I could not die then, with everything to live for—youth, wealth, love, everything before me—and my betrothed! with what agony I thought of her, when on the morrow a mangled, disfigured corpse would be substituted for the joyous, expectant bridegroom! The thought of her gave me a momentary strength, and I tightened my hold upon the spar, but I felt myself rapidly failing.

"By degrees worldly thoughts gave place to others more befitting the terrible moment, and in quick succession passed before me a long array of sins unrepented, opportunities neglected, admonitions and precepts scorned. O, for one day, one hour more of life, to prepare for the momentous change! O no, I could not die then—no, no, not then, not then! My brain whirled, myriad lights danced before my eyes, and I lost my recollection.

"I was once more in safety; I was at college, in the recitation-room, reciting rapidly, as if for life; page after page was passed over in a moment; I hurried on, on; suddenly the floor gave way beneath me—there was a shock. In a moment I was myself again; my feet had slipped from the spar; I only retained a hold by my hands; with a convulsive, frantic effort I tightened my hold, clenching my fingers together around the spar, and strove to raise my feet once more to their former position—in vain—I was almost exhausted.

"Again I lost the consciousness of my situation. I was with my betrothed—was happy, O how happy! Every incident, every word of the previous evening came before me vividly, even to my rage at the tale-telling clock, and I laughed wildly at the recollection; again the parting scene at the door was renewed, and I started to return. Great heavens! some one had fallen into the shaft! who could it be? poor unfortunate, could nothing be done to save him? I rushed frantically towards the brink, and peering deep, deep down into the abyss, beheld the mangled remains of some one—who? Surely I had seen that face before—who could it be?

"Like the dark shifting of a dream, the scene changed, and I again became conscious; my grasp was relaxing; how desperate. I strove to retain my hold, how convulsively I clutched the spar—in vain—the very tendons of my arms seemed to be drawing out with the prolonged strain; my fingers began to slip—O God, I was going! With a last effort I dug my nails into the spar until the blood started from under them—all, all in vain—I was slipping, slipping! O God, was there no hope! One instant I retained my hold, then with a cry of mortal agony, a last prayer, and my stiffening fingers slipping from the spar, I fell—fell down—down!"

Our fellow-passenger here stopped abruptly, and burying his face in his handkerchief, appeared overcome and almost convulsed with emotion; we respected his feelings, and waited in silence for the conclusion of the narrative.

Having recovered himself, he removed the handkerchief from his face; we were surprised at not discovering any traces of tears. Having seen him apparently so much agitated, we expected nothing less; but, to our bewilderment, there was a merry twinkle in his eye that ill accorded with his remarks of a moment before.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said he, "you are doubtless anxious to hear the remainder of my adventure." We nodded assent. "Well, gentlemen," he continued, "having held on until my strength was exhausted, I fell a distance of—let me see—I should say the distance between the tips of my toes, as I hung suspended, and the bottom of the pit, must have been something like three or three and a half inches! They had commenced digging that particular shaft only the day before, and the trifling depth they had reached accounted for the carelessness with which it was covered.

"It is unnecessary for me to say what was my first impulsive act upon finding myself in safety; that is a subject which need not be introduced at this time. But aside from the solemnity of the thing, I never think of the occurrence without laughing heartily, as I did a moment since, when you doubtless supposed me to be agitated by far different emotions; but it strikes me as being irresistibly ludicrous—what could have been more so, to a spectator, had there been one, although he might have commiserated my condition, to have beheld me in my agony, my despair—beginning praying for help, enduring all and more than the horrors of death, and at the same time my feet barely clearing the firm earth beneath. I can't say whether it would seem so supremely ridiculous had the case been another's, but as it is I cannot refrain from mirth whenever I think of it, and I am firmly persuaded when

'That dark angel, whose calm eye
Calls rich, calls poor,'

comes for me in solemn earnestness, the remembrance of the adventure will cause me to laugh in that dread individual's gloomy face.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

ALICE LA VÈRE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Away in adorable Italie

We whispered the words of love's poesie,
I and my beautiful Alice La Vere,
Each to the other by true love made dear;
And hid in the folds of an orange bower,
That lay in the shade of an olden tower;
We opened the book of the heart and read,
"Tis never too young for lovers to wed."

So hence we did hie to the chapel shrine,
Where I was made hers and she was made mine.
He of the surplice, the cross and the stole
Murmured an ave because of each soul,
And out from the twilight that draped the aisle
Walked we with hearts all unspotted by guile;
She in her beauty and I in my pride,
I as the bridegroom and she as the bride.

And in a cottage half hidden by flowers,
Passed without heeding our moments and hours.
Faith was the warder that guarded the goal;
Hope was the angel that reigned in the soul;
And full of glory the months fled away,
We as unconscious as children at play.
Till, in the hush of a soft summer night
Came a young dove, that we hailed with delight.

Alice would pillow the babe on her breast,
I would sing ditties and lull them to rest.
Each of us looked in her beautiful eyes,
Saying what glory lay there in disguise.
But when the midnight came heavy and dark,
Azrael's shadow came o'er life's ark;
And when the morning in sunlight came drest,
Alice lay dead with the babe on her breast.

Alack and alas that it thus should be,
I said in the depths of my agony,
As with eyelids closed and enrobed in white,
Our babe and my Alice they hid from sight,
All under the folds of an orange bower
That lay in the shade of an olden tower.
Away from deplorable Italie
I came over land and came over sea.

And many a year has gone by since then,
Yet still am I seen among living men;
Nor yet can think without shedding a tear,
Of the sad fate of my Alice La Vere.
Or whisper the words of love's poesie
As once they were whispered in Italie;
Where, hid in the folds of an orange bower
That lay in the shade of an olden tower,
We opened the book of the heart and read,
"Tis never too young for lovers to wed."

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

THE MALAY PROA.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE CHINESE SEA.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

It was Captain Sampson's turn to tell the next story. He was stout, bronzed, hard-fisted, but kind-hearted son of the ocean, fifty years of age, and full of thrilling adventure. Our pipes were refilled, and then Sampson took his turn as follows:

"It's now ten years come next November that I took charge of the 'Yankee.' She was a noble ship, and I felt proud of the charge. We lay at the wharf, down Peck Slip (we cleared at New York, you know), and had got the last lot of duds aboard, when I felt something touch me on the leg. I turned around and there stood a boy some fourteen years old, with a bundle on his shoulder. He kind o' trembled when I looked at him, but there wasn't any dishonesty in that face—not a bit. He had great gray eyes, almost dark enough for hazel, and his hair curled over his head like a girl just rigged for a party. Then he looked so earnest and steadily at me, that I knew, whatever he wanted, he'd be truthful about it.

"What is it, boy?" said I, speaking kindly.

"I want to go to sea with you," says he.

"Who says ye may go?"

"I say so," he said—and I saw a tear in his eye.

"Are ye alone, boy?"

"He pointed up to a store at the head of the slip, and told me if I would only go up there with him, I could learn all about it.

"But what use 'll you be to me?" I asked him before we started.

"Any use you put me to that's honest, and that I can do," he said.

"I liked that answer, for I saw he meant it, and I went up to the store with him. I did want a cabin boy, but I hadn't made arrangement for any, because just such a one as I wanted about me all the time was hard to find. At the store I asked Mr. Van Wart (he was an old friend of mine) about the boy. He told me that the boy's father used to be a porter in his store, but that he died about two months before, and the boy was now an orphan, his mother having been dead some years. Then he took me aside, and says he:

"If you want the boy, captain, you'll find him a faithful one. He's been with me, off an' on, ever since he was so high."

"Of course I took him. His name was Edward Grover, though he said 'twas Ned, and so 'Ned' we called him. Two days after that a tug towed us out, and we stuck our nose clear of Sandy Hook before dinner. First we went to Calcutta, and then to Canton; and many a time did I bless my stars that Ned Grover was

with me, for an own child couldn't have been more faithful than he was. And then he was a bold fellow, too; and never was the blow that could shake him, nor the storm that could blanch him. On the royal yard he was like a squirrel on a tree, and he was as quick of wit as he was of body.

"Well, our business was all done up at Canton, and I only had to touch at Singapore on my way home, unless I chose to heave-to at Batavia. We had a splendid run down the Chinese Sea, making the Natus in just eight days. In three days from that we were among the Anambus Islands—off Malacca, you know. Most of these islands we left on the starboard beam, and along towards the middle of the afternoon Lampang was on the lee-bow, and not more than six miles distant. I always took the eastern run of Lampang, because I knew the channel. Since morning the wind had been light and variable, though not baffling, but it had now kind o' settled down in the west'rd as though to rest itself—for with stud'n'sls a low and aloft, we didn't run off more'n than three knots at the outside.

"It was just four o'clock when I came on deck to see how the land lay, and I found Lampang then just about abeam, but as the wind now came, the island was to windward of us, and four miles distant. I had looked at the compass, at the sails, and was then looking out for the land when the man in the maintop hailed the deck.

"What is it?" I asked.

"A Malay proa!" he answered, 'right in shore by that rock. There—don't ye see her?"

"I looked, and I did see her. I sent Ned for my glass, and by the time he came with it, the proa had come out in full sight from behind the rock. I levelled the glass, and I could make the fellow out plainly. 'Twas one of the largest proas I ever saw. I should say seventy-five feet long, with bows like an old man's nose turned bottom side upwards, and a stern about the same. I counted the men in her, and I could do it pretty surely.

"What is she, sir?" asked Walker, my first mate.

"A Malay proa," I told him.

"How many men?"

"Seventy-five, at least."

"A pirate!" he uttered.

"She isn't very likely to be anything else," I answered, assuming as much composure as I could; but you may be sure I felt but little of it, for a Malay pirate is just about the worst thing in the world—bloodthirsty as a Bengal tiger, with all the wit of man to back it up. Their very religion makes piracy and murder a holy virtue, and a man is honored among them for the many times his knife has found a human heart. And they are powerful fellows, too, and trained from childhood to the use of arms.

"She's coming after us!" cried the man in the top. But then he needn't have told us of it, for I had seen that from the first.

"The men looked anxiously towards me, and I saw that they were stricken with fear. And our position was not one to inspire a poor chap with a very deep joy. The wind was still to the west'rd, and three knots was the most the ship could be made to run. The Malay was now within three miles, and shooting through the water like mad. He had twenty broad paddles out—and you know how the bloody hounds can send those long, narrow, sharp proas along. We were now sure that there were over seventy men in the great boat, for we could even see their long knives and clumsy fire-arms through my glass. My crew, all mustered, counted twenty-nine, and one of them only a boy. Of swords, or cutlasses, we had only six, but I had thirty brace of good boarding pistols in the arm-chest, and a dozen pikes by the mast. Rather a dubious show, wasn't it?"

"However, I resolved to do the best I could, for I knew that if those Malays captured us we were simply dead men; so of course there was some ground for resistance. First, I made myself as calm as I could. Then I got out the pistols, and had them all loaded, and gave two to each man, reserving two extra ones for myself. The six cutlasses I gave to those I thought best qualified to handle them, and then I distributed the twelve pikes. Beyond these I found four boat-hooks, and these I also gave out, for they would be serviceable in repelling boarders after the pistols had been all fired.

"Now, boys," said I, 'you all know what that fellow is after; and if I'd thought of this lull in the wind, I shouldn't have run in here. But that can't be helped now. We can't run away, and we all know if those Malays take us they'll cut our throats every one. I fancy you'd all rather fight to the death than die so. Will you stand to it?"

"Of course they all said yes; but then they didn't speak like men who had any hope, and surely I didn't blame them, for our enemy was more than double us—almost treble. Yet I saw that my brave fellows meant to fight.

"The proa was now about a mile distant, and would be alongside in ten minutes unless we caught a smart breeze. I looked about but saw no signs of any such breeze, save a single bank of vapor to the north'rd. I called after Ned to run to the cabin and get me my slippers, for the boots I had on were stiff and clumsy. But Ned was not to be found. 'Never mind,' I said to myself as I ran down, 'he aren't to blame. Poor boy, he couldn't do much, unless it was to shoot a pistol, and perhaps blow his own fingers off.' I couldn't find it in my heart to haul him from his hiding-place, for he'd been a faithful fellow to me, and if he could escape I hoped he would. I put on my slippers, and then returned to the deck. The Malay was now within half a mile, and we could see their knives plainly. There were just seventy-four of them, there being twenty seats in the boat, and all except one or two at the bows and stern having four men on a seat.

"We shall never be able to beat them off, sir," whispered Walker, in my ear.

"We are able to try, at all events," I replied.

"But look at their force," he said, blanching.

"Then you mean to die like—"

"I'd spoken so far when he caught my arm, for I was beginning to speak louder, and the men might hear me.

"—sh," he hissed, 'don't I pray you say any more. Of course I'll fight.'

"He grasped his cutlass as he spoke, and I could see that his eye had changed, and there was now some fire in it. By this time we could see the faces of the Malays plainly, and in all my wanderings I don't think I ever saw such another set of diabolical, ugly, bloody-looking villains. In two minutes more I saw those who worked the paddles take their knives in their teeth. I had the men stand by with their pistols, and I ordered them to fire one volley before the boat got fairly alongside.

"At this moment, just as the pirate was within a cable's length, I felt a cool puff upon my cheek. I turned, and saw that the wind had whipped out from the north'rd. Quick as lightning, I ordered the yards squared, and by some means the men obeyed me promptly; but while this was being done, the Malay was coming on. The pirates saw that our sails had caught the new breeze, and with a few quick, strong strokes they sent their craft alongside like a rocket.

"Fire!" I shouted. And my men did fire, but their hands must have trembled when they did so, for not over half a dozen of the enemy fell. I called the men to shove their pikes over, but I tell you those few pikes looked kind o' dismal in the face of seventy stout, bloodthirsty Malay pirates. I took one look into that proa, and my heart sank, for I knew they would make but short work with us. We might kill a score of them, and even then they'd be up with us.

"What d'ye want?" I shouted, with all my might.

"You moonney—you blood—you sheep—you 'ng dom crapoo Shawn Bool!"

"The fellow evidently thought us John Bulls, and what his crapoo meant I couldn't tell, unless he had got the French and English mixed up. However, I hadn't time to think of that. In another moment the proa would be alongside. Already the pirates were upon their feet, their long knives in their mouths, clenched firmly between their teeth, and in a moment more they would leap. The bows of the proa touched our side just under the mizzen chains, and her stern was sweeping swiftly in as she shot ahead. At that moment something brushed past me towards the stern, and I smelt the strong, rank fumes of turpentine. Before I had time to look or to think, a sheet of smoke or flame danced before my eyes, and on the next instant a howl like the roar of a hundred lions burst upon my ears.

"Beat 'em off! beat 'em off!" cried a sharp, clear voice, which I at once recognized as Ned's, and as I heard it the whole truth flashed upon me. I sprang to where half a dozen of the villains, all covered with flame, were trying to crowd up over the side. I awoke the men to a comprehension of the fortune that had burst upon us, and the few who were trying to board us were either shot or driven back. The breeze was now fresh, and in a very few moments more we shot ahead, leaving the proa, all enveloped in flames, at a safe distance astern, while her crew, every man of them, had leaped into the water to extinguish the fire that clung to them.

"As soon as we were safe, and our nerves had become somewhat composed, we looked into the strange fortune that had saved us, and we soon understood it. Noble Ned Grover, while I thought him hiding away from the enemy, was setting on foot a plan which had entered his head alone. In the fore-peak there was a large can of pure spirits of turpentine. Ned had taken the cook's great copper kettle, which held some twelve gallons, and filled it as full as he dared with the inflammable stuff, and then he had watched his opportunity. The moment he thought the proa near enough, he set fire to the spirits, and then lifting the kettle high up by its sides, he made his way aft, so that the wind would help him, and with a careful, strong throw, he sent the fiery mass into the boat. It went in one sheet, all blazing and hissing, and the light cotton clothing of the pirates ignited instantly. Of course the villains were blinded and stunned by the unexpected visitation, and I don't s'pose they knew much what they were about until they had got into the water. The wind, which was just then starting fresh, carried the blazing liquid the whole length of the boat, and you know even half a dozen drops of it would have been enough to set their cotton shirts afire.

"The old Yankee now gathered headway good, and ere long the proa and her crew were far astern. The boat was still burning and smoking like mad, and we could see that most of the pirates were striking out for the island, for of course they couldn't go near their boat. But 'tisn't likely one of 'em ever reached the shore, for the fresh breeze had kicked up a smart wave, and their heads were under water half of the time. I took my glass and went up into the mizzen-top, and for a while I watched the bloody scamps. I could see 'em, one after another, sink out of sight, and I knew that none o' them would ever do any more murders. But in a little while the few heads that were left struggling above water were beyond the reach of my sight, and I came down.

"Tisn't much use of my telling how Ned Grover was disposed of, for you can judge for yourselves. Yet he was modest and mild as ever, and begged us not to say anything more about it. When we got home, the owners made him accept a thousand dollars, and made me promise to teach him navigation. Ned is now four-and-twenty—as noble a fellow as you could wish to see—and last month he left New York as captain of the ship *Del Boone*. Now, who comes next?"

Emulation embalms the dead; envy, the vampire, blasts the living.—*Fuseli*.

MRS. FARREN, THE ACTRESS.

We present our readers with an almost speaking likeness of the distinguished actress, Mrs. Farren, who recently performed, for a great number of nights, at the Boston Museum with the most brilliant success, sustaining a wide range of characters, and who is certainly one of the most attractive stars in the theatrical firmament. Mr. Kimball's liberality and good judgment in securing her services were highly appreciated by the Boston public, who nightly crowded the Museum to witness Mrs. Farren's efforts, and who, at the close of her engagement, demanded its renewal, and continued their support with unabated zeal. The portrait we present was drawn expressly for the Pictorial, and engraved in the best manner by Orr of New York. We should be pleased to accompany it with a detailed biography, but Mrs. Farren modestly would desire to waive all notoriety, except that incidental to her professional exertions. On one occasion, when applied to for her travel's history, remarked: "I have ever looked for my professional biography in the memories of those whom it has been my desire to please. From this feeling on the part of our subject we have been compelled to collect our material from various indirect sources, relying for our information on those who have watched her career from first to last. Mrs. Farren is an American by birth, being the daughter of Richard Russell, who was lessee of the Tremont Theatre, some twenty-four years ago, and who is well and pleasantly remembered by many of our citizens. Mrs. Farren's earliest *debut* she probably does not herself remember, young as she is, for it was as Cora's Child in Sheridan's bombastic but popular drama "Pizarro." When she was scarcely three years of age, she accompanied her father to New Orleans, whither he went to conduct the Camp Street Theatre for Mr. James Caldwell. On the boards of this establishment, she exhibited a precocious talent, which was highly appreciated by the play-goers of the Crescent city. Her juvenile personations were, for several seasons, one of the principal attractions of the house. But time and the youthful prodigy had advanced together, and the interesting child, ceasing to be the "phenomenon," arrived at that awkward age and appearance that intervenes between budding girlhood and blushing womanhood. She now withdrew for four years, during which she cultivated a naturally fine voice, and then re-appeared in the character of Rosina, in the "Barber of Seville," with no little *éclat*. But Euterpe was soon forsaken for her more congenial sisters, Melpomene and Thalia, and Mrs. Farren's success as Miss Dorillon in Mrs. Inchbald's comedy, "Wives as they were," decided her future career. After her father's death, she was for some seasons the leading actress of the principal theatre of the South, the St. Charles of New Orleans. Here acting with and witnessing all the celebrities of Europe and America, she was enabled to cultivate her taste and perfect her judgment. Moreover, she enjoyed occasional opportunities of witnessing the admirable performances of the French troupe, which, at times, has embraced actors of the very first ability. For eight years, Mrs. Farren's winters were passed in New Orleans, and her summers in St. Louis, under the management of Messrs. Ludlow & Smith, years, Mrs. Farren affirms, "registered as the happiest of her life."



MRS. FARREN.

Her reception at New Orleans and St. Louis is still marked with the enthusiasm always displayed by an intelligent American audience on the re-appearance of an established favorite. When Messrs. Ludlow & Smith retired from the management, Mrs. Farren resolved to embark on the career of a star performer, a step which her talent would have justified her in taking years before. It is superfluous to add that her success has been complete, and that the press has been unanimous in her favor. Nature has liberally endowed her with those gifts of voice and person, the want of which, though sometimes pardoned in an actor of superior intellect, generally proves a fatal obstacle to the popularity of an actress. Mrs. Farren possesses a fine person, a classical head and features, the varying play of which is fitted to express every

phase of tragic emotion, while in repose they indicate that high order which her conceptions of character and her readings of the great tragic poets attest. Add to this a voice powerful, deep and musical, evincing thorough cultivation, gestures graceful and chastened, and attitudes statuesque and impressive, and those of our readers who have not seen her act, will be able to form a conception of her qualifications, while those who have, will acknowledge that our delineation is not exaggerated. In her attitudes and gestures, we find one great charm of her impersonations as in those of the great French *tragedienne* who is now absorbing the attention of the public. Moreover, she never follows the bad example of some performers of celebrity, who waste all their strength on the rendering of brilliant points and passages, neglecting the links that connect them. Mrs. Farren aims rather at massing the details of a character, if we may adopt the language of a sister art, presenting a harmonious and impressive whole, rather than bringing into high relief salient peculiarities. Her energy, in the most, is never exaggerated into ranting, nor does her calmness subside into tameness. Her physical and mental energies are completely under the control of a refined taste and severe judgment. In a word, we consider Mrs. Farren as one of the most finished actresses now on the boards of any of our theatres.

HOUSE OF REFUGE, RANDALL'S ISLAND, N. Y.

The engraving below presents an accurate view of the handsome and substantial buildings of the establishment known under the above title, and situated on Randall's Island, near New York city. They comprise two dwellings, four shops, a kitchen and a wash-house arranged in separate departments. These buildings cover an area of about two acres, more than a quarter of which are devoted to the juvenile delinquents (boys) cared for by the institution. The two yards, surrounded by a wall twenty feet high, embrace eight acres. A large lawn gently slopes from the front of the buildings to the Harlem River, and there is also an extensive tract of graded land, originally covered with rocks and intersected by swamps, in the yard. The principal building is 80 by 100 feet. The architectural design comprises two wings, each 46 by 180 feet, which are introduced into the drawing. The New York House of Refuge is a noble society, and was the first institution of the kind ever attempted. It originated, in 1818, in a charitable society called the "Society for the prevention of Pauperism." The subject of juvenile vagrancy engaged the earnest attention of its members, and in 1823, a committee was appointed for the purpose of inquiring into the evil and suggesting a remedy. The Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents was thereupon organized, and incorporated in the summer of 1824. They rented a piece of land, in New York city, of the United States, and opened their house with public ceremonies, January 1, 1825. Commencing with six boys and three girls, their numbers swelled into two hundred, and called for an increase of accommodation. They have moved their quarters from time to time, till established in the present eligible location. Both boys and girls are received. The revenue is derived from the State, the excise fund and the theatrical licenses the proceeds of the boys' labor and the general school fund.



HOUSE OF REFUGE, RANDALL'S ISLAND, NEW YORK.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

DR. KANE'S DISCOVERIES.

The expedition of Dr. Kane has achieved much for geographical science, as well as for the honor of the republic. He failed indeed in rescuing Sir John Franklin, for he was already beyond the reach of human assistance; but he has enlarged the actual boundaries of geographical knowledge. He has penetrated further north than any other man, reaching within 7° 30' of the Pole itself, on which he hoped to plant the flag of the United States. He has also revealed the great barrier of ice, five hundred feet in height, between Greenland and the Atlantic Sea. The new land, which no civilized persons but him and his companions have ever beheld, connected by this icy bridge with Greenland, he has named Washington, and the large intervening bay he called Peabody, after a gentleman of that name of Baltimore, one of the projectors of the expedition. The shores of Smith's Sound have been completely explored and charted—the fruit of their sledge travel; and the existence of the before conjectured open sea around the Pole has received new confirmation, and a channel free from ice leading to it has been discovered. There was a belt of a hundred and twenty-five miles to the southward; but to the north, the remarkable fact was disclosed that the sea was entirely open. Three thousand square miles of water wholly free from ice have been seen, where the leviathan of the ocean "maketh it to boil like a pot," acknowledging not the chain of the Frost King. The land to the north and west that was visible nearest to the Pole, was called Grinnell, after the originator of the undertaking.

METHUSELAN PILLS.—This is the last dodge of a patent medicine vender in New York. It appears that Methuselah was enabled to live for centuries by the use of these pills; but the recipe was lost, and the span of life has been growing shorter ever since. Fortunately the recipe has turned up, and any lady or gentleman who wishes to live a half dozen centuries has only to buy a box of these pills. For particulars, see small bills, etc.

MUNIFICENT BEQUEST.—The late James Brown left a very costly and valuable collection of books to the Boston Natural History Society. Among them are Gould's Ornithology in sixteen volumes, folio, and Gray's Genera of Birds, in three volumes, royal 4to.

SHOULDER ARMS!—Last month was a busy one with the military companies all over the country. "Sogering" is now over for the season, and uniforms and chapeaux will slumber in hand-boxes and hat-cases, except when called for by military balls—very different balls from those given and returned in the Crimea.

THE YANKEE CARD WRITER.—This popular and well known individual has got up an admirable little "pocket companion," to contain a few cards, neatly written, and handy for use. His head-quarters are at the Revere House.

SPLINTERS.

.... Rev. Rufus W. Griswold is engaged in preparing the life of the lamented Mrs. Judson (Fanny Forrester).

.... Mrs. Robinson, the "veiled murderess," has behaved so badly at Sing Sing that she is now confined in a cell.

.... Out of ninety noble physicians who volunteered to go to Norfolk during the fever, twenty died.

.... The anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain, South Carolina, was celebrated in a brilliant manner in that State.

.... The contest in Mexico turns upon the question of continuing or abandoning the military system of Santa Anna.

.... General Scott's back pay, it is now said, will be allowed, and accountants are figuring up the amount.

.... When the Mexican general, Woll, abandoned Matamoros, he helped himself to \$75,000 from the military chest.

.... The Russians say the English are like an army of lions ed by asses. What an impudent assertion!

.... Dr. Kane has been quite a lion since his return from the region of polar bears and polar snows.

.... Our fine weather continues; these genial autumns compensate us for our most ungenial and chilly springs.

.... The French government have abandoned all attempts to regulate the price of bread. They say it must take its course.

.... The Japanese seem disposed to dodge the provisions of the treaty, and there is some talk of treating them to cannon balls.

.... We noticed in a late London paper that they are trying the experiments of baby shows, a la Barnum, in England.

.... Queen Victoria has been hemming pocket handkerchiefs for mutilated soldiers. The recipients are duly grateful.

.... We don't hear anything about the Danish sound dues lately; yet something must be done about them.

.... The emperor of Russia is very kind to Americans. Some wiseacres think he wants to annex the United States to Russia.

.... The quantity of bad French uttered since Rachel's visit would fill a large-sized quarto book.

.... There are two things for which a man never receives sympathy—missing the cars and chasing his hat in a wind.

.... Expectation is on the *qui vive* about Disraeli's new novel. The hero is the celebrated Lord Bellingbroke.

.... Messrs. Crocker & Brewster, the oldest book publishers in this city, have been in partnership for thirty-seven years.

CHEERFUL ASPECT.

It is gratifying to know that the present harvest in this country has proved to be one of great abundance, and that, besides being able to supply fully all domestic wants, we shall be able to export largely of the staple productions of the land for European consumption. Last year was one of short crops; it was the case almost universally in all parts of the United States, and the result was one of disastrous effect upon all departments of business; for indirectly the agricultural interests of the country control its business and financial prosperity. Thus we already see a healthy reaction in all departments of trade, and a vast difference between the present and twelve months since.

Our great and noble West is teeming with plenty, and the producers are only awaiting their opportunity to send the accumulated hoards of grain to the eastern market. While France and England—whose children are spilling their blood in foreign war—are complaining of short crops and blank prospects for the feeding of the million, our own producers are eagerly seeking a market for the plenty that a kind Providence has sent as a reward for their industry. All this is not without its silent but impressive moral. If the sons of France and England were tilling their native soil, in place of laying their bones beneath that of the Crimea, there would be no short crops complained of on either side of the British Channel.

But without finding fault with others, let us indulge in a little self-congratulation; for our own favored land was never in a more prosperous condition since the country has been organized into a government. Commercial confidence is fully restored, money is plenty, business "driving," and all begin to experience the impetus and stirring effect of this improved aspect of things, from the smallest to the most extensive merchant. The farmer has money to spare, because his crops are large and bring him in means, and from this basis of the agricultural interest, beyond a doubt, the great commercial features of the country take their complexion. For this reason, if for no other, let the farmer be always encouraged; his is a noble, an elevating occupation, independent, healthful and profitable.

No line of employment holds out a better return for time and money invested than that of agriculture. The Great West, with its rich soil, needing but the planting of the seed alone, is inviting the sturdy emigrant to come and reap of her richness. There is no rise and fall in that, like the stock market; this stock in trade is like sterling gold, and will always command it. Subject to little or no fluctuation, it returns an hundred fold for the simplest investment, and yields health as well as pecuniary fortune to its faithful and industrious followers. All honor, then, to the occupation of the farmer; let it be held up to honor, and its pursuit encouraged by the great and good. "Trade," says Lord Chatham, "increases the wealth and glory of a country; but its real strength and stamina are to be looked for among the cultivators of the soil."

THE BRITISH ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.

We see it stated that the British army in the Crimea is almost as small as that sent by little Sardinia. All the efforts of Great Britain to swell her force in the East to respectable dimensions, it would seem, have failed. She has plenty of money, but no men to spare, and this want is severely felt in the unsupplied demand for laborers as well as for soldiers. Oppression and poverty have driven millions from Ireland, which was once the great reservoir of bone and muscle for her armies and her public works, and her farms. Australia has drained off multitudes of her own people, and now, strange to say, man has become an article of value and importance in the British market. But the men are not to be had, either for love or money—a most humiliating fact to be disclosed in the presence of her ancient rival, and patronizing ally, France. What vast encouragement must such a development afford to French vanity, and French aspirations!

GOLDEN WEDDING.—A highly respectable and worthy couple in Concord celebrated their *golden wedding*, fifty years of married life, one evening, recently. All their children and grand-children, some of them from distant parts of the country, were present on the occasion, and together with some of the neighbors, formed a very pleasant party. Two large loaves of wedding cake, and a variety of the choicest fruits of the season, graced the festive table.

CHINA.—The rebels in the flower land still make head against the imperial government notwithstanding, perhaps in consequence of the ferocious cruelty with which they are punished when they fall into the hands of the imperials. The rebels cut off their queues, as a distinguishing mark when they enlist against the government, and the government cuts off their heads when they take them.

INTERESTING CELEBRATION.—The celebration of the 100th birthday of Rev. John Sawyer, at Bangor, has been described to us as deeply interesting. The good old man spoke for an hour and a quarter, relating his life-history, without apparent fatigue. We cordially wish him added years of life and health.

HALF PAY.—The Shawnees and Miamis refused to take the half pay tendered them now by our government, the balance to be paid in the spring. They ought to remember that half a loaf is better than no bread at all.

BOTH PAPERS.—Let our subscribers, when renewing their subscriptions, remember that we send the Pictorial and Flag together for *four dollars per annum*.

DANCING.

Among the prejudices that are fast passing away before the spirit of the age is that which regarded dancing as an immoral amusement. We find some of the religious papers sensibly and forcibly advocating this exhilarating exercise. The Christian Enquirer of a late date says: "Dancing should cease to be anathematized by the religionist. If he wants Biblical authority for the practice, he should remember how David once danced before the Lord. He objects (and every sensible person with him) to such balls and dancing, with the attendant display, and late hours and suppers, and other doubtful accompaniments, as the 'Potiphar Papers' tell of. But the Christian of Great Britain and America, in opposing dancing under all circumstances, and in all company, is, in the view of all other Protestants, over-sanctimonious and pharisaical. Even the pastor in the land of Luther and Calvin, if he does not, as we are told, share in the amusement, would as soon think of denouncing a walk as a dance."

Dancing is a favorite amusement of the Spaniards, who lay aside all their coldness and hauteur the moment they hear the inspiring notes of a guitar preluding a bolero or fandango. It is related that once upon a time the Holy Fathers of the Church had nearly decided to suppress the fandango, when one among them argued that it was not right to condemn it unheard and unseen, and proposed that two celebrated dancers should be summoned before the tribunal by way of counsel for the dancing defendants. The proposition was accepted, and two skilful dancers appeared before the august court. The dance commenced. The holy fathers, with contracted brows, look on for a time unmoved; at length the seductive charms and irresistible loveliness of the dance exhibited their effects in chasing away the wrinkles from the foreheads of its austere judges. Hostile indications and bellicose intentions with reference to the dance, by imperceptible degrees merged into lively interest and fixed attention. Now, as its charms more fully developed themselves, one of the reverend gentlemen so far forgot himself as to be guilty of the manifest impropriety of beating time to the movements of the music. The dance went on, becoming still more seductive, when one of the worthy clergy suddenly bolted from his seat and commenced executing the movements of the dance. Another and another followed; the furor became general, and what was late a clerical court, was suddenly metamorphosed into a dancing saloon. The fandango was reinstated with all its former right and privileges, and its glorious triumph has proved its security against all similar attempts on the part of the clergy.

ANECDOTE OF PELISSIER.—The following is told of Gen. Pelissier: Some years ago, Pelissier, on parade, one morning, got angry with a *sous-officer* of a cavalry regiment, whose *tenue* seemed to him quite defective. He abused the man most violently, and cut him across the face with his whip. The man seized one of his pistols and endeavored to fire at his commanding officer, but the pistol missed fire. Pelissier, swearing a fearful oath, but otherwise calm, said: "Fellow, I order you a three days' arrest for not having your arms in better order."

MRS. W. H. SMITH.—This popular comic actress left us for the South, after a bumper benefit at the Howard Athenæum. Mrs. Smith first appeared in Boston as Miss Riddle, and was one of a brilliant circle of performers most of whom are now no more. She will be a favorite wherever she goes. We learn that she is to be attached to the Mobile troupe.

ELOCUTION AND IMITATION.—Mr. Charles Whitney, who lately gave his entertainment entitled "Shakspeare and the Orators," at the Tremont Temple, was particularly happy in his personations of the leading orators of the age.

MUSICAL.—Miss Jesse Hammond's "Cargo of Song and Story," at the Meiaonian, in this city, was highly appreciated by large audiences. These entertainments are perfectly unique, and form appetising melange of fun, sentiment and song.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Barrett, Mr. William B. Kendall, of New York, to Miss Hattie M. Fay; by Rev. Mr. Clarke, Mr. E. Osgood Libby to Miss Sarah L. Whiting; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Henry A. Herbar to Miss Anne R. Fairbanks, both of East Abington; Mr. George Goodrich to Miss Catharine Lynch, both of Cambridge; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. William S. Walker, of Lincoln, Me., to Miss Rebecca Jane Underwood; by Rev. Mr. Rumpff, Mr. Charles J. Wise to Miss Elizabeth Ewald, both of Roxbury; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Thomas P. Connery to Miss Sarah C. Conant, both of Gardner.—At South Boston, by Rev. Mr. Finch, Mr. J. Bambrick to Mrs. Sarah Butler, both of England.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Drowne, Mr. Joseph Kirk to Miss Eleanor H. Stimpson.—At West Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Swain, Mr. John S. Crosby to Miss Adelaide C. Frost.—At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Worcester, Mr. Joseph H. Green, of New York, to Mrs. Sarah L. Benick.—At Essex, by Rev. Mr. Crowell, Mr. Samuel P. Huskell to Miss Susan Barnham.—At Gloucester, Mr. Alonzo F. Harvey to Miss Hannah Curtiss.—At Lowell, by Rev. Dr. Miles, Dr. Eben K. Sanborn to Miss Harriet Avery.—At Haverhill, by Rev. Mr. Horsford, Mr. L. E. Whittier to Miss Carrie D. Brown.—At Seneca Falls, N. Y., by Rev. Mr. Day, Mr. Thomas Benedict, of Skaneateles, N. Y., to Miss Elizabeth Morton.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Ellen Josephine Desmond, wife of Mr. Daniel Galeucia, 29; Miss Jane H. Goodwin, 61; Mrs. Abby F., wife of Mr. Austin Trussdell, 83.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Salome, wife of Mr. Joseph Johnson, 54.—At Somerville, Mrs. Lucinda H., wife of Mr. Samuel S. Shorey, 41.—At Cambridgeport, Miss Caroline H. A. Butler, 19.—At Brookline, Mr. John Newton Craft, 18.—At Watertown, Miss Eliza Jane Bacon, 23.—At Beverly, Mr. Royal W., son of Rev. Joseph Tracy, 35.—At Salem, Mrs. Margaret Sweetman, 30.—At East Wareham, Mr. Samuel S. Bourne, 20.—At Newburyport, Mr. Joseph Thurlow, 72.—At New Bedford, Miss Sarah G. Baker, 30; Miss Laura R., wife of Mr. William A. Wood, 20.—At Edgartown, Mrs. Eliza A., wife of Capt. Abraham Oshorn, 43.—At Holmes's Hole, Mrs. Anna, wife of Mr. Thomas Robinson, 48.—At Peterborough, N. H., Dr. David Smiley, a soldier of the revolution, 96.—At Charlestown, N. H., Mrs. Louise, wife of Mr. J. H. Hulme, 36.—At Moultonborough, N. H., Miss Lavinia Adelia Adams, 18.—At Conway, Me., Mrs. Julia A., wife of Rev. Allen Lincoln, 31.—At Cincinnati, Ohio, Mrs. C. Louisa G. Hutchinson, of Boston, 27.—At San Francisco, Mrs. Barbara Galvin, 40, late of Boston.—On board steamship Uncle Sam, Mr. William Darrah, carpenter, from Newburyport, Mass., 44.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The widow of Robert B. Thomas, of "Farmer's Almanac" fame, lately died near Clinton, Mass., at the age of seventy-five years. — Terra-cotta is coming into extensive use as a material for architectural embellishments, it being much cheaper in a highly carved state, than marble, and equal in durability and beauty. The name simply implies baked clay. During the middle ages, the art of manufacturing terra-cotta was apparently lost; but in modern times it has been revived and brought to a state of high perfection. — Vivian speaks of the disease sometimes called Scotch fiddle, as the "Caledonian Crenoma." — In the mill of E. H. Hall, of Millville, Mass., are now being woven, in wool, the portrait of Washington, and pictures of the locomotive and fire engine, all of which are new designs executed on that wonder of mechanic ingenuity, the celebrated Jacquard loom. — Mr. J. T. Baldwin has received a patent for an improved paper-ruling machine. The improvement relates to the peculiar means employed for lifting the pens from the sheets of paper at proper intervals to make the required blanks or spaces on the sheets. This can be done to make spaces of different sizes with great rapidity; also for making different spaces on the same sheets at any time, for fancy ruling for different purposes, so that it is flexible in its character. — Mayor Wood, of New York, was invited to the "Publishers' Festival" in that city, because he was the author of the "Complaint Book." — Mr. H. Wheelock, of Boston, has invented a new gas-burner, in which the gas, before it reaches the surface, is made to pass through a packing of hard felt, which strains, filters and purifies it in its passage, and imparts many advantages. In the check which it affords, the minutest proportion of coal-tar is arrested and precipitated, all the gas is consumed, and no carbonic acid gas escapes to taint the atmosphere. It is also said to be a very economical contrivance. — There was lately a marriage in New Orleans, between two persons in the prime of life, in which case the groom had been thrice a widower and the lady twice a widow. — A pair of splendid chandeliers, in bronze and gilt, were put on board the steamer San Jacinto, at New York, the other day, being a portion of the presents from our government to the Emperor of Japan. — Rev. Jesse Lee, an early apostle of Methodism in Maine, speaks in his journal of being hospitably entertained by a Mr. Trapton, and being ferried by him over the Penobscot, in two canoes. Rev. Mr. Trapton, of Westfield, Mass., is his grandson, and explains the use of the two canoes by the fact that the canoes were tied together, and the fore feet of the minister's horse placed in one and his hind feet in another, and minister and horse were safely ferried across together. — The British government has withdrawn its annual grant of a thousand pounds to the Royal Society for the Encouragement of Science, on the plea of great war expenses. — The German Reformed Church in this country is making a rapid increase in numbers and means. It has 317 ordained ministers in its connection—viz., 124 in the synod of Ohio and adjacent States, and 193 in the synod of North America. These ministers serve 932 congregations, 403 in the western and 529 in the eastern synod. The number of communicants is 47,936, of which 17,637 belong to the synod of Ohio. — The New York Academy of Music has contracted an engagement with Roger, a miraculous tenor, at \$60,000 per annum. It is said his chest C would be cheap at double the money. — It is a principle among the Mohammedans that the Koran must be written with a pen, as it would be impious to print the sacred name of Allah with type. — There is a colored woman named Elvira Johnson, now living in Hartford, who was born in Colchester, Sept. 8, 1754, thus making her now in her 102d year. She has lost her eyesight, but otherwise her appearance does not indicate over seventy years. — Cigar ashes will be found an invaluable remedy for the bite of the mosquito and other insects. Wet the ashes and rub them on the part, and the stinging sensation will be extracted almost instantly. The reason of this is, that the ashes contain alkali, which neutralizes the effect of the poison. — The Russian minister at Washington, waited upon Lieut. Maury recently, and presented him with an autograph letter from the Grand Duke Constantine, complimenting him upon his eminent labors in the cause of scientific navigation. — Charles Mahaffey upset a pot of melted metal in a foundry in Wheeling, and burnt off one of his feet.

VIOLATING THE RECIPROCITY TREATY.—The custom-house officers at London, C. W., lately seized one hundred boxes, on suspicion that they contained contraband goods. The boxes were opened, but only boots and shoes were found until they came to the ninety-fifth box, when instead of boot and shoe leather, they discovered a large quantity of gold and silver watches and other valuable jewelry. The prize was a grand one—the whole property, boots, shoes and jewelry being confiscated. The value of the boots and shoes is said to be \$6000, and the watches and jewelry found may be valued at \$40,000 or \$50,000.

A VETERAN.—George Heep lately died at Olney, Ill., aged 95. He joined the frigate Constitution under Commodore Truxton, and was in the two celebrated sea-fights in 1787, off the West India Islands, with "La Vengeance" and "La Insurgent," French frigates, in both of which he stuck by his brilliant old commander. He was also in the war with Tripoli.

GOING TO LAW.—At the close of a recent trial in regard to the ownership of a cow, in which thirty-five witnesses were examined, the successful claimant was obliged to sell the cow at auction in order to raise funds to pay his lawyers.

Wayside Gatherings.

There is a steamer in San Francisco, the entire machinery of which was manufactured in California.

In New Grenada it is said that a French company are about to run a line of steamers from Aspinwall to Jamaica, via Carthagena.

Arrangements have been made in Canada to raise, immediately, a force of two thousand eight hundred recruits for the British army.

Messrs. J. M. Beebe & Co., in Boston, have presented each of their clerks, some sixty or more, with a copy of the "Life of Amos Lawrence."

What would a Quaker say to the Emperor of Russia's assertion that his men have shown an endurance at Sebastopol worthy of the soldiers of Christ?

A "Bread League" is in course of establishment in Charlestown, Mass., by which flour and other necessities of life may be procured at moderate prices.

Miss Harriet Martineau is in a very critical condition of health, and may die instantly at any moment. She has completed an autobiography.

The Salem Gazette, in alluding to the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, of Worcester, calls him "one of the ablest men in the State."

Salt-petre is said to exist in caves in Crawford, Franklin, Gasconade, and Osage counties, Missouri, enough to meet all the deficiency in the market.

The New York Mirror states that a gang of villains are engaged in "boring and sweating" the coin. The punishment fixed by law for an offence of this kind is very severe.

The editor of the Alexandria Gazette says he has seen, at a store in that town, a cat tenderly nursing a litter of young rats, having previously made a meal of their mother.

The Portland Advertiser says that Josiah Pierce, jr., of that city, who has been appointed secretary of legation at St. Petersburg, is a gentleman of fine attainments, who will honor the position.

The Fourierite establishment in New Jersey has broken up, and the property, which cost over a hundred thousand dollars, sold for about half that sum. The silly people who composed it have come back into the world as other people do.

A thing unparalleled in the annals of the theatres recently occurred at Sonora, California. The theatre was occupied by a political assemblage till midnight, when the performance commenced and did not conclude till daylight!

An English clipper ship, the Guiding Star, which sailed from Liverpool for Australia last January with 400 emigrants on board, was seen last off the Brazilian coast. It is supposed that she went down at sea with all her passengers and crew.

The Lafayette (La.) Courier says that contracts have already been made for large amounts of corn, to be delivered during the winter, and previous to the opening of the canals in spring, at twenty cents per bushel.

At "Walcott" village, on the line of the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad, lots are selling freely at \$40 to \$250, each 64 feet by 150 feet, land which, four years ago, cost \$1 25 per acre. Such is the influence of railroads on real estate in the West.

A lad but seven years of age attempted to drown a little girl of three years at Utica, lately. The young rascal's head and conduct are said to furnish a complete defence of the system of phrenology, his organ of destructiveness being as immoderately developed as the propensity is ungovernable.

The Newburyport Herald says:—"Mrs. Johnson, whose late financial operations waked up our merchants and bankers, is the same woman that Colonel Fremont's wife's sister fired the pistol at in Panama for allowing too free use of her tongue in relation to private matters."

The Frankfort Post Gazette states that the success of the allies has produced a deep impression in central Germany. "The German press," it declares, "from the Elder to Luxemburg, and from Tilsit to Trieste, looks on the victory of the western powers as the triumph of a principle, and as an evident and visible sign of Divine justice."

A Nantucket whaling vessel has discovered a new island in the South Pacific Ocean. It is situated about 250 miles south of Desolation Island, and the ship which encountered it took from it, in less than a week's time, 400 barrels of sea elephant oil. Two other ships are said to be now in course of preparation to return thither for the purpose of profiting by this valuable discovery.

A curious law question has arisen in London. A man proposed to a lady, was accepted, but not fulfilling his promise, is now prosecuted. It turns out, however, that he had a wife, and couldn't marry, although "Barkis was willin'." The question therefore arises, "what damage does a lady sustain in not being married to a married man?"

The statement that Marshal Radetzky is the oldest general in Europe is contradicted. That distinction is claimed by General Despeaux, of the French service, aged 94, who entered in the army in 1776, was appointed general of brigade in 1793, and general of division in the following year; so that he is a general of 61 years' standing, while Marshal Radetzky, aged 89, is only of 50 years' standing.

A gentleman, recently from Europe, tells the following story:—"Mons. —, of Paris, who is not an imperialist, had a fine but very savage dog, which he named Sevastopol. On being asked the reason for giving his dog such a singular name, replied, 'Because it can't be taken.' Whereupon the owner of the dog was promptly arrested for his disloyal belief." This is as bad as the times of the old French regime, when *Lettres du Cachat* were in fashion.

By the last advices from the Sandwich Islands we learn that the legislature has reduced the duty on French brandies, thus clearing the way for a re-arrangement of the treaty with France, and that a treaty, establishing reciprocal free trade in all products of the Sandwich Islands and the United States, has just been concluded. The island of New Caledonia, in the Pacific, has been formally declared part of the colonial domain of the French empire.

A shoemaker of Middleton, England, lately undertook, for a small wager, to wheel a barrow to the West Pits Colliery, a distance of eleven miles, and back again, with a weight of not less than two cwt. of coals, which feat he accomplished in twelve hours. He started at five in the morning, and returned about four or half past four in the afternoon, having travelled twenty-two miles of hilly road, one-half of which he was wheeling a weight of seventeen and a half stone. He seemed to accomplish his task with great ease.

Foreign Items.

There have recently been placed in the Paris exhibition live fish, salmon, eels and trout, which are the result of artificial fecundation.

The Moniteur estimates the French killed and wounded in the final assault upon Sebastopol at 7000, while military men at Paris count it 10,000 at least.

M. Poitevin, the aeronaut, recently made an ascent at Marseilles in the presence of 200,000 persons. His wife made a descent in a parachute very successfully.

Racing in old England is growing out of date among the respectable classes, and the nobility are now patronizing regattas, boat rowing, etc.

Messrs. Longman make the following announcements:—"Mr. Macaulay's continuation of the 'History of England' is in the printer's hands, and will be published before Christmas."

During Queen Victoria's stay in Paris, the jewellers admit they sold more than during the whole year 1854. It is estimated that the seven hundred thousand visitors spent at least three millions of dollars in ten days.

The Emperor of Austria has congratulated Queen Victoria and Louis Napoleon on the success of the allies, and in all probability, to carry out his attempt to sit on three stools, will offer his sympathy to the Russian emperor.

A letter from Florence in a London paper gives terrible accounts of the ravages of the cholera. It is asserted that eleven thousand persons were carried off by the disease during the month of August. The population of the city, which usually averages one hundred thousand, was thinned down to sixty thousand.

Nesselrode asserts, over his own signature, that the Turks have lost in the present war 160,000 men, the French 40,000, and the English 30,000. A Russian official statement some time since admitted their own loss at 200,000, and five hundred thousand will not probably cover the total.

Leonard Maelzel, inventor of the metronome, automaton chess player, and panharmonica (composed of forty-two automaton musicians, which executed all the great musical scores, especially Mozart's Don Giovanni, Gluck's Iphigenie en Aulide, and Spontini's Vestale), died on the 7th September, in Vienna, aged 79. He was born in Ratisbon, in 1776.

Sands of Gold.

.... He who submits to follow, is not made to precede.—*Fuseli*.

.... There will be no more great statesmen; there will be only men more or less linked to events.—*Balzac*.

.... Things came to Raffaele and Shakspeare; Michael Angelo and Milton came to things.—*Fuseli*.

.... Bid that welcome which comes to punish us, and we punish it, seeming to bear it lightly.—*Shakspeare*.

.... Shakspeare is to Sophocles what the incessant flashes of a tempestuous night are to daylight.—*Fuseli*.

.... If, under all circumstances, a man does not go round facts or ideas, to examine them under their various aspects, this man is incomplete, feeble, and in danger of perishing.—*Balzac*.

.... For the credit of virtue it must be admitted that the greatest evils which befall mankind are caused by their crimes.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

.... Oft, what seems a trifle, a mere nothing, by itself, in some nice situations, turns the scale of fate, and rules the most important actions.—*Thomson*.

.... Deference often shrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the sensitive plant does upon the touch of one's finger.—*Shenstone*.

.... The thing in the world I am most afraid of is fear; and with good reason, that passion alone, in the trouble of it, exceeding all other accidents.—*Montaigne*.

.... The sadness engendered by the overthrow of all our hopes is a malady, and often causes death. It will not be one of the slightest occupations of our present physiology to seek by what ways and means a thought succeeds in producing the same disorganization as a poison.—*Balzac*.

.... By the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, moulding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole, at one time, is never old, or middle-aged, or young; but in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression.—*Burke*.

Joker's Budget.

A wag thus enlogizes his musical attainments:—"I know two tunes, the one is Auld Lang Syne, and the other isn't—I always sing the latter."

A man advertises for "competent persons to undertake the sale of a new medicine," and adds that it will be profitable for the undertaker.

Wendell Holmes, being told of an immense land slide, said he doubted the truth of the announcement, because there was no ground for the report.

A young thief, who was charged with picking pockets, demurred to the indictment, because he had never 'zactly picked them, he always took them as they came.

"They say you are rather fond of a glass of wine occasionally," said Neal Dow, to a jolly acquaintance. "That's slanderous and unjust," was the reply; "they should say a bottle."

Man, says the anatomist, changes entirely every seven years; "therefore," says Jones, "my tailor should not ask me for the bill I contracted in 1848—I am not the same person—hence I owe him nothing."

Cause and Effect.—Two gentlemen happening to meet, the one observed: "So our friend —, the attorney, is dead." "Yes, and I hear he left very few effects." "It could not be otherwise; he had very few causes."

An imaginative Irishman gave utterance to this lamentation: "I returned to the halls of my fathers by night, and I found them in ruins! I cried aloud, 'My fathers, where are they?' and echo responded, 'Is that you, Padrick McGlathery?'"

A gentleman of the bar in Ireland, walking one day with a friend, who was extremely precise in pronunciation, the latter hearing a person near him say "curocity" for "curiosity," exclaimed: "How that feller murders the English language!" "It isn't murder it is mayhem," said the other; "he has only knocked an I out."

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements. The immense circulation of the Pictorial (being over one hundred thousand copies weekly) forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the Pictorial as an advertising medium is, that it is preserved, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the inside of the paper) becomes a permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—Fifty cents per line, in all cases, without regard to length or continuance. M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

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The undersigned, having made arrangements with the Publishers, offer to furnish any two of the following publications for \$3 being a discount of twenty-five per cent. from the price per single copy:

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NEW YORK—The Scientific American, Journal, and the Weekly Tribune.

ROCHESTER, New York—Moore's Rural New Yorker.

PHILADELPHIA—Saturday Evening Post, McMillan's Weekly Courier, Peterson's Ladies' National Magazine, and Arthur's Home Magazine.

Also, either of the above, and one copy of either of the following \$3 Magazines for \$3.50.

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NEW YORK—Harper's New Monthly.

Any two of the \$3 Monthlies for \$4.

Any one of the Monthlies and two of the Weeklies for \$5.

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Any one of the Weeklies and either of the following \$1 publications—Forrester's Boys' and Girls' Magazine, the (Monthly) Schoolmate, the Philological Journal, the Water Cure Journal—for \$2.25.

Also, BalloU's Weekly Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion, and either of the \$2 Weeklies for \$3.75, or the Pictorial and one of the Monthlies for \$4.25.

Publications will be sent to different addresses, and to different post-offices, if desired by those getting up the clubs, and additions to clubs of single subscriptions will be taken at club rates, viz., \$2 for the Monthlies, \$1.50 for the Weeklies.

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We warrant the reception regularly of all publications subscribed for to us.

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Postage Stamps may be sent for fractional parts of a dollar.

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IF you want employment, send at once for Mr. SEARS' CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our publications are considered among the most saleable. Address ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William St., New York. 4t n 3

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THE subscriber wishes to employ an agent in each town and city of the Union, to engage in a very profitable business. Only \$5 capital required, and anything like an efficient agent can make from \$3 to \$10 per day. All information will be given by addressing

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(Late Jones, Lows, Ball & Co.)

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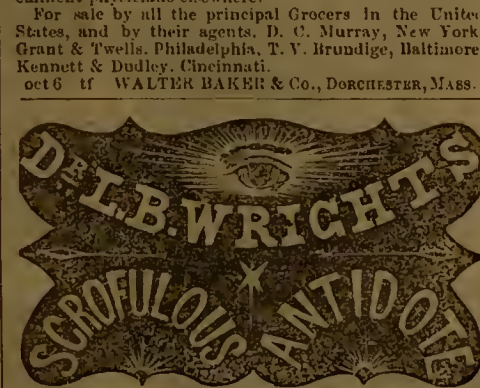


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oct 6 tf WALTER BAKER & Co., DORCHESTER, MASS.



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aug 25 3m

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nov 3 4t

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The latest improvement in our Melodeons is the

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Secured to us by Letters Patent, May 22, 1855. By means of this swell, Solo Passages may be played with the full power of the instrument, while the accompaniment is soft and subdued. Hereafter, all Melodeons made by us will be furnished with this attachment.

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BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1855.

\$3.00 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IX., No. 20.—WHOLE No. 228.
6 CENTS SINGLE. }

STATE OF TEXAS.

The fine picture on this page was drawn expressly for us by Billings, and exhibits the usual grace and felicity of his pencil. The device of the State arms is a "lone star." On one side of the picture is seen an Indian on horseback shooting a buffalo, and on the other a train of settlers, both characteristic of the State. The original inhabitants of this region were among the fiercest and most warlike tribes encountered by the Spanish adventurers. Prior to 1690, there was a small French colony here, but they were driven out by the Spaniards. In 1810, the North American provinces of Mexico revolted against the Spanish crown. The settlers of Texas, a large majority of whom were from the United States, weary of the constant revolutions of Mexico, asserted their independence, and finally achieved it by the battle of San Jacinto

in 1836, in which a handful of Texan riflemen defeated a vastly superior force, commanded by General Santa Anna, the "Napoleon of the southwest." In 1845, Texas was annexed to the United States, and admitted into the Union. The State is of irregular form, and embraces an area of about 237,320 square miles. The existing constitution of the State is wise and liberal. A constitutional provision provides for the support of public schools, and Texas has many respectable educational institutions. The revenues of the State are estimated at \$110,000, and the average annual expenditures at \$100,000. The surface varies greatly, being very mountainous in the west, and sloping down towards the seacoast. A large part of the area is exceedingly fertile and productive. The prairie region is, perhaps, the richest. The State is well wooded throughout, its sylvia embracing oak,

hickory, elm, walnut, sycamore, cedar, pine, etc. Fruits, including some of the choicest fruits of the tropics, and every variety of vegetable, are easily raised. The great staple is cotton. Grain crops thrive well. Rice and tobacco are cultivated, as well as the sugar cane. Indigo, vanilla and various medicinal shrubs are among the natural productions. The noblest river of the State is the Rio Grande, 1800 miles long. The Roman Catholic religion prevails among the descendants of the earlier settlers, but the Catholics are largely outnumbered by other denominations of Christians. The population at the last census was 212,592. The climate is said to be remarkably healthy. The wet and dry seasons constitute the winter and summer; the former lasts from December to March, and the latter comprehending spring, summer and autumn.



STATE of TEXAS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE VISCONTI:

—OR—

BARBARIGO THE STRANGER.

A TALE OF MILAN DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST SHADOW.

TOWARDS the middle of the fourteenth century, Milan stood at the head of the cities of Northern Italy. It had become the centre, or capital, of Lombardy, and held sway over sixteen cities which had before been independent republics. For many years there had been strife and discord in Milan over the ducal throne, and this had been mostly confined to two houses—the Visconti and the Della Torre; but the Visconti now ruled, and the power of that house was so firmly established that the rest of the nobles, save the Della Torre, gave in their allegiance. Barnabas Visconti wore the ducal crown, and his power was gradually extending on all hands, his house having planted its rulers even upon the confines of Tuscany. He laughed to scorn now all opposition, and stood proudly up among the great ones of earth, respected by many, and feared by the rest.

The last rays of the setting sun were gilding the domes and spires of Milan, and an hundred golden crosses were flashing back the dazzling beams, when within one of the chambers of the ducal palace stood a man with whom we have much to do. He was a tall, stout man, broad and muscular in his build, and with a head such as could only belong to a remarkable man. His hair was thick, and would have curled, had the straggling locks been gathered up, but now they twisted about his brow and temples, not unlike bent and crumpled quills. The hair was mostly black, though here and there a line of silver was perceptible. The beard, which was unshaved, curled closely about the cheeks and chin, while the moustache was the only thing that seemed to be arranged with any sort of regard to neatness and taste. His brow was broad and heavy, his eyes black and deep, his cheek bones prominent, his nose large and full, and his lips, though somewhat thick, were yet so closely compressed that they seemed hard and thin.

The man's dress consisted of a pair of hose of buff velvet, a short doublet of purple, and over this was a broad mantle of the most gaudy crimson. About the neck he wore a chain of gold so massive that it seemed almost a burden, and upon the end of this chain depended a broad, heavy seal, bearing the arms of the old kings of Lombardy. This regal seal he generally carried in his hand when engaged in thought or perplexing conjecture. His sword, which hung by a wide band of gold from a belt of crimson stuff, was long and heavy, with a hilt of jewelled gold.

Such was Barnabas Visconti, the Duke of Milan. By hereditary right, he was a prince, and though no duchy had been formally established, yet the proud and victorious noble claimed the title, and had it recognized.

The chamber wherein the duke stood was broad and lofty, and sumptuously furnished. He had been walking up and down the apartment, but he at length stopped and laid his hand upon the heavy crimson arras which hung upon one end of the place, and beyond which there had been the hum of female voices.

[SEE ENGRAVING]

The duke's face wore a dark frown, and his hand clutched the broad seal with more than usual force and expression. He listened a few moments more, and then he raised the arras and passed through to the apartment beyond, where sat two females. The eldest of these was Silvia Visconti, the wife of the duke. She was a noble-looking woman, somewhere about eight-and-forty years of age, and still beautiful and lovely. Her hair was still black and glossy, her eyes still bright and full, and her face still fresh and fair. Age had only served to give tone and character to a countenance which must in early youth have been an index to a light, joyous and thoughtless soul. She was all gentleness and goodness, and generally meek and forbearing with those she loved. But she could be roused, for she possessed a firm will, and a good degree of courage. Silvia was a widow when the duke made her his wife, her first husband having been a prince of Verona.

The second female was not over twenty years of age, and the striking likeness she bore to the duchess would at once point her out as a child of Silvia. And so she was, though the duke was not her father. She was the daughter of the first husband. She was tall—taller than most girls of her age,—but yet so admirably proportioned that the artist could not have given in the tenth part of an inch of her stature for fear of spoiling a bust which was now perfect. She was in truth a noble-looking woman, and as beautiful as she was noble. Her raven hair, which grew in gentle waves, was only confined behind by a wreath of flowers, and her dress, which was of white silk, was without ornament, save the broad, crimson girdle which encircled her waist. There was pride in her handsome face, but nothing of haughtiness. Love and truth beamed there, and affection had set its seal upon her. She lived for those who loved her, and found joy only while all whom she loved were happy. The duke loved her as though she were his own child, and made her bear his own name. Yet that love was not such as makes a gentle heart bound with joyousness, for it was formal and exacting. It came from a bosom of iron, which only the most deep emotions could move. The

duke could love as deeply as any man, but love had no power to soften his wrath when once aroused.

Both the duchess and her child started when they saw the duke enter, and an expression of fear stood upon their faces. Visconti gazed upon them a few moments in silence with a look of doubt, and when he spoke his tone was one of anxious inquiry.

"Signora," he said to his wife, "I have not been playing the eavesdropper, but yet I heard a few words just now which have filled me with apprehension. You were speaking to Julia of Francesco Della Torre, were you not?"

"I was, signor," replied the duchess, revealing her effort to appear calm.

"And what were you saying?"

"Surely, signor, you would not pry into all our private conversation."

"Not such as is safe to remain private; but concerning a child of the house of Della Torre, there can be no privacy between you and me. I came into yonder room on my way to the hall, and there I stopped to think a while upon this matter which has just turned up from the interference of the Pope of Rome in my affairs. I heard your voice, and I heard Julia's in answer—or her voice, and yours in answer—and the words were strange. They fell with a startling jar upon my ear. But I may have misunderstood. You spoke of the young marquis, Francesco Della Torre. What was't you said?"

"Let Julia retire, signor, and I will tell you all."

"Not so, signora; Julia is interested—so she shall remain. Now what was't you said?"



BARNABAS VISCONTI, DUKE OF MILAN.

It was some moments before the duchess answered. She gazed into Julia's face, and found the tears already gathering in her eyes, and she felt her own heart beating tumultuously; but she strove to gather her composure, and at length, in tremulous accents, she said:

"You know, my lord, how truly and fondly Francesca loves our gentle Julia."

"Ay. Go on," uttered the duke, while the cloud upon his brow deepened.

"And you know how fondly Julia loves him in return. They have been intimate from childhood. Even while Julia was but a prattling babe, Francesco, then a stout boy, used to laugh and play with her, and as years passed on, and their understanding grew, they learned to love with a love more fervent and deep. A few years ago, before you took me from my home in Verona, the youthful marquis was our constant companion, and he and Julia lived in each other's love. He asked me then if he might have my child for his own wife. I knew that he was noble and virtuous, true and generous, and that his love was as pure as heaven itself. I knew, too, that my child loved him with the whole ardor and strength of her virgin soul, and I told him that when a few more years should have passed away—when Julia should have become more firm in physical and mental life—he should ask me again and I would not say to him nay, if both their loves were still the same. Those years have passed—the maiden has grown to be a noble woman—and Francesco Della Torre has asked me if I remembered my promise."

"Has he been here?" asked the duke, sternly.

"He has. He came yesterday."

"While I was away?"

"Yes—you chanced to be away; but he knew it not when he came."

"And he asked you for your daughter's hand the second time?"

"He did."

"And your answer?"

"I told him that he had my consent fully and freely."

"Did he ask concerning me?" the duke asked, in a low, hoarse whisper.

"He did."

"And what said you?"

"He feared you would not give your consent; but I told him that I did not think you would claim such power over the heart of my child as to plunge her into woe and agony."

"Ha!—you did?"

And as the duke thus uttered, he started across the room with long, quick strides. The right hand clutched the regal seal convulsively, while the left rested with a nervous grasp upon his sword-hilt. His brow was black as night, and his lips were compressed more tightly than was their wont.

The duchess and Julia gazed upon him with fearful looks, for they saw the storm that was gathering. They knew his proud spirit, and they had some idea of the hatred which he bore the house of Della Torre. At length he stopped in front of his wife, and gazed sternly into her face. His voice was low and deep, and carried the most deadly hatred in its tones.

"Signora," he said, "that you should have admitted the marquis to your house ere you became my wife, is no wonder, for he is smooth of speech, and a brave cavalier, I must admit. But that you should have done so now surprises me. Do you not

know that the Della Torre have ever been the enemies of our house? Ever since the first dawn of earth's light beamed upon my vision, the Della Torre have been trying to crush our family; but God has given us the victory. Between the Visconti and that house there is a hatred so deep and deadly that evenimps would not dare to cross it. And now you would have me give one of the things I love best on earth to a scion of that house! By the most holy powers of heaven, before I would do that thing I would see everything on earth that ever bore love for me laid low and cold in the grave! You understand me now."

"But, my lord," gasped the duchess, "the young marquis has never engaged in any of these broils, and I know he favors your house."

"Favors my house?" uttered the duke, ironically.

"Yes—I know he does."

"And he has reason," resumed Visconti, casting a meaning glance upon Julia.

"You mistake, my lord. Even before you took me to your home, Francesco told me that his sympathies were all with the Visconti. You had gained the ducal power, and he said it belonged to you."

"And yet his own father aspired to the coronet."

"I know he did, signor; but Francesco never hoped to see him win it."

"Why so?"

"Because he said his father was in no way fit for the office."

"By my soul, the youth spoke the truth then; but that matters not. He is a Della Torre, and that is enough. My clown's dog is a noble fellow, and cringes at my feet, and has even been taught to bark and growl at the Della Torre; but he is, nevertheless, a dog. No, signora,—Francesco Della Torre shall die by my own hand ere he weds with a member of my family! I am not wont to

be harsh with those I love, but—but—when one of my most deadly enemies comes for my jewels, he must see me dead ere he takes them away. Julia, I will find you a husband more worthy of your hand. A dozen of our most wealthy nobles have already asked me for your sweet person. Santa Marie! what a thing to put before the world! A Della Torre carrying off our daughter, while a score of my own true nobles are asking for the boon! Let me hear no more of it."

"One word, my lord," urged the duchess, clasping her hands beseechingly together, and raising them towards him. "Will you see the marquis once, alone? Will you probe him, and judge of him without preconceived enmity or offence? Would you but do this—"

"Stop, signora. You ask me to do that which would not only be useless, but which might lead to worse consequences. I know already, and have even so admitted, that the marquis is brave and generous; but that is nothing to me. Yesterday I saw a black man—as black as the surface of my boot. He may have had a heart as brave and true as my own; but do you think I would have probed him for a mate to my child. Out upon the thought of such an alliance! Let me have no more of it."

"Then farewell life!" burst faintly from Julia's lips, as she sank forward upon her mother's bosom.

"No, no," returned the duke. "We have plenty of brave nobles who shall bring you joy."

"I want—"

Julia would have spoken further, but a quick, fearful motion from her mother prevented her.

"What think you of the noble Count of Monza, Marco Lore-dano?" continued Visconti. "Where will you find a truer man, or more brave and noble?"

Again Julia would have spoken hastily, but her mother silently

forbade her, and without another word, the duke left the apartment. He considered that he had said enough, and that he was fully understood; and he did not dream that there could be a thought of disobedience to his mandates beneath his own roof.

It was sometime after the duke had left before either of the females spoke a word. Julia seemed much troubled, and yet there was an expression of firm determination upon her face, which stood out above all fear. The truth was, she did not fully realize how much power the duke had over her, nor could she yet fully comprehend the nature of that deadly hatred which existed between the Visconti and the Della Torre. She did not know how deep a proud man's hate could be, nor did she dream how roughly that hate could ride over the affections of the soul.

"Mother," she said, "the duke spoke of Marco Loredano. Do you think he would like to have me marry with that man?"

"Very likely," the duchess replied, without looking up. "He seems determined that you shall not wed with Francesco."

"But I shall wed with Francesco," the maiden returned, with firmness and decision.

Donna Silvia started as she heard this remark, and she fixed upon her daughter a look of more than ordinary anxiety.

"Ah, Julia," she uttered, with a dubious shake of the head, "I fear you do not fully realize the duke's power."

"But what power can he have over me? He is your husband, I know, but he is not my father."

"By law he is my child."

"But he has no right to—"

"Stop, Julia. You forget that he is ruler here in Milan. I fear he can do as he pleases."

"Do you mean that he can prevent me from marrying with Francesco?"

"He can, most assuredly, if he pleases; for he has all the power. But let us hope that he may relent."

"Let him relent or not, as he pleases. He shall find me one who is not easily to be forced into my own misery. My word to Francesco is given, and I will not recall it. By my hopes of heaven, I will never submit to have my soul bartered away at the will of mere hate and revenge—never!"

The duchess saw how earnest her daughter was, and she said no more. Yet she dreaded the consequences of Julia's resistance to the duke's will, for she knew how terrible that will could be.

CHAPTER II.

PLOTTING FOR A LIFE.

BARNABAS VISCONTI was not a man who would have willingly played the spy upon those in his own dwelling, but he could not well avoid hearing some of the remarks which Julia made after he left her. His first movement, after having gone from the apartment where the duchess and her child sat, was to proceed to his library, where he deposited some papers which he had with him, and after this he turned his steps again towards the hall, in doing which he passed through the same apartment where we first found him. He heard Julia's voice, firm and distinct, and he stopped to listen. "But I shall wed with Francesco," he heard her say. His first impulse was to confront her, but he restrained his passion, and remained still. Again Julia spoke, and her words were still firm and defiant. The duke heard her through, and then he went to one of his own private rooms.

"By the saints!" he muttered to himself, after he had gained the apartment, where he sometimes received his private messengers, and where none intruded without his bidding, "this thing may prove more troublesome than I was willing to think. The girl is stubborn—too stubborn by all means. By my soul, but this will never do. I can handle men with ease, but to take in hand a beautiful maiden like her is more than I wish to undertake if I can avoid it. And yet she shall not wed with a Della Torre. Both she and I shall bite the dust first!"

After this the duke walked up and down his apartment for some minutes in a nervous, anxious mood. At length he stopped and touched a cord which hung near him, and in a few moments more a boy entered. He was a small, black-eyed, intelligent-looking fellow, not over fourteen years of age, and as beautiful as a girl.

"Lorenzo," spoke the duke, "is Marco Loredano in the palace?"

"I'll go and see, signor."

"Do so; and if you find him send him up to me."

The boy withdrew, and the duke went on talking with himself: "I must have help in this matter," he muttered; "and it must be attended to at once." His hands were clasped, and his brow was black as night. He went on muttering, but his words were only half uttered and incoherent, without connection or sequence.

Ere long the boy returned, and announced that Loredano was not in the palace.

"Then send Father Andrea up."

Again the boy withdrew, and shortly afterwards the door of the apartment was opened, and a Franciscan friar made his appearance. He was a strange looking man, at least, for one to be familiar with the duke. He was short—very short—and very fat, with a greasy, oily look, which was repulsive to a sensitive person who beheld him for the first time. In years, he was not far from fifty, though his face gave no clue to his age, for that face was mere blubber in substance, and either the skin was of a most strange color, or else there was a goodly quantity of dirt upon it. At the jaws was the greatest breadth, as though all the fat of the cheeks hung down there, as jelly hangs in a half-empty bag; while from them upward his head arose in a sort of conic form, the brow sloping backward, and all forming a peak at the

point where phrenologists have located firmness. His eyes were of a reddish gray, small and deep set, and his hair a crisp, coarse, mottled brown. His dress was of the usual coarse brown stuff, belonging to his order, and filthy in the extreme.

Such was Father Andrea, and if the reader wonders why the Duke of Milan should be intimate with such a thing, we can only reply, that the Franciscan was a wily, shrewd person, reckless of consequence, hampered by no conscience, intimate with all the affairs of the church and state, a handy spy, a willing tool when money was promised, a proficient in the use of the dagger or the more secret course of subtle poison; and, in short, just such a man as would do work which an ambitious prince among enemies might have to do, and which no decent man would descend to. Few persons knew so much of Visconti's private affairs as the friar.

"Father Andrea," commenced the duke, as soon as the monk was seated; for the fellow would not stand when he could help it, "I have a matter of moment on my hands, and I may want your assistance."

"You know I am on hand, signor," replied the monk; "only don't put any hard work on me now."

"It is not hard; and there may be nothing for you to do."

"And what is it?"

"You know Francesco Della Torre?"

"Perfectly, signor."

"And you know my wife's pretty daughter, Julia?"

"I have seen her."

"Well, it seems that before I married Donna Silvia, the hand



MARCO LOREDANO, COUNT OF MONZA.

of the girl was pledged to this young marquis of the Della Torre; and now the maiden swears she will marry him."

"What!" uttered the friar, in real surprise, "a member of the house of the Visconti marry with a Della Torre! By my faith, when that comes to pass then shall the wolf come calmly to the sheep-fold, and mate honestly with the young yew! But the girl is not in her senses."

"No—she's in love."

"Ha, ha, ha! and so the wit's out," laughed the friar, coarsely.

"But," he added, seriously, "do you mean that the girl would really do this thing? Does she not know of the deadly feud that exists between the two houses? Does she not know that—that—Why, the thing is too absurd, even, for supposition. A Visconti wed with a Della Torre! Impossible! Why, the very thing would shake the duchy to atoms."

"But you must remember one thing, father. Just remember that the girl has no sympathy in this hatred. Brought up in a distant city, by a careful, peace-loving mother, she has known but little of the outer world about her. She was acquainted with Francesco even in childhood, and their love is a thing of life-long growth. When I told her that she could not marry with him, she was first puzzled, then astonished, then pained; and finally she grew angry, and after I had gone she swore she would marry with him whether I willed it or not. Of course I can prevent such a thing by exercising my authority over the girl, but I don't like the work, for I know 'twill only produce a bone of discord that must make misery, and misery only, between me and mine. I love my wife too well to willingly let in such trouble, if I can avoid it. I know the firm will of Julia, and how hard it would be to conquer her. But—" the duke started back as he spoke, and drew his sword, and his whole frame was convulsed by the emotion of that moment—"sooner than take a cub of the

Della Torre to my relationship I'd let out the pure blood of the lovely being with my own hand!"

The friar had seen the duke too often enraged to be much moved by what he now saw, though he could plainly see that there was work of some kind to be done.

"Surely, signor," he said, in a frank tone—or, at least, as frankly as he could speak—for he knew too much to show any of his usual hypocrisy to one who knew him as thoroughly as did Barnabas Visconti, "this thing must be stopped. It seems hardly possible that it can be among the possible things of earth; but yet strange things do sometimes happen. And now, what do you propose?"

"Why," returned the duke, boldly, "since I would not work upon the maiden, I must upon the man. If Francesco Della Torre is removed, the work is accomplished."

"Go on, signor."

"You must help me, sir, in this."

"What will you have done?"

"Let him be given to the Holy Inquisition! You can furnish a complaint easily. Once within those walls, and the world sees him no more."

There was a shade of doubt upon the monk's face.

"Ah, my lord," he said, "the pope already fears your power, and you may find it difficult to do as you could wish with the holy office."

"But 'tis not I who am to do it. You must do it. By the powers of darkness, let Urban send his bulls to me if he dare! I know how he has spoken of the Visconti—and how he would favor our enemies; but enough of that. You can get the marquis under arrest."

"I can, if I try."

"And you must."

"I will help you in some way, signor. Most surely I can have Francesco Della Torre condemned—nothing can be more easy; but there may be an after-clap. Should the thing leak out—and among the numerous friends which the Della Torre have among the priesthood, such an event is highly probable—there might be trouble."

"How so?"

"From the pope."

"That for the pope!" cried the duke, snapping his finger. "I tell you I fear him not. If there are consequences, let them be on my own head. Now hold yourself in readiness, for the thing may need to be done, though it is not settled yet. At any rate, you can be plotting up a complaint, and have the proofs all made out; and then if I find I must use this engine, why, you will be all prepared. Do you not see the force of this?"

"I see it all. You will have this kept in reserve as a last resort."

"Exactly, father; and I would have you ready so that the resort may be of use if needed. I have other tools at hand, but none so secret and sure as this; but hold. Ha, Andrea, how with the branch at St. Donato? By the apostle, our friends are there—all are our friends at St. Donato!"

The monk started, and a look of great relief overspread his face.

"As I'm a Christian, I did forget St. Donato," he said. "Ay, they are all safe and sound there. Give me but a complaint from your own hand, and I'll have the marquis incarcerated there as soon as you please. And—let him once be there, and the world sees him no more. 'Tis most strange I should have forgotten St. Donato—and

so close at hand, too,—only an hour's ride from here. Why, Bernardo Torquedo is chief inquisitor there—one of your own house."

"Ay, and this thing is settled. To St. Donato the marquis goes as soon as I find it necessary. 'Tis but the lopping off of one poisonous branch to save the honor of my house. You will be at hand, for I know not when this thing may be done."

"I will not fail you." And with these words the Franciscan retired.

Barnabas Visconti was once more alone, and the only feeling that moved him deeply was one of thankfulness at the ready method he had arrived at in disposing of Francesco Della Torre. For many years he had looked upon that house as only a thing in his way, and which he had the right to remove when and how he could. Open, rank war existed between them, for peace had never been made, and at the present moment the Della Torre, with Jacopo at their head, looked upon the ducal crown of Milan as their own by right when they could get it. Visconti knew this, and hence he had no compunctions at removing the dangerous rival.

It was dark now—even well advanced into the evening—and the duke retired to his own cabinet, or library, shortly after the monk had gone, and there he commenced to write. He wrote in the Latin tongue, and the name of Francesco Della Torre appeared upon the instrument.

CHAPTER III.

A PORTENTOUS BEGINNING.

On the morning following the interview between the duke and the monk there was an early visitor at the palace. He found the duke not yet stirring, and having removed his cloak and hat, he

walked out upon one of the broad piazzas which overlooked the garden. He was a well-built man, of medium stature, and dressed neatly and yet gaudily, for his raiment was of the most costly fabric, and wrought deeply with gold and precious stones. His hair was black and curling, his beard of the same color, and neatly trimmed, and his face one of much beauty. So it appeared at first sight; for the features were perfect and regular, and the large dark eyes brilliant and expressive. But yet, upon a closer scrutiny, the careful physiognomist would have detected lines and expressions which at once detracted from the manly beauty of the face. The nose was too long for the upper lip, and the chin had a false prominence given by the neatly arranged beard. The brow, though full and bold, was marble-like and cold, and the whole face had a sort of bloodless expression, as though the blood were cold in his heart, and sent only an icy stream through its life-channels.

Here we have Marco Loredano, the Count of Monza. In years he was not far from five-and-thirty, and he surely presented the appearance of a brave man; though that bravery was more the result of a reckless disregard of personal danger than of any noble conceptions of chivalric duty.

The count had paced up and down the piazza several times, when his attention was arrested by the sound of something moving in the shrubbery near him, and with a natural curiosity he bent forward to see what it was. He quickly saw the drapery of a female dress, but he could see no more, for the thick foliage hid it. Yet his ears soon discovered what his eyes could not. He heard a low voice—he knew 'twas Julia Visconti's. Then he heard an answer—and he started with a quick, overpowering emotion; for he recognized the deep, full tones of Francesco Della Torre!

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

His first impulse was to spring forward and arrest the intruder; for what could a Della Torre have to do honestly in that place? But upon second thought he restrained himself, for he wished not to appear to disadvantage before Julia. His second impulse was carried out, and that was to hurry away after some of the palace guard and have the marquis arrested.

In the meantime let us follow Julia and her lover. During the night the maiden had contrived to send a trusty messenger to Francesco, and the same messenger had contrived to admit him through one of the private gates this morning. They had taken their way to a hower of vines near the centre of the garden, and here they had seated themselves.

Francesco Della Torre was a tall, well-made young man, and eminently handsome. His hair was very dark, but not black, and his eyes of a deep, bright hazel. His beard was trimmed quite short, so that the outlines of his features could be plainly distinguished. To a mere casual observer, Marco Loredano would have appeared the better looking man, for Francesco's face was pale, and somewhat thin, from study and trouble; but his expression—the soul, the life, of his face, was saintly, compared with the count's. His look was mild, but yet bold and manly, and all the emotions of the heart were written there; and then in physical proportions he was a perfect man. His chest was broad and full, his shoulders square and heavy, and his limbs handsomely rounded and perfectly formed. His garb was plain and substantial, and his only weapon was a sword of curious workmanship, quite long and heavy. It was a true Damascus blade, with a hilt of later make.

"And so evil must still pursue me!" the young marquis said, in a low, sad tone, after Julia had told him of the decision of the duke. "I know not why it is, but misfortune seems to have marked me for her own. Between my father and myself there is no longer any love. He has forbidden me from ever speaking to you again, and I told him at once that I could not obey him. O, why was I born under the roof, and from the loins, of a Della Torre?"

"Say, rather, why was I ever connected with the Visconti?" quickly returned the maiden. "But," she added, resting her head upon her lover's shoulder, "let this all pass, for no power on earth can tear me from you. I will be yours."

"But you will only bind yourself to misery, for how shall we ever live in peace here?"

"We need not live here, Francesco. Let us seek some home where we can live in peace and joy. Let me go where I will, my mother's blessing will go with me."

"Blessed being!" uttered the marquis, pressing the maiden to his bosom; "you will make me hope in spite of all the clouds of earth. Give me only a mountain cave, and a shepherd's crook, and give me yourself and you holy love, and I could ask for no more; but in Milan we cannot live. I know the duke too well to think he would ever let us be in peace here. And yet I cannot blame him, for my father has been ever his enemy, and has even descended to mean and petty annoyances to trouble him."

"Since you have spoken thus, I will say that I have thought the duke a noble, generous man; but he is proud, ambitious, and remorseless. I cannot respect nor love such. We will leave Milan, Francesco; and we need not seek the mountain cave, either. Frederic of Austria is my cousin, and he will shelter us, I know; and with the emperor on our side, what shall we fear. Take courage, my beloved, for I will not desert you now."

Once more the young noble drew the beautiful maiden to his bosom, and while the big tears gathered in his eyes, he said:

"Surely, I should be thankless indeed did I not forget every misfortune in the presence of such a blessing as God has given me in your love. We will leave Milan, and while we joy in being freed from the dangers which here surround us, we will gather from our own love the balm which shall heal all wounds of separation from what in this city we love. When shall we go?"

"When you can make ready?"

"That I can do in a single day."

"Then—Hark! Did you hear that, Francesco?"

"Yes," returned the young man, starting. "It is the sound of feet, and the clang of arms!"

"Jesu have mercy!" articulated the maiden, springing to her feet. "We are detected, most surely. I thought I saw a man upon the piazza as we came along, but I did not—Ha!—'tis the palace guard; and they are coming this way! Follow me—quickly! If they take you here—"

She spoke no more, but with a quick step darted off by a narrow path which led away towards the wall among a group of fig-trees. The marquis followed her, and ere long they were met by a young girl who came hurrying up, with terror and anxiety plainly depicted upon her face. It was Lucetta—Julia's faithful maid—a girl who had lived with Donna Silvia from childhood. She was not over nineteen, and her face at once betrayed a quick, keen wit which even her terror could not hide.

"You have seen them," were her first words, spoken breathlessly, and in a whisper.

"Yes," returned Julia.

"But all is not lost yet," returned Lucetta, gaining assurance now that she saw her loved mistress and the marquis so far safe. "I have the key to the little wicket by the great postern, and there my lord can make his escape. I saw the guard when they came from their quarters, and I heard the duke bid them take the marquis, dead or alive!"

"Ha! Would they then kill me for being here?" uttered Francesco, drawing his trusty sword. "By my soul, I am prepared! But hasten, good Lucetta, for I would have no broil here!"

The faithful maid hurried on; but in order to reach the postern they had to cross one of the main paths, and here they saw, towards the palace, and not many yards distant, four of the duke's guards. The soldiers uttered a quick shout as they saw the marquis, and darted forward.

"In God's name, mercy!" ejaculated Julia, grasping her lover by the arm, and fairly hurrying him on; for he had lagged while calculating the force thus at his heels.

"They cannot capture me," he uttered, confidently, at the same time grasping his sword-hilt with a firmer grip.

In a moment more, Lucetta was at the postern, and the key was in the lock of the wicket.

"Turn the key, and then flee," cried the marquis, "for I must not be taken. The duke fears me, and if I fall into his power now, I am surely lost. I feel it—I know it! There; God bless you both! Now flee. Stop not here!"

"But you—"

"Stop not, Julia. I beg of you—I implore! O, listen to me now!"

Lucetta threw open the wicket, and then catching her mistress by the arm, she hastened away into a narrower path that led up towards the piazza.

"Come," she hurriedly cried. "We can help him no more, but may only prove an impediment in his way."

The noble maid saw that the soldiers were close at hand, and before her mistress could see the same she had dragged her into the path.

Francesco was already at the wicket; but it had closed again, and before he could re-open it, he heard the whizzing of a sword-blade close behind him.

"Stop! stop!" cried a stern voice.

The marquis turned, and found two of the soldiers upon him.

"Back!" he uttered. "I am here for no harm. I came at the call of one who has a right to call. I came peaceably, and now in peace let me go."

"You go not out from here alive, signor. Such is our order. Put up your sword, for you are our prisoner."

"Never!" said the marquis; and as he spoke he drew the small gate partly open behind him. "Beware!" he added, as one of the soldiers darted towards him. "I must go out of this place, and if you attempt to detain me, you do it at your peril!"

But those soldiers were not the men to cower, even before a powerful foe, and they sprang forward. Francesco saw that the other two were coming up, and his resolution was quickly made. With one mighty stroke he felled the foremost man, and then, quick as thought, placed himself on the guard to receive the other, and at the second stroke he dealt the guardsman a blow upon the sword-arm that disabled him at once. Then he threw the wicket open, and darted out just as the other two came up. He felt sure that he had killed one of the fellows, but he could not help it, nor could he stop to assure himself. He ran across the street to a point where a narrow passage opened around the church of St. John, and into this he plunged, with his sword still in his hand. When he came out upon the next street he found himself alone, and slackened his pace. His course towards his father's palace was now direct, and he reached it in safety, and when once there he had a hundred stout men at his will; so he at least had opportunity to reflect upon what had happened, and take breath.

The events of the morning had surely been summary, but they were, nevertheless, strange and important.

CHAPTER IV.

A SEPARATION.

THERE was consternation all through the ducal palace when a dead man was exposed in the great hall, and 'twas known that a Della Torre had done the deed. It was an officer who had been slain—an esquire of the duke's—and hence the subject was rendered more impressive and startling.

"This is sad work," said Father Andrea, speaking lowly to the duke.

"Sad?" repeated Visconti, with a deeply burning eye. "By the holy host, 'tis a most glorious thing! What better could I have asked? Had the villain been taken, as we meant, we should have had but little against him; but now his life is forfeited on holy grounds."

"Surely, signor," returned the friar, with a wicked leer, "I should know that as well as you. You cannot see through the covering of a word this morning."

"Ah—you spoke ironically."

"Surely. But now to the point. You have the start now, but beware that you do not trust to your own tribunal; for in this the marquis has in no way been guilty. He came at the call of one who had the right to call, and he slew your esquire in self-defence. And again, should you bring him to trial openly, your daughter would come before the judges in spite of you."

"But I'll sentence him myself, good father. By the saints, I'm ruler here."

"Ay—and though you may condemn the common people, yet you cannot do thus by the nobles of the land. Do not trust your own power in this. Bernardo Torquedo can do it best; for in his holy office no fools are admitted to impede the progress of his will; be wary in this."

"I'll take your word, good Andrea; and now how soon can the marquis be lodged at the office of St. Donato?"

"To-morrow, if I am not mistaken. I'll go to St. Donato to-day, and if Torquedo is there, he shall send his familiars to-morrow night."

"That will answer well; but yet you may take the road at once, and maybe the familiars will do their work this coming night. That would be better."

"You shall be pleased, signor; and I'll away at once."

With these words the friar turned away, and the duke sought his own chamber, where he held communion with himself alone. In the meantime, Julia and her mother were alone in the apartment adjoining the one where we first found them. The duchess was upon a sitting-couch, and Julia was upon her knees at her feet.

"O, mother," the fair girl said, in tones strong and firm, "'tis hard to part with thee; and even now will I be governed by your own wish in this matter."

"I could wish to have thee ever near me, sweet child," the mother replied, winding her arms about the maiden's neck; "but I must not be selfish. Could I even hope that happiness would ever be yours here, I would not give thee up. But such is not the case. I can have no such hope. If you stay here the duke will force upon you one whom you cannot love, and then your life is gone. No! I will not speak the word which my own wish, freed from reason, would dictate. Go—and peace be with you."

"But you shall hear from me often, my mother. I shall be with our noble cousin, and in his despatches, or by his messenger, I will send you word from your child. I would fain spend another week—another day—with you; but you know Francesco cannot be safe here longer. God grant that you may be happy, and in my prayers to that end shall I find much of my own peace."

The duchess turned away her head as her child thus spoke, for she knew that her husband would be angry with her when he found Julia gone, and she felt sure that his vengeance would be wreaked out upon her. Julia did not dream of this. She knew her mother only as a noble, independent woman, and she thought not that any one would dare to do her harm.

"Ah, mother, you are sad now at the thought of separation."

"I am thoughtful, my child."

"But you will not weep when I am gone."

"Only for relief."

Julia sank upon her mother's bosom, and there she remained for some minutes. Then she arose and started slowly across the room. She was thinking deeply, and both her small, white hands were pressed hard upon her brow.

"Mother," she said, at length, stopping before the duchess, and speaking abruptly, "if you love me, speak to me from your heart. Tell me the wish that rests nearest your pure and loving soul. Let me know the thought which your affection gives birth to. You know how fondly I love Francesco. That love was the germ of my earliest childhood—it has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength, for I know its object is worthy. "But," and the fair girl threw her arms about her mother's neck, as she added, "there is one who has a prior claim—one who taught me the first lesson of love, and who has been all of love to me from my natal hour to the present. Speak but the word, and my heart shall forget all other loves but its first and its holiest. Francesco shall be only remembered, while my mother—"

"Speak no more, my child," interrupted the duchess, straining the noble girl to her bosom. "Not for the world would I have you leave Francesco now, for he has my promise as well as your own. Go with him, and be to him all you can; and may God's blessing be upon you always."

"You speak truly now!"

"From my heart, my child. Where would be my happiness if you were miserable?—and misery alone waits you here. I know the marquis can be safe no more in Milan, and you should depart together. I have spoken."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It may be remarked for the comfort of honest poverty, that avarice reigns most in those who have but few good qualities to recommend them. This is a weed that will grow in a barren soil.—Hughes.

**IRON WORKS,
PEMBROKE, ME.**

We present here with an engraving from an accurate drawing made on the spot for us of these celebrated works. The Pembroke Iron Works are situated on the Pennamagon River, in Washington county, State of Maine, eleven miles from Eastport. Vessels of the largest class can go within half a mile of the works. The reputation of the Pembroke iron stands very high among the machinists and workers of iron, not only in New England, but in other parts of the country where they require and understand the value of good iron. The works are capable of turning out 5000 tons of bar iron of all the different sizes wanted for the market, and 3000 tons nail plate and other plate iron. They also turn out a large quantity of nails, boiler rivets and ship spikes. The rolling mill building is 174 feet front, 240 feet deep, containing ten puddling furnaces and six heating furnaces. The shears (five pair) are located very conveniently, and will cut iron from 1-4 inch round to 2 1-4 inches; all sizes above 2 1-4 inches are sawed off. The works are located where wood is very plenty, and by mixing wood with coal in the puddling furnace, a better quality of iron can be obtained than by any process where coal is used. It is the determination of the managers of these works to sustain the high reputation of the Pembroke iron. Wm. E. Coffin, & Co., 105 State Street, Boston, are the selling agents for the bar iron, nails, rivets, ship spikes and all other articles manufactured



IRON WORKS AT PEMBROKE, MAINE.

by the company. The American manufactures will be able to compete with the English without any further increase of duty, provided we use the same care and economy in looking after the manufacture as they do on the other side of the water.

SING SING PRISON, NEW YORK.

The engraving shows the interior of the prison-yard at Sing Sing, New York, with the convicts marching to supper in lock-step. After the abandonment of the solitary system of imprisonment at Auburn, the prison at Sing Sing was erected, under authority of

guard in the area can hear the slightest noise in the remotest cell. Two buildings two stories high and forty feet wide, used as workshops, enclose the western yard, which runs to the water's edge. There are five workshop buildings, and another building which comprises the kitchen, mess-room, chapel and hospital. There are several coopers' shops, and shops attached to the lime-kiln north of the main building. The guard-house is on the height at the east side of the prison and west of the female prison, about 170 feet above the level of the yard. The Hudson River Railroad runs through an arch in the east yard, 60 feet from the main building.

an act of the legislature passed in March, 1824. The work of building was commenced May 14, 1826, and the prison was completed in 1829, with 800 cells. The increase of convicts rendered an addition necessary, and this was completed in 1831. A large building for female convicts was erected to the east of the main prison in 1837. The Mount Pleasant prison at Sing Sing is 33 miles from the city of New York. It is built on the eastern shore of the Hudson, and stands 10 or 12 feet above high water mark. The grounds of the prison comprise 130 acres. The main prison for males is 480 feet long, and 44 wide. The building is 5 stories high, and contains 100 cells in each story. The cells are each 7 feet long, 7 feet high, and 3 1-2 feet wide, well lighted, warmed and ventilated. The space in front of the cells forms a perfect whispering gallery, so that a



STATE PRISON, AT SING SING, NEW YORK.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

OBLIVION'S TREASURES.

BY FREDERICK J. REYES.

Oblivion! cease from thy hold awhile,
On the treasures of the past,
If only from them to glean one smile,
Like a beam on life's river east.
If but from them I might gather a flower,
That from childhood's fingers fell,
When the pleasant dream of a golden hour
Threw around me its magic spell.

Or that further along on life's track,
I might woo a single day.
Or a single hour from its journey back,
In its beauty to charm my way.
From the flight of years—from the chain of time,
From the spell of memory—
From the lonely realms of a silent clime,
To woo it again to me.

To bid it come with the echoes sweet,
That floated once from its song;
And waken a pulse that has stilled its beat
In my youthful heart so long.
But that hour has fled, and its song is hushed,
And its scenes have passed away;
Its melodious lips that are sealed in dust,
Can awake no song to-day.

The flowers that bloomed, and the smiles that shone
Like gems on the spirit's wave—
Are far from the reach of the memory thrown
In oblivion's silent cave.
In vain we wander along the shore,
By its soundless billows washed;
For memory ne'er a pearl shall restore,
From the dead sea of the lost.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MAKING A VISITOR USEFUL.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"This is too bad," said Julia Ellison. "The heat is absolutely suffocating, and if a breath of air springs up, it brings with it a cloud of dust. I wish I were at Aunt Sheldon's."

"You imagine that you would there find a place exempt from all the discomforts of city life, do you not?" said Julia's mother.

"I should think I might; for, according to the description I have heard given of it, it is a terrestrial paradise. The house, which is elegant, spacious and airy, is surrounded by highly cultivated grounds, while a fifteen minutes' walk will carry you into the midst of a wilderness, where the solitude is unbroken, except by those rural sounds in harmony with the scene. If you will only consent for me to go and spend a month or six weeks there."

"I can think of no particular reason why you should not go, though I don't think your expectations will be fully realized."

"Why? Don't you think it a pleasant place?"

"Yes; I have seen few places which nature and art have done more to render charming. Marks of my late brother's fine taste are everywhere visible."

"I can think of nothing to prevent me from enjoying myself, then. The last time aunt was here, she urged me to make her a good long visit. She always comes and stays with us while she does her year's shopping, which commonly takes her a week, and I don't think it is anything more than fair that we should return some of her visits. I will take some of my drawing materials with me, and you will see what a quantity of sketches I shall make of the fine scenery."

"That is, if you find time," said Mrs. Ellison, with a smile.

"I shall have plenty of time, for I don't intend to take a stitch of sewing with me. You know that you have taught me to keep my wardrobe in such nice order that I can be ready to start on a journey at an hour's warning; so I may as well go in the morning as to wait a week."

Julia forgot the heat of the weather and her own languor in the prospect of so pleasant an excursion, and without delay, commenced packing a large travelling trunk.

"Now if father should put his veto on my going," said she, as the time drew near for Mr. Ellison to come home to supper.

"I don't think that he will offer any objection," said her mother; "but that may soon be decided, for I hear him coming."

"And so you think you can enjoy yourself better with your Aunt Sheldon than with your mother and me," said her father, when Julia had made known to him her wish.

"O, no indeed! but then 'twill be so delightful to be away from the noise, and heat, and dust of the city."

"Well, I will warn you of one thing, and that is, your aunt is one of those thrifty women that don't like to see any one idle. Her husband, when he was alive, took only one newspaper, and it was not often that he could get a chance to read that, for she was sure to hide it away, if she could lay hands on it before he did. 'Twas a dreadful waste of time, she said, to read newspapers."

"But I shall be a visitor, and she won't expect me to work. If she does, I hardly think I shall."

As previously arranged, Julia commenced her journey early in the morning. It was about four o'clock, when she stepped from the cars into a coach, which was to convey her to her Aunt Sheldon's. The distance was about four miles, and when, after a pleasant drive, she saw a large, elegant mansion, situated so far from the road as to be beyond the reach of dust, and surrounded by stately oaks, intermingled with forest trees of almost every

species, she knew by the description she had heard given of it that it was the residence of her aunt.

Instead of driving to the head of the avenue which led to the front entrance, the coach stopped at a narrow gravel path which appeared to lead to the back part of the house.

"The woman that lives here keeps the front part of her house locked up," said the coachman, as he deposited her trunk on one side of the path; "but if you go straight ahead a piece, and then turn to your right, you'll find a door you can get in at, I guess."

"But my trunk—won't you carry it to the house for me?"

"Can't stop. You'll find somebody about that you can send for it."

Julia, as directed, went "straight ahead," and as soon as she came to where the path turned, she saw her aunt sitting in the shade of an apple-tree, almost buried amid a heap of something, which, on a nearer approach, she found to be corn husks.

"If here isn't my niece Julia," said she, holding out her hand to her without rising from the low chair in which she was seated, so that Julia was obliged to walk into the pile of husks before she could reach the offered hand. "I am sorting some husks for a mattress—I've been told they make first rate mattresses,—so I thought I would do 'em out here to save littering the house. Did you leave your father and mother well?"

"Quite well, I thank you."

"Doreas," said Mrs. Sheldon, raising her voice, "bring a chair out here, and one of my blue aprons."

The order was promptly obeyed.

"Take the chair and sit down, Julia. Husks are clean dirt, you know, and I've got so near through I may as well finish, for I hate to have anything hanging by the eyelids, as 'twere. Doreas has been helping me, but I sent her in, a few minutes ago, to get supper. I pick out all the soft and pliable husks, and as it's rather dull music to work alone, if your eye should fall on any that you think will do, you can just throw 'em into the pile on my right hand. But you'd better pull your gloves off; maybe that stripping the husks apart will kind o' fray the ends of the fingers if you don't."

"I care more about my hands than my gloves, so I'll keep them on, aunt."

"Well, just tie that apron on; it's a good large one, and will keep the dust off of your clothes."

Julia could not help feeling amused at finding herself so unceremoniously set to work the very minute of her arrival; but seeing that her aunt had planted herself on the spot, not to be beguiled thence, till all the soft and pliant husks were placed at her right hand, she went diligently to work, the more so as, not having dined, her appetite, after a journey of more than a hundred miles, began to be somewhat keen.

"How handy you do work!" said her aunt. "I minded when I was at your house, last fall, that you seemed to understand how to do anything and everything."

"What a beautiful place this is!" said Julia, who had been so engaged in observing a fine view, seen in the distance through a natural vista, that she had not noticed her aunt's remark.

"Yes, it's called pleasant, and I don't believe there's a place within a dozen miles that yields better crops of corn and potatoes, and all kinds of grain, than this. And then I always take care to have plenty of early vegetables to send to market, which are always sure to bring a high price. Your uncle, when he was alive, must needs have a flower-border; but I would give more to see a good lot of beets, and carrots, and turnips growing than all the flowers in the world, except roses. Roses I like better; there's some profit in them. I make rose water of the leaves, and always find a ready sale for it. There's Doreas poking her head out at the door. What do you want, Doreas?"

"Nothing, only to tell you that supper is ready."

"Well, there isn't more'n a minute's work to do now; we'll finish and come right in."

"I should think there was nearer five minutes' work than one," said Doreas, and her estimate proved to be much more correct than Mrs. Sheldon's.

When, at last, Mrs. Sheldon conducted her niece into the kitchen, she cast a keen look at the table, which Doreas had placed in the coolest corner she could find.

"I don't see what that great dish of strawberries is on the table for," said she, when she had finished her inspection. "When they fetch the high price they do now, I should almost as soon think of eating gold dust."

Doreas closed her lips very firmly, to keep herself, as she afterward said, from telling Mrs. Sheldon right to her head that she thought it was real mean to speak out so before company. It was the same as saying that she didn't wish Miss Ellison to eat any of the strawberries.

"Come, Julia, take a seat at the table," said her aunt. "I tell Doreas to always set the table in the kitchen when anybody comes to see me that I am well acquainted with; for I don't think it worth while to make strangers of 'em. I should think, Doreas, that you imagined you were providing for half a dozen ploughmen, instead of two or three women, and one of 'em a city lady."

"I don't suppose city ladies can live on air any more than country ladies," said Doreas, tartly.

"I don't for one," said Julia, laughing, and helping herself pretty liberally to the butter which Doreas passed her, "and as I have not tasted anything since six o'clock this morning, except a small piece of cake, you may be certain that I shall do your warm biscuit and nice butter good justice. I never saw finer butter in my life."

"Yes," said her aunt, "it's first rate, and thinking of the high price every ounce of it would fetch in market, takes away all my comfort in eating it."

Some young ladies might have abstained from eating what was deemed so precious; but Julia, when she remembered that her aunt was never at all abstemious in the article of butter when a guest at the plentifully furnished board in her father's house, concluded that she would take no notice of the uncourteous remark.

"Now, aunt," said Julia, when they had risen from the table, "will you be so kind as to show me to my room?"

"Yes, child; follow me up these stairs, and when the hired men come from their work, I'll get one of 'em to carry your trunk up. There," said she, throwing open a door at the head of the stairs, "this is a pretty, snug little room as ever was. I always think a large room seems kind of lonely. It's rather warm now, because the sun shines in the latter part of the day; but I'll open the window, and it will soon grow cool."

"While it is cooling, I think I'll return to the kitchen," said Julia.

In the morning, after a restless night in her small, close room, Julia rose early, and prepared herself for a walk.

"Why, Julia, are you going out now before the dew is off?" said her aunt, whom she met at the kitchen door.

"I'm not going into the grass—only along those smooth gravel paths."

"Well, I don't know as it would make you take cold to walk there; but I didn't quite finish one of the seams of the mattress tick, and if you'll do it, so that it will be ready for the husks as soon as breakfast is over, you can't think what a help 'twill be to me."

Julia found that the seam, instead of being not quite finished, was only just begun, and as the cloth was coarse and stiff, it proved to be very hard, slow work. As yet, she had been inside of no room, except the kitchen and the one where she had slept. All the rest, as far as she had had ocular proof to the contrary, were as carefully closed as if a ghost had been laid in every one of them. She, therefore, to avoid the heat of the kitchen fire, went and sat under the apple-tree, where she had assisted her aunt to prepare the husks. By the time she had finished the seam, breakfast was ready, so that her walk was obliged to be again postponed.

"Come, Doreas," said Mrs. Sheldon, the moment they had risen from the table, "I want you to do the dairy work as quick as you can, and Julia will wash the breakfast dishes, I guess, while I go and twist that stocking-yarn, and then, all three of us will be ready to go to work on the mattress."

"If I were in your place," said Doreas, after Mrs. Sheldon had gone to an out-house where she kept her spinning-wheel, "I would go and walk in the garden, and wouldn't touch a dish."

"It won't take me but a few minutes," said Julia. "I shall get done long before she finishes her yarn."

"If she thought so, she'd be back to lay out more work for you; so I advise you to be off the minute you get through."

"O, there is another room in the house!" said Julia, who, having finished her dishes, passed a door partly open, through which she saw Doreas standing at a large table, skimming milk. "I thought there must be by the looks of the house outside."

"Yes, there are lots of 'em," replied Doreas, "but they're of no use to any living person, that I could ever find out."

Julia had just made good her retreat, when her aunt came and inquired for her.

"I meant," said she, "to have told her that if she went to walk in the garden, she might take a basket with her and pick the leaves off of the roses, whenever she came across a bush. It's high time to begin to gather 'em, and I shouldn't wonder if some of 'em had shed now."

Mrs. Sheldon returned to her wheel and finished twisting her yarn, and Doreas had finished her dairy work, but Julia was still missing.

"I cannot imagine what the girl is about," said Mrs. Sheldon. "She knows that I depend on her helping me about the mattress."

"Well, I wouldn't help, if I were in her place," said Doreas. "What comfort can she take of her visit, if she has to work all the time, as if she were on a wager? I will speak and free my mind once in a while."

Doreas knew that her services were too valuable to be readily dispensed with, or she might not have availed herself of the privilege of freeing her mind. Mrs. Sheldon very wisely took no notice of what she said.

"There, she's coming," said Doreas, "and now I hope your mind will be relieved," she added, though in so low a voice that Mrs. Sheldon did not hear her.

The mattress proved to be a more difficult and laborious job than was anticipated. It was nearly time for tea, when completed, and Mrs. Sheldon told Julia, as there was not time to set themselves about anything that would turn to much account, that, while supper was in preparation, she would show her the inside of her house.

Julia found that the apartments, which, as Doreas had said, were of no use to any living person, were handsomely finished and furnished, and so large and airy as to be perfectly comfortable, though the heat in her bed-room was almost stifling. Mrs. Sheldon lifted the corners of the brown linen covers, spread over sofas, lounges and carpets, to give Julia a glimpse of the rich fabrics beneath; but she saw nothing that particularly interested her, except in one of the rooms, where there were a few old family portraits and a large book-case, through the glass doors of which she saw the titles of a number of books which she thought she should like very much to read.

"May I look at some of these books?" she eagerly asked.

"The book-case is locked," said her aunt, shaking her head, solemnly.

"But there is a key that will unlock it—is there not?"

"Yes; but it is getting late now, and it won't be worth while

for you to waste your time reading, and spoil your eyes into the bargain. I twisted that yarn, this morning, on purpose, so that you might have some knitting work. I've got behind hand with my knitting, and 'twill be pretty and careless kind of work for you between daylight and dark."

"Well, I can knit and read at the same time. Is the key in your pocket, aunt?"

Mrs. Sheldon reluctantly acknowledged that it was, and by some means—'twas kind of witchwork, Mrs. Sheldon said she believed—the key was allured from its capacious receptacle, and the book case was unlocked. Julia selected "Froissart," but finding that she could not knit and read at the same time as well as she expected, and her aunt being in an uncommonly chatty mood, she was soon obliged to lay her book aside. It so happened, or it might have been done intentionally, that, when Julia rose to go to her chamber, Dorcas, instead of handing her one of the lamps so prepared as to burn exactly fifteen minutes by the clock, gave her one that was sufficiently well replenished to burn till midnight. This gave Julia, who took her book with her, several hours to read. But such an unwonted waste of lamp oil could not escape the vigilance of so careful a housewife as Mrs. Sheldon, and the next night she took care for Julia to have one of the fifteen minute lamps.

The day following, Mrs. Sheldon brought forward a purple silk dress, much faded, which she said she had for a good while been trying to find time to turn, and that now, as Julia had come, she thought she would get her to assist her. As Mrs. Sheldon and her niece were busily engaged in ripping it, the former mentioned so many pieces of work she intended to have done during Julia's visit—among others, fifty yards of linen to be made into sheets and pillow-cases,—that it would take three months instead of six weeks—the time she had thought of remaining—to get through with them. The prospect before her was anything but pleasant, and she determined to start for home the next Monday morning. With the assistance of Dorcas, a man was engaged to take her to the station-house in season for the cars. Sunday evening, previously to retiring, she told her aunt that she had concluded to return home the following day.

"Why, I'd no thought of your going so soon," said her aunt. "I expected you would stay a number of weeks. I am sure you'd be as welcome as a queen. Well, it's lucky I've got my purple silk turned; but I don't know when I shall find time to make that fifty yards of linen up. I meant to have the pillow-cases ruffled, but I guess I shall make 'em up plain now. I really think that you had better conclude to remain a few weeks longer."

But Julia was inexorable. She had imagined, when she left her father's door, she was going to a rural paradise; and it might have proved so had she not unhappily found the gates closed. She was now fully convinced that "there's no place like home."

"And yet," said she, when speaking to her father and mother respecting her Aunt Sheldon's place, "if you could only have the management of it, it would be one of the most delightful places in the world. All the elements of enjoyment are there, which, by a most provoking transmutation, become sources of trouble and anxiety. When the rooms are closed, visions of moths disturb my aunt's quiet, while at the same time she imagines that the brightness and gloss of her carpets and sofas, though so carefully protected by their brown linen covers, is silently departing. As for any pleasure she derives from the beautiful scenery, she might as well live in the midst of a barren heath."

A BATTLE FIELD.

Rev. S. G. Osborne says the grouping of falling men and horses, the many heaped-up masses of dead moved strangely by the living maimed among them, showing the points where the deadly strife had been most severe; the commingling of uniforms of friends and foes, as both lie scattered on the ground on which they fell; the groups surrounding this and that individual sufferer, hearing his last words, giving to him the last drops of water which will ever moisten his lips upon earth; the stretchers borne from various points, each carrying some officer or private soldier, who has now the startling feeling forced upon him: "It has come to this, and yet there may be hope of life;" his excited but over-worn spirit, half-fainting as it is, yet dreaming a mixed feverish dream of the charge in which he met his wound, and the thoughts of home that flashed upon the heart as it seemed to commit that heart to a moment's oblivion of all else. Then comes the first dawn of the hope that life may be spared; the view of horrid objects passed, seen with a dimmed eye; hope of life growing stronger, but with it now a dread of some operation to be undergone; the sound of guns still heard, begetting a feverish, impatient desire to know the result of the battle. Again, a partial waking up at the voice of the surgeon; he and his attendants seen as through a mist; the deafened feelings of utter weakness causing all to seem as though they spoke in whispers; the still further rousing of the mind as the cordial administered begins to take effect; the voice of a comrade or friend lying close by, himself wounded, yet speaking to cheer; the operation borne bravely, and felt the less as it gives promise of a life just now seemingly lost to hope; through it all fresh news ever arriving from amidst the din of the strife yet raging; all this has a life and motion and spirit in it which mocks the real grave horror of the scene.

A WARNING TO COQUETTES.

In Mrs. Bray's letters on Devonshire, an interesting work, published some years ago in England, an anecdote is preserved of a lady in the reign of Charles the First, who, in some fit of caprice, behaved so toward a suitor whom in her heart she loved, that, believing himself utterly discarded, he joined the king's army, and was killed at the battle of Newbury. In obedience to her father, she afterward married an officer in the army; but, on the marriage day, feeling too surely that her heart was broken, she wrote a letter expressing that conviction and relating the causes, and requesting that she might be buried near her first and only love. These words were written on the envelope, beneath a black seal:

"When I am dead and cold,
Then let the truth be told."

According to her own presentiments, she died, and on her death-bed pointed to the cabinet, where the paper would be found, in which the cause of her secret grief was disclosed.—*Court Gazette.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MAN TRAPS.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

IN the house of Mrs. George, all the boarders were sitting together, after tea, in the pleasant parlor, discussing the news of the closing day. Some lolled lazily on the sofas; some were slyly whistling over the music that lay spread out on the piano; others were laughing and talking in groups by themselves, and others still quietly running over the city gossip and advertisements to be found in the evening papers.

Presently, Mr. Shannon called aloud: "Here is something worthy of your attention, all!" and he held up his paper to read the intelligence that was to promise such a general interest. The following was the announcement he then made public:

"MATRIMONIAL.—The advertiser, a gentleman of about forty years, good looking, well educated, and well to do in the world, not wishing to go through the chances and formalities of making a personal acquaintance, takes this method to propose marriage with any amiable, good-looking, healthy and well-educated lady, about thirty years old, in case the acquaintance that may happen to grow out of this advertisement should prove mutually satisfactory and agreeable. This announcement is made in good faith, and its author will treat all sincere communications with confidence and respect. Address "Willing," through the general post-office."

"There's a chance for somebody, now!" exclaimed Mr. Shannon, laying down his paper in his lap and surveying the party. "Come now, Miss Bounce, why won't you reply to it, just for the fun of the thing, you know? All communications treated with confidence and respect, you perceive. Come, Miss Bounce."

"Yes—yes, Miss Bounce!" cried out all the rest beside. "Just for the joke of the thing, you know. Yes, and the letters on both sides shall be read before us all. What nice fun we will have every evening, if you will!"

One pleaded after another, and all finally joined in together again. Miss Bounce smiled, protested faintly, laughed at the very thought of it, and was all but ready to give in. "Nobody out of the house shall ever know of it," they assured her. And, willing to gratify them with the little good humor it would bring, she at length acceded to their wish, and received the tribute thereof of a hearty clapping of hands from the whole room.

By the next evening, she had ready a copy of the letter she had that day addressed the matrimonial advertiser, and produced it for the entertainment of the eager circle who gathered around to hear it read. As it happened, too, Mr. Shannon was made reader, by virtue, possibly, of having been the one who had opened this new vein of humor.

Miss Bounce was a woman of great spirit and vivacity, and in the letter she had drawn up she betrayed it more than she ordinarily allowed herself to do. The epistle was a slightly satirical performance,—at least, to any one who could readily perceive satire, which an impetuous wife-hunter very likely could not; and yet, nowhere did she allow herself to appear rude, or even to seem to treat with disrespect the advertiser's better feelings. It was exactly calculated to lead him on, step by step, and still not to offer him any encouragement beyond just what was necessary to cheer him in the pursuit.

The reading of the letter produced a great deal of approbation, which was betrayed with shouts of laughter and applause. Mr. Shannon was a good reader, and knew how to set such a thing off to advantage.

On the very next night came a reply from "Willing." Of course it was deputed to Mr. Shannon to read it again. It was more laughable than ever, because all the hearers felt the fun of so cruelly making him their dupe. The letter first proceeded to throw its writer entirely upon the mercy of his fair correspondent. Then it spoke, shiveringly and sadly, of his life hitherto—a bachelor, and with plenty, but yet not quite happy and contented. Next it touched very tenderly on the secret affairs of that strange thing—the human heart, confessing to emotions, on the part of the writer, which, he was frank to say, he had never experienced before in his life. Then it thanked his unknown correspondent for her kindness and promptness in replying to him, and hoped that she would find in him some of those traits which were so desirable in persons about to form matrimonial engagements. And lastly, it begged beseechingly for an interview at an early day, just as early as it could be brought about, promising instant compliance for the suitor with any and all her suggestions.

Miss Bounce laughed at the very effective reading of Mr. Shannon, till the big tears filled her eyes. She enjoyed it more than the whole of them, keenly as they seemed to relish it. She was publicly voted a generous benefactor, to consent to be the means of bringing so much fun to their door. And the laughing, and the chatting, and the pell-mell of tumultuous and noisy discussion did not cease for a long time after Mr. Shannon had got through, but filled the spacious parlors of the boarding-house of Mrs. George, and even forced their echoes out through the windows into the street.

Miss Bounce certainly was expected to reply, which she did in a vastly more captivating and vivacious letter than the other, and which was, of course, read to the parlor full of boarders as soon as it was prepared to be despatched. There was not one who failed to commend the happy tact of our friend Miss Bounce, or to speak in terms of rapturous admiration of her talent for carrying on an intrigue. Mr. Shannon still kept his post as public reader, and took care to do full justice to all the marked points of the correspondence on both sides. It was fine fun all round.

To the second letter of Miss Bounce succeeded a reply, ardent, passionate and imploring. The writer began to show signs of

impatience, and hoped that an interview now was not far off. Then Miss Bounce wrote again, putting him off a little while longer. And the dexterity of her phrases, as Mr. Shannon read them to the party, elicited repeated bursts of laughter.

Then the suitor suddenly became importunate and exacting. He thought he had a right to a personal interview by this time, for he had proved himself both patient and sincere. Unless that favor were granted very soon, he could not avoid the unwelcome suspicion that his most sacred feelings had been tampered with.

Things thus promised to bring about some sort of a crisis. Miss Bounce began to open her eyes, and to see the danger to which she was exposing herself. So she said to the party of friends, as soon as this last letter had been read aloud to them:

"There! I have gone far enough. I shall now write a final letter, politely declining to oblige him with the interview he asks."

"No! no! no!" cried several voices at once. "O no, Miss Bounce! Let's fix a place and a time for a meeting, and have the whole thing out."

"Yes," added others; "you can easily disguise your face and person."

"And we will all be on hand to overhear the conversation, and, if need be, to protect you from all harm," said Mr. Shannon, enthusiastically.

"I don't know," replied Miss Bounce, taking time to consider. "It's rather risky, I'm thinking."

"No; but disguise yourself, and he never will know who has duped him. All we want is, to see the poor fellow go through the ceremony of declaring his affection;" and they laughed well at the thought of it.

"I'll see," said Miss Bounce.

But they would not be satisfied with that. They persisted till she found she was to get no peace short of compliance. They suggested that the gentleman should be received in the front parlor of the house, while they themselves kept secreted in the room in the rear. This plan was the happy device of Mr. Shannon, who, perhaps, had taken as much interest as any of them in the matter, from the beginning.

Well, and finally Miss Bounce consented. It was arranged that the gentleman was to permit himself to be blindfolded by one of the lady's friends, and then conducted to the door of the house in which he would find his partner. The guide he would find on the corner of the street, and he would be known by wearing his handkerchief tied in his button-hole.

The momentous evening came. All the party were in an ecstasy of triumph at the thought of finally carrying out their design. It would furnish them with talk for the winter. Only two or three of the gentlemen absented themselves from the house after tea, and Mr. Shannon among them; but they all promised Miss Bounce to be back in time to witness the interview through a crack in the door.

Miss Bounce sat alone in the front parlor, drumming her little foot rather excitedly upon the soft carpet, and wondering like whom or what her ardent lover was going to look. She wore a cap, with an old-fashioned high crown, on her head, and had put on a *frisette* with curls, and a pair of spectacles, the better to carry out her facetious purpose of deceit in the matter of age. It was a moment of suspense. One of the gentlemen had gone down to the street corner to take the enterprising advertiser in tow, and to blind his eyes against the possibility of knowing the number of the house he was to enter.

Presently the parlor door opened, and in stepped the sanguine wife-hunter. He at once removed his bandage from his eyes, and gazed about the spacious room as if lost in astonishment. Then he espied the lady sitting near the sofa, and walked composedly nearer her.

"Miss Bounce?" he saluted her, rather interrogatively.

That lady turned paler than ashes, and bounced up to her feet, unable to speak.

"I am happy to see you again, Miss Bounce," said the gentleman, extending his hand. "My name is Mr. Shannon! Under my present disguises, you are perfectly excusable for not knowing me." And he threw off an awful old red wig and false whiskers, and stood before the lady, her ardent admirer.

The back doors opened simultaneously, and all the party burst in with a loud peal of laughter. They had heard and seen it all. The two loving correspondents stood dumb. And Mr. Shannon had himself concocted this very pleasant scheme, and quietly carried it forward to completion. He was the snarer instead of the ensnared, and turned the laugh quite the other way by the clever adroitness of his secret operations. And to think that he was the author of the advertisement, and had drawn up all the letters to Miss Bounce, and had publicly read to them all her own in reply!—why, it was the greatest piece of fun that was ever thought of.

But long after they had all had their laugh out of it, and when the winter evenings began to grow longer, and more and more cozy, there was a sort of whisper that Mr. Shannon had not quite penned and paid for his matrimonial advertisement for nothing; and furthermore, that Miss Bounce would probably never be compelled to write her letters over a second time, for that the first time promised to prove effective. But we do not pretend to know all we might about that; we are content to let the reader settle such a delicate matter in his own mind, and make and unmake such matches as his own fancy proposes for his credulity.

SELF-EXAMINATION.—Let not sleep fall upon thy eyes till thou hast thrice reviewed the transactions of the past day. Where have I turned aside from rectitude? What have I been doing? What have I left undone which I ought to have done? Begin thus from the first act, and proceed; and, in conclusion, at the ill which thou hast done, be troubled, and rejoice for the good.—*Pythagoras.*



A JAPANESE FUNERAL.

ROUND THE WORLD.

On this and the following page, and on page 316, we present our readers with a series of highly interesting pictures, embracing views and characters in Japan, China, Borneo, Cape Town, the Sandwich Islands, etc., drawn expressly for us by an officer of the United States steam frigate Powhatan. Though not the work of a professional artist, these designs have the rare merit of fidelity, and an air of great naturalness and spirit. They present some of the most striking incidents of a voyage round the world. Many of them delineate scenes in Japan; and of this country we shall first speak, not only from its intrinsic importance, but because it attracts great attention from the recent treaty, which, it is hoped, will lead to a permanent and profitable increase of our commercial facilities. The settlement of California, the trade from thence to China, and the idea of steam communication with the Pacific, involving the necessity of supplies of coal, together with the increase of the whale fishery in the Japanese seas, produced a desire on the part of this country to establish commercial intercourse with that great eastern empire, the ports of which had formerly been open to European trade, but of late had been jealously closed by an exclusive policy characteristic of its government. Previous attempts at intercourse, and previous difficulties, having given our government an insight into the character of the Japanese, it was resolved to send a strong squadron to Japan in order that its appearance might command the respect which would not be accorded to an inferior force. The commander selected for the expedition was Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry, a gentleman in every way fitted for responsibility and success. The objects of the expedition were defined in a letter from the Secretary of State to the Secretary of the Navy, as follows:—1. "To effect some permanent arrangement for the protection of American seamen or property wrecked on these islands, or driven into their ports by stress of weather (shipwrecked mariners having been habitually treated with great barbarity by the Japanese). 2. The permission to American vessels to enter one or more of their ports, in order to obtain supplies of provisions, water, fuel, etc., or, in case of disasters, to refit so as to enable them to prosecute their voyage. It is very desirable to have permission to establish a depot for coal, if not on one of the principal islands, at least on some small, uninhabited one, of which it is said there are several in the vicinity. 3. The permission to our vessels to enter one or more of their ports for the purpose of disposing of their cargoes by sale or barter." A letter to the emperor of Japan, to be signed by the president of the United States, was prepared by Daniel Webster. The expedition did not sail, however, until after Mr. Webster's death; when another letter was prepared, and signed by Mr. Fillmore, the president, and Edward Everett, Secretary of State, Nov. 13, 1852. The letter was splendidly engrossed, and enclosed in a gold box of the value of a thousand dollars. Commodore Perry sailed from the United States, in the steam frigate Mississippi, to-

wards the close of the year 1852, touched at Madeira and the Cape of Good Hope, reached Hong Kong in April, 1853, and thence sailed for Japan. After uniting all the vessels of the squadron, Perry, leading the fleet in the flag-ship Susquehanna (steam frigate), made Cape Idsu on the 8th of July. Their first anchorage

of the year on the China coast. On the 12th of February, 1854, Commodore Perry re-appeared in the Bay of Jeddo, with three steam frigates, four sloops-of-war, and two store-ships. They anchored at the American anchorage. Some time was spent in settling upon a place of meeting with the Imperial commissioners and the village of Yokohama, containing about 10,000 persons, and just opposite the anchorage, was finally assigned. The fleet accordingly drew in shore, and moored in a line five miles in length, with their broadsides bearing on the shore. During the whole course of the negotiations, Commodore Perry had conducted himself with prudence and dignity. He had protested against being subjected to the ordinary system of espionage adopted towards foreigners by the Japanese, had disregarded their orders to suspend his soundings and surveyings, and while insisting upon nothing unreasonable, plainly declared, like General Jackson, that he would submit to nothing wrong. "On the 8th of March," says an officer of the Vandalia, writing to the New York Journal of Commerce, "the day appointed for the first meeting, about nine hundred officers, seamen and marines, armed to the teeth, landed, and with drums beating and colors flying, were drawn upon the beach, ready to receive the commodore. As soon as he stepped on shore, the bands struck up, salutes were fired, and, followed by a long escort of officers, he marched up between the lines and entered the house erected by the Japanese expressly for the occasion. Thousands of Japanese soldiers crowded the shore and neighboring heights, looking on with a good deal of curiosity and interest. The house was nothing but a plain frame building, hastily put up, containing one large room—the audience hall—and several smaller ones for the convenience of attendants, etc. The floor was covered with mats, and very pretty painted screens adorned the sides. Long tables and benches, covered with red woollen stuff, placed parallel to each other, three handsome braziers, filled with burning charcoal, on the floor between them, and a few violet-colored crape hangings suspended from the ceiling, completed the furniture of the room. As we entered, we took our seats at one of the tables. The Japanese commissioners soon came in and placed themselves opposite to us at the other table; while behind us both, seated on the floor on their knees (their usual position, for they do not use chairs), was a crowd of Japanese officers, forming the train of the commissioners. The business was carried on in the Dutch language, through interpreters, of whom they have several who speak very well, and two or three who speak a little English; they were on their knees, between the commissioners and the commodore. Our interpreter was seated by the side of the latter. It was curi-



A JAPANESE PALANQUIN.

and intercourse with the natives was near the town of Uragawa. On the 14th, the Prince Iwami gave Commodore Perry a formal reception on shore, and took charge of the president's letter to the emperor. On the 17th, after surveying and sounding the bay and coasts, the squadron took its departure and spent the remainder

ous to see the intolerable ceremony observed by them—quite humiliating to a democratic republican. A question proposed had to pass first through the interpreters, and then through several officers ascending in rank, before it could reach the commissioners, every one bowing his forehead to the floor before he addressed his superior. Refreshments were served in elegantly lacquered dishes—first of all, tea, which, as in China, is the constant beverage; then different kinds of candy and sponge cake (they are excellent confectioners and very fond of sugar); lastly, oranges and a palatable liquor, distilled from rice, called by the Japanese saki. A flimsy banquet like this was not very agreeable to such hungry individuals as we, and we were the more disappointed, for the Japanese using only chopsticks, we had, previously to coming ashore, taken the precaution, as we shrewdly thought, to provide ourselves with knives and forks. Imagine, then, our chagrin, when finding nothing substantial on which to employ them. What was left on our plates was wrapped in paper, and given to us to carry away, according to the usual custom in Japan. The commissioners were intelligent-looking men, richly dressed in gay, silk petticoat pantaloons, and upper garments resembling in shape ladies' short gowns. Dark colored stockings, and two elegant swords, pushed through a twisted silk girdle, finished the costume. Straw sandals are worn, but are always slipped off on entering a house. They do not cover the head, the top and front part of which is shaved, and the back and side hair, being brought up, is tied so as to form a tail, three or four inches long, that extends forward upon the bald pate, terminating about half way between the apex and the forehead. It is a very comfortable fashion, and, were it not for the quantity of grease used in dressing it, would be a very cleanly one. Two nudiencies a week were held, at which the same programme was performed as related above, except that we fared more luxuriously. Becoming better acquainted with our taste, they feasted us with a broth made of fish, boiled shrimps, and boiled eggs, and very good raw oysters. At one of the interviews (March 13), the presents from our government were delivered. They consisted of cloths, agricultural implements, fire-arms, etc., and a beautiful locomotive, tender, and passenger car, one fourth the ordinary size, which we put in motion on a circular track, at the rate of twenty miles an hour. A mile of magnetic telegraph was also erected on shore, and put in operation. The Japanese were more interested in it than anything else, but never manifested any wonder. So capable are they of concealing and controlling their feelings, that they would



DINNER OF JAPANESE OFFICERS ON BOARD U. S. SHIP POWHATAN.

examine the guns, machinery, etc., of the steamers, without expressing the slightest astonishment. They are a much finer-looking race than the Chinese—intelligent, polite, and hospitable, but proud, licentious, unforgiving and revengeful." At length, after much diplomacy on the part of the Japanese, the treaty was signed—three copies in Japanese being delivered to Commodore Perry, and three copies in English, signed by himself, with Dutch and Chinese translations, being delivered to the imperial commissioners. Article first of the treaty establishes peace and amity between the United States and Japan; article second assigns the ports of Simoda, in the principality of Idu, and of Hakodade, in the principality of Matsmai, for the reception of American ships where they can receive wood, water, provisions and coal—payment to be made in gold and silver; articles third, fourth and fifth provide for the good treatment, security of property, etc., to American vessels and crews shipwrecked on the coast; article seventh we quote entire, as it has recently been a subject of dispute: "It is agreed that ships of the United States resorting to the ports open to them, shall be permitted to exchange gold and silver coin, and articles of goods, for other articles of goods, under such regulations as shall be temporarily established by the Japanese government for that purpose. It is stipulated, however, that the ships of the United States shall be permitted to carry away whatever articles they are willing to exchange." The above are the most important articles of the treaty. It was signed March 31, 1854. Our first illustration represents a Japanese funeral at Simoda. Simoda is situated near Cape Fogn, sixty miles from Point Sagami, at the entrance of the bay of Yedo. It has an excellent harbor, well sheltered by high hills. The town contains about a thousand houses, built on the banks of a beautiful stream at the northwestern end of the harbor. Excellent water for ship's use is abundantly supplied by numerous brooks. The Japanese vessels generally anchor at Kakizaki, a small village opposite Simoda. The town contains eight large temples, and a vast number of small chapels. The scenery is described as bold and romantic, swelling inland till it reaches a range of barren mountains, about three thousand feet high. The officers of the expedition were freely allowed to wander about on shore for a circuit of ten miles, though at first they were watched with that suspicion which characterizes the Japanese in their treatment of foreigners. They received the unwelcome escort of squads of native soldiers, while the traders closed their shops, and husbands and fathers concealed their women at the approach of the outside barbarians. By degrees, however, this distrust and care were



CHINESE TANKA BOAT.

a neatly finished tub, surmounted by a wooden rooster. The body is in a sitting position, and the singular coffin is placed on a bier supported on the shoulders of the bearers, who wear a hat resembling an inverted willow basket. The procession is preceded by a priest chanting and beating a drum, and another

"Japan as it Was and Is," published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., and which embraces everything which the general reader can desire to learn respecting this singular country, a sketch of the funeral ceremonies at Nagasaki, quoted from Titsingh. They differ somewhat from those witnessed by our artist. The body, after being carefully washed by a favorite servant, and the head shaved, is clothed according to the state of the weather, and (if a female, in her best apparel) exactly as in life, except that the sash is tied, not in a bow, but strongly fastened with two knots, to indicate that it is never more to be loosed. The body is then covered with a piece of linen, folded in a peculiar manner, and is placed on a mat in the middle of the hall, the head to the north. Food is offered to it, and all the family lament. After being kept for forty eight hours, the body is placed on its knees in a tub, enclosed in a square, oblong box or bier, the top of which is roof-shaped, called *quan*. Two *ifays* are also prepared—wooden tablets of a peculiar shape and fashion, containing inscriptions commemorative of the deceased, and time of his decease, and the name given to him since that event. The *ifays* and *quan*, followed by the eldest son and the family, servants, friends and acquaintances, are borne in a procession with flags, lanterns, etc., to one of the neighboring temples, whence, after certain ceremonies, in which the priests take a leading part, they are carried, by the relatives, only, to the grave, where a priest, while waiting their arrival, repeats certain hymns. The moment they are come, the tub, containing the body, is taken out of the *quan*, and deposited in the grave, which is then filled with earth, and covered with a flat stone, which is again covered with earth, and over the whole is placed the *quan* and one of the *ifays*, which is removed at the end of seven weeks, to make room for the *sisek*, or grave-stone. If the deceased had preferred to be burnt, the *quan* is taken to the summit of one of two neighboring mountains, on the top of each of which is a sort of furnace, prepared for this purpose, enclosed in a small hut. The coffin is then taken from the *quan*, and being placed in a furnace, a great fire is kindled. The eldest son is provided with an earthen urn, in which first the bones and then the ashes are put, after which the mouth of the urn is sealed up. While the body is burning, a priest recites hymns. The urn is then carried to the grave, and deposited in it, and, the grave being filled up, the *quan* is placed over it. The eldest son and his brothers are dressed in white, in garments of undyed hempen stuff, as are the bearers, and all females attending the funeral, whether relatives or not; the others wear their usual dresses. The females are carried in *norimons* (close litters), behind the male part of the procession, which proceeds on foot, the nearest relative coming first. The eldest daughter takes precedence of the wife; the eldest son and heir, whether by blood or adoption, who is the chief mourner, wears also a broad-brimmed hat, and in this attire does not recognize or salute anybody. [See page 316.]



JUGGLERS AT SINGAPORE.

abandoned. It was found that the American officers were not in the least inclined to plunder the shopkeepers, or insult the women, and the former could display their wares, and the latter their faces with impunity. Some of the girls of Simoda are very pretty, and heighten their natural attraction by the skilful use of pearl powder and rouge, while the married ladies certainly do not improve their appearance by staining their teeth jet black. An officer of the expedition writes: "The streets are wide and straight, and the better class of houses two stories high, plastered and roofed with elegant tiles. The interior is kept very clean and neat, and the rooms, covered with mats, are separated from each other by sliding screens that are closed or removed at pleasure. There are no chimneys in Japan. A charcoal fire is built in a little sand-pit in the middle of the floor, and the Japanese are usually found sitting on their knees drinking tea, and smoking their pipes. Not a chair or any other piece of furniture can be seen. Tubs of water are kept in front of each house, as well as on the roofs, in readiness against any fire, for conflagrations are so frequent and extensive that whole towns are sometimes burnt down. The temples, chiefly Buddhist, are beautifully situated in the suburbs. The entrance to them leads generally through elegant trees and wild camellias. They are large, plain structures, with high peaked roofs, resembling the houses pictured on Chinese porcelain. In the space immediately in front is a large bell for summoning the faithful, a stone reservoir of holy water, and several roughly-hewn stone idols. The doorway is ornamented with curious dragons and other animals, carved in wood. Upon entering, there is nothing special about the building worth noting, the walled sides and exposed rafters having a gloomy appearance. The altar is the only object that attracts attention. It so much resembles the Roman Catholic that I need not describe it. Some of the idols on these altars are so similar to those I have seen in the churches of Italy that if they were mutually translated I doubt whether either set of worshippers would discover the change. The priests count beads, shave their heads, and wear analogous robes, and the service is attended by the ringing of bells, the lighting of candles, and the burning of incense. In fact, except that the cross is nowhere to be seen, one could easily imagine himself with a Roman Catholic place of worship." Such is a sketch of Simoda, where the officer, who furnished us with the drawings, witnessed the funeral which forms the subject of our first picture. The body of the deceased, as he states, is placed in

reciting a prayer. Following the bier are the relatives of the deceased, dressed in a sort of nun-like costume, each being accompanied by a friend, holding a tray of fruits, confectionary, etc. The rear of the procession is brought up by friends and acquaintances. We find in Richard Hildreth's admirable work, entitled



DANCING GIRLS OF OAHU, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SOUL-LOVE.

BY ESTHER B. STANTON.

"There can be naught more holy and satisfying than a really congenial connection."

A mind that tunes its magic bells in unison with thine,
And vibrates with the slightest touch of love's electric line,
Twining with the holy essence that rises from the soul,
This mystic, tender flow of thought, that blends within its fold,
The power that sways the mighty world, the strongly woven band,
That binds us to the seraph throng, the loves of spirit land.

A heart whose tablets ever pure receive the quivering press
Of lights or shades, or aught that comes, to sadden or to bless,
Guides wisely all life's happy light, that its too blissful ray
Quench not the tiny tides of grief, whose murmuring ripples play
So strangely, yet such lessons teach, as we have need to know,
And wakes that trust, that holy faith, that makes the soul o'erflow.

Oft-times an inner impulse comes, as if some spirit-wing
Fanned the immortal lyre, and willed the magic wires to ring
Entrancing notes, to flood the soul, and make it long to burst
This earthly cage, and find the bliss for which it ever thirsts.
O, is it not a blessed boon, a soul that thrills as thine,
And shares this rapture, this deep sense of holiness divine!

If shadows play amid the joy our guardian angels bring,
And grief throw o'er our saddened hearts its cold tear-burdened wing,
What bliss to feel the holy spell of soul pervading soul,
To know the misty veil of life is gathered fold by fold,
By magic charm away, and pure, in perfect, guileless glow,
Trust fills the heart, and makes our earth seem paradise below.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

KATHARINE.

BY WINNIE WOODFERN.

With a party of travellers whom I had met on one of my numerous journeys during the summer, I went to visit the mad-house in B—. A painful interest always attaches itself to such places in my mind, when I remember the taint of insanity darkening the blood that flows in my own veins, and as we approached the stately door of the beautiful building, a heavy sense of depression was weighing down my usually buoyant spirit, which neither the rallying mirth of those around me, nor the delicate, unobtrusive attentions of the gentleman on whose arm I leaned, could dispel. As we passed through the large pleasant rooms where the more harmless of these unfortunates were occupied in their different vocations, while the cheerful voice and look of the keeper drew forth many a polite and pleasant greeting for him and us, the feeling in a measure disappeared, and I listened with a new degree of interest to his explanation of the different cases, and the various modes of treatment adopted for their care.

My party, though a little sobered by the thoughts which must necessarily arise in reflecting minds in such a situation, were by no means gloomy, and my companion, by his apt and beautiful remarks, gradually won me from the contemplation of my own dreaded fate, and turned my thoughts more particularly on the subject of his own attractions.

Having been always accustomed to study and admire the different styles of beauty that came before me, I gazed intently upon him while he was speaking, admiring the exquisite contour of his features, the marble-like pallor and repose of his countenance, the large and soft brown eyes, and the thickly waving brown hair and moustache that gave tone and color to the agreeable picture. His figure was stately and graceful; his motions characteristic in their still dignity; his voice low, soft and persuasive. He was agreeable to look at; it was pleasant to hear him talk as he did then; and in the charm of his manner, and certain recollections he awoke within me, I lost all remembrance of the fears that had so haunted me.

Only once before had I seen his counterpart. He who bore those self-same eyes and dreamless lips had been very dear, and—alas! that I should say it—very false to me. I had shed many tears over his treachery; I had spent some of the brightest and best hours of my life in mourning for his eternal loss, and now, as I had learned to forget him, his ghost seemed to rise up before me, and reproach me with faithlessness to my sorrow!

As I gazed, the likeness grew upon me to a painful degree. I could scarcely realize that it was a stranger who was beside me. Seeing my agitation, and it may be divining its cause by some mesmeric faculty he possessed, he soothed me as tenderly as a brother could have done. He asked no questions, but his eyes shot powerful glances into my own, and in a strange confidence I told him all.

We were alone in one of the long galleries that wound throughout the building, for our party had gone on in advance of us. He heard me through, asked me the name of him I had loved so well, and then, laying his hand lightly upon my arm, told me that he himself was his twin brother!

I sat in silence for a moment after the unexpected declaration, and then overwhelmed him with questions in regard to the fate of my idol, for, for two years I had lost all traces of him. Those years I heard had wrought important changes in his life; he was a husband and father! Certainly they had also wrought a greater change in my own heart than I had before been aware of, for, though the news came so suddenly upon me, I heard it with a calmness both mental and physical that astonished me.

Philip made no comment when he had finished his tale, but sat looking at me with a calm aspect, and in reply to my questioning glance, he said, "It is often thus. His image in your heart was already half obliterated. Arthur was wholly unworthy of you!

Happy are you that you can forget! Could I do so, I too should be happy." He grasped my hand in both his, saying, "You have confided in me, and why should I withhold anything from you?" He then poured into my ears a tale of horror, revenge and harrowing grief, before which my sorrow shrank away in shame. The burning language he used, the thrilling scenes through which he conducted me, the anguish apparent in every feature of his face, now no longer tranquil, and in every tone of his voice, growing lower and deeper each moment, thrilled me with a deadly fear, and caused me to sit gasping before him, as I heard each circumstance down to the closing horrible catastrophe.

Philip relinquished his grasp on my hands as he concluded, and covered his face with his own, while through the long gallery resounded a shriek so piercing and full of despair, that I shuddered and turned still paler, while I crouched beside him for protection.

How strange it seemed the moment after, to hear the familiar voices of our party calling us to join them in the upper hall! How strange to look upward through the rails of the spiral staircase and see their gay faces laughing down upon us. With something of his usual manner, Philip arose and gave me his arm, and I believe a feeling of shame came over me at the laughter of our companions, and the recollection of our mutual position when we were discovered. Yet the old feeling of uncertainty came again so strongly upon me, that I gazed around at the different cells we passed with a vague consciousness that one of them belonged to me, and that I should be occupying it instead of going up beside my fellow-madman to meet that gaily dressed and happy party, who knew nothing of the terrible secret we concealed from them.

I shrunk from the keeper's eye as we joined our friends, and when, a moment after, he pointed out to me some improvements recently made for ventilating the cells, I started as if he had struck me. He looked keenly at me as I did so, nor did the rest of the party fail to remark my agitation. But, in all likelihood they believed I had received the offer of my attendant's hand and heart, while loitering below with him. I know this was the case, by the smiles of the gentlemen, who thought they saw a formidable rival secured, and the envious looks of the ladies, who grudged me the happiness they supposed I must feel in securing the best match, as to wealth and beauty, in our circle of acquaintance.

I walked along in silence, caring little for their meaning looks, but giving my whole attention to my companion, whose increasing pallor alarmed me, and striving by low words and mute signs to show the sympathy I felt for him, when that fearful shriek rang again through the gallery. I turned faint and sat down. The keeper hastened up to me, and said, kindly, "Don't be frightened! It is only a patient who is incurable. We are going to see her; but she is chained—she cannot hurt you. Will you come?"

Some strange instinct led me to connect the prisoner with the fearful story I had just heard, and when I glanced at my companion, I saw the same thought in his gleaming eyes. He grew more and more excited as we passed through the gallery, and finally halted before a padlocked door, trembling from head to foot, and throwing appealing glances towards me. I stood firmly by his side, with my hand resting upon his, to calm and soothe him by my touch, if possible. The keeper, who was a little behind us, came up and unlocked the door, with a look of surprise to see us halt there without any previous intimation on his part, and then, motioning us all back, said softly:

"Gentlemen and ladies, keep back for a moment, if you please, till I see if you can enter. Sometimes the sight of company makes her much worse; and to day she seems to be in one of her savage moods. Don't attempt to enter till I see that all is safe."

He entered and closed the door behind him. For a moment all was silent, then we heard him say, in a soothing, though deferential tone:

"Will the lady receive a few visitors, who have done themselves the honor of calling upon her?"

A deep rich voice replied, "They may enter. But have I ever seen them in the cold, heartless world? If so, they shall never enter within these doors. It would drive me mad to see those who wronged me so!"

"No, lady, you know nothing of them," was the cautious reply; and the next moment the iron door swung on its grating hinges, and we all entered together.

Philip had sprung convulsively towards the door when he heard the first tone of that sad, sweet voice, and now, when in the dim light of the room we saw a queenly woman, beautiful, with large, scornful black eyes, and a head around which heavy braids of jet black hair were disposed in the form of a coronet, I knew by the stifled groan he uttered, and the sudden gesture with which he shrunk behind me, and covered his face with his hand so that she might not see him, that this was the majestic Katharine who had been the heroine of that story of fear and guilt, who, deserted by her lover as I by mine, reigned in solitary state over the imaginary denizens of her disordered world. She sat upon a stool fashioned like a throne, carved and gilded with considerable taste. She had been allowed to retain her elegant apparel and her jewels in her last sad home, so that she sat erect and haughty before us, clothed in a dress of black velvet and lace, with diamonds flashing from her hair, and arms, and neck, and lending a new lustre to the magnificent beauty, which even three long years of close confinement and suffering had been unable to destroy.

For a time none of us spoke. We stood around her, and she, with her head drooping and only her profile turned towards us, was busied in examining a small but valuable diamond ring she had just taken from her finger. Suddenly she raised her head and looked at us all intently. She tried to glance behind me and see the face that was hidden, resting almost on my shoulder, but after a few vain efforts she desisted, and held the ring up before us.

"A pretty bauble, is it not, fair ladies? And yet, is it hardly

worth a human soul, or human happiness? And yet, for that and these," she continued, touching the diamonds, as she spoke, on her neck and arms, "I sold myself; I bartered away my own happiness and that of another, as if it had been so much dust. Would you like to hear the tale, fair ladies?"

The keeper intimated that this was one of her sane moments, and that we might be amused by the story she had to tell; so, encouraged by his presence and permission, all drew nearer him and her save me—and I lingered behind only that I might screen him from her gaze, the sound of whose suppressed weeping broke ever and anon upon my ear.

"It is a simple story, and one which will always be told while parents have fair daughters to sell, and rich old men have wealth to buy them," said she, sadly.

"My home was a quiet and happy one for many years, for I was an only child, and the petted darling and heiress of my dotting parents. Till my fifteenth year it was still the same; but then, my father losing his wealth, became deeply indebted to a rich old miser, who had been struck with my appearance, and took this means to get me into his power, knowing that he could never obtain me in any other way. At that time I loved most devotedly a noble youth, some three years my senior, who had already sought and obtained the gift of my heart, and the promise of my hand when I was free to bestow it upon him. But Philip was an orphan, and though the estate left him by his father was large, it was to be shared with his twin brother, and his portion, though it was freely offered, could not enable my father to discharge the claim of his creditor.

"For a long time I refused to listen to the solicitations of my aged purchaser, but one dreadful night, when I saw my father about to be turned in his old age from his own home, and saw my mother, who had been so delicately reared and accustomed to the services of trained attendants, putting up with her own hands a few necessities for our departure, choosing rather penury and a lingering death than that her only child should be unhappy, my pride, my love gave way, and on condition that he should restore my parents to their former affluence, I became his bride.

"I gave up my young lover and my own happiness, that I might see my parents happy, and hoped to find contentment, at least, in the faithful performance of my duty to them. My husband did all and more than he had promised. Not only did he restore all their wealth, but he indulged me in every fancy, procured whatever I expressed the slightest wish for, and surrounded me with an atmosphere of love and kindness. I endeavored to return all his kindnesses, and though I could neither forget my young lover, nor give him the place in my heart he had occupied, yet I learned to love and respect him as a father. Thus the years passed swiftly on, and my beloved parents, believing they had secured my happiness, died, blessing us both on their death-beds.

"But my evil genius sent that early love once more to prove a stumbling block in my path. At a party, which my husband insisted on my attending, though a slight indisposition kept him at home, I was introduced to a gentleman, whom I should never have recognized in any other way, as Philip, the lover of my girlhood. He was still more beautiful and fascinating than ever; and in that one short evening the work of years of love and kindness were utterly undone. The first tones of his voice sent the blood leaping to my heart, and awoke the old feeling that had always slumbered there. That evening he never left my side. The next morning he was announced. My husband, who had never known of our childish betrothal, greeted him cordially as one of my old playmates, and left us together through the long forenoon." She paused, a blush stole over her cheek and forehead. Then, with a deprecating gesture, proud in its humility, she went on rapidly:

"I must confess all. That day I fell—that day I deceived my good husband, and gave myself to my lover. I was happy during the day; but when the night came, O, how fearfully I was punished! For that lover left me, telling me with a fiendish smile, that for long years he had sought the revenge he had just found; and, as I had left him in spite of his agony and prayers, even so would he leave me now, conscious that he had not loved me, and that he had tempted me only that he might gain that revenge! And so he went, without one parting look or kiss."

Her frenzy was now returning.

"O, bring him back to me, dear ladies, if you have hid him!" she prayed, with clasped hands and streaming eyes; "let me show him how long I have waited for him!—I know he will forgive me! Tell him I shall die or go mad, if I cannot see him once more! O, do bring him back to me!"

There was not a dry eye in that room when she begged so earnestly for her false lover. The sobs behind me ceased, and Philip Hamilton passed by me and by the wondering company, and went and knelt humbly at her feet. But the frenzy had come on, and she did not recognize him. To all his entreaties she answered wildly, "Call Philip back to me!"—and Hamilton turned away in despair. One last effort he would make, however. He rose to his feet, opened his arms, and assuming as much as possible the look and manner of his boyhood, said:

"Katharine!"

She paused in her rapid walk, started violently, and looked earnestly upon him. He repeated the name with the same look and tone. Then her beautiful countenance lighted up with a sudden fire, and bounding forward, she clasped him in her arms, and showered countless kisses upon him; then uttering a low cry of joy, lay motionless in his arms. The keen joy of the moment was too much for her enfeebled system, and Katharine was no more!

For a time we stood motionless, struck dumb by the rapid tragedy that had been acted before us. Then one by one we stole out gently into the long gallery, and left the united lovers together—the beautiful living with his beautiful dead!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NIGHT AT LAKE DUNMORE.*

We reap the senseless crop to-day, with which the earth is strowed.
We build the pier, and rear the frame, that bears the harvest load,
Busy while the grateful land is weary with our toll;
We cast abroad for help and space to gather in our spoil;
We know the day is not enough to fill the grasp of man,
We ask some twilight of the night, and scatter as we can.

We think not how the ardent sun comes up at morning-tide,
And every cliff, from hill to hill, beholds it upward glide;
How cheerily, from the caverned sky it brightly pours at noon,
And casts, with gentle, awful force, its eastward shadows soon:
And, as they stretch, our life is spent, and eventide is here,
Resplendent in its last display, and silent, soft and drear.

But he can witness it, who stood this moment at my side—
His wife no longer young as once, his daughter as a bride,
His mind all free and full of power, his form all gay with health,
His hopes undimmed, but all sustained for fame, and age, or wealth,—
And in the turning of a shade, the changing of a wave,
The night upon his shadowed life, and all the joy it gave.

O, green the mountain-side in after age shall be,
And dark with cheery light, and bright the lake to see,
And music's voice upon its steep at eventide shall call,
Or under beams, or evening's mist, shall arching rise and fall;
But from its side its master soul in love shall pass no more,
He came and built, and now is cast forever from its shore.

It trembles sweetly in the scene that met his sister's eye,
The gentle wave of the mountain-wave, its chalice from the sky;
As echo to the heart, when the beam asks a place,
Pierces and cool and exquisite, the goal of life's dull race;
The vision where no hope is false, but where in beauty swells
The gentle wave, with each its shade, and only beauty tells.

They twinkle over it that mingle star-beams with the dew,
And hush the keys of night above earth's slumber new;
And tears as soft as heaven's, fall on his sleeping bed,
Where death but now conceals the sweet peace of the dead:
And day, which prayers unlock, in a fairer heaven is set,
Where hopes with morning's beams and tears of joy are wet.

A. B.

*The name of EDWARD DOWNING BURSER will hereafter be associated with this poem, as one who, having admired it in early life, in the maturity of his years made it the scene of an enterprise at once liberal and peculiar, as a pleasure resort, and here ended a career, brilliant both in political and social life, in the midst of his years, with tokens of success still brightening about him. A beautiful picture, alluded to in the lines, painted by a sister gifted like himself, and herself deceased, is a memorial of their sympathy in the poem, and with touching eloquence indicates now the absence of those thus identified with it. See an engraving from it, in the Pictorial for July 14.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CAPTOR CAPTIVE.

A TALE OF TEXAN TRIUMPH.

BY DEN: PERLEY POORE.

"Lift, lift the star-gemmed banner high,
And bid it flutter in the gale;
Bid time's remotest hour reply:
While children's children tell the tale:
How Texas from the tyrant's yoke
Her chains of cruel bondage broke,
The lone-star rising clear and bright,
To deck Columbia's flag of light."

"EXPULSED?" Yes, Horace Morgan was sent away from West Point in disgrace, instead of remaining to graduate at the head of his class, as had been predicted. Although reared among the temptations of New York city, the young man had entered the Military Academy with an enviable scholastic reputation for good behaviour and diligent attention to study, with a natural fondness for martial exercises. Indeed, his uncle-guardian (for Horace was an orphan) would fain have received him into his counting-room, but the lad was bent on becoming a soldier. In this predilection he was somewhat encouraged by an old friend of his father's, who had political influence enough to procure for him an "appointment," consoling his uncle by an assurance that the cadets found their pay sufficient for all necessary expenses. So Horace entered the academy, nor had he been long at West Point ere he gained the affection of his comrades and the approbation of his professors; winning respect by his mental superiority, and retaining it by his gentleman-like deportment. Nor was his fine personal appearance without its share in rendering him thus popular. A compact form, classical features, clustering brown hair and dark blue eyes, made Horace Morgan, in his well fitting gray uniform, the very beau-ideal of a cadet.

A year passed by, and Horace, profiting by his furlough, visited his uncle, where he naturally fell desperately in love with his cousin Katrina. He had left her a mere girl—he found her a noble-hearted woman, in the sunlight of whose smiles he basked with delight. Yet it was not merely the marvellous radiance of her lustrous eyes, or the fascinating smile that swept over her cheeks, that thrilled through his very soul as he gazed upon her with delight. He flattered himself that his ardent affection was reciprocated, although he never confessed his passion, and at the expiration of his furlough, he returned to West Point, inspired by a chivalrous desire to prove himself worthy of his cousin's love. Fervent were his dreams of love and fame in the short hours of feverish repose which he enjoyed between the extinguishing of his lamp and the morning drum.

Months passed on, during which the young cadet added to his reputation, and again he obtained leave of absence. Need we say that he went to New York by the first boat, and that, on his arrival in that bustling metropolis, he at once repaired to the residence of his uncle, in Bleeker Street, then a fashionable quarter? He was kindly received by his aunt—a lady who wished to be considered aristocratic, but who was decidedly partial to uniforms or titles.

"Your cousin Katrina is out," she soon remarked. "We are having her portrait painted."

"Her portrait! Who can do her justice?"

"Why, Horace, how complimentary you are growing! though I have always heard officers were so. Frothingham is painting your cousin, and is getting an excellent likeness. It will be such a comfort to us when she is gone."

"Gone?" falteringly inquired the astonished cadet.

"Dear me, have you not heard the news?"

"No," replied Horace, with unfeigned surprise.

"Dear me, how remiss your uncle is! Katrina is engaged to Don Francisco de los Naranjos, a grandee of Spain, who is at present an aid de camp to General Santa Anna, of Mexico. O, he's such a handsome man, Horace! And he's so wealthy, for he owns two silver mines, and ever so many ranches. Then—but this is a secret, Horace,—the general means to drive the squatters out of Texas, and the don is to be governor. Isn't it a match for Katrina Mason?"

Horace mechanically replied in the affirmative, for he felt as if molten lead had been poured into his every vein. His brain rang with a confused sound, as of a thousand waterfalls, and it was lucky for him that the announcement of a visitor afforded him an opportunity of escape from the house. He did not dare meet his cousin, and left by the afternoon's boat for West Point, in hopeless misery. A few hours before, with the bright star of love beaming before him, he had rejoiced in the promise of a radiant future; now he was plunged into the seclusion of his own dark thoughts. Visions of his childhood passed through his throbbing brain—tones unheeded at the time—words which had waited until that hour for their meaning—looks which he now interpreted—and Katrina's form was in all. An unquenchable feeling, like the thirst of one who dies in the desert, parched his lips; dark shadows clouded the future, and ere he was again in his tent, his blighted heart had experienced all that revulsion of feeling which is deemed the work of years of sorrow.

From that day, the academical career of Horace was retrograde. A sneering smile and sarcastic words soon estranged his friends, while the lava tide of despair, as it swept over his every feeling, rendered him indifferent to his once esteemed professors. As for his studies, he neglected them entirely; for the stake for which he had played was gone, ambition was driven from his soul, and despair revelled in the violated sanctuary of his affections.

It was the morning after the battle of San Jacinto, and General Houston, the hero of that glorious struggle, lay beneath a wide-spreading oak, with his saddle for a pillow. A painful wound in one of his ankles rendered it impossible for him to move, but his eyes, that had blazed on the battle-field like beacon lights in a raging tempest, showed the joy of his heart. His small army, suddenly called from peaceful pursuits, had routed a powerful Mexican force, and the braggart Santa Anna, when last heard from, was flying for his life.

An officer approached the recumbent chief—it was Horace Morgan, but how two years had changed his appearance! His hunter's costume was soiled and dirty; his dull eyes were sunk deep into his emaciated features, and a mingled expression of sorrow and of scorn played over his countenance. Leaving West Point, he had found his way to the Mississippi, and so down to New Orleans. Here he toiled as a laborer, at times, to procure sustenance, but though in this world was not of it. The heavy wave of trouble, breaking over his bark of life, had carried away all its ornaments, and left but the strained hull, which heavily drifted along, regardless of its destination. Yet when the news came that Santa Anna had invaded Texas, that Crockett and his brave comrades had been slaughtered in the Alamo, and that the gallant command of Fannin had been massacred like dogs, he awoke to new life. Perhaps the thought that it was a Mexican who had snatched his idol from its heart-shrine had some influence, but certain it was that he enlisted as a private. But his military education soon developed itself, and ere the struggle of San Jacinto, he had been appointed by General Houston adjutant of the artillery.

"Well, my paladin," said Houston, as Horace approached, "have you returned weary from the chase?"

"One never wearies in well-doing, general; but we have found some rare game—an officer, who insists on seeing the general in command."

"Ah! Well, usher him into our august presence"

Horace beckoned to a group not far distant, which immediately approached. In their midst was a small, bright-eyed man, whose clothes were in tatters, and who had evidently passed the night in a muddy swamp. No sooner did he ascertain that he was before General Houston, than he advanced, and, with a theatrical air, exclaimed:

"Soy Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, Presidente de la Republica Mexicana, y general en jefe del ejercito de operaciones!"

"Why, Morgan," said General Houston, "you are the captor of Santa Anna. Sit down, Mr. President, and take some refreshment."

The news soon spread throughout the camp, and Horace was greeted as the "captor of Santa Anna." Indeed, the *soubriquet* followed him to Galveston, where he was sent with despatches, and stationed in command of a small fort, which he was ordered to put in order for defence. The mental and bodily employment soothed his troubled spirit, and he was actually persuaded to attend a ball, given by the residents of Galveston, on Christmas evening. What was his surprise when, on taking his place in the dance, he discovered that his vis-a-vis was Cousin Katrina!

Yes! It was his cousin—in the full glory of her dazzling beauty, and he felt a long unknown thrill of joy throughout his whole frame as she rushed across to meet him, holding out both hands,

"I am Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, President of the Mexican Republic, and general in chief of the army of operations."

and exclaiming: "Dear—dear Cousin Horace! Why, we have almost mourned you as dead!"

"And you—are you—"

His voice faltered, but Katrina divined what he would have asked, and she replied:

"Did you really think I could marry him?"

Blessed words! Did he hear them aright? As the divine harp of the inspired David stilled the evil spirit in Saul's breast, so did that one short phrase quiet the waves of passion, that, for two long years, had made the heart of Horace a chaos of tumultuous thoughts. Leaving the dance, the cousins went out upon a balcony. There, the past was soon forgotten; explanations were given and received; nor did the star-lit waves that rolled upon the sandy beach near by move more gently than did the feelings of these now pledged lovers.

Katrina had also experienced vicissitudes. Before Horace had left West Point, the house of Morgan & Wykoff had stopped payment, and this proud uncle was actually dependent upon the charity of friends for support. It was a severe blow to him and to his worldly-minded wife, but their daughter passed through the furnace of trouble, like gold through the crucible, brighter and purer. Gifted with superior musical talents, she soon found pupils, and was now the principal of an academy at Galveston, where her father acted as agent for the New York insurance companies.

"What became of Katrina's Mexican admirer, aunt?" haughtily inquired Horace, the next morning, as he sat chatting with his chastened yet happy relatives.

"O, colonel," (the old lady retained her passion for titles), "we found him unworthy of Katrina, and—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted her husband. "'Tisn't so, nephew. When he heard that our house had smashed, he cut Katrina dead, and married the widow Hodskins. Poor damc, she soon found that he was a swindler, whose only occupation in Mexico had been the selling of oranges on the wharf of Vera Cruz. To think how he used to talk of his silver mines and his ranches!"

Why prolong this narrative by a description of the marriage of the cousins, or of the fine rancho on which they settled, after it was voted to Horace by the legislature of Texas, when they distributed the confiscated public domain of their former Mexican oppressors? Loved and beloved by all around them, the happy couple still live there in quiet retirement, enjoying all that the heart can wish of happiness.

"So you won't serve on the Board of Examiners at West Point this year, if I get the President to appoint you?" said Senator Houston, a few months ago, while he was making his annual visit to Colonel Mason.

"I will answer for him no!" replied Katrina, now a buxom matron. "He must be here at the wedding of our oldest daughter, and my father is too infirm to have the care of this large establishment."

"You see, general," added Horace, "I am under orders."

"Yes—yes!" remarked Houston, with a smile. "The captor of Santa Anna is himself a captive!"

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

INSIDE VIEW OF SLAVERY: OR, *A Tour among the Planters*. By C. G. PARSONS, M. D. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 318.

This is a northern view of slavery, calculated to sell well in the high latitudes, and chaperoned by Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD. By Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS. New York: Bunce & Brother. 1855. 12mo. pp. 435.

A deeply interesting plot, spirited dramatic dialogue, plenty of incident, and a happy denouement, will ensure this book welcome and popularity. It is written in a fluent, facile style, which only long practice can ensure. It is a far better book than "Fashion and Famine," by the same writer. For sale by W. V. Spencer.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MARRIAGE. By an old Physician. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 18mo. 1855. pp. 265.

The title of this work indicates the nature of its contents. It is written with great chasteness, and undoubtedly from the purest motives.

A BASKET OF CHIPS. By JOHN BROUGHAM. New York: Bunce & Brother. 1855. 12mo. pp. 405.

We hail with delight this brilliant, gay, witty, humorous melange of poetry and prose, sentiment and sense, romance and reality. Instead of being, as the name modestly purports, a "basket of chips," it is a basket of brilliant. How could it be otherwise, when heaped by the hands of a gentleman, who, in the universality of his genius, appears like several single gentlemen rolled into one. Mr. Brougham is a scholar, a dramatist, a wit, a poet, an artist, and a very agreeable actor. Whatever he undertakes he does well, and some things better than any one else. We most cordially wish this pleasant volume the success its great merit should command. It is very well illustrated by McLellan. For sale by W. V. Spencer.

HARPER'S CLASSICAL LIBRARY—VIRGIL. 1 vol., 12mo. SMART'S HORACE. 1 vol., 12mo. 1855.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers deserve great credit for the beautiful style in which they have got out these literal English translations of the works of the two greatest Roman poets. They will be an aid to those students of the classics who are making their way without a teacher, while they will be welcome to the libraries of readers unacquainted with the original tongue. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE NEW OMBON. New York: Mason Brothers. 1855.

This is a fine collection of popular secular melodies arranged for four voices, and intended for singing schools and private parties. The prefatory part consists of valuable lessons in singing by Lowell Mason. For sale by Oliver Ditson.

THE LAKE SHORE: OR, *The Slave, the Serf, and the Apprentice*. By EMILE SOUVESTRE. Boston: Croby, Nichols & Co.

Emile Souvestre, whose death, two or three years since, was deeply lamented by the world of letters, was one of the purest of modern French writers. All of his stories have a healthy moral. He reminds us much of Hawthorne, but he has none of the deep sadness of our great American romance writer. The present series of stories illustrates the progress of humanity from the white slavery of the Romans, through the serfdom of feudalism, to the present condition of the laboring classes in Europe. It is a truly fascinating book. We have frequently enriched our columns with translations from Souvestre's works from the pen of Miss Anne T. Wilbur, and we know of no one better fitted to prepare English versions of those works of his which have never been translated, than this lady. We advise some enterprising publisher to improve upon this hint.

TWICE MARRIED. A Story of Connecticut Life. New York: Dix & Edwards. 1855. 12mo. pp. 264.

The readers of Putnam's Magazine are already familiar with this charming book, as it appeared serially, in that publication. The author says modestly, "My story pretends to be nothing more than a plain and homely sketch of rustic Yankee life and character." Now this is exactly what we want, and this simple and natural book is an oasis in the desert of exaggerated romances that the power press has spread around us. We like it all the better because it was not written with a particular aim. We hate to have an author poking his moral at us like a gun, and endeavoring to bring us down by a dead shot. For sale by Redding & Co.

The laboring classes are not required to go into mourning; yet some of them do for two, three or four days. With them the burial takes place after twenty-four hours; with the upper class, the mourning is fixed at fifty days. It used to be twice that time, but is said to have been cut down by Jesi Jas (founder of the reigning dynasty), that the business of the public functionaries might suffer the less interruption. Persons in mourning stay at home, abstain from animal food of any description and saki, and neither cut their nails nor shave their heads. One of the ifays is left, as has been mentioned, at the grave; the other, during the period of mourning, is set up in the best apartment of the house of the deceased. Sweetmeats, fruit and tea, are placed before it, and morning, noon and night, food is offered to it, served up as to a living person. Two candles, fixed in candlesticks, burn by it, night and day, and a lighted lantern is hung up on either side. The whole household, of both sexes, servants included, pray before it morning and evening. This is kept up for seven weeks, and during each week from the day of the death, a priest attends and reads hymns for an hour before the ifay. He is each time supplied with ornaments, and paid a fee of five or six mas. During these seven weeks the son goes every day, be the weather what it may, and says a prayer by the grave. He wears his rush hat, through which he can see without being seen, speaks to nobody, and is dressed in white. With this exception, and a ceremonious visit in the third, fourth or fifth week to the relatives and friends, he remains in his house with the door fastened. It is customary to erect a small hut near the grave, in which a servant watches, noting down the names of all who come to visit it. When the seven weeks are over, the mourner shaves and dresses, opens his doors, and goes, if an officer, to inform the governor that his days of mourning are over. He next pays a complimentary visit to all who have attended the funeral, or have visited the grave, sending them also a complimentary present. In case of persons holding office, who died suddenly without having previously resigned in favor of their heirs, it is not unusual to bury them the night after their death, in a private manner; the death, though whispered about, is not officially announced. The heir, who dresses and acts as usual, notifies the authorities that his father is sick and wishes to resign. Having obtained the succession, he soon after announces his father's death, and the formal funeral and mourning then take place. The honors paid to deceased parents do not terminate with the mourning. Every month, on the day of the ancestor's decease, for fifty, and even for a hundred days, food, sweetmeats and fruit are set before the ifay. These funeral ceremonies are certainly among the most singular rites of the Japanese, and much more than we have given might be detailed respecting them. The second engraving of our series shows the mode of conveyance generally in use, that is the palanquin, supported on the shoulders of two stalwart fellows. These vehicles are finished in a very tasteful manner, being handsomely lacquered, gilded and ornamented. In Sumoda, they take the place of horses, the latter being used only under the saddle. The third engraving represents the dinner given on board the Powhatan, in honor of the commissioners appointed by the emperor to conduct negotiations. Commodore Perry invited the officers of the squadron to meet the Japanese officials, of whom there were about seventy. A very excellent

admit of much grace, each female going through her gyrations with the mechanical stiffness of an automaton. The next port we shall touch at, pleading the privilege of a roving commission, is Cape Town, the capital of the Cape of Good Hope, the well-known British colony at the southern extremity of Africa. This point early attracted the attention of the Dutch, who saw that it was of the first importance as a watering-place for their ships. They accordingly established a colony there about the middle of the 17th century. They treated the native inhabitants, the Hottentots, with great severity, driving most of them beyond the mountains, and reducing the remainder to slavery. In 1795, it was captured by the English, but restored by the peace of Amiens, in 1802. In 1806, it was again captured by the English, and has remained in their undisputed possession ever since. The colony extends about 230 miles from north to south, and 550 from east to west. On the west and south it is washed by the ocean, and on the north it is bounded by a range of lofty mountains. The principal bays on the coast are Saldanha, Table, Pluttenburg and Algoa Bays. The country is divided into successive terraces by several ranges of mountains, which run nearly parallel to the southern coast. Much of the territory is very barren and unyielding, but yet there are a great many belts of highly productive land. Cape Town is quite pleasantly situated at the head of Table Bay, in a valley between the Table and Lion Mountains, and about thirty miles from the Cape of Good Hope. It is defended by a castle of considerable strength, and contains many fine public buildings. The harbor is tolerably secure from September to May, during the prevalence of the southeast winds; but during the rest of the year, when the winds blow from the north and northwest, vessels are obliged to resort to Fulse Bay, on the other side of the peninsula. Our seventh engraving presents a sketch of a group of marketmen at Cape Town. We here see the native fish dealers and purchasers. A young negro in the foreground is feeding a pelican with a small fish which he has purloined from the bench. The principal market of Cape Town is not very attractive externally, but it is noted for the abundance and excellence of its fish, flesh and fowl, which supply the inhabitants and the ships touching at the port. The sales are conducted much after the manner of this country. The salesmen are representatives of all quarters of the globe, and include specimens of the native Hottentot and the genuine Yankee, who is to be found everywhere where money is to be made. The eighth engraving is a view of the natives and their huts at St. Augustine's Bay, Madagascar. The inhabitants of this remarkably fertile island are composed of two distinct classes—the Arabs, or descendants of foreign colonists, and the Negroes, or original inhabitants of the



MARKET SCENE AT CAPE TOWN.



ST. AUGUSTINE'S BAY, MADAGASCAR.

dinner was served up, to which the guests did ample justice. Toasts to the emperor and president were drunk with all the honors, and the company did not disperse until a very late hour. Our next picture shows a Chinese tanka boat. The tanka boats are counted by thousands in the rivers and bays of China. They are often employed by our national vessels as conveyances to and from shore, thereby saving the health of the sailors, who would be otherwise subjected to pulling long distances under a hot sun, with a liability of contracting some fatal disease peculiar to China, and thus introducing infection in a crowded crew. On her voyage, the Powhatan touched at Singapore, the capital of a small island at the southern extremity of Malacca. The town stands on a point of land near a bay, affording a safe anchorage at all seasons, and commanding the navigation of the Straits of Malacca. While the Powhatan lay at anchor here, the captain permitted two jugglers to come on board to gratify the wishes of the sailors, by exhibiting their skill in legerdemain, which art they profess in a wonderful degree of perfection. The feat of swallowing a sword was performed, as exhibited in our fifth engraving. But as the weapon belonged to the juggler, the men suspected it was prepared for the purpose, and that the blade consisted of running slides, which, by the pressure of the tongue to the point, would be forced into the hilt. The Malay, however, was determined to confound the doubters, and taking up a piece of rough cast iron from the armorer's forge, swallowed it with as much ease and facility as he did the sword. The performances ended with a lively dance executed by two cobras to the accompaniment of harsh sounds from a trumpet played by an assistant. From Singapore let us pass to the Sandwich Islands, those gems of the Pacific. The arrival at the Sandwich Islands is always a welcome event in a cruise—the delicious climate, the abundance of fruits, the romantic scenery, the gentle manners of the inhabitants, render this portion of the globe peculiarly attractive. Our sixth engraving represents a group of Sandwich Island girls dancing the hula-hula to the intense delight of a group of Jack tars, who probably experience as much satisfaction at the exhibition, as was ever experienced by the refined Parisians at the efforts of Taglioni, Cerito, or Fanny Ellsler. The hula-hula was formerly a favorite dance among the Sandwich Islanders, but has now become nearly extinct through the influence of the missionaries. There are still, however, a few Kanakas, who are addicted to their old amusement. The dance does not

island. The character of the inhabitants differs much in the different parts of the island, and the accounts of writers vary greatly on this subject. The island is off the eastern coast of Africa, separated from the continent by the Mozambique channel, and is about 900 miles long and 200 broad. Its surface is greatly diversified, and its mountain scenery is exceedingly grand. The name and position of this island were first made known to Europeans by Marco Polo, in the 13th century, though the Arabs had been acquainted with it for several centuries. It was visited by the Portuguese in the beginning of the 16th century. The French made several attempts to found colonies there in the middle of the 17th century, but abandoned them after ineffectual struggles with the natives. In 1745, they renewed their efforts with but little better success. In 1814, it was claimed by England as a dependency of Mauritius, which had been ceded to her by France, and some settlements were established. One of the native kings of the interior, who had shown himself eager to procure a knowledge of European arts for his subjects, consented, in 1820, to relinquish the slave trade on condition that ten Madagascans should be sent to England, and ten to Mauritius, for education. Those sent to England were placed under the care of the London Missionary Society, who sent missionaries and mechanics to Madagascar. In 1826, seventeen hundred children were taught in the missionary schools, and the Scriptures have since been translated into the native language. Our last view was drawn at Bruni, in the island of Borneo, and shows the Sultan's palace. Previously to the Powhatan's joining the Japanese expedition, and while on her way, her duties compelled her to touch at the island of Borneo for the purpose of ratifying a treaty which was negotiated some fifteen years since, and which requires renewal every five years. Its objects are the protection and preservation of such of our men and ships as have the misfortune to be wrecked upon these shores. The steamer anchored at the mouth of the principal river, and the following day a sufficient number of officers and men, in six barges, and fully armed, proceeded on their mission to Bruni, the capital, situated about thirty miles from the coast. The meeting was held at the palace of the Sultan (the house in the centre of the picture), and the negotiation was concluded in a manner satisfactory to both parties. After an exchange of presents of trifling value between our officers and the natives, and a night passed on his majesty's mats, the party embarked for the ships, the band playing the national airs, with a national salute from two howitzers. The result of such expeditions has been to make our flag known and respected in the remotest quarters of the globe.



BRUNI, ISLE OF BORNEO, SULTAN'S PALACE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

A NOBLE ANSWER.

When Louis Napoleon, before he had violated his oath of fidelity to the French republic, reviewed the troops encamped at Satory, Horace Vernet, the great military painter of France, was commissioned to paint the scene, and did so, introducing General Lamoriciere, Cavaignac and other distinguished republican generals who were on the field. After he had overthrown the republic, Master Louis sent for Vernet, one day, and pointing to the portraits of the noble republicans, said, peremptorily, "Remove these men." "Sire," replied the noble artist, "I am a painter of history, and I cannot do it!" Of course, after this bold speech, Vernet fell into disgrace! But he was too great a man to be sent to Cayenne, or driven into exile, and after a lapse of time, the emperor sent for him, and treated him with the respect which his greatness of soul deserved. "Flaneur," the brilliant correspondent of the Boston Post, relates the above anecdote and also the following:—"One morning, in crossing the Rue de la Dauphine, driving a spirited horse in a tilbury, Vernet ran against a cart laden with stones, and broke the shaft of his vehicle. A sign painter, engaged close by in painting some sausages on a butcher's shop, recognizing the renowned artist, rushed to aid in mending the broken shaft. The master of the tilbury slipped a piece of gold into the painter's hand. 'What! Vernet, from a brother artist?' said the man, reproachfully. 'Pardon. How then can I show my gratitude?' 'Give me a stroke of your pencil—I shall be too well paid,' said the man of signs, pointing to his ladder and scaffold. 'Willingly,' observed Horace, and scrambling up the ladder, he soon finished the most tempting string in the world, and to this day, as during the last fifty years, they are said to attract all passers-by."

MUSQUITOES.—It seems that these destroyers of domestic comfort have heretofore been unknown in England. Latterly, when some of the little rascals presented their bills to a gentleman of Birkenhead, he was perfectly astonished. The press took the matter up in alarm. They were supposed to have been imported by a Yankee sailor, who took this method of revenging a grudge against some of the people at Birkenhead. The mayor had offered a reward of fifty pounds for the discovery of the villain who introduced this pest.

OUR PAPER.—Our paper may always be found at the periodical depots throughout the country, for sale at six cents each. But the best way to secure it regularly, and at the earliest moment after publication, in a neat, clean form, is to enclose a year's subscription direct to the office of publication.

A FINE STORY.—We have just commenced in The Flag of our Union an admirable novelette from the pen of SYLVANUS COBB, Jr., entitled "The Maniac's Secret: or, The Privateer of Massachusetts Bay—a Tale of the Revolution."

SPLINTERS.

.... Dr. Kane, of the exploring expedition, is a man of small stature, whose delicate appearance does not seem fitted for heroism.

.... Sir E. W. Head, the new governor-general of British North America, is very popular with the Canadians.

.... The paper and printing of the British House of Commons costs nearly a million dollars annually. Talk of the dear people!

.... The crop of cranberries in Indiana was very great this year. They are easily raised, and always command a high price.

.... Rev. G. H. Doane, son of Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, has gone to Paris to study for the Roman Catholic priesthood.

.... The harvest in France is a failure, and the United States are looked to, to save her from starvation. We'll try.

.... Miss Hensler lately divided the honors with Lagrange at the Italian opera. She is a charming vocalist.

.... John Chaplin, lately a lieutenant in the navy, killed his brother-in-law, Dr. Kirk, near Savannah, in a duel, lately.

.... William Sullivan, who stole a suit of clothes in this city, was detected while changing his dress in the street.

.... Gibson, the English sculptor, has recently colored two marble statues of Venus and Cupid, it is said, with effect.

.... The King of Sardinia, the ally of France and England, has been placed under the ban of excommunication by the pope.

.... They send such things as live lizards through the English post-offices, duly stamped and addressed.

.... One of the most distinguished young officers in the Crimea was Captain Peel, son of the late statesman, Sir Robert Peel.

.... Since the gold discovery of California in 1848, \$300,000,000 worth of gold have been brought to the Atlantic States.

.... The only way to pronounce a Russian name is to sneeze and then say *ski*; but Sebastopol was not to be sneezed at.

.... One of the London papers heads its police reports, "Our civilization." There is a spice of satire in that.

.... Thackeray was complimented by a dinner given by his brother writers of England, just before sailing for this country.

.... The officers of the Baltic fleet amuse themselves by playing cricket on shore. Better play ball with the Russians.

.... They have now got a Jew for lord mayor of London. It is a triumph of the liberals of the city over sectarianism.

.... A State Agricultural College for Ohio has been organized at Cleveland, with five capable professors.

ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

We read of the return of the members of the Arctic expedition under Dr. Kane, through the agency of the Relief expedition under Lieut. Hartstein, both fitted out from New York, with unmingled feelings of gratification. Though an event of some weeks' standing, it is still the topic of general conversation and of general congratulation. The hardships encountered and overcome, the perils dared and escaped, the sufferings and privations of the gallant men engaged in both these adventures, possess all the interest of romance, heightened by the force of truth, and we are never weary of reading their recital.

Yet we may be permitted to express the hope—perhaps an individual one—that this may be the last of these expeditions to the far, far north. There now remain no promptings for philanthropic exertion. Sir John Franklin must be given up. The heroic efforts to discover his whereabouts have been unavailing, and the certainty of his having perished is now carried home to the bosom of that noble woman who has hoped beyond hope, who has struggled against conviction until it could no longer be held at arm's length, and who feels that her gallant husband must be numbered with the lost.

There is no probability that these Arctic expeditions can produce any practical results. Science has something to hope from them, indeed, but what can that be, weighed against the certain peril and probable loss of those who might be induced to wage a warfare against the pitiless elements for a doubtful good? We are told that there is a possibility of reaching the north pole, and of planting there the stars and stripes of our country. We confess that there is something inspiring and glorious in the very thought. To go where no keel has ever penetrated, to stand where no human foot has ever stood,—the idea is enough to enlist the fortunes and lives of numbers of fearless and high-spirited men. But suppose the feat accomplished—it would be but a barren triumph. It is not surely necessary to assert and vindicate the daring of humanity. The history of the race is full of deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice. Men have suffered enough for the truth, have undergone privation, and toil and torture enough, to render unnecessary any fresh proof of heroism and abnegation. The spirit of enterprise and daring which so abounds among us had better be devoted to some purpose, the practicability of which does not require demonstration. There are wildernesses to be subdued, forests to be felled, lands to be reclaimed, rivers to be rendered navigable, nearer home. We need not go into sunless latitudes and hyperborean regions for fields of exertion.

If our views be correct, we know already quite enough of the Arctic regions. We know that far to the north of us lie vast realms of ice and semi-annual night; that there vegetation ceases to exist; that there are no productions to tempt the cupidity or enhance the comforts of our race; that there vicissitudes must be encountered which utterly preclude the idea of permanent settlement or periodical traffic. Let us rest satisfied with this amount of knowledge.

Nothing that we have written is intended to express the slightest disparagement of the motives which prompted the two expeditions to which we referred at the commencement of this article. Noble and philanthropic movements, they were conducted with the highest ability, and have been comparatively fortunate in their issue. But now, as it appears to us, there remains no higher motive than that of the gratification of scientific curiosity in pursuing these researches to a greater extent. Let us rest contented with the possibility of planting our flag on the northernmost apex of the globe, without hazarding any more valuable lives in bringing the problem to the proof.

THE WAR.

This is still the topic in almost every circle. We cannot be indifferent to its continuance. Whatever affects prices and the money market abroad is felt here sensibly. It is said now that only the military men in Russia are in favor of a prolongation of the sanguinary conflict, and it is certain that the French and English at home are keenly sensible of the ruinous expense. Western Europe, indeed, seems to be on the eve of a great commercial crisis; and when the pockets of the people begin to be affected, it is dangerous for governments to continue the pressure too long. As for the love of glory—that sort of glory that is earned by cutting throats—we believe the age is too enlightened to be much influenced by it. The desire of the world is for peace, and its interests are certainly in favor of it.

BINDING.—In no year, since our illustrated journal commenced, have we bound up so many of the volumes for our subscribers as we have done in the last twelve months. We can still supply any and all back numbers desired to complete sets, or to replace soiled and missing numbers. Charge for binding in full gilt, illumined title-page and index, and illumined cover, *one dollar*.

ANOTHER VETERAN.—Either old men are very prevalent, or else more pains are taken in chronicling their existence than formerly. Two or three weeks since, General Stryker, of Brunswick, New Jersey, 93 years of age, took command of a body of troops, and manoeuvred with the skill of a young man. Of him it cannot be said:

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."

ART.—Everything is artistic now-a-days. A series of lectures was recently delivered, in this city, on the "art of health." It used to be a blessing—now it is an accomplishment.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.—The French, who have been far ahead of the English during the whole war, are preparing to eclipse their former glories in the Crimea.

THE STEAM FRIGATE POWHATAN.

In this week's paper will be found a number of interesting drawings made for us by an officer of this fine national vessel, which formed a part of the exploring expedition. Her officers and men have lately distinguished themselves, and upheld the honor of our flag, in a desperate engagement with a piratical fleet, near Hong Kong. Capt. Fellows, commanding H. B. M. steam sloop Rattler, chased a large fleet of piratical war junks into shallow water, and then steamed for Hong Kong to ask assistance from Capt. McCloney of the Powhatan. It was promptly afforded, and an attack was made in boats from the Powhatan and Rattler, the whole under the command of Capt. Fellows. The junks fought at anchor with great ferocity and resolution, and several of our men and officers were wounded in the affair. Ten large war junks were destroyed, mounting, on an average, from sixteen to eighteen guns, of from six to sixty-eight pounds calibre. The enemy waited till the attacking party were within an hundred yards, and then opened a tremendous fire of cannister. Lieut. H. Rolando, of the Powhatan, was the first to board a twenty-gun junk, which he took. Each boat then singled out a junk and attacked it, the latter fighting with great desperation indeed, and in one case blowing up a twenty-gun junk, engaged hand to hand with the Rattler's (British) gig; Lieut. Rolando's boat was aiding that of the Rattler at the time, and both Capt. Fellows and Lieut. R. were blown overboard, as well as many of the Powhatan's men. Most of the casualties mentioned below occurred in that affair. Private Adamson of the marines greatly distinguished himself; the British and Americans vied with each other, and the enemy fought with desperation. Six junks and lorches, prizes to the pirates, were re-taken; sixteen smaller junks escaped, one of which subsequently getting aground was burned. It is thought that between five and six hundred of the pirates were killed, wounded and drowned during the engagement. Lieut. Pegram immediately commanded the Americans. Our loss, as reported to the Navy Department, was as follows: Killed—Joseph A. Hulsey and Isaac Col, landsmen. Wounded—Lieut. R. B. Pegram, and Lieut. H. Rolando, both in the hand; John Pepper, seaman, mortally; Benj. Adamson, dangerously; Jere. Pendergrast, landsman, fracture of a limb; Sam'l Mullard, marine; Fred. Hommel, do., P. Walter Schmidt, do., Wm. Carnes, ordinary seaman, Joshua Lewis, seaman, Wm. A. Taylor, captain after guard—all seriously; Chas. Tingworth, seaman.

THE END OF THE WORLD.—Wisacres in Europe are predicting the end of the world "about this time," as the almanacs say. Some of the German quidnuncs declare that the world will perish before long, "because, deserting the paths of the ideal, it has declared for the objective against the subjective, for the not me against the me, for the finite against the infinite." Clear as mud! We fancy the old world will continue to trundle on its axis for half a dozen billions of centuries yet.

ADULTERATION.—At a late meeting of the British Association, Dr. Pearson, in the chemical section, asserted that there were only two articles manufactured for food which were not adulterated—common salt and refined lump sugar. He challenged any gentleman present to add another article to the list.

EUROPEAN QUIET.—Kossuth, writing in the London Atlas, says:—"The condition of Europe is evidently such as to render an almost universal revolution inevitable. To ignore this is blindness—to deny it, madness."

ART EXHIBITION.—St. Petersburg journals announce that an exhibition of fine arts will be held in that capital this year, in spite of the war.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Bishop Southgate. Mr. George B. Gordon to Miss Eliza McMullen, both of Cambridge; by Rev. Mr. Miles, Mr. S. Lawrence French to Miss Sarah B. Luke; by Rev. Mr. Coolidge, Mr. David C. Allyn, of Chelsea, to Miss Sophia J. Burnham; Mr. John M. Burnham to Miss Ann Maria Patterson; by Rev. Dr. Caldwell, Rev. Allen E. Battelle, of Rockport, Me., to Miss Maria J. Baker, of Marshfield, Mass.; by Rev. Dr. Putnam, of Roxbury, Mr. Alexander Murray Smith to Miss Mary C. Lovering.—At Chelsea, Capt. Elijah Crosby to Miss Roena Taylor, both of Chatham.—At Melrose, by Rev. Mr. Sessions, Mr. Augustus Towne, of Boston, to Miss Anna S. Armstrong.—At Brighton, by Rev. Mr. Whitney, Mr. Washington C. Allen to Miss Mary Norcross Warren, of Boston.—At Newton Corner, by Rev. Dr. Caldwell, Mr. Horace Westworth, of New York, to Miss Lucretia W. Hewes.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Clapp, Capt. John W. Strout to Miss Lydia L. Townsend.—At North Andover, by Rev. Mr. Robinson, Mr. George W. Berrian, Jr., of New York, to Miss Ruth Elizabeth Weed.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Campbell, Mr. Richard P. Pettengell to Miss Georgiana Bragdon.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. How, Mr. Edward Griscom to Miss Jerusha R. Holmes, both of New York.—At Springfield, by Rev. Mr. Seeley, Mr. Henry W. Remington, of this city, to Miss Lizzie E. Pease.—At Augusta, Me., by Rev. Mr. Drew, Prof. William P. Drew, of Somerville College, Mass., to Miss Livonia P. Rust.—At Baltimore, Mr. Frank Beal, of Boston, to Miss Carrie E. Streeter.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Mary H. S. Harod, 32; Widow Mary Denison, 79; Mrs. Abigail, wife of Mr. Lemuel Tompkins, Jr., 37; Mr. William S. Lincoln, 51; Widow Charlotte Wlesenthal; Miss Jane H. Goodwin, 51; Mrs. Abby Truesdell, 33; Miss Rebecca T. White, 27.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Caroline Kimball, 42.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Sarah Kimball, 32; Mrs. Abigail Edmonds, 49; Widow Prudence Hobart, 45.—At Somerville, Mrs. Lucinda H., wife of Mr. Samuel S. Shorer, 41.—At East Cambridge, Mr. A. Matthews, 51.—At Waverlytown, Dr. Walter Hunsdell, 86.—At Lynn, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Mr. B. P. Ravel, 52.—At West Lynn, Mr. Luther Nourse, 19.—At Beverly, Mrs. Susanah Standley, 93.—At East Bridgewater, Mrs. Maria, wife of Hon. Judge Aaron Hobart, 67.—At Newburyport, Mr. Richard Davis, 76; Miss Abigail G. Atwood, 46; Mrs. Sarah Huggett, 85.—At Newbury, Mr. Daniel Davis Floyd, 26.—At Scituate, Mrs. Sally, widow of Ensign Merritt, 72.—At Tyngsboro', Augustus F. Pierce, M.D., 28.—At Townsend, Miss Abby A. Lewis, 18.—At Worcester, Mr. Nathan Rogers, 77.—At Nantucket, Capt. Zimri Collin, 72; Mrs. Deborah Hodges, 79; Mrs. Azenith Ferris, 84.—At Pittsfield, Theodore Hinesdale, Esq., 83; Widow Olive Hulbert, 85.—At Tiverton, Mrs. Lucinda, wife of Mr. Adoniram Brown, 52.—At Portsmouth, N. H., Mr. Thomas W. Miller, junior publisher of the Chronicle, 23.—At Kennebunkport, Me., Mrs. Sarah L., widow of the Hon. B. F. Mason, 55.—At New York, 11-n Peter Harmony Graham, 34.—At Santiago, Tuolumne Co., Cal., Mr. Robert Reed, formerly of Springfield, Mass, 29.—At Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, Mrs. Klucole, wife of Benjamin Pitman, Esq., of Boston, 30.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Among the articles exhibited at the fair of the American Institute, New York, is an ingenious invention of a gas-engine by Dr. Alfred Drake of Philadelphia. — During the late agricultural fair at Haverhill, a place was wanted for the trial of horses, and a man named Lee offered the committee and spectators free admission to his grounds for the purpose. The crowd rushed in, but when the sport was over, it cost them "a quarter each" to get out! The shrewd Yankee made a good thing out of it. — Rev. William Arthur, a distinguished Irish preacher, has arrived in this country, for the purpose of raising money to aid in the spread and education of Protestantism in Ireland. — Two men got into a fight in Columbus, Ohio, a few days since, when a large dog rushed out of a house near by, and made a furious demonstration towards the combatants, who immediately separated, and decamped in opposite directions. One of the men being closely followed by the dog, was obliged to take refuge in a shed, and although he succeeded in closing the door against the animal, he was compelled to remain there until its owner came to his relief. — Previous to 1840, nearly all the copper used in the world came from the mines of Cornwall, England. Hereafter, all the copper used in the world will come from the United States. — One of the pastors in Lowell, Mass., recently preached a strong sermon against the costliness of religious privileges. He condemned the paying of high salaries to clergymen, as pews were often made to rent at such high prices that poor people could not afford to hire them. He urged that a church had no moral right to pay \$700 a year of its worshippers' money for a choir, nor anything like it. — The "medicinal inhalation for the cure of consumption" is not a new process, as claimed by some. It has been known and practised for many years. — There is a curiosity in Bangor, Me., in the form of a bed-cord made from the sinews of a whale. It was brought into the country in 1640, and has been in possession of Uncle Tim Colby, of Bangor, forty-seven years, in constant use, and never was broken. It is as good as ever, and has been in the possession of the Colby family for two hundred years. — In Siam, the penalty for lying is to have the mouth sewed up. Suppose such a law were in force here, what a number of mutes we should have. — Among the strangers in our city (says the Hartford Times) is Dr. Hamel, of the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg, a gentleman of high intelligence and distinction, who is on a visit to examine the scientific, industrial, and educational institutions of the United States. — Calvin was opposed, as were indeed Luther and other great reformers of that day, to the strict views entertained by John Knox respecting the Sabbath; and yet Knox himself was far behind some of the present day religious professors, if a tradition at Geneva be true—that when John Knox visited Calvin on a Sunday, he found his austere coadjutor bowling on a green. At this day, and in the same place, says D'Israeli, a Calvinist preacher after his sermon will take his seat at the card-table. — The city of Manchester has not money enough in the treasury to pay its firemen. It owes Niagara Company No. 2 about \$1400, besides sums due other companies. Some hardship to the firemen is the result. — M. Roby, of Paris, deposited in the Great Exhibition of Paris, on the 22d August, where it was inspected by the Queen and Prince Albert, a time-piece made entirely of clay. All the works, plates, cogs and wheels are made of aluminum, and M. Roby believes that it is much better for these purposes than the metals generally employed. It is much lighter, does not require so much power to conduct the wheels, and therefore, with a heavy balance, will obtain a better result in regularity. It is very hard and smooth when hammered, and the friction will be reduced to almost nothing.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—The Leeds Mercury, an English paper, says that Colonel Rawlinson has just discovered among the ruins of ancient Babylon an extensive library—not indeed printed on paper, but impressed on baked bricks—containing many and voluminous treatises on astronomy, mathematics, ethnology, and several other most important branches of knowledge. These treatises contain facts and arguments which, in his opinion, will have no small operation on the study of the sciences to which they relate, and indeed on almost every branch of learning, and which throw great light on Biblical history and criticism, and the history of our race.

IN MEMORIAM.—The family of Margaret Fuller Ossoli has erected a marble monument to her memory and that of her husband and child, in Mount Auburn Cemetery, in Massachusetts. It was designed and executed by Mr. Thomas Carew, an artist of this city. It is upright in form, and on its side, facing the avenue, is cut in the marble a medallion the size of life, and said to be an excellent likeness of Madame Ossoli, surrounded by an exquisitely carved oak wreath. There are various other significant devices on the monument.

HEAVY LOAN.—The New York commissioners of the canal fund for the enlargement of the Erie Canal, have issued proposals for a new loan of \$1,250,000. Two sums of \$2,250,000 have already been raised, and the new loan will make the whole amount \$5,570,000.

LARGE BUSINESS.—Envelopes and stamps to the large sum of ten thousand dollars a month are sold at the Boston post office. A room has been fitted up for this especial purpose, and a number of clerks give their whole time to this branch of the business of the office.

HUMANE.—Mr. Nelson, of Connecticut, has patented lately an awning for horses, which is attached to the dray so as to completely cover the horse from the rays of the sun. This, we should think, is a good invention, it is certainly a humane one.

Wayside Gatherings.

In Maine, where capital punishment has been abolished, crime has not increased.

A pawnbroker in Philadelphia the other day bought and paid for a pair of table covers which a rogue purloined from his own house.

The N. E. Spiritualist had a "communication" last June, stating that Dr. Kane had recently passed from earth, his ships had been broken to pieces, etc. The "spirits" must rap again.

The growth of the Boston North Association of Baptist Churches has been very rapid during the last fifteen years. Previous to 1840, only 13 of its 31 churches were in existence.

Gen. Peter Sarpy, for many years a trader among the Omaha Indians in Nebraska territory, has just concluded an important treaty with the Indian Bureau at Washington.

A committee of citizens in Maine are collecting money to enable them to purchase a ship of 600 tons for the conveyance of emigrants, stores, etc. to Liberia. The amount which they propose to raise is \$30,000.

The Freeman's Journal, a Roman Catholic paper, looks upon the conversion of the Rev. Mr. Doane (son of Bishop Doane, of New Jersey), as the first fruit of an abundant harvest of the second generation of Puseyite Episcopalians.

Rev. Andreas Wiberg, a native of Sweden, and a graduate at the University at Upsala, has been commissioned by the "Baptist Publication Society," to return to his native land and establish there a system of colportage.

Dr. Mauran, of St. Augustine, Fla., is soon to publish a succinct diary, kept by himself, of the atmospheric phenomenon of the past season at St. Augustine, intended as a guide to phthisical invalids desirous of resorting thither to enjoy the prophylactic and thermal influence of its climate.

A few of the Cayuga Indians, residing on the Cattaraugus Reservation, have revolted, deposed the old chiefs and declared new ones in their places. They allege in their public manifesto, that the chiefs have been plundering the people of their annuities, etc. Among the leaders, we are told, were Casher Darkness and Smith Wheelbarrow!

General Bosquet's order to the soldiers before the attack on the Malakoff is greatly eulogized, it is so admirably calculated to inspire confidence. It concludes as follows: "This is a general assault, army against army. It is an immense victory with which the young eagles of France are this day to be crowned. Forward, then, *enfants!* Malakoff and Sebastopol for us, and *Vive l'Empereur!*"

The editor of the Dubuque Tribune indulges in the following rhapsody over a certain dancing girl in that village, named Sallie St. Clair: "Her voluptuous form is the fittest setting for her diamond soul. Inspiration quivers down her snow-white arms, and trembles on her finger ends; passion wrestles in her shivering knees, and shudders through her fainting limbs. Her soul flickers in every accent, and looms up in every pantomime."

Lady Franklin has written the inscription for the tablet to be placed on Beechy Island. The following is the closing paragraph: "It commemorates the grief of their admiring countrymen and friends, and the anguish, subdued by faith, of her who has lost, in the heroic leader of the expedition, the most devoted and affectionate of husbands. 'And so He bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.' 1855."

Kendall, of the New Orleans Picayune, writes home, that the ladies in waiting upon Victoria, at Paris, were a "distressing homely set," nor does the profane republican treat royalty any better. Listen to his description of the Princess Royal of England: "She is a fat, chubby, and coarse specimen of a girl, a homely likeness of her mother, who has never set up any pretensions to beauty that I am aware of."

An Indian hunter on the Castor River, Canada, had a tussle with a black bear that weighed seven hundred pounds, and had the satisfaction of killing the monster. He first wounded the animal by a shot, when the latter closed in with him for a fraternal hug. In the desperate struggle that ensued, the Indian managed to plunge his knife into the bear's heart, although he had an arm broken at the time.

Dr. John Ware, a distinguished Boston physician, who has lately returned from a tour in Europe, has published his views on the comparative skill and proficiency of the medical profession in Europe and this country. He thinks that in the scholastic perfection of our education, America is far in arrears; but in that sort of discipline which prepares for the emergencies of real life, and consequently for the qualification necessary to the actual management of disease, we are second to none.

Rev. Thomas Hill, of Waltham, in an article on church music, in the last Christian Examiner, says: "Sometimes an attempt is made to alter a secular air by changing the cadence to a religious form. We have recently heard tunes of this character from some new collection of sacred (?) music—popular Irish and negro melodies being cut off in the last measure, and a chord of the subdominant introduced, as it were to sanctify them. The result is, that the tunes are spoiled for whistling on a week day, without being fit to sing on a Sunday."

The late three days' fete of the Assumption in Vienna was celebrated with a luxury and pomp never witnessed at Rome itself. The doctrine of the "immaculate conception" was announced, as it were, by the throne of Austria, with imposing honors. The imperial family were daily in procession in the streets, attending the service of the cathedral, richly decorated for the occasion, and illuminated every night, marching around an old column erected to the Virgin in a public square some two centuries ago, under the lead of the Pope's nuncio, chanting, etc.

The illumination in Paris and the surrounding villages for the fall of Sebastopol was by order of government, and not a voluntary popular demonstration. In the villages, a drummer paraded the streets at ten o'clock in the morning, and after having collected a crowd, directed all the inhabitants of the village to illuminate their windows on a certain evening, by order of the local authorities, under a penalty of a fine of seven and a half francs for every window not illuminated. Everything, even to demonstrations of joy for a victory, is regulated in France by the government.

In some parts of India there exists a miasma in the atmosphere, which, notwithstanding its fever-generating nature, people who are constantly exposed to it become inured to it, and enjoy comparatively good health. A moist atmosphere is most favorable for the action of the miasma, and a person may sleep in a marsh with comparative impunity, if he sleep beside a large watch-fire. The miasma may be conveyed by the winds to a considerable distance, so that a ship may anchor a mile to the windward of an unhealthy island, and remain unvisited by disease; while, if it should anchor the same distance to leeward, its crew would in all probability be attacked.

Foreign Items.

Fergus O'Connor is to have a monument erected to his memory in Scotland. The movement was commenced in Glasgow. The working classes are to be called upon to assist in the undertaking.

A tubular bridge is about being constructed across the Darnet branch of the Nile, thirty five miles from Cairo. The carriages are to run upon the outside of the bridge, and not, as is the case with the Menai bridge, upon the inside.

The Austrian minister has notified the Department of State "that passports dated more than three years ago are not considered valid in Austria, and the bearers of such passports are not admitted to Austria."

A letter dated Malaga, 19th ult., says that raisins were dearer than they had been for fifteen years, and in consequence many American vessels that had waited sometime for the crop, were leaving in ballast. Those that had sailed for the United States only took enough for ballast.

The London Illustrated News says: "Benedetto Pistrucci is no more. Who has not heard of Pistrucci? It was Pistrucci who made (with the exception of the shillings and sixpences) all the coins of King George III. since the peace of 1815, and the six principal coins of King George IV."

It has been ascertained that in Birmingham, England, not less than one thousand ounces of fine gold are used weekly, equivalent to some \$900,000 annually; and that the consumption of gold leaf in eight manufacturing towns is equal to five hundred and eighty-four ounces weekly.

The statue of the Duke of Wellington, executed by Mr. Matthew Noble for the East India Company, has just been placed in its niche in the general court-room at the India House. It is of white marble rather beyond life-size, and represents the duke in military undress uniform, having in his hand a telescope.

A letter from St. Petersburg says: "Three iron sloops, 80 feet long, were launched here. The greatest activity prevails in the naval workshops in order to complete the screw vessels without delay. It was from the want of such vessels that the Russian fleet was obliged to remain inactive in presence of the allies."

Sands of Gold.

.... Expression alone can invest beauty with supreme and lasting command over the eye.—*Fuseli*.

.... The greatest fault that can be committed in life is to quarrel with a superior man.—*Balzac*.

.... Reject with indignant scorn all self-congratulation of conscious villainy, though they be uttered by Richard or Iago.—*Fuseli*.

.... If a cause be good, the most violent attack of its enemies will not injure it so much as an injudicious defence of it by its friends.—*Colton*.

.... Sympathy and disgust are the lines that separate terror from horror: though we shudder at, we scarcely pity what we abominate.—*Fuseli*.

.... The wise and active conquer difficulties, by daring to attempt them: sloth and folly shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard, and make the impossibility they fear.—*Rowe*.

.... Consult your friend on all things, especially on those which respect yourself. His counsel may then be useful, where your own self-love might impair your judgment.—*Seneca*.

.... Great is the power of eloquence; but never is it so great as when it pleads along with nature, and the culprit is a child strayed from his duty, and returned to it again with tears.—*Sterne*.

.... There are words which, like the trumpets, cymbals and base drums of mountebanks, attract the public. The words "beauty," "glory," "poetry," have witcheries that seduce the grossest minds.—*Balzac*.

.... Evasions are the common shelter of the hard-hearted, the false, and impotent, when called upon to assist; the real great alone plan instantaneous help, even when their looks or words presage difficulties.—*Lavater*.

.... We seize upon the world with hearts thirsting for love; then, when our wealth has passed into the crucible, when we are mixed up with men and with events, everything dwindles insensibly; we find little gold, and much ashes. Such is life—life as it is—great pretensions, little realities!—*Balzac*.

Joker's Budget.

A lady last week had her likeness taken by a photographer, and he executed it so well that her husband prefers it to the original.

A correspondent of a Memphis paper misquotes in the following shocking manner:

"Where their cannonized bones
Will never again burst their casements."

The London Diogenes thinks the most difficult achievement in domestic geometry, consists in "keeping the circle of our acquaintances square."

A phriend pheeling phunily phigurative, phurnishes the phollowing: "4ty 4tunate 4esters 4tuitously 4tifying 4lorn 4tresses, 4eibly 4bade 4ty 4midable 4eigners 4ining 4aging 4ces."

The Parts Exposition has produced some wonderful things says the Journal pour Rire. Among others an elixir for preserving the teeth, stringed beans, peas, the dreams of youth, and woman's loveliness.

"The little darling, he didn't strike Mrs. Smith's baby a purpose, did he? It was a mere accident, wasn't it, dear?" "Yes, ma, to be sure it was, and if he don't behave himself, I'll crack him again."

"I have lost my appetite," said a gigantic Irish gentleman, and an eminent performer on the *trencher*, to Mark Supple. "I hope," said Supple, "no poor man has found it, for it would ruin him in a week."

Catching it in the Crimea.—When the Russians first seized on the Crimea, they captured a great many of the inhabitants, but amongst all of these they never got hold of such a native as the Tartar they have now caught at Sebastopol.—*Punch*.

There is a gentleman residing in this city who is unusually scrupulous in regard to having his door-plate polished every morning, being determined to "leave an untarnished name behind him"—when he goes to the counting-room.

When it was told to the late Rev. Sydney Smith that it was intended to pave St. Paul's churchyard with blocks, his answer was, that he thought there would be no difficulty in the matter, if the "Deau and Chapter would put their heads together."

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements. The immense circulation of the Pictorial (being over one hundred thousand copies weekly) forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the Pictorial as an advertising medium is, that it is preserved, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the inside of the paper) becomes a permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.

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ZURICH, SWITZERLAND.

ZURICH, SWITZERLAND.

The view of this quaint old place is authentic, and possesses the interest attached to all the towns and cities of that glorious little European republic which achieved its independence at an early period, and has maintained it for centuries, though surrounded by despotisms. The canton of Zurich embraces an area of only 950 square miles, with a population of about 185,000 souls. Though the land is rough, it is highly cultivated, and, like some of our New England agricultural districts of much the same character, yields ample returns to persevering industry. Zurich, the capital of the canton, stands on the river Limmat, at the northern extremity of the Lake of Zurich, in a narrow valley enclosed by high hills. Dr. Beattie, in his work on Switzerland, gives a lively picture of the place. He says:—"The descent upon Zurich, as the road winds gently towards the river, is particularly fine; and the prominent objects brought successively into view, seem to vary their relative positions as we advance. Of these, the commanding feature is the cathedral, whose twin towers, overlooking the city, are the first to greet the traveller on his approach. Here the Limmat, gushing from the lake in a broad and impetuous stream, is bridged over by a wide and commodious platform, where the buyers and sellers meet in friendly intercourse, and the various merchandise attests the number of purchasers and activity of the market. The scarlet bodice, laced and trimmed with black; the full white sleeves, high dress to the neck, short particolored petticoat, and black coiffure, with an orange or crimson band across the crown, announce the peasant maids of Zurich; while the huge hempen culottes, coarse homespun doublets, and broad brimmed hats, proclaim their rustic lords. Here the front of the Hotel de l'Epee bears evidence to the great influx of strangers who every season commence the tour of Switzerland at this point. There stand several English carriages—two just arrived, others on the road,—and each fitted up with all the luxury and convenience that can possibly wait upon locomotive lords, and encourage an easy slumber after the fatigue of sight-seeing. There, a party sally forth to make the circuit of curiosity, and another return, greatly delighted with the prospect of—dinner. Here, lazily seated upon the bench, in their half minstrel, half marander uniform, a posse of Swabian students keep up a cloud of smoke from pipes, almost as long as the spears of their forefathers. Artists, seated, or standing by the water's edge, are busily occupied in the service of their portfolios, and seem to look upon the donjon-tower in the

centre of the stream, with its fleet of barges, as a favorite point. Couriers, too, arrive and depart in such 'hot haste,' as if the balance of Europe sat upon their spurs. Here and there, also, straggling pilgrims, waiting for some boat to waft them to the other extremity of the lake, on their pious errand to Einsiedeln, contrast well with the mere pleasure-hunting groups among whom they stand; with their 'scalped hat and sandal shoon,' they look like the beings of another sphere. Among the smokers, the wine of Zurich begins at length to circulate freely, and to loosen those cords of speech which the solemn pipe had previously held in subjection; and now the volubility is truly extraordinary—some talking—others vociferating a favorite air." It is impossible for any one, possessing a taste for the beauties of nature, to enter Zurich or its environs without feelings of admiration. From whatever point we arrive in this delicious region, the beauty, though varying in degree, is always positive—always striking and picturesque. Built at the northern extremity of the lake—divided by the limpid waters of the Limmat—encircled by hills and acclivities—here mantled with vines, and there massy with forests, sprinkled with "campagnes," and enriched with thriving villages, the scene is full of animation, and, on further acquaintance, keeps to the mind the promise it made to the eye. Did our space suffer us to particularize, Zurich and its environs would certainly afford an apology for digression; for, in addition to the beauty of its existing scenery, there is a peculiar pleasure resulting from associations connected with its history. When the torch of religious persecution spread consternation through the distracted states of Europe—when the sacred name of home was no longer a word that implied security—when the weak, and the innocent, and the helpless, and the timid, escaped as "brands from the burning," Zurich, with a courage and humanity which have crowned her with glory, threw open her gates for their reception, clothed, comforted and cherished them with a sister's love, and embraced, as her adopted citizens, those whom the violence of party had stripped of all but their integrity. Here in particular—when the word was, "Believe that I have spoken to the angel Gabriel, or I will kill thee!" and when, during the troubles of England, so many, for "conscience sake," were driven to the miserable alternatives of voluntary exile, the sword, or the stake,—the non-conformists of England and Scotland found shelter, succor and citizenship; and in the enlightened and liberal society of Zurich, all that could console them for the loss of their own. This is a fact which can

never be lost sight of by their descendants. Zurich abounds in scientific, literary and charitable institutions. The library and museum, both under one roof, are respectively rich and various in their contents.

THE TUILERIES—THE LOUVRE.

Our engraving presents a view of the famous palace of the Tuileries and the long gallery of the Louvre at Paris, on the right bank of the Seine. The name of the palace is derived from the word *tuile* (tile), and it is built on the spot formerly occupied by a tile manufactory. It was commenced by Catherine de Medici, in 1564, and was enlarged and extended by subsequent monarchs at an enormous cost. Louis XIV., in 1654, completed the great gallery which connects the Tuileries with the Louvre on the side towards the Seine. On the west of the palace lie the gardens of the Tuileries, forming a quadrangle of the width of the palace, and 1800 feet in length. They are enclosed by long terraces on two sides—that on the Seine commanding a beautiful prospect, and are ornamented with trees, shrubs, flowers, fountains, vases and statues, forming an agreeable resort, and thronged at all hours of the day by citizens and strangers. The adjoining palace of the Louvre was founded by Philip Augustus in 1204, and a chateau at once, fortress, palace and prison. The name comes from an old Saxon word *lowear*, which signifies castle. Charles V., in 1373, made great additions to the palace. It was the residence of Charles IX., Henry III., Henry IV. and Louis XIII. In these reigns, nothing remained of the old chateau built by Philip Augustus. Louis XIV. and Louis XV. made great additions to the Louvre. From this time the works were abandoned till 1804, when they were resumed by order of Napoleon I. with great activity. Abandoned again in 1815, they remained in suspense during the reigns of Louis XVIII., Charles X. and Louis Philippe. They were resumed and actively carried on during the present reign, and are now nearly if not quite completed. Its fine art gallery is the most renowned in the world, and will comprise the following departments:—1, the antiques; 2, pictures of the Italian, Flemish and French schools; 3, English museum; 4, Egyptian museum; 5, museum of the renaissance; 6, Spanish museum; 7, naval museum; 8, museum of designs; 9, museum of Mexican antiquities; 10, museum of Assyrian antiquities; 11, imperial and royal museum, destined to receive objects which have authentically belonged to the sovereigns who have reigned over France. In the department of painting, the Louvre gallery was richest under the reign of the first Napoleon; for it was then filled with master-pieces from the principal galleries of Italy and Germany, the spoils of conquest and the treasures of art. On the restoration of the Bourbons, most of these works were restored to the different public galleries from which they had been taken. Still the gallery is a splendid one, and to visit it is alone worth a journey to Paris. The contemplation of the marvellous architecture of Paris is, however, dashed by the reflection that the almost countless wealth required for its production was wrung directly or indirectly from the people by a government not elected by the popular voice. In building Versailles, that costly fancy of Louis XIV., men were sacrificed by hundreds to the malaria arising from the unhealthy lowlands. Soldiers were taken out of the ranks and forced to work there, and the occupation was as fatal as a campaign in time of war.



EXTERIOR OF THE TUILERIES, WITH THE LOUVRE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1855.

\$3.00 PER ANNUM. } VOL. IX., No. 21.—WHOLE No. 229.
6 CENTS SINGLE.

PREPARING FOR THANKSGIVING.

Mr. Champney has here given us a genuine New England scene, on that any one who has stepped aside out of the beaten tracks by which innovation and fashion march even into country homesteads, will recognize as truthful and characteristic. The scene lies in a large, old-fashioned room, at once, perhaps, kitchen and sitting-room, and here those preparations for the genial anniversary are being made, which cannot fail to result in complete success. The "armorers accomplishing the knights" on the eve of Bosworth field worked not half so hard and heartily as the gallant volunteers before us, male and female, in furnishing forth the feast which is to gladden a joyous group, not of epicures or gourmands

but of men, women and children, who sit down to the table with a healthy appetite, requiring no artificial stimulus to improve it. On the right side of the picture, we see a huge fire place, which a sturdy yeoman is filling with stout cord wood sticks—a fire large enough to roast a sheep at, and consuming an amount of fuel which would make a city housekeeper shudder. Hard by is a table, whereon that most delicious of New England delicacies—and, alas! the most indigestible,—mince-pie is being prepared by a neat-handed Phillis. Nor, we may be sure, is the generous pumpkin pie forgotten. In fact, we see piles of this corpulent rubicund fruit lying on the floor, ready to be transformed into tempting pies. There has been sad havoc in the poultry-yard, we

fear, for there is a strong representation of the juvenile force of the family engaged in plucking certain bipeds of their feathers, that have crowed their last notes, flapped their ultimate defiance, quacked their last quack, or laid their final eggs. The pullet will figure in a pie, to the shortness of whose crust her own eggs have contributed. Conspicuous in the centre of the picture is the presiding goddess of the feast, or, rather, the culinary priestess of its mysteries, vested with high authority, using the brief, peremptory words of command that ensure the execution of her bidding. This picture will remind many of our city readers of the days of auld lang syne, and revive the dear home scenes of happy youth, to which no after-scenes will ever compare.



PREPARING FOR THANKSGIVING.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE VISCONTI:

—ON,—

BARBARIGO THE STRANGER.

A TALE OF MILAN DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY AUSTIN C. NORDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

Julia asked no more, and she had just turned to go to her own apartments when a rap was heard at the door, and in a moment more the duke entered. His brow was dark and lowering, and his whole face was wrought upon by the most intense emotion. He surveyed the female a moment with a sort of withering gaze, and then he said, addressing the maiden:

"We have had a stir in the palace this morning, signora. Were you aware of it?"

Julia reflected a moment, and she resolved that she would speak nothing hastily.

"I was well aware, sir, that a noise had been made," she replied, with perfect calmness.

"Ay, and so was I. Perhaps you know the cause?"

"I do," answered the maiden, whose dark eye flashed beneath the sarcastic gleam of the duke. "A maiden who has ever been taught to look upon wrong as a crime, and upon right as the true path, sent for one whom she loves to come and see her. He came, and the evil eye of an enemy fell upon him, and but for his good sword he would have been cast into a felon's dungeon."

"Ah!—your sight is keen."

"It should be, sir, at such times."

"But you may find it dangerous to see too much."

"It would not cause me wonder, sir, since I find there is danger even in right."

The duke bit his lip; but his passion did not all show itself.

"You use your tongue glibly," he said, after a few moments' pause; "but I have come to bid you use your judgment henceforth. You do not seem to realize your position, or you would not so soon have disobeyed me. Now we must have no more of this. My word is law here, and we be unto you if you dare to disobey me again. You have even now made a matter of scandal for the whole court. Beware that you do not the like again. I have not spoken to you before, for I knew not your inclinations. For the present fault I shall only say, I like it not. Obey me for the future, and all may be well; but cross my authority but once again, and the weight of a retribution you will not covet shall fall upon you. I hope I am understood."

Julia made no reply, and the duke then turned to his wife.

"Did you know of this?" he asked, sternly.

The rich blood mounted to Donna Silvia's face, and her eyes flashed proudly.

"My lord," she said, calmly, and with noble dignity, "remember where, when, and what you speak. I am more than a subject, and my child is less. Press me not, therefore, now."

The duke was startled for the moment, and his countenance betrayed another emotion than anger as he looked into his wife's calm face. He found there a spirit which he could not but respect, and he dared not attempt to break it.

"I shall see you anon," he said; and without another word he left the room.

As soon as he was gone, the mother and daughter turned towards their private apartments, and there they found Lucetta engaged in arranging the things of her young mistress. It was now settled that Julia should go, and arrangements were forthwith set on foot to that end. It was hard for the duchess to part with her child, but she knew that 'twould be for her benefit. She had seen enough of her husband's court to know that such was not the place for Julia, unless she could have her choice in a husband. And to see her sweet child bound down to a life of misery was more than she was prepared to do. And yet she had not so much blame for the duke. She knew the ancient hate that existed between the Visconti and the Della Torre, and though she loved some of the scions of the latter, yet she loved the head of the former more. She made all allowance for the enmity of the two houses, and then she asked herself if she could offer her own child a victim to it. She answered—no. She was prepared to meet her husband's wrath, but she was not prepared to see her child suffer.

There was but little to do, for the travellers would need but little on their journey. The most needful of all was money, and of this the duchess was enabled to furnish three hundred golden pistoles, and also a draft upon Frederic of Austria for five thousand double ducats.

The day passed slowly away, and towards evening Donna Silvia's porter left the palace, with a large bundle of clothing. He had a pass from her, and he was allowed to depart. When it was fairly dark, the duchess stood near a small gate which opened at the foot of her own private staircase, and with her were two persons, habited in the garbs of monks; they were Julia and Lucetta.

"Lucetta," spoke the duchess, "to you I entrust much of my child's happiness. Do not—"

"Stop, signora," uttered the faithful girl, seizing the hand of the duchess, and pressing it to her lips, "my life is yours, and all my soul. In the hour of need I shall not falter."

Then the mother turned to her child. She wound her arms about her, and drew her upon her bosom. One warm kiss she imprinted upon the fair brow, and then she murmured:

"Remember me always, my child, and I shall be happy. I wish you to go."

"You shall hear from me."

"Let it be often."

"It shall. God bless you—"

"Come," said Lucetta, taking Julia by the arm, and drawing her away, "let us be on our way."

"Yes, yes, my child," added the duchess; "for there is no time to lose."

There was one more embrace—one more kiss—and then Julia turned away. She took a few steps, and then she turned convulsively back; but her mother had gone.

"Come," whispered Lucetta. "It is best as it is." And with one low sob, Julia followed her maid out into the dark street.

CHAPTER V.

FLIGHT.

In the western part of the city, and near the banks of the Otona, stood the palace of the Count Jacopo Della Torre. He was Count of Milan, and a representative of one of the oldest houses in Northern Italy. Close by the palace, and upon a narrow passage, was a guard-house, and in one of the front apartments of this stood Francesco. He had a light mantle thrown over his shoulder, and his plumed cap he carried in his hand. It was evening, but a heavy banging lamp threw a soft light around, and the young marquis was the only living thing upon which it



FRANCESCO DELLA TORRE, MARQUIS OF LODI.

shone. He was somewhat tremulous in frame, and his face wore an anxious, eager look. He paced the stone floor slowly and thoughtfully, and ever and anon he would stop near the door and listen attentively.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

At length the sound of a light footfall came upon his ear, and he hastened to the door. The pattering feet stopped, and a low rap followed. The young man knew the signal, and he threw the door open. It was Lucetta who had thus demanded admittance.

"Is Julia near?" the marquis asked.

"Close at hand."

"Then bring her at once. All is safe."

Lucetta turned back a few steps, and presently she returned, leading her young mistress by the hand. They entered the guard-house, and then the door was closed and locked, and in a moment more Julia was resting upon her lover's bosom. She forgot her sorrow for the while; for she now rested with one in whom her fullest confidence found rest. He was to her as an ark of refuge.

"Are you all ready?" the marquis asked, holding Julia off and looking into her face, as though he would see if there was any doubt there.

"I am," she replied. "Are you?"

"I shall be in one hour. I have sent Pietro after the horses, and when he returns all will be prepared."

"And your father; does he know of this?"

"Only that I am going, and of that he approves, though he cares but little either way. He is kind enough to inform me that had I been captured this morning, he would not have saved me from the block if he could."

"And is that the feeling of a parent?"

"Ah, the old count is not like most parents. He is angry be-

cause I allowed myself to be seen near the palace of the Visconti, and for that, and other causes full as simple, would he throw away all his paternal affection, if—he ever had any. But come, we will not remain here."

"And are you sure you can get safely out of the city?" asked Julia, somewhat anxiously.

"O, yes; that will be the least part of my trouble. But then I apprehend no trouble at all. I have sent all our luggage on ahead to Locate, and thither we will follow it."

"To Locate!" repeated Julia, in surprise. "Why, that is to the southward."

"Certainly; but from that point we can cross the rivers the most readily. We will be in Cresna before morning, and if our strength fails not, we may reach Verona before we sleep another night. Fear not, loved one; but follow me, and hope in God. Come."

Francesco led the way towards the back part of the building through several apartments, until he came out into a narrow court which connected with the main court of the palace by means of a gateway, which had a portcullis attached; but instead of passing through into the main court, he turned to the left, and entered a small chapel, and when he had reached this point, he stopped and turned towards his two followers.

"Before we go any further I must obtain from you both a solemn promise," the marquis said, with a light smile. "You will not think I fear to trust you; but this is only a custom which even I must not break over. None, at present, out of our house, know of the way by which I shall now lead you. All I ask is, that never shall a word drop from your lips concerning the way we are now to take, after we shall have passed through it."

"Must we never speak of it, even to you?" asked Lucetta.

"Never a word to a living soul. So runs our bond."

"I swear, by all the holy angels," said Lucetta.

"And I do the same," added Julia. "I will never mention it."

"Thank you," returned Francesco; and thus speaking he passed on to an inner door, which he opened by means of a secret spring, and this admitted the trio to a small cell-like apartment, where was a stone crucifix, and an image of the virgin; and also a small lantern, which the marquis took.

One of the arms of the virgin was moved in a swinging manner several times, and at each movement a low, grating sound was heard beneath the pavement, which had the appearance of solid blocks of marble. After this, the marquis put his foot upon one of the pavements, and a section, comprising some dozen blocks, gradually revolved upon its pivots, until it stood perpendicular. These pivots were upon either side, and near the centre, so that half of the curious door was now below the floor, and half above it. A flight of stone steps was presented, and Francesco bade the girls descend first. Lucetta at once went down, and without the least hesitation Julia followed. In a few moments the marquis joined them, having first been careful to see the trap secure behind him.

The steps were only twenty in number, and when the girls reached the bottom, they found themselves upon a foundation of rock, and by the dim rays of their guide's lantern, they could see that the walls were of solid masonry.

"Now our path is straight," said Francesco; "and here we may fear no spies."

"But where will this lead us?" asked Julia.

"You shall see when you come out. This place, as near as we can learn, was built by one of the old Lombard kings, as early as the tenth century. My father's palace was built upon the ruins of one of the ancient citadels, and my mother was the first to discover this secret passage. Shall I tell you how?"

"Certainly; by all means," cried Lucetta.

"Yes," said Julia, as she found her lover's eyes fixed inquiringly upon her.

The party had now entered the main passage, which was about ten feet wide, and about the same in height to the centre of the arch. The walls were of a very large, dark, hard brick, and laid in flinty cement, while the floor was of broad stone flags.

"My mother," commenced the marquis, "came one afternoon in the little chapel alone, and while there she noticed a peculiarity in the right arm of the marble virgin. It not only had the appearance of being pointed at the shoulder, but it seemed to be loose. She took hold of it, and as she moved the arm forward, she was startled by a dull, grating sound beneath her feet. She moved the arm again, and the same sound was repeated. This she did again, and again; and at the fifth movement she felt a peculiar sensation at her feet, and on looking down she found that the part of the floor upon which her heels were resting had sunk some inches. She started out of the way, and as soon as she could collect sense enough she returned and pressed one foot upon that part of the section which was sinking, and the result was the same as you witnessed when I opened the trap. She hastened to my father with the strange secret, and he came and examined the premises. He explored the place, and when he found of how much service it might be, he had the virgin's arm so fixed that nothing could be discovered there; and in one of his strange and unaccountable fits of love for me, he revealed to me the whole

thing. That was five years ago, and I do not think that since that hour he has felt a moment's real affection for me. He is a strange man."

"But how does the moving of the marble arm operate upon the trap-door?" asked Lucetta, who was not yet satisfied.

"It is very simple," said Francesco, with a smile. "The arm works as a lever, with the fulcrum at the shoulder, and the arm beyond turns towards the back at a right angle. To the end of this inner arm is attached a wire, which leads down through the body beneath the floor, where it meets another right-angled lever. At the end of this second lever is a second wire, which connects with a bolt, upon the end of which the edge of the trap-door rests; or, I should say, the wire connects with a little lever which works upon the bolt by means of little teeth. The bolt is inclined outward by a spiral spring. Now when I swing the virgin's arm forward, the little lever beneath the floor works against the teeth of the bolt, and moves it back, and the weight of the door is just sufficient to keep it there; then the next swing moves it further, and so on, until the bolt is wholly withdrawn, and then a little pall snaps in and holds it there while the door is open; but when the door is shut the edge just touches a spring which throws this pall out, and the bolt flies back. It is very simple, isn't it?"

"It is to me, now. Perhaps you don't believe me?"

"O, I never doubt a lady."

Lucetta laughed; but she did understand the whole mechanism of the trap, and to convince her guide of that fact, she went on and explained it all, illustrating as she went with her fingers and hands.

The trio had already been over half an hour in the subterranean passage, and just as Julia was upon the point of asking how much further they had to go, she saw a flight of steps directly ahead. These were ascended, and they led to a small chamber, from which a second flight led still higher up. At the head of this second range, the marquis came to a trap-door, which he opened precisely the same as he had opened the one at the other end; or, at least, as he would have opened that had he performed the feat upon the inside.

And when Julia had passed up through the opening thus made, she found herself in a small apartment, and close by her side stood the statue of a gladiator. This was also a chapel, but the building to which it had belonged was an old convent, and had now gone to decay and ruin. When Julia reached the door she smelt the fresh air, and found herself once more upon the earth's surface. Before her she could see a stream of water, and she asked her lover what it was.

"The Olona," he said.

"The Olona?" repeated Julia, in surprise, at the same time looking behind her. "But where is the city?"

"Look yonder," replied the marquis, pointing across the stream. "Do you not see the towers lifting themselves up against the sky?"

Julia looked in amazement.

"What!" she uttered, "have we crossed the river?"

"We have come under it."

"Under it?"

"Yes; and are now safe beyond the walls of the city. This is why we must go first to Locate. Hark! There is the sound of horses' feet; Pietro is coming."

While they waited for the coming of the man, Francesco showed to his companions such things about them as they could see through the gloom. But only one thing fastened Julia's attention, and that was the ruins of the old convent close at hand. They were on a gentle eminence, and stood plainly revealed against the starry sky. Huge masses of dark rock lifted their craggy lines up into the gloom, and here and there a spared turret stood up more high, sentinel-like, over the decaying mass beneath. An owl screamed from one of the vine-clad towers, and the shrill, dread notes struck upon Julia's soul with a terrible force.

"Long years ago," murmured the maiden to herself, as she broke for the while from her lover, "living men and women trod those now desolate places, and where nought but the night-bird and the gloom now brood, there beat hearts high with hopes. And for what did they hope? Alas! how fleeting, how transient! Our hopes rest within our souls until every thread of life is strained to hold them; and yet what are they? Only decay and ruin! All our cares are but joys that can last but a span!"

"Ay," whispered a voice at her side, "and so all the fears that make men so miserable might end with the night that sees the light of life go out. Look on both sides, my love. It is dark now, and you are in the midst of ruin. Remember, you shall anon be in the broad light, where life abounds."

It was the marquis who spoke, and Julia would have answered, but at that moment Pietro rode up with the horses. He had four in all, good, strong beasts, and kind.

"Is all safe?" asked Francesco.

"Ay—safe as a monk under the table, my master—good for this time. I met the old porter of the duchess down by the canal, and he had all the things, and here they be. I can carry half of 'em with ease, and you must carry the other half."

"And you saw nothing new—nor heard nothing?"

"Nothing alarming, good master; only I was sorely tempted. By the red nose of the pope, I came nigh throwing a man into the canal; and I would, only I knew I might run the risk of detaining you."

"Ah," said the marquis, with a smile, "who was that?"

"Do you remember that old Capuchin—that black Franciscan—Father Andrea?"

"Yes—very well."

"Well, 'twas him. I met him just outside of the wall, going into the city on the St. Donato road; but I let him go."

"And why should you wish harm to him, Pietro?"

"Why? By the blessed lady, I'd like to know why I should not. A snake isn't more creeping, and a wolf can't be more sneaking. And don't he hate your house, and all in it?"

"I understand, Pietro; but let us to horse now. One hour will take us to Locate, and three more to Cresna. We'll sleep there. It won't be far from midnight when we reach there."

Julia and Lucetta were assisted to their saddles, and in a few moments more the party set off. The marquis and Julia rode side by side, and this left Pietro and Lucetta to follow suit. The man and maid had never seen each other before, and even now it was not light enough to distinguish countenances plainly; but Lucetta liked the sound of her companion's voice, and she soon fell into quite an animated conversation with him.

"We are fast leaving the city behind us, love," said the marquis, as they came upon a level path by the river's side.

"Yes, Francesco."

"And we are leaving our danger with it."

"I hope so."

"But we surely are. O, there's nothing ahead but joy, Julia!"

Why was it that this sentiment found no ready response in the maiden's bosom? She wondered if 'twould be so, and she tried to hope that it might; but that dark thought would rest with her, that howl of the night bird would cling in her ears, and the dismal ruins of the decayed convent arose before her so that she could not shut them out.

"You do not fear to trust me?"

"Ah, no," quickly replied the maiden; and in order to convince her lover of her truth she tried to be more cheerful.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE TRAIL.

ON the morning following these events, Marco Loredano was early at the ducal palace, and demanded an audience with the duke. Of course it was at once granted.

"Now, signor duke," spoke the count, after the usual salutations had been passed, "I ask of you the hand of Donna Julia in marriage."

"And by my dukedom, you shall have it! What ho, there!—Send the duchess to me."

"Is the duchess moving so early, signor?" asked Marco, after the messenger had gone.

"Ho, yes; and let me tell you, you'll find the daughter an early bird. They both like the morning dew, and fear not a wet foot."

"Now I like that, for it smacks of sense. By my faith, but she'll prove a blessing to me."

"So she will, count—if she can be made to love you."

"Love me! Ah, signor duke, few girls could withstand my power to please. If she becomes my wife, I'll warrant ye she shall love me."

The count drew himself up proudly as he spoke, and instinctively cast his eyes towards the polished mirror that hung near him. He was in truth a handsome-looking man, and he knew that none in the city had a better reputation in all that concerned true knighthood. Could his face have but once been flushed with warm blood, and his eye burned with a genial fire, he would have looked noble. But that face could not look warm, and the eye could only gleam and glisten like an ice-ball in the moonlight.

The messenger returned and announced that the duchess would be with them in a few moments. And shortly she came. She looked pale and sad, and the dull, heavy appearance of the eyes showed that she had not slept during the night. She greeted the gentlemen respectfully, and then moved nearer to her husband.

"Signora," spoke the duke, in a tone half of authority and half of persuasion, "I wish you to know our friend here more particularly than you now do. He is a proper descendant of the old Monzan kings of Italy, and is now the highest representative of that regal house. Not one of our nobles stands firmer in rank, in wealth, in power, or in all that becomes the true knight. He has asked me for the hand of our child, and I have promised it to him."

The duchess started at this announcement, and a paler shade rested upon her still beautiful features.

"My lord," she said, tremulously, and yet with firmness of purpose, "you know that there is a prior claim upon Julia's hand. Ere I knew you I had pledged her hand to the noble Marquis of Lodi."

Loredano saw the frown upon the duke's face, and fearing that his words would be hot and hasty, he spoke first.

"Signora," he said, in a tone so cool and polite that it seemed rather the charm-note of a serpent than the voice of a lover, "you did right then, for the marquis is a well-looking man; but when you gave your hand to our noble duke, you surely pledged yourself before God and man not to bring shame and trouble upon him; and, moreover, God would not have blessed a union into which the wife could, of her own purpose, bring enmity and discord."

The duchess gazed hard into the face of the speaker, for his words were terribly distinct, and fell strangely upon her ear. They were opening to her mind a light for the present subject which she had not before seen.

"When you became the wife of our noble duke," resumed the count, "you gave your child into his keeping, and before his God and yourself he became responsible for that child's life and peace. Whatever may have been your former connexions, you severed them all when you entered into this union. You knew that the Della Torre were the most rank and bitter enemies of this house. You knew that they would go to any length could

they at once and forever annihilate the Visconti. You knew all this, signora."

"Yes, signor," returned the duchess, mechanically.

"And when you took that solemn oath to love, honor and obey your husband through life, you surely did not mean that your very next movement should be to connect yourself by a most sacred tie—an indissoluble bond—with his most deadly enemy."

The duke cast upon the speaker a look of deep gratitude, for he would never have thought of this powerful argument. Then he turned to his wife, and calmly said:

"The count speaks truly, signora. Do you not think so?"

The duchess bowed her head; and her thoughts were painful. She remembered that her husband had thus far been kind and generous to her, that he had been true and faithful, caring for and loving her with his whole soul, and even anticipating her every want. She began to realize the duty she owed him. The marriage of Julia with a Della Torre would bring pain and confusion upon him, and she would have to own the blame. She had before only looked upon her right to protect her child's happiness; but now she began to see that something was due to the happiness of her husband.

"Signor duke," she said, at length, in a low tone, "let the count withdraw, for I would speak with you alone."

Loredano at once left the room without further bidding.

"Now, Silvia," said the duke, stepping forward and taking his wife's hand, "what have you to say?"

The poor duchess gathered all her strength, and with much calmness replied:

"Julia is gone."

"Gone!" gasped the duke. "What mean you? Gone where?"

"Gone from Milan. Gone to—to Austria."

"And with whom?"

"With the marquis."

Barnabas Visconti held the woman off at arm's length, and gazed into her face. His eyes burned with a fierce fire, and his brow was dark and contracted.

"Silvia, did you know of this?"

"I did, signor."

"And could you not have stopped it?"

"Had I thought—"

"I asked not your thoughts. I asked your power. Could you have stopped it?"

"Hear me, my lord, ere you condemn. I saw my child ready to fall with pain and sorrow, and I thought only of my mother's love for her. I looked upon Francesco Della Torre, and I only saw one in whom my child had reposed her soul's best love, and who had always been among my best and warmest friends. I was hasty and anxious. My love led me—my love for my child—and I allowed her to go."

The duke flung his wife away from him, and started across the room, and when he came back, he stopped and gazed into her face. His features were tortured with passion, and his broad hands were clutched till the arm-cords swelled like ropes. The duchess was frightened for the moment, for she had lost part of the ground upon which she had hoped to stand. In her soul she now felt that she had not done wholly right; she had not paid that deference to her husband's happiness, and to the honor of his house, which was justly due from her. Of course she felt that all this enmity between the two houses was wrong and wicked, but that was nothing to her. She had sworn to cleave unto her husband, and now she had stricken the first blow upon their bond of union. Yet she could not feel that she had been wholly wrong; for only her love had prompted her in what she had done.

"Signora," spoke the duke, in a tone like the low rumbling of the coming earthquake, "at what time did they leave?"

"Last evening, my lord."

"And what road did they take?"

"I do not know."

"Speak the truth!"

"I never speak otherwise, signor."

"O! wert thou a man thy head should roll upon this very floor! But all is not lost yet. Henceforth we know each other well. Thou shalt see thy child ere long, for every road in the country shall be scoured; and when she is once found, by the saints, she's mine! Go to your room now, and when I feel in the mood, I'll see thee again."

"My lord," cried the duchess, sinking down upon her knees, "O, spare them! Do not let your wrath fall upon innocent heads. Francesco is—"

"Hold, woman! By my soul, I'll have none of that! Let me not hear a word more of that hated name. Julia I'll care for. Ay—and so I will for her secret lover. Stop!—not another word. I'll hear no more now, for I have neither the time nor the inclination. Leave me now, for I have business on hand."

The woman saw the meaning of her husband's eye, and without another syllable she left the room, and no sooner had she gone than the duke rushed out to find the count. He found him in one of the ante-rooms. "By heavens, Loredano! you must be in your saddle. The maiden is off!"

"Ha! Off? How mean you?"

"The Marquis of Lodi went away with her last night. They have fled towards Austria. The emperor is a cousin to my wife, and he will give them refuge if they reach his capital. Hasten—find them—slay the servile lover; and Julia is yours! You are a match for him with the sword."

"I hope so, signor. By the saints, if I were not, I'd snap my blade in twain, and never wear one more!"

"Then find them, and let not the villain come back alive. He knew you loved the girl, and that I meant her for you, and hence his flight with her. O, find them!"

"But which road did they take?"

"I know not; but you may be sure they will pass by the way of Verona, and must of course cross the Mincio at Peschiera. To horse at once, now—take only your own men, or man, for I want not this thing made too public. Take the high road; change horses at Chiari; and you may be in Peschiera by dark. It's only five-and-seventy miles. If they have crossed the bridge there, then take fresh horses and keep on to Verona, only fifteen miles further. Will you do it?"

"Ay, my lord duke—that I will; and right gladly, too."

"Then prepare at once. But hold. If you do not slay the marquis—if he will not cross swords with you—you must have some other power. Let me write. Go order your horse—your best—brought here, and have your companions sent for."

"I shall only take my esquire."

"Good. Send for him, then, and have him bring your horse. What ho, there!"

A servant put his head in at the door at this summons.

"Attend the count," ordered the duke. "Loredano, give him your orders, and they will be quickly obeyed. I will be with you in a moment."

Thus speaking, the duke left the apartment and hastened to his cabinet, where he sat down to his desk, while the count sent off to his dwelling after his man and horse. In ten minutes the two were together again.

"Here," said the duke, presenting a paper, "is an order to the governor of Verona, that he shall arrest Francesco Della Torre, and hold him to your order. It is all sealed and signed, and will be obeyed. Use it if you must, but I would rather the fellow should be despatched at once. You understand."

"I do, signor; and surely I have just ground for a quarrel. If he refuses to meet me, I shall spurn him. But I think he'll fight."

"But beware that you do not let him conquer. If you think him your superior at the—"

"—sh, my good duke. Upon my soul, you'll make me ashamed of myself. A Della Torre my superior with the sword! But say no more."

"I'd only have you wary, that's all, count. But now off."

They went down into the court, and in a short time a stout esquire, named Rodolpho Stento, rode up, leading a richly caparisoned horse by the bridle. He dismounted, and assisted his master to his saddle, and then resumed his seat upon his own animal.

"All right, signor," said the count, as he gathered up his reins.

"Then speed thee with open eyes and ears."

Marco Loredano waved his hand in reply, and in a moment more he had galloped from the court.

CHAPTER VII.

BARBARIGO THE STRANGER.

SHORTLY after the count had gone, Visconti sat down to his breakfast, but he could not eat much. His morning's excitement had taken away his appetite. Yet he managed to dispose of some dried fruit, and drink a little warm spiced wine, and then he arose and went out into the garden, where he walked to and fro in the fresh morning air.

"I wish this had not happened," he said to himself, in an anxious, nervous tone. "The duchess should have known better. But I think she is repentant; she is sorry. If the girl comes safely back, and the marquis is slain, and she will marry at my will, I will forget it all—I will. I will overlook it all; for I cannot remain long angry with my wife. O, she is a good woman; and if she ever thwarts me, 'tis for my good; but in this case she acted only from will. But she had a reason of her own. By my soul, I love that woman! and I know she loves me." He spoke on for some time in this strain, and the conclusion to which he came was, that if the marquis were put out of the way there would be peace once more in his house.

As he ceased speaking, he came to a rough stone bench, which seemed to have been originally set up for a horse-block, and upon this he sat down. He had sat thus some moments, engaged in a wild, rambling train of thought, when he felt a hand upon his shoulder. He turned, and beheld a stranger standing by him. He was not only a stranger, but he was a strange looking man. He was tall and stoutly built, though age had given a slight stoop to his shoulders. His hair was of an iron gray, and his beard, which was long and curling, was nearly black. His face was thin, but his features were bold and prominent; his brow was massive and heavy; his eyes large, black and deep-set; his nose large, with prominent cheek bones. His garb was unlike any other the duke had ever seen, the whole form being mostly enveloped in a sort of robe-like gown of brown velvet, beneath which was visible a doublet of untanned chamois skin. Attached to the gown was a small cowl; but it was now thrown back, and the head was bare.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"Ha!" uttered the duke, starting back in surprise; "who are you?"

"One who means you well, Barnabas Visconti; so fear me not."

"By the mass, sir stranger, you are familiar with my name."

"Ay; I know it well."

"Not the whole of it, it would seem."

"Ah; and what part have I forgotten?"

"I am Duke of Milan."

"I knew that; but I have nothing to do with the duke, now; 'tis with the man."

"But how gained you admittance here?"

"How? Why, there are gates and doors in abundance."

"But they should be guarded. However, let that pass. What is your business?"

"You have sought the life of Francesco Della Torre," said the stranger, in a low, calm tone.

"Ha! and would you mix up in that matter?" cried the duke, starting to his feet. "What would ye concerning him?"

"I would that you should let him alone."

The duke did not answer at once, for since he had arisen to his feet, he had noticed some things about the face before him that appeared familiar.

"Who are ye?" he asked.

"Men call me Barbarigo."

"Barbarigo!" murmured Visconti, still gazing into the man's face. "I have heard mention made of BARBARIGO THE STRANGER."

"Then I suppose I am the one, for men call me a stranger, too; and in truth I am."

"But I would know more than this. Your face is familiar. I have seen you somewhere ere this. Where was it?"

"If you do not recollect, how should I?" replied the stranger, with something like a smile upon his face.

"That is not answering my question," said the duke, somewhat sternly. "Where have we met?"

"Perhaps in Milan."

"Ay; but when, and how, and where?"

"Oho, you ask too much. Surely I cannot answer you."



BARBARIGO THE STRANGER APPEARS TO THE DUKE.

"You mean you will not."

"As you please about that."

"Beware, Signor Barbarigo!"

"Of what?"

"Of my wrath!"

"Ah, Visconti, 'tis you who had better beware of that; for let me tell you, that next to your ambition your wrath may be your ruin. But I ask you to let the young Marquis of Lodi be; harm him not."

"Will you be so kind as to tell me why I must not harm him?" said the duke, sarcastically.

"Simply because if harm comes to him, a worse harm shall come to you."

"Ha! Would ye threaten?"

"No, Barnabas Visconti, I have come only to warn you."

For some moments the duke gazed upon the strong man in silence. He was puzzled as well as provoked, and the spirit of wonder worked within him.

"Hark ye," he said; "I know you not, nor have I reason to put faith in you. Then why should I listen to your words?"

"Listen to them only, signor, so far as they have the support of reason. I came here for your good, and for yours alone—unless, indeed, the good of the youthful marquis may have been upon my mind. But your destiny is not wholly separate from Francesco's. Let harm come to that man through your means, and your peace is lost forever."

"Prater!"

"No prating, I assure you."

"But look ye," cried the duke, starting with a new thought, "how knew you that harm was meant to the youngster—Della Torre?"

"I learned it as I learn much other matter, through a channel that is shut up to you."

"By heavens, you are becoming impudent, and I'll have none of it! Give me reason to put some faith in what you say, or leave this place at once."

"Be not angry, Visconti, for I mean you well; and I doubt if within the whole range of your power, you can find a subject of your own who would be more ready to help you than would I. Now listen to me: Raise not your hand against Francesco. You know him not. The hour that sees him fall by your means shall be the hour of your own downfall. Believe me!"

"Suppose I were to convince you of my power to withstand all downfall, by casting you into prison first, and chopping off your head next?"

A faint smile passed over Barbarigo's face, as he replied:

"There are other powers on earth beside yours, Barnabas Visconti. Should you wish it, I could easily convince you that I have power as well as speech. I think I could bring you upon your knees."

There was something so calm, and yet so assured, about this that the duke seemed troubled. A few moments he gazed into the stranger's face, and then he started back and clapped his hands with all his might.

"What ho, there!" he shouted. "Guards, come hither! What ho!"

In a few moments a dozen soldiers came rushing to the spot, and the duke pointed to the stranger.

"Seize that man!" he cried, "and bind him."

The old man made no resistance, but suffered himself to be bound, and then he turned toward his captor; but Visconti was the first to speak.

"Now what think ye?" he said.

"That you are amusing yourself with dangerous playthings, my good man. But go on, for I should like to know how far you would carry the thing."

"Now tell me who and what you are, and where we have met before, and you shall go free."

"I have nothing to tell, only to repeat my warning. Beware, Visconti! You are in power now, but one strain too much upon the glittering coil that binds on your crown might break it!"

"Now, by all the powers of earth, old man, I have your secret or your life! You found me in wrong time for jesting. Off with him, and confine him in one of the dungeons beneath the citadel; and mind that he does not escape."

"Beware, Barnabas Visconti!"

"Off with him, for by heavens, he is a prize for the Della Torre!"

With this the old man was led away, and conducted through the palace hall to the great court and from thence to the citadel, which was a small fortress made to defend the place. From the centre of this fortress he was led down a long flight of stone steps, and after landing upon the solid rock at the bottom, he was conducted to an iron door, which was thrown open, revealing a low, dark dungeon beyond, the only light to which came through a grated aperture at the top. Into this the old man was thrust, and then the door was locked upon him; after which the men went back and reported to the duke.

Visconti still remained in the garden, and he received the report with becoming gratitude, but did not feel wholly easy with what he had done. There was something in the appearance of the old man which created within him a feeling of awe, and he began to wish that he had let him go about

his business, when he saw the obese form of Father Andre approaching.

"Now, good father, you are just the man I most do need," said the duke, after the greeting had passed. "I have sent an old man to the dungeon for insolence, and I would have you go and see him. Find out who he is, and what he is; for that is the most I want. But you may know him. At any rate go and see him, and if the thing is within your power, bring me the information I ask."

"What sort of man was he?"

"An old man, from sixty to seventy years in life, with a high brow, dark gray hair, beard almost black, and black eyes."

"And his dress?" asked the monk, nervously.

"He wore a long robe of brown velvet, and underneath that was a doublet of chamois skin."

The monk turned away his head to hide his emotions, for he could not repress the startled expression that came to his face, but he soon became calm, and then replied:

"I will go and see him, and if I make any discoveries you shall have the benefit of them."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WIT.—What a dull, plodding, tramping, clanking world of ordinary intercourse of society would be without wit to lighten and brighten it! When two men meet, they seem to be kept bay through the estranging effects of absence, until some spontaneously opens their heart to each other. Nor does anything so cheerfulness so rapidly over a whole party or an assembly of people, however large. Reason expands the soul of the philosopher; imagination glorifies the poet, and breathes a breath of spring through the young and genial; but if we take into account the numberless glances and gleams whereby wit lightens our everyday, hardly any power ministers so bountifully to the innocent pleasures of mankind.—*Lamont.*

GEMS OF ART.

We present on this page three very fine engravings of works of art, which are offered, among many other prizes, for distribution by the Cosmopolitan Art Association, now in its second year, the conditions, purposes and organization of which are set forth in the programme published in our advertising columns. The works we have selected for illustration, as presenting peculiarly interesting features, were (with the exception of the crucifix) executed expressly for the association, and are to be, with the others, distributed in January next. Those desirous of obtaining further information may procure, gratuitously, illustrated descriptive catalogues, by addressing C. L. Derby, the secretary, at 348 Broadway, New York, or 166 Water Street, Sandusky, Ohio. We have more than once alluded to these art unions, with their prize systems, as effective means of diffusing a popular taste for art, in terms of commendation, and we have seen no reason to change our opinions with regard to them. The London Art Union has now been in operation several years: it has been fairly managed, has sent forth beautiful engravings to subscribers, and hundreds on hundreds of fine paintings and sculptures, which have gone into families heretofore ignorant of the wealth of art, creating and diffusing a love for the beautiful and refined, and elevating the character of those thus initiated into the higher pleasures of civilization. Agencies of the London Art Union have been established in this country, and its Cis-Atlantic subscribers may be reckoned by thousands. The success of the London Art Union led the attention of the friends of art and artists in this country to make an effort to establish a similar scheme here for the benefit of American artists and the American people, and the New York Art Union was the result. It was believed by its founders that the system of prizes was not violative of the laws against lotteries and gambling, inasmuch as each subscriber received the full value of his subscription in an engraving, and the chance of a prize was merely a stimulus to patronize a worthy object. The managers were enabled to accomplish this seeming paradox by making no profit on their engravings and pictures—and it is well known that the profits on works of art disposed of in the regular course of trade are enormous. But a local war was waged against the New York Art Union, and it went down before the storm. The Cosmopolitan Art Association has, however, encountered no such opposition, and has commenced a brilliant career of success. With these preliminary remarks, we propose to notice the works we have illustrated. The first is entitled the "Genoa Crucifix," and considered merely in the point of its intrinsic merit, is a work of a high order. But it derives an additional interest from the circumstances of its production. It is contended that it is a work of genuine inspiration. Fra Carlo Antonio Pesenti, a brother of the convent of St. Nicholas, Genoa, believed himself to be inspired and bound, as an act of devotion, to produce an image of the Redeemer, and accordingly with infinite patience and labor, carved this figure of "Ihm crucified" out of an immense block of ivory. He devoted four years to his task. Some of the most noted artists and sculptors of Florence examined it and praised it highly. The anatomists of London praised its accuracy, and the critics its sentiment and beauty. We may suppose that the sculptor possessed a natural aptitude for art, that, surrounded by the best models, his eye was insensibly trained to proportion, and that finally, a deep religious enthusiasm suddenly developed his dormant faculties. In whatever point of view we consider his performance, it is certainly extraordinary. The next engraving delineates Hiram Powers's celebrated bust of Washington, carved out of a block of Serravezza and rather larger than



THE "GENOA CRUCIFIX."

life. Powers adopted Houdon's model, but he has infused a character and expression into the features which even his fine model did not contain. Only an American artist can do full justice to the "father of his country." In his busts Powers stands without a rival. His supremacy in this line has never been challenged. His ability is further illustrated in his noble bust of Franklin, shown in the third engraving. Houdon has again been followed as a model, and the result is said to be one of the most faithful likenesses of the sturdy old philosopher, patriot and statesman extant. Among the many other prizes offered is Kiss's Amazon, reduced in size from the original in the Crystal Palace, New York, executed by the great sculptor of Berlin. This work is perhaps as popularly known as any production of the chisel. It represents an Amazon on horseback, reeding from the charge of a tiger that has fastened on her charger's neck, and preparing

to transfix him with her spear. The association we have referred to conducts its operations on a grand scale, and we see no reason to doubt that it will be a permanent art-institution. In reviewing the progress that art and a taste for art have made in this country, a progress indicated by the very fact of the establishment of the Cosmopolitan Art Association, we cannot fail to perceive the most favorable augury of future advancement. When we glance at the long list of American painters and sculptors, we can confidently say, that, considering the age of the country, Art has very rapidly developed itself among us. The American colonists had before them a gigantic labor to perform in clearing and settling a vast wilderness, in meeting the claims of education and religion, and in organizing society on a new political basis. Crowding a work that might have occupied many centuries into little more than two hundred years, it is only surprising that our countrymen have not been compelled to neglect entirely the culture of the highest manifestations of civilization. Again, too, we labored under the lack of art models, and we know that nature alone is insufficient to form artists. But in the teeth of these circumstances, of absorbing duties, of our great distance from art-centres, we have already hailed the rise of many artists, such as West, Allston, and others, who command the widest reputation.

THE LAST OF THE RANDOLPHS.

A southern correspondent sends us the following interesting sketch:—"During the summer of 1854, I had some business transactions which called me to the county of Charlotte, Lower Virginia. A mild and lovely Sabbath morning found me seated in one of the comfortably-cushioned pews of the village church, at the Court House. As it wanted a few minutes to the hour of service, my eye wandered over the large and respectful-looking audience assembled, and was finally attracted by a very eccentric individual, who was just entering—a rather aged man, tall, of dark complexion, long white hair waving plentifully over his shoulders, and an equally venerable beard flowing on his breast. His step was active and graceful, his form erect and manly. But his peculiar actions were in striking contrast to his dignified appearance. At first, I thought him only eccentric, but a few moments of farther observation proved to me that he was insane. Immediately on entering his pew, he knelt towards the wall, crossed himself, and apparently repeated a prayer. He then sat down, drew a white cambric handkerchief, delicately perfumed, wiped his brow, removed his gloves, stroked his hair and beard, took up his Bible, kissed it and read, examined his cane, used his handkerchief again—and all the time keeping himself in constant motion. I say, all the time, but occasionally he was passive for a few minutes—his attention apparently aroused by some truths from the minister; but these times were rare. His countenance assumed all kinds of expressions. Contempt, alarm, pleasure, earnestness, sorrow and anger flitted across it in rapid succession. It reminded me more of what children call "making faces," than anything else. After the services were over, I ascertained that this gentleman was no other than the nephew of John Randolph, of Roanoke. He calls himself Sir John St. George Randolph, and is sole heir to his celebrated uncle. Randolph himself remarked with bitterness, during his last days, that their blood flowed in the veins of but one single scion, and he was deaf, dumb and insane. So much for human greatness. The subject of this sketch (although physically, and now, mentally defective), had a mind cultivated in the highest degree. In his youth he was sent to Paris, where, under the protection of a celebrated abbé, he received a thorough education. Having the capacity to receive, and the wealth to command, no pains were spared in the improvement of his intellectual faculties. But it was labor lost; for, on returning to his home in Virginia, he met with and loved a young lady, whom he addressed, but was refused on account of his physical defects. On becoming aware of the truth, he was plunged in the most profound grief, from which he was at last aroused, but—insane. He has considerable wealth, which is managed by his friends; and, being harmless, he comes and goes as he pleases, and is gratified in all his whims. Wrecked, as his mind is, he still commands respect; and his peculiar manners do not attract the attention of his acquaintances, or excite merriment, as one would suppose."—*Home Journal*.

THE GENTLEMAN.—It is no uncommon thing in the world to meet with men of probity; men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent; but a true gentleman is what one seldom sees. He is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the compass of his knowledge by the lustre and brightness of his imagination, so the great and solid perfections of life appear in the finished gentleman; everything he says or does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that draws the admiration and good will of every beholder.—*Steele*.



STATUE OF WASHINGTON.



STATUE OF FRANKLIN.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO MY MOTHER.

BY MIRA L. DONELSON.

Does home seem lonely now, mother,
Without my presence there?
And dost thou often think of me,
When thou seest my vacant chair?
Dost thou yet miss the merry laugh
That erst rang free and wild?
Or listen for the footstep light
Of thy long absent child?

I've counted, one by one, mother,
The bright months that have passed
Like bubbles on time's changeful stream,
Since the morn I saw the last;
I've counted every waning moon,
Slow fading from the sky,
And sighed to see the sands of time
So swiftly gliding by.

The sweet spring died in giving birth
To summer's floral reign—
Now summer lies asleep beneath
The autumn's golden train;
The winds are wailing sad and wild
Upon her fading track,
Yet bring not to the ingle-nook
Thine absent darling back!

O I'm not happy now, mother,
My heart has lost its gloe,
And bitter tears my eyes have wept,
Since last they gazed on thee;
I've grown so weary of the strife
Upon life's desert wild—
O, mother, pray sweet peace may come
To bless thy youngest child!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SHINDLEY FAMILY.

BY F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

ABOUT forty three years ago, a ragamuffin, freckled face urchin of fifteen years was seated on the top of a gatepost opposite his paternal hovel, to see the "York stage" go by. Usually, when the mail reached the top of the little "rise" on which Sam Shindley's cabin stood, the driver took his long tin horn from the top of the coach, and played a long, and loud, and stirring charge, to let the old postmaster of a village in sight under the hill know that he was a-coming.

On the morning of our story, Sam Shindley's eldest boy Dick, or "Dickens," as he was better known in the neighborhood, had a cow's horn in his hand, and, as the stage-coachman sounded his usual alarm, Dick commenced a discordant and horrible imitation from the top of the gatepost, greatly to the ire of the coachman and the amusement of the passengers within.

"That little imp will come to no good end," said the driver to a gentleman passenger who sat alongside of him. "See the rogue running to climb up behind! There, he is on, and knows my whip is not long enough to give him a cut. Off there, you blackguard!"

But Dick only peered his freckled visage round the trunks, and touched the side of his nose in the most impudent manner conceivable by a virtuous man. Dick had his ride down the long hill, and sprung off about twenty yards before the coach drew up at the post-office.

The passenger who had been on the box alighted while the mail was changing, and, walking towards Dick, who was shy of his approach and backed as he advanced, said to him:

"Come here, my little chap. I wish to speak with you."

"No you don't!"

"But I do. I will not hurt you. I want a boy like you in town to be in my office. Would you like to go into New York?"

"I was there once on Jim Fickley's market cart. I would rather be there than out here."

"So I thought. What does your father do?"

"He! Nothin' much, I reckon. He loaf about, gets a day's work when he can, goes chores for the quality, and sometimes makes gardens and tends horses. But he drinks like a fish, and never has no money."

"Then you would do well to come with me."

"What will you give me?" asked Dick, drawing near with more confidence.

"Your board and clothing and a quarter of a dollar a week."

"Agreed!" answered the boy, boldly and unreservedly.

"It is fifteen miles to town. You can get on top the stage."

"The old fellow with the horn wont let me."

"O yes—I'll see to that. You have no baggage?"

"What is that?"

"You have no other clothes?"

"What do I want o' more than these, boss? I can't wear two pair o' breeches at once."

"You'll do."

The driver objected to taking this new passenger. But finally yielded, saying:

"He can climb on top and hold on with his eye-teeth. I shall be glad to see him no more a-top o' that post. So let him go!"

Two hours afterwards, our hero got down from the stage at an inn in the Bowery, and followed his employer to a dingy office in Nassau Street. The man was a quack and pill vender. He needed an impudent varlet to vend his wares, and Dick struck him as the very boy that he could make serviceable.

In a few days, Dick Shindley was fairly initiated into the mystery of peddling pills about the city. He was shrewd, humorous, saucy, witty and knowing. He was marvellously successful. He let no one escape whom he addressed. He sees a stout gentleman before him:

"Buy a box of Doctor Hum's celebrayted roomattne pills?"

"No, boy."

"Cure the toothache and make hair grow on the soles of your feet!"

"Don't want any."

"Cure roomatism, and no mistake!"

"Haven't any rheumatism. Go off!"

"But you will have it, old 'un! Better buy. On'y twenty-five cents. What's a quarter to a rich great hunk like you! Cure the consumption, headache, and every other achie, 'specially corns."

"There! give me a box. Take that; now be gone!"

But Doctor Hum, one day, was indicted for forgery of some other Doctor Hum's signature, and Dick was cast upon the world with only two ninepences, an old hat, a new pair of breeches and his five months' experience as a pill-peddler, in which vocation he had become perfectly familiar with every street in Gotham, and had picked up a good many acquaintances, such as they were. He had a particular friend—a hackney coachman—who took him in on shares to drive and rub down the horses.

Behold Mr. Dickens Shindley now rising in the world! He now began to make money, and the love of gain developed itself in his soul. He bought less and less gingerbread and soda-water, and began to hoard up the cents and fourpence ha'pennies. He made a money-box of a cigar-box, and hid it in the stable loft, and into it put all his gains. He found that he could live cheaper by buying bread and cheese when he was hungry, and sleeping in the hackney-coach, than by boarding; and so he lived along in this economical vagabond way for several months, when the hackman took sick and died, and Dick was elevated to his place as full driver. In this sphere of usefulness he continued until he was eighteen, by which time he had saved up, by hook and by crook, the large sum of two hundred and eighty-four dollars.

In those days there were no savings banks for small gains. Dick kept his treasure in the stable concealed from every eye. At length, the soul of our young hero began to expand with conscious emotions. When he saw the handsome carriages of the rich roll past, he envied the liveried splendor of the coachmen, and resolved to rise in the world by applying for the first vacant "box" that should offer in a gentleman's family. The opportunity for gratifying his wishes soon arrived, and Dick, in a new suit and nicely-combed hair, applied for the place and was accepted. His employer was a wealthy merchant, who lived in the lower part of Broadway at that day, and whose family led the fashion. It was a nice, old-fashioned aristocratic house, and the air of wealth and splendor which surrounded everything quite dazzled the new coachman.

Dickens was a young man who had his eyes always about him. He seemed to consider that every position he occupied was only to give him a lift to something better. He had no intention of driving horses all his life. In the secret of his heart, he hoped one day to own horses and have a driver of his own. But these were dim outlines in the future, and did not seem likely ever to be filled out. He continued to drive the coach of Mr. Robert Rowley, the millionaire merchant; and when he could give his attention to it, he endeavored to learn the secret whereby his master grew rich.

It so happened that, one day, when the family were in the country and the carriage not in use, that the man of heavy work in the store was taken ill, and Mr. Rowley sent up for Dickens to take his place for a few days. No message was ever more welcome. To be in the store where all the money was made was the carriage-driver's ambition. He had got tired driving out a fat old lady and the young ladies, and obeying their whims, and, besides, he found he could not make any money beyond his wages—that he could not speculate.

He went down to the store with alacrity. He made himself so willing, and was so intelligent and useful, that when, after a week, the "heavy man" returned, Mr. Rowley said:

"Richard, how would you like to remain here? I will give you lighter work—to pack and unpack goods, and open and shut up. I can easily get another coachman; but I know you, and believe you to be honest."

The engagement was soon made. Richard, as he was now called at the end of the year, had so completely mastered all the details of the work that his wages were increased, and he was promoted one step higher. In the meanwhile, he spent his evenings in learning to write and read, and attended regularly for a year a night school, where he was inducted into mathematics, grammar, geography, and other branches. He also learned book-keeping by double and single entry, and became so familiar with a clerk's duties that upon an occasion when the eldest clerk of the five left to set up for himself, and there was a change made all round, he was made fifth clerk. Slowly he rose until, when he was twenty-one years of age, he was second book-keeper and the confidential clerk; for Mr. Rowley always went to him to know about any details of the business.

At twenty-five, Mr. Richard Shindley was taken into the firm as junior partner, the announcement being made in the following card in the morning paper:

"PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.—Mr. Richard Shindley is a partner in our house from and after this date. ROBERT ROWLEY & Co."

The tide of time was now fairly carrying our hero on to fortune. Yet with his elevation, there still remained a good deal of

"Dick Shindley," the freckled face varlet. Prosperous and money-making he had become, but he was still vulgar. He was an ignorant man. He knew but little beyond what he acquired at his night-schools. He still seemed to fancy that one dress was as much as a man could "wear at a time," and appeared from its meanness to have only one suit, which, when he was in the street, made him look like a man not worth five shillings, while he was partner in a house that did an annual business of five hundred thousand dollars. Everybody said Shindley will one day be richer than Rowley himself, for he spends nothing.

At twenty-seven, Mr. Shindley took to himself a wife. She was not of the aristocracy; but she was a poor young woman whom he "sparked" when he was coachman. She earned a subsistence by making shirts and trowsers, and being saving, affable, pretty and good-natured, she quite won Dickens's heart, and he engaged himself to her to be married when he was rich enough. To do him justice, he did not break off the engagement when he began to rise in the world. She sewed on his buttons for him, and was the pleasantest female company he knew; for Mr. Shindley, though a partner in a rich house, never felt himself at home with refined and elegant ladies of the "upper ten." It was not congenial with his tastes. He could not feel at home there. But he always felt at home in Williams Street, in the little back room where Sally Sawyer always welcomed him Sunday nights with a smile and a cup of tea and doughnuts, for which Mr. Shindley, junior partner, always had a weakness.

Mr. Shindley did not, as other men would have done, look upon his elevation to a partnership in this large business house, as a lift into "society," nor did he have a thought of making use of it to get into the circle of the fashionable world; but regarded it only as a means of acquiring riches and gratifying his passion for money. Though recognized on 'change by bows from the first merchants, he no more thought of making acquaintances with their families than as if he had been still Dick the coachman. Socially, in feelings and sympathies, he was really only the equal of Miss Sawyer. Therefore, he led Miss Sawyer "to the altar." We beg pardon—when one is led to the altar, it is supposed they are married in a church. Mr. Richard Shindley had, in the first place, put off his marriage several weeks before he could make up his mind to go to the expense of a new wedding suit. And when he had got his consent to this extravagance, he delayed a week until he could make the proper inquiries as to whether it would be more expensive to be married by a minister than by a justice of the peace. The result was that he decided to be married by a justice, as the fee was but one dollar and a half, license and all, while a minister would expect five dollars, or, at the least, three dollars. Moreover, carriage hire would be saved, as Justice Tytheknot lived very next door to the humble room occupied by the bride elect.

So they were married; but, instead of a new coat, Sally saw that it was the old coat renovated, his heart having failed him when he went to the tailor's to be measured. He had got a good though humble wife, and he knew it. She had saved up twelve hundred dollars, and he knew it; for he had had it at interest for her for two years past. She would be a saving and trustable wife, he was well aware, and "not run me into debt, like Mr. Rowley's, with Cashmere shawls and velvet dresses. She will help me grow rich, for she will save all and spend nothing, and we can keep house where she has lived."

Sally was pleased and Richard was satisfied, and what more can be asked? No one knew of his marriage—not even his partner! Sally still lived where she did, and made shirts and supported the expenses of the house. Mr. Shindley grew rich again. At length, a little scan. mag. rendered it necessary he should make known his marriage to his partner, which he had kept secret lest he should have to move into a more costly house, and furnish it and live up to his income, which, the last year, was twenty-three thousand dollars clear, all safely invested in the bank.

Mr. Shindley's far-sightedness did him credit; for his senior partner no sooner learned the fact of his marriage than he said:

"Well, your wife must be seen. I will tell Mrs. Rowley to call on her, with my daughter Clara."

Mr. Shindley could not say a word in objection. In a word, he felt flattered. But he could not let them call at No. 39 1-2 Williams Street. He knew enough of the world, though he had been born in a roadside hovel, and spent his juvenility blowing a cow horn on the top of a gatepost, he knew enough of what ought to be, that a man, in his mercantile rank, ought to live in better style. So, with much sighing at the expense, he took a bedroom—only a bedroom—at the fashionable house of Mrs. Major T—, who lived in Broadway. Mrs. Shindley was now thrown into new scenes. She had good sense, tact, judgment, and saw that it was necessary she should appear as well as the finely-dressed people about her. She had suspected her husband's wealth of late, for he had kept his prosperity from her; but somehow she got to the knowledge of his wealth. But he would not listen to her request that he should get a new coat and vest to go to dinner with, or that she should have a new silk.

Human nature is human nature, especially in woman. Mrs. Sally Shindley was not superior to her sex's ambition. She knew she was fine-looking, and had a good figure. She knew she had money at interest. So she resolved to purchase for herself a dress as became her rustic beauty and her husband's wealth. In boarding houses, people do not ask where people come from, nor care where they go to, even if they go to the—old boy! The question that arises in that arena is simply one of present moment. "Are they rich? Are they very respectable?" Of course, this being answered in the affirmative, when framed in relation to the new boarders, they had no difficulty in being well received and having due deference extended to them.

The result was that Mrs. Shindley got to be a very dressy body, and that Mr. Shindley was induced to dress like a gentleman, and to get quite into the way of playing "great man," and seeing his wife thought of as a rich and distinguished person. Women, raised from a low position, act their part in the more elevated one far better than men. A woman, if she is pretty and speaks good English, and has money behind her, can pass off for a lady where her husband will still show the cloven foot of vulgar breeding.

Mrs. Shindley was so happy as to form, at the boarding-house, some dashing acquaintance, in the wives of once opulent men, reduced by their extravagance aided by their own speculations. Under the tutelage of such instructors, the wife of the junior partner soon learned all the ways of fashionable life, and what money was for, and, ere long, Mr. Richard Shindley was compelled to write the advertisement following for one of the city papers:

HOUSE WANTED.—In a fashionable part of the city, either on Broadway or about St. John's Park, a handsome three story residence, for which a fair cash price will be paid. Inquire of Richard Shindley, house of Rowley, Shindley & Co.

This advertisement is one of the proofs of womanly ways and means, over the ways and means of man. Mr. Shindley purchased a handsome mansion in Broadway near Niblo's Garden, and paid thirty nine thousand dollars for it. He also gave his handsome wife a check for ten thousand dollars more to furnish it, and with the aid of her two fashionable broken-down friends, she soon had the rooms filled with rich garniture *a-la mode*. It now became necessary to hire servants.

"Not less than four will do, Dick," said the "fast" Mrs. Shindley; "a cook, a house-girl, a chamber-maid, and a coachman."

"A coachman!" exclaimed Mr. Shindley, with some rising crimson in his cheeks.

"Yes; we must keep a carriage, of course, Dick. You know it is not hot-tong not to keep equipage. You are rich enough to afford it."

"But it is all a dead outlay. It brings in nothing."

But Mrs. Shindley, as all wives will, did have her way. The carriage was purchased, the coachman hired, and all the servants engaged. The next step was a party. The party was given. It was a superb affair. Mrs. Shindley's dear broken down friend from the boarding house, Mrs. Colonel De Swift, superintended everything, and "everything" was "recherchy" and "komma eel fox," as Mrs. Sally Shindley, the rich junior partner's fast wife, whose French education had been neglected, said.

The Rowleys were at the party. They forgot that Mr. Shindley had, eight years before, been their coachman. In New York, money is aristocracy. People never ask rich folks if even they had fathers, taking it for granted that they never had any. *Viva* "now" and *abas* "yesterday" is the motto of Parvenuism. Ask not who people were, but what they are. So the former coachman was hidden under the hammer-cloth of the present rich junior partner.

Mrs. Shindley was now fairly launched on the fashionable tide of upper tendom life and expenditure. Her first son was christened Frederick Mortimer Courtney de Lisle Shindley! In course of time, an infant daughter was baptized Eleanor Julia Louise Shindley. So Mr. Shindley, as years rolled on, begat sons and daughters, and increased in wealth. His senior partner at length retired "rich enough," and left the house, with all its commercial resources, solely in the junior partner's hand.

Mr. Shindley grew richer, and began to grow gray. His sons and daughters grew up like olive plants about his table. Mrs. Shindley was fully imbued with all the elements of ton-dom. Her sons had French, and dancing, and fencing, and boxing masters; and her daughters all but the boxing and fencing. The young gentlemen were educated to understand and feel that pa was rich, and that they must keep up the honor of the house. The daughters were not behind the sons one whit. And even Mr. Shindley began to lessen the mania of getting money, to see how aristocratically his wife and children spent it. He felt that he was every year growing richer, and that they could not run him dry, and so he began to enter into the high-life up in Broadway, and even to give dinners. Mr. Shindley was but a man. He was human nature. He was only flesh and blood; indeed, we may say that he was dust, and, therefore, frail. Mr. Shindley, therefore, sent his two sons to college at four thousand dollars a year, including tutors' fees, postage and cigars, to say nothing of the college bills for tuition and board, which were extra. He sent his two daughters to Troy, at one thousand dollars a year, including tuition and "lights."

At length the head of Mr. Shindley grew gray. Mrs. Shindley had become portly, and rouged, and wore false front pieces. Frederick Mortimer was the lion *des beaux* of Broadway, and Clarence Labagette, his brother, drove the fastest nags on Third Avenue, and kept a mistress, and his father gave him the whole of one story of four rooms for him to live in and entertain his friends, like an English noble. Miss Eleanor Julia was a belle, a fortune in prospective and a toast. Miss Isabel Cornelia de Courtney Shindley, her younger sister, was a superb singer, piano player and flirt. They were all four so well educated that they quite saw through the old fogies' (pa's and ma's) ignorance and primitive vulgarity, and ceased to obey or respect them. Mr. Shindley felt quite his original inferiority in the presence of his fashionable daughters, and was afraid they should know he had once blown a cowhorn on his daddy's gatepost; while Mrs. Shindley felt nervous lest her superb and lordly-looking sons, with their fine coats, patent leathers, mustaches and great airs, should suspect she had once made breeches at two shillings a pair in Williams Street. Young America ruled the great rich house in Broadway, while old America supplied the funds to keep up the style in which they had brought up young America to live.

One day the two young men, now of twenty-two and twenty-four years respectively, proposed to their father that their name, as it was, was exceedingly "low," and that it should be restored to its original purity.

"And what is that, Mortimer, my son?"

"Chandleur! This is, no doubt, the original spelling. It has been corrupted. For my part, I mean to sink the Shindley and write Chandleur. I have no question but we are French. I have been taken for a Frenchman. Doubtless, we come of a noble family."

Now Mr. Mortimer Courtney had no knowledge of the gatepost and cowhorn, nor of the pill-boxes and hackney-coach. Children often happily, wicked and malicious as the world is, remain in ignorance of paternal histories. Frederick Mortimer considered his family aristocratic; for he had been born in affluence, and raised with all the surroundings of wealth, and the shadow of the gatepost and cowhorn had never crossed his rosy path.

At length, Richard Shindley, Esq. (we beg pardon—Richard Chandleur, Esq.) was gathered to his fathers, and in due time his wife followed, and sumptuous monuments of white marble reared above their mouldering heads, tell where they rest.

The young men knew nothing of business. Their mother would not have them educated other than as "gentlemen"—that is useless drones, literally "know nothings" without speaking politically. So they could not carry on the business, and could only "gather where they had not stowed." The patrimony, which proved to be only two hundred and twenty thousand dollars (for much had been expended), was divided by four, giving each about fifty-five thousand dollars.

The girls soon married fast men, and one of them, now separated from her husband, teaches music at six hundred dollars a year in the South; and Eleanor, as a widow, penniless, keeps a boarding house in San Francisco.

Mr. Frederick Mortimer Courtney de Lisle Chandleur (vice Shindley) in three years run through his fifty-five thousand dollars; for New York is a great city, and easily swallows up little sums like this as a crocodile a swarm of small flies. The gradations from money all gone to want of money and can't get it, is but a step; and thence loafism and hanging on at old haunts for a drink so long as clothes are decent, and then a descent to lower and lower levels as the garments become more and more wretched, and, finally, a bed on the Battery, a night in the lock-up, and a coroner's inquest: "Found dead, or found drowned!"

The former appellation was attached to the announcement of "an unknown young man found dead in Fulton Market." That unknown young man was Frederick Shindley. He had run his career, and found a grave in the potter's field, where they "bury strangers."

The next brother became a gamester. He lost his whole patrimony in eight months, and enlisted as a soldier to keep from starving. He ran away from Pensacola after serving nine months, and now drives a cab in New Orleans.

The above is no fiction. It is a history that has had its parallel in the career of numerous American families. Wealth easily acquired is soon squandered; and more than once, when rich Richard Shindley rolled along in his costly coach to church by the side of his wife, he sighed for the happiness that he felt in his first ride on Jim Fickley's market-cart when he was a boy, and happy to sit all day long on a gatepost blowing a cow's horn.

And "Dickens" left brothers and sisters behind in the cabin on the roadside. They grew up, and went to farming or trades, and are now happy grandparents in middle life, surrounded with virtuous children, and content with an independence; for "to make haste to be rich" is, in the end, not without peril to that real happiness which is far oftener found in humble life than in the halls of opulence and fashion.

THE WATER WORKS AT VERSAILLES.

Says an English writer: The water works at Versailles are divided into the Grand Eaux and the Petites Eaux. The latter are played on the first Sunday of every month during the summer; the former only on *fete* days, or grand festive occasions. Each of the Grandes Eaux, or principal water works, may be considered as an illustration in a fanciful way of some mythological or legendary history or event, the sculptor and the professor of hydraulics having united in the production of the piece. The sculptures are executed in marble and lead; they are mostly of colossal proportions, and their number is wonderful. Some of them are just beneath the surface of the water, in which they appear to dive or swim; others are half submerged, and rise like monsters from the deep; and others, again, erect above the flood, rear their tall forms aloft with an imposing air. The grandest display of water works is to be seen in the Bassin de Neptune, where the sea-god rides triumphantly on the waves, surrounded by the whole train assigned him by ancient mythology. The water, thrown aloft in high columns and descending in spray and mist—turned over in graceful arches which cross and intersect each other—or spread in thin gauze like sheets—forms an ethereal kind of medium through which the groups of dark figures, indistinctly seen, assume an unsubstantial shape, in which one half expects to see them vanish away.

THE MAGNITUDE OF THE EARTH.

According to a recent authority, the circumference of the globe is twenty-five thousand and twenty miles. It is not so easy to comprehend so stupendous a circle as to put down its extent in figures. It becomes more palpable, perhaps, by comparison, such as this: A railway train travelling incessantly night and day, at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, would require six weeks to go around it. The cubical bulk of the earth is two hundred and sixty thousand millions of cubic miles! Dr. Lardner says, if the materials which form the globe were built up in the form of a column, having a pedestal of the magnitude of England and Wales, the height of the column would be nearly four and a half millions of miles. A tunnel through the earth, from England to New Zealand, would be nearly eight thousand miles long.—*Home Journal*.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

JULIA—A LAMENT.

IN SYMPATHY INSCRIBED TO THOSE WHO "LINGER STILL."

BY WILLIE K. PABER.

Weep! It is meet to weep;
For all the hopes that nestled in her eyes
Were shattered, when the sleep
We all must sleep, came with September skies.

Death's seal is on her brow,
And silence where the heart once beat in pride;
Closed lips and eyelids now,
Blend with the memory of one who died.

She faded with the flowers;
Wrapt in the white robe of her spotless hours,
She left this world of ours,
On angel plumes, for Elysian bowers.

Could mortals fold aside
The veil that hides the seen from the unseen,
Before their eyes would glide
The land of glory, bathed in living green.

While those who in it stand,
Were once, like us, sojourners here below;
Yet pilgrims to the land
Where sorrow enters not, nor pain, nor woe.

And JULIA, gone from earth,
Has only passed to realms of fairer bloom;
The portal of whose birth
Has been, and is, and still will be, the tomb.

The ear shall listen long,
To catch one tone of her familiar strain,—
One murmur of her song,—
And still its listening shall be in vain.

The eye shall sadly rest
On objects linked with memories of the child,
Who, on her Saviour's breast,
Now lies secure; the "dear one" undefiled.

O, fold about the heart,
Ye weepers for the one who has gone hence,
The comfort faith imparts,
And question not this act of Providence.

The requiem of the good
Blends joy with sorrow, mingles smiles with tears;
And to the soul is food—
Hope's manna in the wilderness of years.

Ye "linger still," but when
The current of eternity shall meet,
And hide time's tide, O then
May ye your Julia with glad rapture greet.

ASSYRIAN ANTIQUITIES.

Byron complained of our scant knowledge of Assyrian life. His gorgeous drama of "Sardanapalus"—the conception of the hero, and the moral setting of the play—rose out of the poet's mind rather than from known materials. The scene was a creation. Thirty-five years have passed, and, thanks to Rawlinson and Layard, the English Court is with that of Egypt. Our knowledge, too, is daily deepening. Among the many curious illustrations of Assyrian life brought home by Col. Rawlinson from the East, and now on view at the British Museum—where they have been visited during the week by the Majesty of England—are, an alabaster vase, containing some remains of sweetmeats, various objects in gold and ivory, part of the throne of Sardanapalus, many inscriptions relating to the deeds of men celebrated in secular and sacred history—such as Nebuchadnezzar, Sardanapalus and Tiglath-Pileser—gems and other personal ornaments; together with a series of drawings, made by artists on the spot, from slabs impossible to bring away from their ancient resting-places, representing the more heroic forms of antique relaxation—lion hunts, banquets, and the like. How strange to think of these spoils of the proud dynasty of Semiramis, after three thousand years, being visited in a London Museum by a lady who reigns in all feminine gentleness over a mightier empire than obeyed the "ancient beldame"—who from the ends of the earth stretches a benignant sceptre over that very India from which the successor of Ninus returned baffled and discomfited.—*London Athenaeum*.

POWER OF GENTLENESS.

No bad man is ever brought to repentance by angry words; by bitter scornful reproaches. He fortifies himself against reproof, and hurls back foul charges in the face of his accuser. Yet guilty and hardened as he seems, he has a heart in his bosom, and may be melted to tears by a gentle voice. Whoso, therefore, can restrain his disposition to blame and find fault, and can bring himself down to a fallen brother, will soon find a way to better feelings within. Pity and patience are the two keys which unlock the human heart. They who have been most successful laborers among the poor and vicious, have been the most forbearing. Said the celebrated St. Vincent de Paul, "If it has pleased God to employ the most miserable of men for the conversion of some souls, they have themselves confessed that it was by the patience and sympathy which he had for them. Even the convicts, among whom I have lived, can be gained in no other way. When I have kissed their chains, and showed compassion for their distress, and keen sensibility for their disgrace—then have they listened to me, then have they given glory to God, and placed themselves in the way of salvation."—*New York Evangelist*.

IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE.—As a proof of what a vast book the visible heavens are, and also of the diligence of the student, man, in turning over its leaves, Dr. Nichol, in his work describing the magnitude of Lord Rosse's telescope, says that Lord Rosse has looked into space a distance so inconceivable, that light, which travels at the rate of 200,000 miles in one second, would require a period of 250,000,000 of solar years, or year containing about 32,000,000 of seconds, to pass the intervening gulf between this earth and the remotest point to which this telescope has reached. How utterly unable is the mind to grasp even a fraction of this immense period. To conceive the passing events of a hundred thousand years only, is an impossibility, to say nothing of millions and hundreds of millions of years.

NORWALK, CONNECTICUT.

M. M. BALLOU, Esq.—Dear Sir:—My "first appearance" in Norwalk, Ct., was on the sixth day of April last past, which was "Fast Day," and the church-going bells were ringing out their delightful music as I left the cars at the depot and took a carriage for the town, which is a mile or a mile and a half therefrom. Inquiring of the driver which was the best hotel in the place, I was informed that "the Norwalk was a first rate hotel, and so was the Connecticut; he didn't know which was the best, but reckoned there wasn't much difference." The Connecticut being "over the bridge," in his vernacular, I chose it for my head-quarters, and was driven there accordingly. The Connecticut Hotel is situated on the corner of State and Main Streets, in the centre of the business portion of the place. I have given two views of this section of the town; one taken opposite the hotel, looking north up Main Street, and showing many of the prominent stores, etc., with a part of the hotel on the right; the other, taken from near the same point of view, looking south or southwest, and showing the Norwalk Hotel, kept by D. E. Stephenson, the Fairfield County Bank (a few doors beyond), and the Fairfield County Savings Association, etc. Norwalk, like many other New England villages, is made up of a comparatively few buildings, scattered over a large space of ground, and a stranger in the place finds it somewhat difficult to tell where Norwalk is, and where it is not. The nucleus, or more compact portion, is at the head of the Norwalk River, which empties its waters into the Sound about two miles from the bridge. From here, as from a common centre, it diverges in every direction, until the neat white cottages with their green blinds, neat and beautiful door yards, and gardens in the rear, lose themselves in the more plain and substantial farm houses, surrounded by orchards, fields and meadows, filled with cattle, grain and fruit, and showing evidence of that thrift and application which are proverbial with the Yankee farmer. The larger portion of the town is built in and along the valley of the river, and a view from any of the surrounding hills is beautiful in the extreme. The diversity of scene presented to the eye in a drive through the length and breadth of the borough, is very attractive and highly pleasing. It



EPISCOPAL CHURCH, NORWALK, CONN.

low our steps, pursue our tasks, dream our dreams, and pass away, to be succeeded again by others. When I made the sketch of this beautiful spot, the Congregational Church on the left, the Episcopalian in the centre, and the Baptist on the right, were severally pouring out their living tides, and the various distances of the picture were dotted with moving groups, which added life and activity to the scene; but soon, passing to their various homes, they left it in its quiet, every-day dress, which I chose rather to depict. A nearer view of the churches by no means destroys the charm of their attractiveness, and I was so well pleased with the neatness and chaste beauty of the Episcopalian, that I have given an enlarged view of it on this page. A few hundred yards south of the Green, is a mound-like elevation, called Grummon's or Drummond's Hill. Let us ascend its steep sides, and here, under the shade of these five Lombardy poplars which rise from its crest like plumes in the head dress of an Indian chief, contemplate the picture which nature has spread at our feet. Turning southward, the horizon is bounded by the waters of Long Island Sound, on whose placid waters innumerable craft expand their wing like sails to the breeze, while occasionally a long sinuous smoky line betokens the transit of a steamer, bearing its living freight to or from the metropolis. Nearer the eye, the river, which flows peacefully before us, empties its waters into the Sound amid numerous islands, which look like gems in a setting of silver. Following up the opposite bank of the river, we see the village of Old Well, which is the port of Norwalk, although vessels of light draught can come up to the bridge at high water. Here the railroad trains stop, and here the steamboat, which formerly made tri-weekly trips to the city, had its landing-place. At times it is a busy spot, but as the passing train is lost to view, it relapses into quietness, and a line of carriages may be seen pursuing their tortuous way toward the upper town, now hid by the intervening buildings or the inequalities of the ground, now seen in some open space, until lost in the streets of the more compact portion which lies at our feet. The horizon round about us is cut up by hills and distant mountains, and the intervening space is adorned by beautiful "bits of landscape," with here and there a



GENERAL VIEW OF THE GREEN, NORWALK, CONN.

is a place of considerable activity, and the New Haven Railroad, which passes through it, has been the means of attracting to its neighborhood many persons doing business in New York, who are enabled through its means to be at their offices and stores at an early hour in the morning, and at home in time for tea and a stroll in the garden or pleasure grounds, which many of them have tastefully laid out around their residences. It is the commercial depot for the northern part of the county, and a considerable portion of the staple products of the farmers is brought here for sale, and for transportation to the city. According to the census of 1850, Norwalk contains a population of 4651. A short walk from the hotel brings us to the Green, represented on this page. No sketch, however, which lacks color, can give any idea of the romance of this charming spot. One longs to dwell among the quiet beauties of such a scene, and the tired dweller in cities feels that here he could content himself to live, surrounded by all the pleasures of rural life; near enough to the attractions and delights of metropolitan existence, yet far removed from its whirl and excitement. But, alas! the stern requirements of business, and the iron rule of that god—demon, rather—mammon, whose devotees we all are, compel us to forego even the longing contemplation of such scenes, and hasten back to our task, which has for its aim, perhaps, the fruition of hopes like these, and, like a dog in a wheel, we go round and round, ever hoping, never realizing, until we pass from the stage, and our places are filled by others, who fol-



UNION MANUFACTORY, NORWALK, CONN.

spire peering among the trees to betoken the ever-present temple of God on earth. Altogether it is a beautiful view, and well worthy some little exertion to see. The spot on which we stand has, however, another strong attraction to the student of history. Where we stand, Governor Tryon, of infamous memory, sat, seventy-four years ago, in a rocking-chair, the plunderer of a neighboring house, and witnessed the conflagration of the flourishing village which lay in the valley below. A brute in disposition, a lacquey by nature, mortified and chagrined at the treatment he had received at the hands of the Virginians, and disappointed at the turn affairs had taken in New York, which, he had hoped, would have remained loyal to his king and master, he had lent himself as a ready tool in the hands of British commanders, when any dirty-work was to be done, like that in which he was now engaged. Having laid the thriving village of Fairfield in ashes, and driven its inhabitants out into the storm which raged at the time, homeless and destitute, he retired with his motley forces of Tories and Hessian hirelings to Huntington Bay, on the north side of Long Island, and on the 16th of July, re-crossed to the main for the purpose of destroying Norwalk. He landed with his forces, consisting of Hessians and refugee Americans, on the night of the 11th, on the plain which lies at the east side of the river, and about eight or nine o'clock on the following morning, he marched toward the ill-fated town. No opposition of any account was offered. Captain Betts, with about fifty militia-men,

harassed him as much as possible, and endeavored to make a stand, but the enemy were in such overwhelming numbers that he was obliged to fall back, with the loss of four killed and one cannon captured by the enemy. Tryon made his head-quarters on Grummon's Hill, and from this elevated spot he directed the movements of his marauding band. The inhabitants had generally fled from their homes at the first alarm, knowing the treatment which they had to expect from the hands of such friends from the experience of their neighbors of Fairfield, who had been driven from their homes in the midst of a pitiless storm, and many of the females ravished in open day. The first house burnt was on the west side of the river, near where the steamboat wharf was afterwards constructed. Every house and building of whatever kind in the place was consumed, with the exception of six. These were probably the residences of friends to the king. One of these was saved by the efforts of a maiden lady, who applied to Tryon personally, and informed him that its owner was a friend to his majesty, king George. Eighty dwellings, two churches, eighty-seven barns, seventeen shops, four mills and five vessels were committed to the flames, and at noon Norwalk was a vast ruin. "After many salt pans were destroyed, whaleboats carried on board the fleet, and magazines, stores and vessels set in flames, the advanced corps were drawn back, and the troops retired in two columns to the place of our first debarkation, and, unassaulted, took ship and returned to Huntington Bay." The loss of the enemy was twenty killed, ninety-six wounded, and thirty-two missing. The day is waning, and we will descend to the town. On our return, we pass the dilapidated town house of brick which stands on a high bank overlooking the river. It stands on the site of the old one which was pulled down in 1835. It had long been in a ruinous state, and had become an eye-sore to the inhabitants. Finally, a party of "regulators" determined to force the town authorities to move in the matter *volens volens*, took advantage of a dark night to pull it down, and pile up the remains by the side of the road. In the morning, I was introduced to Mr. George G. Bishop, of the Union Manufacturing Company and, in company with him, went over their establish-



UNION SCHOOL, NORWALK, CONN.

until a number—say sixteen—of these thin layers of wool have been spread upon one sheet. The whole is then taken off and drawn over a table, a section of which is covered with a perforated plate lying upon a steam box, through which, as it is two minutes passing, the wool becomes thoroughly enlivened by the hot vapor. It then passes under a platten of great weight, and, by a peculiar motion, it is compressed, interlaced and converted into flannel, and then fulled in the ordinary way of fulling cloth. It is now passed over the gig, where cylinders, covered with teasles, create a long nap on one surface. It is then colored, and finished like an ordinary cloth. Improvements have been made, and patents obtained, and the whole process is now in successful operation at the Union Company's factory. The patents now belong to this company, and they obtained a fourteen year's extension of their privileges at a recent session of Congress. By the improved method, a handsome, durable fabric for over-coats is made at a moderate expense. The goods are produced in a great variety of colors, at from one dollar to two dollars and a half per yard. The bulk of the production are sold below one dollar and a half. The business of the Union Company now amounts to about six hundred thousand dollars per annum; their profits have been diminished by occasional competition with inferior or worthless goods; but the enterprise has still been successful, and attended with profit and satisfaction." In the report of the judges of the first exhibition of the Metropolitan Mechanics' Institute, held in the east wing of the Patent Office, Washington, February, 1853, speaking of the cloths manufactured by the Union Company, they say:—"The Committee are of the opinion that the cloths of the Union Manufacturing Company, numbered 1154, deserve the highest premium, as they are superior to any cloths of the kind which have come under their notice. These goods are made by the process of felting, as distinguished from weaving, and their peculiar excellence is due to the fact that the bat or nap of carded wool, of which the cloth is formed, is made up of a series of thin sheets or layers of carded wool, whose fibres are laid alternately crosswise and lengthwise, so that, in the subsequent process of condensing the bat into cloth, the



PART OF MAIN STREET, NORWALK, CONN.

ment for the manufacture of felt cloth, and I have seldom spent a couple of hours in a more entertaining manner. As the process of manufacturing this cloth is comparatively new and certainly novel, I will encroach upon your space sufficient to give an extract from one of our city papers, wherein it is partially described:—"Suppose a wool carder, nine feet wide, delivering a thin layer of carded wool upon an endless sheet or apron of the same width. It is made nine feet wide, that, when rolled up, it may still measure a yard and a half, or the same as common roadcloth. The sheet or apron which runs up on a drum like an endless belt, receives additional layers of wool, until the proper thickness is reached, when the whole is matted together into cloth. This was the old process; but it was soon found that the wool being laid on only lengthwise, there was nothing to bind it like the filling in woven fabrics, and also that, when made into garments, wherever it was stretched, as at the elbow of a coat, it left the mark of the indentation, there being no mechanical cohesion in its parts answering to the threads in ordinary fabrics, by which its original shape might be recovered. This was remedied by a new invention. While the carder is delivering the layer of wool upon the sheet, as above described, two carders, four feet wide, placed at right angles with the one first mentioned, spread a thin layer of wool cross the sheet as it passes in its revolution, so that for every layer lengthwise, answering to the warp, there is a layer crosswise, answering to filling of woven fabrics. This process is repeated



VIEW IN STATE STREET, NORWALK, CONN.

thorough interlacing of the fibres is inserted. This method of felting is an American invention, and is deserving of the highest encouragement." The buildings of the company are situated something over half a mile from the hotel, and a visit to them will amply repay the slight fatigue and time spent. On my return, I passed the new Union School House, shown on this page, and on being introduced to Mr. F. B. Brigham, the principal, he with marked urbanity, showed me every attention, and furnished me with valuable information regarding the institution. It has cost much and untiring exertion on the part of its friends, but the success which has attended it, under its present admirable management, the interest taken in its welfare both by parents and pupils, the very struggles and sacrifices which it has cost, have all conspired to attach strongly the people of the district to the institution. It has become an object of cherished regard and just pride. It has raised the standard of education higher than the best friends of schools had reason to expect it would, and I too, permanently. The time to which I had limited myself having nearly expired, and having bid adieu to the many polite friends who had made my short visit so agreeable, I took my seat in the coach and was driven to the depot, and after a trip unworthy of note or comment, arrived at my pleasant little home in Jersey, glad to spend the Sabbath with my family, from whom I had been separated some little time. I am, dear sir, very respectfully, your

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"WHEN I WOULD DIE"

BY G. W. H. HASSINGER.

I would not die in winter,
When the breath of life is chilled,
When mother earth, in fetters bound,
With sorrow deep seems filled.
When icy blasts sweep through the air,
And hearts beat sad with fear;
O, I would not die in winter, then,
When all is cold and drear.

I would not die in spring-time,
Midst opening buds and flowers,
When all is dressed in verdure green,
And roses deck the bowers;
When nature is rejoicing,
Dressed in her gay attire—
O, I would not die in spring-time, then,
When fragrance fills the air.

I would not die in summer,
When all is gay and bright,
When ripening fruits and waving fields
With beauty fill the sight;
When nature yields, of bounteous stores,
A full and rich increase—
I would not die in spring-time, then,
When all is joy and peace.

But in the mellow autumn, when
These beauties flee away,
When faded flower and withered bough
Tell premature decay;
When dying leaves are falling,
And thickly strew the way—
I'd like to die at close of eve,
And gently pass away.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD HOUSE WITH THE BOW-WINDOW.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

Light that makes things seen makes some things invisible.
SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

In a pleasant, retired quarter of the town is Our Street. Not that I mean to convey the idea by this that our street, unlike all other streets, is the exclusive property and promenade ground of such only as claim to that high privilege by virtue of their denizenship. Certainly not! I cannot mean that, for our street has always been, and is now, I hope, as public a thoroughfare as any other.

In our street everybody bows to everybody as they pass each other; an idea, it is true, which partakes somewhat largely of the old primitive custom, so much in vogue and so very highly esteemed, also, by our wise Puritan ancestors. But in the great noisy street, on the contrary, no such boorish idea prevails. It is true, if you could be lifted from the noisy tumult of the one, and set safely and quietly down in the other, you would be forcibly struck with the contrast.

Indeed I think you would be astonished at the monotonous hum-drum, almost courted aspect of things. In such places, life, like still water, seems to stagnate, or at best to move like a sluggish river, and everything coming within its influence seems suddenly to become assimilated—we can hardly tell why. Our Street, I am well assured, is only a matter of five minutes' walk from Faneuil Hall; and yet isolated as we may seem, we can hear the great surges of life—almost feel its pulsations as it whirls through its legitimate channels. But as I have already said, it is remarkably quiet and courted when you have once reached it.

I do not mean by this to convey the idea that the great pulses of life, here, are so deadened by extraneous influences as you will find them in most country places, because in our street there is some considerable show of business—more particularly at the lower extremity—the upper portion of the street being mostly composed of private residences, some of the occupants of which, I am sorry to say, entertain very patrician notions, considering the very plebeian stock from whence they sprung. Indeed everybody here maintains a certain air of respectability!

For instance, the A—s are respectable (you will stand a chance of hearing a very similar remark to this every day), or the B—s, or peradventure the C—s, and so on to the end of the chapter. I fancy it is one of those peculiar notions inherited from our ancestry of the old world, a feeling which it seems to take a long time to rid one's self of, in spite of our republican notions of equality. Yes, indeed, everybody is respectable in Our Street, at least in their own opinion (and let me tell you it would be unwarrantable fool-hardiness in any one to contradict the assumption), from the great Mr. Alderman Maggot, who occupies the first brick house on the corner, with the iron paling and the seven smooth granite steps leading up to the door, which boasts of a door-knob, said to be of silver,—I am hardly competent to judge of its genuineness, having never ventured nearer it than the sidewalk—and a plate of the same valuable material (both modern luxuries), upon which the owner's name (*George Washington Maggot*) is inscribed in beautiful italics—down to Dennis Flaherty, who occupies the two basement rooms under the sail-loft of Mr. Abraham Squizzles—the side of said building having the honor of facing on Our Street.

As the natural result of such a state of things, the laborer here, though hardly aware of it, loses caste among the "ton;" but some bow, to make amends for this, he catches the infection of his neighbors, and imagines himself more respectable than Bill, or Jo, or somebody else of a less favored locality, believing as he sin-

cerely does, that merely a change of air is required to render even the most contemptible of mortals fit objects of respect.

I have said thus much, in order to acquaint the reader somewhat concerning the peculiarities and prevailing notions of Our Street. There is one house in particular in Our Street, to which I am anxious to call the attention of the curious. It is an old wood-colored house with a bow-window in front. It was the same old house as long as I can remember, with the exception that in my boyhood I remember having seen an old pump just under the elm-tree in front. About this time I was sent into the country, and when I returned three years afterwards, the elm-tree and the pump were both removed, and hydrants had been placed along the street at a convenient distance from each other—one occupying the very site of the old pump. But the house still remained, and its antique bow-window looked the same as formerly, with the exception that the sun was at liberty to shine in now, cheering the hearts of its two solitary occupants.

This house, long known as the Crumples Mansion, was at present the abode of Obadiah and Deborah Crumples, grandchildren to Master Jonathan Crumples, who had the honor, as I am told, of first conceiving the plan, and finally erecting it after his own peculiar model.

The original proprietor had amassed quite a fortune during his lifetime, which, at his decease, descended to his son, who possessed none of the father's faculty of acquiring money. On the contrary, he was endowed with a somewhat prodigal turn of mind, and marrying quite late in life, after having exhausted more than half his patrimony, he became the father of three children, who in turn inherited only a moiety of what he possessed at the period of his marriage.

The eldest son, Stephen, partaking more of the nature of his grandfather, while the remaining two were of a more secluded and solitary cast, differing in this respect even from their own parent, had gone out more than eighteen years before to push his fortunes in Cuba. Little had been heard of him since, further than that he was in a very prosperous way, and in all likelihood would eventually amass a fortune. Obadiah and Deborah continued to remain in the old house up to the present time, nursing their family pride, and gradually growing poorer every day of their lives. The neighbors all knew this, and knew also the overweening pride of family experienced by at least Miss Deborah,—of late years Obadiah had suffered from a species of monomania, which precluded him in a great measure from sharing this feeling in common with his sister.

At the period to which we refer, Miss Deborah was forty-eight, while her brother was only three years her senior. Miss Deborah in the springtime of life was reported to have been exceedingly good-looking, and to have declined, with a martyr-like firmness, several advantageous offers of marriage from such persons as she considered, in point of family, infinitely beneath her notice; but if such was the case, she had probably long since repented in secret of her folly, as she had observed her beauty slowly fading "into the sere and yellow leaf," and herself fast sinking in point of wealth and worldly consequence.

Ten years ago Obadiah Crumples had conceived a most bold and daring speculation, that of inventing perpetual motion; and since then,—though always defeated, just on the eve of perfecting it, by some unforeseen difficulty,—he had steadily pursued his absurd undertaking up to the present moment.

One bright spring morning as I was passing by the old house, my attention was attracted by the sound of a carpenter's saw in close proximity to the bow-window. I looked up and beheld quite an opening already made through its sombre front, and wondered what in the world this sudden enterprise could mean. At first I conjectured that it might be the intention of Miss Deborah to have the bow-window removed, and this portion of the house squared, like many of its more modern neighbors, but on returning some-time afterwards, I found I had been mistaken in my surmises, for a commodious passage way had now been cleared, and the carpenter was busied in fitting in door-casings. Then there was to be a door leading in from the outer world just on the left of the bow-window!

For two or three days following this external alteration in the old house, there was a great deal of planing and hammering inside of the bow-window, but no one could conjecture why all these marvellous improvements were going on. Some said that Aunt Debby was getting proud in her old age, as though, forsooth, she had ever been otherwise; but there were others who surmised that there was to be a grand division made of the house, and that some fortunate tenant would soon have the privilege of walking in at the Crumples Mansion from the front way near the bow-window, and the honor of claiming the gaunt Miss Deborah for a landlady. But surmises and speculations were alike in vain; for shortly after this the quiet denizens of Our Street were surprised one morning by a grand display of knick-knacks, stationed in the bow-window, without the smallest regard to arrangement or effect.

As our family had always been on a footing of equality with the Crumples as far back as I could remember, and our tide of fortune had been gradually ebbing out with their's, since, I could not resist an inclination to be the first to venture in by the bow-window, and show poor Miss Deborah that there was at least one person who could sympathize with her in her extreme strait and mortification.

When I entered, I discovered Obadiah at the farther end of the room, and partially concealed from view by the end of the counter, laboring diligently over a new and enlarged model of perpetual motion. "My life-long labors are nearly completed!" said Obadiah, looking up from his work and gazing into my face with the utmost seriousness. "I have a model here that will astonish the world; in a word, sir, I have my fortune in my own hands. Yes sir, when that is accomplished, when that bright vision is once

realized, which it will be, sir, shortly—very shortly indeed, sir, then, sir, will your wise men hide their diminished heads, and the princes of the earth will fall down and worship me!"

I assured Obadiah that when that time came I should feel but too proud to be suffered to serve him in the capacity of a footman. I next turned to Deborah, who had just entered from an adjoining room, and took her left hand, which she extended to me, and pressed it with unusual earnestness. It was nearest her heart, poor woman, and she burst into tears. It was the first time I had ever seen tears in her eyes, and it melted me almost to a woman the moment I beheld them starting.

"Perhaps it is all foolishness to think as I do!" she at length said, wiping her eyes, "but I cannot help it. I have not been behind there yet," she went on, pointing at the little counter. "I tried to make up my mind to do it, but I couldn't, and so Obadiah and the carpenter arranged the things as you see. It cost me a terrible pain to do what I have done, and nothing but the helpless condition of my poor brother should have induced me to do it!"

I looked into her face searchingly. There was a sudden flash of insanity in her eye just then.

"Yes!" said she, observing my look of alarm, and pointing to her breast, "I had a demon to struggle against, it is true, but I have triumphed this time; it is hard to say whether I may, or not, again!" And without saying more, she drew a vial of laudanum from the folds of her dress, and handing it to me, requested me to keep it, and say nothing, as there would be little danger now, the temptation having almost subsided, and the means being beyond her reach.

Just then we were aroused by the postman's rap at the door, and the next moment we heard him inquire for Obadiah Crumples. Obadiah who had just arisen after a careful examination of his great model, and hearing his name called, ambled to the door. In a moment he returned, holding up a letter. "I think it must be from the Czar of Russia, or some unfortunate prince in exile!" said Obadiah, handing the letter to Deborah with a great flourish. It was sealed with black wax, and Deborah opened it with a trembling hand. She gave it a quick, painful perusal, and then handing the letter to me, turned to her brother and said, "Obadiah, your brother Stephen is dead! You remember—you cannot have forgotten Stephen?" she said, noticing his vacant look, while a bewildered shadow crept over her own face.

"O, I remember now!" said Obadiah, looking up innocently into her face from his low stool near his favorite model; "he went out to the Ottoman Empire to act as prime minister! I remember; yes, yes! I suppose he has made me an emperor and you a countess. He couldn't confer quite all his honors, you know; it isn't the fashion; besides he must leave a principality each to his four sons; or hasn't he got any, did you say?"

I was busily engaged with the letter, and did not notice Deborah's reply, if she made any, but I dare say she did not.

The letter was dated at Havana, and came from her brother's executor. It merely announced the date of his death, and stated that by his will he had bequeathed them the sum of ten thousand dollars each, which might be immediately remitted to them on making out and sending to his attorney the necessary credentials.

I endeavored to make Obadiah comprehend that he had become suddenly rich, but he insisted in the most peremptory manner that he had always been so, only that his exchequer had sometimes run a little low, which, with an heir to his brother's dukedom, was only a trifling affair after all.

After a little while, I assisted Deborah to remove the knick-knacks from the bow-window; and in three days afterwards the door was boarded up, the little counter and shelves knocked to pieces for kindling wood, and the old room soon grew to be as sombre and deserted as ever.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

EARLY RELIGIOUS EDUCATION. By WM. G. ELIOT, Pastor of the Church of the Messiah, St. Louis. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1855. 18mo. pp. 128.

The author of this essay treats of the "Religious Education of the Young, as the divinely appointed means of Christian Regeneration." It is written in an earnest spirit, and is the production of a clear and vigorous mind.

A NEW AND COMPREHENSIVE FRENCH INSTRUCTOR, ETC. BY STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS AND GEORGE BATCHELDER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo.

We have carefully and critically examined this work, and are satisfied that it completely meets the wants of a conscientious student, giving him, when mastered, a competent knowledge of the French language, now so nearly universal, that to be ignorant of it is quite inexcusable. We recommend this work with hearty good will. Boston: Fetridge & Co.

MORTIMER'S COLLIER LIPS. By E. J. MAY. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 18mo. pp. 344.

A deeply interesting story, a vivid delineation of character, and sound moral lessons, should give this book an extensive circulation. It is a sterling production. For sale by Redding & Co.

HOARY HEAD AND MCDONNER. By JACOB ABBOTT. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 402.

One of the author's "Young Christian Series"—a fact sufficient to command the widest circulation. Though written for young persons, it is so truthful, so interesting, and so sound in sentiment, that it will prove acceptable to readers of any age. For sale by Redding & Co.

SALLUST. FLORUS AND VELLERUS PATERCULUS. Literally Translated. By REV. JOHN SILBY WATSON, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 12mo.

To those unfamiliar with the Latin tongue, this volume will open a rich mine of historical lore. The translation is executed with remarkable fidelity, and the notes are intrinsically and relatively valuable. For sale by Redding & Co.

CHRISTIAN THEISM. By ROBERT A. THOMPSON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 477.

This is a reprint of the work which won the Aberdeen prize. It is an able argument in favor of the existence, greatness and goodness of God, from considerations independent of written Revelation, and from Revelation itself. It is calculated to make a deep impression. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE WORKS OF JOHN C. CALHOUN. Edited by RICHARD K. CRALLE. Vols. V. and VI. 8vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855.

The two volumes before us contain reports and public letters from the pen of the great Southern statesman. They illustrate his learning, his ability, his sincerity and steadfastness of purpose. Never was a man more self sustained and independent in action than John C. Calhoun. His unwavering firmness extorted admiration from his bitterest political opponents. His career was pure and spotless, and when he died, the nation felt that it had lost one of its brightest ornaments. His works are a precious legacy. For sale by Redding & Co.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NOT ALL FOR FAME.

BY FREDERICK J. KESTES.

Believe me—'tis not all for fame
The poet weaves his rhyme,
Cut, though he may, a deathless name
Upon the arch of time.
A tear will touch his tender soul—
A smile will thrill his strings,
And wake a song with their control,
Which not to fame he sings.

O, judge him not—thou ne'er canst know
How many human tears,
Since he has sung, have ceased their flow
Along earth's vale of years.
How many spirits he has soothed
In the last hour's farewell—
How many pathways he has smoothed
Angels alone shall tell.

Many there are whose songs in vain
Seem from their sweet harps given;
Who, when this life is o'er, shall gain
A fadeless crown in heaven.
O, never may they feel the gales
That fan ambition's flame;
Or court the woe of him who sails
Along the tide of fame.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY FIRST TEMPTATION.

THE STORY OF A CLASSMATE.

BY HORACE B. STANFORD.

At an early age I lost my father, and as he left us with but little of this world's goods, it soon became necessary that I should find some employment. I was then thirteen years of age, and not very stout or strong, but yet with a will to do anything that could be found for me to do. At length my mother made an arrangement with a carpenter by the name of Morris, and I was taken into his shop as an apprentice. With him I remained two years, but at the end of that time I became so worn down by the hard work imposed upon me, that my mother resolved I should remain there no longer. My sister Lucy, who was two years older than myself, had long detected my failing strength—and it was mainly through her efforts that I was removed from the place, for I should never have complained.

I was now fifteen—tall, slim and pale, and I knew that I could not stand any sort of work which taxed my physical strength to any great extent. But fortune favored me. A Mr. Joseph Evered, who kept a dry goods store near by, was in want of a salesman, and through my sister's influence I obtained the place. Mr. Evered had a daughter Julia, just about my own age, who was very intimate with Lucy, and it was by her intercessions with her father that Lucy gained her point.

I was duly installed into my place, and I was soon happy and contented, for my employer was kind, and an intimacy sprang up between myself and Julia, which afforded me a purer bliss than I had ever before experienced. Thus matters passed on for a year, and at the end of that time my health was restored, and I had so far gained upon the confidence of Mr. Evered that he now trusted me with some of his most particular business. Only one thing troubled me. I was not receiving such wages as I fancied my services entitled me to. In fact, I was in debt. I had purchased a suit of clothes of a tailor in the neighborhood, and was owing for them. The tailor wanted his money, and I had promised him he should have it at a certain time; but that time came and passed, and I could not pay him. He threatened, and I promised anew. O, how many times I wished that I had never bought those clothes. I could have got along without them, and I resolved that never again would I buy anything which I could not pay for upon the spot. But that did not help this case.

One evening I sat alone in the store. It was Saturday evening, and the day had been a busy one. We had sold a great quantity of goods, and the money-drawer was well filled. Slowly a demon arose before me, and began to advise me. He pointed to the money-drawer, and whispered, "There are the means for paying your debt!" I knew that Mr. Evered had no knowledge of the amount of money there, for he knew not how much I had sold. I could take even fifty dollars, and he might never miss it, for I had sold a great quantity of stuff which he had no account of. I had promised the tailor that he should have the money that very night, and I had planned to get Mr. Evered to advance me the necessary sum. I had not been spending money foolishly, but from my poor pittance I supported my mother, and that ate it all up.

For a long while I sat and looked upon that drawer, and all the while the tempter was persuading me. I knew that young clerks often did such things, and that sometimes necessity compelled them to it—at least, so I then thought. How could I meet my creditor again without the money? I could not, and at length I resolved that I would not. I arose and went to the drawer. I opened it, and saw the bank notes which had been fairly jammed in there. I counted out twenty dollars! My hands trembled, and my heart beat quickly. I thrust the notes into my pocket, and then hastened back to my seat, and ere long afterwards my employer entered.

"Well, Charles," he said, "I guess we'll shut up now."

I arose and went out and put up the shutters, and when I came back, I found Evered engaged in counting the money. As I ap-

proached him, he eyed me with a sharp, searching look, and I trembled like an aspen.

"What ails you?" he asked.

"Nothing, sir," I answered, trying to compose myself.

"But there must be something the matter," he resumed, "for you look as pale as a ghost."

"I am tired," I said.

"Well, well, you have worked hard to day, and you may go. I'll attend to the rest."

With a desperate endeavor to compose myself, I thanked him for his kindness, and then seized my hat and left the store. The fresh air revived me somewhat, and I hurried on to the tailor's. I paid my bill, and for a moment my heart was lighter; but it was only for the moment. When I reached the street again, the thought of what I had done came upon me with a whelming force, and I was miserable. When I reached home I professed to be sick, and retired at once. But my mother, sick and weak herself, came up to my bed and wanted to fix me some medicine. She gave me a simple preparation, drew up the clothes snugly about me, and having kissed me, she said:

"Be careful, Charles, for 'twould be painful indeed to have you sick. God keep and bless you. Good night."

O, how those last words rung in my ears. What would my mother say—how would she feel—if she knew that her son was a thief? It was a long while before I could give the word shape and form, but it came at last. I could not keep it back. *Thief!* *thief!* rang in my soul till an agony was upon me so intense that all other conceptions of pain were as nothing. The night passed away in sleepless, phantom making restlessness; and when the morning came, I arose and walked out before my mother or sister was up. I did not return until breakfast was ready, and then I had so far overcome all outward signs of my distress, that little remark was made upon it. But the worm was gnawing at my heart.

That forenoon I went with my sister to meeting, and as I entered the little church, I met the gaze of Mr. Evered. He watched me sharply, and I saw marks of pain upon his face. After the services were over, I saw him in conversation with the tailor. I noticed how earnestly they spoke—and once I saw the tailor point his finger towards me. I felt sure, then, that all was discovered!

"For mercy's sake, Charles, what is the matter?" cried Lucy, as she caught my arm.

"He's faint! he's faint!" I heard a low, tremulous voice say; and on turning, I saw Julia Evered. She was frightened—and at that moment came the conviction that she loved me. But that other thought came with it; and then I knew she would ere long despise me!

Sick and faint I hurried away, and to all the anxious inquiries of Lucy I only replied that I was not well. O, how miserable I felt, for I knew that my employer had detected the theft. His gaze at me in the church was proof enough; but his conversation with the tailor made it doubly sure. That afternoon I dared not go to church, and my mother worried over me. If she would only have let me alone, I might have been less miserable; but she clung close to me, and I had to lie to her—the first falsehood I ever spoke to that noble woman!

Another night of restless agony, and then I came to the severest part of all. I must meet my employer! It was late when I descended to the kitchen, and I found my mother as pale and deathly as death itself. For the moment I forgot my own pain, and hastened to her side. She gazed up into my face with such a look as I hope I may never see again.

"Don't ask me any questions, Charles," she said, "but go at once to the store. Mr. Evered wants you immediately."

I could not ask a question—I could not speak. Without breakfast—without waiting to see Lucy—I started from the house. People whom I met gazed at me sharply, and once I heard the word *thief* pronounced! O, Evered had told the story of my crime! How could he?—No, no, 'twas the tailor who had told it, for my employer would never have done it. Yet it was known. I stopped, and suddenly the thought of flight occurred to me. Why had I not thought of it before? Why should I stay longer where shame, and shame only, could be mine? I turned to flee, and just then my sister came rushing after me, with her hair floating wildly in the morning air, and her face pale as death.

"O, Charles," she uttered, "come with me at once! Come, come, our mother is dying!"

My sister seized my hand, and by main force dragged me away. I reached my home, I knew not how, for my reason had almost left me. Into the little bed-room Lucy dragged me, and there lay my mother stark and cold.

"O, Charles, you have killed her!" sobbed my sister, as she threw herself upon the bed. "She could not stand your disgrace!"

One moment I gazed upon that cold, pale form, and then a wild, unearthly cry broke from my lips. I plunged madly forward upon the bed—

"Charles! Charles!"

I started up. I felt a heavy hand upon my shoulder, and again my name was called.

"What is the matter? Come, rouse up. For mercy's sake, what ails you?"

It was Mr. Evered who spoke. I was still sitting upon the stool behind the counter, but my head had fallen forward upon a pile of goods that lay heaped up before me. Instinctively I cast my eyes upon the money-drawer, and slowly the truth worked its way to my mind. A cold, clammy sweat was upon my brow, a pain in my limbs, and I trembled like an aspen.

"What ails you, Charles?" Mr. Evered kindly asked.

"My soul—such a dream!" I involuntarily gasped.

"Well, well—if it's nothing worse than that I am glad. But

come, I want to have a few words of conversation with you before you go."

I was fully aroused now. I looked at the money-drawer, though many times ere I could fully realize that I was safe. The tempter had come, but an angel had met and beaten him away. The doors and shutters were closed, and then my employer sat down by my side.

"Well, Charles," he commenced, "Julia has been telling me this afternoon that you wholly support your mother."

"Yes, sir," I tremblingly answered. "My sister thus far has only been able to support herself, and the rest all comes on me."

"But how do you get along? Surely, your salary here is not sufficient."

"It has been sufficient, sir, to find us in food and fuel. For—for clothing—I have—"

"Run in debt, eh?"

"Yes, sir; but I will never do it again. I will go ragged, if need be, but I will not run in debt."

"Right—right, my boy! But we will fix that all right now. I have been thinking for some time of increasing your pay, and I will do so now—not only so, but I must put it back to where I first thought of it, and that was three months ago. Let's see."

He turned to the desk, as he spoke, and made a few figures on a piece of paper.

"Three dollars a week for thirteen weeks would be thirty-nine dollars," he said. "Will that square you up?"

"O, yes, sir, and more, more, too!"

"Then you shall have that, and hereafter you shall have that amount over each quarter."

He said something more about making me his head clerk at some time, but I did not fully understand him. I received the money, paid the tailor, and when I had reached my home, I had become calm and happy. I told my mother and Lucy of my good fortune, and they wept for joy.

Yet I could not help shuddering fearfully whenever I thought of that terrible vision which came upon me while the tempter was with me. But—let me say it again—'twas an angel's visit.

Years have passed away since that time. Mr. Evered is an old man—my children are his grandchildren; and the store that was once his is now half mine. He has retired, and the other half of the extensive business belongs to Lucy's husband. My mother still lives, and, thank God, can yet bless her son that he has never yet called one drop of sorrow to her life-cup.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE BIBLE.

The following curious parallel will be found interesting:

Bible.—The apostle says: But though I be rude in speech.—2 Cor. xi. 6.

Othello.—Rude am I in speech.

Bible.—Consume thine eyes and to grieve thine heart.—1 Samuel ii. 33.

Macbeth.—Show his eyes and grieve his heart.

Bible.—Thou hast brought me unto the dust of death.—Psal.

Macbeth.—Lighted fools the way to dusty death.

Bible.—Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me.—Sol. Song i. 6.

Merchant of Venice.—Mistake me not for my complexion; its shadowy livery of the burning sun.

Bible.—I smote him, I caught him by his beard and smote him, and slew him.—1 Sam. xvii. 35.

Othello.—I took him by the throat, the circumcised dog, and smote him.

Bible.—Opened Job his mouth and cursed his day; let it not be joined unto the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months.—Job iii. 1, 6.

Macbeth.—May this accursed hour stand, ay, accursed in the calendar.

Bible.—What is man, that thou art mindful of him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, thou hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands.—Psal. viii. 4, 5, 6.

Hamlet.—What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a God! The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals.

Bible.—Nicanor lay dead in his harness.

Macbeth.—We will die with harness on our back.

New York Day Book.

NAPLES AND ITS RULERS.

Nothing is more likely than that a stranger in Naples would at present be deceived as to the public spirit of the country. Wherever it is necessary to mention the name of the king in the presence of the Director of Police, he becomes greatly irritated, and even has recourse to blows, unless the epithet of "Assoluto ed unico Padrone" (absolute and only master) be added. As a case in point, an individual painter, by name Franceseo, under the persuasion that he would be executing a work acceptable to royalty, made a drawing of the celebrated marine machine, which was illuminated on the 30th of May. It had two figures, one of the Immacolata, another of Ferdinando II., each with two inscriptions. Now, it happened that on one side was inscribed "Viva Maria Immacolata, and Viva Ferdinando II.;" on the other, "Viva il nostro unico ed assoluto Padrone," etc. As the painter represented that side of the machine on which the former inscriptions were written, those only were given: whilst the latter inscriptions were omitted. The picture was then presented to his majesty, who condescended to accept it. Immediately afterwards the painter was summoned before the Director of Police, who questioned him as to the motives of his preference for the first inscriptions, and without waiting for his answer, fell upon and beat him in the offices of the ministry. He was afterwards imprisoned, and happy for him was it that he had such a Mæcæus as the Prince Sebastiano, brother-in-law of the king, through whose influence he was liberated.—London News.

Those who, in the common course of the world, will call themselves your friends, or whom, according to the common notions of friendship, you may probably think such, will never tell you of your faults, still less of your weaknesses. But, on the contrary, more desirous to make you their friend than to prove themselves yours, they will flatter both, and, in truth, not be sorry for either.—Chesterfield.

HON. JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM.

We present herewith a portrait of Hon. Joseph T. Buckingham, for many years in the front rank of American journalists, but now living in retirement in this vicinity, enjoying a reputation won entirely by his own exertions. Joseph T. Buckingham was born at Windham, Connecticut, in the year 1779. His father was a patriot of the revolution, and made great pecuniary sacrifices to advance the cause of national independence, so that when he died (in 1783) his family were left in destitute circumstances. The subject of this sketch was placed in the family of a respectable farmer, to which his services were engaged until the age of sixteen. He was very fond of reading, and perused with avidity all the books within his reach. He tells us in his "Personal Memoirs," that he had no doubt he had read the Bible through a dozen times before he was sixteen years old; and he says, "if I deserve a tithe of the credit which some of my too partial friends have bestowed upon some of my productions, I attribute it, in a great measure, to my early familiarity with the language, style, and phraseology of the Bible." In the year 1793, a visit to the Phenix printing-office in Windham produced such an impression on young Buckingham that he resolved to be a printer. During the period of his agricultural service, he received a little, and but very little, schooling; but a few books, which he procured with difficulty, were carefully studied and thoroughly mastered. Some of them were standard English classics, and of course laid the foundation of that pure and vigorous style which characterized even the early efforts of our journalist. On the 5th of March, 1795, he commenced his career as an apprentice, in the office of David Carlisle, at Walpole, N. H. We next find him continuing his apprenticeship in the office of Thomas Dickman, publisher of the Greenfield Gazette, at Greenfield, Massachusetts. After various vicissitudes, he made his way to Boston, arriving February 8, 1800, and immediately found employment in the office of Manning & Loring, then the principal book-printers of the town. In the beginning of the year 1806, while carrying on the printing business for Thomas & Andrews, Mr. Buckingham commenced the publication of a small monthly magazine, called the "Polyanthos." This work was continued for twenty months, then suspended, and afterward resumed. It was illustrated by the best portraits that could then be procured of the prominent characters of the day—actors, divines, statesmen, and generals. Mr. Buckingham wrote all the theatrical criticisms—some of which were severe and caustic. "Mr. Poe," he says,—"the father of the late Edgar A. Poe,—took offence at a remark on his wife's acting, and called at my house to chastise my impertinence, but went away without effecting his purpose. Both he and his wife were performers of considerable merit, but somewhat vain of their personal accomplishments." In 1809, Mr. Buckingham started a weekly paper of sixteen pages, 8vo., called the "Ordeal," Mr. Benjamin Pollard being the responsible editor; it lived only six months, however. The "Comet," in 1814, was another of Mr. Buckingham's publishing experiments. In 1817 he commenced the publication of the "New England Galaxy and Masonic Magazine." Of the difficulties he encountered in the outset we find the following notice in his "Personal Memoirs:" "A wife and six children (the eldest about eleven years old) had no other resource than my labor for their daily bread, clothing, a house for shelter, and the means of education. I had not a dollar wherewith to procure a printing apparatus, ink, paper, etc. Everything



JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM.

was to be got (it got at all) on credit, and of that I had none, except what a few friends gave me for industry and perseverance. A fount of second-hand types was bought of John Elliot, a printer, son of the Rev. Dr. Elliot; and an old press from some one (not a printer), whose name is forgotten, who took my note for one hundred dollars, payable in ninety days, and a mortgage on the press, as collateral security." Mr. Buckingham's own energy and talent, and a long list of able contributors, gave a character to the new enterprise, which commanded general attention. The paper was bold, vigorous, spicy and readable. Social abuses, immoralities, quackeries, cant, hypocrisy, and humbug of every kind, were attacked with a keenness and power of sarcasm and invective, rarely equalled. Some of the parties served up in the Galaxy threatened the publisher with personal chastisement, others manifested their resentment by addressing him anonymous letters, "the usual weapons of blockheads and cowards," as he

justly remarks; but neither open nor covert threat ever induced him to swerve one hair's breadth from the course he had marked out. He was on more than one occasion sued for libel, the plaintiff relying on the common law doctrine, "the greater the truth the greater the libel," and the manner in which he stood up against his adversaries and contended for the freedom of the press, is not the least among his many laurels. In 1820, the latter part of the title of the paper was dropped, and it was continued as the "New England Galaxy," alone. Not only were the original articles in the Galaxy, editorials, paragraphs, romantic and humorous stories and sketches, and poetry excellent, but an additional attraction was given it by the choice selections made from the rich field of European periodical literature, at that time quite inaccessible to the mass. We have recently had occasion to refer to a file of the Galaxy, and on that occasion, our early impression of its sterling value was renewed. On the 2d day of March, 1824, appeared the first number of a daily paper, established by Mr. Buckingham, under the name of the "Boston Courier." It was conducted with vigor and ability, and almost immediately took high rank as one of the leading political and news-journals of the day. It continued the property of Mr. Buckingham until 1848, when he disposed of his interest in it. In 1831 he issued the first number of the "New England Magazine," a work projected by his son, the lamented Edwin Buckingham, a young gentleman of first rate ability and of the fairest promise, who died on returning from a voyage undertaken for the benefit of his health, at the early age of twenty-three. Mr. Buckingham relinquished the magazine soon after his son's death. The magazine was filled with excellent matter, contributed by some of the very best writers of the day. Mr. Buckingham became a member of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association in 1810, and has served it as secretary, trustee, vice president and president. He, also, for ten years filled the office of president of the Bunker Hill Monument Association. He was for two years president of the Middlesex Agricultural Society, and delivered the anniversary address of 1845. He has represented both Boston and Cambridge in the Massachusetts Legislature, and was senator for Middlesex for four years. The brief sketch we have given of his career shows that he has led an active and useful life; and that he has shown himself enterprising, resolute, independent and fearless.

NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS.

The engraving below is an accurate view of the American naval academy at Annapolis, Maryland. It is located in the northeastern part of the city. The tranquil river in the foreground is the Severn. The circular building, surmounted by a flag staff, is the old military fort, now forming the gun-battery and fencing-rooms. To the right is the river front; to the left, part of the recitation hall, the captain's house, and the row of professors' houses. In the distance is seen the government-house and hospital under the trees in front of the professors' houses. Previously to 1845 the naval academy was a military post, called Fort Severn, but in the year mentioned it was transferred to the navy, and in 1850 was organized on its present footing. The intention is to render the institution as valuable to the sea service as West Point has been rendered to the land service, and to afford the midshipmen, who are there trained, a thorough professional education, combined with those accomplishments which make the gentleman and man of the world.



NAVAL ACADEMY AT ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE PLANS OF THE ALLIES.

The plans of the allied forces look to a complete occupancy of the whole peninsula. We shall probably by the time this sheet is passing through the press, learn the result of a formidable expedition known to have proceeded against Odessa, the granary of the Black Sea, and also the fate of Perekop, the key of the Crimea, equally menaced by the allied forces. If these attempts have succeeded, they would have within striking distance, Nicolaieff, with its dockyards, believed by the Russians to be another Sebastopol, and situated about thirty leagues from Odessa, and forty five from Perekop. Nicolaieff would thus be between two fires, and menaced from the north and south. Yet we need not look for thrilling news at every foreign arrival. A campaign is not made up of battles. The tiger watches, and crouches, and waits, and slowly feels his ground before he makes a spring; and an army must entrench itself, wait for the slow accumulation of trains and ammunition, and thoroughly organize its supplies, before it can accomplish brilliant feats of arms. But the allies have much work to do before them, and the experience of the past winter must teach them both caution and promptitude, sure preparation and decisive action, if they would avoid months of suffering and dreary inactivity.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.—The members of that brilliant corps, the Independent Company of Cadets, have subscribed the sum of six hundred dollars for the purpose of erecting a handsome monument in Mount Auburn to their lamented friend and comrade, Lieut. Amory, son of their commander. Lieut. Amory was a noble young man, and universally beloved.

THE BOSTON MUSEUM.—We unhesitatingly declare this to be a model place of amusement. Its plays are of the most interesting and unobjectionable character, and its stores of curiosities unequalled on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Kimball richly merits the extraordinary success which has crowned his liberal management.

ENTERPRISE.—A rogue in New York lately ran away with two frame dwelling-houses from Thompson Street, and a gentleman in Harlem had most of his land stolen and carted away by rogues. Wealth does indeed "take itself wings," when houses and lands are run away with.

THE BEARD MOVEMENT.—Many of the clergy cultivate whiskers, imperials and goatees. We shall see them wearing the moustache next, in spite of brother Chapin.

SPLINTERS.

.... Sixty Scotch girls lately arrived here, imported to work in our factories. They are all tidy, bonnie lassies.

.... The New York State loan of \$1,250,000 has been taken up at a premium from 15 1-2 to 19 per cent.

.... There have been recently large arrivals of immigrants at New York, but of a good class, and bringing large sums of money.

.... The whole amount of taxable property in Philadelphia is estimated by the city commissioners at \$162,734,352.

.... Everybody in Iowa has been building corn cribs this year. The supply of corn is enormous—speed the plough!

.... If you love others they will love you. Few are cross-grained enough to be proof against pure good will.

.... The greatest waste of time is to attempt to display qualities you do not possess. Remember the frog and ox in *Æsop*.

.... Five thousand ladies in New York and Brooklyn spend ten millions a year on their dress. Vanity of vanities!

.... Dr. Kano's fortune is made as a lecturer. What a treat to hear the account of the Arctic regions from his lips!

.... The Cambridge Omnibus Company have sold their line of omnibuses to the Union Railroad Company.

.... The corner stone of the monument commemorative of the Pilgrims' landing will be laid at Plymouth, August 1, 1856.

.... A New York artist has discovered a way of turning plaster of Paris to marble. He will turn his marble to gold.

.... The scientific men at Paris undertake to tell the progress of the war by the barometer. Rather doubtful.

.... In Spotsylvania County, Va., land has been sold lately at thirty cents an acre. A large farm would cost thirty dollars.

.... There is an arsenic spring in California. A colony of suicides are about settling on its banks.

.... A human footprint has been found in a quarry in Maine at the depth of sixty feet in the rock.

.... The New England industrial exhibition of mechanical and decorative art, in this city, was interesting and successful.

.... Boston harbor has been lately swarmed with excellent and good-sized lobsters. Good eating.

.... Harriet Mead cut her throat, in New York, for some secret reason of her own. Aged 23 years.

.... The net profit of the U. S. Agricultural Fair at Boston will be \$15,000 to the society over all expenses.

.... It is hinted at by Paris correspondents that many disaffected people and secret political societies are in existence there.

.... The English and French can't do much with Sebastopol, now that they have taken it at such enormous cost.

.... A pet dog in Lowell, Mass., bit a child there, and was then killed. It is said the child must die!

TRUE HEROISM.

What is true heroism? We must not look for it upon the field of battle. Companionship in danger, the glitter and pomp of war, the waving of plumes and banners, neighing of steeds, the maddening din of cannon and musketry, the crash of military music, the intoxicating fumes of gunpowder, the certainty of renown, the probability of immediate reward for individual prowess—all these incitements combined almost make cowards brave. A brilliant feat of arms, accomplished in a moment of excitement, is enough, as fame goes, to make a hero of the man whose entire life would not bear the test of scrutiny. Men who are fit only to be "food for powder," are good enough heroes for history and the world.

But true heroism must be sought in different scenes. The Christian martyr, clinging to his faith in the face of persecution and death—the poor self-denying woman, who feeds and brings up orphan relatives—the physician and clergyman, who brave pestilence and death, to minister to the comforts, bodily and spiritual, of the dying—the Florence Nightingales—the sisters of charity—these are the world's true heroes and heroines; they are subjects for the poet's pen, the painter's pencil, and the sculptor's chisel—the world's respect, admiration and applause.

We have been led into this train of remark, by reading an account of the reception at Mobile, Alabama, of the mortal remains of two sisters, belonging to a rich family, who died of yellow fever at Norfolk, at the ages of 22 and 34.

Rich and happy in their social relations, they abandoned family, friends and fortune, to devote their existence to suffering humanity. Night and day, for two entire months, they traversed an infected city, lavishing their attentions and their kindness upon strangers, who knew not even the names of these "ministering angels." They had accomplished, as they supposed, their self-imposed mission, and were preparing to return to their relatives and friends, when they heard of a sick family who required their services. To relinquish their preparations for departure, to fly to the relief of the stricken family, cost them not a momentary effort—not a single pang. To watch by the bed of sickness and death was their joy and their glory. They became the victims of this final act of devotion.

"Both," said a letter-writer of Mobile, "came back to the city wrapped in their white shrouds, and wept by all who had listened to the story I have rapidly narrated. After this, deny the immortality of the soul!" They have gone to receive their recompense and their places in the glorious company of saints and martyrs. Such as they are the true heroines of the battle of life.

MADemoiselle RACHEL.

M. Raphael Felix made a great mistake in the management of his sister's business in this city. The price charged for admission to her entertainments was much too high, and the consequence was that, on the second week of her engagement here, the attendance fell off to scarcely the nightly expenses of the company. The Boston Theatre is large enough to afford the price of admission at a low figure, and with a full house, which moderate prices will always command, a heavy nightly receipt can always be realized. High prices are not in accordance with the tastes of Bostonians, who, nevertheless, are liberal patrons of public amusements. The great tragedienne, herself, has made a life long impression among us by her exquisite perfection of detail in the representations of character, her classic and refined taste in costume, her chaste and brilliant elocution,—in a word, by her transcendent genius.

A NEW STATE.—A new star is likely soon to be added to the American constellation. The Legislature of Michigan has passed an act providing for the formation of the new State or Territory of Superior. Michigan gives part and Wisconsin another part to form the new Commonwealth, which is the seat of the great mineral wealth of the nation. Its mines of copper and iron are unsurpassed by any in the world, and it is destined to be one of the most interesting, wealthy and important portions of the Union.

NEW BOSTON HOTEL.—We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column of the *Parker House*. This splendid new hotel has lately been opened by H. D. Parker and J. F. Mills, and is one of the best in Boston. It will be remembered that we lately gave an illustration of the establishment.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.—A writing master of New York, devoting thirty-one months to the task, has written the whole of the Old Testament, with the exception of the Chronicles, on a single sheet of paper. What becomes of his eyes after taxing them as he must have done?

EPIDEMICS.—Dr. Nott says that epidemics are scourges sent by the Almighty, that we have no remedies against them, and that in the face of opposite systems of treatment the percentage of death remains the same.

FOREIGN IMMIGRATION.—During the past year, 340,000 immigrants have landed in the United States, bringing with them \$12,920,00.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—The Philadelphia Ledger asserts that genuine buckwheat cakes ought to have an admixture of oatmeal with them. We never abide oatmeal in any shape.

THE MODERN ATHENS.—It is said that Edmund Kean, the English actor, first gave Boston this title in one of his letters.

BalloU's Pictorial comes to us weekly with a rich table of contents. Its illustrations are admirable.—*Eastern Post*.

GOSSIP ABOUT ART.

A recent number of the New York "Crayon," a truly valuable art journal, which compares not unfavorably with those of Europe, is very severe upon certain impositions practised by dealers in works, so called, of art, particularly bronzes. It is said that many of the statuettes offered for sale as bronzes are made only of zinc, colored and brazed by a particular process. An imposition in the material would be comparatively of little consequence, if it were not that the substitution gives imperfect casts of the models. The zinc shrinks, and that unequally, in cooling, so that we have crooked Venuses, distorted Hercules and bandy-legged Apollos. The influence upon the eyes produced by these untrue images is very bad. The eye and the taste, to be correct, require very careful training. There are painters who, from commencing with bad models, never arrive at the correct delineations of the human figure. There is no hope for a general cultivation of the fine arts, until correct models are popularized, and take the place of the trash that is everywhere imposed upon the public. In this country, there is a very general desire and willingness to encourage art. It has been asserted that money enough is spent in this country for the encouragement of art in the way of purchasing pictures, statues, casts, prints and engravings, to build a church like St. Peters every five years. This feeling only requires proper direction to render this country the chosen home of art. At the present time, much of the money honestly designed for the encouragement of art is literally wasted. Elegant drawing-rooms are filled with daubs in oil which a true connoisseur would turn away from in disgust. If the purchasers of this rubbish did but know it, a fine engraving from an ancient or modern master is worth ten times as much as a gaudy daub in oil; or, rather, the former has a certain intrinsic value, and the latter none at all. Chambers' Journal does no more than justice to the pictorial newspapers, when it ascribes to them an important influence in forming a taste for art. Spirited wood engravings from designs by good artists initiate the public into the mysteries of drawing, light and shade and effect, and those who have made such points their study, will not be likely to be imposed upon in buying pictures; for artists, who can embody these points, rarely fail of producing respectable performances.

A VETERAN.—Among the recent deaths in England, there is one deserving remark, that of General Sir George Thomas Napier, K. C. B., aged 71. He was with Sir John Moore in the Corunna campaign; was beside him in the battle, and by his bed when he died. Napier was with Wellington at Talavera; at the siege of Roderigo was second in command; was at the battle of Orthes, besides several other engagements. He was covered with scars, "but all in the front."

SPLENDID LITHOGRAPH.—L. N. Rosenthal, Philadelphia, has issued a magnificent lithograph, printed in colors, showing the Grand Lodge Room of the Masonic Hall, Philadelphia, an exterior view of which we lately presented in the Pictorial. It was drawn by Max Rosenthal, and is the finest thing of the kind ever got out in America. Copies may be purchased of Frederick Parker, Cornhill.

THE SPORTSMAN'S PORTFOLIO.—Those who desire a copy of this unique and pleasant pictorial gem should enclose us twenty-five cents at once, and receive it by return of mail. We have printed the last edition, and have distributed the forms, so that no more can be had after these are disposed of.

RELIGIOUS STATISTICS.—In the Christian world, there are 170,000,000 Catholics, 90,000,000 Protestants, and 60,000,000 members of the Greek church.

SEBASTOPOL.—At the Bowery Theatre, New York, they have been playing a grand show-piece with this title, which is said to be pro-Russian in its tone.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. King, Mr. James T. Eldredge to Miss Ellen S. Williams; by Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. Ira F. Preston, of Danville, Vt., to Miss Lucretia F. Briggs, of Cambridge; Mr. John H. Wilcox to Miss Anna Chickering; by Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. William S. Merrill, of Salem, to Miss Ellen M. Bradley; by Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. Samuel Wright to Miss Sarah Grey, both of North Bridgewater; by Rev. Mr. Kallach, Mr. James H. Drew to Miss Clara Burton, of Lenox, England.—At East Boston, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Rufus Adams to Miss Eunice S. Goodwin, both of Newburyport.—At Roxbury, Mr. Francis Swift to Miss Abby G. White.—At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Worcester, Ambrose Wager, Esq., of Rhinebeck, N. Y., to Miss Eliza Farless.—At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Putnam, Mr. George W. Bell, of Beverly, to Miss Deborah D. Putnam.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dutton, Mr. Nathan A. Abbott to Miss Artemissa J. Heath; Mr. Josiah S. Heath to Miss Anna J. Quinn.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, Mr. Henry C. Smith to Miss Caroline N. Goodale; by Rev. Mr. Lane, Mr. Samuel T. Davis to Miss Hannah J. Bartlett.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Thomas, Mr. John P. Taylor to Miss Mary H. Gifford.—At Milford, Mr. Henry C. Scott to Miss L. Adelaide Hunt.—At Waterville, Me., by Rev. Dr. Pattison, N. G. H. Pulsifer, M. D., to Miss Ann O. Moor.—At Bangor, Me., Rev. Levi G. Marsh, of Thomaston, to Miss Sarah P. Harlow.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Samuel W. Haley, 47; Mr. Martin Paul, formerly of York, Me., 21; Elijah Willis Munro, 17.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Areminta Faxon, 60.—At Cambridgeport, Dr. A. Laodry.—At Cambridge, Mr. Job Spencer, 66.—At Brighton, Capt. Joseph Warren, 80.—At Salem, Mr. Martin Dunn, 23.—At Marblehead, Mr. Mosca Sweet, 60.—At Lowell, Mr. Benjamin G. Boswell, of Philadelphia, 56.—At East Randolph, Mrs. Elizabeth A., wife of Mr. Jacob Henry Whitcomb, 21.—At Bolton, Mrs. Abby Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Kimball Hayden, 23.—At Weston, Mr. J. Henry Blunt, 21.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Julia M., wife of Mr. James Durfee, 33.—At Southboro', Sept. 15th, Mary A., 7 years 6 months; Oct. 19th, Caleb H., 9 years 6 months—children of Mr. Henry S. and Mrs. Polly Wheeler.—At Edgartown, Mrs. Betsey Vincent, widow of the late Mr. Samuel Vincent, 81.—At Lewiston, Me., Gen. John W. Smith, formerly of Portland, 75.—At Woodstock, Conn., Captain Chandler Robbins Briggs, 54.—At Scarborough, Me., Mr. Robert Hasty, 75.—At Dayton, Me., Nathaniel Dunn, Esq., 90.—At Montpelier, Vt., Deacon Alfred Pitkin.—At Great Falls, N. H., Widow Sally Briard, 83.—At Keene, N. H., Miss Lucretia Dawes, 67.—At New York, Mrs. Catherine, widow of the late Com. Channcey, U. S. N.; Mr. Gideon Howland, formerly of New Bedford, 51.—At Washington, Mr. Elisha Woodbury, formerly of Charlestown, Mass., 58.—At Alton, Ill., Mark Pierson, Esq., formerly of Ipswich, Mass., 43.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Canada has now three thousand four hundred miles of telegraph wire in operation. — The workmen employed in the lime manufactory of E. C. Warner & Sons, West Troy, recently discovered a suspicious looking hole in the railroad bridge crossing the canal at West Troy, and upon examining it they drew therefrom \$2000 in counterfeit money upon the Merchants' Bank, of Salem, Massachusetts. — The Texas debt bill was defeated at the late election by 3000 majority. — Rev. Dr. Bethune lately announced from the pulpit that his church, "The Church on the Heights," in Brooklyn, was free from debt. It has been formed only four years, and during that time there have been raised \$112,000 within the congregation, or about \$30,000 per annum. — Colonel Nathan Boone, the oldest, and the only surviving son of that old pioneer, Daniel Boone, is living in Greene county, Mo. — The returns from twenty counties in Florida show a population for 1855 of 69,374, against 53,062 in the same counties in 1850, being an increase of 10,169 whites and 6218 slaves, and a decrease of 75 in the free colored population. The total number of inhabitants in the State, in 1850, was 87,445. — The grand jury of Utica have refused, by a vote of 13 to 4, to find any indictments under the prohibitory liquor law. — The members of the well-known Catholic order, called "Sisters of Mercy," have recently adopted an entirely new dress. Their attire has always been black, but, at the instance of their superiors, they now wear a dark gray robe, and a white linen hood, with a long loose cap of the same material and color, which renders them quite noticeable in the streets. — A Mr. Brooks recently made an ascension in a balloon, from Rockford, Illinois. Upon his descent, being asked what he saw beneath, during his trip, he answered, "nothing but corn." — George Peabody, Esq., of London, has authorized Messrs. Duncan, Sherman & Co., of New York, to present \$500 to the sufferers at Norfolk, Va. — In Rouge River Valley there is great excitement at the present time amongst the Indians. Some horrible murders have been committed near Yreka, and several parties have come to this valley in search of the Indians whom they charge the crime to. Appearances indicate that the valley will shortly be plunged in a war. The people about Yreka are highly exasperated. — Copper ore has recently been found in South Western Virginia, in the valley, a few miles south of Jeffersonville, Tazewell county. It is the greatest discovery yet made in the State. — The orphan asylum, one of the handsomest buildings in Savannah, was lately destroyed by fire, but the inmates, though asleep, were all saved. Insured \$10,000. — The Eriessan made a passage from New York to Southampton in 13 days and 15 hours, and to Bremen in 16 days. On a former trip the Eriessan consumed only 21 1-2 tons of coal daily. — The Presbyterian church and society in East Boston have commenced the erection of a new church edifice on the corner of Meridian and Liverpool Streets. The building is to be of wood, of the Romanesque style of architecture, 70 by 44 feet in dimensions. — A trial for breach of marriage promise, in the Fleming court, Kentucky, resulted in an award to the plaintiff of \$6000. — Mr. Thompson of Kansas has just completed a prairie ship or wagon, to be propelled by wind, in which he proposes to make a voyage to the Rocky Mountains. Thirty passengers will embark in June next on the voyage. — Several weeks have now elapsed since Mr. Winchester ascended in a balloon at Norwalk, Huron county, Ohio, and no tidings of his fate have been received. There cannot be much doubt of his loss. Most probably he descended in the lake and perished. His family reside in Milan, Ohio, and their anxiety may be easily imagined. — Capt. Nye, the popular commander of the steamship Pacific, will retire from the service on his return from his present voyage, and Capt. Eldredge will succeed him. — We learn from Washington that instructions have been sent to Mr. Belmont to postpone the action of this government in regard to the Sound dues for two years, in order that Denmark may be enabled to extricate herself from the difficulties with which she is at present surrounded. — A down east paper has come to the sage conclusion that Jonah got "sucked in" when he suddenly found himself swallowed by a whale.

THE ART OF ARTS.

The Dutch lay claim to the credit of having first invented the art of printing. A writer, arguing her claim, says it is demonstrated on sufficient and satisfactory grounds, that Laurens Koster, and not John Guttenberg, invented the art of printing with moveable letters, about the year 1424; and that John Faust, a servant of Koster, took with him the implements for printing which he knew how to provide from his master, and fled to Mayence, in Germany. There, aided by his nephew, John Schoffer, he brought the art to greater perfection, particularly when, afterwards, he went into partnership with Guttenberg. He substituted metallic letters instead of the wooden ones before employed, and so added improvement to the art actually invented by Koster!

CASTING FROM LIFE.—The Washington Star says it is designed to use, in completing the ornamental work of the Capitol extension, bronze castings of various things in nature particularly American. A competent caster from nature has lately been found, who has made a cast of a copper-headed snake, coiled and ready to strike, said to be most perfect and life-like—every curve and scale being preserved with a striking fidelity to nature. It possesses besides artistic merit of a very high order.

BAD LUCK.—I never knew, says a popular writer, an early rising, hard-working, prudent man, honest and careful of his earnings, who complained of bad luck. Good character, good habits, good industry, seem impregnable to the assaults of ill luck.

Wayside Gatherings.

In Chicago, \$56,400 have been subscribed towards constructing a tunnel under the Chicago River.

The area seen of the great polar sea by Dr. Kane, is estimated at three thousand miles. When the charts, now in course of preparation, are completed, it is thought the area will prove greater.

A man named Henry Hart was taken before Recorder Smith, of New York, and sentenced to thirty days imprisonment, and to pay a fine of \$250, as a penalty for refusing to answer a question propounded by the Grand Jury.

A Russian named Pfeil, at Milwaukee, lost his wife, a Brahmin woman, and attempted to burn her body, according to her dying request. He had collected and arranged sixteen cords of wood, when the sheriff interfered and prevented the conflagration.

From what can be ascertained, nothing will be done with the Governorship of Utah until the meeting of Congress. It is the opinion of those most conversant with affairs, that it will be necessary to station a strong military force there.

The Havana correspondent of the New York Herald states that Morales, who was recently convicted at Havana of having in his possession certain revolutionary documents, has been sentenced to death by the garote, and not to the chain gang, as first reported.

The last bogus concern which Mr. Comptroller Cook, of New York, has crushed, is the "Tontine Insurance Company" of New York city. It was organized last May by the "president" and "secretary" giving John Thompson \$2500 for allowing \$200,000 to lie in bank to their credit for three or four days.

Prof. Eminons, the State geologist of New York, has traced in the valley of the Adirondack, for a distance of two and a half miles, a bed of rich iron ore. He says there might be procured within two feet of the surface, seven million tons of ore, which would make three million tons of superior iron.

Two new guano islands are said to have been discovered off the coast of Guayaquil, one of which is reported to contain 43,000 tons of guano, and the other, 12,000 tons. The parties who are alleged to have discovered the islands were in negotiation at Guayaquil for an American vessel to proceed to the islands.

The militia force of the United States—omitting Iowa and the territories of New Mexico, Oregon and Washington—according to the Army Register for 1854, amounted to 2,259,037 men. Of the men enrolled, New York furnishes the largest number, 289,307 men, and California the next largest number, 201,400 men.

Spurious indigo is said to be very common in the commercial markets. The test of genuineness is to rub its surface with the finger nail or any hard substance, when the genuine article will show a coppery or bronze color, varying in brightness according to the quality of the article; the spurious article is devoid of this.

The Waldenses have commenced a church in Nice, which it is expected will be completed in the spring. They have commenced one at Genoa; the one at Turin is successful. These are the beginnings of a new era, and remarkably illustrate the providence which has preserved this interesting people unconsumed in the furnace.

Alvarez, one of the successful revolutionists in Mexico, is said to be fitting out a navy at San Francisco. It is reported that he has purchased two barks and two schooners, which are being quietly fitted out, and will soon sail for the Mexican coast. An ex-post-captain in the French navy has received the appointment of admiral-in-chief.

Frederick Miller, the German who murdered Dr. Hadel and young Graf, at Cumberland, Md., returned to the doctor's office after the deed was done, and took up his lodging there on Sunday night, sleeping in the doctor's bed. A person called at the office, but the German put his head out of the window, and told the individual the doctor had gone into the country.

A letter from Sebastopol, in the Frankfort Gazette, states that the sunken Russian ships can be raised without difficulty, as the Russians closed them in every part but one, and attached hose to the hulls so that water could be pumped out when required. The letter recommends that divers should be employed to seek for the hose, in order to draw off the water, and enable the ships to rise.

The steamboat law, though deemed at first very strict and burdensome, has proved to be a valuable safeguard to the public. The United States inspectors of the St. Louis district, state that within their district no explosion has yet taken place of boilers constructed in conformity to the law; nor do they believe that any have occurred in the whole country.

The Seine is a very useful river. It supplies the city of Paris with drinking water, and enables about ten thousand washwomen to purify the dirty linen of the population. Besides that, the sewers all empty into it, men and women bathe in it, and it furnishes the *Morgue* with tenants. One day lately three dead bodies were taken out of the Seine.

Captain Throop, of the steamer Ontario (Lake Ontario), has invented a new form of buckets to the paddle wheels of steamers, and applied them to his boat. The Oswego Palladium says that the Ontario has, with these buckets, which are made to dip the water, made better time and consumed less fuel than any other boat on the lake.

A Nantucket whaling vessel has discovered a new island in the South Pacific Ocean. It is situated about two hundred and fifty miles south of Desolation Island, and the ship which encountered it, took from it, in less than a week's time, four hundred barrels of sea elephant oil. Two other ships are said to be now in course of preparation to return thither, for the purpose of profiting by this valuable discovery.

It has been ascertained that the newly erected round-house of the Central Railroad, at Albany, possesses all the wonders of the whispering gallery in England. Standing under the dome, a whisper enunciated can be heard at any extremity of the building. The dome is traversed with thousands of iron rods, which support it, and it is said that these are a cause for the peculiarity noticeable.

The French are building six immense structures at Constantinople, which they call hospitals. They are of massive construction, and admirably arranged as hospitals, but they will, at the same time, make splendid barracks, and by no means contemptible forts, or places of defence. The Turks view them with great sorrow, if not with more indignant feelings, for they are convinced the *Giaour* never again intends to leave Stamboul.

A Baltimorean writes recently from London to a friend in his native city in the following terms:—"I leave this city for Paris on the first of September. I wish to be at home. From all that I have seen we are far in advance of England. We have more comfort, more happiness; and every one that visits England, returns more contented than ever with his own country. I am more of an American than I ever was in my life. I see every day the advantages of our free institutions."

Foreign Items.

The co-executors for the poet Campbell's monument in Westminster Abbey, have contradicted the report that the British nation had accepted the monument without fair payment.

By imperial decree, the new Boulevard de Strasbonrg, with its continuation, the Boulevard de Centre, towards the left bank of the Seine, is to take the name of the Boulevard de Sebastopol.

Italy seems to be rife for revolt. The King of Naples, anticipating the coming storm, is withdrawing his capital from the Neapolitan and investing it in the Dutch and American funds.

The deaf and dumb establishment at Paris has been taken, as a national institution, under the protection of government. The empress has manifested unusual interest in their welfare.

A young soldier of the second European regiment at Madras has carried off a prize of 3500 rupees, offered by a native prince for the best translation of an English work on midwifery into the Hindustani language.

Owing to the scarcity of brandy, required for the use of the army, the Russian government has ordered its admission free of import duty to the governments of Ekaterinoslav, Kherson, Taurida and Bessarabia.

A man died at Perth, lately, from the effects of drinking six quarts of porter, which he had swallowed in the course of fourteen minutes—having laid a wager that he would do so in a quarter of an hour.

The number of Wesleyan Methodists in Great Britain is 360,888; in Ireland, 18,749; and at the foreign missionary stations, 76,071—being a total of upwards of four hundred and fifty thousand. The net decrease during the last year is 2346.

The young king of Portugal is rendering himself popular with the troops and people generally, by visiting barracks, hospitals, etc., when least expected, and not sparing his censures of unsatisfactory rations or other irregularities.

The fortune left by the late Baron Diedrich, of Vienna, to his grandson, Prince Sulkowsky, amounts to eighteen millions of florins (\$3,000,000). There were found in the cellar twenty two bags, each containing 1000 ducats in gold, and in different chests securities out of date, and lost, for a sum of 133,000 florins.

Sands of Gold.

.... The east expands, the north concentrates images.—*Fuseli*.

.... The most cruel revenge is the disdain of a possible vengeance.—*Balzac*.

.... Some seek renown as the Parthians sought victory—by seeming to fly from it.—*Fuseli*.

.... The truly generous is the truly wise; and he who loves not others, lives unblest.—*Horne*.

.... There is some soul of goodness in things evil, would men observingly distil it out.—*Shakespeare*.

.... In proportion as we ascend the social scale, we find as much mud there as below, only it is hard and gilded.—*Balzac*.

.... The fewer the traces that appear of the means by which any work has been produced, the more it resembles the operation of nature, and the nearer it is to sublimity.—*Fuseli*.

.... There are some persons who have the privilege of being among men like beneficent stars whose light irradiates souls, and whose rays warm hearts.—*Balzac*.

.... If a man does not make new acquaintance as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.—*Johnson*.

.... Those who have resources within themselves, who can dare to live alone, want friends the least, but, at the same time, best know how to prize them the most.—*Colton*.

.... The paths of virtue are plain and straight, so that the blind, persons of the meanest capacity, shall not err. Dishonesty requires skill to conduct it, and as great art to conceal—what 'tis every one's interest to detect.—*Sterne*.

.... He that can enjoy the intimacy of the great, and on no occasion disgust them by familiarity, or disgrace himself by servility, proves that he is as perfect a gentleman by nature as his companions are by rank.—*Colton*.

.... The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is the calmest in storms, and whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is the most unflinching.—*Channing*.

Joker's Budget.

Why is the hour between ten and twelve at long odds? Because it's ten to one.

"Small thanks to you," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this case." "Ah, sir," replied the conscientious witness, "but just think of what I *didn't* say."

"They don't make as good mirrors as they used to," remarked an old maid, as she observed a sunken eye, wrinkled face, and livid complexion in a glass that she usually looked into.

An Eastern editor, in an obituary on a young lady who had recently died, closed by saying: "She had an amiable temper, and was uncommonly fond of ice cream and other delicacies."

Mike, yesterday, said he was going to move from the house he then occupied. Sealy asked him: "What for?" Mike's answer was: "I don't like the *vicinity*." Tucker then ejaculated: "Don't like the *vice* in it, eh?" Mike thought Tucker personal.

We met a fool in the forest, says Punch, who had the audacity to ask us the following conundrum: Why cannot the proprietor of this forest fell his own timber? Because no one is allowed to cut when it's his own deal.

It is rather a curious incident that when the Americans sent Dr. Franklin, a printer, as minister to France, the court of Versailles sent M. Girard, a book-binder, as minister to Congress. When Dr. Franklin heard of it—"Well," said he, "I'll print the Independence of America, and M. Girard will bind it."

The editor of the Nebraska City News, having just finished a melon weighing about thirty pounds, winds up an article upon the subject in the following manner:—"We understand that Skopendike proposes establishing a grist mill back of his patch, to be run entirely by water-melon juice."

Editorial Casuistry.—A Pennsylvania editor says:—"Somebody brought one bottle of sourd water into our office, with the request to notice it as Lemon Beer. If Esau was green enough to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage, it does not prove that we will tell a four shilling lie for five cents."

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements. The immense circulation of the Pictorial (being over one hundred thousand copies weekly) forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the Pictorial, as an advertising medium is, that it is preserved, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the inside of the paper) becomes a permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.

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TOWN OF BAGTCHESERAI, ONE OF THE CAPITALS OF THE CRIMEA, AND HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE RUSSIANS.

CRIMEAN SCENES

The engravings on this page represent two striking views in the Crimea. The first shows the Bagtcheserai, which is thoroughly oriental in its character; minarets and domes meet the eye in every direction. One of the former is shown conspicuously in the left hand of our engraving, with the clumsy gallery, in which stands the muezzin to proclaim the hour of prayer. The town is seen straggling and scattered up and down the sides of the steep hills. In the foreground is a group in the oriental costume, the veiled figure on horseback being a female. The principal street is nearly

three quarters of a mile in length, and here the little open shop of the tailors, shoemakers, bakers, locksmiths and the kalpac-makers are seen, with their proprietors sitting cross-legged, in Eastern fashion, and working and selling at the same time. Our second view exhibits the ancient palace of the Khans, which has been occupied by Prince Menschikoff. It is a fine specimen of the old Turkish architecture. Our readers will notice the characteristic minarets, the open galleries, so pleasant a promenade in the cool of the day and on fine evenings, and the refreshing fountain on the right of the picture. The gateway, seen in the range of the build-

ings, divides them into two portions one story high, the windows filled with carved woodwork, and ornamented with arabesques, painted in vivid colors. Right and left on entering are ranges of apartments, which all open on a long gallery, whence there is a good view of the interior court and the groups of fantastic buildings raised irregularly around it. At the entrance of the second court on the left is the Iron Gate, leading to the principal apartments, on which is an inscription declaring it to have been built by Menghli Geray Khan, who conquered the Crimea in 1480, and was acknowledged as its sovereign by the Turks.



PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF'S PALACE, AT BAGTCHESERAI—INTERIOR COURT.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
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THE FOUNTAIN HOUSE, MEDFORD.

It is pleasant to find here and there, scattered about the country, some tangible memorial of the olden time, and these landmarks are passing away so fast that it is well to record their features before they are lost to us forever. It was with this view that we commissioned our artist, Mr. William Wade, to sketch for us the "Fountain House," in Medford, alluded to in Rev. Charles Brooks's history of that pleasant and thriving town. It was built as early as 1725, on what was then a great thoroughfare between Boston and Salem, in the days of baggage wagons, coaches and travelling in gig and saddle. It has certainly an old world look, with its quaint narrow windows, and its immemorial trees, stand-

ing like giant sentinels before the door. These two trees had each formerly a platform in its branches, perched on which convivial parties enjoyed their glass and gossip, before other recreations were substituted in their place. The tavern licenses in the old time were issued by the court in the following form:—"A. B. of ——— is permitted to sell liquors unto such sober minded neighbors as he shall think meet, so as he sell not less than the quantity of a gallon at a time to one person, and not in smaller quantities by retail to the occasioning of drunkenness." The original sign of the Fountain House represented two men shaking hands, and called palaverers, and hence it was at first styled the Palaver Tavern. We believe a similar sign was displayed by a public

house at the north end of Boston. Perhaps the sign in Boston was the identical one which had first served for the Medford tavern, and was replaced by a representation of a fountain discharging punch into a mammoth bowl, which caused a change of title to the Fountain House. Taverns in the olden time served for a variety of purposes besides affording "entertainment for man and beast." They served as places for marketing, for political caucuses, military drills, balls, exhibitions, and dancing schools in short, they were places of general resort. The change in the system of travelling has done more than anything else to undermine the prosperity of old fashioned taverns, and the country tavern is no longer what it used to be.



THE FOUNTAIN HOUSE, MEDFORD.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

THE VISCOUNT:

—OR—

BARBARIGO THE STRANGER.

A TALE OF MILAN DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY AUSTIN C. MURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.]

The fat father started away as he spoke, and shortly afterwards the duke went into his palace. It was some ten minutes after this that the monk returned. He wore a look of alarm upon his face.

"Well," was the duke's first remark, "whom did you find?"

"No one, signor," returned the monk.

"I meant for you to go to the middle dungeon beneath the citadel."

"And there I went, but no one was there."

"Are you speaking truly now?"

"In good faith I am. But here comes the captain of the guard. Perhaps he may enlighten you."

As the friar spoke, the officer entered. He was pale and agitated, and seemed stricken with fear.

"Now, Lawrence," cried the duke, addressing his officer, "what of your prisoner?"

"He's gone, my lord."

"Gone!"

"Yes, signor duke. We placed him within the dungeon, and I turned the key and threw the bolts myself. The next I knew of him, our good and holy father, here, came and demanded admittance. Of course I granted it. In a few moments the father came back and reported that the prisoner was gone. I immediately searched the place all through, but could find nothing of him."

"Blame not your guard, signor duke," said the monk. "You can retire, Lawrence."

The captain turned away, and as soon as he was gone the holy father resumed:

"Now, my royal son, let me advise you to beware of that man—the prisoner, I mean—for if I mistake not, he possesses a power for evil greater than your own. But of one thing I can assure you: if he promised you evil you will most assuredly receive it, and if he promised you well, you may depend upon safety. Trust him, but do not attempt to do him harm."

"Then you know the man?"

"I am sure that he must have been Barbarigo."

"Ay—that is his name; and he is called 'the stranger.'"

"And he is a stranger," added the monk. "No one knows whence he comes, nor whither he goes. He appears to whom he pleases, but none know him. He is a strange man, and if he has taken an interest in your affairs, 't will be well for you to follow his counsel."

"But how know you all this?" the duke asked, with a searching glance into his companion's face.

"From what I have heard of his doings. Barbarigo went once to Pietro Moreno's, and bade that nobleman set a female free whom he kept against her wishes. Moreno did not heed the warning, and he was shortly missing. And in other cases the same things have happened. However, you can do as you please."

"And so I shall," uttered the duke, proudly. "By the holy host, the Duke of Milan bows not to any man of earth!"

At this juncture a summons came from the council that the duke was wanted—and he went; but through all his deliberations of the day, the figure of Barbarigo presented itself, and the thought of that strange man gave him more fear than he was willing to own, even to himself.

CHAPTER VIII.

A STARTLING MEETING.

THE deep-toned bell of the cathedral at Crema was tolling the hour of midnight just as Francesco and his party came within sight of the town. The air was damp and chilly, but Julia had a good mantle and she noticed it not—only she was somewhat worn and fatigued. At the gate by which they were obliged to enter, they found a sentinel who simply looked at them and then allowed them to pass. The marquis found an inn without difficulty, where himself and party as well as the horses could be well cared for. They were conducted to a respectable drawing-room, where they were to wait until beds could be selected and prepared.

Both Lucetta and Pietro seemed to have the same thought upon their minds, for as soon as they came to the light of the lamps they instantly recognized each other with a gaze of earnest inspection. And they both seemed satisfied, too, for surely Lucetta was a lovely girl, and Pietro was by no means devoid of manly beauty. His hair was of a light brown and curly, and his bright gray eyes sparkled with an intelligence and quickness of wit that was not to be mistaken. And, moreover, he was a powerful man, and built after the most approved style of physical manhood. There is something in the bosom of woman that leads her instinctively towards the powerful man, when goodness and nobleness give that power force. Her ideal of man is the protector and shield—something upon which she can lean for support, and upon which she can rest in the hour of trial. She can love the mere stripling, and all the love of her generous soul may be poured out upon the man who is no more powerful in physical mould

than herself, but that peculiar feeling of safety—that sense of repose—that confidence of respect and reverence—must be given to the strong, athletic man.

So Lucetta felt now that she had a protector on the road—a friend who would stand by her, and in whom she could trust in time of danger; and, under this feeling, her face brightened, and when Pietro smiled she smiled in return. There was a strange power in that mutual smile. It was a question asked and answered. It was a whole colloquy performed on the instant. In that smile Pietro Caravello asked for trust, for friendship, for a mutual understanding and good faith. And Lucetta, when the bright answer beamed upon her pretty face, meant a simple affirmative to all these.

And Pietro advanced and extended his hand—and Lucetta gave him hers trustfully.

"Come," said the man, "you need rest now. Here is a seat."

"I am tired," answered the maid; and as she spoke she went and sat down by Pietro's side.

In the meantime Francesco had been attending to Julia, and they, too, had seated themselves.

"So far on our journey in safety, love," the marquis said, taking the maiden's hand, and gazing tenderly into her face.

"Yes, Francesco," returned Julia, speaking as hopefully as possible. "And we may reach our destined haven all unharmed."

"O—we shall. What can harm us now?"

"I know of nothing."

"Nor do I; and surely we will not try to conjure up danger and trouble. Let us hope for the best."

"And be prepared for the worst," added Julia.

"No—no," quickly responded the marquis; "we'll prepare for nothing of the kind, for we won't believe that any such thing can come."

Julia smiled faintly, but made no reply, and before her lover could speak again the host came in and announced that their beds were ready.

Julia and Lucetta slept together, and though they were usually very talkative when together alone, yet they spoke but little now. The maid saw that her mistress was burdened with thought, and she did not break in upon her meditations. Lucetta was soon asleep, and she slept soundly; and when she dreamed, it was of Pietro Caravello, and of the sweet smile he had given her, and of the kind words he had spoken. She was very happy in her dreams. Julia slept not so easily, and when she did at length fall into an uneasy slumber, she dreamed of those dismal ruins of the lone convent, and the screech of the night-bird startled her continually. And once she heard her mother wailing upon the jagged walls, and calling for her lost child. With a quick, sharp cry she started up and flung her arms out as though she would flee to the phantom of her dream. Lucetta awoke and asked what was the matter.

"My mother," whispered Julia, spasmodically.

"And what of her?" asked the faithful girl, placing her arm about the neck of her mistress.

Julia gazed half wildly about her, and then looked into her companion's face.

"Do you think my mother wanted me to come?" she asked, eagerly.

"Surely she did."

"Ah! I wish I was with her now, for I do not—"

She stopped, and with her hands clasped over her eyes she sank back upon her pillow. But in a moment more she sat up again, and in quick, anxious tones, she said:

"I did not mean it, Lucetta. I love Francesco, and I will go with him. But—if my mother could go with us—"

Gently Lucetta drew her mistress back upon her pillow, and in a sweet, winning tone she whispered:

"Your mother prays for you, and believes you will be happy. She has sacrificed much, but she did it cheerfully, knowing that with her your peace would never be secure. Remember how much you owe to her noble, generous self-deprivation. Sunshine and smiles are coming. It is night now, but 'twill not always be night."

Julia blessed her gentle maid, and then tried to sleep once more. The morning dawned fair and beautiful, and at an early hour Julia was up and dressed. She had not rested much during the night, but she assumed a cheerful look before she met her lover, and he was well pleased. Breakfast was eaten, and by six o'clock the party were on their way. The route was a pleasant one, and the hills and vales were all clothed in the richest verdure. They crossed the Oglio at Orzinovi, and reached the banks of the Garza at noon, where they found a small village with a single inn. At this inn, however, they found all they could wish for, and here they remained nearly two hours, to allow their horses to rest, for the middle of the day was warm, and the marquis could find no opportunity to exchange horses, a plan which he had hoped to execute here, for he wished to be on the road. However, he had to put up with the disappointment, and if he felt any uneasiness he did not show it.

"Now," he said, as the horses were brought to the door, "we are off for Verona."

"Ay," answered Pietro, "and we have got to go by the way of Peschiera, for we cannot cross the Mincio below there."

"Are you sure of this?" asked the marquis, with surprise and evident uneasiness.

"Yes. The bridge at Castiglione is gone, and every boat is washed away; and at Palazzo the same thing has happened. Of course you won't go south of that."

"Never mind," cried Francesco, leaping into his saddle. "Peschiera is the best route and the nearest, so off we go."

He spoke so cheerfully that Julia took confidence, and during

the afternoon she was quite cheerful and happy. It was dusk when they reached Peschiera, but the marquis did not plan to stop in the town. He made himself known to the captain of the guard, and was allowed to pass through. As soon as they had crossed the river, they entered upon the wide road leading to Verona, and put their horses into a gallop.

The stars were all out, and the way was clear. To the left the towering summits of the Tyrolean Alps lifted themselves against the starry sky, and the breeze came down fresh and cool. At nine o'clock the murmur of the swift rushing waters of the Adige could be heard, and in an hour more the turrets and spires of Verona were in sight. Even the horses seemed to know that they were near their journey's end for the day, and with glad snorts they hurried on. The marquis entered the city without difficulty, and ere long, Julia began to recognize, even in the gloom, many familiar scenes of her childhood's home. There was the old church of St. Zeno, with its time worn walls, and anon she passed St. Anastasius, with its marble columns and monuments.

At length the marquis reached the hotel where he had planned to stop, and at once saw that Julia and her maid had a private drawing room. Then he went down and gave Pietro directions concerning the horses. After this he joined the females, whom he found free from their travelling dresses, and seated. Julia had again become sad and thoughtful, and the marquis only stopped to speak a few words of cheer, and then kissing her tenderly, he bade her good night, for he feared that it was fatigue that made her sad.

Francesco had descended to the lower hall, and was just turning into the office, when a man approached him and spoke.

"The Marquis of Lodi, is it not?" said the man.

He was a perfect stranger to Francesco, but he was dressed well and had the appearance of station and rank.

"Have you business with the marquis?" asked our hero, eyeing the stranger sharply.

"I have information for him," replied the other, coolly.

"Ah—what is its nature?"

"First—are you the marquis?"

Francesco hesitated, but he could not think of harm yet, and he resolved to be frank.

"I am the marquis," he said.

"So I thought. And you have lately come from Milan?"

"Of course. That is my home."

"So I was aware."

"And now for your business?"

"O—I simply can inform you that you have a friend here who wishes to see you much."

"Here in the house?"

"No—at the Consiglio."

"Who is it?"

"I cannot tell you. But if you will follow me, I will lead you to him."

The marquis hesitated for a long while ere he consented to this arrangement, but he finally concluded to go; first, because he had some curiosity to know who could wish to see him; and second, because he had no desire to be called upon where he was, lest Julia should be recognized by those who might make trouble.

So he followed the stranger into the street, and ere long they reached the Consiglio palace. The marquis was conducted into one of the smaller drawing-rooms, and there requested to wait a moment. Gradually a strange presentiment of evil stole over him, and he was beginning to wish that he had not come, when the door was opened. He raised his eyes, and a startling groan broke from his lips.

The Count of Monza stood before him!

CHAPTER IX.

THE CHALLENGE.

THE marquis was thunderstruck. He started from his chair, and for some moments the two stood regarding each other in silence. Loredano was the first to speak.

"You didn't expect to see me here, signor marquis," he said, with an irony that he did not attempt to conceal.

Francesco resolved to wait for some good cause before he allowed himself to become angry, so he simply replied:

"I did not expect to see you."

"No—I suppose not. And I suppose, too, you would gladly escape me now."

"Escape you, signor count? Why should I escape you?"

"You should know best."

"Then I know nothing at all, for I do assure you that you are one of the last men I should think of escaping from."

"Ha! Say ye so! By my faith, signor, you know not for what I have come. I left Milan this morning."

A quick shudder stole over Francesco's frame. 'Twas not fear for himself, but something whispered to him of danger to Julia.

"And I came to seek you," the count added, casting a searching glance into the face of the other.

"And wherefore should you seek me?"

"To punish you."

"Speak plainly, signor count."

"I have so spoken. I have come to punish thee."

"Yet I am in the dark."

"Then I'll speak clearer. I have come to prove to thee that thou art not the man for Donna Julia's husband."

"Go on," pronounced Francesco, now firm as steel, for his soul was up.

"You have taken that lady away, and I have come to prove my right to her hand. The noble duke gave me that hand for my own, and I must have it."

"And I have a prior claim," cried the marquis. "Julia was my betrothed years ago, and from her own lips I received my pledge. What more would ye?"

"What is her pledge compared with her noble father's will? Do you imagine the world will ever see a Visconti and a Della Torre united? But I have no words for argument. When you brought off the finest child of Visconti, you basely insulted the whole house, and to me you must answer. Do you understand me now?"

"You mean that I must fight with you."

"Precisely."

"I seek no quarrel, signor count, nor shall I sneak away from one."

"You cannot avoid the battle unless you are a coward."

"—sh! Do not speak so, or my sword may leap from its scabbard of its own accord. I tell you, Marco Loredano, I am not the man to refuse you battle."

"Then you give me hope, for your punishment rests with me."

"Let's say no more, count, but go at the work. You may say too much, and God knows that is not one of the traits of a brave man."

The count bit his lips with vexation, but he knew that he was wrong, and he changed the subject.

"When shall it be?" he asked.

"Let it be at midnight—in this very room," returned Francesco. "I will be here at that time."

"It shall either be here or in some handy place," added the count. "Of course you will not disappoint me."

"I shall be here when the clock strikes twelve," returned Francesco, proudly; "and I shall bring my squire with me."

"Well, signor—well. I shall be here."

And with that the marquis turned from the apartment and was soon in the street. He reached his own hotel just as the moon was rising, and he knew it was nearly eleven. He went first to his own chamber, where he found Pietro, to whom he communicated all that had passed.

"He fight with you, my master?" uttered the stout serving-man. "By San Marco, I look to see him bravely cured of his error. Why, he don't know you."

"I think he mistakes me, Pietro; but yet he is a good swordsman—one of the best in Milan."

"I know it; but what is he to you?"

"We cannot tell yet, my good fellow. But make everything ready. Get your own weapon, and see that mine is firm in the hilt. I must be busy. First, though, you may run down and get another lamp, for I must write a few lines."

Pietro hurried away, and the marquis opened his portmanteau and took therefrom an ink horn, a quill, and some parchment. When his attendant returned, he was set to making preparations, while the master sat down to the table. The marquis wrote a few lines to the duchess—a few to his father, and then he wrote a simple sentence to Julia. These he folded and sealed, and handed to Pietro.

"You will see to whom they belong," he said, "and if I fall you will deliver them. You will understand how to explain all the rest."

Francesco's next work was the hardest of all. He went to Julia's door and knocked.

"Who's that?" asked Lucetta.

"The marquis," returned Francesco.

In a few moments the door was opened and the knight was admitted. Julia was already fearful, but she could detect no signs of fear upon the face of her lover. He sat down and told her all that had occurred since he last saw her. She turned pale as death and bowed her head upon her hands.

"And must you go?" she asked.

"You see it all, my love," returned the marquis, calmly.

Those were days when such conflicts were not only common, but looked upon as absolutely necessary to the well-being of society. The man who would have refused to fight a duel, would have been spurned by his best friends, at least, if there was the least ground for the quarrel. The duke sanctioned it because it saved him the trouble of countless adjudications; and the people sanctioned it because they fancied their persons and friends were more secure from insult and harm. Julia knew all this, and she dared not ask her lover to flee.

"Alas!" she murmured, "this is the end of my terrible dreams! O, why must it be? Is there not some way of escape?"

"Escape from what, dearest?"

"This battle."

"But why should I escape from it? Do you imagine that the count can harm me?"

"O! I know not. But—"

"Come, come, Julia. Let not your fears run away with you thus. There is nothing to fear yet. At all events, let your soul be turned to God until I return to you. You would not see me dishonored!"

"But where is the provocation? Where is the ground for this quarrel? There must be just reason for a duel, ere there can be dishonour in refusing to engage in it."

"Ah, the world will hold here provocation enough. You know your hand had been promised to Loredano by the duke. He professes to love you—he is of the dominant house, and is entitled to consideration. I have eloped with you clandestinely; and now the count comes and demands a settlement of the claim. Perhaps I might give you up and save the duel; but my heart's blood is of no use to me without yourself. But time presses—I shall surely come safe back. Weep not—O! for the love you bear me, let me not see you weep. One kiss. There—God bless you!"

And with these words the marquis left the room; and ere long he and Pietro were in the street.

"Who is that man?" asked the esquire, pointing to a dark figure just moving towards the hotel they had left.

"Perhaps a guard," answered the marquis, not in a mood to take much note of strange things.

"He has a sneaking movement for a guard, my master."

Francesco instinctively cast his eyes back to observe the man in question once more, but he had gone from sight, and he hurried on again.

For some time after her lover had gone, Julia remained sitting where the marquis had left her. It had not been more than ten minutes, and Lucetta was just urging her to retire again, when the door was unceremoniously opened, and Marco Loredano entered. Julia started back in affright, and even Lucetta was for the moment powerless. But a dignified sense of wrong lent the maiden power, and she confronted the count.

"Signor Loredano, what means this?" she uttered, moving a step further back.

"Be not offended, signora," the count replied, smoothly. "I have come to see that you were safe."

"And what have you to do with my safety?"

"Much, signora—much. Your noble father has sent me for you."

"Sent you? My father? How mean you?"

"Is it not plain?"

"Not unless you act the villain. Have you not challenged the marquis to fight with you?"



JULIA'S UNEXPECTED MEETING WITH THE COUNT.

"I have."

"And did you not give him to understand that that was to settle his claim to my hand?"

"Our meeting, signora, is on our private account. Your return to your father is nothing of mine. In that I only act as his agent. But I have not time to spend now, for I must be at our place of meeting. I only came now to see that you were safe, for I much feared that Della Torre might hide you after having seen me. You will be ready to accompany me back to Milan in the morning."

"Never, sir—never!" pronounced Julia, deeply and calmly.

"But I must."

"You cannot."

"Cannot!"

"No."

"Why?"

"I have protectors here."

"And so have I," said the count, drawing his dagger as he spoke. "Such as this."

There was something in the glittering beams of the count's cold eyes as he made this movement, that struck terror to the maiden's soul. She saw in that bloodless face a spirit which not words or threats would ever quell, and she resolved to try his heart.

"O, signor count," she uttered, clasping her hands together, "spare me! O, spare me!"

"Spare thee, signora? And from what?" the noble asked, folding his arms with his gleaming dagger still in his hand.

"From this pain. Ah! it lies now in your power to save me. Spare me—spare us! Let us go on our way—let us pass on free from the duke—and angels and good saints shall ever bless thee."

For some moments the count regarded the beautiful maiden, as she stood before him with her hands clasped, in silence. Yet the icy expression of his countenance did not change.

[SEE ENGRAVING]

"You ask me too much," he said, at length. "I cannot disobey your noble father; nor can I refuse the request of your weeping mother."

"My mother?"

"Ay—she would have thee back."

"Didst hear her say so?"

"I saw her look so."

"I'll not trust thee."

"Then I'll not ask thee; but of this be assured—you return to Milan with me in the morning."

"No—no—"

"We'll hear the rest to-morrow. You need not think to escape, for you are watched; so I must bid you good night now, as I have business on my hands!"

So the count spoke, and then turned away from the room. Julia heard his heavy tread upon the stairs, and when she could hear it no more, she sank back into a chair. She was weak and faint, and her face was pale as death. Lucetta sprang to her assistance and helped her to the bed, but she could not speak. A sort of dull, heavy drowse came over the fair girl, and in it she saw the gory form of her noble lover stiff and cold in death. She shrieked out in her agony, and grasped her attendant's arm. She found it was but a dream, and she sank down again. But again that same terrible phantom came, and she could sleep no more. But even awake she could see that gory form still.

CHAPTER X.

THE DUEL.—TREACHERY.

THE marquis reached the palace of the Consiglio some minutes before the time, and was ushered into the room where he had before been, by his guide on the previous visit. He found no one there, but he heard voices in an adjoining apartment. His usher disappeared in the direction from whence the voices proceeded, and in a few moments more the tramp of many feet were heard.

"What means that?" asked Pietro, as he heard the sound.

"Some of the servants, perhaps," replied the marquis.

"Look ye, my master," spoke the faithful serving-man, with considerable earnestness, "you place too much confidence in the count's honor."

"How so, Pietro?"

"Why, you take him for an honorable man."

"He is a Milanese knight, Pietro."

"Yet I believe he is a villain. By the pope's heart, my master, I would not fight in this house. I'd take the open fields. There may be a trap set here."

"No, no, my good fellow, you are hasty. I appreciate your motives, but you do not know the nature of knightly vows. The count may be treacherous, but he would not so far forget his holy vows as to use treachery under a challenge."

Pietro shook his head incredulously, and while he was thus manifesting his skepticism, the usher returned.

"Ask him who all those folks were," whispered the esquire, in his master's ear.

"Signor," said the marquis, acting upon Pietro's hint, "you know me and my name. What may I call you?"

"My name is Landi Monetti. I am a captain of the governor's guard."

"Thank you. And now may I ask who were those people whom I heard in the adjoining room?"

"Certainly you may, signor marquis. They were members of the governor's household, and I had them remove from the hearing of the affair that is to come off here."

This was satisfactory to Francesco, but not so to Pietro, for he whispered again in his master's ear, and said:

"That's all false. You are in a trap. They are all villains."

But the marquis took no notice of this. He merely made his man a sign to be silent, and then turning to the captain, he said:

"I think it must be near midnight."

"It is, signor."

"And where is the count?"

"He will be here presently. He had some business to transact."

"By the holy trumpet," whispered Pietro, again bringing his lips in close proximity to his master's ear, "wasn't that him we saw sneaking along by our hotel?"

This remark might have had some effect upon the marquis, had he had time for reflection; but at that moment the door was opened, and the count entered.

"Am I late?" he asked, looking towards Monetti.

"Just about on the mark, signor."

"I meant to be, at all events. Marquis, I am at your service."

"Let me rather be at your service, Signor Loredano," returned Francesco, politely.

"As you will. We have decided to have the combat here. You see the walls are high and the footing is good. Our good captain has command here, and approves of the plan."

"One moment, signor," said the marquis, rising to his feet. "This is to be an honorable meeting. We are to be alone—no four?"

"While we fight—yes."

"And until the victory is decided?"

"Most assuredly."

"Then now, Marco Loredano, I have received your challenge, and I accept it to the death. I sought it not, and I shrink not from it. You have accused me of wrong—and you have sought to take from me the love of my soul. To all your accusations, and to all your requests—*here is my answer!*"

The marquis drew his sword as he spoke, and its bright blade flashed in the soft light of the great hanging lamp. It was an old blade—one long tried and faithful—a Damascus blade, as we have once before stated, and one that was not to be bruised or broken. And few in Milan knew so well how to use that weapon as did he who now held it. No one had practised more, and none had studied more deeply into all the arts and parts of the sword combat.

"I am ready," he pronounced, in a calm, clear tone.

"Thank you," replied the count, as he, too, drew his weapon.

And Marco's sword was of the finest steel. 'Twas of Milan make, but firm and well tried; yet it lacked that peculiar quickness of elasticity and tenacity, which none but the Damascus blades possessed. And the count knew how to handle his weapon. His skill was proverbial, for he was accounted the best swordsman in Milan.

"Ready," pronounced the count. "And thus be all our disputes put to rest, now and forever."

Pietro cast one look into his master's face as he cleared the knot of his own sword, so that it might be ready in case of need, and as he saw the calm, cool look of conscious power which rested there, he had no fears on the count's presence. If he had a fear—and the readiness of his weapon seemed to indicate that he had—it was on account of things not yet present.

"Before God and man I take no blame in this," said Francesco, as he raised his weapon.

"I absolve you with all holy unction," returned Marco, and he, too, raised his sword.

"Is all right?" asked Monetti, turning to Pietro.

"All that I can now see," answered the suspicious squire.

"Then set to."

At these words the weapons were crossed with a sharp clash. Both the combatants were as cool and calm as though they had been solving some common problem. The count gazed fixedly into the eyes of the marquis, and the marquis returned the gaze. Twice did Marco change his guard, but he was met with an ease that surprised him. He had thought that the marquis might possibly break his guard, but he did not think it would be so calmly, so easily done. It seemed to be done as a sort of matter-of-fact. Every thrust which Francesco parried seemed to have been anticipated, and calculated upon by him. On his part it was like a play at the theatre, where each succeeding blow, ward and thrust is made known and committed to memory beforehand.

"You guard well," the count said, in a sort of breathless tone, after he had made some of his most approved plays. In fact, he had felt sure that ere this, his sword would have been through his antagonist's body.

"And you play well," was Francesco's response; for up to this time the count had warded all his passes.

After a while both the combatants entered into the strife with renewed vigor. They seemed to arrive at a mutual understanding that common play was of no avail, and each knew that he had no common man to deal with. The steel now clashed loudly and rapidly, and bright sparks flew from the trenchant blades.



CHARLES WHITE, THE MINSTREL.

The count's eyes had begun to burn, and for once his face was aglow. He made one feint at his antagonist's breast, and by a rapid movement of successive strokes he changed the play towards the neck. Then, quick as thought, he knocked Francesco's sword down, and made a thrust at the very spot where his first feint had been aimed. His point cut the cloth of the doublet and scratched the skin, but with a movement which few men could have performed, the marquis gave his body a sudden twist, and the sword passed harmlessly under his left arm. But it was a fatal movement for the count. Being sure that his weapon was going through the centre of the body, the latter had thrown his whole weight forward, wholly unable to restrain himself. Francesco had calculated nicely on this, and he was prepared for the advantage this offered. It was no chance advantage—no fall of luck; but the marquis had risked much to gain it. He had allowed his sword to be knocked down, and he had allowed his antagonist's weapon to come dangerously near his bosom. Then his lightning-like movement capped his plan. He planted his foot quickly forward upon the left side, and as the count passed him he plunged his sword forward. It entered Marco's side just below the seventh rib, and came out on the other side.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IMAGINATION.—I believe it is only where the feelings are deeply interested, that the imagination causes such perpetual bitterness of disappointment. Do you remember St. Leon's dissatisfaction at the manner in which his daughters receive the tidings of his death? I begin to think all imaginative persons are, to a certain degree, St. Leons, and that they expect what human nature is very seldom rich enough to afford.—Mrs. Hemans.

CHARLIE WHITE, THE MINSTREL.

The accompanying portrait is a truthful likeness of the very popular singer whose name heads this article, and will be recognized as such by his hosts of admirers. One of the earliest pioneers in giving character and vitality to negro minstrelsy, and one of the principal workers in raising it to the dignity of an art, was the subject of this sketch, popularly known as Charlie White the minstrel. He commenced his concerts as early as 1841, at Vauxhall Garden, New York, soon after which he moved into his present location, No. 49 Bowery. Here he was the first to introduce, in addition to the usual songs and dances which characterize such places of amusement, farces and burlesques, with the accessories of scenery, costume, etc., in which he has been followed by nearly all his contemporaries in the same profession. Charlie White's organ of humor is large and active, and has shown itself in his wonderful faculty for getting off most original jokes and stories, which have given such popularity to his performances. Nearly all the new features and novelties in negro minstrelsy have been introduced by him, and by giving his audiences a constant succession of them, he has remained permanently located in one place longer than any other manager in the business. As a performer, Charlie White ranks with the highest—his conceptions of character show him to be a careful student of the great book of human nature, while his unique style and manner give a freshness to his impersonations that impresses all who see him, whether in the jolly "bootblack" or in the decrepit old "Uncle Ned." Mr. White's literary abilities are of no mean order, as hundreds of the best of our negro ballads, the product of his pen, testify, and he was the first to publish those neat song-books, containing the gems of minstrelsy, which are to be found in the hands of every one who has a relish for such music. He has also in press a volume of his original stories and jokes, which will, if its merits are properly appreciated, meet with a large sale. In every department of his profession, Mr. White has striven with laudable exertions, and he has the proud satisfaction of knowing that these exertions have made that which was originally a mere ephemeral amusement, an institution, out of which has grown and will grow, a general love for music and the development of a taste at once refining and elevating in its character. As a means to a great end, the rage for negro minstrelsy is by no means to be disparaged or lightly spoken of. It is the only kind of music we have at all national in its origin and character.

WHALE FISHERY ON THE COAST OF JAPAN.

The accompanying engraving depicts a most exciting scene in the waters of Japan. A vast expanse of sea is lighted up by the rising sun, while jagged rocks rise boldly from the surface on the horizon. In the centre of the picture a huge whale is spouting forth water and blood, for a number of harpoons have been fixed in him by the Japanese whale boats that are swarming round him. Whaling is an occupation of large numbers of the Japanese, and they are exceeding expert in it, though we will venture to say by no means to be compared with our "Long Tom Cofins" of Nantucket and New Bedford. The whale fishery particularly flourishes on the sea that washes the southern shore of the great island of Nippon, the locality shown in our engraving. The usual method of catching the whales is by harpooning in the manner of the Greenland fishermen. The boats of the Japanese, however, are much better suited to the purpose, being exceedingly small, light and sharp, as shown in our engraving, and capable of being propelled through the water with incredible velocity. The wealthier fishermen catch whales by using a net made of strong ropes about two inches thick. When a whale's head is entangled in this net, he finds the greatest difficulty in diving and swimming, and becomes a readier prey to the harpoon.



WHALE SCENE ON THE COAST OF JAPAN

THE DAY OF THE DEAD.

One day of the year is set apart in Paris, and called *Le Jour des Morts* (the Day of the Dead,—a day of sad commemoration, on which those who have lost friends visit the resting-places of their earthly remains, and decorate their graves with wreaths and garlands, the offerings of enduring love and memory. This scene is depicted in our engraving, which shows a portion of the celebrated cemetery of *Pere la Chaise* at Paris. Numerous chapels, tombs and truncated pillars are embraced in this view, intermingled with trees and shrubbery. The huge cross that rises in the centre indicates the resting-place of the poor who have been interred in the common grave, and the men, women and children who are decorating its base with wreaths of *immortelles* (everlasting) are of the humblest class. We have a few remarks to offer on the subject of this common grave, before proceeding to notice at some length the cemetery itself. No one can have visited one of the three cemeteries of Paris without pausing, seized with sadness and terror, on the brink of an ever yawning gulf, about 250 feet long and four broad, which death is incessantly laboring to fill. This is the common grave! Here the coffins of those unfortunate beings who have died in extreme poverty are placed in juxtaposition, that is, thrown, piled, heaped up, without an inch of earth between them, without any separation but a few ill-joined planks. There the old man, the child, the *roue*, and the maiden, are heaped together pell-mell. There must be spoken the final adieu to the loved one. When the bed of bodies has filled the length of the funeral trench, the earth, covering all, leaves the place undistinguished where the mourners have witnessed the disappearance of all that was dearest to them, and it is only by guesswork that a friendly hand can plant a cross of wood or a shrub on the last dwelling-place of those whom this frightful sarcophagus has swallowed up. "See," says a French writer, "what a point we have reached, after fifteen centuries of ascending civilization and Christianity! The poor man in Paris has no tomb, and our harshness renews for him the myth of the ancient obolus by realizing it; we are more pagan than the pagans themselves, who placed in the lips of the dead man at his decent funeral the drachma exacted for his final repose. Shall we now assert that the affections and griefs are less keen, the need of memorials and consolations less pressing among the poor than among the elevated classes? Ask the dealers in funeral emblems what class of wreaths they sell most of—the humble bunches of everlastings, or the garlands of gorgeous flowers. In 1850, there were 22,306 interments in three cemeteries of the east, north and south. Of this number the common grave received 15,792 bodies. Paris, which of itself contains the thirty-fifth part of the total population of the territory; Paris, which alone bears a fourteenth part of the taxes; Paris, whose population of wonderful talent and activity produces so much, and labors all its life; Paris, by a singular and iniquitous exception, is excluded, through its inhabitants, of the right to a tomb, the right to the prayers of the church, accorded to all the inhabitants, rich or poor, of our little rural communities. For it must be remembered that the occupants of the common grave are interred without any religious services, and the inconceivable barbarity of custom refuses them everything, even a priest.

We are less Christian than the Mahometans, who love better to surround their cities on every side with a funeral suburb, and to live in the midst of death, than over to trouble, even at the end of a century, the peace of the deceased by an impious exhumation; we are less so than the Jews, who, by a singular privilege, have, up to this day, avoided the common grave, and of whom each deceased member has his separate tomb in these portions of our cemeteries devoted to the Mosaic religion. To our brethren in the faith alone we decree the unjustifiable and shameful community of charnel, the deprivation of funeral rights, an outrage which antiquity punished as the greatest of crimes. If this barbarous usage is at once contrary to public health, which does not require demonstration, to the religious sentiment, to the most imprescriptible, the most common notions of human equality and fraternity, what will be said on learning that this hideous practice is not even legal, and that, not only no law authorizes it, but that a formal decree, that of the 23d Prairial (year XII), explicitly forbids it? This ignominious communism of sepulture awoke not the surprise but the indignation and solicitude of the victor of Toulon, of Lodi, and Marengo, the author of the decree, and it ought now to be enforced.

The decree of the 23d Prairial, year XII of the French republic, issued by Napoleon, when he was first consul, requires that each interment shall take place in a separate grave; it determines and fixes the exact distances between the coffins. It establishes the dimensions of the graves, and provides that, after the ceremonies, they shall be filled with earth well trodden down. It declares that no moving of the soil in the place of interment shall take place till after the lapse of five years, and consequently requires the cemeteries to have five times the extent necessary for the interments of a single year. This decree has not been and cannot be abolished. The law, no less than morality, religion and the requirements of public health, is, therefore, violated in every way; by the community of obsequies, by the contact of coffins, and by the disinterment and dispersion of remains long before the prescribed term—a threefold scandal! If legality kills, as one of the great eccentric characters of the last reign asserted, illegality buries us. Let the common grave, that sinister necropolis, be forever closed, purified and filled up: nothing opposes this measure; on the contrary, every consideration invites and impels us to it. It

The traveller finds himself surrounded, not only by monuments and decorations which respect and affection have raised to the departed, but by mourners of long date who have come hither to meditate over the remains of their deceased friends, and to indulge in sad and tender recollections of associates and relatives. As you approach the entrance, you behold flower girls offering for sale beautiful crosses, crowns and wreaths of orange blossom, and amaranth, which it is the custom for mourners to suspend upon the monument. On entering the necropolis, you find yourself in a garden of an undulating surface, embracing hill and valley, bright with a thousand flowers, verdant with grass and trees, from the midst of which arise obelisks, columns and cenotaphs, in the profusion indicated in our engraving. The tomb of Eloise and Abelard is a lofty Gothic structure of great architectural elegance. The ashes of the unfortunate lovers were placed here in the year VIII of the French republic. The cemetery contains a perfect wilderness of little enclosures, almost every one profusely planted with weeping willows, cypresses, arbor vitæ, flowering shrubs and even fruit trees. The whole grounds are kept in admirable condition.

An English writer admits this, and pays a high compliment to the French people when he says:—"The whole management of the place appears to be admirably conducted: decency and good order universally prevailed; not a flower was gathered, not a monument defaced, not a stone scribbled over. It was impossible to avoid drawing painful comparisons between the state of the plainest tombs here and the most elaborate in Westminster Abbey, defaced and desecrated as many of the latter are by the empty-headed puppies of the adjoining school, and the brutal violations of the uncivilized rabble. This sacred respect for the works of art is not peculiar to the cemetery of *Pere la Chaise*, nor solely due to the vigilance of the police; for, in the innumerable statues and sculptures with which Paris and its neighborhood abound, many are scattered about in solitary walks and gardens at the mercy of the public. I have never observed the smallest mutilation, nor any indecorous scribbling. The lowest Frenchman has been familiar with works of art, he takes a pride in them, and to this extent, at least, has verified the old adage that such a feeling 'softens manners nor permits them to be rude.'" On the hill which is crowned by the pyramid erected to the memory of the gallant Marshal Massena, are many family vaults excavated in the hillside after the manner of the ancients, with numerous recesses for coffins, and enclosed by bronze gates of finished workmanship. Through the interstices may be seen chairs for the accommodation of those friends of the departed who may choose to come hither to meditate and pray; and not a few avail themselves of this privilege. In *Pere la Chaise* is the tomb of the unfortunate Labedoyere, who was the first to join the standard of Napoleon in 1815, and to pay the penalty of his life. Here, too, lie the remains of the "bravest of the brave," Marshal Ney, who had with impunity confronted death a thousand times on the field of battle, to meet it, at last, in the process of a military execution of a sentence of the Bourbon chamber of peers. Marshal Ney was the last of the rear-guard of the French army on the retreat from Russia in the disastrous campaign of 1812. Ney's opinion exerted an important influence on Napoleon at Fon-



THE DAY OF THE DEAD.

would be hard to convince us that the intelligent and loyal men composing the municipal commission of Paris should not seriously undertake and make it a point of honor to carry out this work. The right to a grave and the right to life are common and sacred. If, through the vices and uncertain ties of our social state, we can but effectually palliate the ravages of misery, if it is and will for a long time remain inevitable, it is, at least, easy, necessary and urgent to conquer, abolish and extinguish pauperism in death." The cemetery of *Pere la Chaise* is in the northwest part of Paris, not far from the *Barriere des Amandiers*, and comprises more than fifty acres, containing a very large number of tombs. Here repose the ashes of warriors, statesmen, philosophers, poets and heroes. Here Eloise and Abelard are united in death; here repose the ashes of Moliere, Lafontaine, Foy and Massena, mingling their illustrious dust with that of humbler men, their equals in the community of the grave. From the chapel in the burying-ground a magnificent view of Paris is obtained. A visit to this city of the dead serves to dispel the impression so common among the people of other countries, that the French, though excitable and susceptible, are too volatile to entertain deep and lasting sentiments.

tainbleau, and, perhaps, was the turning weight which induced the emperor to sign his abdication. After this event, he took the oath of allegiance to the Bourbons, was made a peer of the kingdom, and received a high military command. He even marched against Napoleon on his return from Elba, with a promise to bring him a captive to the Tuileries. But the desertion of his soldiers, the conviction that the cause of the king was lost, and the sight of his old friend and master, was too much for him. He joined Napoleon, and fought at Waterloo with the gallantry habitual to his nature. His white plume, like that of Henry of Navarre, was a rallying point in the thickest of the fight. He led the charge on the enemy's centre, and, after five horses had been killed under him, remained last upon the bloody field, fighting till dark, with his uniform, shot to rags, clinging around him. He was taken in the chateau of a friend at Aurillac on the 5th of August, arraigned before a military tribunal, which declared its incompetency, and consigned him to the chamber of peers for a final trial. He was sentenced to death by a vote of 169 to 16, and shot in the garden of the Luxembourg, at nine A. M., Dec. 7, 1815. Besides Marshal Ney, thousands of other distinguished men lie buried here.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY VILLAGE HOME.

My village home! as morning light
Comes brightly o'er the sea,
My gladning thoughts with eager flight,
Return with joy to thee:
And thus with mental vision clear,
Familiar forms I view,
Remembered voices, too, I hear
The old time song renew.

My village home! thou hast a power
To call around my heart
The dreams of boyhood's happy hour,
Of life the brightest part;
Though now a wanderer, far away
From scenes so dear to me,
My fancy paints, in darkest day,
A picture bright of thee.

G. H. B.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NELLIE STUART.

BY GRACE GARDNER.

NELLIE STUART was an industrious gleaner in the great common field. She flitted about here and there among sheaves, which, to other eyes, looked barren indeed, and found many an ephah of happiness. Sweet, bright, dashing, but not beautiful, Nellie,—no, not a feature of her face, by the utmost stretch of the imagination, could be called beautiful, except her eyes; and, it is a sad pity, but she really had red hair. Nobody in the world deserved to be beautiful more than Nellie, if beauty is the reward of merit, and yet nobody in the world could do so well without it; for she found admiring friends wherever she went. She was so sweet-tempered, so bright and cheerful, so unselfish, so ready even to sympathize with and help people out of their difficulties, making many a respectable-sized mountain dwindle down to moderate-sized molehills. But Nellie was even more than all this.

Who ever said she was not beautiful? No one who knew her; yet Nellie herself knew she was not, for with her own ears she once overheard Morton Leslie, the betrothed husband of her dearest friend, Marion Millman, a few moments after his introduction to her, exclaim with good-humored raillery: "My dear Marion, is that your beauty? I was prepared to behold a Venus, and lo! a wide mouth and red hair—a little fright! for who was ever otherwise with red tresses?"

Nellie had never thought much about her hair, but now she stole away to her chamber and unbound it. It fell in wavy luxuriance to her feet. She opened wide the shutters, and the sunlight fell upon it. Mr. Leslie was right. There was no use in disguising the fact; it was red—brightly, hopelessly red. Nellie looked at it thoughtfully and regretfully some minutes, but it was a circumstance not to be helped, though she could not help wishing that, since it was such an undesirable color, she had less of it; but the scissors could remedy that any day. She concluded to take a philosophical view of the matter. She was not to blame for having red hair; neither was Mr. Leslie to blame for not liking it. She did not like it much herself; but there was no accounting for tastes; somebody might fancy it yet.

Nellie dreamed that night that everything and everybody in the whole city had turned to a most beautiful fiery red,—that Mr. Leslie's whiskers, of the same brilliant hue, reached to the ground, and that he was running frantically about, bewailing the metamorphosis.

Many a heart trembled for Nellie's future happiness, when a handsome, imperious step-mother entered the before peaceful household, prepared to dispute every step of the way with the jealous, high-spirited step-daughter she expected to meet. A step-daughter! Julia Silsby weighed her long in the balance against Mr. Stuart's fine person, agreeable manners, and high position, and the weight was even; but when she dropped in his wealth and her own poverty, the scale came down with a crash, and shortly afterwards she became Mrs. Stuart.

Mr. Stuart had told her much of Nellie's loving, amiable disposition, and she believed he spoke in all sincerity; for how was it possible she should be otherwise, paramount in her father's affection, sole mistress of an elegant mansion, and with every wish gratified? But to resign her mistress-ship, to become second where she had so long been first, to yield to the wishes of others rather than to have her own consulted, to share her father's affection with another, and that other a stranger. She was human. She would look upon her as an intruder and an enemy. Mrs. Stuart judged rightly, for she felt, that were she in Nellie's place, she should hate with her whole heart.

During their journey from her distant home, she went over in imagination the reception which awaited her. She saw her step-daughter's cold politeness, which hardly sought to disguise her inward anger and rebellion, and she unconsciously stamped her small foot as she made the determination to crush all this at the outset, at least in appearance. After these feelings and anticipations, she was hardly prepared for the warm, cordial reception Nellie gave her, and the sweet grace peculiarly her own with which she installed her in her own resigned honors. Mrs. Stuart's proud heart was half subdued. She was gratified, too—alas for woman's vanity!—to find how impossible it was for the young girl to rival herself. In time she came to love her; but Mrs. Stuart had many infirmities of temper, and Nellie, had she pleased, could have found many more ephahs of petty trials and vexations than she could easily have borne; but she resolutely closed her eyes, and would not gather them.

Nellie Stuart must either have forgotten or forgiven Mr. Leslie for his disparaging remark; for, early one bright autumnal morning, she stood at the door in a travelling dress, taking an affectionate leave of her mother, who had risen at an unusually early hour to see her before her departure to visit her friend Marion, now Mrs. Leslie. Mr. Stuart accompanied his daughter to the station, and saw her safely in the cars.

Mrs. Leslie's last invitation to Nellie to visit her was so pressing, she felt she ought not to refuse. There was a tone of sadness throughout her letter, and she feared she was in trouble; and when was Nellie unwilling to comfort and sympathize with her friends? It was a long journey, and she had leisure for thought. She recalled the day when she and Marion first met at P— seminary; how ever after they shared each other's confidence and *bon bons*; how their friendship remained thus long after the time when school-girl friendships are usually extinguished in the ashes of forgetfulness. One beautiful summer evening, some two years before, while Marion was on a visit to her—how well she remembered it!—they both sat on the piazza, where the soft evening breeze came to them laden with the fragrance of the woodbine and jessamine. It was then and there, in low, trembling tones, Marion, with her beautiful face shaded from the tell-tale moonlight, told of her love and engagement; then her voice became firmer, and she told, in eloquent, fervent words of her lover's goodness and manliness, his intellect and genius. Then the tone grew low again, as she told how, in her heart, she idolized him, and that her future, linked with his, seemed almost too perfect happiness; that it seemed so strange he had ever come to love one so little worthy of him; but O, she would love him so much, and try so hard to make him happy; and Nellie, with two years less of experience, had listened and wondered and rejoiced with her friend. A short time after, she had stood beside her at the altar, and heard her solemnly give herself to the one she had chosen. She had not seen her since that day. Were her bright dreams of happiness realized? Nellie recalled the few letters that had since passed between them. Marion wrote not she was unhappy, but there was an unconscious tone of sadness pervading them, and Nellie feared. But every one spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Leslie. No sickness had come upon them, and, certainly, he had no lack of wealth, and Marion herself, somewhat hasty and exacting, but kind, true and affectionate.

Nellie was suddenly disturbed in these thoughts. She had arrived as far towards her destination as the cars would carry her. She found a handsome family carriage waiting to convey her to her friend's, three miles distant.

It was almost dusk when they turned up the carriage drive to a fine old mansion surrounded with noble elms. Marion was on the steps to receive her, and gave her an affectionate welcome. She accompanied her to her room, talking as fast and gaily as in school-girl times.

After changing her attire, Nellie descended with her friend to the dining-room, where she was presented to Madame Leslie, who received her formally, though kindly. Mr. Leslie greeted her very cordially.

In the course of a few days, Nellie could not help noticing, and with grief and astonishment, the great change in Marion after her first excitement of seeing her had passed away. She had lost all her former gay spirits, and she, who, formerly, was so fresh and blooming, was now thin and faded. The change was even more striking in her dress. Marion had been fastidious to excess in her dress; but she was now careless almost to slovenliness. Her luxuriant hair, which she used to wear partly in curls, was now combed plainly back in the easiest but most unbecoming manner.

Nor could Nellie long be blind to the estrangement between Marion and her husband. He was too well bred to neglect to pay her the attentions due to the position she occupied as his wife; but there was a coldness and formality in his manner of bestowing them that showed it gave him little pleasure; while Marion seldom spoke to him, save in a fretful, complaining tone.

A few mornings after Nellie's arrival, Marion came to the breakfast-table with languid looks and spiritless movements, with hair evidently uncombed, though slightly brushed in front, ill-arranged dress and soiled collar. Nellie had not thought it possible for her friend to look so little attractive; but she was shocked, and her heart sank, as she caught the half-annoyed, half-disgusted expression on Mr. Leslie's face as he looked at his wife. It was gone in a moment, but alas for a woman when this feeling arises in a husband's breast! Nor was the aspect of matters between Marion and her mother-in-law much more encouraging. There was evidently no friendly feeling between them, and each avoided the other as much as possible.

All this seemed very dreadful to Nellie. Here were three people, eminently fitted to be happy themselves, and make others happy, living together in this miserable manner!—Madame Leslie possessing a kind heart, though a proud spirit and cold manners; Mr. Leslie, noble, gentlemanly and intelligent; and Marion, young, beautiful, accomplished, with strong affections and noble impulses,—all surrounded with every outward blessing. It must be helped, thought darling Nellie, but how? and she thought and thought till her little brain ached.

Marion devoted the first two or three days entirely to her friend, but after that she gradually relapsed into old habits. With an apology to Nellie, adding, she hoped she would amuse herself in her way, she would recline on a sofa the whole day, absorbed with some new novel. This also was very unlike the bright, active Marion of other days, but it gave Nellie an insight into one cause of her languor and want of interest in what was passing around her.

"Come, Marion dear, it is so beautiful; do take a walk with me this morning," said Nellie, playfully, half withdrawing a book from Marion's hand.

"Yes, certainly, dear, if you wish it; but this book is so interesting—if you would just as soon go without me."

"You cannot think me so devoid of taste as to suppose I would as soon go without you," laughed Nellie. "But do come, Marion; those books are stealing away your youth and roses."

"What matter?" she replied, sadly. "No one will miss them."

"Yes, I shall. Come, dear. Here is your shawl and bonnet."

Marion prepared to accompany her, though with ill-concealed reluctance; but Nellie would not perceive it. She was well rewarded, for the fresh cold air was so invigorating, Marion became almost her own self. They bounded over the fields, paused on the bridge, and tried which could throw stones the farthest into the water, and tested the strength of their voices in the wood, as in school-girl days. Though wearied, the Marion, bright and blooming, who entered the house, looked little like the Marion who left it not two hours before.

"Why, Marion, how rosy you look!" said Nellie, as they entered the former's chamber.

Marion smiled, as she removed her bonnet, and gave two or three strokes of the brush to her disordered hair.

"Please, Marion, arrange your hair as you used to do. I do so long to see those dear old curls again."

"O dear, no, Nellie! I haven't worn it so for months. I should hardly know myself."

"Never mind. I shall know you; so, when you are in doubt, just refer to me. Please do, Marion."

"Well, if you wish it so much—but it is so much trouble."

Marion really felt it to be quite a task, she had exerted herself so little of late.

"How much better you do look!" cried Nellie, when it was completed. "You must never wear it in that unbecoming style again. I am sure Mr. Leslie cannot like it."

The faint smile of gratification the first part of Nellie's words called forth faded from Marion's face. She opened her lips as if to speak, then closed them again. She was going to put on the same unbecoming dress she had worn, but again Nellie interfered.

"I wish you would wear that tasteful blue dress I see in your wardrobe, dear Marion. You remember blue is my favorite color."

"I will, if you wish, but I shall feel as if I looked almost too fine. I never dress for dinner now; we seldom have company, and no one here cares how I look, and it is so much trouble!"

At dinner, Nellie noticed Mr. Leslie's eyes wander more than once to his wife. She could not read their expression, but it certainly was not that she had seen in the morning. The dinner passed off pleasantly. The knowledge that one is looking well, independent of anything else, must certainly make one feel sociable and at ease; for Marion talked more than usual, though principally to Nellie, and Nellie, always happy and animated, diffused an air of enjoyment over the meal, as, indeed, over the whole house, which had been a stranger to it for many a day. She had the rare tact of drawing people out and making a subject of conversation general; and Marion, before she was aware found herself answering some remark of her husband's, though she addressed herself to Nellie.

All rose from the table with happier hearts than they had sat down to it with, and felt, for the moment, more softened towards each other. None heeded that it was to the influence of one pure, loving, sunny heart they owed it, though Mr. Leslie wondered how he could ever have called such a bright little fairy a fright. Madame Leslie's heart had opened to her at first, and Marion had always loved her, and now she was beginning to lean upon her, that slight, fragile girl, yet so strong a support in her childlike faith, sound judgment and unswerving principles.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie and Nellie were in the parlor after dinner. The latter was looking over some music.

"O, Marion," she said, "here is that beautiful Italian song, my favorite; do sing it, please. You have not sung for me since I came."

"You must excuse me, Nellie; I cannot sing, indeed," replied Marion, blushing deeply. "I am entirely out of practice."

"I wish you would persuade her, Mr. Leslie. She will sing if you ask her."

Mr. Leslie became very grave.

"I do not flatter myself so much. Mrs. Leslie gave up singing some months ago," he said, in a stern voice. He left the room a few minutes after.

Marion's head was bowed over a book, but she now rose and left the room by an opposite door, leaving poor Nellie astonished and dismayed at the mischief she had unwittingly done. What was there, in what she had said, to change the aspect of matters thus? She vainly reproached herself for she knew not what.

A few mornings after, Mr. Leslie left home, to be absent three weeks. He merely took Marion's hand at parting, without pressing it, and bade her "good morning." His farewell to Nellie was warmer. He said he should expect to see her there on his return, that they could not spare her for many weeks yet.

After he was gone, Marion hid her face in the sofa cushion, and wept violently.

"Marion,—dear Marion!" said Nellie, springing to her side.

The young wife only wept the more for this sympathy, saying, between her sobs:

"Nellie, I must tell you. I cannot bear this misery any longer alone. O, that I were dead! Nobody loves me. My husband is indifferent; his mother dislikes me. O, Nellie, my whole married life has been one bitter, bitter disappointment! and I have so worshipped him, and, alas, do now!"

Nellie's face brightened at this avowal.

"Thank God for that!" she inwardly exclaimed.

"Nellie," continued Marion, "I loved him too much, and suf-

ferred it to become too apparent; it tried, and, perhaps, disgusted him; but," she added, proudly, "he has had no occasion to complain of that of late."

It was an old story. Marion, flattered and caressed from childhood, although possessed of strong affection and many noble qualities, had become capricious, jealous and exacting. She expected all the attentions from a husband that a lover had bestowed. That he did not devote his time to her, and yield to her wishes in everything, Marion tormented herself with the thought that he loved her less, and reproached him for his neglect. At first, Mr. Leslie only laughed at and caressed her; but he was at this time extensively engaged in business, and his time was not at his own disposal; and Marion, alone in that large old house, with only her mother-in-law for company, accustomed as she had been to much society, her husband away the greater part of the time, found it insupportably gloomy. She found how far from realized were the dreams of perfect happiness she had cherished, and from the contrast magnified petty annoyances and unavoidable neglects; and Mr. Leslie, wearied and harassed with business, returning home to find the rest and peace which should have been there, and welcomed only with complaints and reproaches, or a sullen silence, at last lost all patience, and a coldness sprung up between them.

Marion, strong in her prejudices, had, from the first, taken a dislike to Madame Leslie. She inferred, and, perhaps, with reason, that a daughter-in-law was no welcome accession to her household; and when, in one or two instances, she expressed—more in looks than in language—disapprobation of some of her whims, her dislike deepened to aversion. She imagined, too, that she influenced her husband against her, and, on one occasion, angry at some new offence of Mrs. Leslie's, and jealous of her husband's deference towards her, she had spoken of her to him in unpardonable terms. Mr. Leslie was deeply offended, and answered in a tone she had never heard him use,—that he could not and would not permit even his wife to speak in disrespectful terms of one so evidently her superior; that she must show her the respect and obedience of a daughter.

This was inexpressibly galling to Marion's proud heart. Her lip curled; her eye flashed, and she answered recklessly and defiantly. A breach was made that was never mended,—nay, that very evening made wider. Mr. Leslie, thinking he had spoken too sternly and authoritatively to his high-spirited young wife, and willing to make the first advances towards a reconciliation, asked her to sing the song Nellie had that day so unluckily asked for. Marion, whose indignation had grown deeper, as she thought the matter over, replied, scornfully, that she was not in a mood for singing; that, to her mind, it was a great pity he had not married an opera singer—he was so fond of opera music. He left the room without reply, and had never asked her to play or sing since. And thus, wearily and miserably, had the time passed on. It seemed as if, since her marriage, all of Marion's worst traits of character had been drawn out, entirely obscuring her many really estimable qualities.

"Nellie," said Marion, in conclusion, "I know I have often done wrong, but O, I am very miserable! Do you wonder now that I have lost all interest in my appearance, even in existence?"

"Dear Marion," whispered Nellie, softly, "there is a precious book wherein we can forget our sorrows—one that tells of a dear, a powerful Friend, who will never refuse to hear when we call upon him. Marion, dear, ask him, and he will give you a purer happiness."

And that night the two friends knelt side by side, as in former years, Marion remembering her childhood's, girlhood's, but, alas! not till now her womanhood's fervent prayer—"Forgive us our trespasses." For Nellie, with her sweet voice and loving words which could not give offence, had taught her to see her own conduct in a different light from what she had hitherto viewed it. She realized for the first time the duties she herself owed. What had become of them—how fulfilled? Marion, with her views suddenly enlarged, her conscience awakened, drew back, alarmed, from the retrospect. She prayed for the strength, the perseverance to reform, though the heart she had lost might never be restored to her. There was little sleep for her that night.

Marion's better nature was thoroughly awakened, and she had firmly resolved to lead no longer the dimless, listless life she had done. She read instructive works, rode, walked and sewed, devoted a portion of the day to her long neglected music, called on their neighbors, and was careful and tasty in her attire, although the last still seemed a labor thrown away. But all this was not done without many a struggle with her old habits, and she was oftentimes tempted to fall back into her former ways; but she persevered.

Still, the same state of things existed between her and Madame Leslie. The old lady rarely came into the parlor. She remained the greater portion of her time in her own sitting room.

"Has Mrs. Leslie other children besides your husband?" asked Nellie, while she and Marion were sewing in the parlor.

"One other son—Harvey, three years younger than Morton, whom she idolizes. I wish he would come while you are here; your dear little heart would be in great danger. He is young, rich, handsome, intelligent and disengaged—a catch for some one. Mrs. Leslie lost a beautiful daughter—Eva—many years ago, and it was a heavy blow to her. She has never entirely recovered from it."

The two sat some moments in silence, each engrossed with her own thoughts.

"What fine delicate lace!" remarked Nellie, as Marion was looking over the contents of a box for some article she needed. "Do you remember what pretty dress-caps you used to make for Auntie Mills? Have you lost all your taste for making them? That would be so pretty for one!"

"Who should I make it for? Will you wear it?" asked Marion, laughing.

"Not just yet, dear. You forget my quantity of red hair."

Marion found the article she sought, and put away the box; but she was silent and thoughtful a long time. There was evidently a struggle going on in her mind. At last, she laid down her sewing, rose, and going to Nellie, bent over and kissed her, saying: "You are my good angel, Nellie."

She took the lace from the box, and went busily to work. Her skilful fingers soon fashioned an elegant cap. When completed, it was one which any elderly lady would not have disdained to wear. Marion felt happier while making it than she had done for many a day; for she had won a signal victory over herself.

The moment was watched for when Mrs. Leslie left her room; then Marion stole softly in, and placed it on the table.

Mrs. Leslie's face was very smiling under the identical cap at tea-time, when she said to Nellie:

"My dear child, your beautiful present was very acceptable. I had just been thinking I must send to town for one; but I could not have found one that would have suited me so perfectly. Many thanks to you."

"Do not thank me, dear Mrs. Leslie. I had nothing to do with it. I have no tact whatever in doing anything of the kind. It was Marion who made it."

The old lady looked surprised, as well she might; for it was the first attention of any kind Marion had ever paid her, and her face was somewhat grave; but she thanked Marion politely, even kindly, who replied that it was nothing, it took her but a short time, and that, if she liked the cap, she should be happy to make them all for her in future. So much does the doing of one kind action warm and open the heart. Had Marion been told, two weeks before, she would have done this, she would have smiled scornfully and incredulously.

This was the beginning of a better state of things. Neither Mrs. Leslie nor Marion said much to each other, but each was conscious of a gradual change in the other's feelings, and Nellie was the link between them. She persuaded Mrs. Leslie to bring her knitting into the parlor. "It was so large and lonesome for only two," Mrs. Leslie did so. Who could ever resist Nellie?

One evening, while the storm raged fiercely without, and it seemed so pleasant and comfortable in the well-warmed and well-lighted parlor, Madame Leslie, by some question of Nellie's, was betrayed into relating some story of her own young days. The interest that Marion as well as Nellie expressed was highly gratifying to her. She spoke that evening of her daughter Eva, and her voice grew choked and her aged eyes filled with tears.

"Did she resemble Mr. Leslie?" asked Nellie.

"No, not in the least. I have often thought Marion strongly resembled her. She was about Marion's age when I lost her."

This unexpected reply softened Marion's heart, and she felt a keen pang of self-reproach that, in love and kindness, she had been so little of an Eva to her.

Mr. Leslie returned at the appointed time, accompanied by his brother Harvey. Marion's heart bounded when she saw her husband; but his greeting was as formal as his parting. If, in a few days, he observed the better state of feeling between his wife and mother, he made no comment.

Marion tried hard not to be disappointed. She felt she had no reason to expect it otherwise; but this utter indifference was very hard to bear. But Nellie was beside her to whisper encouraging words. That though we receive no reward, our duties are still the same. Yet she was sure as could be—bright, hopeful Nellie—that Marion's reward would, in time, be just what in all the world she most wished for—her husband's love and esteem.

Harvey Leslie proved to be an agreeable accession to their numbers. Nellie, at first, regretted his coming. She feared, in some way, he might be in the way of the accomplishment of her cherished plan; but he was so gentlemanly and entertaining, before three weeks had passed, she was quite reconciled to his presence, and had more than once, in that time, wondered if he had as strong a prejudice against red hair as his brother.

Their number was further increased by the visit of a pretty hoyden of a school-girl cousin of the Leslies—Fanny Denison.

The party altogether was social, even gay. By degrees, Mr. Leslie grew a little more attentive to his wife. He could not but feel proud of her; for never had she done the honors of his house with so much ease and dignity, and exerted herself so much to make her house pleasant to its inmates, and, withal, looking so beautiful and genial, like the Marion of two years before. Still, no word of reconciliation had passed between them, and thus the anniversary of their marriage, Marion's birthday also, arrived.

No kind wishes greeted her on that morning. With a swelling heart, Marion felt that no one remembered it. She passed the greater part of the day in her own room, on the plea of a headache. It was spent in reviewing the past two years, in regretting her folly and wickedness, and renewing her resolves for the future. The young wife's tears fell fast at the thought that she might never regain the noble heart she had alienated; yet she would try in all things to perform a wife's duties. O, if she dared ask him to forget and forgive the past, and love her again! But she dared not. She would show him her sorrow and regret for the past by the improvement in her future conduct, by pleasant words and kind acts, and attention to his slightest wishes. And thus the hours wore on, and no one came to her. Had even Nellie, so thoughtful ever of others, forgotten her also?

Had Nellie forgotten her in her own new emotions and cares? for even Nellie carried a troubled heart now. She had thought Harvey Leslie so kind, so agreeable, so superior to any one she had ever known; but she did not dream she loved him till she heard his brother laughingly ask him when the beautiful Bella

Livingston was to become Mrs. Harvey Leslie. Even Fanny had heard at home of his reported engagement, and expatiated long to Nellie on the lady's grace and beauty. Nellie blushed as she asked if she was a blonde.

"No; eyes and hair as black as jet, and so beautiful!"

Poor Nellie's hair looked redder to her than ever, and her hitherto happy little heart was very heavy. But she did not forget Marion's affairs; she would not have been Nellie if she had.

Evening was come. Marion was still in her room. There was a slight tap at her door, and Nellie came in.

"Fair lady, your presence is requested below."

"My head still aches, and I thought I would not come down again."

"I could not answer for my head should I go without you. They will not take 'no' for an answer; so, come, lady fine."

Marion longed to ask who "they" meant. As she passed by the table, she furtively took a white chrysanthemum from a vase, hesitated a moment, then placed it in her hair.

"No one will think what it is for," she thought, bitterly; "but I will honor my wedding-day."

She did not know that Nellie saw her, and how well the act was understood by her sympathizing heart.

Marion was conscience-stricken when, on entering the room, she saw a table in the middle of it, decorated with bouquets of flowers, the centre graced by an elegant loaf of wedding-cake, which was surrounded with various fruits and sweetmeats. There was a beautiful bouquet of white flowers evidently for herself. On a small table, at the side of the room, were tasteful and costly presents from each one present save her husband. She was truly grateful for all this kind thought of her; but she keenly felt her husband's slight, but she controlled herself, and received their kind wishes for many happy returns of the day with graceful courtesy. Nellie's smiling eyes sought her's.

"Darling Marion, you do not taste your cake, and Mrs. Leslie took so much pains with it. Have you been tormenting yourself with thinking we had forgotten it was your wedding and birthday? I wanted to come to you, but Madame Leslie positively forbade it. She knew I should tell you all, and she wanted to surprise you." Nellie whispered: "I am sure there is another present for you somewhere. Some people prefer to give theirs in private, you know." Marion shook her head sadly.

Nellie continued, "Mrs. Leslie is so good, dear Marion, and she loves you. She planned this all," and Nellie's eyes sought hers wistfully. Nellie looked round for Mrs. Leslie, but she had left the parlor. Marion went to her room, and kneeling beside her, said, tearfully:

"Dear mother, I have come to ask forgiveness for the past. Forgive me." The aged arms were already round her.

"My dear child, I have to ask forgiveness, also. The fault was not yours alone; we will commence anew this night, my daughter."

At this moment, strong arms encircled them both, and a deep voice said: "My wife, my mother, I, too, have a confession and a promise to make!" It is not recorded all he said, save in the memory of those three, but it was enough to make Marion a very happy woman.

They remained so long absent from the parlor, where were Harvey, Fanny and Nellie, that the latter hoped the long wished for reconciliation had taken place. She was silent, thinking of them, when Fanny disturbed her, exclaiming:

"O, Nellie, we must have some wedding-cake to dream on to-night! You, too, Cousin Harvey. You know whatever you dream will come true."

"Is it infallibly true?" he asked, with a smile.

"Surely it is. You must have some, decidedly."

"Very well, if Miss Stuart will prepare it."

"O yes, Nellie will, I know. She will write three names, and you must sleep three nights with the cake under your pillow; but you must not know what the names are. Nellie, will you write it now? I will come back in a minute," said Fanny, leaving the room.

Nellie produced pencil and paper, and seated herself to write. She was beginning a capital B for Bella, when Mr. Leslie seated himself beside her, saying:

"I am particular what names you write, Miss Stuart, if the dreams are to be reality. I will prompt you. Never mind what Fanny said. First, you may write the name of the purest, truest, sweetest girl I know." Nellie looked steadily at the paper, and wished her hand would not tremble so. "Nellie Stuart."

Nellie blushed; but there was nothing but to write it.

"To me the most beautiful—Nellie Stuart!"

This time Nellie laughed and demurred: "Bah! red hair?"

"My favorite color. Write," he said.

"But it is not right, sir. The names ought all to be different."

"Ah! well, then, I must tell you my secret. Can I trust you?"

Nellie bowed her head. She could not speak. "Ho has been trifling thus far," she thought; "now he comes to the truth."

"Write, then," he said, "the name of one whom I love with my whole heart, who is dear to me as my life." He paused and looked at Nellie. Every drop of blood had receded from her face; but the slight fingers still grasped the pencil determinedly. He continued, "Who, I hope, will consent to be, one day, my own darling wife—Nellie Stuart Leslie!"

The pencil fell from Nellie's fingers now, and she felt weak and faint; but there were strong arms and a manly breast then and ever after at her service.

The reconciliation between Mr. Leslie and Marion was complete and lasting. Henceforth theirs was a happy home. The same persons were present at the next anniversary of their marriage; but Nellie was now indeed the joyfully welcomed daughter and sister—Nellie Stuart Leslie!

VIEWS OF BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

We present our readers on this and the next page, with a series of pictures drawn expressly for us on the spot by Mr. Kilburn, and representing some of the most striking scenes and buildings in the flourishing city of Buffalo, N. Y. It is a city and port of entry, and the seat of justice for Erie county. Its situation is fine, being at the extremity of Lake Erie, two or three miles south of the commencement of Niagara River. It is 470 miles west of New York, and is situated in nearly the same latitude as Boston. It is planned with great regularity, and for the most part, handsomely built, as our illustrations show. Its surface is somewhat diversified, part of it being quite elevated, and part low and marshy. The lower portion of the city, intersected in its southern part by Buffalo Creek, is chiefly devoted to business, and wears an appearance of great activity and prosperity. At a distance of about two miles from the shore we find ourselves upon an elevated plain, which commands a very extensive view. Buffalo was originally laid out in 1801, by the Holland Company, but it grew slowly till 1812, when it became a military post. In December of the following year it contained 200 houses, all but two of which were burned by the British and Indians. In view of the condition to which the inhabitants were reduced by this destruction of their property, and as a partial compensation therefor, Congress granted them the sum of \$80,000. The legislature of the State in 1832 passed an act incorporating it a city. In 1852 it was incorporated with Black Rock by an act of the legislature, which received the popular sanction in 1853, and took effect January 1, 1854. The portion known as Black Rock is about two miles from Buffalo, and here are located numerous flour mills and extensive business establishments. The united city has a mayor and twenty-six aldermen, and is divided into twenty-six wards. An idea of its increase may be formed from the following statistics of the population, gathered from the census. In 1810 it contained 1508 inhabitants; in 1820, 2095; in 1840, 18,213; in 1850, 42,261 and at the present time from 80 to 85,000. It is thus that our cities spring up; contrasting in the rapidity of their growth with the slow progress or absolute stagnation of most of the towns and cities of the old world. Here all is feverish activity—there a quiet which is too often that of decay. This progress is not the result of a forced and artificial stimulus, however—it is based on resources inexhaustible as nature itself; and such are the shrewdness and foresight of our people, that we have very rare instances of "deserted villages," or of towns and cities which have failed to realize the anticipations of their founders. On the contrary, the rise in the value of real estate everywhere has far exceeded the expectations of the original settlers. By it, men in our new cities who only expected to arrive at competency, have suddenly found themselves, in many instances, semi-millionaires. The first impression formed by a visitor to the city is favorable, nor is it dissipated by further acquaintance. It is built, as we remarked above, with great regularity; the streets are broad and straight, and generally intersect each other at right angles—a style, which, if it be not in strict accordance with the picturesque, is certainly necessary to the convenience of a city. Tortuous and narrow streets, with lofty, irregular houses, afford fine points of view to an artist, but are not adapted to the requirements of business and comfort. The first of our series of engravings is a view of the new railroad depot, which is one of the largest in the State, and was built dur-



NIAGARA RAILROAD DEPOT, BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

ing the past year at an expense of \$40,000. It extends four hundred feet along the canal, and has a frontage of one hundred and eight feet on Erie Street. The architecture of this depot is graceful and appropriate. A feature in it is the peculiar curve of the roof, noticeable in the engraving. Just before the departure and arrival of trains, this locality presents a very lively scene. Omnibusses, coaches, carts, pedestrians—are mixed up in seemingly inextricable confusion, but none such really exists, for the arrangements are admirable, and ample room and verge are afforded for the accommodation of all. The market-house is another fine building, accurately depicted in our second engraving. The architecture is partly Grecian, but it is surmounted by a tower and cupola of a different style of architecture. The crowd of carts and wagons, buyers and sellers, in the streets surrounding it, remind us of South Market Street in this city, during the busiest part of the day. This market is admirably supplied with poultry, meat, fish and country produce of all kinds. It is one of the best supplied in the United States. The material of the building is brick. Our third engraving shows the light-house which stands on the end of the pier at Buffalo, a faithful and changeless sentinel. In the foreground of our picture are seen a merchant busy with his work-people among his wares; a schooner lies at the wharf on the left, and more than one steamer is seen on the broad bosom of the lake, cutting their swift way through its waters. Our fourth engraving will give some idea of the style of the private dwelling-houses in the city. It stands not far from the court-house, and is built of light yellow brick. It is owned and occupied by Mr. Sherwood. The style is that of the Italian villa. The trees and shrubbery which surround it are chosen with reference to the architecture, and add effect to its light and graceful

character. The last view of the series is the court house, as seen from the park, in the immediate rear of which it stands. The lofty colonnade in front, and the other architectural ornaments, impart to this building a pleasing effect. Among the other public buildings of the city are a jail, a new city hall, and about forty churches, many of them of recent erection. The Catholic cathedral is a noble structure. St. John's and St. Paul's Episcopal churches are fine buildings, and the North and Central churches are likewise noted for their architectural merit. Indeed, it would seem that Buffalo is taking a leading position among her sister cities of the north in the attention paid to architecture. Buffalo is the seat of a university, chartered in 1846, connected with which is a medical college, both institutions enjoying a high reputation. The Young Men's Association has a fine library of 6000 volumes, which are rapidly increasing by purchase and donation. During the winter season lectures are delivered before this society, and the liberality of the remuneration offered secures the services of the most distinguished lecturers in the country. A large number of Germans are settled in Buffalo, and among this part of the population a society has been organized, with the title of the German Young Men's Association. They have already collected quite a respectable library, consisting chiefly of works in the German language, and bid fair to make great advances in mental culture. These two societies have reading-rooms well supplied with newspapers and periodicals, and the attendance is large. There is a fine female seminary, enjoying an unrivalled location, and having a fund of \$50,000. The city is noted for its liberality in the cause of education; her public schools take a high rank, and she

enjoys the honor of being the very first in the State to introduce the system of popular education which confers such credit upon New York. Somewhere about fifteen journals are published in the city, established on an excellent basis, and enjoying wide circulation. The press of Buffalo has long been distinguished for its ability and exerts a corresponding influence. Among the benevolent institutions of the city, we may mention the new city hospital, the marine hospital, founded in 1833, the orphan asylum, and the sailors' and boatmen's friend society, an organization which is effecting a great deal of good with a class too often neglected and overlooked. In noticing Black Rock we alluded to the flouring mills. The conversion of wheat into flour is one of the most important branches of industry in the city. In 1853, six mills turned out 215,296 bushels. The manufactures of the place are extensive and rapidly increasing. Engine and boiler manufactories, car works, furnaces, founderies and other large establishments meet the visitor at every step, giving him a high idea of the enterprise, capital and industry of the inhabitants. The commerce of Buffalo is very great, owing to the advantages of its position; the capacious harbor of the city is formed by Buffalo Creek, and is of sufficient depth at one mile from the lake to admit vessels drawing from twelve to fourteen feet of water. In our view of the light-house will be noticed the extremity of the pier or breakwater, a noble structure designed to protect the harbor from storms, and extending fifteen hundred feet from the south side of the mouth of Buffalo Creek. This breakwater confines the channel in such a way, that the sweep of the deep water has nearly obliterated a bar which formerly obstructed the entrance of the harbor. The light-house, to which we again call the attention of the reader, is situated at the extremity of this pier, and is



MARKET HOUSE, BUFFALO, NEW YORK



LIGHT-HOUSE, BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

forty six feet high, resting on a base of twenty feet diameter. The only inconvenience felt at Buffalo is from the accumulation of ice driven by strong south-westerly winds at the breaking up of winter. The slips and ship canals erected on Buffalo Creek within a few years to meet the growing exigencies of commerce, have cost several hundred thousands of dollars. Among the contrivances which owe their birth to the grain trade, is a system of elevators to facilitate the transshipment of wheat. Ten of these are capable of raising 22,400 bushels an hour, and storing 1,550,000. Among the facilities of the port are a very large dry dock and a marine railway. Buffalo contains twelve banks, with an aggregate capital of about a million and a half, two savings banks and more than forty insurance companies. The assessed value of real estate in Buffalo is \$20,063,045. A corporation with a capital of \$400,000 supplies the city with excellent water from Niagara River. The city is lighted with gas. Strangers visiting Buffalo will find excellent accommodations at the hotels; the leading ones being the American, the Mansion House, the Clarendon and the Western Hotel. In Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer, recently published, a most excellent and reliable work, we find the following statistics of the commerce of Buffalo. "Its position is such as to render it a great entrepot, through which much of the commerce between the East and West must pass. The first impulse was given to it by the completion of the Erie Canal in 1824. Since then, lines of railway have been constructed, opening communication with nearly every section of New York, with the great cities on the Atlantic coast, with Canada and the fertile valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi. These improvements, with her advantages for navigating the great inland waters, have secured to Buffalo the first rank among the great commercial cities on the north-western lakes. Numerous railroads are also in the course of construction, among which may be mentioned the Buffalo, Brantford and Goderick, completed January 13, 1854, to within five miles of its junction with the Great Western Railway at Paris, the latter road having been opened January 16, 1854, from the Canada side of the suspension bridge, opposite Detroit, a distance of 229 miles; the Buffalo, Corning and New York Railroad, in operation from Corning to Batavia, with the remainder of the route graded; and the Buffalo and Pittsburg Railroad, which will communicate with the coal region of Pennsylvania. The enlargement of the Erie Canal, now determined by the legislature, when effected, will add greatly to the commercial facilities of Buffalo. During the year 1853, there were built at this port, five steamers, seventeen propellers and seven schooners, with an aggregate burden of 11,506 tons. From 1200 to 1500 mechanics are constantly employed at the various shipyards on the creek. In 1853, the number of American and foreign vessels entered at this port was

imports by lake, railway and canal, amounting, in 1853, to the sum of \$125,000,000." These figures will convey an accurate idea of the flourishing condition of the city. As we have remarked, much of this prosperity is attributable to the favorable location of the city, but much must be credited also to the energy, intelligence, foresight and untiring industry of the inhabitants, who are fair representatives of the race to which they belong. It is unphilosophical to attribute the prosperity of any place to nature alone; for we behold, in surveying the globe, numberless localities which Providence has eminently favored in physical advantages, but which, from the neglect, indolence or vice of their population, make no figure in the annals of civilization. It is the characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, and of that type of it found on this shore of the Atlantic, to improve to the uttermost the bounties of nature, and make every resource tend to one great end. Untiring industry is certainly the characteristic of American settlers; restless inactivity marks every period of their existence from the cradle to the grave. It may be that this is carried to excess; it may be that we make too much of a work-day world of this sphere of our existence; but when we look around us and behold what this spirit has accomplished, what vast fields it has thrown open to civilization, what enduring monuments of utility it has reared, the disposition to criticize is checked, and admiration takes the place of it. The generations that follow in our footsteps will have an easier mission to fulfil. They will have far less of hard toil, far less of the constructive process to perform. To them, the work of refinement will be assigned. It will be theirs to add to the toil-wrought shaft which sustains, the Corinthian capital that adorns the social structure. For after this age, the age of toil, will come that of the arts—of poetry, of romance, of painting, sculpture and music—glories whose coming has already been heralded by many glorious rays now streaming forth upon the present hour. As we have elsewhere remarked, and it has also been noted by candid travellers, what we have already accomplished in the fine arts, is wonderful, considering the circumstances under which these efforts have been achieved in our present situation.

4106, with an aggregate of 1,632,074 tons; clearances, 4192 vessels, with an aggregate of 1,620,701 tons. The total value of merchandize received by the lake at Buffalo, in 1853, was \$36,881,230. In addition to the above, \$2,234,273 worth of goods were brought by the State Line Railroad, making the total value of all the imports received at Buffalo from the West in 1853, \$39,115,503, being an increase from 1852 of more than \$4,000,000. The value of imports from Canada the same year were \$392,719 and by canal \$64,612,102. The value of exports from Buffalo by canal in 1853, was \$22,652,408, and from the District of Buffalo Creek to Canada \$992,406. The duties collected at this port amounted in 1843, to \$4546; in 1846, \$12,389; in 1849, \$46,939; in 1851, \$92,357; 1852, \$69,623; and in 1853, to \$84,943. The shipping enrolled and licensed in the district of Buffalo Creek, June 30, 1854, amounted to a total aggregate of 82,679 tons. The total

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES.

Eleazer Johnson, having been born in 1718, and living to 1794, was in the prime of life when English oppressions of the colonies commenced, and his sons were old enough to be participators in the revolutionary struggle. The ship carpenters were among the most active of the patriots, and Eleazer Johnson was one of their leaders. Indeed, the ship-yards were the hot-beds of the revolution, and we are not certain that the first aggressive acts against the authorities were not there conceived, and by those men put into execution. It was the fact that Rev. Mr. Parsons's society was principally composed of them, that made him among the most active of that time, in defence of liberty; so that, at a meeting of ladies at his house, he furnished what was then called "liberty tea," and at the close of one of his sermons, called for volunteers to step forward in the church, for the formation of a military company. The same year they built the powder-house, 1774, the town voted that the bill granting "an excise on distilled spirits was an infringement on the natural rights of Englishmen." For this vote all the carpenters of the town held up their hands. They used to know then when eleven and four o'clock came in the yards. Next after came the stamp oppression; and here again they were united; and from those ship-yards, more than elsewhere, came the processions that marched about town with fife and drum, calling upon every man to answer to the question—"Stamp or no stamp?" If he replied "stamp," they knocked him down, hissed him, or otherwise showed their displeasure; if "no stamp," the answer was "fall in"—join us—no neutrals were allowed. Eleazer Johnson was in the head ranks of this semi-rebellion. Next came the tea difficulty, and all have heard what was done by the "Mohawks" of Boston with the tea at that port; but as yet none of our historians have given the fact that, before Boston acted in the disguise of Indians, the ship carpenters of Newburyport publicly and openly burned the tea in Market Square. How this well authenticated fact escaped them, that the first defiant resistance to the tea imposition in this country was in Newburyport, we cannot tell. But twice was this resistance made; once by burning it in Federal Street, and again in the market. The tea was stored in the powder-house for safe keeping. Eleazer Johnson, standing one day upon the timber of his yard, called his men about him, and after a few patriotic words, gave the order—"All who are ready to join, knock your adzes from their handles, shoulder the handles and follow me." Every adze in the yard was knocked off, and that stout, athletic man, who would have marched through a regiment



RESIDENCE OF B. M. SHERWOOD, BUFFALO, N. Y.

of "red coats," had they then stood in his way, taking his broad-axe as an emblem of leadership and for use, marched at the head of the company to the powder-house. There that well tried axe opened a way through the door, and each man shouldering his chest of tea, again fell into line. They marched direct to the market, and then in single file around the old meeting-house, where the pump now is, when Johnson's axe opened his chest, and box and tea were on the ground together. Each man, as he came up, did the same, when, with his own hand, Johnson lighted the pile and burned it to ashes; and on that spot, without disguise, the ship carpenters of Newburyport destroyed the first tea that was destroyed in America.—*Newburyport Herald*.

THE REAL INVENTOR OF THE STEAMBOAT.

From advance sheets of Lloyd's forthcoming Steamboat Directory, we see that he gives the credit of the invention of the steamboat to John Fitch, and not to Robert Fulton. He produces good authority to sustain him in his assertions, and the friends of Fitch will no doubt be glad to find justice will be done in this work. It appears that John Fitch invented and made a successful trial trip with his steamboat at Philadelphia, in 1786, which averaged nearly eight miles an hour, and that afterwards, while he was in Paris, trying to obtain aid from the French government to further his objects, he met Robert Fulton, who was there with his submarine battery for blowing up ships; and Fulton, by pretending to take great interest in John Fitch, obtained plans and drawings of his steamboat by giving him some milk and water letters to various persons. Poor Fitch remained in Europe some time, trying to get capitalists to advance him funds to prosecute his great invention, but without success. They called him crazy, little dreaming of the prize they were losing. Meantime, Robert Fulton returned to New York, and obtaining funds from Chancellor Livingston, built the steamer "Clermont," on the North River, in 1806, using on her one of Watt's improved steam engines ordered from England. This was fully twenty years after John Fitch had demonstrated the practicability of stemming the mighty Mississippi by the steamboat. In 1811, Robert Fulton and Livingston claimed the exclusive privilege of navigating the Ohio and Mississippi by steam. Several boats were thus tied up, but at the great trial in New York, it was satisfactorily and conclusively proved that Robert Fulton was not the inventor of the steamboat, but to John Fitch belonged the high honor of first moving in this wonderful discovery.—*Cincinnati Times*.



COURT HOUSE, BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

THE SLEEPING INFANT.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

A wall floats forth from noble halls—
Grief rides upon the gale—
Grim Death hath stalked within the walls—
The inmates shudder pale.

Why floats the wall from noble halls?
An infant sleeping lies—
Ah, what is there that so appals?
Sweet dreams have sealed those eyes.

Why floats the wall from noble halls?
Why bears the breeze a sigh?
Lo, angels whispering round it call:
"Young spirit, mount the sky!"

"Thou art not doomed on earth to stay,
Too restless thou and fair—
Thou'rt destined to entice away
From earth the loved ones here.

"Come, spirit—nestling—mount the sky!
One brief and fleeting ray,
Ere thou shalt meet them all on high,
In realms of endless day.

"A shining cherub waits for thee—
Nestling! no longer stay!
Borne on our pinions, thou shalt see
The light of perfect day."

The wall is hushed in noble halls—
For, spirit music borne
Upon the breeze, in accents falls,
"Ye have no cause to mourn."

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

MEETING UNEXPECTEDLY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

ABOUT twenty years since, while journeying on horseback in a retired part of New England, being overtaken by a sudden and violent shower, I sought shelter in the first house I came to, which fortunately was at no great distance. The owner's name was Blakeley, who had already hastened from the field to avoid the shower, and was seated with his wife and a number of children in an ample kitchen. The children, with their round faces and plump, rosy cheeks, looked particularly healthy, with one exception. This was a little pale, sickly-looking thing, not larger than a girl of five, though, judging by her old-looking face, she might have been ten or eleven. She was the most melancholy, forlorn-looking child I ever beheld. She sat apart from the other children, occasionally casting timid glances towards them, as if she realized her loneliness, and longed, yet feared, to seek their companionship. She was dressed in rusty black, and her hands were so small and poor, that they seemed like bird's claws compared with the rosy, chubby hands of the others.

"I see that little Ellen draws your attention," said Mrs. Blakeley, addressing me.

"She cannot be the sister of the other children," said I.

"No, she's not in the least related to them. She has no near relations except an uncle, and he refuses to do anything for her, although he has no family of his own, and is well to do in the world."

"She is an orphan, then?"

"Yes; her mother died about a week ago. She had been a widow more than three years, and maintained herself and her little girl by her own industry. She had even laid by a little for a wet day, but she was sick a long time, and it took the whole to pay the doctor's bill and other expenses. Since she died the child has been here, and were we able, we should be glad to keep her; but we've a large family of our own to provide for, and it will be a long time before she can earn her own living, if she ever gets able to, for she's a poor, puny little thing as ever was. Mr. Blakeley would be as willing for her to stay as I should, if we had the means to maintain her."

"Yes, indeed, that's what I should," said Mr. Blakeley; "and I sometimes think we may as well let her stay at a venture."

"Do you know of any place where she can go?" I asked.

"None, except the almshouse," was his reply. "It is four miles from here, and I suppose I must take her over in the morning. There's no use in delaying it."

I shall never forget the way in which the child fixed her large, dark eyes on Mr. Blakeley's face as he answered my question. There was in them a mournful, deprecating look, mingled with dread, which showed me, even more than the heart-throbs, so wild and hurried as to flutter the rusty cape that edged the bosom of her dress, the vague, yet overwhelming fears with which she was haunted at the idea of going to the almshouse.

"My little girl," said I, approaching her and taking her thin, pale hands in mine, "you don't wish to go to the almshouse, do you?"

She bent her head so that her face rested on my hands, and said, in a broken voice, "I don't want to go away and leave mother."

"But you have no mother now, my child."

"Yes, sir, I have. She's asleep in the corner of the graveyard beneath the great elm, where the violets grow. Every pleasant day I sit by her. She doesn't speak to me, but she knows I'm there."

"You mustn't be carried to the almshouse," said I.

"Well, it is hard to be obliged to go, when she dreads it so," said Mr. Blakeley.

"Would you and Mrs. Blakeley be willing to keep her for a reasonable consideration?" I inquired.

They would be glad to keep her, was the answer of both.

"Then she shall remain with you," said I.

An arrangement satisfactory to all parties concerned (to none more so than to little Ellen) was soon made. I was going to start for the West in a few weeks, where I intended to remain six or seven years (perhaps a dozen), for I did not mean to return till I could call myself a rich man. I had a little bank stock, which, as it paid a good percentage, I did not care to sell, and this was what was to go for the support of Ellen.

Instead of six or seven, I remained fifteen years at the West. For the last half of the time my business had obliged me to go from place to place, and I became very negligent about writing to Mr. Blakeley, or to Ellen. If Ellen wrote to me, as I had not much doubt that she did, I never received her letters; and when, one day about dark, I arrived at a small hamlet in New England, about forty miles from where I left her in the family of Mr. Blakeley, I had not heard from her for two years. I feared that she was not living, for since my arrival in New England, I had found that the interest on my bank stock had for two years remained undrawn. I was informed by one of the officers of the institution, that Mr. Blakeley called at that time, and said that the money would not be needed any longer, and that he remarked at the same time, that he had written to let me know.

I regretted that I was unable to reach Mr. Blakeley's that night, for, as the next day was Sunday, there would be no public conveyance. I had some thoughts of hiring a private vehicle to convey me thither, but finally gave it up, and concluded to wait till Monday morning. This I did the more willingly from being told by Mr. Blandford, the landlord's son, that if I had a taste for fine singing, I should, if I attended church, have an opportunity to gratify it, their principal singer having the sweetest voice he ever heard, though he had been present at the performances of those who were accounted the most celebrated vocalists of the day.

After I retired to my room (one of the best in the little secluded inn), I sat down at an open window. I had never before so fully realized how full of melancholy beauty is a calm summer night. I had been where nature was on a grander scale, but I was conscious of a quiet, home feeling, never experienced there, as my eye rested on the modest spire of the meeting-house, which, silvered by the beams of a full moon, rose above the dark foliage of the surrounding trees, and still more so when I caught a gleam of light from the window of some old brown farm-houses, few of which I had seen during my absence.

The morning rose bright and unclouded. Though there never could have been much bustle in so secluded a place, I recognized the quiet aspect and the hush peculiar to a New England Sabbath in the country. The difference between it and a week day, singularly enough, has always appeared to me more marked than in the city.

I was told that many who attended divine service at the meeting-house near by, lived on what was called the back road, and as there were no cross-roads, they would be obliged to walk miles, did they not avail themselves of the footpaths which wound through the fields and pastures. Many of these, as I could see from my window, were well-beaten. In some places they would sweep round the base of a hill, or dip into a grassy hollow, and then perhaps follow the easy windings of a brook that laughed and sparkled among the pebbles, or chafed itself into slender wreaths of foam against some rock which impeded its course. Some lost themselves in the dim old woods, which formed a majestic background to many a rustic cottage, that had an indescribable look of peace, as it reposed in the long, cool shadows of morning.

At an early hour, youths and maidens began to emerge from some lowly dwelling on the back road, as could be seen here and there through a natural vista in the woods, or an opening among the hills, and striking into one of the paths, bend their steps towards the place of worship. The demeanor of all, in accordance with the sacredness of the day, was decorous and composed. Even the children, clad in garments neat, and often exhibiting marks of taste, seemed to realize the propriety of subduing the natural exuberance of their spirits.

Few things could look lovelier, or more picturesque, than a group of fair young girls emerging from a wood-path, their white dresses, and the ribbons, mostly pale blue, or rose color, which decorated their simple straw hats, waving in the breeze, and all thrown into bright relief by the vivid green, through which they wound their way. Occasionally, there were bars to let down, or a stone wall to climb. These, especially the latter, gave the young men, who were always hovering near, an opportunity to display their gallantry; and as they helped their fair neighbors over, the clasp of hands was sometimes more lingering than necessary—the first manifestation, it might be, of love long treasured. Any one could have told that the handsome young man in the well fitting blue coat and neatly made boots, had neither heart nor eye for any other girl, except her in the dress of soft white muslin, and a silken scarf playing with the breeze, which she undoubtedly very well knew.

When the bell commenced ringing, young Blandford looked into the room to see if I was ready to go. It was not a solemn, deep-toned bell, such as is often heard in cities, but its notes were of a clear, silvery sweetness, which were in fine keeping with those rural sounds, which so pleasantly break the silence of even the deepest solitudes. There were no paved nor gravelled sidewalks, but, as in the fields, a smoothly-beaten path, winding in and out, to avoid any inequality of the ground, or some gray, moss-covered rock, half imbedded in the soil. On either side, a broad margin of velvet green, starred with tiny wild-flowers, while a tuft of red clover heads, or of golden buttercups, had here and there sought

safety beneath the shelter of the stone wall, afforded a pleasant relief to the eye. Just before we reached a pretty cottage, in front of which was a small green lawn, shaded with some fine trees, and adorned with flowering shrubs, a gentleman and lady came out to the front door.

"That gentleman," said young Blandford, "is Mr. Winthrop, our minister. The lady with him is his wife, and the fine singer I spoke to you about. Some think that it is not exactly proper for a minister's wife to sit in the singing seats, but I for one am certain that her beautiful voice, and the way she has of singing the hymns, which makes them seem sweeter and solemn, and fuller of meaning than they ever did before, does me full as much good as the preaching."

I noticed that her figure was slight, and that she looked very graceful in her simple dress.

The service commenced with prayer, and then the pastor read a hymn. It was the old hymn, familiar to me as household words, commencing with the lines

"Welcome sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!"

I had heard it sung many times—had often sung it myself to the tune of "Little Marlborough," the same selected on the present occasion—but both words and music appeared to my sympathies in a way they had never done before. The singers were not hidden behind a curtain (curtains then were not thought of in country churches for such a purpose), and it appeared to me, as I earnestly regarded the unpretending vocalist, whose voice, soft and mellow as flute-notes, though possessing a power far more earnest and thrilling, that I had somewhere seen those large dark eyes, which, slightly raised, looked as if her thoughts were carried back to the event alluded to in the opening lines of the hymn. I did not wonder that young Blandford thought that she had a way of singing the hymns, which made them appear sweet, solemn, and full of meaning.

"Can you tell me what Mrs. Winthrop's name was before she was married?" I inquired of Blandford, after we had left the meeting-house.

"Yes, it was Ellen Hilton."

"Is it possible?" I exclaimed.

"That was her name."

"The very person I was in pursuit of. How long has she been married?"

"About two years."

I attended the afternoon service, and half an hour before sunset, I knocked at the door of the pleasant cottage, the residence of the minister. A girl came to the door, to whom I handed a card, on which was written my name, Joseph Arnott, which I requested her to give to Mrs. Winthrop. In less than a minute, she stood before me. Her face was radiant with smiles, yet tears were in her eyes, as she gave me her hand, called me by name, and in a voice, broken by emotion, said something about my being her benefactor. I was soon seated in the parlor, conversing as familiarly with her and Mr. Winthrop, as if I had been one of the family. The incident was adverted to, of my calling at Mr. Blakeley's to obtain shelter from the shower.

"It was fortunate for Ellen that you called, and subsequently proved so to me," said Mr. Winthrop, "as otherwise, we should probably never have met. Like many other young men, I was obliged to teach school to obtain the means of defraying my college expenses. The last one I ever taught was in the district where Mr. Blakeley lived, and Ellen was one of my scholars. Four years afterward, about the time I accepted the invitation of the society in this place to become its pastor, I unexpectedly fell heir to what placed me above want. But this did not make me renounce the profession I had chosen. I was pleased with the beauty and seclusion of the place, and did not, on account of my improved worldly prospects, seek to cancel my engagement, though prosperity brought with it the offer of more than one situation more popular and lucrative. There are always duties for a pastor's wife, as well as the pastor. I knew enough of Ellen's character and disposition to feel confident that she possessed those virtues and peculiar traits, which would enable her to discharge them faithfully, and in all humility. That I succeeded in persuading her to assume them, you would have known long ago, had you received the letter written jointly by her and me, a few days after our marriage. We have a happy home, as you will know, if you will consent to remain with us."

"I am already convinced that you have," I replied; "but business obliges me to go back to the West, in the course of a few weeks, and when I again return, I hope to have a home of my own."

Previous to my departure, in company with Mr. Winthrop and Ellen, I spent a day at Mr. Blakeley's, and was gratified to find that he had become a thriving farmer. This, however, did not prevent me from purchasing a fine piece of woodland, the deed of which I sent him the day I started for the West; for though he and Mrs. Blakeley said they had been more than paid for their care of Ellen, I felt that they had conferred on me an obligation, by the kind and judicious manner in which they fulfilled their trust.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Keep as much as possible in the grand and common road of life; patent educations or habits seldom succeed. Depend upon it, men set more value on the cultivated minds than on the accomplishments of women, which they are rarely able to appreciate. It is a common error, but it is an error, that literature unfits women for the everyday business of life. It is not so with men. You see those of the most cultivated minds constantly devoting their time and attention to the most homely objects. Literature gives women a real and proper weight in society, but then they must use it with discretion; if the stocking is blue, the petticoat must be long, as my friend Jeffrey says; the want of this has furnished food for ridicule in all ages.—*Sydney Smith.*

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

JUST OVER THE BAY.

BY JOHN THORNHERRY.

A GREAT many men get over the bay, in their lives. The voyage is more common than people generally are inclined to imagine. Some, we know, are moved with a more vaulting ambition, and think it hardly worth their pains unless they can send their ships round to San Francisco, or by the other road round to Calcutta; but these are few indeed, in comparison with that vast multitude, a countless host almost, who are in the habit of stately weighing anchor for a short trip "just over the bay."

But let me not anticipate our story. Before we come to that part of it which particularly relates to harbor navigation, there is a little preliminary to be attended to, in reference to the character—or habits, of our mutual friend Frosty.

Mr. Andrew Frosty chanced to reside in one of a long, straight, smooth row of houses, no one of which bore any special mark on its front by which it could be distinguished from another. Such a block of buildings it would be a very hard matter to find anywhere else in the world so even; so like; all with granite steps; all with projecting stoops, or porches; every one as like every one as it could possibly be.

Tack on another item. Mr. Frosty was as jealous a man of his wife as any husband need be. He was *terribly* jealous—and that is quite enough for the happiness—or comfort of *any* family. Now we think it an awful thing for a man to be jealous of his wife at all; if he have reason for it, it most certainly is; and if without cause, then it is vastly more so. When either man or wife falls into such a wretched habit as that, they may as well draw their cotton caps over their eyes, and say good-night to the world. Living is no sort of an object to them.

But whether Mr. Frosty had any *reason* to be jealous of his wife, is what we are not going to settle. And yet we never *thought* he could have, for a kinder, gentler, sweeter, more amiable and devoted wife than she made him, it would be difficult to put your finger upon anywhere in the house or the street. But Mrs. Frosty was young; and had a great deal of beauty, too; and was remarkably attractive in her manners. It would not be at all strange if these were reasons sufficient to excite Mr. Frosty against her, though, if they were, he ought to have been heartily ashamed of himself, and gone and got a plainer wife to begin with.

Not many doors off, in the same block of undistinguishable dwellings, lived Col. Sawyer. Now the colonel rather prided himself on being esteemed a gentleman. Without assuming to be what is popularly termed a "ladies' man," he nevertheless was extremely particular in his carriage towards them, aiming always to impress them with a sense of his perfect purity, and chivalry, and truth. No one in the neighborhood—or in the wide world, either, that I know of—ever suspected him of being capable of insulting any one—least of all, a *lady*. Mothers along the street ever held him up before the eyes of their sprouting sons, as an example of the lofty, and the true. And fathers spoke of him now and then to their eldest daughters, and hoped that if they ever thought of marriage,—and it is just possible that some of them did,—they would be satisfied with nothing less than a character like him. This certainly would seem to be praise enough.

Coming home musingly and with his head down, one evening, the colonel thought no such accident was possible as that he should mistake his own house, especially as he had been in and out that way so many times. Perhaps the very fact that he felt such a confidence, was the greater reason why he should make a mistake at all. But as he was very much occupied with a new commercial project that was just then on the carpet, he abandoned himself entirely to what he knew of the way home, and thought of course he should reach that pleasant spot all in proper time.

The consequence was, on this particular occasion, at least, that he slipped himself quietly in through *Mr. Frosty's* front door, hung up his hat and coat in the hall, and started for the dining-room. As all the houses in the block were so much alike on the outside, their internal arrangements were pretty much after the same fashion likewise. So that the hall of Mr. Frosty seemed exactly like his own hall; and the dining-room door opened just where his own did.

The instant he opened the door, however, he began to awaken to his error. The table was spread in the middle of the floor, and the pretty Mrs. Frosty sat near the grate, just glancing over the evening paper.

"Ah!" exclaimed he, bowing and scraping confusedly; "I beg pardon! Really, Mrs. Frosty, I beg pardon!"

In a moment the astonished lady was on her feet, her face flushed with the natural excitement of so unlooked for a visit. She knew not what to say.

"This is a ludicrous mistake, I declare, Mrs. Frosty," said the colonel. "Here I am, invading and taking possession of your house, when I thought I was safe and snug in my own! Ha—ha—ha! All this comes of these houses wearing such similar faces. But it's the *first* mistake of the kind I ever made, and I trust you'll excuse it!"

Mrs. Frosty comprehended it instantly, and began a good laugh over his innocent adventure. "If I should ever happen to get caught so *myself*!" said she; and the thought of the consequences made her put her white hand before her face, that she might have her laugh out unseen.

"We're always grateful for a call from you, Colonel Sawyer," added Mrs. Frosty. "Now you are here, and supper will soon be on the table, why won't you stop and sit down with us? My husband will be in soon. I am expecting him every minute."

The colonel began to thank her for her polite invitation, and to excuse himself by reason of urgent engagements for the evening, and even while he was thus occupied, the outer door opened, and in came the veritable proprietor, Mr. Frosty himself.

"There!" exclaimed his wife, "my husband is coming now! You'll not be detained any longer than you would at home. Come, I think you'd better stop with us."

Along came Mr. Frosty through the hall, looking cross and sour enough. His face would have turned sweet milk in a twinkling. The instant he caught the sound of a male voice in the dining-room, his old suspicions began to flame up again. And as soon as he could creep along as far as the door, in his stealthy way, and look in through the crevice and see who was there, his rage burst all bounds, and made him a momentary madman. Mr. Sawyer and his wife were in the room *alone*! That was enough!

"Now what does this mean, sir!" shouted the enraged husband, dashing up before the thunder-struck colonel. "This is just what I've been expecting for a long time! I *knew* there was some devilry like this afoot! What are you here for, sir? What are you doing in my house! Tell me, sir!—or march yourself out quicker than you came in!"

The colonel had got over his astonishment enough to commence a calm explanation, when Mrs. Frosty, bursting into tears, threw herself before her angry husband, and implored him to be silent; for it was only a trifling mistake, and Colonel Sawyer would immediately explain it all. But the enraged man would hear to nothing. "Leave the room!" he ordered his wife. "I'll hear nothing from you! I've had disgrace enough brought on me already! Leave the room!" And mortified and in tears, she passed out to brood over her misery and mortification alone.

Colonel Sawyer essayed to begin; though it was exceedingly hard work, and he could accomplish nothing but with almost superhuman effort. "I mistook the house, sir; that is all," said he. "My intentions were perfectly honorable, and out of this house, sir, you shall not call them in question without being held personally responsible. I am quite ready to leave the place, I assure you." And he began to do so.

"All that is very well to say," replied the jealous husband. "I should advise you for the future, however, to be a little careful before you go into other persons' houses, and see if your own number extends the whole length of the street!"

Col. Sawyer withdrew, resolved to have no further words with such a creature. He saw that he was beside himself with jealousy, and he knew that language would be wasted on him.

Perhaps it was a couple of months after this, that a party of gentlemen lingered rather late about the tap of our friend Kegg, in his snug little back room, and forgot that it was fairly four o'clock in the afternoon, until they found it had long ago struck *six*. They were all jolly fellows, and had been making a pleasant little bit of an excursion "just over the bay." Their eyes were flashing, and their cheeks were getting rosy. The trip must have put them in the best of spirits; or, rather, the best of spirits in them.

Among them was Mr. Andrew Frosty. If there was any one of them very *particularly* "mellow," it is but fair to say it was Frosty. He had evidently improved his opportunities during the voyage.

Going out into the bracing air after such a long confinement in the little back room, Mr. Frosty began to feel the effects of his excursion very sensibly. By hook and by crook he finally sailed round to the street on which his domicile stood, pushed along till he thought he had got about where he *ought* to live, and went up the steps. After laying off his coat and hat in the hall, he stepped along to the door of the dining-room, and opened it. Who should suddenly appear to him as he looked around the room, but Col. Sawyer and his wife! Frosty rubbed his eyes, stammered, made a half bow, felt wholly lost, and finally gave it up. "I declare!" he exclaimed, looking blanker than the wall, "I've *mistaken the house*!"

"O no, my dear sir," said Col. Sawyer, immediately rising and going over to him, "you have done no such thing; you know you haven't! You have only stolen in here to *bring disgrace* upon my family! I've been suspecting this for a long time! And now, sir, I'll just walk out myself with you, and be at the trouble of finding your own house for you."

And upon this, the colonel put on his coat and hat, and insisted on accompanying the discomfited Mr. Frosty home. Not a syllable of explanation would he listen to. "O, no, no!" he would say, whenever Frosty began to apologize, "I understand it all well enough. I see how it is. It's all very well to say you've lost the way into my house; but I should for the future advise you, before going into other persons' houses, to just look and see if your own number runs the length of the street!"

Just the language Frosty had before used to him, and just what sealed his lips. Frosty was floored completely. But that was not the best of it. The colonel insisted on going home with him, and going in; and he offered his services in such a pleasant yet persistent way, that Frosty could not have shaken him off, even if he was not himself rendered submissive by reason of his own mortification. And the colonel, therefore, went in and told Mrs. Frosty about it; which so thoroughly pleased that amiable lady, that, in view of previous circumstances, she set up a resistless laugh in the face of her humbled lord, in the midst of which his very polite escort took occasion to withdraw.

But Frosty was thoroughly cured, by the means, of his jealousy; for which his gentle spouse did not forget to be duly thankful. He saw and admitted that it was quite possible for a respectable man to mistake even the number of his own door—especially in the existence of two separate contingencies:—first, when the houses in the same row were all as nearly alike to appearance as a pod full of peas; and secondly, when a man is on his evening return from a trip "just over the bay!"

AN OPERA MANAGER.

What the trials and tribulations, the successes and reverses of a New York opera manager are, the public will soon learn by a saucy, slashing book from the pen of the renowned Max Maretzek, under the quaint title of "Crotchets and Quavers," from the press of S. French, 121 Nassau Street, New York. We give a taste of Max's quality from the proof sheets:

ART CRITICISM.

Correct judgments upon art are generally given in the *Albion* and *Weekly Dispatch*, but in some of the other scores upon scores of papers published in New York, you may occasionally discover that "Lucrezia Borgia" is a sparkling comic opera, written by Rossini, that "the Barber of Seville" is the best thing Verdi has ever given to the musical public, or, that "the ladies of the chorus in 'Itigoletto' (which contains no female chorus) were dreadfully out of tune." Perhaps you will be informed, "that the magnificent *contralto* notes of Jenny Lind constituted the secret of her triumph," or, that "the *U de poitrine* of Benedetti rivals, in its power, that of the huge *Lablache*." Only figure to yourself, my good friend, the despair of that Titan of all *bassi*, past, present and to come, should he ever conceive that there are musical critics actually in existence, who believe in his physical possession of a mythical *U de poitrine*.

BENEDETTI.

Benedetti had a manly and robust figure. Indomitable, energetic, quarrelsome as a gentleman who has recently come from the south of Ireland, conceited with the inevitable self approval of a first tenor, and cunning as either a monk or a weasel, he possessed a strong voice. Its degree of cultivation was extremely mediocre. Did he chance to sing a false note, or commit an error in intonation, he would look daggers at some unoffending member of the orchestra, or, if the humor seized him, publicly rebuke an innocent member of the chorus, for the purpose of inducing the public to believe that one or the other had dragged him into a false key. Whenever he could not keep time, he had the trick of beginning to beat it himself, although he literally never knew the difference between a six-eight and a two-four movement. This was for the purpose of showing the audience that the fault, supposing they discerned it, lay with the conductor. You may imagine that such a vocalist was an almost priceless tenor. Yet he, for so Mr. Fry had told me, was a favorite with the public.

THE FASHIONABLE LADY.

The *femme comme il faut*, in New York, lacks the physical consistency and solidity, as well as the artlessness of Albion's daughters. In revenge, however, for this, she exhibits all the ease and grace, while she possesses all the consummate taste and elegance of the Parisian dame from the Faubourgs St. Germain, or St. Honoré. Artificially instructed, it has occasionally appeared to me that her ignorance is real. Full of elevated sentiments, she too often sacrifices them to the claims of etiquette and worldly formality. Rather infatuated in favor of an artist or an author, than enthusiastic in her love either of art or literature—imprudent in the first place, afterwards reflecting—she is deliciously coquetish at all times and in all places. In a word, the American lady has a young heart when she has attained the ripe age of forty, but carries an old head upon young shoulders when she yet counts no more than sixteen years upon them. Capable of the greatest sacrifices, nay! of heroism for the man she has honored with her love, she is unable to speak well of another woman. Her life is an admirable concentration of passions, virtues, ambitions, jealousies, loves, mysteries, flirtations, hates, disappointments and pleasures. These produce a sort of poetic confusion in her own conscience, and render her, not only a problem to others, but an enigma even to herself. After years of internal struggles, therefore, worn out by the doubt which has proved itself unable to afford her a solution for the intricate and Gordian like riddle of her own existence, in nine cases out of ten she becomes religious, and in the tenth instance sinks into literature. Whichever it may be, from that moment she exhibits an open contempt, and feels a secret dislike for the younger being, who is then doing what she was wont to do, in her own person.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE AGE OF FABLE: or, *Stories of Gods and Goddesses*. By THOMAS BULFINCH. Boston: Sanborn, Carter & Bazin. 1855. 12mo pp. 485.

In the handsome illustrated volume before us, the author has made a successful effort to popularize the heathen mythology, treating it in its connection with literature. A knowledge of the contents of this volume is absolutely necessary to the student of English literature, explaining, as it does, those frequent allusions to mythological subjects scattered throughout the works of standard writers. All oratory is also more or less tinged with these allusions, and mythological subjects are frequently selected by artists. Mr. Bulfinch writes gracefully and agreeably, and his book cannot fail to be attractive as well as useful.

KATE STANTON. A Page from Real Life. Boston: James French & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 332.

A capital story, full of interest, excitement and character, which cannot be laid down by the reader after he has once commenced its perusal. Who is the author?

KLOSTERHEIM: or, *The Masque*. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Boston: Whittemore, Miles & Hall. 1855. 18mo. pp. 258.

A romance by De Quincey is indeed a literary treat. We shall not attempt to forestall the pleasure of the reader by an analysis, and will only say that the scene lies in Sardinia and Bavaria during the memorable thirty years' war, that no work of the author is more masterly in diction. Dr. Shelton McKenzie, the editor, has prefaced it by an admirable biographical sketch of the English opium-eater, for which all his admirers will cordially thank him.

SCENES IN THE PRACTICE OF A NEW YORK PHYSICIAN. New York: Dewitt & Davenport. 1855. 12mo. pp. 407.

Every noted physician's life is full of romance, but few have the leisure and ability to write their interesting experiences in full. Dr. Dixon has done this, and made a most readable book, to which Darley has added the attraction of his magic pencil. For sale by Putnam & Brother, 458 Washington Street.

A GRAMMAR OF COMPOSITION: or, *Gradual Exercises in Writing the English Language*. By DAVID B. TOWER, A. M. and BENJ. F. TWEED. New York: Daniel Burgess & Co. 1855. 18mo. pp. 228.

This is a series of exercises in composition, forming a necessary supplement to English grammar. Its lessons are so graduated and systematized, that no one who follows the course indicated, can fail to write at least with correctness and precision. Style, of course, is acquired by practice and the study of the best models, but the book before us teaches the preliminary steps that must be taken. For sale by Brown, Buzin & Co. Cornhill.

A GUIDE TO CONVERSATION IN THE ENGLISH AND CHINESE LANGUAGES. By STANISLAUS HERNIZ, M. D. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

Neither the erudite author nor the publishers have the slightest idea that the Chinese tongue will be a fashionable study. The book is prepared for the use of Americans and Chinese in California and elsewhere, and contains enough of the language for the purposes of trade and ordinary intercourse. It is beautifully printed, and on the finest satin surface paper. It is a curious and valuable work.

THE WAGER OF BATTLE. A Tale of Saxon Slavery in Sherwood Forest. By HENRY W. HERBERT. New York: Mason Brothers. 1855. 12mo pp. 236.

The title of this new romance by Herbert rings like the clash of steel, and awakens anticipations in the reader which are not disappointed in the perusal of the book. Herbert is the best writer of historical romances living, and he certainly paints feudal times with the vigor and the warmth of Scott himself. His narratives are essentially dramatic, and sweep his reader along in a relentless tide of excitement. The "Wager of Battle" is one of his very best efforts. Boston: Feltledge & Co.



EPES SARGENT.

EPES SARGENT.

The accompanying portrait, drawn for us by Mr. Barry, from a photograph by Whipple & Black, is a striking likeness of one of our leading literary men, whose great and versatile talent has been equally displayed in lyric and dramatic composition, and in literary and political journalism. Epes Sargent is a native of Gloucester, in Massachusetts. His earliest associations are with that "life on the ocean wave," of which he has sung. His parents, however, had their home in Boston, and at the suitable age, he entered the Public Latin School of this city, then under the charge of Messrs. Gould and Leverett. Here he remained five years, with the exception of six months, during which he visited Europe with his father, passing some time in Copenhagen and St. Petersburg. While in the latter city, he attracted the notice of Baron Stieglitz, the Rothschild of Russia, who offered to educate him with his son, and to associate him with the latter in business. The temptation was a strong one; but Sargent's tastes were, even at that time, too decidedly literary to permit him to yield to it. He was, moreover, too much of an American in his sympathies to allow him to become a subject of the czar, even under the lure of a fortune. Returning home, he was admitted a member of the Freshman Class of Harvard University. In company with his brother, John O. Sargent, Dr. O. W. Holmes, Wm. H. Simmons, and others, he contributed to the pages of "The Collegian," a monthly magazine, made up chiefly of original pieces by undergraduates, one of the few really successful college periodicals. Mr. Sargent devoted a few months to the study of the law, but his bent was towards literature, and, having satisfied himself of the fact, he thenceforward gave himself up entirely to literary and editorial pursuits. He assisted Mr. S. G. Goodrich in his various labors, edited the "Token," the foremost of American "annuals," also Parley's Magazine, and prepared several juvenile and educational works, which were very profitable to the publishers. He was also one of the editors of the New England Magazine. For a couple of years he was connected with the Boston Daily Advertiser in a sub-editorial capacity, and, for several years, was associated with the late Richard Haughton in the editorial conduct of the Atlas. While in this connection, he passed several sessions at Washington, where he was admitted to intimate and cordial relations with the principal public men of the Whig party—with Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Everett, Preston, Richard Henry Wilde, Porter of Louisiana, and many others. With Mr. Clay, his associations were particularly agreeable, and his correspondence extensive. He wrote a life of Clay, of which many thousand copies have been sold, and of which Mr. Horace Greeley remarks, in his preface to the last edition, that Mr. Clay "gave it his preference over all the lives of himself that had been written." Having received from General Morris, of the New York Mirror, an urgent proposal for him to take charge of that journal, Mr. Sargent removed to New York, and, for several years, was connected with literary projects in that metropolis. He found time to write several works for the Messrs. Harper, of which two were stories for the young—"Wealth and Worth," and "What's to be Done? or, the Will and the Way." Both passed through many editions, and were eminently successful. Previously to removing to New York, Mr. Sargent visited Cuba, and gave his impressions in a series of short poems, which were published under the title of "Shells and Seaweeds." About this time, he wrote the popular song of "A Life on the Ocean Wave." The Harpers also published "Velasco," a tragedy in five acts, by Mr. Sargent, written for Ellen Tree, and produced by her at the Tremont Theatre in 1837, but long since out of print. This play has been repeatedly performed in England, where it called forth eulogiums from Serjeant Talfourd, the author of "Ion," and from the elder Vandenhoff. Mr. Sargent has also written "The Priestess," a five act tragedy, produced at the new Boston Theatre in the spring of 1855, and repeated thirteen nights. The only volume of poems, we believe, that he has published, is his "Songs of the Sea, and other Poems," from the press of Ticknor & Co. Domestic considerations brought Mr. Sargent back to Boston, and he became connected with the Daily Evening Transcript of that city, which he conducted until he resigned the chair editorial to his present able successor, Mr. D. N. Haskell. Previously to this, Mr. Sargent wrote a poem, which he delivered before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, and many of the principal lyceums of the country. He also delivered a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University. As a lecturer and elocutionist, he has been widely popular. In 1852, he published, in Philadelphia, his

"Standard Speaker"—a work which has taken precedence of all other works of the kind both in this country and England. As an eminent critic has said: "It must, for many years to come, justify its title, and be the Speaker, as any person who would produce one equally good will have to copy from this. Mr. Sargent has gone over the ground thoroughly, and gleaned it carefully." The Standard Speaker yields a large income, both to publisher and author. It is not a mere compilation, but contains many new translations and original pieces. Encouraged by the reception of this work—for the preparation of which his previous labors had especially qualified him,—Mr. Sargent has recently put forth his series of five Standard Readers for schools, published by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. of this city. The success of this series has been rapid and great. It has passed into hundreds of the best schools of every part of the country. Already upwards of fifty thousand copies have been sold, and the series was completed only during the present season, and its sale has but just begun. Each volume is got up with the most scrupulous attention to details, and a cultivated literary taste has evidently presided over every page. Mr. Sargent has been occupied some four years upon the preparation of the series. The elementary books are particularly well done. The author's youthful experience in writing "Peter Parley books" has made him at home in catering for the young. We know of no school Readers that can compare with these in the appropriate character of the reading lessons, the utility of the introductory matter, and the system of references by which accuracy in pronunciation is secured. An "explanatory index" accompanies every volume, and is a new and admirable feature. It will be seen that the life of Mr. Sargent (still in its meridian) has been one of great literary activity. And yet we have not enumerated all his labors,—his "Life and Select Works of Franklin," his fine editions of the poets, etc., with full critical and biographical notices, and several other works. We hope he will find leisure to return to the field of imaginative literature, since the success of his educational works has placed him beyond the necessity of toil. Mr. Sargent, both as a poet and prose writer, ranks very high. His style, while marked by sufficient individuality, is entirely free from the besetting sins of many of the popular writers of the day—redundancy, verbiage, and an indulgence in new-coined and glittering words and expressions, too often adopted to conceal poverty of thought, and too often accepted as the rich vesture of original genius. He has written many things that "will not die." His lyrics have an exquisite finish, not inconsistent with exquisite simplicity of thought and diction. His "Life on the Ocean Wave" is one of the most popular of modern songs. A ballad, the "Light of the Lighthouse," is another beautiful and very popular production. It is a charming story, told with great grace and pathos. Of his more ambitious poetical productions—his successful dramas, it is not enough to say merely that they take high rank among American plays—they enjoy an honorable position among the standard works of the modern English stage. Successful as "Velasco" was, the "Priestess" showed a remarkable improvement, and convinced us that the author had only to will and to dare to achieve an enduring reputation as a dramatic poet. He will be untrue to himself if he does not follow out the vein thus successfully struck. Of Mr. Sargent's remarkable versatility, the reader may form an opinion from the hurried record we have given of his career. Besides writing well, he is a graceful speaker. He has lectured acceptably in the Boston Music Hall to the largest audiences ever assembled there.

JOHN H. PRAY AND SONS' ESTABLISHMENT.

We present our readers with an accurate drawing, executed for our paper, representing the well known carpet store of John H. Pray & Sons, No. 51 Washington Street, a modern structure, completed and occupied by the firm in December last. The material of the building is of hammered granite, and the design, which combines utility and elegance, is an original one, reflecting great credit on the architect, Mr. Nathan A. Bradley, who is also the architect of Hovey's splendid store, in Summer Street. Within a few years great attention has been paid to architecture in our city, and the business portion of it, especially, has been almost entirely remodelled. We have from time to time given views of large stores and warehouses, both here and elsewhere, and shall continue to do so, as they are important features in the aspect of the times. It is curious and instructive to contrast the palatial structures occupied by our leading business men with the unpretending and inconvenient stores occupied by merchants forty or fifty years since, of which not a few specimens yet remain in this city, in New York, and in Philadelphia. In these changes the progress of the age is strikingly illustrated. Half a century ago, many of the shops and stores in Washington Street had no warming apparatus; and it was only because the preceding generation was harder than ours that customers did not actually get frost-bitten while making their purchases. The firm occupying the neat and elegant store we have depicted does a very large business, through the combined influence of liberality, tact, and capital. It is well worth the while of a resident or a stranger to visit their establishment, and examine their stock. When we reflect that but a few hundred years ago the palaces of the kings of England were strewn with rushes, or, "like the worst inn's worst room," besprinkled with sand, we realize, in looking around on the splendid velvet carpetings, the thick, elastic Brussels, the serviceable Kidderminsters, the oil cloths, and other manufactures of carpeting, both foreign and imported, and destined not only for the rich man's residence, but the poor man's dwelling, we realize we say, the immense advance which the arts of civilization have made. The humble laborer of to-day has more actual comforts than the crowned head three centuries ago. It is a source of pride, also, to an American, in visiting this establishment, to see how closely our manufactures, yet in their infancy, approach those of other countries, with the accumulated wealth and the experience of centuries to back them. We may add that everything in their line of business, imported or domestic, may be found at the Messrs. Pray's establishment. We take pride and gratification in noticing such model houses of business as here and there ornament the marts of trade in our city, for they give a character for energy and integrity worthy of the metropolis.



JOHN H. PRAY & SONS' CARPET WAREHOUSE, WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

OUR PRIZE OFFER.

We desire to call particular attention to the grand prize offer which will be found in another column of this paper. We have been engaged for several months in perfecting this purpose, and in having each article carefully manufactured for us. The prizes offered are of the most elegant and perfect description, and will fully sustain the credit of this establishment for fidelity and liberality wherever they shall chance to be sent. We cheerfully court inquiry from all parties who desire to compete for the prizes, and will carefully answer all communications relating to the same, addressed to us with a letter stamp enclosed. This is something new in the newspaper world, and we are resolved that it shall be thoroughly and impartially carried out to universal acceptance.

Every article enumerated is now on exhibition in our publishing office, so there can be no mistake as to their intrinsic value, and the plain purpose of the offer. The successful parties will run no risk of having inferior or second-hand articles palmed off upon them, as each prize has been gotten up for us expressly with an eye to its positive value, and the reputation of our extended and successful business is too sacred to be jeopardized by any unfair dealing. The party who sends us the largest club, as designated, will receive the first prize, be he or she whom they may, living north or south, east or west, and so on with each successive prize. The proprietor will trust the execution of this purpose to no one, but pledges himself personally to carry out the prize offer with scrupulous impartiality.

An opportunity is thus offered for postmasters, assistant-postmasters, or energetic young men or young ladies in their especial localities, to make a few days of industrious effort richly repay them for the time occupied in inducing their friends to possess themselves of one of the most favorite weekly journals ever published. The great success and unequalled circulation of our journal have enabled us to make these prizes so valuable, and the whole scheme so liberal, as to be tempting to any one.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—After the present number of our paper we shall remove the advertising page, and give our subscribers in future one more whole page of original and entertaining reading matter. This will greatly enhance the value of the coming volume, and enable us to give more tales, sketches, and items of interest weekly. This and various other plans we are perfecting to render the next volume of Ballou's Pictorial the best we have yet published.

THE PRIZE OFFER.—Let those who intend to improve this rare chance commence at once to form clubs. Lose not a day in thinking about it. Those who start earliest have the best chance.

ART ASSOCIATION.—The reader is referred to the advertisement of the Cosmopolitan Art Association on another page.

SPLINTERS.

.... The sentence of Morales, a Cuban patriot, has been commuted from death to eight years in the chain gang. Tender mercy!

.... The Armenian bishop of Lemberg, the Nestor of Christian priests, has just completed his 105th year.

.... O. Jennings Wise, Esq., son of Hon. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, has been appointed Secretary of Legation at Paris.

.... A French teacher and an Italian singer lately had a set-to on the stage of the American Academy of Music, New York.

.... One of the professor's chairs at Antioch College is filled by a woman. They are pushing us from our stools.

.... Lieut. Maury shows that by wind and wave it is down stream from our country to all the rest of the world.

.... Every time a wife scolds her husband, she adds a new wrinkle to her face. This was discovered by Humboldt.

.... The bank capital of this city is about \$35,000,000. Banks are good institutions, though they sometimes get tight.

.... The editor of the Manchester Mirror, when he saw Rachel, could not tell where the "laugh" or the "cry" came in.

.... A single house in Louisville, Ky., recently contracted with an English firm to supply 20,000 hogs for \$240,000.

.... The cricket on the hearth, like the soldier in the Crimea, often advances under a brisk fire.

.... A blacksmith in England advertises that he irons wheels and steels axes. He must be a hard customer.

.... Robert Chambers remarked that ink dried in this country in half the time required in England. Cause—climate.

.... Mr. Thackeray delivers his lectures on the "Four Georges" in this city, during the present month.

.... The Russian General Korff has been suspended. People are always in haste to get rid of a bad cough.

.... The Treasury Department says General Scott's back pay amounts to \$10,000. The general wants them to call it \$32,000.

.... There are 261 students in Bowdoin College—quite a little family to educate and keep in order.

.... Thomas Buchanan Reed, the poet-painter, will pass this winter in Philadelphia. Reed is a genius.

.... The bi-centennial celebration of the settlement of Groton was quite spirited, with parades, speeches, etc.

.... An Italian opera has just been manufactured in New York from Cooper's "Spy." Ardit writes the music.

.... An advertisement for a "saddle-horse for a lady of about 950 pounds" is going the rounds. Who is the giantess?

SPLENDID PRIZE OFFER!

SOMETHING REALLY WORTH STRIVING FOR.

Being resolved to increase the present unequalled edition of "Ballou's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion" to the number of

150,000

copies weekly, the proprietor has determined to send abroad through the Union the following inducement for post-masters and other energetic and industrious persons, male or female, to obtain and send to us clubs for our illustrated journal. For this purpose,

TWELVE ELEGANT AND RICH PRIZES

are offered, and will be faithfully awarded as agreed herein—a purpose which shall be personally carried out by the proprietor, who pledges himself to its impartial and honest execution. The intrinsic value of the prizes is over

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

so arranged as to be divided among the individuals who shall forward to us the twelve largest clubs of subscribers for the "Pictorial," between the 1st of December, 1855, and the 1st of February, 1856, being a period of about sixty days. When it is remembered that the agent has to work with, not only the most attractive, but positively

THE CHEAPEST PAPER IN THE WORLD!

it will be realized how easily subscriptions can be procured anywhere.

Ballou's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion

is now in its ninth volume, volume tenth commencing on the 1st of January, 1856. It is the only illustrated paper of its class in America, and the pioneer of illustrated papers on this side the Atlantic. It is elegantly printed on the finest of satin surfaced paper, containing sixteen super royal pages in each number, with an average of twenty illustrations weekly! These engravings are large and artistic in execution, embracing every current topic of interest, including rural scenery, maritime matters, architecture, noted localities all over this country and Europe, likenesses of eminent characters, male and female, at home and abroad, processions, celebrations, natural history, battles, fortifications, and, in short, every theme of general interest, forming an elegant

ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF THE TIMES.

Besides the illustrations, it contains eight or more super royal pages of original sketches of adventure, tales, poems, biographies and choice miscellaneous reading (no advertisements will be admitted), altogether forming a delightful weekly visitor to the home circle, and making two elegant volumes each year for binding, of 416 pages, with about one thousand splendid engravings.

We shall commence the new volume of the "Pictorial," as above, with what we unhesitatingly pronounce to be the best novellette we have ever printed. It is the first story we have ever published without knowing who the author is! This work needs no name to make it popular. For intricacy of plot, delicacy of description, pathos, delineation of human nature, description of the motives of daring men, the tenderness of the female heart, and the power of secret motives, this story will stand unrivalled. It is entitled:

THE CONTRABANDIST:

—OR,—

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

We shall fully illustrate this remarkable story, and our readers may confidently expect to be deeply entertained and interested in its weekly perusal. We are resolved the coming volume shall be the best we have ever yet issued.

THE PRIZES!

To the person who sends us the first largest club, we will present an elegant first class PIANO FORTE, rosewood case, of the best Boston workmanship, warranted in all respects. Value \$300

To the person who sends us the second largest club, we will present a superior ENGLISH LAMPA GOLD WATCH, with a rich gold chain, seals and key, new and warranted perfect in all respects. Value 200

To the person who sends us the third largest club, we will present a library of ONE HUNDRED BOUND VOLUMES of new and valuable books, embracing biographies, histories, novels, records of travel, etc. Value 150

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NATURAL HISTORY—REPTILES.

Our last page is occupied by accurate delineations of some of the most formidable reptiles in the world, drawn expressly for us by the same artist who has hitherto illustrated, on the same scale, other departments of natural history, and who is not only an accomplished draughtsman, but a well informed naturalist. The reptiles derive their name from the Latin word *repto*,—creep,—and are chiefly remarkable for their extraordinary flexibility, which is due to the structure of their vertebrae, each one of which fits into the succeeding by a ball and socket joint. No. 1 and 2, the Aboma and the Boa Constrictor, are formidable specimens of their species. The artist has illustrated the manner in which the latter completely crushes its victim, however huge and muscular. The Boa Constrictor inhabits tropical America. It lies in wait for its victims by the side of some river, where animals may be expected to slake their thirst, springs upon the one it has selected, fixes its teeth in its head, crushes it to death in its coils, swallows it whole, and then lies torpid nearly a month, digesting its enormous meal. No. 3 is the Tiger Python, a genus of the large non-venomous Ophidian reptiles, having oval hooks, and a double series of sub-caudal scutæ. No. 4 is the formidable Cobra de Capello, a native of India, and dreaded for its deadly venom. The snake-charmers of the East succeed wonderfully in taming and controlling this inveterate foe of man. No. 5 is a rattlesnake, a native of America, whose bite proves fatal in a few hours, but is less formidable than some other poisonous snakes from its sluggishness, the warning rattle of its tail, and a disposition to remain quiet unless molested. A man may pass within the immediate vicinity of a rattlesnake with impunity, provided he goes quietly; but when trod upon, they inflict a blow with their fangs with electrical rapidity. No. 6 is the English Viper, or Adder, the only venomous reptile that inhabits that country. Its bite, however, rarely proves mortal. It feeds upon frogs, lizards, mice, and other small animals. No. 7 is the Puff Adder, an inhabitant of South Africa. Its bite is fatal. Cole, in his "Five Years' Residence in South Africa," says, "One of my friends lost a favorite and valuable horse by its bite in less than two hours after the attack." No. 8, the Cerastes, is a native of Egypt, and derives its name from the horny scale over each eyebrow. Bruce says that the Cerastes can spring several feet in any direction. Its average length is only about eighteen inches. No. 9 is the common Ringed or Grass Snake, a perfectly harmless animal, and easily tamed. It feeds on frogs, mice, young birds, newts, etc. Like all other serpents, it sheds its skin once a year; the whole skin comes off even to the covering of the eyes. The process is performed in the following manner: A rent opens in the neck, and the snake, by entangling itself in the thick grass or bushes, creeps out of its skin, actually turning it inside out. No. 10 is the Black Snake, a well-known American reptile. This snake is not venomous, but, like the Boa Constrictor, is said to destroy its enemies by the muscular contraction of its coils. The Black Snakes were formerly common in this vicinity, and are occasionally met with still. We remember seeing the skin of one shot some years since on the borders of Spot Pond, in Stoughton, which was fully ten feet long. The Green Snake, No. 11, is considered very beautiful by those who have a fancy for reptiles, a taste of which we plead an innocence.

LECTURING.—Mr. Thackeray received three hundred dollars each for his lectures in New York. It he receive this sum everywhere, it will amply repay him for his literary labor and his Atlantic voyages.

SUBSCRIBE EARLY.—Four numbers more will close the present volume of our paper, the new volume commencing on the first of January. Subscribe early.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Timothy C. Peterson to Mrs. Elizabeth Osborn; Mr. John W. Smith to Miss Huldah B. Rich; by Rev. Dr. Kirk, Mr. Mark J. Cowell to Mrs. Maria B. Ayer, both of Somersworth, Me.; by Rev. Dr. Vinton, at St. Paul's Church, Mr. Warren Fisher, Jr. to Miss Maria Richards, daughter of Dr. Winslow Lewis, both of Boston; by Rev. Mr. Blake, Mr. Robert Kirkwood to Miss Jane McMurtagh, both of Brookline; by Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. George H. Newhall to Miss Hannah T. Cushman; by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Henry Brown to Miss Margaret Buckley; by Rev. Mr. Pomroy, Mr. W. G. Mathes, of California, to Miss Helen M. Ricker, of Orono, Me.; by Rev. Mr. Blake, Mr. Samuel Wright to Miss Sarah Grey, both of North Bridgewater.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Laurie, Mr. Charles E. Rogers to Miss Martha S. Lothrop.—At East Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, Mr. Seth Coffin to Miss Lucia Green.—At Malden, by Rev. Mr. Stubbett, Mr. J. Edwin Randall to Miss Mary L. Holden.—At Newton, by Rev. Mr. Paulson, Mr. Edward Nicholson to Miss Mary E. Bosworth.—At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Worcester, Rev. George A. Pollard, missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., to Miss Mary Helen, daughter of J. F. Worcester, Esq.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Eddy, Mr. J. H. Fildel to Miss Thankful Morton, both of Lawrence.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Weiss, Mr. George E. Hinckley, of San Francisco, to Miss Mary R. Howe, of N. B.—At Bakersfield, Vt., by Rev. Mr. Piper, Mr. T. C. Totman, of Boston, to Miss Elizabeth A., daughter of John S. Perkins, Esq., of B.

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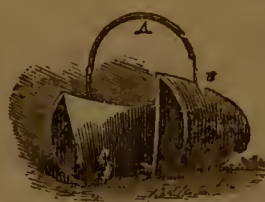
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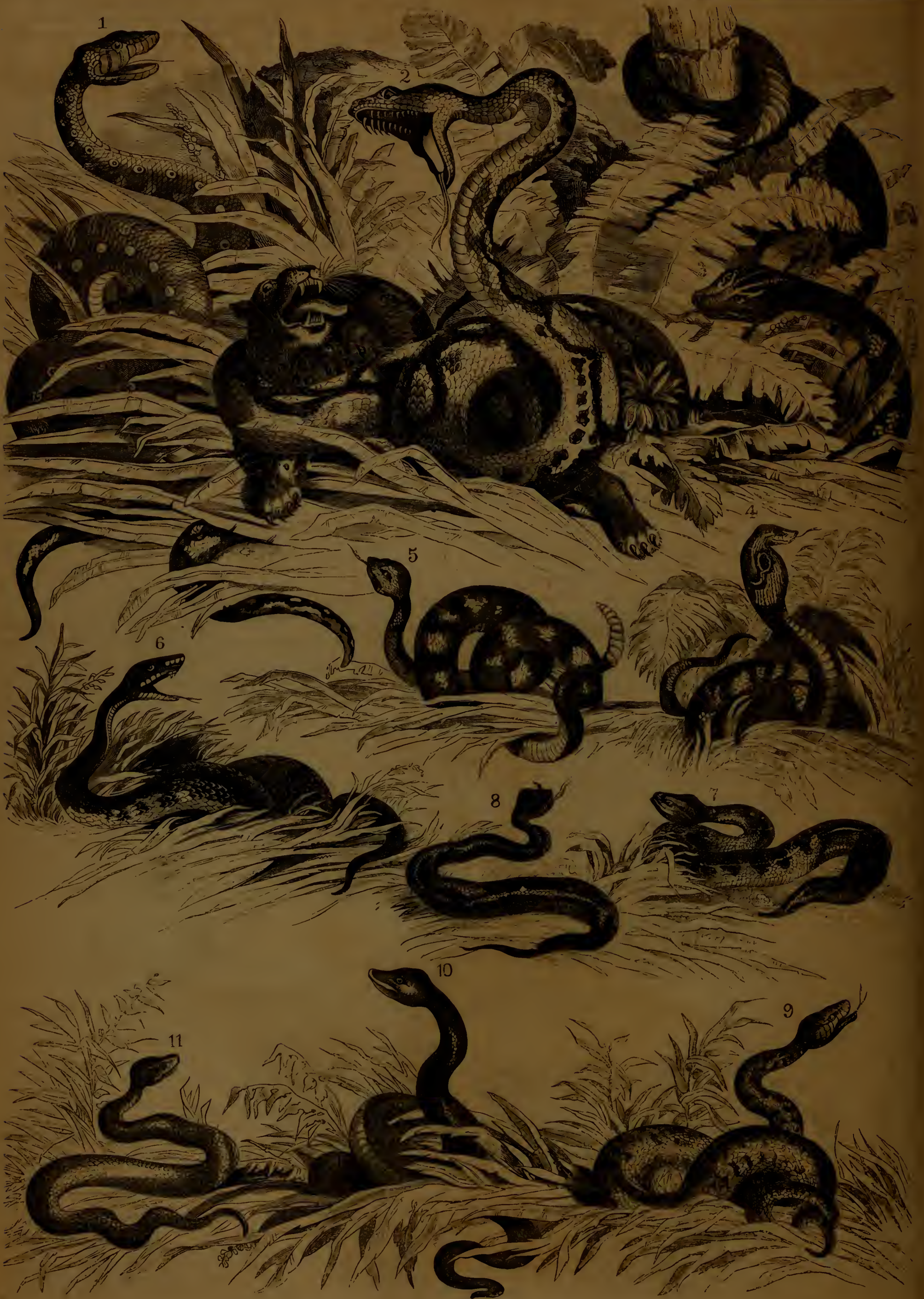
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WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

The accompanying portrait of the popular novelist, satirist and lecturer, now on a second visit to this country, where he is as highly appreciated as in his native land, is from the pencil of Lawrence, and is considered by his friends as one of the best extant. In personal appearance, Mr. Thackeray is quite a marked man. He might not be taken at the first glance by a stranger for a literary man, though no one can mistake the intellectual character of his face. He has, however, little the air of a mere bookworm and waster of the midnight oil. He is tall, robust and strongly built, and has the resolute and self-possessed air and bearing of a man who has seen much of the world and mingled largely in society. Mr. Thackeray belongs to a highly respectable family of the county of York, and is of pure Saxon descent. He was born in Calcutta, where his father had an employment in the East India Company's service. To this circumstance, perhaps, we can trace the glimpses of East Indian society and manners incidentally introduced in the "Newcomes." He was educated, first at the Charter House, and afterwards at Cambridge. On attaining his majority, he came into possession of a handsome fortune, which he employed liberally, travelling extensively on the continent, and making himself familiar with the men and things of many climes. Like Hazlitt, he had from an early age a warm inclination for art, though we are not aware that he ever pursued it as a profession, or exhibited that proficiency which Hazlitt manifested, and which would have placed the brilliant English essayist in the first rank of English painters, had he so chosen. Still Mr. Thackeray's artistic abilities are by no means slight. The pictorial illustrations with which he has embellished some of his works, show that he has a correct eye, a facile touch, and withal can express the ludicrous and comic in form as well as language. The art-experience of Clive Newcome could not have been written by one who had not studied art practically as well as theoretically, and had mingled much with English and continental artists. The portraits of "Smee, R. A." and "J. J.," are something more than types of classes of artists—they have the individuality of actual likenesses. We are not aware what circumstances induced Thackeray to abandon art for literature, or at what period he first began to write and publish essays and sketches. If we are not mistaken as to the authorship of the "Peregrinations of Thomas Tryatall," in Campbell's London New Monthly, it must have been somewhere about thirty years since. He was a great admirer of Maginn, when that talented but eccentric and unfortunate writer was the Magnus Apollo of Fraser's Magazine, and in that spicy and audacious periodical some of Thackeray's early essays appeared. He also wrote for

the Times and other journals. His early efforts evince the keen observation, the worldly shrewdness, the rich humor, the mordant sarcasm of his later writings, but they did not suffice to make him a name. It was reserved for the publication of "Vanity Fair," to give him fame and position. That work at once obtained universal popularity both in England and this country. In the light of that work, his previous efforts rose from obscurity, and the public read with avidity and delight productions of which they would have remained ignorant but for "Vanity Fair." The great "Hoggarty Diamond" new set, proved to be a gem of the first water. The contributions of Thackeray to "Punch" were among the most valuable and popular published in that thesaurus of wit, humor, satire and sense. The "Snob" papers showed that the line of English satirists was not extinct. The servility to rank, wealth and fashion, which disgraces the middle classes of English

society, was never more boldly, more humorously or more thoroughly exposed and ridiculed. The "Yellow Plush Papers" alone (published originally in Fraser, we believe,) are worthy to make the reputation of a writer. Neither these nor any of Thackeray's humorous productions are without a moral or a purpose. With all their fun, gaiety and sarcasm, they suggest food for reflection. The "Snob Papers," and the "Yellow Plush Papers," have the air of being easily and rapidly written. They will live in spite of their carelessness—but "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and the "Newcomes," works of high art, are as imperishable as "Tom Jones," or "Peregrine Pickle." They mirror as truly the age in which they are written, they are as genuine in their portraiture, as true to human nature, as those works of the past century. No one has perhaps encountered Becky Sharpe, for Thackeray's genius is creative as well as imitative, but every one

has shuddered, in reading her career, at the conviction that her character violated no law of probability—that there were such women in existence, though no artist had before typified and painted them. Major Pendennis, distinct, tangible, audible, visible as he is—who has not noted the selfishness and servility, glossed with fashionable lustre, that makes up his being? "Vanity Fair" is a perfect portrait gallery from a master hand. "Pendennis" is full of similar forcible character-painting. The "Newcomes" is perhaps a yet more finished performance. As we recall it, the characters rise up before us with the vividness of persons we have actually known and associated with. There is nothing phantom like in their appearance. They are flesh and blood. The colonel, Clive, the brothers Hobson, the odious Barnes, Highgate, Lord Kew, the old countess, the Campaigner, Rosy—it is difficult to realize that they are purely ideal creations. Into each and all of them genius has breathed the breath of life. Perhaps the most felicitously drawn character is the Viscount de Florac. Hitherto all English attempts at delineating Frenchmen—without an exception—have been failures. Smart English authors have given us very clever caricatures. Thackeray has given us an authentic portrait. Balzac was no truer in his most elaborate and subtle delineations than Thackeray in this single character. The tastes, the habits, the style of thought and expression of the Frenchman are true. The changes produced in him by expatriation and exposure to the influences of English society are admirably drawn. Florac is delicious—we regard him as a *chef-d'œuvre*. Thackeray has been charged with discouraging views of human nature—with representing the world as worse than it is; but we must remember he is a satirist, that he selects objects of attack, and that he does not profess that any one of his novels is a microcosm.



WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE VISCOUNT:

—or,—

BARBARIGO THE STRANGER.

A TALE OF MILAN DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]

The marquis withdrew his sword and started back, and with a deep curse the count came upon him; but the latter was no longer calm. A sense of intense heat pervaded his whole system, and after striking a few wild blows his strength began to fail him.

"Hold now!" cried Francesco, "or my sword shall find your heart next time!"

"'Twould only be my heart for your head, villain!" gasped the count, letting the point of his weapon fall.

At this moment, just as the marquis was upon the point of wiping his sword, the inner door of the apartment was thrown open, and a dozen soldiers rushed in with their swords drawn.

"Seize him!" cried the captain of the guard.

"Ha! treachery!" uttered the marquis, springing back toward the corner nearest to him, and raising his sword.

"I knew it!" cried Pietro, whose heavy sword was in his hand, at the same time taking a station close to his master.

"Will you stand by me, Pietro?"

"Till death," was all that the faithful fellow could reply, for on the next moment the soldiers were upon them.

"Take them both if they resist," ordered the captain; and having thus spoken he raised the count up and assisted him from the room.

Pietro had watched anxiously to see if any more soldiers were coming, but there were not. Probably these twelve men had been deemed all sufficient to make such a capture.

Now before we are accused of exaggeration, let us look at these two parties. There were the marquis and his man, probably the best swordsmen in Milan. Pietro, though young, had been a teacher of the art, and some of his master's most useful lessons he had taught him. They had an advantageous position, with their backs secure, and they fought for their lives. The twelve soldiers were all stout men, but they were only common guardsmen. Of the sword they knew only the ordinary strokes and thrusts, and in matters of conflict, they had always placed their confidence in numbers rather than skill.

The marquis felt the strength of a full dozen strong men within him, for this piece of treachery started him. Pietro felt himself a very lion. His rage was dreadful but he was not blind. With the first stroke of his heavy sword he cleft the skull of the man nearest to him in two equal parts; and at the same moment the marquis passed his sword directly through the heart of the second. With his hair fairly starting on end, Pietro now leaped forward, and at two successive strokes two men fell. Instinctively the soldiers moved back, but the movement was fatal, for they were followed up with death. With a glance that never failed them, both the master and man parried every blow aimed at them, and at the same time their own blows were sure death.

Pietro now moved carefully around to the inner door, for he feared that some one of the soldiers might make his escape and alarm the rest of the palace guard. And it was well that he made the movement as he did, for in a moment more a man rushed for the door, but he only ran upon the point of Pietro's sword, and when he fell he had a fatal aperture clean through his bosom.

It is not to be wondered at, when only four of the twelve were left, that those four should be terror-stricken; and they might have been spared had not they commenced to yell with all their might for help.

"By the mass, my master, this wont do," cried Pietro, at the same time shutting up one mouth by splitting the head a-top of it. "We shall have the whole guard upon us in a moment more."

But the cries for help were not long continued. Ere the moon could have gone the track of a minute on its silent course these soldiers were as pale and silent as she. Pietro saw that the inner door could be bolted on his side, and he did so at once—and he was not a moment too soon, for hardly had he thrown the bolt when the door was tried, and the voice of Monetti was heard upon the other side.

"Now for the virtue of our legs," whispered Pietro, as he sprang lightly across the room.

The marquis followed him, and in a moment more they were in the street. No one was stirring save themselves at this ghostly hour, for even the sentinels seemed to be asleep, and without molestation or hindrance they made their way swiftly along the dark and deserted streets. They flew on with all their speed, for well did the marquis know that a terrible danger was yet hanging over both him and Julia; and each moment was to him now as an hour of dearest life.

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE TRAIL AGAIN.

It was Landi Monetti who tried the inner door, and after pushing and hallooing for some moments, he took his way around to the other entrance, and to gain this he was obliged to go out into the court. But he reached the room at length, and as he opened the door and looked in, he stood for a moment like one petrified.

He counted the prostrate forms before him, and there were twelve of them. One, which lay near the inner door, he saw move. He started forward and grasped the man by the arm.

"What ho, Torri! Can you speak?"

The soldier opened his eyes, and painfully raised his hands to his lips, but he could not speak. Monetti understood the sign and with quick movements he unbolted the inner door and hurried out. When he returned, he brought a bottle of wine and a cup. Again he raised Torri's head, and having poured out a cup of the wine held it to the man's lips. It was quickly swallowed, and a sign was made for more. Under the influence of the wine, the soldier began to revive, and he could soon give utterance to articulate sounds.

"Can you answer me now?" asked the captain.

"Yes," replied the poor fellow, in a husky, rattling whisper.

"Then what does all this mean?"

"They were two giants, captain—two tigers. Santa Marie!"

"But they did not all this alone?"

"All—all, captain. They are devils—their eyes were all afire! They cut us down like babies."

"Great Father of wonders!" ejaculated the astounded captain, casting his eyes first upward, and then around upon the gory corpses about him. "But where are they now?"

"Gone. I was the last one to fall."

"But gone where?"

"I don't know. I was down before they went."

"But they were wounded?"

"I don't know—O! my side, my side, captain! It is burning. They were all bloody, but they did not—Oh! oh—oh—oh!"

"Can't you speak? Didn't you get a blow at them?"

The soldier opened his eyes and gazed up into his commander's face, but only a few low, deep groans escaped from his lips.

"Speak, Torri. Do you want more wine?"

The man's gaze faltered and his eyes lost their lustre. A darker shade passed over his face, and his lower jaw fell. His soul had gone.

When Monetti was sure his companion was dead, he let his head down upon the floor, and then went around among the others. He waded, almost, in thick gore, and his heart beat fearfully at the scene thus presented to his gaze. They were all dead—all—and with a fainting, sickening sensation he turned away from the place.

In a spacious, airy chamber lay the Count of Monza. He was upon a high bed, and his eyes were hoodwinked to keep them from the strong light which the physicians needed to enable them to examine his wound. There were two physicians, and they were both well versed in all the anatomical lore of the times. They had probed the wound, and from the direction their instruments took in following the sword-cut, and from the appearance of the patient, they were satisfied that with proper care he would recover. It was a miracle, they said, but they were yet sure. They had just got the wound cleansed and bound up, and the bandage removed from the eyes, when Monetti entered.

"Ah, good captain," the count said, as the former approached the bed, "I am not dead yet. Is the marquis taken alive?"

"No, signor count."

"I'm sorry, for I meant to have seen him humbled. But never mind, he is beyond the power of—"

"Stop, signor," interrupted the captain, "you mistake. The marquis and his man are both clear, and my twelve men are dead—every one of them!"

"How?" cried Loredano, starting to his elbow.

But the physicians started forward, and laid him back upon his pillow.

"My good count," spoke one of them, "you must not do so. Another movement like that may kill you. We know not what tender, subtle member may be cut half off, nor what sensitive vessel may be partly perforated. Be quiet if you would live—at least until your system can be healed. Captain, you should not have done this thing. You should have known better than to come in with such exciting news. Let the rest be till some other time."

"No, no," urged the count. "Let me hear the whole now. I will be calm. But I shall surely die if I am left in suspense. I will be calm. How was it, Monetti?"

The captain looked first upon the physicians, and as they made no objections, he went on to tell the strange story.

"You had a very devil to fight with, signor count," he said, "for he and his man have slain the whole twelve of our guard. They did it alone, for one of my men lived long enough to tell me the story. I thought at first that they must have had help; but it was not so. Every man they slew, and then made their escape, having taken the precaution to lock the inner door. I went there expecting, of course, to find my prisoners safe. Why—had an angel told me what I should find, I should have given him not an instant's thought of credit. When I came to bring you away, I looked upon our prisoners as—"

"Stop!" vehemently uttered the count. "I understand it all. You need tell me no more. You have seen the order from the duke. Take a score of men and hasten to the Hotel di San Paolo. The marquis will be there—he cannot yet have had time to get off with the maiden. But should you not find him, you will be sure to find Donna Julia, and of course you will bring her and her female attendant here. But find Della Torre if you can. If he has been to the hotel, and left again, lay upon his track at once. A thousand pistols to the man who finds him. If they are not both together, secure the maiden—and then—"

"I understand," said Monetti, as the count stopped speaking, from exhaustion. "Say no more, but rest you in quiet while I go to obey the summons of the duke. If the marquis is in this

city he shall be secured; and I will see that no one leaves the city before morning. Rest assured, now; I am off at once. The physicians will remain with you through the night."

As the captain thus spoke, he hurried away from the apartment. His first movement was to send messengers to the different gates of the city, commanding the guard, in the name of the governor, to allow no one whom they did not well know, to leave the city until further orders. Next he called up the porters and scavengers, and bade them remove the bodies of the dead soldiers to the chapel, and cleanse the room where they now lay. All this took but a few moments, and as soon as this was done, Monetti called a score of his men and started for the Hotel di San Paolo.

It was near two o'clock in the morning when the guard reached the hotel, and the captain at once called up the host, of whom he inquired for the marquis. The room was pointed out, and taking six men with him, the captain went up. He tried the door, but it was locked. He called out for admittance in the name of the governor, but he received no answer.

"Then the door must come down," he said, addressing the host.

But the publican liked not the plan of such destruction, and he said he might find a key that would fit it.

"But is there not a bolt beside the key-lock?"

"One—but if we can find a key, the bolt may be bent."

The host went away, and ere long he returned with a bunch of keys and one of them was soon found to fit the door. It was unlocked and thrown open, no other bolt having been thrown. But the room was empty of life. There were two beds in it, but neither of them had been touched during the night. The men were not only gone, but their luggage, too.

"This is the room!" uttered the captain, significantly.

"Yes. We had no other."

"Then lead the way to the chamber of the females. By the mass, we must secure them, and then make search for the marquis."

The apartment where Julia and her maid had been lodged was only a short distance further on in the same corridor, and the door was quickly reached. Monetti knocked, but received no answer. He tried the door, and it yielded. He entered and looked around. The bed had been disarranged, but its occupants were not there now. The apartment was searched all through, but no females were to be found.

"By the holy host, signor publican," uttered Monetti, in no very winning mood, "this is strange. They must be in some other room."

"That is impossible, captain, for I have the key to every room which is not occupied. They have certainly taken the alarm and fled."

But Monetti was not so easily satisfied. He commenced to search the premises, and had made the host unlock the sixth door, when one of his men came running up to inform him that they had found the marquis.

"Found him?" cried the captain, turning towards the messenger, and catching him by the arm.

"Yes, and the women, too."

"Where?"

"In the street—right front of the hotel. Come down quick."

Of course, Monetti waited to hear no more, but seizing the lamp from the hands of the host to guide him in his hurry, he called upon his men to follow him, and then started down the broad stairway.

CHAPTER XII.

A CRUEL STROKE.

When Francesco reached his hotel after having made his escape from the Consiglio palace, he hastened at once to Julia's room, and with only a simple knock he threw open the door and entered. He found both the girls up, for so frightful had been the maiden's dreams that she dared not sleep. Julia uttered a quick, wild cry as she saw her lover all covered with blood, but he soon assured her that he was not injured. But her nerves had received a shock which even this assurance could not cure.

"O!" she gasped, as she lay in his arms, "there is some dreadful danger hanging over us!"

"Yes, love, there is danger, and we must flee from this place as quickly as possible. Your uncle will give us shelter."

"My uncle Lombardo?"

"Yes. Will he not?"

"O—yes. He loves me well."

"Then we must hasten. Up, Julia. Find strength for one short hour, and we may be safe. On with your things—make not a moment's delay. Moments are hours of life to us now."

"I will be strong," uttered the maiden, starting up.

"Then we are safe. Help her, Lucetta. Myself and Pietro will be ready on the instant, and let us find you the same."

With these words the marquis went to his own room, and having washed his face and hands he set about arranging such things as he had to carry with him. They were but few and Pietro took them, and then the former went again to the chamber of Julia. All was ready ere long, and Francesco led the way down stairs and entered the street.

The dwelling of Signor Alberto Lombardo, who was a noble of Verona, and a brother of Julia's mother, lay in a westerly direction from the hotel, and the marquis remembered that the nearest way thither from the hotel was by a narrow passage which ran back of the hotel, passing by an arch under the adjoining building, and then opening upon the broad piazza of the Guardia. So into this passage they turned. The way was dark, but they

moved safely along, for the pavement was even and the passage straight. But fate was against them in this instance; for when they reached the end of the arch, near the piazza, they found the way stopped by a huge gate. Francesco tried it, but it could not be opened, nor could it be moved.

"It's no use," said Pietro, after the most earnest labors had proved fruitless. "The sooner we turn back the better it will be for us."

Julia spoke not a word, but her lover could feel that she trembled violently.

"Fear not," he urged. "We will hasten back, and the main street is surely open. Come—courage, love. All is not yet lost. Bear up yet a little while and we will be safe."

Pietro took the lead back, and the marquis followed, supporting Julia by the arm. They reached the street upon which their hotel stood once more, and Pietro was just upon the point of turning to ask his master which way he should turn, when his attention was arrested by the beams of a lantern close by the porch of the building.

"—st!" he uttered, in a low tone. "There is some one here. Be careful—"

"Ho! ho! Here men—here! a party!" cried a voice close by Pietro's side, at this moment.

The marquis started forward at the sound, and in a moment more he saw a dozen men coming towards him, and the light from as many lanterns flashed in his face.

"Run up and tell the captain we've found them," cried one of the soldiers.

The marquis heard the order, and he knew that Monetti was at hand.

"Cover our retreat, Pietro," ordered Francesco, in low, distinct tones. "I will hasten on with Julia, and be with you, if they come too strong. Follow us, Lucetta. Now—God help us!"

With this ejaculation the marquis caught Julia up in his arms and hurried on, while Lucetta kept close by his side. All his power of body was concentrated now, and he bore the firm, weighty form of his betrothed as though she had been a child. On he flew at a swift speed, and he could hear Pietro's footfall close behind him.

"By the mass," cried the faithful serving-man, "we shall give them the slip yet. Bear up, my master. They have started in pursuit, but we may clear them."

In a few minutes more two of the pursuers were close at hand, and Pietro tured. His sword was in his hand, and by a dexterous movement he allowed the leading man to rush full upon its point. It was withdrawn on the instant—just in time to receive the second.

"Surrender!" cried the latter, as his companion reeled and fell.

The only answer he received was a blow upon the top of the head that settled him upon the pavement. Again Pietro hurried on, and when he caught up with his master he had turned into the broad piazza upon which stood Lombardo's palace. The building was ahead—the marquis could see it—and hope was yet with him. Yet he could hear the tramp of the pursuers, and he knew they were close at hand.

"On! on!" cried Pietro.

Francesco strained every nerve. The gate was reached—a guard was there.

"Open!" uttered the marquis. "Open to Julia Visconti and the Marquis of Lodi!"

The guard started as he heard those well-known names, and in a moment more the gate was opened. Up to the broad marble court the marquis made his way, and into the open hall—and here he stopped and laid his burden down. His strength was nearly gone, and he knew that he could not have borne the maiden a dozen yards further.

At that moment the clash of arms was heard in the court. The marquis looked out and saw Pietro engaged with a dozen soldiers. Without stopping to think of his present exhausted state, he drew his sword and started out; but he knew not how faint he was until he was brought to the test. To be sure he handled his sword bravely, and for a time defended himself, but ere long his weapon was knocked from his grasp, and on the next moment he was seized by four stout men, and securely bound. At the same instant, almost, Pietro received a blow from behind that felled him to the earth.

As soon as this was done, Monetti rushed into the hall, where a large hanging lamp was burning, and where he found Donna Julia just rising to a sitting posture.

"Ah—the lady of Visconti, if I mistake not," said the captain, doffing his plumed cap.

Julia gazed up with a startled look, and an agonizing cry broke from her lips. She had a faint idea of having heard the rattle of arms and the shout of the conflict. A moment she gazed around, and then she turned instinctively to Lucetta.

"Is he gone?" she gasped.

"Who?" the maid returned, clinging closely to her mistress.

"The marquis."

"He is not here now," Lucetta whispered, trembling with apprehension.

"Allow me, signora, to inform you that you are now under my protection," said Monetti, stepping nearer.

"Your protection, sir," said the maiden, seeming not to comprehend what the man meant.

"Ay, signora. I am ordered by the Count of Monza to bring you to him."

"The count—Marco Loredano? To carry me—"

"So he orders. I am ready to escort you."

"But the marquis—where is he?"

"You will see him no more."

"No more! See him—no—more! Not see—him—again!"

"No, signora. He is dead to you."

"Dead, say you? And you will now take me to the count?"

"Yes—you will go at once."

The maiden arose to her feet, and for a few moments she gazed steadily into the man's face. Gradually the fire of her dark eye grew brighter, and the veins upon her pure white brow began to swell and grow dark. Suddenly she saw blood upon the hand of the messenger, and in a shrieking tone she uttered:

"Ha! there's blood upon your hand! Whose is it? Is it his?"

Stung by a demon's anger in memory of what the marquis had done, the captain instantly replied:

"Ay—it is his—right fresh from his heart!"

A single instant Julia gazed upon those bloody hands, and then she broke into a wild, loud laugh.

"Ha! ha! ha! You think your mission is fulfilled! You imagine I am torn from the bosom of him I love! You feel sure the Count of Monza has won me! Ha! how fatally are ye all deceived. No power can separate me from my love. None! none! none! I am thine, Francesco, in death as in life!—and thus he our vows complete!"

As she spoke she snatched a dagger from the folds of her dress—one which she had worn concealed there—and ere any one could prevent the movement, she had plunged the glittering point into her own bosom! Lucetta uttered a cry of terror and started forward; but she was too late to stop the blow; yet she snatched the dagger and cast it down, and in a moment more Julia sank senseless upon the floor. The purple tide of life was rushing



MONETTI RAISING THE WOUNDED MAIDEN.

from the wound, but she seemed to have fallen more from previous faintness than from the effects of the self-inflicted blow.

Monetti sprang forward and pushed Lucetta aside, and while the latter stood with her face covered by her hands, weeping loudly, he knelt down and raised Julia's head from the floor.

[SEE ENGRAVING]

While all this was going on within, the marquis had been marched off towards the Consiglio palace, and search had been made for Pietro, but without effect. Several of the men had seen him fall, and they supposed him dead—or, at least, safe for the present; but yet they could not find him now. Search was made up and down the street and about the piazza, but all to no purpose. No Pietro could be found; nor could the sword of the captured marquis be found, either. Some of the men also saw that fall, but it was gone now; so the soldiers gave up the search and waited for the coming of their captain.

In the meantime Julia had been raised to a chair, and the officer was just calling upon Lucetta to come and stop the flow of blood, when one of the great doors of the hall was thrown open, and Signor Alberto Lombardo strode into the hall. He was a stout man, firm and well-built, and in the middle age of life. He had been called by the guard whom we first found at the gate, and had not heard any of the noise which had been made in the court.

"Where is my niece?" he asked, as he came up.

Monetti was fear-struck at first, but he remembered that he acted under orders from the Duke of Milan, and his confidence returned. But before he could make any reply, the noble's eye rested upon the marble face of Julia, and he recognized it at once. With a quick cry he darted towards the spot and dashed the captain aside.

"What is all this?" he gasped, in a quick, hoarse whisper.

"Who has done this? Tell me! tell me!"

"'Twas her own hand, signor," answered Monetti.

"Her own hand? But the cause?"

The captain went on and told the story just as he knew it. He told how the marquis and Julia had eloped—how the duke had sent Loredano after them. He told of the duel, and its result—and then of his being sent to arrest the parties. Also how he had followed them thither—how the marquis had been taken—how he had asked the maiden to accompany him—and how she had stabbed herself.

"Then the marquis is not harmed?"

"No, signor."

"Then go and report to the governor, but stay here no longer. I will look to the maiden."

The captain did not dare to disobey the noble, and without another word he left the hall, and in a few moments more he had called his men together, and started to follow those who had gone before with the prisoner.

Lombardo picked Julia up in his arms, and bidding Lucetta to follow him, he bore her to a spacious chamber, where he placed her on a bed; and having directed the maid how to staunch the wound, he hurried away for a physician. He did not yet know what a lie Monetti had told to the maiden concerning the death of her lover, ere she struck that cruel blow.

CHAPTER XIII.

INTERVIEWS.

THE Duke of Milan was in his library, walking to and fro with quick, nervous strides, while his wife sat in a chair by the small table which occupied the centre of the room. It was about a week after the events we have just recorded, and of course the whole of the strange affair at Verona was now well known. The duke would have been glad to have had the duel and its results remain a secret, but that was impossible. The whole was known, and various were the ideas expressed. Yet only one general sentiment prevailed with regard to the marquis. He had shown himself a brave man, and people loved him for it; but those who frequented the dual court dared not express their feelings boldly, for it was known that Visconti hated the noble youth. Yet men who hated Francesco with the rest of the house of Della Torre, now respected him for the amazing prowess he had shown. But they knew not where the marquis was. Only the duke knew, of all the nobles in Milan, where Francesco lodged. Some said he was dead—some said he was in prison—and some that he was safe in Austria.

The duke continued pacing up and down the apartment for some time, and when he stopped, it was in front of his wife.

"Signora," he said, in a low, heavy tone, "you should consider yourself fortunate that your child was not killed."

"I do, my lord—indeed I do," replied the duchess, earnestly. "But surely you will not make this a reason why she should now be sacrificed."

"It is no sacrifice. You have had a trial of your plan, and you see how it has worked. Now I will try mine."

"My plan, my lord? How mean you?"

"You allowed your child to elope with the marquis."

"And that you call my plan?"

"I do, most assuredly."

"I own it, signor—I own it. But you must own the sad catastrophe in which it ended as your own. Had you let the matter gone as I would have had it, the marquis would now have been beyond your dominions, and our daughter would have been happy. No, no, my lord—that part of the plan was not mine. It was not mine to send the avenger upon their track."

"You mistake, signora," said the duke, with frigid dignity. "You took your own course, and if your plan did not succeed, 'twas because of its repugnance. And if the Duke of Milan felt it his duty to interfere in the affair, then you were at fault for having concocted a plan in which such interference became necessary. You must remember that your husband is simply Barnabas Visconti. The Duke of Milan is an independent being. 'Twas the duke who sent to arrest the fugitives. But you see it all; and now you may rest assured that I am in earnest. A wise God has preserved both these people for my purpose. The count and Julia are bound by strange ties now, and they must be wedded. As soon as they are strong enough to come to Milan, they shall be made man and wife."

"And Francesco?" murmured the duchess.

"Why would you know of his affairs?"

"Because I love him."

"Then love him no more, for he—"

"He—what? Speak on, Visconti."

"Never mind now."

"But I must know now. He is in your power."

"Not wholly."

"But you have the power if you will. Tell me what is to become of him."

"If you must know—but beware! The marquis dies!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



BRUNN, AND THE FORTRESS OF SPIELBERG.

SCENES IN THE EASTERN HEMISPHERE.

We present our readers on this and the following page with a series of faithful views of remarkable places in the old world, engraved in a style of great elegance. "No pent up Utica contracts our powers," and we feel at liberty to range over the world in quest of subjects, knowing well that our travelled readers will thank us for reviving their reminiscences of interesting places they have visited, while those who perhaps never think of going abroad are glad to see the wonders of the world brought before their eyes, without the trouble, danger and expense of trans-atlantic travel. The first picture of this set shows us a general view of the city of Brunn, a fortified place of the Austrian empire, the capital of the governments of Moravia and Silesia, and situated on a declivity at the confluence of the Schwarza and Zwittawa, 70 miles N. N. E. of Vienna, 116 miles S. W. of Prague, and connected with both cities by a railroad. It contains about 45,000 inhabitants, nearly all of whom are Roman Catholics. It is quite a picturesque old place, as our engraving shows. In the foreground we see the decaying statue of some old bishop or saint, and a crumbling bridge crossing the narrow stream, with loaded wagons passing into the plain beyond. Beyond the profile of the city, with its half-oriental spires and domes, we behold an eminence, crowned by a massive pile of buildings. That eminence is the fortress of Spielberg, erected for the defence of the place, but converted into a state prison, where some of the noblest spirits of the age, including Silvio Pellico, the author of "My Prisons," have languished, the victims of political despotism—men guilty of the deadly sin of cherishing liberal ideas. The streets in Brunn are narrow and crooked, but they are well-paved and lighted. Among its many fine buildings are the cathedral, St. Jacob's, and several other fine churches, the *landhaus*, the barracks, the city hall, the theatre, and several princely palaces. There are a large park and a public garden, well laid out and planted with trees, flowers and shrubbery, and containing a statue of the Emperor Francis I. Brunn is the seat for the chief military and legal courts and authorities for Moravia and Austrian Silesia; of a bishop's see, and a Protestant consistory. Like nearly all the cities of Germany it has ample provisions for education. It has a philosophical institute, theological, diocesan, and normal schools, a royal gymnasium, provincial, agricultural and historical societies, a museum, botanic garden and public. Here also is a provincial bank, with a large capital. Its manufactures of woolen goods are the most extensive in the Austrian dominions. Cotton goods, silk, glass, soap, tobacco and machinery are also extensively manufactured here. Its tanneries and leather factories are very important. It is the centre of a large trade between Bohemia and Austria, and the countries north and east of the Carpathian mountains. It is connected by railroads with Vienna, Breslau, Prague and Pesth. The condition and character of some of its buildings attest the antiquity of the city. Its citadel was blockaded by the Hungarians in 947, and the town itself besieged by the Swedes in 1645, and the Prussians in 1742. It has often been destroyed by fire, and as often risen from its ashes. In 1550 the plague swept off 4000 of its inhabitants, and the memory of this scourge and of the victims is perpetuated by a column erected in the great square. In December, 1805, Napoleon established his head quarters here, previous to his brilliant victory of Austerlitz, and in 1800 the chief defences of Fort Spielberg were destroyed by the French. Spielberg and Silvio Pellico are names henceforth inseparable. But for the captivity of Pellico, the rock of Moravia would have remained what in reality it is, a dark and severe state prison; but, after all, like other establishments of the same kind, the *Mie Prigione* (my prisons) suddenly drew it from its obscurity and gave it a European renown. Still, if we are in quest of details respecting this celebrated fortress, in which Silvio Pellico was confined for eight years and a half, we must look to obtain them from his pages. The author of *Mie Prigione* is dark in his descriptions; as he sketches a portrait in a few strokes of the pencil,—and this portrait is not the less deeply graven in the memory,—so he devotes but a few lines to informing us that this prison was his dwelling, and came near being his tomb. External objects do not occupy a soul so lofty and elevated as that of Pellico; all his thoughts soar beyond the walls of his prison, towards that invisible world, that world of pure souls, the home now of that noble spirit, who, by his patience in misfortune, has richly deserved the happiness of the just. We must, therefore, supply the voluntary gap in Pellico's immortal little work. Few travellers

have visited Spielberg, for the Austrian government rarely grants them permission to do so, and those who obtain the necessary authority do not always make up their minds,—particularly if they are Germans, and in any way connected with Austria,—to reveal to the public what they have seen. We have, therefore, been fortunate in discovering a description of Spielberg, written by a Frenchman, M. Remacle, inspector of prisons in France, published in the *Memoires de l'Academie du Gard*, and translated into German in the *Conversations-Blatt*. The governor of the fortress could not conceal the astonishment he felt in the permission granted to a Frenchman to visit these dreadful dungeons, though that Frenchman was entrusted with an official mission. The fortress is situated on a hill about 800 feet in height. The ordinary prisoners are criminals of the arch-duchy of Austria, Moravia and Bohemia, whose term of incarceration is more than ten years. The customary road by which the prison is reached, is from the city side. At a hundred and fifty paces from the first gate is found a guard-house, which furnishes sentinels for the mountains; then an enclosure of palisades and a second guard-house. By a steep ascent, you reach a stairway with a door at either extremity; and having mounted the last step, you are in front of the prison, with a rampart on the right and left, a post and the director's quarters. The prison contains individuals of both sexes. When M. Remacle visited it, it contained 375 individuals, distributed through six quarters, each composed of ten cells of unequal size. Besides this there are buildings devoted to hospitals, store-houses and work-shops. The traveller measured one of the smallest cells, similar to that in which Silvio Pellico was confined, before he was placed with Maroncelli, and found it about 12 by 18 feet. The furniture was as follows: a camp bed, with a woollen cover-

ing, a straw mattress, a few shelves at the foot of the bed, a pitcher, and a wooden basin. The window, about six feet from the floor, was guarded by strong iron bars. Since it was decided to warm the dungeon during half the year, the cells have each received a stove. It is to Silvio Pellico and the profound sympathy the recital of his sufferings caused throughout Europe, that the present prisoners of Spielberg owe the amelioration of their condition. We know how very small was the portion of the non-ishment allotted daily to each prisoner at the period of the captivity and the protracted sufferings of the author of *Mie Prigione*. During the first year Pellico suffered all the torments of hunger. Poor Oroboni, with his frail and delicate organization, fell a victim to it. If the food meted out with such parsimony had only been eatable—but its very smell excited disgust. Among other things was a preparation which the Germans call *brenne-suppe*, consisting of flour and lard fried. "It was nauseous," says Maroncelli, the companion of Silvio Pellico. At Spielberg they made a large pot-full of this every six months, and every morning took out the necessary quantity. This wretched trash was afterwards thinned with boiling water. Maroncelli tells us that his friend could not swallow this mixture. He put aside the slices of rye bread which swam in it and kept them for his dinner, after drying them in the sun. Since the time of Pellico and Maroncelli, the alimentary diet of the prison of Spielberg is said to have been improved. The prisoners now receive meat on Sunday and vegetables on week days, and their allowance of bread has been increased half a pound daily. But alas! why have not the other prisons of the Austrian monarchy had their Silvio Pellicos? These measures of humanity have been restricted exclusively to Spielberg. "In most of the prisons of Austria," says M. Remacle, "I have seen the prisoners dying of consumption for want of sufficient nourishment." It is also due to Silvio Pellico that the penalty of *carcere durissimo* has been abolished. There were formerly at Spielberg two categories of prisoners; a part condemned to the *carcere durissimo*, and the others to the *carcere duro*. The prisoners of the first class were, every day, at the close of labor, brought back to the horrible dungeons on the ground floor. There they were fastened, by means of a ring in the belt they wore round their bodies, and which was suspended under the armpits, to a chain of iron which hung from a bar of the same metal keyed into the wall. They had two chains on their feet; and their hands were kept apart by an iron bar. How could they close their eyes in such a position? If they murmured, if they uttered a cry, the jailor thrust into their mouths a pear-shaped instrument filled with pepper, which insinuated it into their throats through the holes with which it was pierced. At the period when M. Remacle inspected Spielberg, there were still two prisoners who had been subjected to this mode of punishment, one for twenty years, the other for eighteen. One of them was completely paralyzed. Those condemned to "hard imprisonment," might also be fastened to the dreadful iron chain of which we have spoken, but only in extraordinary cases, as when they behaved badly, for instance. This is what the head jailor explained to Silvio Pellico, when the latter, on the first day of his captivity at Spielberg, asked the object of the chain fastened to the wall. "It is for you, sir," replied Schiller, "if you are troublesome. If you are reasonable we shall be satisfied with chaining your feet." Schiller did not suspect then how mild and gentle a prisoner he had to deal with. But ordinarily, to undergo the *carcere duro*, is, to use the words of Silvio Pellico, "to perform compulsory labor, to wear irons on the feet, to sleep on bare planks and to eat detestable food." The manual labor of the prison must have been insipid to men like Maroncelli and Silvio, accustomed to an intellectual life; they were made to split wood, to scrape lint, and to knit stockings. The minstrel of Francesca de Rimini, to whom books and paper were refused, condemned to produce every week two pair of knit stockings! At Japan, ministers and courtiers who have fallen into disgrace are sent to an island where they are compelled to weave stuffs for the garments of the sovereign; it is true that this happens in Japan. The *carcere durissimo* is nothing when compared to the dungeons which bear the name of the Emperor Francis I., and which extend in the depth of a black, subterranean region below Maroncelli's chamber. A triple door defends the entrance, and yet we may cite the names of prisoners who have escaped from this dungeon, notwithstanding the active watch and ward kept up night and day in the fortress. In the night, particularly, there is nothing but patrols, rounds, marching and counter-marching of sentinels, and visits of the director and keepers. But all is not finished: below these caves there are



VIEW OF DRESDEN.

[illegible][illegible]

ST. PAUL DE LOANDA.

ing is in this direction, but the buildings are not high enough to surmount the dense masses of architecture which separate it from the quay. The whole of this part of the city has a character of elegance as a view to the water, but Dresden is not deficient in other aspects equally charming. He who has once seen it can never forget it nor recollect it with regret. The most attractive object to strangers of taste is the *Galerie des Saxe*. Prime remarks of it, in *"Travels in Europe and the East."*—"The picture gallery is indeed worthy of being compared with any at Paris and Florence; a collection that was brought from Italy originally, and has been improved and enriched by the most costly purchases from the time of the Reformation." When Frederick the Great bought the city, he gave orders to preserve the gallery; and when he entered in triumph, he appeared as a stranger to regard it as if the laws of art had a right to be respected when the city was at the feet. At the time Napoleon was master of Saxony, he did not permit one of these pictures to be taken to Paris, though he robbed the galleries without remorse. At the door a servant stood to clean our boots before we were allowed to enter. * * A perfect wilderness of beauty presented us as we entered. * * The extraordinary collection of curiosities in the Historical Museum at Dresden has scarcely a rival in Europe. Old armor, armor, even the Tower of London, fragments of the chase and the tournament, and relics of days long gone by, are here arranged to give a true view of the manners and customs of those times that we could gather from books. But the most curious of all the sights of Dresden is the Green Vault, where the treasures of the Saxon princes are preserved, the accumulated hoards of ages, said to be the treasure which any European monarch at this time possesses. Gold, silver and precious stones.

wrought in every form of beauty, and extending to a quarter the
treasures of the Kingdom, which are here arranged in single suc-
cessive lines, and the last room of the same gallery is
filled with the most precious stones. I observed One of
them, of gold, representing the sun of Great Mo-
goul, has a diameter of twenty-two inches, and was made at a
cost of \$60,000. Diamonds were payed for at a rate
as surprising here, with rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, and the
Saxon regalia, such as scepters, crowns, and robes, and
the regalia of Persia, that is known as a bag of gold, a dagger,
battle-axe, and sword were to be taken into consideration as the
fury of the eyes of the great Mogul, and the power

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ALICANTE

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THROUGH THE DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

When the moon was rising nightly,
In the silent sky of May,
Angels came in starry garments,
And they bore my child away—
Through the deeps of death's dark river,
Where their shining feet went down;
Where the moaning waters shiver
Among the shadows that they drown.

But the feet of morning met him
Just upon the other side,
And the darkness of the valley
Drifted downward on the tide.
For the angels crowned his forehead
With the glory up above,
And the Father took him gently
To the bosom of his love.

Even so shall all be gathered
Safely to the Father's fold,
When the circling ages falter,
And the sands of time are told.
Worlds on worlds, like sea-ward waters,
Then shall mingle into one,
Burdened with an endless blessing,
To the Father and the Son.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CONFESSIONS OF ARISTIDES JINX.

BY FREDERICK WARD SAUNDERS.

My friend Tompkins, although, in other respects, an excellent fine fellow and good company, is, nevertheless, inordinately fond and ridiculously proud of his native city: a sentiment with which I should not dream of finding fault, did he restrict his admiration to words alone; but he does not. I would willingly admit, for the sake of peace, that Boston is the finest city in the world, and that every good thing possessed by any other city, is merely a poor copy of a Boston improvement. But this will not answer; words do not suffice him. He will persist every time I come to Boston, no matter if it be twice a week, in showing me over the town, as if I were an entire stranger.

As usual, I was forced to undergo the infliction when at Boston, the other day. Conveyed by Tompkins, I had been shown nearly all the lions; had manifested a great deal of admiration—which I did not feel—for the custom house; frankly admitted that the post-office was superior to the one at New York; expressed my sincere delight that Boston was blessed with such a really beautiful park; became excessively patriotic, and twaddled of the pilgrim fathers in passing the State House; and was about giving vent to my surprise that Bunker Hill Monument—the upper third of which we could just see, looming like a big chimney in the distance, as we turned into Somerset Street,—was still standing in the same spot, when Tompkins, starting from my side as if he had been shot through the breeches pocket with a tailor's bill, exclaimed, with much excitement:

"By Jove, if there aint Spink!"

"Where—where?" I asked, nervously clutching him by the arm, and gazing in all directions with the greatest anxiety, not that I had ever seen or even heard of Spink before, but the tone and manner of my friend left little room for doubt that to see Spink was the most startling and extraordinary sight in the world.

"There—there! that's him! Don't you see him?" returned my friend, pointing to a jolly, round, red-faced little man, about five feet three inches short, by three feet five inches wide, who was rolling along toward us on the opposite side of the way.

"How are you, Tompkins?" vociferated Spink, as he came up with us. "Just the chap I wanted to see. Tip us your daddle—will yer, old feller?" and grasping Tompkins's outstretched hand, he shook it furiously.

"Mr. Spink, shall I make you acquainted with my friend, Mr. Jinx, of Pugwash? Mr. Jinx, Mr. Spink," Tompkins went on to say, as, after returning Spink's cordial greeting, he turned to where I stood, surveying the pair with no expression of countenance whatever; for, to say the truth, my expectations having been so much excited by Tompkins's exclamation, I was somewhat disappointed at the result.

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, sir,—extremely so," remarked Mr. Spink, grasping my hand, which he wrung with the most vigorous good will, letting it go by degrees, partially relaxing his hold for a moment, then clutching at it again and again, as if reluctant to terminate the ecstatic pleasure he experienced in shaking my hand. "Always happy to become friends with the friends of my friends, he! he! he!" and the little man laughed and chuckled clear down to the tops of his boots.

I returned the friendly salutation with my naturally bland and fascinating smile, bowing with graceful dignity; then feeling it necessary to say something, I assured him, in a confidential tone, that it "was a magnificent day."

"Charming—delightful!" he exclaimed, with enthusiasm, as though the fact had but just dawned upon him for the first time. Then sinking his voice, and assuming a serious, even melancholy air, he reciprocated my confidence by imparting the important information that "there was a good deal of such weather in the Injun summer season."

Whereupon, as a well-bred man, and, I trust, a gentleman, I manifested the polite quantity of surprise and admiration; although, as Pugwash is somewhat less than forty miles from Boston, it

might be supposed I should have some little inkling of the description of weather usually found in this latitude.

"But, I say, Tompkins," he continued, whirling round upon my friend, "you must come up and see us to night, and your friend Mr. Jinx, too. Can't hear of a refusal. You know where our place is by this time, I should think, he! he! he!—210, Lemonade Row. So come along—will you?"

I was about to interpose some feeble objection, but was cut short by Tompkins, who at once accepted the invitation for both. Whereupon Spink, with an apology for leaving so abruptly, as he was in a hurry, wished us good morning, and waddled off before I could explain to my friend that the condition of my wardrobe precluded the possibility of attending a party on that evening.

"O fudge! Never mind your dress. You look well enough," returned my friend; "besides, it's not a party at all—only a family set-down, and, perhaps, a little whist or so. Fine fellow, that Spink," he continued, in a semi-soliloquy; "very much of a gentleman, and rich, too, Jinx, m' boy,—rich as a rajah."

This simile served to raise Spink very materially in my estimation; for though I make considerable noise about my democratic principles, and spout incessantly of the tyranny of the rich, and all that sort of thing, before the Pugwash Mutual Benefit and Community Equalizing Society, I, nevertheless, am quite as well pleased to be noticed by and invited to the home of a jolly young Dives as you are yourself. While engaged in pondering the important question what coat I should wear that evening, we arrived at the door of the lodgings I usually infest while in town, where Tompkins, promising to call for me at seven, wished me a jolly afternoon, and went on his way rejoicing.

Having completed a satisfactory toilet, I sat down to write, and had written as far as the last period, when seven o'clock and Tompkins came simultaneously.

"Well, Jinx, m' boy, all ready, eh?" said he, in his lively way, bursting into my room, and a loud laugh at the same time. "You don't mean to say you live *here*? Why, bless my heart, there isn't room enough to swing your hat. You, doubtless, have another apartment in which to keep your tooth brush and razor; you can't possibly have room for them both *here*! But, come, it's time we were off;" and suiting the action to the word, he clattered down stairs, making much more noise than was absolutely necessary, with the inhuman design, I more than half believe, of compelling the landlady to carpet them. However, I have my own opinion as to his success.

I followed my friend at a slower pace, for I was not altogether pleased with his remarks concerning my apartments. The room, to be sure, is not one of your vast, sounding, echoing rooms, where you can fancy a ghost in every corner; but it is a very comfortable little room, for all that; more than two-thirds of it is plenty high enough to stand up in, and there is no necessity whatever of bumping your head where the roof slopes down; such a catastrophe could only result from sheer carelessness. As for the length and breadth, why, by keeping my hat and trunk underneath the bed, and with a little pains to place the chair in such a position that the door wont strike against it in opening, there is an abundance of room; and what, I should like to know, can be more convenient for writing than to form a desk by piling up books on the bed to any height that suits you best? Then by inverting the wash bowl on the floor beside you, you have a nice little stand for your ink-bottle, all of which arrangements I consider quite nice and comfortable. Things, to be sure, are on a rather more magnificent scale at Pugwash; but one cannot expect the same luxuries abroad, in a vast city, that one has at home, and although I must overlook it in Tompkins, I don't thank him in the least, for disparaging my "apartments." I've half a mind to tell him so. Swing my hat, indeed! I don't want to swing my hat. What upon earth can a man want to swing his hat for in his own dormitory! But hold! I am wandering away from my subject.

Overtaking Tompkins, we turned our steps toward Lemonade Row, and conversing carelessly upon indifferent topics, soon reached the residence of our friend Spink. Ah! how little I thought, as we mounted those five Quincy granite steps, and twitched that silver-plated bell knob, how big was that three story, swell front, brick dwelling, with the fate of Jinx; even when admitted within the portal, and standing in the front entry, even when I deposited my hat and cane on the hall table, and gave the hurried, final twist to my ear locks, glancing anxiously at my boots the while, to observe whether there was any dust on them, and at the breast pocket of my coat to make sure my new, eight shilling white linen pocket handkerchief protruded a graceful and fascinating distance, even then, I say, I perceived nothing remarkable about the house. Nay, even when I had passed that sacred precinct, the parlor door, and was introduced to Mrs. Spink, mother of our friend Spink, to his eldest sister, Miss Sarah Spink, and to a friend of the family, Major George Booth, even then I considered my new acquaintances very ordinary, pleasant sort of people, but by no means remarkable. Ah! how dull and slow of comprehension is the human mind! Mrs. Spink, as she then appeared to me, was a very good natured old lady, who liked to hear herself talk, and tried hard to seem some twenty years younger than she really was. Miss Sarah, who had evidently turned the last corner, whatever that may be, was unmistakably literary, and consequently—but never mind. Major Booth impressed me at first as being an uncommonly fine looking gentleman, tall, well formed, with immense whiskers, and a very fascinating address. How little I thought him the villain he afterwards proved himself to be!

We conversed pleasantly a few minutes, and were about sitting down to a game of whist, when the door opened, and Spink's youngest sister, Miss Carol, glided into the room with the step of

a sylph. How can I ever hope to describe that bewitching, that enchanting female? The thing is impossible. It would require blacker ink than mine to give the faintest idea of the dark luxuriance of her hair, the jetty sparkle of her eyes, and whiter paper than this I am now spoiling, to describe the pearly whiteness of her snowy neck. But enough; the most prodigal and lavish use of Webster's unabridged would miserably fail to reproduce her image.

I felt, the instant she entered the room, that a crisis had arrived in my existence. "Jinx," muttered I to myself, "behold, your destiny approaches. The being before you is destined to influence, either for happiness or misery, the whole of your future existence."

How I comported myself during the introduction which followed I have not the least knowledge, into such a maze of bewilderment was I plunged. Neither have I the slightest idea how it came to pass that Mrs. Spink faced Major Booth, and Miss Sarah my friend Tompkins, at the whist table, leaving the lovely Carol and myself sitting side by side on the sofa. I only know that when I, in some measure, recovered my equanimity, such was the disposition of the *dramatis personæ*. You may be sure I wasted none of those precious moments. Calling into requisition my unrivalled conversational powers, I exerted myself to the utmost to create a sensation, and if I may judge by the expression of Carol's lovely eyes, which she ever and anon raised to my face with the sweetest and most confiding air imaginable, I was more than ordinarily brilliant that evening. There was no end of subjects I touched upon, partly to amuse her and partly to impress her with my knowledge of the world and acquaintance with fashionable society. I poured into her ear a profusion of those delightful nothings which pass current in society as the best method for a well bred man to entertain a lady of refinement. I spoke to her of the different balls we might anticipate the coming winter, about Jennie Smith's engagement with Tom Whangs, who hasn't a copper of his own, and not the best of expectations, about the people at Nahant the past season, about the Rev. Dr. Brick's delightful sermon at the Shark Lane church, last Sunday, about the last fashions and the next, and I don't know what beside, when the game of whist being brought to a close, the conversation became general.

"Suppose you favor us with some music, Miss Carol," suggested Tompkins.

"Certainly, if you desire it," replied Miss Carol, sweetly, at the same time rising from her seat by my side.

I was on my feet in an instant, to accompany her to the piano, and enjoy the blessed privilege of turning the music for her, but was forestalled by Major Booth, who rushed to her side as though he had been on the lookout for the opportunity for a year. I do not know how I ever thought Booth good-looking, now that I examined him more closely. I was surprised I did not perceive at first what a gross looking fellow he was. Miss Carol's song was perfectly exquisite; I think I never heard music to compare with it before. Tompkins and myself were loud in our applause and requests for a repetition. Gracefully excusing herself, she turned to the major:

"Perhaps you will give us a song?"

"Certainly," he replied. "I am only too happy to gratify *you* in anything," and the insolent fellow smiled and grinned in her face like a hyena. I detest that Booth. What a hardened, unprincipled villain he must be, to force his odious attentions upon that peerless young creature! I am convinced nothing but her natural sweetness of disposition and aversion to injure the feelings of any one, even that low Booth, prevents her repelling his advances with the scorn and contempt he merits.

Miss Carol reluctantly, as was sufficiently evident to me, played the accompaniment; while the brute, in the basest of base voices, roared out a song concerning the queen of his soul, which, as nearly as I can remember, was as follows:

"Queen of my soul, whose star-like eyes are all the light I seek,
Whose voice, in sweetest melody, can love or pardon speak;
I bow me to thy loved control, Mary, Mary, queen of my soul!
Mary, Mar, quee—ce—, bright quee—ce—ce—ee—en awf ma
soul—I—!"

It is a matter of astonishment to me how under the sun any of the persons present could make up a face to applaud the major's disgusting performance, to me it was perfectly execrable. But they did, and not only that, insisted upon his singing again, which he did, and continued to do all the remainder of the evening, confound him! thereby effectually preventing another *tête à tête* between Carol and myself. The fellow absolutely seemed to delight in annoying me. His abominable songs, the easy nonchalance of his manner, and his affected familiarity with Carol, whom he persisted in calling by her Christian name, as though he were her brother, was so particularly disagreeable to me, that I felt continually the strongest desire to assassinate him.

However, the evening wore away, and it became necessary for us to depart, though, for my own part, I could have cheerfully stayed a hundred and fifty thousand years; but that being impracticable, we were forced to take our leave; not, however, without being repeatedly and pressingly urged to call often, and unless I deceive myself grossly, Miss Carol was particularly earnest in her invitation to me individually.

But ten short days have elapsed since my first interview with that adorable creature, and in that time I have called upon her five separate evenings. I can perceive that she takes a deep and growing, though, as yet, perhaps, unconscious interest in me. I can perceive by the deepening tinge upon her cheek, by the soft and winning glances of her downcast eyes, that my coming is looked forward to with pleasurable emotions. But that never ending Booth is continually present to render me uncomfortable. I should think the fellow would be ashamed to call so often; but people of his stamp have no discretion—no shame, in fact. No

longer ago than last evening, he established himself on the sofa by the side of that dear angel, and while I was conversing with Mrs. Spink, he threw his arm upon the back of the sofa, thereby almost embracing my adored Carol, and continued for a long time whispering in her ear. How must she have felt, poor girl, and in my presence, too! How I longed to tell her that I thought none the worse of her for his atrocious behaviour! I think no event, in the whole course of my existence, ever excited my anger to such a degree. I was frantic with rage. I could have wrenched his hideous head from his shoulders,—yea, have torn out his vile heart, consumed it in the fire of my wrath, and scattered the ashes to the four winds of heaven! Yet I didn't do it,—no; with a violent effort I restrained my propensity, and why? The gentle Carol shall never know the fearful and sanguinary passions that form part of my nature. No; outwardly, I will be the unruffled, the smiling, the placable Jinx. Never shall she be affrighted and dismayed by so much as a glimpse of the fierce whirlwind of jealousy, the terrific tornado of wild hatred that sweeps with blighting and devastating fury through my tempestuous interior. Such fearful knowledge shall be forever hidden from thy dear eyes, beloved Carol!

But there must be a speedy termination to this state of uncertainty; that detestable Booth will else drive me to the commission of some terrible deed. Yes,—I will put in practice the plan I formed while walking the seventh time through Lemonade Row, this forenoon. Business of importance calls me to Pugwash. I could transact it and return in one day; but I will not. I will stay a week—a whole interminable week. The long interval will give time for the love I am convinced Carol feels for me to strengthen. Absence, they say, inflames strong affection, as it quenches weak love. Then, upon my return, I will fly to her dear presence, make known the passion that consumes me, and hear from her own lips the words that seal my fate. Am I over-sanguine in believing she will accept my love? If Jinx has any skill in reading the female heart (and he thinks he has), then will the result be as I could wish. I will take one more turn through Lemonade Row, then, hey for Pugwash!

By the way, it is singular—very singular—that, until my present visit to Boston, I never noticed what a magnificent street that is in which the Spinks reside. Every part and everything in the least connected with it has a peculiar interest when one examines it closely. The very flag stones of the walk seem better adapted for a promenade than in any other street. The gas lights are much brighter, and the glass lanterns decidedly cleaner than I remember to have ever seen them elsewhere. The houses, too, have an undefinable air of comfort and joyousness about them which it would be difficult to describe. It is rather odd, too, although Spink's house is in reality not a particle higher or larger than the adjoining house, yet, for some reason, it seems to stand out from the rest, to be more lofty and spacious. Probably it is better built than the rest. *Apropos* of the Spinks, it speaks rather badly for my discernment that my first impressions of the family were so widely different from my present opinion. That Mrs. Spink is a lovely old lady, excessively entertaining and good tempered; Miss Sarah, who I thought alightingly of at first, is an estimable young lady, a most sensible and learned person, in fact, a perfect walking she encyclopedia. I enjoy her society amazingly. And Miss Carol—but hold! I'll not write another word until the week of probation is passed, and I have declared my love; then—*then* will I return, and triumphantly, as with a flourish of trumpets, finish this page of my diary.

Heavens! can it be that only one week has elapsed since I penned the concluding word of the last paragraph? Only last night that I returned from Pugwash? Through what have I not passed since then? How have my soaring hopes been dashed to earth? I am writing this on the back of a bill of fare of a wretched eating house, whither I have rushed in my desperation, with the forlorn hope of calming my distracted mind, and in some measure restoring peace to my perturbed spirit by partaking of a broiled steak and fried onions. But I feel it will be in vain. Even onions fail to fill the aching void which I feel in my thorax from the irretrievable loss of my lost love—Carol Spink. But I must be brief. The bill of fare is none of the biggest, and I do not feel inclined to invest capital in a sheet of paper, at the present moment.

In short, then, I returned from Pugwash; but it is superfluous to say that—for if I hadn't returned, how could I be here?—it serves, however, to show the reader in what a state of agitation my mind is in at present. But to proceed. I arrived in Boston on the last inward train from Pugwash, just as evening was closing in. With wildly beating heart, and the most glowing anticipations, I drove at once to Carol's residence. I had spent the whole day upon my toilet, and left Pugwash in a costume the faultless elegance of which was beyond all praise. Leaving the coach at the corner of the street, in order to have time to collect my thoughts, I walked slowly toward the door. I distinctly remember now, *now* that it is too late, that I stubbed my toe as I ascended the steps, and upon attempting to ring the bell, my fingers slipped from the knob. Bad omens both. The servant who admitted me grinned prodigiously as she replied affirmatively to my inquiry whether Miss Carol was in. Passing into the parlor, I found the object of my affection alone. Taking her hand, I retained it within my grasp. She made but one slight attempt to withdraw it, then allowed it to remain passive, looking inquiringly at me. Now or never, thought I, and glancing hurriedly around, I saw, or rather fancied, we were alone. The folding doors between the two parlors were indeed partly open, but I thought not of that. Prostrating myself at her feet, I poured forth my tale of love with all the impassioned eloquence of which I was master. She made one or two attempts to rise; but I detained her, thinking it only maid-

en coyness. I told her how madly, how fervently I loved her; hinted at some dark deed if she refused my prayer, and wound up with a declaration that I would never rise from my knees until she pronounced the words that were to make me happy.

Imagine, then, my horror, when, instead of the gently murmured yes, she burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which was answered by a louder roar from the back parlor. Glancing in that direction, I beheld the folding doors thrown open, and that detestable old Spink woman, her blue stocking, old maid daughter, and Tompkins, in convulsions of laughter; while that ruffian Booth, with an expression of fiendish mirth, struggling with savage ferocity, walked deliberately to where I was still kneeling, and seizing me by the collar, jerked me to my feet as though I had been a child in his hands, muttering the while something about the door, what, I did not understand. I was as one in a dream.

How long I might have remained in such a ridiculous position, I can't pretend to say, perhaps till this time, had not Tompkins taken me by the arm and marched me out of the house. It was not till I had been in the cool night air some little time that I recovered my consciousness, and with it my temper. Tompkins stood leaning against the wall in a perfect paroxysm. Turning fiercely upon him, I demanded an explanation. His only reply was to press his hands upon that part of his person where his vest lapped over with the waistband, and renew his eachination, doubling himself up in the most absurd manner.

"By Jove!" I roared, in a fury; "this is some of your work. You shall answer for it at the sword's point! Do not think to escape giving me satisfaction for this night's work. A friend will wait upon you in the morning!"

"Don't—don't make a bigger ass of yourself than you have already done," he gasped, when his ridiculous laughing fit had in some measure subsided. "What could induce you to be such a fool, O thou rural Jinx? Didn't you know that Miss Carol had been engaged to Major Booth more than two years? And don't you know it was only night before last they were married? And now, wretched libertine, and destroyer of family happiness, that you are, you can't allow poor Booth to enjoy three short days of happy honeymoon in peace; but *you* must come and make love to his wife, and that, too, before his very face. O, Jinx, Jinx! I am ashamed of you,—I am, indeed!"

I stayed to hear no more, but rushed with the speed of a fugitive pickpocket to my lodgings, where, for more than an hour, I paced my room, trying to make up my mind to some desperate deed; but not being able to think of anything that commended itself to my judgment, I went to bed and to sleep.

I could, I think, have survived the dreadful disappointment had it been kept secret; but it has not. Not a single acquaintance have I met this morning but begins to grin the moment his eyes rest upon me, and worse than all, I see the whole affair described in glowing colors in one of the morning papers. My name, to be sure, is not printed in full, but so near it that they might as well have written Aristides Jinx at once, for all the world will know it is me.

I think I shall return to Pugwash to-morrow. This city is a wretchedly vulgar place. I scarcely know a city where the great majority of the people are so excessively low-bred, as they are here.

The concluding portion of the foregoing history has been written with pain and humiliation. Gladly would I withhold it from the public eye, but duty to my country and my fellow-men should be, as it is, paramount to every personal consideration. If this, to me, harrowing confession shall have the effect to teach to city gentlemen caution in introducing impressible young men into families containing attractive young ladies; to engaged damsels discretion in their intercourse with susceptible young gentlemen; to young gentlemen themselves, that there is a bare possibility a young lady may treat them well,—nay, even kindly, without being absolutely in love with them; but above and beyond all, if I, myself, succeed in getting a fair and reasonable price for this article, *then*, and not till then, will the sorrows of the heart-broken and desolate Jinx be fully recompensed.

FATAL PEEP INTO MOUNT VESUVIUS.

Some Germans of good family, on a recent occasion, had toiled to the summit of Mount Vesuvius, and after resting themselves on that sulphurous bed, they descended the steep incline to the mouth of the crater. There was little smoke that day, and the scientific gentlemen began to get into danger without being aware of it. The guides having had quite enough of soft ashes and hard work in the ascent, sat down on the upper rim of the crater, not feeling inclined for more exertion. So many people had gone to peep into this chimney of the infernal regions, day after day, without an accident, that these lazy guides preferred some sour wine, and a slice or two of lemon sprinkled over with salt, a very common comestible amongst the lower orders of Neapolitans, and a little siesta, to looking after the souls and bodies of those entrusted to them. One of the most adventurous of the Germans, finding he could bear the little sulphur which seemed emitted from the crater, resolved to penetrate further; but scarcely had he placed his foot upon an apparently solid projection, than the whole crumbled beneath him, and he was precipitated at least one hundred feet. The interior of the crater seems as soft as the exterior, for the first words heard from the unfortunate man were, that "he was not hurt." In vain he tried to extricate himself; whatever he grasped mouldered in his grasp. He could not regain his feet—of this his companions above were informed. They seemed to have become more stupefied than the unfortunate victim; for, instead of dispatching the guide to the Observatory or the Hermitage for ropes, or assistance of some kind, they stood listening to their friend below. In the meantime, the sulphur began to operate upon the poor fellow in the crater, and he felt himself gradually sinking in strength and position. With a wonderful self-command, he took leave of his friends. For two long hours did he survive, when his voice got feebler and feebler. Perhaps as he by slow degrees slid deeper into the crater, hope gradually vanished, until the voice was entirely lost, and then all was silent. The lifeless body was many hours after rescued by a guide, who descended two hundred feet before he found it.—*London Herald*.

MADAME LAGRANGE AND THE POISONED BOUQUET.

The *Courier des Etats Unis* states that Madame Lagrange was present at the last representation of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, and in the scene where Adrienne receives the poisoned bouquet, she was so overcome by her feelings as almost to faint. The emotion, it is said, was occasioned by a terrible recollection of a similar situation in which she was once placed, during the early part of her professional career. It appears that, after achieving great success in the musical salons of Europe, she made a brilliant debut at the theatre. Her second engagement was at Pavia, where her youthful talent entirely eclipsed that of a rival cantatrice. Each representation was for her a new triumph, and each triumph a defeat for the previous *prima donna*. This circumstance created in the breast of the other a deadly jealousy, and she determined to be avenged, no matter at what cost, or by what means. She was an Italian, with strong passions, and was not, therefore, to be disappointed of her revenge. She was one of those dangerous syrens whose charms are sure to fascinate youth; and Pavia being a university town, it was not difficult to find an instrument for her purpose among the students. She fixed upon a young Venetian, of noble birth and of large fortune. By her blandishments she fairly bewitched this young man, and having obtained an unbounded influence over him, he agreed to carry out her design. At every representation, Madame Lagrange received numerous bouquets, wreaths, etc.; and among the bouquets which fell at her feet, was invariably one of small dimensions composed of roses only, the perfume of which was delicious. This homage was always paid after the *andante* of the grand cavatina in *Nabucco*, an opera then highly popular. Madame Lagrange always placed this small bouquet in her girdle after smelling the perfume, and proceeded with renewed encouragement to the completion of the song.

On one evening the bouquet was larger than usual, and the size preventing her from placing it in her girdle, she handed it to a *figurante* who stood near her, to carry to her dressing-room. At the end of the act, she quitted the stage, and was surprised at seeing her dressing-maid at the wing, and on opening the door of her room, started back with affright on perceiving her lying on the floor, apparently lifeless! Her cry speedily brought a large number of persons, and the utmost astonishment was expressed as to the cause of this dreadful affair. After endeavoring for five or six minutes to restore the girl from her death-like state, a voice was heard, almost suffocated by emotion, exclaiming: "The bouquet! the bouquet!" and on recognizing Dr. Marozzi, the physician of Madame Lagrange, there was a general inquiry what he meant. He, however, gave no explanation, but continued to repeat: "The bouquet! the bouquet!" This mysterious exclamation served to direct attention to a bouquet which had fallen from the girl's hand, and it was eagerly seized.

"What great value do you attach to the bouquet?" demanded Madame Lagrange.

"That bouquet is poisoned!" said the doctor.

A thrill of horror ran through the company, and the cantatrice escaping thus as by a miracle the death which had been designed for her, had scarcely time to recover from the shock, when the signal was given for raising the curtain. She re-appeared, pale, even under the rouge, and with a heart wrung with inexpressible anguish. She sang, however, and played as though filled by inspiration, and the audience were frantic with excitement; never had she received such an ovation. The doctor, who, it seems, had been in front of the house during the evening, perceived in a very private box the young Venetian, and remarked that his countenance wore a strange expression. The vanquished rival of Lagrange had partly opened the door, and the doctor, as he passed, heard the young man say:

"It is done—she is dead!"

"The bouquet?" said the Italian. The young man made an affirmative sign, and hastily quitted the theatre.

The doctor's suspicions were immediately aroused, and he hastened behind the scenes, where he found that some one had been poisoned by a bouquet, but it was not Madame Lagrange. The guilty party was arrested, but being related to the nobility and the high dignitaries of the church, he was released after a brief imprisonment. She who had conceived and inspired the crime, was never even arrested. It was no wonder, therefore, that Madame Lagrange nearly fainted, the other evening, on seeing Adrienne Lecouvreur inhaling death from a bouquet. She had forgotten the circumstance at the time, but the power of Rachel had brought before her that dreadful scene with all the force of reality.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE SONG OF ILAWATHA. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1855. pp. 316.

This eagerly-expected poem comes to us in a neat and beautiful garb. It is purely national in its character, being founded on a tradition prevalent among the native American Indians, and the scene lying among the Ojibways on the southern shore of Lake Superior. The poet has not feared to introduce Indian names and words liberally, though they are not all so musical as *Ilawatha*. Such words as "Paw-Puk-Keewis," "Yennadize," and "Kwaswind," grate rather harshly on the ear. But these are trifling disorders in the general harmony of a poem characterized by exquisite grace and simplicity, and flowing in faultless rhythm.

CURIOUS STORIES ABOUT FAIRIES AND OTHER FUNNY PEOPLE. Illustrated by Billings. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1855. 18mo. pp. 303.

This collection of some of the very best fairy stories extant, including such gems as the "Good-natured Bear," is a perfect storehouse of delight for the young. The illustrations are very tasteful and appropriate.

KEBLE'S CHRISTIAN YEAR. Philadelphia: E. A. Butler & Co. 8vo. 1855.

A splendidly illustrated volume, belonging by the beauty of its typography, the richness of its binding, and the splendor and grace of its steel engravings, from designs by Schmolze, to the class which the French term books of luxury. Its contents are worthy of the garb in which the liberality of the publishers has clothed them. They consist of thoughts in verse for Sundays and the holidays of the Episcopal Church throughout the year and are intended to harmonize the thoughts and feelings of the reader with those recommended and exemplified in the Prayer Book. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

THE FORAGERS, or, the Raid of the Dog Days. By W. GILMORE SIMMS. New York: Redfield. 1855. 12mo. pp. 560.

We welcome with delight this new romance from the pen of the gifted Simms, devoted, like several of his brilliant novels, to the illustration of national character, as developed in the stormy scenes of the revolutionary struggle of the south. It is a deeply interesting, without being a morbid or exciting story. The author grapples the attention of the reader at the outset, and carries it with him to the last page, which he leaves with that appetite for "more" which is promised in a sequel shortly forthcoming, and entitled "Eutaw." For sale in Boston by Sanborn, Carter & Bazin.

CICERO ON ORATORY AND ORATORS. With his letters to Quintus and Brutus. Translated or edited by J. T. WATSON. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1855. 12mo. pp. 695.

These admirable works of Cicero are faithfully translated and furnished with copious notes and an excellent index. For sale by Burnham Brothers, Cornhill.

THE WORKS OF EDMUND BURKE. Vol. IV. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1855. pp. 533.

This volume possesses an extraordinary interest, as it contains the great English statesman's reports on the administration of justice in India, and the famous charge against the notorious Warren Hastings. The style of the reports alone renders them worthy of study. For sale by Burnham Brothers, Cornhill.

WINNIE AND I. New York: J. C. Derby. 1855. 12mo. pp. 351.

This is the unpretending title of a pleasantly written book, in which a thread of story binds together a series of delightful sketches of scenery, character and social life. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.



SPANISH LADIES.

SKETCHES IN SPAIN.

The accompanying sketches are accurate delineations of costumes and scenery in Spain. In the first engraving, we have a group of those far-famed Spanish beauties the report of whose brilliant charms has filled the world. Though a foolish passion for Parisian fashion has led the people of the large cities—Madrid, particularly,—to neglect their national costume, you still, now and then, encounter individuals whose taste has induced them to adhere to the garb which romance and song have rendered immortal.

We see, in our first sketch, in the two ladies in the foreground, the slender, graceful and rounded figure, the black eyes, the delicate hands, which are characteristics of Castilian beauty. The accessories are the graceful mantilla floating from the head, the embroidered handkerchiefs, the expressive fan, and the ample black silk skirt. The little girls, dressed in French costume, have nothing national about them, unless it be the grace of their figures. The two ladies in the distance, near the fountain, serve to show the effect of the mantilla from another point of view. The second and third engravings delineate the Spanish nurses and children. The figures of the nurses are replete with national grace, while their costumes are pretty and striking. The children—those in arms, have a very doll-like air. The most noted peculiarity in these pictures is the manner in which one of the nurses, carries her pretty charge—

suspended on her back. The fourth engraving exhibits a pair of pretty manolas—girls dressed in a truly Spanish style, with large ear rings, flashy kerchiefs tied round their chins, and ample short skirts, showing their pretty ankles. The fifth engraving exhibits a group of priests at Madrid. The Spanish clergy never appear abroad without the *capa*, which is, in fact, a long black gown. Raphael, in his cartoon of Paul preaching at Athens, has painted the apostle wearing his cloak exactly as the Spanish people do at this moment. But whatever may be said of the cloak, nothing

can be more grotesque than the long projecting hat worn by the priesthood. Most of the groups we have depicted may be seen at some time or other on the Prado (meadow), the Hyde Park of Madrid, the great resort of horsemen, carriages and high fashion. It may be said that the people of Madrid spend half their lives there. It is, however, strangely fallen off from the good old times, before the fatal invasion of the *nuevo progreso*; every afternoon the march of trans-Pyrenean intellect is crushing some national costume and custom. You find few traces of the national Spanish costume and character, except in the mantillas of half the number of ladies. The mantilla is kept in place by the fan (*abanico*), which is part and parcel of every Spanish woman, whose nice conduct of it leaves nothing to be desired. No one understands the art and exercise of it like her. She can express with her dumb fan nearly as much as Ole Bull can with his fiddlestick, and a handbook might be written to explain its code of signals. A *frilling* sound, like the chattering of birds in a cage, reigns in every direction, produced by the tremulous shake, the opening and shutting of innumerable fans of all colors and sizes, so many eloquent tongues



SPANISH NURSES.

speaking an intelligible language to conscious observers. Before dismissing the Spanish ladies, we present our readers, in our sixth engraving, with a sketch of a couple of Andalusian beauties, reclining on the balustrade of an embowered balcony—a favorite resort. Mr. Hughes, in his "Revelations of Spain in 1845," says:—"How the fair Andalusians contrive to pass their time without once peeping into a book from month's end to month's end, with no pastime but church, no excitement but devotion and an occasional dash at love, it is not easy to conjecture. The balcony and



SPANISH NURSES.



MANOLAS.



PRIESTS OF MADRID.

accomplishment of reading is by no means universally diffused; beads are still more in use than prayer-books, and when my landlady once—a lady of respectable station, whose titles were as formal as those of her sovereign, being always, by a courtesy extended to every milliner, styled La Señora Dona Isabel Maria,—was requested to sign a receipt for my quarter's rent, she could not; and her son, a youth of twenty, could not write it without black lines to guide him." The Moorish eyes, the pride of the Spanish female face, are said to be confined to certain localities. The finest are "raised" in Andalusia; "they are very full, and repose on a liquid, somewhat yellow bed of an almond shape, and are compared to dormant lightnings, etc." Mr. Hughes tells us that the eyes of the Andalusian beauty are like burning glasses—black, lustrous, and terrible in wrath; almond-cut, and in repose hiding liquid. Let us turn from their consuming flames to a quieter subject—the Royal Palace of Madrid, as depicted in our last engraving. This palace is of enormous size, and quadrangular in form. Our illustration shows the richness of its architecture, and the beauty of its site. In the foreground are seen an aristocratic carriage and a troop of the royal lanceros.



A BALCONY SCENE.

the paving-stones in the streets beneath, when surveyed in perpetuity, become a little fatiguing; the coarse rags and mats hung over the window fronts to subdue the glare of a torrid sun make street-gazing less pleasurable than in other cities. The passing of a vehicle is a rare occurrence; love is for the twilight of a midnight hour, and the most determined church-going people cannot kill more than a couple of hours per day. How fill up the immense vacuum? how complete the *dies solidus* (solid day), without any book more interesting than the *Rosario de la Virgen* (Virgin's Rosary), or the *Horas Castellanas* (Castilian Hours)? The

A mounted horse-guard is seen in his sentry box. In the middle of the picture rises a large equestrian group, while a chain of hills crowns the distance. Many portions of the huge palace remain unfinished to the present day, hence it is a fit residence of the sovereign of a people of prouder conception than performance. It occupies the site of the original Alcázar of the Moors, which Enrique IV. made his residence. This was burnt down on Christmas eve, and rebuilt by Philip V. The entire palace and its appurtenances cover a large space. The principal entrance is through a noble arch on the south side, next to the courtyard or parade.

The elevation of the palace has little beyond its vastness to attract. The basement is rusticated and the superstructure is of white stone, which glitters in the sun like marble. There are several antique and noted buildings in the city besides the splendid and extensive palace we have illustrated. The palace of the Chamber of Deputies covers an area of 42,700 square feet. The Palace of the Councils built by Sandoval, the ambitious minister of Philip III., is a fine classical edifice, and the Aduana or Custom House, built in 1769, is also a splendid five story building of granite.



THE ROYAL PALACE AT MADRID.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HOME.

Sweet home of my childhood,
To memory dear,
Though in climes far away,
Thou art still with me here!

Still through scenes well remembered
In fancy I roam,
And beguile my dull heart
With the echoes of home!

Still, still on each lost one,
In each loving face,
Each tear shed in sorrow,
Each smile full of peace.

Yes, still on thy streamlets
And heather clad fells,
And valleys so blithesome
Fond memory dwells:

And of such recollections
Of joy and of peace,
Aware that the number
She ne'er may increase,

Takes pleasure in counting
Them jealously o'er,
That nothing so precious
Be lost from her store!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

PARTING IN ANGER.

BY EVA MILFORD.

"RALPH, here is a letter which John just brought me, saying that he found it in the bottom of your sleigh when he was harnessing Selim, and he added the melancholy fact that the sleigh will be at the door in five minutes."

"So soon! Ah yes, it is already ten, but I could have sworn we had not been ten minutes risen from our eight o'clock breakfast; all your fault, naughty one."

"Yes, sir, but the letter—"

"O, yes, the letter; give it me, please."

"Not till you tell me, traitor, who it is from. The handwriting is extremely pretty, and the seal of rose-colored wax is stamped with the motto, 'Ever thine!' Ever thine, indeed! Come, tell me at once the name of this sentimental correspondent, or rather give me leave to read the letter; shall I?"

"Indeed no. What! betray the secrets of one fair lady to the scrutiny of another, especially when both are young, beautiful, unmarried, and fond of the same unworthy fellow?"

"Then she is all that!"

"All what?"

"Why, young, beautiful, unmarried, and—and fond of you."

"All—especially the last."

"Now you shall give me the letter, sir;" and, although the young lady still smiled, there was an angry color beginning to deepen the rose of her cheek, and an angry light kindling in her hazel eyes.

Ralph Morton saw these symptoms, and just the least shade of sternness and determination peeped over the smile upon his lips, as he answered:

"Shall, Margie? That isn't a pretty word for such rosy lips, child; and to punish you, this unfortunate letter shall at once be condemned to an auto da fe, and its contents at once be lost to mortal ken."

As the young man spoke, he snatched the letter from the young girl's hand, and cast it into the midst of a fiery sea of blazing coal which filled the ample grate.

Hot words rose to Margaret's lips as she saw the flames wrap themselves around the devoted letter, and that which till now had been only a playful wish now rose to vital importance.

"I will never forgive him," was her first thought, but she bit her lips and walked to the window before she spoke, and then she turned, and said calmly and politely:

"Your sleigh is at the door, Mr. Morton, and I have the honor to wish you good morning;" and she moved to the door of the library, where her father sat.

"Stop, Margie, one minute! It was rude of me to snatch the letter from your hand, and for that I beg your pardon. Kiss me, love, before I go, wont you?"

"I will forgive you, and, when you tell me who wrote the letter, and what it was about—"

"Have you not yet learned, Margaret, that demands do not succeed with me so well as requests? Kiss me, and be my own sweet Margie, and I will repeat the letter verbatim."

"Repeat the letter first, and then we will speak of the other proposition."

"No, Margaret, not if you never kiss me again." And now the look of stern determination was unmistakable, and the proud lips, instead of smiling, pressed hard against each other.

"Good morning—no farewell, Mr. Morton." And the angry rose and the angry light burned bright on cheek and eye.

"Farewell, Miss Leslie!" And in another minute the jingling sleigh-bells made music which Margaret did not hear, for her bright head was buried in the cushions of the couch, and the voice of her own weeping filled her ears.

"What! Ralph gone without bidding us good-by?" said a cheery voice, as the door opened ten minutes after, and a face beaming with love and geniality looked into the room; but when Mrs. Murray saw the lithe figure lying so crushed and forlorn upon the couch, and heard the stifled sobs, she came quickly in, and, shutting the door, approached her niece with a face so full of

sympathy and grief, that one could well see that "she, too, had wept."

"Margie, darling, what is the matter? These are not the light tears which Ralph's departure might cause. Is it anything which you may tell me, dear?"

"O, aunt!" sobbed Margie, without lifting her head. "It was a hateful letter, and—and he called me Miss Leslie, and said farewell, and so—"

"Margie, Margie, you have not parted in anger! Do not tell me that."

The low voice, usually so calm and sweet, had in it such a tremor of apprehension and agitation that the girl involuntarily looked up and saw with alarm that every vestige of color had faded from her aunt's face, and that her eyes were full of anguish and alarm.

"Aunt, darling, what is it? Why do you look at me so? You do not think he will never—"

A fresh burst of sobs choked Margie's voice, and her head went down again upon the cushions. "Child, if you knew what I know, if you felt what I have and do, you would not ask why it fills my heart with sorrow and dismay to know that you and your noble lover have parted in anger. Listen, my darling, and I will tell you what I had thought never could pass my lips; but I believe there is no sacrifice, dear child, dear daughter, that I would not make to save you from treading the dark and bitter path through which my steps lay for so many years."

"You, dear aunt! I thought you had always been as happy as you have made every one about you ever since I can remember."

"When you were born, my darling, my sorrow was many years old, as men count, though new and ever young to me."

"Time was, Margaret, when I too was young and gay and fair, and I too loved and was beloved. Every one that knew him praised and admired Henry Murray, and those whom he loved loved back again with a passion that was almost adoration. My father and mother gave me to him more willingly than they had thought they could yield their only child to any one, for they felt sure I should be happy. And so we were married, and went to Henry's mother's for our bridal tour. O, those few weeks! what promise of a long life of happiness was bound up in them! and then we came home, to our own wedded home. That fairy cottage—I see it now, nestling among the trees and shrubs which quite hid it from the road. Often, between sleeping and waking, I distinctly perceive that delicious aromatic perfume which constantly filled the air around it, from the millions of flowers that were in their glory that balmy month of June."

"It was the second month—O, my God! only the second month of our marriage, when one delicious morning Henry came to give me the kiss and embrace without which he had never yet left me, even for a few minutes. His horse stood saddled at the gate, his hat and gloves were in his hand as he entered the room. O, how handsome, how beaming he looked! how my whole heart went out to him, and thanked God for making me his wife!"

"My darling," he said, 'I must entreat your pardon for my forgetfulness; here is a note which was left by a footman at my counting-room yesterday for you, and which in my joy at coming home and seeing you again I quite forgot.'

"He handed me the note, which I took with a look assuring him of pardon. I found it was from an intimate friend of mine, who had been married upon the same day that we were, and whose husband was dear to both Henry and me. It announced their intention of coming out to dine and spend the day, and told me to beg Henry to come home early, as James had something in particular to say to him."

"You will come home to dinner, love, wont you?" said I, after reading the note to him.

"I don't know, *petite*," said he; 'I would like it, of course, but I have an engagement for three o'clock, which I am afraid cannot be postponed.'

"But it *must* be postponed," said I, with the wilfulness of a petted child, who has never been denied anything. 'It is the first time Emma and James have been to see us, and you must give me a positive promise that you will be home to dinner at two.'

"Don't ask me to do that, Mary dear, for perhaps I shall find it impossible. You know it wont answer for a young merchant like me, just starting in business, to be negligent; and unless Mr. Monroe can see me this morning, I must wait in town till afternoon."

"And so this Mr. Monroe is more important to you than the wishes of your wife!" said I, pouting.

"Don't talk so, Mary, for you know it is unreasonable."

"Promise, then, to come home to dinner."

"I have told you, Mary, that I cannot properly give you a promise. I will certainly come if I can."

"I'm sure I don't care whether you come or not, if you wont give up so much of your own way as to make the promise."

"Mary, I know you will be sorry, when you think about it, that you have said that."

"His tone was so sorrowful, and his words so true, that I could have cast myself weeping on his breast; but an evil spirit, I believe, withheld me, and I answered very coldly:

"I do not think I shall ever regret so true an expression of my feelings."

"Do you mean, Mary," said my husband, in a deeply-wounded voice, 'that unless I will conform exactly to your wishes, or rather commands, that you do not care for my society?'

"Exactly."

"Henry did not speak again, nor did I turn my head; but as I still gazed from the window, I saw him mount his beautiful black horse, Sultan, and ride away. The expression of that noble face

haunts me to this very moment—so deeply pained and wounded, so justly displeased. Had he looked round, I would have recalled him, and made peace on any terms; but his looks were to the ground, and his movements so rapid that before I made up my mind to call him he was gone."

"As he disappeared, a terrible feeling of despair and wretchedness came over me. I would have given the world, had it been in my grasp, to recall him, to humble myself, and ask his forgiveness; but the moment had passed; no tears, had they been of blood, no prayers, had they been an agony of supplication, could ever recall it. 'Ah well,' murmured I, 'it will be but a few hours, and he will be at home.' Even as I spoke, a deadly shudder shook my frame. A few hours!"

"My friends arrived, and I strove to greet them gaily and cordially; but my thoughts, my attention, were not with them; my ear was constantly strained to catch the hollow sound of horses' feet upon the little bridge just below our cottage. At last I heard them in the distance—a furious clatter over the bridge and up the little avenue; but I knew it was not him I longed for. A nameless dread crept over me, and I seemed frozen to my chair."

"Heavens! Mary, what is the matter?" cried Emma; and at the same instant a sharp peal from the door bell rang through the house, and in a moment the servant said at the open door:

"A gentleman would like to speak a few words with you in the hall, Mrs. Murray."

"I rose and went out as if in a dream. A stranger stood there, looking at once embarrassed and sympathetic. Before he could speak, I said, in a strange, muffled voice:

"Is he dead?"

"Then you have heard, madam," said the stranger, somewhat relieved; he said something else, I believe, but I heard it not, for I was again gasping out:

"Is he dead?"

"No, Mrs. Murray, he still breathed when I left, but if you would see him alive, I think you should come at once. I met word at the little tavern in the village for a chaise and driver to be sent up, and here they are."

"By this time Emma and her husband, hearing something of our conversation, had come out; and it was her kind hands which arrayed me for this terrible ride, and her husband placed me in the chaise, and silently, after a few directions from the stranger, took the reins, and drove rapidly through the village, and about a mile beyond. We stopped at a common sort of a house, in the yard of which Sultan stood tied to a tree."

"Come right in," said a woman who seemed to be watching for us at the door. 'But I'm most afraid he's gone. He was sinking fast when I came out to look for you.' My friend led or rather carried me into the room—that room where lay my darling, my noble, gallant husband—where he lay dying. O my God! I did not know till then how keen an anguish the heart may bear, and yet survive."

"The sight of that dearly-loved form, that morning so replete with manly grace and strength, now so crushed and helpless, aroused me from the stupor into which I had fallen. I rushed forward, exclaiming:

"Henry, Henry! don't you know your own Emma, your wife?"

"He smiled faintly, and opened his eyes, but he could not see me, and in another minute they closed gently, the smile faded from his face, and I was alone—alone with my great sorrow."

"I heard long afterward, for it was months ere I could hear his name spoken, that he had exerted himself that morning to find Mr. Monroe, had transacted his business with him, and was riding at a quick pace toward home, when, in passing a heavily-loaded country wagon, Sultan shied violently, throwing him among the wheels, which, before the horses could be stopped, passed over him, cruelly mangling his limbs, and injuring him internally so severely that death was the only relief to which he could have looked."

"My child, do you know now why I felt so agitated when I found that Ralph and you had parted in anger?"

Mrs. Murray rose, with a countenance sadly moved from its usual serenity, and left the room; nor did she leave her chamber for many hours.

Margie raised herself from the couch with the look of a sudden resolution in her eyes. She walked steadily into the library, where her father still sat reading his morning paper.

"Father, can John be spared to go into the city for me this morning?"

"Why, I don't know, you hussy; what do you want now—ribbons—gewgaws—eh?"

"No, papa, but a note—"

"A note—and who is it for?"

"For Ralph, papa."

"For Ralph! Why, it isn't an hour since he left here. Well, well, you puss, don't look as if you were going to cry, and send John to the world's end, if you like."

The note was sent, and was worded as follows:

"Can a kiss be sent in a letter?—MARGIE"

The answer was as follows:

"It can. May a man have a sister, 'young, beautiful, and unmarried'?"

RALPH."

TALKING.—Speaking much is a sign of vanity; for he that is lavish in words is a niggard in deed. He that cannot refrain from much speaking is like a city without walls; and less pains in the world a man cannot take than to hold his tongue; therefore, if thou observe this rule in all assemblies, thou shalt seldom err. Restrain thy choler, hearken much, and speak little; for the tongue is the instrument of the greatest good and greatest evil that is done in the world.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SLANDER AND PISTOLS.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Nor a thousand miles from the place where I live once lived a man named—— But never mind, I will call him Lapstone. His given name, however, was Jedediah. He was half farmer and half shoemaker. He owned quite a respectable farm, which he carried on after a fashion, and he also had a small apartment in one corner of his shed, where he used to mend shoes, and boots, and old harnesses, for his neighbors, generally taking his pay in work; so that he managed to get most of his farm work done in return for cobbling—a thing which suited him much, seeing that he was far from being fond of physical labor, and especially of the exposure and drudgery of the farm.

Next to absolute laziness stood Jed's slandering propensities. He knew the affairs of all his neighbors; but had he contented himself with merely recounting what he knew, people about him would have been better off; for he had a peculiar faculty of manufacturing "incidents in real life," and these he retailed, *ad lib.*, over his bench. And these affairs were not always innocent; but, on the contrary, much mischief often resulted from his false reports. No one supposed that Jed ever entertained any real malignant feelings, but he *did* take pleasure in knowing that he had set some old friends "by the ears," as he called it; and at length his slanders became so frequent and so utterly devoid of truth, that people began to think of devising ways and means for being rid of him.

One rainy afternoon, some half-dozen neighbors had collected in Jed's shop, and the conversation chanced to turn upon a new comer into the town—a Capt. Joseph Atherton, who had spent the most of his life at sea, and had now come to settle down upon a farm, to spend the remainder of his days in peace and quiet.

"O, yes—*ya-as*—I s'pose so," growled Jed, as some remark was made touching the captain's wealth. "He's rich enough, I'll warrant ye; but that don't make any need that he should put on such airs. He needn't think that because he's got a few thousand dollars more'n the rest on us, that he ken lord it round jest as he's a mind to."

"Why, Jed, you don't know the man if you think he'd try to lord it over anybody," said an old man by the name of Stewart, who was present. "I've knowed Joe Atherton ever since he was a boy, and he never showed any such disposition."

"Have ye knowed him for the last five-an'-twenty year?" asked Jed, with a wink.

"Well, can't say as I have during that time, for he's been off, ye know."

"Yes—*ya-as*," uttered Jed, bringing his hammer down upon a peg with sudden vehemence; "that's the thing. Let me tell ye how 't them last five-an'-twenty years have put a new kink into him. He's mighty stiff and crank now, but I reckon I could bring him down a peg or two."

"Stiff and crank, Jed?"

"Yes—*ya-as*. Didn't he fairly insult me last Saturday night, down to the store?"

"How was it?" quickly asked all but old Stewart.

"Why, I'll tell ye," answered Jed, laying down his awl, and turning the old shoe he was pegging with a jerk. "Ye see, Joe Atherton was in the store, and he'd jest been buyin' some 'lasses, an' I merely made the remark 'at I s'posed he'd been where they made 'lasses. He said he had; but ye ought to 'ave seen what a mighty high look he gave me."

"And why shouldn't he?" interrupted Stewart. "He never saw ye afore, an' the store was half full of folks; an' the familiar sort of a way ye put on, an' the way ye put yer face close up to his, didn't please him."

"Didn't it?" cried Jed.

"No, it didn't, for he as much as told me so."

"Ah, a ah! He did, did he?"

"Why, yes. He asked me who that boreish fellow was."

"He meant *me*, did he?"

"Yes; and I don't wonder at it. The fact is, he's been bored half to death since he settled down here, by just such foolish questions; and he don't like it, especially when there's a crowd around, to be drawn right about him the moment he opens his mouth."

"He said I was a *bore*, did he?" Jed snapped out, angrily.

"No, no, Jed," quickly responded Stewart, anxious that no misunderstanding should result from his words. "He simply asked me who that boreish fellow was."

"And isn't that enough, I'd like to know?"

"But just remember, Jed. You had that nasty black pipe in your mouth—you never spoke with the man before—you looked dirty and independent—and ye puffed a cloud of smoke right in his face when ye spoke to him. By the gracious, I don't wonder he spoke so! And mind ye, Jed, I only tell ye of this so 't you may know how to behave the next time you meet a gentleman."

"A gentleman ye call him, do ye?" uttered Jed, laying the last shoe down upon one side, and the hammer upon the other. "Now jest look here; I wouldn't 'ave told this, only I wont have such chaps quite so crank. Mark my words, an' ye'll know how much Joe Atherton deserves the respect of any decent man. He's rich, aren't he? But who'd want his riches, and have to carry about his conscience? How's he made his money? Jest tell me?"

"Why, he's not only had a regular pay as captain, but he's had chances to trade on his own hook," answered Stewart.

"Yes, *ya-as*, that's his story. But mark me; I ken tell ye a different story. *Pirates* make money fast!"

"What d'ye mean, Jed Lapstone?"

"If Joe Atherton hasn't fitted a halter for his neck more'n once, then call me a liar—that's all!"

"But d'ye mean that Captain Atherton has been a pirate?" asked two of his auditors at a breath.

"He has been—*jest—that—thing!*" returned Jed, very slowly, and with sure emphasis.

"You're a fool," said Stewart.

"Am I?"

"You are—jest a fool. What d'ye want to tell such a silly thing as that for?"

"Silly, is it?" cried Jed, who never allowed himself to be driven from an assertion he had once made, no matter how wild and meaningless it might be, but was always on hand with ready proof. "Silly, is it?" he repeated; "p'raps 'tis; but I want ye all to understand that I happened to be in Boston not long since, an' I *happened* to git holt of a bit of seeret there. I *jest happened* to find out, by the way of a slant, that Captain Joseph Atherton wasn't no capt'n at all, but just belonged to a squad of pirates that had got all sold out and off afore the officers could get a holt on 'em."

Of course this led to a protracted conversation; but Jed never gave up when once he had made an assertion, and he now stuck to his text.

"Look ye, Bill," said Stewart, after they had left the shop; "Capt'n Atherton shall give Jed a lesson—now mark me."

"But if you tell him what Jed has said, he'll kill the poor reprobate, wont he?"

"No, no, never fear; he's too much of a man to harm such a snake; but I'll just give him an inkling of Jed's character, and you see if he don't give him a lesson."

As might be expected, the thing was soon whispered about that Captain Atherton had been a pirate, and Jed Lapstone had already begun to chuckle over the idea of what a pickle his victim would be in, when the current of his feelings was suddenly changed. He sat in his shop one cold, windy afternoon, towards sunset, when a man drove up on horseback. Jed was alone, and he had just time to clear his foot from the strap, and rise to his feet, when the door opened, and in walked Captain Joseph Atherton. The captain was in the prime of life, somewhere about five-and forty years of age, of a herculean frame, and able to look very savage, when he chose so to do. An enormous pair of jet black whiskers nearly covered his face, and his eyes had the seeming power of looking directly through a person.

"Mr. Lapstone, I believe," remarked the captain, in a tone so mild that the cobbler's fears were half blown away.

"Ah—yes—*ya-as*, sir."

"You have a grove of young ash trees in your pasture, I have heard."

"Yes—*ya-as*, sir."

"Some of them are very straight and handsome."

"*Ya-as*, sir."

"I should like to look at them. I have use for some such, and if you will slip down there with me I think I can make you an advantageous offer. If you would be as spry as possible, for I am in somewhat of a hurry."

"Yes—*ya-as*, sir," responded Jed, throwing off his apron, preparatory to putting on his coat. He remembered full well the scandalous falsehood he had told concerning his visitor, but he felt assured it had not yet reached the victim's ears, so he was quite easy.

In a few moments the cobbler-farmer was ready, and he set out. The way was through the barn, down the lane, into the pasture, and over a gentle swell of land, being a distance of about a quarter of a mile from the house. The sun was nearly down when they reached the grove, and the wind was cold and searching. Jed shivered some, and as he noticed how comfortable his companion's great overcoat looked, he wished he had taken his own.

"There, this is the place," said the cobbler, stopping when he reached the copse of ash trees, the thick foliage of which had now turned yellow beneath the frost touch, and was beginning to bestrew the ground.

"Ay, so I was aware," uttered the captain, in a deep, deadly tone, at the same time turning short around upon his guide. "I told you I had use for some such, and I have, sir. I meant to use them as your place of sepulchre. Can you pray?"

Jedediah Lapstone stood aghast. Never before had he heard a voice so deep, nor had he ever before stood in the presence of so awful a man. His knees shook, and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

Meanwhile, Captain Atherton deliberately unbuttoned his overcoat, and took from his bosom two huge pistols.

"Jedediah Lapstone," he pronounced, in a tone that seemed to accord perfectly with the mournful wind that sighed through the tree-tops, "you have slandered my character most cruelly, and past redemption, and *blood* is the only thing that can wash the crime away! But I will not murder you. Here, take this pistol, and at the given word you shall fire. Take it, I say!"

"O! Mercy! mer-r-ey!" gasped the terrified man, sinking upon his knees, and clasping his hands.

"*Mercy!*" repeated the gigantic avenger, in a tone of such bitter scorn that Jed's hair fairly started up on end. "How dare you profane that sacred word? What mercy had you when you murdered my character? when you deliberately asserted that I had been a pirate? Yes, sir, *a pirate*, you said! By all the powers of earth, no man can live who has let such words drop from his lips! Come, take the pistol, for you must die!"

"O, don't, don't! O, dear captain, I didn't mean it! I wont never do so agin, I wont, I wont!"

"Take the pistol, I say!"

"Oh-h-h! I've got a wife, and—a and three innocent children!"

"You did not think of my wife and children when you stabbed the very soul of their protector's honor. Take the pistol! There, now you have just five minutes to live! Mind, I never miss my man! In five minutes you die! Pray, if you have anything to pray for."

Poor Jed took the pistol by the muzzle, and thus he held it until it dropped from his nerveless grasp. He was still upon his knees, and his hands were once more clasped. He shook like an aspen, his face was livid with terror, and his eyes seemed starting from their sockets. Like all low slanderers, he was a perfect coward.

"O, for mercy's sake!" he gasped. "Salvation and Israel, Jerusalem and Pentecost, and the saints, have mercy on me! O, I wont never agin speak a word agin ye! I wont, so help me Heaven! O, spare me! noble man, spare me!"

"Four minutes of the five are gone!" calmly spoke Atherton, holding his watch in his hand, and at the same time deliberately cocking his pistol.

The terrified man gazed one moment into the avenger's face, and then he burst into tears. He cried like a great school-boy, and the words he tried to utter were lost amid sobs and groans. Atherton saw that his victim's face was becoming deathly, and that his reason was leaving him; and he feared that if he kept up the farce much longer, the man's brain might be turned forever.

"Jedediah Lapstone," he said, "for the sake of thy wife and children, I might spare thee if I thought you would commence a new life."

"Holy angels and Absalom!" cried Jed; "I'll do anything you say—anything, everything—I will!"

"I don't know how to trust you. If I could feel sure you would never, never speak one false word about a living thing agin, I might spare you now."

"Salvation and Jerusalem! I wont never, never agin say one word about anybody. O, I wont, jest as true as Absalom, I wont!"

"Now mark me," said Atherton, slowly and solemnly. "If I let you off this time, remember that I only do so on condition that you remain true to your promise. I shall keep these two pistols loaded, and the moment I hear of one slanderous word from your lips touching the character of anybody, I shall come to you again, but never agin shall I spare you. I shall watch you narrowly, and others will watch you for me. Remember now, your life is mine. I claim it, and only lend it to you while you remain true. Farewell. You can live, if you wish."

The dark man stooped and picked up the dropped pistol, and then walked quickly away from the place. The sun was already down, and the dew was falling fast. Pale, cold, and shivering, Jedediah Lapstone started for home, and when he was gone, some half dozen of his acquaintances came out from among the ash trees, one of whom was old Stewart. They smiled as they saw Jed on his homeward way.

Mrs. Lapstone was frightened when she saw how pale and haggard her husband looked; and he had to drink a pint of herb tea, have his feet soaked in hot water, and toasted onions applied, ere he could pacify her.

On the following morning he went to work as usual in his shop, but he was thoughtful and taciturn. Towards noon some of his friends dropped in.

"I was in to Capt'n Atherton's house last night," said Stewart, "and he come home after I got there. My conscience! I never saw a man look so terrible as he did. He took two great pistols out of his bosom, and laid 'em away in his desk; and I heard him tell his wife not to touch 'em on any account, 'for,' said he, 'they're both loaded, and I may have to use 'em. At all events,' says he, 'I'm a goin' to protect our people agin a brute that does a good deal more mischief than a robber.' He wouldn't tell me what he meant, but he must have meant something dreadful."

Jed trembled, but he did not speak. And from that time forth his tongue spoke no more slander. If, at times, he caught himself with such words on his lips, they were quickly recalled. For a year or so he was held in check by fear; but at the end of that time he had begun to learn that there were higher and more noble inducements for a virtuous life, and he thus became a good neighbor. And just about this time, too, he was told that Atherton had fired off the two pistols, and that he said, when he did so, he "guessed there'd be no more need of 'em." Jed was easy now, but his tongue, once mastered, kept in the right track ever afterwards.

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AMERICAN ARTISTS.

The approbation with which our former series of portraits of American artists, published in No. 18 of the present volume, was received, has induced us to add a few more heads of distinguished painters, drawn for us by Mr. Charles Barry, from authentic originals. The first is Benjamin West, who rose to high rank in England, and became President of the Royal Academy. West was born in 1738, at Springfield, Pennsylvania. His artistic talent was manifested at an early age. His first instructions in the use of colors were received from a party of roaming Indians, and when he first saw the Apollo, his exclamation was, "How like a young Mohawk warrior!" His family were of the sect of Quakers, who deny the utility of the fine arts, but the manifest genius of West overcame their prejudices, and he was authorized to pursue his inclinations. In fact, at a solemn meeting of the Friends, he was dedicated to art. He commenced portrait painting professionally, at the age of eighteen, in Philadelphia. From Philadelphia he sailed for Italy, where he was patronized by Lord Grant-ham Governor Hamilton, and other gentlemen in America also generously aided him. In 1763 he went to London, where he had



HENRY INMAN.

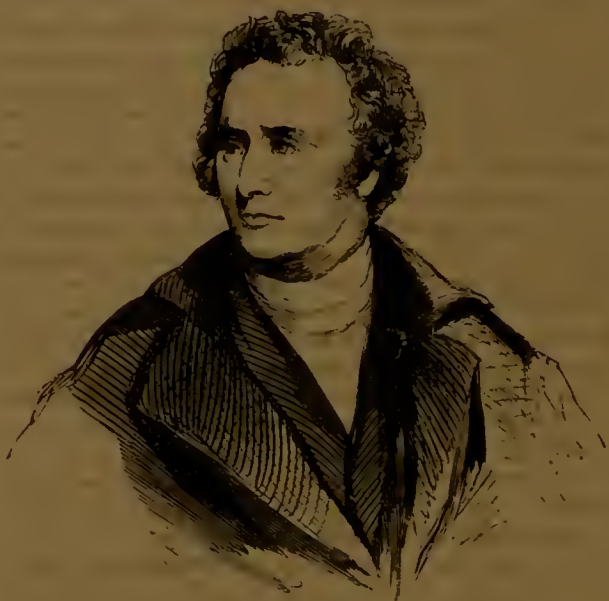
remember going round the exhibition of the National Academy at Clinton Hall, New York, and seeing a fine landscape, I asked, who painted this? The answer was, Inman. Then I came to a beautiful group of figures. Ah! this is very fine! Who painted this?—Inman. Then some Indians caught my eye—Inman. A



BENJAMIN WEST.

the good fortune to obtain the favor of George III. He succeeded Reynolds as President of the Royal Academy. Arriving in London opportunely, when historical painting was neglected for other branches, he made a great sensation by his productions in the highest line of art. He painted a great many pictures, among which his "Christ Healing the Sick," painted for the Philadelphia Hospital, and his "Death on the Pale Horse," were the most celebrated. The "Battle of La Hogue" has been styled the best historical painting of the British school. He was injured by early and easy success, and rashly imagined himself capable of anything. Still he was an artist of very great merit. He died March 11, 1820, and was buried with distinguished honors, in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

HENRY INMAN,—the subject of our second engraving,—an artist of great versatility and eminent talent, was born at Utica, New York, in 1801. In 1812 he commenced business for himself, as a portrait and miniature painter, and met with good success both in New York and in Philadelphia. In 1844 he visited Europe for the benefit of his health, and while there painted the portraits of many distinguished persons. After remaining abroad eight months, he returned to this country, and died at New York, January 17, 1846, universally lamented. Sully says of him:—"I



JOHN TRUMBULL.

little further on, and I exclaimed: this is the finest miniature I have seen for many a day! who is this miniature painter?—Inman. His large portraits I was acquainted with, but this variety of style took me altogether by surprise."

COL. JOHN TRUMBULL, whose head is the third in our series,

was born in Lebanon, Connecticut, and was the son of Jonathan Trumbull, the first governor of that State. He received a collegiate education, and in the course of his studies paid some attention to painting. Soon after graduating he produced several pictures. In the revolutionary war he served two years as adjutant general, with the rank of colonel, but resigned his commission in 1777. He visited England before peace was concluded, and was imprisoned as a spy. He was released by the intercession of West, but ordered to return to America. In 1784 he re-visited England, and pursued his studies under West. He returned to America in 1789. Here he painted many portraits, and his historical pieces. His "Declaration of Independence," and "Battle of Bunker Hill," are among his most celebrated and most popular works. His "Sortie of Gibraltar," a fine specimen of his best manner, is now, we believe, in the possession of the Boston Athenæum.

With GILBERT STUART, the finest portrait painter America has yet produced, our present series closes. He was born at Narragansett, in Rhode Island, in 1756, and died in 1828. In 1778 he was a pupil of West, in England. In 1782 he commenced



GILBERT STUART.

painting as a professional artist. In 1794 he painted the head of Washington, now in the Athenæum. He always succeeded in expressing the character of his sitter, while his color was fine, and his handling free and bold. "The narrations and anecdotes with which his knowledge of men and of the world had stored his memory," says Allston, "and which he often gave with great beauty and dramatic effect, were not unfrequently employed by Mr. Stuart in a way and with an address, peculiar to himself. From this store it was his custom to draw largely while occupied with his sitters, apparently for their amusement; but his object was rather, by thus banishing all restraint, to call forth, if possible, some involuntary traits of natural character."

RACHEL, AS MARIE STUART.

The engraving below is from a sketch made expressly for us from the life, by Mr. Champney, and shows the great French tragedienne as she appears in that famous scene in the third act of Lebrun's tragedy where the Queen of Scots in her interview with Elizabeth, stung to madness by the coldness with which the

English queen listens to her prayers and supplications, throws aside all considerations of safety and expediency, and pours forth such a torrent of invective and sarcasm, that the sovereign instinctively shrinks before the passion of her prisoner, and the latter exclaims exultingly: "I've plunged a poignard in my rival's heart." It is needless to remind our readers that no such interview actually took place between the rival sovereigns;—but the poet may be pardoned this violation of history, for the effect he produces by his license. Rachel is the last figure but one on the right. The crouching figure is her confidante, Anna, (Mlle Durey.) In the centre stands Leicester, (M. Randon.) To the left of him is Elizabeth, (Sarah Felix.) The character in the extreme left is Lord Melville, (M. Latouche.) All the personages in this group are portraits. The costumes worn are strictly historical, and this adds infinite effect to the tragedy. In their attention to costume the French are far in advance of the English, and their example is worthy of being imitated upon our stage.



RACHEL, AS MARIE STUART.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

SUFFERINGS IN EUROPE.

The arrivals from Europe continually bring us accounts of the sufferings occasioned by a lack of provisions and scarcity of work and money, evils felt severely, and in France in particular. The public mind there has been severely exercised. The mysterious maladies which have affected vegetation in the old world for two or three years past, have induced some persons to fancy that the productive power of our planet is on the wane, and its elements approaching a state of exhaustion. But if we compare the present with the past, we shall find that we are much better situated, and the insufficient harvests of to-day are nothing to the famines of the middle ages. Science has improved agriculture, and thrown additional safeguards round the health of man. The ravages of the cholera and yellow fever in our day are absolutely inconsiderable when placed beside the ravages of the plague in former times. In the 14th century, the plague committed such ravages that half the population of France was literally swept away in less than six months. Thirty thousand persons died of it at Narbonne, and in Florence and its environs, one hundred thousand persons perished. "The mortality was so great," says the chronicler, "that the dead could not be buried. It was never seen, heard or read in times past that such a multitude had perished. In the parishes, the terrified curates left, leaving the ministry of the sacraments to some of the bolder monks." And in the famines of the middle ages, whole populations died of hunger and despair. A ton of herrings cost forty crowns of gold. People were reduced to cannibalism. These famines were generally the result of war. Armies, sweeping the country, burning and wasting, compelled farmers and laborers to take refuge in the towns and cities. The free companies in the service of ambitious princes and lords were the occasion of two famines in the space of fifteen years. Happily those "good old times" are long gone.

NOBLE DOG.—In Covington, Ky., lately, a ruffian jostled a little girl from the sidewalk into the gutter, injuring her a good deal. A gallant dog, who witnessed the outrage, immediately sprang at the throat of the two-legged brute, and held him fast till he was released by the bystanders, who let the offender go, thinking he had received enough punishment from the nobler animal of the two. We have reason to be "a friend of dogs, for they are honest creatures."

PRIVATE LIBRARIES.—The Rev. Luther Farnham lately read a very interesting paper before the New England Historico-Geographical Society, on the "Private Libraries of Boston and vicinity." He estimated that within ten miles of our State House, there are, in private libraries of 1000 volumes and upwards each, an aggregate of 300,000 volumes; that twelve of these contain about 100,000, and ten of them 92,000. Mr. Farnham's paper is to be published.

DESPATCH.—J. G. Hovey & Co., of this city, lately received per steamer from England a consignment of goods ordered by them twenty-nine days previous. This is the way to do business.

SPLINTERS.

.... Another revolutionary soldier died, lately. Deacon Daniel Fitch, of West Killingly, Ct., aged 93. Peace to his ashes!

.... Some wag has called a dinner-table a table of contents, and a gambling-table a table of discontents.

.... The population of Illinois will foot up to 1,283,000. This is one of the little giants of the West—a child of yesterday, almost.

.... The weight of the new monster steamer building in the Thames is prodigious. Her measurement capacity is 25,000 tons.

.... A magnificent new hotel is to be erected in Philadelphia on the corner of Chestnut and 8th Streets, to cost \$600,000.

.... Edwin Forrest never played better than during his recent engagement at the Boston Theatre. His "Lear" was great.

.... Powers, the sculptor, has nearly finished his statue of America, and the California is near completion.

.... A Miss Beall of Virginia lately recovered \$6000 of a Mr. Miller for an aggravated breach of promise.

.... The receipts of the New England Industrial Exhibition were about \$5000. It was a very interesting and successful one.

.... The City Council of Roxbury have appropriated \$500 for the establishment of free evening schools. A good move.

.... M. Braun has lately exhibited in Europe what he calls "cast marble," which rapidly hardens and looks like Parian.

.... A universal and perpetual sun dial has been invented in France, calculated for any latitude where the sun is visible.

.... Louis Blanc differs from his fellow-revolutionists in Europe. He thinks the masses must be enlightened before they fight.

In two years and a half, 268 persons have been killed and 539 wounded by railroad accidents in this country.

.... The wife of the King of Denmark was once a milliner, named Lolla Rassmussen. The marriage was morganatic.

.... Punctuality, accuracy, steadiness and despatch are habits of business which ensure success in life.

.... A lady in want of a husband has only to drop her daguerreotype in the street. Gentleman finds it, and marries her.

.... Rev. Edward Beecher, D. D., has accepted a call from the Congregational Church at Galesburg, Illinois.

.... Donald McKay lately received a proposition from England to build four more ships of a 1000 tons each.

THE WESTERN ALLIANCE.

It is said that the English are beginning to find out that they have made a mistake in allying themselves with their "natural enemies," the French, and have just discovered that the latter are more to be feared than the Russians. Among other alarming indications is the fact that the French now hold practical sway at Constantinople, and that the structures they are now building there, ostensibly for the accommodation of their troops, are just such as they would build if their intention was permanently to occupy the city of the sultan. The war with Russia we all know was brought about by Louis Napoleon. We all know that a foreign war was absolutely necessary to the French emperor to retain his seat upon the throne. The English presses saw and acknowledged this at a time when they viewed Louis in a far different light from that in which they now regard him.

Napoleon's *coup d'état* was only successful from the prestige given him by the known devotion of the powerful and splendid army he had in a great measure created, and secured to his interest by special and unlimited favors. But a throne upheld by bayonets was in danger from a reactionary movement, unless a satisfactory reason could be given for its maintenance. The love of military glory in France would sanction the largest war establishment, provided it could be employed. Louis Napoleon, then, without hesitation, let loose the dogs of war.

The result has shown how profound is his knowledge of human nature, how adroit his diplomacy. Metternich himself might take lessons of the nephew of Napoleon the Great. The watchword "glory" has been found a talisman powerful enough to charm down all opposition to his reign in France. In the field he has shown that the military power he wields completely overshadows that of England. He has not only given his people glory enough and to spare, he has not only humbled the czar, and taken ample vengeance for 1812, but he has humbled his haughty English ally. The lustre of the "meteor flag of England" has paled beside the dazzling brilliancy of the tricolor of France. If he has established a "running sore" in the side of Russia, he has also located an eating ulcer in the side of England. He has drained her of her blood and treasure—he has humbled her in the eyes of the world, and all this while grasping her by the hand, lauding her prowess and smiling his bland thanks for the *naïveté* with which she has followed his lead. Something more was wanting to his triumph—that he should be received as the equal of England's sovereign, and that she should visit him and accept his subtle hospitalities. These two events crowned his triumph—a triumph over which some of the French presses have already begun to exult.

And now who shall say how long this unnatural alliance will endure? It has already inflicted irreparable injury on the fame and prestige of England, and she may rebel against its continuance. But the purposes of Louis Napoleon will have been accomplished. Supposing Napoleon choose to patch up a peace with Russia and divide with her the empire of Europe, what could England do in that contingency? She could not secure the aid of the other continental powers, as they would side with the east and the west—Russia and France. All that would be left for her to do would be for her to acquiesce. Such are our impressions in view of this western alliance. Nothing would surprise us less than to hear of its dissolution at any moment, and the formation of new and strange combinations in European politics.

GENERAL TACON.

This noted man, the most efficient, though the most despotic captain-general that ever ruled the island of Cuba, lately died of cholera at Madrid, at the advanced age of eighty. If he ruled the Cubans with a rod of iron, he was also the terror of the Spanish nobility of the island. He was the scourge of evil-doers, and his severity completely crushed the spirit of the robbers, assassins and smugglers of the "Gem of the Antilles." He did much to beautify and adorn Havana and to improve its sanitary condition. The large opera house at Havana—perhaps the most splendid in the world, at which Rachel is about to appear, bears his name, and there are many memorials of him throughout Havana. Of course, his labors were not gratuitous, and like most of his predecessors and successors, he left the island with a splendid fortune.

TURKEY.—Turkey is in a bad way—that is, the French and English have their way and say in everything, and Mohammedanism itself received a death blow when the western powers wrung from the Porte the reluctant promise that henceforth no renegade who shall recant from his errors of faith shall suffer the penalty of death.

NAVAL CHARITY.—The officers and crew of the U. S. frigate Saranac, on the Mediterranean station, transmitted to the mayor of Norfolk, through their commander, Captain Poindexter, the sum of five hundred dollars, for the relief of the sick and suffering inhabitants; a truly generous amount in proportion to their means.

NO ADVERTISEMENTS.—Our patrons will observe that we send them the paper for the present week, without advertisements. This is one of the improvements which we shall adopt for the new year; thus enabling us to give our subscribers a greater amount of original reading matter.

JUST SO.—The sums which many heads of families in New York spend upon their wives and daughters for really unnecessary or extravagant dresses would amount in a few years, to a handsome fortune.

OUR PRIZE OFFER.—See particulars of the prize offer for clubs, on another page of the present number.

RACHEL IN AMERICA.

Mr. Jules Janin, the autocrat of Parisian criticism, a brilliant, showy and taking, but partial and unreliable writer, has recently published, in the "Journal des Debats," an article on Rachel in the United States, remarkable for absolute ignorance of America, and for its ridiculous self-sufficiency. It is difficult to decide whether it be more insolent to us or to the great tragedienne, whose career has provoked this outpouring of malignancy. He takes the ground that we, because we are republicans, cannot comprehend those great works which were written for kings and princes, and have been supported by nobles and gentry; that we are ignorant and disdainful of ancient history, and so unrefined, that nothing beautiful or classical can please us. He supposes the New York audience to be insensible to the charms of Racine and Moliere, because they wished to hear the Marseillaise, the "horrible song of exile, of murder and the scaffold," as he terms it. He wilfully forgets that the most refined of Parisian audiences has thrilled to the martial notes of that song, as chanted by the deep voice of Rachel: he forgets that it was the song of the whole French people, before tyranny stifled their aspirations, and changed the journalists of France into a set of servile flunkies like himself. More—we charge him, Jules Janin, with not understanding the Marseillaise. Its "atrociousness" consists in calling a suffering people to arm against "conspiring tyrants." Does he remember that it urges the warriors of France to show forbearance even to enemies "reluctantly arming" against them?

He appears to be as ignorant of the former grandeur of his own country as he is of the character of ours: at the close of his vulgar diatribe, he lets us into the source of his impression of this country, by referring to a book called "The Other World," by Madame Fontenay, a French Trollope, who out-herods her English prototype. We give one specimen of ridiculous assertion,—and with it dismiss him. "Let Monimia prostrate herself at the knees of the expiring Mithridates, Mithridates is no more unfortunate than Uncle Tom. For there is where they (the Americans) are in tragedy—they have halted at Uncle Tom. He is the Agamemnon, he is the Achilles, he is the Thersites; they hiss him, they laud him, they boot him, they admire him, they laugh in his face. He is a buffoon—he is a martyr. They have no other Odyssey, they have no other Iliad. Their only Parthenon is Uncle Tom's Cabin."

PORTRAITS.—At the Royal Palace of Munich, in Bavaria, there is a gallery containing portraits of all the pretty women in the city. Among them figures, between two windows, and not far from that of the reigning queen, the head of Lola Montes.

TOO TRUE.—The British Minister at Washington, Mr. Cramp-ton, is reported to have said that when a merchant fails in Liverpool, our whole country trembles.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Dexter, Mr. Edwin L. Maynard to Miss Henrietta Cushing; by Rev. Mr. Kelloch, Mr. Eleazer J. Hewes to Miss Eliza Hammons; by Rev. Dr. Blagden, Mr. John V. Ames, of Pepperell, to Miss Harriet R. Perry, of South Natick; by Rev. Mr. Twombly, Mr. John M. Trainer to Miss Esther Reddick; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. James S. Brown to Miss Eliza P. Glover; by Rev. Mr. Robinson, Mr. William J. Wood to Miss Christiana Imilla, of Fayal, W. I.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Miles, Mr. Benjamin F. Perkins to Miss Sarah Elizabeth Turner.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Copp, Mr. Robert H. Emerson to Miss Mary Putnam Eastman.—At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Putnam, Mr. Franklin Tyler to Miss Lydia Abby Friend, of Beverly.—At South Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Manning, Mr. Adam Hawkes to Miss Caroline Bent, both of Lynnfield.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Allen, Mr. James Smith to Miss Mary Jane Davis.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. Davis Cutting to Miss Catherine Devine.—At Wenham, by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. G. A. Tapley, of Danvers, to Miss Sophia Dodge.—At Rockport, by Rev. Mr. Bremner, Mr. Luther C. Tibbets to Miss Abigail Lowe.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. How, Mr. Oliver P. Tripp to Miss Peace A. Devoll, both of Westport.—At Portland, Me., Mr. Alonzo I. Hodadon, of Roxbury, Mass., to Miss Fannie A. E. Merrill.—At Bangor, Me., Capt. Edward F. Littlefield, of Boston, to Miss Abby White, of Frankfort, Me.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Anne Douglas, 65; Jeremiah Kittredge, Esq., 59; Mrs. Mary Fletcher, 68.—At South Boston, Mr. Morris E. Cramin, 42.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Sophia C., wife of Mr. Christopher Merrill, 32.—At Roxbury, Mr. Nathaniel Lawrence, 57; Miss Cynthia A. Hunt, 17.—At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Elizabeth Young, 65.—At Lynn, Mrs. Anna, wife of Mr. Peter Short, 74.—At Salem, Mrs. E. Caldwell, 89; Widow Hannah Deland, 78; Mrs. Sally Phippen, 75; Miss Julia McDonald, 24.—At Agawam, Mr. Asa Northam, 89.—At Marblehead, Miss Clara L. Adams, 18; Mr. Charles William Brown, 24.—At Wenham, Mrs. Lucy Healey, 68.—At Essex, Rev. Robert Crowell, D. D., pastor of the Congregational Church, 68.—At Quincy, Mrs. Lucy A. A. Edwell, 21.—At Dartmouth, Mr. Culbert Booth, 65.—At Weymouth, Mr. Warren Weston, 75.—At Beverly, Capt. John Francis Lovett.—At Gloucester, Widow Patience Martin, 77; Mr. Jacob S. Morehouse, 38.—At West Newbury, Maj. Oliver Pillsbury, 81.—At Bolton, Mr. John Jewett, formerly of this city, 81.—At Worcester, Mr. Eber W. Presbury, 78; Mrs. Abigail R. Smith, 18; Mr. Benjamin Howard, 70.—At New Bedford, Ichabod Clapp, Esq., 82; Mr. Stephen Parker, 64.—At New Boston, Mrs. Judith Stone, 90.—At Groton, George F. Farley, Esq., 62.—At Provincetown, Ellisha Freeman, Esq., 64.—At Millbury, Mr. Luke Harrington, 66.—At Lancaster, Mr. Samuel Damon, 74.—At New York, Floyd T. Ferris, M. D., 63; Mr. John B. Desdouty, 60.

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DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

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CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON.

{Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SLEEP.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

Come, sweet sleep, and close my eyelids—
I am weary of the day;
And let gay and pleasing fancies
Softly round my pillow play.

Bring me dreams of joy and gladness—
Banish thoughts of grief and pain;
Place before me those dear faces
I may never see again.

Then with magic wand transport me
Back to childhood's sunny hours;
There the world seems like a garden,
Full of choice, sweet-scented flowers.

Bring again those softened glances,
For which now I sadly pine;
From eyes so tender—e'en my mother's—
Bring them forth from "Auld lang syne."

Come, sweet sleep, and close my eyelids—
I am weary of the day;
Let me visit fairy dream-land—
Let me travel far away.

{Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A CANDIDATE FOR A SCHOOLMASTER.

BY HORACE U. STANFORD.

A FEW years ago I chanced to be a member of the superintending school committee, and among the various comical scenes that came under my notice, I must relate the following.

One afternoon, as I sat at my desk, a wagon rattled up into my door-yard, and in a few moments more there came a thumpety thump upon my door. I went to see what was wanted, and I found upon my piazza one of the most original specimens of the *genus* Yankee that it was ever my lot to fall in with. I mean, of such Yankees as we read of, but which are seldom seen. He stood about "six feet two," was rather lean, and yet giving evidence of plenty to eat. His dress was evidently his best, though the coat and hat had surely come down to him from a generation that had passed away. His vest was of a blue, homespun cloth, short, and buttoned with brass buttons; his neck-kerechief was of checked gingham, while the wee bit of a dicky which had been pulled up to sight above it, was but a more extended binding of his coarse cotton shirt. His face was open enough, in all conscience; and his hair, which was of several hues, from that of flax to that of a wilted bat, had been greased thoroughly, but it would not stick down. His boots were evidently made for wear, and were visible half way up the tops, the trousers either having shrunk up or mayhap having been made to clear the mud.

"Mornin', 'squire," said he, in a tone not unlike the grating of a mill-saw.

"Good day," I returned, not wishing to repeat his exact salutation, seeing it was nearer evening than morning.

"I kind 'a thought as haow I'd come an' git yeou to gin me a sartiferkate, bein' as they want me to hev one afore I commence keepin' schewl in this taown."

It was in the fall, and as the day was cool, I asked the applicant to walk in, hinting to him first that he could wipe his feet on the mat. He gave his boots a wipe, and then followed me to my study. He took a seat on my lounge, deposited his hat upon the floor, and then took an old pocket-book from somewhere within his vest.

"Ef yeou 're in a hurry, 'squire, don't know as there'll be any need of yeon're 'zamin'in' me, for I've got a sartiferkate from the selekmen of aour taown. I kep' schewl thar last winter, an' yeon'd better b'lieve I made the wool fly. Jes' let me tell yer 'baont that," he rattled on, with as much assurance as man could have, and in a tone of self-esteem ahead of anything I could have suspected from his looks. "Yer see they've got the all-fireddest ugly set o' boys over thar in Perdishun Holler, ye ever hearn tell on. Why—they'd licked the schewlmaster an' lugged 'im aout o' the schewl'ouse every winter for six winters. By gimerky, I was mad. Ses I, 'jes' let me keep that schewl.' The kommittee hearn tell on me, an' they sent for me at wonst. They 'zamin'd me, an' guv me a sartiferkate rite orf. An' I kommenced the schewl. Sum of the big boys kommenced wonst or twist to kick up a raow; but, apple-sarse an' greens! didn't I wollup 'um. Yew never seed such a schewl as 'twas. The folks said as haow 't there hadn't been such a schewl thero for forty year!"

The "schewlmaster" waited a few moments to see if I would express any astonishment, but as I did not, he went on.

"'T seemed 'at some of the folks daown here in Pordunk hev hearn tell haow I sukseeded, an' they've sent for me to cum an' try my hand thar."

I remembered now to have heard the agent of the school in the district which was generally known as Pordunk, say that he had sent to try and hire a teacher who kept a school in B——, the previous winter, and I supposed this must be the one. His fame had only reached our town connected with a thrashing exploit, in which he had floored some half dozen big boys.

"As I was a sayin', 'squire, thar's no need of yaour 'zamin'in' me. Here's the sartiferkate."

And as he thus spoke he handed me a soiled and crumpled paper, which I found to be indeed a bona fide certificate, and signed by two of the school committee of B——.

"Ov course yeou'll guv us a reckommendashun, 'squire."

"I believe I must examine you a little, first," I said; for I had a curiosity to see how much the fellow really knew.

"Wal—ov course yeou ken. But raily, 'squire, I dono but I may be a leetle mite rusty. Ha'n't brushed up any lately. But rayther reckon yeou'll find me some. How'll yeou take me? Wat cums fust?"

"Suppose we try a bit of geography first," said I.

"Wal," he uttered, not quite so confidently as before. "Go ahead. But mind, 'squire—as I said afore, I may need a leetle brushing up."

"What is the capital of this State?" I asked first.

"Port—l—. Let's see—ya-as—Portland."

"No, no," said I. "Portland used to be, but Augusta is now the capital."

"Wal—naow I didn't know that. It's been changed sense I studied jografy. Howsumever, go ahead."

"What is the capital of Massachusetts?"

"Wal," he replied, slowly and solemnly, at the same time counting his fingers, as though the solution were to be arrived at mathematically, "naow let's me see. Massachusetts—that's clean way daown sumwhar by the oshun. I never was thar, but Joe Popwhack, as we used to call 'im—he was thar. By thunder, 'squire, Joe 'd be rayther astonished ef he knew I was a keepin' schewl, wouldn't he. Ye see Joe—Martin, his name is—but we call him Popwhack, 'cause he used tew use that word. But Joe don't know much. Howsumever, go ahead 'squire."

"Well," I returned, feeling sure that he would not enlighten me on geography, "suppose we try English grammar."

"That's yer sort. Ye see I never took much pains with jografy, 'cause the master allers has a book, ye see, an' he ken tell jest whar all them places is. But yeou'll find me to hum in 'rithmatick, naow I tell ye. I've devoted the most of my time to figgers, for up in nour parts they want their boys to cypher."

"But first," said I, holding in the laugh that was trying to burst out, "tell me what grammar is."

"Sartin," he responded, with an energy that led me to look for more understanding of the matter than I had expected, "grammar is the study wat's got naouns—an'—an'—varbs—an'—an'—sieh sort ov things in it. Yer see I ha'n't quite forgot it yet."

"No, I see not. Can you tell me what a noun is?"

"Wal—I'm afear'd yeou've got me thar. But then ye see it's all in the book, an' I ken tell when the scholars recite right. But yeou'll find me to hum in 'rithmatick."

"Very well," said I; "suppose we try it. In a piece of land ten rods long and four rods wide, how many square rods are there?"

Mr. Spuggs, for so I will call him, commenced to count his fingers energetically.

"Wal," he at length uttered, slowly and thoughtfully, "ten rod long an' four deep. Guess we'd better try that hy square rew, hadn't we, 'squire?"

"Any way you please," I replied, turning my face towards the window to hide the smile I could no longer repress.

The "candidate" studied hard for some moments, counting his fingers over and over again, and at length he broke out, in a sort of relieved tone.

"Look here, 'squire. I rayther think that ere 'll come under the head ov sarveyin', an' ye see I never studied that. I never had no—what-d'ye call it—the thing they stick up on three legs to look through; never could 'ford it. Ment to study it, though. But naow gin us sumthin' of a common schewl kind."

"Well," said I, determined to let the fellow answer one question if possible, "suppose a bushel of corn is worth one dollar, how much are ten bushels worth?"

Again he went over his fingers.

"Yeou mean shelled corn, I s'pose," he said, after a while.

"Yes," I answered.

"'Cause it makes a good deal of difference, yer see, 'beaout that. Corn on the ear 'll overrun the bushel of its good for anything. Naow the corn we raise 'll overrun four quarts to the bushel. Tew bushel ov ears 'll make more'n a bushel ov shelled corn. Yer see I should be pertick'ler to 'splain this to my scholars, 'cause ye see, 'squire, I mean to fit 'em for the bizziness of life. Naow a good many schewlmasters don't dew that, but I dew. Ginger and Jerewsaalem, 'squire, yew ort to see me handle the big boys when they git onruly. I tell ye they don't try it more'n wonst."

I despaired of getting even one fair answer from my applicant, and I concluded to drop him.

"Mr. Spuggs," said I, as politely as I could, "I'm afraid you wouldn't suit us here. I could not give you a certificate without overstepping the bounds of my duty."

"Yeou don't mean so, 'squire," uttered the poor fellow, in a doleful, sinking tone. "Why, I kep' last winter, an' got along fust rate. Guess yew'd better let me try my hand. Naow I tell ye, it'll be a great disapp'intment to me. I've got rigged for it."

"I couldn't do it."

"But I ken brush up, 'squire. I told yer I was kind o' rusty naow, but I ken overhaul these things, an' look em up."

"Very well," I said. "When you have brushed up and overlooked your studies some, I should be happy to examine you again."

He went away with a sad and sorrowful countenance; but whether he ever "brushed up" or not I do not know, for he has never since shown himself to me.

This may seem overdrawn, but I will just say that the fellow did not know one bit more than I have represented, and yet he had a certificate, in which he was fully recommended as a "suitable and competent person to be a teacher of youth," and it was signed by two of the school committee of his native town! But I will simply add, that the writing of the certificate betrayed as much ignorance of English grammar on the part of the committee as Mr. Spuggs had displayed in his examination.

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The result will be duly published, and indisputable evidence of the receipt of each prize, by the successful parties, will be given.

Sample copies of the paper furnished gratis when desired.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor.
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

In writing letters, please be careful to write names of post-office and State plainly as possible. Also, write individual names distinctly.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

In New York the Norfolk Orphan Fund has reached the handsome amount of \$5000, and is still increasing. — The Beaver Island Mormons have several small vessels, and carry on a species of piracy on the lake. It is also said that the keeper of the light-house on Beaver Island, who is a Mormon, holds out decoy lights, whereby several valuable cargoes have been wrecked on the island. — Gen. Cass is said to be worth \$4,000,000. — A Mrs. Briggs, of Camden, N. J., recently attempted to chastise one of her children with a switch, when it was thrown into a spasm, which continued so long that strangulation and death ensued. — Out of a population in Norfolk, Va., not much exceeding 7000, over 2000 are now entombed. Of the remaining portion nearly nine-tenths had the fever. — A splendid new Presbyterian church was dedicated in Philadelphia, lately. It is located on the corner of Arch and Eighteenth Streets, is in the Roman style, and, besides a bell-tower 115 high, is surmounted by a noble dome, reaching to the altitude of 170 feet. It cost upwards of \$100,000. — A convention of Episcopal clergyman met at Baltimore, and resolved to contribute each one tenth of their income for the support and extension of the gospel. — There has been received at the New York city post-office no less than \$2,501,222 during the last two years. — Mr. Henry Franklin, of North Attleboro', was accidentally killed by the discharge of a gun, while loading. The charge, with the ramrod, passed into his brain. — The increase of population in the State of New York for the last four years, was eight per cent., while in Massachusetts it was twice that. This is attributable to our having more manufactories, while New York is more agricultural. — It is stated in the New York Commercial that a remittance of £10,000 in gold was received by the Africa, to be employed in grain purchases in this country for shipment to England. — A mechanic in Cincinnati is wasting his talents in trying to construct a flying machine, and thinks he can succeed if he can only raise the wind. — A singing mouse has just been caught in Portland. — The Rev. Dr. Bellows's church, on Fourth Avenue, New York, is getting well towards completion, so far as the body of the house is concerned. With its streak of brick and streak of Caen stone, it prominently arrests the attention. — The Alta California newspaper in San Francisco, has been sold by the sheriff for \$11,000. There are thirteen daily papers in that city. — Two more asteroids have recently been discovered between Mars and Jupiter; one by Bilk, in Prussia, and the other by Goldsmith, at Paris. There are now some thirty-five or six of these minor planets known to exist. — One of the most extensive grain operators in Chicago has been purchasing wheat for the past six days at the rate of about 100,000 bushels a day, and has already paid over \$150,000 per day. The purchases are made at \$1 48 to \$1 50 per bushel. — Mexico contains 85 cities, 193 towns or large villages, 4709 villages, 119 missions, etc., 170 haciendas, and 6902 farms, etc. Population, 7,853,395. — W. G. Kendall, late post-master at New Orleans, publishes a statement in the New Orleans Delta, designed to show that the reports recently in circulation with reference to alleged losses at the New Orleans post-office, during his administration, were a "fabrication." — The great estate of Nesmyl, with its immense dependencies, in Hungary, has been recently purchased by the Benedictine monks of the Cloister of Neuberg, for the sum of 800,000 florins, which, at twelve florins the pound sterling, is equal to nearly £67,000. — The Washington Monument, the corner-stone of which was laid on the Fourth of July, 1848, has been raised to the height of 152 feet, at an expense of \$230,000. The original estimate of the cost of the whole work was \$1,222,000. — The Chicago Democrat says it is estimated that the loss by recent disasters on the lakes exceeds a million of dollars. — A correspondent of the Washington Intelligencer gives the cost of gas to private consumers in forty-two of the largest cities in the United States, the average being \$3 97 to 1000 cubic feet.

FORT GAINES ACADEMY LOTTERY, ATALANTA, GA.

If a lottery can, under any circumstances, command the general respect, it is only when it is designed to carry out some good and popular purpose, and the funds thus obtained are devoted to such an end. Churches used to be built in this way, colleges have often been erected by such means, and hospitals without number owe their existence to lotteries. But the abuse, by the unscrupulous, of such a means of approaching the liberal public, led at last to the universal deprecation of lotteries, without regard to the object held in view by any of them in their creation. The good had to suffer with the bad. In some of the Southern States, however, they draw a distinction, and while they oppose lotteries generally, they permit such as contemplate a benevolent aim. The Fort Gaines Academy Lottery, drawn at Atlanta, Georgia, November 23d, and on December 24th, Samuel Swan, Agent and Manager, is one of these. This lottery is on the Havana plan, all the prizes being drawn, thus preventing the possibility of inmathematical combination of swindling. In the above schemes, there are 1000 prizes drawn out of 10,000 numbers. We observe by their circular, tickets are \$5; shares in proportion.

A NAME FOR THE NEW STATE.—The Lake Superior Miner proposes that the new State which is spoken of, to be formed from the Upper Peninsula and a portion of Wisconsin, shall be called Menomone, from the bold and warlike tribe of Indians who inhabit that region. The name is euphonious and appropriate.

THE "SCHNAPPS POLKA."—An Italian maestro, resident in Philadelphia, Signor Rondinello, has been composing a dance with this title, which is spoken of by the musical critics in Signor's neighborhood as very spirited.

BREADSTUFFS.—In South America there is a scarcity of breadstuffs. They began to export largely before they found out the crops would fall short, and are now importing again.

Wayside Gatherings.

Thirty of the crew of the U. S. Frigate Independence recently deserted in the harbor of San Francisco.

The oldest citizen of St. Louis, Caleb Lockwood, recently died in that city.

The Passaic river water is to be introduced into Patterson, N. J., for domestic and other purposes.

The firemen of Charlestown propose to form a benevolent association for the purpose of mutual aid.

The mother of Dr. Gaussen, of Geneva, Switzerland, the well-known author on "Inspiration," died recently.

Two deaf mutes, named George M. Baker and Amanda M. Bugbee, were married recently, at Albany, N. Y.

A person in Mobile has brought a suit for damages against a shoemaker, for failing to comply with a promise to have a pair of boots made at a specified time.

A Texas editor says that one of his neighbors, Ben. M. Green, in 12 consecutive mornings, killed three bears, one panther, one wild cat, and seven deer.

Bishop Waugh, on returning from an official tour, recently, found his sister, his son, and his brother-in law, all prostrate with the yellow fever.

The Union states that it will require 1,509,500 acres of the public lands to satisfy the 13,796 land warrants issued last month. The total number of warrants issued, 48,158.

At Davenport, Iowa, recently, when some lots of ground were to be sold at auction for non-payment of taxes, the sale, by the direction of the authorities, was opened with prayer.

The various "bread leagues" throughout the country appear to be working with satisfactory results. The operations of one at Lynn are now at the rate of \$150,000 per annum.

Government is putting up a new light-house, on the end of Long Wharf, New Haven, for the accommodation of vessels bound in and out of the harbor.

The Borsen Zeitung, of Berlin, mentions that the Russian government is endeavoring to effect a sale to the United States of America of its possessions in the north of that continent, for the sum of 40,000,000 of silver roubles.

Mr. James Warren, a native of Troy, New York, who was recently arrested on a charge of obtaining money from Messrs. Munroe & Co., Broadway, New York, committed suicide in the latter city, by taking prussic acid.

At a land sale held at Winona, at Minnesota, recently, a speculator attempted to overbid a settler. The crowd undertook to drown him in the river, when he drew a revolver and shot three men. It is supposed their wounds will not prove fatal.

A steam fire engine has been purchased by the city of Columbus, Ohio, and four additional steam engines are to be built for the use of the city of Cincinnati. Pittsburg has recently had one built on a plan invented by one of her own mechanics.

The Messrs. Wright's splendid new (clipper) ship, the Morning Light, cleared lately at St. John, N. B., with a cargo exceeding by 100,000 superficial feet of deals, that of any vessel hitherto cleared at this port.

Mrs. Moore, wife of Mr. Moore, paper maker at Norway, Me., was so severely burned by the explosion of a camphene lamp, recently, that she died the next day. She was attempting to fill a lighted lamp. When will people learn wisdom?

Nearly the whole town of Buckhannon, Upshur Co., Va., was destroyed by fire recently. The Court House, Jail, Cooper's tavern, all the stores but two, and most of the private dwellings are in ashes.

Prentiss of the Louisville Journal says that after an absence of a few weeks he returns home to find his paper increased a thousand in circulation. He says modesty will not allow him to attribute it to his absence.

A farmer in Westmoreland county, Pa., recently murdered his wife and burned her body in a large pile of wood. He was arrested, and on examination the bones of the murdered woman were found among the ashes and coal.

The Indianapolis Journal remarks: "riding matches are degenerating into regular races pretty rapidly. May be we shall have female Gilpatricks and Hiram Woodruffs in a few years. Verily, women's rights are invading an altogether unexpected circle of male affairs."

A Swede who arrived at New York got \$1600 changed into American gold, was followed by a party of thieves to Buffalo, who managed to rob the poor fellow of the whole amount before he reached Cleveland, cutting a bag containing the money from the breast of his coat.

The wife of a gardener in St. Louis died recently very suddenly, and was buried in seemingly unnecessary haste. A rumor was afterwards circulated that she had met with violence from her husband, and this coming to the ears of the husband, he committed suicide by taking poison.

The Brock monument on Queenstown heights, now nearly completed, is 180 feet to the top of the cap, and is ascended by a spiral stairway, numbering 236 steps. The statue which has just been raised to the top, is 16 feet high, and represents the hero in the attitude of surveying the battle field with a spy glass in his right hand, while the left is grasping a sword.

The town of Gloucester, Mass., has 19,314 tons of shipping employed in fishing, 5000 tons in foreign trade and 3600 tons in the coasting business. There have been this year 207 arrivals from foreign ports. The number of hands employed in fisheries is 2280, and the number of vessels employed is 282, valued at \$989,250.

Robert Owen, well known for many years past as one of the staunchest infidels of the day, and a leader among them, has been converted to Spiritualism, and is now, though 80 years of age, quite active in London in issuing pamphlets upon that subject, counteracting the efforts which he gave to the cause of infidelity for half a century.

On dit—that Rachel is studying English, and it is her intention to appear as Lady Macbeth before she leaves America. Booth played in French in New Orleans, and the great Talma was an excellent English scholar. Another on dit is worthy of less credence, and that is the assertion that Rachel's genuine jewels are safely stored in Paris, and that the imitations are only worn when here.

The Rev. Mr. Close recently delivered a discourse in Geneva, Switzerland, in aid of the English Episcopal Church in that place, and in doing so he took his text and preached from the copy preserved in the Geneva library of the English Bible, printed at Geneva in 1560, and translated by the English exiles, Knox, Coverdale and others, during their residence there. The Bible in question is one of the very oldest printed copies in existence.

Foreign Items.

To support its cause, Russia is said to have 2000 hired writers in Germany alone.

Out of the ten thousand Russian seamen engaged in the heroic defence of Sebastopol, no more than a fourth part survive, and some six or seven officers.

Gortschakoff's account of his forced retreat from Sebastopol, states, with infinite naïveté, that the enemy did not follow him. How could they? He broke down his bridge of boats.

The marshal's baton is not the only recompense that the general-in-chief of the French army in the Crimea will receive. It is said that the emperor intends naming Marshal Pelissier Duke of Sebastopol.

Franconi's circus at Paris has recently lost one of its most amusing performers, an English clown, named Kemp. His appearance in the ring was always the signal for the most boisterous laughter. He was only thirty-one years of age, and died very suddenly.

The scientific Bulletin of Paris announces an important discovery by M. Vergnes, by which mercury and other metallic substances absorbed into the system may be expelled instantly by an electric bath. This discovery appears to be a fact beyond doubt, having been tested before the "Academy of Science," and pronounced a reality.

The American comedian, J. H. McVicker, has made a successful debut at the Surry Theatre, London, in one of Marble's favorite pieces, "Sam Patch in France." Of course he does the Yankee, and having one or two peculiarities which did not go down so well, he kept his audience in a continual roar of laughter by his drolleries.

Sands of Gold.

.... Heaven and earth, advantages and obstacles, conspire to educate genius.—Fuseli.

.... If well-respected honor bid me on, I hold as little counsel with weak fear as you.—Shakspeare.

.... Diplomacy! the science of those who have none, and who are as deep as emptiness.—Balzac.

.... Life is rapid, art is slow, occasion coy, practice fallacious, and judgment partial.—Fuseli.

.... One of the most important rules of the science of manners is an almost absolute silence in regard to yourself.—Balzac.

... The generous who is always just, and the just who is always generous, may, unannounced, approach the throne of heaven.—Lavater.

.... Genius either discovers new materials of nature, or combines the known with novelty. Talent arranges, cultivates, polishes the discoveries of genius.—Fuseli.

.... Alas! if the principles of contentment are not within us,—the height of station and worldly grandeur will as soon add a cubit to a man's stature as to his happiness.—Sterne.

.... The great blessings of mankind are within us, and within our reach, but we shut our eyes, and like people in the dark, we fall foul upon the very thing we search for, without finding it.—Seneca.

.... Buffon says "Genius is patience." Patience, is in fact, in mankind, that which nearest resembles the process nature employs in her creations. What is art? Nature concentrated.—Balzac.

Joker's Budget.

"'Tis true, 'tis pity; 'tis pity 'tis true."—Honeymoon bliss sometimes turns out to be moonshine.—Punch.

There is a "fast" young man in this city, who, it is said, beats his shaving water every morning by the fire of his own genius.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," as the farmer exclaimed when he traced half his golden pippins to the pockets of a truant schoolboy.

A Cincinnati paper contains an advertisement of bonnets and petticoats for young men's wear, to correspond with the shawls, now so universally worn.

"Why don't your father take a newspaper?" said a man to a little boy whom he caught pilfering his paper from his doorstep. "Coz he sends me to take it," answered the urchin.

"Mike," said a bricklayer, to his hod-man, "if you meet Patrick, tell him to make haste, as we are waiting for him." "Sure and I will," replied Mike; "but what will I tell him if I don't mate him?"

At a store in New York where mourning goods are sold, they have a salesman who sympathizes so strongly with purchasers that he sheds tears from morning till night. He commands a high salary.

Lawyers, according to Martial, are "men who hire out their words and anger." Their words are very costly, although intrinsically they often resemble the darkey's account, which "didn't amount to any particular sum."

Saxe gives the following advice to the rising generation:

In going to parties in mind what you are at,
Beware of your head and take care of your hat,
Lest you find that a favorite toe of your mother
Has an ache in the one and a brick in the other.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically a PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

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One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, \$4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.



GENERAL VIEW OF NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

GENERAL VIEW OF NEWPORT, R. I.

The accompanying engraving presents a correct general view of the pleasant town of Newport, so much frequented in the summer season for the salubrity of its air, and its facilities for bathing, and so interesting at all times from historical association and picturesque localities. Newport has always been celebrated for the beauty of its ladies, for the high tone of its society, and for its agreeable hospitalities. It is situated on the southwest side of the island of Rhode Island, within the month of Narragansett Bay, and within five miles of the ocean. The harbor, one of the finest in the United States, is defended by Fort Wolcott on Goat Island, and by Fort Adams on Benton's Point, the latter being a noble military structure and a fine feature in the landscape as seen from the water. The buildings have generally an old world look, the State House, particularly, being a fine, picturesque old edifice. Of late years, however, the place has been embellished by the erection of many splendid private residences, some of which, with the land on which they are erected, cost \$80,000. The Redwood Library and Athenæum, the Masonic Hall, and the Armory Hall are five specimens of the more modern public buildings. The most prominent buildings in our sketch are hotels, the Bellevue and Ocean Houses, both of which occupy commanding sites. The Atlantic House is also a fine establishment, and there are other good public houses in the place, crowded during the summer season. The resident population of the town is about 10,000. The Revolution destroyed the commercial prosperity of Newport, which at one time promised to be a leading city of the Union. In the summer season it is crowded with visitors from all parts of the United States, and with travellers from abroad, attracted by the fame of this romantic watering-place.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

The graphic scene presented by our engraving possesses an historical interest. It represents the council of war held previous to the final assault on Sebastopol—the assault which crowned with triumph the arms of the allies. That stout, obese personage on the left, with the richly laced and feathered chapeau, is Marshal Pelissier, whose name will be henceforth associated with those of the bravest warriors of the great Napoleon's era. His face indicates resolution and intellect, but his figure has been described as anything but heroic. A camp correspondent says: "I was rather surprised at the appearance of the French commander of the forces. From his character, I expected to have seen a young, active man, whereas General Pelissier is an enormously fat old man, with very white hair, which is cut very close; he is so fat that he is unable to ride any distance. On this occasion he travelled in an open carriage, drawn by four grays, and two soldiers as outriders, and an Arab, with a white flowing robe, followed it. The general was dressed in uniform, with a number of decorations on his breast, and over his shoulders he wore a white cloak, somewhat similar to those worn by the Arab chiefs. He is not very tall, and his face has rather a good humored expression, and quite different from what your imagination would portray from his history either here or in Africa." Marshal Pelissier is an old man, and has seen many years of service. Before age had somewhat tamed his impetuosity, he was one of the most daring officers in the French army. He it was, who, when his soldiers recoiled from a breast-work in Algeria, hotly defended by Arabs, finding it impossible otherwise to rally his men and bring them to the assault, compelled two of them to throw him over the wall in the midst of the enemy. Of course every man followed—the Arabs were dispersed,

and Pelissier was found unhurt. This anecdote illustrates not only his daring but his knowledge of human nature. Opposite Pelissier and on the right of the picture, sits the British general Simpson, an old and gallant officer, but it is alleged unfitted for the command entrusted to him. We shall not attempt to decide this question, but leave English military men and journals to discuss and settle it. The third officer in the group, at once modest and distinguished in his appearance, is the Sardinian general D. Marmora, a gallant gentleman and soldier, who has led a most adventurous life. Forced to quit Turin, during the political secession, in 1831, he sought refuge in Switzerland; thence, after a very brief residence, he went to Belgium, fought in the French Legion during the war with Holland, and then passed to Portugal under the banner of Don Pedro. He distinguished himself on several occasions at the siege of Oporto; was severely wounded while repelling an attack of the besiegers; rose to the rank of captain, and having been again wounded at the battle of Asseceira, received the decoration of the order of the Tower and Sword. The struggle in Portugal having drawn to a close, he repaired to Spain to fight against Don Carlos, and there made all the campaigns of the war of succession, from 1835 to 1841. As the reward of his courage he was promoted to the rank of colonel, and was three times wounded at the battle of Chiva, near Valencia. In 1843 he followed the party of Espartero. In 1844 he returned to Sardinia, but on account of his liberal opinions, was not suffered to remain until the institutions of Sardinia had been enlarged. In the service of the Provisional government of Lombardy he fought against the Austrians, in 1848, with bravery and success. He was subsequently nominated general and aid-de camp to King Charles Albert, and fought at his side on the unfortunate day of Novara.



PELISSIER.

DELLA MARMORA.

SIMPSON.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
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AMERICAN AUTHORS.

In the accompanying engraving, our artist, Mr. Kilbourn, has grouped together some of the leading stars in the firmament of American literature. At the head of the group is the mild and genial Irving, occupying a position to which he is rightfully entitled. Long before the present generation of writers saw the light, Washington Irving had made himself an American and a transatlantic reputation; and now, in the evening of his days, from the tranquil retreat of Sunnyside, on the borders of his beloved Hudson, illustrated and rendered classic by his genius, he still cultivates, as a labor of love, that literature which was his staff and support during the trials of his manhood. Near the head of

Irving is that of Nathaniel Parker Willis, a genuine poet, and one of the most brilliant and sparkling prose writers of the age. There is a fascination in every sentence that he pens, and in spite of the daring innovations that mark his style, his writings possess an enduring vitality. Henry W. Longfellow is here, the most prolific and most popular of our poets. Like Willis and Irving's his name and fame belong to universal literature. Below Longfellow's is the head of Curtis, one of the latest and brightest names in our literature. His gorgeous pictures of the East, full of thought, poetry and feeling, hardly prepared the public to anticipate in him that vein of rich humor and sparkling satire he has since so successfully developed. "Our Best Society," the first of the se-

ries of Potiphar papers in Putnam, was pronounced by one of our soundest critics, the best magazine article ever written. The widespread popularity of Curtis is richly deserved. On the opposite side of the engraving we behold the lineaments of Bayard Taylor, the poet-pilgrim. Wm. C. Bryant, perhaps the greatest of American poets, the immortal author of "Thanatopsis," written at the age of eighteen, and Wm. H. Prescott, the brilliant historian, complete the group of literary celebrities, whom any nation or age might be proud to acknowledge. With such men living among us, we no longer need depend on Europe for our supply of mental food. Indeed, if we do not cease to import "the feast of reason," we also export its materials.



AMERICAN AUTHORS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE VISCONTI:

—OR,—

BARBARIGO THE STRANGER.

A TALE OF MILAN DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII—[CONTINUED.]

"Dies! The marquis dies! Visconti?" whispered Donna Silvia, starting to her feet, and seizing her husband by the arm. "Surely he will die in time."

"And that time will be soon."

"Not at your bidding, signor?"

"My bidding will not prevent it."

"Barnabas Visconti! do you mean that you will use any effort towards procuring the death of the marquis?"

"I think I shall."

The duchess dropped her hands and clasped them in horror.

"You will not! O! you cannot do it!" she cried, in tones of agony and supplication.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"I will do anything—anything I please. So waste no more words upon the matter. Beware now, for I command you; and for the future you will be wise if you look upon the matter as settled."

"And it was for this I became your wife—for this I gave you my hand, and swore to love and obey you!" groaned the duchess, raising her hands to her face, and bursting into tears.

Had she spoken this less feelingly, the duke might have given an angry response, but the anger marks passed from his face, though all the native sternness was left.

"You forget, signora," he said. "When I took you for my wife, I, too, swore to love and protect. Now God knows I love you with my whole heart, and for yourself you have not a wish that I will not gratify. But I did not bind myself to give up my ducal power into your hands. By seeking too much, you may fall short of what you would otherwise gain. Remember this, and take heed. I would be alone now."

Doua Silvia said no more, but with a firm, slow step she turned and left the room, and shortly afterwards the duke descended to the hall where he generally gave audience, for it was near the hour when the officers came with their reports. When he reached this hall, he found most of his officers there assembled, together with several of the citizens. He had just taken his seat when it was announced to him that a messenger was in waiting who wished to see him; and an order was at once given for his admission.

The new comer was the Count da Mosta, and a member of Jacopo Della Torre's household. A dark cloud gathered over the duke's brow as he saw the messenger, for he instantly guessed the object of his mission.

"Speak, signor," said Visconti, as Da Mosta drew near.

"Most noble duke," commenced the messenger, "I come from our noble lord, Jacopo Della Torre. He bids me ask if you know where his son is?"

"What should I know of his son?" replied the duke, sternly, and with some little show of anger.

"My lord is aware, signor duke, that you sent to Verona for his arrest; and he is also aware that he was arrested—and by your authority. Of course you will not wonder, then, that the parent should now look to you."

"He should have looked to his son, and kept him at home. If the marquis has been arrested, he must abide by the consequences. But I know not where he is."

"Is he not in prison at Verona?"

"I know not. He was there, but that was a week ago."

"My lord duke, you know very well there is no tribunal at Verona competent to try the marquis, and if he is there it must still be by your orders; and if he is not there, then he must have been removed at your will. I trust you will at least answer me with truth."

"Ha! have ye come here to insult me?"

"No, signor duke, I have merely come here for right and justice."

"Then you may go and tell your master that he can have no knowledge of his son from me."

"You might take calmer thought, my lord; for there is importance to this affair."

"You have my answer."

"Then you will not even tell where the marquis is?"

"No."

The messenger's face turned first pale and then red. This was an injustice which was too glaring to be mistaken, and it wrought deeply upon his feelings.

"I had thought," he said, very calmly and coolly, "that we could find justice here. The Della Torre ask no more."

The duke would have flown into a passion at once, had not one of his old courtiers at that moment approached him and whispered in his ear. He did not speak loud enough for any one else to hear, but what he said had much influence on the duke, for the latter bowed his head a moment, and then said to the messenger:

"Go and tell the old count that his son is now in prison in Verona, I think, but I am not sure. The youngster has been kill-

ing the governor's guard there, and he may be held without my orders. But I want no more messages from Jacopo Della Torre, nor will I receive any. This is the last that comes to me from his presence."

"How, signor! Not receive even a message from him?"

"No—not even a message," exclaimed Visconti, his anger gradually breaking out. "Let him send another messenger here and I'll have him arrested. Has he not already sent a messenger to Pope Urban, at Rome? Answer me that!"

"He may have sent one," replied Da Mosta.

"Ay, you know he has sent one. And wherefore did he send it but to ask assistance against me? Oho! I can see. Now if Della Torre thinks to gain the pope over to him, he must depend upon the pope, and not be sending messages to me."

The Count da Mosta hung his head, for he knew that his master had sent a messenger to Urban V., and that that message was to ask the papal power to crush the aspiring Visconti.

"You can go now," resumed the duke. "Tell Jacopo that his son is in prison, and that he will come out when I will it. If he wants his son released before that time, let him send to the pope!"

This announcement had the effect of exciting the indignation of the officers of Visconti, and they no longer looked with favor upon the messenger. To know that Della Torre was trying to win the pope over against their master was enough, and once more they were ready to sustain him, even in his course against Francesco.

With a look of mingled anger and mortification, Da Mosta left



THE DUCHESS INTERCEDING FOR FRANCESCO.

the hall, and in a few moments more the duke commenced to attend to the business of his own people as though nothing unusual had happened. Only ever and anon a dark cloud would flit across his face, and once or twice the name of the pope dwelt upon his lips; but 'twas in no loving mood that he uttered that name.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MESSENGER OF HOPE.

NEARLY two weeks had passed away after the arrest of Francesco and the sad mistake of Julia. The latter had been, during that time, at her uncle's palace, while the former had spent the long days and nights in a prison-house. It was late in the afternoon, and the sun was pouring its last flood of golden rays into the apartment which Julia occupied. She was sitting in a large, softly cushioned chair, and by her side sat her uncle. She was somewhat paler than her wont, but she had nearly recovered from the effects of the blow she had given herself. The dagger had not touched the vital parts. Its point seemed to have struck the breast-bone in an oblique direction, and thence passed on towards the right side, without touching the lungs or heart. A slight fever had ensued, but not a dangerous one, and what sickness she had experienced had been more the result of fatigue and excitement than of the wound.

"You shall do as you please," said Lombardo, in continuation of a conversation which had been going on for some moments. "If you choose to remain with me you shall do so, and you may be assured that the duke cannot take you from me."

"Alas, good uncle," returned the maiden, sadly, "you cannot release Francesco."

"No—I cannot. He is beyond my power."

"Then I will return to my mother. I shall be happier with her."

"But you may be made to marry with Loredano if you do."

"No, no; they will not make me do that."

"But you know what your mother wrote. If the duke is determined on that point, I see not how you can escape. You must bear this in mind."

"And is the count recovered?"

"Not yet. His wound was a severe one, and he has been very sick. But his physician told me to day that he was recovering."

Julia bowed her head and remained in silent thought for some moments. At length she said:

"I will return to my mother. I know she is not happy while I am away. When she was here last week, I knew she either wished to remain, or to have me follow her. O, I should think the duke might allow her to remain with me."

"Ah, Julia, you do not know that man yet. He has no evil wish towards yourself, and he would gladly have allowed your mother to remain, had he not seen that such a course would not have been calculated to hasten your return. No—his whole desire is to have you back with him; and I expect his couriers here to-morrow after you. Think well before you make up your mind. You shall be a child to me."

"I must go to my mother, signor. O, I shall never forget your kindness, but you will not blame me for what I do."

"Most surely not, sweet one. I only ask you to be happy."

"I shall be happier with my mother. You know how good and kind she is; and you know, too, how unhappy she must be

if her husband is angry with her—and that he will be if I do not return. And then why may we not hope that the duke may be urged from his purpose concerning my wedding with the count?"

"Ah!" returned the uncle, with a dubious shake of the head, "the duke has reasons for his actions. You may be sure he would never give your hand where you could not give your heart, had he not weighty reasons for it."

"But what reasons can he have?"

"Can you not see?"

"No, uncle—I cannot."

"Do you not know that the Count of Monza is one of the most powerful nobles in Lombardy, and that he combines in his person the whole representative force of Monza and Bergamo? The blood of the old kings is in his veins, and he is their only living scion. Thousands of our people would follow his standard for this latter reason alone. The count has seen a beautiful maiden of the Della Torre, and if he cannot have your hand he will be almost sure to unite himself with that opposing house. It is furthermore whispered that the pope looks with no favor upon the Visconti, and that he may give his aid against them. If such is the case, the duke's position would be almost hopeless without the allegiance of Monza. Now you understand it."

"But all this was never told to me before," murmured Julia, with an expression of mingled wonder and pain upon her handsome face.

"Because the duke is not fond of telling his troubles."

This opened a new source of light to the maiden's mind, and for some moments she dwelt upon it deeply.

"But," she said, looking up suddenly, "the principality of Bergamo belongs in the duke's family."

"I am aware of that, but the duke had no relations unprovided for, and he gave the titles and income to the count, and now he cannot take it back, for it was a life tenure."

"I must think of this," said Julia, thoughtfully.

"So do, and to-morrow I will be governed by your will."

The sun was down, and the shades of evening were gathering about the palace, when Julia was left alone; but she was not long to remain thus, for Lucetta soon appeared and announced that an old man wished to see her.

"Who is he?" the maiden asked, with some surprise.

"I do not know," answered Lucetta. "I only know that he is very anxious to see you, and that his very looks show that he would do you no harm."

"But did he give no reason for this wish?"

"No. He only said it was for your good he would see you."

"Then let him come," said Julia, without taking any more time to consider.

Lucetta withdrew and in a few moments more the door was opened, and the tall, dark form of a man entered. As he approached from the gathering gloom, and came nearer to where Julia sat, she recognized a face which she had seen once before at her mother's house, ere the duke had come to offer his hand.

"Do you recognize me, signora?" asked the strange visitor, as he took a seat near the maiden.

"I think I saw you once at my mother's house, signor," answered Julia, gazing fixedly into his face.

"You did. I knew your mother well."

"Yet, signor, I forget your name."

"Did you ever know it?" the man asked, with a faint smile.

"I forget now, signor."

"I think your mother never told you; but I am called Barbarigo."

"What? the stranger?" uttered the fair girl.

"Yes."

Julia felt a sudden glow of hope now, for there was something in the presence of the man before her which at least had a deep meaning to it. She knew not what power he might have—she knew not that he had any; only she knew that Barbarigo was known all over Milan as one who held all secrets, and who never advised a person but for good. Many men had disobeyed him, but evil was sure to follow such disobedience; while, on the other hand, those who followed his counsel never had occasion to regret it. He seemed to know all things, even to the most secret affairs of church and state, and yet none knew from whence he derived his information. Though he appeared in Milan, in Lodi, in Monza, in Verona, and wherever else he chose, yet none knew his home—none could fix his abiding place. Julia knew all this, and hence it is no wonder that she should feel some confidence in his power, and some hope in that power, if it was to be exerted in her favor.

"Julia Visconti," said Barbarigo, after he had given her time to view his face and person, "I am well acquainted with the circumstances under which you are now placed, and I have come to offer you my services—or, rather, to give you my counsel. Will you listen?"

"Most willingly, signor," answered the gentle girl, confidently.

"Then for your mother's sake, you had better return to Milan on the morrow, when the duke sends for you."

"I had made up my mind to that effect once; nor have I altered it yet. Only my uncle assures me that the duke will make me marry with Marco Loredano, and from this I may have hesitated some."

"Then hesitate no more, on the morrow return to your mother. Loredano is not able to move yet, so you will be under no immediate apprehension on that score. But should the trial come ere I see you again, be sure that nothing induces you to wed with the count."

"But how shall I prevent it?"

"Beg for more time; and should the duke press you, send word to me by Lorenzo Pisani, the duke's boy-page. He will know where to leave your message, and then I shall get it. I wish you now to understand my object. I am determined that you shall not wed with the Count of Monza, and I do this, not only for your own sake, but for your mother's. Yet I wish you to return to Milan."

As the man ceased speaking, Julia remembered her lover, and with this idea she started forward and placed her hand upon his arm.

"But the Marquis of Lodi, signor—O, cannot you save him?"

"I cannot promise; but I will if I can. He is now in prison, and over the keepers thereof I dare exert no influence. But even of him, and for him, you may hope."

"O, may I? I know you would not tell me this if you yourself had not hope. I will hope—hope for Francesco, and then his will look bright once more."

"You will not place too much dependence upon my efforts in that quarter, but I promise that nothing shall be wanting on my part."

"Surely I can ask no more."

"And now," resumed Barbarigo, rising, "I think you understand me fully. I can say no more—only remember what I have said. Go to your home in Milan, and when the duke shall absolutely present the count for your hand, then get time to acquaint me with the fact. The boy, Lorenzo, may be trusted."

Julia murmured her thanks, and while yet the words trembled upon her lips the strange man turned away from the room. It was now fairly dark, and as soon as the stranger had gone, Julia went to one of her windows, which overlooked a spacious garden, and sat down. The dark foliage without was now blended together in one dim mass, and here and there in the heavens, some of the earlier stars had set themselves upon their night watch over earth. The maiden was sad and thoughtful, for she felt lonesome and weary. To be sure, the things she had just heard had aroused a new hope in her soul, but then many things conspired to prevent any uprising of joyful emotion. She sat thus when Lucetta entered the apartment.

The latter took a seat opposite her mistress, at another window, and, without speaking, she gazed out upon the darkening scene. She was thoughtful, too, and ever and anon a low sigh would break from her bosom.

"Lucetta," spoke Julia, after the two had remained for many minutes in silence, "do you, too, feel sad and lonesome?"

"Ay, my sweet mistress. How can I help it?"

"But why should you feel thus? Whom do you miss?"

"Miss?" repeated Lucetta, looking up towards the place where her mistress sat. "Why—I miss all whom you miss."

"But you sighed too deeply for one who only misses acquaintances. Ah, Lucetta, those sighs came from the heart."

"Did they?"

"I know they did. You do not fear to trust me, Lucetta."

"No, no," the girl murmured, leaving her seat and sinking down upon her knees by Julia's side; she laid her head upon her mistress's lap and burst into tears.

"What is it, Lucetta? Tell me what has happened," the maiden said, laying her hands upon the girl's head.

"You will not laugh at me?"

"Laugh at you! Laugh, when a soul so pure as yours is touched with pain! You wrong me, my child."

"No, no, I meant no wrong; but—but—I did not know but that you might think me foolish."

"Have I not known thee ever since both you and I were little children? and do I not know how true and noble you are?"

Speak, Lucetta, and open your heart to me. Why do you sigh and weep?"

Lucetta was silent for a few moments, but at length she said:

"He was noble—he saved the marquis—he would have died for you had there been need."

"You mean Pietro Carnavello?" whispered Julia.

"Yes—and where is he now?"

"Is he not in prison with his master?"

"No. Nothing has been heard of him since that night on which he fought by the side of the marquis. He was seen to fall beneath a heavy blow."

Lucetta stopped and again she wept.

"You loved Pietro, then?" Julia said, drawing the girl's head close to her.

"How could I help it? And—O, I thought we should live so happily together in Austria."

"Poor Lucetta! You can sympathize with me, now. But weep not yet. Pietro may be alive and well."

And yet, almost as she spoke, Julia bowed her head and burst into tears. Her heart was touched, and she remembered now only the dark cloud that had gathered over her way.

"If I could only know where he was," murmured Lucetta.

"But suppose he was in prison?"

"Then I would go and comfort him."

"Would you?"

"If they would let me into his dungeon."

This opened a new thought to Julia's mind. Her lover was in prison. Might she not gain admission to him.

CHAPTER XV.

A GLEAM OF HOPE—A GLOOM OF DESPAIR.

WITH Francesco Della Torre the hours dragged slowly and heavily away. Immured within a deep, dark dungeon, he lay, where daylight came only in struggling, sickly beams, and where the chill, damp atmosphere gathered about him like a wet garment. There he had lain for two weeks, and during all that time he had only seen the man who brought him bread and water. He had repeatedly spoken to this individual, but he could gain no answer. He knew not what was to become of him, nor what sort of a complaint had been lodged against him.

One morning, just as the rugged walls of his cell had become visible by the light which struggled through a narrow aperture over head, he was aroused by the sliding of the bolts upon the outside of his door. It was too early for his food, and his heart leaped up with a quickening emotion; for anything to relieve the dismal monotony of his prison house would be grateful. The door was opened, and as he looked up he was sure he saw a female form. He started to his feet; he heard his name pronounced; and on the next moment Julia Visconti was upon his bosom.

For some moments only low sobs and murmurs broke upon the air of the prison-house, but gradually the marquis fully realized that he held his beloved to his arms, and his thanksgiving was deep and fervent.

"This is a blessing I have prayed for," he said; "but it is more than I could calmly hope. I did not think they would give you entrance here."

"My uncle gained passage for me," returned Julia. And then as she tried to peer through the gloom of the place she added, in a shivering, fearful tone: "But they do not keep you here always! They do not make you stay in this dreadful place!"

"I have not placed my foot outside these walls, love, since the night on which I was taken. But think not of that. It makes little difference where I am kept, so long as my liberty is taken from me. Now tell me of yourself—of your father; of your prospects."

"To-day I return to Milan. I have resolved to return to my mother."

"You do right, Julia," murmured the marquis, sinking down upon his low pallet, and drawing the maiden down by his side. "You can hope no more for me. You will return and—and—but tell me—does the count still live?"

"Yes, and he is nearly recovered."

"Then you will marry with him?"

"Never! never, Francesco. O, I have a new source of hope. You have heard of Barbarigo?"

"Yes, often."

"And do you know who he is?"

"Only that men call him Barbarigo, and that he possesses some marvellous power."

"Well, he has promised to help me. He says I must not wed with the count; and he says he will help you if he can."

"Help me?" uttered the marquis, starting. "Did he say that?"

"He did."

"Then I, too, may have hope. O, if Barbarigo will help me, I may surely dare to hope. But what did he say?"

Julia went on and related the particulars of the interview she had had with the strange man, and when she had ceased her lover quickly said:

"Ah! this is hope, surely. Hope for you, at least."

"Hope for me? Can I have a hope that does not reach to you? Can I hope for joy while you are suffering? Ah! it is only the prospect of your freedom that sinks with hope to my soul. But he can surely help you."

"Perhaps so."

And upon this subject the lovers dwelt some time. At length the marquis remembered his faithful esquire, and he asked if Julia had seen or heard from him.

"No," replied Julia, "not a word. Nor can I learn anything

concerning him at present. Poor Lucetta is sorely troubled on his account."

"Ah, does she love him?"

"Yes, most devotedly."

"Then Pietro was not disappointed. He loved her from the moment she first spoke to him; and he asked me, as we walked from the Consiglio palace, if I thought the pretty maid would love him. Alas, poor Pietro! O, he was a noble soul—as noble as earth ever bore. God grant that I may see him again."

"Tis strange, if he lives, that he should not have called upon me," said Julia.

"Yet he may live, and be imprisoned," suggested Francesco.

"No; for I have asked my uncle, and he says nothing has been seen of him by any of the officers since that sad evening. The soldiers made most strict search for him then, but they could not find him."

This was a source of wonder to the marquis, and he had made some further remark upon the subject, when the door of the cell was opened and an officer looked in.

"Your uncle waits for you, signora," he said.

"Then I must go," the maiden uttered; and then turning to her lover, she added in a whisper: "Fear not for me. I am yours, and yours alone. Death shall wed me ere I give my hand to Loredano! Look only to yourself, and know that I am yours. Ah! I would to God that I might share this dungeon with you."

"No, no, loved one. Go and cheer your noble mother. Go, and Heaven's best angels guard and bless thee."

The officer now stepped into the dungeon, and the lovers spoke no more. There was one embrace—one sweet kiss—and then, with a bursting sob, Julia turned away from the place.

In one hour from that time, the maiden was on her way to Milan, accompanied by Father Andrea and four nobles of the Visconti.

And Francesco remained in his cold, damp dungeon. It seemed lonesome, doubly so now—for he knew that his love was far away from him, and the clouds all settled about him again. For awhile he had allowed himself to have strong hopes upon the promise of Barbarigo: but what could those hopes be?

"Only for life," the young noble murmured to himself. "He may gain me liberty and life, but no more. He cannot give me the hand of Julia Visconti. If the stern duke says nay, where is the power on earth that can unsay it? She will return, and—and—she must obey her father's will. O, he is not the man to be thwarted. Alas! she is lost to me!"

And surely the marquis did not judge without reason. He knew the duke, and he knew the fearful power he could wield. Only a few short moments of that brighter hope were with him, and then his soul sank again. To be sure, the lamp of life held some faint promise of holding out a short time longer; but where could the light of love find fuel for its continuance? Only in the mists and glooms of chance. Something might transpire in his favor, but all probabilities were against him.

The day dragged drearily and heavily away, and the night came—but no supper came with it. At length the last faint glimmer of light died away from the narrow aperture, and the dungeon was enveloped in pitchy blackness. It was three hours after this, and the prisoner knew it could not be far from ten o'clock, when the bolts of the door were moved, and shortly afterwards the light of a lantern flashed through the darkness of the place. The marquis looked, and he could see the forms of three men. He could not see their faces—he could only see that they were powerful men, and that they wore dark colored robes.

"Francesco, Marquis of Lodi," spoke one of them, he who held the lantern, "art thou here?"

"That is my name and title," replied the prisoner.

"Then you will come with us," resumed the stranger.

"Whither?" asked the marquis, with some apprehension.

"Whither we go, signor. Your own eyes shall see when you arrive."

"I am ready to go from here."

"You will suffer yourself to be hoodwinked first."

"How? hoodwinked, signors?"

"Yes—so we were ordered."

The marquis saw that resistance would be useless, and without the thought of offering any, he submitted to the operation. But this was not all. As soon as his eyes had been blinded, his arms were pinioned behind him, and in this manner he was led from the dungeon. When he reached the open air he was caused to wait awhile, and at length he heard the sound of horses' hoofs upon the pavements.

"Come, signor marquis, now for a ride in the saddle," said one of his conductors, at the same time laying a hand upon his shoulder and leading him forward. "You shall leave this wicked city as soon as possible."

"But why is this? Tell me where I am to go."

"We can tell you nothing; so you may understand that now. In all that may happen, you will be wise if you hold both your tongue and your temper."

"You will at least tell me for whom you act."

"Yes. For justice."

"Then if it be true justice, I fear not."

Thus far the marquis spoke, but he said no more; for there was something in the tones of his guide which assured him that he could not trifle. But whatever may have been his thoughts they were cut short by the voice of his guide again in his ear.

"Come, this way—here is your foot—steady, now. Up you go! There, now we'll be off in a moment."

Francesco was now in the saddle, and in a moment more he felt some one mounting behind him.

"Hold still, now," said his companion. "We've got a stout animal under us, and there's no danger."

The marquis made no reply, and in a moment more the order was given to start. He listened a few moments after they had started, to ascertain how many horses there were. He could make out two besides the one on which he rode; so he knew that his three guides were yet with him. For a while the iron-shod hoofs rattled upon the pavements, and then they struck upon the sandy road without the city. They had not stopped at any gate, and yet they must have passed one.

The horses were now put into a gallop, and in this way they continued for several hours. The marquis judged it to be some time past midnight when one of his guides told him he might have his hoodwink off if he desired. It was taken off, and again the party started on. Our hero could now see that he was travelling westward, and he felt sure he was going to Milan. The night was calm and cool, and the stars all out, and to the left the marquis could see the buildings of a town. One tall spire which arose like a pointing finger in the centre of the place, he recognized, and he knew the town to be Chiaro. In half an hour more the Chiese River was crossed, and the prisoner now felt sure that he was bound for Milan.

At daylight they reached the town of Pompejano, and here they stopped at an old convent, just without the walls of the town. The marquis was assisted from the saddle and conducted into the convent. He saw his guide converse awhile with an old Franciscan friar, and shortly afterwards the latter came towards him.

"My son," he said, "follow me, and I will show thee a place of rest. You must be fatigued after your journey."

To the marquis there was mockery in this, but he kept his indignation back and followed the old friar. He was conducted to a small apartment, with a single window before which hung a white curtain. The lashing was cast loose from his arms and then he was left alone. He heard the moving of a heavy bolt, and he knew he was locked in. Instinctively he moved the curtain aside from the window, and he found the aperture guarded by heavy iron bars. He thumped upon the walls with his knuckles and they were of solid masonry very neatly dressed with cement. So he was in prison again.

Ere long a loaf of bread and a pot of water were brought to him, and he was informed that this would last him through the day. The day passed away, and when the mantle of night was once more drawn over the earth, the three men came again, and Francesco was again hoodwinked and his arms pinioned. Thus he was led out and lifted into the saddle, and he was soon on his way as before.

Hour after hour passed away, and yet on they galloped. The marquis knew when he crossed the Adda; and he knew, too, when he crossed the Lambro, but it was not by the Milan bridge. There was a sound in that bridge that sent a thrill of horror to his soul. He had crossed it before, and he knew whither it led. Half an hour afterwards he was stopped and assisted to his feet. He knew well he was in Saint Donato.

Two of his conductors now took him, one by each arm, and led him on. First the way seemed to be through a wide, paved court, then up a short range of stone steps into a building, as he could tell by the change of atmosphere. Here he heard whispering, and shortly afterwards he was led on again. But now the way was downward—down, down, down! The atmosphere became chill and damp, and massive walls drank up the echo of the footfalls.

By-and-by he was stopped. A rusty bolt grated in its socket, a heavy door jarred—the old hinges creaked—and in a moment more the marquis was urged forward.

"Here is another resting-place, signor marquis."

"O! no, no—not here! O, God! not here!" cried the prisoner, struggling to hold back.

"But it must be here."

And with these words he was forced into the cell. He felt a dagger-stroke upon the cord that bound his arms, but before he could shake off the folds the door was closed and the grating bolts were shot into their sockets.

Francesco tore the bandage from his eyes, but he could see nothing, for the place was dark as Erebus. He felt his way to one of the walls, and 'twas damp and jagged. He groped along, and soon found a low pallet of wood upon which seemed to be a mass of mouldy, damp straw.

Here he sat down and pondered upon what had passed. He had watched the way well—all the distances from river to river—and the last bridge he knew to be the pass to St. Donato. Then he must be in St. Donato now. He was in prison, and he knew that St. Donato had but one prison-house, and that was—the HOLY INQUISITION.

CHAPTER XVI.

DEEP PLOTTING.

THE Count of Monza had recovered so far as to enable him to move out some days before he reached Milan. He had been very careful during his illness, and, what was better still for his muscles, he was very careful during his convalescence. He had taken no drugs, and hence his system had only the one enemy to bear up under, and nature did her work well. When he returned to Milan he was somewhat paler than was his wont, but his frame had regained most of its strength, save that of endurance.

Of course Loredano's first movement upon reaching his native city was to visit the duke, who was overjoyed to see him back.

"By my faith, count," uttered Visconti, in a half jocose tone, after other preliminary matters had been disposed of, "but the marquis gave you a hard one. He took some advantage, did he

not? Some trip of the foot—some device to attract your attention? Eh?"

The count hung down his head for a moment, and he was surely debating whether he should tell the truth. But his better nature prevailed. He believed the marquis was now where he could do no more harm, and he could afford to tell the thing just as it was. So he said:

"No, no, my lord. I will not allow myself to deceive you, or to be deceived. Francesco Della Torre was a remarkable man—or is, if he lives. Does he yet live?"

The duke started at this question, and for a moment he hesitated. But at length he said:

"I do not think we shall see him again, so go on."

"I was simply going to remark that the marquis has not his equal in the country. By my truth, my lord, he is a brave fellow, and cold steel seems to have no power upon him. He fought me fairly, and—I think he spared me at first, though I gave him a hard one. But the stroke that touched home so severely upon me was a masterly one, and one that could not be gained but by one who possessed the coolest of heads and the calmest of nerves. Why, he allowed my point to touch his bosom and then escaped it by a simple motion of the body, thus allowing my impetus to drive me on, while he calmly took my side for his target. And then only think of he and his man slaying the twelve stout guardsmen! By the saints, but he should have been a Visconti."

"So he should; so he should," uttered the duke, energetically. "But if he were a Visconti, my dear count, your hopes with Julia would be ruined."



LOREDANO'S INTERVIEW WITH THE DUCHESS.

"Perhaps so; but then you know the natural perverseness of woman. Had the marquis been a Visconti, she would never have looked upon him with love. But how goes my suit with the ladies?"

"Ah, about as usual. Though I think you had better see the duchess yourself. You may plead with the duchess as you please; and you may touch her heart. You shall have the maiden—by the holy saints you shall—but 'twould be more pleasant to have the mother on your side."

"I will see her," replied the count, confidently. "When may I do so?"

"At once, if you choose. She is now in her boudoir, and you can announce yourself. Do so, for I have a moment's business on my hands which I would get off—a sort of indirect message from the pope. By the heavens above me, I shall punish that pope one of these days. But go, and I will see you on your return."

So the count went at once to the apartments of the duchess. He announced himself to one of the attendants, and was soon admitted to the boudoir, where he found Donna Silvia alone. She greeted him politely, and when she noticed how pale he looked, and what an air of entreaty he wore upon his face, she was much softened. She asked after his health; and he asked after her's and Julia's. Some remarks were made upon the length of time he had been absent, and so on, and by-and-by the count came around to the main point.

"Signora," said he, speaking in a soft, earnest tone, "I have sought you now to place my happiness in your hands. O, do not cast me off."

"I—I—do not understand you, signor," replied the duchess, trembling.

"O, you cannot misunderstand. You know the secret of my soul, and you know how closely your influence may work—ay, must work upon it. Through the almost fatal danger which I have passed, one thought alone has kept me up—one hope has given me strength to rise above an accident which might otherwise have conquered. You know my love for your sweet child. Can you not bid me hope?"

"Signor count—I—you should not speak thus with me. You know my feelings—you know what I have said and done. 'Tis from no feeling towards you, but from the love and faith I bear another. Long ago my daughter's hand was pledged, and my word was given."

"To the Marquis of Lodi, you mean?" said Loredano.

"Yes, signor."

"But surely, you have heard of that brave noble's misfortune."

"His misfortune, count?"

"Yes, signora. Of his death, if I must speak plainly."

"Death? The marquis dead?" cried the duchess, in alarm.

"'Tis even so," the count added, with a most admirable show of sadness. "He died in his prison. And what makes the circumstance the more painful is, that the duke's order for his full and free release arrived in Verona within half an hour after his death."

"But how—when—was this?"

"Just before I left."

"And is his body here?"

"No, signora, it could not be brought. He must have received a wound which he did not confess. But I cannot

dwell upon this now. O, would to God that it had been some near friend of mine rather than him. For now he has passed away while enmity existed between us, and just as I had learned how noble he was. But let your assurance of Julia's hand heal all wounds and differences, and henceforth I will have no enemies. Do not refuse me—O, do not. Here, here, upon my bended knees, I implore of you to give me hope," cried the count, sinking upon his knees and seizing both the signora's hands. "Be kind for once, and let your heart feel for me."

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"Arise, arise, signor count, I pray thee, arise. You place me in a difficult position. This is not the time to appeal to my heart—to my affections. My reason must have scope first. If the marquis be really dead—but then you may be mistaken."

"No, no, signora," returned the count, rising to his feet, but still retaining the duchess's hands. "I cannot be mistaken, for I had this from one who ought to know. O, I wish there could be some mistake; but I fear there cannot!"

The duchess was strangely moved by the count's manner. Could it be, she thought, that she had heretofore misjudged him? She had known but little of him, and she might have allowed prejudice to warp her judgment. Her thoughts ran on in this strain for some moments, and finally she turned to her visitor and said:

"I cannot answer you now. At some future time—some time when I am more calm—you may come, and then I shall have thought more and can speak more understandingly. I know you will grant me this."

The count had no thought of expostulating more, for he knew that he should mostly be judged by the characteristics he now presented. So, assuming a look of the most virtuous resignation, he said:

"Noble lady, I obey you. Only let me pray that you will remember my love, and not cast me down into hopeless anguish. I know that your husband has said that the maiden should be mine; but where shall I find joy if one whom I love as I love your sweet child, is miserable? O, she must love me—she must return the consuming affection that else will eat away my life. But I am trespassing. Pardon me, and pray for me. In your hands I leave my heart—save it if you can."

With these words the count turned away; but ere he did so he took good care that a few tears which he had called up should be seen. He found the duke waiting for him, and the first question of the latter was of the success of the mission.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROSA BONHEUR, THE FRENCH LANDSEER.

Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur was born at Bordeaux. She has chiefly confined her attention hitherto to the study of animals, and, though young, has made a wide reputation. One of the merits of Mlle. Bonheur is the correctness of her drawing and the air of truthfulness pervading all her compositions. Her first picture, representing "Rabbits Eating Carrots," was exhibited in 1840; and her next, a "Flock of Sheep driven along a road, during a storm," obtained for her a gold medal and an increase of reputation. She exhibited in 1846 her picture of the "Oxen of Cantal," purchased in England; and in 1848, a "Scene of Husbandry," which gained a first medal, and which is now deposited in the Luxembourg. Her last work, the famous picture of the "Horse Market," was exhibited at Paris in 1852, and obtained for her the title of honorary member of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts at Amsterdam. But although Rosa Bonheur's fame has reached its highest point in that elaborate masterpiece, the "Horse Fair," we should conceive but an imperfect notion of the resources of her talent from an examination of that work alone. Animal and landscape nature in all their varieties are her chosen themes, and in all she displays new genius.—*London Ill. News.*

SCENES IN SICILY.

Our first engraving represents a very interesting ceremony; no other than a Greek marriage in the parish church at Piana. Who would think, in Sicily, only a few leagues from the capital, to meet with Greece, its language, its manners almost, its religion and its rites! The communes of Parco, Piana, Palazzo Adriano and Contessa are Greek colonies. The Albanians, driven from Epirus after the death of the famous Scanderbeg, in the 15th century, carried their household gods into Sicily, and after four hundred years are still Albanians of Epirus. The bride, in the ancient costume of gold and silver brocade, adorned with precious stones and embroidered ribbons, a costume the ladies of the country always assume for marriage and baptismal ceremonies, goes to the altar, leaning on the arm of the bridegroom, and followed by the whole train of friends and relatives. Musicians march at the head of the procession, playing national airs, and surrounding a boy in a long white robe, who carries on his head the basket containing two nuptial crowns, and two wedding-rings, one of gold and the other of silver. The priest and deacon in pontifical garb receive the pair at the entrance of the church and accompany them to the foot of the altar, where the basket is deposited. Then, while the priest blesses the rings to the sound of sacred canticles, accompanied by the organ, and amidst clouds of incense, the godfather holds the crowns over the heads of the affianced couple. When the servant of God has given the gold ring to the husband, and the silver ring to the wife, the crowns fall upon their heads. Then the godfather and godmother of the new-married pair cover them with a thick veil, as if to hide them from the eyes of the profane; the priest, blessing a cup filled with wine, dips a biscuit in it, and makes the couple partake of it three times; three times also he makes them drink of the cup, and then, after having himself eaten and drunk what remains of this communion, he breaks the glass upon the altar stone, that no strange lips may ever after drink from the cup which has served to sanctify their marriage. Then the hand of the priest is raised above them, and he blesses them by pronouncing the sacramental words. The veil which covers their heads and hides them from the crowd falls, and the ceremony ends by a mystic dance, executed in the open church to the sound of the organ and orchestra, by the priest and deacon, a dance in which the married pair, the godparents, the relatives, friends and all the spectators, take part. Our second engraving depicts a still more characteristic Sicilian scene—the celebration of the festival of St. Peter. On the morning of the 29th of June, a more than ordinary movement animates the little part of the city of Palermo, commonly known as *La Cala*. The numerous coasting-vessels stationed there habitually, when they do not fly like swallows at the approach of a fresh northwest wind, to the shelter of the port, the schooners with their slender vanes like the arrows of a gothic steeple, down to the thousand little fisher boats, make hasty preparation for a holiday. The cabin-boys, with plump, fresh faces, the sailors, with weather-beaten brows, muscular arms and square shoulders, run along the shore, leap from one craft to another, climb

along the yards as lightly as the monkeys in their museum palace, and cross each other, laughing and imprecating in the same breath. From the midst of this apparently inextricable confusion, you see emerging the light skiff and the coasting-vessel, spreading to the sun their variegated or snow-white awnings; the poorest sling athwart ships their lateen sails to form a canopy, while the brigs and schooners hoist the flags of different nations. St. Peter's day is the especial festival of sailors; but it is not less warmly celebrated by the remainder of the population, embracing all classes; but the place selected is the shores and waters of *La Cala*, as the engraving indicates. Let us endeavor to give some idea of it. Palermo has but one mole, built at a great expense more than a mile distant from the city. Traders oftener make use of *La Cala*, situated at the north, and within a step or two of the custom-house. The water of the great ancient port, which penetrated as far as Papiroto, about a mile in the interior of the city, has gradually receded to make room for dwelling-houses, leaving at the other extremity a little bay of circular form, enclosed by high buildings pierced with a thousand windows, and reached by the bowsprits of the vessels moored within twenty steps of them. This is what is called *La Cala*, which, on a fete-day, St. Peter particularly, has the appearance of a vast theatre, in which the balconies represent

table upon shipboard. Meanwhile oars, dipping everywhere in the little bay, dig gold mines in the salt water: jests and jeers fly from one group to another, mingled with the shouts of sailors as their vessels get foul of each other. Delicious night! One would think it one of the highly-vaunted nights of the Venetian carnival; for nothing is wanting—not even fancy dresses. The rich citizen, the proud child of aristocracy, fraternizing on this evening with the people, would fear to repel them if they mingled in the crowd in their ordinary costume. The ladies dress in a modest white frock, and cover their heads with the graceful veil worn by the women of the lower classes and called *piddelemia*, while the men assume the jackets and caps of mechanics, or the costume of sailors. This delicate idea on the part of the aristocracy in their festal intercourse with the people, is charming, and gives a particular stamp to the Sicilian people.—The city of Palermo is regarded as the second capital of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and is built in an amphitheatrical form, on the north side of the island, in a rich valley, facing the sea. It enjoys a flourishing commerce, has many manufactures, and its coast fisheries are very productive. Its numerous fountains give it an agreeable and attractive air. Among its benevolent institutions are a royal hospital and a foundling hospital. The population is not far from 170,000.



GREEK MARRIAGE AT PIANA.



FESTIVAL OF SAINT PETER.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE HOME OF MY CHOICE.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDREDGE.

'Tis not in the ocean's briny deep,
Where mermaid's songs lull the waves asleep;
Not there, not there would I seek for my home,
To float o'er the boundless wavelets alone;
The waters would drink all the tears that I shed,
Then dance on their way as my bright hopes fled.

'Tis not in the forest where pale flowers bloom,
Where tall trees tinge e'en sunlight with gloom;
'Twere better to float as the birds of the sea,
Than linger where sunlight had ceased to be;
For I know that my wayward heart would rebel,
If closed from the sunbeams it loves so well.

'Tis not near the fondly loved home of my birth,
Though the spot seems fairer than any on earth;
There autumn's wind, with a plaintive sigh,
Bids the flowers that I cherish most to die!
My home is no castle in the air,
That rises high when the wind blows fair.

'Tis far beyond the star-gemmed sky,
A thin veil shrouds its charms from the eye;
Still angel forms are hovering near—
My saddest, loneliest hours to cheer!
O, when my longing spirit is free,
The home of my choice will be ready for me!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD HOUSE ON THE RUE PERDU.

A FRENCHMAN'S STORY.

BY HORACE B. STANFORD.

I LIVED on the corner of the Rue St. Victor and Rue de Bievre. The locality was well enough, for quite a large square opened in front of my house, and there were as many as a dozen trees in sight from my window. But the houses about me were old and black, and I had not the fullest confidence in the honesty of many of the people by whom I was surrounded. There were a great many rogues in Paris at that time, and I feared that some of them lived very near Rue de Bievre. But then that didn't make me uneasy at all, for I had nothing that could possibly excite their cupidity. To tell you the truth, I rather feared those who were sworn enemies to rogues than the rogues themselves, for I almost felt like a rogue myself. It was a strange feeling, but then I could not help it. Just one year before, I had been worth fifteen thousand francs, and now I had about a hundred. A hundred francs would have represented fully all my available money. I had lived very wickedly—very wickedly indeed. In fact, I was never good for much but mischief, and I think my old aunt was very foolish when she left me so much money. But then the money didn't trouble me much, as you know; only it led me into trouble by leading me into debt. Time was when nobody would trust Paul Livarde, but the moment his aunt died and left him a fortune, everybody seemed anxious to trust him to any amount. They didn't know how my money was going. They didn't see me in the great gaming house on the Rue Vivienne. But they trusted me freely.

One afternoon I sat in my room smoking, when in walked my friend, M. Mallart. I could have wished that the landlady had told him I wasn't in, but it seems he didn't ask the woman about it. But then I was very happy to see him. I moved a chair out for him, and offered him a cigar. He didn't smoke.

"Wine?" said I. "I have some excellent."

"We'll do our business first," he said, "and then we'll see about the wine."

I felt unpleasantly at the mention of business, for M. Mallart was a sub-prefect of police.

"Paul Livarde," he commenced, at the same time drawing a paper from his pocket, "you've been doing a very foolish thing."

"Thank you," said I.

"What induced you to run so deeply into debt?"

"What made the rascally fellows trust me?" I asked him.

"Because they thought you had money."

"I suppose that's why they trust other folks," said I.

"Very likely," said he. And then he opened his paper and read, or, rather, said, after reading, "Here is Miremont, the tailor, down for fifteen hundred francs against you; and then Groupiere, the perfumer and confectioner, comes down for eight hundred more; and then Gourdon, the wine merchant, claims two thousand; that makes forty-three hundred francs. You must pay it immediately."

"I wish I could," said I.

"But how much can you pay?"

"Perhaps ten francs, but not over a hundred, if I were to clean out every sou. I'm sorry, but I can't help it."

"You'll have to go to prison," said the sub-prefect.

"Have you received any such orders?"

"Very near such. But you've a chance yet to save yourself."

I started up hopefully.

"Sit down, and listen," said M. Mallart. And when I was down again, he went on: "Perhaps you are aware that the city is flooded with base coin."

I told him I had heard of such a thing.

"It is astonishing," he resumed. "The counterfeit money is in ten and twenty franc pieces, and they are all of one make and stamp. The outside is of pure gold, a very thin foil adroitly soldered to a body of copper, and even now the pieces are circulating, and their number is increasing every day. The prefect has

some four or five hundred of them at his office, and we hear complaints every hour from honest tradesmen who have been duped. Now, we have reason to believe that this coin comes from some place in this section of the city. You are shrewd and witty, and, moreover, you would not be suspected. Find out where these counterfeit Louis d'ors come from, and your debts shall not only be paid, but you shall have something handsome beside."

"What makes you think that the base coin is made about here?" I asked.

"Because this is such a place for villains and rogues," he replied. "But are you willing to try?"

I knew that if I told him no, I should simply have to march off to prison with him, so I directly assured him that I would make the attempt. He informed me that the prefect had authorized him to make me the offer. After this, M. Mallart drank wine with me, laughed and chatted awhile, and then, having given me a couple pieces of the base coin, he took his leave.

The sub-prefect had given me a ten franc piece, and one of twenty francs. They were truly adroit counterfeits, and I might have taken any quantity of them as genuine, had I not first thumped them together. Their ring was not so clear and sharp as the pure article. But I soon began to think upon the task I had undertaken. I knew that I had the name of being clever, and perhaps I was. At any rate, I was well known to the police, and if they had made a mistake in regard to my character, it was their fault and not mine.

My first movement was to load my pistols and conceal them in my breast pocket, and then putting on my hat and coat, I went out into the street. A peculiar kind of instinct which I always seemed to possess led me at once to the Rue Perdu. This street was the very next below my own house. It was a short, narrow, crooked street, leading from St. Victor to the Rue de la Bucherie, which latter is on the river, and nearly opposite Notre Dame. The houses on the Rue Perdu were high, dark looking things, and inhabited by every conceivable sort of characters. I knew that there were some accomplished villains there, and that some of the houses had queer modes of ingress and egress known only to the occupants. I walked down to the river, seeming to care for nothing about me, but in reality seeing everything that was in sight. But I saw nothing uncommon.

When I reached the water, I noticed an old hulk which was made fast to the quay. I remembered that it had been secured there about three weeks before, and that it had been used as a sort of fish mart. Now, there was nothing very strange about that hulk, for it was only the hull of one of the common river craft; but when a man's mind is only bent on searching out something to suspect, suspicions are very easily and very simply aroused. I made some careless inquiries about the old hulk, and learned that it was not used half the time, and that when it was used it was only for receiving fish and cleaning them. I soon met a policeman with whom I was acquainted, and I asked him why that old thing was allowed to lie there. He told me that an old man by the name of Sebast had got permission to secure it there, intending to put his son into it to sell fish. I asked if fish were sold there.

"O, yes," the policeman replied; "they have them about half the time, but I guess it don't pay very well."

After this, I walked down the quay, and crossed over on to the Ile de la Cite, and then came down opposite to where the old hulk lay. I could see from this point that the floating fish mart was secured directly against the mouth of the great sewer which brought down the drainage from all the houses as far up as St. Genevieve; and so closely was it fixed to the shore that the sewer was entirely hidden.

Now, I will not say that this suspicion of mine was without any other foundation than the mere presence of the hulk, though the circumstance did not return to my mind until after I had reached the quay on the present occasion. Some five days before, I had seen a man climb up the side of the hulk next to the quay, where there was only room enough for him to squeeze up through; and I then wondered what the fellow could have been doing down there. I knew that the police had been on the watch in the Rue Perdu, and that no man could have escaped their notice. So, after considerable reflection, I made up my mind to the following rather complex proposition: If the rogues inhabit any of the houses on the Rue Perdu, they must have some means of egress. Had they come out by the street, the police would have been likely to have seen them and watched their movements. Some houses do have connection with these great old sewers, and might it not be that the money was brought out by the way of this sewer? At any rate, my mind gradually fastened upon this proposition, and I determined to act upon it. First I hunted up M. Mallart, and asked him if he was sure any watch had been kept in the Rue Perdu. He assured me that the place had been under the strictest surveillance for a week, and that every person had been watched who had been seen to leave any of the houses. I then asked him again why he looked upon that particular street. He told me, as before, that it was because there were so many known rogues there.

"At any rate," said he, "our suspicions are fastened upon that street, and if you do anything, you'd better confine your labors to the same locality."

I knew that the officers very often had secrets which they could not reveal, and I questioned the sub-prefect no more. It was now nearly dark, and I went home and got some supper, and then went back to the quay, where I stationed myself in a favorable position to watch the hulk. There was no moon, nor were there any clouds, so I could see very well if any one moved near the point of interest, while I was concealed by the projection of an old shed. Ten o'clock passed, and nothing moved. Time passed on, and the great bell of Notre Dame struck the hour of eleven. Just as the last echoes died away, I heard a low whistle in the vicinity of

the hulk. The whistle was repeated, louder than before, and in a moment more an answering whistle came from the hulk. My eyes were open, and my ears, too. Directly a man came up from the hold of the hulk and looked over the side. I saw him haul in a line which had been made fast to the rail, and I distinctly heard a jingling sound. I knew he was hauling up something heavy, and, at length, I could see a small dark object come over the side. Then the man on deck gave a low whistle, and it was answered, I knew, from the mouth of the sewer.

Shortly afterwards, the man stepped from the hulk and passed within six feet of where I stood, and I could see distinctly that he had something under his arm which was supported in part by a strap that passed over the shoulder. As soon as he was at a safe distance, I followed him. He kept along by the river until he reached the Pont Neuf, and there he crossed. His first stopping place was in the Rue St. Denis. I stopped to look into an opposite window, and there remained for the man to come out, but he did not. I hung about until one o'clock, and then, having marked the place, I returned.

Early on the following morning, I was at the prefecture, where I found M. Mallart. He was all attention. I asked for a private room.

"Now, what is it?" he asked, as soon as we were alone.

"Watch the house number seventy-three, Rue St. Denis," I said, "but beware that you do not frighten anybody. If you see any one come there, follow them. If they have base coin, mark them; but do not let them know your suspicions."

The sub-prefect laughed outright.

"Do you mean number seventy-three?" he asked.

"Assuredly," I replied.

"But it is my own house," he said.

For a moment I was astounded; but I knew I was not mistaken. So I said:

"Then your house needs watching, my dear sir. But do you know the characters of all your people?"

"But tell me what you have seen."

"I think I saw a bag of money carried into your house last night."

"Where from?"

"Never mind that. Let me know first if I have really found the road."

"That rascal Pierre is a funny sort of a chap," the sub-prefect said, half to himself.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"My valet—my man-of-all-work; one who helps me catch rogues sometimes, and whom I have more than once set to catch these very counterfeiters. By Saint Peter! I'll go to my house at once, and you shall remain here."

M. Mallart went out, and called upon a pale, slim fellow, who sat by a window, to accompany him. This latter individual opened a small desk near him, and took therefrom a bunch of burglar's keys which he hid away in his pocket, and then followed the sub-prefect. I waited there an hour, and then Mallart returned. I knew the moment I saw him that he had found something. We went again into the private room.

"Monsieur," he said, turning to me, "you've hit something. I went home and found Pierre just preparing to go out; but I sent him off with a letter to the prefect, in which I simply wrote: 'Detain this fellow half an hour, and then send him back with any errand you please.' As soon as he was gone, I took Guissard up to the rascal's room, and he commenced to pick the locks. But we found nothing under lock and key. Then we pulled out the bed to see if there was anything hidden beneath it. Guissard saw a tile move as the truckle ran over it. The floor is of tiles. He stooped and lifted at it, and the square brick came up easily. Three more were raised, and we found a neatly contrived recess there with a bag in it. The bag was opened, and it was full of just such Louis d'ors as I gave you. We put everything just as we found them, and then I went down and waited for Pierre to come back. He came, looking as honest as a confessor. I left Guissard to watch the scamp, and have come to tell you the result."

"Good!" I cried; and then I bade M. Mallart hold himself ready to obey any call I might make, and without more explanation I left.

Now, what next? I felt sure that the mint was somewhere on the Rue Perdu. I pondered. Old Jaques Sebast had hauled that hulk up to the quay, and to him it belonged. And as that hulk was surely the medium for the passage of the base coin from the sewer to the upper earth, ought not Jaques to know something about it? I tried him. I went home and got my wine basket, and went down to his store. He kept a wine store, occupying the basement of the building. I had bought considerable liquor of him, and we were always on excellent terms with each other. He was a short, dumpy fellow, a Savoyard by birth, and possessed a face upon which shrewdness and cunning were plainly depicted. I knew one thing well: if he knew nothing of counterfeit money, he most surely did of counterfeit spirit, for water and drugs entered quite freely into the compounding of his wines and brandies. I had four bottles of wine put up, and in payment I handed him the base ten-franc piece.

"Aha!" he uttered, the moment he put his eyes on it, "that's bad, monsieur."

"Bad!" I repeated, in astonishment; "why, I took it of one of our best men only last night. You must be mistaken."

"No, I am not," he said, with promptness and decision.

"But how do you know?" I asked.

"Oho! I can tell. Haven't you got any more money?"

"Yes, I have more; but, really, I should like to know how you detected this, for I am not fond of being thus imposed upon."

"Why—now hark," said the old sinner, at the same time jerking the piece down on his counter. "Don't you hear how it sounds?"

"Ah, yes. It does sound different. I'll just return this, and the next time I'll keep my eyes open. By Our Lady! if there's anything I'd hang a man for 'twould be for making such stuff, eh?"

"Certainly," responded Jaques; but he did not speak as an honest man would have spoken.

However, I paid for the wine, and then left. Of course, I now knew that Jaques Sebastien had handled that money before. Mind you, he did not drop the piece upon the counter until after I had asked him how I could detect the counterfeit. He knew the piece the instant he saw it. And yet brighter money-changers than he had been deceived by it, for there was not a single outward sign for the uninitiated eye to detect its baseness. And now what next? Thus far I had been led by the simple accident of having seen a man, one dark night, climb up from behind the old hulk in the Seine.

The house in which Jaques lived was one of the largest and oldest on the street. It was four stories high besides the basement, and the entrance was by means of a court which extended in from the street in the centre of the building, and from which opened three doors to various parts of the house. I now had this to work upon. First, I had the best of reason to believe that the money was conveyed down the sewer. (It must be remembered that these main sewers are of solid masonry, and some of them twelve and thirteen feet high, with a width about the same; and many private individuals have often made secret communications from their cellars to these huge drains.) Second, I had reason to believe that the money was made in some of the buildings on the eastern side of the Rue Perdu. And, thirdly, I felt sure that the mischief was somewhere beneath the roof of Jaques Sebastien. I knew nothing of the premises in the rear of the great old house, and I feared that I might excite suspicion if I asked to go through.

You remember I told you my lodgings were on the corner of the Rue St. Victor and Rue de Bievre, and that the Rue Perdu was the next street west of me. Now, the Rue de Bievre had exactly the same windings that the Rue Perdu did, and I wondered if I could not gain access to the building on the former street, which backed against Sebastien's premises. I went at once to try. I walked down the western side of Rue de Bievre, and found the house I sought to be a dwelling. I knocked at the door, and a little girl answered my summons. I asked who owned the house, and she told me her mother hired it. I then asked to see her mother, and was invited in. The woman was a good-looking, middle-aged dame, and received me politely. I asked her if she had rooms to let, and she told me yes. I told her I should like one on the back side of the house, where I could be out of the way of the noise of the street. So she conducted me up stairs at once. I looked out at one of the back windows, and a new idea entered my head.

"A beautiful scene!" I cried, as I looked off down into the back yards, where a few dingy, dirty, consumptive-looking trees were standing. "I must sketch this. I will run and get my paper and pencils, for I must have this scene."

The woman seemed delighted with the idea, and asked me if she might sit and see me make the picture. I would rather have been alone, but then I could not refuse. I hastened up to my lodgings—only a few steps, and got the materials, and then came back. I selected a room in the third story, and was, in this position, directly opposite Sebastien's back yard. I commenced the sketch, and while I worked, I kept my eye on the premises before me.

The old house on the Rue Perdu was a story lower behind, and the yard was enclosed by a high brick wall. But I could look down into the yard, and could have looked into the back windows had not the shutters been all closed. I had been sketching nearly half an hour, when I saw the back door of Sebastien's house open, and a man came out. He stopped and looked around a moment, and then crossed the yard, and was lost to my sight beneath the wall. But he soon returned, and another man joined him at the door. This second man had a coal-scuttle in his hand, from which he emptied some ashes. He had on a leathern apron, and had his sleeves rolled up. That was all I saw that day; but I engaged the room, telling the woman that, for the present, I should only use it for a studio. That evening I conveyed a table, a chair and an easel to the room.

On the next morning, I was at the post before daylight. I had sat there four mortal hours, when I saw something that had a more than common meaning to it. Two girls came out from the basement of Sebastien's house, and by the aid of a pocket telescope with which I had provided myself, I recognized them as two courtezans of more than common notoriety, whom I had missed from their usual haunt in a wine cellar on the Rue St. Victor. I knew that they were accomplished rogues, and that more than once they had been before the prefecture for theft. My telescope revealed everything as perfectly as though the girls had been in the room with me. They closed the door behind them, and then having looked carefully around, one of them took something from her pocket, which I at once recognized as gold, or what appeared to be gold—money. She had a handful of the pieces, and she and her companion examined them carefully, and I saw them laugh and make various signs of strange meaning as they shook the pieces in their hands. By-and-by they put up the money, and went back into the house.

In the afternoon I was there again, and I had not been seated more than half an hour when I saw another person come out into the back yard. My telescope was upon him, and I recognized him as a man who had been often in the hands of the police, but who had generally managed to escape punishment. His name was Jean St. Jean. He came out and went across the yard, where the

wall hid him from sight, and shortly afterwards he returned. He was in his shirt sleeves, and had a paper cap on his head, and I could even see that his hands were black with work.

I resolved to waste no more time, and at dusk I was at the office of the prefecture. I found M. Mallart, and told him that I was ready to lead him to where I felt sure we should find the rogues. He was delighted. He asked me how many men would be needed, and I told him he had better take as many as fifteen. In less than half an hour the force was ready, and we set out by different directions, agreeing to meet at the house in the Rue de Bievre, where I had made my observations. We came together there, and the fears of the hostess were easily quieted. Mallart went with me out into the back yard, taking six of his men with him, and by means of a ladder which we found on the premises, we could scale the wall. I went up and showed Mallart the door—the only door which opened into the yard—of Sebastien's basement. He then called up one of his men, and bade him be ready to scale the wall with his five companions the moment the bell of the old cathedral struck the hour of nine, and after that to secure every man, woman or child who should attempt to escape through the yard. Those were six stout men, well armed, and used to hard knocks.

After this, Mallart and I returned and waited in the house until it wanted five minutes of nine. Then we set out up the street into St. Victor, and from thence to the Rue Perdu. The clock struck nine just as we opened the door of the wine cellar, but we found no one there. We noticed a door behind the bar which opened into some back room, and we resolved to take that course, and then sent three men up to guard the court, and see that no one escaped that way. The door from the wine room opened to a narrow passage way, and opening their lanterns, the policemen started on. This passage led us to a large room half filled with old barrels and boxes, and we were just beginning to wonder which way to turn, when we heard the light laugh of a female, and in a moment more we heard the pattering of feet upon what sounded like stone stairs. The lanterns were shut in a moment, and we all hid behind the barrels. Hardly had we done this when a door close by the further back corner of the room was opened, and the two girls, whom I had seen in the yard, entered. They had their bonnets on, and were evidently going out. The foremost one had a candle in her hand. Mallart sprang out and confronted them.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, in a mild, laughing tone. "But where the deuce has old Jaques hidden himself? Where is he?"

One of the girls had half uttered the idea that she didn't know, when the other suddenly interrupted her by saying:

"He's gone out somewhere, sir."

"Now listen," spoke the sub-prefect, in a deep, meaning tone. "Don't make a bit of noise—not a bit, for if you do, you die on the spot. Be silent and obey me, and you shall be safe. I am the sub-prefect of police, and have come here after some counterfeiters.—sh! By heavens! the least note of alarm from your lips is your death-warrant! Mind me, and fear not. I have help enough at hand. Show yourselves, my men."

We all came out from our hiding-places, and when the girls saw eight armed men about them they turned pale.

"Now direct us so that we can find the counterfeiters, and you shall be safe," said Mallart. "Mind, now, we know all about it; one of the accomplices has been taken. Direct us to the room where this work is done, and you shall be safe; refuse, and you die!"

The poor girls looked each other in the face a moment, and then one of them said: "They'll kill us if we do."

"But they shall never know. You shall leave at once, and go where you please, the moment we find the rest. There are three men in the court who will detain you when you go out, but you shall be set free before your accomplices see you. Come."

A sub-prefect is not a man to trifle with, and the girls knew it. They, moreover, as they afterwards confessed, thought that Pierre Maton, Mallart's valet, had revealed all; so they gave us the secret.

"Go down the stairs which you saw us come up, and you will find yourselves in a narrow passage which seems only to be made for a coal-hole, and in it you will find some coal. One end has the door which opens to the back yard, and you will leave that door at your back, and keep on until you come to a door on the right hand which sets in a rough alcove. This alcove seems only to be for a lumber hole, and the door you might not see if you did not know 'twas there. Give a scratch on it with your finger nails, and then you'll hear a whistle from the other side. Then you'll whistle three times, short and quick. That's all."

"But how do they gain access to the great sewer?" asked Mallart.

"It's from that room," returned the girl, starting. "But," she added, after a moment's thought, "Maton didn't know of that."

"Never mind," said the sub-prefect; "but we do. Now, go up, and if my men detain you, we will set you free before you are seen by any of your old friends."

The girls went on, and we went down the stairs. We found the back door, as the girl had said, and it was the same one through which I had seen the rogues pass out and in. We also found the coal, and, finally, the alcove. The work here was of heavy masonry, and the alcove was deeper and wider than one would have supposed from what the girl had told us. However, we found the door, and we heard the sound of a hammer from within, and I heard a voice, too, which I at once recognized as belonging to old Jaques. The door was of oak, but painted and bedaubed so as to resemble the stone, and then an old shelf which extended all around the place, and which was neatly divided where the door was, aided not a little in hiding the secret.

Mallart scratched upon the wood as he had been directed. The hammering stopped, and some one spoke. Our leader scratched

again. Somebody on the other side whistled. Then Mallart whistled as he had been directed.

"Who is it?" asked a voice from within.

Here was a poser. But one of the policemen was on hand. He imitated the voice of the girl who had given us the directions so nearly that even I at first involuntarily turned to see if she had followed us.

"I've left my pattens, and the streets are wet."

"Oho! Marguerite's left her pattens!" cried a man, as we heard a bolt withdrawn. In a moment more the door was started. It opened inward, and we fell upon it in an instant, sending the fellow who was about to open it half way across the room. There was some consternation and some scuffling, but the rogues were taken utterly by surprise, and we had them fast in a very few moments. There were five of them in the place, including Sebastien.

As soon as the scamps were secured, we looked about. The room was some twenty feet wide by about thirty long, and fitted up with everything necessary to the work there done. There was a smelting furnace, two heavy machines for stamping the pieces, and a long finishing bench. We also found about a bushel of the coin already finished, and considerable of it which was not yet completed. The hammering we had heard was from the man who was beating out the gold foil for covering the coin, and some which was already prepared, and cut to the right size for soldering on, we found and examined. It was not much thicker than the foil used by dentists for filling teeth, and must have required an expert workman in the art of soldering and finishing, which latter work we learned was done by the girls. Old Sebastien was frightened into a confession of his guilt, and he showed us the passage to the sewer, which he had helped make, for the purpose of getting the money away from his premises. The other men cursed and swore, but, of course, that did not help them. We had made the capture much easier than we had even hoped, and before morning the rogues were not only in confinement, but the counterfeit coin was all removed, and the next day the heavy dies and other tools were in charge of the prefect.

The girls were set free, but were informed that the eyes of the police were upon them. The rest of the gang were tried and condemned to the galleys for life, including Pierre Maton himself, who had been the out-door worker and distributor, nearly all the base coin having actually passed through the sub-prefect's own house in its transit. The old hulk was removed, the passage from the old house on the Rue Perdu to the sewer filled up, and a new man thereafter sold bad wine in the old basement.

As for me, my debts were paid in full, my pockets filled, and a policeman's warrant given me. But I only used it a little while. The revolution came, Louis Philippe fled, a general row seemed likely to bless the police force, and I sailed for America.

THE SPADE AND THE SWORD.

If what the scripture says of beating swords into ploughshares is not being literally accomplished (more literally, perhaps, than really), at this moment in the Crimea, it is simply because the Russian engineers are not up to the ways in which the Yankees grade their streets, raise their railroad embankments, or, in fact, remove masses of earth for any purpose whatever. The London Times announces it, in all soberness, that the spade is necessarily a more potent weapon, both with the besiegers and the besieged, than the sword. The digging of miles on miles of trenches, with the throwing up of enormous corresponding earthwork, occupies the whole strength of both the allies and their enemies. In fact, everything of former days seems reversed. Whole regiments are only preserved from being put under ground as dead men, by putting the earth above them while living, and thus, paradoxically enough, they keep out of their graves by jumping into them.

At Fort Brown, opposite Matamoras, General Taylor raised his bomb-proof defences by throwing up earthworks, of sufficient thickness, on the top of his flour and pork barrels, with hollow places between, where his men could lie untouched by even the bombs and other vertical shot that might bury themselves in the earth and burst over their heads. In the same way now the Russians are not content with getting behind their earthworks, they literally burrow into them. It is earth beneath, earth at the sides, and earth above! They have even dug in the ground funnel-mouthed pits in front of every burrow, down into which each bomb-shell rolls as it falls, and there it, too, is buried alive, and kept by earth from molesting the men on the only exposed side. The war seems to be rather between the guns than the men, and to choke their open iron mouths, to disable their stanchion arms, to wound and break the wooden limbs of their carriages. These are now the recorded feats of each day's work; so many guns silenced, so many tons of hollow and solid shot fired, so much powder expended. And it is the recoil of all this expenditure that is going to kill more than the guns at last—to destroy the nations that fire them.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

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ENGINE HOUSES OF NIAGARA RAILROAD, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

In our last number but one, we presented our readers with a series of sketches of Buffalo, which we now follow up by another set delineating the most striking features of another interesting city of the Empire State,—Rochester, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, an artist whose fidelity our readers have often had occasion to acknowledge. The first view shows the engine houses of the Niagara Railroad, noble and substantial structures, with massive domes surmounted by cupolas. An engine and tender are seen entering and a locomotive leaving one of the houses on separate tracks. The second engraving is a view of the aqueduct of the Erie Canal, passing over a bridge of graceful form and solidly constructed. The ruined arches of another bridge are seen in front. The foaming rapids in the foreground, the busy factories that rise on either hand, make this a picturesque and interesting scene. The third engraving brings before us the Court House, a very handsome building, surmounted by a cupola of somewhat peculiar construction. The gallery at its summit, in which persons are seen standing, affords an admirable and extensive view of the city and its surroundings. It is situated in Buffalo Street, the principal business street of the city. It is built of granite. Strangers in Rochester should not fail to ascend to the cupola referred to above, if they desire to obtain a panoramic view of the city. A supply of excellent spy-glasses is kept here to aid the natural vision in embracing the wide expanse of scenery. The fourth picture is a view of the depot of the New York Central Railroad, a very large, appropriate and elegant structure of brick, with three large arches opening in front. Through the central one a train is seen issuing on its career, while a group of travellers are "looking out for the engine while the bell rings," as in duty bound. The fifth engraving shows the entrance to Mount Hope Cemetery, so noted for its wild and picturesque scenery. This beautiful necropolis is about two miles south of the railroad depot. In natural beauty it vies with Mount Auburn or Greenwood, though, as yet, it contains but few monuments. It will be observed by the engraving that the gateway is of the Egyptian order, although the column which surmounts it, though pretty in itself, strikes us as being rather incongruous. The last engraving is an accurate delineation of the far-famed Genesee Falls, unsurpassed in beauty by any falls in New York State. The principal fall, here shown, has a perpendicular descent of 105 feet. Just above it is seen a railroad train crossing the bridge which spans the foaming and rapid river. From a small tabular projection, on the brink of the precipice, Sam Patch took his last leap in 1829, and perished, the victim of irregular ambition. Just below

the lower falls of the Genesee, stood the celebrated Carthage bridge, completed in 1819. It consisted of an entire arch. Its length was 718, its width 30, and the summit of the arch was 196 feet from the water. It was the largest arch in the world. The structure stood only one year and one day, thus saving the builders from loss, as they had only guaranteed that it stand a year. It contained 70,000 feet of timber, running measure, besides 64,640 feet board measure. The immense weight of the timber, pressing unequally on the arch, threw up the centre from its equilibrium, and the whole tumbled at once into a heap of ruins. Rochester is the capital of Monroe County, N. Y., and is situated on both sides of the Genesee River, seven miles from its entrance into Lake Ontario, 230 miles by railroad west by north of Albany, and 68 miles east northeast of Buffalo. The site of the city is nearly level. The streets vary from 60 to 80 feet in width, and are, with very few exceptions, straight. The principal street, extending east and west, through the centre of the town, and crossing the river on a bridge, is called Main Street on the east and Buffalo Street on the west. Most of the public buildings and many of the private residences are built of material supplied by the limestone quarries in the vicinity. The streets are generally bordered by shade trees, which, in summer, give a very charming appearance to the city. The large squares here and there are peculiar and at-

tractive features. Rochester is not very compactly built, but its corporate limits comprise an area of seven square miles. Among the public institutions are the Western House of Refuge for juvenile offenders, the Rochester University, under the direction of the Baptists, the Baptist Theological Seminary, and the Rochester Athenæum, all in a flourishing condition. The Rochester Sunday School Union has 4347 pupils, and 8000 volumes in its different libraries. Rochester supports thirteen newspapers and periodicals. It has forty-four churches. Among the hotels, which are excellent, we may mention the Clinton, Blossom's Hotel, the Mansion House, the Rochester and Congress Hall. The city contains six banks. The canal, the railroads, and the facilities for navigation, render Rochester a very active business place. The unlimited water-power derived from the Genesee River has been the principal cause of the prosperity of Rochester. Within a course of three miles, the river has a total descent of 226 feet. The total amount of flour manufactured here annually is estimated at 600,000 barrels, which, computing five bushels to each barrel, would require 3,000,000 bushels of wheat. Various other manufactures are carried on here, producing machinery, farming implements, iron castings, cotton and woolen goods, paper, lumber, leather, cabinet ware, and edge tools. Rochester has been noted for the number, extent and character of its fruit nurseries. It



ERIE CANAL AQUEDUCT, ROCHESTER, N. Y.



COURT HOUSE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

is stated that within ten miles of the city, there are one thousand acres devoted to the raising of fruit trees. Messrs. Elwanger and Barry have a garden and nursery, embracing two hundred acres of land under a high state of cultivation. This nursery enjoys a very high repute. Mr. Barry, of this firm, is the author of the "Fruit Garden," one of the most reliable works on the culture of fruit trees with which we are acquainted. Joining practical knowledge to extensive research, he has shown himself a master of the science of arboriculture. He is the editor of a monthly magazine devoted to horticulture, and published in Rochester. The population of the city is not far from 50,000. The growth of Rochester is an instance of the remarkable rapidity with which flourishing cities spring up from small beginnings in this country. In the year 1810, there was not a single house where Rochester now stands. In 1812, Nathaniel Rochester, Charles H. Carroll and Wm. Hugh surveyed a lot of land comprising an area of one hundred acres, to which the name of Rochester was given, out of compliment to the senior proprietor. The tract thus laid out was known as the mill lot, and had been given by Phelps and Gorham to a personage known as "Indian Allen," as a bonus for building saw and grist mills for the accommodation of what few settlers were found in the region at the date of the conveyance. There was not, however, sufficient business to sustain the mills, and the buildings were suffered to run to decay. Allen then

sold the property to Sir William Pulteney, who was the proprietor of a large section of the Genesee County. The sale to Rochester and his copartners was effected in 1802, at the rate of \$15 50 per acre, or \$1750 for the entire lot, with whatever improvements there were upon it. In 1790, excellent land on the east side of the Genesee brought only 18 pence per acre. The war with Great Britain checked the incipient growth of the place; but the opening of the Erie Canal established its prosperity on a permanent basis. The Rev. Henry O'Reilly, in a work of great value, entitled "Sketches of Rochester, with incidental notices of Western New York," gives the following account of the "Last Sacrifice of the Senecas," which took place in 1813, on a spot near which the Bethel Church now stands:—"It may be premised that the Senecas, and probably others of the Six Nations, have five feasts annually; on which occasion it is customary to return thanks to Nauwanew for his blessings, or to deprecate his wrath. At these times, also, the chiefs conversed upon the affairs of the tribes, and generally urged upon the people the duty of demeaning themselves so as to ensure a continuance of the favor which had attended them in their pursuits of peace and war. These feasts followed the consummation of the matters usually watched with most interest by Indians in peaceful times,—one of the ceremonies occurring after 'sugar-time,' another after planting, a third called the green-corn

door of the council-house by means of strangulation, for a wound on the animal or an effusion of blood would spoil the victim for sacrificial purpose. The dogs were then fantastically painted with various colors, decorated with feathers, and suspended about twenty feet high at the council-house or near the centre of the camp. The ceremonial is then commenced, and the five, seven or nine days of its continuance are marked by feasting and dancing, as well as by sacrifice and consultation. Two select bands, one of men and another women, ornamented with trinkets and feathers, and each person furnished with an ear of corn in the right hand, dance in a circle around the council fire, which is kindled for the occasion, and regulate their steps by rude music. Hence they proceed to every wigwam in the camp, and, in like manner, dance in a circle round each fire. Afterwards, on another day, several men clothe themselves in the skins of wild beasts, cover their faces with hideous masks and their hands with the shell of the tortoise, and in this garb they go among the wigwams, making horrid noises, taking the fuel from the fire, and scattering the embers and ashes about the floor, for the purpose of driving away evil spirits. The persons performing these operations are supposed, not only to drive off the evil spirit, but to concentrate within themselves all the sins of their tribe. These sins are afterwards all transfused into one of their own number, who, by some magical



CENTRAL RAILROAD DEPOT, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

dexterity, or slight of hand, works off from himself into the dogs the concentrated wickedness of the tribe! The scape-goat dogs are then placed on a pile of wood, to which fire is applied, while the surrounding crowd throw tobacco or other incense on the flame, the scent of which is deemed to co-operate with the sacrifice of the animals in conciliating the power of Nauwanew, or the Great Spirit. When the dogs are partly consumed, one is taken off and put into a large kettle with vegetables of various kinds, and all around devour the contents of the 'reeking cauldron.' After this, the Indians perform the dances of war and peace, and smoke the calumet; then, free from wickedness, they repair to their respective places of abode, prepared for the events of the new year." A serious alarm occurred in May 1814, when Sir James Yeo, with a fleet of thirteen vessels, appeared off the mouth of the Genesee, threatening the destruction of the rude improvements in and about Rochester. Messengers were despatched to arouse the inhabitants. There were then only thirty-three people in Rochester capable of bearing arms. The little band threw up a breastwork called Fort Bender, near the Deep Hollow, beside the Lower Falls, and hurried down to the junction of the Genesee and Lake Ontario, five miles north of the present city limits, where the enemy threatened to land, leaving behind them two old men, with some young lads, to remove the women and children into the woods, in case the British should attempt to land. Francis Brown and Elisha Ely acted as captains, and Isaac W. Stone as major, of the Rochester forces. They marched and countermarched, disappeared in the woods and re-appeared again in such a manner as to impress the enemy with a belief that a considerable force was collected. An officer with a flag of truce was sent to parley and to say that Sir James Yeo would spare the settlements if their provisions and military stores were surrendered. Captain Francis Brown received him. "Will you comply with the demand?" asked the British officer. "Blood knee-deep first!" was the emphatic reply of the gallant Brown. While this parley was in progress, an American officer and his staff, returning from the Niagara frontier, accidentally appeared, and confirmed the British officer's impression that a large regular force was at hand. He returned to the fleet, which opened a fire of shot and shell, gallantly answered by the Yankees with a rusty six-pounder. After a few hours spent in this unavailing exchange of fires, Admiral Yeo ran down to Pulteneyville, about twenty miles eastward from the Genesee River, where, on learning by what an inconsiderable force they had been deterred from landing, all hands could not refrain from laughing at the ingenuity of the "Yankee trick." The historical reminiscences of many of the towns in the interior of New York are replete with incidents of valor and stratagem.

ENTRANCE TO MOUNT HOPE CEMETERY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

east, when the maize becomes fit for use, the fourth after the corn harvest, and the fifth at the close of their year, late in January, or early in February, according to the moon. The latter ceremony was performed in Rochester for the last time in January, 1813. The concluding rites were seen by some of the few persons then settled in 'these parts.' From Mr. Edwin Scrantom, now a merchant of the city, who was among the spectators, we have an account of the ceremonial, as far as he beheld it, which corresponds with the accounts given by the Rev. Mr. Kirkland, long a missionary among the Six Nations, and by the 'white woman,' that remarkable associate of the Senecas. The latter personage related that when the Indians returned from hunting, ten or twenty of their number were appointed to superintend the 'great sacrifice and thanksgiving.' Preparations were made at the council house, or other place of meeting, for the accommodation of the tribe during the ceremonial. Nine days was the period and two white dogs the number and kind of animals formerly required for the festival; though in these later days of reform and retrenchment (for the prevailing spirit had reached even the wigwams and the altars of the Senecas), the time has been curtailed to seven or five days, and a single dog was made the scape-goat to bear away the sins of the tribe. Two dogs, as nearly white as could be procured, were usually selected from those belonging to the tribe, and were carefully killed at the



GENESEE FALLS, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

My foot in the stirrup, my hand on the rein,
I climb the tall mountain, I dash o'er the plain;
You eagle that swoops on his broad wings on high—
I envy him not in his flight through the sky.
So swift is the speed of my galant grey horse,
That his shadow can hardly keep pace with our course.

We ford the deep river, the wood path we tread,
The forest flies past us, beside, overhead;
Still answering the clink of the spur with a neigh,
My tireless steed rushes on and away,
His mettle I never appealed to in vain,
With my foot in the stirrup, my hand on the rein.

He knoweth, my brave steed—or seemeth to know,
Who waits for his rider in yonder chateau,
Whose delicate fingers have played with his mane,
Caresing his dark neck again and again.
Then speed, like the shaft to the target, away,
And Inez shall bless thee, my own gallant gray.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PRETTY GATE-KEEPER.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

"SHADE of Venus!" burst from the cigar red and moustached lips of a handsome, fashionably dressed young man, as he drew up his dashing trotter at the gate of a country toll-bridge, and by the aid of his jewelled eye-glass, stared at the beautiful damsel with her sweet face and rustic garments, who tripped lightly out from the cottage door to unlock the gate.

"Great Caesar!" echoed his equally well-attired and equally impudent companion—"haven't we scared up a fine bird among these semi-barbarians?" And the two laughed loudly, and looked lawlessly at the shrinking maiden, who blushed painfully as she extended her hand for the expected bit.

"A dainty hand, upon my soul," said the first, seizing it, and pressing a coin rudely into the delicate palm. "Hey, my pretty miss, what shall I give you for a kiss from those sweet lips?" he added, with a familiar leer, retaining her hand in his rude grasp.

"Let me go, sir," she exclaimed passionately, while her beautiful face crimsoned with womanly indignation, and struggling from his hold, she darted into the house, followed by an insolent laugh and boisterous shout from without, as they dashed furiously on.

In a moment the burning, tearful face was hidden on my shoulder, and I gathered the little sobbing form soothingly in my arms,—for, be it known, this was all in my own home, at the country toll-bridge, and my own pretty cousin Ellen it was, whose maiden delicacy had been so cruelly outraged, and who, only the hour before, had rustled down stairs in her lustrous dress and jewels, and laughed as she declared it the will of the fates that she should look after the gate and collect the tolls, for a while, just to give her a little exercise and a color, for she had been mewed in my chamber all day.

"Certainly, dear, you can look after the gate, if you choose, but not in that dress, my child," smiled my indulgent mother, who was a prudent soul, and foresaw that scandal would inevitably attach itself to the flounces of her Pekin silk, and sit spitefully among the roses of her brilliant Indian mantle; and so my little cousin was speedily disrobed, and with her hair put plainly away from her clear face, and robed in a dark morning print of my own, she stood in the gate-way window, with the yellow sun-light falling over her—looking bewitchingly demure and quaker-like.

Poor little Ellen! as the first crash of wheels and sharp sound of trotting feet rolled along the echoing bridge, and she glanced like a sun-beam up the gravelled path to the great brown gate, she had little thought of the impertinence and insult that awaited her. She had never been brought into actual contact with a shadow of rudeness or disrespect—and now, wounded and almost crushed by a keen sense of the indignity she had suffered, she wept passionately in my arms, till the violence of her grief exhausted itself, and during the evening that followed, she forgot her sorrow and mortification in the busy preparation for her long journey homeward.

Not so with me. I did not forget it, nor the incident which led to it, nor the handsome, though slightly sensual face of the offender; and when, a few months later, I saw the same unmistakable face, as we rolled leisurely down King Street (for I had accompanied Ellen home), and again, during our evening promenade on the battery, I recognized it at once, and glanced inquiringly at Ellen; but it had evidently escaped her notice, for her eyes were turned in another direction, and I shrank from paining her by an allusion which I felt would be disagreeable. But I could not shake off the impression that the fiery eyes of the stranger were fixed at each meeting intensely upon the charming face of my aristocratic cousin: not as before, with a bold, free stare, assisted by the audacious eye-glass, but subdued to a respectful, and, as I interpreted it, admiring gaze!

What could this mean? Had he recognized her? I reflected, and feeling that that was impossible, at once conjectured that he was attracted by the brilliant beauty which shone forth, softened and mellowed, beneath the daintiness of her delicate mistletoe bonnet; and anxious to spare Ellen an unpleasant recognition, and secure her against any annoyance, I pleaded fatigue, and with a gesture to the servant, loitering indolently behind, we turned homeward.

As we passed up the steps, and were just upon the entrance, I had barely time to notice an approaching figure,—the same that I had twice before recognized, during the afternoon—and lingering for a moment in the vestibule, observed him through the side-light, as he passed and re-passed, pausing at each time, and directing his glass at the delicately inscribed door-plate.

Wondering much the object of this singular movement, I yet refrained from communicating it to Ellen, resolving to guard her closely from the possibility of future impertinence, but feeling that the unknown could be nothing more than a worthless adventurer, or more likely still, an unprincipled rascal, and that to feel herself an object of attention from such a source would annoy, and perhaps alarm her; and so I continued silent, hoping to be troubled no further by even the sight of one upon whom I could only look with suspicion and contempt.

On the following day, however, as we were returning from an early drive, I again caught sight of the unwelcome face, and this time, to my utter amazement, from the family carriage of the Quirys.

"The Quirys," gasped I, as the face glinted mockingly before my eyes; "the Quirys—an old aristocratic English family, the ton of the city; then he must at least have a claim to respectability; who can he be?"

"What are you staring at, with that ghostly look?" interrupted Ellen, with an impatient toss of her fan; "one would suppose you had seen some frightful hoblin, instead of the queenly Miss Emma Quiry. Why didn't you return her bow?"

"I? Did she bow? But who was the gentleman?" I asked, in my confusion.

"Ah, the gentleman! there's an excuse for your rudeness," laughed Ellen, with provoking humor; "shall I apologize to Miss Emily for you? But who is this gentleman, to have produced so marvellous an effect on my stately cousin? Perhaps an old lover surprised—"

"Pray, spare your conjectures; he is entirely unknown to me," I broke in, with an attempted remonstrance.

"Ah well, luck-a-day; I'm sorry then, if you've lost your heart to a stranger! He is probably Miss Emily's cousin, just over from London; the same who was such a lion here, during my northern trip, last summer; he is said to be very courtly and handsome, though I hadn't a glance at his face, for Miss Emily quite put him in the shadow, as she leaned forward to recognize us. But we shall see them, no doubt, at Madame Tiverton's, this evening; so don't pine in secret over your hopeless penchant, but make a fascinating toilet, and appear at the reunion; you cannot fail of success, rely upon it, my superb cousin."

Compelled to listen and laugh at Ellen's unmerciful railery, I had but little time to reconcile in my own mind the conflicting phases of the stranger's appearance, or even to ask myself the perplexing question, "who can he be?" and when evening ushered us into the splendor of Madame Tiverton's magnificent rooms, I found myself wondering if I might not have mistaken the face, and whether it was indeed possible that the supposed cousin of the aristocratic Quirys could be guilty of the gross indelicacy and abuse from which my lovely cousin had suffered.

But I was speedily relieved of my uncertainty, for, as I sat conversing abstractedly with the lady at my side, and gazing admiringly at Ellen, who, being a beauty and a belle, was necessarily the star and centre of the brilliant circles, an announcement was made, and I immediately recognized in the approaching couple, the tall, elegant form of Miss Emily Quiry, and, as I doubted not, the rather portly, but somewhat noble figure of her cousin.

Would he prove the same?

A slight turn, as they paused to address the hostess, and I again encountered the familiar face, with its bold, handsome features, marred, however, in their fine effect, by the stamp of passion and lawless indulgence, which they distinctly bore; the identical face, as I was now convinced, of carriage and promenade, and toll-bridge acquaintance.

How I longed now for a word of intelligence with Ellen, and how vainly I regretted my foolish reserve of the morning, as, after paying their respects to Madame Tiverton, I saw them make their way directly towards where she stood, engaged with a gentleman, who, though a new acquaintance, was evidently both interesting and prepossessing.

For a moment I feared that Ellen had forgotten both offence and offender, or would fail to identify him in the haughty form before her, and, as Miss Emily paused, and begged leave to present her cousin, Capt. George Radcliffe, of London, I scarcely doubted that she would receive him with extreme courtesy, both from previous prejudice in favor of this courted representative of English society, and as the relative of her highly valued friend. But my apprehensions were groundless. A single glance at Ellen, whose face assumed a passing expression of astonishment and disgust, assured me that she recognized him, for, bowing with a chilling dignity, but without extending her hand, and making a hurried excuse to Miss Emily, she took the arm of the gentleman by her side, and passing up the saloon, joined the dancers.

During the entire evening, the eyes of the young officer followed her with a restless earnestness, but she gave him no opportunity to approach her.

As we descended to the carriage, however, Miss Emily, either by accident or arrangement, was just passing to hers, attended by her cousin, and waited to exchange a few words, and wish us good night, with the reminder that we were to spend the approaching holidays with her at the Quiry plantation, in return for the last delightful Christmas season that she had passed with Ellen at Froteressa; indeed she could not be refused, seeing Ellen hesitate; she felt certain we would decide upon going; she would beg mama to come over and urge it; we could not resist her.

Capt. Radcliffe appeared as if much inclined to add his entreaties, but perhaps had the good sense to perceive that they would be offensive, and contented himself with handing me very politely to a seat in the barouche, and turning with great deference to assist Ellen, when, as she instinctively recoiled from his touch, and grasping a projection of the carriage attempted to enter unaided, a slight misstep brought her rudely to the ground; but almost instantly recovering herself before a hand could be extended to her aid, and without giving time for any inquiries, she sprang to a seat by my side, the door was closed, and the carriage rolled away.

Ellen hid her tears and vexation in my arms.

No, she was not hurt; she was only angry, distressed, astonished! That vile, insolent, vulgar boor, the elegant and courted Capt. Radcliffe—and the cousin, too, of the high-bred, fastidious Miss Emily Quiry? Monstrous—incredible! Could she ever again place confidence in the caste and exclusiveness of society! No! she would not go to Ogleshorpe for the holidays, though she had anticipated them so much; nor would she again appear on the fashionable drive while that detestable wretch remained an inmate of the Quiry family, and consequently privileged to the Quiry equipage.

In the morning, however, after the refreshment of a quiet night's rest, her ideas of the disposal of herself bore a much more rational cast, and she was meditating an early airing, when a card was brought up, bearing the name of Capt. Geo. Radcliffe, accompanied by a message to the effect that Miss Emily, being quite indisposed, had desired him to call and inquire after the health of her friend, fearing she had sustained some injury from her fall of the previous evening.

For nearly five endless minutes, my brilliant little cousin sat thoughtfully poising the glittering, inoffensive pasteboard upon the tip of her delicate finger, regarding it with a look of intense contempt, and then, tossing it into the ruddy grate, and turning to the grinning attendant, to my extreme surprise, bade him show the gentleman up.

Ere Ellen had time to reply to my puzzled look, the obsequious Poladore ushered in Capt. Radcliffe, whose countenance was radiant with satisfaction, and perhaps it might have been, a slight smirk of triumph at his unexpected good fortune in this gracious reception from the lady last night so distant.

Bowing gracefully, and with an air of easy self-possession, he advanced and extended his hand to Ellen, who drew back haughtily, but without speaking.

"Nay, Miss Tobias," pleaded the gallant captain, apparently somewhat disconcerted by this movement, "pray allow me the coveted honor which you have not yet granted me, of touching with mine that enchanting hand."

"I think you mistake, sir. I believe you have already had that honor," coolly rejoined my cousin.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed, in surprise. "You forget that—although from my cousin's praises of her friend I had presumed to feel an interest in their fair object, and had dared to hope for your acquaintance,—yet, until last evening, I had never had the happiness of meeting you!"

"There, again, you are in the wrong. We have met before last evening, I blush to acknowledge."

The officer's handsome face crimsoned, and he hesitated—but for a moment.

"Indeed, my dear Miss Tobias, there must be some disagreeable mistake," he replied, now thoroughly astonished, as well at the words as the extraordinary manner of his imperturbable hostess; "will you have the kindness to explain where and when the supposed meeting occurred, that I may correct, if possible, whatever unjust prejudice it may have engendered."

"You were in America, last season?" questioned Ellen, quite unmoved by his earnestness.

"I was."

"And made a short northern tour, in company with an English friend?"

"Ah, I see. Is it possible?" he mused. "Could I have met you at the mountains, Miss Tobias?"

"You did not, sir."

"At Saratoga?" he ventured.

"No sir."

"I might have seen you at Newport, yet it is impossible; you must labor under mistake—pardon me, Miss Tobias, but had I once beheld that glorious face, I must have retained its image forever."

"But you did not retain it, merely because it appeared before you in the homely garb of honest industry! Sir, you met me first in the unpretending country town of B—, and in the humble person of the supposed gate-keeper, treated with such insufferable insolence and outrage by you and your rude companion, you little dreamed of recognizing the esteemed friend of your excellent cousin! May this show you in future, sir, the necessity of paying to every female, whether clad in the plain garb of poverty, or blazing in the splendor of jewels and ermine, that respect and deference which is universally due to womanhood, and which none but a nature of the lowest and basest order will ever withhold."

"Capt. Radcliffe, since you understand why I cannot again submit my hand to the pollution of your touch, allow me the pleasure of wishing you good morning."

Covered with confusion, and choking no doubt with smothered rage, the discomfited captain retreated precipitately, bowing hastily, as he did so, but with infinitely less self-possession and grace than at his entrance.

Capt. Radcliffe did not call again, and before the holidays commenced, we discovered his name in a morning paper, on the list of departures for Liverpool!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO ABBY.

BY C. W. STEVENS.

O sing again, sweet sister, sing
The songs I love so well,
And let thy fingers glibly fling
The instrumental spell
Within my soul. Thy heart-strains seem
Like glorious hopes of gold—
Like mem'ries fresh of joys, that gleam
From hallowed days of old

Of sylvan bards the magic notes,
And nature's hymn of praise;
The minstrel's gush, that weirdly floats,
Like heavenly music's blaze
From harp angelic skill sweeps o'er;
All these I've heard, yet they
Seem silent slunk to oblivion's shore,
But ne'er thy lingering lay.

At sweating toil, though far away,
My mind reverts to thee;
And once again the roundelay
Arouses joyous glee.
Then sing again, dear sister, sing
The songs I love so well,
And let thy fingers glibly wing
Again to me that spell.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"WANTED—A PARTNER."

BY JOHN THORNHERRY.

It was all in vain that Mrs. Dudu had hitherto set her many traps, and lain her numerous snares, for the sake of securing a second husband. Not that she lacked beauty, or spirit, or any of those vivacious charms that are apt to entangle poor male mortals, before they really know what has happened to them. Not that she would not make a man who needed a wife, just as good a wife as he might have a decent right to expect. Nor again, that she was so destitute of fortune as not to be able to mellow masculine hearts in her dangerous society, by means of its peculiar influence upon men in pursuit of matrimonial engagements. But *luck* had been against her. That was all. Exactly the right kind of an offer had not yet happened to present itself.

She knew well enough of one poor fellow, who had been at the needless expense of a new suit of broadcloth, expressly on her account; and all, too, just by reason of the pretty little mohair morning-cap, be-howed and rosetted, that she chanced to come down to breakfast in one fine rosy morning. She had remembered another whose bill at the seed and florist's depots could not have been anything trifling, say for a period of from two to four months during the winter. And there was the recollection of a third still, lingering like a not unpleasant savor in her mind, who had been in the habit of patronizing the livery men to a remarkably liberal extent, and of making her personally acquainted with all the pleasant drives and attractive stopping-places there were, in and about town. These things in themselves were pleasant enough; but they did not seem to have quite satisfied her.

And the younger sort of men seeing what very sorry work these unsuccessful experimenters had made with Mrs. Dudu, began prudently to draw off from an attack that promised little practical benefit to themselves, and so finally left the pretty young widow high and dry on the sands where the tide at its flattering full had carried her.

She had waited now for another husband quite long enough. Time was driving in the spurs as briskly as he could. The face would not always hold that freshness and plumpness. The eyes would not forever light up with that bright and bewitching sparkle. Something must be done, and done at once. So the widow fixed herself up with a brave resolution, and determined to accomplish the work that others had left her to perform alone. The mountain had no sort of an idea of going over to Mahomet; so Mahomet thought it might in the end amount to about the same thing, if he should step over to the mountain.

Mrs. Dudu had heard a good deal about the power and the chances of advertising, and knew somewhat—more than she was willing to tell, perhaps,—of those interesting paragraphs that relate to the subject of matrimony. She made up her mind, however, to keep close her own counsel, and when she should choose to make a desperate charge into the ranks of single gentlemen, to make it altogether on her own account. She was going into this business like the volunteer at the battle of New Orleans, who loaded and fired on military principles known to nobody but himself. If she should lose, or come off vanquished,—then there was no one to triumph over her unpublished defeat; but if she should happen to *win*—ah! too well did Mrs. Dudu know that the glory of the conquest would be only her own.

She watched the newspapers daily,—twice a day. She sniffed opportunities, as she thought, in paragraphs and advertisements that could have related by no possibility to anything of the kind. Finally, she began to study the column of Wants, to see if there might not lurk some trifling little trap there, unseen by the general eye, but set for just such a sharpened vision as her own. Then she rummaged among the Boarding list. And as a last resort, unsuccessful in all the rest, she jumped over the high fence that divides the casual personal notices in a newspaper from the stately and regular announcements of business, and went brushing about

among the names of commerce as carelessly as a girl rambles here and there among the bushes, huckleberrying.

One evening in the autumn, while she sat with her snug little foot resting on the fender before her grate, leisurely conning over what there was new in the announcements of the day, her eyes stopped suddenly at an advertisement that made them kindle with quite an increased fire, considering the time of the day. This was the way the advertisement read:

"WANTED—A PARTNER.—The advertiser, having more business on his hands than he can properly transact, is desirous of taking a partner of capability,—preliminaries to be arranged on an interview. Call at No. 13, ——— Building, after four o'clock in the afternoon, for James Bankum."

That was all there was to it. Any one else would have thought it might offer a tolerably good chance to get into active business. Some might have thought it worth but little consideration, especially if they did not happen to know who James Bankum was. But least of all would a lady have been apt to bother her brains with such a straight forward, business notification, unless, perhaps, she was on the lookout for a chance to make an investment of her surplus funds; and even then, all idea of succeeding in this quarter would have been at once abandoned, since there was a distinct call for somebody who had active business capacities to put into the concern.

But the widow Dudu thought herself ingenious enough to make a point where none had been made before. She confided somewhat in her abilities as a skilful general. If this thing might be cutely turned into some other thing! If she might appear to the advertiser to have mistaken the exact meaning of his paragraph!—or, failing in that, if she might succeed even in confusing his thoughts by her taking presence, and cheating him unawares into admiration of herself and her bold-faced roguery!

But first she resolved to make a few quiet investigations into the circumstances and character of this Mr. Bankum: his circumstances first, of course,—his character afterwards. In a manner mysteriously round-about and perplexing, she succeeded in securing such important facts as the following: first, that Mr. Bankum was *unmarried*,—which was in fact quite a necessary preface to the conclusion she was aiming at: and secondly, that he was decidedly a man of *property*. These premises being granted, there was nothing for her to do but obey the classic injunction of that truest of all Yankee Americans,—Davy Crockett,—and "go ahead." And ahead she went, at a break-neck, never-stop-for-trifle speed, yet with tact, with skill, and altogether by herself.

Therefore the reader no doubt anticipates his much too slow chronicler, and has already seen the alluring widow Dudu trip down the street, turn the corner, push on till she came to the ——— building where the desired interview was to be had, and pass briskly in. We have observed, likewise, that there was no hesitation in her manner; not the least symptom of indecision: no movement betraying a half-concealed wish to turn back, or go by, or even to stop a moment for breath on the door-step. She was as punctual, too, as she was self-possessed. Others might be there at a later hour than that: as for herself, she would secure the earliest interview, and have that, if possible, alone.

What a very bold push it was, to be sure! who would have conceived such a novel design as that, to get at the great want of her heart! What lady, in fact, would have dared enter upon so reckless a hazard, and to jeopardize almost all she had of self-respect, at a single nervous throw!

But Mrs. Dudu did not stop to look at matters in this light. She was a schemer,—a speculator in this business, from beginning to end. Once resolved, she was a person likely to stop only when she got to the end. Besides, there were the spurs of lost opportunities, of passing years, of fading beauty, and of sadly prolonged widowhood, perpetually pricking up her resolution. These goads she must not fail to obey: and if she obeyed them, then she must dash gallantly ahead.

She knocked smartly on the door of No. 13, and waited for a reply. Some one called to her to come in. But, wily creature that she was, in the swift instant that elapsed before she turned the door-handle, she had set herself about a clear analysis of the caller's voice! to know if it came bubbling up richly from his heart,—or was but a hollow echo from some empty chamber in his throat,—or again, if it took its prevailing tone from the nasal trumpet that proclaims a snuff-taker's peace and good will to all men!

As she finally proceeded to open the door, there sat a rather corpulent, ruddy-faced, easy-looking citizen, half reclining in his easy chair, his thin hair brushed carelessly off his forehead, and a heavy bunch of rich seals lying contentedly in the great wrinkles of his broadcloth never-mention-ems. He was a picture of fat, easy, contented comfort. He certainly must have climbed up the ladder of fortune a great ways above the reach of want, for that much was visible in his looks. And he must have been perfectly contented in his heart, for, short of that, no man could very well counterfeit the smile that lingered like a pleasant sunset about his mouth.

The widow took him in at a single good glance. He rose from his chair, asked her to be seated in another, and cheerfully waited to know to what happy circumstance he was indebted for the company of so very pretty a woman. Nor was she at all dilatory in making him and the aforesaid circumstance rather better acquainted. Yet not before she had dexterously detected that he was much interested in her, already, and evidently would have no objection to pursuing that feeling a good ways further along.

"I see, sir," said she, giving him such a winning look as only she, of all other young widows, knew how, "that you have advertised in the Journal for a Partner!"

"Ah,—yes,—yes, madam," he returned, his countenance light-

ing up, and immediately becoming perplexed again, to know how *she* could be interested in such a thing.

For a moment the widow seemed to hesitate; yet never dropping her eyes from those of the fine looking Mr. Bankum. Then her little foot, just peeping out beyond the hem of her skirt, began a drumming on its own account. And in her face she designedly wore one of the oddest, and funniest, yet most captivating expressions that ever was seen. The merchant visibly confessed to its mysterious magnetism. But Mrs. Dudu was artfully waiting for him to proceed now. So he thought he must.

"It would be necessary for such a person to have some little capital, for security's sake at least," said he. "Your husband, perhaps," he added, inquiringly.

Another of those winning looks, together with a very slight shake of the head, brought him down.

"Ah," said he, lifting his eye-brows, and admiring her more than ever, "your son then?"

"I have none,—neither son nor husband," replied she, taking care that he should not fail to see what fine white teeth she had.

A pause: during which the merchant began to fidget and twirl his seals. "Neither husband nor son!" thought he. "What can it be then? It certainly can't be *herself*: for if she's got capital, she can't take hold of business herself! I wonder!" And well he might.

"Do you propose, then," he blandly asked her, blushing as he did so, in spite of himself, "to go into bus— to make an investment *yourselves*?"

Now the widow feigned astonishment indeed. "Go into business!" she exclaimed, in a dreadfully soft little scream. "I don't understand you! What is it you mean?"

"Why," returned Mr. Bankum, confused beyond what a true business man ever allows himself to be, "did you read my advertisement?"

"Certainly, sir! I have it with me! I'm sure, I *thought* I understood it! I do not see how there could be any mistake!"

"But did you suppose, madam," asked he, in the blandest voice he had in his throat, "that I had any other than a purely *business* transaction in view?" It was astonishing how very red the poor man's face had grown.

"O, dear, dear!" the widow feigned to shriek. "What a *mistake* I have made! What shall I do! I'm undone! O, I'm undone! I thought—I thought—it was an—a—an offer of —of *MARRIAGE*!" And upon the instant, she pretended most artfully to faint nearly away.

Seeing this, and pitying a frail woman in her helplessness, and, thinking too, that the mortifying mistake might have been at best the result of his own hasty way of advertising, and not knowing in fact what he had done, he sprang from his chair, poured a glass of water, and hastened to relieve the beautiful stranger in her distress. But never would she revive until she had given him a fair opportunity to see what a lovely form was hers, and challenged the deepest sympathies of his heart by the sight of her prolonged distress. The man was conquered at last, and Mrs. Dudu slowly came back to herself.

Then, on seeing into what a sad mistake she had seemingly fallen, she made as if to go off again in a new fainting fit: and this so frightened the merchant that he hastened to be more attentive than ever, standing beside her and supporting her swaying figure. "O, don't *tell* of this! Pray keep my secret! O, if the *world* but knew of this!" she moaned.

"I beg you not to worry for that, my dear madam," said he, with a great deal of feeling, and unaffected feeling, too. "It shall never, never go out of this room!" and much more to the same effect.

Immediately, therefore, she grew better. She swallowed some water, and thought now that she might venture to sit alone. But she was careful to wear still that distressed look upon her face, for by that did she hope to conquer. And she did.

Mr. Bankum soon got a carriage, and had her driven round home again. He insisted on her giving her name to him, as well as the street and number; which she did, but only with becoming hesitation. He handed her into the carriage, bade her good afternoon, and went back into his room to think upon it. The thinking made him serious; and the very next evening he called on her, though without alluding to the yesterday's adventure. She was rather expecting him, of course; and as he greeted her, he certainly thought he never saw a sweeter woman in his life, nor a lovelier, and that was what she meant to make him think. The calls grew frequent. They were protracted on each occasion. Until, only the other day, the Journal stated under an appropriate head, that Mr. Bankum had finally got the PARTNER he WANTED so much,—the "preliminaries" having been "settled" on previous personal interviews,—and that both parties to the new contract had taken a little trip out of town, the better to enter on an acquaintance so accidentally begun!

SEVENTH SON OF A SEVENTH SON.

We had an Irish boy in our office, who went of errands, etc. He occasionally came late, for which he varied his excuses. At last his frequency occasioned me to speak very sharply, when he replied, "I wouldn't help it, sir, I'm sure I wouldn't; I've only been on an act o' mercy." "What act of mercy?" "Ye see, sir, I'm a seventh of a seventh, an' I touches for sickness, an' I've bin to two childer this morn, sir, a long way." What I gathered from him was this:—It was necessary that he should touch fasting; that his hand should be crossed with silver (generally a shilling), though from the very poor a fourpence would suffice, and from the rich half a crown was necessary, and that his charge should not be questioned. The boy was very ignorant; he looked upon me as worse than a heretic for smiling and admitted that his "practice" yielded him more than his situation at our office. He was from Connaught; was a posthumous child, which he considered made the touch more efficacious.—*Notes and Queries.*

WILLIAM WARREN, THE COMEDIAN.

The accompanying portrait was drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Charles Barry, from a photograph by Whipple & Black, and is a faithful likeness of a gentleman deservedly considered as one of the first comic actors of the day. His father, William Warren, a very popular performer, was born in Bath, England, and made his first appearance on the American stage at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1796, as the "Friar" in *Romeo and Juliet*. His performance of "Falstaff" was the most noted of his impersonations. For a number of years he was manager of the Chestnut Street Theatre, but retired from that position in 1829. His death occurred in 1832. His son, the subject of our sketch, was born in Philadelphia in 1817, and made his first appearance at the Arch Street Theatre, in that city, in 1832, as "Young Norval," the same part in which his father made his debut at the outset of his career, under the management of Biggs, a provincial Crummles. Mr. Warren rose rapidly in his profession as a comedian. In 1841, he was introduced to a New York audience as "Gregory Grizzle," in "My Young Wife and My Old Umbrella." In 1845 he visited England and played at the Strand Theatre, London. His first appearance in this city was at the Howard Athenæum, where he immediately became a favorite, eight or nine years since. The ensuing season he was enrolled in the corps of Manager Kimball, and has remained at the Museum ever since, a universal favorite, and one of the principal attractions of the establishment. While Mr. Warren has less versatility than a few eminent low comedians we remember, as, for instance, Finn among the past, and Burton among the present, in a certain, and by no means limited range of character, he is unapproachable. We first saw him as "Master Solomon," in the "Stranger." It is not much of a part, *per se*, but as he moulded and filled it, it assumed a prominence and importance and was invested with a ludicrous richness of which we had never dreamed it capable. Most admirably, too, does he present the asinine gravity of Dogberry. Every blunder of that immortal functionary, every trait of his character is admirably rendered. Mr. Warren is noted for his textual fidelity, following the advice that Hamlet gives to the players to "speak no more than is set down for them." He never laughs "to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too," unless the stage direction authorizes it. There is indeed no occasion for it, for his dry humor, his expression, his "make up," are enough to set the house "on a roar" whenever he appears. Warren is especially great in eccentric low comedy, particularly in those roles which have a dash of the lachrymose, as, for instance, "Billy Lackaday" in "Sweethearts and Wives." We have seen many representations of that unfortunate young "fondling," who was "hung up at the sign of the 'og in armor," but never one whose ludicrous miseries so moved our risibles as Warren's. In the expression of his countenance there is "a whole Iliad of comic woe." The lugubrious hero of "Wilful Murder" also receives ample justice at his hands. It is in such characters, the eccentrics, that Warren shines pre-eminently, while everything he does, he does well and acceptably. His mere appearance on the stage is always welcomed with hearty applause, and is the harbinger of general good humor among the audience. One of the principal annoyances to which a stock actor is subject, is the necessity of frequently filling uncongenial and indifferent parts. Mr. Warren has his share of these, but his rich native humor invests them with a charm that makes the worst of them go down. His stage individuality is so provocative of mirth, that the *toujours perdrix* finds its exception in his case. It is always Warren—you cannot mistake the voice and the air—but we ask for nothing better than Warren, and are quite content. Matthews and Finn could change their features and their voices—Warren has not this Protean faculty. In this respect he is like Liston, but the London public never complained that Liston was always the same. They could not see too much of him—neither can we see too much of Warren. Abernethy's prescription for many of the "ills that flesh is heir to," was, "Go and see Grimaldi!" With equal confidence can we recommend "Seeing Warren," as the "sovereignest thing on earth" for the blues, for the spleen, for hypochondria, or any phase of low spirits, mental discouragement, or ennui. Kimball might safely make a standing offer of a high premium for every sour face in his auditorium while Warren is on the stage, without the slightest risk of having to write a single order on his treasurer. Ourselves an old play-goer, and given rather to internal merriment over what tickles our fancy, rarely indulging in that boisterous demonstration of hilarity which is but as the "crackling of thorns under the pot," we charge it upon William Warren that he has many a time and oft caused us to break forth in noisy guffaws, accompanied by tears of delight. If Mr. Warren played at the Boston Theatre he would infallibly ruin the stockholders. In this wise: to laugh and grow fat are cause and effect. In a few weeks the habitués of the theatre would become so corpulent that the iron-armed chairs could not contain them, and they would abandon the house from sheer necessity. We have spoken of Mr. Warren in his professional capacity; let us add that in private life he is a gentlemanly, retiring man, of more than respectable scholastic attainments, and held in high regard by those who are honored by his friendship and acquaintance. We have heard him spoken of by those in whom we place the greatest confidence, in a manner of which any man might be justly



WILLIAM WARREN, OF THE BOSTON MUSEUM.

proud. Mr. Kimball's excellent judgment and liberality in catering for the public, has been manifested in nothing more strikingly than the enrollment of Mr. Warren in his dramatic corps.



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, DETROIT, MICH.

The accompanying engraving, drawn expressly for our Pictorial, is an accurate representation of the new Fort Street Presbyterian church, in Detroit, of which the Rev. Henry Neill, late of Lenox, Ms., is the pastor. Its admirable proportion and rich and chaste ornamentation, render it worthy of a particular description. It is situated on the corner of Fort and Third Streets, and near the Michigan Central Railroad depot. It is built of limestone from the quarries at Malden, C. W., about twenty miles distant. It is one of three new Presbyterian churches lately erected in that city. The great increase of population in Detroit within a few years, and consequently to the number of Presbyterians, warranted the society, upon the loss of their house of worship, which was destroyed by fire in January 1854, in dividing and organizing three churches. The subject of our engraving is from the designs of Messrs. O. and A. Jordan, of Detroit, and executed under the superintendence of Mr. A. Jordan. It is built in the early decorated style of Gothic architecture. The principal tower is on the northwest corner, and there is a small tower on the northeast corner, and a centre tower in the front gable. The face work all round is of rubble stone laid in even course, having all the pinnacles, moulded jambs and arches, tracery and the other trimmings throughout executed in cut stone. The main tower is carried up to the height of one hundred feet, flanked on the corners with heavy projecting buttresses, finishing against the belfry story in an octagonal form, and continued up above the parapet in crocketed pinnacles. The spire rises to the height of one hundred and thirty feet above the tower, octagonal in form and enriched in the angles with boldly carved crockets. From the pinnacles on the four corners of the tower, spring flying buttresses to the corners of the spire, pierced with pointed openings and having crocketed parapets. The front of the church is richly decorated with carved tracery; the hoods to the windows are boldly crocketed, and the gable surmounted with an embattled parapet. There are also two niches, one on each side of the large window. The front door porch has a projection of six feet, having buttresses on the corners, and finished with a carved parapet in the gable. The centre tower is carried up with octagonal buttresses on the corners, finishing with crocketed pinnacles. The small tower terminates with a lantern two stories high, each story being pierced with eight openings. There are four main entrance chambers, two in the main tower, one in the front porch, and one in the small tower; opening into a vestibule, sixty feet long and twenty feet wide, through which the audience room is reached. This chamber is ninety feet long and sixty feet wide, lighted on each side by six pointed windows, and a circular window in the rear wall over the pulpit, all filled with elegant tracery and glazed with richly stained glass. It is covered with an open roof, supported by six trusses, spanning across the building; the panels of ceiling between the trusses, as also the trusses themselves, are ornamented with tracery up to the ridge, which is seventy-two feet above the floor. The rear of the room is ornamented with a handsome screen against the wall, having an overhanging canopy above the pulpit, richly carved and decorated. There are no galleries except for the choir, which is over the vestibule, and in which is placed by far the largest and most powerful organ in the city, built by Mr. George Stevens, of Cambridge, Mass., at a cost of upwards of \$4000. The audience chamber is divided by three aisles, and contains one hundred and sixty pews, capable of seating one thousand people. For evening service, it is lighted by twelve massive chandeliers, two supported from pendants in each roof truss, and forming a very pleasing *coup d'œil*. The basement story is twelve feet high in the clear, and contains a lecture room with seats for four hundred persons, Sabbath and infant school rooms, pastor's study, and two furnace and fuel rooms. The edifice, with all its finishings, has been completed at a cost of \$70,000.

BOOKS.

A learned writer says of books:—"They are masters who instruct us without rods or ferules, without words or anger, without bread or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if you seek them, they do not hide; if you blunder, they do not scold; if you are ignorant, they do not laugh at you. Few things are more entertaining than to pore over a book-stall. There are few here as they have them in Europe, in the open street, where a passer by may saunter, look at the various titles, or dip into a volume. This is rather to be lamented for loungers, ay, even for book worms, as great lovers of books are called. The latter person often seeks works that are not to be found elsewhere, and is often treated with novelty amid old musty rubbish that no one could ever suppose contained anything new. And then you are smitten by the cheapness, or what you think is cheapness; for be it known, that whenever you see a book you like, and are determined to buy, it is always cheap. A book does not come to you as an intruder. You seek it; and by reflecting as you read, you hold converse with a new acquaintance; you compare each other's minds without danger of violent collision. If you do not approve of what he says, you turn from him quietly, without hard words passing. If you approve, you dwell upon the expressions and read them over again. Here is at once a double pleasure. La Bruyere says: "When a person of feeling and discernment reads a book, and it excites in him elevated thoughts, he may know the work is good, and he needs no other mode of proving it."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FALL OF THE LEAF.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

The closing hours of Autumn's golden reign,
The fading flowers, and withered, falling leaves,
But mirror forth of our own lives the wane,
For we are gathered as the ripened sheaves.

Departed is the green and odorous bloom—
So lately clothed the valley and hillside;
The pallid grass but addeth to the gloom
Which naked branches herald far and wide.

And so my heart will don its weeds and weep,
As sadly fades the pale, descending year;
However silently its counsel keep,
Yet o'er the lesson can but drop a tear!

[Translated for Ballou's Pictorial from the Hindostanee.]

WHO KILLED HASSAN?

A STORY OF THE EAST.

More than a thousand years ago, there lived in Bagdad a young man of fortune named Hassan. He had no distinct occupation; but his noble birth, his boundless wealth, and, above all, his superior abilities, developed as they were by an excellent education, caused his name to be respected and his influence to be felt among all classes. Young Hassan was by no means ignorant of his varied powers; on the contrary, his greatest fault was an overweening pride, which too often led him on to overstep the boundaries of prudence and even of decorum.

The caliph had a young son for whom he wished to obtain a suitable instructor. It was his only child, and was heir-apparent to the throne. Numerous applications had been made for the honorable position of his teacher; but the caliph was a man of no common discernment, and one whose own learning was well calculated to detect the shallow and superficial claims of most of the competitors for this distinction. At length, to bring the matter to a definite end, he issued an *ishtihar*, or proclamation, by which he invited all the learned men in the world to present themselves at court on a certain day, prepared to give any evidence of their learning that he should see fit to require of them.

On the day appointed, nearly a hundred were assembled at the palace. Though not yet past his twenty-fourth year, Hassan did not hesitate to appear on this occasion in the throng of gray-headed men, who had hastened from Egypt and India, from Greece and Spain. But in Bagdad itself, near the house of Hassan, lived a devout worshipper of Allah, named Tainabi. So celebrated was the learning of this holy man that multitudes flocked daily to hear the words of wisdom that fell from his lips. This moollah was a benevolent old man of threescore years. He was tall and powerfully built, and, notwithstanding his age, was possessed of uncommon bodily strength. Hassan alone held this venerable man in contempt. Being unacquainted with him, and being personally quite ignorant of his learning, Hassan was prompted by jealousy to treat the popular reports of his wisdom with distrust and ridicule.

When the examinations at the royal palace were concluded, the *munadi*, or herald, announced to the competitors that "a thousand golden *ashrafi* would be distributed among their honors, after which they would no longer be detained at court; that the commander of the faithful had appointed as tutor to his royal son the most worshipful moollah, Tainabi." On hearing this announcement, says the Arabian chronicler, the haughty heart of Hassan was stung by the scorpions of rage and envy.

Not long after this event, Tainabi determined, one day, to visit for a few hours the house of his brother Abdulkhan, a wealthy banker of Bagdad, who lived, however, several miles from the city, in an elegant mansion on the banks of the Tigris. Surrounding the abode of Abdulkhan, was a garden, where, in the words of the poet Firdusi, "the rose always bloomed; where the borders were filled with tulips and hyacinths. The air there was ever sweet; the avenues richly adorned. The trees were always green, and nightingales warbled without ceasing among their branches; while antelopes sported on the velvety knolls."

It was evening, and the setting sun strewed the darkening earth with pearls and rubies as Tainabi entered this garden. He was advancing towards the house, when he heard the following words proceeding, apparently, from a jessamine bower near his left hand: "By the vaulted arches which guard thine eyes, O, Saleem! and by thy delicate form; by the shining majesty of thy face, and by the gloomy darkness of thy hair; by thy languid eyes which ravish the sun, and by thy raven ringlets; by the roses and lilies which bloom on thy cheek; by the live carnation of thy smiling lips, and by thy teeth of dazzling pearl; by the scent of thy fragrant tresses, and by the streams of wine and honey that flow from thy speaking lips; by thy neck, like that of a roebuck; by thy stature, like that of a cypress; by thy bosom, swelling and rounded like a pomegranate; by the gentleness of thy manners, the truth of thy words, and the nobility of thy birth; by all the beauties and all the graces with which thou art crowned, I swear that the perfume of musk is less pleasing to me than that of thy tresses; that to me the breath of zephyrs is less fragrant than thine; that the sun in his noon is less brilliant than thy cheek,—the moon less beautiful than thy fair brow!"

It was Hassan talking to Saleem, the daughter of Abdulkhan, and it must be acknowledged that no Arabian sonneteer could have exaggerated the charms of this beautiful maiden. The moollah only smiled, and passed on in silence. He had not been long in the house, when Hassan himself entered to take leave of Abdul-

khan, as he was about to return to Bagdad. On beholding Tainabi, he scowled darkly, and without deigning to bestow another look upon him, he strode fiercely out of the house.

"Bismillah!" thought he; "the old shallow pate has come to meddle here, too. But, by the prophet's silver beard, he shall rue his insolence!"

He walked rapidly along the margin of the stream, until he reached a point where a sudden bend of the river to the east caused it to leave the road, which continued in a southerly direction towards the city. Here Hassan stopped, and leisurely concealed himself in a thick clump of bushes which partly overhung the water. The meaning of this singular proceeding did not become apparent for several hours.

Not long before midnight, the rapid pacing of a Turkish saddle-horse announced the approach of a traveller of rank. Hassan well knew the tramp of that steed. It was a royal favorite in the stables of the caliph. He had known, moreover, that the duties of Tainabi would not allow him to remain with his brother till morning; he, therefore, felt that the object of his hatred was now to be within his power. Accordingly, when the stranger was near enough, our valiant hero, springing forward in the manner of modern foot-pads, commanded the rider to halt. It was too dark to discern features; but even the faint starlight was reflected back by the brilliant polish of the sabre which Hassan had drawn. But in a twinkling the horseman dismounted, and seizing with one hand the neck, and with the other a foot of Hassan, quickly forced back the latter until it reached the shoulder. Before he could collect his bewildered thoughts, Hassan found himself lying on his face, tied fast, while his wrists were confined with handcuffs behind his back. The horse galloped away, and all was once more silent. Hassan sagely concluded that he had encountered either Iblis himself, or one of his most malicious goblins. Believing, moreover, that what *will* happen *must* happen, he calmly resigned himself to his fate.

The next evening, Tainabi sat before his door with a learned scholar who had arrived from Alexandria. They had prolonged their discourse until long after night silenced the noise of the city, when suddenly their conversation was interrupted by a deep groan from one of the inner chambers of the building.

"Did I not say so?" eagerly cried the Egyptian. "Did I not foretell thee that evil was brooding from the malignant frown of Scorpio when I passed the eastern bend of the Tigris, only a thousand paces above the city gate?"

"Allah!" murmured his pious companion; "that was the very spot where I chastised the child of Shaitan."

"So? It was just there my good steed shied from the river, and nearly sent me into the opposite marsh."

The groan was not repeated, and they soon after retired for the night to another part of the building.

When morning came, intelligence was brought to Tainabi that the corpse of Hassan had been found in one of his apartments. He hastened to the spot, well remembering the groan he had heard in the night. Among the crowd collected there, was a constable; and no sooner had the moollah made his appearance than he was accosted by this functionary, and politely requested to follow him. Resistance would have been useless, and, in a few moments, Tainabi, the pious, the learned, the honored teacher of royalty itself, stood before the vizier, on a charge of murdering one of the high omrahs of the empire. Justice, in those days, was innocent of the charge of slowness, and before sunset the poor moollah was sentenced to lose his head.

As Tainabi, in charge of two officers, passed Hassan's mansion on his way to prison, a third constable came out of the house, dragging behind him a slave, who begged piteously for mercy. But his cries were disregarded, and he was hurried before the cadi. Finding he could not escape conviction, he offered to make an important confession; and on condition of a promise of pardon, he said:

"Your servant was a slave of the noble Hassan. Yesterday morning I went to buy fish of old Mihverigah, who lives north of the city, on the Dokhara road. Before I reached her hut, I found my noble master lying by the roadside, tied hand and foot. I quickly cut the cords which bound him, and raised him up; but he tottered about and laughed very loud, and then fell down again. Then I hastened for a mule and a physician. At length we got my noble lord to his own house, where he again laughed long and very loud, and patted my shoulders and called me an angel and sweet Saleem. Presently my master turned round and said, 'Bih-yad, swear to obey me for twenty hours in all that I command, and you shall have ten thousand *dinars*, and shall live in freedom in Ispahan.' 'My lord,' I said, 'when did I ever willingly disobey your will?' 'Silence, slave! Swear,' was his only answer. I trembled greatly, but took the oath, after which he ordered me to get ready a sharp scimitar. In the night he commanded me to go with him to the house of the holy moollah, and to bring the deadly weapon with me. As we approached the house, he said, 'We will enter the chamber in which this wise man teaches the table, that is always open. The moment I give the word, strike me dead! Leave my body and flee. In my treasure-chest you will find the gold I promised. To-morrow, when my corpse is found in the house of this holy man, the people will think him a hypocrite, and the caliph will believe that his son is taught by a murderer,' and then he laughed again. It was in vain that I prayed him to recall his command. He threatened to kill me if I was not silent."

The chronicler tells us that the moollah was instantly acquitted of the charge brought against him; while the slave, in consideration of his candor, was only condemned to be bastinadoed daily during the rest of his life. For in those days, he mournfully remarks, clemency had not perished from the face of the earth.

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CLIFTON, ENGLAND.

CLIFTON AND BATH.

The engravings on this page delineate two of the most noted scenes in England. The first is a view of Clifton from the ferry, about a mile from Bristol. The river that flows through the centre of the picture is the classic Avon. It is a watering place of great resort on account of its celebrated hot baths, and is crowded in summer with company for whose accommodation there are numerous hotels and lodging houses, situated most romantically on the wooded eminences that rise on either side of the Avon, in the manner shown in our engraving. So attractive is the place from its natural beauties that many of the wealthy inhabitants make it their permanent residence. The resident population is about 15,000. A fine race course is established here, where races come off annually. The second of our engravings presents an extensive general view of the famous city of Bath, England, a place of great antiquity, and a noted fashionable resort. In the romantic literature of England it is frequently mentioned, and it is the scene of Sheridan's sparkling comedy, the "Rivals." The river that winds through the centre is the "soft flowing Avon," the

most classical of English streams. The middle distance is occupied by the city, while the background closes with a fine sweep of hills. The foreground is pretty and characteristic, with its rich trees, and its English farm-wagon and sheep. The environs of Bath are noted for their rural beauty. The place was called by the Romans *Aquæ Solis* (waters of the sun), and baths were erected there by the Romans, under the emperor Clandius. The earliest extant charter is that of Richard I., and was confirmed by Henry III. and extended to its present form in the reign of George III. The city stands enclosed by an amphitheatre of hills, as shown in our engraving, on the western declivity of which its finest quarters extend in successive terraces. Its architecture is very fine, the material being freestone. The river Avon adds much to its local beauty, and is crossed by two stone, two iron and three suspension bridges. The city is about 100 miles W. S. W. of London. Among its noted edifices are the Abbey church, in the latest Gothic style, 210 feet in length, with a tower 170 feet in height, St. James's and St. Michael's churches, the Guild Hall, a superb theatre, the club-house assembly and con-

cert rooms. The hospitals and bath-rooms are quite noted. In the western part of the city is the noble Victoria Park, and there are many garden promenades and similar places of resort scattered throughout the limits of the city. There are a number of schools and charitable institutions, enjoying and worthy of a high repute. Its literary institutions are highly celebrated. The great attractions of the city, however, are the saline and chalybeate springs, which supply five baths; the King's, Queen's, Cross, Hot and Abbey Baths. In the pump-room attached to the King's Bath is a marble statue of the celebrated Beau Nash, the arbiter of fashion at Bath for half the last century, and who was popularly known as the "King of Bath." He has furnished the subject for many a sketch and story, and is the hero of a drama. Besides the public baths, there are several of a private character which are chiefly resorted to by the wealthier classes, and possess ample accommodations. The city is well situated for commerce, and has considerable trade. The stationary population is nearly sixty thousand; but the number of visitors is frequently fifteen thousand.



BATH, ENGLAND.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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LOUISIANA.

The emblematical picture on this page, designed for us by Billings, groups gracefully together some of the most characteristic features of the great State of Louisiana. In the very centre of the design are the State arms, the device of which is a pelican feeding her young. Overhead is a tiara of the stars of the Union, and the scales of justice, with an appropriate motto. On the right is seen a gang of negroes, cutting sugar canes. A couple of servants who appear to have had a dispute are referring the matter to their master, who is riding over his plantation. To the left are Indians, engaged in their famous ball-play. Below the State arms is a general view of New Orleans; the crescent moon in the sky indicating the popular title of the place—the Crescent City. The State of Louisiana comprises an area of about 41,225

square miles. It was visited and the mouth of the Mississippi discovered by Lasalle, in 1691. In 1712 M. Crozart obtained a grant of the whole territory from Louis XIV., and called it Louisiana in honor of that monarch. John Law, the famous banker, bought it in 1717, but after the failure of his schemes, it reverted to the crown of France and was transferred to Spain in 1762. It was retroceded to France in 1800, and was purchased by President Jefferson, of Napoleon, in 1803, for the sum of \$11,250,000. Louisiana was admitted into the Union in 1812. The surface of Louisiana nowhere attains a greater elevation than 200 feet. A great variety of minerals are found within the State, and the soil is highly productive. Tropical fruits grow in the southern parts, and the apple and other fruits in the northern. Almost all kinds of grain are raised here; tobacco, rice, sugar, &c. The sugar

crop of 1853 amounted to 321,939 hogsheads. The sylvia of Louisiana is rich in a great variety of forest trees. As much of the State is yet unsettled, bears and wolves are sometimes found here. Birds and beasts abound in the woods, while huge alligators and various species of turtle are found in the swamps and bayous. The manufactures of Louisiana are not important; but her commerce, from her position and advantages, is very great. Education receives due provision and encouragement. In 1850 there were 306 churches in the State. Its population in 1850, 517,762. There are several railroads and canals in the State connected with the navigation of the Mississippi, which give quite a strong impetus to business; and other public works of the kind are in contemplation, some of which are already undergoing the process of construction.

STATE OF LOUISIANA.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE VISEONTI:

—OR,—

BARBARIGO THE STRANGER

A TALE OF MILAN DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVI.—[CONTINUED]

"The thing is in train," answered the count, hopefully, and with considerable assurance. "I have touched the duchess's feelings, and am sure she will urge my suit. I told her Francesco was dead, and I think she bore the news very calmly. And I think I convinced her that I love her daughter most truly."

"So far all is well," said the duke; "but there is yet one obstacle, and one that 'twere well to remove. You know Barbarigo?"

"What—the ubiquitous stranger?"

"Yes."

"I know him by sight, but I think no one knows him fully."

"You are right, count; but he is in our way."

"Ha—how?"

"I cannot tell you. I can only tell you that he has even had the audacity to come to me and forbid me to oppose the marquis; and from what I have overheard since Julia's return, I know that he has seen her, and that he has promised to assist her. I put him in one of my deepest dungeons when he came to me, and he disappeared as if by magic. He is dangerous. He has sworn to help the marquis, and we know not where his power may end."

"But do you not know something of this strange man, my lord?"

"I am sorely puzzled, count, on that very thing. There is in my memory something that calls those features to mind in connection with things long since passed; but I cannot get at the bottom of it. I know the face is familiar, but to save my soul from perdition, I cannot tell when nor where he has crossed my path before. But this I do know; he is in our way, and may thwart us if we do not dispose of him."

"And how shall that be done?" asked the count, gazing fixedly into Visconti's face.

"Can you not judge? You know no open means could be used. How would you dispose of a viper?"

"I would tread on it."

"But if 'twere very poisonous you would strike it?"

"Yes."

"Then why not use Barbarigo the same? You will have more opportunity than I."

"By the host, my lord, I shall not stop at trifles, if there's really danger in my path. I have trusty servants."

"Then watch for the man. He will be in the city ere long, for I know that he is expected here at the palace. Will you watch for him?"

"I will."

"And mind—he must not come hither."

"No—he shall, if saint, go up to his last home. If sinner, his course will be downward. But he shall not come here."

The duke grasped Loredano's hand, and ere they separated, Barbarigo's death-warrant was sealed!

CHAPTER XVII.

SUNSHINE IN A PRISON-HOUSE.

WHEN daylight came, Francesco found himself in a dungeon not so damp as the one he had left at Verona, but far more gloomy in appearance and association. The walls of the cell were of solid rock, and so neatly placed were the stones that 'twas with difficulty the prisoner could find any seam. Even the door was missing. The marquis looked in every direction, but the surface of the wall presented the same appearance on all hands. This puzzled him much. He knew, of course, that he had entered at a door, for he had heard it open and shut, but it was not to be found now. He thumped upon various parts of the wall, but from every place came the same solid, massive sound. The cell was octangular in form, its eight sides being equal, and the ceiling was an arch of the same shape, the eight angles meeting at a point in the centre. The place was about eight feet in diameter, and the only furniture was a simple pallet of oak, upon which was thrown a mass of unconfined straw.

The light came into the dungeon through narrow crevices where the arch of the ceiling joined with the wall, and the apertures were let through the masonry in such a manner that they could hardly be detected were it not for the light which struggled in through them, their course being oblique, and parallel with the rise of the ceiling; so that the rays of light glanced upward along the arch and were then reflected down.

The very form and structure of this place were horrible, for the fact was at once apparent that it was made for no common prison. As soon as the light was sufficient the marquis began to examine the walls to see if he could find any inscriptions thereon, for he had heard of the various things which had been found written upon the walls of such places. But he found nothing of the kind. Yet he at length found something which he at once translated into a calendar—a record of passing time. It was a simple score—a succession of marks scratched upon the wall with some hard point. These marks were made in groups of seven each, the

seventh line being drawn diagonally across the other six. Of course these single lines were days, and the groups represented weeks. Francesco counted them, and he made forty six groups—almost a year—some fellow being had passed within the dungeon.

And should he take hope from this—or should he only shudder at such a prospect? If a prisoner had remained there so long as that, then the inmate of the dungeon was not, of course, condemned to instant or speedy death. And if time were granted, perhaps escape might be possible. The marquis tried to hope, for he had promise of succor from Barbarigo. But then what power had Barbarigo here?

For a long time the prisoner's mind was wandering about in search of something upon which to hang its hopes. He had passed through many trials in his lifetime, and thus far he had come off free from every danger. Thus had he gained a sort of indwelling hope which seldom left him. But gradually the sterner reality was left alone in his mind. He had no companion now. That faithful guardian of his person—his Damascus blade—was gone, and he was in the hands of those whose power was as the venomous serpent that crawls upon its mission of death at midnight.

He was upon the point of turning towards the pallet to sit down, when a small dark object near the wall arrested his attention. He approached it and stooped down, and found it to be a small loaf of black bread and an earthen pot of water. How it came there he knew not, though he judged, of course, that it must have been placed there while he slept; for he had sunk into a sort of drowse upon the straw. Where this lay he examined the wall more thoroughly, but without effect. He could find nothing that looked or sounded like a door. He drank some of the water, which was sweet and pure, but he had no appetite for food. He placed the loaf and jar near the head of his pallet, and then sat down.

The day passed slowly away, and the night came. The prisoner slept, but his dreams were terrible, and ever and anon he would arise to shake off the fearful phantoms which clung to his drowsy imagination. At length the morning came again, and another loaf and another jar of water were found, but not in the same position where the first were placed. Francesco was wondering if they would give him a new jar every night, when he discovered that the first one was gone. Of course some one must have been in his dungeon. He resolved that the following night he would watch, and discover, if he could, how access was gained to him.

Another day passed away, and another night came. The prisoner had slept part of the afternoon, for he was planning to watch through the night. As the last beam and glimmer faded from the arched ceiling, he sat down upon his pallet and bowed his head. There was something terribly lonesome in the place. At Verona the hum of busy life had come to greet his ears and keep him company through the day, but he heard not a sound here. Since he had been confined not a human sound had broken in upon the dull monotony of the place—only at times there came the dim reverberations of a distant bell; but even that had a solemn, deathly echo, more like the knell of the tomb than like the ring of earth.

Hour after hour wore on, and the prisoner still kept his eyes open. At times his heavy lids would droop, and a few turns across the dungeon were necessary. But as the night wore on and all was still, nature called for rest so stoutly that the marquis resolved to lie down and close his lids, but still keep his ears open. He had done that on the battle-field, and he could surely do it here. So he threw himself upon the mouldy straw, and for a while he did listen attentively. But where no sound of any kind broke the deathlike stillness of the place, how was he to tell if his ears were open while his mind slept?

At length the watcher was lost in the sleeper. He gave up, and Somnus conquered. By and-by the sleeper dreamed. He found himself in a spacious room, all hung in black, while black-robed men moved about him. Before him, upon a throne formed of human skulls, sat a gigantic man, who held a book in his hand. This man was clothed in black like his fellows, and like them he wore a sable mask upon his face. "Francesco Della Torre," read the giant from his book, "you have slain the servants of the Lord. What shall be your reward?" Then up from the bowels of the earth came the response, as from the lips of those who slept in their graves: "Death! Death! Death!"

Then the prisoner heard the opening of a door—it creaked and groaned upon its hinges, and as it opened wide a sheet of flame poured into the apartment, enveloping everything within its devouring folds. "Come," pronounced a voice close to his ear—"come to the furnace!" And he felt a hot, burning hand clutched upon his shoulder. The glare of the roaring flame almost blinded him, and with a wild cry he broke from the grasp that held him. His head hit the solid wall with painful force, and he awoke. But there was reality to part of the dream. As he opened his eyes, the strong rays of a lamp poured into them, and he saw a tall, dark form standing over him.

"Francesco," spoke the visitor, "you sleep most soundly. Are you awake now?"

The prisoner looked up, and now, as the lantern was turned from him, he could see more plainly. His visitor wore a dark robe of velvet stuff, and his head was bare; but the features were not yet revealed.

"Are you awake yet?" the stranger repeated.

"I am," answered the marquis, rising to a sitting posture, and shading his eyes with his hand.

"I should think one in your situation would sleep not quite so soundly. Have you slept in that manner through the night?"

"No. I had but just fallen asleep when you must have entered. I watched through much of the night."

"Ah—and for what?"

"For mere curiosity."

"Oho—you wished to see how entrance was gained here, eh?"

"You have guessed it, signor."

As the marquis thus spoke, the lantern was turned so that its beams fell upon the face of him who held it, and the prisoner beheld the features of Barbarigo!

"But you are none the wiser now," said the strange man, with a smile. "This is a queer sort of a place, though I fancy its uniqueness would not lead you to wish to spend much time here, eh?"

"You are right there," said the marquis, who had started to his feet. "But tell me if you are not Barbarigo."

"I am."

"O, and you have come to help me. You have come to save me. Tell me that you have."

"What makes you think so?" quietly asked the visitor.

"Because you told Donna Julia that you would help me if you could."

"So I did—and so I will. And I have come now to give you warning to that effect. I shall help you soon."

"But can you not let me out from here now?"

"No, no. Not yet. There are those above us who are watching you narrowly now; but ere long I am sure I can help you."

"But answer me one question. Am I not within the prison of the Holy Inquisition?"

"Ha! What put that into your head?" uttered Barbarigo, starting.

"But is it not so?"

"Answer me first. What reason have you to think so?"

"Because I know I am in St. Donato, and surely there is no other prison-house there."

"But you were blinded when you came here?"

"Yes."

"Then how know you that you are in St. Donato?"

"I know by the length and sound of the bridge over which we came, and the distance we travelled before we reached the pavements."

"Then you are sure you are in St. Donato?"

"O—I know that."

"Then of course you are right in regard to the rest. But you must not ask too many questions. You are in the dungeons of the Holy Inquisition, but I may have the power to aid you. But mind—should you be visited by any of the officers before I see you again, you will not hint that you have seen any one—lisp not my name if you hope for life."

"You need not fear, signor, for I needed not your caution to that effect."

"Yet the giving of it will not harm you."

"O, no. I rather thank you for it. But tell me why I was brought hither."

"Probably for the same reason that many others have been here before you. You have enemies."

"But has there been no charge made against me? Was—"

"Stop, stop. You are now going beyond my power to answer. You should know enough of this place to know that few questions can be answered save by those who have hands in the affair. But I came not to stop. I only came to give you hope—to let you know that you need not starve yourself nor in any other way hasten your exit from earth, for the future may be one of promise and joy."

"Do you mean that I can ever gain my heart's dearest wish?"

"You will have the world before you."

"Pardon me if I am inquisitive here; but I must ask the question so that you shall understand it. Shall I gain the hand of Julia Viseonti?"

"The thing is not impossible, nor is it improbable. At all events, I may safely pledge you my word that the duke shall not oppose your suit."

"Then of course she is mine. O, I hardly dare open my heart to this hope so fully."

"About that you can do as you please; but I may assure you that I hold a strange power over Barnabas Viseonti. I can speak a very few words that will make another man of him, and of this you shall receive the benefit. Now let me come to the case in hand. On the fifth day from this it is meant that your trial shall take place; but on the night preceding that day I will come to you again—premising that I am alive."

"And well," added Francesco.

"No, I make no such provision. If I am alive and able to move, you shall see me on the fourth night following the one we are now passing. Then I will come and lead you hence."

"Then I shall go to no trial before the court of the Holy Office?"

"No—that would hardly be safe, for it needs a wondrous power to wrest a victim from such a grasp. But rest you now in peace, and watch for my coming. You may be visited by the old Franciscan officials, but they will only call as a matter of course. Fear not until the fifth day shall open. Take heart now and put your trust in God."

"But suppose you do not come on the fourth night?" queried the marquis.

"That is hardly a supposable case; yet we are but human, and hold not an hour of the future. If I fail you, then you must think as you please, but in all human probability you would be right in supposing my influence lost."

"Yet I shall hope."

"You will be happier if you do."

As the strange man thus spoke he turned towards the wall; but ere he had taken two steps the marquis spoke again.

"One thing I forgot," he said, with so much anxiety that Barbarigo stopped. "When I went to Verona, there was with me one of the most noble fellows the earth ever bore. I mean my esquire, Pietro Caravello. Do you know if he lives?"

"He lives and is well; and since you have been confined in prison he has never lost sight of you. He would have rescued you while on your way hither, had I not forbidden it. He is helping me now—still working, however, in your behalf."

"Thank God for that," murmured Francesco; and he would have bowed his head had he not at that moment thought of seeing how his visitor got out.

But he was sadly disappointed, for on the next moment Barbarigo extinguished his light, and the marquis might as well have tried to look through the centre of the earth as to have looked for his visitor or his movements; he heard a dull, grating sound, and in a moment more the sound was repeated. He called the strange man by name, but received no answer. He arose and moved across to where he had heard the sound, but the wall was solid as before.

The prisoner was once more alone in his dark prison house.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ASSASSINS.

THE sun had sunk behind the hills that flank the Olona, and a bit of cool air was just sweeping down from the Alps to give some comfort to those who had been sweltering through a hot day, when a man was toiling along the road that led from St. Donato to Milan. He walked with a heavy staff, and ever and anon he would raise his head to gain more fully the fresh breeze that had just started up. Those who met him bowed low to him, and then turned to gaze upon him after he had passed. It was none other than Barbarigo, and those who knew him gazed upon him with reverence, and those who did not, regarded him with wonder and curiosity, for he was well calculated to excite more than mere curiosity. He kept slowly but steadily on his way, and by the time he reached the gate at which he was wont to enter the city it was fairly dark.

There were quite a number of people standing about the gate, and several of them went out when the stranger entered; but one man hurried off up into the city at a good round pace as soon as he had seen Barbarigo. But the old man did not seem to notice him, and having spoken a few words to the officer in charge, he turned up into the town, bending his steps towards the ducal palace. He had gone over half the way when he was met by an old woman who stopped in front of him and gazed intently into his face.

"This is Barbarigo," she said, after having satisfied herself that she was not mistaken.

"You are right," answered the old man.

"Do you know a friar of St. Francis, called Father Andrea?"

"Ay, I know him well."

"He has sent me for succor; and he bade me, if by chance I should see you, to inform you that he was lying at the point of death, and prayed that you would come and see him."

"Are you sure of this, good woman?" asked the old man, gazing the messenger sharply in the face.

"I am only sure that Father Andrea sent me with that message; and if I can trust my eyes, I should say he was in much pain."

"How far from here is he?"

"Only a short distance."

"In which direction?"

"Towards the ducal palace."

"Then lead the way and I will follow."

At this command the woman turned and started on, and Barbarigo walked on behind her. She left not the main street until she came within one square of the palace, and then she turned to the left into an arched passage which led towards the square in which stood the unfinished cathedral. She had passed half way along this passage when she came to a door which opened to the right, and before which she stopped. A small window just above the place was illuminated, and as the woman knocked, a voice from within asked who had come.

"Tell our good father that Barbarigo has come," returned the applicant.

In a few moments more the door was opened, and Barbarigo followed the woman into the hall, where a hanging lamp was burning, and where stood a man whom the visitor had before seen. As soon as the outer door was closed, the woman led the way through the hall, the man whom they had found there remaining behind. At the end of this hall Barbarigo stopped, for a dark suspicion had crossed his mind.

"Woman," he said, "why does that man remain behind?"

"Father Andrea has sent for a second physician, signor, and he remains there to conduct him in."

This answer was given so promptly and truthfully, that the old man felt his suspicions depart, and again he followed on. From this hall he was led to a small apartment in which hung a heavy hanging lamp, but which had no windows.

"I will go and inform our good father that you have come, and you can remain here until I return," the woman said; and thus speaking, she left the room by the opposite way from where she entered.

Just as she passed out the old man was sure he heard a peculiar sound behind him, not unlike the sliding of a bolt, and with a quick movement he sprang to the door by which he had come in; but he found it fast. Surely there was treachery here. He leaped against the door with all his strength, but it would not yield. He turned towards the other door, but before he could reach it, it was

opened, and two men entered. They were stout, powerful fellows, and both wore masks.

"How now?" cried Barbarigo, as soon as they stopped in front of him. "Why come ye in that guise? Do ye fear to show your faces?"

The men regarded each other for a moment, and then one of them drew his dagger. The other immediately did the same, and without a word they both rushed upon the old man. Quick as thought he seized a heavy chair that stood by his side, and with one blow he felled the foremost of the villains to the floor, but before he could raise his ponderous weapon for another blow, the second man was upon him. Barbarigo dropped the chair and grappled with the villain, and for a while he held the dagger off. But he was old, and his muscles soon gave way before the stern strength of his antagonist. As his right arm fell, the bright dagger gleamed aloft, and on the next moment it descended and struck the old man's bosom. Again it was raised, and another blow was struck, but this time, ere the villain could withdraw his weapon, a loud noise was heard in the hall. Twice he pulled at the now bloody hilt, but he could not withdraw it, for the blade had entered between one of the ribs and the sternum, and was firmly wedged in the hard cartilage. In a moment more a hand was laid upon the latch of the door, and the assassin fled; and just as he reached the door through which he had entered, his companion, who had now recovered himself, leaped upon his feet and followed him. By this time, the man in the hall had found the fastening of the other door and opened it.

"Good Barbarigo," cried the new-comer, "is this you? What!—and hurt? O, I feared this. I saw you with that woman, and as soon as I could do so I followed you, for I know her well."

The new man was habited in the garb of a monk, and presented Herculean proportions. He was tall, and broad about the shoulders, and moreover he possessed a paunch that might have made an Italian Falstaff. His face was smooth shaven, and exposure had made his skin dark as an Indian's.

"My brother," faintly spoke the wounded man, "God be blessed you've come. Here—pluck this dagger from my breast."

"Will it not let out your blood?" asked the other, as he stooped over and looked at the weapon.

"No. It has not reached my vitals. It is only jammed in between some of my bones. Out with it, for it pains me."

The monk seized the haft and gave a steady pull, but he had not calculated on the strength necessary to withdraw it. He applied more strength the next time and it came out. An exclamation of wonder escaped from his lips as he found how firmly it was fixed, and then he said, as he started up, with flashing eyes:

"But where are the villains? Only tell me where they are!"

The old man pointed towards the door through which they had escaped, and the monk leaped after them with a short, heavy sword in his hand, which he had drawn from beneath his gown. He was gone but a few moments, and when he returned he was trembling with rage and excitement.

"It's too late," he uttered. "They've found their way into the street. But perhaps it is as well, for you need attention. Are you much hurt?"

"I fear I am. The villain's first stroke found a tender spot in my bosom."

The monk tore away the clothing and examined the wound, and as he probed it slightly with his finger, an utterance of fear escaped him.

"You are badly hurt," he said, "and you need immediate help. Trust to me."

As he said this he took a silken kerchief from the wounded man's neck, and having made it into a neat, hard pad, he laid it upon the first wound, and then bound it on with a girdle. The other wound bled but little, and amounted to not much beside a flesh cut. Then the monk took one more turn through the house, but he could not find a human being.

"It is strange," he said, when he came back, "that they should have all fled from one man."

"By my soul, Lanfargo, you are more than that—you are more than three men. But come—help me if you can."

Lanfargo stooped and picked up the dagger he had plucked from his friend's bosom, and having secured it about his person, he picked Barbarigo up as he would have done a child, and started out. When he reached the passage he turned towards the cathedral, and having crossed the great square, he entered a street upon which were built an humble class of dwellings, and at one of these he stopped. He gained entrance without trouble, and the old man was soon upon a soft, clean bed. The monk left him for a few moments to send for two surgeons, and when he returned he brought some wine with him. Of this Barbarigo drank, and it revived him. Lanfargo then examined the bandage he had applied, and finding that no blood had escaped, he sat down by the bedside. The old man was in much pain, but his iron nerves enabled him to keep it mostly to himself.

"Now, Lanfargo, tell me how you happened to be on hand so opportune?" asked Barbarigo.

"Why, I knew you were coming to the city this evening, and I went down to the gate to see you. When I reached there they told me you had just gone in. So I turned back, and had almost reached you when I saw that woman speak with you. I knew she was one of Father Andrea's women, and I feared that holy friar had been turned against you by the duke."

"I have thought so," returned the old man. "I always knew he was villain enough, but I did not think he had the courage to do it, for he is one of the very few who know my secret, though he discovered it accidentally. But go on."

"I followed you to the house where I came upon you so opportunely—"

"Ah—if you had come sooner."

"I know it—but it can't be helped now. Just as you passed in I was sure I saw the Count of Monza close by, and while I went to watch him a moment, you were gone. I satisfied myself that it was the count, and then I hurried back, but found the door locked. I then knocked, and some one within asked who was there. 'Monza,' I answered, without stopping to think; and it seems I hit the mark, for the door was at once opened. I asked where you were, but instead of answering me, the fellow ran. I then hunted you up as you know."

"My soul," uttered the old man, painfully, "I did not think they would do this. I had not dreamed of it. But they shall suffer—they shall suffer for this!"

At this juncture the physicians arrived, and the monk explained to them how his friend was injured. They removed the bandage and probed the wound. The probe started the blood afresh, and from this they judged that it was not fatal. They dressed it as well as they were able, and having given directions for the management of the patient, they went away, promising to call again in the morning.

"Barbarigo," said the monk, some time after the surgeons had gone, "do you think Andrea will reveal your secret?"

"No—he dares not. No, no; he will pretend he did not know me. But my deepest secret neither he nor you know. Only my God and myself know the mystery I would unveil to Milan."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE JUDGMENT HALL OF THE INQUISITION.

THE fourth day from the visit of Barbarigo to the dungeon of the Holy Inquisition had passed away, and the fourth night was closing about the earth. Francesco Della Torre watched the day-beams as they faded away from the arch of his cell, and when they were all gone he sat down upon the low pallet and buried his face in his hands. Until the present time he had looked forward to the coming of Barbarigo as a child looks for the coming of a holiday; but now doubts and fears began to gather about him. He pondered over all the ills to which flesh is heir, and then tried to calculate the probable chances of the old man's escaping them.

At length it became fairly dark, and the night had come. An hour passed away—and another. Then the prisoner happened to think that his visitor might not come until midnight, and with this thought worked into an assurance he resolved to lie down and sleep awhile. But for more than two hours he lay there unable to woo the gentle god to his embrace. But he slept at length—not from will, but from absolute exhaustion. Suddenly a quick concussion awoke him, and he started up. At first an unusual light blinded him, but gradually he became able to bear it, and he gazed around, and just at that moment he heard a grating sound beneath him. Instinctively he cast his eyes over the side of his pallet, for he was yet on it, and saw a huge stone just moving into its place. He now looked about him, and found four men standing by his couch. They were dressed in black robes, and wore black masks. Next the marquis saw that he was in a different room; or rather in a different dungeon, for his present apartment was nothing more, save that it had grated windows. Startling as was his position, his mind would turn for a moment upon the strangeness of this change of place, but it was soon clear to him. He cast a quick glance around upon those who stood by him, and he knew that the form of Barbarigo was not there.

"Francesco Della Torre," spoke one of the men, "you are summoned to appear before the holy tribunal of the Inquisition!"

"For what?" uttered the marquis, starting to his feet.

"You shall know when you reach the court. We are not your judges, and therefore shall speak not."

"But wherefore am I here? What have I done? What offence committed?"

"Come with us and you shall be informed. Come."

The prisoner was now taken by the arms by two of the officials, while the other two proceeded to hoodwink and pinion him, and as soon as his eyes and arms were fast, he was led away. He was conducted through a long passage, then up a long flight of stone steps, and then down another flight. After various turnings and windings he was stopped. He heard the tinkling of a bell, and in a few moments more he heard a door open and he was led on.

Soon the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he looked around. Before him was erected a black throne, and upon it sat a man clothed in the same color, and wearing a mask. He was a short, fat man, and showed only his round, thick head as he sat behind the bench. Upon the right of the inquisitor sat a scribe, and upon his left stood two men who wore huge red crosses upon their bosoms, and then besides these, were the four men who had accompanied him hither. The apartment was not very wide, but it was quite long and all hung in black. The marquis saw a rack—and he saw various other implements of torture. There was one cross against the wall upon which he could see dark spots, as if of blood; and there was another cross in the form of an X, the bottom of which was upon trucks, and was held up by an iron pivot passing through the centre where the pieces crossed. This pivot was fast in an upright post, but moved easily up and down in a groove, so that the cross could be spread or contracted enough to allow the pieces to lie together either horizontally or perpendicularly. This was a most exquisite piece of torture, for by securing a man low down upon the cross, he could be fairly split in twain!

The marquis grew weak as he gazed, and the inquisitors did not disturb him so long as they saw he was busy in examining the horrors by which he was surrounded; but when at length he

howed his head and began to meditate upon what he had seen, he was aroused by the voice of the judge.

"Signor marquis," spoke the latter personage, "you are probably aware that you are in the holy court of the Inquisition."

The marquis looked up, and seeing that he was expected to answer, he said:

"I am aware of that fact, and have been expecting this."

He was now subjected to a rigorous questioning, and finally, on a charge of blasphemy—a few words dropped while with some friends on the Corso, and overheard by the Count of Monza—against the holy Catholic church, he was adjudged to death.

"But, most holy signor, you will not condemn me thus!" cried the marquis. "You will not make this the cause of my destruction! You will not—O, you cannot condemn me thus!"

"Francesco Della Torre, thou art already condemned, and may God pardon thee if he finds thy soul pure in repentance."

"What mean you?" the prisoner gasped, starting back with terror.

"Simply that you must die. Out of your own mouth are you condemned, and I have only to pass judgment upon you. You must die! Officers of the Holy Court, let him be led to his death!"

The two men who wore the red crosses upon their bosoms now stepped forward, but they did so with apparent reluctance.

"Out upon thee!" exclaimed the marquis, starting further back, and straining vainly upon the cords that bound his arms. "This has been a foul mockery! You have had no trial, and you have had no gleam of justice. You have but mumbled out a sentence which you would bestow alike upon man and beast—a sentence preconceived and studied up in your own black soul! In God's name I ask, shall your wicked mandate be obeyed?"

The inquisitor started up from his seat trembling with passion, and leaped down upon the floor. With one bound he reached the side of the prisoner, and aimed a blow at his head with his fist. It was truly a furious blow, but the marquis dodged it, and before it could be repeated, two of the officials drew the judge away.

Now that Francesco had a chance to behold the inquisitor's whole form, he was sure he knew him. He knew him to be none other than the Franciscan friar, Andrea! And what could the infamous monk be doing in such a place? But the prisoner's whirling thoughts were cut short by a new movement.

The inquisitor had broken loose from the hold of the officials, and started back to his throne and seized a cross which lay thereon. This cross he held high above his head, and in mad tones he shouted:

"Now obey me who dares! I am clothed with authority here, and will be obeyed, or the most dreadful maledictions shall be called down upon you. In the name of the living God and his holiness of Rome, I command you to lead this prisoner to instant death! And by the powers of the church, we'll see him die here!"

"But, holy father," expostulated one of the officials, "such a thing was never heard of."

"What—have not men died here?"

"At the torture, not by condemnation."

"Then let him be put to the torture. By my soul, we'll know more from his lips. There may be a plot. Secure him to the double cross! Away with him! Away, I say!"

How far that order would have been obeyed it is impossible to tell, for at that moment the door was thrown open, and the gigantic proportions of Lanfargo were visible in the entrance way. He stalked into the apartment and walked straight up to where the prisoner stood.

"How now?" he uttered, gazing about him. "Ha—whom have we here?" and as he spoke, he seized the inquisitor's mask and tore it from his face. "Ah, foul monk, think ye your forged papers will suffice you here? What ho, here, familiars and inquisitors; this is a base impostor! Seize him and bear him hence; I hear the signet of the pope, and the commission of our general."

As the stout monk spoke, he handed a parchment roll to the scribe, and the latter, after having read it, arose and said:

"Brothers, Lanfargo is our master."

"Now off with this dog at once, and put him deep down in our most dismal dungeon. At some other time I'll tell ye of the deep and dreadful crime he has done. Off with him now!"

Thus spoke the new comer, and on the next instant the wicked monk was seized and dragged away. He cursed and swore, and resisted and prayed, but all to no effect. When he was gone Lanfargo turned to the two executioners and the scribe, and said:

"Now I must remove your prisoner, but you shall have another to make his place good. You shall understand it all ere long. 'Tis a strange story, as you shall hear."

The officers bowed humbly to their strange master, and crossed themselves devoutly. Then Lanfargo turned to the marquis.

"Now, signor marquis," he said, "you will accompany me. Fear no danger."

"But who art thou?" asked Francesco, in astonishment. "Surely I know that voice."

"And well you might. I used to preach to you when you was a child. But come; your presence is needed elsewhere."

The stout master turned away from the dark room as he spoke, and without a word more the marquis followed him.

CHAPTER XX.

A MESSENGER IN HASTE.

JULIA VISCONTI sat alone in her own apartment, and she was arrayed in her bridal robes. She was pale and faint, and had

been weeping. But her eyes were dried now, for she had wept till the fountain was dried and parched up. It was now past noon, and ere long she was to be a wife.

The thought came to her with all its dreadful meaning, and she leaped forward and sobbed until her heart seemed breaking. At length she heard steps approaching her door, and she started up. It was her mother who came. The duchess sat down by her daughter's side, and placed her arm about her neck.

"Alas, my child," she uttered, "I fear you are not happy now."

"You know I am not, my mother," faintly articulated the beautiful girl, looking up.

"But I fear you are very miserable."

"Let me be as I may, you cannot help it, mother. O, I can bless you, for I know that you have done all that you could do. And yet, I may not always be miserable. I shall find happiness if I can. I mourn now for Francesco more than I fear this marriage; for, if he lived, not all the powers of earth should force me to this. So you see I use some of my own will in this."

"O, Julia, I do think the count will be kind—he loves you; he has told me so—and—"

"—ah, my mother. Trust not too much to what he may say, for he is a—dark and self-willed man, and can guide his tongue independent of his heart. I know him and am prepared to take him for what he is. I may learn to love him in time; but, O, I can never honor and respect him. Ah, mother, he can never make himself what Francesco was. O, he was honor, truth and virtue; and he was nobleness itself. Earth has but few such in these dark times."

"You speak truly, Julia. And yet the count will average with the rest."

"Ay—as the tiger will average with the wolf. What he owns of superiority is in simple power. But I will not place him too



THE STRANGE INTERRUPTION OF THE MARRIAGE.

low, for he is to be my—my—husband! O, what a word for this hour!"

The duchess gazed into the face of her child, and she wondered how much of real pain she felt in view of the coming marriage which was not connected with the loss of the marquis. She could not blame herself for anything that had happened, though she knew that she had used some influence in gaining Julia's consent to the nuptials. But what else could she do? Now that she believed Francesco dead, what excuse could she frame for holding out longer? She had looked at all the young men in her husband's court, and she knew of none better calculated for her child than Marco of Monza. To be sure it was a dubious choice, but then those were not times when pure-minded men were plenty.

From the time when the count had first announced to her the death of Francesco, she had been gradually inclining to obey the wish of her husband, and with a calm, dignified purpose she had approached her child on the subject. At first the maiden had spurned the count's offer with virtuous indignation; but as she took time for calmer thought she thought that her dear mother must suffer if she maintained her refusal. She saw that even now the duke was cold and harsh towards his good wife, and Julia knew that 'twas all the result of her refusal to marry with the count. Finally she put this question to herself:

"Shall I now maintain the position I have assumed, and thus keep my noble mother under the duke's displeasure; or shall I, for the sake of restoring my mother's peace once more, give my consent to this marriage? My own love is dead, and my heart is buried with him. But Loredano wants no heart—he only asks for my hand, and would possess my face. He shall have it!"

And from that moment the question was looked upon as settled. The count came and blessed the maiden, but he thought she still sorrowed only for Della Torre, and he did not force himself much upon her. The duchess was once more restored to favor, and the duke smiled upon her as of old.

But as the hour drew nigh, Julia's heart became icy and chill.

Some strange fear phantoms hovered before her which she could not drive off, and more than once she fancied she heard Francesco's voice whispering in her ear, and upbraiding her for her infidelity.

But she had not much more time for thought. Lucetta came in to announce that the duke was in waiting with the count and the bishop. And of all who moved around the doomed maiden only Lucetta knew her every feeling. That faithful girl could read it all, and it made her heart bleed to see her mistress as she now was.

"I am ready," said the maiden, rising to her feet. "Let the duke be so informed."

Shortly afterwards the duke entered the apartment. He saluted his daughter with a kiss, and then turned towards the duchess.

"Signora," he said, "will you go forward to the chapel and see the maidens duly assembled there; for 'tis fitting there should be no bungling in this."

Donna Silvia arose and left the apartment without a murmur, though she knew that her husband's chief object in thus sending her ahead was to keep her from her child as much as possible until after the ceremony was performed, for fear that Julia might give way to some burst of feeling if her mother were by to sympathize with her. And perhaps the duke was right.

"Now, Julia, let us on to the chapel for the bridegroom waits."

The maiden answered not a word, but she gave the duke her hand and followed him from the room, Lucetta keeping close behind her.

"You tremble," said Visconti.

"'Tis a strange position for one like me, signor," answered Julia.

"Ay—as it is. But you shall be one of the noblest wives in all the country," said the duke, in a conciliatory tone.

When they reached the chapel they found the count there, dressed in his most gaudy attire, and with him were the bishop of Milan and several nobles.

"Fall in behind, signor," ordered the duke.

They did as directed, and then Visconti turned into the court that led to the chapel. Julia trembled more violently than ever. She thought of Francesco once more—and then she thought of Barbarigo, and wondered why that strange man had forsaken her. The party had gained the centre of the court when they were interrupted by the approach of Sara, Julia's old nurse, who came directly in front of them and stopped. She was flushed and breathless from apparent haste.

"How now, woman?" cried the duke, in a rage. "Stand aside, and let us pass."

"Hold, my lord duke," spoke the old nurse, boldly. "Strike me if you will, but I must deliver my message. You have been imposed upon. Francesco Della Torre lives, and has sent

me to you to tell you so!" she said, looking calmly at him.

The duke was thunderstruck—Julia raised her hands as though she feared she had not heard aright, while Lucetta, with quick joy, clasped her hands and raised her eyes towards heaven.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"Out upon thee, hag!" gasped the duke, as soon as he could find his speech. "Thou liest!"

"No, my lord, for the Marquis of Lodi is alive and well, and is in Milan. He sent me to bid you stay this marriage until he could see you."

"How is this?" uttered the count, hastening forward.

"O—Francesco is alive!" cried Julia, clasping her hands in frantic joy.

"It is false! all, all false!" shouted Loredano, turning pale.

"He's dead!"

"Not so, noble count," returned Sara, "for I saw him not half an hour since."

"And yet what matters it?" exclaimed the duke, pushing the woman aside. "We will attend to him anon. Let this marriage go on first."

"No!" uttered Julia, starting from the duke's grasp. "I have been deceived—most cruelly deceived. No—I will not wed now. Let me go back to my chamber."

"But I say the ceremony shall go on!" thundered Visconti. "We'll see if I have power here!"

"Most noble duke," spoke the maiden, thoroughly aroused by indignation at the deception practised upon her, "were you ten thousand times master here, you could not marry me against my will! This contract is ended; 'twas made on the foundation of Francesco's death. He lives, and 'tis annulled. Lucetta, bid my mother join me in my chamber."

As Julia thus spoke she darted away like a roe, leaving the men petrified with utter amazement.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]



FORT M'HENRY, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

[For description, see page 237.]



UNITED STATES SHIP OF THE LINE, PENNSYLVANIA.

[For description, see page 237.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

BY G. W. HUNGAY.

The golden sunshine of the summer days
Is left upon the shocks of yellow corn,
As the soft light of heaven in hazy rays
Shines in the features of a saint new born.

Rich clusters of the purple grape appear,
Transparent jewels on the fading vine,
Like good fruits of an aged Christian here,
Whose limbs are shrunken, but whose virtues shine.

Behold the ruins of the lovely rose,
Its fragrance and its queenly beauty fled;
Its leaves are buried in the ground like those
Dear friends now numbered with the honored dead.

More glorious than emperor, king or pope,
Or regiments of royal princes crowned
With gold, are stately trees on yonder slope,
Where rainbow-tinted foliage paves the ground.

The gorgeous sun drops down behind the hill,
And leaves a glowing wake of crimson light;
Like a young bride, the moon is blushing still,
For to the day-king kissed the queen of night!

The last red ray of the declining sun
Met the first smile of the ascending morn—
And when the monarch's daily task was done,
He gave the empress of the skies his throne.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE KING OF THE VISIGOTHS.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

THERE stood in one of the narrowest streets of a Spanish city, in the year 675, a building that presented, with its broken lattice and leaning door-posts, but a miserable exterior to the passer-by. But, at intervals, from far within, sweet sounds, some gush of melody, or some trilling laugh, broke the sacred silence of the half-deserted street, and woke all the murmurs of the summer air; yet sounds that very seldom spoke of the hidden luxury and joy within, since, for the most part, an utter stillness reigned around, unless some practised ear, listening, had detected the continual plash of a fountain, or the soft rustling of wind in the orange trees. In the last room of this building, up a flight of stairs, was a large and lofty apartment, daintily furnished in the Moorish style. Oriental carpets, soft as the turf of a meadow, covered the centre of a floor that was elsewhere gaily wrought in mosaics of floral emblems. Light ivory-tables heaped with fruit and pastry, low cushioned chairs, and one or two stringed musical instruments, were arranged here and there at random. Divans of crimson Damascus silk stretched along the three snowy and richly-carved walls, while high across the fourth side, which was left entirely open, were looped curtains of a soft blue tint; and the female who stood beneath the arch, looked down into a large court redolent with the perfume of leaf and blossom, and shut in all around by the other portions of the same building, the airy porticoes of which were sustained by marble columns, with richly-foliated capitals and architraves, upon whose *bas-reliefs* all the gorgeous peopling of Eastern dreams danced perpetually along.

The girl wore a tunic of delicate cream-colored silk, falling over trowsers of pale pink, plaided with silver threads, a girdle of priceless Cashmere bound loosely below her waist, and a broad collar, composed of alternate bands of chased gold and large, filbert-shaped, milky pearls about her throat. But completely at variance with this attire, there lay, amid the folds of a blue gauzy scarf wound turban-like above her dark flowing hair, a large plain cross of solid gold.

The summer cloud above had clothed the fountain below in a second cloak of melting mist, as it dashed down rain, every sheet of which the sunset transmuted into a shower of sparkling drops of flame, and still the shrubbery within the court was dripping, while the cloud blew slowly off, watched by the girl's dark eyes, beyond the housetops and the spires, out to the distant line of the blue tideless sea.

A bough of the orange tree that grew beside the balcony bent suddenly down, shaking off a dash of rain and petal, and springing up again with light rebound, a young man, slight, tall and agile, swung from its support and stood at the lady's side.

"Thy apparition startles me!" she said, returning his lover-like greeting. "Thou dost never come like ordinary mortals; but a sudden rush and rustle, and here thou art. One would say a price lay on thy head, thus coming and going unawares. Wert thou a prince in disguise?"

"Well, and what then, my love?"

"Thy appearance could not be more suspicious."

"A prince should come with court and retinue and undreamed splendor, to woo the Jewel of Spain."

The speaker, as we have said before, was of a tall, noble figure, wearing the garb of a mountaineer; hair of a bright, sunny hue fell in curling masses over his well-shaped shoulders; large, shining, azure eyes beamed from under golden-brown brows and lashes; a high, broad forehead, bold, finely-sculptured nose, and a chin deeply cleft and adorned with a curling beard, completed the features that were of high Visigoth origin, and such as the proudest blood of Spain is at this day glad to trace in lineaments of noblest descent; and the hand with which he held his companion's was far too white and small to harmonize with the costume that he wore.

"And if thy lover were a prince, Constance?" he continued.

"He would never, in that case, wed me."

"Thou wouldst object to kingly splendor, thou who wearest the wealth of an Indian ocean in thine ears?" And he filiped the great pearls, each pearl large as a pigeon's egg, that hung in slender gold settings from her shell-like ears.

"Thou knowest, Regian, that I do not wear these trinkets of my own fancy, but because of my father's command. This night, he said, he will tell me why. Thus, alas! displacing the trinkets here in which I took pleasure, he has decked this place in Moorish trim. But it is like a pagan at Christian hymns. For see upon my scarf!" and she pointed to the cross lying in her turban.

"Hath he turned Saracen?" asked her lover, with flashing eyes.

"Alas, I know not!" she answered, sadly. "I only know that he thus decks me, and I fear lest—"

"Lest he sell thee to a Hareem, and make thee a Moor's slave?" he cried, impetuously. By Heaven! the—

"He is my father," said Constance, drawing herself up proudly.

"Forgive me! Thou art right; yet, wilt thou thus be sold?"

"Do I look like it? Have I no will of mine own? How often have I promised to give thee no peace of thy life when we twain are one! Take rest while thou mayest, nor borrow trouble of no account."

"I will see thee again to-night after thy father hath come and gone. Bear thee bravely; more snares beset thee than we can see. The Saracens lie in the bay beyond, and danger is at hand." And snatching a kiss from her parted lips, he slid down the pilaster, quickly crossed the court, and unlocking a wicket in the great gate that led into the thoroughfare, closed it and was gone.

His practised ear had heard the distant door of the deserted street unlatch, and Constance had barely recovered from her surprise, ere the doors of her own apartment gently opened, and an old man, accompanied by a tall, dark-bearded citizen, wrapped in a large cloak, noiselessly entered.

"Be seated, my lord, my prince," said the old man, nervously.

But the stranger remained standing, and boldly gazing at Constance, till she blushed deeply and painfully. Dropping his cloak, he stood revealed in a coat of black mail, complete in all save the helmet. On his left breast shone a large silver crescent, and yhatagan and daggers hung at his glittering belt. His face, with its deep-set, blazing eyes, was of that peculiar and demonic beauty with which painters are wont to portray Lucifer, and his whole appearance would have announced Moorish belief and blood, even had not the old man said, in a trembling voice:

"My daughter, it is the chief of our foe, the Prince Ali Hassan."

"And what right has the leader of an invading army within thy house, father?"

"It is no house of mine, Constance. Thy father is a beggar! All in this place, and thou and I, are Ali Hassan's!"

"Not I! I am a free Spanish woman, and such will ever be."

"It is not for thee to say. Thou art Ali Hassan's slave or wife, as he may please."

"An Odalisque? Never!"

"I have sworn it, child."

"Is it for this thou hast thus decked this room in gauds of the Saracen? That thou hast thus commanded me to wear the petty trinkets of a Moslem slave?"

The Moor's eyes had darkened and darkened during this altercation. Now slightly waving his hand, he said:

"Dismiss her, old man; consulting no girl's will."

"The will of a Christian girl cannot be disregarded, thou slave!" cried Constance, with flashing eyes. "A Christian's faith is a shield of adamant, and no breath shall swell these nostrils, no blood color these veins, if I leave Spain with thee!"

"I shall not require the Jewel of Spain to leave her native land," returned the Moor. "Here I, viceroy of my great master, shall plant my court, and trample on the necks of a conquered race."

"Then each neck will be that of a corpse, and Constance of Iviqa will be the first!" And she swept through the gathering shadows from the room.

The old man dropped the curtains across the wide arch, lighted a single lamp of fragrant oil, and motioning his guest to the chair by a heavy table of citron-wood, took another opposite.

"Having first drunk success in this sweet wine of Cyprus," he said, "we will at once enter upon our business," and he proffered his guest a sparkling goblet, brimming with the draught forbidden by the prophet.

The guest courteously took it with a hand where shone the royal signet ring, and then, with a gesture of disdain, poured it out upon the costly floor, and remained silent.

The old man drank fearfully, and casting many glances askance at the silent Moor, who yet gave no hint of the subject they were about to negotiate.

"And my seigneur?" at length asked the father of Constance, tremblingly. "Thou hast risked a great deal but shortly since. May I ask, has the viceroy of many nations and the ruler of mighty armies visited the abode of his slave for naught?"

"Let my slave," answered the lordly Saracen, unmoved, "receive those who wait at the porch below, and bring them to my presence."

The old man left him, and quickly returned, followed by four swarthy sailors, who deposited before the Moor a large, iron-bound chest, and departed; while Constance, watching from a convenient hiding-place, already beheld affairs as they were in the saloon, and her eyes sparkled with triumph, feeling that the Moor was in her power, and again saddened when she thought that to reveal his identity would be to betray her father to death. "It is plain that I commit treason," said she, "and yet am not a traitor."

Meanwhile, the Moor, with bunches of small iron keys, each

one of which he used at successive stages of unlocking, finally threw open the chest, and lifted four heavy bags of gold to the table.

"They would buy thee the crown of the Visigoths," he said, drily. "And now plunge thy withered hands within the yellow treasury," he added. "Let the cold coin cover thine arms for a cubit. Revel a moment in the sight only of such countless wealth, and then—lose it, if thou wilt!" And throwing the bags he had subtracted previously within the coffer, he dropped the lid, relocked it, and threw the keys upon the table.

The old man grasped at them with nervously extended fingers.

"Take her! She is thine!" he cried, and would have bent low once more to gloat over the treasures for which he had bartered his own flesh and blood.

"Enough!" said the Moor. "Bid the slaves bear it where thou wilt. Go, send thy daughter hither, and I want thy presence no more."

A few moments elapsed, and the old man, leading Constance forcibly by the hand, entered, and, departing again, left her with Ali Hassan.

The Moor had risen, and with one hand resting on the table, and the other on his side, looked from the height of his lofty stature down upon the indignant girl. Moving forward, he laid one hand upon her shoulder, while transfixing her with the glittering glance of his black Arab eye, he bent to kiss her lips. But he sprung back from him with a bitter exclamation.

"Love," said he, untouched, "is the penalty of beauty. Even thou wilt yield!" and taking her hand in one of his, he courteously, yet with an expression of displeasure, removed the cross from her turban. "We have no need of that whither we go," he added. "Best leave it here," and throwing his own cloak round him, he lifted another, and before Constance could deny, had wrapped it closely around her, and, urging her with wonderful rapidity from the room, bore her lightly down the stairs and stood with her in the deserted street.

"I will go no further!" cried Constance. "I will raise the town! Help, ho! the Moor!"

Ere she could add a syllable, he seized her again in his arms, darted down a narrow alley, passed the sentinels like a flash, and while the streets behind rung with cries of "The Moor! the Moor!" he entered a boat at the foot of some old wet steps, where already sat his four attendants, and at one sweep of the oars, the boat sprung forward, and with a few sturdy strokes, had left castle, safety ship and the broad port's mouth far behind. Now and then Constance fancied she heard the muffled strokes of pursuit, and perhaps Ali Hassan also heard them, for, taking a pair of oars, he himself joined in the work, and cheered his boatmen with low-voiced sentences of the Arabic, till a large black hull hove in sight, and they rested their oars beneath the bows.

Meanwhile, the commotion in the city had subsided, the torches were extinguished, the guard doubled, and a quiet vigilance reigned complete. Yet alarmed at the first cries, the father of Constance had hastened to warn his guest, and, with half a feeling of regret, had found the apartment empty, and felt that his daughter was irrevocably gone. But the payment was a vast one, and stooping low, he succeeded in opening the coffer, and was feasting his eyes on the contents, when a voice at his side, clear in its scornful enunciation, arrested him, thunderstruck with amazement and consternation. It was Regian, the lover of the old man's daughter.

"The price is vast," said Regian; "yet traitors need a great reward, and the crime of blood a greater! Where is thy daughter, man?"

"That is no affair of thine."

"Is it not? Are her whereabouts naught to me?"

"Go thy ways, young man," answered the old traitor, wearily.

"Not till thou answerest me, swearing a great oath on crescent or on cross!" cried Regian, lifting his sword from its sheath.

"She is the Moor's, Ali Hassan's."

"Hast rather thy daughter be the slave of a Turk, than the queen of a free nation?" thundered Regian. "Such was thy alternative. Wamba Regian, king of the Visigoths, was her lover, and beware, old man!"

Falling on his knees, the astounded wretch would have besought pardon, had not a second scene struck him dumb. Sweeping away the curtains of the arch, a small band of the steel-clad soldiers of the guard entered, and lifting the chest of gold, bore it silently away.

"The price of treachery returns to the coffers of the state," said Regian. "Thou who hast sold thy child for gain! Let thy face be seen no more in Spain!" and he strode haughtily away.

It was an hour later, and in the great cabin of the flag-ship of the Moors were Constance and Ali Hassan. He had changed his warlike panoply for the graceful Eastern garb, and stood with his great height made more imposing beneath the low-hung ceiling of ivory fretted with gold. Turning imperiously, he bade the slaves who glided obsequiously in and out, arranging couches and cushions, piling fruits, pouring sherbets and filling the chibouques, whose long-wreathed stems gleamed like silver serpents, to withdraw, and he seated himself at the feet of the apathetic Constance.

"Did ever one of my unmixed blood prostrate himself at the feet of a woman before?" he murmured. "Lady, if thou art a Christian, teach me to woo thee in Christian fashion;" and, as he bent his smiling glance with a fascination whose languid fires pierced her soul, Constance felt insensibly attracted by the manly beauty and the infidel daring of her captor. Calling all her strength to the rescue, she said:

"Will I listen to a man already defeated?"

"Triumphant, rather," responded the Moor.

"Yet to-morrow's night shall find thee captive and despoiled."

"To-morrow," he answered, with half a sneer, "will restore me victorious, a conqueror, to the arms of my bride—Constance of Iviqa, the prize of valor!"

"Thou art right," she said, with anger. "To-morrow I shall truly be the prize of the conqueror."

"Let it be so; and thou wilt receive him with rapture," answered Ali Hassan, his eyes flashing with anticipated triumph, his parted lips wreathed with a smile that transfigured his face into a glowing splendor. "A child of the desert will not have loved in vain," he added; "and the palm shall wave its branches in the sun, and swell its fruit with a golden lustre, rejoicing in the joy of its protector."

"Leave me!" said Constance, rising. "Rejoice when victory licenses thee!"

Upon this the Moor also rose and departed, while Constance heard the slip of the bolt and the clang of chains, as, having parted the drapery that concealed it, he closed the door behind him.

Opposite the door was a low, large, open space to admit the air, and throwing herself on the divan beneath, she leaned out into the night, half wishing that she dared plunge into the dark depth below, and call death to her aid. As she thus remained, she was aware of a variation in the continual rippling around the bows, and a darker shadow seemed to fall within that of the ship itself.

"Constance!" murmured a well known voice.

"Regian!"

"I have come to save thee."

"I shall not go with thee!"

"What sayest thou? Is it thyself, Constance, who speaketh?"

"Ay, my love. Listen!" and bending forward to reach the shadow that durst come no nearer the light of her lattice, she whispered a short and earnest sentence.

"And the wherewithal?" said Regian.

"I have it about me; never fear."

"I dare not trust thee, Constance. Now, while I can save thee, come with me."

"On no account!"

"Thou lovest me not; thou lovest this Turk. If he should conquer?"

"He will not. Thou ledest the host of the Visigoths, while their idle king sits in his castle."

Slightly propelling his skiff, Regian threw himself forward into the light, and suffered Constance to gaze at the inexplicable smile on his face.

"And if the king prove to be the leader?" he laughed, as, standing, he extended his hand high to meet the grasp of her's. "A boat shall be in waiting for thee when and where thou sayest, thou brave one, worthy of crown and king, far better than he!" And dropping into the darkness, he was speedily out of hearing.

The gray dawn was scarcely breaking over the distant hills, when boat after boat, heavily loaded with soldiers of the Saracen, put off from the fleet, and, landing their freights on the shore, returned many times for fresh loadings. Large rafts, constructed for the nonce, were covered with cavalry horses, who, from the cramping closeness of a long confinement, shone gorgeously in splendid trappings, while the future rider of each, standing at his head, held the gemmy bridle. The sun was already high and burning when the last boat lay empty on the shore, and, save the helmsman and the slaves, no soul but Constance remained in the sen-palace, which was her prison. Looking from the deck, on which a limited range, guarded by weary female slaves, was given her, as far as her eye could reach along the coast of the bay, Constance saw only the army of the Saracen, more numerous than the sands of the seashore. The steel head-pieces of the soldiers, the floating turban-scarfs of the officers, the long yellow mantles of the eleven agas, the whole vast body of Arab cavalry, and Ali Hassan mounted on a jet black Egyptian animal, and more gorgeously in his array of black steel and silver cloth than his master, the Caliph Otman, or the great Haroun Alraschid yet unborn, could have been, throne-sitting on a gala day.

Forming into line and squadron, they took up their march to attain an elevated position flanked by woods and meadows, and protected from behind by a well-thicketed hill, which they easily gained. Even while she saw that they sent out but few to reconnoitre, Constance trembled on beholding their situation, for it appeared to her the only one tenable, and she perceived the intention of the invader was to intercept the Visigoths, and having mercilessly hewed them down between the hill and the sea, to raise the march and storm the town. Far to the south, in the direction of the city, she beheld a thousand detached sprays of white plumes, moving gaily forward, and vehemently she execrated the tardiness that must destroy them.

Ali Hassan also saw them, but gladly and exultingly and ordering a reinforcement to the front, he formed a formidable array to meet the cavaliers who so light-heartedly rode on, and trusting to natural protection afforded by the hill, wood and meadow, left his rear and flanks slightly covered by a scanty band of skirmishers. Thus while the Turks drew their arrows to the string, and the cavalry hung with waiting spurs for the charge, a cloud of native horsemen, with a shout that rung again through the heavens, poured over the brow of the hill, and rushed on the unprotected rear, while a shower of arrows shot from the wood, and the meadow became alive with the points of bristling spears, and bowmen planting their stakes. Pits seemed to open beneath the feet of the invading crew. Swords flashed great circles in the air. The banner of the crescent wavered and wandered; the cross floated out in stiff white folds; and, at this moment, the gay white-plumed riders, having reached the scene, fell with happy valor on the van, and wrought "confusion worse confounded" beneath the directing hand of Regian, who was in the foremost rush. With the desperation of a man taken in his own net, Prince Ali Hassan

issued new orders, centred his forces in fresh places, hewed living paths with his ponderous scimiter, cheered and invigorated his troops. But on whatever salient point he doubled his forces, Regian's men were three to one. "For God and our country, Visigoths!" he cried. "For our king!" responded the men, and seemed to gather new vigor for every blow they dealt the invaders. Full five hours was the uncertain contest sustained, and, at last, Constance, with weary eyes, beheld the combat deepening in one spot, sword and yhataghan meeting and clashing, crown and turban openly displayed, and knew the two contending leaders, each showering mighty blows; for death or captivity was in the one balance, crown, kingdom and queen in the other.

"Now is my time!" said Constance, as the two nearest slaves watched the fight, and the others slept along the sides, and, rising gently, she slid below stairs into the cabin, where yet burned the lamps of fragrant oil. Breaking in pieces the slender wooden stems of two antique chibouques, she laid them crosswise above a roll of linen from the couch, at the carved base of the great mast, and by the heavy wood-work at the other extremity of the cabin. Tearing the silken covering from the cushions, she heaped them around the little piles, being careful to leave access for the least draught of air. Above these she set several light wooden stands and wicker chairs, to which she attached the drapery of the walls. Taking down one of the lamps, she carefully applied the flame to the linen, and a little blaze sprang into life which she assiduously fanned; then kindling the other pile, she filled two little wooden caskets, which she took in her hands, with burning and combustible materials, placed the two lamps at the other sides among the tapestry and light carving, set wide open the lattice that the land breeze might blow in, and gaily mounted the steps. Looking down again a second, she saw the flame had already caught the light wicker of chair and table, and was licking the great base of the mast in flickering tongues of flame, while all the drapery around was sending off showers of sparks. Reaching the deck, she found the slaves as she had left them, and gently closed the hatchway. The helmsman slept at the helm, and gliding along, she threw the caskets, already hot to the hand, one into the large unclewed sail, and the other higher up, where it lodged among the spars and rigging. Opposite the stern of the ship was anchored a second one, which, with four others, were all bound by lawers to a fifth, on which (as she overheard in a conversation between Ali Hassan and one of his subordinates) a helmsman and a handful of sailors only were left, the other ships being empty. Pursuing her course, she slid down the stern rope till she touched the fluke of an unsunk anchor; then, with a great effort, caught the cable of the next ship, and swinging herself across, climbed nimbly into the open cabin lattice, and repeated her incendiarism.

On reaching the fifth, upon whose deck sat the helmsman and sailors, she repeated her operations as well as she was able, retreating by the same way in which she entered, and securing a little floating skiff, she paddled boldly across to one of the five remaining ships of the flotilla, having again prepared small smouldering bunches of combustibles. As she reached the bows of the nearest one, pulling the floating end of her turban veilwise across her face, she ordered the sailors on board to assist her in ascending, which they accordingly did.

"I bring a command from Prince Ali Hassan, may he live forever!" she said, when standing on the deck, "that his slaves bear down to the assistance of the flag ship, a hundred yards distant, that they may aid in extinguishing the flames in her rigging."

As she spoke, the sailors, who had been watching the tide of battle, turned to view the flag-ship, which was the furthest out from shore, and beheld, as she had said, spars, and sails and masts one mass of leaping, forked columns of flame; and Constance saw those whom she had left on board fast escaping in a boat headed to the shore. While the sailors gazed, Constance adroitly threw one of her bunches of inflammatory material into the main hatchway, and knowing that, not daring to disobey, they would immediately hasten to catch the fiery infection, she again entered her skiff and paddled to the next, which was, as she knew, fully manned. Holding herself at speaking distance, she exclaimed:

"Ali Hassan, commander of the faithful, may his shadow never be less! commandeth ye, through me, to crowd all sail, without delay, for the port of Cairo, there to await further orders, for which witness this signet ring. Hasten, dogs, or ye will bite the dust!"

Pausing a few moments, she saw them weigh anchor, spread the studding sail, and before the fresh land breeze scud clumsily away. Intending to spare the last ship, she staid a moment in her course ere she sought the next two where to repeat the deeds which, although her conscience plagued her sorely upon, she acknowledged to be necessary for the preservation of faith, honor and liberty, and resting a moment, she looked around. The craft she had ordered to the relief of the flag-ship was already a spray of fire in her tops, as she labored in the thick of the burning ships festooned with wreaths of flame, shaking down eddies of sparks, and whose smoke covered half heaven; while further away, the one ordered to Cairo was nobly clearing her distance. In front of her lay the three untouched ships, towards which she half feared that the party of Saracens running to man a boat along the shore, as they parried and returned fierce blows, down even to the water's edge, would direct their course.

On land the tumult was terrible and confused, and impossible it was to distinguish anything in the bloody melee; but the viceregal turban and the kingly crown she nowhere saw. The next ship was evidently the most inferior of the fleet, and contenting herself with cutting away, by means of a double-edged dagger, the ropes that bound her to one of the two remaining, Constance passed on. Success had emboldened her, and securing her skiff to the painter of the last she intended to destroy, she had again recourse to her gymnastics, and clambering to the open lattice,

looked in, while she balanced herself on a precarious tenure. What was her amazement to behold, stretched on a divan and as leisurely drawing wreaths of blue smoke from his Eastern pipe, as if all the weary day had been but a siesta, Ali Hassan!

Fixing a languid gaze upon the astounded girl, he lifted the stem from his mouth, saying:

"May I flatter myself that the Jewel of Spain has already so far bestowed on me the treasure of her love that she findeth it necessary to seek me out through a fleet of burning ships?" and he laughed low and lightly. But instantly rising ere Constance could regain her self-possession, he caught one of her hands and held it firmly. "Allah will dispose, wretched girl!" he cried. "By the prophet's beard, his fates have brought thee to expiate this outrage!"

"Loose me, Ali Hassan!" she exclaimed. "Unhand me!" and with her other hand she flourished the little dagger before his eyes.

"I have seen too many such gleamings of Christian weapons to be frightened, little one, at this," said he.

"Hast thou returned victorious to the arms of thy bride, Moor? Hast thou conquered?" she asked, sarcastically.

"Nay. I am conquered!"

"Then thou hast no claim on me."

"Thou hast destroyed my safeguard," replied the Moor, bitterly.

"Thou, in my place, wouldst have done the same."

"Then I also should have been punished."

"Punish, if thou canst!" she cried, looking down for a second foothold and her boat, meaning to tear her hand from his grasp.

But the boat was gone, slipped a rod away with the surface current, and she was left with Ali Hassan above and the sea beneath. A cry of "The giaour! the giaour! They are upon us!" arose from the wretched crew on deck, and quick as thought, Ali Hassan, reaching forward, drew her with one effort of his mighty strength within the cabin, wrenched the dagger from her grasp, and rushed with her to the deck. Standing a moment at the taffrail, he fervently pressed her to his heart, and passionately kissed her lips.

"Sinner as thou art," he cried, "I could forgive thee that wrong. But if I cannot hold thee, he never shall!" and he sprung with her into the deep waters of the bay that hissed with fiery fragments. Striking down, down, down, held still in his arms by a grasp of iron, with the roar of waters in her ears, Constance saw death to be her share of the day's victory, and was fast becoming insensible, when, with a sudden and dreadful rebound, she dreamed of some upward motion, while to her bewildered senses a score of arms seemed to surround them, dragging them to shore, and on regaining herself, she lay in the arms of Regian, who stood on the sand, while Ali Hassan, fearless, though quiet and subdued, confronted them with folded arms.

"And so, Ali Hassan," said Regian, with an intonation of scorn,—"and so end all Saracen exploits in Spain. Ali Hassan has lost his prestige and his prize!"

At this moment, rounding the arm of the bay, the royal barge hove in sight. As its keel grazed the sand, at a motion from Regian, certain of his soldiers deposited within it the large, iron-bound chest Ali Hassan had, the night before, given the father of Constance. "Receive again," said he, "that thou wouldst have paid for a Christian's soul. Bid Otman, thy master, if he careth for these brave thousands of his, to fill my coffers with their ransoms. For thyself, thou art free, O Moor!"

Ali Hassan stepped within, and still standing high on the barge's stern, unmoved and with folded arms, he passed from the lover's sight. Drifting slowly out to sea were the relinquished craft, low, burning lines along the hulls, great crackling sheets of flame aloft, and far and wide were the waters covered with burning timbers.

"Thus, my love," said Regian, turning to Constance, "are the Saracens repulsed; and thus I set in my crown the Jewel of Spain!"

"And thou who wert my lover," responded Constance, as she stood trembling and pale on the shore, "who now art thou?"

"One who is yet thy lover. One who, on the morrow, makes thee queen. I am Wamba Regian, king of the Visigoths!"

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CHRISTMAS DAY.

"Merry Christmas!" how many happy, how many fond and tender recollections these brief words summon up! They remind us of many a family gathering, of many a memorial of love and friendship, of feuds forgotten, of ties formed, of old faces now faded from earth, but fadeless in the memory, of fresh young faces that have taken the places of the departed, and beam upon the present in the radiance of hope. Merry Christmas! It is not, thank Heaven! among our neglected anniversaries. On the contrary, its celebration is all but universal throughout Christendom. Now in Teutonic circles are Santa Claus and Kriss Kringle looked for by the juveniles; now is the old cry of "Noel!" revived among the French; now do the Italians throng their splendid temples to worship after their fashion, as we do after ours; now, in spite of war and want, is England "merrie" England still. A Merry Christmas! the joyous salutation of friend to friend, husband to wife, parent to child, brother to brother, sister to sister, and dearer yet, lover to lover, runs the circle of the globe. It is heard instead of the challenge of the sentinel on the ramparts of Sebastopol; the joyous greeting, in a more uncouth tongue, is echoed in the Russian camp. Mr. Barry, our artist, has seized upon the occasion, to illustrate Christmas by two original designs, which we lay before our readers on this and the next page. The first is the poor man's Christmas. Traces of want are apparent in the furniture and the dress of the family group; still, a part of its scanty savings, or the bounty of more fortunate fellow beings, has enabled them to keep up the show of festivity. The old grandmother

cise date, while devotional feelings are awakened on the day set apart by common consent. Our English ancestors, from whom we derive so many of our holiday observances, were particularly noted for the extraordinary festivities with which they distinguished Christmas. When the devotions of the eve preceeding it were over, and night had come on, it was customary to light candles of large size, and to lay upon the fire a huge log called a *Yule log* or *Christmas block*, a custom not yet extinct in some parts of England. A brand from this log was carefully preserved to kindle the Christmas log of the next year with. Chandlers, at this season, used to present Christmas candles to their customers. We are not aware that our modern gas companies make any deduction in their charges for the consumption of the day. At court, among public bodies, and in distinguished families, an officer, under various titles, was appointed to preside over the festivities and act as a Master of the Revels. Leland, in speaking of the court of Henry VII. of England, mentions an Abbot of Misrule, who was created for the purpose, and who made much sport. This comic functionary, in Scotland, was called the Abbot of Unreason; but, in that country, the custom was abolished by act of parliament, A. D., 1555. Stowe speaks of the same officer as the Lord of Misrule and Master of Merry Disports. The mayor and sheriffs of London had each their Lord of Misrule. Their sovereignty began on All-Hallow Eve, and ending the morning after Candlemas Day. This space of time was occupied by "fine and subtil disguisings, masks and mummeries, with playing at cards for counters, nayles and points, more for pastime than game." The following are

the Forest, blowing on horns three blasts of ventry. Afterwards, there was an entry which singularly marks the rudeness of the times: "A huntsman cometh into the hall with a fox in a purse-net and a cat, both bound at the end of a staff, and with them nine or ten couple of hounds, with the blowing of hunting horns. And the fox and the cat are by the hounds set upon and killed before the fire." The Common Sergeant then delivered a "plausible speech" on the necessity of the Christmas officers, in which he was followed by the King's Sergeant-at-Law, till the Lord Chancellor desired a respite of further advice. Supper ended, the constable ordered dancing. The style and title of all his nobles is little fitted to the refinement of modern ears; but we may subjoin a few as specimens of what passed for wit with men so eminent as Coke and Crewe. "Sir Francis Flatterer, of Fowleshurst, in the county of Buckingham, Sir Randle Rachabite of Rascal Hall, and Sir Morgan Mumchance of Much Monkery in the county of Mad Mopery." The dishes most in vogue were formerly for breakfast and supper on Christmas eve, boar's head, stuck with rosemary, with an apple or an orange in the mouth plum porridge and minced pies. Eating the latter was a test of orthodoxy, as the Puritans conceived it to be an abomination; they were originally made long (says Selden, in his *Table-Talk*), in imitation of the crutch or manger in which our Saviour was laid. The houses and churches were dressed, as now-a-days, with evergreens, and the former especially with mistletoe, a custom probably as old as the Druidical worship. Fosbrooke, in his "Encyclopedia of Antiquities," speaking of various local customs, mentions that th



is warm in her chimney nook; the plum pudding and roast beef are not wanting to the table; the child has its little toy; the evergreen is bright upon the wall, and better yet, perhaps, hope sheds its light upon the hearts of the assembled family. The accessory sketches in the border of the picture are well worthy of study. They speak of the vicissitudes and the attributes of the season. The companion piece to this picture is of a different character. Lights are blazing in gilded chandeliers, and a brilliant group is seated at a board groaning with all the luxuries that money can command. Costly wines and costly viands tempt the appetite. The pampered spaniel on the footstool is the aristocrat of his race, and a very different being from the half-fed dog that guards the poor man's hearth. The winds of heaven are not permitted too roughly to visit the darling children of this prosperous family. Yet, for all these, there may be as much true happiness in the poor man's cottage as in the rich man's parlor; for human happiness is not to be measured by externals. A day appears to have been observed from the earliest times in honor of the nativity of our Saviour. St. Chrysostom, in his homily on the "Day of the Nativity," points out the formal establishment of the feast on the 25th of December, and its separation from the Epiphany, which hitherto had been celebrated conjointly with it, from the simultaneous appearance of the star in the East and the birth of Christ. The learned are much divided as to the real day of the nativity, and it has given rise to much discussion. Sir Isaac Newton ingeniously accounted for the selection of the 25th of December, the winter solstice, by showing that the festival of the Nativity, and most others, were originally fixed at cardinal points of the year, and having been so arranged by mathematicians at pleasure, were afterwards adopted by the Christians as they found them in the calendar. But it can be of little consequence what is the pre-

some of the pastimes: gaming, music, jugglers and jackpaddings, scrambling for nuts and apples, dancing, the hobby horse, hunting owls and squirrels, the fool plough, hot cockles, a stick moving on a pivot with an apple at one end and a candle at the other, so that he who missed his hite burned his nose, blind man's buff, forfeits, interludes and knock plays. The Puritans regarded these sports with holy horror, calling all who took pleasure in these pastimes "fantastical fools." In New England, our Puritan fathers forbade the suspension of work on Christmas Day. The London Inns of Court were much distinguished for their lavish expenditures on these celebrations, and their Lord of Misrule was sometimes termed the Christmas Prince, or King of Christmas. There was a famous Christmas celebration at the Inner Temple, in 1562, during the reign of Elizabeth, at which Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester, presided. In Dugdale's *Origines Judiciales*, we find an outline of the performances on these occasions. On Christmas Eve, there was a banquet in the hall, at which three Masters of the Revels were present. The ancientest of these, after dinner and supper, was to sing a carol, and to commend other gentlemen to sing with him. On each of the twelve nights (for that was the duration of the holidays), before and after supper, were revels and dancing; and the breakfasts on the following mornings were sufficiently substantial. They consisted of brawn, mustard, malmsey. The courses were all served with music, but the day of the nativity itself was undistinguished by any solemnity above the others.

On St. Stephen's Day, after the first course, the constable marshal came into the hall, armed *cap-a-pie*, and after three courtesies knelt down before the Lord Chancellor, and in an oration of a quarter of an hour's length tendered his service. Then entered for the same purpose the Master of the Game and the Ranger of

servants at Hamburg had a carp for supper on Christmas eve and Waldron, in his "description of the Isle of Man," among many other curious particulars, relates that at this season parties sat up all night, went to church at twelve, and after service hunted and killed a wren, which they carried on a bier to church, and there buried with dirges, and whimsical solemnity. The "Christmas Box" was money gathered in a box to provide masses at this festive season, and servants who were else unable to defray them, were allowed the privilege of collecting from the bounty of others. The "Christmas Carol" (sung from nativity to the twelfth day) may be traced to the primitive church. Tertullian states that at their feast it was customary for the Christians to place in the middle such as were able to sing, and call upon them to praise God in a hymn, either out of the Scriptures, or of their own invention. Durand also informs us that it was usual for the bishops on Christmas Day to make sport and even to sing with their clergy; and this custom was an imitation of the *Gloria in Excelsis* of the Angels, as we learn from Jeremy Taylor, "These blessed choristers had sung their Christmas Carol and taught the church a hymn to put into her offices forever, on the anniversary of this festivity." We are confident that our readers will thank us for here appending the remarks which our gifted Irving makes upon Christmas. They are the record of true feeling, and expressed with exquisite and inimitable grace. "Of all the old festivals," he says, "that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. There is a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that blends with our conviviality, and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and elevated enjoyment. The services of the church about this season are extremely tender and inspiring. They dwell on the beautiful story of the origin of our faith, and the pastoral scenes that accompanied its announcement. They gradually increase in

fervor and pathos during the season of advent, until they break forth in full jubilee on the morning that brought peace and good will to men. I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings, than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral, and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony. It is a beautiful arrangement, also, derived from days of yore, that this festival, which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the season for gathering of family connections, and drawing closer again those bands of kindred hearts, which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose; of calling back the children of a family, who have launched forth in life and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth, that rallying place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again among the endearing mementoes of childhood. There is something in the very season of the year that gives a charm to the festivities of Christmas. At other times we derive a great portion of our pleasure from the mere beauties of nature. Our feelings sally forth and dissipate themselves over the sunny landscape, and we 'live abroad and everywhere.' The song of the bird, the murmur of the stream, the breathing fragrance of spring, the voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn; earth with its mantle of refreshing green, and heaven with its deep delicious blue, and its cloudy magnificence, all fill us with mute but exquisite delight, and we revel in the luxury of mere sensation. But in the depth of winter, when nature lies despoiled of every charm

ship, with which this festival was celebrated. It seemed to throw open every door, and unlock every heart. It brought the peasant and the peer together, and blended all ranks in one warm generous flow of joy and kindness. The old halls of castles and manor houses resounded with the harp and the Christmas carol, and the ample boards groaned under the weight of hospitality. Even the poorest cottage welcomed the festive season with green decorations of bay and holly; the cheerful fire glanced its rays through the lattice, inviting the passengers to raise the latch, and join the gossip knot huddled round the hearth, beguiling the long evening with legendary jokes and oft-told Christmas tales.

"One of the least pleasing effects of modern refinement is the havoc it has made among the hearty old holiday customs. It has completely taken off the sharp touchings and spirited reliefs of those embellishments of life, and has worn down society into a more smooth and polished, but certainly a less characteristic surface. Many of the games and ceremonials of Christmas have entirely disappeared, and, like the sherris sack of Jack Falstaff, are become matters of speculation and dispute among commentators. They flourished in times full of spirit and lustiness, when men enjoyed life roughly, but heartily and vigorously; times wild and picturesque, which have furnished poetry with its richest materials, and the drama with its most attractive variety of characters and manners. The world has become more woefully. There is more of dissipation and less of enjoyment. Pleasure has expanded into a broader, but a shallower stream; and has forsaken many of those deep and quiet channels where it flowed sweetly

was thought by the common people to announce the approach of this sacred festival.

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawn singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad.
The nights are wholesome—then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

"Amidst the general call to happiness, the bustle of the spirits, and stir of the affections, which prevail at this period, what bosom can remain insensible? It is, indeed, the season of regenerated feeling—the season for kindling, not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart. The scene of early love again rises green to the memory beyond the sterile waste of years; and the idea of home, fraught with the fragrance of home-dwelling joys, re-animates the drooping spirit—as the Arabian breeze will sometimes waft the freshness of distant fields to the weary pilgrim of the desert."

Mr. Irving wrote this some years ago, and we know not whether the holiday celebration of Christmas in England is less zealous of late years. In this country, however, it is celebrated each year with increasing zest and spirit. In New York, particularly, where time and money are bestowed on popular anniversaries more unstintedly than any where else, perhaps, except New Orleans, Christmas day is as jovial and hearty in its various features as it ever has been within the century in England. Public balls and



and wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn to our gratifications to moral sources. The dreariness and desolation of the landscape, the short gloomy days and darksome nights, while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings also from rambling abroad, and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasure of the social circle. Our thoughts are more concentrated, our friendly sympathies more aroused. We feel more sensibly the charm of each other's society, and are brought more closely together by dependence in each other for enjoyment. Heart calleth unto heart; and we draw our pleasures from the deep wells of loving kindness, which lie in the quiet recesses of our bosoms; and which, when resorted to, furnish forth the pure elements of domestic felicity. The pitchy gloom without makes the heart dilate on entering the room filled with the glow and warmth of the evening fire. The ruddy blaze diffuses an artificial summer and sunshine through the room, and lights up each countenance in a kindlier welcome. Where does the honest face of hospitality expand into a broader and more cordial smile—where is the shy glance of love more sweetly eloquent than by the winter fireside? and as the hollow blast of wintry wind rushes through the hall, claps the distant door, whistles about the casement, and rumbles down the chimney, what can be more grateful than that feeling of sober and sheltered security, with which we look round upon the comfortable chamber and the scene of domestic hilarity? The English, from the great prevalence of rural habit through every class of society, have always been fond of these festivals and holidays which agreeably interrupt the stillness of country life; and they were, in former days, particularly observant of the religious and social rites of Christmas. It is inspiring to read even the dry details which some antiquaries have given of the quaint humors, the burlesque pageantry, the complete abandonment to mirth and good fellow-

through the calm bosom of domestic life. Society has acquired a more elegant and enlightened tone; but it has lost many of its strong local peculiarities, its home-bred feelings, its honest fireside delights. The traditional customs of golden-hearted antiquity, its feudal hospitalities, and lordly wassailings, have passed away with the baronial castles and stately manor-houses in which they were celebrated. They comported with the shadowy hall, the great oaken gallery, and the tapestried parlor, but are unfitted to the light showy saloons and gay drawing-rooms of the modern villa.

"Shorn, however, as it is, of its ancient and festive honors, Christmas is still a period of delightful excitement in England. It is gratifying to see that home feeling completely aroused which holds so powerful a place in every English bosom. The preparations making on every side for the social board that is again to unite friends and kindred; the presents of good cheer passing and re-passing, those tokens of regard and quickeners of kind feelings; the evergreens distributed at out houses and churches, emblems of peace and gladness; all these have the most pleasing effect in producing fond associations, and kindling benevolent sympathies. Even the sound of the Waits, rude as may be their minstrelsy, breaks upon the mid watches of a winter night with the effect of perfect harmony. As I have been awakened by them in that still and solemn hour, 'when deep sleep falleth upon man,' I have listened with a hushed delight, and, connecting them with the sacred and joyous occasion, have almost fancied them into another celestial choir, announcing peace and good will to mankind. How delightfully the imagination, when wrought up by these moral influences, turns everything to melody and beauty! The very crowing of the cock, heard sometimes in the profound repose of the country, 'telling the night-watches to his feathery dames,'

parties, open houses, fun and frolic, are the order of the day. The city wears a carnival aspect that would attract the observation of the most careless visitor, and this is kept up with unflagging spirit throughout the holidays. In our good old Puritan city there are fewer external demonstrations, but within doors Christmas is merrily kept up. In private families we have the evergreen decorations, the exchange of presents and the jolly cheer that we borrow from the English mode of celebration, and, superadded to these, many games and sports of German origin, which have of late years been naturalized with us. We have hundreds of splendid Christmas trees, without which Christmas in Germany would be no Christmas at all. Christmas comes most opportunely in the year. With its genial influences, its home endearments, its elevating spirit, it prepares us to enter on the new year, the season of good resolutions, with fresh heart and hope. It is a pleasant anniversary to date from. That this Christmas may be a happy as well as merry one to all our readers, is our cordial wish. May no clouds darken their pathway; no deep sorrows wound their hearts. We have communed together in the silent intercourse of mind for the year, seeking on our part to avoid every jarring topic, every subject on which men have 'agreed to disagree.' The thought that our journal was passing into many thousands of families; that it was welcomed as a friend is welcomed by the fireside circle, has cheered us in our labors, and strengthened us in our career, and now, in the full tide of our prosperity, and grateful for the appreciation we have met with, we heartily wish a 'Merry Christmas' to one and all of our friends.—We have no reason for rejoicing, as we draw near the close of the old year, while Europe has been ringing for the past twelve-month with the clangor of arms, we can gather around our firesides in security, and enjoy the plenty which Providence has furnished for our entertainment.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HARSH WORDS.

BY P. P. HIGGINS.

Speak not harshly—could we scan
The secret, inmost soul of man,
Then his bleeding breast would show
Furrows deep of pain and woe—
How those wounds are warped and wrung,
By an angry, bitter tongue.

Speak not harshly—learn to feel
Another's woes, another's weal;
Of malice, hate and guile instead,
By friendship's holy bonds be led;
For sorrow is man's heritage
From early youth to hoary age.

Speak not harshly,—O how drear
Cold unkindness meets the ear;
When the soul with gloom oppressed,
Longs for love to cheer the breast;
Refluent ebbs the gushing flow,
That warmed our hearts with genial glow.

[Translated from the Spanish for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ISABELLA LA ESPANOLA.

BY WALTER CLINTON.

AMONG the spoils carried from Cadiz by the English, under the Earl of Essex, was a girl of seven years old, who was secreted by the captain of one of the ships of the squadron. Great inquiries were made concerning the child, and Lord Essex himself caused a search to be instituted, but without effect; and her captor carried her safely to London, and presented her to his wife. Now it happened that the household of the Lord Clotald practised secretly the rites of the Romish religion, although publicly they appeared attached to that of the queen. The Lady Clotald was so delighted with the excessive beauty of the little captive that she educated her as her own daughter. Isabella soon learned to regard the lady as a mother, and gradually the recollection of her true parents faded from her mind, leaving but an indistinct sentiment of melancholy impressed upon her feelings. Naturally quick and gifted, she progressed rapidly in the varied accomplishments which she was taught, and as Lord Clotald received privately many Spanish visitors, who conversed with her in her native tongue, she did not forget that, whilst becoming perfectly conversant with the language of her new country.

Lord Clotald had one only son, five years older than Isabella, and who saw the beauty of the child changing into the more fascinating loveliness of the woman—with daily increasing sentiments of admiration, which, ere long, ripened into love.

But he delayed imparting these feelings, because he knew his father had already selected a Scottish lady of great wealth for the bride of his heir, and feared some barrier being raised between himself and Isabella, which would effectually deprive him of the now unguarded pleasure of her companionship.

His health declined under the constant fear of some event interfering with his love, and his parents bewildered themselves vainly in seeking for a cause for his melancholy and failing strength. At length he could no longer resist the temptation of confessing his love to Isabella, and entreating her to promise to be his wife; or, at least, if not his—no other's.

The girl heard him in blushing silence, and, after a pause of timid hesitation, replied that if her protectress consented to it, she would willingly enter into the engagement.

Richard knew well enough the indulgence of his mother, and succeeded in prevailing upon her to intercede with Lord Clotald in his behalf; protesting that his life depended on the good success of his love.

The heir was now twenty—the girl but fourteen years; and the parents consented to the engagement, hoping to find means to escape without dishonor from the matrimonial alliance proposed between Richard and the northern heiress. Time passed on, and it wanted but four days to the period Lord Clotald had fixed for the performance of the betrothal ceremony, when a messenger from the queen appeared, with a command that his lordship should take at once the young Spanish lady to the court, her majesty having a desire to see her.

It was customary for the queen to be consulted before any matrimonial alliances were formed between the nobles of the court; and Lord Clotald was much disturbed by this message, fearing the information of his son's engagement had reached the ear of royalty through some unfriendly channel, and aroused her displeasure. He had himself delayed imparting it, counting on the services he and his ancestors had rendered to the royal house.

"Ah," said the Lady Catherine, "her majesty has heard that she is a Catholic, and will censure us for permitting her to follow the religion of her family, and Isabella will be confused by the questioning, and admit that we are secret Catholics."

They were all greatly disturbed, and imagined a variety of causes and results; but, since the summons must be obeyed, Lady Catherine determined to send her elected daughter in such style as should become the position she would so soon occupy as the wife of her son. Isabella dressed in the costume of a Spanish lady, which became well her resplendent beauty, with diamonds which vied vainly with the splendor of her eyes; rubies which blushed with envy at the hue of her lips; and pearls gleaming pallid and dim on the white neck and brow, and rounded arms; attracted and rivetted every gaze as she advanced timidly alone,

in obedience to command, the last few steps to the foot of the royal seat, and knelt before the great queen, murmuring in pure English her gratitude for the honor the queen had conferred on her by this summons.

Her majesty regarded her long in silence, taking good note of her beauty, and at length said: "speak some in Spanish, damsel, for I love it well." And turning to Lord Clotald, motioned him to approach nearer—when she said, "my lord, we are vexed that you have so long concealed this treasure from us; you will be compelled now to restore it, for it is of right ours."

"Your majesty, I confess the fault, if it is a fault to have guarded this flower until it attained to so perfect beauty, when I hoped to be permitted to offer it to your majesty as the wife of my son—laying at once my two greatest possessions at your royal feet."

"In herself she comprises all that can be desired, and we like the name Isabella La Espanola well; you have promised her, without consulting us, to your son, Lord Clotald."

"That is true, your majesty; but I had confidence that the many services my fathers have rendered to the crown would induce your majesty to do me even greater favor than giving your gracious permission to this marriage: however, she is not yet married to my son."

"Nor will he," returned the queen, "until he has himself done deeds which merit so rich a guerdon. His own acts, not those of his ancestors, must purchase her. She is ours, and we already value her as a daughter."

Isabella again knelt, and exclaimed in Spanish: "your majesty has given me the name of daughter! what more is there, then, to fear or to hope?"

The queen was so charmed with her grace that she commanded her to remain near her: and the lover was almost in despair at thus losing his treasure, when on the eve of being more securely confirmed in its possession. In this disturbance of mind he flung himself on his knees before the royal lady and exclaimed earnestly: "there are needed no other motives than those which animated my ancestors, when they devoted themselves to the service of their country: but since your majesty sees fit to impose this obligation upon me, I beseech you to tell me in what way it may be most speedily and effectually fulfilled?"

"Two ships are about to sail, under the orders of the Baron de Lausac; we name you captain of one of them, because we believe the quality of the blood running through your veins will make ample amends for want of experience and of years. Thus you will have an opportunity to serve your queen, display your own valor, and merit the fulfilment of your desires. Ourselves will be Isabella's guardian, although it appears to us that her own modesty will make other guardianship superfluous. God speed you, sir; you go full of love, and we promise ourselves great deeds at your hands."

The sovereign would be happy who could count in his service ten thousand lovers, expecting to find in victory the success of their loves; their arms could not fail to conquer!

"Rise, Richard! and think if you wish to say anything to Isabella; for in the morning you depart."

He kissed her hands, and then arose and approached his affianced, but his feelings overpowered him and he sank on his knees before her, unable to utter a word, whilst he vainly attempted to conceal his tears. The queen looked kindly on, and said: "do not be ashamed to weep, Richard; we know it is one thing to meet an enemy in battle, and another to part from one much loved. Isabella, embrace him and give him your good wishes; he is deserving of them."

Isabella was so confounded by the humility of her lover that she did not hear the royal command, and stood motionless and silent, whilst the tears fell swiftly down her cheeks. She wept so silently, one could fancy some marble statue had been moved to tears. No word passed between the lovers so suddenly parted, and Lord Clotald took his son away with him, after saluting her majesty with all respect. Isabella remained behind, like an orphan lately deprived of her natural protectors, and cast on the care of some unknown guardian. The queen entrusted her to the care of one of her ladies, to be instructed in any unknown usages of the court.

The vessels sailed for six days with favorable winds, intending to capture any richly freighted ships from the East India, that fortune might put within their grasp; but suddenly a wind arose which compelled them to run for Spain. At the entrance of the Straits of Gibraltar they discovered three ships,—one of them large, and the others small ones.

Richard was desirous to have Lord Lausac's opinion on the propriety of chasing them; but as his ship drew nearer that of the commander, he saw a black standard hoisted, which announced the death of the general or some other high officer of the ship. He soon learned that his lordship had died in the night, in a fit of apoplexy, and that he himself was unexpectedly called to take the command of the expedition. Sorrow for the death of Lord Lausac was greatly lessened by the thought how much sooner he might now evince such skill and courage as should induce his royal mistress to consent at once to his receiving the reward promised,—the hand of Isabella.

They found the smaller vessels Turkish galleys, which had taken the rich merchant ship, and who were, in their turn, compelled now to give way to a superior force.

Richard released the Christians taken prisoners, had them fed and clothed, and giving each of them a small sum of money to meet their first wants on reaching land, put them on board one of the Turkish vessels, and told them to direct their course to Spain,—which they were already so near that the high mountains of

Abila and Calpe could be seen from the decks. The Turks made them promise to send back to their own country, the opportunity, in return for the liberty he had himself given them. But one of the Spaniards requested permission for himself and wife to sail with him to England, saying they had no desire to go back to Spain, since there they had lost all,—wealth, position, and their only child.

Richard questioned them, and from their answers concluded that his affianced Isabella was, not improbably, the "angel child" whom they yet mourned for, who had been taken by the English years ago. However, he decided not to say anything of his suspicions, leaving the future to prove the truth or fallacy of those impressions.

The prize taken was a very valuable one, having a rich cargo of precious stones; and he knew with what joy his return with such a prize would be regarded. Still, in consequence of the death of Lord Lausac, he did not wish to show many outward evidences of success; and accordingly the signals of mourning and of victory were carefully intermingled.

We will pass over the various incidents which arose on the return of the adventurers, and accompany the eager lover to the palace, where his appearance (fully armed, and in the pride of past and hope of future conquest) caused many to liken him to Mars; for he was tall, well proportioned, and of great nobility of bearing. However, others with not less aptness, compared him rather to Adonis; for the roses of youth were on his cheek, and the smooth chin scarcely yet confessed itself guilty of human adornment.

Her majesty received him graciously, and listened with kindness to his account of the varied events of the voyage, and the rich prize which fortune had awarded to their arms. He claimed for himself any share in the prize, regarding the prize promised to his success as too great to be associated with any inferior guerdon.

"Rise, Richard," said the queen. "We think Isabella of more value than all the jewels of India, and we give her to you as we have promised, for you are worthy of each other. If you have guarded the jewels of the prize-ship for us, we also have guarded this brightest jewel for you; and, although it may seem that we do you little favor in returning what was already yours, we know we do much in doing it, for we know her value. She is yours to look on her now, and take her whenever you choose. Now go and recruit yourself, and come again to-morrow, for it is our will to ask more particularly concerning your adventures."

Richard kissed the royal hands, and expressed his thanks for her majesty's great kindness and condescension, and the queen left the hall. She had no sooner departed with her immediate attendants, than the rest of the ladies crowded round the young soldier, and one of them said, laughing:

"Why do you come armed among us, sir soldier? We are all here your friends, unless it be the Senora Isabella, who, as a Spaniard, is compelled to regard your exploits unfavorably!"

"If I remember rightly, madame, that lady did not look upon me very unkindly; and I do not believe such great beauty can be associated with such speedy forgetfulness, and such very great caprice."

The conversation was carried on in the same light spirit. One of them, a very young girl, had been curiously regarding Richard's equipment, and at last exclaimed:

"Well, I think war must be a very beautiful thing, since warriors appear so well among women."

"Ah," said the first lady, looking at the young conqueror, "does not it seem as if the sun had descended from heaven and condescended to walk in this garb through our streets?"

Remarks were not wanting about his presumption in presenting himself fully armed at the palace; but in the midst of all the wonder and admiration he excited, his father came and led him away, with a large train of relatives and friends.

Richard had taken the Spaniards to his own home, believing them the parents of his lady-love, and explained the reasons for these suspicions to his father, who acquiesced in the policy of being silent for the present, to Isabella, on the subject.

The next day he carried his guests with him to the palace, dressed in the English fashion, and there, after he had answered all the questions which her majesty chose to put to him, he obtained permission to present them, as the Spaniards of whom he had spoken the day before, to her majesty. Isabella, hearing this, lifted her eyes from the rush strewn floor, and looked anxiously at these persons who came from her native city, and might have known the parents she could never entirely forget. She met the fixed gaze of the lady; and to her it seemed that it was a look she recollected to have seen in past days.

Confused and agitated,—not daring to hope and unwilling to despair, she heard the queen question them on their loss; and at last, after she had acted for a time, by royal command, as the interpreter, the lady (who had watched her intently) started forward and lifted the rich tresses from the right ear. She saw there a small black mole, and exclaiming, "my child—my daughter!" sunk in a deep swoon upon the floor.

The recovery was quickened by the tears and words of the daughter, welcoming to her heart a mother and father so long separated from and considered lost.

The queen was agreeably surprised at this unexpected termination of the interview, and congratulated the lover on the discretion and thoughtfulness he had exercised in the affair.

Time passed on; perhaps not with the swiftness desired by the lover—for lovers often deem the days which fly so swiftly to others, pass them with slow and heavy wings,—and the day so earnestly expected dawned at last, full of hope and fair promises of happiness.

It happened that the lady to whose care the queen had particularly recommended Isabella, had one son, called Lord Ernest. He was but two and twenty, but he counted much on his high birth, and the great favor the royal lady lavished upon his mother, and was, accordingly, exceedingly arrogant and presumptuous. This Lord Ernest had fallen in love with the young beauty, and during Richard's absence persecuted her with his professions; but she continually discountenanced them. This coolness only added fire to the flame already burning so hotly in his breast, and when he found that the queen had given her consent to the immediate marriage, he became desperate, and entreated his mother to plead for him with her majesty, since he loved Isabella so much he could not bear to live without her. His mother saw the folly of the request, but, fearful of some rashness, promised all he asked, hoping only to procure, perhaps, such a delay of the nuptials as would offer her some opportunity of finding a plan to withdraw her son's thoughts from so unfortunate a subject. She obtained an audience, at once, to plead for this, and knelt to implore it; but, although the queen heard her with wondering pity, she would not consent to cause any further delay.

Then the lady arose, desperate with all a mother's fears for her son, and went to the chamber where the young Spaniard was already being robed for the bridal. She dismissed the attendants for a short time, and, under pretence of soothing the natural nervousness of the girl, prepared for her a draught, which she unsuspectingly drank. The effects were speedily visible in her altered looks, and her maidens rushed to inform the queen that the young favorite was dying.

Physicians were summoned, and finally youth triumphed over death; but life was spared at the expense of her beauty, which had vanished. The lover, again disappointed on the very eve of his assured happiness, was mad with grief, and the queen regretted her former intervention.

At length the Lord and Lady Clotald, seeing the lost beauty of the portionless bride their son had chosen, thought again of the Scottish heiress they had hoped to recognize as their daughter. But whilst thinking thus they avoided intimating to Richard their altered plans, hoping that by placing the fresh beauty of the yet unseen Scot side by side with the faded charms of the young Spaniard, his eyes might prove traitor to his heart, and their project be achieved without any outward interference. Accordingly in less than three months Richard was astonished by the unexpected arrival of a young girl so beautiful that he confessed he had seen none but Isabella in any degree resembling her in loveliness. But he dreaded that this arrival would risk again the scarcely rallied life of his betrothed, and accordingly sought her at once, and proposed that they should be immediately married, privately, according to the Catholic rites, and then that she should go with her parents to Spain, and await there his coming; when he hoped to find her with renewed strength and spirits.

With many tears and expostulations the poor girl consented to his urgent reasons, and their vows were exchanged. He engaged to be with her in Cadiz within two years. To his parents he declared his determination never to marry another without a dispensation from Rome that would relieve his conscience of his engagements to Isabella.

These reasons satisfied the friends of the fair Scot, and it was arranged that the lady should reside under the guardianship of her future father-in-law till the return of the lover, which he said would be in a year. Clotald himself obtained permission of the queen to send the three Spaniards back to Spain, since the warm air of the south would alone enable Isabella to rally from the shock she had sustained.

Isabella had waited patiently almost eighteen months out of the two years appointed, living in great retirement and constantly engaged in works of charity, or the pursuit of her studies, when a letter arrived from her English mother, informing her of the death of Richard. "He had been assassinated in Italy by Ernest, and his page had returned to England with the tale."

With difficulty, when Isabella's senses had recovered from this shock, did her parents persuade her to delay her intention of entering a convent, as a novice, until the two years should have fully expired. The months passed without any further news, and indeed after his death had been so confirmed, how could she hope? Great preparations were made for a public and magnificent ceremony, for the nuns were anxious the display should be very pompous. The day had arrived, and a vast concourse of people had assembled in the city to witness the profession. The fair Isabella, herself, had never looked more lovely than when for the last time costumed in the fashion of the world, she was about to forswear it forever. She wore the magnificent dress prepared for her first presentation at court, and the jewels well became her matured, yet but freshly recovered beauty. It was at this instant that a man habited in the cloak and cross of captives redeemed from the Turks pressed through the throng, as Isabella was entering the church. With one look, one exclamation, she turned from priests and nuns to fall into the arms of her betrothed husband, restored, as from the grave.

It seemed that the page, alarmed by the assault and his master's fall, had escaped; and believing Richard to be dead, Lord Ernest, satisfied with his work, rode away with his ruffians. An examination showed that none of the wounds were mortal. And with the proper care he recovered. After many vicissitudes he arrived just in season to delay the ceremony of her becoming a nun.

"I am well repaid for all, my beautiful one!" said he, "in thus at last obtaining the hope of my life!"

The nuptials of Richard and Isabella were celebrated with the rites of their church; and they lived in the full possession of all earthly happiness for many years.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TWO CHRISTMAS DAYS.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

THE FIRST.

THE early night of a December day had set in, deepened by clouds that hung like a pall over the imperial city of New York. Yet it failed to throw a gloom over the place or to darken the hearts of its inhabitants; for, was it not merry Christmas? The street lamps seemed to blaze with something more than wonted effulgence; the confectioners' windows glittered with lights; merry laughs rang out from promenading groups; music sounded in the halls where the gay dance was going forward; it seemed as if the golden age had returned, and sin and sorrow had fled from every hearth and heart.

No house in the entire length of Broadway was more radiant with light on that evening than the splendid residence of Mark Harwick, one of the young merchant princes of the empire city. Through the large plate-glass windows of the drawing-room, the ruddy light of a generous fire, combining with the whiter lustre of the chandeliers, streamed forth on the outer darkness. The chambers, too, were lighted up, and through the arched railings the same tokens of warmth and lustre showed that servant as well as master basked in the radiance of the genial season.

Harwick and his wife were in the brightly lighted drawing-room, the interior of which showed a singular mixture of sylvan beauty and aristocratic magnificence, for amidst the statues, paintings, gilded arabesque and polished pilasters, hung wreaths of evergreen, boughs of spruce and fir, and gay garlands woven of holly and amaranth. They were not alone, for two bright-eyed little boys and two fairy girls were playing on the carpet with the toys they had received as presents in the morning—presents they firmly believed to have been brought by Santa Claus, *via* the bedroom flue, after an airy whirl of a thousand leagues in a miniature sleigh drawn by "eight tiny reindeer." Mark Harwick glanced from the beautiful face and figure of his wife, on whose fair brow blazed a bandeau of diamonds that did not dim the lustre or add to the fascination of her beauty, to the group of sportive children, and his bosom heaved with emotion. At this moment a servant entered and handed him a letter. He glanced over its contents, and then thrust it hastily into his breast-pocket.

"You seem unusually thoughtful to night, Mark!" said his wife, "almost sad."

"Sad on Christmas night!" answered Harwick, gaily. "That were high treason to Santa Claus. But you shall have no reason to complain of me. Our guests shall not say to-night the master of the revel was the dullest fool in the crowd. I mean to be gay, and enormously ridiculous. Christmas comes but once a year. Because we are virtuous, shall there be 'no more cakes and ale?' No—by Saint Anne!"

"Now you are as wild as you were sad a moment since," said the wife, smiling. "I pray Heaven you are not *fey*, as the Scotch say."

"You are the fay here, and a right lovely one," said Harwick, pressing his lips to his wife's forehead. "I declare I believe I have wounded my lip with one of those diamonds."

"Shall I remove them?"

"No, they become your regal beauty; they seem a part and parcel of yourself. What would you do without diamonds?"

"Very well, I dare say," replied Mrs. Harwick. "But tell me what was in that letter."

"Pardon me, dearest, that is my secret."

"A secret! I shall begin to be jealous. Has one of your old flames been writing you a love letter?"

"I never loved but once."

"And that was a long time ago," said Mrs. Harwick.

Harwick pressed her to his heart.

"Hark!" said Mrs. Harwick, disengaging herself. "There is the first carriage; our guests are beginning to arrive."

Counsellor Grip and his lady were announced—the first of the Christmas party. They were soon followed by others, leaders of the ton, and distinguished of the literary world; judges and officers of the army and navy; celebrated beauties and celebrated fortunes; lions, too, and foreigners of distinction. Count Gruffenoughsky, a Russian who had made several attempts to ascend the north pole; a very polished French gentleman who was reported to have shot at Louis Philippe; a celebrated politician who had been a leader of several parties, and was now organizing a new one in the hope of reaching the presidency; a rich Jew banker from Berlin who was called a baron, and wore a red ribbon in his button-hole, with other notabilities, too numerous to mention.

The evening was very gay. Once a year, even in society, people can afford to abandon conventionalities, and talk and act naturally. There were music, dancing, cards, games, encounters of wit, a splendid supper, universal hilarity, Homeric laughter. And the life of the evening was the host himself. He had a word and a jest for everybody. He convulsed the children with his comic faces and his admirable imitations of animals, steam engines, wood-sawing and saw-setting. He drew imaginary corks out of imaginary bottles, and poured out fanciful porter, so as to deceive the ears of the most experienced. He listened excellently to the old, and danced indefatigably with the young. Every one pronounced him charming. There was not a lagging minute in the *soiree*, thanks to his exertions. And when the last guest consulted his repeater in the hall, he was surprised to find the hour two o'clock in the morning, instead of twelve at night.

Harwick, after seeing that the servants had retired, returned to

the drawing-room. The fire burned low in the grate. Only one or two lights flickered faintly in their sockets. There was a chill reaction after the excitement of the evening. Mrs. Harwick raised her eyes to her husband's face, and was startled by the ghastly expression of his countenance.

"Good Heaven! Mark," she exclaimed, starting from her chair; "you are ill; you have over exerted yourself."

"It is nothing—nothing, dearest," he said faintly, sitting down. "But tell me, did I play my part well? Have we had a merry Christmas?"

"Yes, a merry and I trust a happy one. But you say you were playing a part. Does it cost you an effort to be happy?"

"Julia," said Harwick, "I have never concealed anything from you, and yet I know not how to tell you what has happened."

"You alarm me," replied the wife. "Something dreadful I know must have occurred. But remember that suspense is more agonizing than any certainty. Speak."

"I will," said Harwick, pressing her hand. After a brief internal struggle, he said: "That letter—I told you it was a secret; it will cease to be one to-morrow. It was a lawyer's letter, Julia. This day is the last of our seeming splendor. Reverses in my business have occurred—I—I am a bankrupt."

"But you have wronged no one, Mark."

"Not a soul. To my creditors I abandon all. My house, our costly furniture, our paintings, statuary,—not an article of value shall be withheld. But I am a ruined man."

"Is that all?" asked Mrs. Harwick, with a brave smile. "Is that really all? and did you fear to tell me, Mark? Fie! you should have known me. She unclasped the bandeau of diamonds from her head and the bracelets from her arms, and laid them on the table.

"Do you like me less without those gewgaws?"

"I ever loved you for yourself—noble, glorious creature!" exclaimed Harwick. "Your courage gives me new life and hope. Something, indeed, may be saved from the general wreck; enough to begin life again."

"Spoken like my own brave, noble husband!" said the wife. "I tell you, Mark, I am not cast down, while you keep heart of hope. I have shared your prosperity—I will be, God willing, a help to you in your adversity. While we are true to ourselves and to each other, what need we care for fortune's frowns?"

THE SECOND.

Heap on more wood! the wind is chill,
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry, still.—SCOTT.

"How it snows!" cried a fine boy of twelve years, to his mother, a noble woman, in the prime of life. "I wish father had let us go with him; I'm sure I'm big enough."

"And me too," said another young American, some two years his junior. "It's really too bad; he treats us as if we were mere boys."

"I am ashamed of you, Lewis," said a little lady, the twin sister of the second spokesman, removing her eyes from the doll which her sister was dressing for her. "To censure the absent is unmanly."

"She learned that out of her copy book," said Lewis, "didn't she, mother?"

"You are all getting too wise for me," answered the matron; "but I really wish your father were back. The storm is gathering on the prairie."

"Hilloa!" shouted a lusty voice without.

"There's father!" cried the boys and girls, within. And they rushed to the door of the comfortable log house, pushing their way through a perfect bower of evergreens, shouting, "Merry Christmas," at the top of their lungs.

Just outside the house stood a stalwart man, in the prime of life, the snow resting thickly on his fur cap, and long brown locks, and rough coat, holding a rifle in one hand, while the other held the bridle of a stout, serviceable nag. He answered the greetings of his little flock cheerily and gaily.

"What have you got under the buffalo on pony's back?" asked one of the little girls.

"Your Christmas dinner, you monkeys," said the huntsman. "A fine buck and half a score of grouse," he added, to the boys.

His wife welcomed him to the cheerful fireside.

"Do you remember a Christmas day, eight years ago?" he asked her.

"Certainly, Mark," answered Mrs. Harwick.

"Well, do you regret the Broadway house, and the French hangings and the diamonds?"

"And your pale, care-worn look, Mark? Certainly not. What have we to desire? We have broad lands stocked with fruit and cattle; books and music within doors; health, independence, and a prospect of happiness before us; our children growing up strong, pure-hearted, and industrious; what have we to regret? whom have we to envy?"

"Nothing—no one," answered Harwick, putting his arm round his wife's waist. "And I am happy; I can say it truly. And I shall never forget, dearest, that it is to your courage and good sense, I owed the spirit with which I began life anew—sacrificed old associations and pleasures, and assumed new labors. When you gave up your diamonds with such cheerful resignation, all doubt and discouragement vanished from my mind. And now let us have dinner as soon as you please, for I am as hungry as a prairie wolf. This air of Illinois gives one a ferocious appetite; and I have earned a relish for the Christmas fare my rifle has provided."

If that Christmas day was more joyously kept anywhere else, than in Mark Harwick's log house, we should be very glad to know it.

HON. MARSHALL P. WILDER.

We recently published a general view of the Fair of the United States Agricultural Society, in this city, and we now present our readers with a likeness of its president and originator, the Hon. Marshall Pinckney Wilder, of Dorchester, Mass., engraved expressly for the Pictorial. The life of this gentleman has been so useful and so honorable that even a brief sketch of it cannot fail to prove interesting and instructive. Mr. Wilder occupies an eminent position in the ranks of the representative men of his country and age. He was born in the town of Rindge, Cheshire County, New Hampshire, September 22, 1798. His father, Samuel Locke Wilder, was a merchant and farmer of Rindge, but born in Lancaster, Mass., and belonged to a highly respectable family, many members of which acquired distinction in their native State. Young Wilder enjoyed the advantages of a good domestic school and academical education, and had pursued the studies preliminary to a collegiate course, when his father offered him the choice of a career. He was invited to choose between entering a university, engaging in mercantile business with his father, or devoting himself to agriculture. He made election of the latter after due deliberation, prompted by a natural bias which his judgment approved. Yet he cheerfully abandoned his favorite pursuit when duty required his devotion to his father's business. We should be glad to sketch his mercantile career, to trace him through his apprenticeship, to note the circumstances of his removal to Boston, with the various phases of his successful business course, in which he has achieved fortune and honor, but we must content ourselves with remarking that he is at present a partner of the house of Parker, Wilder & Co., of this city, one of the largest and most respectable commission houses in the department of manufactures, owning or conducting the business of many of the New England cotton and woolen mills. Mr. Wilder has charge of the financial department of this establishment, in which his business experience and ability, and his faculty of systematizing his duties and concentrating his mental energies, enable him to accomplish his tasks with speed and accuracy, and yet have time to spare for the culture of his mind, and for his favorite pursuits—horticulture and arboriculture. Mr. Wilder has a fine estate in Dorchester, comprising about fifteen acres, which are abundantly stocked with flowers and fruit trees, many of the latter being pear trees, raised and imported by him, embracing every known variety, and all under a high state of cultivation. But if agriculture and fruit-raising have been the favorite pursuits of Mr. Wilder, he has not made them a source of selfish gratification; on the contrary, he has used them as a means of benefiting, enriching and improving his fellow men. If, as Cicero says, nothing is pleasanter, nothing better, nothing worthier of a free man than agriculture—an undisputed proposition,—then of those who like Wilder, Quincy, Fessenden, Lowell, Emerson, and their co laborers, who have inspired a love of agriculture, disseminated



HON. MARSHALL P. WILDER.

a knowledge of its improvements, have introduced scientific arboriculture, and have given new fruits and trees and flowers to our rugged north, have introduced improved breeds of animals into the country, and improved machinery, thereby lightening the labors, diversifying the pursuits and increasing the happiness and wealth of the yeomanry, and, consequently, the prosperity of the

whole confederacy, of such men we may truly say, in the language of the Roman formula, that "they have deserved well of the republic." As a successful laborer in the vast field we have indicated, the subject of our sketch occupies a very prominent position. And we may remark that this love and this zeal for rural pursuits have not made him a worse merchant, a worse bank director, a worse legislator, a worse president of the Senate, a worse military man; on the contrary, they have enhanced his usefulness in these other capacities, by refreshing and strengthening his mind and body and preserving all his faculties in their full vigor and balance. As agriculture is the stay and foundation of all the other occupations of civilized society, we could wish that its interests were oftener intimately associated with those of other professions in such representative men as Marshall P. Wilder. This gentleman was an early member of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, of which he was president for eight years. He was also elected, and still holds the office, of President of the American Pomological Society—a national institution, the originator and President of the Norfolk Agricultural Society, one of the gentlemen whose labors led to the formation of the Legislative Board of Agriculture, of which he is a leading and influential member, and, finally, the projector of the United States Agricultural Society, of which he is the honored president. The brilliant fair, lately held in this city, being the third annual exhibition of the U. S. Society, owes its complete success mainly to the indefatigable exertions and admirable management of Mr. Wilder. The mere rapid enumeration of his labors has left us no space to speak of him as an eloquent, correct and impressive orator and writer, and a presiding officer of rare ability.

"MACBETH" AT THE BOSTON THEATRE.

The accompanying spirited sketch, drawn for us by Mr. Champney, shows the startling scene in "Macbeth," in which, after the murder of Duncan, the alarm is given, and all the attendants of the murdered king, together with the retainers of the assassin, crowd the balconies and battlements, expressing their horror and astonishment. The principal figure in the group on the stage, easily distinguished from the others, is Forrest, the American tragedian, as "Macbeth." The tragedy was admirably got up and played at the Boston Theatre, and this scene in particular, one of the most startling in the play, was remarkably effective. The classic drama, as performed at the Boston Theatre, is presented in a style which would do no discredit to the management of Charles Kean or Macready. The splendid scenery, costumes and processions are accessories to the living creations of the poet, but are not put forth as principal attractions. If Mr. Barry were a "medium," and could place himself in communication with the spirit of Shakespeare, we are quite sure he would receive his approval of his labors in illustrating the works of the great master.



MACBETH, AT THE BOSTON THEATRE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

AMERICAN MANUFACTURES.

It must be conceded that many, indeed most branches of our American manufactures have, by the ability of our countrymen, been placed on a level, at least, with those of Europe, in spite of the superior advantages enjoyed by the latter. Take, for instance, the piano forte manufacture. How rude, comparatively, were the instruments turned out by our mechanics half a century ago, while to-day the best of those made in this city compare favorably with the pianos of Paris and of London. We were struck with the perfection to which this branch has been carried on a casual visit we made, the other day, to the large establishment of Messrs. A. W. Ladd & Co., 296 Washington Street. The show-room is filled with beautiful square pianos, of admirable construction and tone, and varying in cost and finish. One splendid instrument, in a richly carved case, is valued at eighteen hundred dollars. The perfection of its works justifies the costly ornamentation of the case. It has the diagonal scale, which Messrs. Ladd & Co. now give to all their pianos, and which vastly increases their power and volume of sound. By means of a double bridge, both the tenor and base strings run the entire length of the instrument. Messrs. Ladd & Co. employ about a hundred hands in their establishment on Washington Street, where all the finishing and interior work is done, and in that on Harrison Avenue, where the carving of the cases is executed. They have also an establishment in Meredith, New Hampshire, where the wood is first prepared. They turn out from ten to twelve pianos a week. The process of making a piano is a nice and difficult one, and employs a large number of workmen. Were one man, competent to the task, to undertake to make a piano himself, it would require six months' hard labor to accomplish it. The establishment referred to has been in operation since 1848, and its success is based on the principle adopted of never sending out any but good instruments. One of Ladd & Co.'s square pianos, at the Paris Exposition, received the unqualified commendation of the jury of musical men, as being the best piano of its class, and attracted very great attention from all the musical amateurs at the palace.

NEW YEAR AND CHRISTMAS.—Let our readers who visit town to procure their annual gifts for the family circle, and their friends, fail not to look in at the store of Mr. GEO. S. TOLMAN, 133 Washington Street. It is equal to visiting a museum to examine his unique and beautiful stock of fancy goods, besides which the prices he charges we know to be most reasonable.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.—This popular magazine commences a new volume on January 1st. Terms: one dollar a year, with its hundred pages of reading matter in each number, the cheapest magazine in the world. Any person sending us eight subscribers and eight dollars, shall receive a gratis copy for one year.

SPLINTERS.

.... A German thinks the Americans consume more tobacco and blow up more steamboats than any other five nations.
.... A vast cave has been discovered in New Salem, in this State. There is a fountain in it of saline taste.
.... The cannibals of the South Sea Islands have been eating up their spiritual teachers and their wives.
.... Madame Didier has made a very successful debut in Semiramide in New York, where prima donnas are prevalent.
.... Mr. Barclay, British consul at New York, says he has not been engaged in recruiting. Happy to hear it.
.... Isaac C. Pray, the author, has been playing Hamlet *en amateur* at New York. Will he take to the stage?
.... Another death in Baltimore occurred lately from camphene. Its use requires great care.
.... 182 ships of the Northwest whaling fleet average 500 barrels of oil each. This is made light of.
.... The lieutenant governor elect of Massachusetts, Henry W. Benchley, lately gave his heart and hand to a lady.
.... During one of our recent gales, the unfinished steeple of the Baptist church in Brighton was blown down.
.... The Mormon ladies of Utah have adopted a sort of pea-jacket and pantaloons as a walking dress.
.... The New York "Life Illustrated" says "sickness is a disgrace." Soothing to invalids that—very!
.... England cannot afford even to threaten war with us. So says the New York Tribune, and we endorse the idea.
.... The hatters' festival at Cochrane Hall in this city, on the anniversary of St. Clement, was a brilliant affair.
.... The Catholic orphans' fair held in this city last month, was quite successful.
.... There are said to be a million and a half of spiritualists and sixty thousand mediums in the United States.
.... The most powerful "medium," according to the learned Dr. Digg, is the circulating medium—we think so.
.... Thackeray, it is said, will make about \$10,000 by his lecture engagements in this country—by George I (the first, etc.)
.... Gen. Quitman, elected to Congress from Mississippi, is not at all averse to annexing Cuba.
.... The Rachel speculation thus far has proved successful, and the "great" expresses herself perfectly satisfied.
.... The depth of Niagara River under the suspension bridge is 700 feet—making the deepest running stream known.

THE MONEY-KINGS.

"The house of Austria desires war, but the house of Rothschild requires peace!" Such was the significant remark of Anselm Rothschild of Frankfurt, in 1830, when asked his opinion of the revolution in Paris which drove Charles X. from the throne, and which threatened to convulse the European continent. The observation reveals a glimpse of the tremendous power wielded by the great Jew banking house, which holds in its Briarean hands the "sinews of war," and is consequently the arbiter of the destinies of Europe. Behind the throne of every European State, and greater than that throne, behind the army of every European State, and stronger than that army, is a power, grand, terrible and resistless. A few scraps of paper, partly printed, partly written, a few chests of metal and caskets of precious stones, are the armory and the talismans of this more than royal and imperial—this gigantic power. This power is called Money; and the possessors of that power are the Jews of the house of Rothschild.

A few hundred years ago such a speech as that of Anselm Rothschild of Frankfurt would have made him a beggar or a corpse. The potentates of the "good old times," when they wanted money, and this was often the case, had a very summary method of obtaining it. They did not resort to the expedient of the Cid, who, the chronicler tells us, being "short," palmed off a couple of trunks filled with paving stones—he called them "precious stones"—on a couple of Jew brokers as full and adequate security for the re-payment of a very large advance of money; but they employed more stringent measures—the rack, the thumb-screw and the ingenious process of roasting the capitalist before a slow fire, until he consented to disgorge his wealth for the behoof of his oppressor. Their descendants hypothecate revenues and pawn jewels to raise loans, and treat their best friends, the Jews, with commendable civility.

How much the Rothschilds are worth is a question that has been asked very frequently of late, and has not yet been satisfactorily answered. Their wealth is in such a shape—stocks, bonds and other descriptions of personal property—that it cannot be arrived at or estimated with any proximity to correctness. And of course their property fluctuates. In nine months of 1848 (the year of the French revolution), their losses from the depreciation of funded and railroad property in Europe, was forty millions of dollars. Yet this did not shake their credit for a moment. They may have lost an equal amount since the breaking out of the war in the East.

As the house of Rothschild contributed materially to the downfall of Napoleon, so they have had a hand in all the subsequent military operations of the eastern world. The New York Journal of Commerce has the following remarks respecting the recent transactions of the money kings:

"Their loans have reached the enormous amount of \$515,000,000, viz.: to England, \$80,000,000; to Turkey, \$40,000,000; to Austria, \$180,000,000; a first loan to Russia, \$130,000,000; to Sardinia, \$10,000,000; to England, in exchequer bills, \$33,000,000; and a second loan, just being perfected, \$100,000,000. It is this last loan, which the Rothschilds, it is said, have agreed to make in gold, that is supposed to be at the bottom of the specie movement. Most of these loans, it is to be presumed, have been sold out before this, the Rothschilds in such cases merely acting as agents between the public and the governments that borrow. Nevertheless, the house that can even temporarily assume such a burden, within little more than a twelve-month, must be one of gigantic influence, credit, and power. It is now plain that this same house is on the side of peace."

The Rothschilds are universally regarded as men of strict probity and honor. It was his high character, as well as tact and business talent which gave Meyer Anselm Rothschild, the founder of the house, the gratuitous use of the treasures of Old Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, during the Napoleonic era, and thus secured the fortunes of the broker's family. But their whole power is enlisted on the side of established governments, and the cause of liberty in Europe has no deadlier enemies than the great Jew bankers of the 19th century.

VIEW OF FORT McHENRY.—On page 389 of the present number will be found a sketch of Fort McHenry, which commands the narrow entrance to the harbor of Baltimore, the "Monumental City." It is a spot dear to every American heart, as it successfully resisted the assaults of the enemy during the last war with Great Britain, with a very large naval force, which began to bombard it on the evening of Sept. 14, 1814. The defence was conducted by Col. George Armistead. Their land and naval occupations having failed, the British withdrew finally on the 26th.

UNITED STATES SHIP PENNSYLVANIA.—The picture of this leviathan, on page 389 of the present number, is an accurate representation of the noblest of our floating bulwarks. She was built at Philadelphia, and launched in 1837. She is a three-decker, and is rated as a 120 gunship. She is of 3000 tons burthen, has four tiers of guns, can mount 140, and spreads 60,000 yards of canvass, a quantity sufficient to cover seven acres of land. When we can build such ships as these, we need fear no enemy upon the deep.

A TIME KEEPER WORTH HAVING.—Mr. Simon Willard, the agent for this city for Arnold's Frodsham chronometer watches, has an article on hand which is a miracle of correctness. These watches, so far as we know, are unrivalled in the world; and after a faithful trial of one, we are not only entirely satisfied of its excellence in all respects, but amazed at its accuracy.

THE MUSTACHE.—The Rev. Charles Beecher lately preached in Lawrence, wearing a mustache as well as beard. It doubtless looked odd to the congregation, but is only the revival of an old clerical custom.

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

Our last page is entirely occupied by a fine engraving from a design drawn for us by Barry, presenting at one glance a comparative view of domestic architecture—the homes of the world. As the details of this picture are lettered, we need not refer to the sketches in their regular series. We behold here the slight dwelling that serves for the nomadic tribes—the "Arab tent," the home of man before he learned to hew the shaft and rear the architrave. Of a similar simplicity is the "Laplander's hut." Beside it stands the reindeer—the Laplander's wealth, as the horse is that of the Arab. The "Indian lodge" of tattooed skins belongs to the same class, and meets the requirements of its inmates as well, doubtless, as that stately pile, "Windsor Castle," whose towers and battlements guard the splendid retirement of the sovereign of England. As a pendant to Windsor Castle, our artist has shown us the "Feudal Castle" of the middle ages, a type of feudalism itself; for while the system has been shattered by the sledge-hammer of a more powerful social idea, some of its fragments yet cumber the earth. In the centre of the page is a sketch of a "Gipsy Camp." A glance at it hardly prepares us to acquiesce in the doctrine sung at the opera,—

"In the gipsy life you read
The life that all would wish to lead."

The poor "Irish Cabin," in a gorge of the Connaught hills, shows us how the peasantry are forced to live in the Emerald Isle. The American "Log Cabin" is dear to our hearts as the starting-point of all the comforts and splendors by which we are surrounded. From that to the "White House" at Washington is but a brief space in our engraving, and was but a step to one of our later presidents. How the rulers of Europe are lodged we behold in the massive pile of the "Tuileries" at Paris and the "Imperial Palace" at St. Petersburg. The "Mexican House," with its crenelated walls, indicates the insecurity of life in our sister republic. The "Italian Residence," the "Swiss Cottage," and the "Chinese Dwellings," have their characteristic features, and yet we trace in them a sort of family likeness. The "Cuban Planter's House" is all he requires in the magnificence of the tropics, where the outdoor life is more seductive than the inner. In the sketch of "Turkish Dwellings," we behold the rude and barbaric splendor and giant forms of the East. Each of these dwellings is endeared to its inmates as the happiest spot on earth; for whether it be a palace or a hovel, a tent in the oasis or a "lodge in some vast wilderness," "there's no place like home."

AN ORIGINAL PAPER.

We shall commence the new volume of the "Flag of our Union" on January 1st, with a brilliant and admirably written original novelette, by that young and popular author, HORACE B. STANFORD. Mr. Stanford has just returned, after five years' residence in the Orient, and this exceedingly interesting story is the result of his experience in the land of the Caliphs. It is entitled:

BEN HAMED:

—OR,—

THE CHILDREN OF FATE.

A TALE OF THE EASTERN WORLD.

We predict for this story the most favorable reception yet accorded to the numerous list of original novelettes which we are constantly publishing in the FLAG. With all the dreamy mystery of the East, it has also the exciting plot, and strong delineations of love and passion, that remarkable fatality produces in every clime. We shall introduce in the coming volume of "The Flag of our Union," the productions of many new and sterling writers, and make such improvements otherwise as shall enhance the value of this widely circulated and favorite weekly.

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MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Bishop Southgate, James Fullerton, Esq. to Miss Kate Fullerton Lincoln; by Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. Nathaniel B. Hazard to Miss Emma A. Davis, both of Providence, R. I.; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Charles A. Hazleton to Miss Lydia Choate, both of Salem; by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Joseph O. Thompson to Miss Mary A. Donovan; by Rev. Mr. Jeffers, Mr. Albert A. York to Miss Susan Richards; by Rev. Dr. Vinton, Dr. George H. Gay to Miss Elizabeth Greenough Lewis.—At South Boston, by Rev. Mr. Collyer, Mr. Howard Clapp to Miss Frances A. Rogers, of Marshfield.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Brown, Hon. Henry W. Benchley, of Worcester, to Miss Marie K. Allen.—At Medford, by Rev. Mr. Manning, Mr. Frank W. Reeves, of Boston, to Miss Sarah E. Gibbs.—At Scituate, by Rev. Mr. Stetson, Mr. Benjamin T. Manson, of Boston, to Miss Georgia W. Young.—At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Richard Fisher to Miss Georgiana Newcomb, of Braintree.—At Berkeley, by Rev. Mr. Eastman, Mr. Robert L. Chace, of Fall River, to Miss Sarah Ann Perkins, of Freetown.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Vermilye, Jeremiah Eldredge, Esq., of Brewer, Me., to Mrs. Joanna S. Lunt.—At Pittsfield, Vt., by Rev. Mr. Patten, Mr. William M. Bennett to Miss Nancy W. Boutwell, both of Stockbridge, Vt.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Isaac Adams, 48; Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. Daniel B. Keyes, 38; Mrs. Mary Morse, 78; Mrs. Margaret Coffin, 87; Mr. Stephen White Story, 28; Mr. John Heaman, 58; Mrs. Henrietta Bryant, 20; Mrs. Eliza Laughlin, of Somerville, 41; Mrs. Elizabeth Averill, 81.—At Chelsea, Mrs. Jane U. wife of Capt. Henry Libbey, 31.—At Cambridge, Mrs. Florilla B. Gorham, 37.—At Brighton, Mrs. Mary, wife of the late Nathaniel Reed, Esq., of Boston, 82.—At Melrose, Miss Ellen Octavia Brown, 18.—At Salem, Mr. William C. Hovey, 35; Mrs. Catharine Mooney, 39; Mr. William Peck, 50.—At Danvers, Miss Susanah Page, 92.—At Ipswich, Mr. John Dodge, 32; Mrs. Isaac Pickard, 68.—At Beverly, Miss Hannah Little, 84.—At Stoneham, Capt. William Richardson.—At Methuen, Mr. John Piogree Bixby, 65.—At Lowell, Mrs. Mary Jane Hardy, 89.—At Newburyport, Widow Margaret Noyes, 84.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Hannah, wife of Mr. Carolina Briggs, 45; Mrs. Hannah, wife of Mr. Benjamin Russell, 46.—At Pittsfield, Mr. John S. Griswold, 24; Lyman Clapp, son of Hon. Thomas F. Plunkett, 17.—At Southampton, Miss Harriet Pomeroy, 25.—At Bethel, Me., Capt. Peter Twitchell, an officer of the revolutionary war, 97.—At Kennebunk, Me., Capt. John Hovey, 87.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

BY VICTORIA E. FISHER.

The summer sun has sunk within his chambers in the west,
And drawn his crimsoned curtains round his gorgeous place of rest;
Bright stars begin to sparkle in the pleasant evening sky,
And in the east the golden moon is rising up on high.

One year ago these summer months, each eve there came to me
A white-robed fay, whose golden curls were scattered o'er my knee;
Her little arms around my neck were clasped in fond embrace,
And she woudered as she kissed away the tears upon my face.

But her eyes soon closed in slumber, and as she sunk to rest,
Within my arms, her little head reposed upon my breast;
Her brow was flushed with fever, and her thoughts were running wild,
And I grew wild with sorrow, too, for I could not lose my child.

I watched my darling loved one through the lonely hours of night,
I moved around her pillow with noiseless step and light;
And oft my trembling hand so cold on her burning brow was laid—
O, 'twas a sad and mournful task to watch my floweret fade!

One night a long, bright sunbeam stole to my darling's bed,
And nestled in the sunny curls that clustered round her head;
It woke her from her slumber and filled her eyes with light,
As smilingly she murmured, "Good-night, mama! good-night!"

Then I clasped my child within my arms, and bade her speak to me,
And long I gazed in those blue eyes that could no longer see:
She never spoke again to me, but drooped her little head,
And pitying strangers gathered round, and told me she was dead.

When autumn breezes scattered leaves around our cottage door,
They laid my child in a lonely grave upon a lakelet's shore,
Where the wayward winds were wailing sad requiems o'er the tomb
Of that little flower that faded in the spring time of its bloom.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

JULIETTE DUPONCEAU.

A TALE OF THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

CHRISTMAS-EVE in the crescent city! Joyously has the natal night of civilized faith been celebrated in the metropolis of Louisiana since it received the name of the dissolute Regent of France from the French pioneer settlers. Other races have aided in populating the crescent curve of the turbid "father of waters," and the hand of innovation has levelled the old cathedral of St. Louis, whose time-honored bells long rang forth the merry Christmas chimes—yet the descendants of Saxon and of Celt, of Puritan and of Huguenot, cordially celebrate the advent of him who brought "peace on earth and good will to men."

There was one Christmas eve, however (that of 1814), when war-clouds dimmed the enjoyment of the New Orleans holiday festivities. It had that day been ascertained that a large British force had been landed not many miles distant, bent on the conquest of the crescent city. This had been anticipated, and the whole population flew to arms. The streets were filled with the brave Kentucky sharpshooters, dressed in a semi-savage garb, and carrying their heavy rifles, while occasionally would pass a body of regular troops, or a corps of volunteer French residents, many of them old soldiers of Napoleon's proud armies. Mounted volunteer adjutants galloped about with orders, and the more timid sought consolation in the placards containing the proclamation of the indomitable commander-in-chief, which assured them that "the British can never enter New Orleans, while Andrew Jackson is in command of its defenders."

As the evening advanced, a large house in the first municipality was brilliantly lighted up, and filled with gaily-dressed guests. It was the residence of one of the old French inhabitants, Pierre Duponceau, the owner of three valuable plantations near the city, which in due time would become the property of his lovely daughter Juliette, the presiding genius of his festivities. Her disposition was naturally mirthful, but on that Christmas night a shade of melancholy on her high brow gave a saddened expression to her countenance.

The festival was in honor of her betrothment to a man whom she detested. True, he was wealthy, well connected, and ranked among the first citizens of Louisiana, but Juliette knew also that he was avaricious, ill-tempered and old enough to be her father. Born in London, he had come to New Orleans as cabin boy—now, the name of John Teal was good for half a million of dollars, and Monsieur Duponceau had received him as the suitor of his daughter.

One visitor alone had been welcomed by the fair hostess with a sweet smile, while the rich current of her heart sent its crimson tide across her countenance. Yet he, strange to say, offered no congratulations, and looked grave as he addressed some commonplace remarks, although there was a bright look of earnest inquiry in his clear blue eyes. It was Egbert Livingston, a gallant looking young lieutenant in the United States artillery, who had been stationed at New Orleans about a year. Having been frequently in company with Juliette Duponceau, he had made a deep impression upon her heart, and now (even upon the evening of her betrothment) his coming made the rose-tints mantle her classical features, and her heavy eyelashes quiver with emotion, as if an electric current had passed from Egbert's eyes into her own. As the young officer gazed on her charms, hope and love struggled in his troubled soul with doubt and fear, and he fancied that he was boarding his affection like a miser, secure from even the observation of others. In this he was mistaken, for the wary Teal watched with a jealous eye, and soon determined that she must be removed from the society of Lieutenant Livingston. The other guests, bent

on their own enjoyment, followed the solicitations of the host, who was urgent in pressing his good cheer upon their acceptance. The guests were almost all of French descent, and easily forgot the threatened capture of the city in their jovial merriment. Just before midnight, however, a staff officer entered, unannounced.

"Welcome, my dear Livingston," said Monsieur Duponceau. "I had given up all hope of seeing you here, for I heard you had been appointed an aid to General Jackson, and supposed, in taking up Steuben's tactics in place of the civil code, you would forget your old friends."

"Nay," replied Col. Livingston, "it is to aid in the defence of old friends that I have laid down the toga for a staff uniform."

"Don't alarm the ladies," interrupted Teal, in a sneering tone. "The English will commit no depredations, and I have as good an opinion of John Bull as I have of Brother Jonathan."

"Silence, sir, if you please," sternly replied Col. Livingston. "Were General Jackson to hear you talk so, your head would not be worth a stalk of your sugar-cane. But I must leave you, friend Duponceau, for I only came in search of one of our most reliable officers, Lieut. Livingston. He is my namesake, and I should feel proud to call him my relative."

All eyes were turned towards Egbert, who blushed as he said: "Me, sir?"

"Yes, lieutenant. General Jackson wishes you for special duty, and my orderly has a led horse for you at the door. Your health, Mademoiselle Juliette. Come, lieutenant." And ere Juliette could recover from her surprise, the sounds of the horses' hoofs were heard retreating in the distance. She was alone.

"Duponceau," said Teal, with a look of intense satisfaction, as he saw the last guest depart, "let us get our horses and set out for your plantation on the Bayou St. Jean. This city will soon become a barrack, and is no place for your daughter."

"But are not the British coming in that direction?"

"Never mind! To tell you the truth, I have a safeguard, and have not half the fear of the British that I have of this Jackson and his riflemen."

Just as the sun rose a party left Monsieur Duponceau's house on horseback. Teal rode by the side of Juliette, but her brief answers to his many remarks showed that her heart was elsewhere. Once only did she betray interest, and that was when he predicted the defeat of the Americans, if they offered resistance.

"Americans conquered!" exclaimed Juliette. "Never! They may be repulsed, driven back for a time, but they can never be conquered!" Then, thinking that Egbert would be in the fray, she pictured to herself the sanguinary contest, upon the events of which her future happiness or misery must depend. It was nearly noon when they reached their journey's end, where, to their surprise, they found the British army, General Packenham having his head-quarters at Monsieur Duponceau's house. Through some influence brought to bear by Teal, they were permitted to occupy a few rooms, and the English general insisted on having them dine with him; an invitation which Monsieur Duponceau felt was a command, and urged his daughter to accept. She reluctantly accompanied him to the table. The conversation soon became general, and her attention was arrested by an account of the capture of a spy, a few hours previous.

"Well," remarked a young lieutenant, "as I am in the artillery, and may be sent to reconnoitre myself, I can but sympathize with the poor fellow, but the general says he must remember Andre's fate."

"So he will be shot?" carelessly inquired a captain of dragoons.

"I imagine so. Suppose we send him a bottle of wine, for that summer-house must be a dreary place for a man to pass the last night of his lifetime in. Wonder if he is any relation to the Livingston who was Yankee minister at Paris?"

Juliette had heard enough. Egbert Livingston was undoubtedly a prisoner, condemned to death! Pleading a headache as an excuse, she left the table, and retired to her own room, where old Cato, a trusty family servant, was soon summoned. When he had gone, and she was left alone, she sat at a window which commanded a view of the summer-house, in that state of mind which all true hearts have experienced. One idea ruled her every faculty and guarded her every thought. The watchword was: "Egbert must be free!"

It was too true that the young officer, sent by General Jackson to reconnoitre, had been captured so far within the lines of the English that he had been tried as a spy, and condemned to a traitor's death. Imprisoned in one of those large summer-houses peculiar to Louisiana, with no hope of escape, he endeavored to pass his life in review, that he might prepare for his fate. But the fair form of Juliette Duponceau ever rose before him, and at last, as night approached, he fell into that uneasy slumber which crowds one half of the mind with chimerical dreams, but leaves the other half confusedly alive to a waking sense of surrounding objects. While in this state, almost unable himself to decide whether he was asleep or awake, he saw a female figure enter by a concealed door. Starting up from his couch, he breathlessly watched until the intruder entered a zone of moonlight which streamed across the floor, and then sprang to his feet. There could be no mistaking the form and features of Juliette, but she, placing her tiny hand upon his mouth, checked his utterance.

"Hush!" she whispered, in a tremulous voice, "and follow me."

Imprinting an ardent kiss upon the hand so fairly presented ere it could be withdrawn, Egbert followed his guide through the side door, which led into a conservatory, and from thence they went into the garden. Traversing its broad parterres, they almost encountered a party of promenaders, who had left the dinner table to smoke in the open air. Luckily there was a large clump of lilac-bushes near by, behind which Juliette dragged her companion with almost superhuman energy, and where they were perfectly

concealed from observation. The promenaders were General Packenham and Teal, with the aids of the former, who was evidently unfolding his plans to the tory. As they approached the concealed couple, Teal's eyes gleamed in the moonlight with a malicious glare, and he remarked:

"Yes, there is no need of waiting for reinforcements, for these Kentuckians will run like sheep. Never fear that your men will find your watchword, 'beauty and booty,' no idle watchword, and we, general, will take the lands. As for—"

No more was heard, and when the group had passed out of hearing, Juliette whispered, "Come!" Meeting no further interruption, they gained the negro quarters, where old Cato stood holding two saddle-horses.

"Mount," said Juliette, "and hasten to the city. Cato knows the cross-roads, and I pray you may arrive safely."

"But you, Juliette. Dear Juliette, can you not—"

"Drive back the British," interrupted the noble-hearted girl, "and then we will resume this conversation. Adieu!" Then turning, she returned to her house with a firm step, although there was a dewy brightness in her full eyes, and her heart beat high with joy. Not many hours after Livingston made a report of his adventure to General Jackson.

"Beauty and booty, eh!" growled the energetic soldier. "I have promised to keep these Britishers from New Orleans, and by the Eternal they shall not come here, though some of these misers do not deserve any defence."

Need we narrate the preparations for the deadly struggle of the eighth of January! In vain did the flower of the British army approach the low breastwork, along the top of which a deadly fusillade was poured from the heavy Kentucky rifles. Battalion after battalion of infantry fell by the fire of the sharpshooters. Nobly did General Jackson and his heroic phalanx sustain the honor of the starry flag beneath which they fought, and the crescent was well defended. "Lieutenant Egbert Livingston," said the stern hero, in his report to the president, "not only distinguished himself by the constant fire which he kept up from his battery, but was among the foremost in pursuing the fugitives."

Juliette, in the vicinity of the contest, had been the victim of intense excitement. At length Cato brought the welcome tidings that the English had been defeated, and in a few moments a party of horsemen rode up before the house. As they dismounted, she recognized in the leader the detested Teal, and scarcely could she lock her door, ere he knocked at it, demanding admittance. Juliette made no reply, but sank on her knees in mute agony, placing her trust in a heavenly power.

Soon other footsteps were heard in the hall, and then, after a brief scuffle, the well-known voice of Egbert Livingston requested admittance. Rising from her knees, Juliette staggered to the door, unlocked it, and was caught in the arms of her lover, whose joy was checked when he saw the ghastly pallor of her cheek. But soon her smiles returned, and when she saw Teal and his gang carried to General Jackson's head-quarters, her fears were banished, and she felt her hidden heart-strings vibrate with joy as he told his love.

Peace was proclaimed, and Egbert Livingston was honorably discharged from the military service. But a few days later he headed a joyous train which entered the old cathedral, the bells ringing their merriest peals, and loud chants of praise sweeping in triumphant melody to heaven. The flower of the victorious army graced the ceremony, and Juliette, before the nuptial altar, was the object of undisguised admiration.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CHARLES DICKENS'S WORKS. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

We have for some time been designing to call attention to Peterson's admirable illustrated edition of Dickens's works, which has now reached twelve volumes. The form is 8vo, and they are printed in double columns, in fine large type, on good paper and strongly and handsomely bound. We cannot conceive of a more acceptable literary gift for Christmas or New Year. It is impossible not to like Dickens. Sydney Smith tried hard, but confessed himself conquered. Dickens, with all his humor, his geniality, his playfulness, and apparent levity, has a purpose. He is a reformer, and a moral teacher, as well in those works the staple of which is humor, like the "Pickwick Papers," as in the darker and more tragic portions of his writings—the exciting scenes of Barnaby Rudge, for instance. His books may be safely placed in any hands; and the reading public are under deep obligations to Mr. Peterson for having presented them in so cheap, and at the same time so elegant and compact a form. We learn with pleasure that this edition meets with a very extensive sale. As each new work appears it is printed and published in uniform style with the rest. The Christmas stories and sketches of Italy, as well as the novels, are included in this set.

JUNE CLIFFORD. A Tale by a Lady. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 408.

Time was when a lady author was a *rara avis*—now authoresses outnumber the sterner sex, and almost "push us from our stools." If the lady writer of the story before us be a *debutante*, she is a brilliant one. Her narrative is very exciting, and abounds in well drawn characters. Most of the scenes are laid in our own city. For sale by Ticknor & Fields.

THE MYSTIC, AND OTHER POEMS. By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY, author of "Festus." Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The author's name will give this volume currency, and secure it a respectful attention. The London critics have pronounced it a puzzle—if so, it is a puzzle well worth studying. The leading poem is a work of great power.

MUSIC.—Geo. P. Reed & Co., 13 Tremont Street, Boston, have recently published the "Village Bells," a ballad; the "Dearest Spot on Earth," as sung by Adelaide Phillips, the "Pet Schottische," by Euebeister, and a volume entitled the "Bouquet," an admirable collection of vocal music, arranged for the use of schools, by L. H. Southard and George W. Pratt.

THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER. By Miss EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 1855. 12mo. pp. 412.

This is one of the best, as well as one of the most popular of Mrs. Southworth's stories. This lady seems to possess inexhaustible powers. Every one of her stories is replete with interest and has the power of grasping and holding the attention of the reader enchained throughout. Full of incident, and full of vigorous portraits, the "Discarded Daughter" takes rank with the very best of modern fictions, so far as regards dramatic interest and vigor.

POEMS OF HOME AND TRAVEL. By BAYARD TAYLOR. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1855. 18mo. pp. 252.

In this dainty volume we have the choicest poems of Taylor's "Book of Romances, Lyrics and Songs," and "Rhymes of Travel," together with a number of new poems written since the publication of the "Poems of the Orient." They are of unequal merit, but there are very few indeed unworthy of a second perusal, while many of them are destined to live. Some of the ballads, such, for instance, as the "Flight of the Paso del Mar," are equal to any in the English language. The poems are finished and melodious, and sparkle here and there with gems of thought and expression, though their general characteristic is the simplicity of high art.

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The result will be duly published, and indisputable evidence of the receipt of each prize, by the successful parties, will be given.

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In writing letters, please be careful to write name of post-office and State plainly as possible. Also, write individual names distinctly.

Wayside Gatherings.

The amount required for the support of the Philadelphia public schools during the coming year is \$596,609.

The liquor law passed by the legislature of New Brunswick has not received the royal sanction, and probably never will.

The clergymen of Montpelier have been invited to act in rotation as chaplains of the Vermont House of Representatives.

At Buffalo, N. Y., recently, Charles Patterson, convicted of robbing the mails, was sentenced to ten years imprisonment in the state prison.

Dr. H. P. Bostwick, of Bridgeport, Conn., has received and accepted an appointment under the Russian government as surgeon. He is to be stationed at Odessa.

The St. Louis Democrat publishes a complete list of the victims and sufferers by the disaster on the Pacific Railroad. The dead are 30 and the wounded 70—in all, 100.

Mr. E. K. Collins and Mrs. Wm. B. Astor are among the late converts to spiritualism, in New York. The former imagines he has communications very often from his family lost on the Arctic.

The citizens of Chicago talk of having a tunnel constructed under the Chicago River, connecting north and south Chicago by an uninterrupted means of communication.

A city broker, famous for his shrewdness, took a trip by railroad, the other day, and sat down at the end of the train, "because," said he, "the use of the money is worth something while the conductor is coming through the cars."

A Mr. Roming, of Lafayette, Indiana, obtained a verdict of \$11,000 in that city, lately, against the New Albany and Salem Railroad Company, for running its road through his land and injuring some city lots.

A pure piece of nickel and cobalt ore, worth \$1000, was taken out of the cobalt mine, near Middletown, Conn., a few days since. It is said to be worth more than any mass of these ores ever before taken out of a mine in the world at one time.

The Canada mail was recently robbed at Paris, C. W., of quite a large amount of money and letters. It is supposed to have contained fully \$25,000. The postmaster general of the province offers \$2000 reward for the robber.

The Muscatine, Iowa, Enquirer says that the railroad hands, working on the bluff at the foot of the city, are rolling out car load after car load of iron ore—the genuine article,—and building up the grade with it. It lies in a huge mass near the surface of the bluff, and apparently in inexhaustible quantities.

A woman, aged 115 years, has just died at Oravitzta. She has preserved her vision almost unimpaired, and all her teeth. Her husband, who died three years ago, had reached the same age of herself, and both sank at last under the burden of old age alone, for neither of them had ever been ill.

The Pittsburg Post tells of a family, consisting of a husband, a wife, and three children, who left Pittsburg last spring for Iowa. Lately the father returned, having, in the brief time elapsed, buried his wife and all his children, who had died in their western home of typhoid fever.

An auctioneer in Detroit, Mich., while lately in the act of knocking down an article to a purchaser, let the hammer slip from his hand, and thus most unexpectedly struck a lady in the crowd, knocking her down. He was arrested, and fined \$5, the justice not allowing an auctioneer to knock down purchasers as well as the things they purchase.

Several instances of the total disappearance of the moon's disc are on record. In 1601, according to Kepler, it entirely disappeared. In 1642, not a vestige of the moon could be seen, though a telescope, with different magnifying powers, was used for the purpose. Also, in 1816, in a total eclipse, it could not be seen from London, even with the aid of a telescope. The appearance of the moon depends greatly upon the condition of the atmosphere.

It is impossible to imagine a more striking contrast than is presented in the agricultural fairs which are now being held from one end of this country to the other, and the scenes which are now taking place in Europe. Whilst the principal powers of Europe are plunged into a destructive war, whilst they are loaded down with debt, and even the earth refuses to yield her increase, peace and plenty bless our happy land, and hold high festival in every portion of our high domain.

A correspondent of the Salem Register states that there is in Upper Beverly, Mass., an ancient mansion, which is not only interesting as having been built 200 years ago, but as being at present the residence of four venerable ladies. The ages of these ladies are respectively 81, 78, 76 and 75 years. Three of them are sisters, and were born in the house, and the other is a sister-in-law. They all enjoy good health, and work daily at shoe-binding and tailoring.

Mr. Thomson, at Napa Valley, California, has upon his ranch a peach orchard half a mile square. The trees are set twenty-four feet apart, in straight lines, and between the trees, equi distant, are planted apple and pear trees. Another enclosure has 5000 grape vines, set out in uniform order, and all bearing fruit. He has also many small vineyards, with every variety of foreign fruit, besides plum and fig trees, strawberries, raspberries and currants in endless variety. He has over 600 acres in fruit.

In some of our city churches, the difficult manœuvre of filing in and out of the pews, to admit ladies to the inside seats, has been abandoned, and it is found that the ladies are just as comfortable, and behave with as much propriety, while seated promiscuously with the other sex, as they would at home or in a social party. The custom of separating the sexes in churches is a relic from the old days, when the women took one side and the men the other of the "broad aisle."

The Moravian manner of administering the sacrament is somewhat peculiar. The service is opened by singing verses, of different tunes and metres, then prayer. After this, the congregation rising, a verse is sung, during which time all the individual members present impart to those next to them the kiss of absolution, in token of mutual forgiveness and reconciliation, in accordance with the apostolic injunction, "Salute one another with an holy kiss." Then the bread is consecrated by the presiding minister, who is dressed in a white surplice, and the distribution follows.

The Vincennes Gazette states that an officer in that place recently went with a search warrant to look for some stolen goods, which were eventually found in the possession of a bouncing servant-girl. Among other things was a fine worked collar, which the girl put in her mouth and "shut down on it." The officer, determined not to be foiled in this way, ran his finger in the girl's mouth in order to pull out the collar, when she opened, and taking his finger between her teeth, crushed it almost to a jelly. The officer, not liking the trap, jerked out his finger, and the girl swallowed the collar!

Foreign Items.

Unfriendly relations are arising between the governments of Great Britain and Spain.

Sir Colin Campbell, taking offence at the appointment of Gen. Codrington, has asked leave to return to England.

In the Crimea the armies are engaged in building huts for the winter, with occasional military promenades, and exchange of long shots with Cossack picquets.

The American steam tug Confucius has been purchased by the Chinese government for \$90,000, payable in six monthly instalments.

It is said that the Sultan will visit Paris and London in the spring of next year, having made his intention to that effect known to the grand vizier and principal ministers.

The total number of Italian theatres amount to 117, of which 95 are in Italy, and the remaining 22 are scattered over the globe. By far the greatest number of these theatres are exclusively dedicated to operatic performances.

The grand opera at Paris is in a dilemma; some of its brightest ornaments—Mmes. Albou and Cravelli, and M. Roger—intend leaving Paris about the end of December, and the director knows not what substitutes to obtain.

The burial-vault in which the body of Rubens lies, at the church of St. Jacques, at Antwerp, was opened recently, and a few personages of distinction were admitted to view the monument erected over the remains of the celebrated painter.

The English bankers, Strahan, Paul and Bates, who sometime since failed for an enormous amount, have been convicted of gross fraud and were sentenced to fourteen years transportation, the heaviest indiction provided in the statute. They are to be sent to Gibraltar to work with the ordinary convict gang at that station.

Sands of Gold.

.... A great writer is a martyr who will never die.—Balzac.

.... A real spirit should neither court neglect, nor dread to bear it.—Byron.

.... The world is an excellent judge in general, but a very bad one in particular.—Greville.

.... Those reduced to live on the alms of genius, are the first to deny its existence.—Fuseli.

.... Can there be any greater dotage in the world than for one to guide and direct his courses by the sound of a bell, and not by his own judgment and discretion?—Rabelais.

.... It is by no means a fact that death is the worst of all evils; when it comes, it is an alleviation to mortals who are worn out with sufferings.—Metastasio.

.... Speaking generally, no man appears great to his contemporaries, for the same reason that no man is great to his servants—both know too much of him.—Colton.

.... Every newspaper is a shop where words are sold to the public of the color that suits their fancy. A newspaper is no longer written to enlighten, but to flatter the public sentiment.—Balzac.

.... Discernment is a power of the understanding in which few excel. Is not that owing to its connection with impartiality and truth? for are not prejudice and partiality blind?—Greville.

.... The finer a book is the less chance it has of a sale. Every superior man rises above the masses. His success, therefore, is in the direct ratio of the time necessary to appreciate his work. No bookseller is willing to wait.—Balzac.

Joker's Budget.

A little one, after undergoing the disagreeable operation of vaccination, exclaimed, "Now I won't have to be baptized, will I?"

Said John Randolph—"Any upstart can build a fine house, but he cannot build the old oaks."

If you wish to recollect a man's name, go security for his house rent. For keeping your memory fresh there is nothing like it.

Dobbs says that beauties generally die old maids. They set such a value on themselves that they don't find a purchaser till the market is closed.

If your neighbor asks the loan of five dollars of you, tell him you were not present, but if he will pass on to Jones or Smith he will ascertain exactly the whole particulars of the accident.

An old lady whose son was about to proceed to the Black Sea, among her parting admonitions, gave him strict injunctions not to bathe in that sea, for she did not want to see him come back a "nigger."

A. F. Leonard, editor of the Norfolk Argus, being nominated by "Many Voters," as a suitable person to represent that city in the Legislature, declines the intended honor, because "he wants to get to heaven!"

An exchange thinks it rather embarrassing to lift your hat to a lady in the street, for the sake of politeness, and let a couple of dirty collars roll out upon the sidewalk. Dandies will please take notice.

When Clarke, the traveller, asked in Sweden, what became of a woman who fell into the shaft of an iron mine, that he visited—"Became of her?" said the man to whom he put the question, striking his hand forcibly upon his thigh, "she became a pan-cake!"

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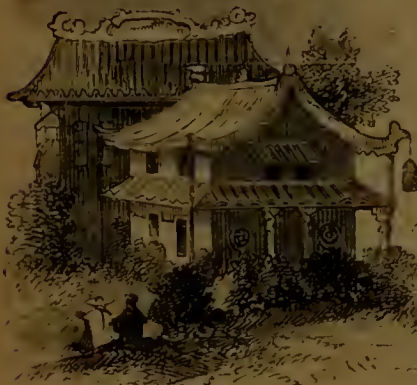


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WINDMILL POINT ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

The picture on this page, drawn for us by Mr. Kilburn, presents a scene of rare beauty. The broad and brimming river, which mirrors the windmill and the trees, bears on its bosom a variety of water craft, from the swift and elegant steamer that flashes past with the speed of an arrow, down to the clumsy and cumbersome raft which follows the course of the current, a specimen of which is seen in the foreground of our illustration. There are immense numbers of these rafts to be seen at every turn of the river. The broad-built sloop in the foreground is loaded with loose hay, on its way to market. Yet this tranquil scene, the image of rural repose, and seemingly formed for poetic musing or artistic contemplation,

was once the theatre of deadly strife. Windmill Point is about a mile below the village of Prescott, in Canada, and here a severe engagement occurred between the Canadian patriots, under the command of Von Schultz, and the English troops, on the 13th of November, 1838. The patriots succeeded in establishing themselves in the windmill and the adjacent stone houses. After fighting three or four days, a few made their escape and the remainder surrendered. The buildings, of which the walls are still standing, were then burned. The beautiful river on which Windmill Point is situated is one of the most important in this country, forming the outlet of the great chain of lakes which lie between the United States and Canada. It may be considered as descending from

Lake Superior, and passing through Lakes Huron, Erie and Ontario to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a distance of 2000 miles, draining an area of over 500,000 square miles. In some places, comparatively narrow, below Quebec it enters a gulf 100 miles across. It is navigable for ships of the line 400 miles to Quebec, and for ships of 600 tons to Montreal, and onward through a series of ship canals for passing the falls and rapids into the lakes. The Welland Canal, which unites the waters of Lake Ontario and Lake Erie by means of a navigable channel round the Falls of Niagara, is a work of very great magnitude, and constructed at a cost of about \$1,000,000. These canals are on the Canadian side, and are the product of British capital and enterprise.



WINDMILL POINT, ON THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE VISCONTI:

—OR—

BARBARIGO THE STRANGER.

A TALE OF MILAN DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XX.—[CONTINUED.]

"By the gods, Visconti, this is a strange piece of work!" uttered the count, as Julia vanished, without any attempt to smother his rage.

"So it is, count," replied the duke, vacantly; for he was too much astonished to speak pointedly.

"But will you allow this? Send for the maiden, signor."

"What—force her in the presence of these people, signor count? Force a daughter of the Visconti?"

"Ay!" hotly replied the count. "What is a Visconti more than any one else? I am not here to be made a fool of."

"Then beware that you do not make such of yourself," quickly answered the duke, not in a mood for being catechized.

"Ha! Do you show me the closed hand?"

"Peace, Loredano. I am ruffled now. Leave me."

"Woman, where is the marquis?" thundered the count, turning to Sara.

"That is more than I can tell you; but you can ascertain by inquiring of the guard at the cathedral."

"Then I'll find him! By my soul's salvation, I'll not speak falsely when I call him dead again!"

And thus speaking, the mad count hurried away from the palace. The duke started once to stop him, but upon second thought he concluded to let him go.

"One of them must die," he muttered to himself, "and it matters but little to me which. If the count falls I shall not dread his power; and if the marquis falls Julia may yet be his wife. But I must put some officers on their track."

As he thus spoke the duchess came out from the chapel and approached him.

"What is it?" she asked. "Where is Julia?"

"A strange thing has happened," answered the husband. "Your old nurse, here, has come and told us that the marquis lives and is now in the city. The count has gone off in a rage—Julia has fled to her room, and here am I not unlike a fool. But tell me, Sara—where did you see the marquis?"

"I was sent for early this morning to attend an old man who had a message for my mistress. I went, and found Barbarigo. He was—"

"Barbarigo!" gasped the duke, turning pale. "Did you say you saw Barbarigo?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Alive and well?"

"Alive, my lord, he was, but far from well. He had a most cruel pain in his side, and he looked pale and wan."

A few moments the duke looked upon the ground, and then he turned to his wife.

"Silvia," he said, "I am sorry this marquis has returned to Milan, for he has come only for his own harm. He should have known better."

"But you will not harm him, my husband?"

"I know not what I may be forced to do. But let him not come in to mar our peace again. But hold—I forgot. Sara—"

He looked for the woman, but she had gone.

"Ha—'tis well for her that she has made her escape, for by my soul, I forgot in my agony of astonishment to punish her for her mischief-making meddling. But let her go. Come, Silvia."

While the duke and duchess were walking towards the hall, Julia was upon her knees in her own chamber, praying for God to guide her now aright. And the count had just learned from a soldier at the cathedral, where Francesco was.

CHAPTER XXI.

ANOTHER TURN OF THE VICE.

In the chamber where we saw Barbarigo borne by the stout monk, sat the Marquis of Lodi by the side of a large couch, on which reclined Barbarigo. Francesco wore an anxious look, and often turned his head towards the door as though he expected some one to enter. Barbarigo was weak and faint, but the physicians had assured him that he was out of danger.

At a short distance from these two sat Lanfargo, and on him the marquis would look at times with more than ordinary interest, for he was sure that he had at some time had more to do with him than merely to hear him preach.

"Do you think she arrived in season?" asked Francesco, anxiously.

"Of course she did," returned the old man. "But he not worried yet. You may be sure the marriage will not go on."

Just as the old man ceased speaking, the sound of steps was heard on the stairs.

"Those are not her steps," said Francesco.

"No—that is a man."

"And in a hurry, too," said Lanfargo.

In a few moments more the door of the apartment was thrown open, and in stalked the Count of Monza, livid with rage and his teeth firmly clenched.

"Ah, signor marquis," he hissed, drawing his sword from its

scabbard, "I have met you again, eh? You have crossed my path once too often!"

"Count—you see I am unarmed now," the marquis uttered, springing to his feet.

"Ay, and but now you sent a messenger who took me unarmed. Pray quick, for you die on the spot! By the holy host, I am not to be spit upon thus!"

The count raised his sword as he spoke, but before he could strike he was seized in Lanfargo's giant grasp, and his weapon wrenched from his hand.

"Hold a moment, signor count," calmly spoke the stout monk. "You will not—"

"Ha, monk! dare ye interfere with me? Dastard, fool, give me the sword!"

"Base, creeping thing!" uttered the monk, in a bitter and sarcastic tone, "speak but once again like that to me, and I'll tear thy coward heart out and hold it up quivering to thine own eyes ere the breath leaves thy body! Wait till I find the marquis a sword, and then I'll return thee thine, for I'd not have thee die like a criminal, without the means of defence."

The count gazed up into the dark face of the towering monk, but he dared not utter a word. Lanfargo left the room, but he was gone only a few moments; when he returned he bore another sword in his hand, handing it to the marquis, who took it and drew it half out from its scabbard, when an exclamation of astonishment burst from his lips.

"'Tis mine!" he cried. "My own dear blade!"

"Ay, marquis. I saw one Pietro Caravello, and he gave it into my keeping."

"Good Pietro! He found it then. But where is he?"

"I saw him in St. Donato."

The marquis buckled the belt about his body and drew his weapon, and then the monk returned the one he had taken from the count, saying:

"Now, signor, you can lay out your venom at will."

A moment the count's eyes flashed upon the monk, but turning to the marquis, he said:

"Now defend yourself!"

"But we will not fight here, signor, for you see we have a sick man here."

"A sick—eh? What—Barbarigo?"

"Yes, Marco Loredano," spoke the old man. "You see I am not dead yet."

For a moment the count seemed frantic with astonishment and chagrin. But he turned towards the marquis again.

"Pick your own room," he uttered, "only let it be done quickly, for my sword will not hold in temper much longer."

"I'll show you a joisting place," spoke the stout monk. "Follow me."

He led the way out as he spoke, and both the noblemen followed him. He soon came to a large, hall-like apartment, which was bare of all furniture, and offered no impediment to the combatants.

"Here is your place," announced Lanfargo, stepping back.

"Now, Marco," spoke the marquis, calmly and coolly, "I would ask you to think well ere you cross swords with me again. I have meant you no harm."

"Out upon thee for a base liar! Do you call robbing me of a wife, no harm?"

"Ah, Marco, 'tis not I who would do the robbery. Long before I knew you, the maiden was my affianced bride. It is you who would—"

"Stop!" yelled the count. "A few strokes of my good sword will settle it all. Ah, you'll not catch me as you did before!"

"Marco Loredano, hear me speak one word: if you cross my sword, you are a dead man!"

"Out, braggart!"

"If I am pale I am not weak. But do as you please."

The count sprang madly forward and aimed a furious blow at Francesco's head, but it was easily parried, and for a few moments the blows fell hot and thick.

"Are you determined?" asked the marquis, as he touched the count's unprotected bosom, and cut a button neatly from his doublet, thereby showing that for once he had spared his life.

But Loredano was too mad to listen or to observe.

"Defend yourself!" he cried. "That was but a trick which any juggler might do."

Again the steel clashed, and once more the marquis hesitated; but he saw that he must either conquer or die, and he braced himself for a last effort. In a moment more he knocked the count's sword up with a circular sweep, and then instantly dropping his own point, he drove it through his antagonist's body, aiming directly at the heart.

"O, would I could have been spared this!" he ejaculated, as the count fell to the floor.

"And yet," returned the monk, "you could not help it. He who made us, and who holds us in the hollow of his hand, knows you have not sinned in this. But hark! what noise is that?"

"Some one is talking with Barbarigo," said the marquis.

"Let us go and see."

They went; and reaching the room where the old man lay, they found a dozen soldiers there.

"Where is the Count of Monza?" asked the leader of the soldiers.

"He is dead," quickly answered the monk; and in a few words as possible, he related all that had transpired, and just in the order in which it happened, commencing with Loredano's foul attempt to assassinate the marquis, and ending with the death of the former.

"And yet," said the captain, "you must go with us, signor

marquis, for so the duke has ordered. He meant to have sent soon enough to stop this fatal work, but he could not. You will submit, I trust, without resistance."

"Go, Francesco," spoke Barbarigo. "You have friends who will not forsake you."

The noble marquis placed his sword in its scabbard, and then turning to the officer, he said:

"I will accompany you, signor, but you will not bind me."

"Most assuredly not, if I have your word, for the pledge of an honest man is bond enough."

Francesco grasped Barbarigo by the hand, and then he turned to Lanfargo. Him, too, he embraced in like manner, and then, while a tear started to his eye, he turned away. The captain sent six of his men to go and fetch the body of the count to the palace, and then he led the way from the apartment.

"Now, good Barbarigo," said the monk, as soon as the soldiers had gone, "we must leave this place, for when those men return and report us here, the duke will most surely send for us. I know a back way from here, and by that we can go safely to a place where no enemy can find us."

"But I am weak, good son."

"And I am strong. Rest easy now, and lie upon my bosom as though you were in your chair. I will see our host here at some future time and explain the cause of our sudden exit."

As the monk spoke, he took the old man carefully up in his arms and left the room, having first, however, secured all the medicine which it was necessary for the invalid to take. He left the front door behind him, and passed out through a postern into an arched passage, and soon afterwards he had gained another passage which was little frequented save by the poor people who sought that way to their miserable dwellings.

In the meantime the marquis had been conducted to the ducal palace, and he was not carried before the duke. He was lodged in one of the dungeons beneath the citadel, and there left. He asked how long he might have to remain there, but his conductor knew nothing about it. And so Francesco was once more alone in prison. Surely his was a strange fate—and the genius of evil clung closely to him.

CHAPTER XXII.

A STRANGE REPEAT.

The duke was in his audience chamber, with many of his officers about him. It was the day following the arrest of Francesco, and the news of Loredano's death had brought the relatives of the deceased to demand the punishment of the murderer, as they termed the marquis. Visconti was in a dilemma. He could not afford to lose all those powerful nobles who sympathized with the count, and yet he knew Francesco had done nothing criminal. But his decision was brought out by an unexpected circumstance. While the nobles were yet discussing the subject of their kinsman's death, a messenger from Rome was announced. The duke started, but gave orders to have the man admitted.

It was a papal officer who entered. He advanced up the apartment with a stately bearing, and when he had reached the throne he stopped and drew a parchment roll from his bosom.

"Barnabas Visconti," he said, "I bear a message to you from his holiness Urban the Fifth. In accordance with the command of God's chief on earth, I now give it to you."

He then handed the parchment to the duke, who unrolled it, and found it to be voluminously written, and flanked with heavy leaden seals. As he read, his eyes flashed and his brow grew black. Twice he stopped as though his rage were blinding him, but he read it all—and then he started up from his great chair.

"Noble signors of Lombardy," he said, holding the crushed parchment in his hand, "the pope has sent me by his legate a bull of excommunication! Ay—he anathematizes and excommunicates the whole house of Visconti. What think ye?"

No one spoke audibly, but the murmurs of disapprobation were loud and deep.

"I'll send it back to him!" the duke said, while a most startling expression worked upon his features.

"I trust, my lord, that you will have proper respect for our most holy father," said the legate, tremulously.

"Ay!" thundered the duke, "I'll have respect, most surely! What ho, there! Send me two captains of the guard!"

"Do you mean to imprison me?" the legate asked.

"No!"

The captains came—two powerful men—and bowed before their ducal master.

"Draw your swords!" ordered the duke. "Draw at once! Now stand you one on each side of this fellow, and place your swords, one against his heart and one against his throat."

This order was obeyed, and as the papal legate saw the gleaming blades so near his life, he turned pale as ashes. The duke drew his dagger and cut off a piece from the parchment.

"Here," he said, handing the piece thus cut off, to the legate, "eat this! Eat it, or those swords shall let your life out on the instant!"

The affrighted legate took the piece, and after some trouble he swallowed it. The duke then cut off another piece.

"No more! no more!" gasped the legate.

"Eat it! you must eat every bit of this—seals and all! Make but a single show of resistance and your life is gone."

The second piece was swallowed—and then a third, and a fourth and a fifth. Next the duke cut off one of the leaden seals, and this was swallowed. Then came more of the parchment—and then the other seal. The poor legate was trembling fearfully, but he dared not refuse to do the duke's bidding for those two

sharp engines of death were ready to do their work of destruction at his first refusal.

"Now," uttered Visconti, as all the rest of the bull had been eaten, "here are the leather thongs that bound it. Eat these! Down with them!"

The frightened man took them, and after several ineffectual attempts he managed to swallow them.*

"Most bravely done!" cried the duke, as the last string was swallowed. "Now you can return to your master and tell him how Barnabas Visconti received his bull. And tell him, too, that the next legate he sends on such an errand shall die the death of a dog! There is the door, and you will find our gates open. Captain, you will see him safely out of our city."

For some time after the legate had gone not a word was spoken in the chamber. The duke was pacing up and down the walk in front of his throne, and his attendants regarded him with mingled emotions of wonder, awe and admiration.

"Nobles of Milan," said he at length, "'twas the Della Torre who gained that bull from the foolish pope. By my faith, Urban had better have remained in Avignon. But one of the rebels shall die! We have one in our power, and of him we'll make an example. At the end of one week the Marquis of Lodi shall die on the block. Thus will we strike terror to the hearts of those who would oppose our house!"

This announcement seemed to give satisfaction to the kinsmen of Monza, but some of the others did not favor it, for they looked sad, and shook their heads dubiously. One old man—the Count of Rosate—remained after the rest had gone, and spoke with Visconti.

"My lord duke," he said, humbly but firmly, "have you given due consideration to the subject you have lately mentioned—the execution of the young marquis?"

"Why do you ask, Rosate?"

"Because I fear you will take an unwise step. Francesco is known to be a friend to the Visconti, and so palpable has been his preference that his own father has twice cast him off. As far as his killing Monza is concerned, we all know the latter left the ducal palace with the plainly avowed intention of killing his rival. These things are all known, my lord, and the mass of the people sympathize with the unfortunate marquis."

The duke's first impulse was to fly into a passion at this interference, but a moment's reason told him the old counsellor was too honest a man to speak falsely, and too intelligent to speak unadvisedly.

"It's of no use," he replied; "the marquis must die. The well-being of our house demands it."

The old man would have spoken farther, but the duke waved him off, and shortly after the former left the chamber. No sooner had he gone than the duke called for his guard, and commanded them to go to the place where the marquis was found, and bring an old man and a monk they would find there.

The soldiers went, and were gone a long time; but they returned bootless. The duke was in a rage, and sent them out again; and all day long he had soldiers searching for the two men whom he so much desired to see, but when night came they were not found.

On the third day the funeral of Marco Loredano took place, and a large concourse of people assembled to witness the ceremonies. The same bishop who had only a few days before been prepared to marry the scheming count was now called upon to perform a service of a different character.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE HORROR-STRICKEN.—STRANGE MOVEMENTS.

JULIA VISCONTI was in a small hall that opened on the garden, and near her stood the duke. She had gone hither to seek him. She was pale and agitated, and tears were yet on her fair cheeks, and she trembled, too, for her father had spoken harshly to her.

"I'll hear no more of him!" Visconti uttered, "for he can be nothing more to you. You will never see him more."

"Say not so, my father. How has he ever harmed you—ever wronged you? What has he done that you should send him away without seeing me?"

"Send him away? Yes—yes—I will send him away, and in the citadel is the conveyance that shall take him."

"In the citadel?"

"Yes. In the western apartment, on the ground. You can go and see for yourself, and then you can judge whether you will ever see him again. He starts on the morrow."

Thus speaking the duke turned away. Awhile Julia remained in the hall, and then she turned towards the citadel. She did not suspect the truth. When she reached the citadel she found a soldier, and of him she demanded entrance to the western apartment.

"No, no, signora," the soldier replied, looking with pain and wonder into her pale face. "You do not wish to go in there."

"But the duke has sent me. Give me entrance, good sir. I cannot go back now until I have seen all. Even were the dreadful rack there, I would see it. Let me in."

"The rack?" uttered the man, with a strange movement of the head. "Ah—you'll see no rack there. But here is the key. Go in."

Julia took the key and went to the door. Placing it in the lock she turned it, and then pushed open the door. Looking in, she saw before her a heavy black curtain extending across the

room. It had a dismal, deadly look, and her heart came nigh failing her. Twice did she seize the sable curtain and let it go again. Again she placed her hand on it, and after a moment's hesitation drew it aside. A low cry broke from her lips, and her eyes seemed almost to start from their sockets; for before her, on a raised platform, stood a bloody block and against it leaned the headsman's axe!

[SEE ENGRAVING]

The soldier without waited a long time, and at length he went to see why Julia stayed so long. He entered the room, but did not see her. He advanced and raised the curtain, and there he saw her lying prostrate on the raised form, with a mass of her dark, glossy hair sweeping over the blade of the fatal axe! He spoke to her, but she did not answer. He went up and placed his hand on her shoulder, but she did not move. He stopped not to learn more, but rushed from the place and sought the duke.

The duke hastened at once to the fatal apartment, and seeing his daughter insensible, he took her in his arms and conveyed her to her own apartments, where Lucretia was ready to receive her. Visconti did not stop to see the maiden revive, for, to tell the truth, he was beginning to be sick and tired of this affair. Yet he could not retrace his steps now. He had pledged himself before his nobles to execute the marquis, and he was determined to do it.

When Julia revived she started up and gazed about her. She saw her mother and her faithful maid with her, and with a glance of fearful doubt on her face she asked:

"Have I slept long?"



WHAT JULIA SAW IN THE DEATH-CHAMBER.

"Yes—some time," answered Lucretia.

"Have I not been out from here?"

"Not lately."

"Have I not been—O, Lucretia, I saw such a—"

She hesitated and clasped her hands over her eyes. Again Julia's senses left her, and as she sank back Lucretia caught her and supported her head in her lap, while the duchess bathed her brow and temples as before.

That night the duke remained up late, and 'twas after midnight when he retired to bed. His chamber was in the wing of the palace overlooking the broad garden, and he sat down by an open window and remained there some time watching the starry heavens ere he retired. But he sought his couch at length, and ere long he slept.

How long he slept he knew not, but ere it had been a very long time he was aroused by feeling heavy hands on his shoulders. He started up, but ere he could make the least resistance his arms were bound behind him, and his mouth stopped by a thick bandage. He saw several dark forms about him, and he knew he was in the hands of those used to capturing stout men.

"Who are ye?" he gasped, as soon as he could find tongue to speak, the bandage having slipped from his mouth.

One of the men held up his lantern and opened his dark robe, and Visconti saw on his left breast a small, blood-red cross.

That was enough. They were familiars of the Holy Inquisition! The duke trembled and his stout heart failed him. Powerful as he was, he had no power over these men. He knew that they went where they pleased—that they knew private passages in his palace, even, that he never dreamed of, and if their master spoke the fatal word, no other power on earth could save him.

"You will not arrest me," the duke cried.

"You are arrested, Barnabas Visconti."

"But I—"

Ere he could finish the sentence the bandage was replaced over his mouth more firmly than before. He was hoodwinked, and then led from the apartment. Ere long he was sure he heard a door open that he had never before seen, and very soon afterwards he was convinced by finding himself descending a flight of stone stairs he had never trodden before. He knew that from here he was conducted through a long, subterranean passage, as he could tell by the feeling of the atmosphere about him. At length they arrived in a wider place, and here they stopped.

"Only a moment, signor," said one of the familiars. "There is another person here whom we must take with us—one who escaped from our place not long since."

Soon the duke heard the voice of Francesco Della Torre, and for a few moments he wondered where his superiority now was over the young marquis. The open air was next gained, and soon the duke found himself on the back of a horse, with one of his captors behind him, and at a word from the leader they set into a gallop.

At the end of an hour Visconti was taken from the saddle and led into a building, and after having been conducted through various windings and turnings and down a long flight of steps, he was stopped. He heard the creaking of bolts and hinges, and having been led a few steps further on, the bandages were removed from his eyes and mouth. He found himself in the deep, stout dungeon in which he have once seen the marquis.

Visconti asked many questions, but no answer was returned, and as soon as the pinions had been removed from his arms he was left alone, and he had just time to see what appeared to be two sides of the dungeon coming together when utter darkness enveloped him.

"Great heavens!" he ejaculated as soon as he could collect his scattered thoughts, "and is this the fate of the ruler of a great country? Am I still Duke of Milan, or is this some phantasy of the brain?"

There was another scene going on, that had a strange connection with this, in another place. While the duke was on his way to St Donato, the stout monk Lanfargo was in the ducal palace, holding converse with the duchess and Julia.

"You surely will not hesitate to trust Barbarigo?" the monk said, earnestly.

"No," answered the duchess, "but how shall I know that you are from him?"

Lucretia moved to the side of the duchess and whispered in her ear. Her words had a magical effect on the signora, for she quickly arose to her feet, and looking the monk in the face, she said:

"We will go with you."

CHAPTER XXIV.

STRANGE REVELATIONS.

NOT many hours elapsed ere the light of day was struggling into the dungeon of the duke. He heard a peculiar grating noise near him, and on looking around he saw one of the sections of the wall moving aside, and in a moment more four dark-robed men entered.

"Barnabas Visconti," said one of them, "you will accompany us."

The duke knew these were but servants of the Inquisition, and with them he would make no conversation. He simply raised himself proudly up,

and bade them lead the way. Two of them did so, while the other two closed in behind him. He was led to the end of the long, narrow corridor that connected the cells, and here the guides stopped and informed him that he must be blindfolded. He held a thought of resistance for a moment, but it passed quickly away.

As soon as the bandage had been put upon his eyes he was led on, and when he stopped again the fold was removed. He gazed about him, and found himself in a position which sent a thrill of horror to his soul, for he was in the judgment hall of the Holy Inquisition, and the implements of torture were all about him! The place was hung all in black, and the light was from hanging lamps. He looked on the black throne, and the first object that met his gaze was the powerful form of the monk Lanfargo. Next he noticed the chief inquisitor, who sat by the side of the standing monk. The latter wore no mask, and his sharp eyes were fixed steadily on the duke. Visconti started back a pace as he recognized this man, and an exclamation of wonder escaped from his lips.

"Barnabas Visconti," spoke the inquisitor, in a tone somewhat tremulous from physical causes, but firm in meaning, "you are a prisoner of the Holy Inquisition, and your life is now in my hands."

"Barbarigo!" gasped the duke, trembling at every joint.

"So I have been called when out in the world, Signor Visconti," replied the old man; "and so may I be called hereafter, should I live to minister to the wants of my people. But here, signor, I am known only as BERNARDO TORQUEDO."

"The chief inquisitor!" dropped in a whisper from the duke's lips.

No wonder the regal prisoner was startled now, for no name in Northern Italy carried more terror to the souls of those liable to his power than did that of Bernardo Torquedo.

* A literal fact, both of circumstance and individuals.

"And now, Barnabas Visconti," resumed the old inquisitor, rising to his feet, "you will find you are not alone in power in Lombardy. You stand there but as a child in the hands of one you have deeply offended."

The duke had resolved to be proud and haughty, but there was something in his present position that disarmed him of all thoughts of pride, and left him with only the fear a man feels who is conscious of his inability to save himself. He gazed up into the face of his judge, and his heart was troubled.

"What have I done?" he asked, in low, trembling tones.

"What? Rather ask me what you have not done. Have you not conspired against my life? Have you not feully abused an honest messenger of the pope? Have you not prostituted the power of your high office to the answering of base and selfish ends? For all this you deserve to die. Ay, Visconti—never stood a man within these walls more guilty than art thou!"

"But am I to be tried here? Am I to be here adjudged? Here—in secret, without one of my compeers to stand by me? Where is my accuser?"

"In thine own bosom, duke. And as for thy compeers, he who has found his level in crime and hardness of heart, should not look very high for them. I tell thee plainly, thou art guilty, and deserve to die—and one simple word from my lips would send your soul to its Maker in a moment's time!"

"By my soul," vehemently uttered the duke, "I am not thus guilty. You stretch the matter."

"Not at all, Visconti. 'Tis your own low estimate of virtue that makes your deeds seem less guilty than they are. One of your accomplices has already paid the penalty of his crimes. Had you been here yesterday, just as the sun was setting, you would have seen the base monk, Andrea, die! He has been more guilty than you, for he did wear the garb of the church. He knew me well, and when he was consulted concerning my death, he joined the plan quickly. While I lived, he dared not even reveal the true character of Barbarigo the stranger; but he hoped if Torquedo the judge should die, that he might secure his place. So he entered into the conspiracy to take my life, and when he hoped me dead, he came here with forged instruments and assumed my seat—and in this seat he would have put an innocent man to death. Do you know that, duke? Do you know that the villain Andrea came nigh murdering Francesco Della Torre?"

The duke turned pale beneath the old man's keen glance, but he could not answer.

"Ah, Barnabas Visconti, had that young marquis died then, as you intended, not all the prayers of all the saints could have washed the stain from your hands, nor have wiped the remorse from your soul. And now I come to the plan I had in bringing thee hither. I am yet weak and faint from the effects of a cruel blow you helped to aim at my life, and I may not have strength to continue the scene long. Lanfargo, bring hither those who are in waiting."

The stout monk left the dark chamber, and when he returned he led the duchess by the hand, and following them came Francesco Della Torre, Julia and Lucetta. The duke started back aghast as he saw this, and as the pangs of fear passed away, he was left in utter astonishment.

"What means all this?" he gasped, gazing first on the newcomers, and then on the inquisitor.

"You shall know directly," answered Torquedo; he clasped his hands as he spoke, and his eyes were turned toward heaven. A few moments he remained thus, and then he added: "I mean thee no harm now, Visconti, for we have both sinned. Francesco, step forward."

The marquis moved close up to where the duke stood, but looked only at the judge.

"Now, duke, look on this man, and see if he appears like one who would harm you or yours. Look on him well, and see if you do not find in those features as much of true nobleness and worth as you can find in all your court."

The duke fixed his attention on the marquis, and the latter returned the gaze. It may have been the influence of the strange place they were in, or it may have been the memory of the things that had passed—but, be it what it might, their looks softened as they gazed, and the duke's lips trembled with emotion.

"Now look upon me, Visconti," resumed the inquisitor, "and see if you cannot recall these time-worn features to mind."

The duke looked with eager curiosity, but at length he said:

"It's of no use. I have tried much to remember where and when I had seen you before, but I could not do it, nor can I now."

"Do you remember Michael Montoni?" the judge asked, bending further forward.

"Montoni?" uttered the duke, starting. "My old tutor! My father's scribe!"

"Ay—do you remember him?"

"By the faith of Peter," uttered the duke, gazing into his face, "you are Montoni—you are Michael Montoni!"

"I am, Visconti—or, at least, I was, for such is the name my parents gave me. The pope called me Torquedo, and I assumed the Barbarigo. I am he who taught thee thy first lessons of life, and may I not be the one who shall teach thee yet? But I must be brief. You well remember why I left your father's palace. You were then over twenty years of age, and I had directed your education. Your father punished me for maintaining my rights. You remember he had me whipped on the bare back for simply informing him you had been confined in a prison by my orders. You were wayward, and once when I would have remonstrated with you, you struck me. 'Twas for that I had you locked up. Your father would listen to no excuse; but in a fury of passion he had me whipped!"

"I remember it well," said the duke, with a slight shudder.

"But you know I was under the influence of wine at the time."

"I know; but let that pass. The disgrace did not kill me. Of course I could remain under that roof no longer. I left and went to Avignon, where the pope then was, and from him I received lucrative employment as scribe, and finally I joined the Dominican order, and was made chief inquisitor in this place. Barnabas Visconti, do you remember a little bright-eyed boy, the companion of your early life? A laughing, gleesome child, who had already learned to call you—"

"Brother!" whispered the duke.

"I mean him," returned Torquedo.

"Ay," added Visconti, "I remember him well. He was the youngest—I the oldest. He was our pet—our darling—our best beloved. But a cruel fate was his!"

"Ah—how so?"

"He was drowned in the Olona when the mountain snows came melting down into it."

"Art sure of that?" asked Torquedo.

"Sure!" repeated the startled duke.

"Ay—art thou sure thy little brother was swept away?"

"Why—how—how could it be otherwise? Was he not seen?"

"Not in the flood, Barnabas. I sent an old monk to tell thee that tale, while I carried the prattling child away into France!"

"You!—carried him away!"

"Ay—in revenge for the shame and pain you all heaped on me. I was mad then, and I carried away the child without remorse, and kept it one whole year. Then I came back to Lombardy in disguise, and carried the child to the palace of Jacopo Della Torre. I told him it was the child of a noble family who had been exterminated by the Visconti, and asked him to take it and rear it as his own. Being childless, he embraced the gift gladly. The families of the Visconti and the Della Torre were in such a fever of enmity that I let the thing rest as it was. But the seion of the Visconti never felt at home with Jacopo. By a strange fatality, his feelings sided more with the adverse house, and so, on the same hand, did the old noble lose most of his love for the youth as he grew up. But the time is come when my secret can be no longer kept. Barnabas—Francesco—ye are the children of one father."

The duke and the marquis turned toward each other. A full minute they stood thus, and then the stout duke opened his arms.

"Forgive me, my brother!" he murmured.

The enmity and wrong of a lifetime were buried in those simple words. While the two brothers remained thus locked in each other's arms, Julia, faint and weak, sank upon the bosom of her mother, and sobbed aloud.

And what could Lucetta do? She looked on the re-united brothers—and then upon the mother and child; and then—her eyes tremblingly turned toward the stout monk who stood beside the inquisitor. He did not look so handsome with his face all painted, and his noble beard shaven away, but then his heart was still the same, and the trembling maid stretched her arms beseechingly towards him. "Pietro!" she whispered.

It was enough. He saw that the eye of love had penetrated his disguise, and he caught the fair girl to his bosom.

"Now, Barnabas Visconti," spoke Torquedo. "I would see one more act in this strange drama. There are two hearts here—"

"I understand," interrupted the duke, as he noticed that the old man's eye wandered towards Julia. "Here, Julia."

The maiden left her mother's side, and when she reached where the duke stood, he took her hand and placing it in that of the marquis, he said:

"O, my brother, if I have wronged you, let this pure being be the mediator between us. Take her, and with her forget all of wrong in the past."

"Yes, yes. And were it ten thousand times as heavy on me, I could throw it all off now. Only let me know that you will be my brother—and love me—and be—he—"

"All—everything!" whispered Barnabas, throwing his arms once more about Francesco's neck. "Until now I knew not that of my father's blood there lived a child on earth but myself; but my heart has found its lost love in thee, and a warmer soul shall henceforth glow within me. O, had I seen you often, or had I watched you carefully but once, I should have seen my noble father's features in your face. And now, my brother, take this fair hand in your own, and from the moment this gentle girl rests on your bosom, speak of our enmity no more."

As the duke ceased speaking, Francesco clasped his beloved one in his warm embrace, and imprinted one pure kiss on her brow, and then, turning to his brother, he extended his hand, and said: "Henceforth I can stand where my love has ever been, and the power of my arm, the temper of my sword and the honor of my soul are for our noble house."

"Amen!" uttered the duke, the tears coursing down his cheeks.

There was a moment of silence, and then the stout monk stepped forward. He tore off the long brown gown and a doublet padded enormously with wool. The removal of the doublet had detracted wondrously from his size, but not from his height nor breadth of shoulders.

"What—Pietro?" cried the marquis, in astonishment.

"Yes," said Torquedo. "I found him watching at your prison in Verona, and I soon urged him to be governed by me, and I promised to disguise him so that even his friends should not recognize him. He resisted the loss of his beard bravely, but he finally gave up, and entered into the spirit of my plan. And you, Francesco, can judge whether he has been of service."

"Ay—so I can. Give me your hand, Pietro. O, God bless you ever. You can serve a Visconti?"

"While I live."

"And I will serve you, too. But tell me one thing. How

gained you such power here on that morning when I came so near my end? When the base Andrea was here?"

"I can explain," interrupted the old inquisitor. "I have several blank appointments signed by the pope, to be used in case of need, and one of those I gave to Pietro, and then sent him here for word was brought to me of what was going on."

"And now," said Pietro, "that my term of monkhood has expired, have you any objections to my taking a wife?"

"Not at all," answered the marquis, happily.

"And, Signora Julia," resumed Pietro, with strange boldness, "will you give me Lucetta?"

"If you will not take her away."

"I shall not leave Francesco while we both live."

"Then she is yours."

"But perhaps Lucetta would like to be consulted herself," suggested the marquis.

"Never fear on that account," said the duchess. "Even in the palace she saw through his disguise, and whispered to me who he was, else I might not have trusted him. Surely nothing but love could see our noble Pietro beneath such a garb."

At all events, it was quickly settled by Lucetta's coming forward, and resting upon Pietro's bosom, and blessing her mistress. But Torquedo was becoming weak and faint, and he had to sit down.

"My lord duke," he said, "I must gain strength ere I speak with you much more. Only now let me say, that I have done this from a fancy of my own. Be not angry if I offer you a word of advice."

"Fear not, good father," returned the duke, frankly. "You were my first teacher—you may be my last."

"Then I brought you here, and had you cast into prison, only to open your eyes to the danger you court by placing too much confidence in your own power. Ah, your greatest hold on power lies in the respect and affection of your people. Will you not remember this. 'Tis well enough to maintain your own dignity, but do not strike too high. I will see Jacopo Della Torre and explain all this myself; though it cannot matter much to him, since he has turned the youth from his doors for seeking an alliance with one of the Visconti. I feel my pain acutely. Horses are in waiting to bear you back to Milan. I shall see you ere long. Pietro will guide you."

* * * * *

Jacopo Della Torre received the news of Francesco's real relations in life very calmly, and consoled himself with the reflection that he was cheaply rid of one who never sympathized with him in any of his revolutionary projects.

But all were not so calm. Throughout the city the news spread like wildfire, and even among the poorest peasants of the suburbs the theme was discussed. But all were made glad by the event, for all honest men had loved the brave marquis, and now they could honor him as much as they pleased. The leading nobles who had followed under Monza's banner, now came and offered their swords to Francesco; and when, a short time afterwards, he assumed the title of Monza, all the friends of that house gave him their plighted faith.

One bright day the flower of Lombardy's nobility were assembled in Milan. It was a fete day, for the noble lord, Francesco Visconti, was to be married on that day. But what mattered all this pomp and show? Two pure and loving hearts were united. Francesco Della Torre now held his beloved Julia to his bosom and she was all his own forever more. And on that evening there was a more private ceremony within the apartments of the marquis. Pietro and Lucetta were the chief parties now, and Bernardo Torquedo stood next, for Pietro was determined that the "Stranger" should marry him. And they were made husband and wife—Pietro and Lucetta—noble and beautiful.

"Ah," uttered the duke, after the ceremony had been performed, "my good Pietro, you have received your sentence from the Holy Inquisition, and I hope you will bear up under it with becoming fortitude."

The company burst into a loud laugh, in which Pietro joined; but Lucetta tripped quickly to the duke's side, and tapping him playfully upon the cheek, she said:

"Now none of your experience, my lord duke. Forget your bitten fingers till my husband finds if the trap has teeth alike for all. Mayhap he'll laugh at you at a year's end."

Now they laughed at the duke, and he laughed with them. And the sunshine of those hours was with him a long, long while. As the beams of joy entered his soul, the clouds of anger and revenge were chased away, and his people had cause to be grateful that he had found a brother.

The duchess once more smiled, and once more she loved to watch for the coming of her noble husband, for she was sure to find him kind and gentle now. Francesco entered the council chamber, and the elder Visconti soon learned to prize his brother's wit and intelligence as highly in the councils of state as he did his good right arm in the tented field.

As soon as Pietro's beard grew out full again, he went abroad some, but 'twas no more as a mere esquire. His powerful arm, and clear head, and noble soul, merited a higher place; and Lucetta was not a little proud when she knew that she was the lady of a noble knight and an officer of the duke's household.

Barbarigo the stranger sometimes came to the palace. If the past was spoken of between him and the duke, it was only to go back long years when they were teacher and pupil. They forgot all of wrong, save as they might hold it in memory as a check for the future, for they knew that to cherish such memory was to beget hatred; and they knew, too, that nothing on earth can make a man more truly miserable than the presence of hatred in the soul.



FAIRMOUNT WATER WORKS, PHILADELPHIA.

FAIRMOUNT WATER WORKS, AND ICE CUTTING ON THE SCHUYLKILL.

The view accompanying this sketch of the great water works which supply the city of Philadelphia cannot fail to be regarded with much interest. The sketch was made in winter, and the season is shown by the leafless appearance of the trees, the skaters sporting on the further bank, and the men employed in cutting ice in the foreground. The dam which crosses the river at this point is a solid structure, and has successfully resisted no fewer than seven freshets. The water works are on the east bank of the River Schuylkill, not far from the boundaries of the city proper. The dam to which we have alluded was built by sinking wooden cribs filled with stone, and is 1248 feet long. It is partially founded on a rock, uncovered at low tide, and partially sunk through the mud to a rocky foundation, which, in many places, is thirty feet below high water mark. When the river is at the highest, swelled by spring or autumn freshets, it has been known to pour to a depth of ten feet over the dam. The water, backed up by the dam, is conducted into a forebay on the back and east side of the mill buildings; the whole of which forebay, as well as the site upon which the mill buildings stand, was excavated from the solid rock. The length of this race or forebay is 419 feet, and the depth

of the excavation necessary to form it was 60 feet. The forebay is 90 feet wide, and six feet deep below the top of the dam, which allows the passage of water to the mill buildings, on the west side, to the wheels, which discharge the water into the river below. The mill building is of stone, 228 feet long and 56 wide, divided into twelve apartments, four of which contain eight double acting forcing pumps, 16 inches in diameter, and six feet stroke. The other apartments are forebays, leading to eight water-wheels. On the east front of the mill buildings, over the pump and forebay chambers, is a terrace 256 feet long and 26 wide, paved with brick, forming a handsome walk along the race. Three of the water-wheels are formed of wood, but the remainder are of cast iron, varying in size from 16 to 18 feet in diameter, all, however, being 15 feet wide. These wheel pumps are each calculated to raise into the reservoir about one and a half million gallons of water per twenty-four hours; they elevate the water a perpendicular height of 92 feet. Each pump has its own distinct main, of 16 inches in diameter, running up into the reservoir. The water in the reservoirs, when they are full, is 102 feet above the low tide in the Schuylkill, and 56 feet above the highest ground in the city. The reservoirs are built with stone walls, paved upon the bottom with brick laid in cement upon puddled clay. The depth of water in

them, when full, is twelve feet three inches; there are four main reservoirs, divided by stone walls, containing altogether 22,031,976 ale gallons. The larger portion of these reservoirs are upon artificial ground, raised in some parts forty feet above the original surface of the hill. The cost of all the reservoirs was \$183,822. The water passes from the reservoirs to the city through three iron mains, one of 20 inches in diameter, one of 22 inches, and one of 30 inches. It is then distributed through the city in service pipes from three to thirty inches in diameter, the whole length of these pipes being 432,536 feet. There are upwards of 81 miles in the city proper only. The water is also supplied to the districts of Southwark and Moyamensing through some 27 miles of pipes in addition to the above. The estimated water rents of all the works for the present year is \$340,509. A large additional reservoir near Girard College, connected with the Fairmount works, has just been completed. 4,270,586,902 gallons were supplied during 1854. Our second engraving shows another scene on the Schuylkill, as it appears at this season of the year. The operation of ice cutting is here delineated. The graceful Girard Bridge is depicted in the middle distance. The landscape is enlivened by a group of boys enjoying the delightful juvenile amusement of coasting. The locality sketched is a very attractive one.



SNOW SCENE ON THE SCHUYLKILL, WITH A VIEW OF GIRARD BRIDGE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BE NOT WEARY.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

Laughing down the misty valleys,
Where the morning faintly falls,
Go the sources in life a spring-time,
Scattering where the spirit calls.
But, while yet the dew is weeping,
From the flowers along the way,
They are pausing—spent with labor,
Ere the noon-tide of the day.
Be not weary, spring-time sowers,
Through the valleys' level sweep—
If ye be but faithful doers,
In the autumn ye shall reap.

Where the homeward lark uprising,
On the air her matin leaves,
In life's field swart hands are busy,
Binding up the golden sheaves.
Up and up the sun is climbing,
And the day grows faint with heat,
And along the harvest meadows
Faltering fall the reapers' feet.
Be not weary, sturdy gatherers
Of the full and golden store,
In the season that is coming,
Ye can sow nor reap no more.

Ye who keep on Zion's mountain
Watch, to tell us of the night—
Who, in truth's victorious army,
Battle bravely for the right—
Ye who stand on life's proud summit,
Whence your way lies down and down,
Among the shadows of the valley,
Where earth's empty echoes drown—
Ye who struggle—ye who suffer—
Be not weary doing good;
Ye shall wear the shining garments
That are fitting angelhood.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BIT OF NEWSPAPER.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

It was only a bit of newspaper, and a ragged, crumpled, discolored bit, too, which a grocer's boy had swept out early on a November morning, and yet it was big with the "weal" of human hearts. Till late in the afternoon, it lay quietly in the gutter, nestling between two upturned paving-stones, and seeming to cling to them as if it knew its destiny, and must not stir till the stars had bid it leap. A light wind sprang up, and it rustled and fluttered in its warm hiding-place, but did not venture forth, either to the trample of horses and the rattle of wheels, or the kicks and scuffles of boots and shoes. Sometimes, indeed, it would quite loosen its hold for a moment, and peer cautiously about, as though in search of a longed-for or remembered face, and then again it would crouch so closely to the ground that the breeze swung too far above it to even touch its torn edges.

A little blue-eyed girl came tripping by, just as the clock in the church-tower struck four,—a fair, sweet-looking child, but whose sad face and sable dress told that her young heart had early learned to mourn, and whose far worn shoes and thin cotton shawl told likewise, had not the basket on her arm been seen, that she begged, not of "the Father" only, but of human hearts, her "daily bread."

As she stepped from the crossing to the sidewalk, one of her tiny feet slid somehow between the two paving stones, and as she drew it quickly out, lest they should roll together and crush the slender ties, the bit of newspaper that all day long had lain there, was dislodged and fluttered to the pavement. And as the little girl walked on, the light wind carried it along her path, now rustling it before her, then swaying it gently to the right and left, and sometimes lifting it up above her head and carrying it some yards in front. But each time it did this, it would seem to drop it then and wait for her to come.

For awhile she did not notice it, but so persistently did it cling to her homeward way, that, at length, it riveted her attention, and as a country child will sometimes watch the down of a thistle as it floats above, beneath or around him, the little city beggar scanned the bit of paper, and pleased herself with watching its evolutions.

"You seem to love me, somehow," said she, quietly, after awhile, "and, I guess, mean to go home with me, too, for you have blown now along four squares. If you were a pretty piece of colored paper, I would pick you up, and let mother cut me a pretty dress for some of my babies, or if you were a clean white piece, I'd pick you up, because then I could learn to write upon you, or even if you were whole and clean, I'd take you, for mother would love to read you so; but you are so dirty and so ragged you'll have to go to sleep again in some old gutter. How funny that, just because I kicked it up, it flies along with me so!"

But at this point of her childish talk, she came to the corner which she must turn to go up to her gloomy alley home. She paused there a moment, and the wind lulling just then, the bit of paper rustled close to her feet and nestled there. Once she half stooped to pick it up, but then turned on, and left it to its fate.

A grocer's store was on that corner, and as she passed its side door, she saw a countryman carrying in a sack of something, which he emptied into a bushel measure. She watched him with childish interest, and when one great potato rolled out over the threshold on to the stones, she eagerly ran and picked it up.

"Fetch that here, you little thief!" said the gruff voice of the clerk. And he shook his fist at her wickedly, not caring for the vegetable half as much as for the chance to terrify a guileless girl.

The tears rushed to her eyes. She had many a time been called a beggar brat, but never a thief before, and her little honest heart was almost broken at the unholy name.

"For shame, Bill, to scare a child in that way! Let her have it!" exclaimed the old farmer. "She don't look as though she often saw any at her home. Gracious! but it's hard on folks, I tell ye, Bill, when their young ones clutch at taters. Here, little miss, take these," and he put two large ones in her hand, "and there, too," and he pulled from his deep pockets half a dozen apples, "and don't cry any more. You aint a thief, no more than meself is one."

Smiles broke gladly over the weeping face, and the "thank you, dear, good sir," that fell from little Jeannie's lips was musical as a hymn at Easter. Carefully she laid away the rosy fruit beneath the lid of her little basket; but the muddy potatoes—where should she put them?

"O, I just know," said she, in a merry tone; "that old bit of newspaper that I left on the corner will be the very thing to wrap them in." And she gathered it up and wound it about her three brown treasures, and then, with a lighter step, danced up this street and down that, and across this lane and into that, till she halted before a dilapidated house, from one of whose third story windows leaned a pale, sad face, as if watching for some familiar form.

"Be glad, mother,—be glad!" exclaimed the little girl, as she caught a glimpse of the thin figure at the casement, and fleetly she tripped up the rickety steps and bounded into the cheerless bedroom which she called her home.

"You have been gone long, my child," said the mother, tenderly, as she untied for her the strings of her calico hood and unpinned her shawl.

What a wealth of soft brown tinglets streamed down the white shoulders as the little one carelessly tossed her head! Ah! little did those of whom she begged dream of the beautiful locks and the snowy, swan-like neck which were hidden by the ugly garments, and little, too, did the mother care to have them known, for she knew too well that they were a dangerous dowry for a beggar-girl in a city like their own. Carefully did she smooth them back from the pure Grecian forehead, and tightly knot them under the hood each time her child went out, but when at home alone with her, she joyed to see them float about her cheeks, and flutter, shadow like, upon her neck and bosom.

"Where were you, darling?" and she pressed her lips. "Sit down upon my lap and tell me the story of your way."

"O, I'm not tired at all, mother, to night, only so glad. Let me sit down on this old cushion at your feet, and lay my head on your knees, and then I'll talk."

And in that graceful, childlike nestling, she told her mother of her long, long walk; of all the houses she knocked at, and of the many, many cross words and looks she had to hear and quiver under, because she begged the rich man's crumbs; and then how that, quite discouraged, she sat down on the doorstep of a modest-looking house and cried, and once, she said, "was wicked enough to wish that God would let her and her mother die that very night, that she might never have to beg again; that, while she cried, a kind, sweet-looking old lady opened the front door, and asked her if she were sick, or cold, or hungry; that she told her, amidst many sobs, of her long walk, and her poor mother, who would work, but who could get no more to do, and how she had begged for three long hours, and had not received a single crust; that the lady then made her come in and sit beside the fire, and eat some cake and pie, and that she put six nice, fresh biscuits, a slice of butter and one of ham, and a little roll of tea and sugar into her basket, saying she was not rich, but she would always spare something to a child who begged for its mother's bread. And then she told of the bit of paper flying before her feet, and the potato, and the cross clerk, and the good old farmer and his gifts, and closed by dancing gaily about the room, singing,

"Now we'll put the kettle on.
Now we'll both have tea."

And a quiet, cheerful supper the two had before the blaze of the pine chips, which Jeannie had gathered in the forenoon, the delicate biscuit and fresh tea relishing finely to the poor mother, while the little girl ate with the hearty appetite of childhood a roasted potato and apple.

"And now, mother," said she, with gentle thoughtfulness, "you shall sit down before this pretty fire, in your low rocker, and talk or read to me, while I wash up the tea things. I'll be on the chips to night; you needn't be afraid to, for the carpenter said he would let me have the first pick every morning, because I never bothered him when I came. There, that's a nice bright light, 'most as good as the gas at the corner," and she threw on a fresh handful of shavings and bits. Merrily the flames lapped them up, and brilliant were the scintillations that flashed over the usually dusky ceiling.

Jeannie clapped her hands with joy, and went singing and hopping about with a voice as sweet and a step as light as those of a summer bird when the sunshine follows the shower.

"And what will you read from, mother?" she said. "For you must read to-night, it is so long since we've had a light."

"Bring me that bit of newspaper, my dear. It is some weeks since I have seen one. Never mind trying to clean it, Jeannie; you cannot wipe off that yellow stain," seeing that, after shaking it of the dirt which had gathered from the potatoes, she was striving with an old towel to make it fresh and white again. "I can easily read it, though it is discolored," and she scanned one side with an eager, rapid glance. A beautiful smile flashed over her

face in a moment, and she exclaimed: "I am glad you saved it, Jeannie, for here, on the cleanest bit of all, are some thrilling lines from a favorite poet," and in charmingly modulated tones, she read one of those holy lyrics which now and then drop from human pen, carrying the soul back to those olden times when the hards of Israel sung.

Twice did Mrs. W— read it through, and then telling the little girl to bring her her scissors, said she would cut it out and paste it in her hymn book, for it was too rich in thought, too sweet in measure, too hopeful in spirit, to be carelessly thrust away.

"I will learn it, mother, to speak to you, next Sunday," said Jeannie, "and, perhaps, you can think of some music that it can be set to, and then how sweet it will be for us both to sing it! O, I am so glad I picked it up! But what is the matter? what ails you, mother? What makes you look so white? O, dear—dear! She is dying—dying! my own dear mother!" And amidst sobs and tears, the little girl clung to her parent, as her thin, shadowy form dropped in its chair, and, finally, sunk to the floor.

"Water, darling,—water! O, quickly!" whispered the fainting woman, after a moment which seemed an age. "And now bring my pillow, and let me lie here awhile."

Tenderly did Jeannie bathe the pale forehead and pallid cheeks, and kindly moisten the quivering lips, murmuring the while those endearing epithets we consciously breathe when the soul of a friend seems passing.

A half hour glided ere Mrs. W— could rise and walk about. But then bidding her little girl tie on her hood and shawl, she took her own faded bonnet and cape, and, clasping Jeannie's hand, descended the stairs.

"Are you going to the doctor's, mother? Are you afraid you will die?"

"Don't question me, darling. I hardly know whether I am in or out of the flesh! O, Heaven grant that I am in time!"

Her words were an enigma to the child, and she hurried on, half fearing her mother had gone crazy.

It was a long and weary walk they took, and many a time did the poor woman sink on a doorstep, or cling frantically to the iron lamp-posts. But each time, after a little pause, she would hasten on with an added quickness to her steps. She halted, at length, before a splendid mansion, brilliant, from cellar to attic, with gas from a thousand burners; one, in fact, of the many princely hotels which the city boasted. Before its marble steps she hesitated, many times putting her foot upon the first, and then withdrawing it. Many times, too, did she press her thin hands passionately to her throbbing heart, as if she would fain still its wild pulses, and often, too, press them to her white brow, as if to recall some scattered thought.

"Are you ill, my poor woman?" asked a kindly voice, when several moments had elapsed.

She started, but the tones were too sweet to cause a fear; and a single glance at the noble face gave her courage to answer.

"I am not well, sir; but it is not illness that keeps me here. I am anxious to receive some information from one of the boarders of this house, and I should be greatly indebted to you if you would direct me to the private entrance, or send a servant to me."

Her listener was a man of quick discernment. He saw that, though in patches, it was a lady who stood beside him, and the gentle yet earnest way she spoke, interested him more than he would have cared to own.

"I am myself a boarder," said he; "perhaps I can assist you. Could you give me your friend's name?"

"He is not my friend,—at least, not yet, though I hope—but, indeed, sir, pardon me, if I speak wildly. This new hope is too gladsome."

She quivered like a leaf when struck by a sudden gale. But the discipline of sorrow had long been hers, and she soon again recovered her composure, enough to place the bit of newspaper in his hand and ask if the author of the advertisement she pointed to were yet there.

A single glance only did he give. Then clasping her hands, he exclaimed:

"God sent you here, dear lady! I, myself, wrote that, and Heaven only knows how anxiously I have sought you out. Come with me," and with a brother's tenderness he led her to a private parlor, and seated her.

Tears streamed down her cheeks, and down his, too, and it was long ere either could command their feelings enough to speak. At length, amidst her sobs, Mrs. W— faintly murmured:

"Then you were my brother's friend—loved him in life, and in death did not forsake? O, tell me—tell me, sir, did he bless his sister ere he died?"

"He did—he did, my gentle friend, and commissioned me to seek her out, and bestow upon her the fortune he lived long enough to accumulate, but not to enjoy. But you are too feeble and excited to learn all to night, and I, myself, just on the point of returning home from my, as I thought, futile search, am in no frame of mind, at this sudden meeting, to talk calmly. To-morrow you will know all. For to night this suite of rooms is at your service." Gently he pressed her hand, and, kindly kissing Jeannie, closed the door.

"What does it mean?" asked the little one, after awhile, in eager wonder. "Aint we going home to-night? Did he give you all these pretty things? Why, it's like a fairy story! This afternoon I was a little beggar, and now I am—what am I, dear—dear mother?"

"I hardly know, my darling. Let us trust in God, though, that it be not all a dream. Sleep, Jeannie, to night, and to-morrow he will tell us all about it."

"Who?—that handsome man? And shall we go to live with

him! O, I do hope so, for I loved him, when he first spoke to you. I know he's good."

Just then a servant entered with two large baskets. He quietly put them down beside Mrs. W——, and withdrew. She found upon each a card, with her name and the number of her room pencilled upon it, and hastened to open them. Money will work wonders in a mighty city, and she was not greatly surprised to find each filled with elegant clothing for herself and child.

"How delicately kind he is! A brother could not have been more thoughtful," murmured she, while little Jeannie frolicked like a wild bird, when her mother showed her a rose-colored merino robe, which fitted her almost "like a charm," an embroidered cloak, a white satin hood with trimmings of richest lace, soft lamb's wool hose, and little fairy gaiters. She could hardly be persuaded to put on the linen night dress and wrought cap, and was only coaxed to her luxurious bed by the promise of wearing them all at morning, and went to sleep with her tiny gloves upon her hands.

As for the mother, she did not dare to close her eyes, lest, on opening them, the beautiful pageant of the evening should have flown away. All night long she paced the spacious parlor, now whispering rapidly to herself, and then earnestly praying to Heaven.

At daylight she calmed herself, and carefully arrayed her person in the splendid gifts. She had been beautiful ere sorrow crushed her heart so deeply, and now, as hope came back, beauty seemed likewise to return. Her dark rich hair waved gracefully on either side of her fair brow, and, with skilful art, was knotted at the back in luxuriant braids. There was a sparkle to her eye as new as it was enchanting; a delicate peach bloom gathered on her still sunken cheeks; the olden curves came back to her sweet lips, while a holy smile sat in every feature, like the reflection of a chastened thought. The full, flowing Cashmere wrapper concealed the ravages of famine on her once splendid figure, giving a rich outline to it, while the crimson linings of the loose sleeves relieved the thin arms of their salow hue, and cast beautiful lights over the worn fingers. More like some wealthy convalescent did she seem, as she reclined so gracefully in her velvet rocker, than a poor woman, to whom, for years, luxury had been a forbidden word. And little Jeannie! O, she was a picture to charm an artist's eye, as, when in her new full dress, she surveyed herself before a mirror; and the mother, as she clasped her to her heart, could not forbear exclaiming, "My beauteous child!"

The same delicate kindness of their friend relieved them of the necessity of appearing when the breakfast gong sounded its loud warnings, a delicious repast being served to them in their own apartments. Afterward he gently requested permission to attend them, and, with thoughtful tact, he did not seem to notice the change in their apparel, or their looks, but kindly opened his mission. Who he was, and why he sought the lady and her child, and who that child and lady were, the story-teller's pen must tell you now.

* * * * *

Jeannie and Alfred Lawrence were left orphans at an early age, but with sufficient property to educate each handsomely, and leave enough when they reached their majority, to deter the one from the painful alternatives of marrying for a home or seeking it from a stranger's bounty, and a capital for the other, which would successfully introduce him into mercantile pursuits, or furnish an adequate living in the earlier stages of a professional life. Having no other relatives to share their affections, the two children lavished all the tenderness of their hearts upon each other, and until Jeannie was eighteen and Alfred twenty one, there scarcely lived two beings more warmly and devotedly attached, each being to the other an idol, before whose shrine their holiest passions were daily consecrated. But then the beauty of their communion was sadly, hopelessly marred; the fondest hopes of the brother crushed by a deadly blow, and the happiness of the sister cruelly wrecked for years.

Among the students who graduated at the same year that Alfred did, were two who had been his classmates through the whole four years, and in intellectual capacity, in ripened knowledge, in literary laurels, and in manly beauty, it was hard to say which of the three was first. But in moral integrity, in that purity of life and heart which makes man akin to angels, one was sorrowfully deficient, though, with subtle tact, he long managed to conceal his sins from his nearest friends. But though dear to Alfred, yet George W—— was never so warmly loved, even when he believed him sinless, as was William Staunton. To him he clung with a love passing that of a brother, and well he might, for seldom had earth known one worthier than he.

With the beautiful romance of youth, it had, for years, been a favorite project of his some day to see blended the destinies of the friend who was so dear and the sister to whom he clung so fondly, and though strangely prevented from introducing the two during the whole collegiate term, he yet succeeded in deeply interesting them in each other. To his friend, as he sat contemplating the miniature of Jeannie, then in the bloom of girlhood, he would portray her loveliness in such glowing colors that the young heart of the student was thrilled with ecstatic pulses, and to his sister in each letter he dwelt so warmly upon the virtues and talents of his friend, that she came to love him with the fond and unsullied heart as does the maiden her betrothed. Visions, such as poets love to revel in, draped the musings of each young spirit, and they yearned for the holy time when they should meet and see them realized. Alas! that day was far—far in the future, and a fearful storm was to crush them to the earth, ere the bow of promise spanned their heaven.

To the horror of Alfred and his friend William, just on the eve of commencement, George was detected in a crime too black to be

spoken of without a blush, and fiend-like, when they threatened to expose him to the world, unless he made the only reparation in his power, he formed a scheme to ruin the fondest hope of both. Chance favored him in every way. William, instead of turning to the village home of Alfred, to become, in person, acquainted with the idol of his heart, was hurriedly summoned to the South to receive his father's dying benediction. He brought Alfred to go with him, that, when all was over, they might return together. Informing his sister of the sudden journey, he obeyed the wish of friendship, and the two departed.

That letter never reached her hands. But in its stead came the dissolute George W——, and palmed himself upon the unsuspecting girl as the hero of her brother's enthusiastic letters. It was easy for him to do so, too; for in person he was noble, in looks only too captivating, and brilliant in conversational talent and all the lighter accomplishments of the youthful student. Believing him the William whom she had long loved in secret, she only too willingly yielded to him her heart, and their betrothal vows were spoken ere a month had passed.

No stone did the villain leave unturned that might deter him in his scheme. The sister's letters, passing through his hands to the post, were quietly burned to ashes, while forged ones from the brother urged her to consummate their union and meet him in the sunny South, whither he had gone to accompany a classmate, who was too ill to travel alone, and where, too, so favorable an opening for his future fortunes was presented that it would be wrong in him to do otherwise than embrace it without delay. By some strange fatality, too, Alfred had never written his friend's surname. He was only William, and thus easier was the villain's task.

Unused to the formalities of the world, the gentle girl thought not of securing to herself her little patrimony, and the aged friend she dwelt with, being like herself in that respect, it all passed into her husband's hand. Believing herself the happiest bride of all or any "glad new year," Jeannie, one holy Sabbath evening in early autumn, became the wife of a blackened heart; and little thought the village children, as they strewed roses in her path, that in every one was hidden a thorn; or the maidens, who chanted the bridal anthem, that they should have moaned a dirge.

To a fair and sunny home went the young wife, and for a few short weeks she dwelt as in an Elysian bower. But sin, though it may be veiled awhile by artifice, sooner or later sees the daylight. The return of Alfred brought things to a crisis, and an explanation followed which quite broke the hearts of the young brother and his friend, and but for her husband's tenderness and love, would, by its suddenness, have quite killed the yet girlish wife. But it was no part of the scheme of George to let her die. He knew her living agonies could deeply harrow the others' hearts. As, thus far, he had ever been to her all that a lover and a husband could be, it was an easy task for him to make her yet think him pure, and though he owned that he was not the William of her brother's choice, he told so fair a tale that, woman-like, she believed it all, and clung to him despite all her brother's pleadings that she would leave the monster and come to his home and heart. Her cry was ever, "he is my husband, I cannot leave him," and then she would beg of Alfred to bless their union. But though never with a single word did he reproach her, so sinned against, he could no better have pronounced a benediction on them, than could Heaven on the mating of a vulture and a dove. Sadly and yearningly he left her, and, far in the South, sought, in the turmoil of commerce, to forget his sorrow, telling his sister that while she clung to her husband she must be dead to him. But could he have guessed one half the trials she was called upon to bear, he would have stood beside her to ward off the blows.

Ten years of misery were hers ere the villain, who had darkened her pathway, was called forever from his victim,—years of misery with but one palliating comfort—the birth and spared life of a darling child. In the death of her husband came destitution, too, and that severest kind which freezes the hands willing to work. She had lost all traces of her brother, for, with wife like heroism, she ever shrunk from telling him of the woes she suffered, and when she and her little one returned from the grave, over which she could not shed a tear, they were desolate indeed. And thus had they been, till that fortunate evening when the advertisement in Jeannie's bit of paper arrested her attention, and it is needless now to say who was that noble friend who sat beside her on that November morning. He had been her brother's friend in youth, and their great sorrow had rivetted their hearts. In life and till death they had been one.

By some stray chance, months after the death of George, the certainty of it had been made known to Alfred, and, with a brother's tenderness roused into keenest activity, he was about to search out his sister, when untimely death frustrated his design. But, on his dying bed, he charged his friend not to spare money or means in her behalf, bequeathing to her all the fortune that had blessed his hands. And, for weeks, that friend had diligently sought her, and sadly was he returning to the South when, on the steps of his hotel, that providential meeting detained him, even as the carriage that was to have borne him to the boat rattled to the gate.

Softly streamed the rays of the setting sun through green drapings of a southern bower. Long, too, did they linger there, and over a beauteous picture did they cast their golden haze. A lady, in life's early prime, with a countenance of such chastened loveliness that she seemed the incarnation of some holy vision, and whose exquisitely moulded figure was robed in flowing muslin of stainless hue, stood leaning over a small Grecian harp, warbling a strain as clear, full and rich as the notes which drop from the throat of a bird when it soars high toward the blue and bending sky of a morn in June. At her feet, upon a luxurious cushion of Oriental fashion, knelt a little fairy of a girl, with a brow like a

sun-kissed lily, cheeks like the leaf of a wild rose, eyes like the violets of spring-time, and rippling curls of such soft, glossy brown that they seemed like a halo in star-light. Her small tapered fingers were daintily culling choice flowers from a mossy basket,—those fair white flowers which so beautifully befit the brow of a happy bride, snowy japonicas, scented orange buds and tea roses, their rich creamy petals yet nestling in the green shades of half-parted leaves. These, with a few myrtle sprigs and a roll of snowy tulle, were cunningly woven into a delicate wreath, which every now and then she playfully bound about her forehead, as if to try its length or test its beauty. Snatches of the same song which floated from her mother's lips would sometimes gush from hers, only lower, softer and more sybil-like, and again there would come to them the glad trill of a childish laugh, and she would toss back her long ringlets, and look archly forth far down the beautiful alley.

"Sing more, dear mother,—O do, sing on!" said she, earnestly, as the lady pushed aside her harp and sat down beside her. "It is so sweet to hear you. Please sing till I come back. I want yet one more japonica and some rose-buds, too;" and lightly pressing a kiss upon the fair cheek, she tripped away, her basket in her hands and the wreath hung upon her arm.

As she swiftly turned the corner of a flower bed, she came face to face with a noble-looking gentleman, who seemed idly sauntering in the lonely path. He caught her in his arms with an exclamation of pleasure, and when, after a few moments of gentle caressing, he put her down again, he exclaimed:

"What a charming wreath our Jeannie has woven! Whose brow is it to grace?"

"A bride's, dear sir, if it do not fade too soon;" and she ran away, far away from the green bower, where her mother yet lightly swept the sweet strings of her harp.

Softly the music stole to the ears of the one listener, and, with gentle step, he threaded the gravelled alley, till he stood close to the floating vines that hid the lattice work. The lady was chanting, with an impassioned tone, a wild Eastern air, in which the whole soul of womanhood seemed poured forth in thrilling numbers. Now the strain gushed clear, and high, and full, and then again quivered in such low, sweet, fluttering notes that they seemed but the audible sobs of a heart that had trusted too fondly and was breaking in death.

The breath of the listener came quick and strong, and he pressed his hand to his bosom lest its wild pulsations should drown one of the quivering tones. As the last words of the song echoed away, he, too, stole off, but after the circuit of a few wide paths, came back again, and gently tapped for admission.

A beautiful blush overspread the lady's cheeks as, looking up, she invited her guest to enter, and it deepened and shimmered over both brow and bosom as, instead of releasing the delicate fingers, he clasped them in his own, and sat down beside her.

"My heart will no longer brook delay," he softly whispered, "I must tell you to night its story. In the spring-time of life I bestowed it upon a fair young girl. The unholy passion of another made us twain, and it was sin in me to love her then—another's bride; but the memory of that early love has gone with me through all the wreck of life, while her pictured face has lain upon my bosom like an angel charm."

He detached from a golden chain a jewelled locket, and lightly pressing the spring, revealed a maiden face of wondrous beauty. He glanced from the miniature to the blushing countenance that beamed upon him.

"This," said he, pressing the one to his lips, "was the idol, the Jeannie of my spring—may not this," and he tenderly clasped the lady and drew her to his heart, "may not this be the idol, the Jeannie of life's summer?"

She did not speak, but as she suffered him to bathe her brow and cheeks and lips with kisses, he was quite content.

The ripple of a childish laugh, floating on the still air, roused them from their delicious trance. With her wreath in one hand and a bouquet in the other, Jeannie, the younger, lightly tripped beneath the drooping vines, and stood before them. She gently twined the woven flowers over the brow of the lady, and fastened the knotted ones on to the bosom of the noble man. Then clasping their two right hands together, she whispered, "Mother—Father—Amen!"

A month later, and a robed priest clasped those two right hands, and whispered, "Husband—Wife—Amen!"

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M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,
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THE EASTERN AND WESTERN HEMISPHERES.

The designs on this and the opposite page are from the pencil of Mr. Billings, and were drawn and engraved expressly for our paper. They are allegorical and emblematic representations of the hemispheres. In the centre of the first picture (the Eastern Hemisphere) we behold a group strongly characteristic of the gorgeous East. Here is the "desert ship"—the camel, patiently bearing its burthen, and the stately and enormous elephant, with his strange and brilliant ornamental appointments. The human figures in this group are effective. The Arab is the true type of his race; the mounted Circassian warrior is also a characteristic figure. Above the central group sits Europe, personified as a female sovereign of exquisite and commanding loveliness. She occupies the most prominent position in the picture, as of right.

With what mingled emotions do we, the dwellers on the transatlantic shore, look on the Eastern hemisphere! Separated from its nearest point by a thousand leagues of ocean, we are apt to look on it less as an integral portion of the common heritage of humanity than as another world. It is, in common parlance, the old world—another planet, as it were. Its distance lends it that enchantment which belongs ever to the remote in space and time. To us the history, the poetry and the legendary lore of Asia—the cradle of the race,—are blended together. We view the vast continent of Africa, the crowded area of Europe, through the same parti-colored atmosphere of mingled fact and fancy. We long to visit these strange lands—hoary with antiquity—the graves of so many nations—the battle-fields of so many races—the theatre of so many splendid triumphs of art, of science, of statesman-

we come back enriched with many new ideas, with brighter conceptions of the characteristic features of the Eastern hemisphere; but still the necessary rapidity of travel, allowing but an imperfect acquaintance with the lands we visit, leaves our early impressions but slightly disturbed. At home again, as the fresh daguerreotypes of men and things in the mind's gallery become dim and dusky, we again look upon the Eastern Hemisphere as another world, and this in spite of the multiplied and continuous relations established of late between the great East and the great West. And even when the thought communication is perfected, and we can send, in a few hours, our order to Meen Fun, in China, for a chest of Oolong, and on the same day receive the assurance of our correspondent that the article is on its way per Great Western Railroad freight train, which runs at fifty miles an hour including



In her hand is the sceptre, and on her head the crown of civilization. Banners and trophies of arms surround her in token of her sovereignty. At the foot of the picture is a sketch illustrating the present condition of a part of the old world—a state of war. On a plateau of land a group of allied officers are watching the issue of a military movement in the Crimea. On the right is an emblematic figure of Asia, beautiful as a favorite sultana, attired in rich barbaric finery, and seated in a car drawn by a lion and a tiger. Below this group is a Turk tranquilly smoking his narghileh,—a picture of the indolence and voluptuousness of the Oriental character. On the left side of the engraving a characteristic figure typifies Africa, while the huge ostrich and the character of the foliage serve further to localize the sketch. Below the Chinese figures, the pagoda, and the snake charmer, with his pet cobra, sufficiently indicate one of the most curious countries of the world.

ship,—the cradle and the grave of glories innumerable as the stars. This magical influence of the East is constantly exerting its attractive force upon us. Many of us obey an impulse mysterious and uncontrollable. We take up our pilgrim staff and go thither. We wander through merry England, with something of a home feeling awakened by the familiar tongue and the familiar names of persons and places. We pass into sunny France; we are hurried down the legendary Rhine; we cross the Alps in the path of Hannibal and Napoleon; we worship the glories of art in Rome the eternal, and in Florence the fair; we glide beneath ruined palaces, along the silent canals of the queen city of the Adriatic; we revive our classic studies in the isles and on the mainland of Greece; we gaze upon the minarets of Stamboul the magnificent; we float down the Nile, or mount the pyramids in Egypt; if very adventurous, we penetrate to the far Cathay. From these wanderings

stoppages, and, reaching the western confines of Europe, plunges into a submarine railway tunnel under the Atlantic, delivering goods in Boston direct from China, we shall still look upon the East as a sort of huge castle in the air. From the storied and legendary East we turn to our own hemisphere, which Mr. Billings has illustrated in a design equally beautiful and characteristic. The principal figure in the picture is that of Liberty, with the shield of our Union, and bearing the Phrygian cap—the symbol of independence—on her lance. At her feet crouches an Indian, the type of that gallant but fated race, the aborigines of the continent, who are sinking before the march of civilization, and predestined, it is feared, to total extinction before many years. Below the figure of Liberty, we have a sketch of the prairie, and a group of red men, as they appear when isolated from civilization, and devoted to war and the chase. In the lower right hand corner

is a keel boat loaded with produce and rowed by blacks. Higher up, a party of emigrants are unloading their household goods. Above them, hardy pioneers are engaged in their war with the giants of the forest; while, crowning these different groups, we behold a large and flourishing city, with steamboats ploughing the waters it overlooks, amidst all the tokens of civilization and prosperity. On the other side of the figure of Liberty we behold the volcanoes which are so striking a feature in Mexico, a group of Mexicans, dashing *caballeros* in their picturesque costume, and a mule train; while an Esquimaux scene completes the illustrative details of the spirited design. The Western hemisphere—the “newest birth of time”—is now engaging, more fully, perhaps, than ever, the attention of the whole world. The long period during which it remained lost and unknown to the civilized world

greatness which is forever banished from the banks of the Nile. And why is the East now deluged with blood and wasted with fire? Because the frozen North again menaced to send forth its hordes over southern and western Europe, as the Visigoths and Huns had done before them in ages past, and hasten the decay of the decrepid states of Europe. When we look at the financial condition of the different Christian states of the old world, at the debts of their governments, at the misery and degradation of the masses, we are constrained to take a dark view of their future. We know that the spirit of liberty is there; we witness its convulsive throes, but as we note the successive failures of the nations to achieve their independence—as we contemplate such events as the fall of Hungary, the downfall of the short-lived Roman republic, the failure of the constitutionalists in the German states, the treason-

for the action of the Anglo-Saxon race. The whole of this part of the Western hemisphere remains comparatively unproductive in the hands of the feeble races who now partially occupy it. With its broad rivers, its magnificent forests, its almost exhaustless soil and its mineral wealth, it is destined to become one of the most productive and wealthy quarters of the globe. The time will come when the states of South America will no longer be the battle ground for contending factions—when governments, established on sound principles, will no longer be administered by successful soldiers, and when the means of education and improvement will be scattered broadcast. If the Spanish race does not accomplish or reap the fruits of this new order of things, it will be because it has its retributions as well as its crimes. The lust of gold and blood which characterized the Spaniard in the days of his country's



—its vast extent and boundless natural wealth—the gigantic scale of its rivers, mountains, lakes, cataracts and forests—the romantic adventures attending its discovery and colonization—the rapid progress of civilization within its borders—the foundation and marvellous growth of a republic the greatest the world ever knew—the problems suggested by the condition and the monuments of its early aboriginal inhabitants—its dazzling future, all these combine to render the history and fortunes of this hemisphere a study of the deepest interest. That the centre of civilization is destined to change from the east to the west is scarcely disputed. Civilization, starting from the extreme east, has moved westward with the march of time. The mightiest monarchies the old world ever knew have been numbered with the past. Of their gigantic monuments, the crumbling foundations are scarcely discernible. In Egypt alone the records of the past yet hint at the splendor and

able overthrow of the French republic, the indigence that is eating into the heart of England herself, the practical rottenness of her governmental system,—as we view all these things, we are forced to admit that despotism is too strong for liberalism in the old world. It is then that we turn our eyes to the West—to our own hemisphere, and thank Heaven that we have a heritage so goodly. Were the whole population of the Eastern hemisphere to be transferred to the Western, it would support them. Here are millions on millions of unpopulated acres in both North and South America, on which the rank vegetation of nature might be replaced by the fruits and vegetables which support life in man and animals. When we look at the extent and resources of this hemisphere, we shall find that much as has been done in certain localities, yet, on the whole, their development has just commenced. This remark applies more particularly to South America, which is a noble field

greatness, is the hereditary legacy of his descendants in whatever quarter of the globe they may be placed; and if the unhallowed fires of avarice and cruelty burn less feebly in them, it is because they are degenerate in every respect, and have no more force in vice than in virtue. To the Anglo-Saxon alone, we believe, is reserved the triumph of civilizing and commanding the Western hemisphere. Then will be seen on this shore of the Atlantic a civilization more complete and brilliant than the records of the old world ever delineated. We are not of those philosophers who believe in the growing degeneracy of the human race. We believe in the progress of humanity—slow in the past centuries, moving with dazzling rapidity in the present. We believe, too, in the westward movement of empire, since we witness with our own eyes in our daily observations, the onward tendency in that direction.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WITHERED FLOWERS.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

When the bounding heart of youth beat high,
O had I met with thee!
I ne'er had flung life's pearls away,
Lost in time's heaving sea;
I ne'er had cast life's flowers away,
Nothing then to me—
Nor madly thrown life's hopes away—
I'd lavished all on thee.

When the bounding heart of youth beat high,
O, hadst thou met with me!
Wouldst thou have lavished thy rich love
On such a shrine as me?
Wouldst thou've given me the bright flowers
That in thy garland shine?
And roamed with me through classic bowers,
Thy gentle hand in mine?

Tell me—wilt thou accept e'en now
The richest pearls I've left?
O, can I lavish still on thee
Hope—time hath not bereft?
Maiden! wilt take my withered flowers,
And bind them round thy brow?
A wreath of withered, faded thlogs,
But all I've left me now?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SCENE IN A VILLAGE BAR-ROOM.

BY HORACE H. STANFORD.

In the fall of 18—, I was travelling from Ithaca to Buffalo, in New York State, by stage. It was a bitter cold morning when we set out and the roads were frozen hard, there having been considerable mud only a few days before. The first night we put up at Dansville, and on the following morning, when I awoke, I found that the earth was not only covered with snow, but that the snow was then falling fast. After an early breakfast we set out again on wheels, but at the end of eight miles we were forced to take runners, the snow clogging up so that the wheels would not run. When night came we found ourselves forced to stop at a small village only twenty miles from where we set out in the morning.

A good supper was provided at the inn, and the place had the appearance of comfort. We had just set down to supper when the wind began to blow furiously, and we could see by the dim light without that the snow was being whirled and driven about in a furious manner. There was a fire in the small sitting-room, and thither we passengers, six of us, adjourned. We sat there and conversed until near nine o'clock, and then I went out into the bar room to smoke a cigar, previous to retiring.

In the bar-room I found a bright wood fire burning, and some dozen people were sitting there, smoking and drinking. (This was long before the introduction of Maine Laws.) Several of the company I judged to be teamsters; a rough, hardy, good-natured set, who were enjoying themselves lugely over a big mug of flip. Then there were several whom I found to be villagers—men who lived near the inn—sort of village politicians and news-mongers, who made the bar room their place of social evening meetings.

I had lighted my cigar, and taken a seat near the fire, when I noticed a buffalo skin on one end of the long settee opposite to where I sat, and I was confident there was a human being beneath it. I supposed it might be some stable hand who had been at work hard, or who expected to be up most of the night, and was now getting a little sleep. I was looking at the buffalo robe, and thus meditating, when I heard a low, deep, death-like groan come up from beneath it, and in a few moments more the robe was thrown upon the floor, and the man who had reposed beneath it came down upon the top of it, and there he lay for some moments like a dead man. I had just started up, when four of the villagers and one of the teamsters hastened to his assistance. They lifted him to his feet, and after considerable effort he managed to stand up.

My God! what a thrill struck to my heart when I saw that face. It was one of noble features; a brow high and amply developed, over which clustered a mass of dark, glossy ringlets; the face beautifully proportioned, and each separate feature most exquisitely chiselled. But what an expression rested there now! The great dark eyes had a vacant, idiotic stare: the face was pale as death, and the lips looked dry and parched, and much discolored. His clothes were torn and soiled, and one of his hands bloody. He was surely not more than five-and-thirty, and his appearance would at once indicate a man of more than common abilities. But the demon had him, and had made him into something now below the brute.

"How d'ye feel now, George?" asked one of the men who had gone to his assistance.

But he only groaned in reply, and he was soon persuaded to lie down again, being told that he'd soon feel better. As soon as he was on the settee once more, and the buffalo over him, the men returned to their seats.

"Who is that chap?" asked one of the teamsters, looking towards the villagers who had been assisting the unfortunate.

"That's George Lockland," returned a stout, honest-looking man.

"Does he belong here?"

"Yes. Didn't ye never hear of him?"

The teamster replied that he had not.

"Well," resumed the fat man, "it's too bad, I declare 'tis.

Lockland might be one of the first men in town if he'd a mind to; but ye see he will drink; and the worst of it is, he makes a fool of himself. He can't touch it without doing just as he's been doing now. He started here as a lawyer, and a smart one he is, too. Why, he can argue old Upham right out of his boots. But ye see he's lost all his best customers now. They daren't trust him with business, 'cause he aint sure of ever doing it. He's got one of the beautifullest little wives ye ever saw; and one of the handsomest children. But poor things! I pity 'em. Then there's another thing: rum operates different on him from what it does on most folks. It doesn't show itself outside, as it does on a'most everybody else, but it seems to eat him up inside. Ye see how pale he looks—well he's always so when he's on one of these times. He can't eat nothin', and I don't s'pose he'll put a bit of food into his stomach for a week to come."

"How long has he been so?" asked the teamster.

"How d'ye mean?"

"Why, how long both ways? How long since he took to drink, an' how long since he's been drunk now?"

"Well, he's took to drink more or less ever since he come home from college; but it's been only about a year that he's been right down hard at it. Ye see folks began to find out how slack he was in his business, and they wouldn't give him any jobs of consequence to do. I s'pose that kind o' set him a goin' in this fashion. And as for this drunk, I should say he'd been on it a fortnight. He's got down now about as low as he can get and live, and I guess he'll get sober in a day or two."

"But where does he get his liquor?" asked the questioner.

"You must ask Mike Fingal that question," was the other's answer.

All eyes were turned upon the landlord, who now stood behind the bar. He was evidently troubled at this turn, and he moved uneasily upon his high stool.

"Mike Fingal," spoke the teamster, "do you sell that man rum?"

"Yes, I do," the fellow replied, with an effort. "Don't I sell you the same when you call for it?"

"But I aren't a poor drunkard, and you know it. That aren't no excuse. Mike, I shouldn't think you'd do it."

"But when he wants rum he's bound to have it, and if I didn't let him have it somebody else would," the host said.

"Now that's old," energetically pursued the teamster. "On the same ground you might take a pistol and go out and rob folks, because if you didn't, somebody else would. But that isn't here nor there. The thing is, I don't see what kind of a heart you can have to do it."

The conversation was here interrupted by a sound from the street. The wind was still howling madly, and the snow was driving against the windows, but above the voice of the storm came the wailing of some one in distress. It was surely the cry of a child for help. We were all upon our feet in a moment, and the lantern was quickly lighted. My hat was already on my head—or my cap, rather,—and I went out with the rest. All went out but the landlord and his wretched customer who occupied the settee. It was some moments before I could see at all, the snow came driving in my face so; but I soon managed to turn my head, and then went on. The wind, as it came sweeping out through the passage to the stable, had piled up a huge bank of snow across the street, and in this bank we found a female with a child in her arms. She had not seen the huge barrier of snow in the dark, and had got completely fast. She seemed faint and frozen, but yet she clung to her child. The man who carried the lantern held it up to her face. The features were half covered with snow, but the momentary glare of the lamp was sufficient to reveal to me a face of more than ordinary beauty.

"Heavens!" uttered the man, as he lowered the lantern, and caught the woman by the arm; "Kate Lockland, is this you?" But without waiting for her to reply he turned to the rest of us and cried, "Here! take the child, some of you, and I'll carry the mother."

The child was quickly taken, and ere many moments we were back in the bar-room with our burden. The two were taken to the fire, and the snow brushed from them.

"Who's them?" asked the host.

"Only Kate Lockland and her child," answered the fat man.

"What d'ye bring 'em in here for?" the host uttered, angrily. "Why didn't ye take 'em to yer own house, Jim Drake?"

"'Cause my own house is too far."

The host was coming around the bar, and his eye was flashing with mingled shame and anger, but before he got fairly out, the stout, burly teamster who had said so much, started up.

"Mike Fingal," he uttered, in tones such as only a man confident of his own physical power can command, "don't ye put a finger on that woman. Don't ye do it. If ye do I'll crush ye as I would a pizen spider!"

Fingal looked the speaker in the eye for a moment, and then, muttering something about a man's having a right to do as he pleased in his own house, he slunk away behind his bar again.

I now turned my attention to the woman and her child. The former was surely not yet thirty years of age, and she was truly a beautiful woman—only she was pale and wan, and her eyes were swollen. She trembled fearfully, and I could see her bosom heave as she tried to choke the sobs that were bursting forth. The child was a girl, and about four years old. She clung close to her mother, and seemed frightened into a forgetfulness of her cold fingers and feet.

"Kate Lockland, what in Heaven's name are ye doing out this night?" asked Jim Drake.

"O, I was trying to find your own house, Jim Drake, for I knew you'd give me shelter. But I got lost in the snow. I

wouldn't have cried out in front of *this place*, but my poor child did. Jim Drake, have ye seen George! O, God have mercy on him! Poor, dear George! He don't know we are freezing and starving, in our own home! No fuel—no food—no—no—"

She stopped and burst into tears, and in a moment more George Lockland leaped to his feet.

"Who called me?" he cried, gazing wildly around.

Kate sprang up instinctively, but ere she reached her husband she stopped. The man saw her, and for a while he was rivetted to the spot. Soon he gazed around upon the scene about him, and gradually a look of intelligence relieved the utter blank of his hitherto pale and maniac face.

"No fuel! no food!" he whispered, gazing now upon his wife. "Starving! God have mercy! — Who was it said those words? Where am I?"

"George! George!" cried the wife, now rushing forward and flinging her arms about her husband's neck. "Don't you know me?"

"Kate! No fire?—there's fire!"

"Ay, George Lockland," said Jim Drake, now starting up; "this aren't your own home. Don't ye know where you are?"

Again the poor man gazed about him, and as a fearful shudder convulsed his frame, and his hands involuntarily closed over his eyes, I knew that the truth had burst upon him.

"No fuel!—No food!" he groaned.

"O, sir," whispered the wife, catching Drake convulsively by the arm, "take us away from here. Do."

"But you're cold, Kate."

"No, no, no. It's only a little way to your house. I shall die here!"

"Will you go home with me, George?" Jim asked of the husband.

"Anywhere!" gasped the poor man. "O, my God! No fuel! No food! Kate! Kate! Are you hurt?"

But the wife could not speak, and as soon as possible the fat old villager had the lantern in readiness, and half a dozen went to help him.

"Come," he said. "Lead George, one of you. You take Kate—you are stouter than I—and I'll take the little one." This last was spoken to the stout teamster, and he took the wife in his arms as though she had been an infant.

"It's only a few steps," said Drake, as he started to go. "I'll send your lantern back, Mike Fingal."

And with this the party left the bar-room. I went to the window and saw them wading off through the deep snow, and when they were out of sight I turned away. The host came out and began to explain matters; but I was sick enough already, and with an aching heart I left the room.

On the following morning I came down to breakfast later than usual, for I had slept but little through the night. About nine o'clock the driver came in and told us the stage would be ready in five minutes. I went into the bar-room for a cigar. Jim Drake had just come in to bring back the old cloak they had wrapped around the child the night before.

"What'll ye have this mornin', Jim?" I heard the landlord ask, as he set out a tumbler.

"Nothing," returned the fat man, emphatically. "I'm done, Mike Fingal. I'm done with that stuff. I'll drink no more of it. I wouldn't have come now, only poor Lockland was up, and his sweet little wife was hanging about his neck. They was cryin' so that I couldn't stand it, and I had to clear out. O, it's dreadful, Mike Fingal. You don't know what them poor things have suffered! But they shan't have my example any more."

"All ready!" shouted the driver. And I was forced to leave. The wind had all gone down; the air was sharp and bracing, and slowly we wallowed away from the village.

I reached Buffalo two days later than I had expected when I set out, and having transacted my business there, I went on to the Mississippi, and so on down to New Orleans. Four years afterwards I had occasion to travel that same road again, and stopped in that same village to take dinner. The bar was still open, but Michael Fingal had gone away. I walked out after dinner, and soon came across a neatly painted office, over the door of which I read: "GEORGE LOCKLAND, Attorney and Counsellor at Law." In less than five minutes afterwards I saw a fat, good-natured man coming towards me, whom I at once recognized as Jim Drake. As he came up I said:

"Excuse me, sir, but I wish to ask how Mr. Lockland is getting on now."

"Squire Lockland, you mean?" he answered, with a proud look. "You know him then?"

"I did once," said I.

"Then you ought to know him now. He is the first man in the county—the first man, sir. Four years ago this next month that's coming he was just about as low as a man could be, but he started right up, and now he's almost as high as a man can be. Did ye ever know the Squire's wife?"

"I have seen her," I replied. I saw that Drake didn't recognize me.

"But you should see her now. Ah, 'twas a great change for her. That's their child—that little girl coming this way. Aint there a little pictur for ye?"

I looked and saw a bright eyed, sunny-haired girl of some eight summers, coming laughing and tripping along like a little fairy. She stopped as she came to where we stood, and put up her arms to "Uncle Drake," as she called the old man, and while he was kissing her and chatting with her, I moved on. I looked back once at that happy, beauteous face, just to contrast it with the pale, frightened features I had seen on that dismal night, in the bar-room.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO MY ABSENT SISTER.

BY REBECCA R. PIERCE.

I'm gazing from my window now,
Upon the old elm-tree,
Whose friendly boughs, so oft, Susie,
Have sheltered you and me.
Proudly as then, its branches wave
Above the lowly glade,
And seems to stretch its mighty arms
To woo us to its shade.

The brook beside the hill, Susie,
Flows murmuring along;
To me, it seems more plaintive now,
And sadder in its song.
Than when we wandered there, Susie,
One bright day long ago,
When our young hearts knew no thought of care,
Or pang of parting woe.

O, weary are the days, Susie,
And sad each lonely hour;
A shadow rests upon our home,
That will not all depart.
Though pleasant sunshine gleams, Susie,
And brightens all the day,
It cannot cheer our drooping hearts,
Nor chase the gloom away!

I ever pray for thee, Susie,
Nightly, on bended knee,
That our Heavenly Father e'er may bless,
And thy protector be.
Should danger hover o'er thy way,
That his all-powerful arm
May be thy guard and guide, Susie,
And shield thee from all harm.

When the pleasant spring-time comes, Susie,
And gladdens all the earth,
When flowers are sparkling o'er the lawn,
And all things bright have birth;
When gaily back from southern bowers,
The early birds have flown,
For thy coming then we'll watch, Susie,
To cheer our lonely home.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MRS. BLACKMER'S DAY OF TRIAL.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

MRS. BLACKMER rose very early one morning last fall, intending to devote the day to making preserves. This had always been a great care and toil to Mrs. Blackmer, for her husband was very fond of preserves, and was also quite particular about the color and consistence of his favorite dishes. The lady had therefore ordered two bushels of peaches, half a bushel of fine damsons, and a bushel of sweet apples, reserving her quinces until they should be riper. She had an extra fire kindled in the dining-room, so as not to interfere with the ordinary kitchen work—but unfortunately it was one of those days when the wind was in that corner which made the dining-room chimney smoke; so after spending an hour or two in trying to make the fire burn, she transferred it to the sitting-room. Here she was more successful, and she soon had a nice fire burning.

Mrs. Blackmer now looked out her preserving kettles. One was in the back-kitchen closet, and was with difficulty hunted up at all. When at length it came to the light, accompanied by Bridget's old shoes, lamp-cloths, boot-brushes, and other articles, it was discovered that the whole inside was covered with a black substance, baked or burned on so hard that it took another hour to remove it. The other could not be found at all, until Bridget happened to remember that she had lent it three weeks before to Mrs. Swift's Kitty, to make some soup in. Bridget was therefore despatched to Mrs. Swift's to get the kettle; and although the house was "convenient" to Mrs. Blackmer's, yet she did not come back until that lady had lost some of her patience and a great deal of her time. Kitty had left the kettle in much the same state as Bridget had done with the other, and another hour was spent.

Mrs. Blackmer sat down to pare the fruit, a part of which had just been sent home, with the promise of having the plums in the afternoon. One after another she pared her peaches, when she accidentally discovered that the fine clingstones which she had ordered, had not been sent; but in their stead, a miserable variety of a very ordinary, bitter fruit. Again Bridget had to dress herself and go out to the store where the peaches were bought, and another kind was promised to be substituted in half an hour. More punctually than she expected, Mrs. Blackmer received the second parcel at the appointed time, for the man was afraid of losing her custom, and this time they were of the best quality. To make up for lost time, Bridget was called in to assist in paring.

Mrs. Blackmer prepared the sugar, and setting it on the fire, she proceeded to select the apples, and left the girl to watch it. A smell of burnt sugar soon greeted her nostrils, and on going back to the room, she found Bridget literally making candy of her syrup. It had boiled until it had attained the consistence which confectioners call finished. Of course, this could not be used for her purpose, and this fresh delay brought the hour of noon. The children would soon be home from school, and she languidly agreed with Bridget, that they should not work upon the preserves until all was still in the afternoon again. Meantime, little Ellen had got to the boiled sugar, and was found with sticky hands and soiled frock, and time was spent after the school had begun, to wash and change her clothes.

Two o'clock arrived, and Mrs. Blackmer returned to her preserving kettles. She had boiled her sugar, and was in the act of putting in the peaches, when the door bell rang, and Bridget came back into the room with two ladies who came to call on her mistress. A nice drawing room was generally the reception-room of Mrs. Blackmer—but Bridget was confused, and they followed her to the sitting-room. The lady soon led the way to the drawing-room, after apologizing for the state in which they had found her. Here the ladies found so much to talk upon, and so many articles of show on Mrs. Blackmer's table, that they staid long over the time allowed as the fashionable limit. Everything has an end, however, and so did the call. On re-entering the room, she met Bridget coming out of the door, with the kettle in her hands; and this time the sugar, the peaches and the kettle were irrecoverably spoiled.

"O, what will Fred say?" said the poor woman to herself; "and he said so positively that I must have some peaches for supper."

It must be owned that Fred Blackmer was a real epicure; and that he had often, that very summer before, dined sumptuously at a restorator, when he had provided little or nothing for the family dinner. His wife, knowing how accessible he was through his appetite, was constantly preparing some nice dish to set away for his private enjoyment, and especially when she had any point to carry. It is not much to say for a man, that he can be coaxed, like a child, with sweetmeats; but such was really the case with Fred—and he had looked forward to the brandied peaches, which his wife had promised him, with no little expectation, for it was, after all, the brandy which made the relish.

On her part, she had waited for the auspicious moment, when his palate should be tickled with the nice preserves, to press the importance of having an entire outfit for herself; and she felt, that in that blackened kettle of scorched peaches lay all hopes of her new cloak and bonnet. She sat down and gave way to that true woman's resource in trouble—a hearty fit of crying, which was interrupted by hearing a carriage stop at the door; and looking through the blind, she saw, alighting from the carriage, old Aunt Hannah, who had taken care of her when a child, while her father and mother had gone to Europe.

Aunt Hannah came bustling in, having just arrived from the country; and Mrs. Blackmer forgot her trials for a little while in the joy of seeing her once more. But she soon recurred to her disappointment of the day, and related her experience in preserving to Aunt Hannah, much to that lady's amusement. Indeed, Mrs. Blackmer was rather vexed at her aunt's unfeeling way of looking at the subject. The old lady could not, however, conceive of what consequence it could be to a man, whether he had preserves or not for supper. Mrs. Blackmer knew her husband's peculiarity, however, much better than Aunt Hannah, and she persisted in saying that she must have them that night.

The children now came in from school, and only two hours remained before Fred would come in to tea. More peaches were sent for from the fruit store, and more sugar was heated in a large tin pan. This time the experiment was successful, for Aunt Hannah superintended the preserves herself; but being a strong temperance advocate, she stoutly resisted the brandy.

"Fred won't eat them without the brandy, Aunt Hannah," said Mrs. Blackmer, with the bottle in her hand.

"Then let him go without! I am ashamed of you, Mary, that you minister to this appetite in your husband. Do you wish to see him a drunkard?"

The wife had not seen it in this light before; and she really shuddered, when she thought of the quantities of brandy which she had poured into her mince pies, and the wine sauce which had made Fred so praise her puddings. She said so to her aunt, and the old lady proposed to cure him of it, if she would but let her have her own way. Mrs. Blackmer consented, but she thought she should have to do without her bonnet and cloak, unless her husband could be propitiated by some sweet morsel. Fred ate the peaches for supper, remarking that they were not quite as nice as usual; and his wife observed that he did not, as usual, ask for another saucer full.

The next day, they had a plum-pudding for dinner. Mrs. Blackmer pleaded for a little wine to mix with the sauce in an extra bowl for Fred, since Aunt Hannah would not have it in her own; but she had to give way to the positive refusal, and the sauce was made simply of butter and sugar moulded together. Fred said nothing, but his wife noticed that he did not complain of his usual headache. During Aunt Hannah's stay, pies were made, cake was baked, and various kinds of cookery performed—and all without any stimulant of the usual kind being used. She resolved to draw her nephew gradually away from his perverted appetite, and substitute well cooked and wholesome food, for the miserable trash with which he was destroying his health and mining his temper. Under her direction, bread of the nicest and most tempting kind was daily made—bread so different from that heavy, indigestible stuff which Bridget had always made, and which had to be coaxed down with sweetmeats. She made Mrs. Blackmer go to market herself, where she accompanied her, giving her the benefit of her judgment in selecting the best of meat, and afterwards seeing that it was not spoiled by careless cooking. Under her hand, vegetables assumed a very different appearance; and her modes of dressing them were so various, that each mode seemed a new variety of itself. Mrs. Blackmer quickly caught her ways, and succeeded admirably.

At first, Fred seemed to lose his appetite. He felt the want of his usual stimulant, and suffered a species of delirium tremens in consequence. But after a while he recovered, and Mrs. Blackmer rejoiced over his altered temper and disposition. One night, Mr. Blackmer returned from his store in high spirits. He had had a

good run of business for several days, and his accounts showed a daily increase of profits.

"Well, Mary, I can now afford to give you the new cloak and bonnet you have been so long needing," said he, "and many other things which may be wanting in the house."

Mrs. Blackmer looked pleased, and said:

"How is this? I thought you were complaining of hard times the other day, so I would not ask for money."

"It is true; but within a short time, Mary, I have done more business in the afternoon. I do not know why, for afternoons have hitherto counted nothing with me; but I think one reason is, that I do not have those dreadful headaches which I used to have after dinner—although," he continued, "it may be that I suffer less, because I do not now use tobacco."

"Have you indeed given up tobacco, Fred? I had no thought that you would ever do that; but I am so glad that I need not now bring that horrid—what shall I call it?—that box, which you know I have disliked so much."

From that day, Mrs. Blackmer had no more trouble with her husband's fondness for sweetmeats. He had only liked them for the stimulus they afforded him; and when that was withdrawn, they were insipid to his taste, and he acquired a new relish for food which nourished and strengthened him.

Mrs. Blackmer never told him her secret, for she was too wise to speak of it, knowing that he would feel a sense of shame in having become so nearly degraded. She ever blessed the day of trial in which her aunt found her, and remembered with gratitude, the influence she exerted in checking her husband's growing taste for stimulants.

Wives and mothers often wonder where the taste for strong drink is acquired. Let them look into their closets, and on their tables; in their medicine cups, and in their preserve jars. There are other men beside Fred Blackmer, who indulge in such luxuries until their senses are blunted, and who have afternoon headaches and fretful mornings—and she whose life is embittered by it, is the very one who innocently ministers to it.

RUSSIAN COSTUME.

The mass of the Russian population is clothed at a very small expense. Cotton trousers tucked into high boots of half dressed leather, a cotton shirt and a sheep-skin coat, a coarse camlet caftan bound round with a sash, constitute the whole outward man of the *moojik*, whose entire equipment may cost about ten roubles (thirty shillings), the sheepskin being the most expensive article. Ten shillings would buy a common female costume, which consists of a sarafan or long petticoat held by straps, which pass above the arms, a chemise with sleeves extending nearly to the elbow, a kerchief over the head, a pair of shoes, and sometimes stockings, but more frequent strips of cotton or linen cloth wrapped round the leg and foot; for out-of-door wear, a quilted jacket is added to these, and when circumstances will permit, a salope or long cloak in the German fashion. The simplicity of their dress is not a matter of taste with these people, who, when they can afford it, are strongly addicted to finery, and it is amusing to observe the gradual transformation of the servant women, who, on coming into town to their first service, wear the village sarafan; but as their wages are paid and increased, assume the *memetzkoj mode* (foreign fashion), and indulge extensively in crinoline.—*Sketches of Russia.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON. By Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 12mo. pp. 467.

It was said of Scott's novels, that his last was always his best. It is difficult to arrange the question of preference in Mrs. Southworth's works. The "Curse of Clifton," however, is an admirably constructed, and admirably told story, unflagging in interest, and untiring in energy. It is very handsomely got up, and judiciously, for this book is worthy of being preserved and read more than once.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL TEXT-BOOK. By FURMAN SHEPPARD. Phila.: Childs & Peterson. 1855. 12mo. pp. 273.

This is a practical and familiar exposition of the constitution of the United States, prepared for study in schools and academies. Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of grounding students in a knowledge of the constitution; and this work appears to us to be admirably adapted for the purpose. For sale by James Munroe & Co.

CASTE. A Story of Republican Equality. By SIDNEY A. STORY, JR. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 540.

This book is undeniably well written. It is openly put forth as an anti-slavery novel, so that those who have enough of that species of literature are forewarned of its character. It is a love story, but the tender passion is described under the influence of hitherto unwritten relations. We can not give a guess as to its authorship, for the name on the title-page is evidently a *nom de plume*, though the style reminds us of that of "Ida May."

THE WIDOW BEDOTT PAPERS. By FRANCIS M. WUICHER. New York: J. C. Derby. 1855. 12mo. pp. 403.

The contents of this volume have been published in newspaper form, but never before collectively. They attracted much attention for their cleverness, and were even attributed to Joseph C. Neal. They are thoroughly national in character, spirit and scene, and exceedingly amusing. The book is handsomely illustrated. For sale by Phillips & Sampson.

NEW MUSIC.—G. P. REED & Co., 13 Tremont Street, have just published two new songs, "The World goes up and down," by Rev. Charles Kingsley, and "My darling Boy," arranged for the piano forte, the music of both by Ossian E. Dodge, and quite creditable to his talent.

LILLY. A novel, by the author of "Busy Moments of an Idle Woman." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 330.

A very well-written and deeply interesting story, full of vivid painting, and tinged with true pathos. It cannot fail to be extensively read and admired. For sale by Redding & Co.

MEXICO AND ITS RELIGION. By ROBERT A. WILSON. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 405.

This is not simply a book of travels—a mere gossiping itinerary—but the work of a scholarly and philosophical mind. The historical portions are exceedingly valuable, while its "inklings of adventure" make it very readable. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES LAMB. 2 vols., 12mo. New York: Harper & Brother. 1855.

The reading public are deeply indebted to the Harpers for this beautiful edition of the gentle and humorous "Elia," whose peculiar but highly intellectual head faces the title page. It embraces Talfourd's sketch of his life and "final memorials," which possess a deep and melancholy interest. Not until his death were the tragic passages in the life-story of this genial essayist made known to the world. These possess all the interest of romance. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE STANDARD FIRST READER. By EPES SARGENT. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1855. 18mo. pp. 120.

We have before spoken fully and favorably of this series of readers, and have only to remark of this, the initiatory volume, that it is admirably adapted to beginners, beautifully illustrated, finely printed, and in every way worthy the adoption of parents and teachers.

COL. ENOCH TRAIN.

The accompanying likeness of Col. Enoch Train, the senior partner of the firm of Enoch Train & Co., was drawn expressly for us by Barry, from an excellent photograph by D. W. Bowdoin, No. 49 Tremont Street. Col. Train has long been established in business in this city, and his devotion to mercantile pursuits has been rewarded by complete success. Like many of our most valuable and prosperous citizens, he is an adopted son of Boston, having been born among the granite hills in Hillsboro', New Hampshire. He came to this State at an early age, with no capital but business tact, industrious habits, energy, and a determination to deserve success at least, if he could not command it. He was, however, aided by his uncle, Samuel Train, a successful business man, who, in his turn, had been aided and established by his uncle, Samuel Hammond, a gentleman who was the architect of his own fortunes. Mr. Hammond commenced life with no capital but his head and hands. Many years ago, Mr. Hammond opened the first boot and shoe store in Boston, and thus took the initiative in a business which reaches now several millions per annum, supporting many large towns and many flourishing cities. He was the first to venture on the purchase of South American hides, which now form one of the largest staples of importation. Samuel Train commenced his business life as clerk and salesman to Mr. Hammond, who was as much esteemed for his personal worth, as for his business ability and his large accumulation of property. The subject of our sketch inherited the ability and good fortune of his uncle—if, indeed, luck has anything to do with commercial success.

"We make our fortunes, and we call it fate."

Several years ago, Col. Train abandoned the shoe and leather trade, to devote himself to the branch of business which has yielded him fame and fortune. Train & Co.'s Liverpool packet line now embraces some of the finest ships that sail out of any port in the world, and their "white diamond" is as well known as any signal flag upon the ocean. The speed of their vessels, the high ability and character of their commanders, the admirable system and completeness of all their arrangements, and the almost uniform good luck of their voyages, yield them a vast revenue in freight and passenger money. On their own account, they import coal, salt, sheathing-metal, and some other articles, largely. The ships of this line are—the "Star of Empire," 2050 tons, Captain A. H. Brown; the "J. Elliot Thayer," 1917 tons, Captain Gaius Sampson; the "Daniel Webster," 1200 tons, Captain G. W. Putnam; the "Chatsworth," 1200 tons, Captain J. Gorham, and the "Parliament," 1000 tons, Captain G. Pollard—all of them first class vessels, and having splendid accommodations for passengers. The cabins and state-rooms of these vessels are capacious, beautifully fitted and furnished, the attendance is excellent, and the tables vie with those of a first-class hotel. A voyage across the Atlantic in one of Train & Co.'s ships, cannot fail to be a pleasure trip. The traveller is not "cabined, cribbed, confined," as on board a steamship, for there is ample deck room for promenading, while, if a voyage under canvass consumes a little more time, the economy of money and the superior agreeableness of the trip counterbalance the advantages of steam. Col. Train is a liberal and public spirited man, best esteemed where best known. Like many of our business men, he resides out of town, having a fine estate in Dorchester. The last Fourth of July celebration in this ancient town (an occasion which will long be remembered for the magnificent manner in which it was conducted) was fortunate in having Col. Train among its most active promoters. At a meeting of the executive committee, held July 19, 1855, a vote of thanks was passed to him, "for the lively interest which he has manifested in the late celebration, especially for his liberality in erecting on Meeting house Hill a magnificent flag-staff, from the top of which floated on that occasion a splendid national banner." It was also suggested that this token of Col. Train's munificence, "be placed in the keeping of the town, to be used on the return of our national birthday and other proper occasions." It was likewise resolved, that "a metallic band, with a suitable inscription, be affixed to the flag staff, as a testimonial of the regard of this committee for the patriotism and liberality of its worthy donor." We mention this little incident, so honorable to the parties, as a proof of the estimation in which Col. Train is held by his neighbors, and of his relations



ENOCH TRAIN, ESQ.

with his townsmen. At the banquet, on the occasion referred to, Col. Train made a very pertinent and modest reply to a highly complimentary toast from the president, Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, and delivered a sentiment which was among the most taking offered at the table, viz., "The Ladies—may they add virtue to

the horses for a mile, hoping to get a stray penny; and then, if their labor is rewarded, will follow another mile, until they become too wearied or discouraged to tramp any farther, but will sit or lie down beside the road, waiting for some carriage in the opposite direction. The monument was erected March 29, 1840,

beauty; subtract envy from friendship; multiply amiable accomplishments by sweet temper; divide time by sociability and economy, and reduce scandal to its lowest denomination." This is equal to Mr. Owen's reduction of the golden rule of Christianity to a mathematical formula:—"Let A do to B as he would have B do to him, and the product will give the rule of conduct required." In our brief sketch of Col. Train, we have been actuated by a desire to gratify to some extent the interest felt by the public in a gentleman who has done so much for the prosperity of the city and country while legitimately advancing his own interests. We only regret that our notice is not more complete. The details of his career, however, are to be obtained only from himself; and as we are fully aware that he shuns publicity, we have been compelled to content ourselves with such particulars as we have given above, collected from incidental sources. It is enough, however, for the public to know that Col. Train is indebted for his success in life to his own ability and industry, and such aid as his probity and energy have commanded.

TEMPERANCE MONUMENT AT BEAUPORT, CA.

The beautiful engraving presented herewith was executed for the Pictorial from an original design by Mr. Kilburn, drawn on the spot, and is a remarkably faithful representation of a striking structure. Every visitor to Quebec, as a matter of course, if he has any love of the picturesque and beautiful in nature, makes a visit to the Falls of Montmorency, one of the most delightful and romantic spots upon this continent. After passing through the gate of the city, and crossing a low bridge over the St. Charles River, the road gradually rises, and getting upon the high land commands a most magnificent view of the city and the majestic St. Lawrence River. Upon this road, a few miles from Quebec, is the French village of Beauport, in which the monument is situated of which we give a view below. This village has all the picturesque peculiarities of a French settlement, the houses being built of stone, with walls several feet thick, the roofs fantastically shaped and variously ornamented, the barns thatched, and the whole without improvement since the first settlement of the country. The French language is spoken to the exclusion of all other, and every carriage is assailed by a multitude of barefooted children of both sexes, some with miniature bouquets, which they offer, and others vociferating "un sou!" "un sou!" These children will run, keeping up with

in commemoration of a temperance revival by Father Mathew. It has inscriptions in French, and a little safe attached to the front part, in which visitors are expected to deposit alms. It stands on an elevated bank beside the road, and its position, combined with the grace of its architecture, produces an exceedingly pleasing effect. Father Mathew was one of the most energetic and sincere of the apostles of temperance, who have from time to time put forth their energies in a good cause. Both in his native country and among his countrymen on this side of the Atlantic, his labors and successes were great. He is a man whom once to see is always to remember. Of small stature, but well formed, his commanding features had a character of intellect and benevolence, singularly winning and impressive. We fear that the day of his usefulness is past. Of late years, his health has sensibly declined, and last year he was compelled to visit Madeira for the benefit of the balmy and restorative air of that famed island. With somewhat renovated health he returned to Ireland, but we are not aware that he is yet capable of renewed public exertion. The monument before us commemorates the success of a movement undertaken by him; but his best monument is in the hearts of his countrymen. Father Mathew's visit to this country made a great sensation, and the remembrance and the effects of it have not yet died away. Few reformers have awakened more enthusiasm than he did, and few have accomplished their objects by means so simple. The mild and persuasive manner of the good father enforced his arguments; he won hearts by his gentleness, where others would have failed of taking them by storm. His evident and unaffected sympathy with the masses swept everything before him.



TEMPERANCE MONUMENT AT BEAUPORT, NEAR QUEBEC.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

AN ORIGINAL PAPER.

We shall commence the new volume of the "Flag of our Union" on January 1st, with a brilliant and admirably written original novelette, by that young and popular author, HORACE B. STANFORD. Mr. Stanford has just returned, after five years' residence in the Orient, and this interesting story is the result of his experience in the land of the Caliphs. It is entitled:

BEN HAMED:

—OR,—

THE CHILDREN OF FATE.

A TALE OF THE EASTERN WORLD.

We predict for this story the most favorable reception yet accorded to the numerous list of original novelettes which we are constantly publishing in the FLAG. With all the dreamy mystery of the East, it has also the exciting plot, and strong delineations of love and passion that remarkable fatality produces in every clime. We shall introduce in the coming volume of "The Flag of our Union," the productions of many new and sterling writers, and make such improvements otherwise as shall enhance the value of this widely circulated and favorite weekly.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

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Any person sending us sixteen subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the seventeenth copy gratis.
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\$4 00 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

OFFICIAL KINDNESS.—When the cholera broke out in Dietz, Germany, lately, the government gave a "temporary vacation to sixty-eight criminals." We wonder whether the sixty-eight rogues came back in season to be hanged like honest men, or whether they prolonged their absence on leg bail.

NAVAL.—The "Minnesota," the third of the six steam frigates ordered to be built by Congress, was lately launched at Washington, with complete success. Before long we shall have quite a respectable steam navy.

AN EXAMPLE FOR OUR RAILROADS.—In the kingdom of Prussia, with railroads throughout its length and breadth, but one individual lost his life during the past year by railroad accidents.

SPLINTERS.

.... The trustees of the American Institute have the refusal of the Crystal Palace till January 1, at \$112,000.

.... Miss Laura Keane, a distinguished actress, has leased the Metropolitan Theatre, N. Y. A lady manager is a *rara avis* here.

.... A gentleman named Crane, of New York city, was accidentally killed at a target-shooting two or three weeks since.

.... Col. Fuller of the "Mirror" does not like to see female lecturers in the rostrum. *Curtain lectures* every one dislikes.

.... Cooking by gas is fast becoming common in England, France and this country. It is one of the latest "institutions."

.... Miss Edwina Dean (sister of Mrs. Hayne) is said to be studying vocalization with a view to playing in opera.

.... Mr. Dion Boureicault, the author of "London Assurance," has declared his intention of becoming a citizen of the U. S.

.... Why can't they establish a French theatre in New York—a vaudeville and ballet affair? It would pay.

.... The Sultan of Turkey goes to Paris in the spring. Wont it be a gay city while the Commander of the Faithful is there?

.... English royalty has been shocked by the discovery that a favorite footman of the "soverink" is a common thief.

.... Dr. Stone of New Orleans, says of yellow fever: "Keep the patient from dying and he'll get well." Very probably.

.... A great grandson of Defoe, the author of Robinson Crusoe, is living in London, aged 77.

.... Ary Scheffer, one of the finest of modern painters, has lately executed a portrait of Charles Dickens.

.... "Anthony's Nose," at the lower entrance of the Hudson River Highlands, is more than 1100 feet high—quite a proboscis!

.... The fifty-fifth anniversary of the New York Historical Society was lately celebrated in the chapel of the University.

.... 75 casks of palm oil lately arrived at Salem from Africa. It is used in manufacturing stearine candles.

.... Some men in McKay's shipyard, East Boston, came near being killed by a chance shell from the navy-yard.

.... The London Times would not publish Mr. Buchanan's denial that he assured the British government of our sympathy.

.... Jenny Lind has refused to sing in Paris. Her antipathy to the gay and brilliant Parisians is unaccountable.

.... The discussion about the merits of "Hiawatha," has helped the sale of the book amazingly. Every one buys one.

.... The first church erected in Kansas will be under the auspices of the Unitarians. Ample funds have been raised.

.... Professor Silliman receives \$2000 for twelve lectures before the Providence Mercantile Library Association.

.... Col. Johnson Pierce, of Greenland, N. H., sent 3000 barrels of apples to market this fall—a large consignment.

VAIN PEOPLE.

Vanity is more or less decided with all men. There is scarcely any one that is proof against its encroachments; it is, perhaps, of all sentiments, that which increases most readily and which produces the greatest annoyances in its habitual relations. It is easily excited by success and praise. Nothing is more dangerous than flattery: it accustoms weak people to receive without challenge, and unfits them for the admission of truth. Vanity is particularly insupportable in common-place people—non-entities; and it is even wearisome, and implies something insulting and disagreeable in a man of merit. When this sentiment or passion has been unduly excited at an early age, its irritability becomes excessive; it actually becomes as consuming fire to those it torments, at the slightest want of success, and may even seriously affect the health.

In no portion of society is vanity more keen and more ticklish than among the gentlemen of the quill, musicians, poets, actors, actresses and dancers, and, in general, all persons who are accustomed to receive marks of approbation. Vanity, in fact, is not confined to a simple internal complacency; it requires a stage, an audience, external action, an appreciating public. Self-love, as some writer has very judiciously remarked, has produced the greatest number of petty qualities and petty defects, and commonly strives less for glory than for notoriety.

Vanity always claims a little share in all the words and actions of poor human nature. "We strive in vain," said Madame du Chatelet; "vanity is always the motive—more or less concealed—of our conduct. It is the wind which fills the sails, without which the vessel would not move."

Hence we see that vanity must have its good and its evil side—its good and ill results. The common defect of all periods of life, it is especially apparent in youth. Nothing is more changeable—it is the Proteus of fable. Sometimes it is intoxicated with self-satisfaction, and cradled in a plenitude of ideal enjoyments; again it thinks itself wounded, grows sad, irritable and changes to fury; for, as some poet has remarked,

"Offended vanity will ne'er forgive."

Sometimes it openly displays itself; oftener it conceals itself as if seeking a mask from all intrusive eyes; but the veil in which it shrouds itself is not difficult to pierce.

Socrates, having remarked that Antisthenes, his disciple, affected negligence on his exterior, and carried his contempt of appearances to a ridiculous excess, said to him, "Antisthenes, I perceive your vanity through the holes of your cloak."

Charles IX. took great pleasure in the conversation of William Postel, whom he styled his philosopher. This prince, having received letters from the king of Ormus, handed them to Postel to be translated. He interpreted them before the whole court, and then, proud of the knowledge of which he had given a proof, "Sire," said he, in a tone not dictated by modesty, "I could go without an interpreter from your kingdom to China. The languages of all nations are as familiar to me as truth." Observe that this modest doctor, after having for a long time written as a visionary, ended by being as much of a maniac in his actions as he was extravagant in his writing. But why preach against vanity? Doth not the preacher tell us that "all is vanity?" And did not Thackeray write "Vanity Fair" in vain? And were we to prolong our sermon, we should be justly chargeable with the very defect we have been censuring.

"TEN YEARS AMONG THE MAIL-BAGS."—Under this taking title, James Holbrook, Esq., special agent of the Post-Office Department, has produced a book filled with his professional experiences—developing the ingenious frauds practised on the department, and the still more ingenious modes by which they have detected these frauds, showing such rogues in the community as can read, that no cunning nor stratagem can evade the vigilance of Uncle Sam. The book is as readable as a novel, if the proof-sheets that have reached us are a sample of the general contents. Mr. Holbrook is a shrewd and talented man, a perfect gentleman (for he was formerly an editor), and this production of his will do him infinite credit. The book is sure to "go" like wildfire.

POSTAL REFORM.—Pliny Miles discusses this subject with great ability in a pamphlet recently issued by Stringer & Townsend, of New York, showing the necessity and practicability of a post-office reform. We do not endorse all of his suggestions, but very many of his ideas are worthy of adoption. Every one is interested in this question; and every one who has a little time to spare, should procure a copy of Miles's pamphlet, and study it carefully. It may be had of Fetridge & Co.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—With this number ends volume nine of Ballou's Pictorial. Our subscribers, whose term of subscription expires, will please remember that we discontinue all papers at the expiration of the time paid for, and in order to secure the numbers of the Pictorial complete, it will be necessary to renew subscriptions at once.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPS.—This charming vocalist, the especial pet of Bostonians, among whom she grew up, played a very successful operatic engagement at the Boston Theatre, making her first appearance as Count Belino, in that popular old English opera, the "Devil's Bridge."

"MIMIC LIFE."—Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have published a new work under the above title, from the pen of Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, which cannot fail to be as successful as her "Antologia of an Actress."

FAT MEN.

We wonder if it has struck anybody, as it has ourselves, that the race of fat men—those personifications of jollity and good cheer—is becoming, if not become, extinct. We have fat Durham oxen, or fat Suffolk pigs, whose obesity is stimulated by premiums and public applause; but in what condition is the nobler animal, man? Have the high prices of beef and flour anything to do with it? Or, do we think too much and work too hard? When the illustrious Kossuth first looked upon the living representatives of Yankee land, he exclaimed: "Mine Gott! vat an indelligent beebles!" His propensity to flatter even could not induce him to add, against the truth, "how fat!" Now we have a weakness for fat people; a weakness shared by our friend Julius Cæsar. That excellent gentleman remarks, (see Shakspeare, "meaning Bill"):

"Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a-nights;
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much—such men are dangerous."

Rather than the "lean and hungry" Cassius, give us such a man as the "fat knight," honest Sir John Falstaff. "He carves out his jokes as he would a capon or a haunch of venison, where there is *cut and come again*; and lavishly pours out on them the oil of gladness. His tongue drops fatness, and in the chambers of his brain 'it snows of meat and drink.' He keeps up perpetual holiday and open house, and we live with him in a round of invitations to a rump and dozen."

Who ever heard of a fat man stealing an umbrella? or robbing a hen-roost or a clothes-line? or committing a murder? or making a long speech? Depend upon it, they are the safest men living; and the reason why so many rogues are about is that the average weight of our degenerate race is about 140, instead of 200, as it ought to be. Let us have more fat men, by all means, even if turkeys are twenty cents a pound!

BINDING THE PICTORIAL.—We are now prepared to bind volume nine of Ballou's Pictorial in our uniform style, full gilt, with illuminated title page and index, and embellished covers, at a charge of one dollar each, and to supply any and all back numbers which are soiled or missing, at a charge of six cents per copy. Our agents in New York, and other cities, will bind at a charge of \$1 25 per volume.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.—Various as have been the attractions of this handsome illustrated paper the past year, the enterprising publisher, it will be seen, promises new features of interest for the next. It has no rival this side the Atlantic, if indeed, on the other. *All attempts to imitate it in this country have signally failed.* We have been favored with its weekly visits for several years, and know of no periodical which we could more cordially commend to our readers than this.—*American, Waterbury, Ct.*

TOGETHER.—The Flag of our Union and Ballou's Pictorial, when taken together, are sent for four dollars per annum.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Wm. H. Manning to Miss Ellen G. Whitlog, of Nottingham; Mr. Lowell S. Mason, of Salem, to Miss Caroline P. Reed, of South Danvers; by Rev. Dr. Putnam, Mr. Charles C. Wentworth to Miss Sarah M. Cushing; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. James Mearns to Miss Jane Crawford; Mr. Edward Walker to Miss Anna Conner, both of Chelsea; by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. Warren G. Gates to Miss Eliza J. Murphy.—At East Boston, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. John W. Foster to Miss Mary L. Babcock.—At South Boston, by Rev. Mr. Fairchild, Mr. Samuel W. Haley to Miss Harriet M. Abbott.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Dr. Cushman, Dr. Hamlin W. Keyes to Miss Emma A. Pierce.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Samuel Maxwell to Miss Mercy Seavey.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Bulfinch, Mr. James Siret to Miss Sophia M. Tilton.—At Dedham, by Rev. Dr. Burgess, Mr. Joseph R. Draper, of Framingham, to Miss Mary Jane Fuller.—At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Fletcher, Mr. G. W. Fuller, of Galena, Ill., to Miss Sarah W. Putnam.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Moody Robbins to Mrs. Milly Gilson, both of Dunstable, N. H.—At Andover, by Rev. Mr. Beecher, Mr. Sylvester K. Abbott, of Boston, to Miss Rebecca B. A. Smith, of Coriana, Me.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Fiske, Mr. James Lombard, of Truro, to Miss Mary Ann R. Currier, of Salisbury.—At Nashua, N. H., by Rev. Mr. Adams, Mr. Charles A. Greeley to Miss Helen Read.

DEATHS.

In this city, David Hambley, Esq., 35; Mr. Ellen Brackett, 63; Mrs. Caroline F. Morris, 44; Edward L. Williams, 17.—At Roxbury, Mr. George Gale, 67; Mrs. Mary B. wife of Mr. William Thompson, 59; Widow Persia Rice Whiting, 69.—At Dorchester, Mr. Lewis G. Hersey, 57.—At Malden, Mr. Edward Gilbert Abbott, 30.—At Medford, Miss Amy A. Fairbanks, 19.—At Lynn, Mrs. Esther S. McQuestion, 13; Widow Lucy S. Newhall, 81; Mr. David Tarbox, 64; Widow Mary Waitt, 59.—At Salem, Widow Sarah Durant, 86.—At Beverly, Mrs. Hannah Little, 84.—At Westborough, Mrs. Lavina Cloyes, 89.—At Taunton, Mr. Caleb M. Lincoln, 84.—At Rochester, Mr. J. Theodore Russell, 22.—At Barnardston, Dr. E. W. Carpenter, 67.—At North Dana, Mr. John C. Short, 21.—At Southboro', Mrs. Patience C., wife of Mr. Benjamin Coomba, of New Bedford, 70.—At Springfield, Dr. Charles B. Kibbee, 37.—At Northampton, Mr. Edmund Sears, 33.—At Williamsburg, Mr. Stephen Hopkins, 65.—At West Barnstable, Mr. Jonathan Meigs, 75; Mr. Otis B. Crocker, 56.—At East Dennis, Mrs. Betsey C. Shiverick, 36.—At Sippican, Mr. Stephen H. Hammond, 25.—At Nantucket, Capt. George Clark, 84.—At Southwick, Mr. Andrus Meacham, 90.—At Providence, R. I., Mr. Humphrey P. Jewett, 35.—At Dunbarton, N. H., Mrs. Martha Ann, wife of Adams Roberts, 44.—At Portland, Me., Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Roberts, 29.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
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CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Hon. Edward Everett has become, in part, editor of the North American Review.—The Newburyport Herald notices the greatly increased attention which is given to the cultivation of the apple throughout New England. Orchards are being everywhere planted, as this fruit now forms one of the largest and most profitable crops; this year the yield is very abundant.—The gold exported from California during the last five years has amounted to the enormous sum, in round numbers, of \$230,000,000!—The Methodists of this country expend for home and foreign missions, this year, \$265,000. Abroad they have provisions for missions in Africa, China, India, South America, Central America, Germany, France, Norway, Sweden and Turkey; their home work extends to every State and territory of the Union.—Hon. Joseph Smith, of Warren, R. I., has bequeathed the sum of \$5000 for the benefit of the west district school of that place.—Condourotti, the Italian minister at Constantinople, recently recalled, was formerly a merchant of Hydra. Some idea of his wealth may be formed by his having the floor of his country-house paved with Spanish dollars. When the revolution of 1821 broke out, he armed all his sixteen ships, and placed them at the disposal of the government.—An instance of the cheapness of labor in the island of Tahiti, is given in the fact, that when the steamer Golden Age touched there to coal, fifteen hundred tons were put on board at an expense of only 4s. 2d., less than a dollar.—By late advices from Cadiz, we learn that salt had advanced from four dollars per last to eight dollars, and the salt crop very short, with a prospect of still further advance. A prohibition law was strongly talked of by the Spanish government.—The crop of Louisiana sugar for 1853 is estimated at 275,000 hogsheads against 346,635 hogsheads last year.—A very remarkable deposit of the auriferous wealth of California has recently been discovered in Tuolumne county. It is located in Table Mountain, in that county. This mountain is of basalt, varying from 100 to 700 feet in height, with perpendicular sides, and some thirty miles long.—It is said that Mrs. John Tyler, who was a Gardiner, is heir to a just discovered fortune in England, by which she will get the sum of \$500,000.—Mr. Peter Conatsee, of Pawtucket, Mass., lately died of hydrophobia after terrible sufferings. About seven weeks previously he was bitten slightly by his own dog. His wife was bitten about the same time by the dog.—Elizabeth Jewett, formerly of South Boston, drowned herself at Gardiner, Maine, having been crazed by a belief in spiritualism.—Nelson Handy, an Indiana farmer, after being confined in jail a week on a charge of passing a \$5 counterfeit bill, was brought up on a writ of habeas corpus, and discharged, the bill proving to be genuine.—In Milwaukee, reporters are a "privileged class." The mayor has issued an order expelling them from the watch-house!—A gold medal has been struck at the Philadelphia mint, after a design furnished by Capt. Eastman, of the United States army, under the direction of a resolution by Congress, for presentation to Capt. Ingraham. It weighs twenty-seven ounces.—The Theological Seminary (Episcopal), of Alexandria, Va., has matriculated ninety-one students this fall, and four more are expected; this will make the whole number of students fifty more than have been in the institution at any one time since 1842.—The bones of birds are hollow, and filled with air from the lungs, which renders them light. Were a string tied tightly around the neck of a sparrow, so that it could not breathe, and its leg broken so that a bone protruded through the skin, it could live. Respiration could take place by means of the hollow through the broken bone.—Miss Laura Keane has taken the Metropolitan Theatre, New York, for five years, and is to lay out \$10,000 to put it in the best possible condition. Laura has enterprise, and is also an eccentric character.—There is a statute in Indiana that prevents the testimony of a negro from being received in the courts. This disability, just now, gives the negroes the monopoly of the carrying trade in liquor in that State.—In the county of Middlesex, New Jersey, a petition is being got up to present to the next legislature of that State, asking for the passage of a law to prevent the manufacture or sale of adulterated or impure liquors.

LAUGHING A MALADY.—The Tyrrhians were the greatest laughers of antiquity. Bartholomy says, that "fatigued with their levity, they had recourse to the oracle, which assured them that they would be cured, if, after having sacrificed a bull to Neptune, they could throw it into the sea without laughing. They assembled on the shore, having sent away the children. But one of the latter came back, and asked, 'Are you afraid I shall swallow your bull?' which set them all to laughing; and, persuaded that their malady was incurable, they submitted to their destiny."

TORONTO.—The seat of the Canadian government is altered once in every four years. Quebec has latterly been the capital city; now the governor, ministry and parliament have removed to the enterprising city of Toronto. Rents are rising rapidly in consequence, business is increasing, and new buildings are being erected in many parts of the city.

SALE OF QUINCY MARKET.—The committee of the city council, who have had the sale of Quincy Market under consideration, recommend that it should be sold. They are of opinion that the monopoly now complained of would continue, and that the "free trade" doctrine will work the best. A central market is suggested.

LARGE YIELD.—Mr. J. A. Chandler, of Caroline, Virginia, raised the past season eight hundred and thirty bushels of prime wheat on eight and a half acres of accurately measured land.

Wayside Gatherings.

Brevet Major Israel B. Richardson, captain in the third infantry of the United States army, has resigned.

General John A. Dix and wife have sailed for Florida for the benefit of Mrs. D.'s health.

The sincere believers in spiritualism in Troy, N. Y., are estimated at 1200.

Bank of England post notes, payable sixty days after sight, have been sent to this country to a large amount.

R. Junius Booth, son of the late celebrated tragedian, advertises to teach the French language in Baltimore.

J. D. Williams, of Chisopee, caught an otter weighing twenty pounds, in Connecticut river, a few days since.

Mrs. Sweetman, of Medina, N. Y., has been killed by an apothecary, who put up strychnine for her, instead of morphia.

Instructions have been issued from the General Land Office at Washington, for a large temporary reservation on the Pacific coast for the Umpqua, Willamette, and other coast tribes of Indiana.

There have been 129 vessels launched at different points on the Lakes, this season, with an aggregate tonnage of 46,567, of which 9055 were of steam, and 32,511 sail.

There are one hundred and seventy places called Washington in the United States, besides the one in the District of Columbia. This is at least five to every State.

The statistics of New Hampshire show that there are 3361 justices of the peace in that State. There are probably more in Massachusetts.

Mr. Smith O'Brien, the Irish political exile, has advertised a new book on political subjects, entitled "The Principles of Government, or Meditation in Exile."

The State of Vermont, with a population of over 300,000, pays about \$150,000 per annum for all the expenses of government, or less than fifty cents per head for her people.

The persimmon crop is very heavy this season, and the Fredericksburg, Va., Herald warns the people to lay in a plenty of firewood, as the crop aforesaid is the sign of a cold winter.

Henry A. Churchill, of Portsmouth, Va., is the secretary of Gen. Williams, the commander at Kars, and had charge of one of the redoubts at the recent great battle at that place.

Henry Ward Beecher says:—"I do not lecture for the sake of high prices, but I have demanded high prices that I might get rid of importunities for lectures far beyond my ability to meet."

Sir Allen McNab, premier of the Canadian government, sued the editors of the Hamilton Banner for libel. The verdict was in favor of the editors, and Sir Allan gets only a lesson in policy for his pains.

Judge Grier, of the United States Supreme Court, has decided, on a suit instituted in Pennsylvania, that the legal weight of a ton of coal is 2240 lbs., and that no State law can be enacted altering the quantity.

The Lafayette and Indianapolis Railroad is to be fenced its entire length. In France the roads are not only fenced, but have hedges planted along them, which, when fully grown, will be impenetrable to men or cattle.

Patrick Welsh, convicted in the Circuit Court of Valparaiso, Indiana, of displacing the track of the Michigan Southern Railroad, near Bailetown, has been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary—the extent of the law in this case.

C. E. Davis, butcher in Rochester, N. Y., took from the stomach of an ox, a hollow bone, in which were two nails and the handle of a silver teaspoon. The bone had been so long in the stomach of the animal, that the rough edges and corners of the broken bone were worn smooth and the surface was polished.

Mr. Ericsson is reported to be still engaged in his caloric enterprise. His new caloric engine is forty horse power, and compared with its predecessors, has been greatly simplified, and its cumbersome parts dispensed with—not only avoiding friction and diminishing expense, but effecting a great saving in space.

The Secretary of the Treasury has made a contract for next year with the house of Howland & Aspinwall, New York, for the transportation of all the specie that may be required for government use at San Francisco, at a premium of two and one-fourth per cent.

The consumption of wool in this country for the years 1853 and 1854, was about three hundred millions of pounds. Of this amount sixty millions of pounds were raised here, twenty-one millions were imported in the raw state, and one hundred and nineteen millions in manufactured goods.

In China, recently, a woman was sentenced to be crucified for the crime of having given birth to one of the rebel chiefs. If a father is a rebel, his family is considered the same, and the whole family, from the old man of fourscore to the child of four years, share the same fate. The poor woman was nailed to the cross while living.

The Phrenological Journal says that, in sleeping, that posture should be chosen which is promotive of deep and full inspirations, because nature renders the latter deeper when we are asleep than awake, except in action. Hence a high head, by cramping both the windpipe and the blood vessels, is bad. The head should rest on a line with the body.

The Methodist General Biblical Institute, at Concord, N. H., has just held its eighth anniversary. It is the first Theological Institution established by the Methodist denomination in the country, having a regular three years' course of study, and a full complement of professors; it has had more than sixty students the past year, many of whom are graduates of colleges.

A patent has been granted to Mr. Sholl, of Cincinnati, for a terra cotta coffin. The article resembles in appearance and quality an earthen-ware coffin. Cast iron coffins do not last so long frequently as wooden ones, such is the action of earth in rusting them out; but a terra cotta coffin will last as long as a mountain of granite.

The people of Labrador, who are mostly of French origin, are said to be suffering poverty from the deprivation of one of their chief means of support—birds and eggs. Of late years parties from the United States have been there in the season of them, to collect and carry away all the eggs, and by that means the birds are getting scarce for want of reproduction.

The Rural Intelligencer states that a friend residing at Mount Vernon, Maine, has raised, in the open air, on his place, for the last three years, the veritable coffee plant, the seed of which was brought hither five years ago from Cuba. It grows about two feet high, and produces its berries in pods, something like peas. The plants, he says, have matured, even this season, and the berries ripened without injury from frosts.

Foreign Items.

Rev. Dr. Duff has left England for India, where he will renew missionary labors, in which he has so long been prominent and efficient.

Miss Dix, the well-known philanthropist, lately arrived in Paris, in company with Dr. Parish and lady, of Philadelphia, and was making preparations to visit the charitable institutions of the city.

London papers state that twelve English militia regiments have been ordered to Ireland. We presume they are intended to repel the invasion from the United States, about which the London Times is so terribly frightened.

Mr. Fillmore, ex-president, and Dr. Foote, of Buffalo, arrived lately in Paris from the north, and are making arrangements to start soon for Constantinople, the Crimea, and the Holy Land. The number of parties now going to the Nile is unprecedented.

Two highly important decrees were issued by the French emperor recently. By the first, foreign vessels can be legally sold in France, and obtain French registers, by the payment of ten per cent. on their value. By the second, all ship building materials can be imported into France, free of duty.

The Greek Patriarch of Alexandria died recently, and his body, seated on a throne, and a jewelled mitre on his head, was taken to the Latin church with great solemnity. Several consuls attended in full dress, and a company of Egyptian soldiers, with music and drums headed the procession. Great crowds flocked about the body to kiss the hands or parts of the dress.

The experiment of stocking the rivers and ponds of France with fish, by artificial means, is now extensively practised, and with entire success. In January and February last, nearly a million of fish, in an embryo state, were distributed in the inland waters of France, and fifty thousand salmon and lake trout have recently been placed in the ponds about Boulogne.

Sands of Gold.

.... Amongst such as out of cunning hear all and talk little, be sure to talk less; or if you must talk, say little.—*La Bruyere.*

.... Prayer is not eloquence, but earnestness; not the definition of helplessness, but the feeling of it; not figures of speech, but compunction of soul.—*Hannah More.*

.... The popular writer is more insolent, more harsh to newcomers than the most brutal publisher. Where the publisher sees only a loss, the author fears a rival: one ill-treats, the other crushes you.—*Balzac.*

.... Imperfect enjoyment is attended with regret; a surfeit of pleasure with disgust. There is a certain nick of time, a certain medium to be observed, with which few people are acquainted.—*St. Evremont.*

.... To diminish envy, let us consider not what others possess, but what they enjoy: mere riches may be the gift of lucky accident or blind chance, but happiness must be the result of prudent preference and rational design.—*Colton.*

.... Enthusiasm is always connected with the senses, whatever be the object that excites it. The true strength of virtue is *serenity of mind*, combined with a deliberate and steadfast determination to execute her laws. That is the healthful condition of the moral life.—*Kant.*

.... Hatred and vengeance are very different sentiments; one is that of little minds, the other the effect of a law to which great souls are obedient. God avenges and does not hate. Hatred is the vice of narrow souls, they feed it with all their littlenesses, and make it the pretext of base tyrannies.—*Balzac.*

Joker's Budget.

When are two potatoes precisely alike? When they're pared! Who was the first post-boy? Cadmus; he carried letters from Phœnicia to Greece.

"I say, Pat, are you asleep?" "Divil the sleep." "Then be after lendin' me a quarter." "I'm asleep, be jabbers."

An ignorant man from the country inquires whether mock turtle soup is made out of tortoise shell cats!

Why is a young lady just from boarding-school, like a building committee? Because she is ready to receive proposals.

"Sammy, my son, don't stand there scratching your head; stir your stumps, or you'll make no progress in life." "Why, father, I've heard you say the only way to get along in this world, was to scratch a-head."

An Irish girl who was in the habit of soaping the dirty clothes before putting them to soak, on being told by her mistress to get a dried codfish and put it to soak for dinner, did so, after rubbing it over smartly with a good quantity of hard soap.

An old Carolinian once said: "I was born the last day in the year, the last day of the month, the last day of the week, very late in the day, and have always been behind hand. I believe it would have been fifty dollars in my pocket if I hadn't been born at all."

A lady, observing the following notice on a board: "Horses taken in to grass. Long tails, three shillings and sixpence; short tails, two shillings," asked the owner of the land the reason for the difference of price. "Why, you see, ma'am," he replied, "the long tails can brush away the flies, but the short tails are so tormented by them, they can hardly eat at all."

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SCENE IN THE RUINED CITY OF SEBASTOPOL.

INSIDE SEBASTOPOL.

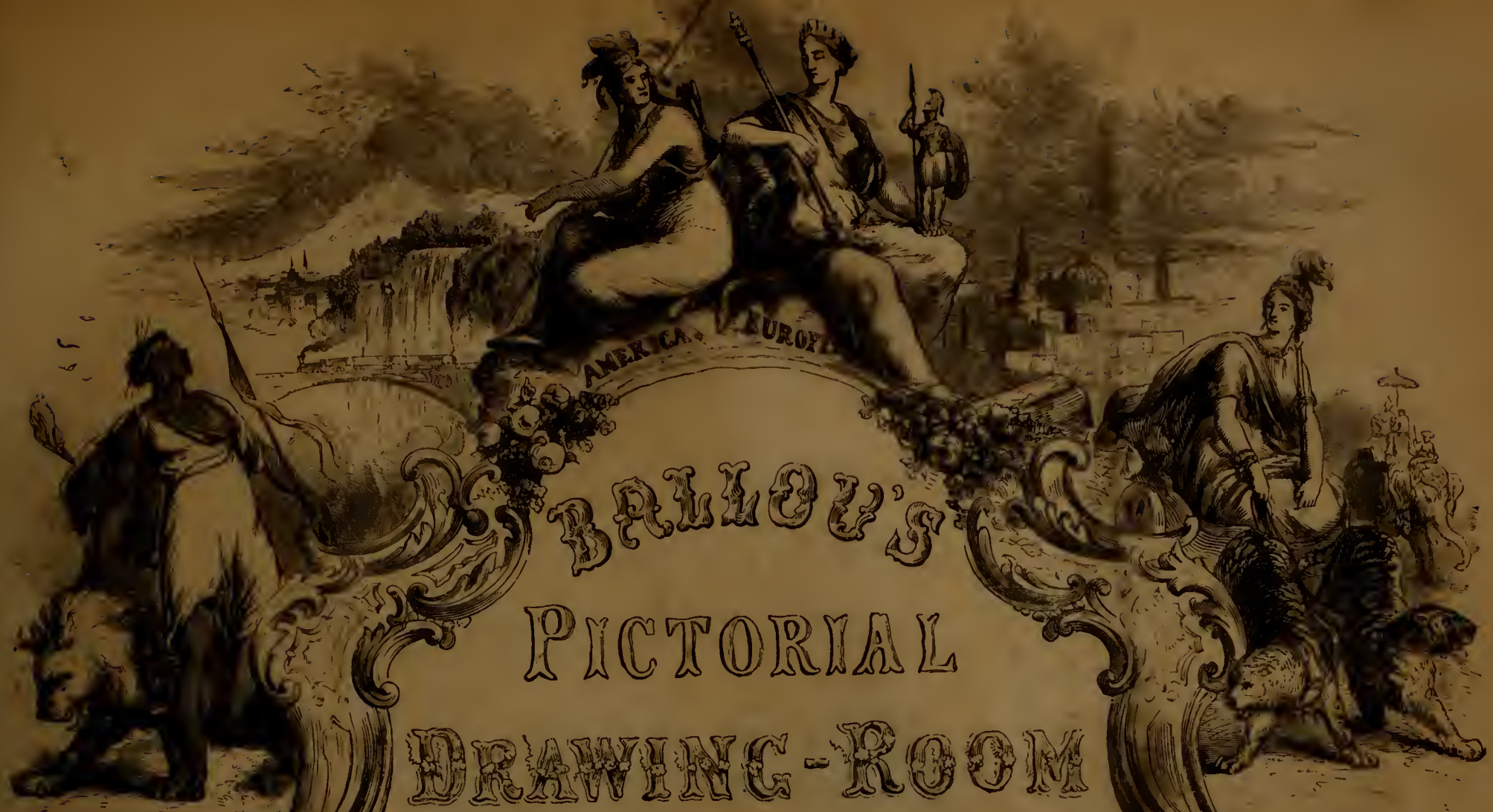
The picture on this page is a graphic and exciting one. The scene is laid within that formidable town which withstood for so long a period, and with such heroic gallantry on the part of its defenders, a siege of nearly a year's duration, conducted by more formidable engines, than was ever before employed in warfare. We are here in the midst of desolation. The crumbling ruins around have not been made by the hand of time; they are the instant ravages of shot and shell. In our sketch men are seen engaged in demolishing the ruins which threaten danger to the victors. But in the group before us we have an illustration of the gaiety and *insouciance* of the soldier, though surrounded by death and ruin. At the rude table spread in the open air, a couple of

fire-eaters are tranquilly smoking the "calumet of peace." The smart canteen woman in her half-masculine attire, serves with equal assiduity her French and English customers, and if another representative of the alliance, the "bearded Turk," should insist upon a glass of *eau de vie*, overcoming his religious scruples by the reflection that, though wine is prohibited by the prophet, the Koran says nothing about brandy, we have no doubt the article would be delivered him with cheerful alacrity. We regret to say that the Maino Law does not thrive in the atmosphere of camps, and that the conviviality of a victorious army is rarely confined within the limits of sobriety. A little apart from the private soldiers sits an officer booted and spurred, apparently plunged in deep thought. Officers, by a special clause in the articles of war,

are permitted to think—thinking being a luxury confined to the epaulettes, and strictly forbidden even to corporals and lance-sergeants. The sketch gives us a very vivid picture of one of the features of military life. Of the individuals sketched by the artist, perhaps not one will get home without wounds or mutilation—yet no thought of the future clouds their enjoyment of the present hour. The French troops are particularly famous for their light-hearted gaiety under the most trying circumstances, and it is well for the English that they had them as comrades and allies during the terrible scenes of the siege of Sebastopol; for their merriment is infectious, and without its influence the spirits of the English troops must have failed them in the trials to which they were subjected.

END OF VOLUME IX.



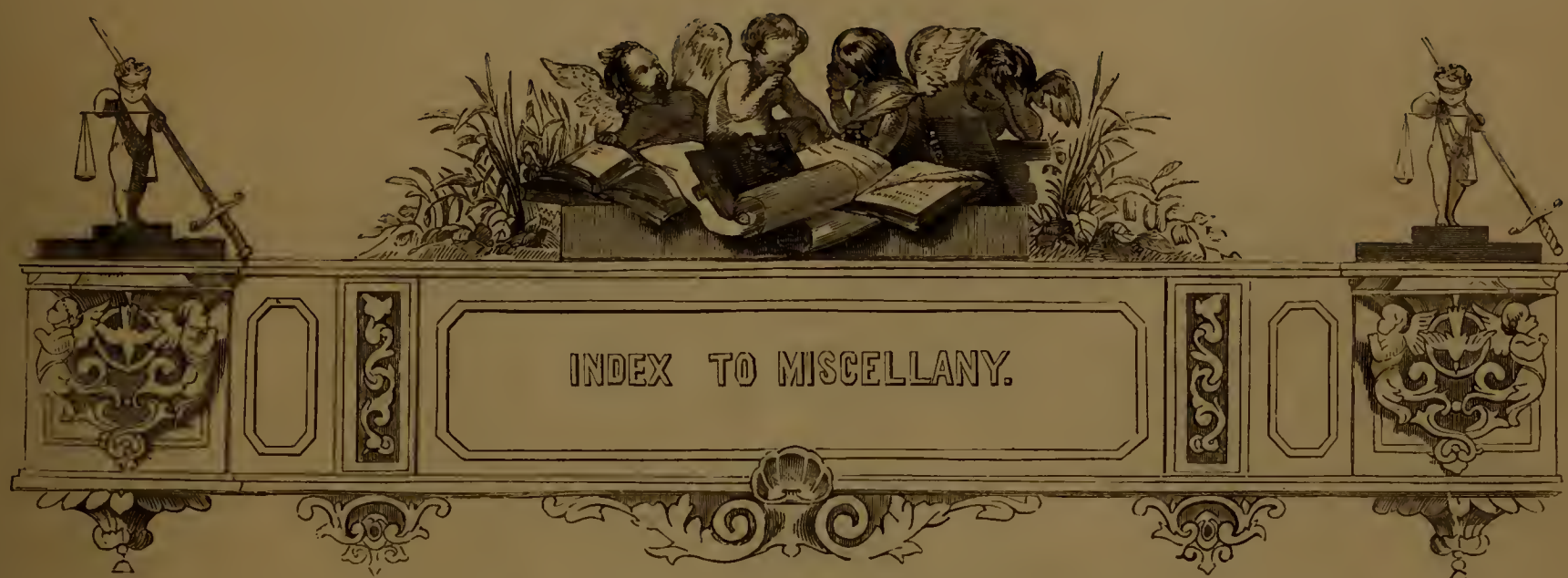


BALLOU'S
PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM
COMPANION.

VOL. I.



M. M. BALLOU,
PUBLISHER.
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THE NEW YEAR.

Mr. Billings's spirited and graceful design on this page, represents in allegorical form the advent of the New Year. The gray-beard, Time, in his sledge drawn by swift reindeer, brings forward the young heir. The surrounding scenery, broadly handled, characterizes the season of the year. Good-by to '55, and a welcome to '56! It takes but a short time to become accustomed to the new dynasty. A few mistakes in dating letters, and a few half-regretful reflections, and the poor old year is forgotten—dismissed to the tomb of the Capulets—the present is all in all to us. Yet there are solemn thoughts that arise as we stand on the threshold of a new period in the calendar. We have advanced one step nearer the grave, whose inexorable portals stand ever open to receive the "innumerable caravan" swiftly and surely passing on to

the dark gateway. Another seventieth part of the allotted span has been swallowed up. The bells of the old year have rung the knell, perhaps, of many of our friends. Many of the fair promises it held out at its commencement have been blighted. We have to mourn, perhaps, over buried hopes as well as buried friends, and ideal losses are oftentimes as sore afflictions as material ones. But, though some of the children of Hope are dead, Hope herself, bright and happy mother, still survives. If the past have its losses, it has also its lessons. We can guide our bark the better if memory's log-book truly record the courses we have sailed, and memory's chart preserve the shoals which menace danger, and the beacons which guided us aright. Tenderly, therefore, let us lay the OLD YEAR in his grave. Let us breathe a requiem, low and soft, over his remains. Grief for the dead, joy for the new-born

year. "The king is dead—long live the king." A tear—a sigh—a fond farewell even are permitted. There is no treason in that. But there must be no long faces to daunt the fair presence of the New Year. The joy-bells must ring merrily—music must pervade the air—*Io paxans!* be shouted by every voice. The future is the promised land—let us enter on it gaily and with brave hearts. A new campaign is before us, and we must meet its coming for weal or woe, with gallant hearts. What though the present season be a cheerless one without—what though the wind rave through the leafless trees, and the snow drift along the plains and hollows—let the cheerful fire on the hearth be an emblem of the cheerful warmth within. Let us enjoy a clear conscience—that is within the power of every one, and the cold kiss of the New Year will be as grateful as the breath of summer.



[Written expressly for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CONTRABANDIST: —OR— THE SECRET OF A LIFE. A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER I.

ADVENTURE IN THE FOREST.

It was nearing the close of a somewhat sultry spring day, when the Count Louis d'Artois took his way along the lonely and gloomy path leading through the very heart of a deep forest lying towards the south of France, and not far from the beautiful windings of the Rhone. Our traveller was young—certainly not more than five-and-twenty; of a slight and elegant figure, yet with nerves and sinews that might have well become many a one of stouter frame and broader shoulders; with a fine head, a proud and noble brow, about which curled silken masses of raven hair; dark, earnest hazel eyes, a slightly aquiline nose, and lips somewhat compressed, shaded by a curling moustache, and showing, at a glance, the firmness and decision of his character. The whole countenance, with its delicate, finely cut, yet noble features, told of thought, and energy, and power, no less than of the gentlest and tenderest feelings with which the human heart is gifted.

As I have said, the night was fast closing in; the path he took a lonely one; there was some doubt of its safety, too; but Louis cared little for that. He might have taken the road that skirted this forest on the right, but that was a much longer one, and he was impatient to finish his day's ride, with which he was fatigued. So he was content to take this path, and follow it alone; for this was the shortest way to his uncle's chateau by a great many miles, and his valet, who had accompanied him the greater part of his journey, had been obliged to stop at the last inn on the road to attend to his beast, which, from some mischance, had fallen lame by the way.

So Count Louis, knowing himself prepared for danger, if he should chance to meet it, rode carelessly onward, silent and meditative, thinking of many things—some that were pleasant and some that were sad, and some, again, that were both; now of his father, whom he had last seen, some weeks before, at Paris; now of his uncle, the Marquis de Montauban, whom he was about to visit, and his fair cousin, Helen, whom he already imagined as watching for him; for he had despatched a messenger, two days previously, to announce his intended visit. He thought, too, anon, as Helen Montauban's proud and beautiful face rose up at the beck of memory, of his own future—of the possible events it might contain, and of his present loneliness and, it may be, his loneliness of heart. Not that these things had any peculiar association with her, however, for it was not her face that shone softly, like a rising star, from the mist-like portals of the pleasant room which his earnest fancies sometimes portrayed in the far distance. Not hers the quiet hand that rested on his brow, or the sweet and dreamy eyes that looked into his own, or the loving smile whose reality he hoped sometime to behold. Louis could have imagined his magnificent cousin Helen as a queen or a duchess, but *his wife*—never. Yet he liked her—he had always liked her from boyhood, in a cousinly way. She was beautiful, graceful and accomplished, too, as far as it was possible to become, in those days; but he had never thought of her in a nearer position than that which she held at present; indeed, so far was such a thing from being contemplated by him, even for an instant, that, had it been mentioned to him, he would have met the idea, probably, with the utmost surprise.

Thus, to-night, as he rode along his solitary way, he thought, as I have said, of the welcome he was to meet from Helen and her father, at the end of his journey; of the satisfaction which he himself should experience in finding himself among friends and relatives after some two or three months of wandering from his own residence in Paris, and of the pleasant conversation which he should hold with his uncle and his lovely cousin, when they met, after an interval of absence some two years in length.

The reflection lent him impatience, and perhaps that impatience was accelerated, too, by the sound of a faint murmuring of distant thunder which came at the same time to his ears. Now Count Louis was eager to behold his relatives, and he also desired to escape the storm which this far-off rumbling heralded; so he urged on his steed at a much swifter pace than he had hitherto maintained. He counted on reaching the chateau in something less than two hours, at this rate, and the worst part of the way lay in this very forest which he was now threading, so that after he should have reached its confines, the remainder of the road would be quite easy. So, patting the arching neck of his good steed, and uttering some cheering and familiar expressions of endearment that the beast answered with a low whinny of delight, he pressed on.

Gradually, as he kept his way, the sound of the thunder grew nearer and more distinct; the lightning played more frequently, and with greater sharpness, above and around him; while, but for the fitful light it afforded him, his path would have been shrouded in almost total darkness, so black grew the gloomy sky. The wind was rising, too, and it sighed and wailed mournfully among the dense boughs that tossed about on every side, with almost human life, it seemed to him. And still he pressed forward.

But suddenly, as one broad, vivid flash lit up the forest all about him, with almost the distinctness of noonday, he saw clearly, at a little distance beyond his horse's head, a human figure, creeping out, on all-fours, from beneath the underbrush that skirted the pathway. Almost involuntarily he drew rein, and, in the pitchy blackness that succeeded the flash, endeavored to discern the figure

again; but this was impossible. Yet he was conscious that it must be near him—almost at his very side. With a quick but quiet motion, he placed his hand in his bosom, and awaited the next flash that should enable him to ascertain the character of this strange appearance. But before it came, he was conscious of another hand laid upon his knee, while a man's voice, in a low but friendly tone, and close beside him, said:

"Count Louis d'Artois, you are in danger. Pause a moment."

"And where rests the danger?" asked Louis, firmly.

"Before you, monsieur, and behind as well, and on each side. You cannot escape it, even if you would, except by your own courage, and your own strength and agility, which, I know, have served you ere now. I have heard that you are on your way through this forest to-night to your uncle's chateau; that you carry about your person a considerable sum of money, besides some few jewels of heavy value, which you bear within a small casket, in the inner folds of the broad sash about your waist, and that your valet you left at the inn, this morning. Thus you are fitting prey for those who frequent these places."

A feeling of the profoundest astonishment took possession of the count.

"Who are you?" he asked. "Who knows all this so well?"

"I am your friend, Monsieur Louis, which is all I can tell you at present," said the man; "and if you would see my face, the lightning will show it to you in a moment. But, in the meantime, take these and defend yourself with them, as you will have need in a little while after you have parted with me." And Louis felt a brace of heavy pistols placed in his hand.



A STRANGE MEETING IN THE FOREST.

"My good fellow, I have arms already—I do not need them," he returned, "though I thank you for them sincerely."

"But you do need them, monsieur, as you will shortly find, for your own, safe as you think them, have had the charges withdrawn."

"How?" uttered the count, in surprise.

"It is even as I tell you; it was done at Corbigny, this morning, after you yourself had charged them. These which I have given you will do you good service, and with them I do not fear for you, although there is danger about you. Be wary, and act with your usual bravery and calmness when the danger comes. It is not far off."

"And so I am to be waylaid?" asked Louis.

"Think the worst; it is the safest way, for then you will be better prepared for whatever chance presents itself."

"It is well. I thank you for your warning, and will endeavor to be ready. But I would know—"

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

At that instant, another broad sheet of lightning quivered like flame, for a moment, about their path, and Louis beheld the person whom he addressed—a man of middling size, with bushy dark hair, a wild, uncombed beard, and a heavy moustache; wearing a rough jacket, and a broad sash with long ends, within the folds of which were stuck a brace of pistols similar to those which Louis now held in his own hand; while his lower limbs were encased in garments of some black material as far as the knees, where they were met by those strange bandages which are continued thence to the feet, and crossed and bound by thongs of leather, making the dress appear a curious mingling of that of the poorer classes both of French and Italian. His head was uncovered, so that the lightning displayed his features clearly, for the instant that it lasted;

there was an earnestness—almost sadness in it, and though the whole appearance, from its neglected and unshorn state, was something wild and rough, yet it was nothing worse, and the count laid his hand on the man's shoulder.

"Good!" he said. "I see—I see now, and I shall not be likely to forget your face in a hurry, my friend. Let me thank you again for your timely assistance."

"Nay—keep your thanks, monsieur,—keep your thanks until the danger be past," returned the man, quietly. "I only hope you may get safely through this, and that I may be at hand when you need warning again. Be wary, now; keep spurs and pistols ready, and use both well. Good-night." And he plunged in once more among the underbrush; while Louis continued his way, with strangely mixed feelings of wonder at what had just occurred, together with some degree of apprehension and curiosity as to the danger which menaced him. He did not remember having seen that countenance before; yet the man had spoken of former service rendered and forgotten, and how he had managed to become acquainted with the information which he had just imparted, the young count could not imagine. Dismissing, however, these reflections, he turned his attention to the approaching event of which he had been so earnestly and yet vaguely warned; listening, as well as he was able (which, to say truth, was very little, while the thunder muttered more deeply and his horse's feet crunched the pathway), for any sound which might indicate the approach of an enemy, and keeping a keen glance about him whenever, as he rode, the lightning played about his way, so that he might not be taken unawares.

Still he kept on, and nothing in the shape of danger appeared, and for, perhaps, the space of fifteen minutes, he was kept in suspense. But, suddenly, a branch above his head was bent and cracked sharply, and while Roland, affrighted, reared violently, and almost unseated his rider, the lightning flashed again, and the figure of a man—not the first one Louis had seen—swung lightly down from the branch to the pathway. A strong hand seized Roland's bridle; a rough voice uttered "Stand!" a pistol was pointed at the count's head.

"What do you require?" asked Louis, briefly and sternly.

"Whatever money you carry about you. Give it to me, and be quick about it!" said the voice.

"You are mistaken, my man," uttered Louis, quietly, while one blow from his slight but powerful arm struck aside the uplifted weapon, and a second stretched the ruffian senseless among the bushes by the path. With a terrified snort, as the count gave him the spur, Roland galloped forward. The path seemed clear, as it lay before him, illuminated every moment by the frequent flashes of lightning, and the count pressed on, trusting that he had vanquished his only foe, for no other appeared; but he had scarcely been borne a dozen rods along before two more men sprang out into the way.

Roland, scared by their sudden appearance, shrank and reared again, despite his master's efforts to urge him past; and while one of the villains seized bridle, and brought the beast to his feet again, the other leaped upon the young count, and, with a powerful grasp, almost drew him from the saddle, at the same time firing a pistol close to his ear. By miracle or chance, the aim missed. Louis jerked his arm from the grasp of his assailant, and struck at him with the butt of a heavy riding-whip; but it was caught and wrenched from him. Laying hold, then, as a final resource, on one of his pistols, he fired at the fellow, who dropped, with a smothered curse, to the earth; while his companion, who had been holding the bit of

the rearing, trembling steed, let go, and sprang, in his turn, upon the count; but Louis, with a heavy blow from the discharged pistol, felled him also to the ground, to keep company with his companion. Then, giving Roland the rein again, he galloped on. A volley of shot was fired after him; but he was unhurt, though two or three whistled past his ears, and still he pressed forward, with murmured thanks for this second deliverance, even while he momentarily expected new foes to dart up in his path.

But on—on, with good speed, went Roland, and Louis patted his neck, with cheering words that the beast seemed to understand. On—on, still, and not an enemy followed, or fresh ones appeared. Louis breathed more freely.

"Good steed—good Roland!" he said, cheerily. "You and I have escaped—haven't we, noble fellow? That was a close attack, though. We must look out for the next one."

But either he had met all who lay in wait for him, or the rest, if there were any more, were daunted by his bravery; for still he rode on, and no one farther appeared to molest him. Gradually the wood became less dense; the path grew wider, and less clearly defined, as the scattered timber stood farther apart, and straggled away in scanty growth till the wood was passed, and Louis emerged upon a wild, briar-stocked field.

It was evident that the number of his assailants had been exhausted, for still he was neither met nor followed; therefore, he slackened his horse's speed to give him breathing space, and also to consider, on his own part, which direction he must take; for he had never followed this road before, and the field or common upon which he found himself might take him in any direction other than the one desired. Upon deliberation, he resolved to go straight onward from the wood path, and he struck across the field, his way still illumined by the electric flashes that played ever and

anon over the black sky. And now the looked-for road came in sight, as he reached the opposite side of the field, and guiding Roland to it, he set him at a quick pace again, to reach his uncle's chateau before the rain commenced.

But the idea had scarce been acted upon before the drops began to fall, and Roland broke into a gallop again.

"Well, this is pleasant, certainly!" laughed Louis d'Artois, to himself; "attacked by brigands first, and next overtaken by a smart shower! I am fortunate to-night. Fine sport, this!" as the great drops came pelting down. "I wonder how those fellows in the wood feel under this? Poor devils! I would have spared them the shot I administered if I could have hoped for safety without it; but one must do disagreeable things sometimes, even to the shooting of a robber. They will learn better, next time, than to venture out on an expedition with less than half a dozen strong. But now, Roland," he continued, speaking to his beast, "you and I must seek for shelter. We are a good distance from the chateau yet, if I guess rightly, and there is no use in getting a wet skin if we can avoid it."

Luckily, he had a cloak in a kind of capacious knapsack at his saddle, and getting this out, he threw it over his shoulders to protect him, in some sort, from the rain. He judged, by this time, that he had little more than half a league to ride; but nearer shelter was necessary. The rain was falling faster and more violently, when suddenly a light gleamed out upon the blackness around it, at some distance ahead, and remembering that a small cottage, inhabited, when he was in this district last, if he remembered right, by some quiet peasants of the neighborhood, stood somewhere near his present position, he concluded that this must be it. Putting the spurs to his beast again, therefore, he pressed on, and in a few moments reached its friendly shelter, just as the rain came pouring down in absolute torrents.

Fastening Roland in an old shed that adjoined this cottage at one end, and where, from the single stall, and the manger half filled with oats, it was evident that the master of the cottage, whoever he might be, was wont to keep his beast, our hero paused a moment, until a brief lull in the storm took place, when he passed round to the front of the house, and knocked on the door with the handle of his whip. Almost instantly he heard an inner door open, and then some hand was busied with the fastenings of the one at which he stood, which seemed to be well protected, for he heard bolts loosened and a bar let down. The next moment it was opened wide, and before him, shading her eyes with her hand, with her pretty and *petite* figure clearly defined against the glowing background of a well lighted apartment beyond, stood a young girl, evidently not more than sixteen years of age. There was an earnest smile on her face, and a warm welcome for some one, evidently, upon her lips; but the beautiful features changed their sweet, expectant look to one of startled surprise, and the greeting died away unuttered, as the light from the apartment behind shone upon the strange face of our young hero.

"Your pardon, mademoiselle," said Louis; "but the storm has overtaken me, as I was journeying this way, and I am forced to ask for shelter here a little while until its present violence abates."

The young girl stepped back, saying, with gentle and graceful courtesy as she did so:

"Will monsieur be pleased to enter? He is very welcome."

And closing the door again as he came in, she conducted him into the apartment already mentioned, which was a large and comfortable one, and exceedingly neat-looking withal. There was no person except themselves there, and entering suddenly, as he had, from the darkness without into this pleasant, cheerful place, led by so fair a guide, it seemed to Louis really very much like enchantment. And certainly the contrast between this scene and the perilous one in which he had but just taken no very enviable part, seemed to heighten the illusion.

In the centre of this apartment stood an oaken table, with lights, and, as it appeared, a supper, spread for some one who had not yet made his appearance, consisting of milk, some dried fruits, meat, and a small, shallow kind of basket containing a *serviette*, or napkin, of snowy though coarse linen, filled with bread.

Near this table she placed a seat, and requested Louis to partake of the refreshments prepared, making, at the same time, some simple yet graceful apology for their plainness. But Louis, though he had not tasted food since morning, found himself utterly without inclination to eat, from the excitement of the past hour, and also, perhaps (as he himself could not help entertaining a kind of amused consciousness), because it was truly refreshment sufficient in coming from the dreary gloom without to look upon so fair a picture as his young hostess presented.

At all events, he declared himself too weary to eat; but finding that this was evidently the case, she brought a small flask of wine from a cupboard, and pouring out a cupfull, offered it to him.

"Pray, take it," she said, half shyly, yet with earnestness. "Monsieur has been out in the storm."

Who could have refused it, tendered, as it was, by that fair, small, prettily-shaped hand, and with the bashful glance of those sweet eyes resting upon his face? At least, not Louis, and he quaffed the offered draught, thinking it, silently, the rarest wine that had ever passed his lips.

A sharp gust of wind and rain beat against the casement, and he saw her look involuntarily in that direction with a half sigh and an air of apprehension—solicitude.

"Perhaps mademoiselle has friends who are exposed to this storm?" he suggested.

"Yes, monsieur, my father, who has been absent all day. He should have returned much earlier than this, but, doubtless, he will come home soon. He went to the market this morning. I am sorry he is not here to welcome you."

"He must have a lonely road home," said Louis. "In what direction does it lie?"

"Through the forest," answered the young girl. "Yes—it is lonely, but he has traversed it many times, and always without harm, and I trust it will be the same to-night. They say that the way is haunted by robbers; but my father is a poor man, as all the people in the neighborhood know, and so, I suppose, that must be the reason why he always goes and comes safely."

Louis thought of his own adventure, as she said this, and half sighed.

"Yes," he rejoined; "the poor need have no fear; it is only the rich who must shrink from robbers."

A little silence ensued, when his fair hostess drew a spinning-wheel towards her, and, sitting down by the hearth, began to work quietly but industriously, now and then looking up from her employment to respond to some observation of her guest; while Louis, on his part, studied at leisure her sweet and somewhat thoughtful countenance, followed, with pleased interest, the glancing motion of those snowy little hands, and wondered to himself how a graceful blossom like this could ever have sprung up and flourished in a peasant's home. She had spoken of her father. "I should like to know," thought Louis, "if this little household fairy has any kith or kin beside. I suppose I must make bold to ask her."

And following up this intention, he said, aloud, with a smile:

"Mademoiselle, you work very rapidly and well. I dare say you can perform all the labor of the place, and spare your mother's hands a great deal of toil, that is, if—"

"I have no mother, monsieur," she said, in a quiet and rather sad tone, giving the very information Louis required,—“I have no mother."

"Indeed! But you have sisters—brothers, mademoiselle?"

"Neither, monsieur. I am the only child my father has."

"Poor child!" And the compassion he felt betrayed itself in his kindly and sympathizing tones. "Poor child; you have no mother! But you remember her—you remember how good she was to you. You bring back the memory of her face, sometimes. It is pleasant, I know, to do so; for I, too, have known a mother's loss."

"I can but just remember her, monsieur," returned the young girl; "it is so long since she died: nearly twelve years, when I was but four years old. But I have her portrait." And, going to a small box, on the opposite side of the room, she brought thence a small but cleverly executed picture, which she handed to him, saying: "It was done by my father, who can do such things well."

Louis was surprised at the marks of rough yet decided genius displayed in the drawing, which lent beauty to an otherwise uninteresting object. The portrait was that of a peasant woman—a plain and quiet-looking person, with certainly neither the slightest beauty nor grace to make her a promising subject for an inspired pencil; nor yet was there anything picturesque in her appearance. It was a drawing, well though rudely done, and nothing more. But he could not help recollecting that a husband's hand had done it, "and, doubtless, she was beautiful to him," he said, mentally.

And so this was the mother of the beautiful and graceful young girl before him? He compared the features silently.

"Certainly the mother and child have nothing of each other's appearance, in air, expression, or feature," he soliloquized. "What a difference between them! Nothing could be more striking. My little hostess must resemble her father. I should like to see him."

He sat for several moments, regarding the picture in silence, and the delicate and thoughtful countenance of the young girl contrasting so strikingly with those plain and ever coarse features in the portrait, filled him with emotions of pleasure and astonishment as he raised his eyes again.

She received the picture from him, restored it to its case, and returned to her seat. Going quietly on with her work, she seemed reflecting rather sadly for a moment. Then she roused herself.

"Monsieur has come a long way to-day,—has he not?"

"O, I have been journeying not only for one day, but two or three. I came from Lyons. It was a mere fancy on my part," he said, carelessly, "to enjoy the scenery of the country, that I chose to come on horseback, and I have taken the way leisurely." He said nothing of the dangers he had encountered, thinking that, perhaps, it might alarm her for her father's safety.

"You came on horseback?" she said; "then your horse must be hungry as well as weary. If he is out here, I will—"

"No—no," said Louis, anticipating her design; "he will do very well. He found some oats in the shed, which, doubtless, he will make use of; and he has not far to go. He would be thankful for only a shelter, without anything more."

He persuaded her to resume her seat, and then he busied himself again with following the motions of her graceful hands as they pursued their labor, and found himself becoming every moment more enchanted with the air of native elegance and delicacy that blended with the simplicity itself of this charming young peasant girl.

And still the rain and wind beat furiously about the little cottage, increasing the sense of comfort within, and blending its sound curiously with his reflections, as he sat there by the hearth, opposite to her, and thinking how exquisitely pretty she was, and wondering what her father was like, envying him, at one moment, for being the father of so lovely a child, and the next, thinking that, much as they might love each other, he was very glad that he was not her father. While she, working busily, kept her little wheel whirring, whirring—and now and then slightly turning her fair head with an intent look, as if listening for the footstep that did not come, or lifting her beautiful eyes to her guest's face as he

spoke to her, and answering him in those quiet, pleasant tones that Louis could not help thinking the sweetest in the world, until the wind died away and the rain ceased, and Louis could not but say, as he looked out from the casement upon the narrow road that wound across the fields, and among the distant hills, to his uncle's chateau, that it was time for him to depart.

"Have you far to go, monsieur?" she asked, putting aside her wheel and rising.

"Across the hills yonder; half a league, perhaps," Louis answered; "as far as the Chateau de Montauban. You know the old chateau?"

"Mais-oui—yes, indeed!" she replied, with a pretty smile, and a slight blush. "I go there every day to carry flowers to Mademoiselle Helen. And I think you are—" she hesitated, and blushed more deeply, while her glance wavered and fell before that of Louis. The poor child was ashamed of having half guessed who he was.

She had never seen him before, but she had very often heard, among the villagers, of the handsome young nephew of the marquis, and a sudden thought flashed across her mind that this must be he.

He smiled.

"I am Louis d'Artois, the cousin of Mademoiselle Helen," he supplied. "And now, may I not know to whom I am indebted for the hospitality I have received, that I may, at least, return thanks for it?"

"I only gave monsieur shelter from the dreadful storm," she replied, simply, "which was but humanity, and it was that which monsieur had the right to demand."

"But your name, my child?" he urged, gently, smiling at her earnestness.

"Ah—yes; I had forgotten;" and, bethinking herself of his question, she blushed again, because she had not heeded it. "My name is Rose Lamonte, monsieur."

"Indeed!" he said, kindly. "I have heard my cousin speak of you, then, as well as her father. You and I are not quite strangers after all, Rose. I am much obliged to you for your kindness to me to-night. I shall not soon forget it."

He opened the door as he spoke, and looked out. The sky was clearing, and the rain had quite ceased. The moon shone brightly, though, at every other instant, her face was veiled by the broken, floating vapors.

"Monsieur," said Rose, thoughtfully, "you have a long and lonely way before you. I wish my father were here to accompany you, or that—"

"O, never mind, Rose,—never mind; my good beast, which I have fastened hereabouts, will take me thither safely in half an hour. But I thank you, and now good-night."

"Good-night, monsieur," she returned, quietly.

The moon shone one moment full upon the gentle face and pretty figure of his cottage hostess, as he took one last glance, and then he had closed the door.

Going to the place where he had fastened his horse, he found him standing there quietly munching the oats which he had found. He had made free, too, with some water which was in an old wooden trough close by, and which Louis had not noticed, so that now he was pretty well refreshed, and evidently in a very contented state of feeling.

"Well, Roland, you have done better than I feared you would before the end of our journey," said Louis, addressing him, gaily; "and your master, too, is in good condition, so we will even take our way onward. But first, my good fellow, although I could not have had the face to offer it to our pretty little hostess as to the landlady of a common inn, yet I have not the conscience to impose both myself and my horse on the charity of these kind people, without making some tangible though faint acknowledgement of their goodness; so I will, at least, pay for your supper, Roland." And he placed a piece of gold where the oats had been. Then springing to the saddle, he took the road to the chateau, and rode rapidly along in the open moonlight. The landscape was peaceful and, withal, beautiful, as he glanced over it; field, wood and hill lay calm and quiet all around. The air was still, and the silvery beams of the moon shone fair upon the scene, while some light cloud, at intervals, crossed her sweet face, and reflected a passing shadow upon the quiet earth below. How different this scene from that of two hours before! Louis could hardly realize the violent contest he had had, as he rode along in the silence now.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHATEAU.

It was, perhaps, at the distance of half a league from the cottage of Hugh Lamonte that the Chateau Montauban stood. It was situated on a rocky and abrupt eminence, overlooking the valley below, where a small village, so small, indeed, that, from one of the turrets of the old gray chateau, it looked more like the miniature group of dolls' houses which children play with than the ordinary habitations of ordinary men, while the stream that wound its way along at the foot of the hills was nothing more than a mere thread of silver.

Thick woods surrounded the chateau, keeping the grounds forever in the depths of a gloomy shadow; and from among them the gray walls of the old pile arose, dark, stern and grand, the fitting home of pride, the proud remains of feudal greatness.

On the night of the attack on Count Louis, there were two persons seated in the library of this chateau: the one a lady, with beautiful and somewhat striking features, a tall and graceful figure, and a bearing at once haughty and captivating. You might form a nearly correct opinion of her, even as she sits there

in repose; for Mademoiselle Montauban carries the traits of her disposition on every feature—even in her very attitude. She cannot divest herself of it, if she would, which, in truth, she has no great desire to do.

Mademoiselle Montauban is a person of strong feelings, of deep energy, of quick yet firm resolves, and decided action. She is pleasing to all; yet with the very grace and noble beauty which captivates one, there is an air—an expression of veiled haughtiness, of lofty pride, of insinuating command. She will speak gracefully and calmly; her magnificent countenance is serene as an evening sky; and yet, when she makes the slightest suggestion—expresses the slightest opinion or desire in this her natural manner, not a soul who knows Mademoiselle Montauban would dream of such an audacious thing as contradicting her. All the world admires mademoiselle, but few love her.

Her father, monsieur le marquis, on the other hand, is an extremely affable, polite and agreeable gentleman. He is kind-hearted and pleasant. He makes many friends and few enemies. Some he may have, but they cannot dislike him long, or with satisfaction to themselves. He is universally kind and good to the peasantry around the country, and there are no poor people who do not have cause to thank him for many an act of generosity. He is the very opposite of his daughter, Mademoiselle Helen; but she is like her mother, who was an Italian by birth, and the first wife of the marquis. He has been married twice: to a beautiful Frenchwoman, after the death of La Marquise Gindette, and this wife died also. He mourned her loss long and sincerely; for they say he loved her even better than he loved Gindette, who was very violent and passionate. There was one child—a lovely, sunny-haired child, with features like her fair mother's, and eyes like fresh violets, by this second marriage. But he has only Helen to comfort his approaching old age now; and there is a large portrait in the saloon—the portrait of a smiling infant, painted nearly sixteen years ago, which he looks at and sighs.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

The father and daughter, then, on this evening, sat in the library; he by a large table in the centre of the apartment, reading, as was his custom in the evenings; she had drawn her seat forward near one of the deep windows overlooking the valley, and the road by which Louis was expected to come. Both were awaiting his arrival, but it was with far different degrees of feeling. The marquis, indeed, looked forward with pleasure to the meeting with his nephew, whom he had not received at the chateau for some years,—indeed, since the latter was a mere boy, although they had met in other places during the interval; but yet his anticipation was moderated by calmness, for he no longer possessed the hurry and impatience of youth.

With Helen Montauban it was not thus. Deeper feelings than were warranted by that calm and haughty exterior were busy in her heart. One would have said, as she sat there, that she was awaiting the acquaintance of a day, that she was about to meet one who might be, perhaps, a mere friend,—nothing more. But look closer; observe those fair, slender fingers clasp the handle of the jewelled fan with which she is toying; see the nervous motion of that tiny foot, all but concealed beneath the heavy folds of her rich robe; watch those dark, proud eyes, and the anxious expression that is gathering under their magnificent curved lashes, as the sunset light dies away from the hills, and the gray twilight comes, with an unusual gloom, over the valley; as the mountain-piled clouds, with the red light yet fringing their lurid, jagged edges, slowly mount, and spread, and grow yet darker, until their aspect is really terrific. And Louis d'Artois yet delays.

"Father," and her voice is calm and silvery as usual, despite the beating of her heart, that throbs more violently every moment,—"father, it is already quite late. My cousin, Monsieur Louis, must surely remember that he may possibly expose himself to some danger by traversing the lonely roads in this neighborhood by night."

The marquis closed his book, rose from his seat, and approached the window.

"Yes; you are right—you are right, Helen," he returned; "but I hardly think he will be so rash as to undertake to reach the chateau to-night with that terrible storm gathering. As to the danger from brigands, however, I do not fear; for, without doubt, he will have his valet with him, and he will have also his weapons. And you must consider, Helen, that our young relative has both strength of limb and skill in arms, that might well warrant him in setting at defiance a goodly number of besiegers."

"Yes—I know, father. And there are none more brave than Louis." A proud smile shone in her splendid eyes as she spoke, and then she sank back in her seat again, and toyed with her fan, as before; while the marquis placed himself by her side, and also watched for some sign of his nephew.

But the night deepened, and still Louis did not come, while the storm, which had been threatening, ere long broke over the chateau, and raged with terrible fury.

"I do not think we shall see him to-night, Helen," said her father, as the old clock in the hall sounded on eleven; "and it grows late, my child. Perhaps you had better retire."

And Helen Montauban would not betray her anxiety and restlessness, even to her father; so she obeyed his suggestion shortly. She did not seek her couch, however, but, after having dismissed her maid for the night, she wrapped a rich shawl carelessly about her stately figure, and cast herself upon a pile of cushions beneath a window which commanded a view of the valley beneath, and the light within being shaded, drew the curtain from the casement, and leaned forward upon the sill, with her anxious glance piercing the gloom for some glimpse of the yet expected guest.

Moment after moment passed, and the clouds began to break, and the rain gradually ceased, while the faint, uncertain light of

the rising moon silvered at intervals, as the vapors passed away from her face, the winding road, and the silent valley, and the grand old woods around the chateau. Helen could see that her father had not yet retired, for the light from the western windows of the saloon still shone out upon the terrace beyond.

Still the moments crept on, and the hour of midnight sounded sternly on the now silent air. Her heart beat violently; she trembled. "He said he should come," she murmured; "why, then, this delay? for Louis never yet broke his word. He may have been murdered!" and she buried her face in her trembling hands.

For a moment's space—no more—she yielded to this unusual evidence of emotion. Then putting back from her pale and queenly brow the glossy tresses that flowed in dark and magnificent luxuriance about her reclining figure, in its gleaming drapery of crimson, she bent forward again, and watched.

One would scarcely believe that this proud, calm, self-possessed, imperial-looking woman, who seemed to those about her to possess neither impetuosity of disposition nor enthusiasm of temperament; who never betrayed, even in the slightest degree, that she owned those affections with which every heart is naturally endowed; whose greatest evidence of feeling, in happiness, in sorrow, or in sympathy with others, never exceeded a calm, unimpassioned, quiet expression of word or look, which led many to think her utterly and altogether heartless,—one would scarcely think, I repeat, that she could thus evince the deepest and most intense feeling of which the human mind is capable. Yet beneath that calm exterior, the dormant passions and emotions of her proud nature lay concealed—not dead, as the volcano may slumber on,



COUNT MONTAUBAN AND HELEN AWAITING LOUIS.

apparently lifeless and silent within, but still the fires are there, and they must break forth at some time.

And her mother had been an *Italienne*, too. How, then, could Helen Montauban, the only child she ever bore, fail to inherit her deep feelings—her strong passions? She did inherit them, to the full; and with them, she possessed nothing of that arch and playful lightness of manner, the characteristic of the French people, her father's nation. It was rather the cold, phlegmatic indifference of the English which marked her demeanor, only, perhaps, in a greater degree.

As a child, she had been more demonstrative, and yet not in a very agreeable way, either; for she had been self-willed, and violent when opposed; but that would have been natural in any child in her circumstances, for her own mother died when she was a mere baby, and her step-mother died also, some four years after her marriage with the marquis; while the sudden loss of the lovely child which she left had made Helen her father's sole remaining family tie, so that she had naturally been indulged and petted to a degree which would have spoiled any child.

All evidences of this eruptive disposition, however, had passed away as she grew into girlhood, leaving her, as she advanced still farther, the calm, stately and unimpassioned woman which we find her at the opening of our story.

She loved her father: it would have been unnatural in her had she not done so; but hers was a heart whose deepest affections were never to be lavished on many, and as he, unfortunately, was of rather a quiet, undemonstrative disposition, and contented himself with being kind to his child without making any decided show of affection for her, so she shut her nature within a four-walled prison of reserve, and paid him the honor, the duty and deference of an only child, while giving him only a tithe of the affection

which she might have done. She loved him, but yet it was with a love that was almost indifference.

Louis had been her playmate, for weeks together, in childhood, when she had been permitted to visit his family in Lyons, and she had never been so happy as during those periods. They were the crown and glory of her sleeping and waking dreams. She was never so happy when she returned to the old, lonely chateau, as in recounting to her good *bonne* the wonderful stories of those happy times, and anticipating her next visit. He was a fine, handsome, graceful and independent boy, and she thought there could be nobody in the world like her cousin Louis. His firm, proud, gallant bearing and manly spirit, his noble intellect and his fine, thoughtful countenance, with the innocent enthusiasm of his boyish years, had always exalted him in her esteem. She had learned to look upon him with the deepest reverence of her nature, and to almost adore in him, finally, those qualities of heart and mind which, she observed with disdain, few others possessed.

So it had been with the maiden as with the child, and, advancing to womanhood, the opinions and prejudices of her infant years were only strengthened and sustained by continued reflection on the character of Louis.

He had never visited the chateau more than twice, and those visits had been white stones in her life. She had remembered and recalled them constantly in the secluded and dreamy life she led there, and now was it a matter of wonder that, after the passage of months without having seen him, she should look forward with such eager emotions to his coming? Yet, even when alone, in the solitude of her own apartment, she did not entirely lay aside,

even in the intense interest of watching for him, that air of stately pride, that guarded calmness of demeanor which characterized her in society. She knelt there by the casement, it is true, waiting still, even till midnight; but a thousand fearful emotions struggled in her breast, of which she gave no outward sign, or, at the most, but a faint one.

Kneeling yet, when the hour of midnight had sounded, and fixing the unwearied, slumberless gaze of those proud and beautiful eyes upon the road in the valley, while the silver-edged clouds sailed slowly across the face of the fair, silent moon, and passed away, one by one, and the night grew clear, and lovely, and peaceful.

Then a dark form seemed to catch her eye, moving along rapidly through the path in the valley, coming nearer and nearer, while the clouds, passing still across the moon, veiled it ever and anon in shadow. Drawing nearer, till the soft silver radiance of the night shone full upon both horse and rider, and then there was only a slight start—a quick, convulsive clasp of the fair hand that rested on the cold stone sill—a faint yet eager smile hovering about her beautiful lips, and flashing in those splendid eyes, as, softly murmuring "It is he!" she rose from the cushions on which she had knelt so long, and closed the casement.

"My dear uncle!" cried Louis, warmly embracing the good marquis, as they met in the saloon, on the morning following the storm, "I cannot express half the pleasure it gives me to meet you. To one who has been wandering hither and thither, anywhere and everywhere, for the last two months, it seems like coming home once more to see your face."

The marquis smiled at his nephew's warmth.

"My dear boy, I also am delighted to see you. Let me welcome you to my old eyrie a thousand times. But sit down—sit down, Louis; I must take a leisurely look at you. Why, you have grown a full inch since we met last, and all the handsomer, too, for your wanderings! How do you like that, young man?" he added, good-humoredly.

"O, uncle, I appreciate your flattery, believe me," laughed his nephew; "I confess I had rather have it from you than any other, almost. But, now, how have things been going on here since I saw you? and how is my fair cousin?"

"For the first," answered the marquis, "I can give a very satisfactory reply. My affairs are in a state of prosperity, and except, possibly, that Helen and I are a little lonely at times for want of company, which we seldom have more than two or three times in the year, we do very well. I need scarcely say that I am sure we shall be all the happier for your presence. For your other question, Helen herself must be applied to when you see her this morning. She was in excellent health yesterday, at all events, and we watched together a long time, last night, by the library window, for your appearance. And now tell me, my dear Louis, something more concerning that adventure of yours in the forest; for your sketch of it last night was somewhat hasty. You were never too much given to talking of yourself. I hate an egotist as heartily as you can; but I desire to hear something relative to your journey and your general welfare; so let me hear it before our coffee is ready."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

He only is great who has the habits of greatness; who, after performing what none in ten thousand could accomplish, passes on like Samson, and "tells neither father nor mother of it."—*Lavater*.

ARCTIC SCENES.

The natural phenomena presented by the very high latitudes to which our gallant navigators have penetrated, are some of them of the most brilliant description, and the sight of them, to the enthusiastic lover of nature, almost compensates for the cruel severities of the climate, and the hardships to which he is necessarily subjected. The larger of the engravings on this page represents a display of the Aurora Borealis, or the northern light, often witnessed in our own latitude; but the full effect of which is only exhibited in the extreme north. The long night of the arctic region is not all darkness, for

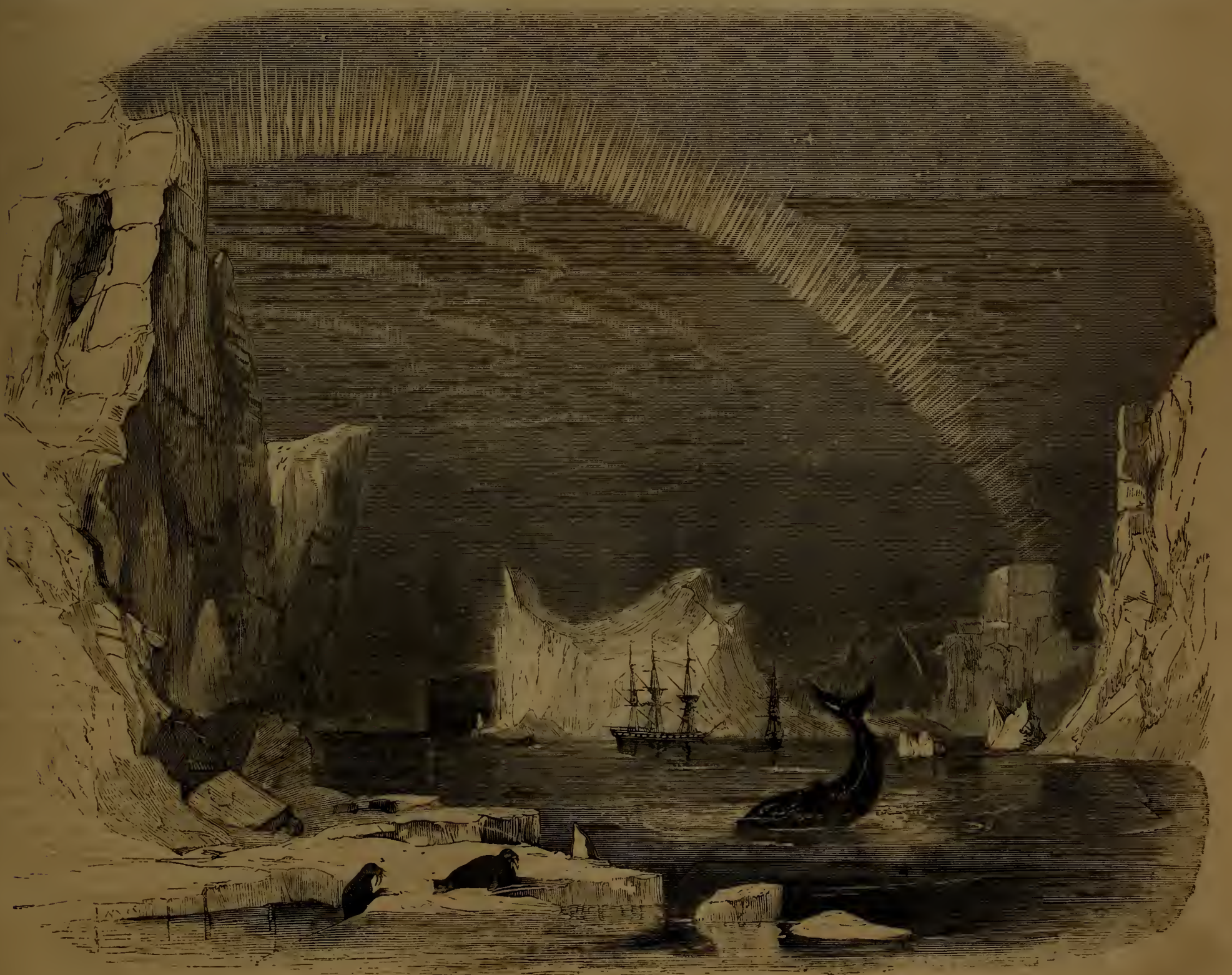
"Red and bright
The streamers light
Are dancing in the glowing
north."

Our illustration is strikingly picturesque—tremendous ice peaks rising on every hand, reflecting the weird light of the heavens; the still bay, with its deadly cold water; the plunging whale; the hideous walrus; the ships lying quietly at anchor, and over all the fantastic lights of the aurora, and the twinkling stars make up a scene of rare beauty. Captains Parry and Lyon, during their Arctic voyages, were much impressed by the splendors of the northern aurora. The light had a



BREAKING UP OF THE ICE.

tendency to form an irregular arch, which, in calm weather was very distinct, but whenever the air became agitated, showers of rays spread in every direction with the rapidity of lightning. Sometimes long streaks of light spread out with inconceivable swiftness, but always appearing to move as from a fixed point, somewhat like a ribband held in the hand and shaken with an undulatory motion. The untutored Indian views these lights as the "spirits of his fathers roaming through the land of souls." Our first engraving represents the breaking of the ice in the spread, which is accompanied by terrific convulsion, and the utmost danger to vessels exposed to it. The good ship in the picture is hove high out of the water by the masses of ice, while in the foreground a party of sailors are engaged in saving some of their shipmates who have been swamped in a boat. The crashing and grinding of the masses of ice is described by those who have heard it, as resembling the sound of an irregular cannonade, or the crashing of heaven's artillery. So wonderful are the natural phenomena of the Arctic regions that many have doubtless, volunteered on the various Arctic expeditions, solely to study and admire them.



AURORA BOREALIS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HOPE EVER.

BY WM. AUGUSTUS CROFFUT.

There's a silver lining to every cloud.—MRS. HEMANS.

When love's fondest token
Shall perish unblest,
When kind words are spoken,
But spoken in jest;
When smiles are the fewest,
And pleasures seem past,
And friends you thought truest,
Are fickle at last;
Consider! Love's beacon may gladden your sight;
Remember! Each cloud has a lining of light!

As the song of the thrush
To the dungeon is borne,
As the sun-glances blush
On the cheek of the morn,
So let's love our friends
Through fortune and fall,
Yes—"in spite of their follies,"
Yes—follies and all!
Be gentle; 'twill beckon the erring ones right;
Be hopeful! Each cloud has a lining of light!

What if some stars of morning
Do fall from on high?
Millions yet are adorning
The brow of the sky;
E'en the fallen are brought
To the sea's crystal caves,
And their sweet smiles are caught
In a mirror of waves!
Fear never! Some star will illumine your night;
Hope ever! Each cloud has a lining of light!

As the coral reefs, drifting
Where waters flash bright,
Keep lifting, and lifting,
Their gems to the light,
So love, truth, devotion,
And sweet coral smiles,
On the crest of life's ocean
Keep building their isles!
Look forward! A promising future is bright;
Look starward! Each cloud has a lining of light!

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MOORISH DOCTOR'S PARCHMENT.

BY GRACE LEE.

At the time when our story commences, the Spanish *posadas*, or inns, were, in fact, only a species of caravanserai, frequented by muleteers, who found there repose for themselves and their beasts of burden. The most comfortable had only, in addition to the kitchen and common hall, a long ware-room divided into a number of apartments dignified by the name of chambers, and arrived at by a ladder.

It was in one of these chambers that Don Jose de Fuez de Alcantra now entered—received doctor at Salamanca, hidalgo in his quality of Asturian, but possessing nothing in the world besides the clothes he wore, a score of *reales*, and a passable opinion of his own merit.

Having reached the age of thirty years, and tried various means in vain, of finding wealth, he had come to Leon, in the hope of being employed by Count Don Alonzo Mendos, who possessed, between Toro and Zamora, a magnificent domain, already visited by our doctor. Unhappily, the first answer to his inquiries informed him of the death of the count, and for a moment he remained overwhelmed with surprise and disappointment caused by the unwelcome news.

"Don Alonzo dead?" repeated he, with stupefaction.

"And buried," replied the host. "Magnificently buried as became a man of his rank."

"But the chateau then, is occupied by his heirs?" asked the doctor.

"The sole heir," replied the host, "is the nephew of the count, and he has ordered Perez Cavallos, notary of Argelles, to put up the domain for sale, which will belong to-morrow, if I am not deceived, to a new proprietor."

Don Jose, in the hope that his prospects were not all blighted, determined to offer his services to the future purchaser, and, after a moment's reflection, announced to the landlord that he should remain at the *posada* till the following morning. The host approved of this, assuring him that everything should be done for his comfort, and left the worthy don to examine the apartment in which he was to pass the night. The furniture of the room consisted of two rickety stools, a low bedstead with a straw pallet, and a jug of water on a vacillating table. But how great was the surprise of Don Jose to find in the midst of this poverty, a collection of what appeared to be valuable books and papers.

Hastily recalling his host, he inquired as to the owner of these documents, and was informed that they had been left by an old doctor, who had occupied for many months this chamber, engaged in the drying and distilling of plants, and writing. But many indications led him to suppose that the doctor was of Moorish origin, and the last decrees of the king having ordered expressly the expulsion of all the descendants of that race, he was forced to depart suddenly, leaving all his baggage, that is to say, his phials, books and papers.

Left alone, Jose Fuez d' Alcantra could but ruminate over the long series of misfortunes and accidents that had traversed his life.

"I have fairly tried everything," said he. "Chance has always overthrown my hopes, and made me the slave of events. O, how happy is he who can always follow his fancy, reign over circumstances and remain king of his life, in place of submitting to every person and to all occasions."

As these reflections caused him to fall into a sombre reverie, he sought to dissipate it by opening one of the books left by the Moorish doctor; it was an exposition of the system of nature, written in Latin. Jose perused a few pages, then chose another volume which treated of occult sciences, and at last a third, relating to a great accomplishment.

The choice of these books indicated clearly that the old Moor was an alchemist, perhaps a necromancer; for at this epoch it was not rare to find men throughout Spain, who had studied the art of *subjecting invisible powers*.

Rendered curious by these first researches, Don Jose passed from the books to the manuscripts. He read several which appeared to contain general instructions for the transmutation of metals, but at last he found, enclosed in a case of lead, a roll of parchment, the first lines of which struck him with astonishment and awe. It contained magical receipts for accomplishing certain prodigies—how to render oneself invisible—to transform oneself at will—and at last he arrived at a paragraph which bore this title: "*How to make your desire become a sovereign law, and accomplished in an instant!*" The young doctor made a bound of joy.

"By the holy cross!" cried he, "if the receipt can be depended upon, what more could mortal have? 'Your desire shall become sovereign law.' Is it not the last point of earth's felicity? But let us see if the conditions will not compromise the soul's future welfare."

He read the receipt indicated in the manuscript, and found nothing contrary to his faith. It was sufficient for acquiring the given promise to pronounce before sleeping a given prayer, and drink the contents of a small phial concealed in the end of the case of lead. Jose searched for the phial, opened it, and found that it contained a few drops of a black, odorous fluid. He hesitated an instant, not that he doubted the truth of the formula; his opinions being those of the times, but he wished to be sure he was not deceived. He read again on the parchment the lines already deciphered, and observed a postscript he had not before noticed. The postscript consisted of these words: "Our weakness is a providential barrier, opposed by God to our folly."

"Good, good!" cried Don Jose, "the old doctor loved, like those of his race, to express occasionally a profound moral sentence. But for the moment I will dispense with his morality, and try his receipt."

At these words he carried the phial to his lips and pronounced the prayer indicated. He had hardly concluded, when his eyes closed and he sank into a deep slumber.

* * * * *

Don Jose never knew how long a time he remained in a state of unconsciousness, but when he awoke day had penetrated the apartment. He raised himself with an effort, and remained for some time in that state of half-dreaming which precedes full consciousness. At last his ideas cleared; the sight of the roll of parchment and the empty phial recalled that which had passed; but as he saw nothing changed he believed the receipt of the Moorish doctor to be only a deception.

"Then," said he, sighing, "it was only an illusion; I arise here in the ware-room, with my old pourpoint and empty purse! However, God knows, if in sleeping I have desired, as I do now, to find it filled—"

At this moment his eyes fell upon the chair whereon hung his garments, and he beheld suspended from one of the pockets his leather purse crowded with golden coins.

He raised himself suddenly, hardly believing his eyes, and drew the purse towards him. They were truly pieces of gold! more golden coins than he had ever at a time possessed of *maravedis*! The philter then had produced its effect, he had attained the power of realizing all his desires!

Wishing to make on the moment a second experiment, he desired that the ware-room should be transformed into a sumptuous chamber, and his shabby garments into a costume of rich velvet, lined with satin. This wish was instantly accomplished. Then he demanded a magnificent breakfast, served by little negroes dressed in red. A breakfast covering a table suddenly appeared, served by little negroes, bearing wine and chocolate! He continued thus for some time under many forms to test his new power. At last he felt certain that his desire could at any moment become a *sovereign law*, and he rushed from the *posada*, almost delirious with joy.

It was then true that this roll of parchment would make him richer than the richest, more powerful than the highest. *He could, all that he would.* Everything was comprised in these words, and as he repeated them he rose, even in his own estimation. What were to him, after this, kings, emperors, even the pope himself! All were restrained by established rules, by the laws of possibility, while for him, his domain had no limit save that of fancy!

He resolved to give the first proof of the moderation of his ambition. In his place another might have desired to be king, with palaces, courtiers, and an army; but Don Jose was an enemy to such grandeurs. He decided that he was content to possess the domain of Don Alonzo Mendos, live there with some millions, the title of count, and the privileges of a Spanish noble, like a sincere and modest philosopher.

He hastened in consequence, without delay, towards the village of Argelles, where the sale of the chateau was to take place. The road which he had taken also conducted to Toro, and was covered with peasants, muleteers and merchants who were repairing there. In advancing, Don Jose looked to the right and left, and made on

each little experiments of his power. To a young girl, who hurried forward gay and laughing, he wished a happy interview; to a feeble old merchant he wished a place in a carriage that was passing, and to a poor beggar the sight of a piece of gold lying in his path. All was accomplished in an instant.

Encouraged by his success, Don Jose passed from his office of guardian-angel to that of arch-angel. After having succeeded, he would render justice. An impertinent soldier he chastised with a puff of wind that sent his hat into the river; and an over-reaching merchant saw his mules dispersed far over the plain. For all this, Don Jose obeyed his first impression, distributing recompense where he chastised, and performing all in his own idea, according to the justice of inspiration!

He soon arrived in sight of the chateau of Mendos, whose magnificent woods bordered the road. Finding the heat of the sun too intense, he took a sheltered path which led directly to the mansion. As he walked on, all seemed like a beautiful summer's day. The hedges were covered with flowers, and the forest re-echoed with the songs of a thousand birds. Don Jose decided how much more profitable the estate might be made if regulated by certain plans of his own. He would drain the prairies, and drew with his pencil on a corner of the parchment, a plan of a forester's hut, which should combine utility with the picturesque. He was content with the vineyards; and recited on the occasion a number of verses from Horace and passages from the Holy Scriptures, which naturally led to the problem, much discussed, whether the first wine fabricated by Noah was white or red.

Still filled with his projects as new proprietor, he was suddenly startled by a sharp and imperious voice which demanded his right to traverse the domain of Mendos. He turned, and perceived a young man whose costume denoted a person of high rank.

Don Jose had taken the time to survey the questioner which he should have employed in answering. The young nobleman repeated his question with an accent of impatience. The doctor of Salamanca smiled with that placid and confident air inspired by power.

"Is it then necessary to obtain permission to visit a domain without a master?" demanded he.

"How know you that there is none?" replied the cavalier.

"I have been informed that Perez, notary of Argelles, has orders to sell the estate to-day."

"Then you visit as purchaser?"

"As purchaser."

"And know you the price required?"

"I expect soon to be informed."

"It is valued at four hundred thousand pieces of gold."

"The domain is worth it."

The nobleman uttered a derisive laugh.

"On my soul! behold an opulent purchaser!" cried he, in a tone of raillery, "and who travels very modestly for his fortune."

"I am in the habit of walking," replied Don Jose, with a princely air.

"It is an excess of humility," answered the young man, "and your lordship would be better accommodated on my saddle."

"Think you so?" demanded Don Jose, struck by a sudden fancy.

"I certainly ought to descend and offer you my seat," continued the cavalier, in a tone of increased irony.

"It is easy to satisfy you," replied the doctor, "I have only to desire that you alight upon the ground."

At the same instant the steed reared and threw the young lord on the grass.

"You have frightened my horse!" cried he, rising, and pale with anger.

"I have only aided in accomplishing your intentions," said Don Jose, who had taken the bridle, and was preparing to mount.

The young man advanced toward him with his whip raised.

"Stop! Insolent! or I will strike you to the ground," cried he.

The blood rushed to the face of Don Jose.

"The signor forgets that he speaks to an hidalgo," said he, fiercely, "and that, like himself, I carry a sword."

"Then let us see how well it can serve you," replied the cavalier, who, disengaging his own, advanced toward the doctor.

On any other occasion the latter would have tried some means of conciliation, but the menace of the young stranger had raised his anger, and the certainty that he had nothing to fear for himself gave him unusual courage. He thought also that his adversary needed a lesson, and he desired to give him a perceptible wound, to make him reflect on the inconvenience of his deportment. His desire was immediately followed by its effect. The young man let fall his sword and uttered an exclamation of surprise and pain. Don Jose, who was sure of having desired only a slight wound, was not himself troubled; and wishing to complete the lesson and play out his own role, excused gravely to the signor what had happened, remarking that he entertained no ill feeling as to his part, and to prove it, would accept his first offer. In thus speaking he mounted the horse, and took, on a trot, the road to the village.

That which had just passed augmented, if possible, the good opinion which Don Jose entertained of himself. He had mystified and wounded a noble; he was equally contented with his own bravery and spirit. No opposition to his will could now be endured, and a muleteer who had not answered quickly to his call as he passed through the village, he smote to the earth. The instinct of tyranny gathered force in his soul like a rolling wave.

He presented himself before the person charged with the sale of the estate, less to inquire of the terms required, than as a master come to take possession of his estate. Unfortunately the first words of Perez informed him that the chateau was not to be sold.

One may divine the disappointment of the doctor. That do-

main for which he had planned such alterations and improvements to be suddenly snatched from his grasp! He had then left, only, after his bright imaginations and reminiscences of Horace, himself, the man "*whose will could become sovereign law!*" It was impossible! the sole idea of apparent opposition to his foibles fired him with indignation, and it was with proud haughtiness that he demanded of the notary why the estate was not to be sold.

"Because Don Henriquez, the nephew of the count, has decided, for the re-establishment of his fortune, to retain the chateau."

"What!" replied Don Jose, "when he knows of the price I am willing to give?"

"He refuses."

"You are sure?"

"He has said it to me this morning."

"He was then here?"

"He left here not long since for the chateau."

Don Jose instantly comprehended that the young lord was his unknown cavalier, and could not restrain an exclamation. The man of business replied by many compliments of condolence, informing the doctor also, that Don Henriquez wished to retain the estate, to profit by the approaching chase of autumn.

"Parbleu!" thought Don Jose, with temper, "I wish that the wound was severe enough to spoil his hopes of the chase."

"The grounds please him," continued the notary. "It is an admirable situation."

"I know it," replied the doctor, roughly.

"And the woods, the fields, the gardens—"

"I have seen," interrupted Don Jose, in whom this description only augmented his disappointment.

"You did well," replied Perez; "but that which the signor has not seen is the interior of the chateau, embellished as it was by the late count. He has placed there a gallery of pictures, very magnificent, painted by our best masters."

"Pictures!" repeated Don Jose, "I have always adored pictures, but I prefer statues—"

"And the chateau is filled with them."

"Is it possible?"

"Without speaking of the library—"

"There is then a library?" cried the doctor.

"Of thirty thousand volumes."

Don Jose made a gesture of despair.

"And this splendid treasure will be lost!" replied he; "this arsenal of science will pass into the hands of an ignorant man! for Don Henriquez must be ignorant."

The notary shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, well," said he, lowering his voice, "my lord is a young man of noble family, rich and fond of pleasure."

"I was sure of it," interrupted Don Jose, "he is a bad fellow."

"O, no! there is some good in him. He is only a little wild, and has already had many affairs with other gentlemen."

"That is it. A quarreller! a duellist!" continued the doctor. "I am in doubt no longer!" and lowering his voice, he added, "that this may no longer continue, I desire that he may lose the use of his sword arm. It is justice."

"Age will correct his follies, I hope," resumed Perez, "and soften the violence of his temper. Notwithstanding his riches, he is always impoverished, and has already required from the farmers of his uncle the payment of their rents."

"And they have paid them?"

"At a great sacrifice; for the last crops were very poor."

"But this is cruelty!" said Don Jose, sincerely indignant.

"What! distress the poor, already suffering, when he has the fortune of a prince, a castle filled with rich pictures, statues and a library of thirty thousand volumes? But a man like this is a veritable scourge! and we cannot but desire for the interest of all Spain that such a wretch should cease to—"

He was interrupted by the noise of steps in the hall, and a servant entered hastily and with an air of alflight.

"What is it?" demanded the notary.

"A misfortune! a great misfortune!" cried the domestic. "Don Henriquez has again fought."

"Again?"

"And he has been wounded."

"Dangerously?"

"No; but as he would have pursued his adversary, who escaped on his horse, his wound bled afresh, and he fainted on the ground."

"And it was there he was then found?"

"Yes; but a muleteer who was passing the spot with his team, did not see him, and crushed with his wheel his right hand."

"Great heavens!"

"He then raised Don Henriquez and carried him to the castle."

"Then he is safe?"

"Alas! in passing this moment into the court-yard, a stone was detached from the masonry above the gate, and fell, wounding him mortally!"

Don Jose recoiled like a man suddenly struck by lightning. All that had passed had been his own work. He had first desired to disable Don Henriquez with a wound; then he had deprived him of his right hand, and at last desired his death for the interests of all; and three successive accidents had immediately responded to his wishes. Thus after having tortured and maimed a man, he had caused his death. The thought passed through his heart like a dart; he would have repaired his crime if it were possible, but in the same moment the door opened and four servants entered, bearing the bleeding body of the young signor!

Don Jose could not support the sight. A violent shock passed through his system, everything disappeared before his sight—and he turned on his pallet in the ware-room of the posada, and faced the little window on which the rays of the sun were just glistening.

The first sentiment of the doctor of Salamanca was joy at hav-

ing escaped from this horrible vision. Soon the remembrance of what had passed the night before returned to him, and he comprehended all. The potion taken on the faith of the Moorish doctor, was evidently one of those powerful narcotics which, in exalting our thoughts during slumber, transform into visions the habitual occupations of our minds. All that he had taken for a reality was then only a dream!

Don Jose reflected a long time in silence. Then taking the roll of parchment, he again perused it, stopping at the postscript he had disdained before, and reading it more attentively, he bowed his head with humility.

"It is a salutary lesson," said he, "and if I am wise, I shall profit by it. I have believed that one would be happy could he have what he wished; without reflecting that the will of man, when it is not curbed, passes from pride to extravagance, from extravagance to tyranny, from tyranny to cruelty! Alas! the Moorish doctor was right: '*Our weakness is a barrier providentially interposed by God to our folly!*'"

The dream proved indeed a blessing to Don Jose, for it made him accept with patience his future humble fortunes, and he died a long time after, second major-domo in the castle where he had hoped, for an instant, to reign as lord.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A GHOST ON SHIPBOARD.

BY EDGAR S. FARNSWORTH.

SEVERAL years ago, I occupied the station of chief mate on board the old ship Flavia. We were homeward bound from Canton. The night after we cleared the Straits of Sunda, my watch had the deck from eight until twelve. It was a beautiful starlight night, and the watch, with the exception of myself and the man at the wheel, were forward on the topgallant forecandle, listening to the yarns of an old gray-headed son of Neptune. I was lazily pacing the quarter-deck, when, on looking forward, I saw the whole of the starboard watch come tumbling up out of the forecandle in great haste.

What this could mean, was entirely beyond my comprehension, for it was but little past two bells, and the ship was heading her course with all sail set. I went immediately forward to ascertain the cause of their coming upon deck before eight bells; pausing a moment at the gangway I heard the following remarks:

"Bloody fine doin's this, to call all hands such a pleasant night as this!"

"I wonder what the skipper's thinking of," says another.

"He means to work us up a little for bein' so long bendin' on that new mainsail this morning," said a third.

"What does all this mean, boys?" said I, stepping forward; "what are you on deck before eight bells for?"

They all looked at me in utter astonishment.

"I ax your pardon, sir," said one, "but wasn't we called?"

"Not a bit of it," said I; "you must have been dreaming, for it has only just struck two bells. Go below and turn in, and mind how you dream."

"If all hands warn't called, then my name aint Bob Wilkins," said another of the men.

"Shiver my timbers, if we wasn't," spoke a third, stepping forward, "for I was as wide awake as I am at this blessed minute, and I'm beggared if somebody didn't come to the scuttle and sing out 'All hands ahoy!'"

I now suspected it was a trick played upon them by some one in my watch, but upon questioning my men, they all denied it so earnestly, that I immediately came to the conclusion that some of the off-watch had, in dreaming, imagined he heard the watch called, and rousing up on the instant had awakened the rest. I sent the off-watch below again, and went aft.

Judge of my surprise, when, at seven bells, the starboard watch again came on deck. I was provoked, for I was now fully confident that they had been called by some one in my watch. I went forward again, and found that the most superstitious of the men were impressed with the idea that there was a ghost on board.

The next night I kept a sharp lookout forward; not one of my men went nigh the scuttle, but a little past four bells, however, the starboard watch made their appearance on deck. I was completely taken aback, to use a sea term, for I had been looking forward continually, from the moment I came on deck, and I was certain that not one of my men had been near the scuttle. I went forward, and found the men nearly frightened out of their senses. They all declared that there was no longer any doubt but that there was a ghost aboard, and one of them, who happened to be awake when they were called, said the voice didn't sound like any one of the crew, "but kind o' unearthly like."

I laughed at the idea of a ghost calling the watch, but the man shook his head, and declared he had seen too many ghosts in his day to doubt that there was one on board the Flavia now. This was conclusive evidence, for the man who had spoken had been in nearly every part of the world, and was a great favorite with the crew.

The whole crew were now ready to testify to having heard many mysterious noises since they had shipped in the Flavia. I tried to reason with them, although I must confess that things did begin to look a little mysterious with me. I could not prevail upon them to go below for the remainder of the watch. They all stayed upon deck and told ghost stories till the least flapping of a sail or creaking of a block would cause them to start as if they expected to see a ghost immediately.

In the morning I made the affair known to the captain. He promised to solve the mystery on the following night, provided the

watch came on deck before eight bells again. Not much was talked of during the day by the men, but the ghost that called the starboard watch the night before. The oldest of the crew prophesied bad luck to the old ship Flavia. The next night, soon after my watch came on deck, the captain came up, and going to leeward into the shade of the bulwarks, crept forward and went down into the forecandle without being seen by any one of the watch on deck.

His plan was to station himself in the forecandle so that no one could come nigh the scuttle without being seen by him, for he thought, as I had done until convinced to the contrary, that it was one of my men who had caused the disturbance. I stationed myself in the starboard gangway, where I could command a view of everything forward without being seen, and awaited patiently the result of the captain's investigation.

I had been waiting nearly an hour, when the captain made a furious rush upon deck, exclaiming, as his head made its appearance above the scuttle:

"I've got you now, you salt-water rascal! I'll teach you to—"

Here he stopped as suddenly as if he had been struck by lightning, for not a soul was near the scuttle excepting Captain Tim Kenfield, of the ship Flavia. The men were all forward, lounging on the top-gallant forecandle. He immediately inquired of me who had been to the forecandle door. On my informing him that not a soul had been near there, excepting himself, he stopped me short.

"I know better," said he, "some one came to the scuttle of the forecandle, and called the watch, or began to, at least, but I stopped him by springing upon deck. The rascal was too quick for me this time, but he won't escape again."

The captain, thinking it not at all likely that the attempt to call the watch before eight bells would be again made that night, went aft and "turned in," although he announced to me his determination of watching again on the following night. He also declared his intention of immediately adding half an ounce of cold lead to the rations of the first man whom he should detect in alarming the watch before eight bells.

I resolved to solve the mystery that very night, however, if possible, which I did in the following way. As soon as the captain had gone below, I went forward and descended into the forecandle. I satisfied myself that the off-watch were all fast asleep, and then stationed myself as far up on the ladder as I could without having my head seen from deck, and there I awaited the coming of the ghost.

I did not have to wait long, however, before a voice directly over my head cried out, "Starboard watch ahoy! eight bells, bul-lies! rouse up there!"

The voice sounded so strangely, that I was not a little startled, and if, at any one period of my life more than another, I have come nigh being a believer in the existence of ghosts, I firmly believe it was at that moment; but I sprang immediately on deck. As I did so, I heard a sort of a "whizzing noise," and the next instant I caught a glimpse of something crowding itself between the slats of a hencoop that was lashed by the mainmast. I went immediately to the cabin and procured a lantern, and upon searching the hencoop, I found—not a ghost, but a large parrot sitting quietly on the perch with the hens. The mystery was now fully explained.

While we were stopping at the "Straits," the ship Vancouver put in there for the purpose of trading with the natives. Upon examining the parrot, I at once knew him to be a deserter from that ship. I had seen him on board of her the morning before we sailed, and one of the Vancouver's men had given me a full account of his wonderful powers as an orator. He had been taught to call the watch, and I suppose he considered it to be his duty to do so now that he was in a new ship, although he did not seem to be particular as to the time. As soon as he had alarmed the watch, he would immediately secrete himself in the coop with the hens. It was some time after this before he ventured to make his appearance in the day time, and never would allow himself to be caught, although he was very tame on board the Vancouver.

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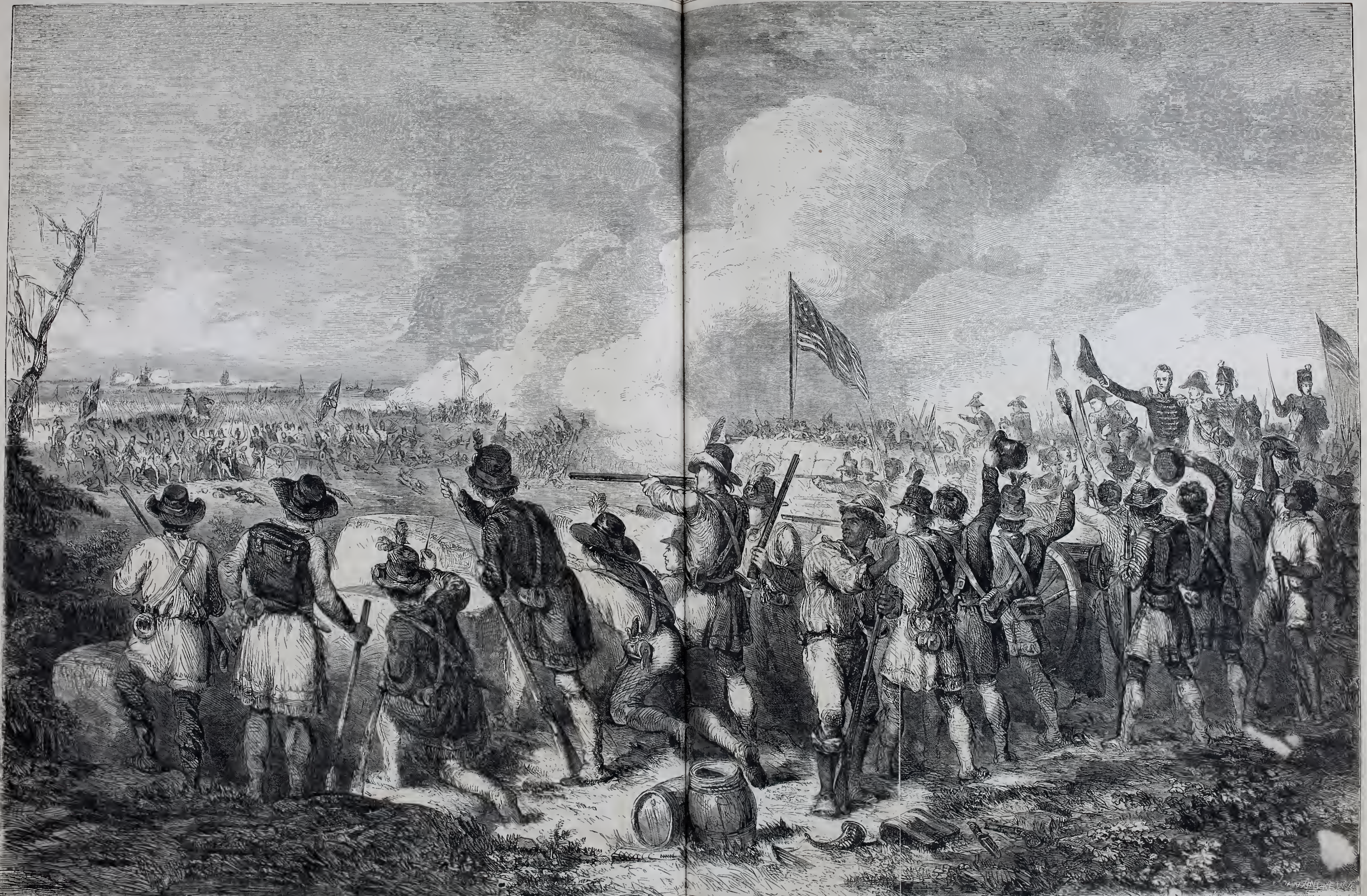
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BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SPIRIT THRILL.

BY ESTHER B. STRATTON.

When the finest threads of feeling,
From our earnest hearts,
Rise amid the web that's stealing
With its magic arts,
From all human loves, unsealing
Our divinest thoughts—
Those blest messengers, revealing
Spirit-lessons, taught—

Comes there not a holy thrilling,
Hallowed to the soul,
With the strangest impress stilling
Every weary fold
Of the spirit-wing, life's chilling
Shadows oft, with cold—
With a flood of joy-light filling,
Thoughts unfathomed mould?

Seems it not that this sweet chiming
Breaks awhile earth's chain!
Wakes anew Hope's treasured shining,
Lulls the fevered brain!
So attunes its tender lining,
That earth's every strain
Seems a language, pure, refining,
As from Heaven it came.

Comes it not from starlight's glowing,
As adown the sky
Waves of silvery light come flowing,
Where earth's waters lie?
Glad to greet the billows' wooing
With their lullaby;
Glancing in the mirror, showing
Starry beads on high?

Steals it not with holy cheering,
Where grief's shadows lower,
With its gleam of trust endearing,
Gilding darkness o'er!
Like the rush of glad waves nearing
Neptune's pebbled shore,
Fraught with rapture, blest with bearing
Its enchanted lore.

Comes it not when love is wreathing
A protecting fold,
With his fluttering pinions sheathing
Hearts from evil's cold?
Can we doubt the blest bequeathing
Is of holiest mould?
Seems it not an angel, breathing
Heaven within the soul?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE UNLUCKY MAN.

BY MARY E. ROBINSON.

AN unlucky baby, an unlucky boy, it is not a matter of wonder that I am an unlucky man. As it is impossible, courteous reader, for my position to be understood, or my misfortunes sympathized with, unless something of my personal history is known, be patient with me a short time while I sketch a few incidents of my life.

The dark bird of misfortune seemed to hover over my advent into this sphere of existence. I have been credibly informed that I was extremely reluctant to breathe, and manifested a decided unwillingness to cry—significant prestiges of rupture with long established customs. After I was persuaded to respire properly, and had gladdened my mother's heart by a satisfactory fit of crying, the attention of the nurse was attracted to a large crimson spot directly in the middle of my forehead. "How unlucky!" she exclaimed, vainly trying to erase the mark by the aid of wet linen. "How unlucky!" echoed my mother, an hour afterward, as she surveyed her first-born. And "How unlucky!" repeated my father, examining the heir to his name and possessions with paternal curiosity. Had these two words been my baptismal name, they could not have fitted me better.

While yet of a tender age, my misfortunes commenced. The first one of any magnitude, was the snapping of a coal from the grate upon my face, in my attendant's absence; inflicting a burn, the scar of which disfigures my cheek to this day. Then followed in rapid succession most of the ills babydom is heir to; worms, whooping-cough, canker-rash, croup and teething; the last proving such a difficult and painful operation, that if my mother's assertion is entitled to any credit, my lungs were in active service during that lengthened period; which, perhaps, is not so much to be wondered at, when it is recollected that my tender gums were lanced a great many times to facilitate the desirable process.

Yes, I was undoubtedly an unlucky child! I tumbled out of a high bed twice, was three times let fall by a careless girl, and terrified the whole family by overturning a dish of hot soup upon my diminutive person, which had the appearance of a boiled lobster for many days. Then if anybody left a knife or a pair of scissors in my vicinity, I unaccountably got cut; and once in twenty-four hours, on the average, a diabolical pin was found penetrating my smarting back; yet if I cried out lustily, nobody minded me, until some one, wearied with my noise, ascertained the source of my trouble. No other baby got so many slaps, shakings and cross words as I, and perhaps no other baby deserved so many; I shall put forth no claims to infantile goodness or attractiveness.

"Unlucky child! he will never walk," said my mother, for the twentieth time. But when, after much trying and tumbling, and

creeping and crying, I emerged triumphantly from the horizontal into the perpendicular, the exclamation went up from the maternal throat—

"Unlucky child! one leg is shorter than the other."

And so it proved.

Anon sounded the note of paternal prophecy:

"Poor boy! he will never talk!"

Yet with my first vocalization, tardy though it was, nobody seemed pleased, and the prophetic voice added:

"Unfortunate child! he stammers!"

And my father was right; I do. Unlucky that I am!

At the age of four I extended my walks to the stable, and fearlessly made friendly overtures to a frolicsome colt; but he met my advances by an unkind kick that broke nothing but my arm, though everybody wondered that it hadn't been my head. This accident, however, did not deter me from falling into a dry well as soon as I was on my legs again, breaking the healed limb in precisely the same place. The bone did not (as a matter of course) knit readily, and the hours of torture it cost me I shall be the last to forget. Animals of all species with whom I essayed to be on familiar terms, turned the cold shoulder. Cows, hitherto orderly and well disposed, chased me out of the field; gentle sheep looked approvingly on while the master of the flock with a few skilful butts, sent me rolling down the hill; hens cackled and fled at my approach; motherly geese waddled to the help of the old gander, who fiercely flapped his broad wings against me upon every convenient occasion; bees always stung me, and mosquitoes invariably lighted on me first; dogs barked at me, and cats raised their backs scornfully as I passed. Was I not unlucky?

In due time I was sent to school, but in the little brown school-house ill luck was ever at my elbow. Hacked benches, paper balls, torn books, and missing pencils were all laid at my door; no teacher ever seemed to doubt that they might not be sins of my committing, or hesitated to award the penalty for the same. Did a mischievous affair transpire, in which half a dozen boys were intimately concerned, I was inevitably selected as the candidate for punishment, while the others cleared themselves by superior tact. If a pane of glass was shattered by violent contact with a stone, of course I did it; if somebody got hit by a snow-ball, the general inference was that I threw it; if a lad was caught laughing, I was charged with inciting him to the same by making grotesque faces; if our pedagogue discovered slips of paper pinned to the skirt of his coat, half the school was willing to testify that I was the perpetrator of this practical joke. In fine, I passed as the evil genius of the school room, and was unlucky enough to be made to suffer for many faults which I had no thought of committing. But alas, who ever did justice to an unfortunate boy?

As I grew older, those home duties which usually devolve on lads, all fell to my share to perform. My two older brothers possessed the art of shirking, to perfection. They never happened to be present when any thing was to be done. Milking—a useful process, that tired my wrists excessively—I went through with, unassisted, night and morning; but not without saturating one leg of my trousers with the lacteal fluid, and occasionally over-setting my filled pail. I chopped wood; but I also chopped my fingers and toes. Another of my distasteful duties was churning; and in spite of my efforts, the cream would slop out and run in small streams to the floor; whereupon my mother scolded me, affirming that I spoiled everything I touched. But how could I help it? Was I not born to be unlucky?

As with work, so with play. When, with my compeers, I attempted a game at ball, instead of hitting the ball, the ball hit me—usually on the nose or just over an eye, and sufficiently hard to induce a not very ornamental blue spot. In angling, my pet hook got caught in a snag and was ruined; and if I was fortunate enough to feel a fine trout nibbling at my bait which he finally deposited in his mouth, together with the disguised wire, he rarely failed to extricate himself in mid-air, and go tumbling back into his native element. Then in gunning I had no success; I never felt safe with guns in my hands; they seemed to have an insane pleasure in going off without my consent, or recoiling so violently that I unaccountably found myself on my back. Then my game seemed to have an instinctive knowledge of my inefficiency; squirrels sat in boughs over my head, chattering saucily; rabbits hopped across the path at my very feet; crows cawed defiance at my skill, and woodcocks lighted near, as though daring me to fire at them. Once I came near having a great triumph; all that prevented me was a slight mistake. I discovered in the limbs of a tree a white object which I was morally certain was a good sized owl—a prize that did not present itself every day. Creeping cautiously within range, I took aim and fired. For once my gun conducted properly; my victim came down like a rocket, and I ran to secure him. The creature's appearance caused me some misgivings; it didn't look as I expected. Having four legs and a long tail, I think I am warranted in affirming that it was not of the owl genus. But what was it? asks the inquisitive reader. My father's white cat!

Well, I became a man, and disappointment still waited upon all my undertakings. I turned my attention to agriculture, foolishly supposing there might be more chances for good luck than ill in that pursuit. I labored diligently in mother earth, praying earnestly for her benefits in continued action, but what she gave lavishly to others, she withheld from me. I planted corn, but no golden ears gladdened my vision; my toil ultimated in a few stunted, blasted, discolored specimens. I sowed various grains: but an overplus of rain, blight, rust, or the ravages of insects prevented my realizing a crop. I mowed, but my grass got the benefit of all the long storms, and sudden showers; therefore my hay was black and spoiled. My vines were never fruitful, my five peach trees were all killed one cold winter, and my apple orchard

was regularly robbed every year. Then I was unlucky with my cattle; three of my cows died from some unknown disease, and one broke her neck in an unheard-of way; my best horse lamed himself incurably, and a second grew unaccountably wild and vicious, thereby placing my life in jeopardy every time I drove him. In the poultry line, also, it was all outgo and no income; my fowls ate greedily enough, but I rarely received in return a deposit of eggs; the ungrateful birds declined laying for an unlucky man. Farming was not profitable; I gave it up.

I next tried mechanical pursuits, hoping to escape the baleful influence of unlucky stars. Alack! alas! edged tools are awkward things to handle. I planed myself with the planes, pounded my fingers with the hammers, hacked myself with axes, lacerated myself with chisels, twisted myself into detestable temper with the augers, and bored my employers more than the timbers, which were the legitimate objects of my operations.

I tried country store-keeping, trusting that I should do well; but it was *trusting* that ruined me, and fitted me for chancery.

Soon after my experience in store-keeping, I was entrusted by the cashier of a bank with a large amount of gold to be delivered to a mutual acquaintance. The reader will be prepared to hear that I lost it by some perverse chance; such was the case. I was dreadfully alarmed, and hunted for it like one distracted; but that did not prevent me from being arrested upon suspicion of having secreted it for my own private use. A rich relation kindly consented to be my bondsman, so I was permitted to go at large. The money was eventually found, which relieved me of that odium and distrust.

I concluded I would marry, and so put myself out of my misery. About that juncture in my unlucky life, I happened to see the fascinating Augusta Angeline Jones. She was as pretty as flesh and blood could contemplate with calmness. I fell in love with the delectable A. A. Jones. Her eyes were like needles, her hands wondrously delicate, her feet of Cinderella proportions. I knew I never could exist without Augusta Angeline! With her I should be happy—with her my stars would pass into a new and happy conjunction. I resolved to go "a courting" this glorious *tit-bit* of mortality, this delicious *morceau* of female humanity. To go "courting" requires nerve—especially for an unlucky man—and it took me some days to screw my courage up to concert pitch. I effected it at last, though. Full of awful agitations and perturbations, and various other things of that kind, I set off for the dwelling of my idol. I was awkward, certainly—that was to be expected—and guilty of numberless blunders, but lived to get home safe.

One beautiful afternoon I invited my Augusta to sail with me on the lake; she was pleased to assent. I took with me several romantic books and considerable confectionery. Angeline ate candy, and I read Byron's "Corsair" in my most effective manner. I became interested, and various little exclamations assured me that my beloved also had a soul to feel the sublime. I looked up to smile upon her, and perceived that she was pre-occupied in watching the sub-marine operations of a mammoth turtle, which would appear on the surface and thrust out his black head, after a long dive. She had not heard a word of the "Corsair!" That was in consequence of the delightful buoyancy of her guileless spirit, and the natural thoughtlessness of youth! Her simplicity was so charming! I went down on my knees to relieve myself of a tithe of my pent-up devotion. I had proceeded no further than the seventh adjective, when the boat by some means upset, spilling both me and my Augusta.

That was not in the bill of my afternoon's bliss, but came of my malevolent planets. Deeply I stirred the waters of the hitherto tranquil lake, in frantic efforts to save dear Angeline. I landed her on the shore, insensible, after a desperate combat with the vile element. She lost one slipper, broke the crystal of her gold watch, and spoiled a *watered* silk! She cried the moment she recovered, because of those terrible losses, and because the confectionery had melted in the lake! I took her directly home to her mother; but instead of being embraced and kissed as her "preserver," was called a "careless man"—I had "trifled" with Angeline's precious life!

Two days after this event a strong party of men and boys turned out to exterminate a voracious bear which was eating numbers of the farmers' sheep. I joined the posse and was lucky enough to find the "critter" in a small growth of birches, adjoining a sheep-pasture. I was excited, I'll confess, but let fly as quick as I could get aim. My friend, I was wretchedly duped; I had wounded, though not mortally, my neighbor's black cow! I hurried from the spot and kept the affair to myself, notwithstanding which, suspicion fell upon me when the animal was found to be injured. If I had been innocent, the affair would have attached to me just as strongly, no doubt.

That did not end my misfortunes for that day. We found the bear and drove him into a clearing. Determined to give the creature his quietus and acquire immortal renown, I blazed away without loss of time, with both barrels of my double gun. I shot the village schoolmaster in his legs, and the town clerk in his right arm, but did not touch a hair of Bruin; he availed himself of the consternation that ensued, to run off and make his escape. The schoolmaster and town clerk feed the doctor for three months, and cursed me quite liberally.

In despair at my perverse fortune, I galloped to Angeline and proposed. She said "Yes," and then I was indeed an UNLUCKY MAN.

Alas, what have I written! if the last line should reach her eyes! But language is powerless to express the tribulations of an unlucky man, and—I forbear. Hark! I hear the steps of Augusta Angeline, and I hasten to place these tell-tale pages under lock and key.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

EROS.

BY SUE M. SCOTT.

I must not love him—'tis in vain—
I'll strive, when next we meet,
To wear a look of proud disdain,
And hush my heart's quick beat:
I'll look with cold indifference
Upon his love-lit eye,
Unknown to him, will banish hence
Each quickly rising sigh.

I'll hear unmoved the burning words
Of love's true eloquence;
They shall not stir my spirit-chorus,
Or wake new confidence;
He shall not know, that for his love
My heart so sadly yearns,
Or, that as magnet to the pole,
To him my spirit turns.

He'll think my heart is lightly wooed,
And thus will lightly prize,
What should be deemed a priceless boon,
In lover's partial eyes.
But hark! he's coming—yes, I feel
His presence in my soul,
Warm feelings quickly o'er me steal,
They will not brook control.

My wilful, throbbing heart, be still;
I bid thee calm thy fears:
Why do thy chords so wildly thrill?
Back, back, ye tell-tale tears—
'Tis vain—my firm resolves depart,
Mine eyes with tears are wet—
His love revives my fainting heart—
I love, I love him yet!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE VIGIL AND THE VISION.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

"So, you're not afraid of being left alone in the church," said Deacon Bradstock.

"Afraid! no!" answered Luke Bridgely, boldly; "what should I be afraid of?"

"Many a man is afraid of his own evil conscience," said the Deacon. Luke Bridgely made no answer.

This conversation passed in the vestry of one of our old city churches. The room had been lately plastered, and as it was cold winter weather, the 31st December, 18***, a large fire had been kindled in the stove to dry the walls against the coming Sunday. Luke Bridgely had been once a thriving mechanic, but was now reduced by evil courses to subsisting on such small jobs as chance threw in his way. Like many a man whose conviviality has been his ruin, there were many good traits in his character; he was kind-hearted, generous, charitable—but, guided by impulse, rather than principle, he was fatally liable to err. The deacon had known him in better days, and when that afternoon, Luke, haggard, weary and wan, had asked him for a job, he had ventured, on his own responsibility, and as much for the sake of the applicant's wife and children, as on his own account, to engage him to watch the fires till near midnight, when the deacon himself was to relieve him and enable him to return home. Luke had not entered a church for years, and it was with a certain awe, more superstitious than religious, perhaps, that he had crossed the threshold. His father and two of his children lay buried in the vaults below, and a mural tablet, erected when the family were in better circumstances, recorded their names and ages.

"And you will not take the pledge, Luke?" said the deacon, as he lingered near the low-arched door that opened on the church-yard.

"Not a bit of it," answered Luke, with an uneasy laugh. "Where would be the good of it? I should only break it, as I have done so many promises to poor Martha."

"Well," rejoined the deacon, with a sigh, "at least you will pledge me your word not to drink a drop to-night?"

"That I will, deacon; my word of honor. I'm safe to do that, for I have no liquor, I assure you; and I give you full permission to turn the key on me."

"I am satisfied," said the deacon; "at half past eleven I will be back to liberate you."

Luke bade him good night, and having seen the door close on his retiring form, and heard the key withdrawn from the lock, threw himself in an armchair before the red hot stove. The light glowed ruddily on the walls and on the ceiling, and, projecting its rays into the body of the church, lit up the pine trees and festoons that were bound about the pillars that supported the roof, touched the trembling drops of the chandelier, gleamed on the dial of the clock in the gallery, and burnished with a ruddier gold the pipes of the great organ. Against the windows of the vestry-room the wind dashed and the arrow-flights of sleet fell harmlessly, though with a dreary sound. Now and then the rapid rumbling of carriages shook the street, and the shrill whistle of a homeward bound urchin pierced the ear of the listener. At last these sounds of human life and activity died away utterly, and nothing was heard but the moaning of the winter wind, and the sharp ringing of the sleet against the glass.

Luke Bridgely was composing himself to sleep, when the sound of voices singing without roused him. He recognized as the mu-

sic drew nearer, the singers, the air and the words. The latter were as follows:

"Here's a health to the poor old year!
Here's a health to his bright young heir!
Wine for the living! wine for the dead!
Foaming beakers, and draughts blood-red,
At the grave, at the cradle, 'tis ours to share—
For sorrow and joy alike good cheer.
Hip, hip, hurrah!
Hip, hip, hurrah!
A health to the old and the brand new year!"

The music ceased directly under the windows of the vestry. "Ah, jolly Jack Finchley!" said Luke to himself; "I should know that base among a thousand! And Billy Martin, too! no tenor voice like his. I'm with you, boys, in heart, if not in body. Confound the deacon for mewing me up here, when my jolly cronies are seeing the old year out and the new year in. And it's hot as Tophet here, and not a drop to drink."

A sound at the window attracted his attention, and, looking up, he saw the lower sash raised, while a rubicund visage which he knew belonged only to Jack Finchley peered in on him, like the full moon from the face of an old-fashioned clock.

"Hullo! old fell," said the full moon. "You ought to be hamstrung for deserting us on a night like this. We want you to sing, 'We won't go home till morning.' Hang Deacon Bradstock! Look here! Just you get up in a chair, give us your hand, and we'll snake you out of this gospel-shop in the twinkling of an eye."

"I can't do it. I have given my word to remain here," said Luke, firmly, though sorely tempted to abandon his trust.

"You won't join us?"

"No—I tell you I can't."

"Then stay and be hanged to you," said the full moon, as it set in an angry cloud, and the window closed. A discordant and derisive laugh rang from half a dozen voices without, and then the chant was resumed—

"Here's a health to the poor old year!"

Luke listened to it till it died away in the distance. After a while the heat of the room again overcame him, and he fell asleep. He dreamed that he was in a strange country—strange but beautiful. The sky was deep blue, unchecked by a cloud. Soft azure hills, from which streams like threads of silver descended to the flower-enamelled plain, encompassed him about; the air was heavy with perfume. Birds of brilliant plumage flitted from spray to spray, and filled the air with a ravishing melody; everything was soft and glowing, and like fairy-land, except a dark funereal cypress grove, that lay close at his right hand. Yet no sign of human habitation, or of human life appeared. All at once, however, there came gliding towards the dreamer, emerging from a cluster of magnolias, an old man, with two fairy children clinging to his hands. As they drew nearer, he recognized with awe—not unmixed, however, with joy—the features of his father and of the two young children, his own, whose ashes lay beneath the east wall of the old church, in Boston. They saw him—they turned their glorious faces towards him with a melancholy smile—but they paused and came no nearer. Then in an agony of affection the poor man was rushing forward to fall at their feet, to clasp them in his arms; but he had no power over his limbs; his feet seemed rooted to the earth, and he beheld what he had not before noticed—a yawning furrow in the soil that opened at his feet, deeper than plummet line had ever sounded. And at the same moment a voice sounded in his ear, saying, "Luke Bridgely, art thou worthy to join those blessed ones?"

"Worthy or not, I make the effort," said the unhappy man, with a convulsive struggle.

"To strive is to succeed!" answered the voice. With this Luke Bridgely awoke.

"You are a sound sleeper, Luke," said Deacon Bradstock, standing by the armchair. "I have been trying for five minutes to rouse you."

"Where am I?" asked Luke, gazing wildly round him. "O, I remember. Yes—I have been sleeping heavily," he added, with a sigh.

"You can go home now," said the deacon. "I'll take my turn. And look here, Luke, as I prevented you from doing your marketing, I thought it to be but fair to be your caterer for tomorrow's dinner. You'll find everything needful for a good set down in this basket."

"Deacon Bradstock," said Luke, taking his hand, "you are a good and generous friend to me. How shall I ever repay you?"

"There is one thing that would repay me amply," said the deacon; "but that you'll never do, I'm afraid."

"And what is that?" asked Luke, with downcast eyes.

"Sign the pledge," replied the Deacon. "You ought to know by this time that you're one of those men who cannot touch liquor—and when a man can't drink in moderation, it's time for him to abstain entirely."

"I know it," answered Bridgely. "And I would sign the pledge if I thought I could keep it."

"To strive is to succeed," answered the deacon.

"You have used those words before, to-night!" cried Luke, wildly.

"You are mistaken—they haven't passed my lips," answered the deacon, smiling. "You are but half awake, yet, Luke."

"No—no—wide awake, thank God!" answered Bridgely. "Give me the pledge—quick! I'll sign it and I'll keep it; never fear me! There, the deed is done, and I am a happier man already. God bless you, deacon, for all you've ever done for me,

and more particularly for this night's work. Good night, and a happy new year to you, and a thousand to boot! Good night!"

With a heart full to bursting, he caught up the basket the deacon had provided for him, and hurried home. His wife was sitting up. Her habitual keen, sad glance of anxiety changed into an expression of relief as she beheld his clear and hopeful countenance.

"Dear Martha," said Luke, "I'm a poor man now, and this is all the new year's present I can bring you."

He handed her the pledge. She pressed it and the hand that held it to her heart of hearts. It was the preface to a life of chastened happiness. It now hangs, framed in gold and glazed, in the elegant drawing-room of a gentleman who is proud to call Luke Bridgely, father, and who has often heard from his own lips the story of *THE VIGIL AND THE VISION*.

ANCIENT INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES.

European nations are fond of appropriating to themselves all the leading and important discoveries and inventions which are at once the ornament and defence of civilization. The claim thus set up sometimes, and assumed at all times, is not founded upon facts. The truth is, that nearly all the germs of art and science, as well as philosophies and religion, came from the East. To the Moors of Spain, Europe is greatly indebted. They were five hundred years ahead of the nations which rose on the ruins of the Roman Empire. Algebra is an Arabic term. Europe must credit the Moors for the introduction of decimal quantities and numerals. "Valuable treatises were written on optics, trigonometry and geometry, when Europe was unacquainted with the meaning of the terms." It is certain, too, that chemistry receives some of its nomenclature from the Arabs. In medicine they were in advance of the world. For Christian monarchs were willing to confide their lives into the hands of the infidel doctors. In history alone the Moors had thirteen hundred writers. The royal library of Cordova numbered six hundred thousand volumes. Even in architecture they excelled. And it is asserted by a writer in the *North American Review*, to whom we are indebted for facts in the case, that the Gothic style grew out of the Moorish idea, and was not, as is generally believed, transplanted from the over-arching forest. Mr. Hallam thinks the mariner's compass was given us by the Moors. They used powder before it was discovered by Roger Bacon, in the fifteenth century. They manufactured linen paper first. And their astronomical calculations are of some service even now. These facts show us that European genius has less reason to vaunt itself than is supposed.—*New York Tribune*.

TREATMENT OF CHILDREN.—That which I have often blamed as an indiscreet and dangerous practice in many fathers is, to be very indulgent to their children whilst they are little, and as they come to ripe years to lay great restraint upon them, and live with greater reserve towards them; which usually produces an ill-understanding between father and son, which cannot but be of bad consequence. And I think fathers would generally do better, as the sons grow up, to take them into a nearer familiarity, and live with them with as much freedom of friendship as their age and temper will allow.—*Locke*.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By EVERT H. & GEORGE L. DUTCHINCK. 2 volumes 8vo. New York: Charles Scribner. 1855. vol. 1. pp. 676.

The work before us is somewhat on the plan of Chambers' *Cyclopedia of English Literature*—its design being to bring together, as far as possible, in one book convenient for perusal and reference, memorials and records of the writers of the country and their works from the earliest period to the present day. The indefatigable authors of this literary monument, the Messrs. Dutchenck, have emulated the patient labor of the Benedictines in collecting and digesting their materials. Treasures undreamed of—authors unknown in our day, have been brought to light by their research. The literature and the writers of remote colonial times are fully considered, as well as those of the present day. The work is beautifully printed in double columns, with numerous engraved heads, and sketches of author's residences. Fronting the title-page is a splendid steel portrait of Benjamin Franklin. The work is in every way worthy of most liberal patronage, and reflects the highest credit on the publishers and authors. Frederick Parker, 50 and 52 Cornhill, is the agent for New England.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 8vo. pp. 662.

The author of this volume is an idolater of Napoleon; but he has here collected a mass of facts from which readers may draw their own conclusions with regard to the character of the most extraordinary man who ever lived. In exile, more than in any other phase of his career, Napoleon exhibited his true greatness of soul; while at the same time his great national adversary, England—or, rather her prince and rulers—displayed their infinite littleness in their treatment of the vanquished hero. It must be confessed that this book is intensely interesting, while its splendid illustrations make it an acceptable holiday gift. For sale by Redding & Co.

AN OUTLINE OF THE PRINCIPLES OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR, WITH QUESTIONS, ETC. By Rev. J. GRAEFF BURTON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 18mo. 1855.

A very clear and intelligible elementary treatise, admirably adapted for beginners, by a gentleman of large experience in teaching, as well as a sound philologist. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE KANZAS REGION. By MAX GREENE. New York: Fowler & Wells.

A very interesting and minute account of the Kansas region, describing its scenery, climate, productions and capabilities, with a good map and directions to travellers going thither, and settlers purchasing land. It is well written and well arranged. For sale at 142 Washington Street.

GEOFFREY MONCKTON: OR, THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN. By SUSANNAH MOODIE, author of "Roughing it in the Bush," etc. New York: De Witt, Davenport & Co. 12mo. pp. 362.

Anything from the pen of Mrs. Moodie is always sure of a warm welcome from the reading world. Her present work is, as might be expected, written with great vigor, full of vivid description, and pointing to a good moral. It is by all odds the best of her excellent stories. For sale by Putnam & Brothers, Liberty Tree Block.

THE NORTHERN REGIONS. New York and Boston: C. S. Francis & Co. 1855. 18mo. pp. 802.

"Uncle Richard" has made, out of the narratives of Captain Parry, of Franklin and Cochrane's Arctic adventures, a most readable and valuable book, which, though written for the young, may be perused profitably by readers of all ages. It is illustrated by twenty-four engravings, and is a very readable and attractive book.

HELEN LEESON. A Peep Into New York Society. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1855. 12mo. pp. 367.

A very promising book for a debutante. The story embraces a variety of characters, and a variety of adventures in this country and in Europe, and many of the scenes are sketched with great spirit. For sale by Petridge & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—OLIVER DITSON has just published "The Merry Sleigh," a song, the "Entry of the Allies Into Sebastopol," a grand march, and "Autumn Sounds," a waltz for the piano.

LECTURES ON ENGLISH HISTORY AND TRAGIC POETRY. By HENRY REED, as illustrated by Shakspeare. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1855. 18mo. pp. 466.

With a deep reverence for Shakspeare's genius, and a thorough conviction of the utility of his historical dramas, as shedding a light upon the past and making it to live again, the late Professor Reed entered upon the task of preparing these lectures. He briefly sketches the historical foundation of the play, and then comments upon the drama in beautiful language, with copious illustrations derived from imagination and extensive reading, showing the philosophy of history and the drama in their association. The work is both valuable and attractive. For sale by Petridge & Co.

NATHANIEL B. SHURTLEFF, M. D.

The accompanying portrait was drawn for us by Mr. Barry, and we have no hesitation in affirming it to be an excellent likeness of one of our most talented, industrious and useful fellow-citizens, who, though still a young man, has achieved a high and by no means local reputation. Our portrait gallery would be incomplete without him. Nathaniel Bradstreet Shurtleff was born in Boston, June 29, 1810. His father, Nathaniel Shurtleff, an eminent physician, was a native of the town of Carver in this State, and a descendant of the good old Puritan stock. The subject of our sketch received his preliminary education in the public schools of our city, than which there are none better in the world, and was also for two years under the care of Bancroft, the historian, and Cogswell, now librarian of the Astor Library, New York, when those gentlemen were conducting the Round Hill School at Northampton, Mass., on the plan of the celebrated gymnasia of Germany. Entering Harvard College at the age of seventeen, he graduated in 1831, and in 1834, received, in the usual course, his degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Medicine. He has ever since been in professional practice in this city. The duties of a city physician enjoying a large practice, afford ample occupation to any man, and to those who are not aware of what system, industry and perseverance can accomplish, it will appear little less than marvellous that Dr. Shurtleff has been able to add to them the successful pursuit of science and literature in some of their most difficult branches, that he has been able to fill many important offices of trust, and to write and edit works requiring care, time and exactness. But Dr. Shurtleff is an indefatigable man, and, like Caesar, as Edward Everett remarked of him at a public dinner, possesses the "faculty of doing three or four things at the same time." And whatever he undertakes he does well. He has devoted much time to the study of natural history, especially to the branch of comparative anatomy, and many of his illustrative preparations, preserved in various cabinets, are evidence of his manual dexterity and neatness. He has been treasurer and curator of the Boston Society of Natural History, offices which he filled with complete acceptance. His services in the cause of education in this city have amply repaid his indebtedness to our institutions for his early training. As a trustee of the public library he has labored from its inception in promoting the interests of that admirable institution with the most commendable zeal. Many of the practical details of its organization, such as the classification and cataloguing of its books, originated with Dr. Shurtleff. But while honored and respected here as a physician, as an active member of the school committee, as secretary of the board of overseers of Harvard University, as member of various learned societies—no empty honors, and all worthily earned, his general reputation in this country and in Europe rests principally on the result of his historical, genealogical and antiquarian researches, which he has pursued with hereditary zeal—for his father also was distinguished for his love of those branches of study. Dr. Shurtleff's eminent fitness for the position, procured his appointment by Gov. Clifford, as editor of the Records of the General Court from 1628 to 1649, to be comprised in five large volumes. The first two volumes already issued are monuments of his patience, accuracy and antiquarian knowledge. They are letter-perfect. Hon. Richard Frothingham justly remarks that "those who have had occasion to decipher ancient chirography, with its contractions and signs, will appreciate the labor of deciphering these old volumes. But Dr. Shurtleff did not stop here. As the copy has been put into type,



DR. NATHANIEL B. SHURTLEFF.

he has carefully compared every word of the proof sheets with the original manuscript, and patiently revised all doubtful words and passages." Dr. Shurtleff has also published several original antiquarian works, which space will not permit us to enumerate, but which have given him an enduring reputation. His merit as an antiquarian has procured him distinguished honor from various American and European societies, and, among others, an honorary membership of the Royal Society of Antiquaries at London, on the nomination of its president, Earl Stanhope (late Lord Mahon). The only other Americans on whom this honor has been conferred, are Edward Everett, Bancroft, Prescott, Sparks and Squier. The mere enunciation of Dr. Shurtleff's literary and scientific honors would occupy a large space, and most of them are not merely flattering testimonials, but involve permanent labor and exertion. In speaking of his labors as an historical student, the Hon. James Savage remarks: "Research on every point he touches is so nearly exhausted, that a minute error will very rarely be detected." This vigilance and accuracy Dr. Shurtleff applies to everything he undertakes. It is the secret of his

success in all his pursuits, and renders him, in every walk in life, a reliable man. We have spoken thus far of Dr. Shurtleff as he appears to us intellectually considered, a talented, learned and energetic man. It is pleasant to know that his disposition and manners are as amiable as his ability is eminent. We know of no more unaffected or unassuming man in the whole circle of our acquaintance, and certainly none who has a warmer sympathy with his fellows. This sympathy, too, bounded by no narrow limits, is not a mere sentiment, but translates itself readily into effective action whenever the opportunity presents itself; and certainly no life affords wider scope for the exercise of benevolence than that of a physician. Every project which has for its aim the culture, the improvement, mental or physical, of the masses, finds in him a liberal friend—a friend ready, not only to sympathize, but to work. Though no man has more numerous engagements, we have never known him to plead want of time as an excuse for withholding his services in any way. He seems, indeed, to have the same faculty for "making time" that some people have for making money. Dr. Shurtleff, though receiving a large vote at the late municipal election, yet failed of being chosen to the highly responsible office of mayor of the city, for which he had been nominated by a portion of our fellow-citizens. We are very sure that no one will acquiesce more cheerfully in the result than himself, for he is no office-seeker, and has honor enough already to satisfy even an ambitious man.

FORAGING IN THE CRIMEA.

The accompanying sketch, vivid, spirited and lifelike, tells its own story. A foraging party of the allies have fallen into a region of rare promise, abounding with game—according to the articles, and are making a furious onslaught upon bipeds and quadrupeds. The geese are running for their lives—even their historical reputation will not save them—for in these affairs no quarter is given. One unhappy gander is the especial object of allied ferocity. One hero is preparing to transfix him with a scientific thrust in "tierce," preparatory to his being thrust into a bag. If he escapes that Scylla, Charybdis awaits him in the shape of a brace of bullets from a revolver. He is evidently a gone goose. "May he disagree with the gentleman who eats him!" the pious wish of Sydney Smith on behalf of a missionary bishop, in view of his probable consumption by the cannibals. Other animals and fowls are faring little better at the hands of chasseurs and zonaves—Christians and infidels. We can conceive of the animation of a chase like this, when we reflect on the hard fare of the soldiers in the Crimea. At a dinner party given a few weeks since by a British officer of rank, the good cheer consisted of mouldy biscuits and indifferent Bologna sausages. Many of those present must have sighed for the "roast beef of old England." The brave beef-eaters and beer-drinkers of Albion stand their short commons very poorly, while the French, who are habitually more abstemious, keep up their strength and spirits wonderfully on their meagre fare. The Russians, who subsist on black bread and grease, bear the campaign best of all. The highest incentive that their officers could hold out to them, would be the plunder of a tallow chandlery. When the Cossacks entered Paris in 1815, their first push was for the street-lamps, in which oil was then burned—train oil being the especial weakness of the cavaliers of the Don and the Borysthenes. Really, there is no accounting for tastes. The Tartar troops, many of whom are enrolled in the Russian service, think a horse-steak warmed, not cooked, by being placed under their saddles, a luxury.



FORAGING PARTY IN THE CRIMEA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLQU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE NEW YEAR.

We cannot refrain from indulging in a few words with the hundred thousand readers of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, at this appropriate season of the year, touching the business matters of our illustrated paper. While we send forth the present number with our hearty and earnest wishes for a *happy new year* to each and all, we cheerfully acknowledge a lively sense of gratitude for the extraordinary success which has crowned our efforts in the publication of an American illustrated weekly journal. The name of our friends and readers is legion, and each consecutive year has seen their ranks augmented by a goodly array of recruits, until they constitute indeed an army in numbers.

The expense of publishing such a work as we send weekly to our readers, were it put down in figures, would appear fabulous to those uninitiated in such matters, and the capital necessarily invested in the business is very heavy. It is not strange, therefore, that since this journal was commenced, some five years since, half a dozen imitations have, after struggling with the extraordinary outlays and difficulties which necessarily attach to such an enterprise, signally failed. The progress of the Pictorial was at first slow but sure, until liberal and large expenditures of money, patient assiduity and unremitting labor have placed it in its present firm and profitable position.

It will be observed that we appear in a complete new dress in the number now in the reader's hands. This journal has from the first owed much of its popularity to the remarkable perfection of its mechanical appearance. To deserve the liberal praise bestowed upon it in this respect, the utmost care is exercised, and neither time nor labor is spared in the weekly issues. The reading matter is of that chaste, unexceptionable and pleasing character that challenges criticism, while our corps of artists was never so large, or embraced so much first class talent as at the present. The illustrations of the coming volume cannot fail to excel all former efforts we have made in this line, since we bring not only greater experience to our aid, but also the pencils of older and better artists than heretofore.

We shall be constantly on the lookout for fresh novelties, and shall strive to render BALLOU'S PICTORIAL entirely worthy of the immense circulation it enjoys, and of the vast confidence which is bestowed upon it from one extreme of the country to the other.

SEND IN EARLY.—Persons engaged in getting up clubs for our paper, and striving for the prizes, should send in at once as many names with the money as they have already secured, that we may know how to gauge our edition of the paper. As many names as is desired can be added up to the first of February.

CALORIC.—Eriesson is still busily at work with his caloric enterprise. We admire his faith and perseverance, and hope he will succeed.

SPLINTERS.

.... Miss Adelaide Phillips was most successful during her opera engagement in this city. She is a fine singer and actress.

.... The new Park Bank, N. Y., with a capital of \$2,000,000, will probably go into operation in February or March.

.... The recent fire at Sing Sing prison, N. Y., destroyed property to the amount of nearly \$100,000.

.... Capt. Harrison, the popular commander of the Cunard steamer America, is to command Scott Russell's great iron ship.

.... The steamer St. Louis, of the Havre line, has been chartered by our government to carry troops to Oregon.

.... "Voyageur," the Paris correspondent of the Boston Daily Chronicle, is an admirable letter-writer.

.... The prospects of the Printer's Literary Association, of this city, are, we are happy to learn, very encouraging.

.... The death of the accomplished Samuel Kettell, editor of the Boston Courier, has thrown a gloom over the fraternity.

.... The citizens of Nantucket were destitute of turkeys on Thanksgiving Day,—none of those birds being on the island.

.... The number of medical students in New York is 435. The supply of M. D.'s will be ample.

.... A convict was shot dead at Sing Sing prison, lately, during a rebellion of the prisoners in that institution.

.... When they can raise turnips weighing twenty-two pounds in New Hampshire, as they do, the cattle wont starve there.

.... The vultures in the Crimea hover over the troops, pounce down on those who fall and eat them.

.... Last year, 25,000,000 sponges went to New York from Florida. Ablutions must be frequent in Gotham.

.... A man named Salley was shot in Providence by the watchmen during an attempt to rescue him.

.... There have been added 3700 miles of road service to the U. S. post-office department the past year.

.... Since Mr. Meagher has been married to a lovely daughter of New York, he is called the United Irishman!

.... The first book the Harpers ever published was one of Scott's novels. They publish a few volumes annually.

.... The Dusseldorf Gallery, New York, has some fine pictures. The "Favorites of the Sultan" are universal favorites.

.... A friend of Tom Hood says he died to please an undertaker who wished to *urn a lively Hood*.

A WORK-DAY WORLD.

Work is the condition of humanity. There is no getting away from it. From the time when "Adam delved and Eve span," to labor in some way or other, with brains or hands, has been the lot of us poor mortals. It is true that some of us are constantly kicking over the traces, sighing for hours of idleness and days without employment; but what are the coveted periods of leisure when attained? more wearisome than the laborious days that have preceded them. ENNUY, that fell fiend that thrives on broad spaces of unappropriated time, marks the man of leisure for his victim, if, indeed, vice, that rank weed of no culture, does not usurp its prerogative. Children, whose ideas of life are derived from nursery and fairy tales, usually consider a king the personification of happiness. In after years they learn that the poet was right when he said—

"Uneasy sleeps the head beneath the crown."

"To work hard and to be well paid for it," remarked one of the most eminent men of this century, when we were discussing the question, "is about the happiest lot a man can wish for."

We take it that a retired West India grocer is about the unhappiest mortal in existence. We remember one of these unfortunate beings, who had sold out just after he had commenced the downward descent from middle age—how he hung about the dear old shop, because "the scent of the sugar would linger there still"—how he sat about upon the heads of barrels, and occasionally drew a quart of molasses, or dispensed candy to very small customers, "just for the fun of it." These were the only golden moments of his otherwise blank existence. He died of no particular disease, at last—only because he had too much time on his hands. In fact, he had ceased to exist from the moment he abandoned the shop.

That many rich retired trades-people are not unhappy, does not militate against our argument. The care of a fortune, invested in different ways, affords ample labor for any man's mind and time. But we speak of men of leisure, whose investments are of a character to give them little or no occupation—not enough to keep them from "rusting out," as the saying runs.

Time is money, and most persons who come unexpectedly into possession of it, use it as the majority of people use money, when they come into possession of a fortune. Who knows not how, for nearly forty years, dear Charles Lamb was complaining of the daily drudgery of his clerical duties? How he asserted that the "wood of his desk had entered his soul." Behold him at his place on the clerks' retired list, with an annual allowance of £441—more than \$2000—a fortune to a man of his frugal habits. Is he happy in his emancipation? does he enjoy that golden leisure to which he has looked forward so long? Let his familiar letters to his friends—let that vivid essay, the "Superannuated Man," answer. He was far happier as a clerk than as a man of leisure; though one would think no man could have employed time better. We are aware that failing health and the loss of friends must be taken into account; but his greatest trouble, after all, was a plethora of time.

"What shall I do to kill time?" is the most familiar thought of the man of leisure and means. To this end are fast horses instituted—to this end are yachts built and rigged and manned. Trotting and sailing matches are not made for purses and gilt cups, but to kill time. The retired officer, who made his servant wake him up every morning, for the luxury of saying, "you rascal, I'm on half pay, and haven't got to attend parade," might have given a momentary impulse to the movement of time, by the incident, but the remainder of the day must have dragged heavily with him. We cannot learn too early to love work for the sake of work, to recognize remunerated labor as a blessing, and to pity those only who are overworked and underpaid.

PRACTICAL ECONOMY.—A lady of New York who expends very large sums annually, for hack hire, was lately taken to task by her husband for her extravagance. "Why, my dear," said he, blandly, "don't you take the omnibus or the railroad cars? It would be an immense saving." The lady thanked him for his suggestion, and declared her intention of profiting by it. As a proof of her sincerity, she rang the bell for her page, and said, "go and get me a carriage, so that I can go and take the Bowery cars—I'm going up town."

IMPORTANT FOR THE LONDON TIMES.—General Shields has not the least intention of invading and annexing Ireland—and the Emerald Islander seen with a gun at Point Shirley, lately, was only going a ducking. The Court of St. James will breathe freer now.

FORTUNE-TELLERS.—These impostors abound in New York, thriving on the credulity of the illiterate and superstitious. They are said to be coining money. They know everything past, present and future.

THE GRAVE OF MADISON.—The remains of Ex-President Madison, with those of his family, lie in a graveyard on his estate, at Montpelier, without a stone to mark the precise spot. An old leafless chestnut tree is his only monument.

GRASSHOPPERS.—Some of the grasshoppers at Utah are half a foot long—big enough to account for short crops among the Mormons.

ANCHORS.—The anchors to supply the vessels built in Maine in 1854, cost \$1,500,000.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

The magnificent picture which occupies the whole of pages 8 and 9, of our present number, was drawn expressly for us by Billings and engraved by Andrew, and is a fine specimen of American art illustrating American achievements. The approach of the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, fought on the 8th of January, 1815, revives all the proud associations linked with our past military glory—a glory untarnished by a single stain of dishonor or injustice. Our artist has taken his point of sight within the American lines. We seem to be standing among those gallant riflemen of the West and Southwest who rallied round Old Hickory—then Young Hickory—when he called for stout hearts and hands to repel the invaders of his country. We behold their calm and gallant bearing—we can almost hear the crack of the rifles. On the right we see General Jackson, Major Davezac and the other members of his staff. In front of the long line are the assaulting columns—15,000 veteran British troops, vainly dashing against a position defended by a comparatively handful of raw militia.

"There stood John Bull in martial pomp,
And here stood old Kentucky."

The defence of New Orleans by General Andrew Jackson is, in a military point of view, one of the most honorable achievements of our annals. With a courage as fiery as that of the paladins of old, Jackson, on this occasion, displayed the prudence of Washington. We believe no other man could have done what he did with the same material. The admirable adaptation of the nature of his ground—the impregnability of his breastwork—the mental power he displayed in controlling the rash and inspiring the backward, in directing his deadly fire and in checking the impetuosity of his troops after his victory, are beyond all praise. Every one knows the details of the great day of New Orleans.

The British attacked in two columns, advancing with their usual undeniable gallantry. Not a gun was fired from the line of defence till the enemy were within three hundred yards. Then our artillery, admirably served, vomited death and fire. Shattered, but undismayed, the enemy continued to rush forward. Within a hundred yards the American rifle began its work. A deadlier fire never withered an advancing foe. Every bullet had its billet. The left wing of the British stormed and scaled the advanced bastion on the American right, but cold steel and lead soon drove them from their lodgment. Packenham, the British leader, was killed; General Gibbs mortally hurt; Major-General Keene severely wounded. The British total loss was 2600—that of the Americans six killed and seven wounded. Such a result was never known in the annals of war. It was a splendid victory won by prudence, skill and valor against overwhelming odds. It was a lesson to a haughty nation that will never be forgotten.

WINTER'S WEAR.—Laces, furs and diamonds are very fashionable this winter. As these articles are "so cheap," and can be had at "such bargains," of course husbands and fathers do not grumble in the least at launching out liberally for their purchase.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Porter, Mr. John Horr, of Medway, to Miss Jane E. Tompkins; by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Thomas E. Bell to Miss Rebecca Purcell, of Chelsea; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Joseph N. Wheeler to Miss Helen A. W. Peck; by Rev. Mr. Twombly, Mr. Ira Scholfield, to Miss Catherine Ormsbee, of Providence, R. I.; by Rev. Dr. Adams, Mr. George F. Allin to Miss Susan M. Ellis; by Rev. Mr. Cilley, Mr. James C. Danforth to Miss Sarah A. Noyes.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Laurie, Mr. Edward F. Barstow to Miss Delia A. Cilley.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Means, Mr. S. N. Ufford, of Boston, to Miss Mary Eliza Robinson; Mr. H. G. Ufford, of Boston, to Miss M. Caroline Shepard.—At Malden, by Rev. Mr. Stubbart, Mr. Henry Hamsdell to Miss Hannah Hayward.—At Melrose, by Rev. Mr. Perkins, Mr. George W. Farnsworth to Miss Eliza A. Stewart.—At Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Patrick, Mr. Samuel S. Wilson, of Charlestown, to Miss Laura A. Laur.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Brigham, Mr. Henry H. Kinsell, of Boston, to Mrs. Mary B. Saywood.—At Ware, by Rev. Mr. Channing, Mr. Lewis W. Holt to Miss Susan C. Ross.—At New York, by Rev. Mr. Carter, Mr. Edward R. Andrews, of Boston, to Miss Sarah R. Addams.—At Paris, Mr. Jules Souhard, French Consul at Boston, to Miss Charlotte Smith, of Boston.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Isaac C. Hatch, 47; Mr. William Cleverly, Jr., 28; Mrs. Cordelia A. Cutler, 24; Mrs. Adeline Smith, 44; Mr. Samuel Elder (printer), 39; Mr. William Devine, 19; Mr. Alexander Edwards, 56; Mr. Royal Oliver, 72.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Sally Hamblen, 44; Mr. George M. Knapp, 63.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Elizabeth Hayford, 48.—At Dorchester, Miss Mary Gardner, 86; Mr. William Trask, 75.—At Medford, Miss Sarah E. Coleord, 16.—At Melrose, Mrs. Mary O. Adams, 40; Mrs. Lydia A. Peabody, 25.—At Swampscot, Mr. Daniel Fuller, 82.—At Salem, Mrs. Georgiana E. Newcomb, 24; Mrs. Sarah J. Foss, of Saco, Me., 24.—At South Danvers, Mrs. Sally Maria, wife of Mr. William Cutler, 38.—At Gloucester, Widow Lucy Beach, 67.—At Newburyport, Mr. Isaac Bradley; Miss Alice Tuson, 23; Mrs. Eleanor S. Davis, 39.—At West Newbury, Mr. William Burrill, 93.—At South Scituate, Widow Mary Cudworth 54.—At Pittsfield, Mrs. Ann Manning, 27.—At Richmond, Mr. Benjamin Loomis, 68.—At Great Barrington, Mr. James Corn, 51.—At Chilmart, Rev. John Tasker, 37.—At Amherst, Mrs. Elizabeth, widow of the late Rev. Joseph Haven, Sen.—At Lisbon, Me., Hon. Moses Tabbets, 79.

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DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

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CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LITTLE LOCK OF HAIR.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

By hearts that asked no more
Than such delight and care,
O how beloved was she that wore
This tiny lock of hair.

That head was bright as May,
Where, lightly as the down,
This precious silken treasure lay,
A soft and simple brown.

How sweetly there it grew,
Nor was it ever shed,
Till death had closed the eyes of blue,
And bowed the golden head.

I ne'er beheld that brow,
Those angel lips that smiled;
Yet dearly do I love her now,
The stranger's cherub child.

And fondly would I greet
The blessed hand that tied
With ribbon blue, this token sweet,
When little Daisy died.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

EDWARD GREY was a young man of about twenty-six, with a fine property, and a finer mind and person. Although not bred to a profession, he had received a collegiate education, and foreign travel had given a polish to his naturally refined and intelligent spirit. Of a good family, with ample means, possessing youth and health, there seemed no reason why he should not enjoy a large share of happiness; but there was one trait, which, like a serpent, poisoned nearly every scheme that promised pleasure—he was suspicious, and the more attached he became to any person, the more open was he to distrust.

On the return of Edward Grey from Europe, he met with a young lady by the name of Isabel Landon, who was heiress to a large property, but being under age, resided with her guardian. At their first meeting, Edward was charmed with her sweet voice and manner, joined as they were to a lovely face and intellectual conversation. Unlike many gentlemen, Grey had always resolved that if ever he married, his wife should be something more than a pretty doll, whose chief end and aim was to deck her person to the greatest possible advantage. Not that he desired a "strong-minded woman," or a "blue"—far less a slattern; but a degree of primness, solid education, and rational attention to dress would certainly be required, and he fancied he had discovered all these qualities in Miss Landon.

On the same evening of his introduction to Isabel, he had made the acquaintance of Miss Emma Jane Pendleton, who resembled a wax statue more than a living woman with ideas. Her figure was a model, possessing an infantine roundness and delicacy of impression and texture. Her pretty dimpled face, and bright blue eyes, were shaded by wavy, golden hair, while her graceful little hand and form were loaded down with gay colored flowers and jewelry. Emma Jane's mama (a very dressy, fussy body in a light silk, and apology for a cap, a morsel of lace hidden by rosettes of pink ribbon), was continually hovering about, expatiating to all with whom she conversed, upon the young lady's superior sensibility and amiability; and, attracted by her beauty, Grey danced several sets with her before he entered into an extremely interesting discussion with Miss Landon.

Edward Grey left the assembly without a thought of Emma Pendleton; but it so happened that he met her several times when Isabel was not present, and, in spite of his predilections for Isabel, Grey soon discovered that she began to occupy a large portion of his attention. But before matters had progressed very far, the winter season was at an end, and a friend invited him to spend a few weeks in the country. On arriving at Woodlawn, Grey was most agreeably surprised to find that the residence of Isabel Landon was only two miles distant, and that the Pendletons were the nearest neighbors.

As his host was quite intimate at General Osmer's, who was Isabel's guardian, Grey became a frequent visitor also, and the friendship which soon sprang up between himself and the young lady, daily promised to merge into something more definite. Mrs. Pendleton saw this increasing intimacy with a jealous eye, and resolved to thwart it. For this purpose, she gave a grand party, following it up with a succession of soirees, breakfasts and picnics, to all of which Grey was particularly invited; and as Miss Landon was an intimate acquaintance, she was unavoidably present. But Mrs. Pendleton was of a hopeful disposition, and persevered. Emma fancied Edward Grey very much, and loved him as much as she was capable of loving any one. She had but little force of character, was vain and empty, yet she possessed a naturally kind heart, which might have rendered her a different girl with proper influences; but her father was a mere automaton out of his counting-room, and her hollow-hearted, maneuvering mother was worse than no guide at all. The latter was determined that Grey should marry Emma, and perseverance will accomplish a great deal. The young girl was a mere puppet in her artful mother's hands, and her parts were given her from day to day, which, as they were not very difficult, were played to perfection.

The only drawback was in the shape of Annie Gaylord, a giddy

girl of fifteen, Emma's cousin, then on a visit, and who, notwithstanding the numerous nods and becks of her aunt, persisted in breaking in upon cosy tete-a-tetes, much to the good lady's chagrin, and Emma's secret relief; for the latter was in continual dread of getting beyond her depth with Grey, and as he cared little for dancing, she was obliged, in accordance with her mother's commands, to sit quiet, listening to conversation that was Greek and Hebrew to her, while the room was filled with young people, dancing to the most inspiring music, until she began to hate the sound of Edward Grey's voice.

In spite of Mrs. Pendleton's method of almost forcing Emma upon the young gentleman's notice, every day deepened his admiration of Isabel Landon, who was evidently an object of great attraction to a certain Russian count, then figuring largely at the various entertainments given by the fashionable part of the community of Woodlawn, and Grey resolved to secure Isabel at once.

The next morning after this course was decided upon, Edward set out for the young lady's residence. But before he arrived he became nervous, and called at Mrs. Pendleton's by the way, to recover his courage. As usual, he met with a flattering reception, and just as he was rising to depart, Mrs. Pendleton took a letter from the table, and handed it to him, saying:

"O, here is a note that Isabel wrote at our house this morning, and I intended to send it to the office before. Would you have the kindness to take it?"

"Certainly." And Edward glanced at the address, "Frank Bartlett, Esq." A very unpleasant sensation came over him; to be sure, the gentleman might be a cousin, or some other equally harmless individual. But when a man has fallen in love with a lady, and resolved to propose, he is very apt to imagine that every other person is on the eve of doing the same thing—more especially if he is of a suspicious nature. This our hero unfortunately was, and it was with considerable trepidation that he asked, in a very careless manner:

"Rather an elderly person, I believe?"

"O, no, you are very much mistaken. He is both young and handsome; they correspond quite regularly, and people do say that there is an engagement. It certainly looks like it." And Mrs. Pendleton looked significant. Grey was in a doubtful state, when Emma Jane exclaimed:

"La, mama! What is the use of affecting ignorance? That very letter is an invitation to come to Woodlawn for a visit. Isabel made no secret of it."

"She wishes him to be in season for her party to-morrow night," Mrs. P. remarked.

Edward now resolved to defer seeing Miss Landon, until he had observed her conduct toward the fancied rival. Accordingly the next evening found him preparing for the party in no very enviable frame of mind. As he drove over to General Osmer's, his friend vainly endeavored to carry on a conversation—Grey was occupied with his own thoughts, and had no eyes nor ears for anything, until he entered the drawing-room.

The first sight that met his eye was Miss Landon herself, leaning on the arm of a fine looking young man of about twenty-eight, who was evidently on the best of terms with his fair companion, and Edward felt intuitively that there was a great deal of affection between them. As he advanced to pay his respects to the young lady, he heard the words "My dear Isabel" very distinctly pronounced by the stranger. As her eye met Edward's, she extended her hand with a frank smile, and, in a tone of joyous delight, said:

"Good evening, Mr. Grey. Allow me to introduce you to one of my oldest and dearest friends, Mr. Bartlett."

Edward bowed coldly, almost haughtily, and, to Isabel's surprise, replied:

"Excuse me for interrupting your conversation;" and before she could speak, he had passed by.

For an instant her beautiful lip quivered, but the next moment she turned to her companion, and listened attentively to his remarks. During the evening, Grey made himself miserable by paying his whole attention to Emma Pendleton, and only once did he catch a glimpse of Isabel. Then she was waltzing with the stranger, although she had invariably declined to waltz with any one on all previous occasions. Grey went home in just that state of mind when one is exceedingly apt to commit some foolish act that he bitterly repents of afterwards.

He was vexed with Miss Landon and himself particularly, and everybody else generally; and under the influence of these feelings of pique and revenge, the next forenoon found him sitting in Mrs. Pendleton's parlor, looking very foolish and uncomfortable, with Emma Jane by his side, admiring an elegant turquoise ring that had just been placed on her finger, and wishing it had been a diamond. The jewel had been designed for Miss Landon's acceptance, and desiring to present something a little different from the generality of engagement rings, Grey had chosen a turquoise forget me not.

But now that the deed was done, Edward was anything but delighted, for every day clearly showed how incompetent Emma was to carry on even an ordinarily interesting conversation, while, to crown his distress, he met Miss Landon in the street one day with a beautiful young lady, whom she introduced to him as her dearest friend, adding, in a whisper, that she was cousin Frank's bride, and they were out getting dresses for the wedding, which was to come off in a week.

Grey was miserable; he lectured himself soundly for allowing his suspicious temper to get the better of him, as he had more than once declared it never should again. He wished Emma Jane had been a thousand miles away, and consigned Mrs. Pendleton to a most unenviable locality. But it was all of no avail; the frightful reality stared him in the face—look which way he would there was no escape, so he resolved to make the best of it.

To his dismay, he discovered that Emma was not only vain and empty, but so utterly thoughtless and wilful, that she completely embittered his existence. At all the parties which they attended, the Count Rodomonofsky was present; and as he was a fine waltzer, and as it was Emma's favorite dance, Grey had the satisfaction of seeing her continually flying round and round the room evenings with the hirsute foreigner, in spite of his remonstrances, till at last a good part of nearly every morning was devoted to the count, who instructed Miss Emma in various national performances, that were as regularly exhibited to thronged rooms on all possible occasions.

Grey saw that Miss Landon was evidently surprised at his choice, and he would gladly have broken the engagement. This, however, it was not very easy to do, for Mrs. Pendleton was too old and experienced a schemer, to allow such a golden prize to slip through her hands. And whenever he ventured to find fault with Miss Emma, he was met by a mulish obstinacy and fierce vituperation, for which her previous fickle insipidity and silly conversation had not prepared him; he had made a mistake, which is quite common, in supposing that an almost total want of character and sense argues a weak will and unvarying amiability. On the contrary, Grey was daily shocked at her terrible lack of refinement, or delicacy—as she did not hesitate to ask, in a playful manner to be sure, for anything which pleased her fancy, or her mother's; and too late our hero found that he was expected to marry the whole family.

One evening, Emma waited half an hour in full dress for Edward to make his appearance and escort her to a concert; and it was in no very gentle voice that the spoiled child was uttering her peevish complaints, when the door opened and Edward himself rushed into the apartment. There was a haggard expression on his face, and a wildness in his eyes, while his words were nearly incoherent. Emma's petulance gave way to alarm, and Mrs. Pendleton hastily inquired what was the matter.

"Alas, madam! How shall I tell you my misfortune! I had placed money in the — Bank with perfect confidence. It has failed, and I am a—I cannot pronounce the word."

"Do you mean that it was all lost, and that you are penniless?" inquired Mrs. Pendleton, sharply.

"All lost!" he replied, in despairing accents.

"What a fool you were to invest all your property in one bank!" the lady angrily exclaimed.

"Alas, madam, it is done, and it is useless to recriminate. But I have one consolation"—taking Emma's hand; "this dear girl" (dear indeed) "will, I am sure, never desert me because I am unfortunate. In her I may yet find a solace—"

"You are very much mistaken, if you think I will throw myself away, sir," replied Emma, tartly. "Thank goodness, I am not reduced to that yet!"

"Surely, Mr. Grey," chimed in the mother, "you do not think Mr. Pendleton or myself would condemn our only and darling child to poverty! You are really presumptuous, and I must request you to discontinue your visits in future."

Grey seized his hat and rushed from the room, while the mother and daughter congratulated themselves upon a narrow escape.

A week later, Edward and Miss Landon were walking through General Osmer's beautiful garden arm in arm, and earnestly conversing. Grey was listening to the conclusion of Isabel's sentence, who was looking very roguish.

"So, as we had been brought up as brother and sister from our earliest childhood, it was not very wonderful that, after an absence in Europe of two years, Frank should call me 'dear Isabel' at our first meeting, or that I should waltz with him; and our conversation, which appeared so very earnest and inexplicable to you, was no more nor less than a consultation about the approaching wedding, and the necessary arrangements."

"Forgive me; pray forgive me, Isabel!" said Grey, conscience-smitten. "I judged too hastily."

"I will on one condition—that you will conquer this tendency to suspicion, which, if indulged in, will overshadow your numerous good qualities."

Edward promised, and we are happy to say kept his word. Grey then told Isabel that the day before the — Bank had failed, he had withdrawn all his former deposits with the exception of a small sum, having an immediate use for them. Therefore, his statements to Mrs. Pendleton were strictly true, and had proved that the loss of his society would not break Emma's heart.

As for the latter, she was married to Count Rodomonofsky in great style, and they departed for Europe to visit the bridegroom's "ancestral estate." About a year afterward, during the latter part of which time nothing had been heard of them, Emma returned to her mother in want and destitution, having been taken to Paris by her husband, where they lived in great splendor while her fortune lasted; when the *ci-devant* count informed her that he had been a celebrated dancing-master, and should again resume his profession, in which he should expect her to assist him—adding, with a sarcastic laugh, that it would be a pity to have the many lessons he had given her gratuitously thrown away.

Emma was horrified at the unexpected discovery, and, gathering together a little sum, had made her way to her parents, where she passed the remainder of her life, despised and forsaken by all her former associates.

SECRECY.—You should be careful not to entrust another unnecessarily with a secret which it may be a hard matter for him to keep, and which may expose him to somebody's displeasure when it is hereafter discovered that he was the object of your confidence. Your desire for aid, or for sympathy, is not to be indulged by dragging other people into your misfortunes. There is as much responsibility in imparting your own secrets, as in keeping those of your neighbor.—*Darley*.

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To the person who sends us the fifth largest club, we will present a LADY'S GOLD WATCH, new, elegantly set in gold, with a rich enamel back, best Geneva workmanship, and warranted. Value.....	80
To the person who sends us the sixth largest club, we will present a superior ENGLISH SILVER LEVER WATCH, new, and warranted in all respects a perfect instrument and timekeeper. Value.....	60
To the person who sends us the seventh largest club, we will present an elegant AMERICAN RIFLE, silver mounted, new, and of the best make, with powder flask and fixtures—a superb weapon. Value.....	55
To the person who sends us the eighth largest club, we will present a fine RIDING SADDLE AND BRIDLE, made to our own order, of the best English stock, by William Holmes, 21 Tremont Row, Boston, with curb and snaffle bits, and all the fixtures perfect. Value.....	50
To the person who shall send us the ninth largest club, we will present a richly wrought Purse, suitable for a gentleman or lady, and containing thirty GOLD DOLLARS. Value.....	35
To the person who shall send us the tenth largest club, we will present an ENGLISH SILVER WATCH, a new and perfect timekeeper, and in all respects suitable for a young lad or miss attending school. Value.....	25
To the person who shall send us the eleventh largest club, we will present a fine heavy GOLD SEAL RING, elaborately wrought and with the initials of the person who wins it cut upon the stone. Value.....	20
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It is very important that the names, accompanied by the money, should be sent to us as fast as they are obtained, that we may be able to print an ample number of papers to meet the demand. Therefore, as soon as ten or a dozen subscribers have been obtained, the person who has procured the club can forward them with the money, and he or she can then add to the club any number of names, at the same rate, and they will be duly credited to the account of the person sending until February 1, 1856.

It is not required that the entire club should be from one town; we will send the papers to any neighboring post-office, but all the subscriptions must come through the same agent in order to be counted to his or her credit.—This prize offer cannot be applied to any regular wholesale agent of our paper. The clubs must be bona fide, and each name sent with the money.

The result will be duly published, and indisputable evidence of the receipt of each prize, by the successful parties, will be given.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor.

Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

In writing letters, please be careful to write names of post-office and State plainly as possible. Also, write individual names distinctly.

Wayside Gatherings.

There are now nine newspapers published in Kansas, six of which are free State.

Martin Kostza, the Hungarian who was rescued by Capt. Ingraham, has gone to Texas to reside.

The St. Louis Intelligencer states that from thirty to forty dead men are taken out of the river opposite that city, monthly.

The Baltimoreans are discussing the feasibility of establishing a line of steamships to run from Europe direct to that city.

John B. Gough says that England levied £87 10s income tax on his estimated £1500 lecture receipts in that country.

Mr. Sinclair, of Jamesville county, Wisconsin, having a fortune of \$150,000, cut his throat a few days since, for fear of poverty.

Some benevolent gentlemen in New York have set out to raise \$50,000 for the purpose of erecting an asylum for inebriates.

Pennsylvania now produces as much iron as was manufactured in Great Britain thirty years ago, and of a quality that compares very favorably.

The marble for the Washington Monument and also for the extension of the national capitol, is quarried in Berkshire county, and shipped from Bridgeport, Ct.

Miss Mary Schaeffer, a young lady of Baltimore, Md., came to the horrible death, recently, of being burned alive, by the explosion of a camphine lamp.

The Philadelphia Ledger says the anthracite coal trade is considerably depressed, and some of the best men in the mining regions are going out of the business.

During the year 1854, one hundred and sixty-five men were hung in the United States. Of this number, only seven could read and write. What a lesson!

The amount of coal transported on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad the last year, up to December 1, was 2,205,281 tons, against 1,987,854 tons for the same period in 1854.

In some parts of Pennsylvania the corn crops are said to be greater in the aggregate than at any time before for fifteen years. From seventy to ninety bushels per acre is a common yield.

Contracts have just been completed with the proprietors of the Morgan Iron Works, of New York, for the construction of two powerful engines for the Danube Steam Navigation Company.

The importations at Montreal for the first ten months of the last year, amounted to £2,700,000, which is a falling off, compared with the previous year, equal to nearly \$4,000,000.

A verdict of \$7000 has been awarded in favor of Malinda Winn, against the Macon and Western Railroad. The engine came in collision with a carriage containing Mrs. Winn and three children.

A correspondent of the Petersburg (Va.) Express says that the contributions for yellow fever sufferers in Norfolk and Portsmouth have amounted to \$310,000, of which Portsmouth received \$80,000.

A short time since a train of cars arrived at Richmond, Ind., on its way to Cincinnati, to which was attached four locomotives. The cars were forty-seven in number, forty of which were laden with live hogs.

The Manchester American has received a citron weighing fourteen and a half pounds. It combines a mixture of the citron and water-melon, and is said to be the best product for preserves that can be found.

The State of North Carolina has distributed among the several counties of the State, during the past year, the sum of one hundred and eighty-one thousand dollars for the support of common schools.

The agents sent out by Louis Napoleon to this country do not confine themselves to the purchase of grain, but throughout the West they are actively engaged in buying large numbers of hogs and cattle.

The yearly cost of educating each scholar in our public schools, is estimated to be about seven dollars. Universal education is said to be, and it should be, one of the principal bulwarks of liberty and good morals.

Advices from Australia give encouraging accounts of the gold production. Shipments last year, up to Sept. 1, had amounted to £6,500,000, and were expected before the close of the twelve-month to reach £10,000,000.

The author of the Widow Bedott Papers, in which there is a good deal of fun, was a modest but eccentric young lady by the name of Miriam Berry, of Whiteborough, N. Y. She married the Rev. B. W. Whitcher of that town, and died young.

During the past season, 82,199,190 pounds of tea were exported from Canton to England; 5,895,490 pounds to Australia; and 31,007,115 pounds to the United States. Only 51,678 bales of silk were exported to England, and 1494 bales to the United States.

The London Times has an elaborate editorial of calculations, showing that the total available strength of Russia is 83 per 1000, and that she has already used 58, which allows only two months more, at the past ratio, to exhaust her last man, her last cash rouble being already expended.

The Stamford (Ct.) Advocate says, "Stamford is offered for sale," not less than one hundred places in the village being offered to city purchasers; and predicts that the whole will soon be turned into desirable country residences for New Yorkers, who like the retirement of the environs of the metropolis.

Nicolaieff possesses twelve dock-yards, six for ships of the line, and six for smaller vessels; also, immense arsenals, and almost exhaustless materials for shipbuilding. It employs 600 workmen in ordinary times, and 12,000 on occasions of emergency. The present number, according to German accounts, is about 21,000.

The Chicago Democrat recently said that a woman arrived at that place with the dead body of her husband, which she was taking east for burial. On the route she fell in with a young man, and, on the arrival of the cars at Chicago, they went off together, leaving the dead body of the husband in the depot, where it has remained since.

A writer in one of the New York dailies thinks that if Henry Ward Beecher had adopted the stage as a profession, instead of the pulpit and lecture-room, or if he had entered the arena of law or commerce, he would by this time have ranked among the millionaires of the country. The writer thinks that the great secret of Beecher's success is, that his shrewdness and talent are only equalled by his independence.

An interesting divorce case was recently tried at Providence, R. I. It seems that a lady was married when about sixteen years of age, to a man who soon after left her. Some eight years after, as neither she nor his brothers had heard from him, they supposed him dead, and she married again. About a year afterward her first husband appeared, and the court now granted her a divorce from him, legalizing her marriage with the second.

Foreign Items.

A grand memorial of Napoleon, to be executed by Duprez, is to be erected in the market-place of Ajaccio.

The Paris Exhibition is closed. Twelve thousand prizes have been distributed, including numerous decorations of the Legion of Honor.

All the governments invited to take part in the conference of the Sound dues, including Russia, have signified their intention of being represented.

When Marshal Pelissier paid his visit to Admiral Bruat, at Kamiesch, he was received by the garrison of the place, and by the vessels in that port, with loud manifestations of enthusiasm.

The American whaler, John Henry, fell in with the abandoned British Arctic ship Resolute, of Sir John Belcher's expedition, in Davis's Straits, the crew taking possession thereof and abandoning their own ship.

The emperor of France lately had a hunt at Fontainebleau. The result of the day's shooting was—775 pheasants killed, 25 hares, 14 deer, and 80 rabbits, making together 894 head of game, of which the emperor killed 175.

The king of Prussia intends to present the Baron de Manteuffel with a large demesne, composed of three fine estates, which will be erected into an hereditary majorate in his favor. He will be also raised to the dignity of count, and have an hereditary seat in the First Chamber.

The "New Prussian Gazette" announces that immense beds of sulphur have been discovered on both sides of the Volga, near Samara. The Russian government has given orders for the instant working of the beds, which are said to be "more valuable to Russia than a discovery of gold at this time."

Sands of Gold.

.... Make not thy friends too cheap to thee, nor thyself to thy friend.—Fuller.

.... The evil that men do lives after them; the good is often interred with their bones.—Shakespeare.

.... Greatness and discernment are two different things, and a love of virtue and virtuous men is a third thing.—La Bruyere.

.... However brilliant an action may be, it ought not to pass for great when it is not the result of a great design.—La Rochefoucauld.

.... How many "Wonderful Lamps" must one have handled, before discovering that the true wonderful lamp is either chance, or labor, or genius?—Balzac.

.... It is not the quantity of the meat, but the cheerfulness of the guests, which makes the feast; at the feast of the Centaurs, they ate with one hand, and had their drawn swords in the other.—Clarendon.

.... In all governments there must, of necessity, be both the law and the sword. Laws without arms would give us not liberty, but licentiousness; and arms without laws would produce not subjection, but slavery.—Colton.

.... The path to literary fame is more difficult than that which leads to fortune. If you are so unfortunate as not to soar above mediocrity, remorse is your portion; if you succeed in your object, a host of enemies spring up around you.—Voltaire.

.... There are two sorts of timidity; timidity of mind and timidity of the nerves—a physical and a moral timidity. The body may fear and tremble, while the soul remains calm and courageous, and vice versa. This gives us the key to many moral oddities. When both sorts of timidity are united in a man, he will be a nullity all his life.—Balzac.

Joker's Budget.

Before you commit suicide, take an emetic. What you take for despair, may only be a couple of pig's feet. Try it on.

A Western paper, under the head of "A Screw Loose," advertises Ephraim A. Screw, a horse thief, as having broken jail.

A partial musical critic, speaking of an extraordinary performance, said: "Beethoven would have given anything to hear it." True enough, for Beethoven was deaf.

Many years ago a gentleman said to the venerable George Hickey, "I believe the Methodists have no doctors of divinity among them?"—"No, sir," he replied, "our divinity has not become sick."

A red-headed lover, in writing to a red-headed girl, should take great care in wording his letters. The less said about "mutual flame," the better. We once knew a wedding postponed six years by a similar line to this.

Druggists always hold trumps. If the late cold snap has checked the sales of soda-water, it has increased the demand for cough-mixture two hundred per cent. We get this from Dr. Borax, who keeps two boys and a shovel mixing "hoarhound syrup" the whole blessed time!

"I'm sorry, Mr. Wilson, to see this splendid field of potatoes so seriously diseased," said a sympathizing inspector. "Atweel, it's a great pity," said the farmer, "but there's ae comfort—Jock Tomson's is no a bit better!"

Horace seemed to know what local editors daily experience. To sketch a racy item requires infinitely more wit than the world generally imagine. Horace says:

"To write on vulgar themes is thought an easy task."

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DOM FERNANDO, REGENT OF PORTUGAL.

CORONATION CEREMONIES AT LISBON.

Contrasting strongly with the solemn simplicity which characterizes the inauguration of our chief magistrates, are the glitter, pomp, parade and ostentation which, even in the pettiest kingdoms of Europe, attend the coronation of a sovereign. It is curious and instructive to note these national differences, and in this view we present our readers with a series of fine engravings illustrating the last European affair of this kind, the inauguration of the reign of Dom Pedro V. as king of Portugal. He is eighteen years of age, and quite a good-looking young gentleman, as our engraving shows. The second engraving is a likeness of his father, King Fernando, regent of the kingdom, who has just abandoned the reins of power to his son. The 16th of September, 1855, the anniversary of the birth of Dom Pedro, was saluted in the capital at daybreak by salvos of artillery from all the fortresses of the land and by the batteries of all the ships of war lying in the Tagus. The population of Lisbon, and a part of that of the whole kingdom, which, for a long time, had been pouring into the capital, greedily to behold the extraordinary festival, soon spread through the streets, which were covered with the fine golden sand of the River Tagus. The houses were draped from top to bottom with rich hangings of gold and silk of a thousand colors, the remains of the ancient opulence of Portugal when the East Indies formed a part of the vast Lusitanian empire. The proclamation of the new king was made before the palace of the Cortes. After a discourse from the regent, delivered and listened to with signs of the greatest emotion, the cardinal patriarch of Lisbon, presiding over the united chambers, rose from his chair, and, assisted by two gentlemen of the royal chamber, presented to his majesty Dom Pedro the book of the gospels, having a cross of gold thereon, on which the young king, placing his right hand, pronounced in a loud voice the following oath: "I swear to maintain the Catholic, apostolic and Roman religion, to maintain and cause to be maintained the political constitution of the Portuguese nation and the other laws of the kingdom, as well as to provide for the general welfare of the nation by all the means in my power." The boy-king had learned his lesson well, and repeated these words without a single blunder—a singular effort of memory, and proof of prodigious talent in the eyes of his faithful subjects, who wondered

"How one small head could carry all he knew."

Our central engraving represents the reception of Dom Fernando and his son at the door of the cathedral by the patriarch and his clergy, dressed in their splendid robes. The coronation carriage, a monstrous mass of timber and gilding, is seen on the right of the steps. The architecture of the cathedral, with its two square bell-towers, supported by heavy buttresses, and connected by a curtain in which is a magnificent rose window over the portal, reminds us of Notre Dame at Paris. Its style is severe and massive. Our last engraving shows the ceremony of the recognition of the king on the Praça do Commercio, or Square of Commerce, one of the finest public places in Lisbon. Round the base of the equestrian statue of John V. are stands of colors. The infantry of the line are under arms, and passing in review before the royal carriage in the midst of the acclamations of the people and the thunders of artillery. In the sort of temple erected in the centre, the two kings, surrounded by the court, received the keys of the city. In the evening, a magnificent display of fireworks took place on the Tagus, representing the taking of Arzilla by the Portuguese in 1441. Both sides of the Tagus, lit up by electric illuminations, presented a truly fairy spectacle. The festivals and illuminations lasted three days. On the second day, there was a reception of the diplomatic corps, and a kissing of hands at the palace, after which the king repaired to the Campo Grande (Great Field), where he passed in review all the troops of the line, numbering more than ten thousand men, infantry and cavalry. Everything is said to have passed off smoothly according to the programme. His loyal subjects declare that it would be impossible for a monarch to abandon his



DOM PEDRO, KING OF PORTUGAL.



RECEPTION OF THE KING BY THE PATRIARCH.

throne with more grace than Fernando II. exhibited. His dignity, modesty and good taste were much commended. As he is scarcely forty years of age, and much beloved by his people, over whom he had reigned from infancy, it was very difficult to make a dramatic exit, and required all the artistic ability of which he is possessed. As for the young king, his mother, Donna Maria, who had a will of her own brought him up in the old-fashioned way, that is, very strictly. She was present at all his lessons, and took care that he did not throw away his time. He is probably well versed in king-craft. On his recent travels, he showed himself a well-informed young man, and certain remarks of his, since his inauguration, tend to show that he proposes making some effort at parliamentary reform. The free and easy manner of the Portuguese did not allow of perfect order in the ceremonies we have sketched. After the business at the Cortes was finished, instead of accompanying the king in procession, each one made the best of his way to the cathedral—"on his own hook," as we Yankees say. The most remarkable of these fugitives was the patriarch who had not even taken the trouble of mending the wheels of his old rickety state carriage, and had tied them up with bits of rope. His equipage formed accordingly a singular contrast to those of many of the nobles. There were some fine turnouts, such as those of the Duke Palmela, Count Farrobo, Marquis Ficalbo, the apostolic nuncio, and the Marquis of Fronteira. As for the royal carriages, they are well known to surpass in magnificence those of all the other courts in Europe. The diplomatic corps was very full, and Prussia alone was not represented. France and Russia having ministers of a representative character, had confined themselves to conferring special powers on them. Austria, Belgium, England and Saxony sent special ministers for the occasion. There were some English ships of war in the Tagus, which joined the Portuguese in firing salutes. The naval illuminations on the Tagus must have been very fine. A line-of-battle ship and several steamers, blazing with lights, attacked three small forts, which, after a desperate defence by rockets of the largest size, were blown up with the explosion of innumerable bombs. The splendid display afforded the finest possible field for such a display. There was very little shouting and noise, however, during the whole three days' celebration. Every one walked about quietly, not without enjoyment, but certainly without demonstration. Not a quarrel took place, however, not a drunken man was seen.



RECOGNITION OF THE SOVEREIGN, ON THE SQUARE OF COMMERCE, LISBON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

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6 CENTS SINGLE.

ALEXANDER H. RICE, MAYOR OF BOSTON.

We present our readers on this page with a really excellent likeness of Alexander H. Rice, the recently elected mayor of Boston, drawn expressly for our paper by Mr. Barry, from a photograph by Whipple & Black. The election of Mr. Rice was a peculiarly gratifying compliment, since his competitor, Dr. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, was a gentleman of unquestionable talent and unblemished reputation. Dr. Shurtleff not only cheerfully acquiesced in the popular verdict, but was the first publicly to congratulate the mayor elect and introduce him to the people, an act which we should say indicated good taste, if we did not know that it was prompted by a higher motive—genuine good feeling. It is under such auspices, welcomed by his opponent, and cheered by the applause of his fellow-citizens, that Mr. Rice enters on the arduous duties of his honorable office. Alexander H. Rice was born in Newton (Lower Falls), Mass., in August, 1818, and is accordingly about thirty-seven years old—the very prime of life. His father was

in the paper manufacturing business, with which the subject of our sketch became practically familiar when a boy. At an early age, he also acquired some knowledge of the general routine of mercantile transactions in the store of an elder brother. When about fourteen years old, he came to Boston, and entered a dry goods' establishment. Impaired health, the result of severe labor and constant confinement, compelled him to abandon this occupation at the expiration of a year, and, returning home, he commenced a course of advanced study at a neighboring academy, his previous education having been that afforded by our common schools. In 1835, he returned to this city, and shortly afterwards entered the paper warehouse of Messrs. Wilkins & Carter, in Water Street. At the expiration of about three years, he left this establishment for the purpose of completing his education. After a course of preparatory study at Newton, in 1840 he entered Union College, under the presidency of the venerable Dr. Nott, and graduated in 1844. The present style of the house, of which he is still a partner, is Rice, Kendall & Co. It was his intention to prepare himself for one of the learned professions, but the condition of his health rendering it imprudent to continue his studies, he accepted proposals from Messrs. Wilkins & Carter for a partnership in their business, October, 1844. Up to this period, he had manifested an equal capacity for business, and desire for self-culture. Now, however, he entered with zeal upon a business career, and contributed his full share to the success of the firm. In 1850, he first became connected with the city government as a member of the Board of Visitors of the Lunatic Hospital, an office which he held four years. He was also a member of one of the school boards. In 1853, he was elected to the Common Council, and became its president the year following. In this position, Mr. Rice displayed the peculiar abilities requisite in a presiding officer, eliciting, by his self-possession, judgment and rigid impartiality, the praises of all parties. Having been nominated on the "Citizen's" Ticket as candidate for mayor, he was elected to that office, December 10, 1855, by a majority of about 2000, though opposed by an excellent man supported by a powerful organization.

The views and purposes with which Mr. Rice enters on his duties may be gathered from the impromptu remarks he addressed to the citizens who came to congratulate him on his election as soon as the vote had been declared:—"Many of you know, fellow-citizens, that this office is not one of my own seeking. It is one for which I have not myself labored; and I may say it is also one which I cannot accept without considerable sacrifice of my own interest and convenience. But apart from these considerations, when I recall the names of the illustrious men who have occupied this position—when I recall the commanding ability, the large experience, the unselfish devotion, the pure patriotism with which they have adorned and honored it, I cannot but feel that it is a place which should be approached diffidently under any circumstances by their successors. Fellow-citizens, the particular and crowning interest and significance of this day's election, is the fact that it contains an expression of the popular sentiment upon the question of sinking in our municipi-

pal elections all political and partisan considerations. I cannot but feel that this principle is a correct one, and I feel encouraged and strengthened in the position to which you seem to have called me, by the generous and magnanimous co-operation of all parties in my support. I trust that, to the extent of my ability, I shall perform every duty incumbent upon me, with strict impartiality to all interests and all classes; and I assure you, fellow-citizens, that if the result of our next year's administration shall be such as to promote the greater happiness and welfare of the people of Boston—to exalt still higher the honor and distinction of this glorious old city of Boston, to which we are all so much attached, and in which we recognize our interests and our homes,—I assure you, fellow-citizens, I say, that if such shall be the result, the hour in which I shall return to my own business will be even more grateful to my feelings than is this, which you have gilded with hope and promise."

And in the festival given in honor of his election, at the Revere House, he again said, in the course of his speech:—"If I am rightly informed, the spirit manifested in the Nominating Committee was that of the utmost kindness, and a wish by each party to properly consider the claims of other parties, observing the scriptural direction, 'in honor preferring one another.' They were actuated only by a desire to best serve the interests of the city. I did not aspire to the honor of the position in which you have placed me, but I promise you, and this is the first pledge I have felt called upon to give, that, so far as in me lies, no effort shall be wanting for the full and successful accomplishment of your wishes." We have no doubt, that, now Mr. Rice has been elected, all parties will be willing to give him a fair trial, for certainly the views he has expressed as his governing rules of conduct are both conciliatory and manly. The mayoralty of Boston, we may remark, is no sinecure place, and the "sweets of office" are only a fiction of the poets; and of both these facts, Mr. Rice is undoubtedly well aware. In the address of the Revere House, Mr. Rice expressed in proper terms his sense of the dignity and difficulty of his new position. Boston, as a city, occupies the same proud eminence that Boston as a town formerly occupied, in relation to its sister communities. It has an old historic reputation at stake. It occupies a peculiar position, and is the centre of a vast number of important interests. In fact, it is quite a village, and its presiding officer has necessarily quite as much as he can do to occupy his time and tax his utmost energies. The executive chair has been filled by a succession of our most eminent men—such as Quincy, Elliot, Otis, and other professional men. We now have, in the person of Mr. Rice, a thorough and successful merchant—one whose integrity has been tested and established in this community. The office requires exactly the active qualities which have been developed by long familiarity with the details of a large and profitable business, and which will prove quite as effective in the satisfactory fulfillment of his official duties, as the habits of thought and action which any profession could supply. Long may the executive chair be occupied by incumbents who shall not only receive honor from their position, but be remembered by posterity with well-deserved renown.



ALEXANDER H. RICE, ESQ., MAYOR OF BOSTON.

[Written expressly for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CONTRABANDIST:

—OR,—

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

The young man accordingly gave his uncle a sketch of his haps and mishaps, to which the good marquis listened very attentively, and which occupied some few minutes, when, just as he was finishing by mentioning his application at the cottage for shelter, Helen Montauban entered.

She was beautiful and self-possessed as ever. A calm smile parted her lips and lighted her fine eyes, as she approached, and, saluting her father, gave to Louis, who advanced to meet her, her hand.

"My charming cousin!" exclaimed the young man, warmly, taking the offered hand, and kissing, with deferential affection, the fair cheek of the lady,—"my dear Helen, this is truly delightful. I am very happy to behold you again. How do you do?"

"Well, Monsieur Louis, I thank you. And you?"

"Admirably, my dear friend." And he seated himself by her side.

"You have, then, arrived at the chateau at length, Louis? It is sometime since we saw you," she said, regarding him with polite interest.

"Yes; it is a long time, I think, since we met, and I could not deny myself the pleasure of a visit to the chateau."

"Your journey, I trust, was a favorable one."

"Au contraire, ma chere cousine,—at least for a part of the way. A few drawbacks, such as travellers must meet with at times, but nothing very serious."

"My dear boy," said the marquis, "what then do you call serious? An attack from robbers, in my time?"

"An attack!" interrupted Mademoiselle Montauban, turning a shade paler, as her glance rested unquietly on the face of Louis,—"an attack! how, Monsieur Louis? You have been in actual danger?"

"No, my dear Helen,—no," the count hastened to say. "I was merely requested to deliver my purse, a simple affair, and, perhaps, one with which I may meet twenty times in my life. In your time, uncle," turning, with a smile, to the marquis, "there were, doubtless, more formidable characters to deal with than those whom I met last night, and then it is certain, also, that there were much braver men in those days to encounter them; now, perhaps, our brigands are greater cowards, and more easily frightened away; so a wayside battle with them is not such a terrible affair after all. I dare say you could have dispersed a dozen like those fellows of last night in less time than it took me to relieve myself of two or three."

"Flattery—flattery—all flattery!" cried the marquis, laughing, yet not displeased, perhaps, by his nephew's words. "You must recollect, my dear Louis, that my arm is not quite so strong now as it might have been once, and I cannot promise what I would do now, whatever I did in my boyish days, when I was a hot-blooded youth like you. Ah, those were different days, nephew!" And the marquis almost unconsciously sighed.

At that moment, however, the coffee was brought in, and the subject was abandoned. After the morning's repast was concluded, Louis drew his fair cousin out upon the paved terrace before the windows of the saloon, where they could sit conversing, while the early sunshine gilded the lovely landscape far and near, and resting sweetest of all in the charming valley that lay beneath the height of the chateau; gilding the rough walls of the humble farm-houses scattered among the trees with a rosy glow; touching with a more vivid tint the fresh verdure of the cultivated fields, and shining gaily upon the pretty little stream that wound its silver way through the valley, now hiding beneath the interposing foliage on its banks, now flashing out upon the view with a thousand glittering ripples, as the light morning wind played across its surface, or lying still and clear in some little sheltered nook, where, perhaps, the speckled trout played idly in the sunshine beneath the cool and silent surface.

It was certainly a beautiful morning, and Louis d'Artois enjoyed it thoroughly, as he sat by the side of his fair cousin on the terrace. It was a most sincere pleasure thus to meet with his old playmate and companion, after so long a separation. Louis regarded her with real affection, and had ever done so; for though with that calm and stately demeanor still unchanged, yet there was ever something gentler—kinder in her manner, when she addressed him, that pleased and won him.

She seemed even unusually lovely, too, this morning; for the cool, soft winds came freshly from the nearer hills, touching her fair cheek with a rosy tinge, and bringing a darker, clearer light to her beautiful eyes; and when, turning her face to him, she smiled, with more than her accustomed air of animation and enjoyment, saying, "What a charming hour this is, Louis!" he could not help expressing the thought that occupied him.

"Yes; but not half so charming as you are, *ma belle cousine*," he returned, guily, yet earnestly, as he kissed her fair hand. "I was just deceiving myself with the idea that you were cheating me with a shadow; it was only when you spoke that I was undeceived. I forgot that the goddess—"

"Louis, no compliments!" uttered his cousin, imperatively. "Here comes my father."

CHAPTER III.

ROSE LAMONTE AND A LOVER.

It was on the night of the adventure of Count Louis, during his journey, that two men might have been seen emerging from the forest, and directing their steps in the road to the cottage of Hugh Lamonte, which Louis had left some ten minutes previously.

One of these, the elder, was a tall, sturdy man, dressed in the coarse garb of a peasant, and, as one could discern by the clear light of the moon, when she emerged, now and then, from the clouds that were slowly sailing across the heavens, possessing a rather rough physiognomy, though, perhaps, its coarse appearance was increased by the bushy, curling hair, the heavy beard, the dark moustache, and overhanging brows; for his features were by no means displeasing. At present, they wore a look of deep thought, an air almost of sternness, as he walked rapidly, and in silence, listening to his companion, who was speaking in low, but bitter and angry tones, and evidently on some exciting subject.

This man, whose dress was much the same as that of the first, save that a brace of heavy pistols—strange accompaniment!—were thrust into a broad belt tied about his waist beneath the rough jacket which he wore, had a less prepossessing appearance than the other.

Like that of his companion, his countenance was unshorn and rude; but the expression of the features was sinister and forbidding, the features themselves, apart from their expression, anything but agreeable. You might have been assured a thousand times that he was nothing more or less than a simple and honest peasant, as he was generally understood to be; but for all that, you would have disliked to meet this man on the highway at midnight, or in the depths of the forest from which he had just emerged.

"I tell you," he was saying, vengefully,—"I tell you, if I have but the power, I will make him pay dear for this: two of our best fellows disabled, and my own brains nearly knocked out by that arm of his. Who would think it had so much strength? *Diable!* but it makes me ashamed."

"Chut, Gasparde!" said the other, a little sternly; "do you want to show your claws? Better speak a little lower, if you don't want to put your neck in danger. One can never tell how many ears there may be in these bushes along here."

"*N'importe*—I can shut them up, unless they belong to another like the one that dealt with me to-night. I shall feel his fist for a little while to come."

"Do you want to put yourself in the way of feeling it again?"

"Wait till I get on his track the next time, *mon brave!* I'll finish him neater than a butcher would a calf. I'll cure him of his impudence!"

"Better hold your tongue, comrade. Why didn't you cure him to-night!—three to one, and beaten at that! A fine story to tell the men!"

"Who knew he had his pistols? He must have found out before he started that somebody had drawn his teeth. Ah, he bit with them, I can tell you! If we had a dozen like him in the band, it would be worth something, captain. As it is, I'll take care he doesn't do us any harm, now that he has got off. If you had been there to-night, instead of minding something else, we might have sung a different tune; but now all the way to mend matters is to give him a little music to dance to. Ah! won't I make him caper!"

"Blockhead!" muttered the elder, with a frown.

"What do you say, then, captain?" asked his companion.

"Nothing, Gasparde. But here we are, and the light is burning in the window," as they reached the cottage.

"And Mademoiselle Rose waiting for her father, no doubt," added the other.

Without any rejoinder, the elder of the two knocked at the door. In a moment it was unfastened from within, and pretty Rose Lamonte opened it wide, uttering a joyful exclamation as she met the new-comer.

"Dear father!" she cried, gladly, "why did you not come before? I was beginning to be alarmed." And she threw her arms about his neck.

"Take care, *petite!*" he said, kissing her gently; "you will get wet; my clothes are none of the driest, as you see. I came home as soon as I could, for the rain."

"Poor papa! yes—you are quite wet. It is a pity!" And with her hand in his, she was drawing him in, when her glance fell, for the first time, on the figure of the man behind him. She half started, and a slight frown was visible upon her pretty face, but she quickly dispelled it, and, nodding carelessly, said: "Good evening, Gasparde."

Then, without taking further notice of him, she led the way to the kitchen with her father.

The man closed the door, and then following them, seated himself on a wooden bench by the hearth; while Hugh Lamonte (for the elder of the two was he), putting off his heavy hobnailed shoes, took them in his hand, and crossed the kitchen floor carefully, as one could see, to avoid soiling it as well as he could, saying, with a slight gesture, to Gasparde, as he passed through a door on the other side of the apartment: "Wait awhile, Gasparde,—wait awhile, and I will be with you again." And he closed the door behind him.

Meanwhile, Rose put away her wheel, swept up a few dead ashes lying on the hearth, and then busied herself about her father's supper, without once speaking to or in any way noticing the guest.

He, however, eyed her from time to time, as she moved about the room, with a glance which she evidently felt, rather than saw, to be fixed upon her, and which she as apparently studied to avoid. And truly there was nothing agreeable in the regards of this man,

which were, certainly, close and pertinacious enough to be annoying. He was the cousin of Rose, the nephew of her mother, who was dead, and he dwelt in a village some five miles distant on the other side of the forest. Occasionally he came to the cottage to see her father on some errand or other, sometimes, too, without any visible object; so that it was not at all unlikely, when you could see nothing else for a reason, that the pretty face of Rose herself drew him thither, which was, after all, the case.

This, indeed, Rose more than suspected, from his having vaguely hinted something of the kind more than once, and that was partly the cause of her having saluted him so ungraciously to-night. She had never liked him; he was disagreeable to her, and the knowledge of his partiality for herself a thousand times increased her aversion to him. For even the love of a person whom we dislike and dread is odious to us.

So, as I have said, she busied herself about a thousand things to-night, while his unwelcome glance was upon her, wounding inwardly, what could have brought him thither, and wishing, every moment, that he would go away. But her father lingered in the room, and Gasparde stayed, waiting for him, till the patience of the young girl was well nigh exhausted.

But before her tormentor took his departure, it was yet more severely tried; for after some ten minutes of utter silence, finding that she was determined not to speak, he opened the conversation on his own responsibility.

"Well, Rose," he said, "you are silent to-night. You are ill perhaps?"

"No—I am not ill," she answered, coldly.

"You are not glad, then, to see me?" he continued.

"I did not say so," she replied, without looking at him.

"You will say nothing, Rose, that is pleasant or kind. Come, you might give me a friendly word when I have walked such a long way to-night."

"I did not give you the trouble, if it is a trouble."

"I came partly for the sake of being company to your father—that he can tell you," said Gasparde.

The pretty lip of Rose slightly curled. Her father need company!—a stout, bold, sturdy peasant, who was afraid of nothing human, and who, she very well knew, passed through the forest every time he went to market, and often returned after nightfall, too. "A probable story!" thought the young girl. "He only says it for the sake of appearing amiable."

"And so," she said, aloud, glancing, at the same time, at the strange adornments which he wore at his waist,—and so, as my father was not able to take care of himself—"She paused a moment. He had not seen the quick glance which she cast at his belt as she spoke, and standing an instant with her eyes fixed on his face, in silence, she suddenly said: "What are your pistols for?"

He started, and put his hand to them, remembering with consternation that he had forgotten to conceal them before entering. Recovering himself, however, he answered, putting on a careless look:

"O, these are arms that I brought on purpose to-night; for you know it is a much later hour than the one at which your father usually returns, and they would be good for both of us to have, if we were coming through the forest, in case of danger; besides, I should not want to go back alone and unarmed at this time of night."

Rose gave a shrug, too slight for him to notice.

"I would advise you, then," she said, "to take them out as soon as you get home, if you are afraid to do so before; some things make one look more like a brigand than an honest peasant, and I venture to say you will stand a worse chance with them without them, if you happen to meet any one stronger (she was going to say, *worse*) than yourself."

Her tone was contemptuous enough for him to understand; but, without appearing to heed it, he said:

"O Mademoiselle Rose, if you think so, I will take them out, and leave them here until I come again."

"I beg you will do no such thing," she returned, coldly; "we dislike affairs of that kind very much indeed, never having been compelled to use them. My father is too poor and too humble, and too honest to need them; so I should not like to have them seen here."

If she had been watching him closely, she might have observed something marvellously like a sneer on his face as she mentioned her father.

"O, I dare say, Mademoiselle Rose," he said, "your father has handled pistols more than once in his life. There are not many men who have not."

"Still, I repeat, we do not like them," she responded, "and had rather you would not leave them here." And then she was silent.

The stillness continued for some moments, while Rose wished impatiently that her father would make his appearance; but it was presently broken by Gasparde, who said, quietly:

"I have been thinking, Cousin Rose, as I came along to-night, of a very serious matter."

But as Rose did not once attempt to break the pause which he allowed to follow his words, by offering him the least encouragement to proceed, he mustered audacity without.

"I have been thinking for a long time," he went on, "that it is very lonely living without a wife, and as I am an honest fellow, likely to make my way in the world, though, perhaps, I am not so handsome a man as a pretty maiden might choose, yet I know, cousin, that you are too sensible a girl to refuse a good husband on that account, and will, perhaps, think reasonably of the affair. Will you marry me, Rose?"

"No, Gasparde, I will not," she replied; "and I wonder you ever presumed to think of such a thing."

"O, you are jesting, cou-sin,—you are jesting, surely," he said; "do but consider the matter. Come, I will make you a good husband, as I said before, though I think it hardly ought to be repeated."

"Hardly, indeed," she returned, slightly, twisting his last words to suit her own fancy. "But for all that, Gasparde, I never will marry you, and you need not ask me again."

And, quite wearied with his pertinacity—indeed, with the very sound of his voice,—he went out and shut herself in her own room till he should be gone.

She had but just retired from the kitchen, when Hugh Lamonte re-entered it, bearing a small basket, which he gave to Gasparde.

"These are the things," he said. "But, Gasparde—those pistols in your belt?" and his glance rested upon them uneasily; "we forgot them. Did Rose notice them?"

"Yes; but I smoothed it all. She thinks, I suppose, I am a great coward. I made up a grand story of being afraid in the forest. Well, no matter. All the better—isn't it, captain?"

"She is as well not to know."

The father paused. His guest arose.

"Well, I am going, captain. Shall you be at the rendezvous to-morrow night?"

"Hush! do not speak loud. I cannot tell. It is probable, don't h. Good night." And he closed and barred the door behind Gasparde. And returning to the kitchen, he sank into a seat, with a bitter sigh.

"O, for your sake, my poor, innocent child," he murmured, "I would forsake this miserable way of life, but I dare not—I dare not!" and he covered his bowed face. Then, rising and pacing the room with an unquiet step, he went on: "Poor Rose! to think of the deceit—the crime, that surrounds you! even I, who should be honest, being the protector of a sinless child like you,—even I am unfit—ashamed, to look in your face! And you think me a good man! compelled to steal out in the dead of night to scenes of crime and darkness, and then return to meet your loving, holy kisses, and listen to your childlike words, that thrust a thousand daggers through me, because their purity shows me my own guilt in the blackest hue! O, Rose—Rose! to think of the wrongs I have done, and yours the greatest! Doomed to a life of toil and hard lips, to the life of a slave, from the day when you first breathed the air of this most accursed dwelling, dreaming that I am innocent as yourself, and loving me with an affection that you never owed me. Yet, O, my darling! if, through your prayers, I yet turn away from sin, your mission in this humble place has not been a vain one; and when, one day, you are shown the deceit, the fraud, the dark wrongs done you by the one whom you love and reverence with a daughter's tenderness, may you not quite atone for me?"

A light footstep echoed without, and he dashed away a tear, while he turned for a moment to the casement, in order to gain composure ere Rose entered.

The door opened, and, cautiously, pretty Rose entered. A quick glance east about the room assured her that her disagreeable cousin had taken his departure. She ran joyfully to her father's side, exclaiming:

"He has really gone, then! Why did he come to-night, dear father? I thought he never *would* go away."

"You do not like him, Mignonne?" asked her father, tenderly, as he kissed her and smoothed her bright hair with a loving touch.

"Like him?—no, papa, nor ever did. He is not a pleasant visitor, by any means. He—but you are not well; you are tired," she interrupted, as she detected, with her quick perceptions, the slight quiver in her father's tones, for he had not been quite successful in concealing his agitation.

"Yes," he said; "I am tired, dear child!" And he sighed.

"Poor papa! Well, you shall come and eat some supper. See, it is all ready, and while you are doing so, I will tell you something."

And persuading him to sit down at the table, she seated herself near him, and pressed him to eat. To please her, he made a pretence of supping, merely, for, in his downcast mood, he could scarcely touch a morsel; and to divert her attention from his troubled countenance, he said:

"Well, Rose, child, what is it you have to tell me? Let me hear it."

"Somebody has been here, papa. Can you guess who?"

"Not very well to-night, dear Rose. You must tell me instead."

"Well, then. It was the young Count Louis—the Count d'Artois, papa. He has come to visit the chateau, as we heard he was about to do."

At this, Hugh Lamonte slightly started. His knife dropped to the floor, and he quickly stooped to pick it up, exclaiming, "How careless!" Rising, he resumed his repast.

"The count has been here, Rose? What did he come here for?"

"For shelter."

Hugh Lamonte turned pale.

"Well, Rose,—for shelter? You are not very explicit. Shelter from what?" His tone was hasty and agitated. He seemed to be aware of it, for he added immediately: "You must talk both to and for me, dear child, to-night, and not leave me anything to do, for you see I am fatigued. Tell me all about it, Rose. What did he want shelter for, and what did he say?"

"It was raining very hard, you know, papa," she answered, gently, "and he was journeying to the chateau. He stopped until the storm was over."

"O, that was it, then,—the rain? Yes; I forgot. I am so used to storms myself.—But he has gone to the chateau, then? Did he say anything about—I suppose he has had a pleasant journey, and a safe one, so far?" And Hugh, while pretending to

continue his supper, and speaking in a careless tone, marked carefully her manner and her replies.

"Yes, papa; he must have got nearly to his good uncle's by this time. I do not know what kind of a journey he has had; he said nothing about it, so, I suppose, it must have been pleasant. Yes; now I recollect, he said he came from Lyons, and on horseback, and he was going to the chateau, that was all."

He was silent for a little time, and seemed to be reflecting deeply. Then he said:

"Well, I am glad the boy is well and prosperous. I am glad we had a roof to offer him in time of need. May we have a shelter for him in more bitter extremities!" Checking himself, as his tone grew too earnest, he added: "I have known the young man, Rose, ever since his early childhood, though I have met him but few times, and he does not know me. We have received many kindnesses at the hands of the marquis and his family, and I am grateful to them, and would willingly render them any service in my power. I trust, one day, to repair, in some measure—" He paused again, abruptly, as if afraid of uttering too much. Then rising, he embraced his daughter with sad tenderness. "Rose," he said, "dear child, it is almost midnight, and I am keeping you here till you are weary. Do not sit up again for me, if I should not come home early when I have been away. You toil closely enough, without wearing out your bright eyes for my sake, too. You have a miserable life at best, my darling. Some day, perhaps, I shall be able to make it better, some day not far hence. You have been a good child, Mignonne."

"Father—dear father!" she said, saddened and pained by his manner; and winding her arms about his neck, she kissed him fondly.

"Don't, Rose," he whispered, putting her gently from him, and turning away from those innocent lips with a pang of distress.

"Dear Rose, go; good-night."

"Good-night, papa." And, turning sorrowfully away, she went to her own little room.

"I wonder what it can be that vexes him?" she murmured, with the tears in her eyes, as she prepared to retire. "He seems so sad to-night. My poor father!"

And, meanwhile, Hugh Lamonte paced his own apartment with a stern brow and a heavy heart, in which a thousand racking and tormenting thoughts rioted. Lowly and humble seemed his daily life; honest and good, though poor, he himself esteemed, and yet secret sin and years of hidden anguish and remorse were daily and hourly cankering in his soul. The sturdy, honest-seeming, hard-working peasant, whom people beheld from day to day laboring from morning till night, and commended for his industry, was one of a band of robbers who infested the neighboring forests and towns, and not only a member, but the chief of the band. Under cover of his constant industry and the estimation of his neighbors, he led a life of hidden crime. But it was only in the darkness that he practised it; only when he could steal forth, after his innocent, unsuspecting child was sleeping (for even she knew nothing of all this), and no neighbor was abroad to watch his steps; and stealing back again ere the dawn, met her at the usual hour in the morning, and prepared to pass another day of rustic labor, and await another night of crime.

Thus it had been for years, and this was not his worst deed, either. Yet this man had not always been bad. Away back, in the lapse of time, shone forth the light of happy years, and innocent thoughts and deeds; of an unstained conscience and a pure heart; of a life that *once* was sinless. But he dared not look upon these things now.

For though he had long since sickened of these scenes of crime, and though he would gladly have forsaken them, he could not burst asunder the bonds that held and shackled him. He dared not seek a separation from the crew of desperate, lawless men who looked to him as their leader. There was many a dull gleam from the smothered fires of innocence in his heart, and the brightest, the most enduring, was his love for his child. For her sake, if not for his own, he would have abandoned his career of vice; but every yearning impulse for better things met with disappointment; at every turn, he felt how powerless he was for good.

And the consciousness almost maddened him. There were times when he would have plunged a thousand degrees deeper into vice than ever he had yet done, that he might stifle these better feelings—these promptings of the yet living monitor within, since they were in vain; and then it was only the ever-present image of his child that saved him,—the memory of her sweet face and innocent life, of her faith and of her love. Poor Rose!

It was this Gasparde—this man whom we have seen with him to-night—who planned the last expedition. They were Lamonte's men who attacked Louis d'Artois in the forest; and Gasparde was one of them. They were defeated, as we have seen, to the infinite surprise and secret satisfaction of Hugh, who, while he had been unwilling to give consent to the plan, and yet had not dared offer opposition to Gasparde, who was next to himself in authority, had yet managed to avoid joining in its execution. Indeed, his errand that day from home had been secretly to warn Louis of the danger awaiting him; but he had missed seeing him, and failed in his project. He did not know that the count had been warned, notwithstanding; and, knowing that the weapons of Louis had been rendered useless, in a measure, before his day's journey was commenced, was astounded to learn, on reaching the rendezvous in the forest, that he had baffled his enemies, and not only baffled them, but given them ample reasons for remembering him for some time to come. Gasparde himself, the first of the assailants, whom Louis had disposed of so summarily, had narrowly missed being killed outright; while the other two were injured in such a manner as to make it doubtful whether they would attempt another affair of the kind for some months.

That he was possessed of loaded pistols, was Gasparde's chief matter of perplexity, for he himself had taken care that the charges should be withdrawn, just after Louis had examined them to see that they were in good order, that morning, before setting out. He concluded that the young man must have re-examined them afterwards, and discovering the state of affairs, had repaired the mischief. How far he was right, the reader already knows.

Hugh Lamonte had reasons for not wishing to injure Louis d'Artois, or any of his people; and he earnestly desired to save him from the clutches of Gasparde, who had led this affair through-out; for he was more than apprehensive that if the count made a firm resistance, and gave them too much trouble, unless that resistance were overpowering, he would only exasperate his assailants, who might easily murder him in their rage and impatience. And now that he had indeed escaped, and left them with so severe a reminder of their defeat, Hugh trembled for him more than ever. He knew that Gasparde was enraged at the loss of the prize he had counted on, and yet more deeply at the treatment to which he and his men had been subjected, and that, if opportunity were given, he would be made to feel the vengeance of his desperate adversary, for Gasparde had sworn to make him pay dearly for that night's work.

Hugh felt troubled now for the future safety of the young man. It was his study how he might warn him of the danger which menaced him, so that he might avoid it. He knew that the neighborhood would be a dangerous one for him; he had even risked much in coming to the cottage that night; for if Gasparde had come a little earlier, he would have seen the count. At all events, Hugh thought it fortunate that Rose had not mentioned to her cousin the visit of Louis, and resolved to warn her concerning it.

These things occupied him long after Rose had retired, and it was not until an hour after midnight that he sought his own couch; yet he remained for some time, still, in a state of wakefulness, revolving a thousand affairs in his mind that had already brought many an untimely wrinkle to his brow, and many a silver thread to the rich brown locks that clustered about his head.

CHAPTER IV.

GASPARDE'S PERSEVERANCE. THE DAUGHTER OF A MARQUIS.

AT the break of day, Rose Lamonte had risen, and was busying herself with her simple household affairs. Her father slept until an unusually late hour; but she would not disturb him, remembering his weariness of the night previous; so she set his breakfast to wait for him, and, sitting down in the sunshine by the door, took her little spinning-wheel, and applied herself to work with ready fingers, while she awaited his appearance.

Before the sun was two hours high, however, Hugh made his appearance. He seemed lighter hearted, by far, this morning; his slumbers had evidently refreshed him. Indeed, this was the case; and at the sight of Rose, with her bright face, and her pleasant smile, and the air of comfort and cheerfulness that everywhere was visible, betraying the beautifying touch of those fairy fingers of hers, he could not but wear a smile himself.

"O, you are better, papa, this morning; you are quite rested—are you not?" asked Rose, joyfully, as he gave her his good-morning kiss.

"Quite rested, Mignonne," he answered, with quiet cheerfulness, "and quite ready for breakfast, too," he added, with a smile, as he saw the repast awaiting him. "I have slept a great while,—have I not, Rose?"

"Not a bit too long, papa. I am glad you have slept so well. You will feel better for work to-day. You needed rest, after your long walk yesterday, and being up so late last night."

He ate his breakfast, and talked with Rose on one subject and another for awhile, then rising, he went to the door to look out. He stood there a moment, while his daughter was clearing the table, and instantly turning about, he said:

"Rose, do not speak to anybody of the count's visit here last night. To *anybody*—you hear, child?"

"Yes, papa."

He waited, reflectively, an instant, and then added:

"And especially to Gasparde."

Rose looked a little perplexed.

"No, indeed,—not to him. But why *especially* to Gasparde, papa?"

"Because, I wish it, Rose. And if you should see the young count in this neighborhood again, you are to be equally silent; you must tell it only to me."

"Yes, papa." And though Rose could not divine her father's reasons for these directions, she was wise enough to ask no farther questions.

Hugh put on his hat, and went out, but returned almost immediately, saying:

"Rose, where could this have come from?" And he showed her a gold coin of considerable value.

"That? I am sure I do not know. Where did you find it?" she asked, in a tone of surprise.

"In the manger. Who has been there?"

"O, I know!" exclaimed the young girl, after a moment's thought. "It must have been the count, papa, for no one else has been there since you, that I know of."

Hugh looked at the money a moment, and a slight smile rested on his lip.

"The young man is very good, to pay so liberally for an hour's shelter in a poor man's hut," he said. "But he was delicate about it, too; that is, if—" He paused a moment, and then added: "Did he offer this money to you, Rose?"

"He offered me nothing, dear father, except thanks. Possibly he guessed that I would have taken nothing beside."

"Well—well, Rose; you may take it now, since he has left it, and put it away. We are poor, but not poor enough to need that. It may lie untouched—a keepsake of the count's. Mayhap we never shall see him again. And now, I am going up to the farm of neighbor Antoine. I shall be back by noon, I think. Good-morning, Rose."

He went, and left her standing there by the easement, still, with her glance resting thoughtfully on the gold in her hand, and a slight blush rising to her cheek.

But presently, putting the coin away in the box with her mother's picture, she turned away with a half sigh, and commenced setting the simple furniture of the apartment in better order, and then went out into the little garden belonging to the cottage to gather flowers. She plucked a small basketful, arranged them quickly and with exquisite taste, and then, tying on a little rustic hat, worn and old, but still very becoming, and made really beautiful by the lovely face and waving hair it shaded so coquettishly, set out on the road that led through the valley, among the distant hills, and far beyond, to the chateau.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

This was her daily custom, as long as the flowers blossomed in the cottage garden; for mademoiselle liked flowers, and there was no garden near the chateau, only thick woods, and the narrow lawn that surrounded the stone walls of the courtyard; so she engaged Rose to bring her the flowers she raised.

Rose was very proud of her flowers, and she loved them, too. This morning, she had brought the first of the rare white roses which had opened in the warm sunshine on her favorite tree, and, charmed with their beauty and fragrance, she could not help looking upon them with real affection, as if they were living things, as she walked along.

"I know Mademoiselle Helen will be pleased with them," she said, to herself, "they are so beautiful. And how magnificent she will be when she has some of the finest of them in her hair! But she scarcely needs them, she is so lovely already. If she only were not quite so haughty. But I think she is naturally kind-hearted. I wonder what her cousin, the young count, thinks of her? Surely he cannot but admire her."

With such reflections as these, she was continuing her way, when a shadow fell across the sunlit path, and startled her. Raising her head, she beheld her cousin Gasparde.

"Good-morning, Mademoiselle Rose," he said.

Carelessly and briefly, she returned his salutation, and was hurrying on, to escape from his unwelcome presence, when he laid his hand on her arm.

"Stop a moment, Cousin Rose; I want to ask you a question. I came over to the cottage a moment ago, and found neither your father nor yourself at home. I wanted to see him, on business. I caught sight of you coming along the road here, and so hurried on to overtake you, to ask you where he is."

"He is at the house of neighbor Antoine, I believe," answered Rose, coldly; "at least, he said he was going there. But let me go, if you please, Gasparde," and she slipped her arm away from his hand, whose lightest touch was disagreeable to her,—“let me go; I am in a great hurry. I am going to the chateau."

"O, are you?" he said, coolly; "then I will accompany you as far as neighbor Antoine's, where I may meet your father. One always likes company on so lonely a road as this." And he very quietly walked along by her side.

Rose was very much annoyed at this proceeding, and a sharp rebuke for his audacity was rising to her lips, but on second thoughts she repressed it; for she not only disliked, but feared him as well; and whatever she might have been tempted to say when at home, and under the protection of her father, she dared not provoke him now. So she was silent; but she made all possible haste, walking as fast as she could, and keeping her glance resolutely turned away from her disagreeable companion.

"Don't hurry so, Mademoiselle Rose,—don't hurry so," he said, as he, too, walked lightly and rapidly, to keep pace with her; "it never does one any good. A pleasant morning like this, and pleasant company besides, are two very good things, and it is not wise to place too light a value on them."

Rose made no rejoinder, but walked as fast as ever.

"So you are going to the chateau," he continued, glancing at her basket, "to carry your flowers, I dare say."

"Yes," answered the young girl, shortly.

"It is a great pity to carry so many fine flowers to one who pays you so miserably for them," he said; "better dress your own hair with them. They would become you a great deal more than Mademoiselle Helen."

The fair cheek of Rose colored with a deeper tinge. Gasparde's insolent advice, and yet more insolent flattery, incensed her.

"Mademoiselle Montauban is very good to me," she answered. "She gives me what my flowers are worth, to the last sou, and often much more. I shall carry them to her."

"Just as you please, my pretty cousin. I never waste words. One would be a great fool to do that."

He walked on by her side, whistling some gay air from time to time; but he did not speak again for a long while. Rose was in dread lest the subject of discussion which had arisen between them the night before should be renewed. But he kept on, whistling and meditating by turns, without recurring to it; and hoping, as they went on, that he did not mean to trouble her with it again, she began to feel somewhat relieved.

At length, however, he stopped whistling, and glanced down at his companion's face.

"They say the Count d'Artois has arrived at the chateau," he remarked.

Rose was silent, though she saw some rejoinder was expected.

"I suppose there will be gay doings there now," he went on, seeing that she did not mean to speak; "for the count is a gay man, and not a very good one, either," he added, maliciously, though he knew nothing whatever of the count's character. "People tell that he is a little too fond of cards, and a little too fond of wine, and a great spendthrift into the bargain."

Yet Rose was silent, though her cheeks grew hotter at his wanton words. It was nothing to her what character the gentleman might bear; for was she not almost an utter stranger to him? But she had seen him, and conceived a good opinion of him, and she was ashamed and indignant at Gasparde's mischievous, ill-natured remarks.

"Report says, too," continued Gasparde, "that he is about to marry his beautiful cousin, Mademoiselle Helen. The contract was made years ago. What do you think of all that, Cousin Rose?" for he was determined, by a direct question, to make her speak to him.

"I think you are very wicked and very disagreeable," she answered, plainly, "in pulling other people's characters to pieces, and a gossip who meddles with other people's affairs. Fie on you, Gasparde! I am ashamed of you!" and she hurried on.

"Hard words—hard words, Mademoiselle Rose," said Gasparde, speaking in a careless tone, and biting his lips, to conceal the vexation caused by her sharp reproof; "but coming from such pretty lips, I never could take them for earnest in the world. Do you know, Cousin Rose, I have heard it said that a woman ever treats worst the man she best likes; so I take your hard handling for so many compliments, and feel quite flattered by them."

She was more angered than ever, for he seemed quite serious in what he said; but fortunately, as she thought, they just then came up to the village, and she thought every moment that he would



ROSE ON HER WAY TO THE CHATEAU WITH FLOWERS.

leave her, and cross over to the farm of Antoine Lebrun, which was seen through the trees on the right. But he kept along with her.

"You are passing the farm, Gasparde; do you see?" she said. "I thought you were going there."

"O, I will go with you a little further, and stop there as I come back," he answered, carelessly. "Do you take me for an unmannerly churl, Cousin Rose, to leave a pretty maiden to finish her walk alone, after having gone with her so far? No—no! And, besides, there was something else about which I wished to speak to you."

Rose grew a little paler; but she neither looked at nor answered him. And still she hurried on, glad that she was so near the end of her walk, for she had almost reached the ascent to the chateau.

"Well, cousin," said Gasparde, "I hope you have thought better of the offer which I made to you last night."

"No, nor ever shall," she answered, resolutely, though with a slight tremulousness of tone.

"That is a great pity; for I am resolved to have you, at all events, my dear, so you need not be shy. We will consider that affair as quite settled. And now, there is another question still, Rose. I suppose you haven't seen this rascally young count of whom we have been speaking?"

There was a sneer in his tone. His evil glance, in a sidelong direction, scanned the young girl's countenance.

She did not answer.

"O, you won't tell, eh?" he said. "I suppose if I should ask a closer question, I might get you to talk. Was he at the cottage last night, or this morning?"

"I will not tell you," she uttered, trembling in every limb with fear and indignation. And she attempted to spring up the path; but he seized her hand, and prevented her.

"Not so fast, my dear. I must keep you a little longer. Listen, now. I know he was there, although you have been very careful not to tell me; for the tracks of a horse's feet and a gentleman's

boots are in the soil outside, the latter belonging to the count, I am pretty sure. I have his measure. But he won't come there again, mind that! Now, my pretty cousin, you may give me a kiss."

"Gasparde, let me go!" she cried, in terror and disgust, as he held her hand.

"O, you won't give me one,—will you? Why, then, I must take it."

"Must you? There are two words to that bargain, my man!"

It was a light form that sprang out of the thicket by the wayside; a resolute voice that uttered these words; a graceful arm, with iron force, that laid the rascal, at one stroke, prostrate on the earth. And Gasparde, lying at the feet of his assailant, was almost insane with rage. He had seen that form, heard that voice, felt the weight of that arm, to his cost before.

And Count Louis stood there quietly, as Gasparde rose again to his feet, shaking his clenched hand with muttered menaces, and seemingly inclined to return the attack.

"Come, you want some more, my fine fellow, I think," said the gentleman. "If that is the case, I can finish you as well now as any time. You deserve a sound thrashing, and I am quite willing to administer it. Are you ready to receive it?"

The man gave a vengeful glance, another warning with that clenched hand, and, turning, walked rapidly down the ascent, without uttering a word.

The count looked after him an instant, and then joined Rose, who, with blended fear and interest, had watched this brief scene.

"Ah, monsieur, I thank you very much!" she said, gratefully, as he advanced towards her.

"And I am very glad that I happened to be near," he returned, with a frank smile, "to chastise the insolent fellow. Why, he was over-bold, Rose! Who is he?"

"A worthless cousin of mine, monsieur," replied Rose, "who has undertaken to annoy me occasionally, of late. I hope his well deserved punishment will teach him better manners for the future."

"I hope so; but it will be best to beware of him now. You must keep, as much as possible, out of his way."

"That I have always done, monsieur. But he has never been so daring before."

"I think I heard him mention me, Rose. What did he say?" asked the young count.

Rose Lamonte blushed slightly, as she replied:

"He said that you should never come to the cottage again."

"Ah, yes; I heard it; I remember now. And he knew of my visit by the footprints? He must have been watching me closely. Yet, where could he have seen me? I only completed the journey from Lyons last night."

"He says he was at the cottage after I left, an hour ago, and seeing that the tracks came from the forest road, and having heard on the way thither that you arrived at the chateau last night, he must, I suppose, have concluded them to be yours."

"Ah, yes; that is it—that is it. And so he says it will be my last visit? Not with your leave to the contrary, my little friend; for it is necessary, I think, that I should accompany you home, to see that he does not trouble you on the way."

"Indeed you are very kind," said Rose; "but I think Mademoiselle Helen will send Jessie with me, if I ask her. I will not trouble you."

"No—no, Rose. It is a long and lonely way, and Jessie, I think, is none too brave. You will need

more efficient assistance than she would be likely to afford, if he should undertake to renew his persecutions."

The young girl could offer no further opposition to his decision, and so she entered, without saying anything more, the great gate of the court, which he held open for her.

The good marquis was standing on the terrace steps, as they went up.

"Good-morning, my child," he said, kindly, to her. "Out so early with your roses?"

She smiled.

"Yes, monsieur; and they are very fine ones. See!"

"Yes, indeed. And you have brought a rare supply of them. But, after all, you will carry back more than you bring. Your walk has done you good, I see;" and he smilingly stroked her damask cheek, to which the exercise, and a little excitement together, had indeed brought the sweetest of roses.

Coloring still more deeply, our heroine, with laughing eyes, ran up the steps, and disappeared within the entrance of the chateau.

"Why, uncle," said Count Louis, gaily, as he looked after her retreating figure, and then turned to the marquis, "that was gallant, I must say. But—"

"But, I suppose, my dear boy," interrupted the marquis, in the same light strain, "you think that I should have left it for you to say instead? Not by any means, Louis. Rose is safe with my compliments. Heaven preserve her from those of a younger and handsomer man than myself! But, seriously, Louis, Rose is an innocent child, and I should not like to have you take pattern too carelessly by me, to whom she awards such freedom. And now, nephew, where did you come across Helen's little protegee, this morning?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

As it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy, so it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.—Addison.



ICE-BOAT IN THE BAY OF TORONTO, CANADA.

WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA.

The accompanying engravings illustrate the way in which our Canadian neighbors contrive to make some of the moments of their long and dreary winter slip by pleasantly and happily. The first engraving represents a skating and sailing scene on the Bay of Toronto. The ice boats are generally simple contrivances, consisting of a couple of rough boards joined at right angles, with a skate at either end of the cross pieces, and a movable one on a pivot, which serves as a rudder. The largest boat in our picture is a more elaborate structure—quite a specimen of glacial architecture, and with its comfortable furs, affording suitable accommodations to its fair passengers. Before a strong wind these boats

glide along with almost fearful velocity, and they can be made to lie very close to the wind on occasion. A fleet of these strange yachts, careering amidst a group of wheeling skaters, presents a very striking and animating spectacle. We wonder that amateurs of winter sports have not introduced them extensively into our vicinity. The boats should be made water tight to guard against the consequences of a sudden giving way of the ice. The second engraving shows the interior of an establishment at Quebec, on the Queen's Wharf, got up for the accommodation of a skating club, who were desirous of enjoying their favorite sport, sheltered from the weather and from the snow which so often and for so long a time covers up the skating fields in Canada. The floor of

this building is inundated early in the season to the depth of about a foot—Jack Frost soon accomplishes the rest by converting it into a solid flooring of ice. On the area, crowds of both sexes assemble to take their diversion, the most fearless and graceful skaters being found among the ladies. The motions of the exercise are so graceful, that even the rotund Dutch women of Holland look attractive upon their glittering skates, but when such lovely creatures as the *Canadiennes* appear on the flashing steel, they are perfectly bewitching. They have adopted a sort of Bloomer costume, which is well adapted to the exigencies of skating, whatever may be thought of it as a street dress. No more attractive sight can well be imagined than that presented by this *glaciarium*.



WINTER LIFE IN CANADA—SKATING IN THE CLUB HOUSE, QUEBEC.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO MARY.

BY WM. H. STORRS.

I have loved thee—I have lost thee!
Words of anguish ne'er can tell,
All the feelings that are riven,
And within my bosom swell.
None so blest, but must awaken,
Soon or later from the spell,
That surrounds the one forsaken,
By the loved—the loved too well.

We have parted, and the morrow
Wakes the anguish of to-day;
Suffering in silent sorrow,
Bitter pangs of misery.
Go thy way, in sorrow leave me,
Leave me to my depth of woe,
I would not that thou shouldst listen
To my soul's convulsive throes.

I would hide within my bosom
All its bitterness and pain—
Hide the withering sense of madness,
Stealing through my reeling brain.
Thou hast never known the fullness
Of the heart that clung to thee—
Thou the light of my existence,
And of my dark destiny.

But I've hushed my heart's complaining,
Hushed its anguish and despair,
Mocked its woe by calmly wearing
An unruffled, quiet air.
I've gazed on thee, and turned to thee,
Thou wast my earth—thou my heaven—
Thoughts wildly struggling to be free,
Were from my full heart riven.

But 'tis past—and nowailing
Hurts the sigh, and rolls the tear;
Pride's within my bosom struggling
With the passion of despair.
Then farewell! no longer mourning
O'er the dark, unpleasant theme,
Swift my spirit is returning,
To my youth's first, brightest dream.

Dream of joy! thou dream of gladness!
Vision of seraphic peace,
Drive, O drive this fatal madness
From its last abiding-place.
Wake the echoes softly stealing,
Deepest music to my soul:
Mark the power divinely healing,
O'er its troubled passions roll.

Rise, my soul, in strength reviving,
Turn thee from thy bitter woe;
Let not life be spent in mourning
One fair image lost below.
Duty calls thee—stern, relentless,
Higher, nobler passions call,—
Wouldst thou be a slave forever?
Spurn the soul-benumbing thrall.

Then, on morning-pinions, mounting,
Seek the light, the heat, the sun—
There in soul-bathed beauty rest thee,
From thy task most nobly won:
I would mount the hill of glory,
Where sweet tones of music ring;
List the voice of passioned story,
Sweetly where the muses sing.

There no more shall misery pain thee,—
There shall woe be turned to bliss—
In the mystic halls of glory
Naught there reigns but happiness.
Then farewell all other visions,
Visions, save of future fame;
On the shining portals, write thee,
Write thee there thy humble name.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BLACK DOMINO.

A TALE FROM THE OPERA.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

CHRISTMAS had come, and with it the annual grand masked ball given by the queen at her palace at Madrid. In a small ante-chamber adjoining the ball-room, stood or rather lounged, two young men; Lord Elfort, an Englishman, and his friend, Count Julius. Apparently they had but just arrived, for Julius turned to his friend, almost overpowering him by the rapidity of his expressions of enthusiasm. Lord Elfort gazed languidly, with the air of one too much accustomed to such scenes to feel even a momentary thrill of pleasure at the dazzlingly brilliant scene before him. An expression of scorn curved his handsome lips, and, with a sigh of weariness, he threw himself upon a couch. His friend Julius looked at him with feelings of astonishment mingled with pity, and demanded the reason of his indifference, and before long he was made aware of the fact that Lord Elfort was vexed and dispirited by the loss of quite a large sum of money. It was not the actual loss which so vexed him, but because he had always been considered the best whist player in England, and yet the evening previous he had, while surrounded by admiring countrymen, lost his games, and to a Spaniard, one Horace Massarena. Julius rallied him upon it, and promised if he would come to his house after the ball, to give him a chance to win back his golden guineas and his lost reputation. But that proposition Lord Elfort

declined, upon the plea that his wife was ill at home, and he also disclosed to his quick-witted companion that he was jealous of his wife, and feared this same handsome young Spaniard. Julius tried to reason him out of his absurd notion, proving to him his absurdity, by telling him, which was the truth, that his wife had never seen Senor Horace, nor he her. To all of these arguments he merely replied:

"My wife has expressed a wish to see him. I think he will bring me unhappiness."

Julius smiled an incredulous smile, as he replied with a slight expression of scorn in his voice:

"If she had cared very much about seeing him she would have appeared at the ball this evening."

"Yes, she preferred being ill. I thank her—but it is equal."

And espying Horace, Elfort declared he was going to dance, and disappeared into the ball-room.

Horace Massarena entered the ante-chamber and carelessly seated himself. Julius assailed him with the question as to whether he knew who his entrance had put to flight, but was answered in the negative.

"One of our allies—Lord Elfort! and one of our compatriots, for he has kinsfolks in Spain. He is connected by his wife to the Duke of Olivarez. Apropos of his wife; he has an idea that she is too well disposed in your favor."

"What unworthiness!" exclaimed Horace, his dark eyes flashing. "I do not even know the lady."

"Is it astonishing?" laughed Julius.

"Yes. The Count de San Lucar, my ambassador, entertains great affection for me—and to me, a poor man who has nothing, he wishes to give his daughter—a rich heiress—who is still in the convent, and I don't know whether I ought to accept."

"Sooner twice than once."

"I have come to you, the friend of my youth, to ask advice. Is it right to marry one when you love another?"

"I cannot tell, never having seen the lady in question."

"Neither have I seen her!" exclaimed Horace, petulantly, "and I complain of not having seen her, of spending my life in searching after her, and yet I never met her."

"Horace, my friend, are you out of your senses? You return from France, and the new romances published there, which—"

"Leave me them."

"Are dangerous to weak minds, undoubtedly have—"

"It was not in France! but in Spain, at Madrid. It was here, at the court festival that I saw her for the first time," exclaimed Horace, with a mixture of petulance and eagerness. "At the ball our queen gave last year at Christmas. Imagine, my friend, a—"

"Beautiful face and speaking eyes," laughed Julius.

"She was masked," replied Horace. "If you will listen I will relate my adventure. She was masked, but her form was elegant and her hands the most beautiful knight ever swore oath upon. In dancing—listen well—for I had invited her to dance, and her dancing—"

"Was ravishing," laughed Julius.

"No; she didn't know a figure—she knew nothing. It seemed as if this was the first time she had ever been to a ball. She continually asked simple questions, and in all her movements she mingled a grace and awkwardness perfectly charming. She took my arm and we promenaded through the gorgeous saloons, where everything astonished—everything charmed. But at each word I addressed to her she hesitated, she seemed embarrassed; and I, who am always—you understand—I sympathized with her and she had no fear, I no more. I cannot describe to you the charm she threw over the conversation in spite of her evident embarrassment; what wit and delicacy. I listened and admired. After a while she seemed to become more at ease, and was speaking with great fluency, when suddenly a little masque appeared before her, saying: '*See, the minute has arrived!*' and exclaiming '*already!*' she disengaged her arm from mine and disappeared."

"O, yes! like Cinderella," exclaimed Julius, with a mock sigh.

"I tried in vain to detain her," said Horace, apparently unmindful of his friend's ejaculations. "'Adieu,' she said to me, 'adieu, Senor Horace.'"

"She knew you, then?" inquired Julius.

"I had told her, without her desire, my name, family, my hopes, all my thoughts, even, whilst of her I know nothing. Unwilling to lose her so, I followed at a distance. I saw her and her companion enter a public carriage with a light, springing step which enabled me to see her foot—the most beautiful foot in the world, and at that moment she let fall—"

"Her modest skirt?" inquired, very maliciously, Julius.

"No, no, my friend—her mask! I was near the carriage, at the gate—and never, never shall I forget that lovely face; those black eyes and exquisite features are graven on my heart."

"And the carriage turned into a brilliant, fairy chariot, and vanished before your eyes?" interrupted Julius, with a broad smile on his face.

"You mock me; I shall say no more." And Horace turned on his heel, and was for walking out of the room, when Julius seized him and promising with due solemnity not to jeer any more, Horace continued:

"I became aware that she was embarrassed because she had not her purse, and instantly stepped forward and offered her mine, which she accepted with a sort of graceful embarrassment. Some days afterward I received at my address a little package containing the moderate sum I had advanced, in a beautiful purse embroidered with pearls and gold, and in this purse was a paper, on which was written these words: '*The situation of ambassador's secretary, which at the ball you so desired, you shall have—this evening you will be appointed,*' and it was signed, '*The Black Domino.*' This evening she will return."

"Who told you so?" asked Julius, and it was no feigned interest he felt now.

"A secret instinct. Yes, my friend, it seems to me that she is always near me—and each instant I await her," said Horace, with eagerness.

Just then the music struck up a new dance, and Julius exclaimed, laughingly:

"Pardon, my dear friend—I have a partner who awaits me. I must leave you to the tender mercies of your fairy lady-love," and with a low bow and gay laugh he left.

When left alone, Horace exclaimed:

"He mocks me and perhaps with reason. It was in this very saloon that she first appeared to me. Perhaps she will come again." And Horace threw himself back upon the couch.

Just at that moment two masks entered. One, the shortest, was dressed in a dark purple domino, the other in black. The couch stood in such a way that the two dominoes could not see it as they entered, nor at all unless they turned round. The black domino turned to her companion and eagerly demanded if all arrangements were complete.

"Everything. The carriage will be at the gate upon the minute, and I will be faithful and watchful."

"Remember," returned the black domino, "one moment later, and we are lost!"

"Yes, I know it, and I will be watchful; and do you go in and enjoy yourself, and when the hour approaches, I will warn you."

Just then the black domino removed her mask and turned to enter the ball-room, when she espied Horace, who had closed his eyes and feigned sleep.

"O, heavens!" she exclaimed, while she hastily replaced her mask, "I thought we were alone."

"Rest easy, senora, he sleeps," replied her companion.

The black domino came forward to take a closer look at the sleeper, when she beckoned her companion to approach, and spoke in eager undertones.

"Great heavens! It is him—it is Horace! The young gentleman who protected us last year, Brigitta. Don't you recognize him?"

Brigitta looked at him carelessly, and then, as the orchestra gave the signal for the dancing to re-commence, she hurried to the door of the saloon, while her companion followed more slowly, stopping to place, as she passed Horace, her bouquet by his side. So slowly did she move across the room that the dance had already begun.

"O, senora, how could you, who have so little time, be willing to lose that fine bolera?"

"I will not be so tardy next time, Brigitta."

When the dance was ended Julius came in search of his friend Horace, whom he found fast asleep upon the couch. He shook his friend roughly by the arm, exclaiming:

"Just think of the delicious bolera you have thus stupidly slept through!"

Horace sprang up as if just awakened from a sound siesta, but at the same time, with a gesture he directed his friend's attention to the black domino, informing him in an eager whisper, that it was his fair unknown; and earnestly besought him to engage her companion in the purple domino for the ensuing dance, that he might have an opportunity of speaking unwatched with his masked innamorata. The music came floating through the room, and with a smile Julius approached the purple mask.

"I do not think, angelic mask, that you came to the ball to remain always in this room, and if you will accept me for your cavalier, we will join the dancers."

Brigitta, for that was the name of the purple domino, took the proffered arm and entered the dancing hall, leaving Horace and his lovely unknown together. Angela was about following her companion, when Horace advanced.

"An instant, a single instant, senora!"

"What wish you, senor knight?" asked Angela, disguising her voice.

"Do you not know, senora? Is it necessary for me to tell you that I have recognized you?"

"You must be mistaken," she replied, her voice still disguised.

"Indeed! This bouquet will prove!" exclaimed Horace, as he triumphantly produced the bunch of flowers she had placed upon his couch when he pretended sleep.

"A ruse! a treason!" she exclaimed, laughingly.

"If I am guilty who is to blame? You, who have hid from me—you, who have the advantage of seeing my face while your features are hid from my eyes by the mask."

Angela, with a grace wholly her own, raised her mask. Horace was in transports, and exclaimed:

"O, it is her! I see her to my eyes as she has been to my memory!"

"You must banish that memory," said Angela.

"And wherefore?" demanded Horace.

"Because you will marry—will marry the daughter of Count de San Lucar."

"Never! never!"

"I have thought of this marriage for you; for you have nothing, and in order to sustain your name and birth, you must have a fine fortune," replied Angela, calmly.

"Madame!" exclaimed Horace, impatiently, "think less of my fortune and more of my happiness. Is it only with you—near you—and I declare to you I renounce this marriage, and all who propose it to me—I will never marry—or I will marry you!"

"Ah! who told you I could accept you? Who told you I was free?"

"Great heavens! It is impossible! married!"

"If that was so?"

"Ah! then I should die of grief and despair!"

"Horace!" exclaimed Angela.

"Why have you returned? Why come here?" asked Horace, coldly and despairingly.

"To say farewell—yes, Horace, to give you my last adieu."

"Who are you, then?"

"Who am I? A fairy, a good angel, who follows all your steps with a friendship that never changes."

Angela turned away her head as she said this, and in doing this caught sight of Lord Elfort; hastily replacing her mask, she exclaimed to Horace:

"Take care! they come!"

"What is it, madame?" asked Horace.

"Nothing—but be silent when milord comes here."

"Why?"

"Silence!" peremptorily exclaimed Angela.

Lord Elfort sauntered into the room and approached the two as they stood side by side. As he approached, the mask seemed troubled and grasped Horace's arm nervously.

"Why does my coming cause this domino so much trouble?" asked Lord Elfort, and he bent his eyes searchingly upon the black domino. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "that dress and mask—wholly the same. If I were not sure that my lady—my wife—was fortunately ill at home."

"Why does he regard you so intently and seem so agitated?" asked Horace, in undertones, of his companion.

"I know not," answered Angela, but her voice and figure trembled violently.

Lord Elfort approached Angela nearer, and bowing, said:

"Madame, will you allow me the pleasure of dancing with you?"

"I was about to make the same demand myself of madame," said Horace, bowing.

"I have then the prior claim," replied Lord Elfort.

"The claim is nothing; her wish alone gives the right," haughtily replied Horace.

"For rights, I have, perhaps, much the best," as haughtily answered Lord Elfort.

"Because," exclaimed Horace, fiercely, "madame deigns to accept me!"

"Silence!" exclaimed Angela; extending to Lord Elfort one hand, she said, "this dance with you—the next with you;" and her other hand she gave to Horace; then with a slight courtesy she left the ante-chamber for the ball-room.

Horace threw himself again upon the couch and was shortly joined by Julius. While they were talking, the purple domino entered, apparently in search of her companion. Happening to glance at the clock, she started and exclaimed:

"The hour! It is not possible! The clock in the dancing hall points only to eleven. Heavens! we are lost!"

Julius approached her and consoled her by telling her that the clock in the hall was slow, but that her companion, the black domino, had discovered it and left in haste. The mask seemed horror-struck to find she had not waited for her, and left precipitately. Horace then rose and entered the ball room by a door in front just as milord entered through another on the left. Lord Elfort dashed up to Julius and drawing him into a farther corner, hurriedly exclaimed:

"My friend, my friend—for you are my only one—I am trembling with rage—my wife is here!"

"It is impossible!"

"I have spoken with her myself!" exclaimed Lord Elfort, almost beside himself with rage. "I found her in here *tete-a-tete* with Senor Horace Massarena. You know the elegant figure and step of my lady—you know it as well as I. Eh! well, it was the very same. I have proofs, too. You know my lady, my wife, is of Spanish blood, the blood of the Olivarez—and, like all the ladies of Madrid, carries a handkerchief embroidered with the arms of the family. Well! the unknown—the mask—the domino—had brodered on the corner of her handkerchief the arms of the Olivarez!"

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Julius.

"I saw—I saw it with my eyes. I was furious. I thought I would snatch the handkerchief and mask, but I had no chance, for she suddenly quitted my arm and was lost in the crowd of black dominoes like her own. It was she. Did I not say that Horace de Massarena brought me evil? She came only to see him."

Julius besought his friend to be calm, and told him to order his carriage, and he would drive him to his home sooner than his lady could possibly arrive there, and he would be able to confront her. Lord Elfort dashed off, and while he was gone, Horace entered and was astonished to be saluted by Julius in this wise:

"Arrived at last, unhappy one. When I say unhappy one, I do not mean you alone—but I will not reproach you, for you know nothing—it is not your fault."

Eagerly Horace demanded an explanation of the words of his companion.

"I mean that your invisible fairy—the mysterious beauty, is no other than Lady Elfort!"

"No, no, it is not so! It cannot be!" exclaimed Horace, in despair.

"Tis not thou who ought to complain. Her husband is furious—and knows all—find the lady—re-conduct her to her home. I, in the mean time, will take my lord in my carriage. I will make delays, that you may reach home first. Be calm and quick. I will make all the delays I possibly can. I go for the husband—seek you for the wife!"

So saying Julius hurried from the room, and as he disappeared the black domino entered.

"Fly, madame, fly—all is discovered! Lose one instant, and you are lost!" exclaimed Horace, in utter despair.

"Who has told you?" inquired the mask.

"The count Julius knows you, and—"

"Not in the least," Angela replied, with naivete.

"What falsehood!" passionately exclaimed Horace. "The Count Julius told me your husband knew all."

"My husband?"

"Yes—Lord Elfort—who this moment returns to his hotel."

"Lord Elfort—my husband? Ah! that is amusing and very original," and Angela laughed gaily.

"You laugh? You dare laugh?" and Horace stamped his foot.

"Yes, truly, and not without reason, for I aver to you, senor, that I am not married. As a proof, in spite of what menaces me I will remain here—three-quarters of an hour longer. Only three-quarters of an hour, not a minute more, and as a proof of my sincerity, I will remind you of the contre-dance which begins this minute."

"I am master of the time, and I prefer to talk to you, senora. Since you are not married, since you have never been—you have sworn it to me—as a proof, will you demonstrate it that I may not have a doubt left?"

"How?"

"By accepting my hand."

"Listen, Horace, and do not be angry; but truly, I cannot give you an answer now. I will continue your friend—do not press me for an answer."

"O, heavens! Swear to me, then, that I may have one consoling thought, that I may see you again, alone!"

"I promise it," said Angela, solemnly.

Just then the clock in the tower rang out the hour of twelve. The black domino sprang to her feet, and gazing at the clock in the hall, found it nearly an hour slow. She turned with dismay to Horace, who stood smiling, and in answer to her inquiring look, he said:

"A ruse, dear lady, to keep you by me a little longer."

She uttered a cry of horror.

"What have I done?" asked Horace, in trepidation; who saw, though he understood not the reason, that by his thoughtless act he had caused her much and great misfortune. He earnestly entreated to be forgiven.

"Repair your error by not detaining or following me, and I forgive you," and in an instant she was gone.

* * * * *

The day was dull and cold, and the gray walls of the parlor of the convent of the Annunciades looked dim and gloomy. The room was large, but the windows were narrow and deep-set. On the north side of the room were two gates leading into the courts of the convent; on the west side was the cell of the abbess, and on the east a small gate leading into the garden, and a large arch, through which was obtained a glimpse of the chapel. There entered from the chapel a figure in the dress of a nun; she raised her head and displayed the features of the purple domino of the preceding evening. She exclaimed, as she entered and found herself wholly alone:

"I have tried in vain to tell my beads and say my prayers, but it is impossible—I am too anxious. Sister Angela has not yet returned to the convent. A minute more and all the entrances will be closed, even the little garden gate. One hour and the matin bell will ring, and where is she and what shall I say when she does not appear! What scandal! I know the vows have not been pronounced—and I soon quit the convent to be married; but she—poor Angela, what has become of her? The future abbess of the Annunciada obliged to be discovered or lost in the streets of Madrid! If I could only conceal her absence for this morning—but here comes sister Ursula, the most deceitful and spiteful of all. By her manner she suspects all is not right. I fear she will soon know all, and be glad to do so, for if Angela is discovered or lost, she will be abbess."

Brigitta resumed her prayers and quietly saluted sister Ursula, who wished, she said, to see sister Angela. Brigitta corrected, rather maliciously the question, substituting abbess for the word sister, whereupon Ursula descended upon the propriety of calling her abbess before she had taken the veil, because Angela D' Olivarez was rich and cousin to the queen; and informed Brigitta that her family was as noble and rich, and that Angela might be disappointed in her ambition; and further informed Brigitta that when Angela took the vow of poverty her property went to her only kinsman, Lord Elfort, a heretic. She ceased her speech, and again demanded to see sister Angela, and upon being refused, she declared that the abbess was not in her cell.

Brigitta was in despair, for her anxious ear caught the sound of somebody trying the lock of the garden gate. With sudden thought Brigitta told Ursula that if the abbess had left the convent she did so by the garden gate, for the key was not in its place. Eagerly Ursula went in search of the key. As soon as the door closed behind her, Brigitta produced a duplicate key, and hastily unlocking the gate, admitted Angela in the black domino, who had scarcely time to enter and close the door of the cell before Ursula returned looking disappointed, for the key was in its proper place. Just then Angela's voice was heard in her room, so all her malicious suspicions were dashed to the ground.

* * * * *

The parlor of the convent was filled with the most distinguished guests, among whom were Lord and Lady Elfort, Count Julius and Senor Horace de Massarena, all eager to witness the ceremony of appointing the future abbess. The moment arrived, and Angela, in her nun's dress and veil, stepped from her room. She stood a moment—then in a clear voice thus spoke:

"Sisters, dear sisters, our august mistress, the queen, does not

wish me to be your abbess, and by her express commands I give to sister Ursula that title and supreme power. Her highness also desires me to choose, before I quit you forever, a husband—and this husband will you be, Horace?" And letting her veil slowly fall, she advanced towards Horace, who raised his eyes, and with a cry of joy fell on his knees at her feet. Then swelled the joyful chorus from all.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A FIDDLING DRAGOON.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIAGE.

IN 1809, under the reign of Joseph, Napoleon's brother, in Spain, a young sub-lieutenant of cavalry, in the service of this prince, was made prisoner by the Spaniards at Rivadeo. He was carried to Oviedo, the capital of the Asturias, with his brother, a lieutenant in the same corps, and several companions in arms, under the escort of a horde of soldiers and peasants, the latter, for the most part, armed with forks, pikes and spears. Compelled to march forty-two leagues in seven days to reach the city, in all the places they traversed, the prisoners were subjected to outrage and insult from a vindictive populace, exasperated against the French.

As soon as they arrived at Oviedo, they were thrown into the fortress, which was at that time entrusted to the care of a governor notorious for his bad disposition and severity to prisoners. After some hours of captivity, our young officer, who had studied music in his childhood, and learned to play on the violin at the age of seven, under the direction of a celebrated Italian professor, suffering more from his inability for want of an instrument to cultivate the art he loved so passionately, than from the deprivation of his liberty, ventured, under the pretext of having a secret to communicate, to inform the governor that he solicited an audience.

It was only after a thousand difficulties that the prisoner obtained permission to use his favorite instrument; and a banker of the city, who had formerly been an intimate friend of his father, then French consul in one of the principal cities of Spain, hastened to send him an excellent violin.

The jailer, who had never in his life heard tones of such suavity and harmony from any instrument, could not conceal his admiration and surprise, and boasted of the talent which had so speedily inspired him with ecstacy; and the governor, who was informed of him, soon sent for his young prisoner, suggesting that he should bring his violin with him. But the governor had so long enjoyed a reputation for ferocity and barbarity in the fortress, that our violinist, unable to hope that he would treat him with humanity, obeyed the order, attributing it rather to curiosity than to any other motive.

It was, therefore, with agreeable surprise that he received the most cordial welcome, and an invitation to produce the melodious tones so much vaunted by the jailer. He began by playing an adagio from the works of Haydn, a composer then unknown in Spain, and afterwards an andante from the quatuor of Pleyel, which he had arranged in chords in order to present the simple and graceful harmony. The execution of these pieces was sufficient to display all the fire and sensibility of his soul. The governor, who was sufficiently acquainted with music, in spite of himself betrayed his astonishment at each phrase, and, at the andante, unable longer to conceal the pleasure he experienced, he extended his hand to his prisoner, and confessed with visible emotion that it was the first time in his life he had been so moved. Afterwards he conducted him into his dining-room, and invited him to breakfast. He made him promise first, to say nothing about what had happened, to his unfortunate companions, assured him that he should want for nothing, that he would soften his position and that of his brother as much as possible, and said he had but one regret, and that was, that he could not grant him what he must most desire—liberty. From this time he was withdrawn from the common room, where not only prisoners of war but criminals were confined, and a private chamber was assigned him, in which he could devote himself entirely to the study of music. Our young officer even succeeded in improving the condition of his unfortunate comrades, for the hardened heart of the governor had softened by degrees, thanks to the tender and passionate performance of the young violinist.

He remained five months in this fortress, which was defended by four pieces of artillery, planted constantly before the prison to demolish it on the slightest attempt at insurrection on the part of the prisoners, or even at the approach of the French. Still, without thinking of the danger which threatened them, they resolved by common consent to attempt to recover their liberty, even at the peril of their lives. Our virtuoso placed himself at their head, forced the guard, and succeeded, not without difficulty, in joining the French army, which was encamped four leagues from Oviedo. He passed through the entire population, who were astounded at such boldness on the part of prisoners. The success of this attempt was not complete, for one of his brothers in arms fell at his side, stabbed to the heart by a poignard.

Our hero continued his military career without neglecting music, which had afforded him such relief, and he always recalled his adventure, and the different circumstances which had preceded it, with pleasure. Lagoonere, that was the real name of our artist, was made knight of the legion of honor, successively decorated with many orders, and appointed captain in the royal guard; but music having become a prominent taste with him, he resigned his commission and devoted himself to that art, in which he has obtained an honorable reputation as the composer of many graceful romances. The productions of the ex-captain are known to all the musical world, and this is fame enough.



THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.

SCENES IN PHILADELPHIA.

M. M. BALLOU, Esq.,—My dear Sir:—Permit me, according to promise, to resume the narrative of my visit to the Quaker city of Philadelphia. Agreeably to an appointment made with Mr. Anthony, the day previous, I accompanied him, on the morning of the second day of my visit, on a drive to the Aramingo Viaduct over Gunner's Run, about three miles from the city. With a clear sky, a beautiful road, no dust, and a fast horse, we speedily and agreeably accomplished the distance. Turning into a secluded lane, where we left our horse and vehicle, a walk of a few hundred yards brought us to the brow of a slight elevation, from whence we had a fine view of the viaduct, as seen in the engraving. Mr. Anthony, who was one of the contractors of the work, took a commendable pride in showing the bridge from every point of view, and explaining its peculiarity of construction, etc. From him I learned that it was found to cost less to construct the viaduct than to make an embankment of earth across the valley, with a tressle-bridge to span the little stream which winds its sinuous course therein. The cost of the beautiful work as it stands was, in round numbers, \$25,000. The designs and plans were furnished by Strickland Kneass, Esq., of Philadelphia. James R. McClure was the engineer in charge, and Morrison & Anthony, the contractors. It was commenced April 21st and finished October 7th, 1854. There are five semi-circular arches, of 30 feet span each. The height from the ground to the top of the coping is 40 feet; width 20 feet, and the length 200 feet. The material is mostly brick, manufactured for the purpose. It was built for the Northern Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and is about four miles from their depot on the corner of Front and Willow Streets. A couple

jeet which came under my pencil was the First Baptist Church, represented on the next page, on the corner of Broad and Arch Streets, now in the course of completion. This magnificent structure was designed by S. D. Button, Esq., architect of the Merchant's Exchange, and to him I directed my steps, after making a sketch of the striking edifice which does him such credit. Mr. Button not only furnished me with the information I desired, but was kind enough to supply me with a copy of his elevation of the church, which has aided me materially in making the accompanying drawing. The style which the architect has adopted for this *chef-d'œuvre* of his skill, is the Romanesque or Byzantine, which, together with the rich dark-brown Connecticut stone of which it is constructed, conveys to the mind an idea of the architecture of the mediæval period, so many fine specimens of which are still extant in England and Normandy. The size of the building is 72 feet front by 114 feet deep, while the principal tower with its lofty spire reaches a height of 225 feet. The interior arrangements consist of an audience room 65 by 75 feet in the clear, which space is not broken or interrupted by pillars or columns, the galleries being suspended, having no supports between the walls of the audience room, except the truss framing. The ceiling is 38 feet in height, and beautifully ornamented, while the walls are colored in imitation of stone. The gallery front, pulpit, organ gallery, etc., are appropriately and beautifully ornamented. Two magnificent staircases give access to the audience room, which has sittings for 1000 persons. The windows are enriched by stained glass, beautifully designed by G. J. Gibson. The lecture room, Sunday-school rooms, etc., are on the ground floor. Adjoining the church on Arch Street, is a four story, freestone-front building,

of hundred yards from this viaduct is another smaller one, over the Reading Railroad, also of brick. A train of coal cars on this road is seen through the arches of the viaduct in the picture. After sketching this interesting subject, and spending half an hour in rambling around its vicinity, visiting the country seat of Mr. Wright, through whose grounds the road has been cut, we sought our vehicle, and started to return. Striking across through what is called "The Rising Sun," we reached the outer end of Broad St., and thence to the city, we had a very pleasant ride, until we "struck the pavement," which somewhat disturbed the romance of the motion. The roads in this neighborhood, being wide, smooth and level, are given over to horse-racing and fast driving, somewhat like the Third Avenue of New York. On a pleasant afternoon, hundreds of vehicles may be seen gliding over them to various places of resort in the suburbs. The next sub-



AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION BUILDING.

of a rich and chaste design, in keeping with the style of the church, which is intended for the parsonage. The church is nearly finished, the spire having reached a height of about 200 feet, and I presume it will be completed ere the commencement of another year. On my way down town, and while passing through Chestnut Street, my attention was attracted to the chaste, yet imposing facade of the building, No. 316, recently erected and occupied by the American Sunday School Union, a view of which is given herewith. Among the many institutions for the diffusion of Christian knowledge, there is probably not one which has been so efficient as this. It is worthy the aid and encouragement of every Christian, of whatever denomination or church. It grew out of the Philadelphia Sunday and Adult School Union, founded in 1817, the first year's receipts of which society amounted to \$435 16. From this germ sprung a society whose yearly business now reaches nearly, if not quite, the sum of \$150,000. The affairs of the parent institution were transacted in one of the apartments of No. 13, North Fourth Street, but on assuming a new name, and entering upon an enlarged sphere, the whole house was rented. In 1831, the operations of the Union having increased to \$77,000 annually, larger and more commodious premises were sought and obtained at No. 146, Chestnut Street; but the growth of nearly a quarter of a century rendered still greater accommodations necessary, and in 1853, the premises now occupied by the institution were erected.



ARAMINGO VIADUCT, ON THE NORTHERN PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, NEAR PHILADELPHIA.



JEWISH SYNAGOGUE, PHILADELPHIA.

whole numbers about 65,000 volumes of the choicest and most valuable works upon every imaginable subject, embracing in their design either reference, instruction or amusement. The income of the society is about \$6000, \$4000 of which is annually expended in additions to the catalogue. The rooms are opened every week day from ten o'clock, A. M., until sunset. On the left of the main hall, as I entered, I noticed a quaint and venerable time-piece, said to have been the property of the "Protector" — Oliver Cromwell. It is certainly a very antique-looking affair, similar in shape and appearance to those venerable-looking and time-honored clocks which we frequently see in the wide and spacious halls and "keeping-rooms" of Yankee mansions of the olden time, whose monotonous click-click have recorded the lapse of time, and marked the "passing away" of generation after generation from time immemorial. I



ODD FELLOWS' CEMETERY, NEAR PHILADELPHIA.

The front on Chestnut Street, of which an accurate view is presented in the engraving, is appropriate and imposing. The design was furnished by John McArthur, Jr., and presents an entire front, from the pavement to the top of the main cornice, of Quincy granite, cut in the Lombard style. This new structure, including the ground and the fitting up of the premises for the business of the society, was erected at a cost of upward of \$65,000. The voluntary contributions of citizens of Philadelphia towards the building are not far from \$13,000. The buildings—for there are two—occupy a lot on Chestnut Street, between Eleventh and Twelfth Streets, 30 feet wide by 229 feet in depth, extending back to George Street. The main building on the Chestnut Street front extends to a depth of 80 feet, and on the George Street front is a warehouse, 100 feet deep, both occupying the entire width of the lot, leaving an interval between the principal buildings, of 49 feet, appropriated to the counting-room and other apartments, which are lighted by a skylight. At each extremity of the basement or cellar is a large furnace to heat the front and rear buildings respectively. There are also large fire-proof safes for stereotype plates. The remainder of the basement is occupied for the reception of printing paper, and packing boxes; and also an apartment for the storage of fuel. After my interview with Mr. Button, I called upon Mr. Rosenthal, who is getting up a large and handsome lithograph in colors, of the interior of the magnificent Masonic Temple, an exterior view of which was published in a recent number of the Pictorial. My object was to get a copy of the architect's design for your paper, but I saw at once that an engraving upon the scale which your space would admit of, would convey but a poor idea of the grandeur of this magnificent hall, and I abandoned the idea of attempting it. Mr. Rosenthal will present to the fraternity, ere long, however, a picture worthy a place in the parlor of the finest mansion. It is to be about 18 by 24 inches, and, being printed in colors, will have the appearance of the finest water-color drawing. After dinner, I visited, in company with Mr. Welch, the Philadelphia Library, situated on Fifth Street, below Chestnut Street, which is represented in the first engraving. The building is a plain, substantial-looking structure of brick, and has a truly venerable and antiquated appearance. Over the entrance, which is on Fifth Street, is a full length statue of Dr. Franklin. The Philadelphia Library Company was instituted in 1731, and is now one of the oldest and most extensive in the country. It owes its origin to Dr. Franklin and the members of a philosophical society called "The Junto." Its first efforts were comparatively feeble, but by the contributions of various public-spirited individuals, and by the addition and consolidation with it of three or four other libraries, its catalogue was increased to a considerable extent, and it was found necessary to erect a building for its accommodation. Accordingly, the edifice shown in the engraving was erected, and the society took possession of its new quarters in 1790. The corner-stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies on the 31st of August, 1789. Among the most important acquisitions of the society, is the library of the Hon. James Logan, the confidential friend of William Penn, which consisted of nearly 4000 volumes, principally of works in the learned and modern languages of Europe. It is kept in a room appropriated for that purpose, and, by constant additions, has swelled to the number of 10,000 volumes. Combined with the company's library, the



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, CORNER OF ARCH AND BROAD STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.

have no doubt of the fact that it was once in the possession of that lion-hearted man; but still there is great room for doubt, and hence the romance which might attach to it were the authenticity of the fact undoubted, is in a great measure destroyed. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in sketching various localities of interest in and about the city, all of which will, in due course of time, be furnished to your readers. I shall content myself with offering but two of these subjects in the present connection. The first is one of the numerous cemeteries in the vicinity of Philadelphia: it is that belonging to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. It is situated on Islington Lane, near the Ridge Road, about two miles from the northern boundary of the city proper. It covers a space of some thirty acres, and is intersected by wide and spacious avenues and walks, well graded and tastefully laid out. The first interment was made on the 5th of May, 1849, since which time a stone wall, surmounted by a neat iron railing, has been erected along the entire front. The buildings represented in the engraving consist of a main building and two wings, and were designed and erected under the superintendency of Messrs. Hoxie & Button, architects. They are constructed of brown stone, in the Egyptian style, and the centre or main building, which is intended as a chapel and offices, is surmounted by a tower, eighty-one feet high. The wings are used for carriage-ways and passages for foot passengers. The third Jewish Synagogue, represented in the first engraving on this page, is situated in Cronn, below Vine Street, and is also in the Egyptian style, and of brown stone. It is a neat and substantial structure, although the appropriateness of the Egyptian style to edifices of this character may be questioned. Having completed my business, and being desirous of spending the evening with my family, I took the cars at five o'clock, P. M., and was soon en route for home. On our way, we passed the wreck of the ill-fated train which had met with such a fearful accident at Burlington but a few short hours before, and our senses were horrified at the bloody evidences of wholesale slaughter. But as the affair is of recent occurrence, and as I have no wish to shock your readers with the details, I will pass by a scene which will never be effaced from memory, and under happier and more genial influences, subscribe myself,

Very respectfully, your Artist,
NEUTRAL TINT.

A GIGANTIC ENTERPRISE.

In this day of stupendous projects, a new enterprise, however gigantic, scarcely seems wonderful in our eyes. If human ingenuity can connect the two continents, across the wide expanse of the Atlantic, by telegraph communication, it may certainly achieve a project recently started in England and France, to construct a tunnel beneath the English Channel, from Boulogne to Dover. Steps have been taken for the purpose of carrying out this magnificent enterprise without delay. In five years from this time, an atmospheric railway will, in all human probability, reduce to a speedy ride of twenty-five minutes the distance between the English and French shores. The length of the tunnel will be about 18 3/4 miles, and its cost, according to the estimate, some \$20,000,000. M. Favre, a distinguished French engineer, has pronounced this stupendous scheme entirely feasible, and surveys have lately been taken preparatory to its commencement.—*Boston Chronicle.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ANGEL'S TREASURE

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

I gaze on thee—pale mother!
Sore grief enthroned thy brow,
A type of that within thy heart—
It haunts my memory now:
And yet I told thee not my thought—
I felt that words of mine were nought.

I gaze around—in visions
I saw a mai leu fair—
Within that homestead, fitting,
A brother with her there;
And dreamy tones of voices came
From youthful forms I may not name.

Didst thou not see, pale mother,
A cherub, dazzling bright,
Approach thee—bearing in his arms
An infant, robed in light?
Whispering in tones of music deep—
"Sister, the babe the angels keep!"

The leaves fall fast, pale mother!
The autumn breeze floats by;
There's grief within thy heart, and yet
There's faith within thine eye:
The leaves fall fast—but spring returns!
Spring for the soul—though nature mourns.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A WHEEL WITHIN A WHEEL.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

It is odd enough, how husbands and wives can be so jealous of one another. There seems to be some secret *disease* in love, that makes one unhappier after he has got possession of his object than he ever was in its uncertain pursuit.

Mr. and Mrs. Salter were of this unfortunate description. They really loved one another almost to distraction, as the saying is. But love and jealousy being popularly supposed to go together, they, of course, thought it necessary to be jealous, and so completely overset the splendid dish of milk, the rising of whose cream they ought so patiently to have waited for.

There is no need of stopping to dwell on recitals of those single scenes that took place from time to time, in the married experience of Mr. and Mrs. Salter. Enough to know that all of them tended to but one single event, and that the grand crash and crisis of their matrimonial affair. The dreaded day might be put off for a time, but it would certainly come in the end. From the stern logic of events, neither of them hope for escape.

Well, and finally it began to look as if it was coming indeed. The clouds were darkening and thickening in the horizon; the air began to grow chill and cold; the breezes to blow; and nothing was wanting now but the thunder and the lightning. But that was coming right along.

Odd as it may sound, it was not less singular in fact, that not only should Mrs. Salter be jealous of Mr. Salter, but that he likewise should be jealous of her. Such cross-wise suspicions are not very apt to be entertained. But in the present case, they helped to make the unfortunate matter infinitely more amusing.

Mr. Salter at last thought he had enough of it. He could live in this painful suspense no longer. He would satisfy himself for once and all, and so make an end of it. And Mrs. Salter happened to think just the same way, too! and exactly at the same moment! Oddest of all odd coincidences, but, nevertheless, wholly true.

A particular evening drew near, on which each party simultaneously resolved to carry their secret devices into effect. Neither let the other suspect aught of his or her intention, but set about the work with an earnestness quite worthy the strength of their love. It was soon after tea that the performances began. A cool evening in late autumn, when the streets were, some of them, thronged with people going out to be amused.

Mr. Salter put on his hat and coat, and passed out as if he were going back for a few hours to his business. He went, only as far as the first corner, however, when he suddenly turned, and came back on the other side of the street, till he reached the house exactly opposite his own. Mrs. Morse lived there, and she had the misfortune to be a widow. But she was young yet, and that was all in her favor.

Ring the bell, the servant admitted him without delay, and conducted him into the presence of her mistress.

"I've got a secret," said he, as soon as they were alone, "and I wish you would help me find out what it means. I want to sit down here by one of your front windows, with no light at all in the front room, and just watch my front door."

"Why, Mr. Salter!" exclaimed she. "You—you aint suspicious of ———"

"I am, Mrs. Morse," said he, "and I only wish you would help me carry out my design. I believe I can very soon satisfy myself whether my suspicions are true or false."

There is an unaccountable something in the human heart, that (some people will insist) turns of a sudden, on particular occasions, all the honey of their natures into pure gall. If men did but hate one another half as hard as some women do, it is difficult guessing what sort of a world we should find ourselves in. Mrs. Morse, gentle as she generally was, immediately joined in with the suspicious husband of Mrs. Salter, more ferociously than he even dared to commence, himself.

So both of them sat down by the window, and closely watched the event of the evening, on which they had begun to count so

confidently. At the same time Mrs. Salter was busily preparing herself to go out, for the purpose of making investigations of a very similar nature. She threw on her bonnet and shawl in a hurry, and started off to the store of Mr. Podgers, a mutual friend of the family. Mr. Podgers she designed for her escort on the errand she had undertaken; and she therefore acquainted him with the nature of the business in hand. He smiled, even while he most deeply sympathized, and appeared to enter zealously into her plan. Therefore he had his hat upon his head very soon, and he and Mrs. Salter were walking composedly through the door into the street. As soon as Mr. Salter saw his front door open, and his own wife emerge upon the sidewalk:

"There!" he exclaimed to Mrs. Morse, in a loud whisper, "you see *that*, do you?"

"To be sure I do," answered that lady. "Isn't it *shameful*?"

"Now will you go after her with me?" he persisted, rising in a hurry. "I want a good, reliable witness, you know. Will you go?"

"To be sure I will," she answered, just as unhesitatingly, and started to her feet. "I think 'tis *awful*!" One peg higher she had got in her indignation.

Mr. Salter's plan was to rush out and follow after his wife on the other side of the street. Taking the too willing widow, therefore, on his arm, he pushed along behind the wife of his bosom. Mrs. Morse kept talking to the injured husband, continually, in loud whispers; but the latter's passion would allow him to say nothing. Mrs. Morse, however, did not let his anger subside. She knew what kind of fuel was needed to make it flame.

They followed her till she reached Mr. Podgers's store. Then they saw her go in.

"There!" exclaimed the wronged husband again, "what did I tell you?"

"Sure enough!" said the widow. "Who'd have thought it?"

Delaying a few moments in an obscure spot, they presently saw Mrs. Salter coming out of the store, accompanied by Mr. Podgers.

"Now we'll hunt them down!" said the husband. "Now we've got them! There's no chance for escape here! But still, she shall have all the time she wants. Let's see how far she *will* go!"

So they followed on. First, Mr. Podgers and his friend pursued their way along till they came to Mr. Salter's own store. There they halted.

"They surely can't be going in *there*!" exclaimed the husband. "Yes—yes; they are!"

"No," said the widow, "it's only your wife! Podgers is waiting outside! What *can* it mean?"

It meant only this; that Mrs. Salter determined to be on the safe side to begin with, and therefore went to see if her husband was in, first. Her next step she had determined upon by herself. Accordingly she persuaded Mr. Podgers to go with her to Harmonic Hall,—not such a very appropriate place, either, for an unharmonious wife to frequent,—where she was very certain would be discovered some trace or another of her delinquent husband. And Mr. Podgers kindly went along.

Still pursuing what he thought the fugitives, Mr. Salter dragged his companion along after, until he saw his wife and Mr. Podgers enter Harmonic Hall. Then he stopped short; his knees grew weak, and knocked together; his breath came short and quick; and finally he mustered strength to cross the threshold, and go in.

But on the other aisle from that up which his wife and Mr. Podgers walked, he and Mrs. Morse took an obscure seat near the door, and watched eagerly every motion of their unsuspecting prey. The time passed heavily enough, to both parties. The last thing either Mr. or Mrs. Salter thought of, was the amusement that was proceeding. But by-and-by an interruption occurred. The performances drew to the close of their first instalment. A recess intervened, during which Mrs. Salter, after carefully surveying, as she thought, every quarter of the spacious room, rose and went out with the retreating crowds.

Mr. Salter's eyes, however, had no lid over them long. His sight was just then keener than any brier.

"Come!" called he to his companion. "We'll be after them! Let's follow on!"

And away they went, bobbing and bowing along, squeezing and jamming, puffing and pulling, all the while keeping their eyes on Mrs. Salter, and all the while taking care, too, that she did not chance to discover them. They followed out into the open hall. On went Mrs. Salter and her Podgers escort, and close behind followed Mr. Salter and his Morse companion and ally. Now it was getting to be a race—Podgers for home, and Salter after him. Podgers promising his friend that she might rely on him for that purpose any other evening, and Salter declaring in his bosom that he would never give it up in such a way as this.

But the Podgers party walked faster than the Salter party. The latter, in fact, very soon lost sight of the former, which served to confuse and confound them excessively. So in order to gain time a little, they turned down into a quieter sort of a street, and hoped to get to the door just as soon as they did.

Mr. Salter was very warm, and Mrs. Morse had become very much out of breath. But he kept perseveringly pulling her along, and she kept puffing and panting as near to his side as she could. Not a syllable was spoken by either, till they suddenly emerged upon the wider street again.

A gas lamp flamed brightly on the corner, and a lady and gentleman were walking briskly up towards them. They stopped a moment, and, without thinking what they were doing, looked straight in their faces.

The other party drew up, too. And who do you think they were, reader, but Mr. Podgers and Mrs. Salter! Instantaneously—powder never flashed quicker—they recognized one another. They all drew back and formed a circle.

"Mr. Salter!" exclaimed the wife, as indignant as she could be. "Mrs. Salter!" exclaimed the husband, in the very same breath.

"Now I should like to know!" said she.

"What does this villainy mean?" said he.

Both of them, it will be remembered, were in a state of jealousy bordering on madness, and each had been watching and watching for the other, all the evening.

"Now, madam," said Mrs. Salter, addressing the widow, "I wish you would just explain yourself! What are you enticing my husband away from me for, in this kind of way?" And she looked as if she was all ready to tear out little Mrs. Morse's eyes.

"Yes," answered the latter, "I think you'd better ask me such a question as that! What have I been doing but helping your own husband find you! and you, a runaway! off with another man!"

"Mr. Podgers," said Salter, squaring away at him, "what does this *mean*? Why are you out walking the streets, and going to places of amusement, with my wife? I want an explanation!"

"Yes, and why are *you* out," broke in his wife, "walking the streets, and going to places of amusement, with *other women*? Answer me that!"

"Stop, stop!" cried Mr. Podgers.

"No, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Morse.

"It's only as a *favor*, and as a *duty* to your wife," said Mr. Podgers, "that I consented to accompany her. She must suffer enough, I think, without being taunted by you, *now*!"

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded Mr. Salter, laying hold of his collar. "I'll have satisfaction out of you, if it costs me all I'm worth!"

"A pretty creature you are, I think," said Mrs. Salter to her husband, "to be off evenings with other women! I've been looking out for this a long while, and now I've caught you!"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Morse, "and we've been watching for just such a sight as we've seen this evening! We've been looking out for it; and here it is, sure enough!"

Mr. Salter felt a new light flash across his brain. At the same moment, another very strange coincidence.—Mrs. Salter thought she must have been illuminated by the same process. It wasn't the gas-light, by any means: it was something much brighter than that.

Husband and wife looked surprisedly in each other's faces. Then a sort of smile broke out over them. Then they advanced a step towards each other, and then each extended a hand.

"I see it all," said Salter, smiling and looking confused, "I've been too *jealous*!"

"And so do I!" added his wife; "I've been troubled with the same complaint!"

"Mr. Podgers," said he, "I humbly ask your pardon for what I may have spoken. I hardly know what I did say."

"And I yours, Mrs. Morse," added Mr. Podgers. "I am sure I thought all along there was *cause* for jealousy. But I see none now, whatever. How curious this all is!"

All moved away from the corner, and went into Salter's house, where matters were satisfactorily made up. Mr. Salter went out and ordered a game supper, and they sat down around it with quiet consciences and remarkable appetites. And across the table they became friends again. Mr. Salter forever after was a better husband, and Mrs. S. a more confiding wife. And it turned out that Podgers sometime afterwards married the widow Morse, and so all parties felt wholly reconciled to the temporary misunderstanding.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HARPER'S CLASSICAL LIBRARY.—The last three volumes issued of this valuable series are—Xenophon's Anabasis and Memorabilia of Socrates, translated by Rev. J. S. Watson, Cicero's Three Books on Offices, with some of his essays, translated by Cyrus H. Edmunds, and Caesar's Commentaries, with the supplementary books, attributed to Hirtius, translated by W. A. McDermott and W. S. Bohn. These volumes are beautifully printed, of 12mo. size, and furnished with full indexes and copious notes. For sale by Redding & Co.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By JOHN BONNER. 2 vols. 18mo. 1855. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The idea of this was suggested by Charles Dickens's "History of England." and the author has been very happy in catching the spirit of his English prototype. He has told the story of our national fortunes in a very agreeable style, bringing the record down to the present time. For sale by Redding & Co.

FOREST HILLS CEMETERY. Roxbury: John Backus. 1855. 18mo. pp. 237.

A very readable and interesting account of the establishment, progress, scenery and monuments of the beautiful cemetery of our sister city, illustrated by ten exquisite illustrations drawn by Worcester and engraved by Andrew For sale by Crosby, Nichols & Co.

HENRIETTA ROBINSON. By D. WILSON. New York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Mulligan. 1855. 12mo. pp. 329.

Those who desire to know the particulars of the life of the notorious woman, known as the "Veiled Murderess," will find them in this work, which is illustrated by a steel portrait of the subject. For sale by Crosby, Nichols & Co.

ROSE CLARK. By FANNY FERN. New York: Mason Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 417.

We like this book far better than Ruth Hall. It is a more artistic performance, and more true to nature, because the author has not, apparently, undertaken to portray individuals from a single point of view. We have been taught to regard Ruth Hall as *une vengeance de femme*. In writing this book, the clouds seemed to have passed from her spirit, and the result is a far better production.

THE BALLOON TRAVELS OF ROBERT MERRY and his YOUNG FRIENDS over various countries of Europe. Edited by PETER PARLEY. New York: J. C. Derby. 1855. 12mo.

Another capital juvenile, instructive as well as amusing and interesting. It is finely illustrated. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

TEN YEARS AMONG THE MAIL-BAGS. By J. HOLBROOK. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 432.

An admirable book, admirably written, instructive, interesting and amusing. Mr. Holbrook, the author, is a fine writer, and a man of letters in more than one sense. He details many ingenious frauds, and their still more ingenious detection. The illustrations are exquisite, and are from the pencils of Darley, Thwaites and Wallis. The book contains portraits of all the postmasters-general engraved on steel. We will not attempt to analyze the book, but advise our friends to buy it and read it for themselves.

MODERN PILGRIMS. By GEORGE WOOD, author of "Peter Schlemil in America." 2 vols. 12mo. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1855.

The plan of this very able and original work was suggested by Hawthorne's "Celestial Railroad." It is an extended allegory. The different hotels at which the pilgrims stop represent different denominations of Christians, and different tenets of popular theorists. The book is full of the happiest hits at prevalent "notions," including, of course, very many "Boston notions." Many well-known characters, introduced under various pseudonyms, are sketched with infinite spirit and effect. A book that will live and make its mark.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT.

BY SUE M. SCOTT.

Why rear a monument of stone to Washington's great name,
To tell the deeds of gallantry, of valor and the fame
That marked his onward course through life, and left no darkened page,
To dim the path of glory of the patriot and the sage?
Is not his memory revered by every honest heart?
Do not his counsels, pure and wise, of history form a part?
Is not his name a watchword still to nations far and near,
Who fight for homes and liberty, and all they hold most dear?
His monument is reared ere this within a nation's breast,
That nation for whose cause he prayed till 'twas by Heaven blest;
Nor will it fall, while there remains one patriot soul to tell
Of how he fought for life's best boon—sweet freedom—guard it well,
Ye sons of heroes! 'tis a boon ye should not lightly prize—
Hail, heaven-born Freedom! shout aloud, and laud it the skies!
Then, though ye build a monument of costly marble hewn,
And though his tomb at Vernon's mount with sweetest flowers be strewn,
The proudest monument will be that which is now enshrined
Within the pure and virtuous heart, the nobly gifted mind.
He needs no cenotaph to tell his virtue, truth and love,
They're graven on our history's page—recorded, too, above.
A heritage to us was left, worth more than sordid gold,
His Independence—sound it forth, and all its good unfold—
Till every heart responsive beats, and joined is every hand
In sacred union, to protect our free and happy land!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CARD TABLE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

LYDIA Dearborn sat alone in her little sitting-room, and her countenance was sad and desponding. She was not over six-and-twenty, and though her face was pale and wan, yet she was beautiful. A warm fire burned in the grate, for it was winter, and the lamp upon the centre-table was lighted, for it was evening. She sat thus, trying to read, when the door was opened and a stranger entered. She started up with fear at thus seeing a strange man enter her apartment unbidden.

"Lydia—don't you know me?"

The woman started at the sound of the voice, and the blood rushed to her brow and temples. She took a step forward and gazed more sharply into the intruder's face.

"James!" she murmured, interrogatively.

"Yes, my sister. Didn't you know me?"

But, instead of answering in words, Lydia rushed forward and sank upon the man's bosom, and there she wept for joy. It was in truth, her own brother.

"And you didn't know me?" he said, with a smile, after he had taken a seat.

"Why, no, James. Five years have altered you wonderfully. But then that beard all over your face makes a good deal of difference."

"All the difference in the world, sister. Two years ago, while my ship lay at Canton, I had my beard all shaved off, and when I came aboard, some of my own men did not know me at first."

"Then I wish you'd shave it off now, for you look more like a bear than you do like James Barrows."

The brother laughed, and then the conversation ran for a while upon various topics suggested by the return of the loved one. James Barrows was now thirty-two years of age, and had been absent from his native city for five years, during which time he had had command of a fine ship.

"By the way," said the brother, at the end of half an hour, "I stopped in New York on my way here, and I saw Kate Waldron there. She told me she heard you say you wished your husband had never known me. Did you ever say such a thing as that?"

Lydia's eyes filled with tears in a moment, and a deep sob broke from her lips. Her brother was startled. He moved to her side, and put his arm about her neck.

"What is it, my sister?" he asked, anxiously.

"Alas, James, I will tell you. But first let me assure you that I did not mean exactly what I said to Kate. You remember five years ago, when you used to tell such stories about gambling scenes on the Mississippi. Ambrose asked you to teach him to play *poker*, as you called it. You taught him the game, and in one or two evenings you went with him to some social card parties."

"Yes, yes—I remember all that."

"Well—the spirit of gaming is now fastening itself upon him. I can see it plainly, though he tries to laugh away my fears. I know it is so, for I have been told by one who is my friend, and who told me out of pure friendship for Ambrose. But I have not yet dared to let him know how sure my information is, for he would be angry, did he know that any one had told this to me. O, I know his impetuous nature, and I fear he will be lost ere he is aware of it. Evil companions are leading him astray. He thinks them friends."

"And do you think he has gone to the card table to-night?"

"I am afraid so. And if he does—O, I dare not think of it. He has much money with him. Before you came I was weeping over my fears. I have never let him know how much I knew concerning his course, for I feared 'twould only make him more excited. Alas! I know not what to do. I do not think he has yet lost much, but I know that he will never leave the fascinating habit until he is ruined, unless something can be done to move him."

"By my soul, Lydia," returned the captain, warmly, "I did teach Ambrose to play—though God knows I never meant to teach him to gamble—and I will cure him now if I can. Do you think he is at it now?"

"I think he would have been at home before this time, if he had not fallen in with some of his evil associates."

"Then you rest here while I go and find him. By my soul, I'll save him if I can."

"But you'll come back soon!"

James stopped and thought for a moment.

"I don't know," he said. "But don't you be worried. No harm shall befall Ambrose to-night."

It was just nine o'clock as Ambrose Dearborn entered one of the gaming saloons of the city. His business had kept him later than usual, and having made some fifteen dollars in trade since dark, he had determined to stake that amount upon the altar of fortune. His wife was right in her fears. The card-table had gained a fascinating power over him, and he had lost some heavy sums. But on the previous evening he had been cursed with a turn of winning luck, and had won back very nearly as much as he had lost, and he was now on his way to continue his luck! He meant only to play an hour or so, and then go home. He went up to the sideboard and took a glass of wine, and as he turned he met a stranger, who had seemingly come for the same purpose.

"Good evening," said the stranger, in a pleasant tone, as he poured out a tumbler full of water from the pitcher and drank it. Ambrose returned the salutation.

"I came in to take a few moments' recreation at cards," said the stranger, "but I find no friends here."

"So did I," answered Ambrose, "and my friends are missing."

"Then suppose we take a hand or two, just to pass away the time until others come."

"With pleasure," said Dearborn.

And accordingly the two sat down and were soon on the most friendly terms. The cards were dealt and for a while the playing was on a small scale, and the luck about even. By-and-by Ambrose began to win, and he went on until he had won over a hundred dollars. He would have felt ashamed, somewhat, had not his antagonist maintained such good humor, and smiled so kindly when he lost.

But anon the luck changed. Ambrose lost all he had won, and soon lost over a hundred dollars beside. He had just one hundred dollars more in his port-monnaie, and this he took out. A new hand was dealt—he cut the cards carefully—and he held four jacks. 'Twas the best hand by far that had been out during the game, it being the first "four of a kind," he had seen during the evening. He bet ten dollars. His antagonist covered it and went ten higher.

"I have an excellent hand," the stranger said, with a light laugh. "I have held better ones, but this is good. I shall bet high on it."

Ambrose did not speak. He was excited. He was afraid his antagonist would mistrust how good his hand was and stop betting. But the betting went on until Ambrose had placed his last fraction of the hundred on the table.

"Shall I go higher?" asked the stranger.

"As you please."

"Then I must say a *hundred better*. By the trump of trumps, you shall have a chance to make a pile this time."

Ambrose hesitated a moment, and then he placed his hand in his bosom and drew forth a package of bank notes. There were four thousand dollars in the whole. It was a sum he had drawn from the bank that very day. It was the accumulation of over four years' labor and economy, for the purpose of paying for his house and store. He drew out a hundred dollar bill, and covered his antagonist's last stake. He hesitated a moment more, and then he drew another hundred and "went that" over. The stranger "covered" the hundred, and "went *five hundred better*." Ambrose covered the five hundred, but he dared bet no more, and he called for his companion's hand. The stranger smiled as he showed it—*four queens!*

Ambrose uttered a deep groan as he folded his cards and placed them on the pack.

"By my soul, that's hard, my friend. But better luck next time. Come—I'll deal for you this time."

A new hand was dealt, and this time Ambrose won a hundred dollars. He began to revive. Next he won two hundred more. He went and got another glass of wine, and then returned in better spirits. But at the next hand he lost five hundred. His spirits sank again. But he was now resolved to play carefully and win back what he had lost, and then stop!

There is no need of following the game step by step. The man who held those cards was not a professed gambler, nor did he now gamble at all for his own amusement. But he had been among gamblers much, and he could handle cards as he pleased. And more still, he could handle a nervous, excitable man as he pleased. He kept Ambrose in good humor—let him have occasional flashes of luck—and finally, just as the clock struck eleven, Ambrose Dearborn staggered up from the table—penniless! All, all, was gone! His four thousand dollars—the sum which was to have cleared him from debt—the sum which he had seen steadily growing beneath his efforts for the last four years—was now swept away.

The young merchant staggered from the hall—he tried to borrow first, to borrow something to commence again to win back something—but no one would lend. He made his way to the street, and without noting his way he staggered on. By-and-by he came to a narrow alley which led down to the water, and he turned down upon the wharf, and sat down upon an old spar. He had been there but a few moments, when he felt a hand upon his shoulder. He looked up, and by the moonlight he could see the dark face of the man who had ruined him.

"Why do you sit here in the snow?" asked the stranger.

"Leave me!" cried Ambrose, bitterly. "O, I never would see you more from this time!"

"But perhaps I may help you," replied the other. "You are young enough to learn."

"Learn! O, great heavens! and have I not learned this night what never—never—"

The young man burst into tears, and his sobs were deep and painful.

"Come, come," spoke the stranger, "stand up and trust me, and I may yet help you."

There was something so kind in the voice that Ambrose could not resist, and he arose to his feet.

"Ambrose Dearborn," spoke the strange man, "I have this evening taken from you over forty-two hundred dollars, and I do not think you can afford to lose it. Here we are, before God. Now promise me, upon your honor as a man, that you will never stake any amount at hazard again—that never again will you play at any game of chance for the value of anything—and I will restore to you every penny I have won from you to-night!"

The young man stood for a moment like a man in a dream. Then he caught his companion by the arm.

"You do not trifle!" he said, in a hoarse whisper.

"Give me the promise, and see."

Ambrose clasped his hands, and turning his eyes toward heaven he made an oath embracing just the proposition which had been made to him; and when he had done, his eyes sank to the snow-covered earth, and he burst into tears. The stranger took a roll from his pocket, and handed it over.

"Here," said he, "is the full sum—every penny—just as I took it from you. And now let us walk up into the city again. My way is toward Adam Street."

"So is mine," whispered Ambrose, as he clutched the money.

"Ah—then we'll walk together."

"But tell me what this means," the young man uttered, energetically. "Who are you, sir?"

"Never mind now. I shall see you again, and then I will explain. But let us be on our way, for it is cold here."

On the way the stranger kept up such a rattle of conversation that Ambrose not only had no chance to mention the subject of the evening's transaction, but by the time he had reached his own door his feelings had got back into their wonted channel.

"I would invite you in," he said, "but—"

"Never mind. Just let me step into the entry, for I want a light a moment."

Of course Ambrose could not object to this, and as he opened his door the stranger followed him in. He walked through the hall, and, as he opened the door of the sitting-room, his companion was at his back.

Lydia sat at her table, and her face was pale, but she had not been crying, for the words her brother had spoken to her before he went out had inspired her with a strange hope. She arose to her feet, and while her husband was wishing that his companion had remained in the hall, he was not a little startled to hear the said individual speak somewhat jocularly as follows:

"Well, sissy—you see I've brought him. And we are both of us all right, I can assure you."

For a moment the young man was wonder-struck, but the truth quickly flashed upon him. "Jim—Jim Barrows!" he gasped.

"Captain Barrows, at your service, sir. Ha, ha, ha—you didn't know me. He's just found me out, Lydia."

Ambrose tried to laugh, but he could not. He struggled a moment with the feelings that welled up in his bosom, and then, sinking down into a chair, he burst into tears. His wife uttered a quick cry, and started forward.

"Don't be afraid," gasped Ambrose. "I'm safe—safe. But I can't help this. Tell her, Jim—tell her all. Tell her all now, for she's a right to know."

The stout captain drew his sister upon his knee, and then related to her all that had happened since he left her.

"Ah, Am," he concluded, "the moment I saw you take the second hundred dollars from your port-monnaie I knew gaming would soon ruin you; and when I saw you draw the package, I only knew that I should take them every one from you, and that any experienced card-player could have done the same. Now I taught you your *first* lesson in poker—this is *lesson number two*. I hope it may work well."

And it did work well. Captain Barrows remained with his sister a month, and then he went away. At the end of a year he came again, and this time he found Lydia happy as a princess.

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

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M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

The accompanying portrait of a gentleman well known from his connection with the American and European press, as a writer of ability, and also widely appreciated as a learned editor of books of rare excellence, was drawn expressly for our paper by Brady, from an excellent daguerrotype by Brady, of New York. Dr. Shelton Mackenzie first became known to the American public twenty years ago, as English correspondent of the New York Evening Star, of which the late Major Noah was founder and editor. His connection with that paper continued during Major Noah's proprietorship. Dr. Mackenzie, at starting (and for some time after) was the only paid and regular correspondent of any American paper. His letters touched upon a variety of subjects—politics, literature, fashion, fine arts, *scan. mag.*, and gossip of high life, interwoven with personal anecdote and reflections—forming a pleasant, lively, reliable melange of news and table-talk. They were very popular, and are said to have raised the circulation of the Evening Star from 3000 to 12,000 a day. At the same time their writer contributed largely to American periodicals and annuals of the day. At that time Dr. Mackenzie conducted one of the leading journals in Liverpool, and had been connected with the English press, as editor, since the age of nineteen. Born and educated in the south of Ireland, he devoted his earlier years to the study of medicine, but his literary bias was not to be repressed. At an unusually early age his reputation was so well established, that the University of Glasgow conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon him—an honor which, at a later period, the University of Oxford also extended to him. After having been connected with the press in England and Scotland for about fifteen years, during which time he had contributed, in prose and verse, to nearly every periodical in those countries, from Blackwood to Punch, Dr. Mackenzie finally "pitched his tent" in London, where, in 1843, he published an art-novel called "Titian," which at once established him as an imaginative writer. The brilliancy and truth of his descriptions of Venice in this work are said to be surpassed only by the reality and fire of his historical sketches. In 1848 he produced a large volume on the legal-commercial subject of partnership en commandite, and, a couple of years later, collecting a variety of his stories and sketches from magazines and annuals, engrafted them, artistically enough, on a tale of "true love," and published them as "Mornings at Matlock." Three years ago, Dr. Mackenzie arrived in New York, where he found his writings remembered and his name well known. He immediately became musical and dramatic critic of one of the Sunday papers, a position from which he withdrew when he became attached to the New York Daily Times, as "literary editor" or book-reviewer. As a critic he is at once fearless and appreciative; and—but this appears too wonderful for belief—is said to read the books he reviews! It is as editor of standard works that Dr. Mackenzie is best known, at present, in this country. Since 1854, there have appeared with his liberal and most amusing annotations, "Sheil's Sketches of the Irish Bar," the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" of Blackwood's Magazine, the "O'Doherty Papers," by Maginn, and the "Life of Curran,"—making ten volumes in about twenty months, besides a life of De Quincey, prefixed to "Klosterheim," many unacknowledged sketches in reviews and magazines, and an original work, bearing the suggestive title of "Bits of Blarney," and overflowing with Irish humor and eccentricity. At this moment there is announced another new work of fiction from his pen, as well as "The Poetry and Poets of Ire-



DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

land," Maginn's "Shakspeare Papers," Lady Morgan's novels, and the "Prout Papers," to be severally enriched with his notes. "The Men of 'Ninety-Eight,'" an original work on Irish history, will soon be forthcoming, as well as a revised and enlarged edition of "Titian," and a volume of poetry, including all the pieces familiar to the American public, as well as "The Lion-Lady," about twelve hundred lines long, in Præd's mock-sentimental style, and never before published. The pervading personality, lively spirit and great accuracy of Dr. Mackenzie's notes as a book editor, constitute their value. His life has been passed in intimacy and correspondence with the leading literati and politicians of his time, and he has a remarkable memory for dates, events and persons, which overflows into expression when he puts pen to paper. Such, also, is his conversation—crowded with anecdotes of notable and noticeable persons and things, and no one would deem, from his lively conversation, that he had nearly exhausted libraries as a reader, and contributed to fill them as a writer.

MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPS.

The accompanying sketch by Champney shows us Miss Adelaide Phillips, as she appeared at the Boston Theatre, on the occasion of her recent debut in that establishment as Count Belino, in the English opera of the "Devil's Bridge." It is a scene from the second act, where Count Belino (Miss Phillips), disguised as an artist, confounds Baron Toraldi (Donaldson), by exhibiting a picture representing his (Belino's) wife, who is the victim of Toraldi's tyranny, protesting all the while in the descriptive song he sings, at the close of each stanza, that "it is but fancy's sketch." Paolo, introduced in the picture, is an attendant. Williamson's and Phillips's "Count Belino," in the days of the old Federal Street Theatre, are well remembered. The effect of these old associations caused a strong muster of the "Old Guard," as well as of Young America, to greet Miss Phillips on her re-appearance on the board. Miss Phillips labored under the disadvantage of coming before the public unsupported by a regular operatic corps, and yet, thanks to her eminent talent, and to the fact that all about her did their best to second her efforts, she produced a deep impression, and achieved an honorable triumph. The applause bestowed on her efforts was not a transitory expression of warm feeling; it was a legitimate recognition of the result of an ambitious, conscientious and enthusiastic study of art. Both in her concerts and on the stage, she exhibits the high cultivation of an organ, rich, powerful and expressive. Her finished execution surprises even her warmest friends, and what she has shown of her abilities gives the richest promise of the future. In opera, she is destined to go on conquering and to conquer. The vantage-ground upon which she stands is her histrionic ability. Trained to the stage from infancy, she treads it with fearless ease, and is able to give dramatic expression and effect to all she undertakes. Since she left us for Europe, her *physique* has developed with her voice, and she now adds a fine person to her musical attractions. To command the popular applause, it is absolutely necessary for a prima donna to be also an accomplished actress. Many an indifferent singer has succeeded on the stage from the power of expression and good acting; the *vox et præterea nihil* will not do on the lyric stage. With a fine voice, a fine figure, and easy familiarity with the stage, Miss Phillips has a triple title to success. She can command it anywhere; but it is here, where she has been known from childhood, that she will receive the most cordial and grateful encouragement. We all remember "Little Addy Phillips," of the Boston Museum, how intelligently she rendered juvenile characters—how, as she grew up among us, she passed from one role to another, as she grew from the child to the young lady. It was when no longer a juvenile phenomenon that her vocal gifts gave such rare promise as to attract special attention. Good judges saw that she only required good training to take high rank upon the lyric stage. She was generously furnished with the means for accomplishing her artist destiny, and sailed for Europe full of high hopes and high purposes. We heard from time to time gratifying accounts of her progress, until at last the news reached us that she had appeared with brilliant success in an opera at Milan. She has now returned to us crowned with her Italian laurels to receive the yet more welcome demonstrations of a public endeared to her by so many fond associations. We congratulate her on her triumph, and most cordially wish her that brilliant future to which her talent, her industry, and her persevering directness of purpose so justly entitle her, and which an appreciating public are ready to award to her, as a deserved testimonial.



PAOLO—(FORRESTER).

BARON TORALDI—(DONALDSON).

COUNT BELINO—(MISS PHILLIPS).

MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, AS COUNT BELINO, AT THE BOSTON THEATRE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIYAOE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE INDIANS.

It appears that the Indians in the extreme West are again in arms, and likely to cause great trouble and bloodshed. It looks as if they were resolved to make a last despairing stand against the whites. We can hardly wonder at it. With civilization encroaching on the east and west, they are like the man whom a tyrant enclosed in an iron cell, the walls of which contracted, day by day and hour by hour, moved by ponderous machinery, until they met together, crushing him utterly in their awful contact; or, they are as if standing in the centre of a prairie with flames all around them converging from the influence of meeting winds. What shall be done with the poor remnants of the lordly races that once claimed this broad land for their heritage—not those who dare the ordeal of battle, but those who tacitly submit to the current of events? We bid them "move on;" but there will soon be no place to move them to. Their prospect is indeed a gloomy one. Green, the writer of an excellent work on Kansas, meeting the question with the boldness of a frontiersman, is for cutting the Gordian knot with the sword. He says the Indians must be amalgamated with the whites or crushed, and he sees no other alternative; and he seriously recommends the policy of setting them to war with each other. "They have feuds enough, with little diplomacy and low pay, to impel them into a war of extermination. With replenished magazines, the strife would be brief and deadly; and it would matter little which fell soonest. False philanthropy might denounce the measure as cowardly; but then it were wiser to appropriate the public treasure to wholesome uses, while it is assuredly more merciful to crush out a fated race than to decimate them with the tortures of a century." We will not trust ourselves to make any comments on the above. The very best view of the Indians' future is appalling.

W. M. THACKERAY.—The English papers are rather down on the great novelist and lecturer for telling tales of royalty out of school—that is, on this side the Herring Pond. Why, my dear fellows, we knew all those things long ago, and acted on the knowledge in 1775, and thereafter.

FIGHTING EDITORS.—Two Spanish editors lately fought a duel with swords. It was absurd. They ought to have known that the pen is mightier than the sword, and assaulted each other in cutting paragraphs. A square of ridicule is worth a yard of cold steel, any day in the year.

NEW AMERICAN PLAYS.—Cornelius Matthews's comedy of "False Pretences" was not much relished by the New York critics. Boker's play of the "Bankrupt," written for Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne, was quite successful.

SPLINTERS.

.... Mlle. Cruvelli, the singer, is to receive £35,000 a year for singing at the French opera—a fortune per annum.

.... Bread riots have become common in England, and will be elsewhere in Europe, if peace is not soon declared.

.... It has been remarked that the more *cheques* a spendthrift receives, the faster he goes on.

.... The speaker who "took the floor" has been arrested for stealing lumber. This does him a *deal* of harm.

.... When does a man look like a ball? When he looks round. This was made by a musical genius—A. Flat, Esq.

.... The New Yorkers consume one hundred million eggs per annum, and yet, like Oliver Twist, cry for more.

.... One day, our countryman, Dudley Selden, gave a dinner party at Paris, the next, he was a corpse. Such is life.

.... The Newark Daily Advertiser thinks Longfellow's Hiawatha ought to be referred to the "committee on Indian affairs."

.... Mr. Haskell of the Transcript has delivered a lecture on the history of newspapers, with great success.

.... One of our exchanges says a certain actor was called before the curtain and "crowned with a wreath of congratulations."

.... Sixteen new banking companies, with an aggregate capital of \$4,075,000, are applying for charters in New Jersey.

.... Just as the people of England are worked up to the height of war fever, they are amused by stories of peace.

.... A mare fifty-two years of age recently died in France. Wasn't it a *mere*?

.... Our old friend, Lewis E. Josselyn, editor of the Lynn Bay State, has been chosen an alderman. Bravo!

.... Mrs. Bloomer has been lecturing on temperance in Iowa. We had almost lost sight of this much talked-of lady.

.... The name of a new German magazine, started in New York, is the "Deutsche Monats-Hefte." Ya, mein herr.

.... An Indian chief in Boston said our fashions were Indian—"men wear blanket; women paint face, wear feather."

.... The United States propeller Niagara, building at New York, will mount thirteen large Paixhan guns. Very pacific craft.

.... The latest swindling case is that of a man who told a Springfield jailer he was a police officer, and raised \$25.

.... Mr. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington) of the Post lately delivered his poem on the "Press" here with great applause.

.... Seventy male and four female converts, in the Illinois state prison, have recently been confirmed by the Episcopal bishop.

SOCIAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

The Philadelphia Ledger remarks, in the course of an article on extravagance in dress: "A fashionable lady spends annually on her milliner, mantua-maker and lace-dealer, a sum that would have supported an entire household, even in her own rank in life, in the days of Mrs. Washington." How suggestive is that brief sentence! What a field it opens for serious reflection and for grave comment! We do not wonder, when the wantonness of fashion runs riot to its present extent, when the evil influence of extravagance in dress is spreading, like a circle in the water, wider and wider, that the press, the most reliable guardian of social welfare in a republic, feels impelled to make the attempt to arrest its progress by earnest and timely remonstrance.

All attempts to control the caprices of fashion—and such attempts have been made in various ages by the pulpit and the press, or by both combined,—have signally failed, and always will fail, because mere taste is a thing which submits to no control or dictation. But extravagance is another thing—a social evil, affecting the general prosperity, and, therefore, a legitimate subject of discussion. Extravagance in dress once admitted, and fostered into a passion, goes on increasing with fearful rapidity. The splendor and magnificence of to-day becomes comparative poverty to-morrow. The lustre of ten thousand dollars' worth of jewelry is pallid in the eyes of its possessor so soon as a fair rival displays twenty thousand dollars' worth on her person. The two hundred dollar Cashmere is too shabby for wear, if brought into juxtaposition with two thousand dollar shawls. And so the weary mortal—the husband of the fashionable woman, whose exchequer is expected to discount all draughts, must go earlier to his counting-room and drudge later at his desk, must extend his business more boldly and speculate more rashly, must contract within closer limits his periods of relaxation or mental culture, until at last comes the dire crash—the bankruptcy of health, fortune, perhaps honor, and another ruined family is added to the lamentable list of social failures.

And what is accomplished by this ruinous extravagance, this pomp and luxury of apparel? Is beauty enhanced thereby? Universal public opinion replies in the negative. The simply attired country girl, the neat little Parisian grisette, attracts more attention than the fine lady in her richest ball-dress. Nor is ugliness concealed by it. A splendid frame only makes the worthlessness of a painted daub more glaringly apparent. The wearer of costly finery gains absolutely nothing by her ruinous display.

But it has been said that extravagance in dress is productive of some good, that it stimulates industrial activity. But this is a sophism. Of what general benefit is it to increase the production of articles in themselves intrinsically worthless? If all other modes for the employment of capital were exhausted, if all the useful, all the elevating and refined arts had reached their highest development, then it would be time to talk of applying millions to the production of mere frivolities.

Fortunate would it be for American society if Fashion would abandon the career of dress for the culture of wit, of art, of literature; if the fine lady should pride herself on the culture of her mind, and not of the adornments of her person; if she should be prouder of her pictures and statues than her diamonds and opals. As it is, if extravagance in dress continues, then we shall witness the reproduction of these scenes which marked the decadence of the Roman empire.

NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD.

This road is one of the longest single roads in the world. The length of all the tracks of the main road and branches owned by the company would form a single track 755 miles long. The number of employes is 500, the annual pay of which is about a million and a half of dollars; 203 locomotives and 3000 cars of all kinds are used on the road. The largest locomotives cost \$12,000 each, from \$6000 to \$8000. A first-class passenger car costs about \$3000, and a freight car about \$600. The company has a telegraph with sixty agents, so that any occurrence on the road can be instantly made known to the officers of the road. Four compositors and half a dozen presses are constantly employed in doing the printing of this colossal corporation. Truly this is a gigantic enterprise.

SCOTT'S ENTRY INTO MEXICO.—Our next number will contain a splendid original design by Billings, of the same size as the Battle of New Orleans, representing the triumphal entry of Winfield Scott upon the Plaza of Mexico, at the head of the victorious American army. The splendid cathedral, a marvel of architecture, is beautifully drawn, and the general excellence of the picture renders it the most superb and graphic work of art we have ever produced in the Pictorial.

ROGUERY.—The English rogues have found out a new way of clipping guineas so as to make about three shillings off each coin. It is laid under a machine, which is subjected to great pressure from above, and at the moment the milling is cut off, a new is formed. In comparing a sovereign thus "doctored," with a regular one, the size is at once detected, but casually not noticed.

NEW STEAM LINE.—Three new steamers will soon be running between Antwerp and New York. The company is a European one, the Rothschilds furnishing the funds. Passengers are to be conveyed cheap, and costly German goods will afford plenty of freight.

INFLUENCE OF EDUCATION.—During the year 1854, one hundred and sixty-five men were hung in the United States for murder. Of this number only seven could read or write. What a lesson!

WEAPONS OF WARFARE.

From the earliest period, that is, from the date of the first murder, the ingenuity of man has been taxed in the invention of methods to destroy his fellow-man. In this bright zenith of the 19th century, this age of enlightenment, this age of progress, of religious development, of eloquent peace societies, with world-wide ramifications and correspondence, the business of forging weapons of warfare is more active than ever.

"O, star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there,
To bring us back the tidings of despair?"

But while we wait, with faith and hope, for the "good time coming," let us glance at our last page of the present number, whereon are assembled some of the implements which are to be beaten into ploughshares and pruning-hooks "one of these days." All of the weapons were drawn from the objects themselves by Mr. Kilburn, our artist, and for the privilege of sketching some of the rarer specimens of the warlike implements of uncivilized tribes, he is indebted to the politeness of Mr. Kimball, who has stocked the military department of his Boston Museum with a choice collection of these curiosities. It is enough to make one shudder to look at this array, and think what it is designed for—the taking of human life. But on the heads of the aggressors rests the blood-guiltiness of war, not on those who use these weapons in defence of "their homes, their altars and their fires." We proceed briefly to enumerate the arms delineated in our large engraving. No. 1, the Malay Dagger or *Krees*, a formidable and cruel weapon. No. 2, Malay Sword. No. 3, Chinese Sword. No. 4, New Zealand Battle-Axe, made of stone. No. 5, African Spear. No. 6, New Zealand stone War Club. No. 7, South Sea Island Battle-Axe. No. 8, Arabian Spear. No. 9, Hottentot War Club. No. 10, African short Lance. No. 11, African Powder Horn. No. 12, Machine for throwing Darts from Congo. No. 13, Friendly Islands War Club. No. 14, Marquesas Isles War Club. No. 15, Marquesas War Club. No. 16, Patagonian War Club. No. 17, Battle-Axe from Navigator's Isles. No. 18, Tahitian Bow. No. 19, War Club from Navigator's Isles. No. 20, Loo Choo Island Bow. No. 21, Quiver of Arrows of leather from Africa. No. 22, War Club from Feejee Islands. No. 23, Horn Bow from Upper California. No. 24, Double Dagger made of horn from Cape de Verde Islands. No. 25, War Club from Papua Islands. No. 26, South Sea Islands Dagger. Nos. 27 and 28, Sword and Spear with shark's teeth, from King's Mill Group of Islands. No. 29, Dirk. No. 30, Cannon. No. 31, Mortar. No. 32, Poisoned Arrow from Borneo. No. 33, Cannon. No. 34, Howitzer. No. 35, Minié Rifle with Sword Bayonet (the sabre-fusée of the Chasseurs de Vincennes). No. 36, Colt's Revolver. No. 37, Cannon Balls. No. 38, Chain Shot. No. 39, Officer's Sword. No. 40, Iron Tomahawk. No. 41, Pistol. No. 42, Two-handed Sword. No. 43, Cutlass. Nos. 44 and 45, Chinese Guns. No. 46, Sabre. No. 47, Dagger. No. 48, Indian Scalping-Knife and Sheath. No. 49, Patagonian Shield made of bark. No. 50, South Sea Island Shield of wood. No. 51, Osage War Club. No. 52, Indian Lances. No. 53, Indian Shield. No. 54, Indian Sword. No. 55, Indian Tomahawk. No. 56, Sling. No. 57, Indian Bow and Arrows. No. 58, Indian Quiver of Arrows. No. 59, Scimitar. No. 60, Indian Powder Horn. No. 61, Indian stone Tomahawk.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Henry Harris, of Chelsea, to Mrs. Sarah Shortwell; Mr. Joseph Meyer to Miss Eliza Lovejoy; Mr. George L. Richardson, of New York, to Miss Charlotte S. Hyde, of Malden; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Joseph F. Cuneo to Miss Anna S. Otis; by Rev. Mr. Randall, Mr. J. H. C. Sistrans to Miss Louisa Hollingworth; by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. David H. Grows to Miss Harriet E. Sprague.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Hutchins, Mr. James Sullivan to Miss Harriet E. Stone.—At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Emerson, Mr. William H. Cades to Mrs. Sarah M. Lane.—At East Weymouth, by Rev. Mr. Potter, Mr. Augustus Pratt to Miss Elneline S. Gardner.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Dwinell, Mr. Charles Collins to Miss Elizabeth Orne.—At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Putnam, Mr. Josiah F. Dudley to Miss Susan Degroo.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Patch, Mr. Samuel S. Roundy to Miss Emma J. Baneall.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Darnum, Mr. Thomas McCabe, of Bath, Me., to Miss Ann M. Dyer.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Richardson, Mr. George Lenoix to Miss Anna Harmon.—At Princeton, by Rev. Mr. Wickes, Mr. Edward E. Hartwell to Miss Carrie D. Mirick.

DEATHS.

In this city, Capt. Frederick Wm. Bridge, 52; Widow Sarah Comerai, 75; Mrs. Catharine K. Sackett, 47; Mrs. Abigail Brown, 72; Miss Ellen Goggin, 18; Miss Mary C. Mencham, 35; Miss Helen V. Allen, 18; Miss Charlotte F. Barton, 26.—At Chelsea, Mr. Wm. Holmes, 42.—At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Lydia Edward, of Newburyport, 68.—At Brookline, Mrs. Susan C. Hanson, 36.—At West Cambridge, Mr. Thomas H. Teel, 64.—At Medford, Dea. Edward W. Fay, 36.—At Quincy, Mrs. Esther, widow of the late Dea. Samuel Savil, 90.—At Lynn, Widow Susan W. Long, 76; Mr. Sylvester P. Flint, 70.—At Salem, Mrs. Catherine Henderson, 37; Widow Sarah Willis, 56; Mr. Lawson Pratt, 45; Widow Mary Pearson Brooks, 44; Mr. Henry W. Rogers, 31.—At Gloucester, Mrs. Clarissa T. Sawyer, 37.—At New Bedford, Miss Hannah Mosher, 70.—At Westport, Mrs. Sally Upham, 80.—At Palmer (Three Rivers), Mr. Ebenezer Baker, a soldier of the Revolution, 92.—At Saco, Me., Mr. Mark Fernald, 66; Capt. William Murch, 83.—At Brooklyn, N. Y., Rev. George Fernald, 60.—At Goodrich, Mich., Dr. Cyrus Baldwin, a native of Worcester Co., Mass., 81.—At Natchitoches, La., Henry D. Wakefield, M. D., formerly of Boston, 41.

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CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROADFIELD STS., BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

KIND SMILES FOR ALL.

BY FREDERICK PARMENTER.

The sunshine beams on all alike,
On rich and poor the same—
Ne'er heeding once the dress or look,
The station or the name;
Then why not we with equal love
Look kindly upon all?
On him who dwells in dreary hut,
Or him of palace hall?

O, it would lighten many hearts,
And ease them of their load;
And it would gain for us new charms,
Thus reaping what we've sowed;
Then let us wear kind smiles for all,
For rich and poor the same;
And they will gain for us, at least,
Kind blessings on our name.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TITHING-MAN.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

To what obscure corner of the earth has he been banished?—or where, this side of Pluto's dominions, has he taken refuge—this tithing-man! Where is he? Reader, can you guess?—has any one noted his departure? You all remember the *tidy-man*, as he was called, especially if you are old enough to be ranked among the "fogies"—yes! I knew the recollection would be forced home upon you at last. You see him distinctly now, as in the old time, though indeed he is but a memory picture to-day, and almost a *myth* in the opinion of many; whereas, in the old time, he was a real flesh-and-blood personage—eating and drinking, walking and talking, and even *sleeping* like other people. I often think of him, and as often as I do, the idea occurs to me that if any are extant now, they should be numbered among the veteran "whips" and "whittlers," for the office has passed out of account (even as the stage-coaches and jack-knives have gone out of use), and all evidence of their past existence will soon be forgotten. In our juvenile days it was a post of stupendous magnitude. We looked upon the tithing-man with a mixture of dread and veneration, such as no other character could inspire. Through a species of childish fear, we were led to recognize him as the greatest of all earthly dignitaries; and when in our unguarded moments we had been guilty of some youthful indiscretion, the mere mention of the tithing-man's name, with some vague speculations regarding our personal welfare, would prove a sufficient guaranty against a repetition of the offence.

We imagined him endowed with more than ordinary powers of penetration (what in after years we should have mentioned with greater significance as *lynx-eyed*), an eye to every unruly thought and misdemeanor on Sabbath day; a quality which caused us to walk straighter, and conduct ourselves with more humility and decorum, than we might otherwise have been inclined to do at all times. We remember how he used to stand in the church-porch, with that old, solemn, impressive look overspreading his face, with never an intermittent smile, regarding us boys; and *woe* to the unlucky urchin who was caught whispering, or attempting to play off some juvenile prank in the gallery. The eyes of the tithing-man were always upon him, and he was positively certain of receiving a visitation from that terrible functionary sooner or later.

Yes, we have a distinct recollection of the tithing-man, though, as an offset against this, a very indistinct one of almost everything else contemporary with him. Well do we remember a little incident in connection with our youth, and the unhappy discovery of our doings, at the time, by that august personage, causing us to tremble for hours after experiencing the first great shock (which, for the first five minutes, had the effect to leave us completely wilted and limber as a rag), and the fear and anxiety which naturally followed, partly from the dread of exposure, and partly from our immature notions of a certain dark hole, not very definitely described (the very mystery of which rendered the whole thing a hundred times more impressive), was awful—awful in the extreme!

It was on a Saturday afternoon (how old we were we do not precisely remember); school did not keep; but it happened to be at a season when the kite *mania* was at its height. We had ransacked an old trunk in the garret (conceiving even then a penchant for variety), and had appropriated to our use for kite purposes a few breadths of a cast-off silk habit of our mother's, thinking with the precocious aptitude of a whipster that a black one would be viewed as a *rara avis*, where white only had been the rage.

Our task, on the eve of its completion, although we had labored in the meantime with the utmost diligence, had consumed the entire afternoon; thereby debarring us the pleasure of witnessing its heavenward ascent that day. We went to rest that night, and saw the black kite in our dreams. It rose up before us in our imagination like a sentient thing. Sometimes we caught delicious glimpses of its long and gracefully swaying tail; then it would suddenly disappear, as though whipped off by some stately witch or fairy, and then the unfortunate kite would come plunging down, down, to our great anxiety and distress, leaving us the next moment wide awake, but trembling all over like an aspen.

The next day being Sunday, we were of course doomed to forego our enjoyment till Monday, though we crept up garret three times before going to church, in order that we might gaze our fill upon this wonderful production of our boyish hands, and anticipate somewhat in respect to the unalloyed pleasure which we might hope to experience on the morrow.

Between service we held a most agreeable conversation with our dearest friend, Tim Darley, a bold, daring boy, some two years our senior, and a thorough connoisseur in all matters relating to kites. He commended our odd freak, and evinced a disposition to become our patron. Indeed, he manifested a strong desire to inspect on that very day the product of our quaint conceit; so, after some demurring on our part, it was finally arranged that we should remove it after tea, and convey it to Laurel Bottom, a deep valley which nestled among the hills at some distance from the house.

Never shall we forget our anxiety on that occasion. The faintest puff of air, or the slightest rustle of a leaf, caused us to tremble with apprehension; and then we would pause and turn round as often as once in ten paces, expecting every time we did so to behold the tithing-man in hot pursuit of us. At length we reached the valley, and found young Darley perched on a rock, with a large ball of twine at his feet, keeping a sharp lookout for breakers.

"Well, now, that's about ink-stopper!" said he, after a careful and confident examination, and bestowing on us a leer of approbation. "Now, I wonder who'd a thought of building a black kite, if you hadn't!—I guess I shouldn't, though! My gen'us runs into a different kind—long lines, lanterns, and all that sort o' thing. Did you see the last one I built, though!—six feet high—fact!—tail, twenty-eight feet long, with seventy kinks in it; line!—my golly, 'twas a *whopper*!—more'n a thousand yards on't!"

During these remarks, Darley had busied himself in attaching the ball of twine to the kite.

"Now," said he, "let's try it a bit, just a *bit*, and see how she hangs. You'll want to fly it the first thing in the morning, d'ye see?—an' if 'tain't hung right, I'll hang it for you *now*, right away. I've got the string in my pocket, an' a jack-knife *ter* boot. Come, now, wont ye?"

We shook our head dubiously. First, the sin had occurred to us, and secondly, another idea of far greater magnitude—the tithing-man! We were taught to fear God, but in reality we made much less account of the Deity, to be plain, than of this stupendous functionary.

"But you don't know—you see you haint got the *kink*, like me, of hangin' them. Now, I don't believe there's any great sin in just flying a kite Sunday. The birds fly Sunday, and I don't believe there's any hurt in a kite's flying—keep a sharp lookout for the *tidy-man*, that's all!"

We protested, "No, God would see us!"

"*Pshaw!*" answered Darley. "God don't care! He likes to see folks enjoy themselves, he does; He'd like to see it go up, too—He aint like the *tidy-man*, He aint! Come, now, I'll let her up a piece, an' when she gets fur'd enough, you just hollo 'whoa!' an' I'll pull in."

We made some further opposition, but as the kite moved gracefully upward with a steady, aspiring stateliness, our admiration usurped the place of fear, and we stood gazing upon the wondrous spectacle with dilated eyes.

"Say when it's enough," said Darley, "and I'll stop."

But I couldn't find it in my heart to stop it. Never had I watched the ascension of a kite with such trembling interest. I had made a multitude of kites before, all white, but this was something new; it was mine—my idea—I had invented it. The notion of a black kite had first occurred to me, and to no other body. Tim Darley had said so; he was a critic—he knew! His word was law among the boys. The kite was already a thousand feet high, and steadily bearing upward, when our twine gave out—and O, how my heart bounded when Darley turned his animated face upon me, and said, "It is a go, Slingby, it is, let Peters and Flunco say what they like." (These were two other boys who had set themselves up as leaders in opposition to Darley.) "An' this 'pint' shall stand, now, if I have to fight a dozen battles to make 'em see it!"

Scarcely had he uttered these words when his flushed face suddenly grew white with fear, and pointing towards the brow of the hill, we saw with horror the gaunt figure of the tithing-man bearing down on us with a velocity equal to the "seven league boots" of that renowned hero, Mr. Jack, the Giant-Killer!

"We must run for it!" said Darley, with a pale but firmly compressed lip. "I can run as fast as you, and wind up while I am running. Strike right through the 'Run,' and I'll follow!"

The "Run" extended for about a mile through the valley, and terminated in a dense swamp of cedars and hemlocks, allowing us an excellent opportunity to test our mettle "and our speed of foot." We had at least eighty rods the start of the great parish dignitary, and Darley, who was only a few paces behind, kept cheering us all the while with the presumption that the kite might yet be saved. Suddenly we were arrested by an exclamation from behind—"By jingo, it's a goner, and half the line *ter* boot!" And turning, we beheld our darling kite disappearing, with many an awkward lurch and lunge, behind the sharp ridge of hill. The line had parted, and it was too late now, to think of its recovery. The tithing-man observed our perplexity, and giving up the chase at once, darted up the hill in hot pursuit of the kite.

After this, for a full hour we continued to skulk among the rocks and bushes, expecting every moment to see the tithing-man return, but he came not; and at length, with apprehensive hearts, and a sheepish expression in our faces, we bent our reluctant steps homeward. To the anxious inquiry of our parents, we made some evasive reply, and crept off early to bed, with a stricken conscience and a heavy heart. The next morning (and indeed for months afterwards), in passing and re-passing the residence of the tithing-man, we had the mortification to behold the dear kite suspended to one of the great beams in Mr. Bugbee's shop, where it was suffered to remain, a severe lesson to the culprits, and a warning to all evil doers.

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To the person who shall send us the *eleventh* largest club, we will present a fine heavy GOLD SEAL RING, elaborately wrought, and with the initials of the person who wins it cut upon the stone. Value 20
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In writing letters, please be careful to write name of post-office and State plainly as possible. Also, write individual names distinctly.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

An edition of the Bible, recently published at Nashville, is said, by the Southern Christian Advocate, to be the first that has ever been printed south of the Ohio and Potomac rivers. — There are some fat and some very lean livings in the English established church. For instance, we read that the rectory of Statsbury, in Northamptonshire, which the late Rev. E. M. Mount enjoyed for forty-one years, is of the annual value of five pounds, and without a church or residence. This extensive piece of patronage is stated in the clergy list to be in the gift of the lord chancellor. — Three members of the Hutchinson Family have selected chimneys near Glencoe settlement, in Minnesota, where they intend hereafter to reside. — The English language is now so generally studied by reading people on the continent, that the great publishing houses of Leipzig—the German mart of the book trade, where the publishers have an exchange of their own—find it their interest to reproduce in cheap form the original text of American books. The cheap editions of Tauchnitz (the Harper of Germany), are to be found in all the bookstores of Europe. — A project is on foot for the establishment in Winchester, Va., of a college of high grade, to be under the control of the Odd Fellows. — The Hon. Hamilton Merritt, of Canada, has come out in favor of extending the reciprocity treaty to manufactures, and abolishing the custom houses on both sides the line. This would be an important step—one which would probably lead to our supplying the Canadians with every description of manufactured goods. — A paper has just been started in Richmond, Indiana, called "The Broadaxe of Freedom and Grubbing Hoe of Truth." — The firemen of New Orleans having broken up their organization and surrendered their machines, on account of a new ordinance, the mayor has issued a proclamation calling upon the citizens to form volunteer associations to act in case of fire, until the new system can be organized. — Major J. Smith, a member of Gen. Harrison's staff at the battle of Tippecanoe, died in Indiana on the 24th ult. — A new college is projected in Ohio, to be located at Hillsborough, in Highland county. Benjamin H. Johnson, a deceased merchant of that place, left \$10,000 to endow a professorship if a university should be established there within six years, and steps have been taken to that end. — The receipts at the Pennsylvania State treasury department during the year ending December 1st, were \$5,590,474 11, and the expenditures, \$5,385,705 52. — There are in the United States 750 paper-mills in actual operation, having 2000 engines, and producing in a year, 270,000,000 pounds of paper, which is worth, at ten cents a pound, \$27,000,000. To produce this quantity of paper, 405,000,000 pounds of rags are required, 1 1-4 pounds of rags being necessary to make one pound of paper. The cost of manufacturing, aside from labor and rags, is \$4,050,000. — The mammoth steamer Vanderbilt was launched in New York, in the most satisfactory manner. — Capt. John Norton, of Dublin, Ireland, has patented a mode of using fulminating powder as a priming for cartridges, so as to cause an explosion through the unbroken cartridge case; also for puncturing the case of cartridges at the base, to enable the charge to be ignited from the flame of the cap of the nipple. — Mr. J. T. Jackman was killed on his farm, two miles from London Mills, N. H., in consequence of a tree falling upon and crushing him. — At a recent meeting of the National Institute, Mr. Coues gave some interesting views on an analogy which appeared to exist between the line of the simultaneous action of an earthquake, as traced out by the distinguished Professor Rogers, and the lines or axes of the winter storms of our continent, as appeared from the researches of Professor Espy. — Gunpowder, which was ten cents a pound in New York on the opening of the war, has advanced to twenty cents. — Milton was a cobbler's clerk, and also derived a precarious subsistence from teaching in a country school. Shakespeare, until honored by royal notice, was scarcely considered a respectable vagabond; Otway and Goldsmith perished in want, and Chatterton sought refuge from despair in suicide. — The New York Times says that one of the oldest wine dealers in that city has offered \$1000 that there is not a gallon of genuine old Port wine in the whole city of New York!

THE GULF STREAM.—Lieut. Maury gives some very rational views respecting the formation of the Gulf Stream. Its waters, he says, have an equatorial warmth, and are more salt than those through which it runs, thus showing that they have been subjected to the process of evaporation in the warm latitudes, and are bearing off the residuum of salt to mingle with the fresher waters of the northern seas. They part with their heat in the higher latitudes, and there, chilled by mingling with the common mass, they change their direction, rush southward, and displace the heated waters of the equatorial regions.

THE FIRST CLOCK.—It is now about five hundred years, according to the best information obtainable on the subject, since the first clock was invented and put into operation; and for more than two hundred years their manufacture was carried on only upon so limited a scale that kings and nobles alone could purchase them. At the present time a time-piece is the commonest, as it is also one of the cheapest, household articles.

HER OLD TRICKS.—Lola Montez, on her late passage to Australia, attempted to stab the mate of the vessel, for kicking her off-fending lap-dog. Everybody remembers how she horse-whipped a Russian aid-de-camp, for ordering her off the parade ground at St. Petersburg.

DUFF'S NEW SYSTEM OF BOOK-KEEPING.—192 pages, royal octavo. Harper & Brothers, New York. Price, \$1 50. Sanctioned by the New York Chamber of Commerce as "The most perfect combination of science and practice yet published."

Wayside Gatherings.

In New York there are said to be two hundred astrologers, clairvoyants and fortune-tellers.

The "Highlands" of the Hudson were called by the Indians Matteawan, meaning the country of "good far."

The Morse and House line of telegraph between New York and Washington, pays seventy per cent. net, upon the paid up capital.

The Memphis Bulletin says Mr. Coudock is the best actor ever seen on the boards in that city, "unquestionably."

The necessities of life are terribly high in Baltimore, and there is also great scarcity of employment in that city.

Three sellers of spoiled meat, at Memphis, were recently sent to the workhouse for sixty-four days. Served them right.

Mr. F. Hoyt, who resides at South East, N. Y., has in his well a trout which he put in twenty-five years ago. He is about a foot long, and large in proportion.

Richly cut glass must be cleaned and polished with a brush, and like a plate, occasionally rubbed with chalk; by this means the lustre and brilliancy are preserved.

Three ladies, mother and two daughters, gave a young man in Brooklyn a severe cowhiding lately. He had circulated injurious reports in regard to one of the young ladies.

It is but eleven years since the telegraph line, of forty miles in length, of Professor Morse was built, and now there are not less than 32,000 miles of telegraph wires on our continent.

Mr. C. Hall, of Davenport, Iowa, keeper of a dance house, advertises that the liquor law and the Sunday law have ruined his business, and he is obliged to offer his house for sale.

The census returns give the entire population of New York as 3,466,188. At the last census, in 1850, the population was then 3,095,394. The population of New York city is 629,810.

A decree and alimony in \$500 has been allowed in the divorce case of Clementina Booth vs. Junius Brutus Booth. The parties are well-known stars in the theatrical world.

J. A. Savage, a returned Californian, who committed suicide in New York, lately, left behind the following warning: "Beware of the mischief-maker. Beware of the woman with a long tongue."

Social parties are quite the rage in New York at this time. The opera is thinly attended, while every night there are some half a dozen jams in the palatial mansions of the fashionable avenues.

A resolution has been introduced into the South Carolina legislature, for the purchase of statues of Moultrie, Marion, Sumpter, Hayne, McDuffie and Calhoun, and also of a sarcophagus for Mr. Calhoun's remains.

Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, has received from his friends a new overcoat. He is as enthusiastic about it as a boy in his first boots, and says: "It fits us as well as though we had been melted and poured into it."

Twenty-five years ago, Iowa was a wilderness tenanted only by the savage. Now she has a civilized population estimated at six hundred thousand, and constantly increasing. The emigration this year has been very heavy.

There are at the present time in the parish prison in New Orleans, under sentence of death, no less than five persons who were convicted of capital crimes last winter and spring in the First District court in that city.

The proposed national monument at Plymouth is to consist of a colossal figure of Faith pointing to the skies, made of granite, and seventy feet high. With the pedestal it will form a monument one hundred and fifty feet high.

A French colony in the Crimea is one of the rumors of the day. Such an arrangement, it is contended, would afford an outlet for the inflammable part of the Parisian population, and thus take away one element of revolution at home.

Captain Robert Henderson, toll-keeper at the upper bridge, in Belfast, was found in an upright position, recently, reclining against one of the piers, drowned. It is supposed that he accidentally fell into the water. His age was about eighty.

A church of twenty-six Baptists, with their pastor, have left Mecklenburg, Germany, for the United States, driven here by persecution. At Menel, in Prussia, the Baptists are receiving large accessions, notwithstanding the intolerance from which they suffer.

The Providence Tribune says that St. John's church, of that city had done an act of unusual justice, by guaranteeing to Rev. Dr. Crocker, who has served them more than half a century, a liberal support for life, together with an annuity to his family.

The South Carolina Conference have resolved to sell their interest, as individuals, in the stock of the South Carolina Railroad Company, "because the company would work on the Sabbath day, and they did not wish to partake in making money on the Sabbath."

The pork trade is more lively in Cincinnati than it has been for several years. At several establishments, sixteen hundred hogs are killed daily, and if all the establishments that are proposed are put in operation, at least ten or twelve thousand hogs will be there slaughtered daily.

It is estimated that there are sold in the markets of New York, during the year, 40,000 woodcock, 35,000 partridges, 10,000 rabbits, 20,000 canvass back ducks, 5000 brants, 2000 mallard, and 30,000 black ducks, 5000 wild geese, 10,000 dozen of plover and snipe, and 25,000 wild pigeons.

In the house of representatives of Pennsylvania, in 1833, while a bill granting pensions to certain revolutionary veterans was pending in that body, Mr. Matthias moved to add a gratuity of \$40 to one Sarah Cross, "the sweetheart of an old soldier," which motion prevailed, 45 to 36.

As a lady, who had been to Columbus, Ga., after a faithless husband, was returning to her home, near Macon, a short time since, her child, an infant in her arms, died on board the cars. She was alone, but received all possible attention from the conductor and passengers, who made up a purse for her relief. It was a sad scene.

The Rev. Mr. Damon says that during a residence of twelve years at Honolulu, he did not know of a single instance of a vessel, sailing under the Hawaiian flag, that left port on the Sabbath. Mr. Damon expresses his belief that the Christian element is more influential among the Hawaiian people than any other nation that can be named.

It is claimed that the Hollanders first invented the right process for keeping type in forms. John Van Der Mey, of Leyden, is said to have been the inventor, and the art was lost to the Dutch at his death. Again, it is claimed that at the beginning of the eighteenth century, a Scotchman, named Ged, took casts from type, and struck off sheets; but in 1795, one Firman Didot, in France, invented the present method of casting plates from type, and gave it its present name, stereotyping.

Foreign Items.

The Bishop of Lincoln, England, has a new work in the press, with the title, "The Church of Christ during the First Three Centuries."

Water is scarce at Jerusalem. In building a school-house that cost £600, Bishop Gobat was obliged to pay £60 for water to mix the mortar!

A pretty young English lady had her veil torn by the fragment of a shell thrown from the northern to the southern side of Sebastopol, lately.

A bookseller of Helsingfors on recently applying to the police for a passport to Sweden, was refused one, on the ground that no books were now wanted in Russia.

The celebrated mill of Alphen, on the Rhine, which tradition assigns as the birthplace of the famous Dutch painter, Rembrandt, has lately been destroyed by fire.

A great exhibition is in contemplation in Vienna, for 1859, and it is even said that the plan of the building has already received the approbation of the emperor Francis Joseph.

There is great destitution in Italy on account of the failure of the vintage and the crops. The poor in the mountains think the kernels in the cone of the pine tree a great luxury.

In the French army the soldiers during the winter wear wooden-bottom shoes. The result is, that the French army is less afflicted with toothache and rheumatism than any army in the world.

The Turkish government has exempted the town of Kars from all taxation for three years, as a reward to it for the devoted attention bestowed on the garrison by the inhabitants during the entire progress of the siege.

Sands of Gold.

.... Never anything can be amiss, when simpleness and duty tender it.—*Shakespeare*.

.... Nothing more detestable does the earth produce than an ungrateful man.—*Ausonius*.

.... A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.—*Ilum*.

.... Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that, and manage it against despairing thoughts.—*Shakespeare*.

.... It is only necessary to grow old to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself.—*Goethe*.

.... Great minds, like Heaven, are pleased in doing good, though the ungrateful subjects of their favors are barren in return.—*Rowe*.

.... True fortitude is seen in great exploits that justice warrants, and that wisdom guides: all else is towering frenzy and distraction.—*Addison*.

.... It is the bounty of nature that we live, but of philosophy that we live well; which is, in truth, a greater benefit than life itself.—*Seneca*.

.... The human race are sons of sorrow born, and each must have his portion. Vulgar minds refuse, or crouch beneath their load; the brave bear theirs without repining.—*Thomson*.

.... He lives long that lives well; and time misspent is not lived, but lost. Besides, God is better than his promise, if he takes from him a long lease, and gives him a freehold of a better value.—*Fuller*.

.... It is much easier to ruin a man of principle, than a man of none, for he may be ruined through his scruples. Knavery is supple, and can bend, but honesty is firm and upright, and yields not.—*Colton*.

Joker's Budget.

Why is the letter U the gayest in the alphabet? Because it is always in fun.

A genius has just invented a stove that saves three-quarters of the wood, while the ashes it makes pays for the remainder.

"There, John, that's twice you have come home and forgotten that lard."—"Really, mother, it was so greasy that it slipped my mind."

An Irishman, who had been fined several weeks in succession for getting drunk, coolly proposed to the judge that he should take him by the year at a reduced rate.

Mr. Gripes, the usurer, to whom a sixpence always looked as large as a cartwheel, is in the habit of holding his breath while the tailor measures him, so that his garments will require less cloth.

An Irishman called in great haste on Dr. Abernethy, stating that: "Be dad, me boy Tim has swallowed a mouse!"—"Then, be dad," said the doctor, "tell your boy Tim to swallow a cat."

Belvidera—It seems cruel to kill so many animals for us—thirty-six poor squirrels put to death to make a muff for us! Emily—Yes, it is cruel. Why don't the monsters take their skins off without killing them?

The following is the substance of a story going the rounds:—A stuttering boy gets used to the round-faced figures on old-fashioned tombstones; afterwards he happens to shoot an owl—"There it is," he exclaims; "I've sh—sho—shot a cherubim!"

A young gentleman, very conceited and vain of himself, and who, by-the-by, was rather despised, with a face much pitted by the small pox, was addressed by a chap, who, after admiring him for some time, said, "When carved work comes in fashion, you'll be the handsomest man I ever put my eyes on."

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BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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6 CENTS SINGLE.

THE CHIPPEWA INDIANS.

The recent visit of a party of full-blooded Chippewa Indians to our city has afforded us the opportunity of presenting to our readers a group of red men as they appear in their native dignity, contrasted with the miserable and degenerate specimens of the race we see in our streets at rare intervals, peddling baskets and moccasins. It is very rarely that we meet, on our seaboard, with a fair representation of the lords of the forest. Some eighteen years since, a

delegation of Sacs and Foxes were here, among whom were Keokuk and Black Hawk's son, and the visit was something more than a nine days' wonder. They visited the State House, where they were received and addressed by Governor Everett, and afterwards exhibited some of their war dances and ceremonials on the Common, in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators. The group of red men here depicted were drawn for us by Mr. Barry from a photograph by Masury & Silsbee, and each head is an ac-

curate likeness. The artist has done himself great credit by this spirited representation. The Indians of this party rejoice in names which, though they may appear musical to Indian ears, do not strike us as being particularly dulcet, and we doubt whether even Mr. Longfellow, notwithstanding his most skillful management of Indian nomenclature in Hiawatha, could manage to weave them into melodious rhythm. We have numbered the individuals composing the group [See page 37.]

6

3

1

2

5

4

1. MAH YAH-CHE-WA-WE-TONG.
A-YAH-BE-DWA-WE-TONG

5. KE-BE-DWA-KE-YHICK.
6. WAB-BE-DE-YAH.

3. NAIH-NAH-AUG-A-YASH.
4. NE-SHE-KA-O-GE-MAH.

THE CHIPPEWA INDIANS.

[Written expressly for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CONTRABANDIST:

—OR—

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

The young count related to his uncle the incident which had occurred during his morning's ramble. The good marquis listened with interested attention, and strongly evinced sympathy.

"The rascal!" he said, indignantly, as he heard of Gasparde's rudeness. "I am glad you gave him a suitable correction. That fellow marry Rose! Why, I would sooner see him wedded to a bear!"

"Then that is his object?" queried Louis.

"Yes; and it will be defeated. I wish she were out of his way, though. Poor child!"

"It is to be supposed that her father will resent his insolence."

"O, undoubtedly—undoubtedly, Louis. He is a stern man, that Hugh Lamonte, and will teach Gasparde his business after this. You have not seen Hugh, my boy?"

"No; he was not there last evening. But I wonder, uncle, that I have never seen Rose before, when I have been here."

"You know you were here only for a short time, at the last visit, three or four years ago; and, perhaps, you may have seen her then without noticing her particularly. She could not have been more than twelve years of age then; she is not sixteen now, and must have been a mere child."

"What a pretty creature she is! One would never imagine such loveliness as hers to have been nourished within the walls of a forest *chaumière*. And her father a peasant! Who and what is he besides? for that he is something more, with such a child as that, I am convinced."

"You may well be justified in your conclusion. I, myself, have been inclined towards it more than once, when I have seen and conversed with him. As I said before, he is a strange, stern man, silent and reserved, and almost a hermit, as one might say. He seldom leaves home; works in his little garden, and tills the thrifty patch of soil adjoining it from morning till night, or cuts in the forest the wood which is to serve for his winter's fuel, and often a load to carry to the town on market days, with the produce from his land, as may not be required for his own use. He has, I think, no enemies; yet he seems disinclined to court the friendship of any, though the few neighbors about him, among the farm houses, are kindly disposed towards him, and every one of them loves little Rose. He is apart from them—a distinct character."

"And a peculiar one, from your description."

"Precisely. He lives a peasant's life, and wears a peasant's garb, and yet he can assume—ay, and he does, at times, the bearing of a very king. The humility of his position is belied by the spirit and demeanor of the man. He is uncommunicative, distant, almost haughty, towards all others; to his child, he is the tenderest, most affectionate of parents."

"You interest me, uncle. How long have you known this man?"

"He came into the neighborhood some twelve or thirteen years ago, and settled in the place where he dwells at present, remote from every other habitation. His wife, it is supposed, or has been gathered from some remarks made by him or Rose, was dead. Rose herself was then a little creature of, perhaps, three or four years. A peasant he may be by birth, but I do not believe it. I cannot treat him like one. I confess, he perplexes me."

"I do not marvel at it. What a mystery the man must be! I have the greatest curiosity to behold him."

"That you will doubtless do, sooner or later, though it will be with difficulty, I think, that you will obtain communication with him. But here comes our Rose of the wilderness."

And, as he spoke, the young girl appeared at the door.

"Uncle," said Louis, "I must go back with her, to see her safely to the end of her way. She may meet that insolent fellow again."

"You are right, my dear boy,—you are right," returned the marquis.

"Well, Rose," turning to her, "you are going?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Well, a pleasant walk to you, and be sure to tell your father to look after Gasparde, that he does not annoy you again. My nephew here is going to attend you as far as your walk extends. The next time you have flowers to bring, we will send some one to come with you. Do not come alone, my child."

He stroked her brown hair, with a kindly smile, and Rose, thanking him, bade him good-day. The young count walked by her side in silence during the time occupied in descending the height upon which stood the chateau. He could not help observing how much more beautiful, if possible, looked Rose this morning, than when he had first seen her, although, even then, it was as if he had suddenly come upon some lovely picture touched with the warmest coloring and most perfect grace of the painter's art.

Then the evening light had shed the mellow glow over her with a soft splendor, that imparted to her countenance a tone of subdued brilliancy, that had given to those sweet hazel eyes a darker shadow and a clearer light. Now, with him, upon the hill-side, when the morning sunbeams, only half shaded from her face by the wide brim of the hat she wore, holdly kissed lip, and cheek, and brow, and the fresh, laughing south wind rippled her chestnut

hair, and lent her a bloom fitting a forest nymph, as she was. The Count Louis mentally pronounced her to be the loveliest child he had ever beheld. Fancy already saw the outline of that fair countenance transferred to the carefully collected treasures of his portfolio, the hand was only waiting opportunity to stamp the veritable impression there.

"How pretty she is!" thought the count; "and she is only sixteen."

And it was not her face alone that was thus charming, as he shortly found, nor the innate grace of her manner; for Rose Lamonte possessed quick and delicate perceptions, a refined love of the beautiful, and a mind cultivated to a degree extremely unusual in one of her station, yet scarcely surprising in her. For both her father and Mademoiselle Montauban had taken pains to improve a naturally fine intellect, that expanded daily with the care bestowed upon it; and Louis was more deeply gratified than he could express, on recognizing this mental worth, combined, as it was, with such physical perfection.

It was well that Rose had had such instructors. Helen Montauban herself, possessing attainments fully equal to the intellectual superiority that had distinguished her from childhood, had perceived with pleasure the extent of force with which the mind of the young girl was endowed; and, arousing from her ordinary indifference and stately repose, interested herself in its culture, to a degree that was fully repaid by the result of her labor. Rose, from her tenth year, had thus been the protégé of Helen; and though the calm and undemonstrative bearing usual with the lat-



COUNT LOUIS ON A SKETCHING EXCURSION.

ter had never been so far laid aside as to permit any decided show of affection between them, yet our pretty Rose was grateful to her, and liked her, and Mademoiselle Montauban really liked Rose in return.

Hugh Lamonte, too, as we have said, shared in the cultivation of her mental powers. No one knew how he had gained this knowledge which he had imparted so freely to his daughter. The possession of such acquirements was incongruous with the circumstance and position of the man; but it was of a piece with the rest of the mysteries which surrounded him. No wonder that sweet Rose Lamonte had thriven under care like this.

A brief walk it was from the chateau to the cottage. So, at least, it seemed to the count. He smiled as they reached the door.

"How soon we are here!" he said. "I think the distance must have been estimated incorrectly. I think we have been hardly half an hour in coming. Is your father at home, Rose?"

He was not there. Louis did not go in, but stood an instant by the door, and looked about him.

"What a pleasant little place this is!" said he. "Rose, I should like to take a sketch of it, some day, with you sitting just here in the sunshine in the doorway, at work."

He paused a moment longer; bent to inhale the fragrance of the mignonette in its box on the window ledge, and then turned to his pretty companion again.

"Mind what my uncle told you, Rose," he said.

"Yes, monsieur."

"Adieu, my little friend." He touched her hand in a half-assured clasp.

"Adieu, monsieur. You have been very good to come so far with me."

"It was a pleasure." He smiled, turned away, and was gone.

And Rose, after a moment's thoughtful glance at his receding figure, went in, and prepared her father's dinner, against his return.

* * * * *

"I will have no insolence, Gasparde, mind that! You will keep away from Rose in the future. She detests you, and your language and conduct of this morning fully justify her in so doing. I warn you. You know my character; beware of arousing me by a repetition of this."

Hugh Lamonte, at sunset, had been standing at his door, and Gasparde, returning to his home, beyond the forest, from the village, where he had passed the day, was obliged to pause on the path leading past the cottage, to receive the stern reprimand of the former. He feared Hugh; he could not escape, by a display of his usual bravado, the bitter severity of Hugh's words, and, in these circumstances, his last resort was a sullen silence, which indicated the spirit in which he received them.

Rose had reported to her father the impertinence of Gasparde, and the relation incensed him to the highest degree. Always detesting the man, though he had never yet come to an open rupture with him, the occurrence of to-day had aroused him to an extent beyond endurance. He had reached home some fifteen minutes after the return of Rose from the chateau, and waiting ever since for the appearance of Gasparde, intercepted his way. Sharp and humiliating were the father's words; and Gasparde,

though his blood boiled, though he would have been glad to wreak his hatred on him then and there, yet dared not betray the tempestuous fury that raged within. He listened, with folded arms, his brows bent into a hateful scowl, and his fierce eyes, avoiding those of Hugh, fixed on the earth, where he pushed and rolled around with his foot a piece of dried stubble, with a mechanical motion, of which he was scarcely aware; for he was listening—listening. And he longed to strike to the earth the man who stood before him.

"Do not come hither again. Keep where you belong, among your fellows. I shall be there to-night, at the rendezvous. And it will be near the last time, to give you orders. I must clear my hands of this business soon. I am getting sick of it."

He spoke in a low and moody tone, and his eyes, also, were bent to the earth. He did not see the eager, lightning-like glance that Gasparde raised to his countenance as these words were uttered.

"Getting sick of it, is he?" muttered the fellow to himself. "Good! I shall have a rare sweep of it, when I get affairs under my management. You will abdicate, monsieur, in my favor. Excellent!"

"Go," said Hugh Lamonte, coldly, at length, as he looked up once more,— "go; it is sufficient—the lesson which I hear the count has taught you this morning; otherwise, you would receive from me now something more serious than the reproof I have given you. Go!" And he turned and went into the cottage, shutting the door behind him.

"O, I will pay you finely,—wont I, monsieur?" muttered Gasparde, between his clenched teeth, and making a menacing motion towards the direction. "And the count, too. I have a reckoning with both of you, a long one. Never fear but I will pay it well; and then for my pretty Rose, of whom you are so jealous!"

He took the forest road once more, and walked rapidly forward, revolving in his mind many a scheme of vengeance that had ample time for arriving at maturity. To what point would not his malice extend? Once master of the horde that now called Hugh Lamonte captain, and then?

CHAPTER V.

A CHAPTER OF INCIDENTS.

A WEEK after his arrival at the chateau, Louis stood, one morning, on the terrace with his fair cousin, Helen Montauban, and evidently prepared for a stroll in search of amusement, judging from the gun and sketch-book he carried.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"Away so early, Louis?" asked Mademoiselle Montauban.

"Even so, Helen. I am going to spend an hour in converse with Dame Nature, whom I have so sadly neglected since I came here, that I scarcely dare look her in the face. An hour, and perhaps two; in proportion to the variety of the entertainment which I find."

"Then, if that is the case," returned Helen, in her calm, silver tones,— "if that is the case, we shall hardly see you again till night-fall. You will find no lack of amusement, as you may

declare yourself, if you have not forgotten your former visits hither; though they have been few enough, I confess."

"O, I know there is no neighborhood more beautiful than this in the country," responded Louis. "Game for my bag and food for my pencil I shall find in plenty, and I will lay at your feet the spoils of both on my return, my fair lady-cousin. But as for extending my wanderings to the borders of the night, that would not be quite to my fancy. I shall be back here before noon." "

"That is well. And pray, Louis," she added, with impressive earnestness,—"pray do not go too deep into the forest. Remember your adventure there not seven days since. My good father will be quite alarmed about you, if we do not see you at dinner."

"Depend upon me, Helen; I shall keep to my promise. At noon, we shall be examining together the contents of my *portfeuille*. Let me see you, my sweet cousin, watching for my returning steps from your casement. Mind, I shall look for you. And now, *au revoir!*"

Lightly he touched his lips to her fair hand, and, turning, descended the sloping path that wound irregularly down the height.

A slight blush rose to her beautiful cheek, as her glance followed, for an instant's space, the handsome figure of the young count; and it deepened when, at a little distance, he looked back, and seeing her still standing there, waved his hand to her. Hastily she left the spot, and re-entering the chateau, seated herself in the saloon by a window, at her embroidery. Here, putting the drapery aside, she could observe the receding figure of her cousin while pursuing, with slow and thoughtful fingers, her favorite employment, until Louis had disappeared from sight, and there was no outward attraction to break the rose-hued thread of meditation that wove itself in and out among the clustering buds and leaves expanding into life under her magic touch. The marquis was in the library among his books, lost to the exterior world, and wrapt in learned lore. Helen had no companion there in that wide saloon, save her own meditations; but they were sufficient entertainment for one like her. Besides, they had no stint of food this morning.

And now, let us follow Louis. Charmed with the loveliness of the morning, by the soft sunshine that brightened all the air about him, and touched with a tender glory this wide and beautiful landscape, and glistened on the far blue waters of the winding river that blended with the sky; by the gentle airs that whispered and sighed about him, now kissing his fine brow, and lightly playing with the waves of his soft brown hair, now seeming to the young man's poetical fancy to breathe into his ear the pleasant memories of olden days, he wandered on and on, scarce marking the way he took, nor yet caring; for the happy reveries that this lovely, silent atmosphere about him engendered were even more agreeable than the exercise of those pursuits which he had strolled forth awed to enjoy.

But, as it naturally happened, he had continued to follow the main road leading from the chateau past the village, and onward to where it reached the forest, branching off into two distinct paths, one of which wound on through the forest, and the other skirted it to the left.

But he had only just passed the low hills that hid him from the chateau, when he awoke from these reveries, and now found himself pursuing this path, which was often hedged on either side with timber, and ever and anon opened on wide fields, that gave one delicious glimpses of the far-stretching landscape, and the blue river that wound its quiet course along beneath the still air and the lovely sunshine of the morning. And here and there rose abrupt masses of rock by the way, clothed, perhaps, with verdure, and crowned with foliage, or else standing bare, and craggy, and gray, presenting their jagged fronts boldly to the wayfarer's eye.

His morning's work was before him. Where were the sketches he had promised to show to Helen on his return? Turning his attention to the beauties of the quiet scenery about him, Louis paused now and then along the path, to add some charming *morceau* to the collection of fine drawings in his book, remembering his cousin's peculiar taste, and selecting such points as he knew would best please her. And wandering slowly still, he came at last within sight of the little dwelling of his pretty friend Rose.

Then Louis thought of the wish which he had expressed to her. The cottage was at a distance yet; he wished to gain a more distinct view of it. Perhaps he should discover Rose herself seated at the door, and his scene already laid out for him.

He hastened forward. The turn in the path formed by abutting banks was soon reached, and the half-hidden cottage was in full sight now; and yes, there sat Rose at the door, working with her needle. He paused a moment to contemplate the scene. This little cottage, or farm-house, so rude and plain in exterior, yet discovered to him through that open doorway, where the morning sun shone in so softly, one of the prettiest pictures in the world. The inner room was partly seen, looking as bright, and clear, and fresh as hands could make it; and the pretty fairy guardian of this pleasant *menage*, with her household labor completed for the morning, sat there in the sunshine, working busily, her head bent, so that she did not see Louis, and her small hands glancing back and forth, as she sewed, with a motion that made them, in their light employment, seem all the more graceful.

She was looking so lovely, in this position, that Louis hastened to commence his sketch, lest she should change it. Yet a nearer view was needed; and, silently as possible, he moved forward, so as to trace her features distinctly, and at the same time to avoid disturbing her. Rapidly, and with a grace and vividness of touch that did justice to its present subject, Louis worked. It was the loveliest picture he had attempted that day, and he enjoyed it. Not many minutes was he in completing it, and then he advanced with a quiet step up the pathway to the door.

But Rose Lamonte was as busy with her thoughts as with her

needle, and she did not hear the approaching footstep. It was not until the shadow of the young man's form fell across the sill, that she was aroused from her reverie. She looked up then, and started with some slight surprise on beholding the count. Immediately recovering herself, however, she welcomed him, with a smile, and hastened to offer him a seat.

He accepted it, and sat down near her. He had met Rose but twice before; yet it was in such circumstances that the awkwardness and constraint of first acquaintance was in a measure unknown to them, and it was the easiest thing in the world to fall into conversation now. He almost forgot that their acquaintance was of so recent a date, indeed.

"Where is your father, Rose, this morning?" he asked, at first. "I hoped to see him."

"I am sorry he is not here, monsieur," returned the young girl. "But he went to the forest, something more than an hour ago, to gather roots for me, and I do not know how soon he will come back; perhaps he may be on his way home now. I suppose that monsieur le marquis and Mademoiselle Helen are well to-day?"

"Quite well, Rose. You have not been up to the chateau since last week, I think?"

"No. I do not think I have stayed away from there for so many days together in all the years since we came here. It seems a strange thing to inquire after them," said Rose, looking up.

"My uncle and Helen were mentioning it yesterday," rejoined Louis. "They intend sending for you to-morrow."

"O, I will not trouble them so far as to do that," responded the young girl. "I do not need any one to come for me now, because I can come alone quite as well. Will you be so good as to tell Mademoiselle Helen that I will come to-morrow?"

"I will do so—certainly," answered Louis. "But where, then, is that troublesome cousin of yours? Has he gone away?"

"Yes, monsieur. I hope we shall never see him again," she said, with a slight shudder of aversion. "My father spoke very sharply to him, and sent him to a place a great way from here. I do not know what place it was; my father did not tell me. But he says Gasparde shall never come back until he learns to be less insolent."

"What a relief that is, Rose,—is it not?" said Louis, with a smile.

"Ah, yes, indeed, monsieur! I disliked him extremely. You did not see him that day? I was afraid—" She paused, and Louis answered:

"No—I did not see him. But I was not afraid for myself; I did not think of myself. The man was a coward. He would not dare to attack, openly, a person stronger or more active than himself. Nevertheless, I am glad he has gone—very glad."

"And I am equally so, monsieur. But," she added, "I think he must have been very angry with my father, for sending him away. I know that he was so when my father spoke so sharply to him, though he made no reply, I was told. I am afraid he will do him a mischief, if he has the opportunity." And she sighed.

"O, do not fear that, Rose—do not fear that," the young man said, kindly. "He cannot injure him, unless he returns hither, and, in that case, you would surely be warned of his neighborhood. But this subject is not a pleasant one—is it? Suppose I try to banish from your memory, for the present, the image of this wicked man, and we will talk of something rather pleasanter. Tell me who and what this is, my little friend."

He had opened his *portfeuille*, and now, as he spoke, passed to her the sketch which he had taken fifteen minutes previously.

She looked at it, and a bright smile shone in her hazel eyes.

"Monsieur," she said, "it is my own little home. How faithfully you have sketched it! There is the mignonette on the sill; and my pretty cat, asleep by the box, in the sunshine; and one edge of the book-case, which you can see within, and which hangs close beside the window. You must, then, have drawn this before I saw you—before I heard you coming just now."

"Yes—exactly; before you saw me. But there is something, Rose, which you seem to consider of less consequence than your cat and the mignonette, since you do not mention it. I wonder if you have observed it. Who is it that sits by the door, sewing? My cousin Helen?"

"No, monsieur; it is not your cousin. You did not mean it for Mademoiselle Montauban. It is, I think, Rose Lamonte."

"You are right. It is Rose Lamonte. Well, Rose, I took this without your knowledge, therefore, I suppose I should ask your permission to retain it. But I do not anticipate a refusal. I do not know that I shall heed it, if one is given."

"In that case, monsieur," returned the young girl, smiling at his frankness,— "in that case, it would be useless either to give or withhold permission. It is yours, however, by right, monsieur."

"Then I will keep it. And now, since the morning is nearly gone, I think I can stay no longer. I should like to see your father, Rose; but since he does not come, I must wait until another time."

"I am sure he would like to see you," said Rose. "And now I think of it: he bade me thank you, in his name, if I should meet you again, for your interference in my behalf the other day."

"I was glad that I happened to be near, to chastise the scoundrel," responded Louis; "and I shall be well satisfied if the lesson proved to be one of lasting service. If not, I shall be only too happy to repeat it. Now, I must be gone. Do not forget that my cousin wishes to see you, Rose, to-morrow."

"No, monsieur. I will come."

And bidding the young girl adieu, he turned from the spot to retrace his homeward way.

"How pretty she is, how innocent, how childlike, how charming!" said Louis, mentally. "One cannot but be attracted towards her." He walked on, meditating as he went.

"And so that ruffian, Gasparde, is gone," he said, again. "Good! It will be worse for him if he comes into the neighborhood, and attempts to molest her again. Poor little Rose!—little forest blossom! Would that thou wert in safety!"

Wrapt in deep thought, he continued his way. His eyes were bent to the ground, and he walked slowly along the path.

Suddenly he heard a merry voice whistling some light air, at a distance. It aroused him from his reverie. Looking up, he beheld a man approaching him, who was then, perhaps, fifty yards from him. This man, as soon as Louis lifted his head, suddenly broke off the lively air with which he had been amusing himself, and seemed to regard our hero earnestly. Then as suddenly he recommenced whistling, fixed his glance in turn upon the earth, and, with head slightly bent, advanced.

"Who can it be?" thought the count. "He seems to recognize me, at all events. And it strikes me that he is endeavoring to conceal his features."

And such, truly, appeared to be the case. Yet it was no one whom Louis remembered to have seen before. This man was dressed in the garb usual to the peasants of the country, in stature of about medium rank, and proportionate size. His features were partially concealed, as he held his head down. But Louis, as he came nearer, was more curious to behold them than he would have been if the man had not endeavored, with such evident studiousness, to pass unnoticed. A sudden thought struck the count.

"Can it be Gasparde?" he said to himself. But the idea was immediately banished. Had he not been assured that Gasparde was away? The man came nearer, still whistling. "I will know who he is," firmly resolved Louis.

As they approached closer to each other, the young count caught a glimpse of those features. He started, with an involuntary exclamation, and stopping short, laid his hand on the man's arm.

"My friend," he said, "you will oblige me by pausing one moment. I desire to speak with you."

What if it should be a mistake after all? But no! The man stopped at this quiet, yet peremptory summons, ceased whistling, and taking off his large hat, looked Louis in the face, saying, respectfully:

"I see it is useless, monsieur le compte. You are determined to know me."

"Your own fault, mon ami,—your own fault," laughed the count, with an air of good humor. For, in this person, he recognized the one who had appeared to him in the forest on the night of that memorable attack, to warn and arm him against the approaching danger of the way. The face, well marked by the assistance of the lightning then, had been carefully remembered since.

"But how is it that you know me so well, monsieur?" asked the man. "I scarcely imagined that you would."

"You must be sensible, my good friend," returned the count, "that neither the place, persons nor occasion were those liable to be easily forgotten. A man seldom meets such a dozen times in the course of his life. Did I not tell you that I should remember you?"

"Just so, monsieur. Still—"

"But I do not often forget faces, especially those met with in times of danger. Yours I kept for the remembrance of past deeds, and the score of a future reckoning. But you speak as though you had wished me to forget it."

"I was not over-desirous, monsieur le compte, that you should remember it," answered the man.

"And why not? You are not sorry for helping me, I trust?"

"No, monsieur; nor unable or unwilling either, for that matter, to help you again, if you should need help. And, my faith! but I am afraid you will need aid most sorely, if things prosper as they have begun," he added, in a lower and half-musing tone.

"What do you mean?" queried the count, not a little puzzled.

"What do I mean, monsieur! Why, the fact is, it would be hard to tell. How do I know what is to happen?"

"What was that muttering for, then? What is your name? Tell me that. You refused to tell me on the first occasion of our meeting. Tell me now. It cannot harm you."

"You will promise, monsieur, never to whisper a word concerning my share in that night's scrape, nor whatever I may do for you hereafter?"

"Hereafter? You perplex me. But I promise—I promise, my good man. Now tell me your name."

"It is Jacques Leroux, monsieur."

"Jacques Leroux!—well, I shall remember now. But come, sit down on this bank by the roadside a moment. I wish to talk with you."

"Very well, monsieur. Only I warn you, you must not ask too many questions. It is enough that I was inclined to help you that night. You must not inquire too closely into the why and wherefore of the secrecy."

"Let me ask what I please, Jacques. You are not forced to answer, if you do not like. In the first place, then, how did you come to know all about the affair in which I was engaged?"

"That, monsieur, is one of the questions which I must decline to answer."

"Why did you conceive so great an interest in me—a stranger?"

"That I cannot tell, unless it was because I liked your appearance."

"You had seen me before, then?"

"I had seen you before, monsieur."

"Where—when?"

"It would do you no good to know."

"You are cool, Jacques. I see I shall gain no satisfaction from you. But, at least, let me know to what part of the country you belong, and whether I shall ever see you after this."

"I am not conscious of belonging anywhere in particular, monsieur, though one may be apt to see me most generally in this direction. I dare say we shall meet very often, if you remain at the chateau up there."

"You spoke of my needing assistance at a future day. Do you think it probable that I shall?"

Jacques smiled at the well-contrived query.

"I do not say. One may very often need help, you know; especially when one has enemies. The old fable of the lion and the mouse is as useful to-day as ever it was."

"Where are my enemies? Who are they?"

"You know best, monsieur, whether you have gained the ill-will of any one."

"You mean—but no! What should you know concerning that? You—"

"I mean, monsieur, to speak in so many plain words, that ugly cousin of pretty Rose Lamont—Gaspard. I should hardly dare to utter his name aloud, but I know that he is not within earshot by a long way."

"You do know, then, that he is my enemy?"

"As far as jealousy can make him, monsieur. And though he is away now, it does not follow that he may not harm you some day. He did not fancy your treatment of him the other day. But now, monsieur, I have lingered here long enough. I must budge. I am going to see Hugh Lamonte."

"Ah!" exclaimed the count; "then you know Hugh?"

"Yes, monsieur. I help him, sometimes, in his garden. He wants me this morning. I must be on my way."

"Very well. But we shall see each other again, Jacques?"

"Doubtless. Good-morning, monsieur."

"Good-morning, my friend."

And the young count pursued his way, thinking, with some curiosity, and not a little perplexity, of his new acquaintance.

"That accounts for it," he said to himself. "He learned the story from Hugh, I suppose, or overheard something. But I wonder how he became acquainted with the danger which was awaiting me that night? However, I suppose I must not trouble myself about it."

And Jacques pursued his route to the dwelling of Hugh Lamonte—of his chief. For though Louis had no suspicion of it at present, this man was concerned, though in no very important degree, with the very gang who had sent out men to waylay him in the forest. This was the secret of his knowledge respecting their business.

CHAPTER VI.

A SECRET ENEMY.

A MONTH passed. Louis had intended to leave the chateau at the expiration of a month. It went by, but still he lingered; and, as he had no pressing business elsewhere, he said to himself that the summer might wear away as well here as in places where he might not like so well to stay. So he was in no hurry to depart.

Time passed very pleasantly at the chateau. A great portion of his days was passed indoors, in the society of his uncle and his beautiful cousin, Helen; and the remainder was spent in the open air, in the pursuit of his favorite amusements. Louis was as fond of sketching as ever, and nearly every morning he might have been seen roving about the neighborhood in search of food for his pencil, as we have already seen him, returning at noon, to display to Mademoiselle Montanban the result of his labor; though, on the first occasion of this kind, it must be allowed that the exhibition of his sketches was subjected to some slight reserve, the picture of Rose and her dwelling being withheld. For what reason, however, he himself, perhaps, scarcely knew at the time.

He had seen Rose two or three times since that visit, both at the chateau and at the cottage, where he had met her father, also. The admiration of Louis for our pretty heroine certainly was by no means on the decrease; while Hugh Lamonte was an enigma to him. The peculiarity of this man's appearance and manners, so inconsistent with his position, was a matter of no little perplexity to him as to others. The gravity and reserve of Hugh, accompanying a kind of hauteur, which, at times, betrayed itself in his intercourse with those with whom he had any dealings, were so many subjects of mystery. But it was a mystery not likely soon to be solved. Nobody knew anything concerning him previous to the time of his coming to occupy his present abode. His former place of residence was unknown. Conjecture had done her best, and the mystery remained a mystery still.

Louis often spoke with his uncle on this subject. The good marquis could only shake his head in perplexity.

"He is a strange man, that is all I can say, my dear boy," said he; "and yet there is something about him which attracts me. That lofty sternness which he sometimes wears strikes one most strangely. I never observe it without thinking of—"

"Of what, monsieur?" asked Louis.

"Of my—of Henri—your uncle, my boy. We quarrelled once, he and I, and he wore just that look and manner afterward. You never saw him, Louis." And the good marquis sighed.

"What was the reason of the quarrel, uncle?" asked Louis.

"It is a long story. I cannot tell you now," was the answer; "but, some day, perhaps, I will relate it to you."

It was no uncommon thing now for Louis to encounter Jacques Leroux, now, in his usual strolls about the neighborhood. They often met; and the young count, feeling an interest in this rough, but evidently honest-hearted fellow, who had taken pains to render him a service, spent many an hour in conversation with him while reclining on the banks of the valley stream, engaged in angling, or roaming over wood and hill, with his beloved *portfeuille*; for Louis was an unwearied artist.

And now, our hero might have been seen visiting the cottage, too, occasionally, to rest, during his rambles; and, strange to say, Hugh Lamonte treated this new-comer with a distant kindness, far different from his usually unsociable demeanor. He unbent somewhat from his natural reserve; and as this restraint was, in a measure, dismissed, Louis was astonished to discover the extent of his knowledge—the depth of his mind, which, like himself, seemed unfitted for a rank so low. And yet this astonishment, he knew, was scarcely warrantable, since, he reasoned, he should have anticipated no less from this man.

And, all this time, Gaspard was away. Hugh and Jacques alone knew where; for the former, Hugh Lamonte, uneasy at a neighborhood so little to be desired, had despatched him to manage the affairs of that portion of the horde engaged in the contraband trade, well reasoning that, being as far distant as the coast itself, he had nothing unpleasant to apprehend from him. Gaspard, as may be guessed, had been no little dissatisfied with this arrange-

what— He glanced at the gun that the count had again laid down, and Louis recognized the impression which he entertained.

"Well, my good fellow," he said, lightly, despite the slight faintness he felt from the loss of blood, "you do not think I would commit intentional suicide—do you? and if I did, I should certainly select a surer spot than this. But I am glad you are here. This one-handed work is rather awkward. Let the sleeve stay; I can see to it after I get home. Just fasten the bandage about it tightly, if you please,—so. That is it. Be sure the knot is fast."

And, during this time, Louis had concluded, since Jacques had drawn his own inferences, to let him keep them, and tell him nothing concerning the actual state of the matter; for a thought had suddenly occurred to him, as he endeavored to account for the ease himself, which made him resolve to trust his own dexterity in finding out the truth, and keep silent on the subject until then. For whoever had fired this shot at him was an enemy, since he could not bring himself to believe the deed unintentional. And what enemy had he besides Gaspard?

Determined to know something more of this affair, he kept his knowledge to himself, and rather encouraged than corrected the belief of Jacques, that he had accidentally discharged his own gun, and thus caused the wound.

He left the vicinity of the grove, leaning on the arm of Jacques, for the faintness had not yet left him; the impulse to go back and search the place for some trace of his unseen assailant yielding to his present actual inability to do so.

He returned to the chateau, and there, unwilling to alarm his uncle or Helen by an account of this occurrence, entrusted secretly to his valet the charge of dressing the wound, which was not nearly so serious as the flow of blood had led him to believe, and which he was confident of healing in a week or two. The slight indisposition succeeding he passed off as a somewhat severe headache. His valet was trusty and faithful, and, with skillful management, the affair remained silent.

Meanwhile, Louis passed several days in deep reflection. A double object occupied his attention, which was, in part, the discovery of the present whereabouts of Gaspard, whom he believed to be in the neighborhood without the knowledge of Hugh Lamonte; the other point the reader will presently understand.

A half-perfected scheme was in progress of completion. For a time, as we have said, he meditated on this, and finally laid it out to his own satisfaction.

By this time, his arm was almost entirely healed. He had remained within doors for some days; but now resumed his usual out-of-door amusements, taking good care, however, to avoid every place wherein a foe might lie concealed.

Some careless inquiries which he made of Rose and her father, assured him that, even if Gaspard were in the neighborhood, they were unconscious of it. He resolved to set a watch, however, ascertain the amount of correctness in his suspicions.

One day, very shortly after the occurrences above recorded, Louis received letters from Lyons which seemed to interest him very deeply. Business of some importance, as announced, obliged him to leave the chateau sooner than he had intended. The good marquis expressed the utmost concern and regret at hearing this.

"Why, my dear Louis," said he, "I counted on keeping you for months yet. Why will you go? Surely you can submit to your agent, or avocet, all affairs of business for the present."

"My dear uncle, the case is imperative," answered the count.

"Then, as soon as this affair is transacted, you will return to me? I will hear of no refusal."

"I promise you, monsieur, I will return."

The matter was settled.

Helen Montanban had waited silently for the decision. She made no attempt to urge Louis to prolong his stay. She did not even express a regret at the announcement of his intended departure on the following day; but a closer observer might have seen the emotion which she felt. And she received the parting kiss of her handsome cousin with a smile.

"My dear Helen," he said, frankly, taking her hands in his, "tell me that you are sorry to bid me adieu, or I shall not believe it."

"I do regret your departure, Louis," she answered, in a low, clear tone; "but why should I display it? You say your business is imperative, and I would not detain you. Besides, you are to return."

"Yes—I shall return," he echoed. "Adieu, sweet cousin!"

"Louis," said the marquis, as he accompanied his nephew to the gate of the court, "you must mind and come back as soon as possible. If the plan which I mentioned the other day succeeds, Rose will be an inmate of the chateau before winter. Poor little Rose! one cannot but wish to see her in such circumstances as seem more befitting her. Helen needs a friend and companion, too, and both will be benefited. If Hugh Lamonte will consent to part with her, she shall come. The first thing that put this plan into my thoughts, was the persecutions of that fellow, Gaspard. I wished to remove her from his way. To be sure, he is not here at present, but then there is no knowing how soon he may return. I shall talk with Hugh—I shall talk with him; and Helen will use her influence too, I know, for she likes Rose. So when you return, you may, perhaps, find another cousin, Louis."



HIGH LIFE.

ment, and resolved to return, secretly, as soon as an opportunity presented itself.

It was one day, when Louis had been rambling about during the whole morning, that, wearied out, he threw himself beneath the shadow of a tree to rest, in the midst of a small grove half-way between the chateau and the cottage. He had a book with him, and opening it, soon became deeply engaged in its perusal. Perhaps he might have passed half an hour thus. At the end of that time, however, he closed it, and taking up his gun, which he had thrown on the turf beside him, he took his way towards the road, which was not many steps distant.

But he had hardly reached it, ere a bullet whistled through the air, struck his left arm, ploughing up the flesh as it went, and continuing its course till it lodged in the trunk of a large tree by the roadside.

It had evidently proceeded from some place very near the spot which he had left; but he had no time to look for the source of the compliment, for the warm blood already poured down his arm, saturating completely the sleeve which covered it. Hastening on, he sat down by the trunk of the tree which had received the bullet, and taking his handkerchief out, folded it into a bandage. At that moment, raising his eyes, he beheld Jacques Leroux coming along the road from the village. He called to him, and the man ran up.

"What's the matter now, Monsieur Louis?" he asked, in some surprise. "Shot in the arm? Winged like a wild fowl! Why,

"Your plan is an excellent one, my dear uncle," returned the young man, "and I wish you all success. Depend upon it, the endeavors which you and my cousin make, for the benefit of Rose, will not be thrown away."

The gate of the court closed; the guest was gone.

Slowly rode master and man down the valley to the little *auberge* by the roadside, and here Louis dismounted. Immediately, as he did so, there came from an inner room a young man, who, appearing at the door, made a respectful obeisance to Louis, saying:

"Bon jour, monsieur le compte; you see I am punctual."

"Good!" answered the count. "How long have you been here?"

"Depuis trois heures, monsieur,—three hours, fully, I think."

"That is well. I see you do not forget your master's habits. But come; we must have a room in private for a little while. Francois!" to his valet, "get down, and wait awhile. My good man," he continued, addressing the *aubergiste*. "I wish to transact some private business with this person. Your little apartment within there will do excellently well. Come, Robin!"

The bustling and diminutive *aubergiste*, rubbing his skinny hands, and repeating, in a cracked voice, "Yes, monsieur le compte,—yes, monsieur le compte; this way, if you please, monsieur!" led the way to a small room opening back from the public one, and waving the aforesaid hand towards it, with an air most laughably grand, returned to the door looking into the inn-yard, to talk with Francois, who did not seem to be in the pleasantest of moods.

"You have got your spado and its accompaniments with you, I presume!" inquired, meanwhile, the young count of the man he had met here, as the two entered the little room together.

"Yes, indeed, Monsieur Louis, and one or two changes of apparel. It is for no more than a month or two, I think you said?"

"That is all."

"Then, I dare say, I brought sufficient with me; more than that might be thought superfluous, you know. We must be natural."

"Yes—yes, Robin. It is all right. Shut the door, now, and be careful there is no chance for eaves-droppers."

They went in, and the door was closed upon them.

Some twenty minutes might have elapsed, when it was re-opened, and they came forth again, the young count striking from his varnished boot one or two straws with his riding switch, and bending his head to conceal a smile that curved his moustached lip; while his companion, with less apparent restraint, was laughing outright—a low, musical, but hearty laugh. He quickly grew grave, however, and said, aloud, as they proceeded to the outer door, where the innkeeper was still standing, and endeavoring to draw the unusually gruff Francois into something like conversation:

"You think, then, monsieur le compte, that I shall get employment somewhere about here?"

"O, doubtless—doubtless, Robin!" was the reply. "You will have my certificate of character, if it is required; but your face will do as well, if I am not mistaken."

"Ah! you are very good, I am sure, monsieur le compte."

"Well—well! I need not tell you to behave yourself, Robin. I wish that you may meet with good fortune."

"Thank you, monsieur," returned the other, gratefully. "I shall endeavor to do credit to your recommendation."

"Do so. And now, adieu! Adieu my good man!" to the little *aubergiste*, and dropping, as he spoke, a piece of gold into his hand, the count passed out and sprang to the saddle.

"Ah—well!" muttered Francois, crossly, as he mounted his own little hack, and glanced surlily enough towards his master; "if young people will turn into wild geese, I do not know who will repent but themselves."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HIGH AND LOW LIFE.

We present on this and the preceding page two very fine wood engravings from celebrated paintings by that prince of English animal painters, Sir Edwin Landseer, who, by the power of his genius, has raised his branch of art to a very high rank. In the portraits of animals, Landseer has accomplished what Vandyke, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Stuart accomplished in their portraits of men and women. He has given us not merely form but character. The difference between his pictures and Herring's, is precisely that between genius and talent. In the designs before us, the contrast between high and low life is as strongly marked as if, in the place of the two dogs—the gentleman's greyhound and the servant's bulldog,—we had the dandy and the flunkey in *propria persona*. The greyhound in "High Life" is the aristocrat of his race. He is surrounded by the tokens of luxury and elegance—a latticed casement, a silken bell-pull, a chased goblet, helmet and sword, books and manuscripts, and costly gauntlets. Look on the other picture. What a John Bull of low caste is the sturdy, surly dog that sits by the wall! How essentially vulgar are those top-boots, and the pipe and pot! We can picture the owners of those interesting canine specimens—the one a curled darling of the drawing-room, like Henry Pelham or Beau Brummell, an habitué of Almack's and the clubs; and the other a Sam Weller, rejoicing in a livery hat, a green cut-away and white cords, the oracle and magnate of the servants' hall. Though a capital painter of horses, Landseer's forte is dogs. He paints them as if he loved them, and how well he has studied them, the pictures given on these two pages will show.

THE CHIPPEWA INDIANS.—(Continued from the first page.)

Our readers will thus be enabled to identify them by the following list: No. 1, Mah-yah-che-wa-we-tong (the beginner), a war chief. 2, A-yah-be-dwa-we-tong (the ever-speaker—an ominous name for an orator). 3, Nah-nah-ang-a-yash (the closing of his feathers). 4, Ne-she-ka-o-ge-mah (the only chief). 5, Ke-be-dwa-ke-ylick (the crier between the heavens). 6, Wab-be-de-yah (round setter). These Indians came from White Oak Point, Minnesota, a locality about three or four hundred miles beyond St. Paul, on the Mississippi River. They were sixty-one days on their journey, reaching the Mississippi by means of canoes and 120 miles on foot, thence by steamers and railroads, obtaining, for the greater part of the way, free transportation from the various corporations. They were accompanied by the Rev. James Tanner, a half-breed missionary, educated and employed by the American Unitarian Association, a man of good natural talents improved by culture, and of liberal and practical views. He served them as an interpreter. Mr. Tanner states that the tribe is in a low condition, owing to the bad influences by which they have been surrounded. The dress of these strange visitors was a mixture of savage and civilized costume. One of them being asked why the Indians did not copy the fashions of the whites, replied, "We think we started your fashions; your men now wear blankets as we do, and your women paint their faces and wear feathers,"—quite an original aboriginal *bon mot*. Shortly after the party ar-

these your pupils. I thank you for your sympathy. These five men who are with me are chiefs in their own land. We looked with sorrow on the destitution and ignorance of our people. We felt that we wanted our children taught to be like children of the white men. We knew that our time and our money had been wasted, that our nation were more degraded than they were thirty years ago, and that a great mistake had been made. So I rose up, and said to my people, 'I will go to seek redress—aid. I will obtain teachers for our children.' Then these five chiefs who are with me rose up, also, and said, 'We will go.' So we started, and sixty-one days have we travelled, and thus far have we come. We are glad to meet you, and to take you thus by the hand." The visitors took their leave, after the singing of the Missionary Hymn by the children. During their stay, three of the chiefs, accompanied by Mr. Tanner, attended a public meeting of the Young Men's Christian Union, in Bedford Street, on which occasion a very large number of ladies and gentlemen were in attendance. The meeting was opened by singing one of Dr. Watts's hymns, commencing:

"Come let us search our ways and try
If they be just and right:
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight?"

After a prayer by Rev. Mr. Fuller, Mr. Sweetser, in the course of some appropriate remarks, alluded to the presence of the Indians,

and said that a few evenings since the relations of our nation with the Indians had formed the subject of discussion, and now his hearers had the opportunity of hearing the red man's story from his own lips. He gave an interesting sketch of the Chippewas—the largest of the Indian tribes. He was followed by Mah-yah-che-wa-we-tong, whose address was flowery and full of metaphor and illustration. "He hoped that the young white men of America would be like young vigorous trees, beneath whose protecting arms the weak and weary, the sad and the oppressed, the faint-hearted and the down-trodden, would find shelter and repose. He said that he had been asked the number of chiefs in his tribe. He would reply now that they had but one chief, and he was the Great Spirit—the Father of us all." In the course of his speech, the Atlas says:—"The chief related the struggle which has lately been going on in his tribe between the old fogies, who are in favor of retaining 'chieftainship,' the war path, and kindred institutions, and the younger natives, who go for the introduction of the arts of peace, civilization, and Christian teachers. 'Young America,' it is believed, will carry the day, and the old chiefs sit in their wigwams smoking their pipes in the gloomiest and most copper-colored discontent." Other remarks were made by his companions, and produced quite an impression on the white audience. From this city the delegation proceeded to Washington, where they attracted great attention, and were, for the time being, the lions of the day, though the inhabitants of the Federal city are favored with frequent visits of members of the north-western tribes. We trust that the government will be liberal in their treatment of the few scattered remnants of the tribes who were once the undisputed lords of this great continent.

THE SIGHT OF BIRDS.

Pigeons find out newly-sown fields immediately, and will frequently go several miles to a field the very first morning after it is sown. Wild ducks, that feed at night, are equally quick in finding their food; and, in this case, I would be glad to know what sense they employ. The red deer invariably knows when the shepherd's patch of grain is fit for his food, and will frequently come down in such numbers as to eat up the entire crop in a single night. The carrier-pigeon finds its way home, take it what distance, and any way covered up, you will. Toss it up in the air, and, after circling for a

few moments, it adopts its line of flight, without hesitation, and without mistake. Audubon furnishes an instance of the exercise of this faculty, in his description of the razor-bill:—"The instinct or sagacity which enables the razor-bills, after being scattered in all directions, in quest of food, during the long night, often at great distance from each other, to congregate toward morning, previously to their alighting on a spot to rest, has appeared to me truly wonderful, and I have been tempted to believe that their place of rendezvous has been agreed upon the evening before." Man probably surpasses birds in the extent of vision, as much as a bird surpasses man in sharpness. Ross, in his voyage to Baffin's Bay, proved that a man, under favorable circumstances, could see over the surface of the sea one hundred and fifty miles. It is not probable that any animal can equal this in extent. In sharpness of sight, on the other hand, birds greatly excel us. The eagle, soaring at such a height that he seems a mere speck, sees the grouse walking in the heather, which it so closely resembles in color, as readily to escape the sportsman's eye. Schmidt threw to a considerable distance from a thrush a number of beetles, of a pale, gray color, which the unassisted human eye failed to detect, yet the bird observed them immediately. Many birds readily perceive insects on branches where the sharpest sighted person could detect nothing. The sparrow-hawk, with a sense of sight exceedingly acute, discerns small birds from an incredible distance, and seizes upon them with wonderful velocity.—Illustrations in Ornithology.



LOW LIFE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A BALLAD WITHOUT AN "S."

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

[Composers of music have often complained of the constantly recurring sound of the letter "s," and expressed a wish that it could be omitted to a greater degree than it is from the songs and ballads of the English language. It occurred to me that a brief copy of verses, intended for music, might be written, quite free from this objection, and the result was as follows:]

The dawn came up, the lovely dawn—
Light, light along the lake, the lawn;
The bell rang out a tender tune,
That melted in the blue of June.

Within the chapel by the wood
A lonely maiden went to brood,
And murmured forth a matin prayer
For him, who deemed her true and fair.

He voyaged o'er the rolling wave,
And, firm and loyal, bright and brave,
Reflected on the happy day
When he might bear the maid away.

Homeward he came in one brief year,
And Time had made them doubly dear—
And lo! a bride and bridegroom good
Within the chapel by the wood!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

IRENE'S LOVER.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

A FEMALE relative told me a story the other day, which I think worth relating. She has the art of telling such things charmingly, and I cannot, without vanity, hope to emulate her vivacity and originality of style. It must not be supposed for a single moment that the narrator is old and ugly; she is simply ripe and pretty.

"All young ladies," she commenced, "have their prejudices, and I had mine, of course. How could I expect to enjoy special immunity from the peculiarities of our sex? I had a strong aversion to red hair and round shoulders. You smile at my straightforwardness, but it is well to be plain. Plainness of speech secures a ready comprehension, and prevents the confusion of ideas. But I must be systematic, nor put events out of their consecutive order. You must know that in my younger days I was called—"

"Handsome!" I added, impertinently.

"Handsome," she resumed, not in the least discomposed.

"Indeed, you could be called so now, without much exaggeration," I said. "I can well imagine that you had a symmetrical figure, graceful manner, and a face to please young gentlemen. And perhaps you were something of a coquette, too?"

"My *personnel* was considered attractive," she replied, "but there was much inward deformity. I took a superficial view of the world, men and manners, and the true ends and aims of existence were very imperfectly comprehended. I loved to be flattered. The voice of adulation was full of melody. It made my heart beat with intense satisfaction to be styled a charming girl by the beaux. But I was somewhat trammelled in my movements, for I was bargained away when I was an infant, to a little boy in aprons (the son of "a friend of the family"), whose aspirations at that time never reached higher than a stick of candy or a whip.

"The engagement was brought about through the instrumentality of a wealthy uncle, who imagined he owed a debt of gratitude to my little prehn's father. Providing his wishes were consummated, his fortune was to accompany me, after his decease, and when the transfer of my person had been legally made. To this singular compact all parties assented, save my juvenile mate and myself, we being too young to interest ourselves in such profound matters.

"The name of my destined husband was Frederic Ross. The Ross family resided in a distant State, and I reached woman's estate without being blessed with a single glimpse of my prospective lord. I heard, through my uncle, that Frederic behaved well in college, and was a young man of brilliant promise. Such tidings pleased me; but I was much more interested to know the color of his hair and what kind of an appearance he made personally. Many times I wished to inquire concerning the particular shade of his locks, but lacked courage to put the momentous question. Everything depended upon that. If he was orthodox in that important particular, all would be right, probably—provided he were not round shouldered. Even round shoulders might possibly be pardoned, but red hair—never! That was too flagrant a breach of propriety. Certainly the progressive age in which I lived was much too enlightened not to frown upon such an obstinate departure from the standard of human beauty! The laws of nature were so well understood, and physiology was too much studied and taught.

"One day, upon returning from the village (where I had been for the benefit of my wardrobe and the shopmen), being considerably fatigued, I hurried into the parlor rather unceremoniously, to rest myself upon the sofa. My confusion was not slight when I discovered that comfortable seat occupied by a young man. A single look assured me of two or three disagreeable truths. The first item was shocking and worst of all: he had faded red hair! It was long, too—as if he were proud of his infamy! His face was pale and thin out of all good taste, his eyes sunken and dull, and his whole making-up wanting, I thought, in vivacity. He turned towards me; a faint glow tinged momentarily his cheeks. Rising, he said, with evident effort and painful embarrassment:

"I am Frederic Ross, and you are doubtless—"

"Yes," I interrupted, adding coldly, "how do you do?"

"While he was stammering something about the awkwardness of self-introduction, my mother entered and kindly endeavored to

put Mr. Ross at his ease by some good-natured remarks; although I am inclined to think she had purposely contrived that our first meeting should take place in that way. When we were alone, she wished to know how I was pleased with my future husband; in answer to which I made a very unclassical allusion to a skimmed-milk diet in connection with the young gentleman alluded to.

"You must conquer your prejudices, my dear Irene," said she.

"My repugnance to red hair was born with me," I replied.

"It is an unreasonable antipathy," she affirmed.

"It is constitutional," quoth I.

"He has graduated with honor," persisted she.

"With a red head!" said I.

"His prospects are promising," she continued.

"His hair will never change color," I asserted.

"But his *mind*, my child!"

"But his *body*, my mother!"

"He will rise to distinction."

"He will die of consumption."

"He has a good character."

"He has round shoulders."

"That's because he is so studious. He will inherit your uncle's property."

"But his hair, mother, will always be red!"

"My good mother said I had singular notions, and ceased to argue the case with me, leaving the task to Mr. Ross to overcome my antipathies. I had opportunity to observe Mr. Frederic more critically; but I must confess that my judgment did not soften. His personal defects assumed greater magnitude; and so far as his powers of pleasing were concerned, he did not manifest marked abilities. He was at first reserved and not at all at ease; but his embarrassment soon ceased.

"I expected to be troubled with particular attentions—to be the continual subject of his gallantries; in that I was also mistaken. He treated me with politeness, yet never went out of his way to say a civil thing. Upon the subject of our engagement he was absolutely silent; indeed, judging from his manner, he seemed to have forgotten that such a matter had ever occupied anybody's mind. This conduct appeared strange. Why did he not approach the subject at once, so that I could smile at his presumption and bid him go away? I wished him to do so, and gave him favorable opportunities to make the momentous avowal. I remained in the parlor with him the very next morning after his arrival, for that event to happen. Mr. Ross managed to give the conversation a very general direction. He talked about books, men and the world, and sensibly, too. Play the lover he did not; nor did he give evidence of being pleased with my face, which I had reason to believe was attractive to young gentlemen of his age.

"He requested me to sing and play, and although I knew I could do both creditably, he heard with as much indifference as if it had been a hand-organ performance, nor deigned a word of praise. I believed that I did not wish his commendation, but I had been in the habit of receiving it from others, and was disappointed at his silence, which my vanity prompted me to attribute to a want of ability to appreciate just execution and true harmony. I internally resolved never to gratify him again in an attempt at music. Very ordinary topics were then discussed. Presently the conversation flagged—Mr. Frederic yawned, walked across the room two or three times, and then resuming his seat, absolutely became absorbed in a book! And that, too, when I was his companion!

"I had feelings of resentment which I encouraged. His red locks looked odious. Had he the arrogance to set himself up as my superior? A cadaverous youth charged with a little third rate Latin, a smattering of French and other tongues, with a slight acquaintance with the classics, obviously thought himself a person of infinite consequence! Did he imagine the thing was all settled between us, and I should be unwilling to lose such a prize? That was possible, but I would show him, anon, that he was deluding himself.

"My cousin Anabel Bryant came to spend some weeks with us. She was young, winning, witty and pretty; yet, as a faithful storyteller, I must say that I was generally esteemed the best looking. The apathy of Frederic Ross vanished like morning dew before the smiles of Anabel. If she conversed, he listened; if she sung or played, he praised; if she was playful, he was ready to smile; if we walked, his arm was at her service.

"I like the turn affairs are taking," I said to myself, not unfrequently, "yet I think the fellow is not greatly enamored with his bride elect."

"Days elapsed—but Frederic Ross remained our guest. We were much together, but Anabel only had the ability to draw out his powers of mind. His knowledge proved deeper than I had given him credit for. When interested and aroused, his conversational abilities were wonderful. His faculty of description was really fascinating; he could paint common occurrences in colors new and pleasing, and invest whatever subject he chanced to touch upon with a freshness and novelty that might have charmed one having no antipathy to rubescence in hair.

"I was surprised at the revelations time was making in his character. I began to discern, through the mists of prejudice, that he was singularly gifted. But what if he was? What if he had genius, even? Would the possession of the rarest endowments change the odious hue of his locks?

"Anabel loved to talk of him; and when I reminded her, as I was sure to do, that he was not good looking, she would reply that he had an inward beauty that was of far more value. We rode on horseback when the mornings were pleasant—Anabel, the red-haired youth, and I. My cousin could ride well, and so could Irene Bryant—Irene Bryant was myself, you know. My lord, in prospective, generally attached himself to Anabel at such times,

showing her a thousand little attentions which he did not deem it worth while to offer to the stately miss who was destined and specially set apart for his wife. To avenge myself for these continued slights, I found various means to annoy and render him uncomfortable. I aimed many a sly shaft of ridicule at his head, which I am sure struck deep and wounded. He sometimes evinced the pain of the infliction, but never failed to turn it to my discredit when any skill of his could do so.

"Frederic was a severe critic, and when he caught me in the meshes of his subtlety, he was positively pitiless. He seemed to know my weak points, and loved to scathe me with his biting sarcasm. As we grew to know each other better, the strangeness wearing off by frequent contact, his sarcasm seemed to harden into downright animosity. My own wit was sharp and stinging, but I found in Frederic my full match. I always affected never to feel the power of his criticisms, or the significance of his polished irony, yet sometimes it was difficult to conceal the pain I suffered.

"One dewy morning, which I well remember, we went to ride according to custom. Anabel rode a white horse, Frederic a red, and I a coal black. I whispered to Anabel, as we started, that Frederic's steed was well matched with his head. She laughed, and he whose name had been mentioned looked back with a lurking smile upon his lips.

"Young ladies should modulate their voices to a softer key when they whisper," said he.

"I blushed with conscious guilt, while he appeared to enjoy my confusion with an insatiate relish.

"Comparisons are proverbially odious, I believe," I coldly remarked.

"For the first time Frederic looked at me as if demanding a little less hostility on my part. But he was by no means vexed, nor did he appear to remember long my foolish levity. The pure, exhilarating air and the exercise put my cheeks in a glow, and Anabel seized the first opportunity to assure me that I never looked so bewitching. Several amiable persons have gone into pen-and-ink raptures about woman on horseback; but Frederic never manifested much of that kind of admiration in my presence—save a few enthusiastic exclamations for the grace of Anabel.

"We dismounted at a beautiful spot for a walk through certain zigzag paths leading among trees and shrubbery, and along the banks of a small lake. Anabel playfully took Fred's arm, and I perversely lingered to allow them to enjoy what was apparently so delightful, viz., the society of each other. I paused by the margin of the water. The sun kissed its glassy surface, and mirrored numberless pleasant shapes in its clear depths. I sat down upon the bank awhile, and then looked for the lovers; for lovers I now considered them. I saw them at a goodly distance, in most amicable nearness. She was listening with downcast eyes to something he was saying—words of interest, no doubt—a declaration, perhaps. I arose and walked away, not wishing to behold longer a scene so sentimental. It was all very fine, unquestionably, for Mr. Fred to come to see me, and pay court to my cousin. It was very right, too, for him to treat me with entire indifference—not to say a harsher word.

"But he has red hair," said I to myself, "and so he may do as he pleases."

"At my right, among the rocks, some rare flowers were growing; so I diverged from my way to pluck them. When I had gathered those, I went in pursuit of more at a greater distance. I discovered one of peculiar beauty growing upon a broken and mossy ledge. I hastened to possess the flower, and was in the act of stooping to break the stem, when a rustling in the grass close by drew my attention; then there was a slight rattling and a horrible sibilation that made me shudder. I turned my gaze towards the sounds: I saw a slinky head upreared and a monstrous rattlesnake rolling himself in a coil. Fold after fold was placed one upon another with frightful ease and precision. I met the reptile's glassy, terrible eyes, and stood petrified and helpless. I tried to cry out, and emitted some kind of a sound, but it died away in my throat overcome by the intensity of my emotions. I did not withdraw my eyes—I could not—there was a satanic power in the creature that held me fast. I strove to shake off the dreadful spell, but my impotency was horrible—my feebleness, agony. The consciousness that the serpent, perhaps, had power to change my very loathing to fondling, dismayed me most of all. Yes, that must be so! already an hundred brilliant colors were flashing from his piercing eyes. A gorgeous circle of purple and gold and pink and orange, of red and green and silver, formed about his head. His body quivered and undulated, and swam in a sea of light; while his head oscillated from side to side with a gentle, wavy motion, which nothing but the snake can imitate.

"The eyes dilated, and gleamed and burned into my brain like heated irons. Presently I saw many eyes instead of two, glittering like polished steel, floating before me, revolving in circles, emitting hues indescribably bright and varied. A sound reached the senses, singularly penetrating and soft, not unlike the melody of the æolian harp when the wind is gentle and constant. Its very monotony had an awful fascination in it; every faculty seemed surrendered to the baleful influence that fastened me to the rock. I was all seeing and hearing—the air teeming with dazzling eyes, shimmering lights, rubescent circles, and darting rays of flame beautifully soft. Now with all this fearful delusion upon me I knew perfectly my situation, and struggled against the foul enchantment with an intensity that bathed my forehead in perspiration.

"It could not long continue—the serpent would soon be coiled about me—his red fangs fixed in my shuddering flesh! Where was Frederic? Heavens! with what agony did I mentally make that inquiry. A dreadful dizziness seized me—an awful mist full of gleaming stars swam before me, while that low, monotonous wailing was in my ears.

"I knew no more. When I became conscious, I was in the arms of Frederic, and Anabel was lying fainting at my feet. When I opened my eyes, Fred was looking at me tenderly, and trembling in every limb. I shuddered and closed my eyes, while he assured me many times that the danger was past, and the serpent killed.

"I did not recover from the shock immediately, but was quite ill for a week, during which time Frederic manifested much interest in my welfare, showing less attention to Anabel. When I was strong again he relapsed into his former manner, and flirted with my pretty cousin. He had so softened my prejudice by his kindly deportment, that I could not so well bear his indifference. My feelings were softened; I owed him a great debt of gratitude. He had snatched me from a fearful danger at a moment when I would have given almost life itself for the power to call him to me. I said I would remember it and put it to his credit; and I intended to keep my word.

"I was walking in the garden one day, when I was joined by Frederic.

"I was seeking you, Irene," he observed.

"That is singular," I replied with a smile.

"I leave you to-day, and it is proper that I should have a few moments' conversation with you before I depart."

"He paused, thinking I might reply; perceiving I remained silent, he proceeded:

"The object of my visit is too well understood by you to need a single word of explanation. It was unwise in our friends to imagine that a contract made by them would be recognized as binding by both parties concerned, when they should be of an age to decide for themselves. The human affections cannot be disposed of or bartered away. The sentiment of love is a thing wholly involuntary, and therefore cannot be controlled. I perceived that my presence was disagreeable to you from the first, and resolved not to persecute you with solicitations, or persistently obtrude my society upon you. I will leave you to judge if this resolution has not been observed. I came with a heart unengaged, and found you beautiful and accomplished; but I have not declared myself, and now renounce all pretensions to your hand. That it has cost me a sacrifice, is true."

"Frederic stopped again and showed some emotion, which surprised me, as I had never seen him display much feeling. I rather doubted his ingenuousness, when I considered the terms of intimacy subsisting between himself and Anabel.

"Has the sacrifice been great, Mr. Ross?" I asked, with a faint smile.

"Greater than you would believe, I imagine," he replied, with bitterness.

"And yet you have borne it very well," I observed.

"I have needed firmness," he returned, gloomily.

"And the society of Anabel?" I added.

"Anabel could tolerate me, Irene could not," he rejoined.

"You have found a sympathizer, doubtless, that will more than make amends for my unkindness."

"I do not affirm that you have been unkind—but indeed, you have made me suffer. Your coldness has chilled me, and your sarcasm has at times been cruel. But for the sentiment your beauty inspired, and the better nature which I am confident lurks behind your severity, I should have left your hospitable roof long ago."

"And my pretty cousin?" quoth I.

"Irene, it is you who have kept me here, not Anabel!" exclaimed Frederic.

"Mr. Ross, such an avowal seems utterly inconsistent with your conduct," I spiritedly asserted.

"Miss Bryant, you lose sight of the deportment you have studiously observed toward me—your sleepless sarcasm, your icy politeness, and, I might add, contempt. But I will not prolong this interview—our first and last. I shall never seek to gratify the wishes of our mutual friends against your inclinations. I am sure you have not known, and do not now know me. Irene, I love you; but after this hour, it is probable that we shall never meet again in this world."

"Where do you go?" I asked, nervously.

"To Europe," he answered.

"I felt my heart beating violently."

"You speak with an appearance of frankness," I said, not without some effort to maintain my calmness; "but the declaration you have now made should have been made long since."

"Perhaps so; but the time for regret and recrimination is past. I shall bear away with me a heavy and disappointed heart. But I do not reproach you, nor will I. Nature has made me as I am; and I cannot—and he looked at me searchingly, curling his nether lip contemptuously—"make one hair white nor black!" I chanced to hear accidentally a conversation concerning me between yourself and mother, which, though it wounded, was, perhaps, a deserved check upon my presumption," resumed Frederic, with increasing severity of tone. "But, as I observed, nature will not bow to your caprices nor mine. It is possible that my soul is not deteriorated by the particular shade of my hair, and that sedentary and studious habits bend the figure somewhat; but I hope neither are legitimate subjects for ridicule. If I have caused you pain, forgive me, and remember that a scene like this will not again occur. In the years to come sometimes think of Frederic Ross, and what he gladly would have been to you—friend, lover, husband. But enough! Irene, farewell!"

"He hurried away, leaving me pale and trembling. I raised my hand to entreat him to stay a moment longer, but the gesture was unheeded—he was gone—I was alone. I was miserably unhappy. I wished to weep, and even pride could not restrain me; I sat down and the tears flowed. Why did I abandon myself

to grief? Whence arose my agitation? I was afraid of such startling queries, and shrank from them. I was too much of a coward to look within; I knew not what I might find there; there might be that which was deformed. What a strange declaration Frederic had made! In love with me! What an idea! And what a curious way he had of showing his affection!

"Irene!" said the voice of Anabel.

"I did not answer, and she came along and discovered me.

"So you have driven away Frederic Ross?" she said.

"If I have, you can recall him!" I retorted, attempting to smile, to banish all traces of emotion.

"You estimate my power over him too highly," she returned.

"I think one word in your softest key would change his purpose," I added.

"Come, Irene, be ingenuous," resumed Anabel, earnestly. "Has not Frederic confessed that he loves you?"

"He said so," I responded, concealing my face with my hands.

"Frederic is truthful. And you really dismissed him, Irene? O, how blind you have been to his merits—what a stranger to his noble nature!"

"I covered my face with my handkerchief. I remembered the time when he saved me from the fascination of the serpent.

"Curb your pride, Irene; speak to me frankly and ingenuously. Do you wish Frederic to go?"

"There was a momentary struggle in my heart. The words came hard, but I spoke them: 'not if he loves me,' I said, faintly.

"At that instant some one rushed from the adjacent shrubbery and knelt at my feet. I looked up—it was Frederic. He caught my hand and kissed it; he protested to the depth of his passion; Anabel had vanished—and—Fred, after all, had it as he would."

"And so you forgave the red hair?" said I.

"Yes," added Irene, with a blush, "I forgave the red hair, and regret only that I cherished such an unworthy prejudice so long."

"But your husband's hair is not very red," I remarked.

"No, it has grown darker since; its red and faded appearance was produced in a measure by a brain fever which he had while in college, in conjunction with medicaments which were applied for the purpose of relieving his sufferings. But I learned a valuable moral, which I trust will last me through life—Never judge hastily."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GHOST OF SAN FRANCISCO.

BY "THE LADY OF SHALOTT."

A FEW years ago, San Francisco was merely a town of tents, as everybody knows, and as many have sad cause to remember. The hardships of a four or six months' voyage in search of this gold-growing region, were but the beginning of sufferings. It required a hardy constitution to endure the test of climate and "canning out," yet in store for the voyager. The most robust, after a few months' exposure to the hot, mid-day sun, the chilly, searching night-winds, and the drenching rains which often floated away his tent, was constrained to wrap himself in his blanket, lie down in a corner and shiver himself into a shadow. He had little sympathy and little aid, for his companions were too much occupied with their own doleful battles with the "slukes," to do else than laugh at their fellow-sufferers.

The lily-handed gentleman's son, who had thought to gather gold without labor, grew disgusted and dispirited, and was an easy victim to disease; and the hearty worker, unused at home to more than paper-fingering, soon exhausted his strength in his new callings of cartman, carpenter, painter or well-digger, as the wants of the hour demanded. Fevers were ready for such. The new comers who arrived almost daily in scores, were as impetuous as the old, and passed through the same routine of labor, sickness and death, till at last the undertaker's profession was the most thrifty of all. So great was the mortality, that, as during a pestilence, the dead were often rolled up in their blankets, boxed in rude pine coffins, and hurried away in carts for burial, without a friend to know or care whither they were taken.

Sometimes a few followed on foot, tramping slowly along the sandy road that led to the cemetery. Its site was a long valley reaching from the bay to the ocean, and walled in on either side by barren sand-hills. It could boast no shade but a few scrub oaks, and its countless mounds had no other monument than wooden tablets, upon which the names of the sleepers were rudely carved with a jack-knife, or painted in black. Grave-diggers were always in the gloomy valley, making homes for the dead faster than houses for the living could be fashioned in the young city of tents.

The black wagons in which the dead were brought, were drawn by mules; and the driver, astride of a coffin, whistled as he went, or was not loath to clamber down from his ghostly load and beat his stubborn mules with sticks, and howl curses in their unheeding ears. Arrived at the open graves, he tumbled out his fearful freight as roughly as if life had never rendered it sacred; and the receivers, with feelings equally calloused, pushed the coffins one by one into the narrow cells, and let them drop with a heavy thump that seemed enough to wake the dead.

At this period of mortality among the gold-seekers, there came down from the mines a New Englander who had so well lined his wallet with the yellow scales that he wisely determined to return home and invest it in a Berkshire farm. While making preparations for his return voyage, he found a temporary home in a wooden domicile, respectfully kept by two shriveled sisters. One was a tall, gaunt woman who looked as if she might have prowled along a storm-lashed beach by the side of a wrecker husband. The other, of less stature, was sullen in her nature, moving about like a

mummy with revived power of locomotion, and forever brooding upon some great wrong. But Zed Wheeler was a great talker, and his hostesses were the best of listeners. It was not long therefore, before they knew Zed's history from the time he was a little tow-headed urchin, turning somersets in the mud, till he had arrived at his present six-foot stature; and, delighted with his own account of himself, he did not cease till duly established in his own opinion and in that of his auditors, as the princely hero of his plater.

Before the ship in which he expected to embark was ready to sail, Zed had lost his strength and volubility on a sick-bed. In a week his face was pale and pinched. No strangers could be more studiously attentive than these antiquated maidens. They prepared nourishing delicacies for his taste, bathed his burning temples, administered cordials, and resorted to their own valuable store of medicine and their own experimental skill, in the absence of an available physician. Those who dropped in thought the miner had fallen into the hands of good Samaritans. But when poor Zed, in the weakness and nervousness of disease, watched his grim nurses, he could think of nothing but the stories of ogres that had frightened his young fancy when he lolled with his playfellows in the shadow of his father's hay-stacks.

At length Zed began to recover and to talk. His attendants looked at each other significantly. I suppose they were congratulating each other in their own smileless way—foolish Zed imagined they were grimacing with disappointment at not having his gold. But events often take an unexpected turn. Zed died as soon as he began to recover.

The sisters looked sorrowful at the loss of their boarder, and made loud lamentations and a long shroud for him. While they hastily stitched at the white robe, they whispered and looked oft at the sheeted corpse. Were they afraid the dead man would arise and accuse them of guilt? Did the silence frighten them? Or did they sadly miss his voice?

A few hours after the undertaker bustled in, quickly disposed poor Zed in a pine coffin, nailed it tight with a few hard strokes, and slid it into his black wagon with three or four others. The driver cracked his whip and jolted away on a quick trot towards the dismal valley of graves.

"Who have you there?" shouted the digger, as he leaned for a moment on his spade, watching the new arrival.

"I'm sure I don't know. That's none of my business," was the grumbling reply.

"Well, dump 'em out quick," said the waiting worker.

Thump! thump! thump! There they all lay on the ground, waiting to be hidden under the sod. The men lighted their pipes anew, and a half uttered joke was upon their lips, when a low moan, distinctly heard, cut short the words and left them gazing at each other in a shock of fear. They listened intently. A louder groan succeeded, and then a weak voice begged:

"Let me out! let me out!"

Words fairly uttered brought the bystanders to their wits. Singling out the coffin whence the sound proceeded, they were not long in prying off the top. Up rose Zed Wheeler—slowly enough. The rough tumble of the box had aroused him. He was bewildered at finding himself so nearly buried alive, and the two workmen could not yet be assured that the tall, white-robed, cadaverous figure before them was not a true spectre, and indeed, Zed was not quite sure himself. The driver was careful not to turn his back towards the doubtful apparition till he beheld it sitting upon the coffin in the black wagon, recounting a veritable history, with his last recollections of a heavy drowsiness, and the voices of his ogress nurses discussing the hasty disposal of his body and appropriation of his gold.

As the wagon rattled into the city, the citizens stared in amazement to behold a ghost in the hearse, and not a few, in superstitious fear, made a clear passage before it. The guilty sisters were greedily weighing gold when Zed's spectre appeared to them. Shrieks, confusion and arrest followed; but, as their victim gathered up his gold and took passage in the first ship for New York, they were released for want of evidence that they had administered narcotic poison to their guest.

The ghost of San Francisco can be seen any day on some of the Berkshire hills, stalking over the broad acres, and leaving tracks too life-like to have been made by boots more spiritual than those of Zed Wheeler.

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M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston



GENERAL SCOTT'S TRIUMPHANT ENTRANCE INTO MEXICO

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A BALLAD.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.

In the twilight I was sitting,
One sweet evening long ago,
And my lover, bending o'er me,
Whispered all I wished to know;
"Will be mine, dear Fanchette?" said he—
Playfully I answered, "No."

Little did I think that Felix
Would not take that word in jest,
When I once with smiles and blushes
My deep love for him confessed;
Might he not have guessed its meaning,
What that playful "no" expressed.

Proudly, proudly, did he leave me:
"Go," I said, "thou now art free!"
And the shadow of the demon
Pride moved dark 'tween him and me.
Life's wrecked hopes then drifted from me,
Down despair's tempestuous sea.

Still the shadow fell between us,
Felix sought my side no more.
Then a suitor came to won me,
Tigh the name and rank he bore;
Never such a knightly lover
Village maiden had before.

Ah, by many racking feelings
My young heart was sorely tried,
In the pangs of proud resentment,
Sure I thought my love had died,
Till the demon whispered to me,
"Be the courtier's honored bride."

"Well thou'lt punish cruel Felix:
Ah, 'twill wring his heart with woe,
Vain remorse will fill his bosom,
When he'll see thee grandly go
To the courtier to be wedded,
Meet it is it should be so."

In the chill November twilight
Sadly did I sit alone,
Listening to the wind of autumn,
In the leafless forest moan;
Mourn, O wind, earth's desolation,
Breaking heart, bewail thine own.

Thus I murmured, "Cruel Felix,
Couldst thou my repentance know—"
But my Felix, bending o'er me,
Whispered, "Fanchette, will I go?
Darling Fanchette, will I leave thee?"
Once again I answered, "No."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MYSTERIOUS HUNT.

BY MAJOR WEBBER, THE HUNTER-NATURALIST.*

TIM BLAKE was my bosom friend. We had camped out together, we had fought, hunted, and made merry together, and we had not a secret in our two breasts which had not been duly discussed together—not a secret, did I say? Ask Tim (or, rather my friend, the Hon. T. Blake, from L— county, V—; for he has lost the hearty "Tim," and plain "Mister," and is now long time in the sere of honorable), ask Tim if he remembers the secret of his old friend, Joe C—; or, if he is slightly oblivious (and old men sometimes get so), ask him to tell the story of the "Mysterious Hunt," and you will see his eyes gleam again with the fire which once burned in them, and the laugh which was once so irresistible to young and old, flush that still handsome face. Perhaps the old lady his wife, if she is beside him, will remonstrate a little; but Tim will only say, while he takes her chin between his thumb and finger, "Never you heed, little woman! You have not had the worst of the joke, I hope!" And then you will be gratified with the sounds of as hearty a "No, no, that I have not!" as ever came from woman's lips, to the mortification of a discontented old bachelor.

Tim was the gayest and handsomest young officer in the—regiment of dragoons, on the Rio Grande line of operations in Mexico. No expedition was too daring, no scheme too reckless, no adventure too much for him to aid in the accomplishment of it; and, last, no maid too fair, or too coquettish for him to woo. Yet Tim was true to his friends—as true as brave; and no man or woman ever accused him of falsehood—though many a young heart would gladly have won so gallant a companion to claim him as its own henceforth.

But I mean to tell you, good reader, in confidence, and some shame for the deception, of the one secret which I had hid in my breast, and of which my best friend, Tim, had not a dream; though I must now confess, that more than once I had seen his eyes twinkle a little too knowingly, when he had accidentally caught me gazing raptly on a certain ring which graced my smallest finger. Tim, however, did not, or could not, know that this ring had its counterpart on the hand of the loveliest little maiden in all the town of D—. No, I had told him that it was the gift of my sister, and assented, when he asked if he might have her if he could win her!

Assented! To be sure, I did! What had I to fear?—did I not love her dearly, the sweet Lizzette? Had I not wooed her many a day and long?—was she not given me by her parents?—had not all the neighbors said she will be the wife of Lieutenant C.? Yes, and more than that; had she not herself been kind and gentle?

Had she not laughed at me for my awkward love-making, and my grotesque figure? Had she not pouted when I went hunting with only "Blue-buck" for my companion? And had she not said, "Yes, you like that great-eyed pony better than little Lizzette? But, better than all, had she not wept when I went away? And when I asked her to exchange rings with me, she had not refused, although the teasing darling had said, "You will give it to a pretty Mexican girl, with eyes like your pony's, and in memory of him," and then darted off, and laughed at all my protestations to the contrary? Ah, yes, I could surely say, you may have her, if you can win her! And, in my magnanimity, I used to write to her in praise of my gallant friend; and many a time has she sent gay messages to Tim, which I somehow forgot to deliver, but, nevertheless, had fictitious replies always ready for my next letter. It was very base, no doubt, but then Tim had never heard of her; at least I thought so.

"Yes, yes, friend Tim, she is thine, if thou canst win her, the darling Lizzette!"

"And the darling Lizzette, is she then so pretty, and gay, and loving? But Joe, my good chum, I thought you said your sister's name was Carrie."

I had turned and started half erect; I suppose I looked very wild, for Tim shook me heartily by the shoulder before I finally realized that I had put my secret in jeopardy. I sunk back on my camp-chair, and with both elbows on the table behind me, and my hands hanging loosely, and in a desperate effort to look cool, said:

"Lizzette, Lizzette! Who is Lizzette? Surely you are dreaming, Tim! Certainly Carrie's name is Carrie!"

"Certainly Carrie's name is Carrie," repeated my friend after me, with a dolorous voice; "but, Lizzette, this 'darling Lizzette,' whose name thy voice softens in the utterance of, tell me," and he laid his finger upon my dangling hand, ay, upon the ring, "is Lizzette she whom I may win if I can? Again, then, my friend, consider my tender, susceptible heart; remember, 'lead me not into temptation.' Think of my poetical imagination, which sees only angels in women! Can you, do you still assert, I may win if I can the donor of this ring?"

As Tim went on, his voice grew more earnest, his large eye darkened and flamed with the light of a loving soul, his calm but beautiful lips, with the glow of a baby's bud-mouth upon them, grew still, and a solemn shade threw itself over his whole manner, which made me pause. But I paused not long. I was too confident in my little beauty; and beside, I never meant to let Tim see her, at least until she was mine!

"Yes, certainly; win her in welcome, if you can, my boy! I'll run the risk, let her name be what it may, Lizzette or Carrie, Carrie or Lizzette! Win you may, if you can, and there's my hand on it, Tim!" And I stretched out the ring-hand to him.

He took it in both his, and gazing a moment on the ring, said:

"And when I win her, you will of course transfer to me this, and the exchange shall be the betrothal, ha, Joe?"

"Pooh, pooh! you are making a serious business of this, Tim! Don't I say yes, yes, certainly! Let's go shoot a bear; we've had no steaks this week or two."

"Agreed! Are the boys ready? And 'Blue-Buck'—do you ride the pony? Do you know, Joe, I believe that pony has the greatest share in your heart, after all?"

"May be so! may be so! But let's be off."

Off upon that unfortunate hunt, when, in an unexpected rencontre with a party of guerillas, my ring, Lizzette's ring, fell, snapped in twain by a glancing sabre blow, from my finger! What availed my hearty curses at my ill-luck? What the pommelling to the poor foe who had caused the mishap? All my tedious aftersearch proved useless; I could not find my treasure! But I did not tell Lizzette in any future letter. I had not the courage.

Six months had passed. I was at home once more, but by all ill-fortune, who should accompany me but my handsome friend Tim, and my cousin, Lawrence G. Lawrence G. was betrothed to my youngest sister Julia, and had been a most constant correspondent with her during all our long absence. He was a clever, and a lucky fellow, too; but of him more anon. * *

I had seen dear Lizzette, whom I found as gay as a bird, prettier than ever, and, need I say it, far more bewitching! I had been received with the most charming naïveté; she had not even asked me about the ring. She had teased me about "Blue-Buck" as provokingly as ever before; she declared that she had heard all about my last love-affair (to be sure she had), but then she accused me of want of confidence. Why had I not told her about the gazelle-eyed, she should say rather, pony-eyed ("Blue-Buck" was a small Arab horse of the finest blood) Spanish girl? O, but she knew more about it than I had any idea of; besides, she had been in constant correspondence with a young friend of mine!

"Ah, Lizzette, who—"

"Never mind, sir. I have heard many a tale, 'ower true,' no doubt. But do tell me, if you please, did Captain Tim really send those surly replies to all my kind greetings? My appreciation of him, then, did not touch his hard heart? He is invincible to all attacks, military or civil, hey? And you could not induce him to come home with you? And he is—is married, you think?—and—"

Thus she rattled on, I all the time in terror lest she should spy the absence of the ring, and thankful at any rate to be released from the explanation which would, of course, be demanded. So I laughed, and tried to smother the anxiety which so foolishly filled me, as to who was her "constant correspondent." When I at last rose to go, she said:

"Wait a minute, and I will go with you. I want to see Julia, and Lawrence, and—"

"And who?"

"Why, and your mother, and—and the young—members of the family—all of them. I have not seen them for two days—an age!"

Her eyes twinkled mischievously as she said this soberly. As she was about to leave the room, I caught her hand, but quickly dropped it as her eyes fell upon mine, and thrust them both into my pockets. Her eyes flashed a little with an extraordinary expression of mirth, but she said nothing, and stood apparently waiting for me to speak.

"Lizzette, I have to make a call upon old Mr. Q. to-night—besides, Julia is coming to see you, and Carrie is gone—"

"O, you want to be excused; you wish to meditate a little; I shall drive from your imagination the young Spanish girl, with pony-eyes, and—well, well, tell young—never mind, I believe he will be here presently. O, you are a funny creature! And so you want to call upon old Mr. Q.? A pleasant evening to you. Will you not be at home before midnight? We are to have a dance, and Julia and Carrie have invited several young ladies to meet your friend."

She walked gravely out of the room. I had sunk back into an armchair, covered my eyes with my hands, and was puzzling my brain to conceive how I was to get out of the dilemma! If I introduced her to Tim (confound the fellow), he was sure to fall in love with her. And how could I prevent it? Had I not given him permission?—pledged myself, if he could win the donor of the ring, that I would yield? And Lizzette could never care a whiff for me, when she contrasted my lean, ugly figure with that of the handsomest man in the—regiment. No, no, I was doomed! There was no hope for me, and I actually groaned, but at the same instant sprung completely out of my chair; for if an adder had stung me I should not have been more shocked than when a light finger fell upon the ringless finger, and Lizzette's voice gravely exclaimed:

"Where, tell me, where—"

"O, I'll tell you all about it, if you will only promise not to—"

"Has my bonny laddie gone?" continued Lizzette, as she waltzed gaily towards the door, singing these last words of the song, and at every turn of her trim little form casting a glance from her bright eyes, which conveyed to me either reproach or a perfect knowledge of something. But how could she know? That "constant correspondent!" But then I never told Tim how the ring was lost! Could he be the friend she kept referring to? My head was in a whirl. I rose mechanically, and offering my arm, which Lizzette did not take, we walked down the village street to the home of my youth. Tim had gone! O, that he might not return (at least to-night), was my inmost prayer. And it seemed probable that my prayer was likely to be granted. Hours flew past—still we saw no Tim! How gay we were, to be sure! Only Julia and Lizzette would set apart too much! But they were so lovely, with their bright heads mingling curls; and the charming blushing Lizzette's cheek, almost equalled by that on Julia's. What could they be talking about—or whom, rather? Was it your humble servant? Yet when I approached they seemed to be half vexed, and Julia pettishly exclaimed: "There, brother, I do wish you would go dance with Laura P.," and Lizzette added, "Or sit in the corner and dream of the Spaniard."

At nine o'clock it was proposed that the horses should be brought, and all take a gallop over the beach to the hotel at the point, some five miles off, have a dance, a supper, and home again. Of course I eagerly complied with the unanimous wish. The horses were soon ready, and away we went, I, conscious that I never was half so graceful as on horseback, where my tall, lithe figure certainly showed to advantage—Lizzette had said so, frequently. And if I could make Lizzette renew her promise to be mine—why, then, I did not care a straw for all the Tims in the world! But the wilful coquette, she laughed at me whenever I approached the subject. Once she seemed to listen; but removing her tiny gauntlet, she waved her hand, the ring flashed, and she galloped off, laughing more teasingly than ever. The wicked little coquette! What does she mean? I'll ask her if she has ever heard about the loss of that confounded ring. But she is superstitious. If she knows that it is gone—that I have lost it, she will say it is bad luck; and then how can I win her again before she meets that Tim?

I grew sulky, I lagged behind, though "Blue-Buck" was all impatience. Presently the gay party had dashed a mile or two across the beach. I could see them dimly against the horizon, as the moon rose solemnly above the bed of the ocean. A few faint sounds of laughter, and they were gone—Lizzette and all.

I dismounted, and passing the bridle over my arm, sat down upon a pile of red rocks which ran abruptly into the sea. All was still, save the tumultuous beatings of the waves, and the silvery dash of white spray which fell at my feet. The stars, growing pale as the moon arose, cast yet bright eyes upon the swell of waves; the long and blending lines of flaming gold and silver, which lay in the moon's wake, heaved and trembled, glittering a wordrous zone upon the undulating yield of waters. Far to the right and left, the long sand-beaches stretched out—two white arms clasping the dark landscape beyond.

Silent and sad I sat. No sound of thundering base, nor shrilly treble aroused me; my thoughts followed Lizzette. Suddenly my horse neighed and started back, dragging me nearly over from the rock. At the same moment, a pair of huge black eyes gleamed into my face, while a growl and snarl loud as twenty cats and dogs could have made caused me to spring to my feet. But the eyes still followed mine on the same level, only grown wider and more brilliant. To my horror now, I perceived that the eyes belonged to what seemed to be some immense nondescript (possibly monster of the sea), which was strangely white, and apparently rigid as marble, and to sail with a solemn motion rather than walk. My first glance quickly discovered it to be agile enough in this motion, when, putting spurs to "Blue-Buck," I dashed towards it at the full speed of desperation. Agile! By Jove! the creature

* Author of "Shot in the Eye," and other border sketches.

fled backward with the speed of lightning! In whichever direction I went, there those bright, astounding eyes were, always just in front of me!

Fleeing backwards ever as if pursued, it yet pursued me. I became as deeply enraged as terrified, and with renewed speed attempted to trample down with the hoofs of my horse that hideous form. I felt its hot breath on my cheek; I could see the slow pulsing of the broad white chest, so closely did I press upon its flight. Yet ever and anon it would utter the dreadful growling and snarling which I had first heard. I grew frantic, I plunged my horse with mad leaps apparently against it, yet he met no resistance—it fled ever backward. My poor horse trembled and snorted; we were bathed in perspiration; while, as we grew faint with the terrible struggle, the strange phantom seemed to grow colder, larger and whiter. Its grim mouth opened with a more savage gape, showing within huge tusks, which threatened to tear us, could it but check its own backward speed, or our headlong gait should precipitate us into its fathomless, glowing throat, although all seemed so supernaturally cold and white without. My pistol was in my hand, and I stretched it out to fire the contents down its throat. It yelled in snarling defiance. I fired, and it sank into the sea over the edge of the cliff.

At this moment I heard some one singing, and in another instant Tim made his appearance. I called to him, and at any other time would have laughed at his look of wonder.

"What, the deuce, Joe! Did you just fire?—been hunting this time of night, and on this beach?—and for what kind of game, pray? And—good heavens! where are your sisters Julia and Carrie, boy?—and—"

"Why, where should they be, to be sure? Now, I remember, you were to follow; so I waited for you here—and Tim, my good fellow, such a chase as I've had! But, thank heaven, I shot him! And so we'll follow Lizzette and the rest of the party to the Hotel. I'll try to forget my rencontre with that monster."

"Lizzette did you say, Joe? Who is she? Your sister Carrie says her name's not Lizzette, but—there, don't turn pale, man! What is the matter?"

But I did not reply. I mounted my horse, and we dashed off—for gleaming at me, wider and wider, and more intense than ever, came that pair of eyes, as the thing slowly raised itself above the edge of the cliff. I must away, even at the risk of losing my Lizzette. "I cannot stay," I motioned aside, "for another rencontre. Another chase with that hideous foe would drive me to madness, or the committal of any desperate deed. No, no!—on, on, dear Tim, and I will show you the loveliest girl in D."

But why torture myself with the recital? Enough that I introduced Lizzette and Tim!—that, as if they had been lovers as long as their lives were, they, Lizzette and Tim, wandered off, and confidential seemed their communings. Never had Tim seemed so tender, nor so handsome; never had Lizzette been half so bewitching in her coquettish beauty. They walked in the moonlight together, they danced together (I could not dance), they sang together. I could not stand it, and I withdrew from the gay company. I sat moodily on the greensward, when suddenly—was it the white monster?—no, no! it was Tim and my Lizzette (*my* Lizzette?) approaching, his arm already about her waist! I sunk back and groaned aloud. "Where, tell me, where is my ring, monsieur?" I sprang to my feet, I rubbed my eyes—could it be possible? Where am I?—and what is Lizzette laughing at as she stares at me in merry wonder? "You are just dressed to go out! Where is Tim?"

"Where is Tim? Now, what a question! You know he is at your father's house; and I know, if you do not, that Carrie and my dearest cousin Tim are to be married to-night at 9 o'clock, and that I am invited to the wedding—and that Julia and Lawrence are to be married at the same time, and I suppose you" (and she pouted charmingly, and half turned away, as she continued,) "would marry the Spanish girl, if you had a chance, at the same time. But, tell me, where is my ring? Did you give it to her?"

"No, dear Lizzette, I will tell you the truth. I lost it in that unfortunate—"

"Bear hunt! O, fie, sentiment and bear-steaks!"

"Listen, listen, darling Lizzette! It was not the bear, but a frightful—I mean, a great pair—goodness, I believe I have been asleep!"

"To be sure you have, and I have waited this five minutes for you. But do tell me now soberly, where is the ring?"

And I tried to tell the story, but I am afraid I told it rather awkwardly (but with all the earnestness which my full heart contained), and the little beauty repaid me with a kiss, and the surrender to me of her hand, and the broken ring, which, it appeared on further investigation, had been picked up by Tim himself, and mischievously sent to Lizzette as the lost treasure of some annihilated Mexican.

Lizzette, of course, had recognized it; and the two wicked cousins, who had grown up together until Tim went to West Point, had constantly corresponded without my knowledge of either fact.

And so there was a triple wedding; for Carrie and Tim (who had been long smitten with each other through the descriptions of Lizzette and myself), that they might not be behindhand, made up a somewhat sudden match. Such was the sequence of the "Mysterious Hunt." As for myself, I never saw the "pony-eyed" monster again!

Silence is the only mode of triumph for all who are attacked. It wears out the Cossack charges of the envious; the savage skirmishing of enemies; it secures an overwhelming and complete victory. What is more complete than silence? It is absolute. Is it not one of the modes of being of the infinite?—*Balzac.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

BY IDA RAVELIN.

"Fair Josephine! a varied lot was thine,
From that bright time in childhood's happy hours,
When thou didst wander in that tropic clime
Midst Martinico's green and fragrant bowers—
Till, as a queen, thou reign'dst in troubled France,
Its jewell'd diadem upon thy brow.
By stern Napoleon placed—thy winning glance
Subduing him to whom all others bow.
Yet sad thy fate!—its brilliancy how brief!
Thy heart's sweet fervent love, how thrown aside!
How rudely shattered was thy fond belief
That love, pure love, forever would abide.
When in the soul ambition reigned supreme,
And banished gentle thoughts of thee, sweet Josephine!"

AMID the luxuriant vegetation that characterizes the tropical region might be seen, in the island of Martinico, near the middle of the eighteenth century, the dwelling of Josephine Tascher. It was near the close of an unusually warm day, even in that sultry clime, that the young and beautiful Josephine descended the steps of the piazza and proceeded slowly amid the flowering shrubbery to inhale some of the sweet breeze, which was now gently waving the myriads of blossoms surrounding the house and plantation, filling the air with fragrance.

Accompanied by her favorite attendant, Euphemia, the fair girl wandered forth, her clear, sweet voice now carolling some melody, and then breaking the deep stillness by her ringing laughter. As the lady and her maid proceeded thus merrily along, suddenly they came upon a group of negro girls listening with breathless attention to an old witch-like woman, who appeared to be telling their future destinies. As the graceful figure of Josephine emerged from among the trees, the old woman started, and fixed her large black eyes upon the laughing countenance turned towards her. Slowly she approached the group of credulous girls, and as she drew near, the fortune-teller took her somewhat reluctant hand, and began to trace in its soft palm the rosy lines by which she pretended to read futurity.

"Those flowers in thy hair, fair girl, look bright and beautiful among the glossy braids; but brighter yet shall gleam the diamonds of a royal diadem upon thy noble brow! Nay, smile not so mockingly; for sorrow—sorrow deep and bitter, too—is mingled in thy strange fate."

But the smile increased, and a merry laugh mingled with the rustling of the branches, as she turned from the half sad, yet half indignant gaze of the old woman towards home.

Sunset was slanting upon the lawn, and upon the brilliant flowers, imparting to them strange and gorgeous beauty, as Josephine tripped gaily along the winding path, bordered with rare tropical plants, leading to the house; and the delicate rose-tint upon her fair cheek deepened as she saw, half reclining upon a hammock swung from one post to another of the piazza, her affianced love, the young Viscount Beauharnais, who was so deeply absorbed in the perusal of a letter, that he noticed not her approach till a shower of blossoms fell upon the open page from her hand.

Josephine was soon seated at his side, listening to the contents of the letter; for it contained the consent of the viscount's French relatives, who had hitherto been opposed to the alliance—much more to their immediate union. * * * * *

A few years elapsed, and in the hall of a magnificent chateau in the south of France, might be seen the beautiful and accomplished Josephine seated by the side of her husband, and gazing with maternal pride and affection upon the sweet countenances of her children, Eugene and Hortense Beauharnais, who, tired of play, were seated at her feet, with their sweet, upturned faces gazing lovingly upon their mother's countenance.

Years passed, and with their flight came changes, such as time brings to mortals, reminding them of the nature of all things worldly, which pass away "like the baseless fabric of a vision"—changes sad, indeed, for Josephine!

Daylight was fading gently away, and the last rays of the setting sun lingered upon the glittering domes and lofty spires of the proud city of Paris, as if reluctant to withdraw his beams from so much grandeur. Few of those bright though declining rays entered into the dark and cheerless prison-cell, where, upon a rude bench, her beautiful eyes fixed in utter hopelessness on the grated window, was the graceful form of Josephine Beauharnais. It was not strange that despondency rested on the pale countenance, for the morrow's sun was to dawn on her execution, and memory was taking a farewell glance into the magic mirror of retrospection.

Vividly were the scenes of her girlhood depicted by the enchanter—that happy time when all was viewed in those bright but delusive colors in which hope loves to paint futurity. Then came the recollection of that sweet time when the affection of her husband and the caresses of her lovely children realized her dreams of bliss. Then a deeper shade of sadness rested on her brow, as she thought of the alienation of that husband's love—of her final separation from him—and the consequent poverty of herself and children. Then memory brought more recent events, when, like a true-hearted woman, she became reconciled to him who had so trifled with her love, as the stirring events of the French Revolution, in which he was involved, brought danger around him. Then a deep shudder passed over her delicate frame, as the last fatal scene, when the guillotine added the beloved one to its long list of victims, passed before her, and when she was dragged within the gloomy walls of the prison dungeon; and now, as the tears were falling fast over her colorless cheek, suddenly, as if in mockery, flitted before her the prediction of the fortune-teller in her youth. And as she thought bitterly of those false words, a man, who entered, communicated some of the strange events of that troubled period, and Josephine Beauharnais was pronounced at liberty! * *

It was a cold day in December; but the immense concourse of people heeded not the weather, as they poured into the cathedral of Notre Dame. In that building were assembled persons of all ranks, from his holiness of Rome, in the jewelled tiara, down to the lowest class of the Parisians, to witness the coronation of that extraordinary man, Napoleon Bonaparte the conqueror, and his wife—and that wife was Josephine Beauharnais! Again had she confided her heart's love to another.

Soon after her liberation from prison and re-union with her children, Josephine mingled once more among the circles of the polished Parisian society; and the accomplished Viscountess Beauharnais was ever a star among the host of literary characters that filled the salons of Paris at the close of the eighteenth century. In this society she met Napoleon Bonaparte, then a general in the French army. He admired and courted her; they were married, and soon after, by his wonderful talents, he placed himself at the head of the French nation, and dictated to one half of Europe.

All was silent in that vast cathedral, and every eye was fixed upon the lovely countenance of Josephine. And as the imperial crown, sparkling with the rarest gems, was placed upon her dark tresses, with tears trembling upon her silken lashes, and her delicate hands crossed upon her bosom, the prediction of the fortune-teller in her distant island home flashed across her mind; and raising those long lashes heavy with tears, she half expected to encounter the dark glance of the witch, but her eyes only met the proud yet tender gaze of her noble consort, Napoleon. Yes, the diadem of an empress rested on her brow. She was happy once more, but—was it to continue?—or was sorrow, bitter sorrow, again to overwhelm her?

Poor Josephine! Well might words of sadness fall from her lips, as seated near her fine conservatory at Malmaison, she reflected upon her sad fate. The breeze gently fanned her burning brow, vainly offering the fragrance of a thousand blossoms it had caressed, for it could not alleviate the broken heart. Napoleon, from motives of that cold, calculating policy that alone seemed to fill his heart, had procured a divorce and married the archduchess of Austria, although he allowed Josephine to retain all the pomp that characterized her station as the empress.

But how could this repay her for the love that she had wasted upon him, and for which her heart still sighed? Not long was it before a procession, composed of the representatives of the most powerful monarchs of Europe, the most celebrated persons of the age, and a long train of weeping poor, followed her to her "long home," where a monument of white marble, erected by her children, Eugene and Hortense, marks the resting-place of Josephine.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

VOTAGES, TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES OF G. WERT GO-ANEAD IN FOREIGN PARTS. Edited by PETER PARLEY. New York: J. C. Derby. 12mo. 1855.

A very handsome, illustrated volume, just the thing for juvenile readers. The traveller makes his way all over Asia, and describes eastern scenes with singular spirit and vivacity. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

STORIES OF GENIUS. By BARBARA HOPLAND. New York and Boston: C. S. Francis & Co. 1855. 18mo.

This volume embraces, the "Son of a Genius," the "Daughter of a Genius," and "Alicia and her Aunt," most valuable stories for the young, and standard works of their class. The volume is rendered additionally attractive by engraved illustrations.

MEN AND WOMEN. By ROBERT BROWNING. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 12mo. pp. 351.

The imprint of "Ticknor & Fields" on a title-page is an unerring indication of the excellence of the work they herald. The volume before us is full of genuine poetry, and is a most acceptable New Year's gift to the reading public. Here are lyrics and ballads, which will be read again and again, and learned by heart. Among them, "Child Roland to the Dark Tower came," will be, we predict, an especial favorite.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.—Crosby, Nichols & Co., of this city, have just published "Fanny Gray," a little story illustrated by colored figures, and "Harry and Aggie; or, The Ride," in a similar style. The figures are detached, and susceptible of many ingenious combinations. Just the things to amuse intelligent children.

THE HOME GARNER GATHERED. By MRS. MART G. CLARKE. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 8vo. pp. 414

A handsome illustrated volume, embracing articles from many authors, male and female, in poetry and prose, on topics connected with the pleasures, the duties, and the interests of home. It far more than fulfils the modest indication of the title-page and dedication. For sale by Whittemore, Niles & Hall.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson & Co. have just published "Les Huguenots," a brilliant composition for the piano, by Gustave Satter.

THE IRISH ABROAD AND AT HOME. Reminiscences of an Emigrant Irishman. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 358.

A most amusing picture, painting the Irish in court and camp, with souvenirs of the "Brigade," historical sketches, brimfull of fun, frolic, wit, humor, sketches of character and glances at history. The most readable volume we have met with for many a long month. For sale by Redding & Co.

HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF PHILIP THE SECOND, KING OF SPAIN. By WM. H. PRESCOTT. Boston: Phillips & Sampson. 1855. vols. 1 and 2. 8vo. pp. 1219.

The most encouraging feature in the present aspect of literary affairs is the avidity with which the public purchase and read works of solid value and good taste. Bancroft's, and Prescott's, and Macaulay's histories have attained a sale only to be reached by a popular novel; and only ample provision made beforehand enables publishers to supply the current demand. We predict that this great work—we should perhaps say the great work of Prescott—will be equally popular with any of its predecessors. It will when completed cover a vast field. The first two volumes bring us down to 1568—scarcely the commencement of Philip's alarming demonstrations of power; but though scarcely more than a prelude, they are replete with the deepest interest. Mr. Prescott has clothed the dry bones of history with flesh and blood, and conjured up breathing and living actors to perform their parts again before our eyes. His exquisite style, so fascinating, that whatever he writes is sure to be read with delight, lends these historic pages a charm that no reader can withstand.

VILLAGES AND FARM COTTAGES. By HENRY W. CLEVELAND, WM. BACKUS and SAMUEL D. BACKUS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 8vo. pp. 189.

The object of this work, illustrated by 100 fine engravings, is to furnish plans for building country-houses at moderate cost, and for laying out and ornamenting grounds. The authors are practised and experienced men, and their taste is unquestionable. For sale by Redding & Co.

DICKENS'S LITTLE FOLKS. New York: Redfield. 6 vols. 18mo. Illustrated by Dalry.

This series is prepared by a lady, with a view of furnishing children with books of a vigorous and unalloyed tone, combined with a plain and concise style of narrative. Characters are selected which cannot fail to interest and improve children, and the stories of these little heroes are told in the author's own language. The leading characters in this series are Little Nell, the Child Wife, Oliver Twist, Snike, Florence Dombey and Little Paul. The idea is an excellent one, and has been admirably carried out. These works may be obtained of Messrs. Sanborn, Carter & Bazin, Cornhill, neatly put up in a case.

THE PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRY CLAY. Edited by REV. CALVIN COTTON, LL.D. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 642.

The private correspondence of a man so eminent as Clay could not fail to be interesting. His own letters are necessary to throw a light upon his character; and fortunately a large number are here published for the first time. The volume also contains letters from some of the most eminent men of the 19th century, European and American. For sale by F. Parker, 50 Cornhill.

GEORGE S. HILLARD.

The accompanying portrait was drawn for us by Mr. Barry, from a photograph by Whipple & Black, and is an excellent likeness of the original. George Stillman Hillard is a man very well known to Boston, somewhat so to New York, and nowhere unknown as an agreeable and correct speaker, a writer of exquisite English and charming fancy, and a whig politician of conservative and carefully considered views. He first became visible to the naked eye of the public by an oration in 1831, on taking the degree of Master of Arts at Harvard University. The subject was a mature one for a youth of twenty-three—"The dangers to which the minds of young men in our country are exposed." This performance was so thoughtfully beautiful, that it confirmed the current suspicion that "Hillard might be somebody." He then passed through the Cambridge Law School, and made his law theories practical by serving an apprenticeship in Charles P. Curtis's office in Boston, upon leaving which he opened an office for himself as an attorney of the Suffolk bar. Charles Sumner, Robert C. Winthrop, and other men who now play leading parts on the stage of life, at the start were his compeers, rivals and friends. When the race of a complete career is all closed they may be again abreast as at the beginning, though now wide intervals in political note and position yawn between them. In 1835, Mr. Hillard pronounced the Fourth of July oration before the authorities of the city of Boston. It was very original and manly in its thought, and uncommonly fervid and fanciful in its phrases and diction. No cheap, commonplace twaddle about patriotism and liberty, and eagles and bonfires, tagged together by the everlasting phrases which year after year rise like stale incense around the genius of American liberty on her birthday; wise and appropriate suggestions, branching out into applications new and forcible, and all clothed and embroidered in a glowing vesture, such as talent alone can breathe over the most hackneyed themes. That speech, we think, first turned the mind of Boston sympathizingly toward him. And from that day onward he has been one of the "Boston boys" of whom she has been especially proud. Truth first, pocket and position afterwards, has been, so far as we can discern, his reigning maxim. And in his whole course, from that Fourth of July when he stepped over the threshold of notoriety, to the moment when his physiognomy at the head of this sketch meets the reader's eye, we cannot deny that honest purpose, sometimes perhaps mistaken, and disinterested integrity and uprightness have been the corner stones of his character. The official points in his life are few and not very brilliant, indicating rather the faithful public servant and good citizen than the politician dexterous to catch the whiffs of popular applause, and cunning to mount upon the hobby-horses of philanthropy. No bright sinecure place has ever paid him for services to what he has considered the true faith, and no seat honorable enough to give fame and name by its own importance has ever fallen to his lot. In 1845, he was chosen to the city council, of which he continued a member till 1847, and was for two years president of the board. He has been one of the representatives in the State legislature, and a State senator in 1849. In this latter position it was that he had a severe verbal passage-at-arms with the present Massachusetts senator, Hon. Henry Wilson. The conflict, however, left no scars of bitter hatred on either side. Each of these gentlemen, we believe, thinks highly and respectfully of the other. Mr. Hillard was also a member of the constitutional convention that met at the State House in 1853. It was in this body that he manifested the best spirit, the bravest heart, and the eye single to what he thought just and right, careless of consequences to his personal interests. In reply to one of the frequent attacks made upon Boston, but from a somewhat more reputable source than common, Mr. Hillard spoke in a strain of bold and vigorous defiance, which this great municipality, with its net-work of busy interests, all of which are at the mercy of constitutional lawgivers, cannot soon forget. With daring ardor he concluded his remarks on that occasion—he had been more plain and homely and direct by far, than usual, and he surprised the house by the spirit with which he dashed off his concluding sentence—"Let gentlemen henceforth know that when Boston needs a defender, I am on hand." Mr. Hillard's literary and legal labors have occupied much more of his time than his political toils. His writing is clear, delicate, yet strong, sensible and sometimes splendid in its rhetoric. The schooling of the academic groves is chastened by the familiarity with the practical affairs of men. An edition of the poetry of Edmund Spenser, in five volumes, with an introduction and notes by him, gained him a permanent niche in the



HON. GEORGE S. HILLARD.

libraries of scholars. He wrote also a memoir of Henry R. Cleveland and a memoir of Captain John Smith, and edited one or two reviews for a time; but the first literary performance in which he grasped a wide-spread repute, was his twelve admirable lectures for the Lowell Institute, upon Milton. In them he breathed forth an eloquent sympathy with the blind bard, and a deep and critical appreciation of the grand old master's mind. Crowds thronged the hall, and universal approbation rewarded the lecturer. No course more popular was ever given upon that foundation. His last important work, "Six Months in Italy," is a beautiful, critical, learned and historical picture of Italian scenery and Italian art—not the mere social or geographical surface of life, but upon all things, especially upon artistic things, he presents us with the complete and independent views of a master mind. It must always be the vade-mecum of the intelligent traveller. It was republished in London, and was there most favorably received. Its

title is unpretending, but its position is permanent. Mr. Hillard is now, we believe, at work upon a volume which shall make more fully known to our country the hitherto little understood genius of Walter Savage Landor; and this, we see by the publisher's announcement, is to be followed by an elementary reading-book, which, from his approved scholarship and established name, may become the classical standard in this part at least, of the country. His legal life, like almost all lawyers, is unfurnished with popular incidents. He has been, until recently, the city-solicitor, and we believe gave general satisfaction by his studious and clear management of the details of that duty. Should he do no more than he has done, the country may properly say, that the bright hopes which Mr. Webster expressed of him, in his famous seventh of March speech, have been already justified. For purity of character, devotion to duty, courageous defence of the attacked, exhibited in conjunction with a refined classical taste, a remarkable command of language, and a convincing eloquence, are alone satisfactory elements of an epitaph.

SIMPHIEROPOL.

We present herewith a sketch, drawn on the spot, showing the interior life of Simpheropol, in the Crimea. It represents the Café National, with a group of its customers sitting round on the semi-circular divan, enjoying the pipe, that indispensable oriental luxury. Commencing from the right hand, the first and second of the company are Tartars of the Crimea; next is a merchant of Sinope, of the better class; next is a Tartar; a Turk from Mecca; a wealthy inhabitant of the Crimea; and a Turk of Mecca; the whole presenting an interesting scene of Crimean costume and manners. Simpheropol, or *Akmetchet* (the White Mosque) is the capital of the Taurida and the Crimea, and lies in a central position, about forty miles northwest of Sevastopol. It is built on the banks of the River Salghir, in a rather unhealthy situation, and consists of two parts; one, built by the Russians, in the modern style, the other, which is occupied by the Tartars, is venerable for its antiquity. In the modern portion are the government offices and a very handsome cathedral. We extract the following notice from Oliphant's description, the most reliable authority to which we have access. "When the Crimea was ceded to Russia in 1781, the picturesque old town of Baktchiserai was considered unworthy of being the chief town of the new province, and a gay modern city was laid out on the plains of the Salghir, dignified with an imposing Greek name, and built in true Russian taste, with very broad streets, very white, tall houses, decorated with very green paint. If the population consisted entirely of Russians, the interior of the town would be as far from realizing the expectations which its outward appearance is calculated to produce, as Kazan or Saratov; but fortunately for Simpheropol, it was once Akmetchet, and the inhabitants of Akmetchet still linger near the city of their ancestors, and invest the cold monotony of the new capital with an interest of which it would be otherwise quite unworthy. Formerly the second town in the Crimea, and the residence of the *kalgá sultan*, or vice-khan, Akmetchet was a city of great importance, adorned with palaces, mosques and public baths. It has now exchanged the eastern magnificence of former days for the tawdry glitter of Muscovite barbarism. The streets inhabited by Tartars are composed entirely of blank walls, and would therefore be the dulllest place imaginable were it not for the people who traverse them."



SCENE IN THE CAFÉ NATIONAL, AT SIMPHIEROPOL.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE "AMERICAN."

The most effective means our countrymen have employed for advancing themselves and their nation has ever been the newspaper press. Editors and printers have always ranked high among us, and been mixed up with every great movement, pacific or military. Whenever we captured a city during the Mexican war, there we established an American newspaper—and very able sheets were these journals which the war gave birth to. When Scott was reviewing his army in the Valley of Mexico, having occasion to publish some proclamation, he asked: "Does there happen to be a printer among you? If so, let him step forward." *Him* indeed! Why, two hundred stout "typos" with "shooting sticks" advanced two paces to the front. There was a plethora of printers in the ranks—enough to set up a president's message in ten minutes.

These remarks are suggested by seeing before us a large weekly sheet, entitled the "American," edited by Americans, printed in the president's English, and published right under the nose of Louis Napoleon, in the capital of France. It is not, however, a political journal, but a gossiping sheet, giving all the current chit-chat of the day, with a large amount of advertisements, and serving as a sort of guide to Americans in Paris. Really, those happy dogs have enough to amuse them about this time. Why, there are twenty-five theatres and circuses in full blast every night—and then the balls at the Valentino, Vauxhall and the Winter Garden, to say nothing of the approaching masquerades at the Grand Opera!

"For the carnival's coming,
Guitaring and strumming,
And masking and mummery."

If our runaway friends are melancholy in the gay capital, they must be confirmed hypochondriacs, beyond the reach of Dr. Fun.

CASTELLAN.—Madame Castellan is to sing at the San Carlos Theatre, Naples, during the carnival. She is immensely popular in Europe. What a delicious little creature she was when in Boston—the prettiest, the most intellectual looking of prima donnas, with a throat like a bird's. Read painted a capital portrait of her.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS EXILE.—Victor Hugo, the great French author and orator, driven from France by Louis Napoleon, and from England by the British government, is now in Spain. Why don't he come to Boston and write plays for Mr. Barry?

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL is always for sale at all of the periodical depots for six cents per copy; but the best way to obtain it, in a neat, clean form, and at the earliest moment, is to subscribe direct to the office of publication.

SPLINTERS.

.... Professor Elliott lately made a balloon ascension by moonlight, calling by the way at several castles in the air.

.... Mrs. Winn, of Georgia, lately recovered \$7000 damages of the Macon and Western Railroad for injuries in a collision.

.... Three Germans have lately committed suicide in New York. Is the rage for the "sorrows of Werther" revived?

.... The Russ pavement in New York is considered a failure. The *rus in urbe* will never do, we fear.

.... A man who had his arm broken by a railroad accident, was offered a free ticket for life. Insult to injury!

.... One of our merchants has lately been shipping cannon and balls to China, to supersede fire crackers.

.... Mr. Barry, of the Boston Theatre, recently had a "benefit as was a benefit." He richly deserved it.

.... The new insane hospital to be erected at Northampton, Mass., will be a fine building, and accommodate 250 patients.

.... Emma Barnes, who shipped on board the James Ray, at Philadelphia, as a sailor, was found out to be a sailoress.

.... The towers of the suspension bridge at Rochester which fell lately, were restored with great despatch.

.... George C. Bovey of Bath, Me., has contracted to build the capitol of Nebraska Territory for \$500,000.

.... A Paris correspondent of the N. Y. Times, says the allies are going to destroy Cronstadt and St. Petersburg. We'll see.

.... An old man of sixty, a graduate of Dublin University, was arrested for stealing a coat in Cincinnati. He is an inebriate.

.... A man in Baltimore drank a pint of camphene lately in default of alcohol, and it killed him.

.... It is said to be more difficult than dangerous to keep small bills on hand during bank panics.

.... A Mr. Harvey Moore is said to have discovered a new way of navigating the air. We doubt it.

.... Rev. Wm. Burke, one of the oldest settlers in Ohio, lately died, aged 82. He saw the whole growth of that great State.

.... The shoemakers have good times, because every shoe is *sold* before it goes into the market.

.... Robert Schuyler, the defaulter, is said to have died at Genoa. He was poor in spite of his frauds.

.... Two boys in North Easton, Mass., lately shot at their father's legs, mistaking them for rabbits. Querer!

.... The drovers and cattle dealers in New York had a meeting lately, and denounced the cattle-brokers severely.

.... J. B. Gouriet, the oldest literary man in France, lately died in the almshouse at Paris—a sad end!

SHIP BUILDING.

The New York Tribune, in a recent article, containing many excellent ideas, says: "Ship building was never thought of as belonging to the category of fine arts, though it had been carried on ever since the earth was peopled; yet it may be called an American art, because it has here reached its highest point of excellence, just as sculpture and temple-building, which were old arts before Athens was founded, culminated in Greece. There are now on the stocks in New York two ships, which are as well entitled to immortal remembrance as the Parthenon, and their architect is as deserving of renown as Ictinus of Athens." The vessels alluded to are the "Niagara," built for our government, and the "Adriatic" for the Collins line, the architect of both being Mr. George Steers, whose universal fame dates from the victory over the royal British yacht squadron, won by his incomparable yacht America, a victory as much more honorable than one gained upon a stricken field, as the arts of peace are more noble and ennobling than the arts of war.

We are scarcely disposed to challenge the justice which ranks ship-building as one of the fine arts. A ship of George Steers, or Donald McKay, or D. D. Kelley, is as much an original creation as a statue, a picture, or a poem. These men, and many of their professional brethren, are not mere copyists or servile imitators of established models—their productions are the result of original conceptions. Harmony and proportion, flowing lines and perfect symmetry, elements of beauty and power in a picture and a statue, are combined in these brave ships that walk the waters like things of life. And there is no creation of human art that appears fairer to the eye than a beautiful ship, poised truly and securely on what is pleasantly but erroneously termed her "native element," with all the bravery of her white sails, piled up tier on tier, like terraces of snowy clouds, till, diminishing in aerial perspective, they seem to melt softly into the blue sky, swept by her streamers like rays of rosy light.

And when we think of the destiny of those winged messengers—how they are to bear glad tidings of salvation to distant lands—how they are to carry food to distant starving mouths—how they are to return from long voyages, burthened with freights of gold and spices, with rich silks and luscious fruits, how they go to and fro like shuttles, weaving the unseen threads of gold that link together nations widely remote in a community of interests—how, when those threads are rudely snapped, they sweep the main fraught with the thunder of insulted nationality—then we are ready to class them with the brightest and bravest productions of human genius, and to rank their builders with the Phidias, the Angelos, the Raphaels, that have crowned art with an imperishable halo of glory.

GREAT INCREASE.—For the last three weeks the daily increase of our subscription list has surpassed any like experience in newspaper business, which we have realized in sixteen years of active connection with the press. Names and money have flowed in upon us from the furthest extremes of the country, as well as from our immediate neighborhood—for our PICTORIAL is not a local paper, being, on the contrary, designed for every home, north or south, east or west. This complete success is very gratifying to us, showing, as it does, that the improvements we have gradually but steadily introduced into our illustrated paper, meet with universal favor.

PARK BENJAMIN.—This gentleman has recently completed a highly successful course, or rather tour, of his popular lectures in our Western towns and cities. The papers speak in encomiastic terms of his lectures in Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, Columbus, Cleveland, Pittsburg, and other places. He was invited by the Mercantile Library and Young Men's Associations, which, by the way, we are glad to see multiplying in all parts of the country.

LECTURES.—The editor of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL would reply to numerous calls upon him to lecture in various parts of New England, that he can only comply with such demands upon him in this connection, as shall admit of his returning to Boston at an early hour each morning. To lyceums in the vicinity of this city, any evening will be given which is not already engaged.

BE PARTICULAR.—No matter on what business you write a letter, be careful always to date it clearly, writing the name of your post-office, county and State plainly, as well as your own name with distinctness. All these, so plain to the writer, often become incomprehensible puzzles to a second party.

AGRICULTURE.—There are to be two grand agricultural fairs in France, in May, 1856, and May, 1857. The prizes will be numerous and valuable, and open for competition to all countries. In agricultural machinery, the United States bids fair to carry off the palm.

BINDING.—We are receiving the past volume of the PICTORIAL from our subscribers, at the rate of two hundred per day, to be bound up in our neat and uniform style, full gilt, with illumined title-page and indexes, at a charge of one dollar each.

CLUBS, CLUNS!—Let all persons who are striving for the prizes, forward us the subscribers' names as far as collected, with the money, and then add to the list as many names as they can procure up to February 1st, when the prizes will be awarded.

A DISTINGUISHED TRAVELLER.—Dr. Barth is quite a lion in London. He brings to the fashionable drawing-rooms the very latest scandals from Timbuctoo.

SCOTT'S ENTRANCE INTO MEXICO.

The large picture which occupies pages 40 and 41 of our present number was drawn expressly for us by Billings, and engraved by Andrew, and reflects the highest credit upon both these artists. So admirable are the drawing, grouping and effect that, as we gaze upon the design, imagination supplies color and motion, and we seem transported, by the magic of art, to that scene of triumph which rewarded the brief but sanguinary toils of the American army in Mexico, and added fresh laurels to the brow of its heroic leader, renewing for him, in 1847, the excitement and the honors of 1814. We behold him on his proud war-horse, surrounded by his gallant staff, distinguished in their bearing, but dressed with the simplicity which befits soldiers of the republic. Near in front, the Mexican populace, with swelling hearts, gaze sullenly upon the deploying column—on the ranks of these men—every one a hero, who have been "baptized in fire and come out steel." Huge, towering and imposing rises the vast cathedral, the most magnificent temple of worship in America, and surpassed by very few ecclesiastical edifices in the old world. The scene, contemplated at even this distance of time, thrills us with strange emotions. It was on the 14th of September, 1847, at eight o'clock in the morning, that Winfield Scott entered the Grand Plaza with his escort. Quitman and Smith, with their commands, had preceded him. As the veteran general appeared, escorted by his staff and cavalry, the band of the dragoons struck up the national air, "Hail Columbia!" the air was rent with the shouts of the victorious soldiery, and the stars and stripes were given to the breeze from the "Halls of the Montezumas." Cortez had triumphed here three centuries before, and now, over the descendants of the Spanish conquistador, a general of another race triumphed in his turn. To distant observers, the campaign of Scott seemed hardly less daring than the expedition of Cortez. It was with a handful of men that Scott beat the modern Mexicans, as with a handful of Castilians the Spanish general overthrew the empire of the Aztecs. But Scott commanded Americans—men of heart and hand—freemen, who voluntarily followed a banner that had never been lifted in an unholy cause, and had never been trailed in the ignominy of defeat. He was seconded by officers than whom no braver or better ever led troops into the fire. His campaign was a romance from its commencement to the final triumph we have illustrated. On the 26th of March, 1847, Vera Cruz surrendered; April 19, the Mexicans were defeated in the bloody affair of Cerro Gordo; the 20th of August witnessed the victories of Contreras and Charubusco, when the enemy stood at bay in the basin of Mexico; Molina del Rey was taken Sept. 8, and Chapultepec stormed on the 13th of the same month. On the ensuing day, the city surrendered and was occupied. Scott's effective force in the last engagements was only about 8500 men, and opposing him was a vastly superior body of men, fighting for their homes, their altars and their fires. The news of our triumph soon sped to the remotest quarters of the globe, and its influence abroad was incalculable.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Adams, Mr. Charles J. Schirer, of Charleston, S. C., to Miss Mary Jane Lawrence, of Medford; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Albion P. Maxwell to Miss Mary C. Johnson; Mr. Thomas Kelly to Miss Ann L. Berry; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Benjamin Blanchard, of Charleston, to Miss Ylanna Gelman; by Rev. Mr. Dexter, Mr. James R. Hale, of New York, to Miss Sarah Frances Demeritt; by Rev. Mr. Wines, Mr. J. Jewett Wilcox, of St. Louis, to Miss Sarah E. Coffran.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Tappan, Mr. Justin Winsor, of Boston, to Miss Caroline T. Barker.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Dexter, Mr. Ammon Rodgers to Miss Anna D. Lawa, of Boston.—At South Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Murray, Mr. Edward W. Jacobs to Miss Eliza W. Poole.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Andrew Newcomb, Esq., of West Newbury, to Miss Eliza F. Evans.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Eldridge, Mr. Charles Sowle, of South Gilboa, N. Y., to Miss Phebe A. Pettis.—At North Adams, by Rev. Mr. Meredith, Mr. Amos B. Houghton to Miss Jane L. Wells.—At Springfield, by Rev. Dr. Ide, Mr. E. William Barker, of Hartford, Conn., to Miss Emille L. Wright.—At Greenfield, by Rev. Dr. Chandler, Mr. Moses P. Bascom to Miss Lydia P. Smith.—At Nantucket, by Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. Nathan Parker, to Miss Elizabeth G. Clark.—At New York, by Rev. Mr. Balch, Mr. Wm G. Odell to Miss Louise, daughter of Renj. D. Brush, Esq., all of that city.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Ebenezer Franklin, 71; Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts, 81; Mr. Alexander Chandler, 68; Mr. Pompey Thurston, 68; Miss Bello F. Sherburne, 18.—At Charlestown, Mr. James Everett Damon, 22.—At Dorchester, Mrs. Elizabeth Sweeney, 63.—At Cambridge, Mrs. Lydia L. Cutter, 36; Mrs. Mary Smith, 48.—At Malden, Mr. Samuel Albert Cox; Mrs. Julia White, formerly of New York, 52.—At South Reading, Mr. David Foster, 84.—At Salem, Frederick Howes, Esq., 73; Widow Deliverance Courtis, 76; Miss Elizabeth Bullock, 78; Mr. James Belrd, 62; Miss Mary Symonds, 71.—At Newburyport, Widow Jane Aubin, 72.—At Newbury, Capt. Samuel Merrill, 82.—At Worcester, Miss Emma P. Parker, 54; Mr. Luther White, 21.—At Millbury, Mr. Levi L. Gould, of Boston, 30.—At North Fairhaven, Mr. Bethuel Dexter, of Barre, 71.—At Pittsfield, Mr. John White, 70; Miss Samantha Abbe, 42.—At West Granville, Mr. Christopher Rose, 62.—At Northampton, Mrs. Lucretia C. Perry, 60.—At Greenfield, Widow Abigail Pierce, 60.—At Nantucket, Mrs. Lucy Folger, 67; Mr. James Barnard, 82.—At Harvard, Mr. Silas W. Holman, 41.—At Sherburne, Miss Mary Bullard, 73.—At Kingstown, George R. Leake, Esq.—At Keene, N. H., Mrs. Betsey Leonard, 101.—At New London, Conn., Mr. Jonathan Colt, 85.—At Johnstown, N. Y., Mr. Joseph Balch, a soldier of the Revolution, 96.—At Utica, N. Y., Rev. James Fountain, 69.

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DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

This paper presents in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary mélange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is beautifully illustrated with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

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* One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, when taken together by one person, one year, for \$4.

Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PAST.

BY GEORGE D. COOMER.

Deep in my heart at last,
I fold the joys of yore;
The spirit of the pleasant past,
Beloved forevermore.

Spirit of better days,
God grant that I be true,
In all my work, in all my ways,
To something pure as you!

May ne'er the shade of crime
Or folly put to shame,
Remembrance of that blessed time
Ere tempting evil came.

With cold, reproving eyes,
At memory's thrilling call,
God grant that ne'er to me ye rise,
Like Samuel unto Saul!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DAUGHTER'S SACRIFICE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

MARY GOLDTHWAIT sat by the well-filled grate in her father's drawing-room. It was on a cold evening in winter, and the wind howled mournfully around the street corners and through the narrow lanes and alleys. Mary was a pale, slim girl, but possessing a beauty which even the most fastidious could not have questioned. Her hair, which was of a deep, golden brown, lay neatly waving upon a brow as pure as snow, and the soft, lustrous eyes, which seemed to have the same deep golden hue, shed a light from the soul which could only have emanated from a source of purity and worth. She had seen eight-and-twenty years of life, and yet she remained a maiden, beneath her father's roof. A close calculator of physiognomy would have said that Mary had some heart-grief that made her look so pale. So she had, though perhaps no one save herself, on earth, knew all her heart-secrets. She had lost a beloved mother when she was twenty, and since that she had seen one brother and one elder sister laid away in the tomb. She sat now with her small white hands clasped over her bosom, and her eyes turned downward till the long lashes lay like golden pencil-lines upon her cheek.

Near her, in his great armchair, sat her father. He was a tall, slim man, whose head was white, and whose face was deeply furrowed by the hand of time. There were some kind marks upon his features, and some hard, cold ones; but now he looked troubled and unhappy.

"Mary," he said, in continuation of a conversation already commenced, "for eight-and-twenty years I have found a home for you, and your every wish has been promptly met and answered. Your good has been my highest aim, and your peace and happiness my only joy. You are advancing in years, and soon your father must leave you alone. But I—I—cannot leave you at the mercy of the cold world. Now a good home is open to you, and you must accept it. Men might call me selfish could they know all my motives; but I am sure you will not. A crisis has come; a volcano has grown up beneath my feet. In a few more short days it must overwhelm me in utter ruin, if I be not saved. Mr. Smith has asked me for your hand. He has seen you at church, and he has watched you narrowly. He loves you. He is wealthy—more wealthy than your father was. And he holds notes of mine, too—notes to the amount of a hundred thousand dollars."

"But your name is not alone on these notes?" gasped Mary.

"No—only the first of four, but I am holden for the whole. Yet the quarter part of that is more than sufficient to ruin me."

"And Mr. Smith makes my hand the equivalent?"

"Yes. Or—I must say, he has not said so. But he knows my situation, and knowing it, he has asked for the hand of my child. Ah, Mary, it does seem to me that God has kept your hand till now, that it might be the means of lifting your old father up from ruin. You have even rejected suitors whom I have favored; but I do not think you have rejected a better man than Mr. Smith."

Ah, that old man had forgotten one! He had forgotten a bright-haired youth who once laid his heart at Mary's feet. But that was long years ago, and his mind went not back so far.

"Now what shall I tell Mr. Smith?"

"My heart is all broken and torn," she said, gazing sadly into her father's face, "but my hand is free. Tell Mr. Smith this. Tell him I will give my hand to save my father, and forget not to tell him that my heart is not in the trade, for I would not deceive him."

"O, you will love him, Mary. He has promised that you shall have all you can ask for, and I know he will be kind."

"I have said that I will marry him," the fair maiden returned, "and so you may tell him. But you would only cruelly deceive him did you tell him no more. Tell him my father has cared for me and protected me through a weary life, and that now I am ready to save that father from ruin. Tell him this, and then he shall know all."

"I shall tell him to come to-morrow evening, Mary: for so he wishes. O, I know you will be happy. He will make you one of the best of husbands. He is rich—very rich."

"In what, my father?"

The old man started at those words, for they were spoken very strangely.

"In the goods of this world, and in—in—honor and manhood," he replied.

Mary did not speak further, for she wished not to worry her father. She knew that his soul was already tortured by misfortune and commercial calamity, and she would not make her sacrifice for him ungrateful, by casting a shade of reproach upon him.

Ere long old Andrew Goldthwait allowed his feelings to run in a more pleasing channel. The ruin which had stared him in the face was to be averted, and in his soul he believed that his child would not be one whit worse off for the transaction. He knew Mr. Smith to be wealthy, and he believed him to be a kind and honorable man. He fancied, too, that he could look into and read his daughter's heart. He thought she wept and sorrowed for the mother and brother and sister she had lost, and that she objected to this match because she had resolved not to marry. But he flattered himself that at the end of the first year of married life he should find her a happy wife.

On the following evening Mary again sat by the grate, in the drawing-room. She was alone now, and her face was more pale than usual. But she was calm—as calm as the marble statue that stood near her.

The outer door was opened, and she heard the tread of heavy feet in the hall. Then the inner door swung back and her father entered. She looked up and she saw another man—it was he to whom she had promised her hand; the man whose money was to save her parent.

Mr. Goldthwait introduced Mr. Smith. Mary arose and extended her hand. It was cold, but it did not tremble. She looked up into his face, and she saw a man of medium height, with a high brow, dark eyes, and a neatly trimmed beard. He greeted her politely, and then took a seat.

Some half an hour was spent in conversation, mostly between the two men, and then the remarks grew gradually less, until a silence ensued. Nearly ten minutes elapsed before another word was spoken, and the stillness was becoming oppressive, when the visitor broke the spell.

"Miss Goldthwait," he said, in a low, soft tone, "you are of course aware of the object of my visit here this evening, and I know you will pardon me if I speak plainly."

Mary looked up, but she made no reply. The tones of the speaker's voice were so kind and gentle that she began to pity him. She felt that he ought to go and find some wife who could love him.

"Your father has spoken plainly with me," resumed Mr. Smith. "He has told me that you fear you have no heart to give, but that you will yet be my wife. Yet he assured me that you will learn to love me in time. I once thought I should never love again, but the sight of your face dispelled the illusion. I will tell you all, and then you shall judge for yourself whether I even have a heart for you."

Mary had now fixed her eyes steadily upon the speaker, and her features had assumed an eager, wistful expression.

"Long years ago I loved a beautiful girl, and she loved me in return. I was young then, and I only thought of love, and I did not dream that fate could crush my soul's dearest hope. That fair girl was all to me. I held her in my soul as my very life, and not a thought had I of the future but 'twas of her. And I knew that she loved me as well, for she had told me so a hundred times. But a terrible crash came upon my joys. My idol's father was wealthy, and I was poor. He was a merchant—I only a humble clerk. When I told him of my love, he spurned me from his door, and bade me never enter it again. O, Heaven! what a wreck of soul was that! Who shall picture the utter midnight of the blasted and broken heart? Who shall tell its wailings and its deep, dark griefs? All crushed and broken down, I fled from the place where my love had grown up, and in the heat and whirl of business, I tried to forget my sorrows. Worldly fortune seemed to single me out as its especial favorite. My wildest and most reckless transactions turned out well, and money seemed to fly out, as if by magic, from everything I placed my hands to. Thus passed away eleven years, and then I came to this city, where I settled down. That was one year ago. I saw you, I loved you; you opened my crushed heart and let the tide of love forth. I asked the merchant again for his child, and—and—"

The speaker's lips trembled, his bosom seemed heaving with a powerful emotion. "Mary," he said, in a breaking tone, "I have asked thy father, and he has told me—yes. Will you be mine?"

The maiden had no more doubt. Years seemed to have passed like magic from the calendar of the past; it seemed only yesterday that a loved youth told his tale of love, for since then only grief had been hers, and grief was no more now. She sank forward, and on the next moment she was clasped to the bosom of the man who for long years had possessed her heart.

"James Smith!" gasped the old man, starting to his feet in astonishment.

"Yes, sir," returned the younger man, looking up through his tears, but yet holding the loved one in his embrace.

"The James Smith who used to be my brother's clerk?"

"Yes, sir—the very same. Do you retract your promise?"

"No, no, no! O, my soul, no! Take my child—take her, and if you love her, forgive her father."

"Ah," replied the happy suitor, as he led Mary to a seat, and then reclined by her side, and drew her head upon his shoulder, "if I forgive, then I must remember a wrong, and that I will not do. Let us forget all of the past but its joys, and look to the future for what duty and true love can give us. I am now content."

"And so am I," uttered the aged parent.

"And what say you?" asked James, gazing into Mary's face.

"Ah," she replied, in a tone too deep for mere passing emotion "content were too poor a word to tell all I feel. God grant that I forget him not in this great joy!"

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To the person who shall send us the eleventh largest club, we will present a fine heavy GOLD SEAL RING, elaborately wrought and with the initials of the person who wins it cut upon the stone. Value.....	20
To the person who shall send us the twelfth largest club, we will present five large and beautiful STEEL ENGRAVINGS, each one exhibiting some interesting scene, framed in gilt, parlor ornaments. Value.....	15

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It is very important that the names, accompanied by the money, should be sent to us as fast as they are obtained, that we may be able to print an ample number of papers to meet the demand. Therefore, as soon as ten or a dozen subscribers have been obtained, the person who has procured the club can forward them with the money, and he or she can then add to the club any number of names, at the same rate, and they will be duly credited to the account of the person sending until February 1, 1856.

It is not required that the entire club should be from one town; we will send the papers to any neighboring post-office, but all the subscriptions must come through the same agent in order to be counted to his or her credit.—This prize offer cannot be applied to any regular wholesale agent of our paper. The clubs must be bona fide, and each name be sent with the money.

The result will be duly published, and indisputable evidence of the receipt of each prize, by the successful parties, will be given.

Sample copies of the paper furnished gratis when desired.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor.
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

In writing letters, please be careful to write names of post-office and State plainly as possible. Also, write individual names distinctly.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Among the more recent exports from California was a cargo of *shovels*!—The projected foundation of a first class university at Troy, N. Y., seems likely to be soon carried out, the subscriptions now reaching \$170,000 towards \$200,000 needed for the commencement of operations.—The Western people denominate as *wild cat* all their irresponsible bank paper which is floating in the country.—La Grua, the handsomest and youngest prima donna on the stage, has taken Rio de Janeiro by storm. The Emperor of Brazil has presented her with a pair of diamond ear-rings worth 25,000 francs—\$5000.—The horses find the new pavement on Washington Street a "hard road to travel."—The Washington Union states that the law requiring the pre-payment of postage in no respect affects letters sent from foreign countries—pre-payment of which is optional with the writer.—All the chestnut trees throughout Rockingham county, N. C., and the surrounding counties, have died this season.—R. W. Pease, a medical practitioner of Syracuse, states that lard is a complete antidote to strychnine. He instances several experiments to the point, one of which, tried by himself upon a cat, was perfectly successful.—The South Carolina Senate has passed a bill repealing the usury laws.—An ardent Southerner, who has just been entrapured by "Rose Clark," has written a letter to Fanny Fern, begging her to send him one of her old gaiter boots.—The city of Kars (cars)—Newark, N. J.—The wheat now held by the millers of Rochester, N. Y., is valued at over \$1,000,000. The milling business for 1855 has been uncommonly lucrative, and their profits foot up more than \$500,000.—The Barnstable Patriot says that of the six prisoners in the House of Correction in that town, the oldest is but 18 years of age, one is only 10, three are only 14, and one is 16.—A propeller, of 500 tons burthen is now building in New York, to run between Fairhaven, Mass., and New York.—One enterprising Broadway merchant, says the New York Times, exhibits in his shop window a "Staff of life," to wit, a loaf of bread some four feet long, nearly as lean as a staff should be.—It may not be generally known that, by a law of April 12th, 1854, raw cotton is made free of duty in Belgian ports.—Healey, the well-known artist, who recently returned from Europe, it is said, is about to take up his residence in Chicago.—Saw dust is now used in many stables in this city in place of straw.—The Sisters of Charity are about to establish a hospital and a young ladies' seminary at Alton, Illinois.—A bill has been introduced in the South Carolina Senate to punish factors and commission merchants for fraudulently conveying to their own use any cotton, rice, or produce.—Mr. Theodore Fay, the U. S. Minister in Switzerland, it is said, is now engaged, and has been for years, in writing a history of the Swiss Republic.—A Connecticut man named Alvah Harris, was fined twenty dollars and costs at Providence, lately, for selling turkeys by balances that were so defective that he got pay for an extra pound on every fowl he sold.—It is said that the family of Mr. Asaph Wales (ten in number) was the only one remaining in Norfolk in which a case of yellow fever did not occur during the lamentable epidemic there.—A Mr. John Costigan, who sued the proprietors of the Albany Transcript for libel (as he imagined), bringing two suits of \$5000 damages each, failed to make out his case, and the jury rendered a verdict for the defendants. The second suit was dismissed.—Towns bearing the names of Inkermann, Balaklava, Varna, Alma and Raglan, have already been organized in Canada.—Hineks, the sculptor, has been engaged on a head of Longfellow, and a half length of Halleck. He has also drawn a picture of oriental life, representing Bayard Taylor smoking a pipe in oriental costume.—Much excitement has been created in St. Paul, Minnesota, recently, by the action of the trustees of the First Presbyterian Church, in letting the sacred edifice for a concert by the Hutchinson family.

THE "LITTLE TREASURE."—This is the title of an excellent play recently performed in London, New York, and this city. It is an adaptation from the French. The events follow each other with railroad rapidity, showing how much can be crowded into an hour on the stage: "Gertrude believes her father in India at 9 P. M.; discovers that he is in London at 9.5; resolves to see him at 9.15; arrives at his house, 9.30; takes him back with her, 9.45; effects reconciliation between her parents, 9.55; gets a husband for herself, 9.59; curtain down, 10 P. M."

BABYLONIAN LIBRARIES.—Colonel Rawlinson has just discovered among the ruins of ancient Babylon, an extensive library—not indeed on printed paper, but impressed on baked bricks. Just think of a bookseller announcing that he had just baked a treatise on astronomy; and of a critic's complimenting a publisher on a work's being done remarkably brown; or of a gentleman of Babylon carrying home the advance pages of the last new novel in a hod! What jolly times!

THE STAGE.—The New York Sunday Times thinks that Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne has improved from seeing Rachel, and says: "We note the fact with pleasure, as affording an evidence that the example of the great tragedienne will not fail to have a beneficial effect upon the American stage."

NOISY CARRIER'S BOOK AND STATIONERY CO., No. 77 LONG WHARF, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Incorporated according to an act of the Legislature of California, January 1, 1855. CHARLES P. KIMBALL, President.—TRUSTEES—Charles P. Kimball, Thomas N. Hibben, G. B. Haywood.—CHARLES GALACAR, Agent, New York.

IMMIGRANTS.—The number of immigrants which arrived at New York up to December 12, last year, was 127,595, against 298,994 for the same period in 1854—a falling off of 171,399.

Wayside Gatherings.

A new and splendid Masonic temple has just been finished in Manchester, N. H.

The Baltimore papers speak highly of a beautiful barkentine—a new class vessel.

An autograph of Benedict Arnold was sold recently in Boston for \$4 50.

The yellow fever still lingers in New Orleans, notwithstanding the advent of winter.

The census of Illinois shows a population in that State, of about 1,300,000, against 805,018 in 1850.

Gold has been discovered near the Rocky Mount, Franklin Co., Va. A company is preparing to work the mine.

The amount required for the support of the Philadelphia public schools during the coming year, is \$595,600.

The homoeopathic physicians of Illinois have just held a convention at Peoria and organized a State medical association.

The Pekin Plain Dealer says the Illinois Hedge Co. have set out 200 miles of Osage Orange hedge in Tazewell county.

A tall cast-iron shot tower has recently been erected in Centre Street, New York, and is the only one of the kind in the world.

A terrible famine prevails at Cape de Verd. The people are devouring the carcasses of their dead cattle, and the stalks of the banana.

A project is on foot for the establishment in Winchester, Va., of a college of high grade, to be under the control of the Odd Fellows.

The Right Rev. Alonzo Potter, D. D., has been chosen president of the Pennsylvania Colonization Society, in place of Hon. Joseph R. Ingersoll, resigned.

The extension of the new treasury building, it is said, will obstruct the view of the president's house from the capitol and Pennsylvania Avenue.

Two ladies of fashion, in St. Louis, have recently died suddenly. Cause—arsenic taken in small doses, to give brilliancy to their complexion.

A writer complains, with justice, we think, of the manner in which the congressional library has been fenced in—denying free access to the books by visitors.

The volcano, or "burning lake" of Kilanea, situated in the island of Hawaii, one of the Sandwich group, is in active eruption. It is a "lake burning with fire and brimstone."

The Advertiser states that the stock for three swift American steamers, to ply between Panama and Valparaiso, has been nearly taken up by capitalists, chiefly in Boston and New York.

In Chicago, a few days since, while the judge of the recorder's court was trying a case of horse stealing, his own horse and buggy were stolen from the vicinity of the court room.

The first session of the thirty-fourth Congress will, most probably, be a very protracted one, as it is proposed to refer Longfellow's "Hiawatha" to the Committee on Indian Affairs.

Chev. Hulsemann has been received by the president as Austrian minister resident. Mr. Henry Bosch has also presented his credentials as charge d' affairs of the king of the Belgians.

Michael Sweeny has been arrested for placing obstructions on the line of the Milwaukee Railroad. Twice before on this road, have trains been thrown off by obstructions placed on the track.

The Newburyport Submarine Company have closed their operations for this season. Their last work was the raising of a wreck in Portland, that had been bedded in the mud for five years.

M. L. Sweet, of Grand Rapids, Mich., has a hog whose live weight is 1200 pounds. He measures nine feet from the end of the snout to the root of his tail, and his body is three feet deep.

The New York Evening Post says Mlle Nantier Didiée, who recently appeared at the Academy of Music, is, with one exception, the finest contralto singer that we have had in this country.

The buttons on the coat of John Hancock were of silver, and of American manufacture. The device was a shepherd shearing his sheep—the motto, "you gain more by our lives than by our deaths."

The president has granted a pardon in the case of Capt. Kelleridge, late of the steamship North Star, who was tried and convicted of firing a loaded pistol at one of the waiters of that ship, and he has been set at liberty.

Six years ago, Mr. Van Rensselaer, now of Albany, buried one of his children at Cherry Hill. Recently the body was taken up for removal, and upon examination was found to be in a perfect state of petrefaction, as solid as marble.

A constable in Indiana recently traced a very delicate piece of stolen lace to the possession of a servant girl, who, finding she was discovered, quickly put it in her mouth and swallowed it; when, believing it out of his jurisdiction, the officer left her!

Charles Jerome shot an owl near New Haven, Conn., measuring five feet from tip to tip of its wings; its legs and belly were of a beautiful tan color, its back a dark brown, and its ears uncommonly long; it had a beautiful set of claws, each fang more than an inch in length.

"In point of style," the London Athenæum says of Mr. Prescott, "he ranks with the ablest English historians; and paragraphs may be found in his volumes, in which the grace and eloquence of Addison are combined with Robertson's majestic cadence and Gibbon's brilliancy."

An exchange states that Mr. William Hood, a drover of Chester county, Pa., was drugged and robbed of \$1000 at Wilmington, Delaware, recently. The thief must have closely resembled the famous outlaw of Sherwood Forest, as the police took him for Robin Hood.

The dead letter branch of the Finance Bureau was never before half so efficient as at present. Nearly one and a half millions of dead letters were opened during the last quarter. Three thousand letters, for that period, contained money to an amount exceeding \$18,000, about seven-eighths of which has been promptly restored to its owners.

Bread riots are becoming common all over Great Britain. While the working-classes are clamoring by thousands for bread, the queen, as some one says, "is in her parlor eating bread and honey, perfectly indifferent to the sufferings of her wretched subjects!" The war is literally eating up England, and the end is not yet.

Mr. Ridgeway, civil engineer and geologist, estimates the total amount of merchantable coal in Hampshire and Hardy counties, Virginia, at 1,560,000,000 tons, at the lowest calculation. Within the area of the coal measures he locates 375,000,000 tons of nodular argillaceous iron ore, besides 135,000,000 tons of the "siliceous fossiliferous" variety of ore in the rocks of the Knobly mountain.

Foreign Items.

The admiralty have extended the age for admission into the British navy from fourteen to fifteen years.

Mustapha Bey, son of Ibrahim Pacha, had, by the last account, arrived in Cairo from his tour through Europe.

It is affirmed in Paris, that Russia has been obliged to purchase corn in Germany; but the assertion greatly requires confirmation.

Great indignation is being expressed by antiquaries in Europe, at the closing of the Museum of Private Antiquities, in Naples, by order of the king.

From statistics recently published in England, whilst the average duration of human life is estimated at thirty-three years, that among the Friends is an average of fifty-one years.

A slight difference which had arisen between Greece and the United States of America has just been terminated, to the mutual satisfaction of the two governments.

The clerks in the telegraph office at Berlin are locked up during the time of business, and for two or three hours afterwards, so that they may not be able to betray the secrets of customers.

The Trieste Gazette says the Greek government has agreed to pay to the American citizen King a compensation of 138,000 drachms for his land at Athens, which was taken from him.

Count Onwaroff, a distinguished Russian philologist, and author of several highly esteemed works, died recently. He was for some time president of the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg.

Dr. Moul, professor of the University of Heidelberg, has discovered in the monastery of St. Paul, in Corinth, a manuscript of the elder Pliny, containing nearly the whole of the seventh part of the Natural History, lib. 11 to 14.

Sands of Gold.

.... Love is not love when it is mingled with respects that stand aloof from the entire point.—Shakspeare.

.... Nor love thy life, nor hate; but whilst thou livest live well; how long, how short, permit to Heaven.—Milton.

.... Our repentance is not so much regret for the evil we have done as fear of its consequences to us.—La Rochefoucauld.

.... The man who will live above his present circumstances, is in great danger of living in a little time much beneath them.—Addison.

.... Were we as eloquent as angels, yet should we please some men, some women, and some children much more by listening than by talking.—Colton.

.... Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell: though all things foul would wear the brows of grace, yet grace must still look so.—Shakspeare.

.... Be not penny-wise. Riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves; sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more.—Lord Bacon.

.... Sincerity is like travelling in a plain, beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves.—Tillotson.

.... There is as much greatness of mind in the owning of a good turn as in the doing of it; and we must no more force a requital out of season, than be wanting in it.—Seneca.

.... To tell your own secrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communicate those with which we are entrusted is always treachery, and treachery for the most part combined with folly.—Johnson.

Joker's Budget.

Why is an andiron like a yardstick? Because it has three feet.

A very mean man is standing upon his own dignity—the smallest kind of a platform!

What is the difference between a butcher and a gay young lady? The former kills to dress, while the latter dresses to kill.

"I am very much afraid of lightning," said a pretty lady. "And well you may be," replied a despairing lover, "as your heart is made of steel."

The following toast was given at a recent celebration:—"The rights of woman; if she cannot be captain of a ship, may she always command a *smack*."

"Why, Hans, you have the most feminine cast of countenance I have ever seen."—"O, yaw," was the reply, "I know do reason for dat; mine modder was a woman."

"It is not proper for you to play school, my dear, to-day, for it is Sunday."—"I know it, mother," replied the little girl, "but it is Sunday school that I am playing."

Our old friend, Mrs. Partington, was very indignant on hearing that the Russians had taken *flight*; at the same time she observed that it must have been an outlandish sort of place at best, for she couldn't find it anywhere on the map.

An exchange says, "that the 'schoolmaster is abroad' in Chicago, is evident to us from a sign we saw painted upon a shop window, a day or two since, on the north side. It read something like this: 'Pise nutts pop Kake Beer eigars and boarding.'"

"There's our Gershom," said Mr. Shelton, "he must go off to the city, to get his living by his wits."—"Well, how did he make out?" asked a friend. "Ah," said the old man, with a sigh, tapping his forehead significantly, "he failed for want of capital!"

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ST. PETERSBURG—QUAY ON THE VASSILI-OSTOROFF.

RUSSIAN SCENES.

The first of our engravings on this page represents a scene on one of the fine quays of St. Petersburg, with a couple of itinerant pedlars vending their wares. One of them is a fruit dealer; and his little tray suspended round his neck is loaded with luscious grapes and peaches, exceedingly tempting to the group of children,

whose nurse is haggling about the price. The other bearded fellow, with his cups and can, is a vender of quass, a beverage much relished by the Russians. The second picture shows a group of peasantry in the environs of St. Petersburg, in their holiday costume, which, in the case of the women, is exceedingly rich and picturesque. It consists of a bright crimson, yellow or green bro-

caded silk petticoat, a white linen chemise with full sleeves, and a kind of strap or braces across the shoulders, of the same material as the petticoat. The pavoinik, or head-dress, composed of satin or velvet, is highly ornamented. The female servants in St. Petersburg are the most gaudily dressed persons in the street. In Russia the lower orders still cling to the national costume.



FETE COSTUME OF RUSSIAN PEASANTS IN THE ENVIRONS OF ST. PETERSBURG.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

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THE STEAM FRIGATE MERRIMAC.

The engraving below, drawn for the Pictorial by Mr. Hill, a marine draughtsman of great excellence, represents the noble steam frigate as she now appears, rigged and equipped for service, with all her guns on board. The first of the fleet of steam frigates ordered to be built by Congress, she has been constructed with extraordinary celerity, considering her vast size. It is only about sixteen months since her keel was laid. In a twelvemonth thereafter, she was successfully launched from the first shipyard at Charlestown, in the presence of an immense concourse of admiring spectators, presenting a spectacle of great interest, which we illustrated at the time of its occurrence, in number two of the last volume of the Pictorial. Her model is a beautiful one, and reflects the highest credit on the ability of Mr. Lenthall, the chief of the bureau of construction. To Mr. Delano, naval constructor of the

Charlestown navy-yard, and Mr. Melvin Simmons, master carpenter, the practical carrying out of the naval architect's design is to be credited. These gentlemen may well be proud in their share of this floating leviathan, for she is four thousand tons burthen. The huge cannon, which show their grim muzzles through the port-holes, were cast at Alger's foundry, South Boston. She is a propeller, pierced for seventy guns, but will carry only fifty at present. We regard the steam frigate Merrimac as a complete success, and cannot but rejoice at this commencement of a steam navy worthy of the name. Heretofore our steam vessels have been anything but creditable to the country. The best of them could not compare with inferior vessels of the same class in the French and English navies, and their performance was anything but satisfactory. The completion of the Merrimac commences as we hope, a new era. We can send this fine vessel to any quar-

ter of the globe, with the full confidence that she will excite admiration and respect. We are well aware that a steam navy is costly; but yet we believe there can be no better investment of the public money. It is absolutely necessary to keep pace with other nations in our provisions for defence. To be completely prepared, armed at all points, is the surest way of preventing aggression, and we all know how much cheaper prevention is than cure. A squadron of sailing vessels can be soon equipped, and in case of war, our mercantile marine might be largely drawn upon for the exigencies of the government. But a steam navy cannot be created on the spur of the moment. Notwithstanding the zeal and industry displayed in building the Merrimac, we have seen that sixteen months were required to complete her, and this despatch is cited as extraordinary. Our government has done wisely in not waiting for the emergency, to commence the good work.



UNITED STATES STEAM FRIGATE MERRIMAC.

(Written expressly for Ballou's Pictorial.)

THE CONTRABANDIST: —OR— THE SECRET OF A LIFE. A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE. [CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII.

A NEW CHARACTER INTRODUCED.

On the day of the count's departure from the Chateau Montauban, there stopped at the cottage of Hugh Lamonte a young peasant, dressed in coarse but neat garb, and carrying across his shoulder a heavy stick, on which swung a bundle neatly tied up in a large cotton handkerchief.

This person was of something above the medium height, light and athletic in form, and with straight, shapely limbs, whose grace and activity his rude dress could not conceal. His countenance was a fine, frank and pleasing one; the features indisputably handsome, and the complexion slightly darkened, evidently by exposure to sun and wind; while the simple openness and honesty of his manner, with some natural grace of address, could not fail to please one.

At the invitation of Hugh Lamonte, he entered and sat down, stating that he had come from Avallon, and desired to obtain employment in this neighborhood.

"What kind of employment do you seek?" asked Hugh.

"I am a gardener, monsieur," answered the young man, respectfully, "and if I could have the care of a garden somewhere about here—"

"But," interrupted Hugh, in a thoughtful tone, as his glance rested musingly upon the young man, "we do not need gardeners about here. Up in the village, where the people are all farmers, they take care of their own gardens. Besides, it is late in the season for that work."

The young man blushed, as he returned:

"O, I know that, monsieur—I know that; but I would be willing to work for so much the less."

"Good! But still, although I think you deserve it, it is not very likely that you will find employment of that kind. If it were the spring instead of near the autumn now, perhaps the marquis might take you. But as it is, you must think of something else. You are really in need of work, I suppose?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Why did you leave Avallon? There should be plenty of labor there for one so light and active as yourself."

"I got tired of staying there, monsieur. But I bring a certificate from my former master, who comes to reside there a few months in the year."

"Who was he?"

"The Comte d'Artois, monsieur."

"The Comte d'Artois!" Hugh regarded the young man fixedly for a moment, till the red color flushed into his cheek again. "Let me see your certificate, if you please," he said.

The man drew it forth and gave it to Hugh. It said simply:

"This certifies that the bearer, Robin Marron, is industrious, honest and temperate, and will be found faithful and trustworthy by whoever may need his services. He has been employed by me for some years in the capacity of gardener, and is well skilled in his business. He parts from me by his own desire.

"(Signed), LOUIS, COMTE D'ARTOIS."

"That is well," said Hugh, quietly, as he returned the paper, "and speaks excellently for you, Master Robin. But it will not be of much use here, I am afraid. Is there nothing else you could do?"

"O, yes, monsieur," answered Robin. "I like this neighborhood, and I have some fancy for farm work. Doubtless I could make myself useful to some of your neighbors."

"Well, it is a busy time, and there is every chance for one who comes recommended like you. Extra work-people are wanted by several of the farmers. There is Antoine Lebrun and Pierre Martin, both of whom I know need one or two more men. They live something like a mile or two beyond here. You will, without doubt, find work among some of them."

"Thank you. I will try them," returned Robin, rising, and taking up his stick and bundle, which he had laid beside him on the floor.

"Well, Robin," said his host, with grave kindness, "I wish you may meet with success."

"Thank you, monsieur. I hope so. I have come from some distance, and so long as one kind of business cannot be obtained, another must content me. I do not wish to go any further, and if I can get farm work, I will."

"I should like to hear how you make out, Robin."

"That you shall know, and welcome," responded the young man; "for, if you have no objection, I will come and tell you myself."

"That is well," said Hugh, briefly, and with a kind nod. And Robin, giving a pleasant good-day to Hugh, and to Rose, who had all this time been seated silently at work by the easement, went on his way to the farm of Antoine Lebrun.

Hugh Lamonte stood with folded arms in the doorway for a moment, looking after him. Then, with an air of thought, he came back into the room.

"A handsome fellow—was he not, Rose?" he said; "and deserving, too, I think. One sees honesty written on his face. I trust he will be successful."

Rose blushed slightly at her father's words; for, to tell the truth, she had herself remarked the unusual beauty of the young man's features, and the intelligence stamped upon his fine open brow, and beaming from his clear, frank eyes. But she evaded the answer to the first of her father's remarks, and returned, without raising her glance from her work:

"Yes—I hope he may get employment, papa. But I was surprised to hear that he had been in the service of the Count d'Artois."

"Yes—yes; so, I confess, was I," said Hugh, reflectively; "and he has come, too, on the very day of his master's departure from here. If they had met—if Robin had been in the neighborhood a few hours earlier, the count himself might have obtained a situation of some kind for him at the chateau."

Hugh paced the floor awhile in silence; and Rose continued to work busily, also without speaking. Both, however, were thinking of Robin. Both were interested in him. Hugh more so than might have been warranted by the usual reserve he displayed towards others; and with an undeniable desire for his welfare. He meditated a long time upon the appearance of the young man, which had struck him peculiarly, and then left Rose at her sewing, while he repaired to the little field to work.

A few days after the first visit of Robin, he came again to the cottage. This time he announced to Hugh and Rose that he had obtained work at the farm of Antoine Lebrun, the first place at which he had applied. It is needless to say that both were glad to hear of his good fortune.



ROBIN THE GARDENER.

It was at sunset when Robin came. He had come immediately on finishing his day's work, and Hugh invited him to stay with them an hour or two. This invitation Robin was nothing loth to accept; for it was given with a degree of cordiality that was rare with Hugh; and whether the beauty and shy grace of young Rose had any influence in Robin's decision to remain, we leave others to judge. At all events, when he had stayed perhaps two hours, and was taking his departure, Hugh invited him to repeat the visit. And Robin answered, quietly:

"You are very good, monsieur, and I confess that I am only too glad to come; for I am somewhat strange yet among the work-people on the farm, and being in a new place, it makes one rather lonely. And I feel more acquainted with you, perhaps, because this was the first place at which I sought for work. I shall be pleased to come, monsieur, and then, it may be, if I come early enough, that mademoiselle," glancing towards Rose, "will show me her garden, of which I hear you speak."

Hugh promised that this should be the case. And Robin departed.

For two or three days, now, the young man did not make his appearance. Hugh Lamonte looked for him at sunset, but he did not come; and Rose said to herself, "He does not desire very earnestly to see my garden." Yet she took unusual pains with the flowers when she helped her father, morning and night, in the garden; for she thought that he might come at any moment, and then she should like to have it looking as well as possible, since he must have seen so many handsomer ones than this.

Finally, on the third day, in the middle of the afternoon, Robin appeared. Hugh was surprised at seeing him so much earlier

than usual, since the usual hour for leaving work was at sunset. But Robin said that Antoine Lebrun had allowed him to come earlier, because he had done more work on the two preceding days than any other of the men. And he had wished to see mademoiselle's garden in full daylight.

So Robin was conducted to the garden, and here, although he praised its beauty, yet he also found ample space for improvement, and volunteered, if Hugh was willing, to come down and work in it occasionally.

As there appeared to be no serious objection to such a proceeding, the arrangement was made; and nearly every afternoon, thenceforth, Robin came half an hour before sunset, and with spade, rake, scissors and pruning-knife, busied himself in the garden. [SEE ENGRAVING.]

den, making such alterations for the better and training the favorite flowers of Rose so skilfully, that they became even finer and more abundant than they had been in the earlier part of the season, when they seemed to want no addition to their beauty.

And while Robin worked among the flower-beds, Rose sat at the garden door, with her sewing, or embroidery, or, perhaps, a book; for Robin, she was pleased to find, was as fond of books as herself, and many a pleasant half-hour was passed thus by them. Robin had no father, no mother, no sisters, nor a home, such as others had, and he told them that this seemed like home to him. He always hastened to the cottage as soon as he was released from work and had eaten his supper, and not unfrequently remained a part of the evening with them. These visits were pleasant ones.

Robin enjoyed them, and Rose always liked to see him coming; while Hugh Lamonte, though he said little on the subject now, seemed to regard him as a welcome visitor. Rose sometimes wondered at his evident liking for the young man, being usually, as he was, of a mood so unocial; but she could not but admit that for one so handsome, so amiable and kind-hearted as Robin, to win the friendship of those about him, was not at all strange; and, therefore, it was less surprising, that as every one else seemed to like him so well, that her father should be also attracted towards him.

* * * * *

The Marquis of Montauban, let one afternoon, made his appearance at the cottage of Hugh Lamonte. This was no common occurrence; for visitors were generally rather repelled than attracted by the reserve and taciturnity of Hugh. The marquis, noble and wealthy as he was, was, perhaps, as frequent a guest there as any of the neighbors from the village; and his visits were not many. But he came here whenever he was in the immediate neighborhood, and though Hugh relaxed not in the least from his customary coldness—nay, though it was even perceptibly increased on such occasions, the good marquis would not seem to be awed by his strange manner, let the real effect be what it might.

This afternoon, Hugh Lamonte, with Robin, who had just come from the farm, and our pretty Rose, were together in the garden, when a knocking was heard within the kitchen, and Rose, being nearest the door, ran

to see who was there. The marquis was standing by the easement.

"Good evening, my child," he said, kindly, as she entered. "I have come to see your father. Is he at home?"

"Yes, monsieur," answered Rose. "I will call him."

She went out and informed her father of the desire of the marquis, and while he entered the kitchen, proceeded to assist Robin in tying up a rose-bush, which had been bent down by a shower on the previous day.

And while busying herself thus, her thoughts wandered from the task which employed her fingers. For Rose was wondering what could be the business of the marquis with her father. That he had actual business to transact with him—that this was not a mere visit of compliment, or neighborly kindness, she was persuaded; for there was something in his manner, and in the very direct desire to see her father, that convinced her of the fact. Mechanically her fingers moved in executing their part of the task, and her fixed and absent glance fully denoted a mind occupied with some matter entirely foreign to her present employment.

Robin's thoughts were wandering, too. He proceeded with his work quite as heedlessly as Rose herself, though it was evidently of her that he was thinking; for his handsome dark eyes rested from time to time on her face with an expression of interest and concern—an unquiet expression, one full, at the same time, of curiosity and disturbance.

It was not until a small knife which he retained in the right hand, while tying up the tree, slipped down, and cut one of the young girl's fingers, that either of them was reminded fully of the actual work which engaged them. The pain of the wound forced a

subdued exclamation from the lips of Rose. And Robin, alarmed, caught the little hand in his own.

"I have hurt you," he said, gently; "I am very sorry. How careless in me!"

"No—no! it is nothing but a scratch," smiled Rose, bravely concealing the momentary suffering.—"It is nothing but a scratch. Here is my handkerchief; will you bind it up for me? There is lint in my box in the kitchen; but the handkerchief must suffice now, for I do not care about going in just at this moment."

And Robin was only too glad to staunch the flowing blood, and bind up that little white hand. He sat down on the bench beside her, and folded the handkerchief around it tenderly and carefully; and when he had done, he held it still a moment, and then bending down, laid his cheek softly against the tiny wounded member, in releasing it.

"I am sorry I hurt you," he said again, lifting his handsome eyes to the blushing face of his pretty companion.

She colored more warmly, but did not speak, and then they turned once more to the rose-bush, though now Robin was obliged to work alone, since Rose could no longer assist him. He tied it up in silence, and then sat down again with Rose, to read to her by the soft sunset light from a book which he had brought with him.

It was twilight time when the marquis left Hugh, and getting into his carriage, drove away in the direction of the chateau. They heard him go away—Robin and Rose. But Hugh did not come out again; and when they went in, they found him seated by the table, in the gathering dusk, and leaning forward on it, with his face buried in his hands.

He rose immediately on their entrance, and went to get a light; but he did not speak, and as the flare of the light shone on his countenance, both observed that it was unusually pale. Perceiving his silence and depression, Robin, filled with sympathy for him, shortly withdrew, without inquiring into its cause; for he saw plainly that Hugh was not ill, but that something unpleasant pressed upon his mind had taken place within the last hour.

As soon as Robin was gone, Rose went to her father, and sitting down by him, begged him to tell her the cause of his downcast appearance. But he would not reply to her troubled inquiries.

"Rose, my dear child," he said, tenderly and sadly, "I cannot tell you what it is that affects me; at least, not now. Do not ask me. Be happy, and do not trouble yourself about me." It was all he would say; and the depression which that visit of the marquis had left on him continued to mark his manner from that time.

Rose was anxious and uneasy. That this sudden change had been caused by something said or done during the time in which he had conferred with his guest, she could not doubt. And if so, what could that cause have been?—what was its nature? She exhausted her imagination with vain endeavors to guess at the truth. All remained in darkness. She retired to rest unhappy and perplexed. All night her dreams were filled with the image of her father's pale, unquiet countenance; and in the morning, she met him again, only to meet, also, with the reality.

But he worked as usual in the garden and the field all day; he made no allusion to the occurrences of the past evening, and affairs went on with the same quiet regularity as ever, at the cottage, without bringing any further unpleasant consequence from the visit of the marquis than what already displayed itself in her father's altered demeanor. That of itself was sufficiently productive of anxiety to Rose.

Robin made his accustomed visit at sunset. It was a relief to her; for if it could not divert her mind from the thoughts of her father's sadness, it at least served to break the almost insupportable silence that had reigned within the cottage all day long.

To-night, Hugh would not join them in the garden, but remained in the kitchen, reading, or seeming to do so. And Robin and Rose sat in the garden together, without working as usual, for she could do nothing but think of her father, and the young man, sympathizing deeply and earnestly with both, tried to console and cheer his fair companion with hopeful words and soothing tones. And Rose could not but take a sad pleasure in listening to his words, for Robin's friendship had already become dear to her.

CHAPTER VIII.

A TENDER DECLARATION.

THERE was a knock for admittance at the cottage door. Hugh Lamonte started uneasily from his chair. Every knock—every approaching footstep, of late, he imagined to be that of the Marquis of Montauban; for a time of restitution was coming, and it was to cost him dear. He hastily crossed the room, and flung the door wide open. An angry exclamation burst from his lips. Rose, seated by the easement with her sewing, trembled and turned pale; for the new-comer was Gasparde.

"Good afternoon, uncle," said the rogue, frankly.

"How, Gasparde," uttered Hugh, in incensed astonishment, and without noticing the salutation,—"*how* come you here? I thought you were at—"

"Why, so I was, monsieur,—so I was," answered the man, quietly; "but the fact is, I had some business with you," he added, in a lower tone. "And more than that," he continued, assuming an expression of the deepest seriousness, "I have come to ask your pardon, and that of Mademoiselle Rose, for my old behaviour; and I honestly hope you will forgive me."

Hugh looked at him, half incredulously, and with a searching glance he stepped back a pace, but made no answer. Gasparde followed up the movement, and stepped just within the door, so that he now beheld Rose. Apprehension and annoyance were plainly expressed on her countenance as she beheld him. He looked as

unprepossessing as ever, though his words were certainly very fair.

"Good afternoon, Cousin Rose," he said, with gravity; and noticing the indication of her disposition towards him in her countenance, he hastened to add, with an air of penitence and sorrow: "O, I see, Rose, that you have not forgotten how I used to annoy you. I know I do not deserve that you should; but I confess I had hoped you would overlook it by this time; for I am sincerely sorry for my impertinence."

The young girl made no reply at first, the suddenness of all this astonished her.

"You will not forgive me, then?" he said, with a downcast air. "Well, it serves me rightly, I own. But I must say I am very sorry since, although repentant, I have not even the satisfaction of a pardon."

Hugh Lamonte stood silently regarding him with a half-angry, half-perplexed air. He doubted whether to put faith in the fair declaration of Gasparde.

"Cousin Rose," said the latter, again, deprecatingly, "I promise you that I will never behave so impertinently again. I wish you would try to forget my insolence, and forgive me."

Rose looked up.

"Since you are sincerely repentant, Gasparde," she said, "I will endeavor to do both." And then she resumed her work.

"And you also, sir?" said Gasparde, turning to Hugh.

"The less said about that the better," returned Hugh, dryly; "but you may be grateful to Rose for forgiving you, which is more than you merit. And now, if you wish to say anything to me, you must come into the garden, for I am going there." And picking up his tools, he went out, without saying another word.

Gasparde followed, with downcast eyes and humbled manner; and Rose, truly confident in his sincerity, was almost sorry that her father treated him so ungraciously. She had some curiosity to know what could be his business with her father; but that was impossible. They remained in the garden for some time—perhaps half an hour; then both re-entered, Hugh saying to his companion:

"Well—well; come again to-morrow, and, meanwhile, I will think about it."

"That will do," returned Gasparde. And as he crossed the room to the opposite door, he nodded to Rose, saying, respectfully: "Good-morning, cousin."

"Good-morning, Gasparde," she responded, as he went out.

When Hugh had shut the door and come back into the room, Rose could not but see that he was more thoughtful and gloomy than before; but to her anxious inquiries as to the cause, she could obtain no satisfactory answer. All day he preserved the same moody air; and Rose was unhappy, alike in being unable to divine the cause of his increased perplexity and trouble, or to alleviate it. He had not yet made any allusion to the object of the marquis's recent visit; but she knew that he was thinking of it continually. She knew, however, that she should only annoy him by seeming to notice his mysterious dejection, and so she became silent.

In the afternoon, Robin came as usual, after his day's work was done, and Rose even persuaded herself that he, too, seemed somewhat serious. He went out into the garden with her father, and thence to the field; and she could see them standing there, as if talking together, for a long time. They did not work as usual. The sun set and the twilight gathered soft and dim, and the full moon rose large and clear, shedding a glow of solemn radiance all over that humble *chaumière* and its humble surroundings, the two peasants standing there together in the field, and the little figure of Rose, who sat by the open easement, leaning on the sill; and still Hugh and Robin did not come. At length, however, they left their post, and came slowly up through the garden. They were conversing still.

"What is it about, I wonder?" asked the young girl, mentally.

The two entered. Robin did not speak; but Hugh advanced straight to Rose.

"Rose, *ma fille*," he said, gently, "here is our good neighbor Robin, who wishes to marry you. What do you say to it?"

"Wishes to marry me?" iterated the young girl, faltering and blushing.

"Exactly. Is it not sufficiently plain?"

Rose was silent, her eyes cast down to the floor, and her fair cheek reddening still deeper. The tears fast gathered in her eyes. Robin wished to marry her. Hugh turned away, and, with folded arms, paced the room. Robin came to her side.

"Dear Rose," he said, softly, taking her hand, "your father has told you what I asked him. It is true that I wish to marry you, if you are willing. I did not think you disliked me. Will you show me that you do not?"

She did not answer, but sat with her eyes still cast down, and her hand in his.

"I know, dear Rose," he said, again, "that I am asking a great deal. I came here only a few weeks ago, and I was a stranger. I came seeking for work, and found it. I am poor, and have yet no home of my own, but that I trust to have some day, if the *bon Dieu* is willing. I love you, Rose, and I ask you if you will promise to marry me when I am rich enough to buy a little farm of my own."

"But—my father?" she hesitated, raising her eyes sorrowfully, as she thought of his loneliness. "No—no; I cannot leave him!"

"Rose," said Hugh, turning to her, "the future is not in your hands. Do not think of me. If you love Robin sufficiently well to marry him, answer him at once. All will be well."

"Then I will marry you, Robin," she said, in a low tone.

"You will forget that I am poor, and a stranger?"

"I do not need to forget it," was her answer. And her glance of timid, affectionate confidence was raised to his.

He bent forward with a thrill of inexpressible delight, and pressed his lips to those of the blushing girl.

"And you will never break your promise, though you should meet with trial, and temptation, and danger?"

"No; never—never, Robin! But why do you fear—and what?"

"I cannot tell you, Rose. But it will be a long time before we can marry, perhaps; for I will not ask you to share my lot with me until I have risen higher—far higher than I am now. And no one knows what may happen in that time. It will be a long time," he continued, after awhile; but I shall be patient; for I want to rise to something better than I am now, Rose. You are too good to marry a farmer, or a gardener. For your sake, I shall strive to render myself something higher than either."

"You need not be better than you are, Robin," said the girl, gently.

"But I mean to become more worthy of you, nevertheless," was his rejoinder.

And now Hugh Lamonte turned to them.

"Since this is done," he said, "I give you both my blessing. Rose, my child," and he laid his hand solemnly on her fair head, "be true to Robin until he comes to claim you, and you will be rewarded."

There was a moment of deep silence. The young lover bent down, and tenderly kissed his betrothed bride, from whose gentle eyes the tears stole down.

And through the opposite easement glared and gleamed a pair of fiendish eyes upon that little group. The brigand-lover, Gasparde, had heard every word—witnessed every look and action within. They did not see him; they did not hear the bitter curses hissed through his shut teeth, nor mark the clenched hand that menaced them.

* * * * *

The next day, Robin came again.

"Rose," he said, "I saw, yesterday, going away from here, when I was coming down, a man whom I think I have seen before. Do you know who it was?"

"You mean, I think, Gasparde, my cousin. But hush!—here he comes."

And at that moment, the individual designated entered the cottage door. He made a civil obeisance to Rose and the young man, and accosting Hugh, requested, in a low tone, to speak with him alone.

The two retired, as before, to the garden. There a somewhat lengthy conference was held, during which time Rose and Robin were conversing together indoors, and Gasparde's name was not unfrequently mentioned in the course of their dialogue. The young man seemed to be somewhat interested in him, and asked several questions concerning him, by which he gathered the knowledge that Gasparde had sometime very deeply offended both Rose and her father; but he also heard of his having come the previous day to make apologies for so doing.

And, meanwhile, Hugh ended the colloquy between himself and Gasparde in the garden, when they prepared to re-enter the house. The countenance of the former was gloomier and darker than ever.

"Captain," said the man, "I don't remember having seen that person in the kitchen before. I suppose you won't think it impertinent if I ask you who he is?"

"He is to become the husband of Rose," returned Hugh. "His name is Robin Marron." And he glanced closely at the countenance of his companion, to detect some signal of his feelings at this announcement. But all was undisturbed there.

"So Rose is to be married?" said Gasparde. "Well, he will make her an excellent husband, I hope; and I wish her much happiness, with all my heart. I suppose, monsieur, you have not forgotten the time when I wished so earnestly to marry Rose myself—have you? But," he continued, with a countenance of bonesty, though a slight and well-contrived air of awkwardness accompanied the confession, "I am going to be married to another young girl, at some distance from here, shortly."

And the lie was believed. They went in, and Gasparde remained a short time longer, affecting an air of the most perfect friendliness towards Robin. And when he took his departure, to return to the village, Robin accompanied him. They went along the road talking together of one thing and another in a careless way, speaking on a great many subjects, and dwelling on none long, till they came to a little grove, past which the road ran, about half way between the cottage and the village.

"A pleasant place yonder," observed Robin, nodding his head towards it.

"Yes—yes; pleasant enough," responded Gasparde: "but I dare say there are pleasanter places."

"Just so, my friend," rejoined the young man; "you are right. And those that have more agreeable associations, as well. For instance, if a man had been shot there by an unseen enemy, the place wouldn't be *quite* so attractive as many another."

He glanced casually at the face of his companion as he said it; but beneath the careless tone and manner was a meaning, and in that glance he read, like lightning, the expression of Gasparde's face. It was one of sudden, startled uneasiness. The man looked quickly up at him, without an answer. The effect was satisfactory. Robin went on:

"I had a master formerly, who was, one day, wounded in the manner which I have described, and in that very wood which we have passed."

"And he told you about it?" said Gasparde, watching Robin closely.

"You are right. He told me about it."

"Did he guess who fired at him?"

"I suppose so. Though he kept it to himself. He said he meant to punish the rogue when he could catch him."

"Who was your master, if I may ask?"

"The Comte d'Artois. You may have heard of him possibly. But I must bid you adieu, my friend; for here I am at the farm."

"Adieu!" returned Gasparde; and he continued his route to the *auberge*, muttering, "I have you now, my master! You think I am cowed—do you? Ah! wait—only wait! You are taking a great deal of trouble to win my pretty cousin; but I shall have her yet! Only time—time. I will let you just grasp the prize, and then tear it from you. The later my vengeance, the sweeter it will be!"

And Robin entered the farm kitchen, saying, mentally: "Then it was you, after all, my man? But since you are inclined to be civil at present, I think your misdeeds may pass. So long as you give no trouble, you will meet with none."

It was sunset again, and our pretty heroine, Rose Lamonte, was returning from the Chateau Montauban, whither she had gone early in the afternoon to see Mademoiselle Montauban, who, she was told by her father, wished to speak with her on a matter of importance. With a light and happy heart, Rose had gone to meet the lady, and, three or four hours afterwards, was returning home, with tears in her eyes, and a step very different from that usual with her. She had seen Mademoiselle Montauban, and not only her, but the good marquis; and despite her gratitude for their kindness, and their evident interest in her welfare, she could not help being sad at what they had told her.

Walking slowly along, wrapped in sorrowful meditation, she was suddenly aroused by the voice of Robin pronouncing her name. He was just going down to the cottage.

"Why, what ails you, my Rose?" he asked, tenderly. "You are weeping! Why is this?"

"I will not go in to-night, I think, dear Rose. You will have a great deal to say to your father, and you will be better alone. To-morrow I will come. You will know then, I dare say, on what day he is going, and can tell me. I should like to hear." He bent down and kissed her. There was sympathy and tenderness in his glance and caress. "Good-evening, Rose!" he said.

"Good-evening, Robin!" she returned, with a sad smile.

She went in. Her father, standing in the opposite doorway, looking out into the garden, turned quickly and beheld her. He held out his arms.

"Well, you know now," he said, with sorrowful gentleness, as she came up to meet his sad embrace,—"*you know now, Rose?*"

"Yes, father,—I know: you are going away. But it will not be long before I shall see you again? You will come home soon?"

Her glance was anxious—her voice tearful. He averted his countenance a moment. He could not answer her.

"Tell me, dear father," she urged, putting up her little hand, and turning his rough face softly towards her,—"*tell me you will come back soon.*"

"I do not know; do not ask me, I entreat, Rose!" He spoke with the desperate energy of sorrow.

"But *where* are you going, and how soon, papa?"

"I cannot tell you where I am going. But it may be to Nantes or Bordeaux. And I am going in two days."

"In two days?—so soon! O, papa!"

She sat down, poor little Rose, and covering her face with her hands, wept sadly. Hugh paced the floor with folded arms, and despair on his dark countenance.

"O!" he muttered, with fierce grief, "*has not my revenge turned upon me?*"

The next evening Robin came. He seemed more serious than usual, and heard of the arrangements for the departure of Hugh,

THE CITY OF LISBON.

The city of Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, as seen from the Tagus in the manner indicated in our engraving, presents a beautiful appearance. Its terraced hills, rising in amphitheatrical array, its churches, convents and houses, the castle battery that frowns defiance on the foe, and guards the city with its triple tier, its picturesque rains, and the clumps of foliage that here and there evince careful culture, all these features combined, make up a landscape which gladdens the eye of the arriving traveller. But of no city in the world may it be said more truly than of Lisbon, that "*'tis distance lends enchantment to the view.*" Enter it, and you find the streets narrow, steep and filthy, and the houses, with few exceptions, old-fashioned, inconvenient, mean and dirty. The change from the Tagus to the town itself is like going from a choice seat in the theatre, during the representation of a fairy spectacle, behind the scenes, and finding all the illusory splendors of the stage vain and deceitful. Yet we must not condemn it in round terms. The want of cleanliness and the meanness of which we speak are confined chiefly to the old town. The new part of the city, rebuilt after the great earthquake of 1755, which threw down many houses and destroyed 60,000 inhabitants, possesses many claims to attention on account of its architectural elegance. This portion is situated in the valley between Castle Hill on the east and the hills of San Francisco and Do Carmo on the west. The streets here cross each other at right angles, are kept comparatively clean, and are bordered by fine structures. Three streets, called respectively, Gold, Silver and Cloth, extend about half a mile north and south, having at the latter extremity the Praça do Commercio (Commercial Square), surrounded on three sides by the Naval Arsenal, the Exchange, Custom House, India House, and other public buildings, with an equestrian statue of Joseph I., in bronze, in the centre. Another square, the Praça de Figueira,



CITY OF LISBON, PORTUGAL.

"O, Robin, my father is going away!" was her sad answer.

"Going away? Ah, how sorry I am for you, dear child! But how soon is he going, and where will he go to?"

"I do not know. He did not tell me; Mademoiselle Helen told me, and she knew nothing further than what I have just said to you. But I am afraid it will be very soon." And the tears chased each other over her fair cheeks.

"Why did he not acquaint you with this fact, Rose?"

"Indeed, I do not know. Perhaps he had not the courage. Poor papa! And besides, the marquis and Mademoiselle Montauban are to keep me at the chateau until he returns: that was why she wished me to come up this afternoon, to tell me of this, and so he left it all for her to tell."

"I knew you were going to stay at the chateau, Rose, but not that your father was going away. I learned it from him last week," said Robin.

"You did? and you did not let me know!"

"He preferred that I should not then. But do not weep," dear Rose!" said the young man, soothingly; "he will return, and, perhaps, will remain away but a short time. And it will be pleasant for you to be at the chateau a little while, only I am afraid you will forget me—will you not?"

"Ah, how can you think so?" asked his companion, in a tone of gentle reproach. "You know, Robin, that I could not forget you!"

"Forgive me, Rose! I would not wound you needlessly. But you know there is such a difference—"

"I could know no difference that will affect my love for you, Robin," returned the young girl, with a slight blush, while her tone was earnestness itself.

"Ten thousand thanks for the assurance!" he said, gently clasping her hand in his own.

They walked along in silence till they neared the cottage, and then Robin said

in silence. At length he said: "You are going, then, the day after to-morrow?"

"Yes, and Rose will go to the chateau to-morrow evening. The marquis and his daughter are coming for her."

"Yes, Robin," she said; "to-morrow evening I shall be gone."

Robin sat down by her, and took her hand in his.

"Rose," he said, "do you not think this makes me as sorrowful as you can be? What shall I do when you are here no longer? I cannot see you in your new home as I have seen you here. I cannot come there in my rude dress, though, one day, I mean to make myself worthy to enter even that proud place; there is nothing for me to do but to go away."

"Ah, Robin," uttered Rose, with tearful eyes, "do not go! What shall I do with no one left?"

"Do not weep, *mignonne!*" entreated the young man, sadly; "can you not see it is for the best? I cannot stay here without meeting you daily, as of old. And we may not meet now you are to dwell at the chateau. We both would be more unhappy should I stay. If I go away, I may gain some situation where I may obtain wealth, and rise gradually to a position worthy to come back and win you. Now, Rose, tell me I may go."

"Go, then, if it must be so," she responded, striving to check the fast flowing tears. "But I shall be so lonely!"

"Nay, you will bear this more calmly soon; and then, in new scenes and new faces, you will forget the sorrow of parting, in the hope of meeting again."

"And you will go, Robin?"

"You yourself will leave home to-morrow evening. Since I am to depart, also, the sooner it is over the better. Is it not so?" Tears were his only answer.

"Let me go to-morrow morning, Rose. I cannot bear to see you go away—to wait till you are gone."

And thus it was.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

a very picturesque place, and used as a public market, is to the north. The National Theatre, a handsome edifice, stands on the Rocio, the site of the old Inquisition buildings. There are also some other squares and promenades. The western part of the city affords the most agreeable dwelling-places. The principal church, the Cathedral or Patriarchal Church, is on the slope of Castle Hill. There are various scientific and literary institutions in the city which our space does not allow us to enumerate. Lisbon is finely situated for commerce, its harbor being one of the best in the world. Its exports consist chiefly of wine, oil, fruit and silk. These amounted, in 1843, to nearly two millions of dollars. The population is about 280,000. It was anciently called Olisipo or Ulyssipo, as some suppose, on account of its being founded by Ulysses. It was captured by the Moors in 716, and remained in their possession till 1145. It was taken by the French in 1807, but resisted an attack from Massena in 1809. The harbor of Lisbon is one of the finest in the world, and the quays, which extend more than two miles along the banks, are convenient and beautiful. Fort St. Julian, built on a steep projecting rock, marks the north entrance of the Tagus; and on it is a lighthouse, rising 120 feet above the sea level. Two large banks, called North and South Caehops, obstruct the river mouth, and on the middle of the latter stands the Bugio fort and lighthouse, the latter being 66 feet high. The least depth of water on the bar in the north channel is four fathoms, and in the south six fathoms; and there is little danger in entering the port, except during ebb tides, which run out at the rate of seven miles an hour. Inside the harbor, the water, from nearly 20 fathoms in mid-channel, shoals gradually to the edge; but in some parts vessels may come within 200 yards of the shore. Lisbon, however, with all the advantages of its position and the excellence of its port, which commands the navigation of the Tagus, holds but a low rank in respect of commerce and industry. Bad laws and an inefficient police have paralyzed industry of every description, in the place.

MONTIZUMA AT DINNER.

In his Table Traits, Dr. Doran gives the following account of the magnificence of Montezuma's palace and table, at the time when Cortez invaded Mexico: "On the terraced roof of his palace, thirty knights could tilt at each other, without complaining of want of space. His armories were filled with weapons almost as destructive as any to be found in any of the arsenals of civilized Christian kings. His granaries were furnished with provisions paid by tributaries; three hundred servants tended the beautiful birds of his aviaries; his menageries were the wonder and terror of beholders; and his dwarfs were more hideous, and his ladies more dazzling, than potentate had ever before looked upon with contempt or admiration. His palace within and without was a marvel of Aztec art. It was surrounded by gardens, glad with fountains and gay flowers. One thousand ladies shared the retirement of this splendid locality, with a master more glittering than anything by which he was environed—who changed his apparel four times daily, never putting on again a garment he had once worn, and who, eating off and drinking from gold (except on state occasions, when his table was covered with Cholulan porcelain), never used a second time the vessels which had administered to the indulgence of his appetite. It is said eulogistically of his cooks, that they had thirty different ways of preparing meat—a poor boast, perhaps, compared with the Parisian chefs, who have six hundred and eighty-five ways to dress eggs. Three hundred dishes were daily laid before the monarch; and such as were required to be kept hot at table were in heated earthen stands made for that purpose. And it is even asserted that this autocrat occasionally killed time before dinner by watching the cooking of his viands, a practice in which, according to Peter Pindar, that honest old English king used to indulge, who dined off boiled mutton at two, and to whom the funniest sight in the world was the clown swallowing carrots. The ordinary dishes of Montezuma consisted of very dainty fare—namely, domestic fowls, geese, partridges, quails, venison, Indian hogs, pigeons, hares, rabbits, and other productions of his country, including—it is alleged by some and denied by others—some very choice dairy fed baby, when this choice article happens to be in season! In cold weather, enormous torches, that not only flung forth light but warmth and aromatic odors, lent additional splendor to the scene; and to temper at once the glare and the heat, screens with delicately droll devices upon them, framed in gold, were placed before the brilliant flame. The sovereign sat, like his links, also protected by a screen. He was not as barbarous as most Christian kings of France, who fed in public; nor was he personally tended, like them, by awkward Ganymedes of a middle age; but still he surrounded himself with all the luxuries of royalty. Four Hebes stood by the low throne and table of their master, and these poured water on his hands, and offered him the napkin, white as the driven snow, or as the cloth on which the four hundred dishes stood waiting his attention. Women as fair presented him with bread, but even these fair ministers retired a few steps when his sacred majesty addressed himself to the common process of eating. Then a number of ancient but sprightly nobles took their place. With these Montezuma conversed; and, when he was particularly pleased with a sage observation or a sprightly remark, a plate of pudding bestowed by the royal hand made one individual happy, and all his fellows bitterly jealous. The pudding, or whatever the dish might be, was eaten in silent reverence; and while an Aztec emperor was at meat, no one in the palace dared, at the peril of his life, speak above his breath. Montezuma is described as being but a moderate eater, but fond of fruits, and indulging, with constraint upon his appetite, in certain drinks which were of a stimulating quality, such as are found in countries where civilization and luxury were at their highest."—*New York Tribune*.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH AND PARSONAGE, JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

BERWICK ACADEMY, MAINE.

The view of Berwick Academy on this page was engraved expressly for the Pictorial, and is an accurate representation of the building, which was designed by Richard Upjohn, Esq., the architect of Trinity Church, New York city. We have selected this subject for illustration as it is the oldest academy in the State of Maine, having been founded in 1791. The present edifice was erected in 1853. It stands on a lofty and healthy site in the village of South Berwick. Its charter bears the handsome and bold signature of John Hancock. The land on which it stands came to the institution only one remove from the red man, the original possessor of the soil. A number of gentlemen, distinguished for learning, talents, enterprise and liberality, were engaged in the initiative step of its creation. Among these, the Rev. John Thompson deserves honorable mention. He was a man of liberal education, and a graduate of Harvard College of the class of 1765. In January, 1791, Mr. Thompson rode on horseback to Boston with the charter, to lay it before the General Court of the State of Massachusetts. The dedication of the first academy took place May 6, 1793. Mr. Thompson, having acted as its president for twenty-seven years, died in 1826, at the age of 89. In 1792, it was assisted by a grant of land from the legislature. Among the trustees and active and liberal benefactors of the institution, Hon. John Lord, Edward P. Hayman, Thomas Cogswell and J. H. Hobbs, Esq., occupy a front rank. The original building, together with a valuable philosophical apparatus, was burned two or three years ago. There have been seventeen preceptors, only six of whom are living. The number of pupils was originally limited to forty, and it was designed for boys exclusively; but in 1795, females were admitted. In 1818, the late Hon. W. A. Hayes was elected a trustee, and the institution immediately felt the influence of his cultivated and energetic mind. In 1830, he proposed the erection of a more suitable building, with accommodations for a large number of pupils of both sexes. The institution voted to appropriate the sum of \$1500, provided a like sum should be raised by subscription. In a short time, Mr. Hayes succeeded in raising in the village of South Berwick the generous sum of \$1700, \$500 of which he gave from his own purse. He continued to watch over his favorite institution till the period of his death, April 15, 1851, in the 68th year of his age. In that year, on the night of the 27th of August, the building was destroyed by fire. The present academy was erected in 1853, by Mr. Francis B. Hayes, of this city, the son of the gentleman whose services to the institution we have briefly noticed. Mr. Hayes is President of the Board of Trustees, and is believed to be founder of a scholarship which will be attached to Harvard College, another scholarship having been founded by Benjamin T. Fredick, Esq., of Philadelphia. The purpose of these scholarships is to provide two of the best scholars in the classical department of the academy with the means, in part, of pursuing their collegiate education. Each of the scholarships will furnish the sum of one hundred dollars annually during the period of the student's residence at college, the amount thus received to be returned from time to time after his graduation, in accordance with a liberal plan. This is a novel and valuable feature, and well worthy of being followed by similar institutions. Among the benefactors of the academy, we must not omit to mention Hon. John Lord, who was one of its most active trustees for twenty-four years, and who left at his decease a bequest of \$500, the interest of which was to be devoted to furnishing each pupil with a copy of the Holy Scriptures. The bequest was accompanied by the condition that a chapter of the Bible should be read by the students daily, morning and evening. Since 1817, when the avails of the Lord fund were first realized, 1240 copies of the Scriptures have been distributed among students of the academy. A boarding-house in the immediate neighborhood has been established for the accommodation of the pupils, who are there placed under the immediate supervision of Dr. and Mrs. J. B. M. Gray. Dr. Gray, who has charge of the classical department, is a graduate of Oxford College, England, and is well known to scholars in this country by his elaborate edition of the "Ajax" of Sophocles. Mr. William S. Palmer, a well-qualified instructor, is at the head of the English department. Prizes are annually distributed among the most meritorious pupils, from the proceeds of a generous donation from William L. Cogswell, Esq., the librarian of the Astor Library, New York. The institution is in the most flourishing condition, and nearly two hundred pupils are now availing themselves of its educational advantages. It is one of the most interesting features in our social organization, that the facilities for education are so widely diffused and so generally appreciated by our population. Such institutions as Berwick Academy deserve to be cherished.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH AND PARSONAGE, JAMAICA PLAIN.

The engraving above is an accurate view of the pretty Episcopal church and annexed parsonage house, situated near the centre of the village of Jamaica Plain, not far from the main street, in the immediate vicinity of the old Warren estate, and of Col. Fessenden's residence, and not far from the Baptist and Unitarian churches. The Rev. Mr. McRay is the clergyman of St. John's church, and his society is a large and flourishing one. The church as the engraving shows, is a neat and pretty building, and stands in a pleasant, sequestered spot. We think, as a general thing, that sufficient attention has not been paid in New England, to the location of our churches and their immediate surroundings. They are very apt to stand in barren public places, without a shrub or a green tree to relieve them. St. John's Church is not open to this objection, and produces a fine effect, not only from its quiet beauty, but from that of its position. The scene we have engraved is but a single one of the many attractive features which make the village of Jamaica Plain one of the most attractive in the neighborhood of Boston. Pretty churches, elegant private residences, gardens, hills, clumps of forest, winding lanes and hedgerows crowd its precincts with all the elements of rural beauty. Nor must we forget that beautiful sheet of water, Jamaica Pond, embosomed in gentle hills, which has so many enchanting features on its surface during the pleasant days of summer, and in winter is the theatre of gay and exhilarating sports. Jamaica Plain is a bright pearl in the coronet of rural gems which encircle Boston like a tiara. The proximity of this village to the city, and the facility of intercommunication, makes it the chosen residence of many of our business men, who have here some most beautiful estates.

cluding—it is alleged by some and denied by others—some very choice dairy fed baby, when this choice article happens to be in season! In cold weather, enormous torches, that not only flung forth light but warmth and aromatic odors, lent additional splendor to the scene; and to temper at once the glare and the heat, screens with delicately droll devices upon them, framed in gold, were placed before the brilliant flame. The sovereign sat, like his links, also protected by a screen. He was not as barbarous as most Christian kings of France, who fed in public; nor was he personally tended, like them, by awkward Ganymedes of a middle age; but still he surrounded himself with all the luxuries of royalty. Four Hebes stood by the low throne and table of their master, and these poured water on his hands, and offered him the napkin, white as the driven snow, or as the cloth on which the four hundred dishes stood waiting his attention. Women as fair presented him with bread, but even these fair ministers retired a few steps when his sacred majesty addressed himself to the common process of eating. Then a number of ancient but sprightly nobles took their place. With these Montezuma conversed; and, when he was particularly pleased with a sage observation or a sprightly remark, a plate of pudding bestowed by the royal hand made one individual happy, and all his fellows bitterly jealous. The pudding, or whatever the dish might be, was eaten in silent reverence; and while an Aztec emperor was at meat, no one in the palace dared, at the peril of his life, speak above his breath. Montezuma is described as being but a moderate eater, but fond of fruits, and indulging, with constraint upon his appetite, in certain drinks which were of a stimulating quality, such as are found in countries where civilization and luxury were at their highest."—*New York Tribune*.



ACADEMY AT SOUTH BERWICK, MAINE

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BACHELOR'S REQUIEM.

BY FRANK FREELOVE.

Gone to the grave! with no wife near to cheer him,
No children to kiss him, no friends round to sigh—
Alone—with his head on an empty cigar-box,
His feet on the fender—he laid down to die.

Dying alone—with no friends to surround him—
But the rats and the mice that gaze awe-stricken on—
Who left their rich meal of his boots and his papers,
To finish their feast when his spirit has gone.

Haggard and worn are the bachelor's features;
His cheeks are all sunken, his brow coldly damp,
His eyes black as coals, with one faint spark to light 'em;
And this is the end of the merciless scamp.

He writhes 'neath the last pang of torturing conscience,
His bosom is heaving—that never heaved yet—
He thinks of the thousands of hearts he has broken,
Of the thousands of loves he has won—to forget.

Hark! there's a rustling of robes in the entry,
And, daintily treading, come pretty, young feet;
The door swings wide open—the ghosts make their entree,
The flirt and his victims on earth again meet.

There were bright, giggling maidens and beautiful ladies,
Arch, mischievous girls, with much fun in their eye;
And withered old maids, and half-crazy young dames,
Who called in to see the old bachelor die.

He gives them one glance, and his eye flashes fury—
He turns to reproach them—alas, they are gone!
The rats and the mice have empaneled a jury—
The bachelor shivers, and dies all alone.

Alone in his glory! with empty old bottles,
And tailors' and boot bills, and club bills around,
With one hand convulsively clutching the poker,
And the other a crushed billet-doux, he is found.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

BY MRS. SOPHRONIA CURRIER.

My next door neighbor, such was the Widow Sinclair two years ago—she is called Mrs. St. Clair now that she resides in the large and beautiful dwelling which overlooks the spot where her little log cabin once stood—my neighbor was a firm believer in the goodness of Providence, and in the perfect adaptation of its dispensations to the wants of mankind; and everybody respected her for that unwavering faith. But it was sometimes very trying to those who were tasting the waters of affliction, to listen to the good lady as she stirred up that bitter cup of which her friends were drinking, in order to find the drop of sweetness in its dregs.

How our hearts swelled with indignation, as Mrs. Sinclair came bustling through the little circle who tearfully and in silence had gathered round the young wife of the itinerant preacher, so suddenly, and in such an awful manner deprived of her husband, to offer her consolations! and what a look of bewilderment rested on the face of the stranger, as she imperfectly gathered the import of the lady's words!

The event which had seemed so mysterious to us, was perfectly plain to our neighbor. It was a blessing in disguise! The young lady would now escape the hardships and sorrows of a missionary life, and be able to return to the distant luxurious home which she had forsaken for the love of her husband and her God, and that heart, almost dead with anguish, was exhorted to bless Heaven for this exhibition of its mercy.

My neighbor was called upon, at length, to practise what she preached; and though every eye wept with hers when she laid her husband in the grave, we could not refrain from glancing stealthily through our tears, at her countenance. But though in addition to the loss of her husband, and a very severe loss it was, she was compelled to part with the handsome property she supposed herself and her son entitled to, bravely did she bear up under her trials. The still unfurrowed, rosy cheek did grow thin and pale, and the eyes, whose brightness fifty years had failed to dim, could not hold back their tears, but still Mrs. Sinclair would talk of the goodness of Heaven. The reasons why she was so afflicted seemed to her very apparent, and it was herself who spoke the words of consolation—we all grieved—when her son was obliged to relinquish his studies and leave his home to labor for the support of himself and mother; for in all our settlement there was not a young man so beloved as George Sinclair, nor one whose absence from our little society would have been as much felt as we knew his would be.

And yet my neighbor had one sore trial, for the infliction of which she could find no reason, and from the weariness of which there was no rest. It was not forgotten even when her great troubles were upon her; and that, which subdued her other griefs, seemed only to give new strength and bitterness to this. It would finally be the death of her, Mrs. Sinclair often declared, and we did not know but it would.

And what was this terrible trial? Poor, little, friendless Rika! One would not have supposed, to look on the cowering form, the pale, thin face, and the soft blue, downcast eyes, to listen to the sweet voice as it whispered, rather than sang, those strange, plaintive songs, or murmured in her broken English, that her presence could have excited in any individual, and especially in my kind neighbor, whose great heart seemed to have a corner in it for every suffering one, any other emotion than that of pity. And yet it

was little Rika, who, Mrs. Sinclair thought, would be the death of her!

It had been a few months before she became a widow that little Rika had come to the dwelling of my neighbor. It was a bitter cold night. The wind howled and moaned as it swept over the bleak prairie, bearing away in its strong arms the heavy masses of snow which fell like avalanches from the dark heavens. The owls hooted from out the branches of the roof trees; from every direction the prairie wolves were answering to the calls of their companions, and now and then the baying of the more formidable timber wolf fell dismally on the ear. The unhoused droves of cattle were huddled together in the dense oak copse, whose withered but still thickly clustering leaves afforded them no indifferent protection from the blast, and the young colts were finding a shelter among the stacks of hay, or around the cabins of their owners, their pretty bright eyes peering through the uncurtained windows, and their little noses pressed softly against the frosty panes.

It was dark and cold and dreary enough without, but how warm and quiet and cosy within the dwelling of the Sinclairs. The house was but a log cabin, but its appearance denoted that its occupants were in very comfortable circumstances for new settlers, and were disposed to enjoy the comforts at their command. A neat paper-hanging concealed the coarse hewing and the mud plastering of the walls, a thick wool carpet covered the floor, the plump, soft bed in the corner was curtained with snowy muslin, the mantel-piece showed a brace of silver candlesticks, whose nice tapers were diffusing a brilliant light through the apartment; the tea-table which had been standing in the floor for a couple of hours was set with real china and silver; and Mrs. Sinclair, who thought it no waste of time to spend a few moments just to please herself and her husband, had attired her in a rich, cherry-colored silk, twisted her still fair brown hair into wavy ringlets, and fastened her prettiest collar about her neck with the delicate ruby pin—the gift of her husband many and many a year ago. That ruby pin was not often worn, for it was a treasured thing; perhaps Mrs. Sinclair selected it that night, from among her few ornaments, that it might recall pleasant thoughts; for the lady's feelings, for some reason, were very strangely disturbed.

It might have been because the water had twice simmered away in the tea-kettle, the nicely-browned and buttered toast looked so uninviting now, and the baked sweet apples which had so plumped up in the rich cream, were shrivelled and cold; perhaps she was impatient to read to her husband the letter from their son, who, though he seldom failed to be at home on Saturday evening, always sent a word to his parents by the weekly mail. But the ruby pin acted not as a charm to-night; Mrs. Sinclair was very much displeased at the protracted absence of her husband. He had a severe cold now, and the lung fever was in the family he had gone to visit. She saw no reason why he should endanger his health for the family of that young, able-bodied man, who, though he had been some months in the settlement, had refused every offer of labor, and lived entirely on charity. She would never consent again that her husband should lift a finger to help them.

Poverty—Mrs. Sinclair did not arrive at this conclusion till she had waited two hours the return of her husband, and her supper was quite spoiled—poverty was less a misfortune than a crime, and she resolved, sitting there in her comfortable rocking chair before the blazing hickory fire, that she would never again encourage the vice.

She did not imagine how soon she would have an opportunity to show her disapprobation of it, for while these thoughts were still in her mind, the latch of the cabin door was slowly and hesitatingly lifted, and a bundle of rags, so one might have supposed it to be, fell in upon the floor. Mrs. Sinclair could hardly believe her senses when the object lifted itself from the ground, and a pair of soft blue, lustrous eyes—how wild and despairing was their glance!—looked out from beneath a mass of tangled and frozen hair, and a face almost skeleton-like, and colorless as the snow which had filled every fold in her garments, met her gaze.

The young girl belonged to no family in the settlement; it was a face she had never looked on before; and in her present state of feeling, the expression of that countenance was as disagreeable as it was strange. She read in the creature's face, at the first glance, so Mrs. Sinclair often declared to her neighbors, the whole history of the trouble she would cause her; she was certain, even at the moment when the young girl, after glancing around the apartment, came tremblingly towards her, and sinking on her knees before the lady, touched those icy lips to her hand, that she might as well nourish a viper in her bosom as give protection to the child; and though, when that hand which had never before been closed to the suffering, instinctively, so Mrs. Sinclair declared, thrust the girl from her, the young stranger, still kneeling on the floor, pressed her attenuated hands to her heart, and then pointed upward, and the lady plainly enough understood the mute language—*God's child*—she still would not open her heart to the sufferer. However, with the firm resolution that she would send her from the house the next morning, she lifted her from the floor, warmed and fed her, and put her into a cot beside her own bed.

The tears rained down those pale cheeks as these kindnesses were shown, and she murmured softly in a strange language, though it seemed rather to herself than the lady, for after that first rebuff, the girl dared not raise her eyes to Mrs. Sinclair's face. The next day and the day following were as disagreeable as that dreary night had been, and consequently Mrs. Sinclair's determination in regard to little Rika—her name was all the lady had learned respecting her—was not carried into effect; and though the resolution to send her from the house was always in her heart—I ought to say, always on her lips—the girl still remained.

Mr. Sinclair learned a day or two after, that on the night the child had come to his house, several emigrant teams, bound for Fort Independence, had passed through the neighborhood; but his increasing illness had caused him to drop the inquiries he had at first prosecuted, and after his death it never occurred to Mrs. Sinclair that any effort to find a friend to the girl would prove successful. Little Rika could not give much information respecting herself, as she did not understand a word of English. All which could be learned from her was that her mother and herself had come to America a few months before—that on their way to California where the friend they were in search of was residing, as they supposed, the intelligence of his death had reached them, and the news had cost her mother her life.

When little Rika was better able to express her thoughts, she never reverted to her past history, and Mrs. Sinclair made no inquiries of her. Time had only confirmed the opinion that she would always be burdened with the girl.

Our settlement is not composed of a curious, gossiping people; we knew that the poor dwelling into which Mrs. Sinclair removed on leaving her own pleasant though humble home, was comfortable, and that she needed no pecuniary assistance from her neighbors, though we had supposed that every dollar at her command had been employed in fitting out George for California. We knew nothing more of her affairs except what she chose to tell us, and her communications were confined to one subject, and that was poor little Rika. Even of her son she told nothing; we only heard, occasionally, that a letter post-marked at California came to our post-office for Mrs. Sinclair. But George had promised us that whatever his fortune might be, he would return to the settlement in three years; and the period had just expired, when riding in the direction of my neighbor's dwelling, I saw a handsome buggy—any other mode of conveyance than our heavy lumber wagons was at that time a novelty in our settlement—a handsome buggy, drawn by a span of splendid grays, stop at Mrs. Sinclair's door. It needed but a glance to tell who was its occupant, despite the huge whiskers and bronzed complexion; that lithe, graceful form, more rounded now than it had been years before, could be none other than George Sinclair.

In a moment he was folded in the arms of his mother, who was sobbing like a child; we learned afterwards that his return was almost as surprising to her as if he had risen from the dead. I urged my horse forward, but George had observed me, and with his accustomed gallantry and wilfulness he had lifted me from the saddle and conducted me into the cabin before giving me an opportunity to say how very necessary it was that I should continue my ride.

After the first greetings were exchanged, I inquired of George what had been his success in the gold region, but I repented, immediately, of making the inquiry, for Mrs. Sinclair's tears, notwithstanding her endeavors to hide them, began again to flow. The sufferings he had endured had all been known to her, though she had so completely concealed her griefs from her neighbors. But George laughed heartily. He had found gold enough, he said, to make good his promises to his mother and Rika; and he wound a beautiful gold chain around the neck of his mother, and threw into the lap of Rika a broad gold piece, to buy her a new dress.

I did not know until he had spoken her name, that Rika was in the apartment; probably in her surprise at his unexpected appearance, she had forgotten to quit the room as she was accustomed to do, when Mrs. Sinclair had company; but the suddenness with which his mirth was checked caused me to turn my eyes on Rika, and I did not wonder at his manifest surprise.

The girl was sitting on a low stool in the most distant corner of the apartment, with a straw hat, one of those elegant, elaborate things the merchant in the neighboring village had hinted was manufactured in our settlement, though we did not believe it, and which were so expensive that few of us could afford to wear one, lying on her lap and receiving its finishing touch from her fingers. That hat revealed a mystery I had long wished to pry into. Poor, patient, silent Rika! She was attired in a cast-off dress of Mrs. Sinclair, and the garment had received no alteration since it had passed from the short, plump figure of the lady, to that of the delicate and now tall girl. Her dark, luxuriant hair was gathered into a mass and twisted about her head in such a manner as to show that haste had only been thought of in arranging it. Her cheeks were tear-stained, and the bowed form and the bent fingers showed with what diligence she had labored.

Yet the expression of Rika's countenance was more surprising than her personal appearance. I saw her glance at her faded and worn garment, at the sunburnt hands and bare feet, and then the deep blue eyes lifted themselves proudly to the face of the young man. The deep flush which overspread her cheek was not the blush of shame, nor the pallor which succeeded it, weakness.

The brow of the young man reddened. He had forgotten that years had been passing over the head of Rika; and the transformation of that timid, trembling child into the proud, self-reliant woman—such she at this moment appeared, was as sudden to him as if the change had taken place before his eyes. But Rika speedily put an end to his embarrassment by rising from her seat and quitting the room.

Mrs. Sinclair was so busy in examining her present and admiring its beauty, that she did not observe Rika, nor the unsatisfied glance which her son directed toward herself as the girl left the apartment.

"And was this the first fruit of your toil, as you promised it should be?" asked Mrs. Sinclair.

"Yes, and it had been the last," said the young man, with some emotion, "had it not been for the kindness and generosity of a stranger!"

And then he told us the story of his protracted sickness and destitution in California; how many times his eye and his heart had turned homeward, without the hope of ever having the strength or the means of returning; how he had been for weeks and months of his illness watched over by a stranger and a foreigner, with the kindness and attention he could have hoped to find only in a parent; and when he had recovered his strength sufficiently to return to the mines, his generous friend had compelled him to accept such a valuable claim, one which he had just secured for himself, that he had realized a fortune from it.

"But for that noble-hearted Pole, mother!" he added, "you would never have seen your son again. Ulmann!"

I heard a smothered cry in the adjoining apartment, but neither Mrs. Sinclair nor George observed it.

"Ulmann was a nobleman, but his family has been ruined and he will never return to his native country. The relatives who followed him to America have died here, and he says it matters little now where he spends the remainder of his days. I have urged him to make his home with me, and I think he will do so. At any rate he will spend the coming winter with us. He entertains a very high opinion of you, mother, for I have told him of your kindness to one of his nation—a little friendless girl, between whom and himself I fancied I perceived a striking resemblance!"

Poor Mrs. Sinclair! A suspicion that the benevolence of which the lady made such a boast to her neighbors was not so pure as she would have wished us to suppose, had more than once arisen in my mind; but I could not help pitying her distress at that moment, she struggled so vainly to keep down the emotions which would spring up in her heart.

Rika had been a great trial to her, she said, but what she had done for her she did willingly—how the falsehood burned her cheek—and she hoped she should be able, in future, to show her more kindnesses than she had already done. George seemed not to perceive the embarrassment of his mother, but a shadow passed over his face.

"And where will you make your home, George?" I asked; "somewhere in our neighborhood, I trust."

"Yes; my title to the land which was rightly my father's, is legal now; and, mother, I have decided to erect a dwelling for us on the site of our old log cabin. I have engaged workmen who will be here to-morrow, for we must have our house completed before Ulmann arrives."

"And, George, are you not going to get married? You cannot expect your mother to preside over the establishment you will have!"

"Yes!" he replied, laughing, but still in earnest, "but where shall I find one who will suit my mother and my friends? Ulmann has been accustomed to the most refined female society. He has many times spoken to me of his wife and young daughter, both of whom died on their way to California, where he had intended to make him a home."

Looking, accidentally, through the doorway of the adjoining apartment, I saw reflected from a mirror, the figure of Rika. As George pronounced these words, she had sunk upon the floor and lifted her clasped hands and her eyes to heaven, and such joy and gratitude as I never before saw expressed, was beaming from her countenance.

Fearing that Mrs. Sinclair or her son might also be witnesses of the scene which I believed Rika would wish to conceal, I arose quickly, and telling George that if he would make out a list of the beauties and accomplishments he would consider indispensable in a wife, I would endeavor to find him one, I went into the adjoining apartment on pretext of looking at the pretty hat Rika was braiding. The young girl was bending again over her work, and she answered my questions respecting it very demurely; but when I stooped over her and whispered: "Rika, you have many times refused to let me share your sorrows—I will participate in your joy!" she wound her arms about me, and raised her swimming eyes to mine.

The following evening she spent with me, and we laid many plans for the future, one of which was that I would board some of George's carpenters, if Mrs. Sinclair would give me the assistance of Rika; and this plan succeeded as well as did the project I formed without the assistance of my young friend. Mrs. Sinclair was only too willing to get Rika out of her sight. She had not repented of the injustice she had done the young girl; she was only ashamed of it, and anxious to conceal it from her son.

Dear Rika! how happy she was when she found herself domiciled at our house. She would do nothing but laugh and weep. Her happiness was ample compensation for the trouble the addition to our family caused me. She gave me assistance enough to show that she would make an excellent housekeeper, but Rika's drudgery was over books, the piano, and in preparing for herself a decent wardrobe.

She became more and more beautiful every day. Her dark, luxuriant hair fell in ringlets over her shoulders, her attenuated form gained strength and elasticity, her cheek became round and rosy, and her eyes had in them a starry brightness; and the goodness of her heart and the wealth of her intellect surprised me more than did the improvement in her personal appearance. I found her, one day, surveying herself in the mirror. There was no look of pride on her face, but every feature spoke her happiness.

"You do not think," she said, "how much I am resembling my father! My countryman," so she always spoke of George Sinclair's Polish friend—she dared not be too sanguine in her expectations, "will not be ashamed of me."

I did not intend that George should see Rika very often; after a few months had passed, however, I found that a greater degree of surveillance than I was willing to be guilty of, was necessary to prevent him from doing so, and that the young man did not

relish, very keenly, my remarks respecting a certain young lady with whom he had flirted soon after his return home; but I did not think my great project would be carried into effect so soon as it was.

One afternoon George came over to invite Rika and myself to visit the new dwelling, which was nearly completed. I fancied he was not very anxious for me to accept his invitation, but I did. Rika was looking charmingly in the neat and tasteful dress, which, I whispered to George, had been purchased with the gold piece he had given her, though he pretended not to hear. He was talking in an uncommonly voluble strain, even for him, and Rika was unusually silent and thoughtful.

The new house was a beautiful dwelling. Many pretty residences have been erected in our settlement since, but that is still the handsomest in the neighborhood. I very soon exhausted my stock of expletives in praising George's taste and the skill of his workmen; but Rika said nothing.

"I have sent to New York for furniture," said George, "and the house will be ready for us to move into by the time it arrives here."

"Are you going to be married before you move in, George?" I asked.

"Yes, I intend to be," he replied, very seriously.

I glanced involuntarily at Rika. Her face was pale as death, and the fingers which rested on my arm seemed striving to bury themselves in the flesh.

"That is," added George, turning toward my companion—and how beautiful his countenance was at that moment—"if Rika will be my wife! Will you, dearest Rika?"

The little fingers loosened their hold on my arm and they were clasped in the broad palms of George. I moved away, but in a little time my companions joined me, and the young man's lips and Rika's eyes spoke words I like to remember.

Mrs. Sinclair had not called at my house since Rika had been with me, but I believed there was a reason, besides that she gave me, for her absence. I know not how it happened that she came the very evening Rika learned that she was loved, unless a kind Providence wished to fill the dear girl's cup of happiness to overflowing. My neighbor had repented, at length, of all her unkindness towards her former charge.

When the sky above her was dark and cold, Mrs. Sinclair said, her heart would become hard and insensible as a mountain of ice; but what could she do in such sunlight and warmth as Heaven had now surrounded her with? Rika begged her not to speak of the past; for it should be remembered as if there had been only happiness in it—but she would not be silent. It was due to Rika, it was due to Mrs. C—and all the rest of the neighbors, that she should confess her sins. Everybody had believed that the trust in Heaven and the resignation to its will, which she so often enjoined on others, had been practised by herself—but it was not so. Adversity had awakened all the latent wickedness in her heart, and the vial of her wrath had been poured on the head of poor Rika, who had been so patient and forgiving, who had so constantly returned good for evil, toiling like a slave that she might be supplied with the comforts she had been accustomed to enjoy. Could Rika forgive her? And the lady would have knelt at her feet had not the sobbing girl prevented it. Would she, henceforth, be a daughter to her?

"Are you willing she shall be your daughter?" I inquired. "George has asked her to become his wife!"

Rika turned pale, but I was sure my neighbor's reply would be what we wished. Mrs. Sinclair and George were alike ignorant of the hopes Rika was cherishing; but the lady would no more readily have consented to the proposed marriage if Rika had been a princess, than she then consented. After she had gone I inquired of Rika how she could remain with Mrs. Sinclair so long, when she had been repeatedly invited to make her home where she was sure she would be kindly treated.

"It is foolish in me to tell you," she returned, blushing. "When George was leaving his home for California, after he had bidden adieu to his mother, and she had gone to her room, he looked back into the cabin and saw me weeping—I did not know why I wept—and he came back and put his arm around my neck and whispered something in my ear. I knew not the meaning of his words, but I was sure they were kind, he spoke to me in such a gentle tone and smiled so pleasantly; and always after, when his mother looked on me with such coldness and contempt, and spoke such harsh, cruel words, I could only see his smile and hear his voice."

George was anxious that the marriage should take place before they moved into the new house, but Rika persuaded him to wait for the arrival of his Polish friend. I wondered at the calmness with which she looked forward to the stranger's coming; Rika had long been learning patience. Ulmann came at length—he was Rika's father!

The story of his death was a fabrication of the individual whom Madame Ulmann had employed to take her and her daughter to California. He believed that, in her feeble state of health, the intelligence would cause the effect which it did produce, and after her death, Rika was treated so inhumanly by the wretch, that she made her escape from the emigrant wagon at the earliest opportunity. But the few hundred dollars that he obtained possession of by his villany, cost him his life. He was robbed and murdered on the plains, and the emigrants in whose company he had travelled, carried news to Ulmann that his wife and daughter had died on the journey.

We did not know who was the happiest on Rika's wedding evening, the old people, or the young; but Mrs. Sinclair considered herself the cause of all the joy, and whispered that Rika was, in truth, "a blessing in disguise."

A BATH IN GENESARETH.

We untwisted our turbans, kicked off our baggy trousers, and speedily releasing ourselves from the barbarous restraints of dress, dipped into the torpid sea and floated lazily out until we could feel the exquisite coolness of the living springs which sent up their jets from the bottom. I was lying on my back, moving my fins just sufficiently to keep afloat, and gazing dreamily through half-closed eyes on the forlorn palms of Tiberias, when a shrill voice hailed me with, "O, Howadji, get out of our way!" There, at the old stone gateway below our tent, stood two Galilean damsels, with heavy earthen jars upon their heads. "Go away, yourselves, O maidens," I answered, "if you want us to come out of the water." "But we must fill our pitchers," one of them replied. "Then fill them at once, and be not afraid; or leave them and we will fill them for you." Thereupon they put the pitchers down, but remained watching us very complacently while we sank the vessels to the bottom of the lake, and let them fill from the colder and purer tide of the springs. In bringing them back through the water to the gate, the one I propelled before me happened to strike against a stone, and its fair owner, on receiving it, immediately pointed to a crack in the side, which she declared I had made, and went off lamenting. After we had resumed our garments, and were enjoying the pipe of indolence and the coffee of contentment, she returned and made such an outcry that I was fain to purchase peace by the price of a new pitcher. I passed the first hours of the night in looking out of my tent door, as I lay, on the stars sparkling in the bosom of Galilee, like the sheen of Assyrian spears and the glare of the great fires kindled on the opposite shore.—*Land of the Sarcen.*

WHOLESALE EXECUTIONS.

By a report obtained from good authority, it appears that over 70,000 men have been publicly executed in Canton, since Feb. 15, or the Chinese new year. The same authority states the number put to death at Shaiking Fu at 27,000, and about 25,000 at the taking of the fort at Blenholm reach, and the subsequent captures among the villages thereabouts. One of the leaders, named Kun Sin, has been put to death by a lingering punishment, having been cut up into one hundred and eight pieces. There are three grades of this mode of execution, the other two, where the criminal is divided into twenty-four or thirty-six parts, not being so disgraceful. This leader headed the bands which threatened the north of the city last autumn and winter. More than five hundred of lesser note were executed the same day; and on one day recently, over seven hundred were killed. Certainly, a government that can put its subjects to death in this manner, can hardly be called a weak one; any more than the insurance which has involved such loss, can be regarded as popular.—*Boston Courier.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE TESTIMONY OF AN ESCAPED NOVICE from the sisterhood of St. Joseph, Emmetsburg, Maryland. By JOSEPHINE M. BUNKLEY. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 338.

The institution from which Miss Josephine M. Bunkley escaped is the mother-house of the Sisters of Charity in the United States. The sisters of Charity are well known in this country for their services during the prevalence of fatal epidemics as nurses of the sick, and many will be curious to know what an "escaped novice" says of their central institution. For sale by Redding & Co.

JACK, THE GIANT-KILLER. New York: H. W. Hewet.

This popular nursery tale, splendidly illustrated, will furnish delight to thousands of children. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF GOETHE. By G. H. LEWES, author of the "Biographical History of Philosophy." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1855. 2 volumes, 12mo. pp. 913.

If Dr. Johnson loved a "good hater," we admire a "good lover." The author of this biography of the great German—though not an idolater—a hero-worshipper—is a warm admirer, and hence his book is readable and valuable. Nothing has escaped his research, for the most trivial details of Goethe's life possess an interest in his eyes. Thus the reader has before him an infinity of facts, intrinsically valuable in themselves, illustrating the era of letters in which Goethe played so conspicuous a part. He has succeeded in correcting some of Goethe's own mistakes in his autobiography, and has presented the only complete life of the author of "Faust" yet written. The book is worthy of the extensive circulation it will undoubtedly command.

MOLLY AND KITTY. Translated from the German by Trauermantel. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1855. 18mo. pp. 323.

A very pleasing juvenile work illustrating peasant life in Ireland, with other stories, embellished by pretty colored lithographs. Just the reading for boys and girls of a winter evening.

LOVE OF COUNTRY. Compiled and Translated from the French by Trauermantel. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1855. 18mo. pp. 230.

Delightful stories of Sobieski and other Polish heroes, written in a taking and intelligible style, and illustrated by colored engravings. A very pleasing juvenile.

THE BEARS OF ACCESTUSBURG, AND OTHER TALES. Translated from the German by Trauermantel. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1855. 18mo. pp. 251.

These stories are admirably adapted to delight children. They are well told, and full of dramatic interest. The colored lithographs complete their attractiveness.

THE EXHIBITION SPEAKER AND GYMNASIUM BOOK. By P. A. FITZGERALD. Rochester, New York: D. M. Dewey. 12mo. pp. 264.

This work embraces a very good treatise on elocution, a system of gymnastic and calisthenic exercises, a number of pieces for declamation, and a collection of dramatic scenes and farces for school and academic representation. The plan of the work is original, and well developed in the execution. We learn that it meets with an extensive sale.

MEISTER KARL'S SKETCH BOOK. By CHARLES G. LELAND. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1855. 12mo. pp. 388.

A book brimful of humor, wit and sentiment, quaint and quizzical, original and mirth-provoking. We like it rarely—particularly those humorous ballads and snatches of comic song. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

A CHRISTMAS WREATH FOR LITTLE PEOPLE. By ELLA ROOMAN. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1855.

A collection of charming juvenile stories (original), that cannot fail to please the little folks. The work is beautifully illustrated. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

BALLADS BY WM. MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 12mo. pp. 228.

Thackeray has certainly found out the way to "minister to a mind diseased," and is entitled to a moral diploma for his discovery. Of this book we may say truly, as the charlatan does of his quack nostrum, "no family should be without it." We dare not trust ourselves to speak of it as it deserves, for we abhor superlatives. It is crowded full of genuine humor—of geniality—of comic pictures—of unheard-of rhymes—in a word, it is a book of a thousand. There will be no end to the sale of it.

AUNT WONDERFUL. Translated from the German. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856. 4to.

A capital juvenile story book, full of grand lithographic illustrations. It is written in prose and verse, and is really a very humorous affair.

THE HOUSE BY THE SEA. A Poem, by THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1855. 12mo. pp. 152.

A wild and mournful story beautifully told. The poem has all the exquisite grace and expression which characterize the productions of our young American poet printer. It fully redeems the fair promise of his earlier works. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE WAY OF SALVATION. By ALBERT BARNES. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1855. 12mo. pp. 474.

A series of sermons written to meet the case of those who "see real difficulties in religion which they would not be unwilling to have explained." The doctrine of salvation, according to the author's views, is vigorously enforced. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.



EAST INDIA MARINE HALL.

SKETCHES OF SALEM.

We present our readers on this and the next page with a series of views drawn expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, and depicting the neighboring city of Salem. It is our purpose to continue the

places in our State. One of the earliest colonial settlements, it has a quaint, old-fashioned air about it that is quite attractive to those who love to dwell upon the memorials of the past. It is not, to be sure, comparable to Newport in antiquity of appearance, for a large proportion of its structures are modern and elegant, as our engravings show, but there are sufficient vestiges of by-gone generations and departed styles of architecture to give it a peculiar character. The irregularity and narrowness of many of the streets speak of a period when the future greatness of the country had not dawned upon the founders of American cities. The situation of Salem is low, but is remarkably healthy. It is built chiefly on a tongue of land formed by two inlets of the sea called North and South Rivers, and communicates with Boston by means of the Eastern Railroad. The East India Marine Hall, the first of our views, is a neat structure, well adapted to the purposes to which it is applied. The East India Marine Society, which was formed in 1799, by those who, acting as either captains or supercargoes, had doubled Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope—"mariners of the long voyage," as they used to be called, have in this building an admirable collection of curiosities from the farthest "Ind," and indeed from almost every quarter of the globe. The Custom House, shown in our second engraving, is a fine specimen of the style of architecture so much in vogue in the early part of the present century. Hawthorne has rendered this building classical in the amusing preface to the "Scarlet Letter," as Lamb immortalized the South Sea House in his essays. Our third engraving shows the Court House, one of the many fine buildings which adorn the city. It is situated on elevated ground, near the easterly end of the tunnel through which the railroad passes, and which is seen in our picture. It is a plain, though finely proportioned granite building, built in 1841. Immediately behind it in our view is the Tabernacle Church. The depot of the Eastern Railroad, near the opposite end of the tunnel, is a fine stone building. As a memorial of days gone by, we present in our fourth engraving a sketch of an old building situated at the corner of Washington and Lynde Streets. Its peaked gables and projecting second story are



CUSTOM HOUSE.

acter. The harbor of Salem is good, and it is a place of considerable commercial importance. Her merchants were formerly largely engaged in the East India trade, but of late years, that trade has been diverted to Boston and New York. Manufacturing

is now carried on to a considerable extent. The aggregate capital of the banks is about \$2,000,000. Salem owes its origin to the failure of a fishing plantation at Cape Ann. The Rev. John White, of Dorchester, England, was much interested in establishing colonies in Massachusetts, as places of refuge from the persecutions of dissenters by the English government. A disaffection among the Plymouth settlers having forced some of them to reside at Nantasket, the most prominent being Rev. John Lydford and Roger Conant, the latter and their companions were selected by Mr. White and his associates to manage their affairs at Cape Ann. Conant, thinking Naumkeag preferable to Cape Ann for a permanent settlement, gave notice of it to his friends in England, and this information gave birth to a project for procuring a grant for settling a colony in Massachusetts Bay. In 1628, a patent having been obtained, Captain John Endicott was sent over with about one hundred persons, to carry on the plantation at Naumkeag, where he arrived in September. For his dwelling he purchased the materials of a house which had been located at Cape Ann, and belonged to the Dorchester company. Those who remained at Naumkeag passed through severe afflictions. A large proportion died of scurvy and other diseases. In 1629, the Massachusetts company obtained a royal charter, authorizing them to administer the government of the colony. Their title was the "governor and company of Massachusetts Bay in New England."

The device on their seal was an Indian with a bow in one hand and an arrow in the other, with a label in his mouth, with the Scripture expression, "Come over and help us." The spirit of emigration now gained new strength, and additional emigrants came over, bringing with them cattle, tools, provisions, arms, am-



COURT HOUSE AND TABERNACLE.

series, in the style of our former local illustrations, embracing in the course all the principal towns and cities of the Union—east, west, north and south—and striving to secure the utmost accuracy in our representations. Salem is one of the most interesting

quaintly characteristic. Such an old house, perhaps this identical house, Hawthorne had in his eye when he sketched the locale of his glorious romance, the "House of the Seven Gables." Our fifth view shows St. Peter's Church, a modest stone building of the Gothic style of architecture, first erected in 1733 and rebuilt 1833. The State Normal School, shown in our sixth engraving, is a neat brick building, two stories in height, and was built by money jointly raised by the city and the board of education. The seventh view shows us Mechanic Hall, a fine building situated on Essex Street, and occupied by the Salem Mechanics' Society. Our next engraving represents the Market-house, which is situated on Derby Square. In the upper part of the building is the town hall. The building and land were given to Salem for town and market purposes. The next engraving shows us the front and side of the City Hall, a fine building faced with granite, built in 1837. The shade trees which enhance its effect are characteristic of Salem, many of the streets being lined with beautiful elms. The subject of the last picture in our series is the Asiatic Building, on Washington Street, a fine freestone edifice of recent construction. It is occupied by the Asiatic Bank, the Merchant's Bank, Savings Bank, Oriental Office, Post-Office, Loan and Fund Association, etc. From the cupola of this building a fine and extensive panoramic view of the city and its environs is obtained. Salem is largely built of wood, but contains many substantial stone and brick buildings. The city is honorably distinguished by its literary and scientific institutions. In addition to the East India Marine Society, there are the Essex Institute, organized in 1848, by the union of the Essex Historical and the Essex County Natural History Societies, the Salem Athenaeum and the Essex Agricultural Society. According to the census of 1850, there were in Salem 10 public libraries, with an aggregate of 23,300 volumes; 27 private libraries, of over 1000 volumes each, forming an aggregate of 55,650 volumes; public school libraries, 3995 volumes, and Sabbath school libraries, 4700 volumes—making a total of 86,645 volumes. The public schools of Salem enjoy a high char-



OLD BUILDING, COR. WASHINGTON AND LYNDE STS.



ST. PETER'S CHURCH.



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

munition, etc. Of the condition of the plantation, Mr. Higginson wrote: "When we came first to Nehumkek, we found about a score of houses: we found also abundance of corn planted by them, very good and well liking. There are in all of us, both old and new planters, about 300, whereof 200 of them are arrived in Nehumkek, now Salem. All the rest have planted themselves at *Masathulets* Bay, beginning to build a town there, which they do call Cherto or Charlestown." The Indian name was changed to Salem, a Hebrew word, signifying peace. It appears that the natives had forsaken the spot, and that "none ever claimed it." Salem at first increased very slowly, but it soon surpassed its neighbors. The following description of Salem in 1639, is from Wood's "New England Prospect," and affords a pleasant contrast to Salem as it is. "Salem stands on the middle of a necke of land very pleasantly, having a south river on the one side, and a north river on the other side. Upon this necke where most of the houses stand, is very bad and sandie land, yet for seaven years together is hath brought forth exceeding good corne, by being fished but every third year. In some places is very good ground and good timber, and divers springs close by the seaside. There likewise is store of fish, as basses, eels, lobsters, clammes, etc. Although their land be none of the best, yet beyond their rivers is a very good soyle, where they have taken farms, and get their hay and plant their corne; there they crosse these rivers with small cannowes, which are made of whole pine trees, being about two foot and a halfe over, and twenty foote long. In these likewise they goe a fowling, sometimes two leagues at sea. There be more cannowes in this towne than in the whole patent, every household having a *water horse* or two. This towne wants an alewife river, which is a great convenience. It hath two good harbors, the one being called winter and the other summer harbors, which lieth within Derbin's fort, which place, if it were well fortified, might keep shippes from landing forces in any of those two places." Let us make

one more extract from the records of the past, showing the style of dress among our ancestors, and how grave legislators interfered with the fashions of the day. In 1634, "the court taking into consideration the great, superfluous and unnecessary expenses occasioned by reason of some new and immodest fashions, as also the ordinary wearing of silver, gold and silk lace girdles, hat bands, etc., hath therefore ordered that no person, either man or woman, shall hereafter make or buy any apparel, either woollen or silk, or linen, with any lace on it, silver, gold or silk thread, under penalty of forfeiture of such clothes, etc. Also, that no person, either man or woman, shall make or buy any slashed clothes, other than one slash in each sleeve and another in the back. Also, all cut works, embroidered or needle-worked caps, bands and rayles are forbidden hereafter to be made or worn, under the aforesaid penalty. Also, all gold and silver girdles, hat-bands, belts, ruffs, beaver hats are prohibited to be bought and worn hereafter, under the aforesaid penalty. Moreover, it is agreed, if any man shall judge the wearing of any of the forenamed particulars, new fashions, or long hair, or anything of the like nature to be uncomely or prejudicial to the common good, and the party offending reform not the same upon notice given him, that then the next assistant, being informed thereof, shall have power to bind the party so offending to answer to it at the next court, if the case so require. Provided, and it is the meaning of the court, that men and women shall have the liberty to wear out such apparel as they are now provided of (except the immoderate great sleeves, slash apparel, immoderate great rayles, long wings, etc.)" The year 1692 was signalized in the history of Salem by the witchcraft delusion with its afflicting consequences. This excitement commenced in Salem village, since Danvers, in the family of the Rev. Mr. Parris, the clergyman of the place. A fourth part of the inhabitants left the place in consequence. Twenty persons were executed for witchcraft—one of them, who refused to put himself on trial, being pressed to death. The unfortunate victims of popular delusion were executed on a hill in the westerly part of the town,



MECHANIC HALL.

pages have charmed so many thousands of readers, and will continue to charm so long, as the English tongue is a written and a spoken language. Salem claims her share of distinguished names in art and science; among whom that of Nathaniel Bowditch,



MARKET HOUSE AND DERBY SQUARE.

ever since known as "Gallows Hill." The good and learned Dr. Cotton Mather was a firm believer in the existence of the Salem witchcraft, and wonderful are the stories he relates concerning it in his quaint and curious *Magnalia*. "Some scores of people," he says, "first about Salem, the centre and first born of all the towns in the colony, and afterwards in other places, were arrested with many preternatural vexations in their bodies, and a variety of cruel torments which were evidently from the demons of the invisible world. The people that were infected and infested with such demons, in a few days' time arrived unto such a refining alteration upon their eyes, that they could see their tormentors; they saw a devil of little stature and of a tawny color, attended still with spectres that appeared in more human circumstances." But we learn to look with charity on the delusion of our ancestors, in view of numbers around us who believe in the existence of greater marvels than Mather himself records. During the revolutionary war, Salem exhibited an energy in the good cause which has crowned her with undying fame. No fewer than sixty armed vessels manned by four thousand men, are said to have sailed as privateers from Salem harbor. Shoulder to shoulder with Boston, she upheld the honor of old Massachusetts throughout the glorious struggle, and one of the initial acts of the revolution was performed within her limits. The city charter of Salem dates from 1836. We know of few pleasanter places in New England for a residence than Salem. With the exception of a few localities through which the tide of commercial activity flows during the busier hours of the day, it unites the quiet of the country with the conveniences of city life. The man of leisure and taste may find here the charms of polished society, libraries and scientific collections to aid his mental culture, and the most agreeable scenery in the environs to gladden his eyes when he goes forth to take the air. Besides a thousand historical associations, brilliant and thrilling, or sad in tone, cluster round the venerable place. It was here the fancy of Hawthorne caught many of those tender and many of those tragic hues whose reflections on his

author of the "Practical Navigator," is identified with its fame and nautical achievements. This celebrated work, which has been translated into every European language, is co-extensive with maritime adventure.



CITY HALL.



ASIATIC BUILDING AND POST-OFFICE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ANGELS ARE HERE TO-NIGHT, MOTHER.

BY H. RICH.

There's a harp in the dusky room, mother,
And a stirring of golden strings,
A joining of angel-voices in song—
A folding of spirit-wings.
Yet I hear in the busy street, mother,
The crowd go hurrying by;
They will gather, and greet, and part the same,
When Lettie shall shrouded lie.

O, hear to my Willie my love, mother,
With the news of this hour to him;
Sav, his parting look is a treasure now,
As the light of life grows dim.
That I'll come with my olden smile, mother,
On the night we were to wed;
And my spirit will linger near to him,
His bride, with the vows unsaid.

Ah, what though my bosom ne'er thrill, mother,
With the tremor of earthly bliss?
And what though my lips may not feel again
The clinging of passion's kiss?
I will shine on his lonely way, mother,
A star on the fretted sea;
And his heart will thrill with a sudden joy,
And know that it's nearer me.

See! there are angels here to-night, mother,
Now they kneel in the quiet room;
And the harp is swept by a nerveless hand,
But I cannot see by whom.
With the chant of the spirit-throng, mother,
I am borne on lifted wings,—
It is ever a harp and an angel,
That faith to the dying brings.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ROBBER OF ST. GERVAIS.

BY HORACE B. STANFORD.

ONE cold, blustering morning, late in the fall, a man, who walked with a crutch and a short staff, was on the road from Lodeve to St. Gervais, in the department of Herault, away in the southern part of France. The traveller was an old man, perhaps five and fifty, with a face very dark from long and constant exposure, and with a stone-gray beard and moustache. An old gray overcoat completely enveloped his person, but it was plainly to be seen that he had only one leg. The road was very muddy, and a cold, drizzling mist was falling, and though it was well into the evening, yet there was light enough to distinguish the way, for away beyond the clouds and the mist, a bright moon was shining, and though even its whereabouts could not be made out, yet it served to make visible what must otherwise have been enveloped in utter darkness.

The old man hobbled on, planting his crutch and staff carefully upon the soft and treacherous ground, and thus he passed but slowly on his way. It was near nine o'clock when he reached the little copse of swamp-wood that lay at the edge of the village of St. Gervais. Here it was somewhat darker, and he made his way more carefully. He had just reached the edge of the copse when his attention was attracted by a noise close by him, and in a moment more a human being stood in the road before him. The new comer was a slight built person, as the old man could distinctly see, and most probably a youth. He had surely come from the wood.

"Ha!" uttered the traveller, "what now, eh?"

"Your money, or your life!" was the reply, given abruptly, but somewhat tremulously.

"You don't mean it?"

"I do," the youth said, more firmly. "And be quick, too, for I've no time to waste. You see this pistol. It contains two balls. Give me money, or they both go through your head!"

"Ten thousand thunders, boy! you wouldn't kill me just for the sake of a little money—perhaps only the few sous that are necessary to pay for my night's lodgings."

"And why not kill you for that, as well as die myself for the want of it? Ay, and worse, too. Come—quick!"

There was a resoluteness in the youth's tones which proved him to be in earnest, but yet they had a cast of eagerness and pathos which proved him a new beginner at this kind of work.

"Die, did you say?" returned the old man, more in pity than in anger. "A boy like you talk of dying. Diable!—and with such pluck, too? You're crazy!"

"Will you give me money, or must I shoot you?"

No sooner were these words out of the boy's mouth, than up came the old man's staff, and the pistol went flying across the road into the mud.

"There—you've got rid of a very dangerous weapon; and don't ye never use it again in such a fashion. Now, who are ye?"

The youth stood for a few moments as if undecided how to act.

"Hold on," continued the old man, as the young stranger started as though he would turn away. "Don't be afraid, for I may give you that of my own free will which I would never give to any living man upon compulsion. But tell me—I have faced death a thousand times, and have killed many men, but I have done it for France—for my country. But why should you face death thus? In the night—on the highway—in your own home—and at the expense of a countryman? Why is it?"

"Nothing—never mind. You said you would give me money. Give it to me, in Heaven's name."

"Hold," answered the traveller. "Your home is not far from here."

"Home! O, what is home to the starving?"

The old man was moved, for there was a depth of agony in the tones of the youth's voice which was not to be withstood by any one possessing ordinary feelings.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Never mind."

"But I won't expose you."

"Truly?"

"I will not."

"But why should I tell you? You have disarmed me, and I am at your mercy. Yet, as God is my judge, had I known you were an old soldier, I would not have stopped you. I would have laid in the wood and starved first. Give me money—a few sous."

"Tell me your name."

The youth hesitated, but finally he replied:

"If you are a true soldier I should take your word. My name is Pierre Chollet."

"And have you no parents?"

"A mother."

"And she lives not far from here?"

"Not far."

"And is she starving?"

"Ay."

"Then let us hasten away and find her. I may help her; and, moreover, get lodgings for the night for myself and my crutch. Come, it's cold here. Lead the way."

"You will help my mother, if you go?"

"To be sure I will."

"And you won't slip a word of this?"

"Not without your consent."

"Then follow me."

Thus speaking the youth turned and started on.

"Are you acquainted with this road?" the old man asked.

"Every inch of it," was the reply.

"Then go ahead and pick out the best path, and I can get along faster."

At the end of about twenty minutes they topped a little hill, and the lights could be seen in the village of St. Gervais; but before they reached the village the guide turned off to the right into a narrow lane, and finally came to a small hut which the youth said was his home. He opened the door and went in, and the old man followed him. There was only one room and that had a floor of clay. In the fire-place burned a few fagots, while close by were heaped up a lot more—boughs, twigs, and stuff such as might be dragged out of the swamp close by. In an old armchair sat an elderly female with her hands folded in her lap, and close by her was a cat. The woman's face could be seen by the glimmer of the fire, and it was thin, haggard and pale. She looked up as her boy entered, and in a feeble tone, asked:

"Did ye find it, Pierre?"

"I hope so, mother. A kind, old soldier has come home with me, and he will help us."

The old lady started up and gazed around. She saw the stranger, and a look of hope rested upon her features.

"Haven't ye a light?" asked the stranger.

"No—only the fire," answered the boy.

"Then we'll have a better one," the soldier said. "I've a candle in my haversack, and a bit of food, too."

As he spoke, he sat down in a chair—the only other one in the room—and having unslung his haversack he overhauled the contents until he came to the candle. This he gave to Pierre and bade him light it. An old wooden candlestick was found and the candle was soon burning. The soldier could now see the faces of his hostess and her son more plainly. The former was a mild-looking, full-browed woman, with a prayerful cast of countenance, and must once have been extremely beautiful. She was certainly fifty years of age, for her hair was very gray, and time had been busy with its indelible touches. Her son was not over nineteen, and was a handsome youth. He was pale and wan now; but his brow was full, his eyes large, dark and brilliant.

"You suffer much?" said the soldier, addressing the hostess.

"Very much," she returned. "I have been very sick, but I am getting better now. Yet my sickness has eaten up everything we had, and my noble boy has sacrificed all his earnings; and, worse than all else, he can't find work now to do. The crops are all garnered and the barns closed. Yesterday he went to the house of a rich man to beg, and he was kicked—"

"No, no, mother—not kicked!" exclaimed the youth, quickly.

"He did not dare to do that. He said he would kick me if I came there again."

"But are there not others who would help you?" asked the old man.

"They might," returned Pierre; "but the son-prefet of police swore that he would have me sent off if he caught me begging again. What could I do, sir?"

"But the son-prefet is a villain! What does he mean?"

"He is angry with me. He wanted me in the harvest-time to work for him for five sous a day, and I wouldn't, because a better man gave me fifteen sous."

"He is a perfect villain. But come—we'll eat something. My old haversack has something else in it besides candles. I don't travel without something to guard against the danger of being benighted in the wood."

As he spoke he pulled a loaf of bread and a piece of cold boiled beef from his old provision bag, and then bade the mother and son eat. He assured them that he had eaten a hearty supper, and that he had money to buy more, so without farther ceremony they commenced the meal—the first they had eaten since the morning

of the day before, save the little milk which they were able to get from one old goat which they yet retained.

Tears stood in the old soldier's eyes as he sat and saw the boy and his mother eat, and when they were done they turned and blessed him. The woman seemed much revived, and as her son put some more fagots upon the fire, she turned and spoke to her guest. Her voice trembled as she spoke, and tears were in her eyes.

"You are a soldier?" she said.

"Yes," the old man replied, turning his gaze upon the fire instead of upon his questioner.

"Have you been long in the army?"

"Eighteen years."

"Perhaps you have been in Africa?"

"I have."

"Whom did you serve under?"

"Colonel Pelissier."

"Then you may have known Francois Chollet?"

And as the woman said this she wiped her eyes with her apron. "Corporal Chollet? To be sure I knew him. Ay—and a fine fellow he was, too. Did you ever know him?"

"Yes, sir. He—he—" and here a passionate flood of tears interrupted her; but finally she concluded—"he was my husband."

"Ah—was he? Poor Francois! His was a sad fate!"

The woman started and laid one of her hands upon the soldier's arm. The tears ceased flowing and her lips were closed.

"Then he is dead?" she whispered.

"No—I guess not."

"Not dead! Francois alive! Do you know this?" she cried.

"I am sure of it. He was sadly wounded, and lost a leg—as I have done. He was taken prisoner and kept a long while, too, and that is the reason why he did not come home with his regiment. But how long since you have seen him?"

"Fifteen years, sir. He sailed from Marseilles with the first that went to Algiers. But where is he now? Where did you see him last?"

"He landed at Toulon with me."

"O, God bless you, sir! And he will come to me soon? Did you leave him there?"

"No. He started on with me."

"Started on? But where—where—did you leave him?"

"The last I saw of him was in a small hut where he called to pass the night. But you see, I have come off with his crutch and staff, so I shouldn't wonder if he had to stop where he is for some time."

"O—how could you, sir? But you didn't know that he had a waiting, weeping wife to whom he would go."

"Yes, I did."

"And yet you left him thus?"

"But the crutch was mine."

"Ah—you lent it him. But no—if you had only one crutch between you both, how did you come so far?"

"Simply because we were both one and the same person."

"One—both—you—"

"I am Francois Chollet."

The woman started to her feet, and having gazed one moment into the soldier's face, she sank upon his bosom and wept. Pierre was upon his feet in an instant, and on the next he was by his father's side. He forgot for the moment his expedition upon the highway, and only realized that his father had returned. He remembered well when that father took him upon his knees fifteen years before and kissed him; and he remembered, too, how the big tears had rolled down that father's cheeks.

But the husband and father was at home once more, and if he had returned with his body maimed, he had brought back an untarnished name. In addition to a goodly bulk of gold which he carried stitched up in his vest, he had a pension settled upon him, and the future looked bright and clear. The son of Corporal Chollet became an important personage among the honest peasants, and the son-prefet was among the first to solicit the friendship of the brave and battle-scarred old soldier. The little cot smiled once more, and Pierre had never occasion again to go upon the highway with any foul intent. The old soldier often refers to the meeting with the young robber of St. Gervais, and under all the circumstances it rather pleases him, for he knows that his boy was pushed to it by the very ones who should have helped him, and he thinks he can see in it the proof of Pierre's courage, and also of his true affection for his mother.

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular Monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is a MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does, one hundred pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the \$3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year, of six hundred pages each, or twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for nearly fifteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR.

from the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also speeded with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discovery and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, each number being complete in itself.

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its own sect or clique. This work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with choice, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother, or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest paper in the world.

Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year; or any person sending us eight subscribers and eight dollars, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AT MEMORY'S SHRINE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

The wind comes drifting over the plain,
And with it comes the snow;
And it softly falls on the window pane,
As it fell in the long ago.

But O, for the hopes that herald youth,
Though purer than the snow;
And, O, for the words of truth and love
That youth and manhood know.

All under the mist that memory sends
To hide the march of years,
I sat with the shapes of buried friends
Beside a shrine of tears.

The leaden beat of a grief-struck heart
Alone the solitude breaks;
For my pallid lips refuse to part,
When grief the subject makes.

Some under the green palms of the sea,
And some beneath the sod;
And there comes no wind but tells to me
Of the early-called to God.

But on the flowers have not sprung,
The green grass hath not grown;
For the autumn wind his requiem sung,
But sung it not alone.

A crimson pall from the maple-tree,
A russet from the oak,
Have made a shrine where many a knee
Has bent to mourn the stroke.

So noble in early manhood's prime,
So brave to do and dare,
With soul that beat to the voiceless chime
Of hope above despair.

O, thus the links of friendship burst—
The good are called to go;
While those we cherish best are first
To leave us wrapped in woe.

Some under the green palms of the sea,
And some beneath the sod;
While there comes no wind but tells to me
Of the early-called to God.

And there comes no wind but whispers, too,
"Be ready to depart!"
And the open grave that meets my view,
Implies a pulseless heart.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A HORSE AT A RAFFLE.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

MR. PHOENIX STARLIT was a model citizen, a model clerk, a model husband and father, a model son, the pink of perfection, in every way, shape and manner. His simplicity always reminded us of the mythical days—of the golden age, when everybody was a perfect gentleman. Starlit could not be judged by a fashionable standard. He carried his own market-basket home from Quincy Hall, and did not object to be seen in the society of a blue cotton umbrella. He never made speeches at Ward Room meetings, but he was very fond of hearing them, and contributed to the "general applause," "hearty laughter," "tears, cheers and smiles," we read about in the newspaper reports. Mr. Starlit, to sketch his personal appearance, was a short, thin man, with a complexion like weak chicken broth; his features a mere sketch in water colors; light, cobalt eyes, an attenuated, pointed nose, and hair the color of mild sugar gingerbread; he was always dressed in a black suit of rather antiquated cut. He was descended on the maternal side from the Meeks, and married into the family of the Tartars, who themselves, as everybody knows, were related to the Snapdragons. But we forget that we are not writing genealogy.

If Phoenix Starlit was a model husband, Hannah Starlit was a model wife. She rose early and went to bed late, lectured her housemaid, her children and her husband with indiscriminate eloquence, pumped up any quantity of tears when she wanted to gain a point, and kept her husband in a perpetual agony by declaring herself the most ill-used woman in existence.

Starlit was a clerk in a public office, envied by every one who had never served Uncle Sam. For his meagre pittance he worked hard, and was snubbed by his superiors at the desk almost as much as by his wife at home. His place was the gift of a great man in a fit of unusual generosity—for Phoenix had no political claims; and yet his appointment so chagrined a bar-room politician who had applied for the situation, that he confidentially imparted to a friend of Starlit, over a noggin of mild ale, his intention of murdering him (Starlit) on the first favorable opportunity. Starlit would occasionally see him from his office window, glancing up at him, and doubling his fist, especially about half-past eleven o'clock, after he had been imbibing his habituals. Poor Starlit! he had hard work to make both ends meet. Yet by ignorant outsiders, who are not aware how tight Uncle Sam is, he was supposed to have free access to the treasury—to be hoarding up doubloons and coining eagles. "He'll be buyin' a house in Bacon Street one of these days," said the bar-room politician.

Starlit lived between two fires. He was tortured by the desire to satisfy his official associates, some of whom were careless spend-thrifts, and to please his wife, who begrudged every cent spent out of the family. He was, therefore, put to every shift to make his cash account appear fair and square. His comrades played upon

his simplicity by various devices. One of them was perpetually soliciting subscriptions for distressed widows—for complimentary testimonials to public men—for projected political works of great value that never saw the light; and when these things failed, he always had a raffle on foot. Now the prize was a bunch of cigars, now a cracked guitar, now a dozen of Day & Martin's blacking, or a gross of jewsharps, or a case of sardines, or a silver watch—there was no end to the variety of temptations. To most of these solicitations Starlit turned a deaf ear at first, and then ended by timely yielding, though he knew what spiritual agony awaited him at the end of the month, when he had to account for the deficit in his salary to Mrs. Starlit.

One day a horse was put up at a raffle, twenty shares at ten dollars a share. Now Starlit had rarely driven, and never ridden a horse. But in obedience to that law of nature which ever makes us crave after that which we are most unfitted to enjoy, Starlit panted for equestrian proprietorship and distinction. He regularly borrowed the New York Spirit of the Times, and read it through; he had portraits of horses in his portfolio; and his favorite book was Sir Thomas Head's account of his headlong journey across the Pampas. He therefore bought a ticket in this horse raffle without the slightest hesitation. The horse was a good one, but had been miserably kept for a long time, and was as thin as a shadow. But the knowing ones said, and said truly, that a couple of months' good keeping would make him fine as silk.

There was a great bustle in the office on the day of the raffle. Everything was managed fairly. The result was that Phoenix Starlit was declared the winner. He could scarcely credit his senses. The late proprietor of the horse, a seedy individual with a white hat and black crape on it, and one eye in mourning, while his nose loomed up like a ruddy beacon, shook hands with him and congratulated him on his success. The raffle took place in a smoking-room attached to an oyster saloon.

"In two months—that is, when spring opens—he'll be fit to drive," said the horse-man.

"But can't I ride him a little bit now and then?" asked Starlit, ruefully.

"My dear sir!" said the red-nosed man, reproachfully.

"But what am I to do with him?—where shall I keep him?" asked Starlit.

"I have thought of that," said the red-nosed man. "I am living at South Boston Point. I'll continue to keep the horse, if you'll pay me his board—four dollars a week."

"Four dollars a week!" said Starlit. The price rather staggered him.

"Grain and hay is high," said the red-nosed man, statistically.

"Well," said Starlit, after a moment's reflection, "I'll do it. I'll give you four dollars a week." And he buttoned up his coat with an air of virtuous resolution.

"Shoein' and doctorin' extry," said the red-nosed man.

"Extra," assented Starlit.

"Your hand, sir!" said the red-nosed man. "I always said, and I leave it to my friend here"—he indicated a flabby, oily-haired young man in a green cutaway, who passed for a billiard-marker with all except the police, "I always said, when I knowed you only by reputation, that you was a perfect gentleman; and now that I have had the pleasure of your acquaintance, I am convinced of it. Your hand again, sir. I congratulate you on your success. And for the keepin' arrangement—it's a bargain. I'll trouble you for your hand again, sir. And now, as my friend and I are rather dry—" He winked, and indicated the bar.

Starlit never drank and never smoked; but good fortune requires sacrifices. He marshalled the rowdies to the bar, and paid for the fiery compounds they chose to imbibe at his expense, and to his health. The bar-room politician, Starlit's deadly enemy, was present, lounging against the bar.

"Chalk that up agin me!" he said, as he set down an emptied tumbler. "I haint no money; I aint no public officer; I don't dip my arms up to the elbows in the public treasury; I'm honest—I am—I can't afford to buy no horses—I can't!" And with a scowl of direful malignity, he vanished.

The horse-jockey and billiard-marker soon followed him, and Starlit was about to leave the "gay and festive scene," when the bar-keeper said:

"I beg pardon, sir—small bill against you, sir."

"Against me!" said Starlit, perfectly aghast.

"Yes. Oysters, cigars, etc., for the gentlemen that had shares in the raffle."

"But I didn't order anything."

"Winner pays the treat, sir, always."

"Always?"

"Invariably."

"How much is it?"

"Twelve dollars fifty-two cents, sir."

Starlit drew out his wallet with a smothered groan, and paid the amount. He then went home to dinner, which, by the way, had been kept waiting three quarters of an hour. He was severely censured by his wife for his delay, and for the odor of tobacco-smoke which clung about his garments; but he bore it all with his usual meekness, and consumed his mutton in silence. He had no wish to "let on" about the horse, reserving that for a pleasant surprise in the spring. At the end of the next month, punctual to pay-day, Mr. Hieronimus Circingle, the former owner of the horse, brought in his bill for keeping, etc.

S. Boston Point, June 4 Airy thirty 1, 18—

fenix starlite 2 Hieronymus Sirsingle a squire detter	
2 keepin' hoss' for weeks	\$16 00
shewin of the sum	5 00
meddysin	3 00
dr. dadd	2 00
	\$26 00

So it went on through February and March. And now came the time when the buds begin to swell, when little birds begin to sing, when the frost is coming out of the ground, and weary citizens begin to dream of pleasant rides in the suburbs. It was then, after all his sacrifices, that hope revived in the breast of Phoenix Starlit, and he remembered (poor fellow! he had no reason ever to forget it) that he had a horse. He astonished the old sedate messenger by ordering him to "saddle white Surry for the field to-morrow." He was believed by his fellow-clerks to be intoxicated—but he was only an original package of the choicest spirits. How he longed for the 31st of March, and the visit of Circingle, who was on that day to give up the custody of the noble animal which Starlit had foreborne to see during the wintry process of restoration. The day came and the man. The bill was made out in the usual form, written in the usual style on very dirty paper with blacking instead of ink. The items were:

2 keepin' hoss for weeks	\$16 00
meddysin	12 00
dr. dadd	3 00
shewin of him	3 00

But what is this other item which adds another dollar to the account? What are the written words that make Starlit turn ghastly pale, and drop the crumpled paper from his hand upon the desk? Alas! it reads:

"2 a Nirishman 4 diggin' of a whole an berrin of him 1 dollar."

"Dead!" said Starlit.

"Dead!" said Circingle, using a handkerchief to conceal his lack of tears.

Starlit was overwhelmed; tears forced themselves from his eyes. He had not bargained for this. Dead! There was a whole Haid of woe in that one word; a whole hecatomb of promised pleasures was interred with that "Tartar of Ukraine breed." And then he thought of another Tartar at home whom he had wronged and deceived, and gammoned by false cash accounts—false entries in his memorandum-book. It was a long while before he could speak.

"How and when did this occur?" he asked at length.

"Last night—botts!" was the deeply tragic answer.

Starlit had heard of Botts in connection with John Tyler. He made no comments; he paid the bill, and that day went home a saddened man. We had forgotten to mention that Mr. Circingle had expressed his intention of removing to Wisconsin.

It was in the "green and bowery month of June," that Starlit made a visit to an acquaintance who lived on South Boston Point—on foot, of course, he couldn't afford even an omnibus. The friend and he discoursed of various matters; the friend, by the way, kept a feed store. Starlit casually alluded to Circingle; the storekeeper's face grew purple in an instant.

"Confound his picture! He went off owin' me fifty dollars for horse feed."

Starlit pricked up his ears at the word horse.

"He had a mighty nice horse," continued the storekeeper. "Poor as a shingle in the fall. But he took him into town and pretended to sell him, and afterward to be a keepin' of him for the purchaser. I thought 'twant no use to get an execution out, for he's a slippery customer. I knowed he'd wriggle through my fingers, and heave the costs onto me."

"But you said horse, my friend," said Starlit, pathetically. "You referred to that noble quadruped, the friend and blessing of man—"

"Which he carried off with him when he ran away!" said the storekeeper, doubling up his fist as if to smite an imaginary Circingle.

"Was he a dapple gray?" asked Starlit.

"He was."

"And did he carry a flag-tail, my friend?" asked Starlit.

"He did."

"Yet I was told that the flag-tailed gray died and was buried somewhere hereabouts. Forgive me, my dear friend, but I came hither less to see you, than to visit the grave of departed speed and fidelity."

"Well, the horse aint dead, and nothing of the kind," said the storekeeper. "But you look pale, Phoenix."

"Well I may," answered the poor clerk. "I am the unhappy individual who won that horse at a raffle. I paid that villain for his keep all winter long. I paid him for the last month's board the 31st of March last past, and then he told me he had died the week before."

"Well, I'm blessed if this aint the greatest sell I ever heard tell on!" cried the storekeeper, joyously. "He deserves to be treasurer of a railroad corporation, or president of a bank! He's a genius, and no mistake. I forgive him the fifty dollars! He's right welcome to his bill! Haw! haw! this is the best joke I ever heard of."

Phoenix turned away. There is no sympathy in this world for the stranger who has been taken in and done for. But Phoenix has learned his lesson—he is severely down on raffles, and has a fierce antipathy to horses. The last we heard of Circingle, he was coining money on the western race-tracks with a flag-tailed dappled horse that had a turn of speed equal to Lerompte's.

NEWSPAPERS.—Judge Longstreet, whose views on any subject are sensible, practical, and worth treasuring, thus sets forth the value of a newspaper:—"Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and most amply remunerated is the patron. I care not how humble and unpretending the paper he takes, it is next to impossible to fill a sheet fifty-two times a year, without putting something in it that is worth the subscription price. Every parent, whose son is away from home, should supply him with a paper. I well remember what a difference there was between those of my schoolmates who had and those who had not access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were always decidedly superior to the last in debate and composition at least. The reason is plain—they had command of more facts. Youths will peruse a newspaper with delight when they will read nothing else."

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The accompanying portrait was drawn for us by Mr. Barry, from a photograph by Masury & Silsbee, of Boston. Mr. Beecher is a man of note, and has a full share of the popular attention. He is bold and independent in his views, original in his style of thought and expression, attracts large audiences to his pulpit discourses and lectures, and is very extensively read as a journalist. He is not a mere theologian, nor merely a book-learned man. He has turned the pages of the great volume of life with no careless hand, and has scanned the great book of nature with no heedless or unloving eye. In the great struggles and movements of the times he has pursued no non-committal course, but has boldly expressed and championed his opinions. His congregation in Brooklyn is a large one, and whenever he preaches, his audience is composed, not only of his regular parishioners, but of strangers attracted by his reputation as an eloquent and somewhat eccentric pulpit orator. To secure the popular ear he does not disdain to resort occasionally to what is styled in theatrical parlance, "clap-traps,"—such as the enunciation of seeming paradoxes, the use of colloquial phraseology, and the introduction of everyday topics and occurrences, as themes, suggestions or illustrations. We by no means assert that familiar phrases and odd topics make up the staple of his discourses, many of which are loftily and purely eloquent, but he makes quite a liberal and probably a systematic use of them. Though a close reasoner, he is well aware that dry logic is not acceptable to the masses of the present day, and he accordingly secures attention to his matter and his argument by profuse illustration and bold rhetorical figures. His sermons are not calculated to satisfy a refined and cultivated taste, but they are well adapted to make a powerful impression on miscellaneous audiences. As a writer for the press, Mr. Beecher is bold, dashing and sparkling, and gives full play to his thoughts and fancies, without the slightest fear of contemporary criticism. He attacks and defends with vigor and spirit, and controversialists find in him a foe worthy of their steel. In his purely literary articles he appears to great advantage, and we can recall many which present charming pictures of rural nature, and comments on art which evince a warm love and appreciation of it. He is indeed an earnest student of both nature and art—and his summer residence in our Berkshire hills and his foreign journeys have afforded him the means of verifying theory by observation. Mr. Beecher is now about thirty-six or thirty-seven years of age, of medium stature, with a colorless but not unhealthy complexion and blue eyes. Of his features in repose our engraving gives a correct picture, but his countenance is exceedingly animated and expressive in his moments of oratorical inspiration. He has made speeches on various public occasions, which have produced more than a momentary sensation in the public mind. One of the most remarkable of these was the extemporaneous discourse he delivered on the occasion of a grand banquet given to Kossuth at New York. It was a vigorous and bold declaration of sympathy for the cause of the oppressed, without an equivocation or reservation. Clergyman though he was, he did not deprecate the use of arms for the maintenance of right in the war against might, seeming to adopt Kossuth's (the Latin) version of a remarkable passage in Scripture—"Peace on earth to all good-willing men." Beecher is ever an enthusiast when his sympathies are enlisted.



REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

SCENE FROM "THE TEMPEST."

We present our readers on this page with an elegant sketch drawn for us by Mr. Champney, accurately delineating the last scene of Shakspeare's glorious creation, "The Tempest," as now represented in a style never surpassed on the American or English stage. The scene we have depicted occupies some sixty or seventy feet of the extensive stage. The figure floating highest in the air is the ever-charming Mrs. Wood, an admirable representative of the "dainty Ariel," supported by attendant sprites. The group of figures on the right are Prospero (Mr. Barry), Ferdinand (Mr. Belton), and Miranda (Mrs. Barrow). In the group of figures on the left we have the king, Alonzo (Mr. Cowell), Antonio (Mr. Donaldson), Sebastian (Mr. Davenport), and Gonzalo (Mr. Morris). It is difficult to conceive of anything more effective than this closing pageant. The scenery, which has been several months in preparation, is from the pencil of Mr. Hayes, who has heretofore been engaged at the National Theatre of this city. In "The Tempest" he has displayed a fine taste and fancy, and a thorough knowledge of the science of color, proving his ability to fill with credit the responsible position he holds as the successor of Charles Lehr. Mr. Hayes has been assisted in his labors by Mr. Selwin, a young and promising artist who came among us the last season. In putting the piece upon the stage, great attention has been paid to costume, and great credit is due to Mr. Howell for his taste, care and fidelity in dressing the characters. Mr. Howell was for a long period the leading costumer of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and since his engagement here, the English journals have remarked that the "taste of Madame Vestris has been transplanted to the other side of the Atlantic." Still, the splendid costumes, scenery and machinery would have given the play but a partial success, had it not been for the admirable manner in which it was performed. Mr. Barry's Prospero was a graceful and dignified performance in a finished style of art. Mrs. Barrow's Miranda was exquisite in conception and embodiment, adding a new triumph to her former successes. Caliban, the deformed monster, the antithesis of Ariel, was conceived and rendered by Mr. John Gilbert in the style that we anticipated from so finished an actor and so enthusiastic a student of Shakspeare. Mrs. Wood's Ariel was exquisitely graceful, and that charming song, "Where the bee sucks there suck I," was given with admirable expression, and received the honors of a nightly encore.

Messrs. Belton, Curtis, Cowell, and the other members of the company embraced in the cast, sustained their parts to the entire satisfaction of the audience. Their textual fidelity was particularly noticeable, and we are grateful to Mr. Barry for producing the piece as Shakspeare wrote it, without attempting, as some managers have done, to introduce "improvements" on the bard of Avon; an effort which not unfrequently betrays the most reprehensible presumption.



CLOSING SCENE IN "THE TEMPEST," AT THE BOSTON THEATRE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

One has only to refer to BALLOU'S PICTORIAL from week to week to realize the great improvements in wood engraving in this country. This charming paper richly deserves the vast popularity it enjoys.—*Boston Herald*.

Let fathers take this pleasant and instructive weekly home to their families; it will amuse while it improves the domestic circle. In what way can six cents be so properly invested?—*Evening Transcript*.

It is the only illustrated paper in this country which has attained a firm basis, and successfully established itself. Its imitators, who have started up and as often failed, lacked the necessary capital and enterprise.—*Hartford Courant*.

We are at a loss which most to admire, the charming reading matter in BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, which is all original, or its fine and elegant engravings. The proprietor says it is the cheapest paper in the world, and so it is.—*Burlington Sentinel*.

The superb engravings of the Battle of New Orleans, the Entry of Gen. Scott into Mexico, and other large pictures, which have lately appeared in BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, are the best wood engravings yet produced in America.—*Tribune*.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL is entirely original, and its subscribers get their money's worth twice over—first, the reading matter is worth the price charged for it, and then, how the illustrations can be afforded for the price charged is a mystery.—*Indianapolis Gazette*.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

The sad fate of this heroic adventurer is now established beyond a question, and his name and the names of his companions may be added to the long roll of illustrious travellers who have fallen victims to their enthusiastic thirst for knowledge. The sad discoveries of Mr. Stuart, the agent of the British government, have thrown all the light which can be cast upon the tragic story of the Arctic adventurers. Sir John Franklin and all of his gallant comrades who manned the "Erebus" and "Terror," must have perished in the bitter winter season of 1850, a part on the Island of Montreal, and a part on the shore of the opposite continent. The principal vestiges discovered by Mr. Stuart were a pair of snowshoes, with the name of Dr. Stanley, surgeon of the Erebus engraved on them with a knife, and the fragment of a boat, on which the word "Terror" was still legible. A number of utensils were also found in the hands of the Esquimaux. Masses of sand, gathered by the wild storms of five winters, have entombed forever the bodies of the noble victims. It is vain to seek further—vain to ask whether these men actually perished of hunger, or found death and relief at the hands of the Esquimaux. The curtain has fallen on the dreary tragedy.

A RICH PAVEMENT.—Condourioti, recently Hellenic minister at Constantinople, had the floor of his country-house paved with Spanish dollars. He must have had very honest servants. A queer idea that of trampling under foot the riches of the world!

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.—There is not the slightest foundation for the current report that Hon. Edward Everett had become associate editor of this publication.

SPLINTERS.

.... Mr. Arthur Gilman, of this city, has been lecturing successfully on the "Characteristics of New England Humor."

.... Mr. Stoeckl, the Russian charge in this country, is about to marry a young American lady.

.... The children of the Orphan Asylum, in this city, were all made happy by receiving Christmas presents this year.

.... In the recent death of P. P. F. Degrand, Boston has lost a valuable citizen. Mr. D. was a native of Marseilles.

.... Every tree is known by its fruits, except dogwood, and that is known by its bark.

.... A man in Montreal lately robbed the poor-box. An oxygen-microscope couldn't discover his soul.

.... The amiable widow of Louis Philippe was dangerously sick, lately, but has recovered her health.

.... Professor Huntingdon is of opinion that woman has kept Christendom from relapsing back into barbarism.

.... An opal breastpin, with a diamond setting, costing \$4000 or \$5000, was the Christmas present received by a New York lady.

.... A bear weighing 2500 pounds was recently killed on Mt. Cube, Orford, N. H. A few more bears remain.

.... The Potomac is swimming with wild ducks, and they are plenty and cheap in the Washington market.

.... The Indians, at the last advices, were still troublesome in Oregon. Sharp fighting must be expected there.

.... The case of Matthews, murdered at New Haven, by a deluded religious associate, is still a topic of comment.

.... The English people cheered the American minister in London, lately, to show their good feeling to his country.

During the last year, \$12,000,000 worth of beef was consumed by our New York friends. Rather a heavy outlay.

.... A farmer in Virginia, whose farm cost \$13,000, sold \$10,500 worth of produce from it this year.

.... The next Fair of the United States Agricultural Society will probably be held in the city of Philadelphia.

.... Coasting and skating accidents have commenced. Persons cannot be too careful in their winter sports.

.... Many persons have imagined Mrs. Pike to be the author of "Caste." This is now denied authoritatively.

.... Dr. Bellows's church in New York—that of "All Souls"—was recently dedicated with appropriate ceremonies.

.... A citizen of Lebanon, Ct., recovered damages of the town, for falling down an embankment which required fencing.

.... One hundred and fifty canal boats, with flour for Louis Napoleon, are frozen in between Schenectady and Little Falls.

JOHN BULL AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

The brutal attempts of the London Times to create a feeling hostile to this country in the breasts of the English people, have been disastrous failures, and seriously weakened the influence of that journal in Great Britain. How the masses of the British people actually feel towards this country was recently demonstrated in a truly emphatic and gratifying manner. When our minister, Mr. Buchanan, made his appearance at Guildhall, in London, on the occasion of a public festival, the entire audience received him with enthusiastic cheers, while the band struck up the air of Yankee Doodle in his honor—an air once played by the British bands in America by way of derision and insult to our people. So entirely occupied were these sturdy Britons with the American minister, that they completely overlooked M. de Persigny, the ambassador of their great French ally. A more significant incident has rarely occurred. It shows conclusively that the British people understand us, respect us, and have no idea of permitting their statesmen and diplomatists to involve the two nations in a fratricidal strife.

John Bull is really a good fellow at heart. He has his faults—and we have occasionally pointed them out, and perhaps with something of malicious pleasure, when vexed by his occasional ebullitions. But there is a deal of magnanimity in him. How handsomely he acknowledged the victory of the yacht America! How nobly he spoke out in favor of the great mechanical inventions with which we astonished the natives at his Crystal Palace! It was in this way—by exhibiting the practical results of our independence, that we showed him how well worth cultivating pacific relations with us were and ever will be. He goes to war with us? not he! He may get warm sometimes while discussing by-gones over a pot of "alf an' alf," but the idea of his lifting his hand in anger against us, or making himself again a target for our Kentucky rifles, is preposterous. There is a good deal of life and hope left in the old fellow yet, and he has no idea of committing suicide just yet awhile. We honor him for his sturdy good sense, and his genuine good feeling; we shake hands with him across the water, and are willing to forget and forgive in the same spirit which he manifests.

Poor Johnny! we fancy he is rather sick of fighting, just about these times. He hasn't so much spare coin to rattle in his pockets as he used to have before he went to loggerheads with that great overgrown Russian bear, for whom he has a vague notion in his noddle that we have the warmest sympathy. He pretends he is quite indifferent about peace with Russia—had rather fight than not; but with all due deference to his indomitable pluck, we think we hear him cheering lustily at the news of peace. Peace, good Johnny, is an excellent thing—stick to that text. You may preach a thousand sermons on it, and yet never wear it out. Peace, my friend, is the normal condition of humanity.

"Our rugged hands (Watts improved) were never made
To tear each others' eyes."

but to chop logs, and build clippers and steam engines, and plow, and sow, and reap, and write and print books, and perform a variety of "chores," as we call them, or "jobs," as you designate them in your purer Saxon. And with this remark, friend Johnny, we kindly bid you good-night.

EASY WORK.

It is related of a man about town that, happening into the office of an editorial friend, he found him hard at work with his pen. "What! do you work?" exclaimed the genteel lounger. "Sometimes," replied the editor, with a smile. "In-deed! I thought you never worked."—"And my stories—my sketches—my editorials—how did you think they were manufactured?"—"O, a few pages to be written—that's nothing! You take a scrap of paper on the edge of a table, and scribble off an article in the pauses of conversation."—"You think so?"—"They told me so at the club."—"Just try it, my dear fellow," said the journalist, pushing pens, ink and paper to his friend. This was a poser. But how many there are in the world who think that literary matter springs up spontaneously like Eve's flowers. Let such individuals once "try it," and they'll discover their mistake.

A GLANCE AT PRIVATE LIBRARIES.—This is the title of a pamphlet recently issued by Crocker & Brewster, of this city, from the pen of Rev. Luther Farnham. It contains notices of the principal private libraries in this city and its neighborhood, embracing the valuable collections of Everett, Ticknor, Prescott, and other scholars, and alluding to those of liberal merchants and others imbued with a taste for letters. It is a highly interesting sketch, and the author's remarks on the influence of books are graceful and original.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.—There is a lovely Scotch girl in Paris, whither she has come for medical treatment, who goes to sleep wherever she goes—even at the opera. We should suppose she accomplished this as Pat told the captain he did, "by paying particular attention to it." But with this girl somnambulism is involuntary.

OUR NEXT LARGE PICTURE.—In our next number we shall publish a splendid original representation of the "Battle of Lake Erie," executed in the same superb and finished style as the other large engravings of the series. It will be pronounced the finest naval engagement we have yet presented.

"THE HOUSE BY THE SEA."—A second perusal of this wild metrical legend, by Read, confirms us in the opinion we have already expressed of it. It is destined to make a lasting impression. It may be obtained of Whittemore, Niles & Hall.

NATURAL HISTORY—BIRDS.

On our last page will be found an original drawing and engraving prepared expressly for our paper, and executed in the same style as our other natural history illustrations which have attracted so much commendation. No. 1, on this page is the peacock (*Pavo Cristatus*), the bird of Juno, one of the most splendid individuals of the feathered race. No. 2, is the Argus Pheasant, found in Sumatra and the eastern parts of Europe. It derives its name from the shepherd Argus, who had a hundred eyes, and was set by Juno to watch Io. No. 3, is the common Guinea fowl (*Meleagris*) or Pintado, originally brought from Africa. The sisters of Meleager were believed by the ancients to have been metamorphosed into birds, with feathers sprinkled with the tears shed for his loss—hence the Latin name of this fowl. No. 4, is the Red Grouse, a favorite game bird of Great Britain, and No. 5, the Black Grouse or black cock, the prize of sportsmen on the Scottish heath. No. 6, is our Prairie Chicken—the male bird, as he appears when excited and angry. No. 7 represents the Partridge. No. 8, the Ostrich, is too familiar to our readers to require description. No. 10 will be recognized by all New Englanders as our annual Thanksgiving victim. No. 11 shows us Chanticleer in all his glory. In the group numbered 9, we have a collection of fancy pigeons—Fantails, the Carrier (No. 3) and the Pouter (No. 2), a singular bird which is enabled to inflate its crop with air till its head is almost concealed by it.

RUSSIA.

One of these days we shall get at the truth concerning the condition of Russia, physical and financial, during the Russian war. As it is, most of our accounts reach us through a medium which deflects and destroys the rays of intelligence. Of course, Russia has suffered severely during the present war; but we are inclined to think the sufferings of Russia are proportionably less than those of the allies. An intelligent Parisian correspondent of the National Intelligencer says:—"That Russia feels the pressure of this war there can be no doubt, but in no comparison to what the allies suffer from it. Except in the Crimea, her territory during the last year has been unassailed; for in the Baltic the allies have done nothing worthy of even a passing notice. She is defending the Crimea at infinitely less cost of blood and treasure than it cost the allies in attacking it; and with her sixty millions of subjects, and her 'Baskar Hordes,' she does not feel the loss of troops as do her enemies, upon whom the dreadful loss of life falls with fearful force."

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—This structure will be a hundred and twenty feet higher than the highest monument now in existence. The great pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt, is 480 feet high; the Washington column will be 600, and tower above its fellows, as the Father of his country does above the other great men of the past.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—The high price of flour during the past year diminished the number of marriage celebrations.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Randall, Mr. G. F. Hathaway, of Providence, to Miss Georgiana Darrow; by William Bates, Esq., Mr. William Emmons, aged 92, to Miss Sarah Thayer, aged 74; by Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. James B. Brooks to Miss Helen F. Burroughs; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. John Deau to Miss Helen Haskell, of Chelsea; Mr. John Hocking to Miss Mary E. Myers; by Rev. Mr. Lowe, Mr. John A. Bacon, of Bangor, Me., to Miss Rebecca G. Fabens.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Lothrop, Z. Silsbee Sampson, M. D., of Staten Island, N. Y., to Mrs. Helen M. Crane.—At Roxbury, Mr. Thomas A. Scott to Miss Martha A. Drake.—At Melrose, by Rev. Mr. Jameson, Mr. Thomas Knott to Miss Susan P. Hodges, both of Boston.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Ebenezer M. Henderson to Miss Sarah Allen.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Woodbury, Mr. George W. Adams to Miss Emily E. Butters.—At Lawrence, by William Morse, Esq., Mr. Orville Sessions, of Boston, to Miss Mary Jane Seavy.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Anthon, Mr. Charles R. Washburn, to Miss Sarah N. Woodward.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Fiske, Rev. Alexander Sinclair, of Alleghany City, Pa., to Miss Ellen C. Plummer.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Closson, Mr. Warren Collier to Miss Louisa Gleason.—At Shrewsbury, by Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. H. R. Pratt to Miss Jane E. Wyman.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Sophia B. Tufts, 38; Mr. William Allison, 50; Mrs. Ann Maria Wheeler, 47; Mr. Samuel Gregg, 83; Mr. David H. Griffin, 57; Mrs. Emily R., wife of M. C. Greene, M. D., 36.—At East Boston, Miss Temperance Clapp, 88.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Elizabeth F. Richardson, 29; Mr. Joseph Parker, 85; Mr. Samuel G. Richards, 40; Mrs. Susan P. Cooper, 29.—At Roxbury, Mr. Charles Augustus Hodgdon, 22.—At Chelsea, Mrs. Nancy Jane Libby, 21.—At Cambridgeport, Widow Phebe Gookin, 81.—At East Cambridge, Mr. Gilman W. Taylor, 25.—At Brookline, Mr. Bela Stoddard, 68.—At Somerville, Mr. George W. Paige, 28; Miss Lucy E. Park, 24.—At Brighton, Mrs. Susan Everett, 64; Mr. Samuel L. Day, 35.—At Medford, Mrs. Mary A. Lewis, 22.—At West Dedham, Mr. Samuel French, 69.—At Rowley, Mr. Samuel Wilds, 24; Miss Sarah Chaplin, 23.—At Newburyport, Mr. Richard Welch, 76.—At Woburn, Miss Abbie E. Jaquith, 19.—At Braintree, Mr. David Loud, a revolutionary pensioner, 95.—At South Dartmouth, Mr. Royal D. Snow, 37.—At Pittsfield, Miss Philena Field, 65.—At Dudley, Mr. Calvin Chamberlin, 83.—At Worcester, Mr. William Maio, formerly of Scotland, 72.—At New Bedford, Dwight Perry, Esq., 59; Mr. Joseph Warner, 58.—At Plymouth, Mr. Gleason H. Tribble, 43; Mr. John Chase, 84.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE THREE CALLERS.

BY FANNY BELL.

Morn' call'eth fondly to a fair boy, straying
Mid golden meadows, rich with clover dew;
She calls—but he still thinks of nought save playlog,
And so she smiles and waves him an adieu.
Whilst he, still merry with his flowery store,
Deems not that morn—sweet morn—returns no more.

Noon cometh—but the boy, to manhood growing,
Heeds not the time—he sees but one fair form.
One young, fair face, from bower of jasmine glowing,
And all his loving heart with bliss is warm.
So noon, unnoticed, seeks the western shore,
And man forgets that noon returns no more.

Night tappeth gently at a casement, gleaming
With the thin fire-light, flickering faint and low,
By which a gray-haired man is sadly dreaming
O'er pleasures gone—as all life's pleasures go.
Night calls him to her—and he leaves his door,
Silent and dark—and he returns no more.

[Translated for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A STORY OF BEETHOVEN.

BY FRANCIS A. DERIVAGE.

You know that Beethoven was born in a house in the *Rheingasse* (Rhine Street), but at the time I made his acquaintance, he was lodging over a humble little shop near the *Römerplatz* (Roman Square). He was then very poor—so poor that he went out only in the night-time, on account of the dilapidated condition of his wardrobe. Still he had a piano, pens, paper, ink, and a few books, and, notwithstanding his privations, sometimes enjoyed a moment's happiness. He was not yet deaf, and could enjoy at least the harmony of his own compositions—a consolation which was afterwards denied him.

One winter evening I entered his room, for I wished to take him out to walk, and afterwards to sup with me. I found him seated at the window in the moonlight, without fire or candles, his face hid in his hands, and his whole body shivering with cold, for it was a sharp, frosty night. I roused him from his apathy, persuaded him to accompany me, and exhorted him to shake off his sadness. He went out with me, but he was gloomy and desponding that evening, and rejected all my encouragement.

"I hate the world!" said he, vehemently. "I hate myself! No one understands me, or troubles himself about me. I have genius, and I am treated like a Pariah. I have a heart, and no one to love. I would that all were ended, and forever. I would that I were sleeping tranquilly at the bottom of yonder river. There are moments when it costs me a struggle to resist the temptation of casting myself into it."

And he pointed to the Rhine—the broad Rhine—whose frosty waves glittered in the moonbeams. I made no reply. It was useless to argue with Beethoven, and I allowed him to go on in the same tone. He did not cease till we re-entered the city, and then he fell into a mournful silence. We were passing through a narrow street near the Coblenz gate; suddenly he stopped.

"Hush!" said he, "what noise is that?"

I listened, and heard the feeble accents of an old harpsichord proceeding from a neighboring house. It was a plaintive melody, and, notwithstanding the ingratitude of the instrument, the performer imparted to the piece a great tenderness of expression.

Beethoven looked at me with a sparkling eye.

"It is from my symphony in F!" said he. "Here is the house. Listen!—how well it is played!"

The house was small and humble; a light shone through the chinks of the shutters. We stopped to listen. The playing went on, and the two following phrases were rendered with the same fidelity and expression. In the midst of the finale, there was a sudden interruption—the silence of a moment. Then we heard a stifled sob.

"I cannot go on," said a feminine voice. "I cannot do more, this evening, Frederick!"

"Why, sister?"

"I hardly know why, except that it is so beautiful that I feel my entire incapacity to play it properly. O, what would I give to go this evening to Cologne! There is a concert at the Kaufhaus there, and all sorts of fine music—a concert must be so delightful!"

"Ah, dear sister," said Frederick, sighing, "one must be rich to command this pleasure. What use is it to form regrets when there is no help? We can hardly pay our rent—why think of things which are beyond our reach?"

"You are right, Frederick. And yet for a moment when I am playing, I long to hear once in my life good music—well executed. But it is useless—useless!"

There was something singularly touching in the tone and repetition of these last words. Beethoven looked at me.

"Let us go in," said he, abruptly.

"Go in!" I cried. "How?—why?"

"I will play for her," he replied, with vivacity. "She has feeling, genius and intelligence. I will play for her, and she will appreciate me."

And before I could prevent him, he had placed his hand on the door; it was merely latched, and opened immediately. I followed him into a dark entry towards a low door on the right; he pushed it open, and we found ourselves in a low, naked room, with a little stove at one end, and a few rude pieces of furniture. A pale young man was seated at a table working on a shoe. Near him,

leaning sadly on a harpsichord, was a young girl, over whose face fell a profusion of beautiful blond hair. Both were decently but very poorly clad, and both sprang to their feet and turned towards us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, with much embarrassment. "Pardon me, but I heard music, and I was tempted to enter. I am a musician."

The young girl blushed, and the young man assumed a severe, almost irritated expression.

I also overheard some of your words," continued my friend. "You wished to hear—that is to say—you would like—in a word, do you wish me to play something for you?"

There was something so strange, so odd, and so abrupt in the whole affair, and something so amusing and eccentric in the manner of the speaker, that the ice was broken in a moment, and our hosts smiled involuntarily.

"I thank you," said the cobbler; "but our harpsichord is a poor one, and then we have no music."

"No music!" repeated my friend. "How then did the fraulein—"

He paused and blushed, for the young girl had just turned towards him, and by her sad and dimmed eyes, he had discovered that she was blind.

"I beg you will pardon me," he stammered; "but I did not notice at first—you play from memory, then?"

"Entirely."

"And where did you hear this music, since you do not go to concerts?"

"I heard a lady who was our neighbor when we lived at Bruhl, two years ago. In the summer evenings her window was always open, and I used to walk in front of the house to hear her."

"And you never heard any other music?"

"Never, except street music."

She seemed somewhat intimidated, so Beethoven began to play. Never did I hear such energy, such passionate tenderness, so many infinite gradations of melody and modulation. He was truly inspired, and from the moment his fingers began to move over the harpsichord, the notes of the instrument seemed to become smoother and smoother.

We remained seated listening breathlessly. The brother and sister were mute with astonishment, and as if in ecstasy. The former laid aside his work; the latter, her head bent slightly forward, had drawn near the end of the harpsichord, both hands pressed against her breast, as if she feared the beating of her heart would interrupt accents of such magical sweetness. It seemed as if we were the prey of a strange dream, and our only fear was to awaken too suddenly. Suddenly the flame of the single candle vacillated; the wick, burned to the end, fell and went out. Beethoven stopped. I opened the shutter to admit the rays of the moon. It grew nearly as light as before in the room, and the rays were brightest on the musician and the harpsichord.

But the accident seemed to have broken the chain of Beethoven's ideas. His head inclined upon his breast, his hands were placed on his knees—he seemed plunged in profound meditation. We remained thus for some time. At last the young cobbler arose, approached him, and said in a low and respectful tone:

"Wonderful man! Who are you?"

Beethoven raised his head and looked at him with an absent air, as if he had not understood the sense of the words. The cobbler repeated his question. The composer smiled as he only could smile, with regal sweetness and benevolence.

"Listen!" said he. And he played the first bars of the symphony in F. A cry of joy escaped the lips of brother and sister. They recognized him, and exclaimed: "Then you are Beethoven!" and covered his hands with kisses and tears.

He rose to go, but our entreaties succeeded in retaining him.

"Play once more—only once more."

He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The rays of the moon came brilliantly through the curtainless window, and irradiated his massive and severe brow.

"I am going to improvise a sonata to the moonlight," said he, with a sportive air. He gazed for a few moments on the sky studded with stars; then his fingers touched the keys, and he began to play in a low, sad, but infinitely sweet tone. Harmony flowed from the instrument sweet and equal as the light the moon pours on the shadows of the earth. His delicious prelude was followed by a light, gay, capricious movement, a sort of burlesque interlude, like a dance of fays at midnight on the greensward. Then came a rapid *agitato finale*—a breathless, tremulous, precipitate movement, describing flight and uncertainty, which carried us away on shuddering wings, and left us at the close moved and astonished.

"Farewell!" said Beethoven, abruptly, pushing back his chair, and moving towards the door, "Farewell!"

"You will come back!" said both our hosts in a breath.

He paused and looked at the blind girl with an air of compassion, almost of tenderness.

"Yes, yes," he replied, hurriedly. "I will return and give the fraulein some lessons. Farewell—I will soon return."

They accompanied us as far as the street door in a silence more eloquent than words, and remained standing on the threshold till they could no longer see or hear us.

"Let us make haste home," said Beethoven, in the street, "that I may note down this sonata while it is yet fresh in my memory."

We went to his room, and he remained writing till daybreak. Such is the history of the "Moonlight Sonata" we all admire so warmly. Beethoven never set foot again in that humble house. The excitement passed, the interest inspired by the blind girl faded away; and although the brother and sister doubtless expected him for a long time, he thought no more of them, unless, perhaps, when his eyes fell on the pages of this sonata. Is not this the common rule of life?

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Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

In writing letters, please be careful to write names of post-office and State plainly as possible. Also, write individual names distinctly.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

During 1854, eighty-two persons committed suicide in Massachusetts, of whom fifty-nine were males and twenty-three were females. — The lowest bid for building the new insane hospital at Northampton was made by Norcross & Co., of Lowell—about \$150,000. The highest bid was \$325,000, and most of the others are understood to approach very near the last figure. — Five hundred thousand dollars of the two millions capital stock of the Park Bank in New York, have already been subscribed, \$100,000 of which was taken in Boston. — The shippers of gold from California to New York, it is said, have paid between three and four millions of dollars to the New York insurance companies in the last five years; while the aggregate losses of the insurers have not exceeded \$200,000. — The Western New York railroads are taxed to their utmost capacity for transporting the large amount of freight offering. — A large quantity of arms was recently stolen from the Harrisburg, Pa., arsenal, and sent to New York, where it is supposed they were to be sold to filibusters, to be used in Nicaragua. The arms have been recovered, and certain parties who were connected in the robbery arrested. — A bill has been introduced into the Georgia legislature for the creation of an office of State geologist and chemist, the salary being fixed at \$2000 a year. — A person who desires to remain unknown has addressed to the chief of the Russian legation at Washington a check for four thousand dollars, to be transmitted to his government to be distributed among the widows and orphans of the Russian soldiers who fell at Sebastopol bravely fighting for their homes. — John Crowley, in Philadelphia, attempted to murder his mother, lately, while in a state of insanity, caused by spiritualism. — There are several Chinese firms in California that have invested over \$500,000 in their business; and more than two millions of dollars capital are invested in the trade between San Francisco and China, owned and controlled by Chinamen residing in that city. — The project of uniting the cities of New York and Brooklyn in one municipality will probably be urged upon the legislature the ensuing session. — Mother Delphine, who died in Baltimore, aged 66 years, was the oldest nun of the Carmelite order in the United States. Her name was Elizabeth Smith, and she was the last surviving child of the late Capt. John Smith, of the Maryland line, in the struggle for independence. — Van Diemen's Land exists no longer, the queen having acceded to a petition from the colony, praying that the name of Van Diemen's Land should be changed to "Tasmania." — When Alexander I. of Russia was crowned emperor, some bitter observer has remarked that he had the assassins of his grandfather on either side, while those who were to be his own assassins brought up the rear. — Longfellow's glorious epic, "The Song of Hiawatha," is having an immense sale in England. — An eccentric gentleman of fortune, named Saunders, has taken a fancy to build a house in the neighborhood of London with stones from the fortifications of Sebastopol! He has gone out in a little vessel of his own for the purpose of obtaining them. There is no accounting for taste. — The supreme court of Louisiana has finally settled the long-disputed case of Mrs. Gaines, in her favor. The property involved is immense. — A girl in Kinderhook, N. Y., about two years ago was visited in bed by an apparition, who or which informed her that she would die at the age of eighteen years—and the prediction has come to pass. Such is the force of imagination. — Mr. Jones has sent from Europe to his house here in Boston—Jones, Shreve, Brown & Co.—one of the most beautiful and purest diamonds ever imported into this city. — Among the imports from Hamburg, recently, at New York, were two bulls, which were valued at \$5000 each, and entered accordingly at the Custom House, as the cost price at the place of purchase in Germany. It is well for the importer that there was no duty on them. Animals for breed are free. — The Count de Morny, the reputed son of Queen Hortense, the mother of Napoleon III., and the executor of the *coup d'état* of the 2d December, it is said is about to marry a young American lady, without fortune. The count has a fortune of fifteen millions of francs acquired in speculations. — There is a passenger car on the Milwaukee and Mississippi road that has run 125,000 miles and never has been repaired to the worth of a dollar.

AMERICAN BROADCLOTH.—Our broadcloth has now gained for itself a character too solid to be easily injured. Its introduction, however, was a work of no small difficulty, because it had to contend against a very foolish prejudice, that such goods could not be well manufactured among us. The first broadcloth made by the power loom was at the factory of Arthur Schufeldt, Pittsfield, Mass., in 1826. There are now in the same county (Berkshire) 924 looms and 97 cards in operation, producing annually 906,000 yards of woolen goods.

CRIME OF BELLS IN CAMBRIDGE.—We learn from the Cambridge Chronicle that efforts are being made to place a chime of bells in the tower of Christ Church, Old Cambridge. The project has been undertaken by gentlemen graduates of Harvard, and a subscription of \$3000 is to be raised for the purpose.

THE UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.—The American exhibitors at the Paris Exhibition were treated quite well on the whole. A considerable number of medals were distributed among them, and many who received no medals were honorably spoken of.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.—The heroic Miss Nightingale has decided to remain at her post in the Crimean hospitals all winter. There will be enough for her to do, though far less than last year.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—Henry Willard, Esq. has leased this establishment for five years.

Wayside Gatherings.

More than eight thousand copies of Tennyson's "Maud," it is said, have been already sold.

Chief Justice Taney has sold his Baltimore place of residence, and will hereafter reside in Washington.

A workman fell from the roof of a house in Suffield, Ct., a distance of fifty feet, and was instantly killed.

There are nine persons in Chili 118 years of age and upwards. One is 133 years of age, and six others 120 or above.

The Boston Atlas says that the sales of boots and shoes, by jobbing houses in Boston alone, amount to \$2,000,000 annually.

Furs are becoming universally used for ladies' cloaks and victorines; for gentlemen's gloves, caps, coat-collars, cuffs and mufflers.

The secretary of the interior has decided that the volunteers who were engaged in the removal of the Cherokee Indians are entitled to bounty lands.

The case of Mason Brothers vs. Horace Greeley et al., for libel in the Tribune, has been settled, the Tribune having agreed to publish the plaintiff's card.

The House of Representatives of Tennessee has adopted a resolution in favor of the restoration of Lieutenant Manry to his former position in the United States Navy.

The Detroit Advertiser announces the decease, in that city, of Mrs. Pasell, at the age of 103 years. At the time of her birth the French were in possession of the city.

Slavery in Egypt has been abolished; not only the buying and selling of slaves is forbidden, but all those in possession of private individuals have been informed that they were free.

The sum of \$8300 is to be granted by the New York Common Council as a compensation for reporting the proceedings of that body for a year. There are eight reporters in service.

A few days since, as Oscar P. Cogswell was boiling some alcohol at Cato, New York, the liquor caught fire and splashed over him, burning him so badly that he died in a few minutes.

The Detroit Free Press says that at a matrimonial office in that city, lately, a couple were married, who, until fifteen minutes previous to the ceremony had never seen each other. Quick work that.

There is an African church in the city of New York, which has this motto placed in a conspicuous place on the front wall: "The people which sat in darkness saw a great light." St. Matthew 4: 16.

Mlle. Cruvelli is still halting uncertain between the foot-lights and the bridal altar. The former offers \$36,000 a year, with four months' leave of absence; the latter, a coronet, a "plum," a home, and happiness.

The wild game market of New York is unsurpassed by that of any other city in the world. It is supplied from the prairies of the West, the forest regions of the Canadas, and even from Europe and other climes.

The enterprise of constructing a railroad across the isthmus of Florida, so as to bring the Gulf and Atlantic ports into more immediate intercourse, is progressing successfully. Three hundred men are employed on the road.

Mr. Henry Grinnell has received a letter from the British minister, communicating the thanks of the English government for the enterprising humanity of Mr. Grinnell in sending out expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin.

The Sacramento (Cal.) Tribune says that there resides within a few miles of that city, a girl only sixteen years of age, who weighs four hundred and fifteen pounds, and is increasing in flesh at the rate of three pounds per week.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times says that lately, three young men arrayed themselves in crimson horse blankets, and paraded the fashionable promenades in that city, causing the lady-like young gents with the shawls to blush not a little.

Maine, during the last forty years, has built three eighths of the whole of the United States tonnage. And though other States have immensely increased in their shipbuilding of late, that State still enjoys the same pre-eminence over every one.

Robert Bunyan, Esq., aged eighty years, the last male descendant in a direct line from John Bunyan, the author of the celebrated allegory, "Pilgrim's Progress," died at his residence in Grecian Place, Lincoln, England, on the 17th of November.

The business of otter hunting has now become one of the legitimate occupations of California. These marine animals abound along the entire length, not only of the Californian coast, but for a considerable distance along the southern coast of Oregon.

A member of the British association for the advancement of science, recently stated at a meeting of the society, that there were only two articles manufactured for food in England that were not adulterated, viz., common salt and refined lump sugar.

Stephen Salisbury has lately given to the American Antiquarian Society five thousand dollars, as a fund for binding the books and papers of that institution. This, with former donations made by Mr. Salisbury to the same society, amounts to about fifteen thousand dollars.

The exports of wheat from Toronto during the past season amount to 621,000 bushels, of which 594,000 went to the United States. The exports of flour for the same period comprise 147,000 barrels, of which 115,400 went to United States ports—the result of reciprocity.

In the Superior Court at Norwich Ct., Miss Ellen M. Wheeler, daughter of Mr. Ephraim Wheeler, deceased, recovered a verdict of \$500 damages against Mr. Ralph Coates, for killing a fine Newfoundland dog belonging to Miss Wheeler, and for injuring her in her efforts to save her pet.

The infernal traffic in Chinese laborers, for Peruvian employ, is still carried on. It is stated in print that a ship lately sailed from China with six hundred and five, and landed four hundred and four, leaving two hundred and one who either died or drowned themselves on the passage.

The law of Delaware punishes with severity all manner of crime. A man named Laborious has just been convicted at Wilmington of horse stealing, and sentenced to restore to the owner \$250, to pay a fine of \$100 to the State, to stand in the pillory an hour, and be whipped with twenty lashes.

The Society for the relief of Destitute Orphan Boys, at New Orleans, have applied for a mandamus to compel the commissioners of the McDonough estate to pay over to them some \$75,000, being one eighth of the revenue and rents of the estate of the deceased, to which they claim to be entitled under his will.

A late number of the Collegiate Mirror, published at Holly Springs, Miss., announces that the honorary degree of "Mistress of Arts" has been conferred upon Mrs. Hale and Mrs. Sigourney, and publishes the letters of acknowledgment written by these ladies. This is a notable sign of the times, as indicative of women's rights and titles.

Foreign Items.

Madame Ristori is creating a *furor* at Berlin. At Paris she was a formidable rival to Rachel.

The king of Hanover has conferred upon the sculptor, Ranch, the rank of a commander of the Guelphic Order, in the second class.

The London papers announce that a Russian spy has been arrested in Paris, and that important papers have been discovered in his possession.

The Emperor Napoleon has recalled to France eleven regiments from the Crimea. This is looked upon by many as a sign of approaching peace.

Sir Colin Campbell is to receive from the people of Glasgow, a magnificent Highland basket-hilted dress sword, the cost of which will be £200.

The Odessa Imperial Commercial Bank has suspended its cash payments, and the people are told by the police that by refusing to take bank notes they display animosity toward government!

The queen of England has been memorialized in favor of Mr. Bates, one of the fraudulent bankers. The ground on which his pardon is urged is, that he was not cognizant of the guilt of his partners.

General Canrobert is about to marry the daughter of one of the physicians of the emperor, a beautiful lady, thirty-two years of age, who has hitherto rejected all proposals of marriage, and who will bring to her husband, as dowry, an income of 100,000 francs.

As a warning to all foreign musicians, the "Fire Engine" of Berlin publishes a list of eighty-six concerts already announced as to be given, and adds that this list does not include various series of concerts annually given by societies of that capital.

Sands of Gold.

.... To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.—*Shakespeare.*

.... The world has not yet learned the riches of frugality.—*Cicero.*

.... To be a great man one must know how to profit by the whole of one's fortune.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Cowards die many times before their deaths; the valiant never taste of death but once.—*Shakespeare.*

.... For wars drive up riches in heaps, as winds drive up snows, making and concealing many abysses.—*Landor.*

.... Injuries accompanied by insults are never forgiven: all men, on these occasions are good haters, and lay out their revenge at compound interest.—*Colton.*

.... Democracy is always the work of kings. Ashes, which in themselves are sterile, fertilize the land they are cast on.—*Landor.*

Love seizes on us suddenly, without giving warning, and our disposition or our weakness favors the surprise; one look, one glance from the fair, fixes and determines us.—*La Bruyere.*

.... That nation that loses her liberty is not aware of her misfortune at the time, any more than the patient is who receives a paralytic shock. He who first tells either of them what has happened, is repulsed as a simpleton or a churl.—*Landor.*

.... If envy, like anger, did not burn itself in its own fire, and consume and destroy those persons it possesses, before it can destroy those it wishes worst to, it would set the whole world on fire, and leave the most excellent persons the most miserable.—*Lord Clarendon.*

Joker's Budget.

A woman advertising for a husband, wants him to be not only "strictly religious," but of "good character."

What bird is that which it is absolutely necessary that we should have at our dinner, and yet need neither be cooked nor served up! A swallow.

Ignorance and cruelty are as closely connected as Damon and Pythias. Who ever saw a fighter who did not spell philosophy with an "F"? We pause for a reply.

A wit being asked by a seedy poet whether he thought he had ever written anything that would live, replied: "Before you trouble yourself on that score, I advise you to write something that will let you live."

An exchange tells of an editor who went a soldiering and was chosen captain. One day at parade, instead of giving the orders, "Front face, three paces forward," he exclaimed: "Cash, two dollars a year, in advance."

The individual who tried to clear his conscience with an egg, is now endeavoring to raise his spirits with yeast. If he fails in this, it is his deliberate intention to blow out his brains with a bel-lows, and sink calmly into the arms of a young lady.

In the Malay language, the same word signifies women and flowers. So far so good. But Hunx, the old bachelor, says, "it is a delicate way of intimating that each is remarkable for its (s)talk." Sly old varmint. Deserves a broomstick!

The following advertisement appeared in an Irish paper: "Whereas John Hall has fraudulently taken several articles of wearing apparel without my knowledge, this is therefore to inform him that if he does not forthwith return the same his name shall be made public."

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BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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6 CENTS SINGLE.

VICTOR EMMANUEL, KING OF SARDINIA.

The large portrait on this page has been engraved for us from an authentic model, and its general resemblance to the various heads of the King of Sardinia, called forth by his recent visit to his allies, the sovereigns of France and England, convinces us that it must be a good likeness, allowing for the flattery which a painter always bestows on a crowned head. An English correspondent of one of our exchanges gives the following notes on the personal appearance of the king, whom he describes with a good deal of spirit. He says:—"A king who comes a wooing (a matrimonial project was said to have been the motive of the visit to England) is an object of interest. Consult the British press foretold, and you will be gratified to learn therefrom that the majesty of Sardinia is 'dignified in appearance, although not of commanding stature!' Now really this description of Emmanuel's person would lead us to suppose that the reporters who drew his portrait had been favored with places on the wrong side of the fence of divinity that doth hedge a king, and were compelled to draw on their imagination for the likeness of what the monarch ought to be. Your correspondent has not had the felicity of gazing at the anointed Sarde, but has a word-painting of his highness by a *litterateur* who is skilful in seizing correct portraiture. Imagine (says our verbal daguerreotypist) an exact reproduction of Emmanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, who flourished just three hundred years ago, and is described by historians as 'hardy, indefatigable, studious, penetrating, light-haired and bow-legged.' Here you have Emmanuel Victor, King of Sardinia, as he appears among us at this present,—with the addition that the modern Emmanuel wears an enormous moustache that envelopes him like a garment of hay-colored hair. 'The king himself' is a mere individual wrapped up in an enormous beard. When a favorable gust blows an opening in this saffron meteor, as storm-winds make a rift in clouds, you have a temporary glimpse of an irregularly built nose flanked by two peculiarly shrewd eyes. The 'balance' of the king is comprised in a thick-set blue jacket laced with silver, with pants of a circumflex shape and cerulean hue. On his shoulder hangs a little cloak, and on his head a little hat with a little feather, forming altogether a structure of about five feet and a half from the ground. As to his age, he looks old enough to be his own father, although the *Almanac de Gotha* does not assign him so peculiar a paternity. And yet this plain little king is not without a self-possessed bearing, that has, no doubt, come down, with his beard, from his Longobard ancestry." Victor Emmanuel Albert Eugene Ferdinand Thomas (formerly Prince Royal and Duke of Savoy) was born March 14, 1820. In 1842, he married the second daughter of the Arch-

duke Regner, the former viceroy of Milan, who had himself married the sister of Charles Albert, the father of the young prince. He is thus closely related to the Emperor of Austria. When his lamented father recommenced the war of liberation in 1849, and marched against the Austrians, Victor Emmanuel, full of zeal for the liberal cause, took the field and shared the toils and honors of that campaign, which resulted in the disastrous defeat of the libe-

erals in the battle of Novara, fought March 24, 1849. Charles Albert returned to his palace the evening after the battle. The council had already heard a vague rumor of his intended resignation, and awaited, with sad faces, the monarch's communication. The king advanced with dignity, and said:—"Gentlemen, fortune has betrayed your courage and my hope. Our army is dissolved. It would be impossible to prolong the struggle. My task is ac-

complished, and I think I shall render an important service to my country by giving a last proof of devotedness in abdicating in favor of my son, Victor Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy. He will obtain from Austria conditions of peace, which she would refuse if treating with me." His auditors burst in tears, and his son strongly endeavored to persuade his father to relinquish the purpose he had announced. The king, however, was inflexible. "Gentlemen," said he, to the council, "I am no longer your king. Be as faithful and devoted to my son as you have been to me." When the chamber of deputies at Turin sent a committee to assure him of their willingness to provide for carrying on the war of liberation commenced by his father, Victor Emmanuel thanked them for their liberality and patriotism, and explained the circumstances in which he was placed. He said that his father had determined to abdicate in consequence of the heavy conditions imposed by the enemy, and which broke his heart,—that he had already obtained a considerable mitigation of the conditions, and hoped to secure yet further concessions. The republican party were not, however, satisfied with the best treaty that Victor Emmanuel could extort from Radetsky; and disturbances occurred in various parts of the kingdom, which it cost him some trouble to suppress. His administration of affairs thus far has been distinguished by liberality and the carrying out of various reforms, all of which he has accomplished in spite of the sinister influence of his dangerous neighbor and old enemy—Austria. He entered into the alliance with France and England from a principled hatred of Russian despotism, and the troops he has sent to the East have distinguished themselves by heroic bravery, and by a perfect drill and discipline, which speaks volumes in favor of the military capacity of the king, by whom they had been trained. The recent visit of Victor Emmanuel to England and France, was a series of ovations, and must have been highly gratifying to one of the most liberal, brave and enlightened sovereigns of Europe. The French and English vied with each other in doing him honor, and, as usual in all public displays, the French surpassed their neighbors in the good taste, splendor and completeness of their pageants. After receiving the Parisian ovation, Victor Emmanuel passed over to England, where he made a brief stay, and thence returned home.



VICTOR EMMANUEL, KING OF SARDINIA.

[Written expressly for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CONTRABANDIST:

—OR—

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IX.

ROSE AT THE CHATEAU.

THE following morning, Rose busied herself with a sad heart about her little household. It was the last time, for she knew not how long. The sun was nearing to noon. Hugh had gone out once again to the garden; and Gasparde, who had come in, was then with him. Rose waited alone the coming of her lover, who was to take his farewell of her in an hour. But he came earlier. She was seated by the hearth, on which the fire had been already kindled to prepare her last repast in the cottage. She leaned her head against the chimney side, and watched the dancing flames that leaped and glowed brightly before her. How long would it be ere she should watch them thus again?

Snidely she started, and the quick color rose to her cheek. Surely it was Robin's step! She was not deceived. And, rising, she hastened to the door. Robin himself entered, and silently clasped her to his heart. Rose could not speak for gathering tears; but her arms were thrown about her lover's neck, and her lips met his. They forgot, in that sad embrace, everything except the trouble that was busy in the heart of each.

But there was one witness whose sudden presence was unnoticed by them, in the form of Gasparde, who had entered from the garden simultaneously with the appearance of Robin, and who now stood at a little distance, regarding the lovers. There was a scowl as black as night upon his lowering brow, as he marked their meeting. Then he stole back to the garden. We

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

will not linger over that last interview. It was soon over. Hugh also had taken his farewell of Robin. And then the young man departed.

The day waned, and with the approach of evening, came the Marquis of Montauban and his daughter Helen. Rose was prepared to go. Hugh Lamonte received his guests with an emotion that his silence could not conceal. The marquis, both affected and embarrassed, could say little. Helen Montauban was the most self-possessed person present. Her calm and silvery tones supplied the pauses which her father's want of calmness left.

Rose did not know it then, but, by the request of the marquis and the consent of her father, she had become, in a manner, the adopted daughter of the former; and, for her sake, Hugh Lamonte was to enter into voluntary exile from his home. This was the cloud that shadowed his brow to-day. He took his farewell of her—gave her, silently, to Helen Montauban.

"But remember," he murmured, in low and husky tones, that had something almost of fierceness in them, to the marquis,— "remember, I shall claim her one day! You will not keep her. She is mine—she is mine, I tell you!"

Slowly the carriage rolled away, bearing Rose from the quiet and happy though humble home, where she had dwelt from infancy. She could not help weeping. The marquis was silent, but his pitying glance rested kindly upon her; and Mademoiselle Montauban, though she also refrained from speech, kindly drew the young girl to her side, and pressed her hand with gentle sympathy.

Rose felt the solicitude that their eloquent silence expressed more fully than words, and she was grateful for it. Resolved to show as little regret as possible, she endeavored to dry her tears, and smile; but, for a long time, the effort was a vain one.

It was not till they reached the gates of the court, and the carriage drew up, that she could trust herself to speak, and then, as the marquis himself assisted her to descend from it and conducted her to the saloon, the warm welcome he gave her, and the kind, encouraging words he spoke, comforted and assured her.

"Come," said Mademoiselle Montauban, pleasantly, "you will go with me now, Rose. We will return in a few moments," she added, addressing the marquis. And she led the way to her own apartment.

Summoning Jessie, she directed her to arrange Mademoiselle Lamonte's hair; and in a little while, Rose, ensconced in a magnificent *futail* of embroidered velvet, was placed under the skillful management of the active little *soubrette*, who was all satisfaction and exultation at having such a magnificent flow of tresses to arrange. Rose submitted herself to the brisk, yet careful and magical fingers of Jessie, with a half sigh. The dressing-table before her was scattered with glittering baubles, and a spray of pearls lay in her lap, where the maid had placed them previous to fastening them in her hair. She regarded all these trinkets with sadness; for her father, at that very moment, with his stick and his little bundle of scanty clothing, was traversing a lonely road that led to places many leagues away; and Robin, too,—ah, Robin!

"Do not the pearls suit, mademoiselle?" asked Jessie, respectfully, as she remarked the regretful expression of the young girl's countenance, and saw the ornaments lying unheeded where she had placed them.

"O, yes, Jessie,—yes! they are very beautiful. I was not thinking of them." And Rose sighed again.

Jessie looked perplexed a moment—no more. It was not her

affair what troubled Mademoiselle Lamonte, so that she was satisfied with her services.

In a little while, Rose was released from the hands of her *coiffeuse*, and attired in a robe of snowy silk. A broad circlet of pearls clasped one fair round arm, and a cluster of the same in her corsage, matched the spray that shone softly, like drops of liquid moonlight, in her dark chestnut braids. Her tiny feet were encased in slippers of softest satin, and a ring of rarest gems sparkled on her lovely hand. Mademoiselle Montauban led her to a mirror, with a quiet and satisfied smile.

She had anticipated blushes, surprise, exclamations of delight. But our pretty heroine glanced thoughtfully an instant at the fair shadow the mirror presented to her view, and then saying:

"Thank you, Jessie. You have dressed me very quickly," she turned to the side of Mademoiselle Montauban, who had stepped back a few paces, and raised her hand to her lips:

"Mademoiselle, what shall I say to you?" she asked, in a low tone, while her soft hazel eyes sparkled with gentle emotion.

"Tell me that you like my taste, and call me Helen, as you must do henceforth," answered the lady, pleased and interested more than ever in her lovely protegee.

"Helen!" said Rose, softly, and with timid and exquisite tenderness of voice and manner.

Mademoiselle Montauban uttered no word, but with a delicious emotion of pleasure filling her breast—a sensation that she had never experienced before, she put her arm about the slight form of her lovely companion and kissed her, saying, gently, as she did so:



PARTING INTERVIEW OF ROBIN AND ROSE.

"Dear Rose, you charm me!" There was an instant of silence. Helen Montauban felt that her eyes were filling with tears. The sensation she experienced was sweet as strange. But she roused herself. "Come, Rose," she said, with soft cheerfulness; "you have not told me, in so many words, yet, that I have chosen a becoming dress for you. Tell me if it is worthy so beautiful a face!" And she led the fair young girl once more to the mirror.

"It is perfect," answered Rose, quietly, and yet with a slight blush at Mademoiselle Montauban's compliment. "I like it for its plainness—its purity. You have most excellent taste."

"I am satisfied;" and Helen Montauban laughingly kissed her fair brow once more. "And now, Rose, will you consent to wait awhile till Jessie has attended to me, also? Your own maid has not arrived yet, and I do not expect her for three days; but she is worth waiting for. So, you see, one must suffice for us both until she comes. Now hasten, Jessie!" And she seated herself at the dressing-table, while Rose took up her station near, and alternately trilled with a book, and watched the proceedings of Helen's maid.

In little more than half an hour, the toilet of Mademoiselle Montauban was completed, and in a plain, yet elegant robe of glowing velvet that fitted her beautiful and regal figure admirably, and with ornaments similar to those of Mademoiselle Lamonte, she gathered up her cloud-like *mouchoir*, and, rising from her seat, announced herself as ready.

Together they descended to the saloon, the one so proud, so dazzling and fascinating, so beautiful in feature, so splendidly regal in figure and carriage—a maiden queen in loveliness and majesty; the other so fresh, and fair, and radiant, and no less charm-

ing in her pure and simple beauty, her native and modest grace. Helen Montauban paused a moment at the entrance of the saloon, and glanced down at her young companion with a smile of unselfish pride and exultation in the perfection that she surveyed; then, softly pressing her hand, she led her in.

The marquis stood at the farther end of the apartment, which was pervaded with the soft glow of the evening lamps, that had been brought in during their absence. He turned, as they entered, and advanced to meet them. His glance rested first on Helen and then on Rose, as they stood under the moonlight radiance of the shaded lamps. He paused—trembled—grew pale. His glance was fascinated by that pure young face, that light, fair shape, white-robed and shining, by Helen's side.

"Grand Dieu!" he murmurs. "Marguerite!"

They were not near enough to observe his sudden agitation; and as they came towards him, he passed his hand hurriedly across his brow. "It is Rose," he said to himself, "and yet I could have sworn she had risen from her grave—sweet Marguerite! But what a likeness!"

He grew even paler as she drew more near; he could scarcely command his emotions. But he went to meet them, and concealed, under a cheerful greeting and some light words of compliment, the agitation that he did not care to show.

Both Helen and Rose, however, noticed something unusual in his demeanor, but were at a loss to what to attribute it, and presently forgot it in the conversation which followed, and in which the marquis regained entirely his customary ease and self-possession.

A light repast was served in the saloon, and then they proceeded to the library, where they passed the remainder of the evening. The seat of Rose was drawn up to the favorite reading-table of the marquis, and Helen occupied a *futail* opposite, where, with her fine head supported by her hand, and her arm resting on the open volume beside her, she listened to or joined in the conversation, and ever and anon glanced with a thoughtful and well-pleased smile at the fair countenance of the young girl, who had already won a place in her proud heart.

The unwonted tenderness awakened there to-night had, though she herself was unconscious of it, effected as great a change in her appearance and demeanor as in her disposition, and the unusual warmth and gentleness of tone and manner, the softer and more frequent smile, the richer hue of her fair cheek, and the happier, kinder expression that beamed from her splendid dark eyes, could not but strike her father, and touch him most deeply, and the more so that he, too, was drawn by a sudden and irresistible sentiment of affection towards this young girl, for the first time to-night an inmate of his household, and who, for the first time, had struck, by her change of appearance, a chord in his breast which had long ceased to resound to mortal touch.

Both the marquis and his daughter were happier that night than they had been before for years; and each silently felt it to be so. Helen kissed her father more tenderly than usual when the hour for retiring drew near, and he embraced her affectionately.

"My second daughter!" he said, with a deeper emotion than either of them were aware of, as he also embraced Rose.

The tears glittered, warm and clear, on her young cheek, as she touched her lips to his. With bowed head and a heart too full for words, she received his blessing; and then Helen wound her arm about her waist, and led her away. Mademoiselle Montauban did not speak until they had ascended the staircase, and, passing along the great gallery, reached a door opposite that of her own apartment. She opened it.

"This, Rose, is your chamber," she said, as she entered with her. "I have chosen it, and arranged the furniture, I think, to suit you. See, here is the dressing-room, also. They are like my own, and, as you observe, directly opposite. And now," she bent down and kissed Rose with the utmost gentleness and affection, "good-night, Rose. I will send Jessie in early, to-morrow morning, and when she has finished dressing you, come to me. We will have a walk on the terrace before sunrise."

She was gone; and the young girl stood alone in the midnight silence of that quiet apartment. The lamps burning on the toilet shed a faint, subdued glow around. She threw herself upon a seat, and yielded herself up to thought, not unmingled with tears; for, from the tenderness of Helen, and the novelty of her present position, she reverted sadly to the scenes of the past—to her father—to Robin. Where were they now? When should she behold them again?

A slight change of attitude caused her silken robe to glisten softly in the mellow light that poured its rays about her person. She regarded it sadly. "I am glad Robin does not see this," she said to herself, as she touched its rich and magnificent folds.

The entrance of Jessie interrupted her meditations. Rose silently availed herself of the maid's services; but dismissed her as quickly as possible, and then sought her couch. To sleep, however, was impossible. Over-excitement denied the refreshment of rest. Rising, therefore, she wrapped a dressing-robe about her, and, in her little bare feet, glided softly across the chamber to the deep, cushioned recess of a Gothic casement which overlooked the valley, far away, in the direction of her former home. "How lonely—how deserted it must look now!" she said to herself, as, leaning on the broad stone sill, she rested her head upon her fair hand. "I wonder whether I shall ever find in this new abode the happiness I have known beneath that humble roof!"

The clear stars shone quietly in the deep blue of the August midnight, and their tender light revealed the sparkling tears that rested on her cheek. Softly the cool and fragrant night-winds wafted, from the opposite hills and from the dark woods around and beneath the chateau, the balm of repose to her over-wearied brow. Reclining upon the yielding cushions of the recess, her head gradually sank upon them, her young cheek pillowed on one fair round arm. Dreams hovered about her heavy eyes, whose snowy lids drooped slumberously. Rose slept.

* * * * *

"Mademoiselle, come and see how lovely she looks. *C'est un tel beau tableau!* Such a charming picture, mademoiselle! Come and see her—softly!" And Jessie, who had just been to the apartment of Rose, and come forth again on tiptoe with a smile of rapture, entered the chamber of her mistress, with the above words, spoken in a whisper.

Mademoiselle Montauban turned from the mirror, and crossed lightly to the opposite side of the gallery. Entering noiselessly, she, like Jessie, paused with pleasure and admiration at the "tableau" of the *soubrette's* eulogies met her view. For there, among the crimson cushions beneath the open casement, slept Rose Lamonte, in the same easy and graceful attitude in which she had sunk to slumber the night before. Her little hand still pillowed her head; the soft chestnut tresses strayed over the slightly flushed cheek, and fell in rare and heavy masses upon her shoulders; the red lips wore a smile. Rose was dreaming.

"*Qu'elle est charmante! n'est-ce pas, mademoiselle?*" murmured Jessie, delightedly.

Mademoiselle Montauban raised her finger to her lips:

"Hush!—you will wake her, Jessie. Yes—she is charming—beautiful!"

Slowly the dark hazel eyes unclosed; they rested inquiringly on the countenances of the lady and her attendant.

"My dear child, have you slept well?" asked Mademoiselle Montauban, with a quiet smile.

"Mademoiselle Helen!" uttered Rose, with a slight blush, and an air of perplexity, as she looked around; "slept!—ah, yes! I think—" She paused a moment, and then said, "O, I remember—I remember now! I could not sleep at first, and I came here to look out. I must have fallen asleep very easily."

"As it seems, Rose. And the window open directly above your head! It is a wonder you have not taken cold. Jessie came in to dress you, and found you lying here. We have both been admiring you. Did you dream of it, that you woke? But come, dear child; let Jessie attend to you now, and then we will go down to the terrace. The sun, you see, has not yet risen."

The toilet of Rose was quickly made. The light fingers of the maid adjusted the last braid of her beautiful hair. Jessie was in raptures over it. She was in her true element. "Only," she declared, "it was a great pity that such *magnifique* hair should be entirely confined as the modest taste of Mademoiselle Lamonte directed."

"So it is, Jessie,—so it is," agreed Mademoiselle Montauban, quietly; "and I mean that, at dinner, it shall be partially in curls. Nay—not a word, Rose! I intend you to be as charming as nature made you. And now, if you are ready, we will go."

With an expression of genuine pleasure beaming from her fine dark eyes, she glanced at the *tout ensemble* of the toilet of her little, graceful protegee, and then accompanied her down stairs.

The morning was a delicious one. The stars had scarcely yet faded away. Silence, the deep, holy, solemn hush of early dawn, reigned everywhere about them. The dark woods, rising in stately grandeur on every side of the old chateau, touched Rose with a feeling of awe. Lightly the morning wind came from the distant hills, and kissed, in its wanderings, the foreheads of the two young girls, as they stood together on the terrace.

"How beautiful it is—this Nature!" said Rose, softly and reverently.

Mademoiselle Montauban regarded her with a calm and serious glance.

"Yes—it is beautiful," she answered, and her voice had an intonation of sadness. "It is beautiful," she repeated. "I think I never felt its influence before as I feel it this morning. I think I have never been quite so happy before as I am at this moment."

A slight blush tinged her fair cheek, an instant after, as her eyes were fixed thoughtfully on the ground. But she said again, as if answering to some inward query, "No—never!"

"I have been alone always, since I can remember," she went on, a little while after, "and I never have understood or enjoyed life as I believe I am capable of doing. I never felt lonely; I never longed for or felt the need of companionship as others would have done in my place. I always thought myself as contented and as happy as it was possible for one of my nature and temperament to be. I was shut up within myself."

"And now?"

"And now, there is a difference," she said. "I find that I am not insensible to external influences—that I have sympathies of

which I never dreamed—that I am less selfish, and cold, and indifferent than I believed myself; therefore, I am happier."

"You were happy last night, also,—is it not so?"

"You are right. I was happy. How could you tell?"

"I saw it, though you were no less quiet, perhaps, than usual. I saw it, because I felt it."

"You felt it, Rose?"

"As I feel it now."

She put her arms, with gentle, timid confidence, about her companion. She laid her pretty head on Helen's shoulder. Mademoiselle Montauban did not speak, but she embraced Rose with tenderness, bending her proud head to kiss the lips lying so near her own.

"It is strange," she murmured within herself, "how much happiness this child gives me. Me!"

They were aroused by the appearance of the marquis, who came out from the saloon, to which he had just descended from his chamber. Coming forward with a cheerful air, he saluted Helen and Rose affectionately. He seemed to remark, with pleasure, the evident warmth of feeling existing between these two young girls. He remained with them a few moments, and then, with some excuse, left them, and went into the library, leaving them alone once more on the terrace.

CHAPTER X.

A FAMILY REMINISCENCE.

At breakfast, the marquis, Helen and Rose met again; and Helen observed that her father was somewhat abstracted—not to say sad, at times. She could not divine the cause of this sudden change; but she noticed that it appeared frequently afterwards, and always without any apparent reason. As soon as the repast was concluded, he returned to the library, and Helen and Rose lingered in the saloon.

That evening, when they had been walking in the court for, perhaps, the space of an hour, they returned to the saloon, and after lingering here a little while, ascended to the chamber of Helen. The sun, which was just setting, filled the apartment with a broad and mellow glow, and shone full upon the figures of the two fair girls as they reclined by the open casement.

"How lovely it is!" said Rose, involuntarily, as she looked out upon the scene.

"Yes—it is a pleasant sunset," returned Helen, in a thoughtful voice; "and how much, still, is the beauty of such a scene dependent on the state of mind of the person who beholds it! I have seen it a thousand times, when it was, perhaps, even more splendid than this; and it has not awakened within me a hundredth part of the emotion that I experience now."

"And to what do you attribute," asked Rose, "the change which has taken place in you?—the change of which you yourself spoke this morning?"

"Nay—I will not tell you now, Rose," answered Helen, gently. "I will wait, first, to see that that change be permanent."

"As I trust it may be," said her beautiful companion, with a soft pressure of the hand.

There was a moment's silence. Then Helen resumed:

"I think, Rose, I might have been happier, better, kinder-hearted, all my life, if I had but had companionship and affection such as others have from their very birth. But my mother died when I was a mere baby; my father's second wife died two years after the marriage, and the child she left, who should have been a sister to me, she was lost, Rose."

"Lost, Helen?—ah, how terrible!" said the young girl, with a faint shudder.

"She was not two years old at the time," continued Mademoiselle Montauban, sadly. "It was one evening, a little later than this, when we missed her. Her 'bonne,' Arline Meyot, had taken her out half an hour before sunset, to give her an airing. My father was in the library, where he always spends the most of his time. I, a lonely, self-willed little thing, had climbed up in a window seat, to read a favorite volume of fables by the declining light. The domestics were in their own rooms, at table, I believe, when some one came searching about for Arline. She was out with the babe, was the answer. They said it was too late for the child to be out; and my father, hearing something of the discussion from the open door of the library, came and inquired into the matter. He sent a servant immediately to seek for Arline, and tell her to bring her charge back; but Arline was not to be found, nor was the child, either. Everywhere were they sought for, but no tidings ever reached us concerning them."

"Ah, Helen!—and your father?"

"He almost lost his reason, they say. That was a dreadful time, Rose!" and Mademoiselle Montauban sighed deeply.

Rose echoed the sigh unconsciously. She seemed to consider for an instant. Then she said:

"Your father must have loved you more than before, Helen,—did he not? He was only too thankful that he had a child remaining."

"He did not. He neglected me, at first, in his misery; for he had idolized his second wife, and he regarded her child with a feeling little below idolatry; and after the little one was lost, he forgot that he had a tie left him. This, Rose, was one thing that embittered my childish spirit. I considered him unjust—cruel. I could not understand the depth either of his loss or the misery it occasioned, and I always remembered his transient neglect, though he more than atoned for it by his after-kindness. There has never been such confidence and affection between us as there should be between father and child, on this account; but I am endeavoring now to atone for the past."

"Poor Helen!" said Rose, quietly. "You have been truly unhappy—unfortunate."

"I have been selfish; I am selfish now, though generous enough when my own interests are not in danger," said Mademoiselle Montauban. "I never am inclined too much to self-sacrifice. You would, perhaps, dislike me, if you knew how—" She paused and colored.

"Nay—now you show, at least, frankness and honesty—which is, in a manner, true greatness of heart—by acknowledging your errors," returned Rose, with a smile. "I will not believe you so selfish, even where your best interests are at stake, if the happiness or good of another be the price by which they are served. You have always been kind to me, and I remember it."

Mademoiselle Montauban colored still more deeply. Then, as the hand of Rose sought hers, with a silent, affectionate pressure, she put her arms about her, and pressed her lips to those of the young girl.

"How your kind heart misjudges me!" she said, sadly. "Even now I am displaying my selfishness by coveting your affection, which I am conscious I do not deserve. But, Rose, I cannot help it. You will be my sister—will you not? You are better than I. As much better as would have been the sister who was not spared to me. You will teach me to be better myself."

"Helen, do not speak so! I can but love; let us, then, be sisters, if you will."

The two embraced and kissed each other with the deepest and tenderest affection. The sweet hazel eyes of Rose Lamonte were sparkling with mingled smiles and tears. Those of Mademoiselle Montauban were unutterably sad, yet it was a sadness fraught with happiness.

The two had been too much engaged with each other to notice how darkly the twilight was gathering in that wide old chamber, or that anything unusual was taking place without, until the neighing of horses, the sound of voices in the court, and the clang of the great iron gates, as they opened and closed, aroused them both. Mademoiselle Montauban bent over the sill to look down.

"Who can it be?" she said, in a tone of perplexity. "Look, Rose! There is a travelling carriage, and servants. We have guests, dear Rose, surely! Stop a moment."

Rose drew back, and waited for the revelations of Helen, while she tied anew the heavy silken sash of her robe. Suddenly, Mademoiselle Montauban turned from the casement, and rose from her seat.

"I know now who it is," she said, with a slight blush, which she felt relieved that Rose could not see for the dusk around them, though, truth to say, she scarce knew why she should blush—"I know now, Rose. They are the Count and Countess of Clairville, and a friend of theirs—an English nobleman—Lord Francis Egerton. I do not know whether there are any others; but we must go down, Rose,—we must go down. Come, dearest!" and she wound her arm about the young girl's waist.

"Nay, dear Helen! I shall only be in the way just now," pleaded Rose. "I pray you, go down without me, and when you have sent them to their rooms—"

Mademoiselle Montauban smiled.

"That makes me think," she said, "they have come without warning, and where are properly arranged apartments for them? The rooms are to be aired, and the bedding—ah, me!"

"Stay a moment, Helen," said Rose. "There are your father's dressing-room and ours. I will go and help you, while you send them thither; and, during the evening, there will be ample time to provide necessary accommodations."

"Well thought of—well thought of, Rose. Come with me, then, and we will see Marianne about this affair. You can help me give directions. But, first, let us wait on the guests themselves, and see them properly disposed of. My good father will be at his wit's end without us."

Accordingly, they descended to the saloon, which the guests had just entered. There were hurried and confused but cheerful greetings on all sides, in the midst of which, Rose, who had managed to evade observation, thanks to the imperfect light of the saloon, escaped to Marianne, who was uttering the most affecting lamentations over the hasty inroad of visitors, and who gladly welcomed the appearance of the young girl. Rose had received, on the way down stairs with Mademoiselle Montauban, some idea of the localities destined for the guests; and Marianne, being put in possession of some information on the subject, proceeded with great alacrity to business; so that by the time Helen and the marquis had despatched the new-comers to their temporary quarters, half a dozen maids were busied in the requisite apartments, under the direction of the indefatigable Marianne.

"My dear Rose," said Helen, as, having paid a visit to the scene of action, and found everything progressing properly, she sought and found our pretty heroine once more in the saloon,— "my dear Rose, you are invaluable. We shall have things in admirable condition, shortly. Come, Marianne does not need us now. We will go and attend to our own dress a little. The countess is in my room; we can make use of yours, that is, if you will give me refuge there."

They accordingly hastened to the chamber of Rose, and while dressing, Mademoiselle Montauban gave her young friend some further particulars touching the late arrivals.

"The Comte and Comtesse de Clairville," said she, "are old friends of my father's, and people whom, I am confident, you will like very much, Rose. They have been spending some time in Italy, whither Lord Francis accompanied them. They will pass a month at the chateau with us, and then proceed directly to the Hotel Clairville, at Paris, whence Lord Francis will return shortly after to England."

"They have not been here for a long time—have they?" queried Rose.

"No. The comte and his wife were with us two years ago.



ARAB EMIGRANTS.

Lord Egerton passed a few weeks here with them then, and was here again last winter. He is not a stranger, though they are. Jessie, bring those curls more in front. Separate those larger ones at the back; they are too heavy. There—look this way, Rose. Ah, that is charming! It could not be better. The braids at the back are very fine. You are pretty as a fairy, my dear child. That light robe now, Jessie; no jewels. A flower in the curls will be sufficient. Now, I will finish my own dress."

And she turned to the mirror. But from moment to moment she paused to give Jessie some suggestions with regard to the toilet of Rose, about which she seemed to be even more deeply interested than usual to-night. She would have her dressed with the most perfect, yet the most charming simplicity in the world, and observed with satisfaction that the plainness of style a thousand times enhanced the young girl's natural charms.

"But so plain, mademoiselle!" said the *soubrette*; "may I not clasp this band of pearls on her arm? So severe is her dress, without a single ornament!"

"What do you say yourself, Rose?" asked Mademoiselle Montauban.

"I leave the matter to your good judgment," answered she, with an involuntary smile. "But what does it signify, Helen, whether I wear it or not? Nobody will know what I wear, I dare say."

"But I mean they shall, little innocent one!" returned the lady, in a tone of amusement. "Yet you may put on the bracelet, Jessie, since you are so earnest about it. That will do. Your *mouchoir*, Rose,—take care! Come, are you ready? We will stop at the door of madame la comtesse."

The countess was fresh from the hands of her maid. She came directly out. There was a little pause in the gallery, while she exchanged a few words with Helen, greeted Rose, on introduction, affectionately, and embraced her with the greatest kindness. She was a fair, graceful woman, tall and stately, with an extremely lovely face, and charming manners.

"We have not hurried you, I trust?" asked Mademoiselle Montauban.

"Not in the least, my dear friend; indeed, I have been waiting

They descended to the saloon. It was fully and brilliantly lighted now, and from the hearth, at the farther end of the apartment, Lord Francis Egerton approached them. He was of fine stature, elegant and commanding in person, with a bearing at once gentle and dignified. His countenance was striking and attractive, for it was both noble and graceful in feature, and beautiful in expression. He had fine dark eyes; a smile of exquisite beauty and tenderness, and a voice of perfect music.

Rose felt the charm of that glance and tone as, turning from Helen and the Countess of Clairville, he saluted her. The smile dawned clear and sweet in his poetical eyes, as they rested on her young face. Then he addressed himself to Mademoiselle Montauban once more in a graceful, easy manner.

The countess left them, and proceeded to ensconce herself in a comfortable seat by the fire, for the evening had grown somewhat chill; and beckoning to Rose, she said, kindly:

"Come, my dear, let us talk with each other a little. Sit here." And she drew a low *tabouret* to her feet.

The young girl immediately joined her, and occupied the seat assigned her. The full, mellow glow of the fire, and the numerous lights around the walls, fell softly about her graceful figure, and revealed, with all their charms, the perfect beauty of her features. The countess, with a friendly smile, laid her fair hand on the head of her pretty companion, and regarded her countenance attentively for some time. She seemed, as she gazed, to become lost in thought. At length she murmured, "No—no; it is—" She broke off abruptly, and then said, gently:

"My dear child, excuse my rudeness. I fancied, for a moment, that you resembled a person whom I used to know. But it must be. Are you a relative of the marquis, Rose?"

"O, no, madame," returned Rose, shaking her head, sadly, as if lost in thought.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



AN ARAB PLOUGH.

a moment. I heard Francis go down some time since. Shall we follow now?" asked the countess.

"If you please," returned Helen.



ARABIAN MARKET SCENE.

ARABIAN SCENES.

The beautiful engravings on this and the preceding page will serve to illustrate the manners of the Arabs of Algeria, and explain portions of the text. The first and third pictures, showing a party of Arabian emigrants and an Arabian market scene, renders us at once familiar with the striking aspect of these strange people. The tribes of Sahara are the only inhabitants of Africa whose periodical evolutions embrace considerable spaces. The approach of summer drives them from Sahara, their principal establishment, where the general drying up of the few plants produced by the region of sand threatens their flocks with famine. They pass into the Tell, forty, fifty or sixty leagues, carrying medicinal plants, spices, tissues and dates of the desert, which they exchange for corn and European productions. Then, on the approach of bad weather, they return in caravans to take up their winter quarters in the confines of that oasis where they are all—or almost all—proprietors. It is like a nation, a separate family in the Mussulman population, whose wave is spread over Algeria; and many travellers have even asserted that they were not Arabs. We would not affirm, on the faith of Sallust, that they are Persians. Still, they are distinguished from their co-religionists, beyond the chains of mountains improperly called Atlas, both by higher and more poetical manners, by a great personal dignity, and, finally, by those habits of regular migration, which have given them the epithet of nomadic, and which, in fact, they alone, of all the Arabs, justify by this secular going and coming, this semi-annual flux and reflux, regulated by the calendar, nearly like the equinoxes, which precede them a little. These periodical marches *en masse* are made in picturesque disorder. The men, on foot or on horseback, and with their long guns, advance with a grave carriage, driving the cattle before them, and leading the dromedaries. Of these latter animals, some carry the tents woven from their hair, the household utensils, and the *tellis*, huge sacks with brown and white stripes, which contain the merchandise and all the furniture of the families. Others are burthened with palanquins of a brown thick stuff, containing women and children. Were not the long point which surmounts them a certain oriental stamp, it would be found that these palanquins resembled in form our country cabriolets. They are closed in front, but so insecurely with a table-cloth or black curtain, that the daughters of Eve within withdraw them partially or entirely on the slightest pretext or incident of the journey, that is to say, exactly when there is most reason for having the palanquin shut. The agriculture of the Arabs is barbarous, but not altogether unsuited to the laws and exigencies of the climate, geological conditions, and the experience of twelve centuries. Europeans never attempt with



AN ARABIAN FOOL, OR CRAZY MAN.

engraving conveys a correct idea. Some of the dealers squat pompously before an old hen, half a dozen eggs, a string of onions, three turnips and a half peck of oranges, all brought a distance of many miles; others, more demonstrative, and inviting with voice,

eye and gesture, the lazy mountain—that is, the customer, to come without delay, dinning the ear with the cry of *Sordi! Sordi!* (a sous!) offering for this modest sum some of their unleavened cakes, others their cabbages and turnips. This is in towns. In the country, there are much more important markets for cattle and grain, somewhat resembling our fairs. Our fourth engraving depicts an Arabian madman. No one is ignorant that, in the East, madmen are so many sacred beings. Algeria, since the French conquest, is their land of promise. In no other country do maniacs, visionaries, hypochondriacs and pretended prophets enjoy such immunities. *Ada maboul!* (this man is mad!) is a passport by means of which a citizen "touched and visited by God," that is to say, deprived of the subversive and fatiguing use of reason, can give himself up with impunity to all sorts of eccentricities, and edify the world with his follies, very sure of obtaining in return only marks of esteem and especial veneration. A story, false or true, is told of an European geologist, who, travelling the country in quest of the treasures of his favorite science, was attacked by robbers. The sight of the huge sack filled with his trophies, under the weight of which the learned man toiled painfully along, excited their cupidity. They accosted him, and summoned him to exhibit his wealth. The poor man was already pulling out his watch and bidding adieu to his purse, when the leader of the bandits, laying hold of the sack, and finding it contained nothing but an assortment of stones of all colors, the scene changed immediately. The highwayman fell, like the assassins of Stradella, at the feet of the explorer; by turns they took his hand and placed it on their foreheads, in token of the most profound respect. They finally left him, remorseful for their evil designs, leaving him his purse and watch, and exclaiming, "*Ada maboul!*" Not only have the lunatics and monomaniacs of Algeria the signal privilege of going at large, but those incurable are loaded with presents. They compose amulets, and sell charms, live at free quarters, enter every house or tent, take what they please, wandering *impune per totam terram*—with impunity all through the land. Sometimes these madmen become raving. This crowns their felicity. They have prophetic dreams, and awake prophets. They scatter themselves over the country, breathing war and carnage in the name of God. The engraving represents one of these madmen uttering his wild predictions. They hold up five fingers before the astonished vulgar, and announce that in good season these five fingers will change into as many cannons to vomit death upon the terrified Christians. They also declare that the French muskets, cursed by them, will miss fire. It is incredible how much bloodshed their real or pretended madmen have occasioned in Algeria. Our last engraving represents a night scene in an



ARABIAN PROPHECYING.

impunity to reject the teachings of tradition and the local routine, and to make hasty innovations, without taking into consideration the numerous circumstances which make the culture of the Algerian plains so different from that of their native fields. With a plough, shown in our second engraving, which differs little from the rudimental share of Triptolemus, a sort of spur or beak, without handles or mould-boards, drawn by two small oxen, the Arabs superficially tear the upper layer of the soil, where, when the harvest is springing in grass, you can distinguish the furrows under the green carpet which covers them. The stalks are thinly scattered, mingled with all sorts of parasitical plants and invading shrubs. The Arab, wanting the patience and the instruments necessary to cleave and furrow the soil deeply, is accustomed to respect all obstacles, and to avoid, instead of extirpating them. It is apparent that a strong plough, moving the cultivable stratum to the bottom, and clearing it of all extraneous vegetation, would produce the greatest and happiest results in skilful hands. This is the kind of progress which the Arabs appreciate and show themselves ready to accept. There are samples of ploughs at Dombasle, worked by natives and drawn by two pair of oxen. It is in the employment of Arab arms, guided by European eyes and genius, that the future of Algerian agriculture lies. An Arab market presents an animated and sometimes quite an amusing spectacle, of which our third



ARABIAN PARTY IN A TENT.

Arab tent. They do not keep late hours in these fragile habitations. Weary with a long ride or the labors of the day, the eyes are apt to close early in the *douar*, where nothing is heard but the baying of dogs, the neighing of horses, or the cries of jackals. Still, when a stranger worthy of some attention, has received hospitality under the roof of a sheik, an evening party is made for him after supper. The relations and friends of the sheik, partly from curiosity and partly from courtesy, come by turns, or in mass, to see the illustrious stranger, and salute him. They ceremoniously seat themselves around the carpet or on the mat, smoke cigars and drink coffee. The Arabs discuss corn and barley; the traveller asks several questions, to which, according to their prudent custom, they make no reply. After an hour or so of this discreet quality, the visitors, after having sufficiently examined the traveller's person, arms, equipments and camels, rise, one by one, and vanish like shadows. An invisible hand without closes the drapery of the tent. The traveller finds himself alone, with a mat for a mattress and a saddle for a pillow; he sleeps soundly and safely in the midst of the wild desert. In the desert, hospitality is an element of the Arab's nature, and though foreign influence has somewhat dimmed the lustre of this virtue, yet never will a solitary traveller in vain seek hospitable assistance at the hands of the Arab; however poor he may be, he yet kindly shares the last morsel with the wayfarer.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WE ARE PASSING AWAY.

BY FREDERICK J. KETES.

We are passing away, on the stream of time,
From all that our hearts hold dear;
From all that we love in so dark a clime,
From all that we cherish here.
The swift-winged hours, in their onward flight,
Are checked by no mortal reio;
They are passing away, and their golden light
Dawns not on life's pathway again.

We are passing away, with the torches of hope,
That our spirits' virgins bear,
To the golden portals that brightly ope
On a land forever fair;
Where angels stand ready to let us in
To those regions of light and peace;
Where the thorn in the flower has never been,
And where sorrow and pain shall cease.

On the quicksands of life we can only grave
Mementoes of yesterday;
Which the ruthless sweep of the ocean-wave
Shall wash forever away;
Till at last, when reached is the utmost verge,
We are borne away from the strand;
No more to gather flowers from the surge,
To perish in memory's hand.

We are passing away from the scenes of earth,
We shall leave them all behind;
They shall vanish like dreams of beauty and worth,
From the palace of the mind;
While the shuttle and loom of each busy day
Are weaving mid earthly strife,
Farewells and adieus, as we pass away,
In the web and the woof of life.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FRANK MILTON'S ANGEL.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

THERE was a great crowd collected around the door of the house that had been Mr. Hammond's; a fine, aristocratic looking mansion on Summer Street. An auctioneer was standing on a table in the hall, holding up several articles of value, one after another, and knocking them down to their respective purchasers. Almost all of the household furniture had been disposed of, and now there were only a few choice plants, a collection of bound music, and a flute. The latter was a superior instrument, of rare finish, which during the sale had been repeatedly taken up and examined by a party of young men, who seemed impatiently to await the time of its sale.

The auctioneer had now taken it up, and a few dollars had already been offered. One of the young men who had been looking at it, stepped forward, and raised the offer to a sum so large that no one seemed to be tempted to compete with him, and it was about to be knocked down to him, when a side door opened, and a young girl, dressed in deep mourning and with a face pale as ashes, beckoned to the clerk who was taking account of the purchases. He obeyed her motion, and returning, he whispered to the auctioneer, who announced that, by urgent desire of the family, the sale of the flute had been stopped.

The young man who had so nearly become the purchaser, after catching a momentary glimpse of the girl, turned musingly away leaving his companions to themselves. He had gone but a few steps, when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and Ned Gray's honest face was peering over it.

"Why, Milton," said he, laughingly, "what has come over you? Were you ill, that you left us so suddenly; or were you mad at that rascally auctioneer for depriving you of that gem of a flute?"

"Neither, Ned—but did you not see that he was prevented from selling it by some person who came out of a room?"

"I did not—but I heard Putnam say to a friend near him, he was very glad that Willis stopped the sale, as the flute was greatly valued by the late Mr. Hammond. But stay, Milton, do you really sail to-morrow?"

"Yes, Ned; and I shall not soon return—perhaps never. Pe-chance I may come home, however, many long years hence, and find every one of our set married men, and you among the rest. I hope neither of you will wed the little angel I saw to-day at Hammond's sale."

"Ah, I see how the land lies now, Milton! You must have seen poor Hammond's pale-faced daughter. Now, I know you well, and I know too, if you have been struck with her beauty, the impression will always remain. That is the way with you romantic and poetical people. Well, Frank, you have done me many good deeds, besides the doubtful one of saving my life, as you did at Florence, and if it is so, I will undertake to watch your angel while you are absent. You will not fear me, as you know I am sworn against marrying; and I will engage that no other shall have the opportunity."

"Thank you, Ned—I shall rejoice that this poor girl, who, I hear, has been left almost destitute by her father's failure and recent death, will have so brave and honest a friend as yourself. Perhaps you are right in thinking that it was Miss Hammond whom I saw, but as I never saw her before, I cannot tell you. Are you acquainted with her?"

"Slightly. She was very beautiful in her prosperous days, but recent events have robbed her of much of her beauty."

"Was Hammond wholly ruined by that partner of his?"

"He was; and he never recovered from the shock which he received at the first intelligence of his misfortunes. He had thought so much of his integrity, and he saw, at once, that his partner had managed to throw all the blame upon him, and that he had no means of proving himself innocent. It fairly broke his heart. Shameful, was it not? A man in the very prime of life, for Hammond was barely forty years old, to be sacrificed by a villain like Seward!"

"Shameful indeed! How does Mrs. Hammond bear it?"

"Mrs. Hammond is rather a weak woman. She married when very young—in fact, before she was sixteen; running away from a boarding school before her education was nearly completed. Her head had been turned by novel-reading, and Hammond had no difficulty in making her consent to an act which he had reason ever after to deplore. He found his boarding school angel superficial, weak and vain; and she often reproached him for the only really foolish thing which could be charged upon him, that of persuading her to elope with him. But Hammond was very young, and he did not count the cost. He has suffered enough with her to expiate his fault; and now the poor daughter has succeeded to the inheritance of his suffering, and more too, for they say that Mrs. Hammond is perfectly unmanageable since her husband's death."

The next day the two friends were separated by the departure of Frank Milton to Europe. He pressed Edward Gray's hand as he sprang into the boat that was to convey the passengers to the ship, and his last words were—"Remember your promise." In making this promise, however, Gray had not counted upon contingencies that would set it aside, and he was quite surprised, the next week, when a leisure moment enabled him to inquire after the Hammonds, to find that they had left New York, and it was believed by his informant, that Boston was their destination.

The information was given in a careless, indifferent manner, by a young man who had received great kindnesses from Mr. Hammond, and who had admired his daughter when she was the centre of attraction because she was a rich man's child—his only child; and this was all he knew of the matter. So it was with many of the former acquaintances of the Hammonds. A few brief, common-place remarks upon their altered condition—a few surmises as to what would become of them, and they were forgotten. Lucy Hammond's sweet, pale face was not seen after the brief glimpse which Milton had taken of it on the day of the sale.

She, poor girl, had a hard task in prospect, from which her nature shrank. Alone and unprotected, she was to encounter, not only the earning of her own bread, but the harder task of reconciling her mother to the change in their life, and bearing with her weakness of mind and peevishness of temper.

Her first desire was to go far from New York. Once out of a place where everything reminded her mother of the past, and brought out a fresh string of complaints, Lucy hoped that things would assume a brighter aspect. Her plan was to employ the very superior talents which she possessed, in teaching; and she felt that she would rather become a teacher in some place where there were no old associations pressing upon her mind.

They arrived in Boston on the last day in December. It was a bright day enough for the season, but Lucy's heart sunk within her as she looked from the window of the fifth rate hotel which had been recommended to her as the cheapest in the city. The scanty fund that had been realized from the sale of effects which the law allowed them, would, she well knew, soon melt away, if she went to a better house; and it must last until she could earn more.

One week after her arrival was devoted to finding a boarding place. Day after day she left her mother stretched upon the hard sofa, weeping and miserable, and threaded the retired side streets of the city, to find something that would seem like a home to them. Those who are familiar with our cheap boarding houses, may imagine the disgust with which she turned from the dingy staircases leading to shabby parlors dim with soiled paper and window curtains, faded carpets and defaced furniture—and above these, by two or three stories, to bed rooms still more dingy, shabby and faded.

One lady had, as she told her, a splendid suite of rooms, but she had kept those for a family. Would she like to look at them? Lucy followed her to the third story. The suite consisted of a room twelve feet square, and a small bed room adjoining—a mere dressing closet—for which she would charge only thirteen dollars, unfurnished. Another would give her a single attic room, four flights from the hall door, for ten dollars; while still another offered a very small back chamber for twelve. Beyond these prices Lucy's purse could not go; but she hoped to be able, for these sums, to procure the common comforts of a cheerful room, free from dirt and offensive smells.

There was no such place to be found, and she returned, tired and disheartened. Contrary to her mother's wish, she felt that she must act upon the suggestion of an old gentleman at the hotel, who remarked in her hearing that there were several cheap cottages to be rented in one of the outskirts of the city. Her fatigue did not permit her to go farther on that day, after ascending such innumerable stairs; but on the morrow she rode to a pleasant town in the suburbs, and succeeded in obtaining a small house by paying her rent in advance.

She then repaired to a second-hand furnishing store, where she bought a very few housekeeping articles, with the smallest amount of furniture. These were promptly delivered, and before night she had got a little sitting room and bed room adjoining fitted up with straw matting, a few chairs, a tea table, a bed, together with a cheap lounge and rocking-chair for her mother. A stove which could be used for cooking or converted into a parlor stove, and

some low-priced window curtains completed her arrangements, and she resolved, as the evening was fine, to remove her mother that night, thereby saving the cost of another night at the hotel, from whence she was impatient to get away. Making a good fire, setting out her table with the tea things, and the food she could get from the baker's and grocer's, she lighted a lamp, and then went to the coach office, in order to send a carriage for her mother, to whom she had pencilled a note, begging her to discharge their bills and to bring away their trunks.

Returning, she made some tea, toasted some bread nicely, and when the coach stopped and her mother entered, the room wore to her eyes a look of comfort and cheerfulness which she had not hoped for or expected. Not being accustomed to household duties, Lucy had burned her fingers several times during her operations, but she made light of her mishaps, and entertained her mother with an account of her day's work.

The exercise and fresh air had exhilarated her spirits, and even her mother's face wore a brighter look as they sat down to their cheerful tea table. Lucy chatted away to her, fearful that she might revive some old association, but trying to bring up only pleasant thoughts.

"How peaceful this will be, after living in those noisy streets," said Lucy, "and how cosy and comfortable this room looks to me. When we have finished our tea, I will unpack the bed linen in the large trunk, and then our bed room will look quite nice."

She did so, and her reward was to see a real look of satisfaction on her mother's face, as she surveyed the fine white pillows and sheets, contrasting them as she did with those at the hotel, the previous night. Long did Lucy sit up that night when her mother had retired, to dwell upon her future prospects. She earnestly wished that she might obtain a few pupils, at least, in music and drawing; but she shrank painfully from the effort she would have to make.

It was a hard trial for one so delicately bred as Lucy Hammond, so accustomed to the elegances and luxuries of her father's sumptuous home; but Lucy was a brave girl, and she knew that it remained only with her, for that her mother could be brought to make any exertion, was beyond her hope. She was agreeably surprised, however, the next morning, to find her mother rising early, and trying to help her with the breakfast.

"This is *real* milk, Lucy," she said, as she poured out the rich liquid into the cream pitcher, "it is not chalk and water, nor the vile stuff which we sometimes got in New York. And what nice butter, too!"

Lucy rejoiced at every evidence of satisfaction evinced by Mrs. Hammond; and she went cheerfully to work to arrange their little household affairs in the most convenient space for the winter. She had selected the rooms on the southern side for present use; and the pleasant morning sun was shining upon them most cheerfully. Her mother's large chair was placed between the window and the fire, and unpacking a small box of books, she placed one on the window seat; and having thus provided for her comfort and amusement, she went out to seek for pupils. To almost every house in the village she went, and when four o'clock came she had secured but one pupil in music. Still there were some half promises, which she hardly dared trust to, lest they should fail her; which they eventually did. Some preferred a gentleman teacher—others did not like to employ a teacher without recommendations from some noted professor.

Lucy had never thought of that, and she now regretted deeply that she had omitted to ask for them from her New York teacher. But she happened to remember that Professor La Tour's bills lay in her mother's writing desk, and she went home to find them.

"This will convince the lady," said she, "of my having had superior advantages of instruction," as she looked over the professor's receipts at fifty dollars per quarter; but Lucy's experience of life was very limited, and that of human nature still more so—she did not know how often people give false reasons for their actions, and she did not know that the lady was really too poor to employ any teacher, however cheap their terms may be.

She would not admit to her mother that she was greatly disappointed, but she had some misgivings as to the state of her purse, that annoyed and worried her. With strict economy, her money could not last long, and she resolved to go the next day to try for pupils in the city.

Here she was more successful; obtaining three pupils in one family, submitting, however, to be cut down in her price, by giving the third pupil lessons without any pay whatever. She was to give them two lessons every week, and this, with her village pupil, would bring her only thirty-four dollars. Of this, their rent would absorb a great portion, and the remainder would not keep them in bread.

The days went on, and they got along with some privations, which, however, were lessened by two additional pupils. She had, also, a very few pupils in drawing, which, with her music scholars, kept her away from home several hours every day.

Thrown thus upon her own resources, Mrs. Hammond gradually became more willing to assist Lucy in their household work, and even offered to take in sewing, which Lucy would not permit her to do. She wished her mother to grow strong in body and mind, by healthy, active pursuits, and she refrained from doing much herself, knowing that her mother would be less lonely and far more healthy, if she did not have time to give way to her old repinings. As Lucy's scholars multiplied, she purchased many little additions to their stock of necessities, and it was with real pleasure that she found her resources would admit of buying a nice steak for her mother's breakfast.

"I must get her strengthened," said Lucy, to herself, "let the scholars be few or many; and I will suffer the privations myself, if either must."

So she filled her mother's plate most bountifully, and got what strength she could herself, by breakfasting on baked potatoes; after which she walked to the city, gave her lessons, and then returned fatigued and languid, but still hopeful. "Sweet Lucy Hammond,"—Ned Gray had always called her so; and had he known her in these toiling, self-denying days of her life of poverty, he would have owned that she was never more truly worthy of the epithet. Had he seen her in her plain mourning print, her coarse woolen shawl and straw bonnet, going forth to her daily toil, unaided and unprotected, he would have said that Frank Milton's chance of happiness was greater, by far, with her now, with all her noble faculties developed by trial and suffering, than when she dwelt in her father's luxurious home, surrounded by flatterers who cared less for her sweet face than for her father's money.

Lucy was, indeed, a noble girl. The reverses she had borne, sad as they might be, had developed her character and brought out her finest qualities; and she was each day growing into a more healthy and vigorous state of body and mind. Her long walks, for she scorned to ride, were the best medicine for her, when she felt, as she sometimes did for a moment, dull and low-spirited; and returning from the dusty city, she was always refreshed by the pure air that her country home afforded her.

Thus passed away the long winter, sometimes lacking the comforts of life, when Lucy's employers forgot to pay their bills; but still with a feeling of satisfaction that, if they were poor, their old acquaintances in New York could not know their situation. This atom of pride had not yet been rooted from their hearts. As to Mrs. Hammond, her former friends would never have recognized her as the languid and richly dressed woman who had lounged away her hours in Mr. Hammond's elegant drawing-rooms. Trouble had changed her appearance, and although she was yet only thirty-eight years old, she looked much older. Her plain black dress and hair combed straightly back from the temples, increased this look, and a furrow on the once smooth, white brow, showed that she had fretted over her misfortunes.

Not so with Lucy. Her pale face had been succeeded by a bright, healthy look; and her frequent walks in sun and wind and dust, had made her cheeks so brown that her mother really mourned over the loss of Lucy's beauty.

She was mistaken. Lucy's beauty was never half so radiant, as when, with her portfolio of music, she crossed the long bridge that separated her home from the city, regardless of wind or weather, and with an earnest purpose in her look that spoke of firmness and resolution.

The man at the toll house looked out for her every morning at the accustomed hour, and received her pleasant smile as she dropped the penny into his hand. The little lame negro who sat fishing on the bridge, rolled up his eyes and showed his white teeth, when she came near him; and the few people of whom she made her little purchases for the family, all gave her a kindly greeting, and left richer customers standing, to attend to the wants of the little music teacher.

Three years rolled away, and Lucy was not yet twenty. Slowly, but regularly, her fame as a teacher had reached a point which made her sought by many as a desirable instructor, not only from her superior abilities and peculiar adaptation to her scholars, but from her easy and graceful manners, and the air of indescribable dignity, tempered with the truest gentleness, which marked her as a perfectly well bred and polished woman. To no one did she intimate that she had ever been in any other station. To her patrons she was simply Miss Hammond, the music teacher.

She had commenced giving lessons to the daughter of a miniature painter, Mrs. Langley, and she frequently stopped to admire the beautiful faces which lay on a little stand near the piano. Most of these were children; some of them were ladies' faces, and a very few were those of gentlemen. Among the last, she one day saw a face that brought her past life before her more vividly than it had ever come to her before. Again she was in one of those brilliant scenes where Mr. Hammond's young and lovely daughter was the cynosure of all eyes. And this was one of the faces that she remembered, as belonging to the only gentleman with whom her father had allowed her to become acquainted, beyond the frigid boundary of conventional politeness. Surely, she thought, this must be her old acquaintance, Edward Gray! It was the first face that had met her gaze during her long exile, that seemed at all familiar, and she looked at it so long that Minnie Langley noticed it, and said:

"That is my cousin, or rather my mother's cousin, Mr. Gray, of New York, Miss Hammond. Isn't he handsome for an old bachelor?"

And the laughing girl took up the miniature, and shutting it in Miss Hammond's portfolio, unobserved by her, she turned her attention to other pictures. When Lucy went away, she carried, unconsciously, the face that had so waked up old memories.

It was not until late in the evening that she returned home, and on unpacking the music, which she wished to replace with some more difficult pieces for an older scholar than Minnie Langley, she was surprised and embarrassed to see the miniature roll out from among it. Recollecting her pupil's mischievous turn, and the conversation she had made with her respecting the picture, she readily imagined how it came there; but there was a disturbed feeling about it that she resolved not to participate with her mother.

Meantime, the really handsome owner of the face had called at Mrs. Langley's, and asked to see the picture which his cousin had pointed with more than usual care, and which she had just told him was entirely finished. She sought for it in vain, until Minnie, in pity to her mother's anxiety, told Mr. Gray that a beautiful girl, Miss Lucy Hammond, had taken it away.

"For shame, Minnie!" said Mrs. Langley, "Miss Hammond

is too highly bred to do that. It was some mischief of your own, naughty girl that you are."

Minnie loved her teacher too well to deny this, and she told them how slyly she had made her carry it home, well knowing, she added, that Miss Hammond would not have voluntarily taken such a crusty old bachelor as her cousin.

Mr. Gray heard nothing but the name of Lucy Hammond. Could it be Frank Milton's "angel," whom, vainly, for three years he had been trying to discover? He made Minnie describe her teacher, but he could not recognize her in the healthy, brown cheek and noble figure which she painted to him. He could not think that she was the pale, drooping girl of whom his friend had often written about from Europe.

At all events, he would ascertain if this was indeed "sweet Lucy Hammond," and he impatiently heard Mrs. Langley's answer that he must wait until the next Wednesday, for she was utterly ignorant of the residence of her daughter's teacher.

He was agreeably surprised, when Minnie came running to him the next morning, to say that Miss Hammond was coming up the street, and he might look at her through the blind. Lucy had come to restore the picture, and she would have left it at the door, had not Minnie begged her to come in just for one moment. Before she could refuse, her hand was enclosed in Edward Gray's, and the first look at his well known face had assured her that he, at least, had not changed towards her.

Mr. Gray had not been quite candid with Milton when he confessed to only a slight acquaintance with Lucy. In reality, he was an old friend, and had rendered Mr. Hammond a valuable service; but just before the death of the latter, he had seemed so changed, and even unkind to Mr. Gray, that he had ceased to visit the house.

He begged to be allowed to see her home, and Lucy agreed that he should meet her after giving her lessons for the day, and accompany her to her mother's.

It was a spring evening, and the walk was long and pleasant. Many old friends—Lucy's summer friends—were discussed, and the time seemed to speed rapidly to both, until they came to Lucy's home. Under her direction, the house, which she had bought with her earnings, had assumed a very different appearance. The rooms had all been renovated, vines trailed about the windows, and roses around the porch. Flowers, books and music were everywhere. A harp and piano stood in the largest room, and Mr. Hammond's flute lay on the latter, as if he had but just laid it down. It was pleasant for Lucy to keep it there; it seemed so much as if her father was coming in to accompany her, as he used to do.

In the sitting-room the table was laid for tea, and Mrs. Hammond, after the first embarrassment of meeting Mr. Gray had passed, resumed her usual demeanor and welcomed him cordially. Lucy invited him to partake of their evening meal, which was abundant, though simple. Mr. Gray thought nothing was half so sweet as the light bread and rich milk which Lucy offered him, while he begged her to relate to him her experience of the last three years. She did so, while her mother occasionally broke in with descriptions of Lucy's first disappointments, and their many trials.

"All have passed away, dear mother," said Lucy, "do not recall them. We are so happy now, if only father had been spared to us! But believe me, Mr. Gray, the loss of our fortune has proved not a real affliction, but a benediction. It has taught my mother and myself many hard but valuable lessons. How utterly vain and worthless was my early life! How sweet is every comfort which I earn with my own labor!"

Mr. Gray then told her how fruitlessly he had searched for her, in compliance, as he said, mysteriously smiling, with the request of one of her best friends. He would not explain, but went on to say that he had come to Boston to await the arrival of a very dear friend of his own, who was about returning from Europe in the steamer which was expected hourly. He had availed himself of the opportunity to visit his cousin, Mrs. Langley, to whom he owed the pleasure he was now enjoying. The conversation continued until it was really too late for Mr. Gray to think of returning to the city, and he gladly accepted Mrs. Hammond's invitation to remain.

He was awakened the next morning by the song of birds, and, opening his window, two or three hopped to the sill, and pecked at the crumbs which some kind hand had strewed for them. He soon joined Lucy and her mother at the breakfast table, and Mr. Gray thought he had never spent so pleasant a morning.

"If it were not for poor Milton," said he, to himself, "I should certainly make love to sweet Lucy Hammond—but no, I will not do so dishonorable an action. Besides, she would not marry an old fellow like me. No—I shall never marry," he continued, with a sigh over an early disappointment, to which he never referred, among even his dearest friends.

"May I bring my friend here this evening, Mrs. Hammond, should he arrive in the steamer, to-day?"

"Certainly, Mr. Gray. We shall be happy to see any friend of yours."

This was the only week day on which Lucy made no engagement to teach. One day, she felt, must be her own, to enjoy the home she had made and beautified, and to stay with her mother. All day she had been from room to room, arranging and altering the really pretty furniture which her increased means had enabled her to purchase for every room. To-day she made fresh bouquets of her early spring flowers and placed them in vases.

Lucy had been very happy in this little home. She had earned the right to be happy, for it was all her own work; and to-day, especially, she seemed to enjoy her work to the fullest. As evening approached, she began to count upon the promised visit which

Mr. Gray intended making her, and she inwardly hoped that his unknown friend would not accompany him. She was saying so to her mother, when the gate opened, and Mr. Gray made his appearance with another gentleman.

How the acquaintance progressed between Frank Milton and Lucy; how the wooing sped and how the wedding was accomplished, would take more words, gentle reader, than we can spare for the occasion. Imagine it all, if you please. Lucy would not leave her cottage, but she made no objections to the taste of her husband in planning a handsome addition to it. Land was bought, and the garden was enlarged; and the new house was furnished by Mr. Gray, who claimed the right of making a wedding present to Lucy. Frank had not realized the splendid prospect which had been held out to him before he went to Europe; but he had enough for comfort, enough for happiness—and he enjoyed it with moderation, holding himself ever ready to labor again, when it should be necessary.

Lucy continued to give lessons to Minnie Langley, just to keep her hand in, as she said, against the time when she should be poor again. Every summer they receive a long visit from Mr. Gray, to whom the quiet beauty of their country home brings health and peace, which his busy city life can never give.

There is light in the darkest places, if we will but receive it when it shines upon us with faintest rays. Courage, faint heart! there is a light about to break in upon your path. But your own hand must open the chink through which it shall come, or half its brightness will be lost. Had Lucy Hammond leaned upon others, instead of bravely going forth to meet toil and privation, she would probably have become a miserable, dependent being, burdening society with her useless presence. The world is full of heroic men and women whose histories are unwritten.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PRACTICAL AMERICAN COOKERY AND DOMESTIC ECONOMY. Compiled by ELIZABETH M. HALL. New York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Mulligan. 1856. 12mo. pp. 433.

The literature of the *cuisine* flourishes amazingly in these times, but we welcome a new adventurer in the field. Miss Hall tells us, not only how to cook meat, but how to "make both ends meet"—a very desirable accomplishment in housekeepers. Her work is illustrated by cuts, showing the tyro how to make cuts in the most approved fashion. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

A TREATISE ON ENGLISH PUNCTUATION. By JOHN WILSON. 5th edition. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1856.

We have before spoken in terms of commendation of this admirable treatise, and can only repeat that we cordially recommend it. The present edition is a very perfect and beautiful one.

HEART SONGS. A Book for the Gift Season. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1856. 18mo. pp. 144.

A collection of gems from the modern poets, with some original lyrics, tastefully grouped together.

THE SURPRISE; OR, *L'Anche and her Friends*, by HETTY HOLYOKE, is the title of a very pleasant juvenile story-book, handsomely illustrated, published and for sale by Putnam & Brother, 456 Washington Street.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF EDUCATION for January is a valuable number, and contains a handsome portrait of the late Abbott Lawrence, with a well-written memoir.

THE SABBATH HARP.—An admirable collection of original hymn tunes, anthems, chants and sentences for congregations and singing-schools, with instruction in singing, composed by Charles F. Heubner. This valuable work is published and for sale by Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street.

THE HEATHEN RELIGION IN ITS POPULAR AND SYMBOLICAL DEVELOPMENT. By Rev. JOSEPH B. GROSS. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 372.

The object of this learned and well written book is to give a fair view of the religious belief and mythology of the ancient classical and Gothic nations. It is written in a truly liberal spirit, and is a valuable contribution to the theological literature of the age.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Edited by GEORGE S. HILLARD. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 12mo. pp. 308.

A charming book, full of wise aphorisms and brilliant sayings, culled with taste from the works of the "deep-mouthed Boetian," as Byron rather irreverently calls him.

THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER. By Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 12mo. pp. 412.

One of the most popular fictions of this vigorous and industrious writer. It is sufficiently a "sensational" book to meet the popular taste, and so well written as to reward perusal. For sale by Sanborn, Carter & Bazin.

PLAIN TALK AND FRIENDLY ADVICE TO DOMESTICS. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 214.

This work is not predicated on Dean Swift's "advice to servants." It will profit the class to which it is addressed if it reach them; and housekeepers cannot do better than to buy copies and present them to their "help"—too often a *lucus non* in this free and happy country.

ATROCIOUS JUDGES. Edited by RICHARD HILDRETH. New York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Mulligan. 1856. 12mo. pp. 432.

This book gives condensed sketches of (to quote from the title-page) the "lives of judges infamous as tools of tyrants, and instruments of oppression," compiled from Campbell's Judicial Biographies. The editor is an anti-slavery man, and his comments are in accordance with his political views.

CASPER. By AMY LOTHROP. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1856. 18mo. pp. 262.

This is the fourth of the series entitled "Ellen Montgomery's Book Shelf," by the author of the "Wide, Wide World," "Dollars and Cents," etc. It is a charming juvenile story, and most beautifully printed and illustrated. It ought to be in every juvenile library. Boston: Crocker & Brewster.

BERTHA'S CHRISTMAS VISION. An Autumn Sheaf. By HORATIO ALGER, JR. Boston: Brown, Bazin & Co. 1855. 18mo. pp. 248.

A collection of admirable stories told in a pleasing and winning style. It cannot fail to be a great favorite with young readers.

MIMIC LIFE; OR, *Before and Behind the Curtain*. By Mrs. ANNA CORA RITCHIE (formerly Mrs. Mowatt). Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 12mo. pp. 478.

We venture to predict that the extraordinary sale of the "Autobiography of an Actress" will be surpassed by that of this new work of the same fascinating writer. She has employed material collected during her experience of stage life, but has embellished it by those exquisite narrative touches which mark the true artist. The impress of true womanly feeling in these pages happily distinguishes it from the mass of "strong-minded" and turgid effusions from female pens which have disgraced our recent literature. It is a book destined to no ephemeral life.

NEW PLAYS.—Samuel French, No. 121 Nassau Street, New York, has just issued, in fine style, *Blanche's Burlesque*, "King Charming," and John Brougham's laughable extravaganza, "Po-ca-hon-tas," both of which are now playing at the New York theatres.

DEALINGS WITH THE DEAD. By a Sexton of the Old School. Boston: Dutton & Wentworth. 1856. 2 vols., 12mo. pp. 698.

These admirable papers, originally written for the Transcript, and exhibiting memory, research and originality, are now published in handsome form. They are well worthy of it. It is no longer a secret that this record of funeral customs and departed characters of note is from the pen of Lucius Manlius Sargent, one of our best scholars and writers.

MR. FIRST SEASON. By BEATRICE REYNOLDS. Boston: Pettridge & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 234.

The author of "Charles Anhester" could hardly write a dull book. Her present story is lively and brilliant, and possesses every element of success. Pettridge & Co. have also published a very clever novel, by Miss Pardoe, entitled the "Rival Beauties."



LITTLE BELT. (British, 2 guns.) LADY PROVOST. (British, 12 guns.) DETROIT. (British, 19 guns.) CHIPPEWAY. (British, 1 gun.) QUEEN CHARLOTTE. (British, 17 guns.) HUNTER. (British, 10 guns.) LAWRENCE. (American, 30 guns.) SCORPION. (American, 2 guns.) CALEDONIA. (American, 3 guns.) ARIEL. (American, 4 guns.) SOMERS. (American, 4 guns.) TRIPPLER. (Am., 1 gun.) PORCUPINE. (Am., 1 gun.) NIAGARA. (Am., 20 guns.) TIGRESS. (American, 1 gun.)

BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.—COMMODORE PERRY'S VICTORY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

POWER.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

A thousand images of snow
Reward the schoolboy's art,
Ere one can from the marble grow,
To thrill the sculptor's heart.

And thus in verse a meagre thought,
A popinjay's conceit,
To proper shape is quicker wrought,
Than beauties true and sweet.

And even when the whole is done,
In spite of labor all,
The mighty thought may never run
As smoothly as the small.

For well we know the summer reeds
Are smoother than the trees;
And every puny streamlet speeds
More smoothly than the seas.

Productions of the human soul,
That speak to human hearts;
Must each be taken as a whole,
Not criticised in parts.

Of rapid growth may beauties be
That please us for an hour;
But slowly and unevenly
Grow majesty and power.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

STINGO GROUT, ESQUIRE.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

WE were walking on the seashore—my friend and I. It was something new for him to watch the blue waves, dancing and sparkling in the sun, and the white ships in the distance, that, clearly defined by the pure, cloudless air, looked like pictures in the azure sky. It was an everyday scene to me, and I was far more interested in the practical operations of a few fishermen, who were re-fitting a crazy boat near us, than in the exhibition of nature, grand and beautiful as I knew it to be. So, for want of sympathy, we were silent a long time.

"Look," I said at last, "look, Arthur, if you would see the richest man in Pinchville."

"Look where?"

"There, just in advance of us. That is Stingo Grout, Esq. He is the richest man in town; he counts his broad acres by the thousands, and it is reported that he has a chest of gold in his bed-room."

My friend cast a quick, searching glance in the direction indicated by me, and forgot at once all his ocean sentiment in his contemplation of the new *genus* of humanity pointed out.

"What! You don't mean that little, hobbling old man in the scanty, faded, old plaid cloak?"

"Yes."

"The old man who is collecting shells, with the blue handkerchief on his head?"

"Yes, to be sure."

"A conchologist, eh?"

I could not help laughing at the question, propounded by my friend in the simplicity of his heart.

"I will tell you. Those are quabaug shells. He will take them home, and build a little round tower by the door resembling a child's corncob play-house. He will leave a little opening at the bottom, and gradually contract the top until it be of the right size to fit his kettle; he will then collect stray bits of chips and sticks, and when he gets enough together to make a fire, he will cook his dinner without expense to himself or anybody else."

"A rich man!" observed my friend, thoughtfully regarding him.

Now it so happened that the romantic sentiment that I had so summarily ejected from the bosom of my friend began to affect my own feelings, and just in proportion to his interest in the dry subject before him, grew my unconscious interest in the magnificent and almost boundless prospect.

"Let us sit down on the green knoll—on the southern side, where the air is warm, and where the young spring violets will nestle at our feet. Let us watch awhile the myriads of vessels speeding with snowy wing across the broad bosom of the sea. The tiniest bark among them is freighted with loving hearts, strong hopes and ardent desires, perchance, with sorrow."

"A rich man!" muttered Arthur. He had not heard a word of what I had been saying. My poetical sentiment had been wholly thrown away; I tried again.

"Did you ever think, Arthur, that each of those palaces of the deep may possess a sensible existence of its own? Does not that majestic ship before us, now spreading all her canvass to the favoring breeze, seem wholly independent of any power save that of her native element? I cannot bear to think of the puny architecture of man as having aught to do with the creation of an object so sublime—"

"A rich man!" interrupted my inattentive auditor. "You say, Harriet, that he is very rich."

Ah, it was of no use to attempt being Tennysonian. The pegs upon which my sentiment rested were unceremoniously thrust aside; and so, finding it impossible to re-inspire his Pegasus, I reluctantly dismounted from my own, and proposed to tell him all I knew of Stingo Grout, Esq.

"He is a widower," I began, "although his last two wives are living. They were both divorced from him on account of their

mutual inability to subsist upon air; but his first two wives died and were buried. He was quite young when he was first married—not more than twenty-three. He always remembered the date of this occasion, not so much because of the new light that was to henceforth shine upon his domestic existence, as on account of a sore cause of disquiet connected therewith, which had first initiated him into the mysteries of real grief. To be sure, the affair had terminated favorably, but he could not quite forget or forgive the innocent cause of his affliction. So, as I said before, he always remembered the date of his first wedding."

"But you haven't told me what the trouble was, Harriet?"

"Ah, I forgot. It happened on this wise. Stingo had always, from motives of economy (managing mamas chose to call it 'eccentricity'), gone shabbily dressed; he hadn't a decent suit of clothes in the world. That same plaid cloak he inherited from his father, and it has been his sole outside wrapper for half a century. By dint of much brushing, and a good deal of mending, performed gratuitously by a sympathizing neighbor, he managed to get up a fair outfit for the wedding occasion. All that was lacking was a pair of shoes. He turned his great cowhide boots over and over, altering his mind with each revolution; now pronouncing them passable, then grievously admitting the evident fact of their unsuitability, until forced by his steady examination to decide that, tried and worthy as they had proved, they must not appear at the wedding. The cold sweat stood on his forehead as the truth gradually became manifest. That night (it was the night before his marriage), sleep forsook his pillow, or only in transient visits brought harrowing visions, in which he saw himself riding with his bride in a cowhide omnibus drawn by reckless ponies, whose hides were already made into leather, and whose harness was composed of 'waxed-ends' and shoe-buckles. But with the morning a bright idea came to his rescue. In accordance with it, he went to the shoe store directly after breakfast, and bought a pair of shoes as if for another person, with the understanding that they should be returned if they did not suit, wore them in triumph to his wedding, and carried them back to the store early the next morning.

"Neither the bride nor her friends had the remotest idea of the way of life that was before her. Strange as it may seem, Stingo was the prize for which all the marriageable girls were haggling; and very fortunate was she deemed who was lucky enough to secure him. His eccentricities were only pleasant little oddities while backed by the almost fabulous riches that he had inherited; and it would be easy for a wife (so argued the matrons of Pinchville) to correct them. Alas, poor Milly Wild! Venturing fearlessly in her unquestioning faith in generous manhood into the pit of destruction!

"Stingo was not so ignorant. He knew every nook and turn in advance of the new way of life now entered upon; the least circumstance possible he had thought of and got by heart long ago. His father had died when he was twenty-one, very obligingly (so thought his dutiful son) taking himself out of the way at the moment his heir was old enough to take possession of his property. Living just long enough to obviate the necessity and expense of guardians and other legal flummery, and then, in the very nick of time, abdicating in favor of his son!—a paternal example worthy of imitation! So, without the fuss of mourning over an event so refreshing, Stingo commenced housekeeping by himself in the old family mansion. It was a tall, slender, unpainted wooden edifice, without blinds or shrubbery to relieve its nude appearance. He lived here alone without a housekeeper, or any other domestic, for three years, gaining money and counting over his gains, and allowing himself but one luxury—one to which he had habituated himself from infancy—namely, laziness. He used to boast that he could make ten dollars any time without getting off the stump of an old apple-tree which stood by his door, and on which he was accustomed to sun himself in pleasant weather.

"Although so practically opposed to personal exertion, he never neglected his accounts; he knew all about the mortgages he held, the houses he rented, etc., and when he decided to take to himself a wife, he estimated and recorded in a book the necessary increase of household expenditure. How he ever won her, is one of those inscrutable mysteries that will never be made plain in this world. She was a pretty, delicate little creature, not overburdened, perhaps, with brains, but wholly unused to hardships, and had been petted and indulged from her infancy. Merry were all her plans for the future, as soon as her undoubted influence should have corrected the foibles of her uncouth spouse. The old house should be torn down, and a splendid country mansion befitting the means of its owner should be built in its place, and prove the lasting astonishment of their rustic neighbors. The trappings of a superb carriage, and even the color of the spirited horses who were to draw it, were decided upon; and wouldn't the Pinchvillites burst with envy as they beheld, Sabbath after Sabbath, the elaborate and inimitable elegance of her toilet?

"Such was the happy dream from which the young bride was to awake. Why Stingo had chosen her in preference to her competitors was not strange, for she inherited a snug little property from her grandmother. But for once the genius of selfishness had outwitted itself; for said property was so bequeathed that Mr. Grout's spouse could not command a cent of it, and in the event of her dying childless, both principal and interest was to become the property of her sisters or their heirs and assigns forever.

"Well, she didn't live long—less than a year. She rapidly wasted away, became melancholy, then insane, and then—died! Still, maidens and matronly widows, blooming youth and superannuated spinsterhood, stood ready to assume at his beck the lustre of his name, and the honor of being mistress of Grout Hall. Not one among them all doubted her power to bring the eccentric rich man to reasonable terms.

"His second wife was wooed and won, and almost literally fol-

lowed in the footsteps of the first. She had not been married for her wealth, for she had very little, if any; but, in lieu thereof, she had a trade—she was a tailoress. Her thoughtful husband inwardly resolved that she should not lack opportunity to exercise her skill. During his short courtship, the exemplary widower had laid awake night after night calculating the probable profits that would accrue from her labor; and all day long, in imagination, he was pocketing the bright little coins that she earned. Alas, for his matrimonial speculations! Scarcely had he begun to realize his expected profits, ere she, too, sickened and died. For once in his life he was a mourner. In addition to the loss of his wife, there came heavily upon his stricken soul the cost of the medical attendance, which her friends had insisted upon her having.

"After her death he lived alone in his old solitary mansion, and for a long time made no effort to replace her. It was evident to all the neighbors that he considered matrimony a humbug. It didn't pay. All in vain was it for disconsolate widows or despairing spinsters to besiege his citadel. It was as impregnable as the great wall of China. No, it didn't pay!

"So, in default of a wife, he bethought him of his soul. Death had twice entered his doors uninvited, and he was afraid he wouldn't stand for ceremony, if disposed to make another visit. In fact, he thought he was tolerably sure of getting another visit from him. As he must then, perforce, accompany his visitor, and bid adieu to his vast earthly wealth, 'would it not be wise,' he argued, 'to lay up a little treasure in heaven?' So, without further ado, he joined the church, and annually paid one dollar for the support of his pastor.

"It was curious to observe his ingenuity in contriving to pay the sum without touching his gold. At one time, during the absence of the minister, he carried to his house a bushel of chestnuts; and although the minister's lady strongly objected to his generosity, and insisted that half a peek would be an abundant supply, he left the whole, and on his way home called on the collector with the information that his subscription was paid. The next year, a little old wood-saw, somewhat rickety, which had not been used since the death of his father, was brought into requisition; and after being tinkered a little, and having the rust rubbed off, it looked as well as—could be expected. This was presented as a Christmas gift to the pastor, but the collector was immediately instructed that Stingo Grout, Esq.'s subscription was paid.

"A great many anxious hours were necessarily spent in contriving ways and means to liquidate this annual tax. Although self-imposed, it was a sore burden; and what was truly aggravating, it was a burden that he durst on no account throw down—for upon these yearly acts of benevolence rested his hopes of endless felicity.

"The days rolled on, and he became a gray-headed old man and a Millerite. Gout and rheumatism crept in with Millerism, and to crown all else, on his sixty-ninth birthday he was again married—but not to one of the little, meek Mrs. Grouts of former times. His new wife had not the slightest disposition to pine away and die for his sake. She married him because he was rich; and if she possessed any one determination stronger than another, it was to outlive him and enjoy his wealth. He was as firmly resolved that during his lifetime she should get as little as possible of it; and a steady war raged between them from the first hour of their union till the last, which continued just six weeks and four days. Lest she should be led into temptation, he slept every night with the keys of his money-box hugged to his bosom.

"Poor Mrs. Grout! She gave up at once the idea of outliving him; she was the wife of the richest man in Pinchville, and could not obtain what appeared to her to be the absolute necessities of existence. It was the middle of winter, and she shook with cold and rage like a northeast hurricane.

"It was just at this time that Stingo Grout, Esq. performed the most brilliant action of his life. He accidentally saw one day, on a bit of newspaper, an advertisement of 'Improved Air-Tight Stoves'; they were warranted to 'save half the fuel.' An economical idea—a golden conclusion, unthought of by the advertiser, immediately occurred to him, namely, 'if one stove will save half of the fuel, two stoves will save the whole.' There was nothing in arithmetic plainer than this! Here was a chance to economize. To be sure, it would require some outlay at first, for he had no stoves; but after turning the matter over and over in his mind, he decided to venture. It was a great risk, but he risked it.

"The stoves were bought and set up side by side in the depths of an old-fashioned fireplace, in the largest room of the house, and the old man sat down to enjoy himself. The wind roared down the wide chimney, and tossed his gray locks, his teeth chattered, and his hands trembled, till the keys of his money-chest, which he held in them, rang out a merry chime to celebrate this most novel way of warming up.

"Esquire Stingo Grout's third wife could bear no more; she left his bed and board directly. Her parting address was short, but, considering the weather, admirably warm and spicy. 'Just look here, you old Grou-out! I aint going to stand this! I would not stay here a week longer, if you'd agree to die then, and leave me millions. Sit there till doomsday, and click your old gums, if you like! When I rub your gouty shins again, I shan't mind which way the nap goes, you'd better believe! There'd be more room for your soul in an onion seed, than a toad would have in the Atlantic Ocean! See how soon you can bile your porridge on your precious stoves! Ugh! I'm off!' Off she went accordingly, and left him 'alone with his glory.' She testified shortly after in court, that she left him to save her life; and that she would have frozen days before, if she had not kept boiling hot with vexation.

"Again was Stingo sole inhabitant of his airy palace; alone with his gold and his rheumatism, his gout and his Millerism. But his great plan didn't work well. The sort of warmth gene-

rated by his two stoves did not appear to agree with his complaint, not even when he had deposited for safe keeping a huge pile of silver beneath a quantity of ashes in the bottom of one of them. They failed altogether in answering the end for which they had been purchased. The old man's joints grew stiff, and he looked pale and gaunt. His hair and beard had grown uncombed and untrimmed, until the children of the village shouted, whenever they saw him, "A grizzly bear! A grizzly bear!"

"After the divorce of his third wife, he had inwardly resolved to keep himself clear in future from all female incumbrances. He was fully convinced that they were altogether unprofitable. But he now found himself in a grievous strait. He was fast becoming helpless, and he must either marry or hire an attendant. A wife would require no wages—a hired domestic would. So, the balance being in favor of matrimony, he called in a passing neighbor, and deputed him with an offer of marriage to a middle aged single lady, who lived in a cottage near by, and who was dependent on her own labor for a livelihood.

"If he had not been an old man, likely to die soon, as full of money as of infirmities, he would have sued in vain; but she was a poor woman, and the golden dream that had beguiled her predecessors lost none of its beauty when tempting her. A few inevitable months of privation and torment. These could be bravely borne, and then—a rich widow, securely established above the reach of poverty; an easy old age provided for. The false dream decided the question, and they were married immediately.

"Woe! woe! The spring had no sooner opened, than he began to improve in health, and, to her unspeakable sorrow, she found that he had a vigorous, hardy constitution, likely to last as long as the Constitution of the United States. She was indignant. The marriage compact, entered into solely with a view to a speedy widowhood, seemed in her view to be scarcely binding, unless the original idea could be carried out. She found it impossible to look quietly upon the wanton destruction of her hopes, or to see with composure the most beautiful of air-castles melt away into its kindred ether. She felt that his returning strength had defrauded her of her just dues; that his prolonged life was an imposition upon the poor of the community, whose wants she would thankfully have relieved had the keys of the strong box been legally her own. In the height of her anger, she kindled a huge fire in one of his profitable stoves, and awaited the result. She thought he was crazy when he came in. Forgetful of all his bodily ailments, he rushed towards the stove like an enraged catamount robbed of her young. Without waiting for tongs or shovel, he pulled out the flaming brands with his naked hands; furiously diving into the very depths of the stove, and blackening and blinding himself with the smoke and ashes.

"Terrified almost out of her wits by this energetic conduct of her beloved spouse, Mrs. Grout was about to run to the neighbors for help, when the cause of his sudden frenzy became apparent—she had built her fire on his buried treasure. Blackened coins, dollars, half dollars, and tea and table-spoons were spinning hotly about on the floor, while he madly raked among the glowing embers to save his melting idol. This was a run upon his bank that he had not anticipated. Mrs. Grout was not idle. She slyly pocketed quite a little fortune of black dollars; and when the tumult subsided, she left him turning over his money with blistered hands, and literally sitting in dust and ashes.

"She never returned, but after a few weeks applied for and obtained a divorce. She still lives in that little white cottage at the foot of the bluff. The third Mrs. Grout boards with her; and Stingo seldom passes their door with his basket of shells, without being saluted with a roar of laughter.

"He is a little over eighty years of age, hale and hearty, and presenting few indications of soon resigning his wealth to other hands. He has no friends, and although the possessor of great riches, has not a friend in the world."

"A rich man!" responded my friend, by way of conclusion.

LOVE OF APPLAUSE.—The heart of man seeks for sympathy, and each of us craves a recognition of his talents and his labors. But this craving is in danger of becoming morbid, unless it be constantly kept in check by calm reflection on its vanity, or by dwelling upon the very different and far higher motives which should actuate us. That man has fallen into a pitiable state of moral sickness, in whose eyes the good opinion of his fellow-men is the test of merit, and their applause the principal reward for exertion.—*Helps.*

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from the best and most popular writers in the country. It is also speeded with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour anywhere, at home or abroad, each number being complete in itself.

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its peculiar sect or clique. This work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year; or any person sending us eight subscribers and eight dollars, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MR. DANIEL DINGDONG.

BY MAURICE SILINOSBY.

DINGDONG—Mr. Daniel Dingdong, of the distinguished firm of Dingdong, Titman & Weasel, dealers in anchors, cables, old junk, and I believe, every other description of ship-chandlery, was, at the time of which we treat, a "gay Lothario" of forty-five, or thereabouts,—rich, pompous, and, what is often to be regretted, a trifle self-conceited. He had picked his way up, gradually, from a foremast hand to his present enviable position in the world, without any of those "ups" and "downs," bumps, panics, contortions of credit, and so forth, incidental to trade, or the general fluctuation of stocks.

Messrs. Titman and Weasel were both family men, while Mr. Dingdong, senior, was only a bachelor, "gay as a butterfly born in a hower"—one of those enviable mortals whom Cupid has never dared to assail. For years Mr. Dingdong had been in the habit of spending his leisure hours in attending lectures, concerts, theatres, and such like places of amusement, or instruction, sometimes in company with Mrs. Titman, who was known to treat her husband with marked contempt for a week afterwards (he being a foxy-complexioned little man, with ferret-like eyes, and a sharp piping voice, which always terminated in a shrill treble; while Mr. Dingdong was slightly corpulent, with cheeks like a full blown rose, and a voice of the richest and most varied modulation); but oftener with Mrs. Weasel, who was always accompanied, to the great satisfaction of Mrs. Dingdong, by the two accomplished Misses Snyder—magnificent twin daughters by a former marriage.

Now it was the highest aim, the very loftiest ambition of the managing Mrs. Weasel, to see the twins well established in the world,—their father having unfortunately surrendered up his being just as he was on the eve, like thousands of other well-meaning persons, of making a most rapid and splendid fortune, which, not having been realized to their entire satisfaction, reduced the luckless widow to the necessity of doing something for the support of her little family. Accordingly, after a variety of vicissitudes, she became Mr. Weasel's housekeeper (Mr. Weasel having already borne up philosophically under the loss of the dear woman,—Mrs. Weasel the first,—by whom he had issue—Master Tom Weasel—at that time an unmanageable whipster of ten years), and after a reasonable period spent in his service, was rendered but too happy in assuming the same place in his affections, and the same authority over his household,—some maliciously inclined persons said more,—which had been previously maintained by the deceased.

However that clause might be, there was one thing, one resolution, in which Mr. Weasel had always been known to be remarkably firm, and that was as regarded the final disposition of his property. Indeed he was so very pointed in this respect (he having actually said, and that, too, with one of the very strongest gestures he was ever known to indulge in, that he would see all the Snyders that he ever did see, in Pandemonium, before he would rob his son Tom of the smallest fraction of his property for the accommodation of others who had the honor of being the lawful daughters of somebody else), that Mrs. Weasel had finally given up the point in despair, and passed over her husband, so long as he continued to provide well for the fashionable wants of her two blooming daughters, now in their nineteenth year, as one of those pantalooned ogres who are sometimes perfectly incorrigible on some points.

Clarabella and Arabella,—it being a commonplace observance, dating back, for aught we know, to the remotest antiquity, to reduce the names of twins to something like a jingling resemblance,—were the Christian names which the Snyders had liberally conferred on their twin daughters, at that early period of life which properly arraigns itself under the head of extreme babyhood!

As I have said, it was now the sole aim of Mrs. Weasel's life to see her two marriageable daughters well established; and what I mean to convey by this, is, with rich, and of course liberally-disposed husbands; this being the profound object at which she aimed. By a course of skilful manœuvring—such as would certainly be excused in no one else but a mother, anxious for the well-being of her daughters—did she contrive to enlist for Clarabella, who labored under the disadvantage of half an hour's seniority over her sister, the devoted interest and affection of a wealthy young gentleman in town, who had already promised Clarabella honorable marriage, and stood ready at any moment to fulfil the contract. But Arabella still remained. Arabella, if anything, was even more beautiful than Clarabella. It was necessary that she should be disposed of soon. She canvassed the merits of all the young men of her acquaintance—by no means a trifling undertaking—but unhappily in each case there was something wanting, something to destroy that lady's confidence in them. P. was miserly and querulous; C. was profligate and given to loose associates; D. was extravagantly fast, and had squandered the greater part of his patrimony; while L. was seriously devoted to every good-looking young lady of his acquaintance, and of course could not think of such a thing as becoming at thirty years of age the exclusive property of any particular lady whom he had had the pleasure of flirting with.

While the good Mrs. Weasel was thus indulging in her cogitations, the door-bell rang, and a moment after the rosy Mr. Dingdong stood bowing in the doorway. Mr. Dingdong was remarkably young looking for forty-five; would have passed current in almost any company for at least ten years short of that mark. Mrs. Weasel had observed this peculiarity before, and now a happy thought seized her. "What, pray, should hinder Mr. Dingdong from making Arabella a capital husband? He was rich; he was liberally disposed; he was too old and too philosophical, too tho-

roughly acquainted with human nature and the usages of society, to ever dream of becoming jealous of a young and accomplished wife. He understood the world, and would certainly understand, also, that a wife of Arabella's qualifications, both physical and mental, could not easily fail of making them both conspicuous in the fashionable circles."

These ideas, when once started, were revolved with great rapidity in the mind of Mrs. Weasel, and she drew out the wide, stuffed rocking-chair, that Mr. Dingdong might be seated; while she, excellent lady, excusing herself for a moment, retired into the conservatory to find and arrange with Arabella the best mode of attack. She soon had the pleasure of discovering that young lady seated in the arbor with Mr. T. Betheoven Basso, a renowned music teacher of a most exquisite exterior and address, but as poor as a church-mouse in point of worldly gear. Mr. Basso was dismissed with a patronizing nod from the mother. After he was gone, Mrs. Weasel pounced immediately upon her subject, descended upon the advantages of an alliance with Mr. Dingdong, his great wealth and amiability, with the very fair prospect of her becoming a dashing widow in the very prime of life; and then how romantically attractive she might appear, riding alone in the late Mr. Dingdong's carriage, and surrounded with all the glittering paraphernalia of wealth.

Arabella was sensibly affected by the picture, and promised ready obedience to her mother in everything. From that hour both mother and daughter became unceasing in their attentions to Mr. Dingdong. It became a point with them to reserve the best fruits, the most delectable sweetmeats, and even the choicest brands of old Madeira, for his especial comfort and consumption. The cosiest chair was always vacated on his approach, the most convenient peg in the hat-rack was appropriated to him—being universally recognized by every one as "Mr. Dingdong's;" and not the minutest little attention was neglected which would add to his luxurious indolence. For him Arabella executed the most plaintive airs on the piano, oftentimes affecting the gentleman to such a degree as to cause him to blow his nose with great violence. At other times she would read sentimental effusions on "Love," selected from the last number of the "Lady's Book;" or, at his especial request, she would seat herself on an ottoman at his feet, and read a full account of everything connected with moneyed interests, and wind up with an unabridged summary of the weekly shipping lists.

Mr. Dingdong must have had a heart of iron to have resisted all this, and retained any shadow of his old opinions regarding the independent condition of a bachelor. Suffice it to say, that after a brief siege, Mr. Dingdong gallantly capitulated, and proposed a solemn treaty of marriage with the remaining twin, which so gratified the mother that she embraced Mr. Dingdong several times with great rapture, at which Mr. Weasel, who was sitting near at hand, frowned severely. Mr. Dingdong presented Arabella with a valuable set of jewels, and ten one hundred dollar notes to replenish her wardrobe. At last the happy day was named, and Mrs. Weasel, now on the verge of witnessing the entire consummation of a "hope long deferred," laid herself out nobly for one grand "fete," which she trusted would prove the leading topic of conversation even out of the circle in which she moved. Mr. Weasel must foot this bill, however extravagant, as no one but Master Tommy would ever stand a chance of suffering in consequence.

The grand occasion arrived, and a large company had assembled to witness the interesting ceremony. Mr. Dingdong was attired in a black coat, white pants, and buff waistcoat; while Arabella, decked in satins and blazing with jewels, had just retired for a few moments to the privacy of her own apartment. A half hour passed and she was still absent. Mrs. Weasel grew extremely impatient at the delay, and soon after went in quest of the bride to be. In a few minutes she returned with a great look of anxiety depicted in her face, and beckoned Mr. Dingdong aside. Arabella was nowhere to be found! They gazed about the room, and lo, Mr. Basso had also disappeared!

The eyes of Mrs. Weasel were instantly opened, and she declared it as her unshaken conviction that Arabella must have eloped with her music teacher.

Mr. Dingdong was dumbfounded; the company were amused—they having no private feelings at stake;—and Mrs. Weasel, whose chagrin, if anything, was greater even than that of the unfortunate Dingdong, who, after the unfortunate shock was over, rather congratulated himself that the affair was no worse, fairly stormed with disappointment. She declared she would never forgive her, never! She had abused her confidence beyond the limits of human forbearance! When she might have rested in the lap of fortune, she had been so unpardonably silly as to throw herself away on a worthless, graceless puppy. The next day a note was discovered in the drawer of her dressing-table, from which we extract the following passages:

"DEAREST BELLA:—You can never expect to be happy, if you break your promise with me.... A new prospect has just opened to me.... I have made up my mind to go west.... I understand farming, and have twelve hundred dollars in cash.... Dearest Bella, give up your ambitious schemes, and come where your heart is.... I shall certainly be in town on the painful occasion to which you have referred, and if you love me, dearest, as I think you do, you must and will fly with me.... Steadfastly till death, suffer me to remain yours, T. BETHEOVEN BASSO."

One year later we are favored with extracts from another letter:

"Though we live in a log-house, we have a fine farm of three hundred and twenty acres, forty acres of which is now under cultivation.... I have not been disappointed in my husband; he is everything I could wish.... The baby is just six weeks old, and a perfect image of his father.... Tell Mr. Dingdong that my treatment of him has proved the most constant sorrow I have had.... Truly your affectionate sister, ARABELLA."

SCENES IN THE RING.

The design on this page, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Champney from the life, exhibits some of the performances at the National Theatre in this city, now occupied by Col. Cushing's New York circus, embracing a very talented company. The lady rider is Miss Maddigan, a most graceful equestrienne, the daughter of a gentleman long known in connection with such entertainments. In the lower portion of the picture we have a sketch of the celebrated equestrian, Hernandez—one of the most daring and graceful riders in the world. In Europe he is no less popular than in this country, and his engagements there were most brilliant. The clowns attached to this company are the famous Joe Pentland and Felix Carlo, both of them distinguished for genuine humor and originality, really "fellows of infinite jest." We are not quite of the opinion of the gentleman who said "he preferred horses to Shakespeare," but we confess to an amiable weakness in favor of equestrian exhibitions. In our juvenile days it amounted to an equomania. Thackeray says somewhere, "Many a philosopher would steal round the corner to laugh at Punch, if he thought nobody was looking at him." And just so many a philosopher, if he dared unbend from his wonted rigidity, would take a seat in a circus, expand with admiration at the brilliant cavalcades, and be convulsed with laughter at the jokes of the clown. We pity a man who cannot laugh at the clown's jokes. Many of them are old enough to be respectable—honest, ancient jests that wear well, good solid flashes of wit and humor, by no means to be classed with the frothy jesting of the day. If a man were called upon to defend his equestrian proclivities, he might go back to the days of Homer, and show the classicality of the sports of the ring. The "blind old bard of Scio's rocky isle," describes one of his heroes as managing several horses and leaping from one to another, precisely as it is done in the modern circus. But with all due deference to the departed heroes of Greece, we must express our belief that their feats were "slow" in comparison to those we have recently witnessed at the National Theatre. They had not the horses nor the men to perform such marvels. The horses, if we consult even the Elgin marbles, were mere hacks compared to the thorough-bred nags of our time, and as for the men—when we say the Greeks were not Yankees, we have said enough. Equestrianism and gymnastics have gone on improving from year to year, until now they seem to have reached their acmé. The sports of the circus have always furnished a favorite entertainment to the people of Boston. So long ago as when Pepin & Brechard came here with their French troupe—more than forty years ago—they were eminently successful, and attracted brilliant audiences. For a long time the Washington Garden Amphitheatre, which stood in the midst of the fine old trees which shaded the site now occupied by the brick block at the corner of West and Tremont Streets, enjoyed the patronage of the public. Here "El Hyder" and the "Cataract of the Ganges" were first produced, and we well remember with what unalloyed delight we boys beheld "Zamine, mounted on her white charger, dash up the cataract"—a flight of steps with a little stream of water pouring out of the nose of a common pump worked just about two minutes, when the curtain fell. Since then the Lion Theatre, uniting companies of horse and foot, enjoyed a temporary success. And the various companies that have visited our city from time to time, have had no reason to complain of lack of patronage. Whenever the "legitimate" failed at any of its "temples," the horses were always a "sure card," and we are afraid a strict account would show that sawdust pays better than Shakespeare in the long run. Equestrian and athletic exercises, well conducted, as they are at present, are certainly, however, well worthy of patronage. Their physical result to the performers is shown in a full development and nice balance of the muscular system; and the best living models our sculptors can study, the only ones that approach the nearly absolute perfection of the Greek type of manhood, are to be found among our equestrian performers.

ICEBERGS AND GREENLANDERS.

A gentleman who accompanied Lieut. Hartstein on his expedition in search of Dr. Kane, thus describes, in a letter to the New York Mirror, the appearance of icebergs: "I tried hard to sketch an outline of some of the icy mountains, but the snowy whiteness of their summits, and the clear, transparent azure of their edging and projections were beyond any artistic powers I possess. The best idea that can be formed of them is to imagine a vast collection of cathedrals, churches, castles, halls and walls of every imaginable style of architecture, done in Parian marble, and adorned with turquoise reliefs, all floating on a sea of green, while the hoarse dash of the breakers among the clefts is music most solemn and sublimely accordant to the imposing scene." Of the natives of Greenland he says: "They are far better looking than I expected to find them, and many of the hulf breeds are really beautiful—their hairy seal-skin to the contrary notwithstanding."

APPROACH TO JERUSALEM.

But when I climbed the last ridge, and looked ahead, with a sort of painful suspense, Jerusalem did not appear. We were two thousand feet above the Mediterranean, whose blue we could dimly see far to the west, through notches in the chain of hills. To the north the mountains were gray, desolate and awful. An upland tract covered with white volcanic rocks lay before us. We met peasants with asses, who looked to my eyes as if they were just like Jerusalem. Still forward we urged our horses, and reached a ruined garden, surrounded with hedges of cactus, over which I saw domes and walls in the distance. I drew a long breath and looked at Francis. He was jogging along without turning his head; he could not have been so indifferent if that really was the city. Presently we reached another slight rise in the rocky plain. He began to urge his panting horse, and, at the same instant, we both lashed the spirit into ours, dashed on at breakneck gallop round the corner of an old wall on the top of a hill, and lo! the Holy City! Our Greek jerked both pistols from his holsters, and fired them into the air, as we reined up the steed. From the description of travellers, I had expected to see in Jerusalem an ordinary modern Turkish town; but that before me, with its walls, fortresses and domes, was it not still the City of David? I saw the Jerusalem of the New Testament, as I had imagined it. Long lines of walls, crowned with a notched parapet, and strengthened by towers; a few domes and spires above them; clusters of cypress trees here and there; this was all that was visible of the city. On either side the hill sloped down to the two deep valleys over which it hung. On the east, the Mount of Olives, crowned with a chapel and mosque, rose high and steep; but in front, the eye passed directly over the city, to rest far away upon the lofty mountains of Moab, beyond the Red Sea. The scene was grand in its simplicity. The prominent colors were the purple of those distant mountains, and the hoary gray of the nearer hills. The walls were of the dull yellow of weather-stained marble, and the only trees, the dark cypress and the moonlit olive. Now, indeed, for one brief moment, I knew that I was in Palestine; that I saw Mount Olive and Mount Zion; and I knew not how it was—my sight grew weak, and all objects trembled and wavered in a watery film. Since we arrived, I have looked down upon the city from the Mount of Olives, and up to it from the valley of Jehoshaphat; but I cannot restore the illusion of that first view.—*Travels in the East.*

ORIGIN OF PLANTS.

Every farmer ought to be acquainted with the origin and history of all ordinary plants, so as to know their nature, country and condition. Such knowledge, besides being a great source of pleasure, and very desirable, will often enable him to explain phenomena in the habits of many plants that otherwise would appear inexplicable. Wheat, although considered by some as a native of Sicily, originally came from the central table-land of Thibet, where it yet exists as a grass, with small, mealy seeds. Rye exists wild in Siberia. Barley exists wild in the mountains of Himalaya. Oats were brought

from North Africa. Millet, one species, is a native of India, another of Egypt and Abyssinia. Maize (Indian corn) is a native growth in America. Rice was brought from South Africa, whence it was taken to India, and thence to Europe and America. Peas are of unknown origin. Vetches are natives of Germany. The Garden Bean is from the East Indies. Buckwheat came originally from Siberia and Turkey. Cabbage grows wild in Sicily and Naples. The Poppy was brought from the East. The Sunflower from Peru. Hops came to perfection as a wild flower in Germany. Saffron came from Egypt. Horseradish is a native of South Europe. Tobacco is a native of Virginia, Tobago and California. Another species has also been found wild in Asia. The Grasses are mostly native plants, and so are the clovers, except Luzerne, which is a native of Sicily. The Gourd is an Eastern plant. The Potatow is a well-known native of Peru and Mexico. Coriander grows wild near the Mediterranean. Aniseed was brought from the Grecian Archipelago.—*Boston Transcript.*



EQUESTRIAN PERFORMANCES AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE, BOSTON.

They are well-disposed, kind and hospitable, and on their invitation, the officers of the expedition attended a grand ball, or *hocky dance*, as they term it, for which purpose the governor kindly offered his house. The invites were issued with a request to bring our own refreshments, meaning wine and whiskey 'ad lib,' and a fair assemblage of Esquimaux belles, with two or three very pretty Danes among them, having got together, the dancing commenced to the music of two native violinists, who played all the polkas, redowns and waltzes of our own 'fast age' and city. The women polked, jigged and waltzed exceedingly well and with most unremitting ardo. They were all attired in tight-fitting seal-skin breeches, the hairy side out, which were joined eight inches above the knee, with seal-skin boots, tastily trimmed with fur or lace—not an unbecoming dress, by any means, I assure you. Not having graduated in Terpsichore's school, I remained a delighted looker-on at the funniest scene I have lately witnessed—the naval uniforms and seal skins amalgamating together readily."

EDITORIAL MEXANGE.

A five hundred dollar Bible is advertised for sale in the Philadelphia Ledger. The ornaments on the cover are composed of solid gold. — S. E. Sherwood, of Bridgeport, Ct., father of Gen. Tom Thumb, died at that place, lately, leaving a large fortune to be divided between the widow, the renowned dwarf, and two married sisters. — There are five hundred millions more of heathen than of Christians in the world. — Maine now boasts of owning a fleet of merchant vessels valued at fifty millions of dollars, and greater than the commercial marine of any European power, Great Britain alone excepted. — In the far West, cactuses grow two feet thick at the base, rising thirty or forty feet high, with thorns upon them as large as a goose quill. — The cost of the smallest locomotive in use is from six to eight thousand dollars each. The largest, which can draw a train of sixteen cars, holding eleven hundred persons, are worth twelve thousand dollars. A first class passenger car costs three thousand dollars; second class, eighteen hundred; freight car, six hundred. — M. de Bonpland, once the celebrated fellow-traveller of Baron Humboldt, now eighty-three years of age, has turned into an American planter in Chili. — An Oregonian says that he has often rode his mule down places where the declivity was so steep that he dared not trust himself on foot. The probability is, that our Oregonian gentleman had just left an exhibition of original packages. — In the time of Henry III., of France (1675), there were but three carriages in Paris, whereof two were the king's. At the present time there are six hundred omnibuses. — By the policy carried out by Louis Napoleon, several faiths are now really national religions in the empire—the Roman Catholic, the Protestant Reformed (old Huguenotic), the Lutheran Reformed (chiefly in Alsatia), the Jews (everywhere), the Mahomedans (in Algeria), are recognized state religions, supported out of the treasury, and supposed to be protected in their respective rights by the government. — No minister belonging to either the Roman Catholic or Universalist denomination has ever been elected chaplain of the United States Senate. — At the New England dinner, in New York, the Hon. George Ashmun, of Massachusetts, proposed the following comprehensive and eloquent toast—"Reciprocity in all things material, in all things intellectual, and in all things social, between the kingdom of Great Britain and our own country." — A correspondent at New Orleans says, that there is a prodigious influx of young men, clerks, who can find nothing to do. For example—an advertisement for a clerk brought, in less than a day, five hundred and seventy-one applicants. — The Scientific American considers a wall twelve inches thick, of wet-laid bricks, equivalent to one sixteen inches thick, where the bricks are put up dry. — The Philadelphia Ledger says that on Christmas morning, the gentlemen connected with the Arch Street Presbyterian Church, presented to their pastor, the Rev. Charles Wadsworth, a purse containing five hundred dollars in gold, as a testimony of their high personal regard for him. — There are 100,000 lawyers, 50,000 clergymen, 1500 editors, 30,000 teachers, and 40,000 physicians, in the United States. — They sometimes have a queer way of doing business at the South. The editor of the "Southern Native," published at Eufaula, Alabama, in his issue of December 20, says, that in consequence of his "boys" desiring to keep the holidays, and wishing himself to "fix up" his office, no paper would be issued from that date to the 10th of January. He must have good-natured subscribers. — There has not been a fire or an alarm of fire on Nantucket for two years. — A chap in Chicago has been swindling people by presenting himself as a tax-collector. He carried under his arm a large folio, and had a quill stuck behind his ear—in short, looked quite business-like and genuine. He has not been arrested. — The latest and perhaps the fairest estimate of the population of the world makes it eleven hundred and fifty millions. — The poor Indians, when they were cheated out of their birthright for red cloths and beads (which their squaws probably would not let them refuse), little thought, as they gave up a few acres of their hunting grounds to the plough, that it would end by their being elbowed into the setting sun.

A LARGE LANDHOLDER.—A large portion of the rich valley of Genesee, in New York State, is owned by James Wadsworth. He owns 8000 acres in one town, as many more in Genesee, about 6000 more in the adjoining town of Rush, 5000 or 6000 in the town of Caledonia, and a great many thousands in other towns and counties. His landed possessions exceed 50,000 acres; it is nearly all good land—the best in the State, and constantly increasing in value.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE.—Probably there is not one of the readers of the PICTORIAL who has not heard of this famous remedy; but they should not only know it by reputation, but by experience. There can be no doubt that it possesses remarkable healing virtues for any bruise or burn of the human flesh. It richly deserves the great popularity to which it has attained.

SHIPBUILDING.—During the year 1855, forty-one vessels, making an aggregate tonnage of 23,503 tons, were built in the Portland and Falmouth districts, Maine. The amount of tonnage built in the district since 1845, is 150,784 tons.

NOISY CARRIER'S BOOK AND STATIONERY CO. No. 77 LONG WHARF, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Incorporated according to an act of the Legislature of California, January 1, 1855. CHARLES P. KIMBALL, President—TRUSTEES—Charles P. Kimball, Thomas N. Hibben, G. B. Haywood.—CHARLES GALACAR, Agent, New York. 3—8m

A MILLIONAIRE.—The richest member of the present Congress is William Aiken, of South Carolina. His property is valued at two millions of dollars.

Wayside Gatherings.

Two men belonging to Chippewa, while on the Niagara, gunning, were recently carried over the Falls.

A professional beggar woman, who had lived in Pittsburgh, Pa., for ten years past, has accumulated property for which she has refused \$10,000.

The whole number of stock-secured banks in Illinois is forty; three with a circulation of \$3,146,414, which is secured by State stocks to the amount of \$3,754,000.

The Michigan Southern Railroad Company have determined to build the Detroit and Toledo Railroad, provided the capitalists of that city will take \$200,000.

Theodore Fay, minister resident in Switzerland, is now engaged, and has been for years, in writing the History of Switzerland, and he brings to his task many and rare qualities.

The Manchester people are about to erect a statue to James Watt as a companion to that of Dalton, and are to copy—so we are assured—the statue of Chantrey in Westminster Abbey.

Mr. Samuel W. Lowe, of Philadelphia, has discovered a method of preparing tin, by which engravings can be obtained, from a direct pressure press, equal to copper engravings.

A hospital for the reception of children has been opened in Philadelphia. The design provides the patients shall be under the constant supervision of competent nurses and medical attendants.

One of the lady sojourners in the Crimea, Mrs. Henry Duberley, announces for publication a journal kept by her from the departure of the army to the taking of Sebastopol.

The Emperor of Russia has given to M. Gretsck, the editor of the Northern Bee, a snuff-box, richly set with diamonds, and inscribed with the name of the imperial donor.

Evangelical religion in Holland is at a low ebb. Rationalism is dominant in the government, in the pulpit, and in the universities, and the prospects disheartening to the friends of practical piety.

There is a slate quarry in Castleton, Vt., which promises by its richness to rival the famous Penrhyn quarries in Wales. It is located on the west side of Lake Bomhazine, and covers an area of 500 acres.

A bill to compel all banks now in operation, and others in future incorporated, to make a return of their stock, real estate and other property, and to pay a per centum tax on the same, has been brought into the legislature of Georgia.

A respectable farmer, named Nolan, a tenant on the estate of the Earl of Besborough, near Garryhill, county of Calrow, Ireland, has entered upon the 114th year of his age, and appears smart and intelligent, and free from the usual infirmities of old age.

There is to be a grand horse-show at Louisville, Ky., next spring, under the auspices of the Southwestern Agricultural and Mechanical Association. The exhibition is to begin on Tuesday, the 13th of May, and will continue three days.

Mdlle. Rachel's brother has written to the "Figaro," to state that the receipts of the French company for the first two months of their acting in America (New York and Boston), amounted to upwards of £21,000.

The Peoria Transcript is informed that the Rochester, N. Y., Mill Erecting Company intend to place in operation fifty mills on the Western prairies, during the year 1856, the motive power of which is to be wind alone.

The sexton of Cullompton, in Devonshire, Eng., who died recently, had buried upwards of 4000 persons, while the population of the town is only 3655. It is said that the sextonship had been in his family for a period of 200 years.

The Turkish army of the Danube will be increased next spring to about 80,000 men, and march to the Pruth, in order to carry the war into Bessarabia, and two divisions of French and English troops will proceed to Varna from the Crimea to support the operation.

Rev. Joshua Soule, senior bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church, south, addressed the candidates for the ministry, at the Tennessee conference, which lately met at Nashville. In the course of his remarks, he stated that he had been fifty-six years in the ministry.

The first trophies of Sebastopol have just arrived at the Louvre. Two sphinxes of white marble, of large proportions, nearly equal to those at the fountain of the Chateau d'Eau, but with this essential difference, that the Russian sphinxes have the heads of women instead of those of lions.

Capt. Nye, who recently left the Collins line, is soon to be again afloat. He has been appointed to the command of the Atlantic steamship which is building by Commodore Vanderbilt. This will be good news to the host of friends who will travel with Capt. Nye, and will add to the repute of the new line.

The first newspaper was issued monthly in MS. form, in the republic of Venice, and was called the Gazzetta, probably from a farthing coin peculiar to Venice, and which was the common price at which it was sold. Thirty volumes of it are still preserved in a library at Florence.

The Richmond Enquirer thinks that the rise of price in agricultural products, and the increased income from property generally, will go far to reconcile the people of Virginia to unavoidable increase of taxes consequent upon the internal improvements of the State.

A new manner of hunting deer has lately been introduced in Illinois. A few nights since, the cars on the Central Railroad ran over and killed two of them. The deer, seeing the light from the lantern in front of the locomotive, and not knowing exactly what it was, concluded to remain on the track, but it was a death-blow to them.

Of the twenty-seven million of acres of land granted by the State to aid the construction of the Illinois Central Railroad, over two million acres yet remain unsold. Taking the sales made since the office of the company opened in Chicago as a test, the funds realized from the lands alone will not fall short of forty-five millions of dollars.

The citizens of London are no longer content to abide by Lord Eldon's decision that a school founded more than three centuries ago must necessarily restrict its education to Latin and Greek. The Merchant Taylors are about to extend the circle of sciences taught within the walls of their once famous school. To Latin and Greek they are adding drawing.

Religion would appear to be at a low ebb among the Chinese. The priest sits down in front of an altar with a small taper burning, and with a small mallet in one hand and a string of beads in the other, he begins to hum or half sing a certain number of words. This appears to be all the worship they have, and their belief is that the priest can and must do all the praying. There appears to be no solemnity attached to this service by the people or the priest.

Foreign Items.

The sea fishery is to be extensively prosecuted on the west coast of Ireland.

A letter from Genoa states that three hundred political refugees have just embarked at that port for Australia.

A letter from the Valais, in Switzerland, states that many serious shocks of earthquake have been felt in that vicinity, lately.

At a Peace meeting at Devonport, England, lately, a resolution for a "vigorous prosecution of the war" was carried by a very large majority.

A new flotilla of ten steam screw gunboats, built at St. Petersburg, has arrived at Sweaborg from Cronstadt, to be stationed there in the spring.

Russia has opened a new loan of fifty millions of roubles. In Austria, the army has been reduced to the usual effective force of the peace establishment.

The English papers are discussing the prospects of peace, and yet are preparing for war. Seventy thousand British troops will be in the field the next campaign.

The Royal Academy of Sciences of Stockholm has elected as foreign members M. Leverrier, director of the observatory of Paris; and Sir R. Murchinson, president of the Geological Society of London.

In France, the efforts to strengthen the army in the Black Sea are on a scale equally vast with those in progress in England, and yet nobody hears of them. The actual number of French sabres and bayonets in the Crimea is 140,000.

To meet the demand of twenty-five thousand clamorous purchasers of Macaulay's new volumes, Messrs. Westley & Co., the great binders of London, have undertaken to supply 3000 copies every day until the order is completed.

Sands of Gold.

.... Love of supremacy, mis-called political glory, finds most, and leaves all, dishonest.—*Landon.*

.... The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.—*Shakespeare.*

.... Kings play at war unfairly with republics; they can only lose some earth, and some creatures they value as little, while republics lose in every soldier a part of themselves.—*Landon.*

.... The world's all title-page—there's no contents. The world's all face; the man who shows his heart is hooted for his nudities, and scorned.—*Young.*

.... Power is always the more immoderate and the more jealous when it rises out of usurpation; but those who contend for liberty of any kind, should, in no instance, be its abettors.—*Landon.*

.... The best kind of glory is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides; but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man while he lives.—*Cowley.*

.... Those things that are not practicable are not desirable. There is nothing in the world really beneficial that does not lie within the reach of an informed understanding and a well-directed pursuit.—*Burke.*

.... Times of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm.—*Colton.*

.... Error soon passes away, unless upheld by restraint on thought. History tells us (and the lesson is invaluable) that the physical force which has put down free inquiry has been the main bulwark of the superstitions and illusions of past ages.—*Channing.*

Joker's Budget.

What letter is it that is never used more than twice in America? Ans.—A.

A wag says that Dr. Kane tried to get to the pole to deposit his vote, but the iceberg fiction prevented him.

An Irish sailor once visited a city, where, he said, "they copper-bottomed the tops of their houses with sheet-lead."

It is a singular fact, that no matter how excellent the streets of Paris are, those who travel in them are sure to rue it.

A child, when asked why a certain tree grew crooked, replied, "Somebody trod upon it, I suppose, when it was little."

A printer not long ago being 'flung' by his sweetheart, went to the office, and tried to commit suicide with a shooting stick; but the thing wouldn't "go off."

A lady was asked to join one of the divisions of the Daughters of Temperance. She replied, "This is unnecessary, as it is my intention to join one of the sons in the course of a few weeks."

A poor man once came to a miser, and said, "I have a favor to ask."—"So have I," said the miser, "grant mine first."—"Agreed."—"My request is," said the miser, "that you ask me for nothing."

"Bob, lower yourself into the well and holler for help."—"What for?"—"To frighten daddy, and make some fun." Bob did as he was desired, but got more than he bargained for. It was administered with a hickory sapling.

Mr. Jaycocks changed his boarding-house the other day, because his landlord would persist in bringing sausages home in his hat. Mr. Doyle left because Mrs. Slocum objected to his driving nails in the bureau to hang his boots on.

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MASSACHUSETTS HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

We present herewith a fine engraving representing the interior of the Representatives' Hall in the State House, as it appeared on the second day of January, 1856, after its organization, with the speaker in the chair. The meeting of the legislature of our ancient commonwealth is still an interesting event with the good citizens of the capital, though it has not the weight and emphasis it possessed in days of yore, or in momentous periods of our State history; still, in spite of the severity of the season, crowds line the street to gaze on the military, or flock to the Common to listen to the ever-pleasing thunder of the artillery guns firing the customary salute. The present house, at its meeting, was called to order by Levi Thaxter, of Wintertown, a member of the House of 1818. After the usual arrangements of business consequent

look in the winter parade. The music was furnished by the Brigade Band. The procession moved to the Old South Church, where the usual election sermon was preached by Rev. Samuel H. Seeley, of Springfield. His text was from 2 Samuel 23: 3—"He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God, and he shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain." In the course of the sermon, which was quite brief, he contrasted the influences of good and bad governments upon communities. "French history," the preacher said, "illustrated strikingly the evil influences of bad government. Sometimes in popular governments we see an effort made to please all classes by enacting good laws, to please the virtuous, and leaving them unenforced, to please the vicious; but

INTERESTING REVOLUTIONARY FACT.

The Newburyport Herald, in publishing a series of Revolutionary Reminiscences, makes a statement touching the first tea destroyed under the obnoxious excise laws of 1764, which readers of American history generally do not know. The Herald says:—"Next came the tea difficulty, and all have heard what was done by the 'Mohawks' of Boston with the tea at that port; but as yet none of our historians have given the fact, that before Boston acted in the disguise of Indians, the ship carpenters of Newburyport publicly and openly burned up the tea in Market Square. The first defiant resistance to tea imposition in this country was by Newburyport. This resistance was twice made, once by burning it in Federal Street, and again at the market. The tea was stored in the powder house for safe keeping. Ebenezer Johnson, stand



MASSACHUSETTS HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, 1856.

upon forming the House, Charles A. Phelps, of Boston, was chosen Speaker, who, upon taking the chair, addressed the body in a few brief and appropriate remarks.

After the transaction of other business incidental to the opening of the session, and communicating with the Senate, a committee waited on Governor Gardner, and informed him that the two branches of the legislature were in readiness to attend divine worship. The escort duty was performed, as usual, by the Independent Company of Cadets, Colonel Amory, and that fine corps turned out with full ranks, evincing, as they have ever done, that, though instituted as a guard of honor, they are no holiday soldiers, but ready to perform duty in all weathers. Notwithstanding the snow in the street, which rendered it difficult to keep step and rank, the marching of the column was excellent. Those gray coats made a fine, serviceable appearance, and are an infinite improvement on the white regimentals, which had a very agreeable

just rulers seek not to gain, but to deserve popular favor, and all their measures tend to promote virtue. The foundations of prosperity are thus broadly and deeply laid. The character of a nation may be ruined by a ruler who is all the while elevating its reputation. Thus the renown of a nation is raised to the zenith under an Alexander, a Cæsar, or a Napoleon, while its character is sunk so low as to insure its downfall. The previous rulers of France had left little of national character to be ruined by Napoleon, but what good might he not have accomplished if he had possessed the integrity and virtue of our Washington? On the other hand, what evils might have befallen our country had Washington possessed the unscrupulous ambition of Napoleon. The example of Washington is with us—a constant presence. The national character is moulded and exalted by it in every sphere of life. He is, in the language of the text, 'as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds.'

ing one day upon the timber of his yard, called his men about him, and, after a few patriotic words, gave order: 'All who are ready to join, knock your adzes from their handles, shoulder the handles and follow me.' Every adze in the yard was knocked off, and that stout, athletic man, who would have marched through a regiment of 'red coats,' had they then stood in his way, taking his broad-axe as an emblem of leadership and for use, marched at the head of the company to the powder house. There that well-tried axe opened a way through the door, and each man shouldering his chest of tea, again fell into line. They marched direct to the market, and then in single file around the old meeting house, where the pump now is, when Johnson's axe opened his chest, and box and tea were on the ground together. Each man as he came up did the same, when, with his own hand, Johnson lighted the pile, and burned the heap to ashes. The ship carpenters of Newburyport destroyed the first tea that was destroyed in America."

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

The picture on this page is from the graceful pencil of Billings, and exhibits his characteristic taste and feeling. The State Arms occupy a central position. On the left, a crouching Indian is watching the landing of the pilgrim fathers at Plymouth. On the right, a Massachusetts yeoman, grasping the plough, is summoned, as a minute-man, to take up the arms which are seen lying at his feet, in defence of his country. The detached sketch at the bottom of the engraving illustrates the present time; we see there factories, omnibuses, locomotives, a ship on the stocks, and other tokens of peaceful industry and prosperity,—the whole forming an interesting and suggestive picture. Massachusetts, one of the original States of the great North American confederacy, includes an area of about 7800 square miles, or 4,992,000 acres, about half

of which are improved. Its surface is uneven. The highest mountain, Saddle Mountain, a peak of the Green Mountain range, in the north-western corner of the State, is 3505 feet in altitude. The rocks of Massachusetts are mostly primary, in some places covered with the older secondary formation. Building materials abound throughout the State. The seashore is indented by numerous bays, and its outline is quite irregular, while the surface of the State is traversed by many rivers, some of them of considerable magnitude. The climate is severe in winter. Vegetation puts forth late, but is very rapid in its growth. Though the soil is not very fertile, the industry of the people and their agricultural skill make amends for its deficiencies. No State in the Union stands higher as regards internal improvements and manufactures, while its commerce is second only to that of New York. It has been

said of New England, that "her commerce whitens every sea;" and Massachusetts is the most commercial of this family of States. Boston has been a noted mart from its first settlement, and her white-winged messengers have made their pathway on every sea, bearing to her shores the products of every clime. The amplest provisions have been made for education, and the zeal in the diffusion of knowledge, like the religious spirit of the old Bay State, dates back to its earliest settlement. It is the most densely populated of any of the States. The first settlement was made at Plymouth, December 22, 1620. Massachusetts was foremost in the movements which led to our national independence, and the earliest battle-grounds of the revolution lie within her borders. In the language of Daniel Webster, "she needs no eulogy." The "plain, unvarnished tale" of her great deeds is amplest praise.



[Written expressly for Fallou's Pictorial.]

THE CONTRABANDIST:

—on,—

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]

The lady was silent; but she stroked the young girl's hair, while her glance rested meditatively on the fire. They were aroused by the approach of the marquis and the Comte de Clairville, who had entered some moments before unperceived by them.

"This, monsieur," observed the former, as he glanced at Rose, "is my youngest daughter, Helen's new sister. Rose, Mignonne!" and he took her by the hand. "The Comte de Clairville is the most ancient and honored of my friends. We—my dear Frederic, what is it?" he concluded, as Monsieur de Clairville started and uttered a slight exclamation.

"O, nothing, my friend,—nothing," answered the gentleman, quickly; "excuse me, I pray you. My dear child, I am truly glad to meet you." And he respectfully touched his lips to the fair cheek of Rose.

There was a shadow of seriousness on the brow of the marquis, and after a few moments given to common-place observations between the members of the party, he drew Monsieur de Clairville aside.

"Mon cher Frederic," he said, "I entreat you to tell me what affected you so, just now."

"I was thinking, Armande," was the answer, "of your wedding-day."

The glance of Madame de Clairville followed them thoughtfully. Rose had assumed her seat by the hearth, and with her hands clasped on her knee, silently studied a large picture which was on the right of the vast chimney place, the picture of a lovely child, which she had often seen before, but never rightly understood till now. She sighed softly and unconsciously as she regarded it.

Meanwhile, at the upper end of the saloon, Mademoiselle Montauban and Lord Egerton stood.

"I have been absent six months," he was saying, in a quiet and somewhat grave voice, as he carelessly turned the leaves of a book.

"And you have enjoyed yourself, milord?" asked Helen.

"Milord! You will not call me Francis, then?" he said, taking her hand in his, with gentle earnestness. "Why will you be thus distant and reserved, Helen?"

"Because, believe me, it is best. Nay, I warn you, my lord!" and she withdrew the hand he had pressed to his lips, checking, at the same time, with kind, though serious tone and gesture, the remonstrance he was about to utter.

"Helen," he said, with subdued passion,—"Helen, you know I cannot be indifferent to you. You know this formality which you impose upon me distresses—pains me. You know, and would avoid hearing, the words I long to speak—"

"Have I ever encouraged you to speak them, sir?"

She lifted her full, clear glance to his; both look and voice were something tinged with sternness.

"No—Heaven knows you never have!" he returned, dejectedly. "Never, from the first moment I met you, have I discovered the faintest sign by which to flatter myself of your preference. Yet must I hope."

"And I forbid it, Francis! See—I have called you as you will; but I must school myself to remember a more ceremonious address, unless, with the utterance of the name I like best to speak, you will consent to regard the familiarity merely as that which a sister might use with her brother. Shall it be so?"

Lord Egerton was silent; but the expression of sadness on his fine features, the slight contraction of his brow, betrayed an inward conflict.

"Believe me," she resumed, "this formality, of which you complain, is as unpleasant to myself as to you. I would cheerfully lay it aside if you will assist me to look upon it as needless. Otherwise—"

"Helen, one moment!" he implored. "May I never hope that you will one day be my wife? I will wait—I will be patient."

"Never—never! We may be friends—and ah, your friendship is dear to me, Francis!—but nothing more. Hear me, my friend, and trust what I tell you."

"You are commanding an impossibility, Helen!" he said, passionately.

She regarded him one moment with a regretful glance. Then she laid her fair hand lightly on his.

"I do not think so, Francis. You may learn to forget this fancy of yours, if you will. Remember that I shall be unmerciful. And now, let us speak of other things. There are the countess and Rose, waiting for us. By-the-by, you have not told me yet what you think of my beautiful little sister. Is she not lovely?"

"I have seen her but for a moment. I do not know. I cannot think of anything at present, except—"

"And I declare, Francis, that you shall think only of that which I choose. Come, be sensible, my dear friend! Let us go and join the others. We must not stand here longer."

Silently he accompanied her to the opposite extremity of the saloon.

"Remember," she said, on the way, "to tell me, at the close of the evening, if you do not admire Rose. Your opinion is a good one. I insist, then, upon having it."

CHAPTER XI.

THE COURSE OF LOVE GLIDES ROUGHLY.

It was not without a sigh of regret that Helen Montauban observed the pain which she was forced to inflict on one who loved her so deeply and truly as Francis Egerton. He had inspired her with a sentiment of the most earnest esteem; but the knowledge of the depth of his regard for her had almost decided her, at first, to break off an intimacy which, on his part, claimed something more than the name of friendship. This, however, seemed too harsh a measure. She could not persuade herself to go so far. She liked him sincerely; her regard for him was too real—too deep, to permit her thus absolutely to relinquish the occasional society of Lord Egerton; while she trusted to cure him, in time, of the passion, which she felt too well, from a consciousness of her own preference in a different quarter, she should never be able to return.

Since his arrival this time, then, just after Rose had become an inmate of the Chateau Montauban, she had begun to feel that she had a means of assistance at hand. She did not pause for time to define any plan, or to say to herself, in so many words, that such and such an ultimate issue had been guessed at, or hoped for, by her; but she appropriated the means presented to her, and trusted that they would succeed.

Meeting, on the very first evening of his arrival at the chateau, with a repulse, gentle, though firm, from Helen,—a disappointment to hopes long, yet doubtfully, cherished; and feeling that the dejection and unhappiness which he felt would, if observed, draw upon him the attention of those about him, he endeavored to conceal all evidence of his feelings under a calm exterior, and to evince as much interest in affairs about him as was possible.

He found himself thrown daily into the society of Rose Lamonte, often by chance, oftener by Helen's own agency. He admired her beauty—her innocence, grace, and *naivete* had a charm for him. Helen Montauban knew it. He first merely acknowledged, and was sensible of her presence; then he sought it. Rose confessed to Helen her admiration of him, and seemed to evince a pleasure in his society. It was plain that she did not dislike him; and Helen, although she had many doubts at first, changed them finally for most agreeable yet secret speculations on the future, little dreaming that Francis Egerton was yet true to her, or that Rose Lamonte's thoughts, even in his presence, turned and dwelt fondly, though sadly, on the memory of her humble, yet forgotten lover.

Meanwhile, Mademoiselle Montauban thought often and anxiously of her cousin; for Louis had not written once since his departure from the chateau, and two months had now elapsed, and nearly the third, since that time. Her father also mentioned him frequently, and expressed his perplexity at his silence, and no less at his prolonged absence, since he had stated his fixed determination to return, if not absolutely prevented by unforeseen circumstances, before the end of September.

Many an hour, at nightfall, Helen knelt sadly at her casement, with her glance sorrowfully fixed on the road below that wound through the valley and beyond the hills—the road over which he had passed on the morning when he left her.

"When will he traverse it again?" she asked herself. "When, kneeling here, at my sad post, in the twilight or the dawn, shall I behold him returning?"

One afternoon, being oppressed with a slight headache, she had left the saloon, and thrown herself upon her couch, to dispel it, if possible, by slumber. For a long time the pain prevented this, and she tossed restlessly upon her pillow, with pallid brow and aching temples. Finally, however, she grew weary with the pain; gradually a delicious sense of quiet enwrapped her senses. Softly, on the clear air, were wafted up from the terrace below, the blended voices of Rose and Francis Egerton, as they sung together some simple and favorite song; gently and with the sweetest cadence, the melody stole upon the drowsy ear, and at length she slept. It was night fall when, entirely free from pain, and refreshed by undisturbed slumber, she awoke. The apartment was quite dark. She lay quiet a moment, enjoying the delightful calm that pervaded her whole frame.

Suddenly, Jessie's step, light and quick as usual, came through the gallery, and immediately Jessie herself entered the chamber, bearing a light. Her face was suggestive of something pleasant. She came on tiptoe to the bedside.

"O, I am awake, Jessie," said Helen; "but I have slept a great while."

"Yes, mademoiselle,—a long time; but I hope your headache has quite left you now; for monsieur le comte, your cousin, mademoiselle, Monsieur d'Artois—"

"Jessie, is he here?" asked Helen, quietly, as she rose.

"Yes, mademoiselle,—he has just come."

She entered her dressing-room, and hastened to bathe her face and head and re-arrange her hair. But she trembled from head to foot. She paused a moment to nerve herself, and in a degree succeeded, though the rich carmine that glowed on her beautiful cheek, and the soft brilliancy of her large, liquid eyes, yet betrayed the excitement she felt. She was a thousand times more beautiful than ever, in this moment, and she was conscious of it. Yet no pride—no vanity, mingled with that consciousness. She only said to herself, "For his sake. He will be pleased."

"Did he ask for me, Jessie?" she asked of her attendant.

"Immediately, mademoiselle. I did not tell him you were ill, and he bade me come and seek you."

Rising from her seat before the mirror, she left her chamber and descended the stairs, but just in time to meet Louis himself, as he issued from the doors of the saloon. He it was, but paler and thinner than usual. He came forward with an exclamation of pleasure,

"Helen, my dear cousin!" he cried, warmly embracing her.

Her cheek burnt—her heart beat rapidly, as he pressed his lips to hers. She could not speak at first.

"My own fair Helen, and as lovely as ever!—yes, a million times lovelier!" he said, smilingly, as he gently turned her face so that the glow of the pendant lamp above them fell full upon it. "But you do not speak, cousin. And yet I know you welcome me."

"Indeed I welcome you, Louis, most warmly. But you are pale—you have been ill."

"I have been ill—yes; but not long or seriously; and as soon as I recovered, I came hither. I shall soon become as hardy as ever, in this healthful neighborhood. But go in, dear Helen,—go in. They are waiting for you. I will rejoin you in ten minutes."

He pressed her hand in his with kindly affection, as he released her. She turned and entered the saloon. Her father stood by the hearth, and the guests were grouped about it, chatting together, as she came in. She was greeted with unanimous exclamations of pleasure, and drawn into their circle. There were inquiries on all sides concerning her late indisposition, and infinite rejoicings at the arrival of Louis. Only Rose, who, however, listened with smiles that showed her participation in the general delight, and Lord Egerton, whose glance now rested with an expression of uneasiness and concern, on the countenance of Helen, were silent.

In the midst of the conversation, Louis re-entered. The dust of his journey removed, he appeared to much better advantage than before; and as he advanced and took the seat offered him in the midst of the circle, the genial smile lighting his fine countenance, gave him all his old beauty and sweetness of expression.

"My dear uncle, I cannot express the pleasure it gives me to find myself here once more," he said, "and particularly in the midst of such excellent company. Is it not curious, my dear friends," and he turned to the Count de Clairville and his lady,—"is it not curious that I was wishing, during my journey hither, that I might see you during my visit? or, rather, that I see you here?"

"O, my dear boy," returned the count, smiling "you will find, by the time you are as old as I am, that your wishes are granted in a thousand cases where you least anticipate it. I am glad, also, that we meet. Francis here has been talking of you for a week past."

"He has? And now he stands silent, and looks into the fire! My dear fellow, what ails you?" asked Louis, gaily.

"O, nothing—nothing, Louis. I was thinking—that was all." And the young man, rousing himself, joined in the conversation.

In a little while, the evening repast was spread in the saloon, and they gathered about the board, a congenial party enough, as it went; afterward they repaired, by the invitation of the marquis, to the library, where they passed the remainder of the evening. Rose and Francis Egerton, who, of late, had occasionally sang together, were prevailed upon by the marquis and his guests to do so now. Both had fine voices and excellent taste, and their united melody poured forth in one sweet, harmonious strain, that could not fail to please less indulgent hearers than those about them. Louis, standing behind the seat of Mademoiselle Montauban, regarded Rose and her companion, as they sang, with a quiet but closely observant glance which could not be remarked by the rest of the party.

"Is not Rose a little nightingale?" softly whispered Helen, looking up at him.

"A sweeter one never sang. By-the-by, my dear cousin, when did she come here?"

"Something more than a month ago. She is prettier than ever; do you not think so?"

"Decidedly. Francis seems tacitly to agree with us, too, it appears to me. Is he not very attentive to her? And yet, he does not look quite happy to-night. What ails him, I wonder?"

Helen-Montauban did not answer. But, at that moment, Lord Egerton directed towards her a glance, sorrowful and unquiet, and to Louis, who bent over her, that touched her, in the midst of her happiness, almost to tears, it told so eloquently of his true feelings, which he had been trying to hide ever since the arrival of Louis. It warned her that she was not yet forgotten—that he loved her yet—that he would have given worlds for the place occupied by another near her, and which he was not allowed to see. The glance was seen by her alone. It caused her some emotion for a few moments, but she concealed it as she continued the conversation with Louis.

The following morning, Louis, entering the library during his uncle's absence, found Rose reading in a great arm-chair by herself. She rose, with a slight blush, as he entered, and after exchanging a few words with him, was about to leave the apartment.

"Nay, Rose,—do not go away quite yet," he said, in a gentle tone. "I have something I would say to you. Will you not wait one moment?"

"If you please, monsieur," she answered. And returning to her seat, she awaited his communication.

"Monsieur?—nay, that is too cold, Rose," he said, as he placed himself near her. "My uncle tells me that we must call each other 'cousin,' since he has taken you as a daughter. Besides, we are not strangers—"

"But I dwell in a cottage when you were here last, monsieur. I have not forgotten it."

"Nor have I, Rose, for the pleasant hours I spent there. I have remembered them well, sweet cousin, and shall remember them still. But since you will not admit the plea of old acquaintance, I must even present that of the new. I am rejoiced to see you again, and I trust that we shall be good friends. Do you think it will be so?"

"Without doubt, monsieur."
 "Ah!—again! Will you not oblige me! Acknowledge our new relationship, Rose!" and he extended his hand.
 She blushed as, after hesitating a moment, she gave him her own, with a frank, yet timid smile.
 "Cousin!" she said, softly.
 He touched the little hand gallantly and tenderly to his lips.
 "So let it be, dear Rose. And now, since I have become your cousin, and since I am considerably older and in some sort wiser than you, you will not take it amiss if I commence forthwith upon a subject in connection with which I feel a great deal of interest, and which concerns you most closely."

"Which concerns me?" she asked, with a slight air of perplexity.
 "Precisely—which concerns you. In a little town, not many leagues from here, I met a friend of yours, or one who professed to be so. I am not quite sure that he is not an impostor—at least, I trust—but no matter. What friend is there of yours, my sweet cousin, whom of all others you would wish to behold at this moment?"

The young girl's glance was fixed thoughtfully on the floor for a moment. Then a slight blush stole into her cheek.

"Do you mean among the absent?" she asked, lifting her eyes to his face.

"Exactly—among the absent. Are they many?" And he smiled.

"They are my father—"

"It was not your father whom I met."

"And—"

"Well—tell me, dear Rose."

"Nay. You should not keep me in suspense, cousin," half-playfully, half-entreatingly.

"His name was—Robin."

"Ah—Robin!" she repeated, in a subdued tone of mingled sadness and tenderness.

"You do not know him, then, dear Rose?" said Louis. "But listen, dear cousin. This fellow, whom I am very sure you can be but merely acquainted with, and who, you will agree with me, should be chastised for his impertinence, whom I, myself, have employed as a gardener at Avallon,—this fellow, I say, dared to tell me that you were betrothed to him; you, the adopted child of my uncle,—you, who will doubtless one day marry a nobleman! Is it not exquisitely absurd, my sweet cousin? This young gardener declared to me that you were betrothed to him! He had been in my employ. I had discharged him because he no longer wished to remain with me. But he returned, after a long absence. He wished to become the possessor of a certain sum, he said, in order that he might purchase a small farm, and settle down; and on questioning further, I gained this information. Was not such an assertion ridiculous, dear Rose?"

With an earnest, unquiet glance, he watched her countenance. It was covered with a deep blush. Tears were in her eyes.

"It is true!" she said, in a low and sad voice.

He looked at her a moment in silence.

"Rose, is this possible?" he asked, at length, with an accent of subdued astonishment.

"I have said it," returned the young girl, inexpressibly pained by his manner.

"But, Rose, think a moment—a gardener! You, so young, so beautiful, the adopted child of a nobleman of most princely wealth! But forgive me—forgive me, dear child! I would not offend or hurt you. I am surprised—hurried away, by this unexpected announcement—this confirmation of a most unpleasant fact. Rose, does my uncle know of this?"

"Alas, no!" answered the weeping girl.

"Nor Helen?"

"No."

"My poor Rose! Ah, they take so much pride in you—we are all so proud of you! We love you, my child. We would give you a higher lot than this—a station more worthy of you. What will they say? Think, dear Rose,—what a terrible blow to them!"

"I know it," she said, in a troubled voice,—“I know it! I should have told them when they wished to take me. I should have known that I should only work evil by coming hither—evil to others and sorrow to myself. I should have remained in the lowly home they took me from. Ah, I shall repay with ingratitude their kindness to me—the love they feel for me!”

She leaned forward upon the table, and hid her face in her hands.

"But, dear Rose, reflect; there is time yet," he urged, with a tone of earnestness, and affection, and sorrow, and a slight hoarseness—a wavering—a faltering of voice, ever and anon. "There is time. This promise, given at a time when he considered himself your equal, surely it cannot be binding. And think of yourself—your finer tastes, your higher nature, your lofty aspirations! And he is fitted to the ignoble station he holds. He has no soul above his mean rank. You would degrade yourself, dear Rose, were you to wed him. You would not render him happy, for he could not understand you. You would both be miserable, and you will break our hearts, Rose!"

She raised her head; and checking her tears, looked at Louis mournfully.

"Monsieur, I cannot break his heart!" she said, gently. "He loves me—he trusts in me. I feel all that you have told me, and I know that, if I had never seen—if the events of these last few months had been different, I should shrink now from such a step as I am about to take. But it is too late now. I must be true to him. I will not look back with regret to the station I leave. I will shut my eyes, and forget that I have been anything better

than the poorest peasant in all France. I will not break my promise; I cannot do it. I will make Robin happy."

"Rose!—and you will love him still?" He listened, breathlessly.

"I shall love him and serve him till I die, monsieur!"

She said it with mournful calmness. She bent and touched her lips to his hand. Then, turning, she left the room, without once looking back.

CHAPTER XII.

A VILLAIN'S SUCCESSFUL PLAN.

WITH an almost breaking heart, Rose went to her own chamber, and, locking the door, threw herself upon her couch, to weep the bitterest tears it had ever been her lot to shed, and reproach herself most deeply for her unthinking want of confidence in those who had taken so kind an interest in her. Heretofore, she had never looked forward to the consequences of her silence on this subject; but now, she beheld them with only too sorrowful distinctness. The good marquis, she reflected, would not have taken her from her lowly position, and placed her in the midst of wealth and luxury, to bear the name and fill the place of a daughter, if he had once believed she would shortly forsake him, and the benefits he had conferred on her, to return to it again. As Louis had intimated, he had probably intended her for something more suited to the station in which he had placed her; and what would be his disappointment at finding her determined on a different course? What would be his sorrow—his anger—his indigna-

tion, on learning that she had entered his household, and allowed the fullest,—kindest affections to centre around her, enjoyed the love and confidence of himself and daughter for a while, knowing, at the time, that she must shortly throw it all aside and return to the humble station from which she had been raised?

For hours she remained thus reflecting, locked in her apartment, and refusing admittance to all—even to Helen herself. But, at night-fall, feeling the necessity of mingling with the family and guests, lest she should attract too close observation, she endeavored to calm her emotion as far as possible; and arranging her disordered hair, and bathing her features for a long time, to remove all traces of tears, she rejoined the company.

An eager and sympathizing group immediately gathered about her. Her plea of illness was readily received, for it was assisted by her pallid countenance, and the heavy languor of her large hazel eyes, usually so brilliant. Helen, the most eager of the whole, bent over her with a kindly solicitude that cut her to the heart; and the anxious earnestness of the good marquis more than once brought the tears to her eyes.

Louis, too, like the rest, was gentle, solicitous, attentive; but under many a cheering effort which he made to raise her spirits, while it deceived the company as to his knowledge of the true trouble,—under many a cheerful smile and pleasant word, she met looks and tones of the most heartfelt sorrow and self-accusation for the misery he regarded himself as having inflicted. He was in a state of unrest during the entire evening, and never, for five successive minutes, was that anxious glance of his averted from her pale features. Once, when the attention of the entire party was attracted to something else, he managed to bend over her, and

gently press her hand to his lips, murmuring, "Dear Rose, if you knew how wretched I am!" Then he was standing by Helen's side again, with a smile on his features and careless words on his tongue, while his sorrowful glance continually belied his gaiety.

Francis Egerton, on his part, seemed unsettled as the others. He roved about in a restless way that betrayed some inward agitation. His regards ever and anon sought the countenances of Louis and Helen, with an expression of gloom which would have plainly announced, to a close observer, his uneasiness at the proximity of the handsome young count. He seated himself, during the latter part of the evening, near Rose; and, arrived at a degree of agitation and excitement that threatened to betray his secret to the unwelcome gaze of those about him, he endeavored, by devoting himself to the task of amusing her, to banish, if possible, the uneasiness that oppressed him.

It was impossible for Mademoiselle Montauban not to discern these indications of her lover's unhappiness; they affected her most deeply; they could not but give her the liveliest pain. But she murmured to herself, "It is well that he turns to her. Poor Francis! I pity him. But he will forget me. He will be won by her affection in return, and they will be happy together."

Such was the state of affairs at the chateau on that evening. A night passed in tears and watchings, by no means tended to improve the state of Rose's feelings. She joined the company at breakfast, and endeavored to be as cheerful as possible; but the attempt was a failure. The kind marquis was anxious and alarmed at her pale and languid appearance.

"My dear child," he said, tenderly, "you are really ill! I must send for monsieur le docteur immediately. We cannot see you in this state a day longer."

"My dear sir, I beg you will not alarm yourself unnecessarily," returned Rose, while the tears sprang afresh to her eyes at his kindness, which seemed a tacit reproach to her.

"I shall be better in a little while. Yes—in a little while," she repeated, sorrowfully.

"But I insist!" he gently answered. And summoning his valet, he bade him saddle a horse, and ride for M. Mery directly, and fetch him back with him. "Hasteu, Jean," he added, "or you will not be able to reach home before night-fall."

The young girl's heart was almost breaking. She returned to her apartment to spend another day in weeping. Helen would have followed her, but she entreated to be left alone.

"Nay, dear Rose," urged Mademoiselle Montauban, affectionately,—

"it is not sickness, but sorrow, that oppresses you; I can see that. O, why will you not confide in me? Let me share your trouble, my little sister."

"Ah, do not force me to tell you, Helen!" entreated Rose, weepingly.

"—at least, not now. In a few days, perhaps—" Her voice failed her. She turned away, and buried her face in her hands.

Helen kissed her tenderly.

"I will not insist, then, since it pains you so," she said; "but you will allow me to stay with and try to comfort you. You will indeed make yourself ill with grief, and

then we shall truly need M. Mery's services. Let me stay and read or sing to you, and make you cheerful once more."

"No—no! You are wanted. They will miss you; and really, Helen, I am better alone. Go, and forget me."

She entreated so earnestly that Mademoiselle Montauban could not cross her; and with a thoughtful brow and a sorrowful heart, she left the young girl to herself.

Five minutes after her departure, a domestic came to the door of the chamber, and gave to Rose a note which she stated had been delivered to Jean Morel, one of her fellow-servants, who had entrusted it to her for mademoiselle.

"Who gave it to Jean, my good girl?" asked Rose, thoughtfully.

"A rough-looking fellow, mademoiselle, he told me. He came up to the chateau a few minutes ago. But Jean did not know who he was, or where he went to from here. He has never seen him before."

She went away; and, wonderingly, Rose unfolded the paper. Inside was written merely the words—"Come down to the cottage, dear Rose, a few moments. I will meet you there. I must speak with you directly.—HUGO LAMONTE."

"He has returned, then?" said Rose, to herself; "and he is waiting for me! Yes—yes! I will go this moment. I will ask him to stay at home, and take me back, and then I will tell them. They will be glad, perhaps, to have me go, when they learn that I have taken my destiny into my own hands."

Throwing a handkerchief over her head, and wrapping a light mantle about her, she fastened the door of her apartment, and without saying a word to any one concerning her intention, or



GASPARDE'S DESPERATE THREAT.

tion, on learning that she had entered his household, and allowed the fullest,—kindest affections to centre around her, enjoyed the love and confidence of himself and daughter for a while, knowing, at the time, that she must shortly throw it all aside and return to the humble station from which she had been raised?

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allowing herself to be seen, she silently and secretly left the chateau by a side door, and going round the descent to the valley by a little-frequented path, was soon on the path leading to her former home. She walked rapidly at first, and then slowly. She had not trodden this way since she left the cottage, to put on another life—another being; and now, for the first time retracing it, her heart was filled with desolation and grief. She wept and lingered, as she drew near the old spot; she dreaded almost to approach it. "O, why did I ever leave it?" she cried. Rose saw the humble roof from a distance, among the trees. Nearer, nearer she came to it; nearer still, and, at length, rounding a turn in the path, where it wound about immense rocks, the little deserted dwelling met her view, lying not fifty yards distant.

Rose looked to see her father at the door; but he was not there, and concluding that she should find him within, she hastened forward, and had almost reached the door, when Gasparde appeared on the threshold.

"Good-morning, my fair cousin!" he said, in answer to her brief and somewhat surprised greeting. "May I ask whom you seek?"

"My father, Gasparde. He is here—is he not?"

"He is ready to see you, if you will enter," answered Gasparde, stepping aside for her to pass in.

Rose was about to do so, when something in the glance or manner of this man struck her unpleasantly. She hesitated—paused.

"If he is within," she said, "why does he not come to meet me when he hears my voice?"

"You must come in, Rose, before you can see him," he returned. "Come—enter! What are you afraid of? Come in."

"But I will not come in till I have seen him. He must come to the door. Will you ask him to do so?"

Rose waited, with her clear eyes fixed on Gasparde's face. He did not stir.

"Father!" she called.

There was utter silence.

"Father!" she called again, and this time in an accent of fear. Yet no sound.

"I do not believe he is here. You are deceiving me, Gasparde!" she cried. A horrible fear—a suspicion of treachery, filled her mind; she trembled and turned deadly pale.

Gasparde smiled. It was the smile of an incarnate fiend.

"Ah, it is too true, then! You were waiting—my father is not here. *Mon Dieu*, help me!" murmured the young girl. And with one terror-struck glance at that fiendish face, she turned and hastened from the door.

But he reached her side. His hand was laid upon her arm.

"Ahi! you begin to suspect, my pretty one!" he said.

"Let me go, Gasparde!" she cried, affrightedly. "*Mon Dieu*, be merciful! I am faint," murmured she, to herself, "and there is no help near! O, pity—pity!"

"Nay—don't be in a hurry, my sweet Rose; you see I am not," he said, still holding her arm. "Yes—you are right: your father is not here, nor will he be. I sent for you to come. I waited for you. And now it is your turn to beg. You know how scornful you were once. You would not listen to my prayers. Times are changed now. I have trapped you cleverly; you shall not escape, I promise you!"

"O, have mercy, Gasparde!" she pleaded.

"Go on, my dear! I like to hear you. Ah, this is charming!"

"Gasparde, you told me once you were sorry for persecuting me so, and I believed you—I forgave you. You do not mean to keep me here; you will let me go; you are only testing," she prayed in her agony.



FLOATING CHURCH OFF THE TOWER, LONDON.

But he scowled at her with a glowering expression.

"*Diable!* You are mistaken entirely, my dear. What!—let my prize go the moment I get it into my hands? No—no! I mean to take good care of you, my fair Rose. I mean you shall marry me shortly, whether you will or not. You cannot say nay, if you would. How does that suit you?"

But his words fell on ears that heard them not. A mist floated before the eyes of Rose; a rushing sound, as of swelling waters, was about her, and she fell senseless to the earth.

At that moment, a man sprang hastily through the bushes. It was Jacques Leroux. He gazed, first at the prostrate figure of Rose, and then at Gasparde.

"Well, what now?" asked the ruffian, angrily.

"So you have got her? Poor Rose! It shall not be—it must not be! Leave her!" he said, excitedly. "Little Rose, I will save you!"

"*Coguin!*" shouted Gasparde, in a tone of rage; "out of the way! Do you dare attempt mutiny? Look out for your brains, and let the girl alone; she is mine, I tell you! Touch her, and you die!" And drawing from his belt a brace of heavy pistols, he presented them, with an oath, at Jacques.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

The action was so sudden that the man started back. Gasparde took the moment to blow a call upon a silver whistle hanging at his breast. Almost instantly, half a dozen brigands surrounded him.

"Seize that fellow!" uttered their leader, sternly, "and take him to the cave. Bind him hand and foot, in one of the cells, and put a guard over him. I will teach you, *mon garçon*," he added, threateningly, "what it is to meddle with my concerns!"

The men lost no time in executing their orders. Jacques, knowing it was useless to resist, submitted. He was bound, and led through the winding paths of the adjoining grove, and onward, to the forest beyond; while Gasparde followed, bearing in his arms the form of the insensible Rose. On and on they went, through the lonely depths of the forest, keeping up that monotonous tramp, tramp, and without a single word being spoken by any, till they reached a place where the ground rose in an abrupt swell; and now pressing over steep banks and ledges of bare rock, they

stopped, at length, before the entrance to the cave of which Gasparde had spoken. It was the haunt of the robbers.

This opening, which was well concealed by the brushwood growing about it, was low and broad. Rough masses of stone, descending from the front, formed the steps that led into it. The men entered first with Jacques. Gasparde was following with Rose, when a faint moan broke from her lips. Slowly her eyes unclosed.

"The fiends! Now we shall have a pretty time of it!" he muttered to himself. "Raimonde, tell them to bring lights—quick! Let me get her safe before she finds out where she is. Lock that fellow up close, my men. So!"

Lights were brought, as he commanded. The broad and gloomy cave into which they descended was illumined on every side. Striking across it, the party entered a long, narrow passage cut in the solid rock, and which was also lighted.

By this time, Rose was fully aroused. Memory and consciousness were invested with their full power. She recognized, with a cry of terror, the ruffian who bore her. A cold dew, like that of death, gathered upon her brow, as she beheld the rocky walls of that dreadful passage.

"Gasparde—demon—release me!" she uttered, with mad fear.

"Hold your tongue, my beauty! I mean to keep you safe. Go in there, and keep yourself quiet!" he cried.

And unlocking, as he spoke, a heavy, spike-studded iron door in the rocky wall, he threw it open, and attempted to thrust her into the cell it revealed. But she resisted.

"You shall not put me in there—I will not enter!" she cried.

"You won't? But I say you shall!"

Spite of her struggles, he forced her in, while the men bore Jacques farther along the passage to another cell.

"Now, Mademoiselle Rose, you will stay here," said Gasparde, "until I choose to release you, and that time will be fixed according to your own conduct. If you are savage, perhaps I may keep you here three months, or a year, or two years, it doesn't matter much which. But if you make up your mind to treat me a little more favorably, why a priest shall be ready at the earliest hour you name. You see the terms are fair. I will give you till tomorrow to make up your mind about it." And he released her arm.

"I will never marry you! and you shall not keep me here! What place is this?" were her indignant words.

"You are under ground, as, perhaps, you know already. And as for talking so bravely about having your own way, why, I think I shall be likely to have a few words to say on that score. You see there are thick walls here; and such dainty little hands as yours wouldn't stand much of a chance of making their way through; while there are, perhaps, from twenty to thirty men, just at the mouth of the cave, ready, at my bidding, to bring you back, even if you should escape. So you had better think of an easier way of getting out."

"Twenty or thirty men—ready at your bidding!" cried Rose, trembling with anger and fear. "Wretch! who—what are you?" He laughed lightly.

"Easier asked than answered, my pretty maid," he said. "You have known me for your Cousin Gasparde all along; rather a mistake, as you will find out. But that has nothing to do with the case. The question is, will you marry me, or not?"

"No—never!" was her answer; "and less now than before; for now I begin to recognize you fully. Now I recognize your terrible trade. Robber—murderer—brigand! No! I will either go forth from this dungeon free, or die by my own hand in my captivity!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



SIRDARS OF CANDAHAR.



ROYAL SPANISH BULL-FIGHT AT MADRID.

SCENES IN EUROPE.

The popularity of our sketches of scenes on the other side of the water has induced us to present on this and the preceding page another series of European views, presenting objects totally dissimilar to those with which we are familiar on our own shores. The first engraving of this set shows us a sailor's floating church, moored off the famous Tower of London, a part of which was built by Julius Cæsar in the days of the Roman conquest. Little attention was paid to the spiritual wants of the seamen of England until a considerable interval after the peace of 1815, when efforts were made to draw them together for the purposes of prayer and thanksgiving. The first floating chapel in the neighborhood of the British metropolis was moored off Wapping, somewhere near the entrance to the London Docks. It was commenced by Dissenters, but many of the members of the Established Church united with them in promoting the good cause. That vessel was removed, and subsequently, with the sanction of the lords of the admiralty, the Brazen sloop-of-war was fitted up, and moored off the Tower. This floating church was pretty well attended. Another aid to religious information emanates from Bethel Societies, and the vessels (merchantsmen) hoisting a blue flag with a white dove and olive-branch on it are set apart for evening prayers. The system is practised to some extent when vessels meet in foreign parts. The great city itself has had its seamen preachers; and there are hundreds yet living whose memory still retains lively impressions of the Rev. Mr. Newton, of St. Mary Woolnorth, Lombard Street. He had passed all his early life, and much of his middle passage on the ocean, and made numerous voyages between the coast of Africa and the West Indies as master of a slaver, to which circumstance he frequently alluded in his sermons, and as he knew from experience the peculiar tendencies of the sailor's mind, he drew many around him who listened to his counsel. From the accounts we have received of him, Mr. Newton must have been much such a preacher as the venerable Father Taylor, of our city, whose eloquence, energy and fervent piety, devoted to the spiritual service of our seamen, have produced such happy results. A fine church has been erected for the accommodation of sailors in Dock Street, London, and it is well attended. A manifest improvement in the morals of British seamen is directly attributable to this and similar institutions.—Our second engraving exhibits a sketch of the Sirdars of Candahar mustering in battle array on a plain, surrounded by the wild peaks and crags of their native land. Candahar lies to the south of, and nearly midway between Herat and Cabool. Cabool and Candahar have, from early antiquity, been reckoned the gates of Hindostan, one affording entrance from Tooran, and the other from Iran. The modern city, comprised within an ordinary fortification of three miles and one thousand and six yards in circumference, is of an irregular oblong square form, surrounded by a ditch twenty-four feet wide and ten feet deep, but it is not in good repair. The wall is twenty and a half feet thick at the bottom, fourteen and a half feet thick at the top, and twenty-seven feet in height. It has six gates, defended by double bastions, and the angles protected by large circular towers. The citadel and palace are in the centre of the north end of the city. There are four principal streets running from north to south and from east to west, which meet in the centre, in which there is a large dome, or circular covered space, about fifty yards in diameter, a public market-place surrounded by shops, where the great merchants live; this is called the "Charsoo." The four principal streets are about forty yards wide, lined with shops and houses, which are all built of sun-burnt bricks, and are flat roofed. There are smaller and narrower streets which run from the principal ones towards the city walls (all crossing each other at right angles), between which and the houses there is a road about twenty-five yards wide all round the city. The tomb of Sultan Ahmed Shah, the founder of the Doorance monarchy, is

covered with a gilt eupola, and is held a sacred asylum; the king himself not daring, it is said, to take a criminal from it. There are said to be 40,000 houses, and a population of 100,000 persons. The streets are paved with small stones, but they are usually in bad order. Candahar is on a table-land, surrounded by a well-cultivated plain. Detached hills rise from the plain on the south and east; on the north and west they appear more like a broken range of hills; their height varies from 300 to 2000 feet. Those to the west have a singular appearance; they rise up near the top like a wall, are indented, very rugged, and look very bleak, being of a clayey color. To the south, the hills are more distant than in the other directions. There is neither tree, nor shrub, nor herb, to be found on them, or, in the language of the Emperor Baber,

British in India.—Our third engraving represents a bull-fight in Madrid, the first at which the Queen of Spain, then but thirteen years of age, "assisted," as the French say. In the distance is seen the royal box. A mounted *picador* is seen thrusting his lance into the spine of the staggering bull, while the *chulos* are ready with their red cloaks to divert his attention, should the stroke fail and the cavalier be in danger. On the right, a group of men are assisting in disengaging a wounded cavalier from his fallen horse. The artist has correctly depicted the graceful Andalusian costume of the combatants; but for the sake of preserving the pictorial effect, he has taken a little license with the dress of the horsemen. The legs of these men are encased in pantaloons of thick hide, ribbed with steel, stout enough to ward off the stroke of a bull's

horn. The *toreador* rarely engages a bull in the centre of the area, but near its circumference, in order to secure his retreat when he proves too formidable an antagonist. The great *festa* represented in our engraving was given to raise funds for a church, and yielded about five thousand dollars. It began in the afternoon, and lasted till long after sunset, when her majesty could no longer see whether the men were killing the bull, or the bull killing the men. Eight bulls were slaughtered in the ring, and twelve horses left there, gored and disemboweled. The first bull scattered the *quadrilla* of combatants, and rushed upon the mounted *picador*, goring, tossing and tearing up his horse, trampling upon, doubling up and crushing his fallen rider. Nothing was wanting to complete the royal sport but the death of half a dozen men. One fellow was carried off with his ribs broken, but that was nothing. Such is the national sport of Spain. Give the Spaniard *pan y toros* (bread and bulls), and he is content, as the Roman was with *panem et circenses* (bread and circuses). What the gladiator fights were to the Romans, bull-fights are to the Castilians.—Our last engraving of the present series represents the colossal statue of Peter Paul Rubens, the great painter, erected at Antwerp, a magnificent piece of workmanship that attracts the attention of every visitor. The city of Antwerp has ever been famous for its patronage of art. Rubens lived here, and here his parents belonged, though Rubens himself was born in the city of Cologne. The house in which he was born is still standing in the Rue de L'Etoile, and is further remarkable for the death of Marie de Medicis, who died in the same room in which the painter was born, just sixty-five years afterwards, and two after the decease of the great artist himself. Twice a year a procession parades the streets of Antwerp, and is one of the ceremonies of the festival held at those periods in celebration of the birth and decease of the artist. The designs and ornaments of the triumphal arch, which makes an important figure in the procession, are taken from the works of Rubens. With regard to various public buildings, of the city itself, Antwerp has a theatre; an academy of painting (St. Luke's), which originated in the 16th century; a royal academy of the fine arts, established in 1817; an academy of sciences; an Athenæum, or college; Latin, medical, and naval schools; a gallery of sculpture; a public library with 15,000 volumes; a botanical garden; with various learned societies, and many good private collections of works of art. Its charitable institutions include several hospitals, asylums and workhouses. It is the seat of the courts of assize for the province; of a tribunal of original jurisdiction, a commercial tribunal, etc. The people have every appearance of being in comfortable circumstances, and are quiet and orderly. The upper classes speak French, and the lower, Flemish. The manufactures are very various, and are of considerable importance and value. They comprise fabrics of silk and cotton stockings, thread and tape, linen, calico printing, etc. Embroidery, bleaching, and ship-building are extensively carried on. The business of sugar-refining employed, in one year, from 500 to 600 individuals, and consumed about 6,000,000 kilogrammes of raw sugar. The lapidaries of Antwerp are very skilful in the cutting of diamonds.



STATUE OF RUBENS, AT ANTWERP.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AVARENE.

BY CHARLES PAXTON.

Sweet Avarene! the silvery sheen
Of moonlight round thee floats,
The vesper star, enthroned afar,
On thy bright beauty dotes,
From thy cup there floateth up
An incense rich and rare,
Its odorons scent, with thy breath blent,
Perfumes the dewy air.

Sweet Avarene! thy dark eyes beam;
In waves thy dark hair floats;
With deep delight, thy bosom white
Thrills to the gushing notes
So faintly heard, from some lone bird
Pouring its soul away,
In liquid trills, while woods and hills
Reverb the impassioned lay.

Sweet Avarene! thy dark eyes beam,
Thy dark eyes beam with light;
What happy dream, what golden gleam
Sweeps o'er thy soul to-night?
Why steals that blush, like morn's first flush,
Across thy pearly cheek?
Why throbs thy heart with flint'ring start,
As though its thoughts would speak?

Ah, Avarene! full well I ween
Thy tell-tale eyes reveal
The secret deep, thy heart would keep,
And evermore conceal.
Full well I ween a magic scene
Hath opened to thy gaze;
A vista bright, with beamy light,
From love's enchanting rays.

Look, Avarene! night's crescent queen
Hath quenched her silvery ray
Within the shroud of yon dark cloud,
Yon cloud so cold and gray.
Look, Avarene! the star serene
Whose glance of love met thine,
The star is gone—the glance withdrawn,
Which seemed to thee divine.

O, Avarene! thy sparkling een
Will glitter soon through tears,
And sorrow's snow will hide the glow
Which on thy cheek appears;
In thy pierced heart a quivering dart
Will rankle night and day;
While cankering care and pale despair
Make thy young life their prey.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE STORY OF ASHMONT.

BY EMERET H. SEDGE.

It was a chilly, lowering day early in March. The earth was dark and oozy, the clouds were black and heavy, and the atmosphere shared the prevailing tint, and looked murky and sullen. But cheerless as was all out-of-doors compared with the genial comfort which I had contrived to enclose in my own rooms, I nevertheless ventured forth, for my new dress wanted trimmings, and I could not wait for a fair day. So, defended at all points with clogs and umbrella, with second best bonnet and shawl, I perambulated the slimy pavements, went in at every variety shop which displayed its infinite nothings, its tags and tinsel, its bits and flimsiness in crowded windows, at frequent intervals for a mile along the street, and thrust my nondescript pattern in vain under the noses of dapper clerks with large neckcloths, and pretty girls with long ear-rings and brooches to match.

"We cannot suit you," was the incessant answer, with a compassionate glance at the odd-looking cloth; and a little Frenchman more voluble and out-spoken than the others, endeavored to convince me that his selection of goods was not in fault if I was not satisfied. "Your silk is *outré*, madame, past the date, in a small degree, but sufficient; you will lose your trouble, you can find nothing." But his frankness did not disturb me, since I was content to be in the old fashion, or none at all even, as it was generally less troublesome than to follow the new, and it suited a quaint humor which I was fond of indulging; and also since there remained still one more chance for my dubious dress, which flashed upon my recollection in the shape of a pretty window and a sweet, simple name, "Mary Dale," above it, which was quite to my taste. The shop was just off the main street, and though I always saw it as I passed along, and as often ventured a conjecture respecting the owner with so euphonious an appellation, I had never been within it. But now my curiosity and silk together carried me thither. There were several customers before me, and nothing loth to rest a few moments, I sat up, instead of down, on a high round stool, and looked about. Alas, for my fancies; in place of the lovely little *blondine* whom I had expected to behold, something made up of anemones and blue violets, of sunshine and ether, or any extravagant folly of that sort you please, Mary Dale appeared an overgrown girl, neither old nor young, moving around with an awkward yet successful alertness, that only pleased because she accomplished so quickly what she purposed; and then her face, with its bad complexion and bluff features, had only its expression of kindness and good sense to redeem it from absolute ugliness.

A little farther along behind the counter was a young man, looking enough like Mary to betray at a glance the fraternal re-

lationship which existed between them; but as one observed him more attentively, he appeared singularly handsome. The two were a good illustration of what is frequently seen, the modifying of a certain style of form and feature, in the one case resulting in perfect success, and in the other becoming a complete failure.

The figure of the young man was finely proportioned, and was really larger than it seemed at the first glance. Rich masses of dark hair shaded a high forehead, which thus adorned, had a decided advantage over the same feature in Mary, which stood out boldly with a straight outline unrelieved by wave or curl. A good heart looked from his eyes, and the lines about his mouth were evidently shaped by a strong will and clear thought. He was a puzzle to me at once, for he appeared as if made for something more, and better than the mere vending of galloons and buttons. I fancied that he knew it too, and that his sad, abstracted air was not the effect simply of ill health of which he was apparently the victim. That light, sharp cough. How quick Mary looked around every time it was repeated; how he struggled to repress the sound until his face glowed, that she might not be pained. Why did he stay caged with only women's work, in a little room, when there was a world full of fresh air and active effort? What forces in his past life had conspired to wreck his manliness on so despicable a strand? Thus I queried, for I had a habit of speculating on whatever was not quite explicable in human affairs. The customers were at last satisfied and hustled out, and the young man retired by a private door, but every time the cough faintly sounded from the inner room, Mary still continued to look that way, as if the partition was no obstacle to her troubled glance.

There was a great searching, and something was at last found in a snaky box, that matched my dress, and then I purchased half a dozen trifles which I did not need, while I was thinking how I could best lead Mary to talk of her own affairs. Luckily to aid in the accomplishment of my wish, the clouds sent down a sudden rushing torrent of rain, such as spring clouds only can pour out. So I threw off my tippet and waited, and Mary took her sewing, and we commenced talking familiarly.

It is needless to detail the circuitous conversation by which I arrived at Mary's confidence. Modesty and good sense evidently restrained her at first from speaking of herself to a stranger, but we were so shut in and snug, and the light was so pensive and dim, and there was so little else to talk about, that her scruples were overcome.

She and her brother had been orphans from early childhood. Their circumstances had been easy until within two or three years, when, either through the mismanagement or perfidy of a relative with whom much of their property had been trusted, they became reduced to the possession of a comparatively small sum. Walter had then entered college, and it was determined that he should complete his studies. This was Mary's first wish, and to eke out their slender means, she set up the little business which she had since conducted, because, as she said, she was not wise enough to teach, or patient enough to use her needle to any profit. Her enterprise had succeeded as well as she had hoped, but her brother, desirous to escape the constraint which his narrow means imposed, had assumed double duties, had extended his application through the nights as well as days, and had in consequence of severe labor and an unfortunate exposure, incurred those distressing symptoms which pointed significantly to the most gloomy results.

"It is no longer possible for him to study," said Mary, sadly.

"And what do you purpose to do for his relief?" I inquired.

"I am unable to tell you," continued Mary. "Our physician says that medicines are not necessary—that he needs only to be abroad in the open air, in the country if possible, and that the diversified scenes of travel would be his quickest and surest restorative. How cheerless is a prescription which you are unable to follow. We can scarcely live as we are, much less would our means suffice for a larger expenditure; but I have besought Walter, by every argument which I could use, to permit me to sell my business, that he, with the proceeds, might spend the summer in regaining his health, and with the remainder finish his last year at college or enter upon the study of his profession. But he replies, that whatever he may do will probably be of no ultimate use; that he shall never be able to do anything of importance again, and that he does not wish to reduce us to penury faster than by the continually recurring progress of decrease. He is now, however, endeavoring to find some employment which will involve activity without much labor, as the only hope of restoration to health that he will permit himself to indulge; but any such position is so difficult, so impossible to discover."

I offered the poor girl such expressions of sympathy as might afford her a little comfort, and promising to do something for her if I could, went home as soon as the rain ceased. It was very cheerful in my parlor when I entered it, and I drew my chair in front of the grate, which grew more and more bright as the twilight deepened, and pondered the story of struggle and disappointment and impending trouble that I had just heard, and in comparison vividly rose up the history of my own life, so similar in a few respects, so unlike it in all others. I, too, was an orphan as Mary, and was very plain looking, though in a different way from her, and had no talent, by which, unaided, I could materially advance my fortune. Now came the contrast. A wealthy maiden aunt adopted me when a child, carefully educated me, and dying soon after I attained my majority, left me in possession of her whole property. The good old lady had assiduously screened me from all contact with vanity. I had no society except that of a few persons as venerable and exemplary as herself, and there was engrained upon my youth an extreme maturity of speech and manner which must have been very laughable. I adored my aunt, and after her decease I continued to conduct my affairs precisely

as she had done, enjoyed my possessions according to the example which she had set, strove to cultivate the same excellent spirit which was her bright ornament, and only needed spectacles and a cap to make another Melissa Grover Ashmont, whose name I bore.

The condition of the Dales troubled me. I considered long respecting the way by which some relief might be afforded them, but my best invention could devise nothing less delicate or direct than a loan, and that, from a remark which Mary had made, would not probably be accepted. The arrival of the evening letters diverted my thoughts to other matters. There were three or four communications of various importance, and last of all a message from Ashmont farm, a pretty estate a dozen miles in the country, where I usually spent my summers. It had been held and thoroughly well-conducted many years by an industrious man, who then, as his letter informed me, desired to remove to the West, and he requested me to find some one to fill his place as early as the ensuing month. This sudden movement was provoking, and my perplexity concerning the fate of my dear old Ashmont quite obliged me to send my supper away untasted. I was really weary of thinking about it, and so dropping the whole matter mentally returned to the Dales again. How fortunate it is that by putting two troubles together, both can be neutralized and nothing but happiness remain. It was a lucky thought, that of sending the Dales to Ashmont to superintend the farm—a complete woman's thought, for what did they know of husbandry? Perhaps they could not tell parsnips from carrots, or distinguish between wheat and barley, to say nothing of profounder questions in agriculture; but, on the other hand, they could not utterly spoil everything in a year, and with good sense and laudable intentions they might do very well. It would be just the place for Walter. With the horses and the light labor which would be necessary, he might get well as soon as he pleased, and Mary looked as if she could direct her department, and with the house and four servants they could get along somehow. No, it was possible that they should ruin all in one season, and when health was restored to the invalid, some more satisfactory arrangement would suggest itself.

I was awake half the night thinking about it, and the very next morning—albeit the fog and the mud had not decreased a whit—went to see the Dales. They received my proposal with hesitation, conscious of their inexperience, and distrustful of their ability to overcome the disadvantages of their ignorance of rural life, but they yet showed so much pleasure when they for a moment admitted the possibility of their undertaking and successfully carrying out the engagement, that I had no heart to yield to their many objections. My encouragement and arguments were so persuasive that in less than a week all our mutual preliminary business was concluded, and they had only to adjust their affairs before going to Ashmont.

I found the Dales such agreeable people that I went almost daily to see them, and had them often at my own residence. Mary was so obliging, so kindly capable, that it was really satisfactory to resign to her the direction of any affair, and she was so happy as her brother's health and spirits began to improve in anticipation of the change before them, that her presence was the best sunshine of that cloudy month. Walter added to many fundamental good qualities, a cultivated taste, and an intelligence and intellectual activity that proved him educated in the best sense. I parted from them when April came, anticipating with no ordinary eagerness my estivation at Ashmont. Nevertheless, yielding to various detentions in the city, I went there later in the season than usual.

It was on a glorious day in the middle of the hay harvest, that I drove out to my country estate, with my curiosity all alive to behold the result of my experiment. Ashmont had been a conspicuously conservative establishment. It was well laid out and substantially built at first, and during my remembrance there had been no changes permitted, except those attendant upon natural growth and necessary repairs. The house was large, and a score of apartments was kept for my exclusive use. How I always longed for their sweetness, freshness and quiet when summer came, and how much happiness there was in them.

I had no reason to complain of my reception. Mary met me at the door and escorted me to my parlor, which welcomed me most festively. Roses stood upon the tables, roses gathered up the snowy curtains, roses garlanded the mirrors and pictures, and the air was filled with their fragrance. I was enchanted, and laughed and clapped my hands for very gladness of heart. And Mary was laughing too, and I delivered a long oration in praise of her thoughtfulness and taste; and she laughed through the whole of it, and utterly disclaimed my approval, and averred that the flowers were as much a surprise to her as to me. She only knew that an hour or two before Walter had been busy in an out of the room. Somehow the roses came into my cheeks when she said that, and no longer laughing, I made a tedious search in my reticule for an article which was never found. On my inquiring after her brother, she apologized for his absence, saying that he had gone into the field to supply the place of a hayman who was ill. And she sat down to tell me with tears and smiles that he was rid of his cough, and was in better health than ever before.

"If it might only last," said she, sadly.

"And why may it not?" I inquired, with earnestness.

"I was assured," she replied, "in my last conversation with his physician, that his predisposition to consumption was constitutional, and that although he should seem to regain perfect health the renewal of sedentary habits might, and probably would, bring on the reappearance of the disorder. His permanent cure depended upon constant activity. It was such a disappointment to her this."

"And why? The alternative does not seem so very distressing."

"You do not know," she continued, "what brilliant dreams we have had together, especially what high hopes I have entertained, all founded upon his success as a scholar. It was very foolish, no doubt, but none the less delightful, to fancy his prosperity and distinction, and I can scarcely be reconciled to the thought of his turning his back on all these, and permitting his fine mind to become dull and rusty by neglect. But I am not intending to complain, when there is so much to excite my gratitude; your friendliness only opens my heart so easily. Now, however, I will say no more about it;" and she looked cheerful again and began to fold my shawl.

"And what does Walter say of it?" I asked. "Does he understand the case as you do, and does he participate in your wishes to an equal extent with yourself?"

"I cannot really tell," said Mary. "I think he has lost some of his old aspirations with his seriousness and application. He is so happy in his renewed prospect of life, that he forgets every other consideration. He talks sportively about becoming a real farmer, and I believe, at the bottom, he is more than half in real earnest."

I greatly admired Walter's talent; like his sister I believed him capable of more than common attainments, and was sorry to suspect that his enthusiasm would diminish, and he be left among the uninteresting mediocrity.

"He does not neglect study altogether?" I queried.

"No," returned Mary, "he spends four or five hours daily in reading and writing, and that seems to content him, for he talks no longer of accomplishing great things."

"Because he is wiser than formerly, and knows that moderation brings a surer harvest than precipitancy," replied I, much relieved.

We talked about Walter a long time, somewhat to the rectification of Mary's opinions. With her unbounded affection for her brother, and unlimited confidence in his capacity, with her ardent temperament and lively imagination, she had combined and brooded over possibilities and wishes, until her views of life were incorrect, and her sensibilities had become morbid.

"You have no objection to a farming life, have you?" I asked, cheerfully.

"No," said she, laughing for my better conviction, "I am perfectly happy here; there is only that little burning thought of ambition on his account."

"And the same spark is not extinguished in his breast, you may be certain. Wait patiently, and you will see his life brighter than ever you dared to hope."

My Pythonic speech was the result of a feeling of confidence that seemed to me almost an inspiration. Mary caught my earnestness, and heartily responded, "I believe you," and the conversation turned to other matters.

I had been in the habit of having my meals alone in my room, as my aunt had always directed for herself, and Mary, who was well advised respecting my customs at Ashmont, commenced the usual preparations for tea. I interrupted her emphatically, and said I would sit at the table with her and Walter, if they pleased, and then we both spoke of the pleasant sociability we should have through the coming weeks, and she went away leaving me with my roses and those sweet fancies which had been growing up in my heart all through the springtime, and which held my soul in such delicious thrall.

I did not see Walter till I went into the tea-room at sun-down, and there was another surprise. Mary laughed, and we all laughed when I hardly recognized him. He had become so erect, there was such an elastic gracefulness in his movements, his voice had acquired a rich fullness, and the unwonted bronze on his cheeks contrasted so well with his dark eyes and hair. Then his freedom and vivacity I had never before observed. His liveliness was contagious, and we passed the merriest evening that I had ever spent, so unlike the prosy discourses my aunt used to hold with the old farmer and his wife, and which, in dutiful imitation of her example, I had endeavored to continue. Now there was a new element of social life introduced into Ashmont, which I had scarcely dreamed of—much less experienced. With it, the days and weeks flew as never a summer had gone before. Every morning Walter gave me beautiful flowers, among which I noticed many new varieties never cultivated previously at Ashmont, and as the fervor of the afternoon sun abated, we strolled along the green lanes, or walked beneath the mulberry trees at the foot of the garden, or yet, sat on the velvety turf which sloped away to a basin of clear water. And there we told stories innumerable, somewhat after the manner of Boccaccio's gentlemen and ladies, or else we talked more sedately of realities, and sometimes we sat silently looking at the beauties of the evening sky and the lovely landscape hiding away in the soft accumulating shadows. Mary was usually with us, but if she did not come out it made no difference.

I made an unprecedented delay at Ashmont, and did not return to town in September, as I had never failed of doing before. My rooms in the city, which had been valued so highly for their exceeding comfort and sunniness, attracted me just as little with their egotistical solitude as a dungeon. The thought of spending a winter looking into that ponderous grate, however the coals might glow, was intolerable; and it was no better to anticipate monotonous promenades on the pavements, or stiff little parties and visits among my aunt's very excellent and perpendicular friends. I had grown so young in the few months I had been at Ashmont, as almost to have changed my identity. The old gray light that had been so sufficient for my enjoyment, had blushed into auroral beauty, and I could not bear to think of entering the leaden-hued atmosphere again when the sun should be withdrawn.

The farm prospered. Walter had been indefatigable in study

and effort for its improvement; he had modernized many inconvenient and ancient usages, and abundant success authorized and recommended his plans. An isolated and an energetic year in agricultural pursuits is nearly impossible. Many of Walter's plans related to succeeding seasons, and he wished to remain at Ashmont to fulfil them. So we re-modelled our engagement. I contrived to make an important addition to his emolument, and he, to Mary's complete satisfaction, determined to read law with a counsellor of some repute in the nearest village.

The Dales, busy and hopeful, were happy; and I—no matter, they certainly did not forget to whom they owed their prosperity; they evidenced their gratitude in every way which a sincere friendliness and a delicate taste could devise. I ought certainly to be satisfied so long as my estate was suitably cared for.

The autumn was half gone, and still lingering at Ashmont, I received a letter from an old lady whom I had known from a child, and who, in remembrance of the strong intimacy which had subsisted between herself and my aunt, favored me ever and anon with scraps of maternal counsel. The habitual veneration with which I regarded her character, gave weight to her opinions in my estimation, and I usually deferred to her judgment. The letter before me was on a new topic. She had noted with surprise my protracted stay in the country, but a gossiping friend had just opened the secret to her. I was represented as being greatly in love with Dale, and he—a handsome, talented, ambitious young person, considered my property as a convenient stepping-stone towards rising in the world, and would not object to taking me as an unimportant incumbrance, which would require very little attention when once in possession. And my aged friend was so distressed about it that she could not refrain from writing to warn me; and she entreated me to remember that I was plain and possessed no beguiling fashionable accomplishments, and was not likely in myself to win the love of any man, much less of a proud, spirited person like Dale, and she concluded by advising me to return to town immediately, and put the entire affair out of my thoughts.

What bitterness came into my soul as I read slowly line after line, and finished the letter. I could not disprove one word of it, save that Dale had not declared himself, but yet I felt in my very heart that he would soon do so. And was all that tenderness feigned? all that kind solicitude an imposition? all these words and looks and signs, that might mean so much, a mere counterfeit? My heart would not believe it, and yet my judgment told me it must be so, as I reckoned up my scanty attractions. I stood before the mirror, and knew it must be so when I saw my straight hair brushed back so plainly, and my gray dress on my insignificant figure.

I put on my bonnet and shawl that I might determine beneath the clear heavens what I should do. I met Mary in the hall, who offered me a caress and a gay word. Deception, thought I, and I repulsed her almost harshly and passed by, just catching a glimpse of her astonished expression. I went over the hill into the oak woods, and sat upon the rocks where the sun streamed in through the crimson branches. I endeavored to think, but the disagreeable, bold fact stood out too clear to need any consideration. With a stern, injured feeling, I sat and looked at it.

In a little while Walter came up. He was so glad to meet me, he said, and threw himself at my feet with such frankness and evident satisfaction that it was hard not to trust it, but I did not. He watched my face a moment and asked if I was ill, or if I had received bad news in the letters that came a little while before. I answered coolly and not much to the purpose, and casually remarked that I should probably return to town in a few days.

"And you are sorry to go, is it not so?" exclaimed he, taking my hand and impetuously telling me how he had delayed from day to day telling me his love because he had so little to offer me, nothing but what had been a gift from me; but he prayed that I would bestow upon him the right to devote his life for my happiness, to labor for my sake and approval in the highest sphere of which he was capable, and he would win for the name which he would give me, distinction and honor, and lay it all before me; and much more he said with an earnestness I could scarcely resist, while my heart so pleaded for him; but judgment said, "Ambition, and not love," and I thought it must be right; and then as civilly as I could, and kindly too, for my heart compelled me thus far, I told him we would say nothing more about it.

"Never?" inquired he, surprised and abashed.

"Never," was the decisive reply.

Very sadly he walked by my side as we returned to the house; and I also, for the old grayness had come back with added gloom. At the tea-table we were very dull, and Mary looked anxiously at me. What a cheerless evening it was; a funeral day could hardly have had a heavier one. We separated early for the night, and as soon as I was in my room, Mary came with tears in her eyes and questions on her lips.

"What had occurred? How had she offended me?"

"In no way," I replied. "Nothing of importance had taken place that need occasion her any trouble."

But I was ill or vexed, and she would stay and help me with sympathy at least; so she persisted and would scarcely be persuaded to leave me.

This new phase in our life at Ashmont was not very pleasant, and yet I could not at once resolve to leave the place where I had been so happy. I saw very little of Walter. He rode to the counsellor's every day, and we met only at meal-times and occasionally in the evening. Mary had in some way found out what the trouble was, and there was a kind of embarrassment between us. Still they were very kind, only a little less confident and familiar.

It affected me to see their troubled faces, and when two or three weeks had gone by, I could not quite believe that their sadness was the consequence of thwarted ambition; it was too gentle, too equal. When I had once indulged in a suspicion of fallacy in my judgment, I was not long in renouncing it altogether. I again went out into the oak woods to think the matter over. I saw that my whole distrust rested upon a rumor and a conjecture, and I had foolishly suffered the evidence of my senses to be outweighed. I combated the assertions of my aged friend. If I was not perfect, it did not follow that I was wholly destitute of engaging qualities. One word from me would raise the cloud from Ashmont. There might be a risk, but I resolved to dare it. I could scarcely in any result be more wretched than during the last few weeks. With my new resolution I went blithely to the house. I arranged my hair and made the bands as broad and heavy as possible, and while doing so, I found upon my table a beautiful garland of red and scarlet berries in evergreen. Walter had made it, for he only could weave it so perfectly. It was the first thing he had given me since I had so repelled him. I tore the wreath apart and wound it in my hair. And then I put on a rich, high-colored silk, which I had purchased months before, but had never worn. My dress and the thought of what I was about to do, gave me color; indeed, I was not so very plain.

I went down to the parlor. Walter was there alone. He looked up and smiled in his old, glad way, when he saw his wreath. I went boldly up to him and took his hand in mine.

"I have not forgotten what you said the other day in the oak woods," I ventured.

"And since you speak of it again, I may?" he asked.

"Yes," said I, looking into his face cheerily.

"And will that be your answer to it all?" he inquired.

"Yes," I answered, and the next instant I was pressed to his breast, and kisses rested with the garland upon my brow.

Mary entered the room and found us there, and when Walter told her how it was, she laughed and cried at once, but smiles won the evening.

Many years have passed since that time, and I have never for a moment regretted the resolution then taken. My husband has fulfilled his promise and nobly earned a distinguished name. Mary has never left us, but has been the presiding genius of our home, and beautiful children play in the groves and gardens of Ashmont.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN LITERATURE, VOL. II.—Having given a particular notice of the first volume of this work, we can merely state that the second will be found to be far superior even to its predecessor. The work thus completed, may be obtained of Frederick Parker, Cornhill, the New England agent.

THE AMERICAN ALMANAC FOR 1856.—This welcome annual is issued from the press of Crosby, Nichols & Co., of this city, in beautiful style. It is one of those indispensable books, that people will have at any cost—and it is luckily afforded at a low price.

THE ROSE OF SHARON. A Religious Souvenir for 1856. Edited by Mrs. C. M. Sawyer. Boston: Abel Tompkins.

This choice and exceedingly pretty annual comes to us this year with more than its usual excellence, both in the letter-press, and the number and elegance of its steel engravings. We find the names of E. H. Chapin and T. Starr King among others who have contributed to its pages.

THE SACRED PLAINS. By J. H. HEADLEY. Buffalo: Wanzer, McKim & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 239.

In this work are grouped together sketches of some of the most striking scenes alluded to in the Holy Scriptures, thus forming a sequel to the "Sacred Mountains," by the same author. It is neatly illustrated—and this must compensate for the small amount of matter comprised in the text. For sale by Pettridge & Co.

FOREST BUDS FROM THE WOODS OF MAINE. By FLORENCE PERCY. Boston: Bepwn, Bazin & Co. 18mo. pp. 207.

The pretty title of this volume heralds a collection of very pretty verses, which will win their way to many hearts.

NEW JUVENILE WORKS.—Among the host of pretty valuable juvenile works issued the present season, those with the imprint of D. Appleton & Co., New York, are surpassed by none. We cordially commend the following, all of them illustrated gift-books:—the "Lances of Lynwood," by the author of the "Little Duke," Uncle John's "First Book" and "Second Book," "Out of Debt, out of Danger," and the "Mysterious Story Book." They may all be purchased at Redding's counter.

SONGS AND BALLADS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. With Notes and Illustrations. By FRANK MOORE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 386.

There is little poetic merit in these productions, but they are valuable as showing the spirit of the people in the "times that tried men's souls."

NEW MUSIC.—G. P. Beed & Co., No. 13 Tremont Street, have published "Life is like a Country Dance: or, Pop goes the Wenzel," a laughing buffo song, "Le Premier Amour," a romanza for the piano, by Gastave Satter, "Wake up, Sweet Melody," for voice and piano, by Carl Gartner, and "Thou art not False," words by Byron, music by Harrison Millard.

NOTES ON CENTRAL AMERICA. By E. G. SQUIER. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 8vo. pp. 397.

An admirable account of an interesting and little known portion of the new world, embracing every particular of interest, splendidly illustrated by maps and drawings made upon the spot. For sale by Redding & Co.

HARPER'S CLASSICAL LIBRARY.—The last three volumes of this valuable series contain Thucydides, Sophocles and Herodotus, in the best English versions, with copious illustrative notes. For sale by Redding & Co.

BIDS FOR THE BRIDAL WREATH. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1855. 13mo. pp. 70.

An agreeable little work, containing serious thoughts and hints on the marriage relation, written in an attractive style. It will prove a very acceptable bridal gift.

THE HOMESTEAD ON THE HILL-SIDE, and other Tales. By MARY J. HOLMES, author of "Tempest and Sunshine." New York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Mulligan. 1856. 12mo. pp. 379.

These tales and sketches are very agreeably written, and are evidently the artistic results of actual life experiences. A fine healthy moral tone pervades the book. It is deeply interesting. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have published this year two very enticing juvenile works, both elegantly illustrated:—"The Magician's Show Box," by the author of "Rainbows for Children," and the "Strange Adventures of Kit Bam, mariner," by Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke.

SABBATH EVENING READINGS ON THE NEW TESTAMENT. St. John. By Rev. JOHN CUMMING. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 164.

These comments on the evangelist "whose pen seems to have been dipped in love," are worthy of the vigorous mind of Cumming, and will attract as much attention in their present shape, as when they fell from his lips in his popular London pulpit.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND—VOLS. III AND IV. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 609, 666.

These long looked for volumes have at length made their appearance, and will create a great sensation. "Macaulay's History" has all the fascination of a romance, from the brilliancy of its style, and from its living picture of men and manners. For sale by Redding & Co.



A MANDAN CHIEF.

AMERICAN INDIANS.

The primitive inhabitants having been driven from their homes by the untiring advance of the white man, are fast disappearing, and those who remain are very degenerate specimens of the aboriginal possessors of our soil. The first settlers of the country paid very little attention to the history of the red men. Occupied in clearing the land, in erecting houses, churches and schools, and laying deep the foundations of those institutions which have become a national glory, regarding the Indian only in the light of a mortal enemy, they had nei-

ther leisure nor inclination for researches which would have yielded golden results, invaluable at the present time. Even now, however, comparatively few persons care to read the story of the Indian tribes, or take a deep interest in their fate. Now and then, only, some man of genius touches the subject with a graceful pen, and awakens a transitory feeling in behalf of the fading race. "The rights of the savage," says Washington Irving, "have seldom been properly appreciated or respected by the white man. In peace he has too often been the dupe of artful traffic; in war he has been

regarded as a ferocious animal, whose life or death was a question of mere precaution and convenience. Man is cruelly wasteful of life when his own safety is endangered, and he is sheltered by impunity; and little mercy is to be expected from him, when he feels the sting of the reptile and is conscious of the power to destroy. The same prejudices, which were indulged thus early, exist in common circulation at the present day. Certain learned societies have, it is true, with laudable diligence, endeavored to investigate and record the real characters and manners of the Indian tribes; the American government, too, has wisely and humanely exerted itself to inculcate a friendly and forbearing spirit towards them, and to protect them from fraud and injustice. The current opinion of the Indian character, however, is apt to be formed from the miserable hordes which infest the frontier and hang about the settlements. These are too commonly composed of degenerate beings, corrupted and enfeebled by the vices of society, without being benefited by its civilization. That proud independence, which formed the main pillar of savage virtue, has been shaken down, and the whole moral fabric lies in ruins. Their spirits are humiliated and debased by a sense of inferiority, and their native courage cowed and daunted by the superior knowledge and power of their enlightened neighbors. Society has advanced upon them like one of those withering airts that will sometimes breed desolation over a whole region of fertility. It has enervated their strength, multiplied their diseases, and superinduced upon their original barbarity the low vices of artificial life. It has given them a thousand superfluous wants, while it has diminished their means of mere existence. It has driven before it the animals of the chase, who fly from the sound of the axe and the smoke of the settlement, and seek refuge in the depths of remoter forests and yet untrodden wilds. Thus do we too often find the Indians on our frontiers to be the

It was strong and powerful, and has slain thousands. Our seats were once large and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets." There is but too much truth in these laconic statements of the Indian chief. Very few of the race of red men yet remain east of the Mississippi. A few debased remnants of nearly extinct tribes still exist in some of the States, but they have lost all of the good qualities of the Indian character, while they have acquired some of the worst vices of the whites among whom they reside. We present upon this and the following page representations of some of the prominent tribes as they now exist in the vast tract of nearly uncivilized country lying between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. These sketches were drawn for us by Mr. Kilburn from authentic sources. The Blackfoot are still one of the most considerable tribes of the North American Indians. They migrate about the western prairies near the Rocky Mountains, but dwell chiefly between the three forks of the Missouri, known as the Jefferson, Madison and Gallatin Rivers. They retain more of their original customs and independence than any other tribe; they number about 16,000. In person they are robust and well made, and sometimes attain great stature. They do not disfigure their bodies by tattooing, but paint their faces, red being their favorite color. Their dress is very picturesque; it is a shirt made of leather, with leggings, both being ornamented more or less elaborately, according to the wealth of the owner; with these is worn a buffalo robe adorned with porcupine quills, and usually painted on the tanned side with figures of men and animals. This robe they wear very gracefully, leaving the right arm and shoulder bare. The men always go armed. Every Blackfoot carries a whip as well as his weapons in his hand. His gun and bow and arrows are slung on his shoulder; he also carries a pouch containing his



SIOUX INDIANS HORSE-RACING.



BLACKFOOT INDIAN ON HORSEBACK.

mere wrecks and remnants of once powerful tribes who have lingered in the vicinity of the settlements, and sunk into precarious and vagabond existence." Red Jacket succinctly summed up the story of his race, when he said, in 1805, "There was a time when our forefathers owned this great land. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer and other animals for food. He had made the bear and the beaver. Their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the country and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this He had done for his red children, because he loved them. If we had some disputes about our hunting grounds, they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the great water and landed on this island. Their numbers were small. They found friends and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men, and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them, granted their request, and they sat down among us. We gave them corn and meat; and they gave us poison, a thing to are at strife in return. The white people had now found our country. They were armed with guns and more still among us. Yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends. They called us brothers. We believed them, and gave them a larger seat. At length their numbers greatly increased. They wanted more land; they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened, and our minds were made wiser. Wars took place. Indians were killed and their settlements destroyed. They also brought strong liquor among us.

powder-horn and a large knife. When thus attired, and mounted on horseback, with a housse made of a large panther's skin, so arranged that the tail hangs down on one side, over a saddle-cloth of scarlet, the Blackfoot warrior considers his equipments complete. Such is the costume of the figure in our second engraving, as given below. The Blackfoot make slaves of the women whom they have taken prisoners, but their captives are safe from ill treatment; they never torture their prisoners, as is the practice among most other tribes. The Dakotas are one of the most numerous tribes among the American Indians; they with the Assiniboin, who have the same origin, number about 45,000; they live mostly between the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers. They have more strongly marked countenances and higher cheek bones than most other Indians of the Missouri. The women, when young, are not ill looking. Our third engraving represents the principal wife of a Dakota of the branch of the Yankton, one of the three great families into which they are divided; she is accompanied by an Assiniboin girl. Her dress is of leather with stripes and borders of blue and white bands, trimmed at the bottom with fringe, round the ends of which small bells are attached, which tinkle at every step. It is remarkable that the best among the Indian tribes are for some time past the women. Among the Mandans, particularly, great attention was always paid to dress. When full dressed they put a variety of feathers in their hair. Sometimes they have a bunch of owl's feathers or small feathers, some of ravens' feathers cut short. Sometimes, as in our first engraving, they wear caps with horns, consisting of white ermine with stripes of red cloth hanging down the back, to which is attached a row of black and white eagle feathers, beginning at the head



DACOTAH WOMAN AND ASSINIBOIN GIRL.

study. The origin of the North American Indians is one of those problems which have long exercised the ingenuity of the learned world. The date and manner of the first population of our continent is unknown, but the generally received opinion is that it was settled by emigration from the north-eastern parts of Asia, the narrow passage called Behring's Straits, presenting no insuperable obstacle to intercourse between the two hemispheres. As the characteristics of the Esquimaux Indians, however, their language and manners, are totally different from all other tribes of aborigines, and as they resemble closely the inhabitants of the north of Europe, and as it is known that the Norwegians as early as the ninth century colonized Greenland, the origin of the Esquimaux is assigned to the northwesterly part of Europe. As we have before remarked, little is known

They were wise and sagacious in council, brave and cunning in war. The following anecdote will serve to illustrate the latter trait in their character. A Pequot Indian, in time of war, was pursued by a Narragansett. Finding it difficult to escape, he had recourse to the following stratagem. Retiring behind a rock, he elevated his cap upon his gun just above the rock, when his enemy crept up, and taking deliberate aim, fired at the cap, and fancied he had killed his enemy. Before, however, he had time to reload, the Pequot sprang upon the rock and shot the Narragansett through the heart. Of their eloquence we have already given specimens. Who does not remember the famous speech of Logan, the Mingo chief, commencing, "I appeal to every white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not?" The Indian led a life worthy of a feral baron. War, hunting and fishing employed his time—the labors of the field and wigwam were left to his better half. They were slightly clad in summer, and in winter robed in the trophies of the chase; but their war dresses and festival attire were sumptuous and splendid—according to Indian notions of taste. A chief, in his deerskin



GROUP OF SAUKIE AND FOX INDIANS.

and reaching the whole length of the body. Only distinguished warriors, who have performed many exploits, wear this dress. Very celebrated warriors, when highly decorated, wear signals of their heroic deeds in their hair; thus Mato-Tope, shown in our first illustration, has fastened transversely in his hair a wooden knife, painted red, because he has killed a chief of another tribe in battle. Indians, like white men, are alive to the allurements of horse-racing. Our third engraving gives an idea of the manner in which they indulge in this favorite amusement. The whole scene reminds us of an Arab fantasia. Our last engraving exhibits the skin lodges of an Indian, with a group of men, women and children. A squaw in front is engaged in loading a dog. These Indian dogs carry the tent-poles when the tribe moves from one location to another. They are very serviceable animals, though not always perfectly manageable. There are many points of similarity between the Indians of the West and the Arabs of the Eastern world, which would form a curious subject for investigation and

concerning the Indians at the period of the English colonization. It is estimated that at the time of the arrival of the Plymouth colonists, there were no more than 150,000 of them within the compass of the thirteen original States. A few years before that an epidemic of a malignant character raged among the Indians of the seaboard, and committed fearful ravages. "Whole towns were depopulated. The living were not able to bury the dead; and their bones were found lying above ground many years after. The Massachusetts Indians are said to have been reduced from 30,000 to 300 fighting men." In 1633 they were also decimated by the small-pox. They were divided into many small tribes, each governed by a sachem or king. We can form no idea of their physical character from that of the few degenerate descendants who yet linger among us; for they are described by contemporaries as being of lofty stature and finely proportioned, like some of the best living specimens of the Sauks and Foxes. They were noted for the gravity of their demeanor and for their eloquence.

dress, richly trimmed with fringe, beads, feathers and shells, with eagle or heron plumes in his scalp locks, and his face exquisitely shaded with scarlet and pea-green, was indeed a splendid figure. The warlike instruments and domestic utensils were few and simple—a tomahawk or hatchet of stone, bows and arrows, sharp stones and shells, which they used for knives and hoes, and stone mortars for pounding their corn. Their currency consisted of small beads, curiously wrought from shells, and strung on belts, or in chains, called *wampum*. In religion they believed in a plurality of gods, yet recognized the existence of one Supreme God, the creator of the minor and local deities, of all creatures and things, whom they called the Great Spirit. The natives of New England called this being Kiehtan. They believed that good men, at their death, ascended to Kiehtan, above the heavens, where they enjoyed the society of their departed friends, and entered on an eternity of happiness. Bad men also knocked at the golden gate, but were commanded to depart and wander in hopeless poverty and distress. They offered up prayers and worship to this Supreme Being, the principal devotional exercise consisting in singing and dancing round a fire. The evil principle they recognized, and from fear and policy worshipped, under the name of Hobbamock, equivalent to the English Devil. It is said that they occasionally sacrificed their children to appease his wrath. They prayed to him to heal their wounds and diseases, which, when remediable, were ascribed to him. If they were incurable they were supposed to proceed from Kiehtan, whose diseases none were able to remove; therefore they never prayed to him in sickness. Their priests, who were called Powaws, and their chief warriors, pretended often to see Hobbamock in the shape of a man, fawn, or eagle, but, generally, of a snake, who gave them advice in their difficult undertakings. The duty and office of the Powaws was to pray to Hobbamock for the removal of evils; the common people said amen. In his prayer the Powaw promised skins, kettles, hatchets, beads, etc., as sacrifices, if his requests were granted. Although they endured pain with Spartan courage, they had an indescribable fear of death. They were very fond of their children, and often spoiled them by indulgence. A father would often stab himself, through grief and rage for the loss of a child. Some tribes of Indians forbore mentioning the names of their departed friends. When a person died, they generally buried him with his bow and arrows, dogs, and whatever was valuable to him while living, supposing he would want them in another world, as their ideas of the happiness of heaven consisted in a life of prosperous hunting and fishing, alternately with periods of luxurious feasting. They had many of the vices and virtues of chivalry. They were faithful friends and bitter enemies. They often followed their foes hundreds of miles through the wilderness, encountering every difficulty in order to be avenged. A feud was handed down from father to son, and traditional injuries found their avengers in distant generations. This was the spirit of the Corsican Vendetta. "Their kindness and hospitality," says one writer, "is seldom equalled by any civilized society. Their politeness in conversation is even carried to excess, since it does not allow them to contradict anything that is asserted in their presence." The Indians appear to have distinct traditions of the creation and deluge, and some of their words, rites and ceremonies bear a strong affinity to those of the ancient Hebrews. Among those who have devoted time and talent to the study of Indian tradition, character, and manners, Schoolcraft deserves honorable mention. He has made this a speciality; and no one has pursued the subject further. Of the valuable results of such contributions to our literature an illustration may be found in the last poem of Longfellow—Hiawatha—where the material is entirely drawn from the stores of Indian legendary lore, and with the happiest effect. Catlin's pictures are also invaluable as records of Indian life and character, and faithful portraits of the peculiar people they depict.



INDIAN SKIN LODGES.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DEATHLESS.

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

What is deathless? canst thou tell?
 List thee to the solemn knell,
 Tolling for the loved, departed
 To the realms of the pure-hearted.

What are deathless? are the flowers,
 Blooming in sweet-scented bowers?
 Chilling frosts and blight come there,
 Soon a withering garb they wear.

Mortal life is like the flowers,
 We may not call a moment ours;
 Each declining sunlight brings
 Us nearer to the King of kings.

There is a world of deathless bloom
 Above the ever waiting tomb;
 Time there with the eternal blends,
 And hope in full fruition ends.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MRS. WATSON'S FAULT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Among all the lesser faults of the social circle, and especially those indulged in by married people, no one is more prevalent than that of correcting each other in trivial points. For instance: the husband commences to relate some incident, and in the course of his remarks he makes some statement, in itself of no importance, and one that, for the sake of emphasis, may be enlarged upon without conveying any false impression; but no sooner does the expression drop from his lips, than his wife interrupts him for the purpose of correcting him, thereby implicating him in a misstatement. Or, it may be that the husband does the same thing. Now this is done without any thought of evil, and often with the best intentions; but yet it very frequently leads to unhappy results. But a simple story will better illustrate our meaning, and the reader may be assured that it is no imaginary sketch.

David Watson was a merchant on a small scale, being the proprietor of a store in a very thriving country village. His wife Augusta was a faithful life-partner, and did all she could to make her husband's home a place of peace and comfort.

"What is the matter, David?" she asked, after she had removed her shawl and hood, and taken a seat by the fire. She and her husband had just returned from an evening party. "What is the matter?" she repeated, as she drew her chair nearer to the grate. "You have been as sober as a judge all the way home."

"I will tell you, Augusta," he replied, at the same time taking one of his wife's hands in his own; "but you must not be offended, for I mean what I am going to say most kindly. You do not realize how you wounded my feelings this evening."

"Me—wounded your feelings, David?" uttered the wife, looking up into her husband's face in surprise. "What do you mean?"

"Why, I allude to the remarks you made when I was relating to Mr. Roberts my trouting experience."

"But what on earth did I say out of the way, then?" There was a touch of offence in this.

"Do you not remember?"

"I am sure I don't."

"Well,—first—when I told Roberts that I caught a hundred trout, you quickly interrupted me and assured me that I caught only seventy-five. Then when I simply assured you that I caught nearer a hundred than seventy-five, you still persisted, and flatly denied the truth of my assertion."

"And what was there so terrible in all that, I should like to know?" the wife asked, not in the best of humors; for, like many others, she was not fond of being told of her faults.

"There was nothing terrible, Augusta," returned David, kindly, "for were there anything very bad I know you would never have been guilty of it. Yet it was very annoying, and you know I have often spoken to you on the subject before. Now you know how prone some men are to exaggerate all they tell concerning themselves, and how apt such men are to lose the confidence of their friends, at least so far as relates to their own affairs. When I said to-night that I caught about a hundred trout from the old brook, I meant what I said, for I did catch near that number, but when I took them from my bag to string them, I found some fifteen or twenty very small ones so soft and bruised that I threw them out; and if I remember rightly I brought home seventy-eight. The moment you spoke, I saw a smile pass around the company, and I felt as though they regarded me as a common braggart. I dared tell no more anecdotes, nor could I converse as freely as before. And then when I assured you that I was right, you remember how you answered me. That was worse still."

"But how was that?"

"Why, you contradicted me, and still persisted in your assertion that I had misstated the affair. And then, again, in the early part of the evening, you know, you corrected me again, when there was no occasion for it, and when it made me feel unpleasantly. It was while I was relating to Mrs. Anderson the circumstance of my horse's running away with me. I said he ran nearly a mile before I could stop him; but you instantly stopped me, and assured the company that it was not over half a mile. Now neither you nor I know exactly how far it was, and, moreover, it is of little consequence, though I am sure it was over three-quarters of a mile. I assure you, Augusta, it made me feel badly."

"And yet I can't see anything so very bad about it," said she.

"But if it makes me unhappy, can you not refrain from it? For surely it cannot benefit you."

Mrs. Watson did not make any decided promise, though she intimated that she would do the best she could; and here the matter rested for the time being.

About two weeks after this, Mr. Watson had a party at his own house. After supper the people gathered about the fire in the spacious sitting-room, and ere long the conversation turned upon the topic of business. It was a time of great depression in trade, and many a house which had been looked upon as firm and sure, was crushed beneath the weight of "hard times." Business men began to distrust each other, and the first suspicion of weakness was often the signal of destruction. Let it be whispered that A. was in a dangerous position, and straightway B., C., D., E., F., and a host of others were upon him with their demands, and he was sure to fail, though perhaps a single month of forbearance might have enabled him to weather the dangerous shore.

"Mr. Watson," said one of the visitors, a man by the name of Morgan, who carried on a large woolen factory, "how does Gould get along now?"

"O, he's doing well," returned Watson, "very well indeed. He is coining money."

This Gould was Mrs. Watson's own brother, and her only brother—being two years younger than herself, and one whom she had ever loved most dearly.

"I am glad of that," said Morgan, "for I knew that he had sent some heavy consignments west, and I feared he might find some difficulty in getting his pay, for these western houses are smashing up fast."

"There is no fear of William Gould's losing anything," returned Watson. "He is safe now."

"I guess you're a little mistaken, David," interrupted Augusta.

Watson cast a quick, imploring glance upon his wife, but she would not notice it. Her husband had made a mistake, and she must correct him.

"You know what he told us the other night," she added, despite her husband's eager, prayerful look. "He fears that the folks to whom he sent that lot of goods in July, will never pay him. You know their note was due a month ago for five thousand dollars. But I hope he won't lose it, for it will ruin him."

"No, no, Augusta," returned David, with a painful effort, "you do not understand the matter; William has had a letter from the firm, and they will pay him in full."

"Yes—I know," replied Mrs. Watson, now determined, as usual, not to give up her point. "I saw the letter, and you know what William told us. They promised to pay him, but how?"

"Why, in full, and with interest," answered David, trying to conceal his mortification.

"Ay, so they did; but he has got to send them more goods first. If he will send them six thousand dollars' worth of clothing, all made up, they promise to pay him the whole in three instalments. I declare I pity him. It's too bad that folks should treat him so."

"But how is it about this house?" asked Morgan, quite earnestly. "Does Gould think of sending off the goods?"

"Certainly," returned Watson. "It is a safe thing for him, and will be profitable."

"Why, David—"

"Stop, Augusta," spoke Watson, in a peremptory tone. "You know nothing of his business at all."

"I should think I might," quickly returned the wife, "for I have heard him tell about it. He means to send off the second lot of goods, for if he loses the first lot, this second loss will be no worse, for in either case it will break him down. He says he 'may be as well whipped for an old sheep as for a lamb.' For my part I don't see why men will be so mean and deceptive as those western men are. If I was in William's place, I'd have no more to do with them."

David Watson could say no more. His face was worked upon by deep emotion, and the glances which he gave his wife had more meaning than she could then comprehend.

It was at a late hour when the visitors departed, and when the husband and wife were left alone they were for a long time moody and silent. Mrs. Watson was the first to speak, and her tone showed that she was prepared for a lecture.

"I suppose you'll have another scolding for me," she said.

"No, Augusta," her husband returned, in a subdued tone. "If you think you have treated me as you ought, I have nothing to say now."

"But, David, how could I help it? You know what William told us, and why not tell the truth at once? You were mistaken when you said that he was in a prosperous condition."

"I did not mean to deceive any one, Augusta. I am acquainted with the western firm with whom William had done so much business, and I know them better than he does. They are peculiarly situated at this present time, but I consider them perfectly safe. There is a great demand for clothing there, and for boots and shoes, and if they can have the goods at once which William now proposes to send, they can easily make one hundred per cent. profit on them. I know this. But William is young, and being so deeply concerned, he feels uneasy when there is no real danger; and you know very well that when he told us his fears I laughed at them, and assured him that he was perfectly safe. And so I did then believe him, and so I told Mr. Morgan to-night. But we will say no more about it now."

Thus the matter rested for the night. Gould was at that time in Boston, whither he had gone on business, but he was expected home on the next day.

On the very next evening, Mr. Watson and his wife sat alone in their comfortable sitting-room. The clock had just struck ten,

and they were thinking of retiring, when the outer door was opened, and shortly afterwards William Gould entered. He was a young man, not over thirty years of age, and possessed a face and form of manly comeliness; but now he was very pale, and his lips trembled with strong emotion.

"For mercy's sake, brother, what is the matter?" cried Mrs. Watson, as William took a seat.

"What is it?" asked David, in a low, anxious tone.

"I am a ruined man!" gasped young Gould, clasping his hands, and gazing vacantly into the fire. "Ruined!" he added, looking up into David's face.

"That western house," suggested Augusta, deprecatingly.

"Ah, 'tis not that," returned the young man, sadly. "I believe that western house is good enough, after all. No, no—the people here have come down upon me."

"But you do not mean that all is lost," said Watson.

"Yes, everything!" returned William, in heartbroken tones. "Somehow Mr. Morgan has got hold of the idea that this western firm is going to leave me in the lurch. You know I am owing him some four thousand dollars, beside the new order I had made for three thousand dollars' worth more of cloth. He has come down upon me, and of course the rest have followed his example."

"But is there no retrieval?"

"None at all. The work is done, and I am crushed! One month more would have carried me safely over this crisis. But it's too late now. O, how could Morgan have got hold of this false suspicion? David, you have not let slip any of my secrets."

"No, William," returned Mr. Watson. "But on the contrary, I have endeavored to impress upon the minds of all your friends that you were prospering and making money."

"So I was, so I was, David. Once, to be sure, I felt some little fears of Mangrove & Company, the western firm, and so I told you, but your assurances set me at rest on that point, and in one month more I could have entirely overcome the difficulty caused by the extension of the term of their payment. But it's done now. Morgan has come down, and to-morrow—O, David, 'tis too bad! An officer is already in charge of my store and goods!"

Augusta Watson sat pale and trembling, and her breath came at intervals of spasmodic length. She saw plainly what she had done—she knew that she had ruined her brother! Now the whole truth arose like a giant spectre of evil before her, and she would have given one half of her own life to have wiped away the doings of the past. O, could she but have recalled those few hasty words!

"Augusta, does it affect you so?" murmured her brother, moving to her side, and placing his arm about her neck.

A few moments she was silent. She possessed a generous soul, and a mind above deceit. At length she looked up into her brother's face, and in a bursting voice she uttered:

"O, William, I—I—have done all this! But do not blame me now, for I am miserable enough."

"You, Augusta?" returned William, in surprise. "But how—how could you have done it?"

"Alas, it was from that foolish, wicked habit of correcting my husband before others. But David must explain—for—"

Here Mrs. Watson's emotions overcame her, and she bowed her head and sobbed aloud. Ere long afterwards she retired, and then Mr. Watson explained the whole affair.

"Never mind, David," said the young man. "Poor girl—she suffers enough now. Don't say anything more about it to her. I will call into your store to-morrow, and we will talk the affair over."

On the following morning Augusta Watson arose with an aching head and grief-laden soul; but her husband clasped her to his bosom and forgave her, and ere long her brother did the same; so she felt somewhat easier for this. Yet she saw her brother hurled from the position he had gained, and when his all of worldly goods was gone, she knew that her one besetting fault had caused it.

But as time wore on, Mangrove & Co. paid their notes, and William Gould was enabled to pay every dollar he owed. The western firm learned how much he had suffered on account of their inability to be prompt, and as business brightened with them, they extended liberal offers to him. William went into partnership with David Watson, and for several years they filled all the orders for their western friends.

But Augusta forgot not the terrible lesson she had received. Never again did she interrupt her husband in company with needless corrections, nor could she hear others do it without a shudder.

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M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,
 Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SUSPENSE.

BY GEORGE H. COOPER.

Our souls at times the anguish feel
Of his who in the robber's cave,
Forgot beneath its potent seal,
The only word that life could save.
A single word it was, that hung,
And tortured with its seeming ease,
Almost upon his very tongue,
Yet baffled memory's power to seize.

Such is the grief of hope deferred,
The torture of the viewless thread—
Suspended, in a single word,
Our only joy, our only dread.
Some still, mysterious sign of change
Awakes the heart to thrilling awe,
As could the startling footprint strange,
That Crusoe on his island saw.

Our only taper left behind,
That burnt at best but low and weak,
Exposed to damp and passing wind,
How tremblingly we turn to seek.
One moment more, and all we fear
Is from our brightened pathway fled;
One moment more, and joy is here,
Or nought but darkness and the dead.

Yet thus the spirit must be tasked,
As was the soul of Judah's king;
The fearful question must be asked,
How'er we dread the answering—
How'er from our desire we shrink,
How'er we doubt, or grieve, or chafe,
How'er we view black misery's brink—
"O, is the young man Absalom safe?"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BIDDY'S MISTAKE.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

YES, Miss Fanny Barron *did* look very lovely in her pale rose silk and Berlin laces, as she tripped into her friend's private dressing-room, and plumping carelessly into a great, dreamy rocking-chair, exclaimed:

"Do, Aurelia, just smooth my hair and arrange these buds a little, before you glove yourself. Thomas, stupid fellow, has driven me here at such a terrific rate, over the roughest way imaginable, that I believe I must be quite shaken to pieces."

"And so you want to spoil yourself still further by tumbling that elegant dress—you are surely demented, to bury such beautiful drapery in the arms of a lolling-chair—get up immediately and let me make you fit to appear in the parlors, for (now prepare for conquest!) my gallant cousin Orpheus is below—arrived only an hour ago from Boston, very unexpectedly, and I am impatient to introduce you."

"There," as she disposed the delicate white buds to droop gracefully among the rich braids, "you are quite bewitching now. But don't admire yourself *too* much," laughed her gay friend, as Miss Fanny glanced into an opposite mirror, and tossed a playful kiss to the brilliant image which it reflected. "Come, come, fair loiterer, mamma and Nora will never forgive me if I leave them to do all the honors alone—besides, I am in haste to dazzle my amiable cousin with the jewel I have so long had in reserve for him—ah ma belle! no incredulity, if you please, but prepare to be carried off in spite of yourself!"

"How irresistible he *must* be!" said Fanny, in a tone of grave acquiescence.

And so, indeed, he proved. Were there ever such superb eyes as gazed admiringly into Fanny's that night? Was there ever so faultless an address, or so graceful a blending of dignity and ease? Fanny was charmed, and she owned to herself, with a smile, as she sank complacently back among the cushions of her carriage, to which she had been handed with the most delicate courtesy, and a low and somewhat protracted "good night," that she had never passed so delightful an evening, or chanced upon so agreeable a companion.

Equally attracted and fascinated was the fastidious Mr. Orpheus Dammet himself. Never, as *he* thought, had he beheld so bewitching a woman—so sprightly and sparkling, and withal so enchantingly fair; never before had he listened to so delicious a voice, melting in liquid dreaminess upon the ear—and never, surely, had he looked upon so divine a face, so beautiful in the perfect oval of its outline, the rich, varying color of the soft cheek, the tenderness of the exquisite mouth, and the sweet, starry hazel of the bewitching eyes.

Inwardly flattering his cousin's amiability and cleverness, in leading him to so lovely a shrine—and feeling that in the lady of his admiration he had at last found his destiny, he retired to rest, resolving to call at an early hour in the morning, and follow up the good impression which he could not doubt he had that evening been so happy as to produce. The pleasing image lingered even upon his sleeping fancy, and in his dreams he still admired the sweet repose of the quiet forehead—the satin gloss of the smooth hair—and, above all, the unrivalled charm of the dainty lips, which (O, ecstasy!) parted falteringly with the rapturous "yes" which made him, in his own estimation of felicity, equal with the angels!

O, treacherous dream! The morning broke in unclouded splendor, seeming to our sanguine hero suggestive of his dawning happiness. He breakfasted in a rose-colored mist, through which

his cousin Aurelia (whom he did not seem to recollect had always sustained the reputation of a *pilote* beauty and a blonde) appeared tall and graceful, with the darkest of hair and the most brilliant of eyes, and to whom he twice repeated, in assisting her to steak and toast, "Allow me, my dear Miss Barron!"

Aurelia smiled as he consulted his watch and then walked up stairs, first inquiring the earliest hour which the etiquette of Derwent permitted to callers. Mr. Orpheus Dammet—though a gentleman of faultless exterior, whose propriety and elegance of attire was everywhere noted and admired—was, nevertheless, a zealous advocate of despatch at the toilet, usually bestowing a period of a little less than ten minutes upon his attractive person, yet upon this particular morning he lingered long at his dressing-glass, unable to decide upon a choice of waistcoats, and alternating between a faint shade of purple and a delicate lilac, in the selection of his cravat.

But at length a most captivating toilet was completed, and the perfumed tips of his Paris kids wafted a benignant, almost exultant farewell to Aurelia, as he threw a hurried glance upward to her favorite window-seat, and then took his way, with an elasticity of tread, which he remembered vaguely as an element peculiar to his boyhood, towards the aristocratic dwelling of Judge Barron, outside whose lofty granite walls he was not at that moment conscious of having a single hope or interest in the whole world.

Mounting the steps confidently, our impatient hero touched the bell with little of the hesitation which marks the feeble summons of the diffident or distrustful lover, but with a hearty, vigorous pull indicative of the highest assurance of welcome in the mind of the ringers.

It was answered promptly by a respectable Irish damsel, who imparted the gratifying intelligence that her mistress was at home, and with the greatest apparent deference for our friend's fine appearance, ushered him into an elegant ante-room, and stood in respectful silence, waiting his commands.

"What name, sir?" at length ventured Biddy, finding that, after having divested himself of hat and cane, he had proceeded to an elaborate criticism of his cravat in the full-length Venetian mirror.

"Ah, what name?" he repeated, dreamily, startled from self-contemplation, and thrusting an inquiring hand rapidly into one and another mysterious pocket. But nothing was produced, beyond a delicately adorned mouchoir, an elegant porte-monnaie, and a few other articles incidental to gentlemen's pockets everywhere; in short, he discovered to his great vexation, that he had neglected his cards, and as Biddy, who did not at all comprehend the object of this remarkable conduct, gathered courage to repeat her timid request for his name, he had completed his unsuccessful search, and with a look and gesture of impatience, answered briefly, "O, Dammet," and immediately resumed his devotion to the Venice mirror—this time addressing himself to the study of his faultless whiskers, which he smoothed complacently, and then, realizing that no touch could be added to the perfection of his appearance, occupied himself with practising his most irresistible bow, with a view to its seductive effect upon the lady of his hopes—on the verge of whose enchanting presence he now lingered.

Meanwhile Biddy, in horror-struck silence, had observed the entire tableau through the medium of the friendly key-hole, and just as our unsuspecting lover, advancing nearer to the flattering glass, extended his hand with graceful enthusiasm to meet the clasp of his imaginary fair—away darted Biddy as if suddenly endowed with wings, and arrived, breathless and with a face of intense terror, in her young mistress's private boudoir.

"O, Mistress Fanny, I'm afraid we will all be killed," she broke forth, with a howl of unmistakable fear, "there's a dreadful man down below, and it's crazy that he is, to be sure! O, dear, dear, if I'd a knowed it, I'd a niver lit him in—but it's not to blame that I am, in the laste, Mistress Fanny; he looked like a jintleman, ivry inch, and whin he inkwired afther you, in coorse I showed 'im into the parlor; thin I axed 'im 'is name to tak up to you, and he jist swore at me awfully, and looked at me so terrible—O dear, Mistress Fanny, I'm shure I shall niver forgit it till the day of me dith. But, d'ye see, I locked up the door and put me eye to the key-hole, and there I could see 'im, tearin' and ravin'; and makin' faces at himself in the glass, and now he's made up to the elegant mirror with his fist, and he'll smash it to atoms as thrue as the saints!"

"Go instantly and fetch Thomas and Robert," directed Miss Fanny, thoroughly alarmed at the presence of so dangerous a guest, and taking advantage of the first pause which the terrified Biddy had allowed herself. "Go—undo the door, and if the fellow refuses to leave the house peaceably, just bid them put him out by force, with as little disturbance as possible."

"Some poor maniac, unquestionably, escaped from the asylum," soliloquized the agitated Fanny, as Biddy vanished to execute her bidding. "How unfortunate, when Mr. Dammet is likely to call at any moment! It must be very awkward for him to be obliged to engage with a madman at his entrance—how could I ever excuse it? And the parlor, too, to be thrown into such chaotic confusion; I only hope the frightful creature has spared that rich steel mirror, since we have been to so much trouble and expense in importing it. O, dear! it is so fearful! What a dreadful clamor," she exclaimed, hurrying to a retired landing, and looking down into the dim hall where a struggling figure was being borne along in the arms of two stout lackeys.

"Pray, Thomas, where is the need of such a tumult? I hope you are not treating the poor fellow harshly, even if he is troublesome," remarked Fanny, from the landing. "Carry him out quickly, and without any more confusion," she added, leaning over the balustrade, and suppressing, as best she might, an

ardent impulse to laugh at the grotesque figure of the supposed maniac, sprawling and tumbling in the vice-like grasp of his determined captors—but who, she was obliged to admit, did present a much more genteel appearance than is common to the inmates of mad-houses, generally—yet, his face being concealed in the ample folds of an immense handkerchief, a very generous portion of which the zealous Thomas, in his efforts to secure silence, had forced into the throat of the suffocating victim—she had no suspicion of his real identity, and experienced a very natural feeling of relief when the hall-door closed upon the luckless intruder, and, after a critical examination of the injured parlor, where, to her joyful amazement, she found nothing destroyed or even out of place—she retired to her chamber with the comfortable consciousness that she had now nothing to fear in the anticipated event of Mr. Dammet's making choice of this particular morning to pay her his personal respects.

Much less satisfactory were the reflections of our unfortunate hero, as he staggered into the street, unable to recover a proper equilibrium, after his sudden and forcible expulsion from the door. Without deigning a farewell glance at the inhospitable walls where but now he had deluded himself existed all that could make life lovely—excited, confused, and in a frame of mind in which astonishment, perplexity and indignation were equally blended—he ran up the street and across the green at a sufficiently furious rate, and with an amply frenzied appearance, to warrant his supposed insanity.

His present position, to be sure, was hardly one to command calmness, and he reflected bitterly, as he hurried on, scarcely knowing whither he went, that, at the exact moment when he had believed himself about to be admitted into the presence of his divinity—when her hand, as he fondly thought, was trembling on the latch—the door had been rudely burst open and himself seized, and in spite of his protestations and resistance, gagged, and under her very eyes and by her own orders, as his ears attested, hurled into the street like the veriest puppy! How had he merited such insufferable treatment?

He felt himself the victim of some diabolical scheme, of which he had little doubt his cousin Aurelia was the chief projector and instigator; and full of this mistaken apprehension and the chagrin, discomfiture and rage which consumed him, he made the utmost haste to the depot—seated himself in an express train for Boston, and an hour later found him at the office of the Union Telegraph despatching a fiery order to his astonished uncle at Derwent, to the effect that his trunk, portmanteau, etc., should be immediately forwarded to his address!

That evening, as he elevated his feet above the pleasant grate and puffed his luxurious cigar, he inwardly forswore the treacherous sex, and registered deep in his own heart, a vow of eternal celibacy, which, however, we will take the liberty of observing, he has since violated!

The next morning, the Derwent Chronicle contained, among the list of local items, a conspicuous paragraph, headed—"Providential Escape from Fearful Butchery!"—and presenting a detailed account of the ingenious manner in which a ferocious madman had obtained entrance into the house of Judge Barron, on the morning of the previous day, but who was fortunately secured in season to prevent any personal violence, although not before he dashed in pieces several valuable articles of furniture, thereby doing a considerable amount of damage!

Some months subsequently, however, the same sheet recorded the following, with many congratulations and profuse wishes for the future weal of the happy parties.

"Married—In this village, on the 15th inst., Orpheus Dammet, Esq., of Boston, to Miss Fanny, daughter of Judge Barron, of this village."

That the honest Biddy's unfortunate mistake had been somehow discovered, explained and amicably adjusted, the above authentic notice is sufficient testimony.

A SPORTING PRINCESS.

The court of Bavaria, at the beginning of the last century, set a bad example to the people on whose love and allegiance it made a claim that was but servily revered. The little and delicate Electress Maria Amelia, had the propensities of a gigantic *roue*. She was delicate only in person, but mind and body were similarly "little" in other respects. She was an excellent shot, followed the chase with the zest of the keenest sportsman, and would toil half the day across ridge and furrow, or up to her knees in mud, in pursuit of game, among which she made such deadly havoc. At these times, and often when the occasion was not warrant for the fashion, she appeared in public in male attire, generally of green cloth, her brilliant complexion heightened by a brilliantly powdered white peruke. She loved dogs as well as she did men—rather better, perhaps on the whole—and was never more pleased than when she dined in no better company than a dozen of these canine favorites, whose unceremonious clearing of the dishes, before the hostess could help herself, only excited her hearty laughter. There were occasions, however, on which she was given to anything rather than laughter, and chiefly when she encountered the favorites of her husband. On these she had no mercy; and her dog-whip was more than once applied to the shoulders of shameless rivals, which had, perhaps, better have been applied to those of the unworthy husband.—*Chr. Freeman.*

AN APOLOGUE.

A dervise, of great sanctity, one morning had the misfortune, as he took up a crystal cup, which was consecrated to the prophet, to let it fall upon the ground, and dash it to pieces. His son coming in some time after, he stretched out his hand to bless him, as his manner was every morning; but the youth going out, stumbled over the threshold and broke his arm. As the old man wondered at these events, a caravan passed by on its way to Mecca; the dervise approached it, too, by a blessing; but as he stroked one of the holy camels, he received a kick from the beast which sorely bruised him! His sorrow and amazement increased upon him, until he recollected that, through hurry and inadvertency, he had that morning come abroad without washing his hands.—*Dr. Johnson.*

CHARLES ANDERSON DANA.

The accompanying portrait of Charles A. Dana, a leading member of the editorial staff of the New York Tribune, was drawn for us, by Mr. Barry, from a daguerreotype by Meade Brothers, of New York. The subject of our sketch was born at Hinsdale, New Hampshire, August 8, 1819. From this place his parents removed, and his early boyhood was passed in Orleans county, New York, and Essex county, Vermont, where he received his elementary education in the common schools. At the age of twelve he was placed in the store of a relative in Buffalo. Here he devoted himself to business with characteristic energy, while at the same time he cherished an ardent love of reading and study, and was less disposed to give his leisure hours to amusements than to books. His position in Buffalo was favorable to indulging his taste for languages, which he has since cultivated with remarkable success. From the Indians who lingered in the vicinity, he acquired a knowledge of their broken dialects, while his daily contact with the German population, initiated him into that language, of which he has since become a master. The commercial difficulties of 1837 enabled him to gratify a wish which he had long cherished. He determined to receive a public education; and preparing himself for college, entered the freshman class of Harvard University in August, 1839. Here his preferences led him to the study of classical literature, especially of Greek, in which his attainments were of a high order. About the close of his second year in college, his eyes, which had been previously subject to weakness, became so much impaired as to prevent his pursuing the usual routine of study. Just before that time the Brook Farm Association had been established in West Roxbury. Some of its founders were his personal friends. He cherished a warm sympathy with the objects of the enterprise, and accordingly, in the autumn of 1841, he became a member of the institution, having already received an honorable dismissal from college. Here a new life opened upon him. In the society of cultivated and congenial minds, engaged in rural and literary pursuits, and devoted to the realization of a favorite experiment in social science, he passed five years of happy activity—a period which he has often since referred to as forming a certain "Idyllic charm," and rich in the most lofty motives and the purest gratification. During his residence at Brook Farm, Mr. Dana was chiefly occupied in teaching, and editing "The Harbinger," a weekly journal, devoted to social reform and general literature. He contributed largely to that publication, and many of the most elaborate and able productions of his pen are to be found in its columns. Brook Farm was the resort of pupils from all parts of the United States, and from foreign countries. The French, Spanish and German were in familiar use. Classical studies were pursued by young men preparing for college. Mr. Dana's love of philology thus received a new impulse, and he engaged in teaching and studying several of the languages alluded to, with almost the zeal of a German professor. At the same time, he took an active part in the industrial operation, which formed a peculiar feature of the place. Expert in manual processes, which required equal dexterity and judgment, his skill was shown in the orchards and gardens of the establishment, and often called forth the admiration of visitors. With the growth of



CHARLES ANDERSON DANA.

Brook Farm, Mr. Dana became one of its principal directors. Identified with its interests in public, and highly beloved and honored by his associates, he bore a large share of the responsibility of the association. Many of the documents issued in explanation of its objects, emanated from his pen. The prestige of Brook Farm had now made a general impression on the public mind. A desire was expressed on the part of numerous friends of progress in Boston and vicinity, to listen to more detailed exposition of its principles and methods. In connection with Mr. Ripley, Mr. William H. Channing and others, Mr. Dana accordingly delivered a series of lectures in various towns of Massachusetts, illustrative of the theories of social science as held by the Brook Farm Association. These lectures excited great interest; they were attended by crowded audiences. Mr. Dana was always one of the favorite speakers on those occasions. But this life possessed too strange a charm to be of permanent duration. A succession of disasters,

crowned by the conflagration of a spacious new edifice, which was on the eve of completion, after absorbing much time and money in its erection, hastened the affairs of Brook Farm to a crisis. It was decided to bring the association to a close; and in the autumn of 1846, Mr. Dana formed a connection with the Boston Chronotype, a daily newspaper then recently established by Mr. Elizar Wright. This engagement continued but a few months, and in February, 1847, Mr. Dana removed to New York, and at once joined the editorial corps of the Daily Tribune. He labored with his wonted vigor on that journal until the French Revolution of 1848, when he crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of gaining a personal familiarity with European politics. His arrival in Paris was at an opportune moment. The revolution was at its height; the discussion of political topics was conducted with feverish intensity. Mr. Dana was thrown into the midst of the conflict. His letters at that period to several of the New York journals, contain a full history of those eventful days. Written with great shrewdness of observation, and often with rare picturesque beauty of expression, they furnish the materials for a volume of extraordinary interest. Returning to this country in February, 1849, Mr. Dana resumed his labors on the Tribune, and since that time has been one of its prominent editors and leading proprietors. To his energy and comprehensive judgment, that journal is greatly indebted for its present character. With his knowledge of European politics, his admirable literary cultivation, his extensive acquaintance with the principal men of the day, his keen sagacity, his wonderful power of labor, and his rare executive and administrative talents, the position of Mr. Dana in the Tribune is a conspicuous element in its success. The practical administration of the Tribune is entrusted to his special charge. In the absence of Mr. Greeley, he is the editor-in-chief, and at all times presides over the details of its organization, directing, modifying and controlling the services of a numerous staff of writers. Mr. Dana was married in 1846 to a Southern lady, and has four children. In person he is tall, of a slight frame and great activity; his face, as will be seen from our portrait, indicates equal mobility of intellect and tenacity of purpose.

TURIN.

Turin (in Italian, *Torino*, and anciently, *Taurasia* and *Augusta Turinorum*), the capital of the Sardinian States, is a large city enchantingly situated in a fertile plain, surrounded by the Alps, at the junction of the rivers Dora Susina and the Po. To convey an idea of the architecture of this city, we have selected an accurate sketch of one of the squares, the Place Vittorio Emanuele, so named after the reigning sovereign, whose portrait we published in our last number. The scene is animated by the presence of a number of peasants, fruit and vegetable dealers and citizens—for a market is held in this square. The buildings are in the true Italian style, and their effect is enhanced by the mountain background, which swells upward in the distance. Turin owes its foundation to a colony of Transalpine origin. Its historical recollections and antiquities are insignificant, and it is chiefly famous for the beauty and number of its modern buildings, as well as the charm of its location. It has various educational and charitable institutions, and several branches of manufactures. It enjoys quite an extensive trade, and its population is about 150,000.



PLACE VITTORIO EMMANUELE, TURIN.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

CURRAN'S HUMOR.

The humor of John Philpot Curran, the famous Irish orator, was often broad and farcical. On one occasion, he arrested the attention of the bench by the following statement:—"On my way to court, my lord, as I passed by one of the markets, I observed a butcher preparing to slaughter a calf. Just as his hand was raised, a lovely little child approached him unperceived, and, terrible to relate (I still see the life-blood gushing out), the poor child's bosom was under his hand, when he plunged his knife into—" "Into the bosom of the child!" exclaimed the judge, in a tone of deep horror. "Into the neck of the calf, my lord; but your lordship sometimes anticipates." When vindicating his countrymen from the charge of being naturally vicious, he said he had never yet heard of an Irishman being born drunk. In his last illness, his physician observing in the morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, "That is rather surprising, as I have been practising all night." In commenting on a decision of Judge Robinson, he said, "I have never met with the law as laid down by your lordship in any book in my library." The judge replied, that he suspected Curran's library was very small. Robinson had written some anonymous pamphlets, which gave his antagonist the opportunity to rejoin. "My library may be small, but I thank heaven, that among my books there are none of the wretched productions of the frantic pamphleteers of the day. I find it more instructive, my lord, to study good works, than to compose bad ones. My books may be few, but the title-pages give the writers' names—my shelf is not disgraced by any such rank absurdity, that their very authors are ashamed to own them."

BOSTON ATHENÆUM.—This excellent institution is in a very flourishing condition. The library has been largely increased during the past year by purchases and donations. The fine art exhibition yielded a gross income of \$4443, of which more than \$2000 net accrued to the institution. The total property of the corporation amounts to \$491,255 97.

OLD IRONSIDES.—Our next number will contain a large and admirable picture by Billings, representing the deck of the Constitution, as she comes into action with the Guerriere, just before the first broadside. It is an admirable and lifelike production.

INGENIOUS.—Lately before the Dublin Photographic Society, Dr. Lover exhibited an apparatus for taking photographs by gas-light.

SPLINTERS.

.... A number of severe battles have lately been fought between the U. S. troops and the Indians in Oregon.

.... The London Times cannot help approving the position of our government with regard to the Sound duces.

.... Austria has proved herself through the Eastern war to be the "Artful Dodger" of Europe.

.... Mayor Wood went to ride the other day, and another mare ran away with him.

.... A milkman was recently frozen to death between Seekonk and Providence, Rhode Island.

.... Some scoundrel fabricated the report of Rachel's death, and sent the news to Europe.

.... The U. S. steam frigate Niagara is the largest war steamer in the world—she is 6000 tons burthen.

.... In Winchester Centre, Ct., but three persons have died in three years. They keep no doctor.

.... The imperial princesses of Russia have sold their diamonds to help carry on the war.

.... Dry wood is more economical fuel than green, but burning wood is a piece of extravagance.

.... A writer in the N. Y. Times says the higher circles of England are the purest in the world. Really!

.... Loaded gun-barrels of revolutionary date, found lately in Vermont, had "kept their powder dry."

.... The New York Observer says the annual cost of a fashionable church is \$22,505.

.... Never were there more sleighs on the roads in this vicinity than have appeared this winter.

.... The cold weather last month yielded the ice harvesters an enormous crop.

.... The oldest living English poet is Walter Savage Landor, born in the year 1775.

.... A strange distemper in this vicinity has lately carried off some very valuable horses.

.... The first printing-office established in Russia in 1560, was destroyed by the superstitious populace.

.... The ice business now employs \$700,000 capital, and about ten thousand men in the winter.

.... The British men-of-war have been quite too familiar with our merchant vessels in the Baltic.

.... Boston streets were ploughed up by the superintendent during the "great snow."

.... There are one hundred and seventy places called "Washington," in the United States.

.... At the Howard Athenæum they played lately the "Sea of Iec." It was seen gratis in the streets.

.... A golden eagle was lately shot in Montpelier, Vt. The bird fought for his life and died game.

THE OPERA.

What a stir the advent of an Italian opera troupe makes! How it "flutters the Volscians in Corioli!" It furnishes a topic of conversation to all classes, and even the newsboys on the street corners have something to say about the "confounded foreigners." Dressmakers are in their element, gentlemen's furnisiers rejoice in the fact that white kids are "lively," opticians are in ecstasies at the ready sale of "double-barrelled" lorgnettes, and cabmen are rendered insane by temporary prosperity. The musical taste of the Athens of America is developed to a marvellous extent by the advent of the signors, signoras and signorinas, and all the copies of "Italian without a Master," disappear from the counters of the periodical dealers.

The *dilettanti* (Heaven save the mark!) revel in the publication of their technicalities and transcendentalisms. They discover "metallic tones" one night in a voice that had too much "woody fibre" on the preceding evening. Very mild young gentlemen become rabid nightly and practise *bravas* and bouquets, and pronounce La Grange "dim foine." The uninitiated purchase books of the opera, and the rustling of the leaves at the "over" is like that of the autumnal woods of Vallambrosa in the equinoctial.

Yet the enthusiasm awakened by the La Grange troupe was justifiable enough. La Grange herself is a star of the first magnitude,

"And flashes through the baser crowd
Like the lightning through the storm."

She is a beautiful creature, with fine eyes, a graceful figure and a voice—the birds at morning in their gayest carols, the deep murmurs of the wind and wave, cannot furnish a parallel. Music flows from her lips as purely and spontaneously as water from a fountain! Hence the wild plaudits, the tearful eyes, the scattered wreaths, the faltering accents of delight which hail her achievements. Success be with her whithersoever fortune may lead.

The Baroness de Trobriand tells us she once came near meeting the fate ascribed by Scribe to Adrienne Lecouvrier in the play of that name. A rival sent her a poisoned bouquet, but whether because the secret of poisoning has been lost with the Locustas and Lucrezia Borgias of past times, or from some other cause, the beautiful prima donna escaped the fatal consequences of the inhalation. There is no crime at which the fury of rivalry halts. We remember reading of an Italian prima donna who threw a laurel wreath of bronze from the upper boxes to a musical rival while she was singing on the stage of La Scala, and killed her on the spot. To these children of the sun "revenge is virtue."

PRIZE FIGHTING.

This brutal practice has not been stopped in England, which, one would think, had been disgraced by it long enough. Not a great while since, a man named John Jones, who fought a battle with another pugilist named Mike Madden, for \$500 a side, was killed by his antagonist. A death in the prize-ring may be expected at any of these battles. When this occurred, a few years ago, at a fight on the Hudson River, in this country, a voice in the crowd was heard to exclaim: "Carry off your dead, and bring us on another man!" What a commentary on the influence of prize fighting! Yet many English writers have stood up for it, and one of Hazlitt's very best-written essays was penned in glorification of the battle between Bill Neate and the "gas-man," two favorites of the London "fancy."

PEACEABLE PRISONERS.—Two men named Lowe and Smith, arraigned in Havesville, Ky., for participating in a street affair, by way of justifying their characters, drew their revolvers as soon as they appeared in the court room, and began blazing away at each other and at the bystanders, thus amusing the court, the lawyers and the officers. Nobody was hurt. Of course they made their own reports.

OLD KENTUCKY.—There is a man in Kentucky, named John Lawrence Bazler, who is ready to wager from \$5000 to \$30,000, that he can jump on a dead level further than any other man in whole world, and that he can leap from a fair stand over a brick wall fifteen feet in height and four feet in its thickness. Perhaps his "vaulting ambition" may yet be gratified, and old Kentucky still prevail.

THE WRESTLER'S REFLECTION.—Philip, king of Macedon, as he was wrestling at the Olympic games, fell down in the sand; and when he rose again, observing the print of his body in the sand, he cried out, "O how little a parcel of earth will hold us when we are dead, who are ambitiously seeking after the whole world while we are living!"

A FOOL.—A fellow by the name of Steeple Jack has lately been balancing himself on the top of a church-spire, in England, one hundred and twenty feet from the ground. When Charles II. saw a similar feat, he promised the blockhead who performed it a patent, so as to prevent any one else from attempting the same achievement.

DELICIOUS FOOD.—Professor St. Hilaire recommends horse-flesh as an article of diet. Sailors are supposed to be inordinate, though involuntary consumers of "salt horse." For our part we think that we might be brought to relish a colt-steak, but could never endure a cut from a Brighton "pelt."

E. G. PARKER, Esq.—This gentleman lectured a few evenings since before the Mercantile Library Association of this city, with distinguished *ecclat*. Subject—Fisher Ames. Mr. Parker is well known as a contributor to Putnam's Magazine.

THE BLACK FLAG.

The romance of the sea, in modern days, has lost one of its essential elements. You meet with the usual natural phenomena, to be sure, such as sharks, porpoises, water-spouts, icebergs, and white squalls, but no pirates. As highwaymen have disappeared from turnpikes, so have buccaners vanished from the deep. Unless you cruise in the China seas, you stand no chance of being boarded, piked and shot, strung up to the yard-arm, or made to walk the plank. You hear no more in chorus:

"Thus said the rover
To his gallant crew—
'Up with the black flag!
'Down with the blue!
'Fire on the main-top!
'Fire on the bow!
'Fire on the gun-deck!
'Fire down below!'"

Sea-voyaging is ridiculously safe. Formerly, a voyage was a succession of "hairbreadth 'scapes" from the pirates that infested the ocean. A good story is told of a ruse by which a merchant captain escaped robbery on the high seas. He was coming from Smyrna with a rich cargo of silk and cotton, and bound for Marseilles, when he was chased by a Saltee rover. He sent all hands below, except a cunning Ragusan, to whom he had given a lesson. The corsair neared and fired a gun. The Ragusan raised his hand, and waved a white handkerchief in token of distress. The corsair shouted to strike his flag. "Alas! sir," replied the Italian, in a dolorous tone of voice, "I haven't the strength to do it. I am a passenger on this vessel. The captain and half the crew have died of the plague, and six hands are now lying below in the agonies of death. I am no enemy of yours, and I must perish unless you take me out of this plague-ship." The corsair ripped out a volley of oaths in *lingua franca*, consigning the spokesman to perdition, and declaring he "wouldn't touch the brig if he saw all the diamonds of Brazil under hatches." But as the Ragusan pleaded lustily for succor, the pirate finally consented to approach the merchantman in his gig, and pass the sufferer a few bottles of vinegar by means of an oar. This done, he returned on board his vessel, and soon disappeared on the opposite tack, leaving the Marseilles captain to rejoice over the success of his ingenious expedient, by which he had saved the lives of all on board and a rich cargo of merchandize.

SAMUEL ROGERS.—Samuel Rogers, the poet, wit and banker, is no more. He died in London, at a very advanced age. For the greater portion of a century he was the companion and intimate friend of the most remarkable men in Europe, and his biography would involve the history of Europe since George III. He was contemporary with the American and French revolutions. He united many qualities rarely combined in one man—such as imagination, business talent, studious habits and social refinement. His fame rests on his "Pleasures of Memory" and "Italy."

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.—A story has been going the rounds that the original MS. of this immortal state paper had been stolen from the national archives. Such is not the case—it is still kept with reverential vigilance in the Patent Office, and has not been taken from its case for fourteen years.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Kallach, Mr. Osborne Parker to Miss Sarah Jane Hilton; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. William Lannon to Miss Mary A. Dillon; Mr. Charles H. Getchell to Miss Rachel J. Blair; by Rev. Mr. Wickley, Mr. John R. Mullen to Miss Sarah Adelaide Norwood; by Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. E. S. Sisson to Miss E. P. Coggeshall, of Portsmouth, N. H.; by Rev. Mr. Kirk, Mr. Henry A. Mellen to Miss L. Emily Cook.—At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Williams, Rev. Thomas Womersley, of Boston, to Miss Mary F. Taggard.—At Needham, by Rev. Mr. Adams, Mr. Henry P. Cole, of Newton Corner, to Miss Rebecca E. Newell.—At Carlisle, by Rev. John Lawrence, Mr. William H. Nash to Miss Adelaide L. Taylor, both of Reading.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. Lincoln L. Johnson to Miss Frances E. Thompson.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, Mr. James W. Elliott to Miss Olive A. Simonds.—At Sutton, by Rev. Mr. Lyman, Frederick H. Hastings, Esq., of Brainard's Bridge, New York, to Miss Lavinia C. King.—At Northbridge, Mr. H. S. Taft, of San Francisco, to Miss Emma Plummer.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Hannah Bennett, a native of Roxbury, 102; Mr. John J. Shaw, 28; Widow Elizabeth Sargent, 79; Jacob Stearns, Esq., 82; Mrs. Nancy Hills, 77. Mrs. Sarah P. Gookin, 75; Mr. Charles B. Wells, 47; Miss Elizabeth Choate, of Deer Isle, Me., 23; Mr. Edward Mower, 31; Mrs. Sophia Chapen, 47; Miss Bethiah Fitz, 88.—At Roxbury, Mr. Louis Chaloner Bales, 20; Mrs. Eliza Ann Glidden, 52; Mr. Matthew Ramsdell, 34.—At Dorchester, Mr. James H. Tolman, 85.—At Seekonk, Benjamin Clifford, Esq., father of ex-Governor Clifford, 84.—At Newburyport, Mr. Albert P. Griffin, 42. Mrs. Dorothy D. Loring, 76.—At Spencer, Mr. Jeremiah Watson, 73.—At Holliston, Mrs. Jerusha Miller, 59.—At Middleboro', Mr. Nathaniel Macomber, 69.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Hannah Soule, 40.—At Fitchburg, Mrs. Agnes McDermot, 21; Widow Harriet Taft, 63.—At Edgartown, Widow Deborah Cleveland, 78.—At Worcester, Mrs. Mary H. H. Houghton, 30; Miss Anna Lees, 60.—At South Windsor, Conn., Mr. Thomas Bissell, a revolutionary pensioner, 98.—At Brooklyn, N. Y., Lieut. George E. Morgan, U. S. N., 30.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RECALL.

BY NEE M. SCOTT.

Come back to me! the days seem long, when thou art with me not.
I miss thy kind and welcome tone in each familiar spot;
The very sunshine seems less bright, the birds sad music bring,
For all my heart feels not the light, my lone heart cannot sing;
All nature wears a darker shade—this beautiful, fair earth,
That ever to my fancy brought bright scenes of joy and mirth,
Is changed, alas, how sadly changed!—because my gloomy fears
Have thrown their shadow o'er my way—I see it all through tears.
O, why wilt all these scenes so bright no longer glad my soul?
Why will not friendship's cheering light my weariness control?
It is because I mourn for thee, my soul is clothed with fear;
Thou'rt more than all the world to me, then why art thou not near?
By all the joys of other years, by all my love for thee,
By all my prayers, my sighs and tears, I bid ye come to me;
Shall all my pleading be in vain, my prayers unanswered be?
My dreams of love and happiness ne'er prove reality?
Wilt thou not come? I vainly call; thy fond voice answers not;
And must I mourn with breaking heart my sad, unhappy lot?
Nay, hope still spreads her sunlit wings, sweet solace to impart,
The bird of love her music brings, to glad my weary heart.
And thou wilt come—thy love will yet shine o'er my life's dull track;
I know thy heart cannot forget—my prayers will win thee back.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RUSSIAN SPY.

BY HORACE B. STANFORD.

THE incidents of the following story were related to me by a Polish officer who was present during the whole Russo-Turkish campaigns of 1828-29. They were never known in Russia, save to a few officers, who kept the secret for the sake of their lives.

On the 20th of July, 1828, the Emperor Nicholas in person led his army upon Schumla, a strongly fortified town of Eastern Bulgaria. Up to the 19th of May, the Archduke Michael had held command of the army, but on that day Nicholas himself joined it. The plan had been to march direct to Constantinople, after having taken Schumla and placed a Russian guard in it. But in his plans the emperor seemed to forget that the Turks might make some stout resistance in Bulgaria. When the imperial army reached Schumla, they found it in possession of Hussein Pasha with a large Turkish army. The Russian engineers supposed they knew all about the defences of the place, and they had drawn plans accordingly, and submitted them to the emperor. But, lo! when they reached the deep vale before the town, they found that Hussein Pasha had changed everything. New entrenchments were thrown up, new forts erected, and such masks thrown in the way, that the invaders could see but little of what had really been done—though they could see enough to convince them that the draughts of their engineers were good for nothing. Nicholas had at his back over forty-five thousand men, and he had planned to spend the night at Schumla, place some one of his competent officers in charge, and then move on. But he was stopped most summarily.

The Russian army prepared for encamping, and as soon as the emperor's quarters could be arranged, he called a council of a few of his officers. There were Rudiger, the Count Suchtelen, Benken-dorff, and two experienced engineers.

"So all our plans prove abortive," said Nicholas, after his aid had retired and closed the door. "We find that the Turk has made new and stronger defences."

"And may have a powerful army entrenched here," said Rudiger.

"I care not for his army; but I would not throw away my men until I know where the dogs have concentrated their power. We must find a shrewd fellow who can make his way into the enemy's camp. The thing can be done, for we have minute plans of the old defences, and, of course, some of them must be as they were before. I have examined them carefully, and I know that a fellow of wit can enter the city. If we take not this place, then we pass not over these mountains, but must march back to the Euxine."

It was past midnight, and Hussein Pasha was taking a turn about the posts within the town. With him was a man well known in Turkey—Hemen Pasha. Our readers, many of them, remember the terrible massacre of the Mamelukes by Mohammed Ali. Hemen was at that time a member of the proscribed body, and he it was who leaped his horse over the wall of Cairo. He was the only one who escaped the massacre. The two pashas had left the great magazine, and were making their way towards the outer works, when they espied a dark form moving across the path before them. They stopped a moment to watch its motions, but it seemed not to notice them, keeping straight on across the street, and was about to pass into a narrow way that led down to a new line of defences, when they hailed it. Whether the stranger would have attempted to escape is not certain, for on the same moment that the pasha hailed him a Turkish officer, at the head of a relief corps, came up the narrow pass from the new redoubt.

"Who art thou, out here this time of night?" asked Hussein, coming up to where the man had stopped.

"I am a Russian, just come into the town," answered the stranger, speaking the Russian tongue.

"Ha! A spy!"

"I should not have been very ready to acknowledge, as I have, had I come with such intent," returned the Russian.

Hussein Pasha ordered the officer of the guard to bring the prisoner along, and then he started for his quarters. When he reached his own room, in company with Hemen, he turned to look upon the stranger. He was an old man, with flowing white hair and beard, much bent with age, and trembling violently. The fatigue

of the rapid walk had affected him seriously, and it was some time ere he could command his speech. He wore a heavy gown of dark brown stuff, that came to his feet, and on his head a bonnet of fur.

"Now, what do ye in our city?" asked Hussein Pasha, as soon as he saw that the old man had become composed.

"I have come into Schumla more to escape the Russian Lion than to do aught here," was the old man's reply.

"What is your name?"

"Othon Lovinoff."

"Lovinoff?" repeated Hussein; and then turning to Hemen, he added, "I have heard that name."

"Ay, so have I," returned Hemen. "I have heard of him as a strange old man, who follows the Russian army, and who holds some peculiar power over the emperor."

"Are you that man?" Hussein asked, turning to the prisoner.

"I am."

"Then tell us your story plainly. What are ye here for?"

"Had I dared to strike Nicholas of Russia to the heart, I should not have been here," the old man returned, in a deep, earnest tone. "Twas a thing I dared not do; but I could help do it. There are others, too, who would join me in the wish, but who dare not yet strike. Ah, the emperor thinks I have forgotten the past; but Lovinoff never forgets."

"Then you like not your emperor?"

"Say not *my* emperor. Like him? O, he is the only enemy I ever feared. Dared I kill him, I should not have left him. I have followed thus far in hopes to see him fall."

The two pashas conversed apart awhile, and finally Hussein turned again to the old man.

"Hark!" he said. "We are inclined to credit you; and now, if you answer us truly, you shall be safe. Do you know what the emperor's intentions are with regard to this place?"

"Yes, he means to take it, if he can."

"And if he cannot?"

"I do not know; he has made no provisions for defeat."

"How many men has he?"

"He numbers them at forty-five thousand; but there must be more than that."

Hussein went on and asked numerous questions concerning the state of the Russian troops, all of which the old man answered promptly and candidly, stating for facts only what he seemed to know, and frankly stating his doubts. Again the pashas conversed apart, and after a while Hussein approached his prisoner.

"Suppose it laid in your power to—to—"

"Speak plainly," interrupted Lovinoff, as the pasha hesitated. "I conceal nothing. I can place the emperor in your power, if you have the wit to take him."

Both the pashas started, and after regarding each other for some moments, Hussein said:

"By the tomb of the Prophet, I have a mind to trust thee! But what assurance have we of your good faith?"

"Only my word. I know that you have hoped to get Nicholas into your possession. Now, I can afford you the opportunity, if you can raise the right men to do the work. It is now half an hour past midnight. At two o'clock (in one hour and a half), Nicholas will visit the outer posts in person, with only his servants with him—perhaps three, but not over four, will accompany him."

"Are you sure that he will do this?" asked Hemen, nervously.

"As sure as I am that he is able to do it. Many a soldier recognizes the officer who gives them the pass, when they do not know the tall, dark figure that keeps him company. Nicholas has little love for his bed; he will go as I have told you. Close by the heights of Strandscha a sentinel is posted. It is far removed from the camp, and the place can be reached without danger."

"But what object have you in thus delivering up your emperor?"

"Say not *my* emperor. He is not my ruler; he is my enemy. Once I had a wife—go ask Nicholas if he remembers her! O, why did he not die then? And once I had a friend, near and dear—one whom I loved with my whole heart. He died! Go ask Nicholas *how* he died! I am an old man, but I have not forgotten—*revenge!* Ask me no more of that. Only let me place mine enemy in your hands, and I shall be content. And when it is done, give me a home where his power cannot come."

It was quickly arranged that the men should be selected for this new work, and an attendant was called and ordered to send the watch to the room.

"Mind this condition," said the old man. "There must be no fire-arms taken, for I know how prone soldiers are to use them—the sword, good and true, is enough. If there is real danger, pistols could be of no use. You understand."

Hussein knew the danger of fire-arms when secrecy was the great object, and he saw nothing in the request to justify suspicion. Lovinoff was asked how many men they had better send.

"You can judge as well as I," returned the old man. "There will not be over four companions with the emperor, and then we shall have one sentinel beside. Twelve men, I should think, would be sufficient."

"But suppose we send more?"

"You may send a hundred, if you wish; but I should thereby run the risk of being exposed, and you of losing your prize."

It was finally decided that only twelve men should be sent, and in the course of half an hour they were ready. Before they set out, Hussein Pasha took them into a separate apartment, and conversed with them some minutes. The old man bent his ear towards the door, but he could hear nothing, yet a peculiar light in his eyes showed that he knew well what the movement meant.

"Well, sir, your men are ready," said Hussein, as he returned to the apartment, "and I will be frank with you, as I *hope* you have been frank with me. Every man has an order to run you through the moment they detect the least signs of treason on your

part; and you may be sure that they will not follow you into danger unnecessarily with their eyes shut. Now, go—and if you come back in company with Nicholas, you will come the most honored man of the day; and if you come empty-handed, so you come honestly, you shall lose nothing. But if you come dishonest, you will come dead! The captain will lead you outside the wall, and then give the guidance to you."

Long after this the old man was in the street, and around him stood twelve stout men. They were shrewd-looking men, tall, straight and muscular, and just the ones to carry on the enterprise for which they had been detailed. There was a moon well up in the heavens, and its light was sufficient to make the way plain. The captain led the way down to the old fort, and from thence he turned into a baggage-way that ran beneath the walls of some old store-houses. At length they reached some of the new works, and the Russian could not help expressing his admiration of the skill that was here manifested. When they had reached a point opposite the heights of Strandscha, they stopped at a small gate, and demanded egress. The captain conversed apart with the sentinel a few moments, and then passed out.

It now came Lovinoff's turn to guide, and he took the lead. His feeble steps were hardly equal to the eagerness of those who followed; but they had respect for his age, and urged him not. The way was now mostly over uneven, broken ground, and hardly a word was spoken till they had reached the foot of the Strandscha, and here the captain asked how much further they must go.

"Not over a quarter of a mile," returned the old man; "and then we come to the outer post of the Russian army. The emperor will be there ere long."

Shortly after this the guide asked:—"Did you ever hear of the Russian spy who once entered this town of Schumla?"

"Never," returned the captain. "Tell us about it."

"Strange that you should not have heard of it," resumed Lovinoff. "But thus it was:—A Russian army lay encamped before the town, very much as this one now lies. It became necessary that something should be learned respecting the defences of the place, and a bold, reckless man offered to make his way into the city. He did so. Under the cover of night he made his way under the wall along the bed of an old water-course, the iron bars of which had become rusted off. He looked about some, gained much information, and was bent on gaining more, when he was met by the commander of the place. And what do you think became of him?"

"He was hung, of course," said the captain.

"No, not hung."

"What—ah, shot."

"No, not shot."

"What was done with him?"

"Hark!—sh! Do you not hear the movement of feet?"

The party had now reached a thick copse of cedars which made out upon the hillside in a point, and it was to this point they had come. The moon shone full upon them, and the moment they passed those cedars, they would be in sight of the encamped army.

"You asked me what became of that spy," said the old man, as they waited by the copse. "They did not know he was a spy. When he found he was detected, he confessed his nationality at once, and professed to have purposely fled from the Russians. But this was not the best of it."

"Ah—"

"No. He wished to return immediately to his own camp, and to that end he offered to deliver up a very important thing to them if they would accompany him. And now, who do you think that spy was?"

"Who was it?" asked the captain, eagerly.

"But guess."

"We cannot."

"Would you believe me, if I were to tell you that it was the emperor himself?"

"Impossible!"

"But it is true. It was the very emperor."

"Who? What emperor?"

"Nicholas!"

As the man thus spoke, he darted back and let the long robe fall from his shoulders, and tearing away the white hair and beard with one hand, and thrusting them into his bosom, he drew his ponderous sword with the other. The moon shone full in his face—the form was bent no more; but erect, tall, stout, powerful, it towered aloft, and the broad breast bore a single flashing star.

"Nicholas!" burst from the Turkish captain's lips, as his reason came back to him. "At him! O, my men, if we can but—"

His voice was lost in the loud, thunder-like call of the Russian emperor, who heard the relief-guard approaching. With his back against the wood, the lion held the Turks at bay a minute, and then a host of Russian soldiers came bounding through the thicket. They recognized their master in a moment.

"Let not a man of them escape!" pronounced Nicholas, as he struck the Turkish captain to the ground with the flat of his sword.

There were twenty-eight men in the guard, and the Turks were captured before they could fairly recover from the shock of the astounding truth that had burst upon them. The emperor then picked up his dark robe, and led the way down to the camp, where the twelve prisoners were placed under a faithful guard, two of them only being wounded. And not one of all those guardsmen knew that their emperor had been that night within the walls of the enemy.

The feelings of Hussein Pasha, and of the impetuous Hemen, may be imagined when they came to learn the astounding truth—when they knew that the emperor Nicholas, their most fearful enemy, had been so absolutely within their simple grasp, and they had not even known that he was a Russian spy!

Foreign Items.

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ADELAIDE RISTORI.

We present our readers with an authentic and reliable portrait of Adelaide Ristori (the Marchioness Capranica del Grillo), pronounced by competent critics, the greatest tragic actress in the world, as she appears in the costume of "Mirra," in the Italian play of that name. It has been strongly hinted in European journals devoted to art, that this great tragedienne, following in the footsteps of Rachel, would probably visit this country, and hence an additional interest attaches itself to the likeness of this fascinating actress. The verdict of the American public is now seriously regarded in Europe as a necessary complement to trans-atlantic celebrity. The precedent established by the many great European celebrities who have visited us is likely to be followed by all who soar above the level of mediocrity, and who are not content with a reputation that is not world-wide. It is senseless to cry out against these occasional importations of foreign talent. Such a reclamation would be justifiable only in case European talent were the staple presented by our management, and equal native talent thrown aside. Such, however, is not the case. Historic art is the growth of the highest and oldest civilization—it is not of spontaneous birth—and it is impossible for us to produce actors and actresses equal to the best, unless we place before them the best models for study and imitation, and before the public the means of establishing a high standard of excellence. We have thought we saw already, in the later efforts of some of our leading performers, the influence of the consummate art of Rachel. With these we should be thankful to receive a visit from the fair Italian who is now electrifying the cultivated world of Europe. Born of a race of Italian performers of Ferrara, Adelaide Ristori displayed the greatest aptitude for dramatic art at a very early age. Her first appearance occurred as a member of the Moncalvo troupe, when she was but twelve years of age. Her role was chambermaids and juvenile tragedy. A few years after, when a member of the Royal Company at Turin, she studied to perfect her talent, guided by the example and counsel of the celebrated Carlotta Marchioni, who already recognized in little Adelaide the person who was destined one day to replace her on the Italian stage. In the school of this great artist, and by dint of assiduous and intelligent study, Ristori succeeded in acquiring a natural declamation, so rare on the Italian stage, and a marvellous faculty of transforming her nature in changing her part, for no one like herself has so united all the requisites for filling every line of the drama. Her style of beauty lends itself readily to every metamorphosis; her elegant and slight figure—her animated features, which alternately express lofty dignity or breathe passion and gaiety, fit her for the impersonation of the tragic queen, the impassioned mistress, or even the thoughtless *soubrette*. Yet it is always with breathless admiration that she is seen to pass from the character of "Mirra" to that of "Manon L'Escout," sustaining both with incontestable superiority. This great actress, on whom nature has lavished so many gifts, possess-



MADAME RISTORI, AS MIRRA.

es moreover a melodious voice, capable, on occasion, of varying the monotony of the drama by the charms of song. She is an artiste as remarkable for the brilliancy and variety of her talent, as for the elegance of her manners and the purity of her life. As a wife and mother she is the charm and the idol of the home she

adorns and renders happy. She owes her union to a distinguished Italian, less, perhaps, to her dramatic successes, than to her private virtues. Young (she is but thirty), Ristori will probably be for many years the reigning star of the Italian stage. About a year since she came to Paris and created a perfect *fuore* of admiration among the excitable Parisians. If a desire to humble Rachel had some share in their first reception of her rival, only sincere admiration could have still held them enthralled to an actress who addressed them in a foreign language. It has been hinted that Ristori was studying French with a view of performing in that language, and her extraordinary versatility warrants her friends in believing that she will accomplish the herculean task, and be pronounced superior to Rachel, even when using the very words of Racine and Corneille.

PUNISHMENT OF THE WHEEL.

The accompanying sketch represents a military punishment resorted to in the Turkish army in the Crimea, with great effect. Its severity consists not in the amount of physical, but of moral suffering. The culprit, as shown in our engraving, is lashed to a cart-wheel, and there made to stand for hours exposed to the gaze and jeers of his comrades. When we remember how grave and dignified the Turk is, how much self-respect he manifests in his bearing, we can appreciate the severity of this sort of discipline for minor offences. Whoever invented it exhibited no little philosophy and knowledge of human nature. The philosophy of punishment lies in its reformatory character, as regards the individual, and its effect as regards the community. Undue severity defeats the very purpose of punishment. When you lay the bloody scourge upon a man's back, and subject him to extreme physical torture, you change abhorrence of the crime into compassion for his suffering. As the value of a recompense lies not in its intrinsic worth, so the effect of punishment is not measured by the extent of its severity. Our culprit in the picture has need of all his philosophy to sustain the gaze and endure the remarks of his bearded comrades in arms. He will not soon be likely to repeat the offence for which he has been made a laughing-stock, for we suppose his "attachment to the wheel" is not an affair of the heart, but simply an association of necessity. Most people wait anxiously for a "turn of the wheel," but in the case of our culprit, that would be the last thing he could desire, as it would increase the perplexity of his predicament. The Turkish soldiers in the present war have borne a reputation for constant courage and good conduct in the field, which even Europeans were not previously disposed to allow them. They never, however, would have performed the achievements that have graced their arms had they not been officered by Europeans and trained in the European drill. Their best generals (Omar Pacha, for instance), are foreigners. Their own valor and skill are far on the wane of that intrepid bravery which once carried terror and dismay to the Eastern nations of Europe.



PUNISHMENT OF THE WHEEL, IN THE TURKISH ARMY.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT
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BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1856.

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ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

The accompanying engraving, executed expressly for the Pictorial from a drawing by Wm. L. Champney, illustrates in a very spirited manner the peculiarities of this anniversary of Cupid. We have the young lady reading her Valentine, the young gentleman perusing his, the fair maiden depositing her missive in the letter-box, the group of purchasers besieging the periodical dealer's, the rustic lover and the rustic maiden, the blind god of love, with his bow and shaft, all the actual and emblematic features of the day. "Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine!" says the gentle Elia. "Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable arch-flamen of Hymen! Immortal go-between! who and what manner of person art thou! Art thou but a name, typifying the restless principle which impels poor humans to seek perfection

in union? or wert thou indeed a mortal prelate, with thy tippet, and thy rochet, thy apron on and decent lawn sleeves? Mysterious personage! like unto thee, assuredly, there is no other mitred father in the calendar; not Jerome, nor Ambrose, nor Cyril.... Thou comest attended with thousands and ten thousands of little loves, and the air is

"Brushed with the kiss of rustling wings."

Singing Cupids are thy choristers and thy precentors; and instead of the crosier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee.... Good morrow to my Valentine, sings poor Ophelia; and no better wish, but with better auspices, we wish to all faithful lovers, who are not too wise to despise old legends, but are content to rank themselves humble diocesans of old Bishop Valentine and his "true church." It was some fifteen centuries ago that a presbyter or bishop named

Valentine was martyred by the Emperor Claudius II., subsequently received canonization, and duly received his place in the calendar. The anniversary of his death has come to be the holiday of Cupid, on which young men and maidens select their partners for the year. The origin of the custom is to be found in the Roman Lupercalia or feasts of Pan. During these festivals the names of young women were placed in a box and drawn out by young men, who were thus indebted to chance for their partners. The fathers of the church finding it impossible to eradicate them and some other pagan observances, christianized them as it were, and sanctioned their continuance. Dr. Foster acknowledges the pagan origin of the celebration. This year St. Valentine's day receives additional zest from its occurring in Leap Year, which confers additional privileges on the fairer portion of humanity.



[Written expressly for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CONTRABANDIST:

—OR—

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XII.—[CONTINUED.]

"Ah—ah!" sneered the fellow; "that is very fine! But we will see what you will say after you have been shut up a day or two. Come, my trade doesn't hurt me; and you'll think better of me in a little while, I dare say. Now, I will bid you good-day, my dear. You will find plenty to eat in the basket yonder. I shall come in to-morrow morning, when I come back, and then I hope to find you more resigned to your fate: for you have no means either of killing yourself or of making your escape; and my wife you shall be!"

He went out, fastening the heavy door securely; and Rose was left alone.

"When he comes back!" she echoed; "then he is going away, and I shall, at least, have a few hours in which to meditate on means of escape. But alas!" looking about her, "how can I escape? He was right: these walls have shut out hope from me. My father—my protector! little do you know of this moment's danger! Louis—ah, Louis!" She sank down on her dungeon floor and wept. There was no aid near. What was to become of her? How had treachery ensnared her! "If I had but suspected it!" was her sorrowful exclamation.

A shudder ran over her frame as she thought of him into whose power she had fallen. The consciousness of his dreadful character had burst upon her like a thunder-bolt. Ah, if her father could know to what a wretch they had both trusted! This was what she said to herself. But Gasparde had said that he was not her cousin! How could that be! What would her father think? Did he not know it? Thought was a confused tumult. Distressed, bewildered, and alarmed, at first she could only weep, and mourn over these unhappy circumstances in which she found herself. Then, reflecting on what was to come, she resolved to be firm, and maintain her courage; for it would soon, it was plain, be needed. She would eat nothing that was given her—no, not if she were starving. The food which Gasparde had caused to be placed here for her, they might take away, if they chose; and if she should find no hope of deliverance from this den, her life was in her own hands. "And if I take that life," said the young girl, simply and sorrowfully, "surely the *bon Dieu* will forgive me."

It was no sudden resolution taken, in bravery, to be abandoned when the trial should come. Rose would not have shrunk from sacrificing her own life to escape Gasparde, if no other way was open. The means were near, too: the silken scarf she had worn—there needed but the force of those slender hands to bind it about her fair and delicate throat, and the sign of a happy freedom would be stamped upon her brow. Death should open the portals of her dungeon!

Meanwhile, Gasparde, having securely caged his poor, trembling little captive, proceeded to call his men together; and having armed them, despatched them, nearly all, by different and secluded paths through the forest, where they were to meet at one point, and await his coming. For, that night, there was to be a robbery committed on the high-road running north of the forest; and so rare a prize as promised, with careful management, to fall into his grasp, Gasparde was determined not to pass by without securing. He had, some time since, gained the command of the horde, and his authority was used to some purpose now. As Hugh Lamonte was no longer among them, affairs were in his own hands; and besides reaping a rich harvest from his various unlawful transactions, he had now an opportunity to return an ample revenge for the slights and insults to which he had been subjected, both by Hugh and the Count d'Artois, by keeping Rose in his own power, while her friends might seek for her in vain. The latter deed was accomplished now. He had entrapped her with the deepest cunning; and who was there to betray the place of her concealment? for Jacques, too, was secured, and the brigand was free from other unsafe witnesses.

Confident, then, in the success which had thus far attended his plans, Gasparde concluded to allow Rose time for reflection, and to pursue, meanwhile, such occupations as called his attention in a different direction for the present. The work laid out for that night was one which required skill, management and force, with all of which he was fully supplied. It promised, too, a rich reward, and was worthy his especial care. He had no apprehensions in regard either to Jacques or Rose; for stone walls were thick, and guards were to watch the passages, to make assurance doubly sure. So, when the men were gone, he set the guard in the passage, and feeling that all was safe until his return, himself set out alone for the rendezvous.

CHAPTER XIII.

WIT AND CUNNING AGAINST VILLANY.

It was now afternoon. If we visit our old friend, Jacques Leroux, we shall be likely to find him seated on the stone bench which occupies one corner of his cell, ruminating, after his own peculiar fashion, upon his present situation, its disadvantages, and the means of liberating himself from durance vile.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"For," says Jacques, to himself, "if monsieur le capitaine

imagines that I intend to submit to this unpleasant kind of treatment, or suffer him to frighten Mademoiselle Rose out of her precious wits, by keeping her shut up long in that cell, why, he has made a grand mistake—that's all! No—no, monsieur le capitaine! Perhaps you don't happen to know that Jacques never gets a fall without alighting right side up, yet. Just wait awhile, *mon brave*!"

Now Jacques very well knew that Gasparde had gone away by this time; for he heard the bustle of the men's departure, and now all was quiet. He reasoned, too, that his guard, whom he heard occasionally pacing up and down through the gallery, must, in a short time, bring him something to eat. Then he wished to set in operation a half-defined scheme which had been floating in his head. The facility of its action must depend wholly and solely upon the nature and disposition of the guard; and Jacques was unable yet to tell who this was.

He waited, however, and hoped; for, although he had been unable to prevent Gasparde from accomplishing the abduction of Rose, he determined, if the thing was possible, to circumvent his plans in regard to her. For Jacques, simple, yet shrewd as he was, had also a heart to feel affection for others, and gratitude for kindness; and Hugh Lamonte and Rose had both been kind to him. So he resolved to serve them at any cost.

He was right, in respect to the guard. Half an hour after the departure of Gasparde and the men, the bolts and bars of the cell door were withdrawn, and the guard appeared, bearing a basket of provisions.



JACQUES LEROUX IN PRISON.

"Well!" uttered Jacques, good-humoredly; "so you have brought me something to eat, at last! It don't come at all amiss, I assure you, comrade, for I am half famished."

"So much the better appetite for your dinner, then, my friend," responded the man, as he set the basket down and closed the door. "I have got fine living here for you, and a bottle of famous wine, I promise you!"

"Excellent!" said Jacques. "I shall eat and drink with a relish. But now you are here, you might as well sit down and take a morsel with me for the sake of company; for, if there is a thing which I hate, it is to eat alone. Come, Raimonde; I shall miss dining at the *ordinaire*; I am not used to the honor of a private table, you know."

"Oho, my dear! fasting makes you merry," returned Raimonde, with careless cordiality. "Now, if I were in your place, I should be dull enough; but you never seem to let your head stay under water, somehow."

"You must confess, however, comrade, that it's pretty well under ground for the present," chuckled Jacques; "and, of the two, I should a little prefer the water; I should stand a better chance of getting out."

"Why, so you would, *mon ami*,—so you would! I should like to liberate you now myself, but then I should pay for it on the return of monsieur le capitaine; and I dare say you can guess what kind of a punishment it would be."

"*Mais oui*—lead or steel at best. No—no, comrade! I would not put you in danger on my account. Monsieur le capitaine is too savage; besides, it is very likely that he will set me free himself, in the course of a day or two."

"But what has he shut you up for, Jacques? Nobody can make out."

"O, a whim of his—that's all, comrade. He chose to fly at me because he didn't like some speech of mine about the girl. You know what a firebrand he is! But sit down, Raimonde,—sit down, and help yourself—wont you?"

"Well, I suppose there won't be any harm in it, except what monsieur le capitaine chooses to see; and he can't see very well at present, you know, being, perhaps, at the distance of a league or so from here; so I don't mind accepting your invitation, especially as one doesn't feel over and above merry, pacing that black passage out there, or lying by the fire in front, all alone."

And the man proceeded to ensconce himself in a seat opposite to Jacques, and nearest the door. Jacques remarked this circumstance, but pretended to take no notice of it, and forthwith began to partake, with his guest, of the provisions so plentifully supplied: they were excellent, and the wine was of the finest. Raimonde, always of a good-natured turn, became even more so than usual, under its influence. Jacques was very well satisfied; he managed that Raimonde should drink a little more than himself, without seeming to press the wine upon him. He had no hope of reducing the man to a state of intoxication, and thus effecting an escape for himself and Rose; but he trusted, by leading him on to a certain point, where his heart would work as well as his brains, to make him a tool in the management of that end. Raimonde would on no account have suffered his prisoner to escape, by his means; Jacques was obliged, then, to gain his purpose by

stratagem, and prevent his companion from guessing his object, even while making him an instrument in securing it. The repast proceeded; Raimonde grew more talkative and familiar, and at length the moment came when Jacques thought he might safely commence.

"Comrade," said he, as he pushed the bottle towards Raimonde, "I shouldn't mind being cooped up here since there is a certainty of being set free in a few days, at the farthest—for, of course, monsieur le capitaine will release me shortly,—but the fact is, when he threw me in here, he interrupted an affair of mine, which will spoil if it is neglected; now, you see, I can't attend to it, which is rather too bad."

"Rather too bad, indeed, Jacques," returned Raimonde, tossing off his wine, and refilling the glass; "and I suppose there's nobody who could attend to it for you?"

"Well, to tell the truth, there was somebody else concerned in it, and he won't know where I am, and so, you see—"

"Somebody else!" echoed Raimonde; "perhaps you might send a message to him?"

"Well, if I had some one to trust with—a letter; it must be some one, too, I tell you, comrade, who can be depended on. It isn't everybody to whom I would give it."

"Ah! now I don't pretend to know what kind of an opinion you have of me, Jacques," said Raimonde, "but I should think an old friend like myself might go a little out of his way to do you a kindness."

"Why," rejoined Jacques, evidently with surprise and doubt, "you wouldn't do as much as that? though, I confess, that if I could get one as trusty as you to carry my letter, I should be only too glad. It would be the next best thing to seeing him."

"It would! Well, perhaps we might manage even that."

"Raimonde—*mon cher* Raimonde, you are very good!"

"You know monsieur le capitaine won't be likely to get back till morning."

"Exactly."

"And, perhaps, meanwhile, we might manage to forward this business of yours."

"And, as you say, we are old friends."

"Precisely. Besides, monsieur le capitaine need know nothing about it. He told me you must not get out, but I never promised not to let any one in; so you can have an interview with your friend, and nobody'll be the wiser!"

"Yes," answered Jacques, sure now of his man, yet wishing to sound him still a little further, to see to what an extent his good nature would go without flinching; "but you mind that he might learn the way to the cave, if you should bring him hither."

"Never more mistaken in your life, my dear! for I should blindfold him; and besides, if he should, it wouldn't much matter, since I have determined (don't mention it, comrade—will you?) to take to my heels and quit monsieur le capitaine, one of these fine nights. He's getting too savage for my liking; still, while I remain here, I don't want anything to happen—ay, and won't let it happen—which may get me into danger. If it were a few weeks, or even days, later, I would set you at liberty with my own hands, this moment, and let you go and see to your business

yourself; but I must keep things straight till I do go. What happens afterwards, is no affair of mine; but I must keep my own head safe, you see, till then."

"Just so, Raimonde; and I'll help you off, when you wish to start, for your kindness to me. I shouldn't wonder, *mon cher*—mind I say, *I shouldn't wonder* at all if you were to line your pockets with gold, too, for to-night's work."

Raimonde's eyes sparkled.

"Well, comrade, what's the name of the man whom you wish to see?"

"I dare say you have heard of Monsieur le Comte d'Artois?"

"Yes; a handsome fellow he is, too. *Ma foi!* strong as a young tiger, if one may judge by that light, slender figure of his."

"As you say. Well, the person to whom this business belonged is *monsieur le comte*."

"Very well. I suppose I might very easily go up to the chateau, and have him down here, and send him away again by dark; and, as I said before, nobody would be the wiser for it. Well, I will start this moment, if you wish me." And he rose to his feet.

"Ah—yes! But, Raimonde, you know he would want some kind of a token from me, to show that he is in safe hands, and that there's no treachery."

"O, yes! What then?"

"Why, if I had a pencil, or pen, and some paper, I might write a word or two, you know."

"So you might. Stop a moment; there are some things of that kind belonging to *monsieur le capitaine* in his parlor cupboard out here; wait and I will get them."

He went out, fastening the cell door behind him with a scrupulous care that made Jacques laugh in his sleeve. Raimonde was religiously careful not to let his prisoner escape; he had not the remotest idea that he was at that moment forwarding, by his own means, a plan for the escape both of Jacques and Rose. During his brief absence, Jacques meditated profoundly upon his scheme. He knew that the count, upon learning the danger of Rose, would immediately hasten to her rescue; and if Gasparde and his men only remained away until the following morning, there was not the slightest danger of failure, it seemed to him; for Raimonde could be managed.

Shortly the guard returned, and brought to Jacques the desired articles, whereupon he proceeded to scrawl half a dozen lines, explanatory of affairs, to the count; and lest they alone should not prove a sufficient guarantee of safety, enclosed a small and peculiarly-shaped seal which Louis had once given him, and which would be sure to be recognized.

"Now, Raimonde," he said, giving the letter to the guard, "be sure and deliver it only to *monsieur le comte*; and you will bring him hither if he desires to see me?"

"Exactly, comrade."

"Because, you know, the letter may not be sufficient. And now hasten; I will venture to say you will find a purse of gold in your pocket by night, if you do the thing correctly."

"Well, I confess that's something of a spur; for I want to have something to get a living with when I cut *monsieur le capitaine*, and the sooner I get it, why, the sooner I can leave him. But, Jacques, remember, you're to keep still about my intention to leave the horde?"

"O, of course—of course! We serve each other, you comprehend?"

"Just so. And I shouldn't wonder if you'd find it to your advantage to make your adieu at the same time that I do."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I *did* have an idea of that kind," responded Jacques, carelessly; "and since you've put it into my head, I believe I will consider it with you; though, of course, if I had had to go *alone*, I shouldn't have thought of going so soon. But can't you come in to night, after *monsieur le comte* has left here? and then we will have a private conversation together on the subject."

"Just as you say; it would be a fine idea. We'll bid *monsieur le capitaine* good-by before long, and set up business on our own account. But I'll go and see about this little affair of yours, now."

"And make haste, Raimonde."

"O, yes; I will be back here in less than no time!"

And fastening the cell door behind him, the guard went his way, carrying the precious paper safely with him. But was there no danger of his learning the nature of its contents?—none whatever; for Raimonde was unable to read. Jacques knew very well what he was about when he employed Raimonde as his agent. The brigand traversed the low stone gallery, and arriving at the mouth of the cavern, ascended the rude steps that led to the surface of the ground, and sprang out from among the brushwood.

He had scarcely done so, however, when, at a little distance, and approaching the mouth of the cave, appeared one of the band. Raimonde was a little disconcerted for a moment; he fancied that the men were all returning; but learned from Michel, who was an indolent, drawling, easy sort of fellow, that he had only been sent back to keep company with the guard, because Gasparde had no need of his services; and very true, for he was only a drone.

"That's it, eh?" asked Raimonde, relieved. "Well, then you may as well come along with me, since you have come for the sake of company; only be quiet about what you see and hear." And he went away, followed by Michel.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALARM AT THE CHATEAU.

LET us return to the chateau. It was some three hours past noon, and the usual dinner hour of the family. There had been an unusual degree of quiet reigning among the guests to-day, arising from the sympathy felt with Rose, who was generally be-

lieved to be severely indisposed. Helen had made known her wish to be undisturbed; and, accordingly, no one—not even her maid—had been to her apartment since the morning.

Now, however, the marquis signified his desire that Helen should go and endeavor to prevail upon her to make her appearance among them, or else, if she would not come down, to bring them tidings of her. Accordingly, Mademoiselle Montauban repaired to the chamber of Rose. The door was fastened, as it had been left in the morning, and her summons obtained no reply. She called Rose by name. No answer was given. Becoming somewhat alarmed, Helen procured the key of her own door, which also fitted the lock of this, and directly gained entrance to the apartment. What was her astonishment to find it unoccupied! Instantly she summoned Finette; but Finette had not seen her mistress since morning, when she told her that she should spend the day in her apartment, and should not require her services.

"Doubtless she has gone out for a walk," said Mademoiselle Montauban, giving expression to the first idea which presented itself.

Descending again to the saloon, she despatched domestics hither and thither to seek for Rose, and then rejoined her father and the guests, to inform them of the young girl's absence. Some surprise was manifested at the circumstance. The surprise changed to wonder, as the servants returned without tidings of her, and the wonder to alarm when it was discovered that one of the maids had seen her leaving the chateau by a side door, that morning, and knew that she had not since returned.



LOUIS ARRAYED IN BRIGAND COSTUME.

Now, fear and concern were depicted on every countenance in the household. All were in a state of agitation; the discovery of this strange and prolonged absence excited the greatest apprehensions, for not one of them all but thought, secretly, of the depression and melancholy of Rose, and connected it, somehow, with her present non-appearance, though neither would have mentioned such a thing to another. Louis himself, when it was announced that she was nowhere to be found, experienced the most ardent anxiety and fear, and it grew into absolute torture as the moments passed and no sign of her neighborhood was discovered; and immediately, on the return of the domestics, without waiting to see what steps were about to be taken by others, he ordered his horse, and, with a word of explanation to his uncle, sprang to the saddle, and galloped with all haste down to the village. Inquiries there were fruitless. Rose had been seen by none.

"*Mon Dieu!*" uttered Louis; "if anything has happened to her—" He could not finish; he shivered, and was marble pale. He had caused her sorrow. Louis felt like a murderer. With a last faint hope in his breast, the young man set Roland at lightning speed on the road to the cottage.

He had not accomplished more than half the distance, and as yet beheld no trace of the missing maiden, when he discerned two men coming along the road towards him. Resolved to make inquiries of them, the count drew rein as they came near, when he observed that one of them approached to accost him.

This man was a sturdy, dark, rough-looking fellow, bareheaded, and barefooted as well, and wearing, like his companion, the dress of a smuggler, which failed to attract the attention of Louis, partly, perhaps, from its being seen so far inland, and partly, again, from his own agitation and excitement. So it made no difference,

perhaps, that Raimonde had forgotten to don a less suspicious-looking garb. The man advanced immediately to the side of the count.

"Monsieur, I should like to speak with you," he said, while his glance appeared rapidly to scan the features and dress of the young man.

A sudden conviction that this man was about to give him some information with regard to Rose, seized the count.

"Well, what is it, my good fellow?" asked he, hastily,—"what is it! Speak quickly, for I am in haste."

"Your name, *monsieur*?"

"Louis d'Artois."

"Count?"

"Exactly. What is your business?"

"This!" And the man gave to Louis a folded paper.

He opened it, and perceived the seal which it enclosed—the seal which he remembered having given to Jacques. An involuntary exclamation escaped his lips as he beheld it, and saw the signature of Jacques himself. Rapidly his eye ran over the contents of the billet, which read as follows:

"*MONSIEUR LE COMTE*.—If you wish to rescue Rose from a terrible fate, come to me. Once before, I came to you. Now, I am a prisoner, like her. The bearer of this note will conduct you to me. You would not heed danger, I know; but there is, I may as well inform you, none in this case, *if you do not delay*. You will be led into a place in which it may surprise you to find yourself; but express no surprise, make no comments, utter no unnecessary word. Bring your pistols, though I scarcely think they will

be needed. Do not speak of the contents of this to Raimonde; he does not know *why* he is to conduct you to me. He cannot read. Do not mention the name of Rose, or seem to know anything concerning her. I send for you on a different pretence. *Come immediately, for Rose is a prisoner*; but come alone, and follow the man's directions. He is faithful. JACQUES."

"*Mon Dieu!*" uttered Louis, involuntarily, as he read those closing words; "can it be thus?" And turning to Raimonde, who stood beside him, he said, endeavoring to hide his emotion and speaking as calmly as possible: "My good man, will you lead me to the one who wrote these lines?"

"That is what Jacques told me to do, *monsieur*," returned the man. "But there are certain things which you must do before I can take you to the place where he is. In the first place, I should advise you to get rid of your horse; for we shall go into the forest, where he will hinder rather than help you."

Louis secured, unobserved, his pistols, which happened to be loaded; then, writing on a scrap of paper, "I have gone to search for Rose," fastened it to the saddle, and dismounting, struck the beast with his riding-switch:

"Home, good Roland,—home!" he said.

And Roland, springing forward, set off, willingly, for the stables of the chateau.

"Now!" he said, to Raimonde.

"Now, *monsieur*, follow me." And, with his companion, who had all this time stood by, comprehending nothing of the scene, and too

indolent to trouble himself concerning it, Raimonde crossed the path, and struck into a thicket by the wayside.

The count followed, without a word or an instant's hesitation. Why should he hesitate? He was no coward; and the courage, amounting almost, in its impetuosity, to rashness, which ever characterized him, filled his whole being now. He paused not to consider that there might be a snare for him in this matter; for he was seeking Rose, and no danger which he could have encountered would have deterred him from prosecuting that search. Thus he followed his guide, ready, without a moment's delay, to comply implicitly with the directions of Raimonde.

The path which they took lay over meadow and woodland, leading for the distance of perhaps a mile from the main road which they had left, and lying at right angles with it. They pursued this path, always nearing the windings of the distant blue river, till they had reached a point where the verdure-clad rocks rose above it. And here Raimonde paused.

"Now, *monsieur* will consent to be blind folded for a little while?" he said.

Louis drew forth his handkerchief, and passed it to Raimonde.

"I am ready," he said, simply.

His guide received the handkerchief, and folded it into a broad, thick bandage, casting a glance of surprise at the count, as he did so.

"I thought you would hesitate, *monsieur*," he said.

"I do not know why I should hesitate, my good man," answered Louis. "One only hesitates when one has fear."

"And you have no fear, *monsieur*?"

"I have no fear. But I pray you to hasten."

"That I am doing, *monsieur*. You are perfectly willing, I see,

to trust yourself with a stranger—to leave yourself entirely in his hands. I like that; it shows that you are no coward. But you are perfectly safe. Now I will bind the handkerchief about your head, if you please."

And the young count submitted himself to the hands of the guide in silence. Raimonde drew the folds of the bandage tightly across the eyes of Louis, and knotted the ends securely.

"You can see nothing, monsieur?" he said, when this was accomplished.

"Not a glimpse."

"That is well, monsieur. Now, here is my hand, or my arm, whichever monsieur may prefer. We will go rather more slowly, that monsieur may not stumble."

They walked in silence from the spot. It appeared to the count they were keeping their way close to the banks of the river for awhile. They crossed, as it seemed, broad, fertile meadows now, and now brier-grown patches where stock and stump wearied his feet. Again, their way led through thick growths of forest timber, and anon they descended some smooth, grassy slope, and ascended an opposite one. Anxiety and apprehension tortured Louis.

"My friend," he said, "when shall we reach the end of this long journey?"

"In a little while, monsieur; we have not far to go now."

And on they went, keeping up that monotonous tramp, tramp; while Louis, conjuring up a thousand forms of danger in connection with the situation of Rose, was almost mad with impatience. But he knew that it would be unwise in him to allow his state of mind to become apparent to his guide, and, therefore, concealed his feelings as far as possible. To the occasional brief remarks of Raimonde, he forced himself to make some reply in as indifferent

"And that condition?"

"Is, monsieur, that you put on a disguise which I shall presently show you, and without which I will not promise to lead you a step farther."

"Ah—well! hasten, I pray you! I will consent to anything—everything; only do not delay."

Raimonde bent down, raised, with some difficulty, a square stone at his feet, and disclosed thereby an aperture some two feet broad, and, perhaps, a trifle longer, cut in the solid rock. This contained a chest, which Raimonde lifted out and opened. It seemed to be filled with clothing. From it the guide drew forth several articles of dress, which he gave to Louis. The young man started with surprise as he beheld them, and looked inquiringly at Raimonde.

"My friend, would no other dress than that of a ligand be suitable for the disguise?" he said.

"You recognize it, then? No—no! no other will answer my purpose. Do you refuse to accept it? do you fear?"

"Refuse?—no! and I do not know what fear is."

The young man proceeded to substitute for his own garments those which had been provided for him. The mystery of this dress he could not solve. He could not guess why this particular costume was needed. But Raimonde had chosen that he should adopt it, because there might possibly be a chance of their meeting some portion of the band, returning, like Michel, because so great a number would not be needed; and, in that case, Louis would be taken for one of the horde by his dress, and manage to escape. But there was scarcely the remotest prospect of such an occurrence; only the smuggler wished to be on the safe side.

And Michel stood by, with his usual careless indolence, saying nothing, and hardly wondering at his comrade's actions; it would

PARIS BY NIGHT.

But however Paris may appear by day, by night the scene is magnificent beyond description. Fairy tales, the Arabian Nights' entertainments, all that you have seen, read or dreamed of that is glorious and brilliant, glimmers, fades, goes entirely out in the comparison. The streets all in a blaze of gas-light, and crowded with bustling vehicles and gay promenaders; the hundreds of theatres and other places of amusement, brilliantly illuminated, and sending forth peals of joyous music and laughter; the thousand and one long arcades, covered with glass, and lined with a continual succession of shops full of all manner of tempting wares; the gorgeously-furnished cafes and saloons filled with merry guests of both sexes, eating and drinking together; the hum of ten thousand voices, the glare of myriad lights, the ever-changing panorama of brightness, that is passing before you, charms, dazzles, confuses, intoxicates, fairly stuns you into a state of staring wonder and amazement. You know that there is very little substance to all this show, but you none the less admire. You have seen the other end of the kaleidoscope, how it is only little bits of painted glass that are the basis of these enchanting visions, still they are the none less lovely for all that. But in the morning, when the gas is turned off, and the fog is turned on, when the elegant carriages have given place to the lumbering drays, when the blouses and wooden shoes have the pavement all to themselves, and the dull shutters conceal from your view the treasures of the shops, then comes the disenchantment. Bright poetry, stripped of her feathers, turns out to be only plain prose, after all. You see nothing of your last night's banquet but the broken bottles strewn about the floor, the chairs upside down, and the tables covered with bones and crumbs, and such like tokens of a revel.—*Springfield Republican.*



CATHEDRAL OF ST. GIOVANNI, AT TURIN.

a tone as he could command. But he was in continual torment; the way seemed endless; and Rose was all this time in captivity! He thought of her alarm—her distress—her helplessness; how every moment, an age, as it was, to him, must be an eternity to her. "Perhaps she is even now calling upon me to save her," he said, mentally. And the idea augmented the impatience that he already felt, till it became absolute agony.

Still, on they went—tramp, tramp, tramp,—till suddenly the guide halted.

"Monsieur," he said, "we will stop here. I can take off the bandage now, if you like."

It will readily be believed that Louis did not refuse the man's offer. He gladly submitted to have it unknotted from his head; but the light from the setting sun struck full across his eyes, and obliged him, for a moment, to shade them with his hand from the sudden excess of brilliancy. When he was able to discern fully the objects about him, he found himself standing beside the ruins of what had evidently once been a chateau. The dilapidated wall rising up at his right hand was covered with moss and grass, the growth of many a silent summer day. But the ravine no longer ran at his feet, nor was it anywhere visible; for all to the left was forest land, with occasional bright openings of green meadows that were beautiful, with their soft verdure shining through the dark woods in the declining sunlight; while beyond this ruined wall lay low hills. He was unable exactly to recognize the locality in which he found himself.

"Monsieur is a little bewildered, eh?" said Raimonde, with a half smile, as he remarked the perplexed air of Louis.

"Yes—yes! If your object was to mystify me with regard to the path, you have accomplished it. But hasten—hasten! I am impatient. You have not arrived yet at the end of our journey?"

"No, monsieur. I have brought you hither, first, that I may give you the second condition upon which you will be allowed to see Jacques."

have been too much trouble for him to inquire into the meaning or object; and the slight insight that his own wits gave into the affair, sufficed for him. Michel, however, was too indifferent on the score of other people's business to betray them; and Raimonde being quite conscious of this, took no pains to conceal from him anything that was going on.

And Louis proceeded with this strange toilet, the guide occasionally lending him some assistance, until he was fully equipped. A rifle and shot-pouch were given him. The tall, pointed hat, decked with gay streamers of ribbon, replaced his own, and a rough jacket was slung over his shoulder.

[SEE ENRAGING.]

"Now monsieur is ready," said the guide; "I will see to these things, and we will then move on."

He stooped down, replaced the chest, and covered it with the stone; then folding the garments of which Louis had divested himself into a bundle, he tied them in a large handkerchief, and gave it to Michel to carry; while the young count, leaning upon the broken wall, with an expression of stern sadness on his handsome features, awaited, in silence and meditation of the most painful nature, the movements of Raimonde.

A few moments, and the guide was ready.

"Monsieur will now," he said, "permit his eyes to be covered for five minutes longer. We shall be at the end of our journey then." And the bandage was resumed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The most reckless sinner against his own conscience has always in the background the consolation, that he will go on in this course only this time, or only so long, but that at such a time he will amend. We may be assured we do not stand clear with our own consciences, so long as we determine, or project, or even hold it possible, at some future time, to alter our course of action.—*Fichte.*

WALKING LEAVES OF AUSTRALIA.

Almost everybody has heard of the wonderful walking leaves of Australia. For a long time after the discovery of that island, many people really believed that the leaves of a certain tree which flourishes there could walk about the ground. The story arose in this way: Some English sailors landed upon the coast, one day, and after rambling about until they were tired, they sat down under a tree to rest themselves. A puff of wind came along, and blew off a shower of leaves, which, after turning over and over in the air, as leaves generally do, finally rested on the ground. As it was midsummer, and everything appeared quite green, the circumstance puzzled the sailors considerably. But their surprise was much greater, as you may well suppose, when, after a short time, they saw the leaves crawling along upon the ground toward the trunk of the tree. They ran at once for their vessel, without stopping to inquire into the matter at all, and set sail from the land where everything seemed to be bewitched. One of the sailors said that he "expected every moment to see the trees set to and dance a jig."

Subsequent explorations of Australia have taught us that these walking leaves are insects. They live upon the trees. Their bodies are very thin and flat, their wings forming large, leaf-like organs. When they are disturbed, their legs are folded away under their bodies, leaving the shape exactly like a leaf, with its stem and all complete. They are of a bright green color in the summer, but they gradually change in the fall, with the leaves, to the brown of a frost-bitten vegetation. When shaken from the tree, they lie for a few minutes upon the ground, as though they were dead, but presently they begin to crawl along toward the tree, which they mount again. They rarely use their wings, although they are pretty well supplied in this respect. The Australian continent is remarkable for many singular peculiarities, besides, both of vegetable and animal life, but this is one of the most wonderful.—*New York Atlas.*



CITY OF GENOA, FROM THE PIAZZA DEL AQUA VERDE.

CATHEDRAL OF ST. GIOVANNI.

We lately gave our readers a fine engraving of the King of Sardinia, and on the opposite page we now present a view of the noted Cathedral of St. Giovanni, in Turin, one of the large cities of his kingdom. Its quaint architecture and massiveness are well delineated in the illustration, being quite unlike any European church or cathedral which has been represented in these pages. Turin is not rich in ancient or imposing architecture, and the good citizens are said to particularly pride themselves upon this edifice. Its modern structures compare well with those of any part of the classic divisions of Italy. The city is not quite so large in the number of its population as Boston.

CITY OF GENOA.

This gem of Northern Italy is very effectively typified above, wherein the harbor and that portion of the city contiguous is clearly defined. It is also one of the capitals of the Sardinian States, and is a place of no little commercial and maritime importance. The city looks best from the sea, and in some respects closely resembles Naples; the bay is crescent shaped, and the town rises gradually from the shore in picturesque groupings of architecture. The whiteness of the houses, the intermingled palaces, and the surrounding villas beyond, add much to its charm and beauty. It is strongly fortified, and very closely built, the streets being but ten or twelve feet in width! being in many parts inaccessible to vehicles.

PALACE OF THE SENATE, IN TURIN.

This elaborate and beautiful structure is probably not rivalled by that of any piece of architecture in this capital city of Sardinia. Our view, below, gives the open plaza that fronts the main edifice on the right of the picture, where those never absent attendants of all European and despotic governments, *fixed bayonets*, may be seen fully represented. It was here that the king, Victor Emmanuel, was received in royal state after his late visit to the French and English courts, and here it is that Louis Napoleon will probably be received with lavish splendor upon his proposed return of his royal friend's visit. Turin is rich in its manufactures of cotton, linen and silk goods, and is a wealthy and thriving city.



PALACE OF THE SENATE, AT TURIN.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

I WOULD NOT BID FAREWELL.

BY FREDERICK J. KEYES.

I would not wish to bid farewell
To earth, so fair and bright,
When fingers round my soul the spell
Of beauty, soft and light—
And when so many joys are thrown
From pleasure's shining hand;
Like pearls, from angel-fingers strown,
Along life's beaten strand.

I would not wish to fade away,
Like flowers of earthly clime;
When pleasant is the passing day,
And sweet the summer time;
And when around me friendship smiles,
And gales blow smooth and free,
To bear my bark to golden isles,
Upon life's sunny sea.

I would not wish to yield my breath,
And see my bright hopes fade,
And crumble, at the touch of death,
Into eternal shade—
To be but like a fading flower,
Or like a star of light,
Falling from heaven in midnight hour,
Forever down to night.

And yet, at last, must come a time,
Made up of long farewells,
When on the soul will steal the chime
Of heaven's vesper bells.
Then would I sail out from life's sea,
When all around grows dark;
And welcome would the passage be,
Though in death's silent bark.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MR. BAKER'S DOMESTIC SYSTEM.

BY MARY E. ROBINSON.

MRS. BALL and Mrs. Baker had put the little Balls and the little Bakers to bed, and for the first time during the winter season were spending an evening together. It seemed very cosy and sociable to sit down in front of the open stove, with its bed of glowing coal, and talk familiarly of matters interesting to wives and mothers. And so thought Mrs. Ball, who affirmed that her little ones had been so cross and wayward that day, that she needed just such a quiet period to calm her irritated nerves; which remark was seconded by Mrs. Baker, who added, that Frank, Frederic and Fanny had behaved shockingly all day, wearying her patience sadly, and preventing her from sewing, reading or even thinking.

"I don't know that my boys and girls differ from other boys and girls, but I get very tired with the care of them all the day," said Mrs. Ball, sighing softly.

"And so do I; yet my husband thinks the duty a very slight one," returned Mrs. Baker, sympathetically.

"That I do!" said the person alluded to, emphatically, abruptly entering. "That I do; and as soon as I get on my slippers, I'll give you a good reason for it. Good evening, Mrs. Ball. I didn't intend to be a party to your innocent remarks, but the last one of my wife's I couldn't avoid hearing; an assertion, by the way, which I am ready to make again."

"As she rendered your views so correctly, I presume no harm is done," laughingly returned Mrs. Ball.

"Discussing children, were you not, and the tremendous burden of care and trouble they impose upon tender mothers?" inquired Mr. Baker, half seriously.

"We stand convicted of the heinous crime. Pray, what have you to say against it?" retorted both Mrs. Ball and Mrs. Baker.

"Nothing, certainly, of the right of every lady to talk about what pleases her; but a great deal against the erroneous opinions you maintain. The truth is, Mrs. Ball—the truth is, wife, you magnify your motherly duties; you look at them through a glass which increases their dimensions wonderfully. You make a mountain of a molehill, and then imagine you are climbing up its rugged sides, when you are simply walking on level ground. You complain because it has become habitual; you talk of fatigue and nervousness, because every other mother does the same. There isn't one woman in ten who knows how to take care of children properly."

"Have you any experimental knowledge of the matter?" asked Mrs. Ball.

"No, indeed! he knows nothing about it," cried Mrs. Baker.

"I see I am in the minority, but I don't mean to be frightened out of my argument," quoth Mr. Baker. "In the first place, I advance that women don't understand children."

Mrs. Ball and Mrs. Baker looked volumes.

"They make," he continued, undaunted by two pairs of sharp eyes, "a great fuss about a very little matter. Children do not need continual talking to; one word is as good as ten, if rightly applied. Begin right, and there need be no trouble in managing them. When they cry, learn 'em not to; when they want anything, make 'em wait on themselves."

"What if they can't walk? There is supposed to be a period in a child's life when its feet are of no possible service," remarked the listening wife, in a tone the least bit malicious.

"As I have two such critical listeners, it behoves me to choose my words more carefully. To amend my remark, teach children to wait upon themselves as soon as they can walk."

"A difficult theory to put into practice," said Mrs. Ball, with the air of one confident of the soundness of her position.

"Not at all, madam, I assure you; nothing is easier."

"Did ever you try it?" pursued the lady, surveying the masculine theorist, as though she compassionated his ignorance.

"Why—no—not exactly," he stammered, "but that doesn't militate against the facts of the case. I'm confident I can take care of children without tiring myself, or thinking it a burdensome duty. I should start right, Mrs. Ball."

The man in the dressing-gown and slippers contemplated the fire with great apparent satisfaction.

"Then why not take your wife's place to-morrow, and let her spend the day with me?" queried the mother of the four little Balls. "She needs relaxation, and as you maintain that children are no trouble when rightly managed, they will not interfere with your happiness, in any degree. You can 'start right,' and I have no doubt everything will go on swimmingly. What say you to my proposal?"

Mr. Baker eyed her attentively for a moment, then slowly replied:

"I don't know but it's reasonable. Should you like it?" he added, turning to his wife, who had been exchanging speaking glances with Mrs. Ball.

He received a hearty assent.

"Then it's settled; I'll keep house, and you shall go visiting. I'm not particularly wanted at the store, and it will be a fine chance to write several letters and look over a book of accounts. I'll wager a new hat against a new bonnet—and the bonnet, with your permission, shall belong to Mrs. Baker—that I will get through the day grandly, without fretting and scolding, or worry and weariness," was the brave rejoinder.

"You hear, Mrs. Baker—a beaver against one of those eight dollar beauties at Champney's! I wish I was as sure of a new velvet as you are!" exclaimed the merry Mrs. Ball.

"Don't be too positive! a hat may be called for before you are aware of it," briskly retorted Mr. Baker. "I'll demonstrate my system, or confess myself in an error."

Mrs. Ball smiled in a peculiar way, spoke a few words in an under tone to her ally, and bade her friends good night.

Mr. Baker was awakened at a late hour the following morning by baby Fanny, who was amusing herself by pulling his whiskers. Glancing at his watch, he found it was past eight o'clock. Where was Mrs. Baker? Why were not the older children dressed and out of the way, instead of jumping about the room, clamoring for their clothes? Mr. Baker did not make a very elaborate toilet. He ran down stairs, found a good fire in the stove, a pot of hot coffee, and the table spread; but the party instrumental in bringing about this comfortable state of things was *non est*. He went through the chambers, glanced into the parlor, looked into the wood-shed, and put his head down cellar and called "Ellen" several times. No response being elicited, he was driven to the conclusion that his better half had taken an early departure for the mansion of Mrs. Ball, leaving him to get a "right start" without her interference. He was rather unprepared for this punctual introduction to domestic life, but being somewhat of a philosopher, Mr. Baker set about making the best of it. He was reflecting upon the propriety of refreshing his inner man, when two small voices were heard at the top of the stairs.

"I want to be dressed—I want to be dressed!"

These were certainly reasonable requests, and hurrying up to the chamber, he collected together an armful of juvenile garments, and bidding the little ones follow, went back to the warm room below. He was progressing very slowly in enrobing the miniature men (for Mr. Baker, like many other husbands, had but an imperfect idea of children's needs), when a scream caused him to drop a boy suddenly and run to the assistance of baby Fanny, who, indignant at being left alone, had crept from the low bed and started to descend the stairs; but an unlucky misstep caused her to come bumping down on her head and shoulders, to the dismay of her father. Fortunately, she was not much hurt; a little soothing and a lump of sugar soon dried up her tears.

"I wonder why children can't stay where they're put!" thought Mr. Baker, as he wrapped a blanket about the bumped young lady, and sat her in a high chair, preparatory for breakfast. "But I'll get started right, directly."

He went on with the dressing business so summarily disturbed. What a number of small skirts, dresses, pinafores, socks and shoes the young Bakers wore! And the pinning and buttoning that his awkward fingers so bunglingly achieved, was by no means a trifling item. And then Frank and Freddy helped him by "turning round" the wrong way, and thrusting their arms everywhere but into the right sleeve. The shoes seemed several sizes too small for the feet they were to cover, yet by much pulling and working the task was completed. Meantime Miss Fanny was occupying her leisure moments by strewing the sugar about, crumbling the bread and spreading butter on the cloth.

"How can a man look behind him, I wonder!" muttered Mr. Baker, surveying the disordered table; but the complaints of two older boys (who now made their appearance) that they should be tardy at school, made eating a paramount duty. Ranging his five charges about the family board, he stationed himself at the head to attend to their wants. He had no previous experience in that department, and therefore was astonished at the number of pieces of bread he was called upon to "spread," and the quantity of drink he was requested to "fix."

"And Mrs. Baker does this three times a day! Why, it's worth a quarter every meal! I sha'n't get a chance to eat a mouthful!" mentally ejaculated the husband and father, going to the closet to replenish the butter-plate.

When he returned, three of his heirs were quarrelling over the last piece of bread. Mr. Baker thought it time to "lay down" his rules and "get a good start" for the day.

"Children," he said, with as much dignity as though he were delivering a speech in Congress, "children, your mother has gone away and will not return till night. But I shall stay at home with you, and everything will go on as usual. I trust you will make no noise, and prove obedient children."

These words were undoubtedly heard, but no perceptible effect was manifest. The listeners were very quiet, however. There was no doubt that he had "hit the nail on the head." Encouraged by this "good start," Mr. Baker cleared away the dishes with alacrity, pausing only to ask William and Charles why they didn't go to school.

"'Cause we aint ready," replied both at once.

"Why not?"

"Mother brushes our clothes, and puts on our collars, and gives us apples for recess, and reads over our lessons with us, and picks out the hard places on the maps, and mends our pencils, and sews up the holes in our pockets—I've got a great one in mine—and bends our hats into shape—mine's all jammed now—and—"

"Stop—that'll do," interrupted Mr. Baker, frightened at the length of the list of offices required of him.

It was nothing to wield a clothes-brush, but to adjust collars was another affair. He pinned and unpinned, fixed and unfixed; sometimes the subjects of his operations declared that he "pricked," sometimes they insisted that he "pinched." But the poor collars fared the worst of the three; by the time they were satisfactorily adjusted, Mrs. Baker would have consigned them to the wash-tub without an instant's hesitation. Apples were easily found, but they needed wiping; whereupon the officiating manager sent one of the boys after a cloth—the first clause of his system being to make children wait upon themselves. Charles was expeditious; he made his appearance with one of his mother's damask napkins. Mr. Baker said "pshaw!" not very amiably, and went for a proper article himself. As for the lessons and the "hard places on the map," they were left to take care of themselves. The "hole in the pocket" could not be so easily disposed of, for Charles declared that his pencils would slip through if it wasn't "run up." Up stairs again went the patient father, to consult Mrs. Baker's work-box. After marbles, nails, jack-knives, strings, fish-hooks and a dubious pocket-handkerchief had been emptied, and the receptacle for this heterogeneous mass duly turned (Charles had gathered up one corner and tied a piece of twine around it), Mr. Baker proceeded to repair the rent with something greatly resembling a darning-needle.

"Running down" would have been as intelligible as "running up," to the puzzled looking man who had placed the owner of the pocket in a chair that he might be reached more conveniently, and now stood contemplating the "hole" with evident misgiving. If he had been about to sew up a wound in the boy's flesh, he could not have taken the first stitch with less reluctance. His needle unthreaded twice (it took him in the first instance five minutes to thread it) and once rolled out of his large fingers to the floor, where it required father and two sons to find it; but after Mr. Baker had worked himself into a profuse perspiration by his efforts, Charles was of the opinion that it would "hold;" of which his progenitor was by no means certain. Next the "jammed" hat was produced. Mr. Baker manipulated it this way and that, but its crushed proportions defied his skill; it went "jammed" to school. Flattering himself that nothing more was wanted, the demonstrator of the new system wiped his face, and breathed a sigh of relief.

"My shoe string's broken; can't I have a new one?" inquired William, inspecting his foot, with a look of concern.

Mr. Baker groaned.

"Get it yourself, can't you?" he replied, with a frown.

"Don't know where to find one," said the boy; and then as he turned to Charles, "I wish mother wouldn't go away; father's so cross."

There was no help for it, Mr. Baker got up, searched in all improbable places for the article wanted, and finally made another visit to his wife's work-box, taking therefrom a piece of white cord which was quickly inserted into the shoe. The lad was not exactly satisfied with the color of his string, but the countenance of his father was not promising enough for complaint.

"What are you waiting for?" demanded the latter, sternly, perceiving that the boys still lingered, as if wishing, yet half afraid to speak.

"School's been begun most an hour; must have an excuse; get punished for being tardy if we don't," spoke up Charles.

"I've half a mind to make you go without one, for spoiling hats and breaking shoe strings," responded the impatient father. "However, one of you go and get the inkstand, and I'll write one; I can't wait upon you any longer."

A boy bounded up the staircase, seized the ink-stand and bounded down, spilling half its contents, and upsetting a smaller boy.

"Why can't boys (and he might have added *men*) carry anything without stopping?" grumbled Mr. Baker, surveying the black circle which the ink-stand left on the table-cloth. "I wish I had gone myself!"

The remedy for tardiness being put upon paper, Charles and William went on their way rejoicing, to the great satisfaction of the senior Baker.

It must not be supposed that the three smaller juveniles were inactive during this relaxation of surveillance. Rare reasons are children. Perceiving no watchful eyes upon them, they commenced amusing themselves in their own way. The movable part of the stove-hearth had been taken out by Mr. Baker to facil-

itate the process of "drawing;" and this was too promising an opening for Masters Frank and Frederic to resist. Their chubby hands and the bed of warm ashes were soon in contact; while tiny heaps began to multiply upon the floor under their nimble fingers, between which they made railroads, placing chips there-upon for cars, and a large piece of coal for an engine.

Miss Fanny (who had begun to realize that she had powers of locomotion) was an interested observer of these proceedings, until the idea entered her juvenile brain that she could do a small business on her own account. Spying a pair of scissors, she slipped down from her high chair and gained, unnoticed, possession of them. Still as a mouse, she seated herself under the table where Mr. Baker had thrown her clothes. A pretty dress happened to lie nearest her hand, which she was not long in trying the edge of the scissors upon. They ran along smoothly through the pliant cloth, and the little lady rather liked it; she cut more, and went on cutting until the pretty spotted print had lost its original shape, resembling nothing so much as a pile of patchwork. But a hearty shaking and an ungente *sitting down* changed the current of her thoughts and the bent of her inclinations. As Aunt Debby would say, Mr. Baker looked "tried." He had a decided aversion to corporeal punishment, but he never came nearer to administering it than when he saw the ash heaps and the remnants of Fanny's dress; as it was, the shaking was given with a will.

That his eyes could not be everywhere was fully obvious; that children required more watching, much stricter attention than he had before imagined, was another evident conclusion; and that the labor of attending to the wants of five young Bakers was not inconsiderable nor to be performed without fatigue, he was also, just then, inclined to admit. He had assuredly "started right," yet for some singular reason, his system didn't work to his mind. It had met with unexpected obstacles, and was rapidly running off the track. Half the day was nearly spent. What had he accomplished? Nothing—absolutely nothing; or at least, that was the word he felt sure Mrs. Baker would have chosen to apply to his morning's work.

Still there was yet time to redeem his mistakes; between that and night, he promised himself to take a new tack; to triumphantly walk over the difficulties relating to the management of children.

After proper reprimands, the trio of offenders were placed upon chairs where they remained perched until Mr. Baker's back was turned, when they slid down noiselessly to look about for amusement. The culinary department required attention; five hungry mouths would soon be wanting dinner, and our housekeeper purposed trying his skill at a soup. Mrs. Baker made very good soups, but he was confident he could make a better. He was sometime in getting the materials together, and once he came very near scalding one of his male heirs, who persisted in disregarding his directions to "keep off;" but the necessary articles were at length collected in a kettle and put to simmering over the fire, which he made of such intensity that he burned his compound in less than half an hour. That accident didn't add to the fineness of its flavor, which he was a little suspicious of before, from the fact that he had, in an unlucky moment, substituted ginger for pepper. But congratulating himself that "the children wouldn't taste it," he poured his preparation into a large tureen, and seating his noisy boys and girl, who were clamoring for "something to eat," he proceeded to divide the spoils. All being duly served, Mr. Baker stirred the soup thoroughly and helped himself to a ladle-full. The first mouthful was smart—the next smarter—the third smartest. That was owing to the ginger. But then ginger was highly sanative, and prized for many purposes; that was no disparagement to the soup. His mouth felt uncomfortably warm, while an incessant call for "drink" kept him trotting busily between the pump and the table.

But though he sily wet his own lips with the cooling liquid, he was not going to retire vanquished from the field, albeit the bitter mingled with the sweet. He made another dive at the bottom of the dish, bringing up a suspicious looking object, which he deposited upon his plate for closer inspection. It proved to be one of Fanny's shoes; and it was neither nice nor tender. That did not increase his appetite, or add to his admiration of that young lady's behaviour. No one participated in this discovery but Charley, whose astonished exclamations were cut short by a frown from his father, who dexterously pushed the dripping shoe between the tureen and a large pitcher, that eight other eyes might not detect it.

"What torments children are!" mentally ejaculated Mr. Baker, wiping his moist forehead, after dinner. "It isn't possible the little plagues act like this all the time! If they do, I shouldn't blame most women for committing suicide or going crazy! Here I've questioned the mischievous imps, and not one of them knows anything about that confounded shoe. I've a good mind to whip 'em all and put 'em to bed!"

But the performance of this threat would prevent a satisfactory demonstration of his system; therefore it was given up as inexpedient.

Stepping out a moment for something which he needed, he charged his charges (Charles and William having gone to school again) to be very quiet and do no mischief in the interim. A sheer waste of words! Mischief lurked in their eyes, smiled on their lips; mischief was largely represented in their compositions, and it must have an outlet. Scarcely had the door closed behind the retiring Mr. Baker, than the trio started on a voyage of discovery. Frank, being the oldest, led the expedition, which took for its first field of operations, the kitchen closet. Pushing a chair before him to render less difficult the pleasant task in prospective, he mounted it and took a peep into the sugar-bowl. Generously giving his brother and sister two small lumps apiece, he stuffed his own

mouth to repletion, casting, meantime, longing glances at a jar of jam beyond his reach. A logical mind had Master Frank for a boy of five. He thought that if he had a high chair, or was as tall as Charley, he could touch the coveted article; the next link in the chain of his reasoning was, how could he make the chair he was in, higher? A square box stood on a shelf on a level with his feet. He jumped down, pushed it into the chair, and climbed up again. Now for the jam! His little mouth and two other little mouths watered for the delicious compound. He knew he was "doing mischief," but that very knowledge made him more eager to touch the earthen jar; for is it not a truism that stolen fruit is the sweetest? Standing on his toes, and stretching his body as much as convenient, he was about grasping the treasure, when down came boy, box and chair—chair uppermost. The young climber was not heavy, yet his weight was sufficient to break the slight box cover, plunge his feet into a layer of choice honeycomb, slide the box off, and overturn the chair.

Much surprised at this unlooked-for manifestation, but not a bit hurt, Master Frank essayed to rise. That, however, promised to be a matter of some difficulty, inasmuch as both feet were firmly imbedded in the sticky substance. By struggling he extricated himself, and the expectant ones, having no scruples against the contact of honey and leather, set about regaling themselves in the primitive mode—with their fingers. Freddy, in reaching over Fanny for his share, dropped a liberal allowance on her head and his apron, and then tried to repair his mistake by rubbing both with his hands, to the detriment of the silky hair, which assumed at every brush of his fingers a still gummier aspect.

In the midst of this sweet repast Mr. Baker returned. One glance at Frank's feet, Frederic's apron and Fanny's head, including their hands and faces, and the dripping box upon the floor, explained the nature of what presented itself. He shook one, boxed a second, and slapped the third, before recollecting that he was opposed to physical punishment. And Fanny's hair! What would Mrs. Baker say! How *should* he get the honey off? He was undecided where or how to begin. He had just taken her locks in hand when the door-bell was heard to ring. Commanding the offenders on no account to leave the room, he started for the door. It was a lady friend whose acquaintance he valued. He shook hands with her heartily, and invited her in. The lady was polite, but eyed her glove furtively. Our founder of a new system thought of his hands and apologized, telling some out-of-the-way story, extremely improbable.

The disagreeable subject was hardly disposed of, before the three victims of honey made their debut, bashfully sliding in, one after the other, Frank with his shoes sticking to the Brussels at every step, Frederic with dripping apron, and Fanny in her night-dress (Mr. Baker hadn't been able to find anything to take the place of the cut one) and bare feet (one shoe was under the stove drying).

The father of this interesting group peremptorily ordered them out, and wished himself in Japan. Was there ever a man so harassed by adverse circumstances and—children! The lady, not finding her host very talkative, and somewhat flurried in manner, withal, took leave very soon; thinking the little Bakers not at all attractive and shockingly neglected; while the disturbed master of the mansion took his way to the kitchen, lamenting the inauspicious chance that had shown her his progeny in such a plight. Mrs. Baker would never forgive his agency in the unfortunate occurrence, priding herself as she did on the general cleanliness and tidiness of her offspring. What could possess the little torments to come trooping in unbidden, with their fingers in their mouths, and said mouths very dirty? To plague him, doubtless, and make their mother miserable when she came to hear of it.

In this perturbed state of mind, Fanny's hair got badly pulled, in his frantic attempts to remove the deposits thereon. It was hard work, rather, the flaxen curls being tangled and matted together in a way that made him feel uncomfortably cross. Fanny bore the pulling heroically, at first; but as the process grew more complicated, began to whimper, finally relieving her pent up feelings by a loud outcry, in which she was joined by Freddy who began to be frightened by the threatening glances of his offended parent.

It was somewhere in the vicinity of four o'clock when Mr. Baker got time to sit down. His limbs ached with weariness, and his head felt fit for nothing but a pillow. Yet desirous of showing his wife that he could find leisure for what he had purposed doing, he produced pen, ink and paper, and commenced a letter; writing, to begin with, with one eye on his sheet and the other on the children, who were penitently sitting in a row, just still enough to be meditating more mischief. The indefatigable but unfortunate Baker was soon absorbed in his occupation, forgetful of the responsibility resting upon him. Casually raising his eyes at length, he beheld Fanny with a suspicious looking vial to her lips, and hastened to take it from her. Unlucky child! it was labelled "Laudanum."

The effect of this terrific discovery upon the nervous system of the father was most startling. It was the grand climax of his experiment—fatal alike to that and to Fanny. The vial was empty, but still emitted a flavor of the execrable drug which it had contained. No time was to be lost. The paternal Baker caught up his hat and ran for medical aid at a speed truly indicative of the pressing emergency. He was tearing by Mr. Ball's house at a frantic pace, when he was hailed by Mrs. Baker, who, from the window of her friend's dwelling had perceived his hurried advance.

"What, for pity's sake, is the matter, Mr. Baker?" cried the anxious wife.

"Fanny—laudanum—doctor!" replied he, much out of breath.

"There's not a drop of laudanum in the house," added Mrs. Baker.

"The vial—the vial!" exclaimed the husband, in tones so tragical that they were frightfully Othello-like.

"There was nothing in it."

"Are you sure?"

Mrs. Baker assured him that she was entirely sure, and the alarmed father began to live again. After enjoying the revulsion a moment, he said, with as much coolness as he could summon:

"I guess I'll go back;" then, very kindly added, after taking the first homeward step, "if you are most ready to go, I'll wait for you."

Mrs. Baker was quite ready to accompany the founder of the new system for the proper training of children.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Baker, that you didn't get a good start," she remarked, glancing at the children and their various occupations.

Frank had produced his father's blacking, and was perseveringly engaged in putting a layer of that material over the stratum of dried honey that had adhered to his shoes since the notable accident of the earlier part of the day; but not being well skilled in that branch of industry, made copious deposits upon the floor and his face; Frederic was building a fire of little sticks and shavings upon the hearth-rug, with very good success, having just produced a flame which burned much to his satisfaction; and Fanny, who had a sweet tooth, was up to her eyes in honey again.

There were traces of the day's march of confusion, disorder and destruction in every direction the prudent housewife could turn her eyes. Mr. Baker shrank into himself in absolute dismay; and when he saw Mrs. Ball glide in, with an expression mercilessly quizzical, he undertook to make a desperate rush from the premises. But he couldn't do it; his egress was prevented by Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Ball.

"The system is demonstrated!" quoth Mrs. Ball.

"Its practical working is proved beyond a doubt!" added Mrs. Baker.

"Let me go! let me leave the country!"

"How nice everything looks!" pursued Mrs. Ball, taking a general survey of the room.

"It's a wonderful system!" continued Mrs. Baker. "There's no honey on Fanny's hair; no blacking on Frank's face; no ink on Freddy's hands; no ashes on the floor; no grease nor butter on the table-cloth; no chips on the stove; no water in the chairs; no crumbs on the shelves; no confusion and disorder anywhere prevalent! How stupid women are, not to know how to take care of children, and how silly they are to complain of troubles and trials, when the whole thing can be reduced to a science!"

"Come, Ellen, what's the use?" interposed Mr. Baker, deprecatingly.

"A science! only think!" resumed Mrs. Ball.

"And the grand secret is in getting a 'fair start,'" pursued Mrs. Baker.

"Your husband's name must be mentioned at the next 'Woman's Rights Convention,' for appropriate honors! What light he reflects on the wearers of the bifurcate, generally!" suggested Mrs. Ball.

"What kind of a hat do you prefer, Mr. Baker—a stove pipe section, a Kossuth, or a Wide-awake?" queried his fairer half.

"A Wide-awake! most probably," asserted Mrs. Ball.

Mr. Baker said not a word, but nervously drew forth his pocket book and took therefrom ten dollars, which he handed to his wife with a subdued manner that was very significant; it was an appropriation for a new velvet bonnet—an eloquent confession of the fallibility of his system. An elegant piece of head-gear, which attracted much attention, appeared in the Baker pew the next Sabbath.

The moral of our story is obvious. Woman's life is, to the majority of men, a profound secret; they know little of its trials; its cares, labors and perplexities are an arcanum so deep and mystical, that they pass on through the trodden way of existence, receiving of her ministrations without pausing to ask the cost of what is enjoyed without cessation from the cradle to the final resting place of humanity.

THE TRUE WOMAN.

The true woman, for whose ambition a husband's love and her children's adoration are sufficient, who applies her military instincts to the discipline of her household, and whose legislative faculties exercise themselves in making laws for her nurse; whose intellect has field enough for her in communion with her husband, and whose heart asks no other honors than his love and admiration; a woman who does not think it a weakness to attend to her toilet and who does not disdain to be beautiful, who believes in the virtue of glossy hair and well-fitting gowns, and who eschews rents and ravelled edges, slipshod shoes and audacious make-ups; a woman who speaks low, and does not speak much; who is patient and gentle, and intellectual and industrious; who loves more than she reasons, and yet does not love blindly; who never scolds and rarely argues, but adjusts with a smile; such a woman is the wife we have all dreamed of once in our lives, and is the mother we still worship in the backward distance.—*Dickens.*

A SUNBEAM ON THE STAGE.

I once saw a sunbeam stealing through a crevice in the roof, and glancing upon the darkened stage, at a rehearsal. That single streak of golden light, falling upon the dust, and paint, and faded scenery, and glaring imitations of nature, spoke to me, in a thrilling tone, of green, murmuring foliage; of air voiceful with rural sounds; of the flower-studded earth; of nature's rich storehouse of vernal treasures; of all that sunbeam shone upon, far away from this mockery and drudgery, this mimicry and misery. As I watched the beam illuminating the surrounding gloom, my mind was filled with fresh and strengthening aspirations that belonged not to this life of representation, that had no affinity with the place and the hour. It is years ago, yet I have never forgotten that one ray of light, and the sensations and reflections which it called into existence.—*Anna Cora Ritchie.*



DECK OF THE U. S. FRIGATE CONSTITUTION, AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE ACTION WITH THE BRITISH FRIGATE GUERRIERE, AUGUST 19, 1812.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

THE BANDIT CHIEFTAIN TO HIS STEED.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

Ha, ha! they're thinking to capture the wind!
To imprison the foaming wave!
Good Fayjah, we'll leave them afar behind—
Allah preserves the brave.
We'll leave them afar on the desert's track—
We'll leave them afar on the shore;
Neither the Arab nor steed can slack
Till enemies scent them no more.

Ha, ha! they're thinking to weary thee, pet,
With their fresh relays of post!
They will prove the Arab and steed well met—
Fayjah against a host!
Push on, push onward, my gallant steed—
Onward for home and life!
My child will divide with thee half of his bread;
Thou'lt share the cares of my wife.

Courage, good courage, Mahiratta's bright gem,
Pride of the lord of Ind!
Thou art worthy a star in my diadem—
Ha, ha! can they chain the wind?
Courage, good steed, for thou bearest a king—
The chief of a lordly band:
These Englishmen deem it a laudable thing
To rifle our own good land.

Courage, good Fayjah, they're hunting us now—
But they know not the path to the cave;
They're thinking to twine round their own haughty brow
The glories that round us wave.
Courage, once more, and a season of rest
Shall reward thy devotion and pain;
To-morrow at sunrise, with dancing crest,
The bandit will scour the plain.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

THE BLACK SADDLE-MARE.

BY HORACE R. STANFORD.

KARL VON DUNDERMAN lived near the town of Greffelbach, on a small stream emptying into the Kocher, in the department of Jagst, in Wirtemberg. Karl owned a mill there, that he had bought since he had become an old man. It was an old mill, but a good one, and Karl had as much grain as he could possibly grind brought to his place. He ran the mill two years alone, and then, as he found he was growing blind and weak, he hired a stout man to come and take charge. The person whom he hired was Martin Hoffman, a poor, deformed man, with such a hump on his back as made him almost lightful to behold. Karl's family was a small one, there being only himself and Barbara Luben, who was only fifteen years old, and yet Karl declared she was the best cook in the country. He had taken her when she was eight years old, her parents having died. At that time Karl had lost his wife, and having no children about him to love, he took little Barbara, and she was so comely and good, he loved her as if she had been of his own flesh and blood. Barbara lost none of her comeliness as she grew up, but rather grew more handsome.

There was one other thing on the premises that Karl loved, and that was the black saddle-mare he had owned for thirteen years. She was a good beast, but would not work in harness; yet she would carry enormous loads on her back. But Karl only wanted her for a saddle beast, for since he had grown old and fat he found it difficult to walk much. This mare was jet black in color, and as handsome in form as any horse in Jagst. Karl had owned her from a little colt, and he would sooner have sold his mill than his black saddle-mare.

But Karl Von Dunderman had seen his mill for the last time, and for the last time had he ridden his black mare. Death had come to call him away. He called Barbara to his side and said:

"Barbara, you see I am dying. There is no use in your crying, for I must go—and I am old enough, too. Now I have given all my property to you, save fifty ducats which I have given to Martin. The mill is yours, and you must hire Martin to work it; and besides the mill I leave you over two thousand ducats. Thus you see, you are very rich, for the mill will not only support you, but pay you something handsome beside. Now of course many young men will try to get you for a wife. And now I must have a solemn promise from you. You shall never marry a man until you have seen him ride the black saddle-mare. When a man comes whom you do not want, just send him off at once; but should one come whom you would be willing to have for a husband, you must tell him the conditions on which you will accept him. He must saddle the black mare, and ride her up the hill and back again. If he does this, then take him; but if he does it not, then send him away. And mind you, no man can try but once. If he fails the first time he must give it up."

"But," said Barbara, "then I shall surely marry the first man who tries, for there cannot be a kinder beast."

"I know how kind she is. But allowing it happens as you say, you cannot object, for you are not to let them try unless you would like them. But this shall not always last, you know, for the black mare cannot live till you are very old. You are now only fifteen, so by the time you are thirty the mare will be pretty well worn out. But you shall keep her as well as you can, and be very careful she does not get injured. Now to all this will you give me your solemn promise?" And Barbara promised very solemnly.

And Karl made Barbara give one more promise, and that was, always to use the same saddle she now owned; and she gave this promise the more readily because her saddle was a very beautiful as well as strong and durable one.

After this Karl Von Dunderman died, and after he was buried Barbara went home and was sad and lonesome. Martin Hoffman came to live with her, and though he was cheerful and kind, yet it was a long time before she could become reconciled to the loss of her old protector; but when the spring birds came, and the pretty flowers began to bloom, she laughed once more, and her soul came back to its joyousness. One day, while overhauling the papers Karl had left in his old desk, she found a note directed to her. The superscription was in Karl's hand, and the note was strongly sealed. She was just going to open the missive when she saw some writing beneath the superscription, and it read as follows: "*Barbara must not open this until she is married, nor must she allow any one else to do so. I know she will not disobey.*"

For a while Barbara wished to know what was inside of this letter, but she remembered she had never disobeyed her foster-father while he lived, and she would not now darken her remembrance of him by doing it; and so she placed it again in the desk.

Time passed on, and when Barbara was seventeen she was one of the handsomest girls in the neighborhood. She and Martin lived pleasantly together, for she had become used to his deformity, and he absolutely worshipped her. The mill kept working away all the while, its great wheel groaning and rumbling always while the sun was up, and often by candle-light, for Martin was faithful.

During this time several men had sought the maiden's hand, but she had turned them off without a question. At length, there came a young man whom she did not dislike. His name was John Forstern, the son of an inn-keeper in Greffelbach. But Barbara was discreet, and resolved ere she allowed her affections to become fixed by further intimacy, to put John to the test.

"Come, sweet Barbara—you must allow me to love you," said the youth, upon his knees.

"And why should I do that?" she asked.

"Because I would have you for a wife," was the response.

"You are plain," replied Barbara, "and I will be equally so. Before I can give you any answer you must saddle Von Dunderman's black mare, and ride her up to the top of the hill and back again. I promised old Karl that I would not marry a man who could not do this."

"The old man was wise," cried John, rapturously. "He would have you take a man of nerve for a husband. And yet how simple a job that must be, for you ride the beast at will."

"And mind," added the maiden, "you can make but one trial."

"Very proper," returned John. "The man who could not handle so kind a beast, would not be worthy of so kind a wife."

So the black saddle-mare was led out, and saddled and bridled.

"Dear Barbara," cried Forstern, "I am the happiest of men. To the top of the hill and back, you say?"

"Yes."

"Then hold your love till I am back. Now here's up!"

As he spoke he vaulted into the saddle, and commenced to draw the rein; but—"O! Ah! What the—Whoa!"

But neither force nor entreaty could make the black mare go ahead. She only reared and plunged furiously, and finally, by springing erect on her hind legs, managed to throw her would-be rider. Barbara was sorry; and she said so,—but she could not help it. So John Forstern went away professing to be very miserable.

Lovers kept coming—some for the pretty girl herself, and some for the money and the mill. Among the former at length came Peter Rothendorf. He was a well-looking young man, of respectable family. Barbara had known him some time, and she knew him to be a good, kind man. She felt sure she should love him if he continued his addresses, for she respected him now, and even felt happy when she saw him coming. But she forgot not her promise to her protector, and she told Peter the conditions on which he could continue his visits.

"But that is too easy a task for so rich a prize," the young man cried. "I am an experienced horseman, and may as well call the work done."

"But you must do it," said Barbara.

"Of course—and it shall be done at once, too. 'Hail, happy day, that sees my love my own.'"

And with this scrap upon his lips Peter Rothendorf went out. Martin led the black mare from the stable, and as soon as the saddle and bridle were on, the young man mounted. He waved his hat to Barbara, and then whistled to the mare. The animal's first movement was a sudden spring, sideways, to the left—then, as suddenly, to the right—then three lightning-like leaps forward, and then, in an instant, a rearing straight upon the hind feet. Poor Peter Rothendorf went over the mare's head and lighted in the great water-butt by the fence. Barbara went sadly into the house, and Peter went sadly home.

The next whom the maiden fancied was Rodolf Silthofen. He also passed through the ordeal, and instead of reaching the top of the hill upon the black mare's back, found himself in the mill-brook upon his own back.

Poor Barbara began to fear she should never get a husband, for these repeated failures rather tended to make her want a companion. Within the next year five young lovers tried the task, and they all failed. The black mare seemed bewitched.

By-and-by Barbara was twenty-one years old, and when she looked into her mirror she knew she was beautiful. Eleven lovers—good young men—had confessed her charms, but they had been driven off by the strange fatality attached to the black saddle-mare.

One day a new lover came to the mill. He said his name was Karl Thanhauser. He was not far from seven-and-twenty, with a bold, frank face, a fine, dark eye, glossy hair, that hung in nut-brown curls, and stout and strong of frame. His voice was like music, and his smiles like the summer's sun. He had little money, but a great deal of genius. He came up first to paint the old mill—not to cover the fabric itself with paint, but to paint its counterpart

on canvass; and while doing this he worked in the house, and took his meals there. After the mill was done he painted some more pictures of scenery thereabouts; and then he said he must paint Barbara's likeness. To this the maiden readily consented, for she liked the young artist's companionship. Before the portrait was done she wished he would ask her to be his wife, so she could put him to the test. And finally the question was proposed.

Karl asked her plainly to love him, and be his wife. For an instant she thought of accepting him without running the fearful risk of losing him, for her heart would break if she were to lose him now. But her truth triumphed, and she told the artist he must ride the black saddle-mare to the top of the high hill and back again ere she could give him an answer.

"And why is this?" Karl asked.

"Because my old foster-father Karl Von Dunderman made me promise never to marry a man until he had done it."

"And have any tried it yet?"

"Yes—eleven have tried, and failed."

"Sweet Barbara," cried the young man, clasping the maiden to his bosom and kissing her, "I shall not lose you. Thou art mine."

Again Martin put saddle and bridle upon the black mare and led her forth. Karl gathered the rein in his hand, and then put his foot in the stirrup. Then with a cheerful whistle he brought the beast a gentle cut with his whip, and—she put her nose forward and trotted off. Away to the top of the hill she went, and then came back again, and then he alighted.

"Now what say you?" the youth cried, as he clasped the maiden once more to his bosom.

She only laid her head on his shoulder, and said she was very happy. It was arranged that they should be married in one week.

On the very evening before the marriage was to take place, the lovers sat together upon the door-stone.

"Barbara," the youth said, "it is me you love, and not my name, eh?"

"Certainly. But why do you ask such a question?"

"Because my name is not Thanhauser. My true name is Karl Von Dunderman."

"What, the same name as my good foster-father bore?"

"Yes—he gave it to me."

"He?—my father?"

"Yes. I was his own son."

For awhile Barbara was incredulous.

"When I was only twelve years old," explained Karl, "I ran away. My father whipped me very severely, and, as I thought, without cause. I got one letter from him, in which he threatened to send an officer after me if I did not come home. Of course this was not the kind of letter to move me. I made my way into Italy; got a place in an artist's studio, and finally gained a knowledge of the art myself. When I had become able to gain my own livelihood I set about it; and as soon as I had laid up money enough to defray my expenses I started for home. At Mainhardt, where my father used to live, I first learned that he was dead; and there, too, I learned that he had left his whole property to an adopted daughter, who was not only very beautiful, but who yet remained single after a hundred proposals for her hand. It was not the wish for my father's wealth that drew me here—I only wished to see and know the being who had been his to love, and who had taken my place; for as I grew up I loved my father more. I came, and I was not long in loving you. So now you know all."

On the next day they were married, and then Barbara told Karl about the letter. So they went and got it, and upon opening it they found it to read as follows:

"TO BARBARA, MY BELOVED CHILD,—Once I had a son. He left me when only twelve years old, and it was my own harshness that drove him away. Should he ever come back, it would be my holiest wish that he might become your husband. But I can hardly hope so much. Yet ere I die, if he comes not back again before, I shall leave you with a restriction toward this end. But I will not leave it so that any unprincipled man can step in and claim to be my son, as some might do in hope of thereby gaining some of the property I leave. I think my son is the only man besides Martin, who can ride the black saddle-mare, therefore I shall use that test. Yet I would not leave this to you so that it might prevent you from gaining a husband, for were you to know of my wish you might put off honest lovers without use or benefit."

"And if my wish kept you from a husband longer than you could desire, the knowledge that it was my earnest prayer will surely remove all unpleasant feelings. If you do ever see my son, tell him his father loved him well, and in his last hours of life blamed him not."

VON DUNDERMAN."

"And how could you ride the black saddle-mare when none others could do it?" asked Barbara, as they both wiped away their tears.

"Ah, it was very simple," returned Karl, with a smile. "It was I who broke the mare when she was a colt, and to prevent the neighbors' boys, and any others, from riding her clandestinely, and also to be rid of the pest of borrowers, I taught her to allow no one to ride her who mounted upon the *near side*. By perseverance I got her so that she would throw even me off if I mounted upon the side which it is always customary to use for that purpose. If you will look at your own saddle you will notice that it is made 'wrong side to,' as others would call it; and Martin, I find, knew the secret. Of course no man, not in this secret, would think of mounting upon the *off side*; so my father knew that if I did return, I, and I alone, could ride the beast. Are you sorry the mare threw off so many lovers for you?"

"O, no, Karl," murmured the maiden, with happy tears in her eyes, "I am very glad, for now I have the right one. If you had been thrown off I should never have tried again."

"Why so, dearest?"

"Because my heart would have been thrown off, too, and broken in its fall."

Of course Karl Von Dunderman was satisfied—and so was Barbara—and, more than all, so was the BLACK SADDLE-MARE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SWEET CECILE LISLE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

It happened in this wise—years ago,
In Manna-Hatta's far-famed isle,
Beside the sparkling Hudson's flow,
I met the Lady Cecile Lisle.

Her eyes were blue as violets are,
And on each cheek was throned a smile;
And travel near, or travel far,
You'd find no fairer ones the while.

Pebbles were lying round her feet:
Lilies were nestling in her hair,
Fresh from the forest's dim retreat,
And, like the wearer, pure and fair.

I saw no archer bend his bow—
I heard no arrow cleave the air;
But this, and only this, I know,
My heart was wounded then and there.

The tide went downward to the sea,
The white ships floated with the tide;
And then methought how sweet 'twould be,
With Lady Cecile as my bride.

To stem the current of the years,
Heart-nerved by hope, by love, by pride—
Borne swiftly by the boat of fears,
And reach at last Port Sanctified.

The golden-sandaled autumn came,
As summer doffed her robe de rose;
And Cecile took another name
That gave my wounded heart repose.

She whispered vows of love and truth,
The pastor words affirming said;
And in the heyday of our youth,
Sweet Cecile Lisle and I were wed.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

REAL LIFE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

"Is there a letter for one Oldfield?" said a stout, decent woman, presenting herself at the window of the post-office delivery, in Norriston, of which office I was then the incumbent. It was a strong Scotch accent in which she spoke, respectful, but quite decided. I looked up involuntarily from my writing, and surveyed the owner of the voice. The clerk was inspecting the pigeon-hole on which the letter O was conspicuously posted, at the same time asking her what was the given name.

"There will be no name but Mistress Oldfield, I am thinking," said the woman.

"Then, here it is," said the clerk, handing her a letter in a thick, handsome envelope, on which was written, in a fine, clear, bold hand, "Mrs. Oldfield, Norriston." It was mailed from Manchester, England.

"Surely, that is from my own son," she said, as she caught sight of the writing, which would not have disgraced Dunton himself. "Do give it me; it is from my William." She took it with a bright smile on her broad, motherly face, that did me good to see. Presently she came back, and with evident reluctance, she asked to have the letter read to her, intimating that she could not read it herself. I took her into my private room, and opened the letter, which was from her son, William Baillie, detailing many circumstances of a family nature.

From it I gathered that he was a clerk in the employ of Dalglish & Co., manufacturers, at Manchester; and farther, that the senior partner was married to the writer's sister, of whom he wrote in terms of warm, brotherly affection, and also of her husband as of an employer whom he honored and respected. The letter, altogether, was one which bespoke a cultivation on the part of the writer, such as could hardly be expected of the son of a woman who could not read.

Afterwards, when I became familiar with the woman's appearance at the window, to which she regularly came whenever the steamer arrived from England, I would take out her letters, and beckon her into my room, where I listened with much interest to the artless story which she at various times related, and which found its confirmation in the many allusions to family matters which her son's letters contained.

Helen Fairlie was a bright, rosy, flaxen-haired and blue-eyed Scottish lassie, with a heart full of kindly and social feelings, and a more than ordinary share of natural good sense; but, unfortunately, with no advantages of education, even in the most common branches, which are at present enjoyed so fully everywhere. To spin, weave, make butter and cheese, and occasionally to look after the sheep when the farm boys were otherwise engaged, was the extent of her accomplishments. Nor did she feel at all mortified by this want of knowledge; for many girls around her, of her own age and station, were equally ignorant. In fact, it was seldom otherwise in the secluded district in which she lived, except with the daughters of professional people, and of those landholders who spent only the summer season on their estates, and migrated with the swallows to the south when winter approached.

To one of these estates came William Baillie, to offer himself as head gardener. He was a gentle, modest, good-looking youth, with some pretensions to education, and was well skilled in his quiet and peaceful occupation.

At a fair in the neighborhood, where the pretty, blue-eyed Helen was carrying off the palm of bellehood among the rustic beaux,

she attracted the notice of the young gardener from Clover Hill; and for a week afterwards the rosebushes and pink-roots were sadly neglected in the garden, so much did he think of the roses and violets in Helen Fairlie's cheeks and eyes. When he asked her to marry him, she did not tell him how deficient she was in many things which he prized most; and when after their marriage he sorrowfully discovered it, he comforted himself that, at all events, she was of a stronger and more resolute nature than himself, upon which his own feeble nature could lean itself; for in matters not pertaining to his calling, William Baillie was timid as a girl.

Three sons and two daughters were born to them; the former inheriting their mother's physical strength and uninterrupted good health, and the latter, their father's gentle disposition. To the mother's care of them when young they owed much. She was firm and decided, but kind; the father was less firm, but he was gentle, and in all intellectual things was their teacher. The children received the full flow of that inner fountain which to their mother was sealed; for Baillie not only imparted to them his knowledge in all the common branches of education, but something, too, of a higher life—a sense of religious trust and repose, into which she could not enter.

But now William Baillie was laid on a sick bed, in consequence of a severe cold which he caught on coming from the green-house into a chilly and biting air. How much he then appreciated Helen's care and good nursing; never had her nature seemed so soft and gentle. To his wakeful eyes, nothing seemed half so lovely as the kind, anxious face that bent above his pillow—nothing so refreshing as the cool hand on his forehead. But her care and affection were alike powerless; and though he lingered till the time when his beloved flowers were in their summer glory, he never arose from that sick bed.

It was now that Helen's resolute and earnest character stood her in good stead. She roused herself to make an effort in behalf of her children, and she took the first advice which seemed reasonable to her. Pursuing this, she took them over to England; and amidst the smoky atmosphere of the Manchester factories, she found employment for all her family save one. This was Andrew, the eldest, who strongly objected to a life of such confinement and restraint. He had breathed the free air of the Scottish hills too long to bear such a change. "If I must live in smoke, dearest mother," said he, "it shall be in the smoke of battle." And he accordingly enlisted as a soldier. It was Helen's second great trial, but she bore it without complaint, and saw him off with calmness and fortitude.

Now she busied herself in the care of providing for her other children, who, confined through the long days at the factory, were delighted to get back at evening and partake of the social evening meal, which her willing hands prepared for them. But still, her days were necessarily passed alone. No pleasant, friendly neighbor (such as she had by dozens almost in Scotland) ever came to while away her time; and she who had lived in the social freedom of a Scottish neighborhood, found her present situation intolerable, from the perpetual reserve and restraint which environed her. She was wholly separated from her children, except the brief hours of their hurried meals—for sleep overtook them the instant they sat down at home, after the fatigues of their daily life.

When, therefore, John Oldfield proposed to share his worldly fortunes with hers, she consented, not from any love towards him, but because she could not bear the loneliness which through the long days was uncheered and solitary, without even the aid which books might have given her. Helen ought to have known—nay, she did know and feel—that there was a great difference between him and William Baillie; but she was easily persuaded to marry him, and her children were unused to dispute her decisions, and she married—married to find that she should have little after all of pleasant companionship, or even of peaceful quietness. For John Oldfield was indolent, wasteful and intemperate; and the money which her children were spending their young strength to earn, was seized by him and spent at the alehouse.

Helen thought long upon what course she ought to take. She could not bear to have her children injured and mortified; so, when little Helen Oldfield was three years old, after much endurance and long-suffering, she persuaded her husband to emigrate to America, as the only way to save her other children from trouble and vexation. Robert Baillie, her second son, married when quite young, and offered his sister Elizabeth a home in his house as long as she wished it. To William and Mary the mother's heart clung fast, and leaving them was the hardest; but even this pang was softened by the knowledge that they were great favorites with the rich manufacturer, and that he had promised Mary a home with his widowed mother, where she would be well cared for. Helen did not then know that he had for some months wavered between Mary's beauty and goodness on one hand, and their connection with John Oldfield on the other.

For Mr. Dalglish was a well-meaning and right-minded man; and he would not have been ashamed of the virtuous poverty of the mother, while he shrank from the contact with such a man as her husband. There was nothing, therefore, to prevent the Oldfields from emigrating, except John's reluctance to make any effort. But Helen's strength of purpose prevailed; so she gathered up all her resolution to bid her children farewell, and with little Helen in her arms, she departed for the ship that was to bear her away from their sight.

"Keep Helen at school," was William's last injunction, as he kissed the fairy little creature, embraced his mother, and shook hands kindly with his stepfather.

They arrived in America in the early spring, and were advised to go to a village in which some factories had been recently erected, and where operatives were wanting. John obtained work

without difficulty, but his irregular habits remained, and he had days of utter listlessness and inactivity from the effects of indulgence. Helen's strong heart did not forsake her; she tried to make him as comfortable as his selfishness would not permit.

Little Helen grew into even more than her mother's beauty, and promised to be as good and wise as she was beautiful. At first her schoolmates laughed at her quaint Scotch attire, to which her mother still clung as to the memory of her native land; but her good breeding, and the sweet voice which uttered such perfect English accents, soon won the hearts of teachers and scholars.

The first letter from England announced Mary's marriage with Mr. Dalglish. The second brought sadder tidings. Andrew, her brave eldest son, was killed in battle; he had fought gallantly more than once, I knew well, for the poor mother showed me, with streaming eyes, the large silver medal which his colonel transmitted to her after his death, with a letter kindly written, containing an account of his bravery.

She had kept it by her a few months, when she received a letter from William (which, by the way, was the one I had first read), asking to have it given to his sister, Mrs. Dalglish, who was anxious to have it in her possession. Perhaps she wished to show to her husband's family that her own was, not altogether undistinguished. Be that as it may, the mother reluctantly resigned it. As some consolation to her for parting with it, I took several fine impressions of it, both in black and red sealing wax, for which she seemed very grateful, as well as for the care I bestowed upon the transmission of the medal to England.

Every letter from William—none ever came from Mrs. Dalglish—contained the most affectionate expressions for little Helen, and seemed to refer to her future residence in England, which he intended to offer her. Indeed, her grand brother-in-law need not be ashamed of her; and I was glad when her mother came to consult me about sending out Helen's daguerreotype to be seen by her English relations. She is a glorious little creature, with the air of a born duchess, and a dignity which will charm Mr. Dalglish, who is now as anxious as any of them for Helen's arrival. At the same time pitying the mother's loneliness after she will have left her, they have offered her a home also, if she will but leave her husband in America.

But the strong-hearted, self-sacrificing mother will not hear of it. She has done her duty through life far better than many who have had the advantages of birth, education, wealth and talent; and she believes in doing her duty still. She feels that she has been led into one great mistake (that of her second marriage), and that she must abide by the consequences.

"After all," she said, smiling, "if I had not married him, I should not have been Helen's mother." And she gazed with a mother's pride on the beautiful picture with which she was about to astonish them in England, as she added, "Queen Victoria has not a child so fair or so good as Helen."

And soon, very soon she will send her, fair and good as she is, and guarded only by the holy influences of a mother's love and prayers, to make a home by some English fireside.

Speed on, white-winged messenger of the sea! Speed on, fleet ship! Thou bearest many sad ones to our shores, but few of these return. Now, thou carriest a young girl and her fortunes; and no English maiden, highborn as she may be, who dwells in marble halls, in the shadow of her ancestral trees, is fairer or purer than Helen.

ALL SORTS OF MINDS.

There is a strong disposition in men of opposite minds to despise each other. A grave man cannot conceive what is the use of wit in society; a person who takes a strong common sense view of the subject, is for pushing out by the head and shoulders, an ingenious theorist, who catches at the slightest and faintest analogies, and another man, who scents the ridiculous from afar, will hold no commerce with him who tests exquisitely the fine feeling of the heart, and is alive to nothing else; whereas talent is talent, and mind is mind, in all its branches! Wit gives to life one of its best flavors, common sense leads to immediate action, and gives society its daily motion; large and comprehensive views its annual rotation; ridicule chastises folly and imprudence, and keeps men in their proper sphere; subtlety seizes hold of the fine threads of truth; analogy darts away in the most sublime discoveries; feeling paints all the exquisite passions of man's soul, and rewards him by a thousand inward visitations, for the sorrows that come from without. God made it all! It is all good! We must despise no sort of talent; they all have their separate duties and uses; all the happiness of man for their object; they all improve, exalt and gladden life.—*Sidney Smith.*

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular Monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is a MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does, one hundred pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the \$3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year, of six hundred pages each, or twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for nearly fifteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR.

from the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also speeded with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, each number being complete in itself.

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Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year; or any person sending us eight subscribers and eight dollars, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

JOHN G. GILBERT.

It is hardly necessary for us to write one word biographical for our Boston readers, concerning this well-known and favorite actor. Mr. Gilbert is a Boston boy, having been born in this city, February 27, 1810, and is consequently 46 years of age. His long connection with the profession, his high order of dramatic talent, his excellent character as a citizen, and his unbounded popularity wherever he is known, have marked him as an individual peculiarly appropriate to be delineated for the gratification of the readers of Ballou's Pictorial. The likeness was drawn for us by Mr. Barry, from a photograph by those well-known artists, Masury & Silsbee. Mr. Gilbert commenced his professional career at the old Tremont Theatre, of Boston, November 28, 1828, making his debut as "Jeffier" to the Belvidera of the celebrated tragic actress, Mrs. Duff, and at once gave promise of the future excellence to which he was destined. He was immediately engaged as one of the stock company of the theatre, then under the management of Mr. Dana, lessee, Joe Cowell being stage manager. The following year, Mr. Gilbert made an engagement with J. H. Caldwell, of the Camp Street Theatre, New Orleans, and remained south and west for the subsequent five years, performing star engagements, and filling permanent positions in various cities. Again returning to this city, he became a stock member of the Tremont, under Mr. Barry's management, playing the principal old men's characters until his (Mr. B.'s) retirement. His next engagement was with Mr. J. S. Jones, at the same house, where he filled the position of stage manager, and also that of a regular acting member of the company, for three years, at which period the theatre was sold for a church. He then joined the National Theatre, Boston, under Mr. Pelby, and when O. C. Wyman revived the Old Federal Street Theatre, he became its stage manager. At the close of the first season here, he went to London, and opened at the Princess Theatre, as Sir Robert Bramble, and engaged here for the season, acting the first old men, playing with Macready, Charlotte Cushman, etc. After a season in London, he returned to this country, and played at the Park Theatre, New York, until its destruction by fire. From thence he went to Philadelphia, where he played three seasons at the Chestnut Street Theatre, where he was eminently popular. At this present writing, Mr. Gilbert and his estimable lady (an actress of high ability) are members of the new Boston Theatre, beliving the saying, that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country"—for few gentlemen upon the stage in this, or any other city, can count more friends and admirers than he. The line of character in which Mr. Gilbert performs is very high and varied, embracing such as Sir Peter Teazle, Falstaff, Sir A. Absolute, Dogberry, Polonius, Shylock, Sir Edward Mortimer, Master Walter, etc., in two of which characters we have never seen him excelled, viz., those of Sir Peter, and as Polonius. The characteristics of Mr. Gilbert's acting are great fidelity to the text and conception of the author, distinct enunciation, great power and flexibility of voice, and a taste in dress which long experience has perfected. His late performance in this city as Calaban, in the Tempest, was a very arduous and remarkable one, night after night producing his careful and nicely conceived characteristics of one of Shakspeare's most peculiar conceptions. We venture nothing in saying, that no actor on our boards is more generally admired, or more justly appreciated than John G. Gilbert. The entire company and general business management of our Boston Theatre are of the first class, and our citizens exhibit a justifiable pride in encouraging, by liberal patronage, so well conducted a temple of dramatic amusement, and where so much good taste is apparent.



JOHN G. GILBERT.

CARS BREAKING THROUGH A SNOW-DRIFT.

We have had some really old-fashioned snow storms in the vicinity of Boston the present winter—storms that blocked up the roads far and near, filled our streets to overflowing with the fleecy fall, and, in short, impeded travel generally. Our artist, Mr. Warren, has sketched for us below an actual scene which he witnessed at the Wellington depot, but a few miles from this city. The snow-plough is seen gallantly dashing the snow from the track, forming a cloudy spray before the train that follows, and burying itself quite out of sight in the drift. On many of our roads, leading to and from Boston, travel was entirely impeded for forty-eight hours at a time, during the late storms, and the same experience has visited various parts of New England. A snow-plough affixed to a train, and in full operation, is really a very picturesque sight.

A Greek maiden being asked what fortune she would bring her husband, replied in the following beautiful and forcible language: "I will bring him what gold cannot purchase—a heart unspotted, and virtue without a stain; which is all that descended to me from my parents."

REMARKABLE TREES.

Among the remarkable trees in the world, the following may be spoken of as the most curious:—*The Brazil Nut Tree*.—The Brazil nut tree may justly command the attention of the enthusiastic naturalist. This tree thrives well in the province of Brazil, and immense quantities of its delicious fruit are annually exported to foreign countries. It grows to the height of from fifty to eighty feet, and in appearance is one of the most majestic ornaments of the forest. The fruit, in its natural position, resembles a cocoa-nut, being extremely hard, and of about the size of a child's head. Each one of these shells contains from twelve to twenty of the three-cornered nuts, very nicely packed together. And to obtain the nuts as they appear in market, these shells have to be broken open. During the season of their falling, it is dangerous to enter the groves where they abound, as the force of their descent is sufficient to knock down the strongest man. The natives, however, provide themselves with wooden bucklers, which they hold over their heads while collecting the fruit from the ground. In this manner they are perfectly secure from injury. *The Cannon Ball Tree*.—Among the plants of Guinea, one of the most curious is the Cannon Ball Tree. It grows to the height of sixty feet, and its flowers are remarkable for beauty and fragrance, and contradictory qualities. Its blossoms are of a delicious crimson, appearing in large bunches, and exhaling a rich perfume; the fruit resembles enormous cannon balls—hence the name. However, some say it has been so called because of the noise the balls make in bursting. From the shell domestic utensils are made, and the contents contain several kinds of acid, besides sugar and gum, and furnish the materials for making an excellent drink in sickness. But singular as this may appear, this pulp, when in a perfectly ripe state, is very filthy, and the odor from it is exceedingly unpleasant. *The Sorrowful Tree*.—At Goa, near Bombay, there is a singular vegetable (the Sorrowful Tree), so called because it flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are to be seen; and yet half an hour after it is quite full of them. They yield a sweet smell, but the sun no sooner begins to shine upon them, than some of them fall off, and others close up; and thus it continues flowering in the night all the year. *The Great Chestnut Tree*.—On one side of Mount Etna there is a famous chestnut tree, which is said to be one hundred and ninety-six feet in circumference, just above the surface of the ground. Its enormous trunk is separated into five divisions, which gives it the appearance of several trees growing together. In a circular space formed by these large branches, a hat has been erected for those who collect the chestnuts. *The Dwarf Tree*.—Captains Kink and Fitzroy state that they saw a tree on the mountains near Cape Horn, which was only one or two inches high, yet had branches spreading out four or five feet along the ground. *The Sack Tree*.—There is said to be a tree in Bombay called the Sack Tree, because from it may be stripped very singular natural sacks, which greatly resemble felt in appearance. *The Ivory-Nut Tree*.—The Ivory-Nut Tree is popularly called the Tagua Plant, and is common in South America. The tree is one of the numerous family of palms; but belonging to the order designated as screw pine tribe; the natives use their leaves to cover their cottages, and from the nuts they make buttons and various other articles. *The Butter Tree*.—On the banks of the Niger, in Africa, they have a tree called the Shea, from which excellent butter is obtained. The tree is like our oak, and the fruit somewhat resembles the Spanish olive. The kernel of the fruit is dried in the sun and then boiled; and the butter thus obtained is whiter, firmer, and of a richer flavor than that obtained from a cow, besides keeping sweet a year without salt.—*New York Sunday Dispatch*.



BREAKING THROUGH A SNOW-DRIFT, AT WELLINGTON HILL DEPOT.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The pioneer among the miscellaneous weekly press, "The Flag of our Union" has proved the most popular and successful. After ten years of profitable existence it is now more pleasing and attractive than ever.—*Quincy Patriot*.

Few papers can compete with *The Flag of our Union* as it regards its originality, numbering, as it does, among its contributors a large list of the best names, while its matter is always chaste and entertaining.—*Daily Bee, Boston*.

Carefully printed upon fine white paper, and filled with original matter from beginning to end. "The Flag of our Union" merits the extraordinary popularity which it has enjoyed for ten consecutive years.—*Ladies' Repository*.

Go where you will, from Maine to California, you are sure to see "The Flag of our Union" in nearly every family circle. Mr. Ballou evinces great taste and liberality in the publication of this charming weekly.—*Burlington Sentinel*.

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HINTS TO BE HEHEDED.

We have often wondered that our daily journals, which are all so wide awake to the movements of the times, political, social, scientific and literary, do not publish, at stated intervals, an "Art Prices Current," which would show the statistic-loving public at how low a cost the materials for superb galleries are being heaped up in this favored land. The choicest gems of the grandest old masters are daily knocked down at our public auction-rooms, in large quantities, for a mere song. Why can't we have regular quotations—"Teniers, lively—Rembrandts, shaded down—Titians, firm—Guidos, fluctuating?" In respect to these marvels of art, we are particularly favored over the benighted countries which produced them. In Italy, a Guido or a Titian is worth 5000 or 6000 guineas—the passage across the Atlantic reduces their value to forty or fifty dollars. And observe in this the generosity of foreign picture-dealers, and their liberal desire to encourage a taste for art in this country. Half a dozen originals are a princely fortune to their possessor in Europe; but he renounces his hopes of gain, though his pictures are his all, and sends them to this great republic to be disposed of for a few hundreds of dollars, simply from a genuine devotion to the best interests of art. Of course, we are speaking on the supposition that the assertions of the catalogues as to the genuineness of these productions are reliable. Who would doubt the veracity of a catalogue? As well might you call in question the items of a bulletin, or a lady's statement of her age, or the remarkable events chronicled by Munchausen, or by Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, the pioneer of travellers. No; we insist upon it that our market is deluged with genuine old masters, and that every man of moderate fortune may acquire, if he choose, a gallery surpassing that of Dresden in artistic wealth.

ENGLAND AND THE WAR.—The peace party of Great Britain are making strenuous efforts to bring about a cessation of hostilities between the belligerent powers. England has gained nothing yet by this protracted contest. France has won "glory" by the wholesale, but it is a costly article.

OUR DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—It will be seen by reference to our Magazine imprint, that we send a gratis copy to any postmaster, or other individual, who sends us eight subscribers.

SPLINTERS.

.... People in New England do not complain for want of snow the present season—the "crop" is abundant.

.... W. H. Perry's wife deserted him in New York, in consequence of which he shot himself, poor fellow.

.... Miss Louisa Howard has proved a good card and great favorite this winter at our Howard Athenæum.

.... They have passed stringent laws in Illinois and enforce them, to preserve the game from January to August.

.... The *Old 'Un* (may his tribe increase!) has been quite ill, but he is now convalescent, thanks to good nursing!

.... There have passed through the Chicago post-office, in the last three months, 14,368,000 newspapers and printed documents.

.... A sleighing party left Boston the other day, all good friends, but *all fell out* with each other before returning.

.... The insurance companies of Providence, R. I., wont insure any building in which liquor is retailed to the public.

.... The fact that Boston is the healthiest city in the world, is the cause of general remark at home and abroad.

.... A deaf mute lately defined gratitude as being the memory of the heart. True, very, and poetical as true.

.... Flour and provisions of all kinds have fallen in price, and the good time coming seems to be close at hand.

.... A woman named Mills was burned to death in this city the other day while lying upon a bed intoxicated.

.... It is hinted that the English troops are very hard to manage this winter in the Crimea. Riotous, mutinous and drunken.

.... At St. Paul, Minnesota, the people have been luxuriating in an atmosphere thirty-nine degrees below zero.

.... The population of New Orleans is now said to be at least one hundred and fifty thousand.

.... In Europe, thistle heads are getting to be used, as a substitute for rags, in the manufacture of paper.

.... The present estimate of the population of China, is four hundred millions. What a host!

.... During 1855, eighty-two persons committed suicide in Massachusetts, fifty-nine males and twenty-three females.

LITERARY PURSUITS.

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall," wrote Sir Walter Raleigh on a pane of glass, to which Queen Elizabeth appended, "If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all." The admonition is as applicable to those who seek literary fame as to those who "put their trust in princes." The smiles of the muses are even more capricious than the proverbially fickle smiles of princes; and the great heart of Sir Walter Raleigh, that failed not in the path of political ambition, faltered in the perilous road of authorship. We are told that "Sir Walter's History of the World" sold very slowly at first, and the bookseller complained of it, and told him that he should be a loser by it, which put Sir Walter in a passion. He said that since the world did not understand it, they should not have his second part, which he took before his face and threw into the fire, and burnt it.

In spite of the manifold wrecks that strew the course of literature, in spite of the vast disproportion between the successes and the failures, the former, that is, contemporaneous successes, being the exception to the rule, men conscious of talent persist in embarking their all upon the stormy and fickle wave of popular favor. Few have the courage of Sir Walter, who determined that literature should be his staff and not his crutch; or of Rogers, who invested his temporal prosperity in banks instead of book-sellers.

Those who are embarking in literary pursuits ought to understand perfectly well before-hand that they have about the same chances of fortune before them as if they invested every cent in a lottery, in which there is a ruinous number of blanks of every prize. Years must elapse under the most favorable circumstances before their labors can be remunerated. For every Byron there are a thousand Chattertons. Years must elapse before they can win the ear of the public—before they can shape the wealth of their imagination into the coinage that passes current with the public; for it is not enough that the metal be pure, it must be highly wrought to please the popular taste. We do not hold up the old bugbear of booksellers being the sworn enemies of men of letters who "drink their wine out of authors' skulls." That fallacy has long since been exploded. Booksellers are sensible men, and liberal men, who pay liberally for what will sell well, but who are not overfond of publishing books solely for the accommodation of the trunkmakers and pastry cooks. The fact that not one book in ten pays its expenses is a sufficient proof that the booksellers are not the adamant and unapproachable tradesmen they have been represented to be.

Men of letters too often lack common sense. "I can get plenty of men of genius to write for me," said a London newspaper publisher, "but very few men of sense." Every man of genius, embarking in the sea of letters, should remember, that while he may secure contemporaneous fame and fortune, the chances are that he will not live to see his labors appreciated. He must be ready to say, with Goldsmith, "If the present generation will not hear my voice, hearken, O posterity! to you I call, and from you I expect redress." But we fear men will continue to gaze only on brilliant contemporaneous successes, and refuse to glance at the many miserable failures which make them exceptional cases.

STEADY PURPOSE.—The contemporaneous judgment of the world is rarely correct. Goldsmith tells a story of a French priest at Rheims, who was detested by his fellow-citizens for his niggardliness. He never gave away the smallest sum in charity, and bent all his energies to the accumulation of a prodigious fortune. The secret came out at last. He had seen that the greatest want of the poor was that of pure water, for which they were obliged to pay a large price, and he devoted his wealth to building an aqueduct for its gratuitous supply. His name was Gondiot, and he died in 1749, after expending a million and a half of livres for his benevolent purpose. Had he died with his plans unfulfilled, his memory would have been held in execration.

A CAREFUL ENGINEER.—The Burlington (Iowa) Telegraph of the 5th ult. says that the engineer on a passenger train on the Albany and Salem (Indiana) Railroad, on arriving at the bridge over Salt Creek, near Bloomington, directed the passengers to alight; then, crossing the bridge on foot, he told the fireman to start the train and then jump off, and that he would catch it when over. The train was started, and on reaching the centre of the bridge, it gave way, and the locomotive and cars were plunged into the stream and instantly disappeared from view.

LECTURES.—The editor of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL would reply to numerous calls upon him to lecture in various parts of New England, that he can only comply with such demands upon him in this connection, as shall admit of his returning to Boston at an early hour each morning. To lyceums in the vicinity of this city, any evening will be given which is not already engaged.

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC TOE.—The queen of Greece, as her name implies, is ridiculously fat, and is said to have a "foot like a juvenile elephant." The courtiers, when they wish to flatter her, compare it to a young leather trunk, with a fearful disregard of the actual truth.

"THE MILLER OF THE DEE."—Our last page is occupied with a very spirited illustration of this fine old English ballad, with the text beneath. The sentiment of the ballad is excellent, and of universal application.

SEBASTOPOL.—It is said that Sebastopol is to be made a holy city of the Greeks. The balls of the allies have already made it pretty holy.

THE DECK OF "OLD IRONSIDES."

The large picture which occupies the whole of pages 104 and 105 of the present number is from the pencil of Billings, and is one of his very happiest efforts. It represents the deck of the glorious old frigate Constitution, with the crew cheering just before pouring their first broadside into the Guerriere. The tarpan-lins are laced down over the hammock nettings, the crew are gathered at the batteries, the powder-monkeys are rushing to the guns with the cartridges, the drummer is beating to quarters, and the order to fire is responded to by three thundering cheers.

The Constitution, it will be remembered by our readers, was a long time in working into position, and during the evolutions which the manœuvres of the enemy forced upon her, she received many shots from the British frigate, but Hull sternly refused to reply until he could render his fire effective. The suspense of the men was agonizing, and at last, when it was ended by the command of their gallant captain, their enthusiasm knew no bounds. This famous engagement was fought on the 19th of August, 1812. The Guerriere was one of the best frigates in the British navy, and she had long been searching for an American national vessel of the same class, having formally defied every Yankee frigate to the encounter. When the firing commenced, the two frigates were within one hundred yards of each other. Just as the two ships came fairly abeam, the mizzen mast of the Briton came down with a crash over the starboard quarter. This circumstance caused the Constitution to forge ahead. For fifteen minutes her guns had been thundering in one unbroken roar. Hull now luffed short round his enemy's bows and delivered three raking broadsides in quick succession and with terrible effect. The two vessels shortly afterwards got foul, the starboard bow of the Guerriere resting against the lee quarter of the Constitution, the cabin of which was set on fire by the enemy's guns, but the conflagration was speedily extinguished. Several lives were now lost by the rapid interchange of musket shots. At last the two frigates separated, and as they parted the Englishman's fore and mainmasts came by the board, leaving her wallowing in the sea, encumbered by the wreck. Hull now rapidly repaired damages and prepared to run down on the enemy whose jack was still flying on the stump of the mizzen mast. While preparing to rake him, he struck to the American—the first time an English frigate had done such a thing since the war of the revolution. The Guerriere's loss was fifteen killed and sixty-three wounded; that of the Constitution, seven killed and seven wounded. It was found impossible to bring the Guerriere into port and she was blown up the next day, while, in a few hours, the American frigate was ready for another action.

CHURCHES IN RUSSIA.—There are no seats in any of the Greek churches, and even the emperor himself must stand during the service. The priests are almost all majestic-looking men—tall, with hair falling over their shoulders, and beard half way to their waist. They are not allowed to wear any ornaments.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Porter, Mr. A. L. Coolidge to Miss Mary A. Butrick, of Acton; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Wesley C. Crane to Miss Eliza H. Eaton; by Rev. Mr. Swallow, of Wilmington, Mr. Nelson Parker, of Reading, to Miss Lizzie S. Dike, of Stoneham; by Rev. Dr. Pomroy, Mr. Eben B. Gardner, of Bucksport, Me., to Miss Addie B. Wheeler, of Brewer, Me.; by Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. William W. Smith to Miss Mary C. Johnson, both of Provincetown.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Mudge, Mr. Edwin J. Benner, of Boston, to Miss Mary C. Cox.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Copp, E. C. Fitz, Esq., to Miss Sarah J. Blanchard.—At East Medway, by Rev. Mr. Sanford, Mr. Luther J. Brown, of Fitchburg, to Miss Sarah P. Harding.—At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Chaffin, Mr. William H. Stetson to Miss Elizabeth A. Wilson.—At Danversport, by Rev. Mr. Putnam, Mr. William Gray to Miss Ann R. Cannell.—At Rockport, by Rev. Mr. Gale, Capt. Alfred O. Blanchford to Miss Elizabeth M. Knowlton.—At Essex, Mr. John C. Low to Miss Ellen Brown, of Ipswich.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, Mr. Charles E. Sherburne to Miss Caroline F. Scruton.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Weeks, Mr. Frederick S. Allen to Miss Susan B. Gardner.—At Barre, by Rev. Mr. Andrews, Mr. Silas Ittugles, of Fitchburg, to Miss Harriet Fay.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Jane I. Saxton, 80; Mrs. Eliza H. Henchman, 56; Miss Jorusha Pike, 56; Widow Mary Bishop, 62; Miss Mary Jane Twombly, 27; Mr. Josiah Gardner Prescott, of Pittsfield, N. H.; Mrs. Sarah K., wife of Uriah Crocker, Esq., 60.—At Charlestown, Widow Louisa Nelson, 78.—At Roxbury, Mr. Daniel F. Ward, 47; Miss Mary Ann Sweet, 19.—At Cambridge, Dr. T. W. Harris, librarian of Harvard College; Mrs. Abigail Waldron Fiske, 88; Mr. Curtis Powers, 48.—At East Cambridge, Mrs. Susan R., wife of Rev. Henry A. Eaton.—At Dorchester, Samuel A. Lumsen, Esq., 48; Widow Susan Holmes, 79.—At Somerville, Mrs. Janet Galletly, wife of Mr. John Turnbull, 19; John Turnbull, son of Mr. James and Mrs. Elizabeth Galletly, 6 months.—At Brookline, Mr. Nathaniel Dana, 69.—At Newton Corner, Mr. Samuel F. Mower, 53.—At Braintree, Mrs. Christiana L. Stoddard, 78.—At Canton, Mrs. Mary Billings, 49.—At Watertown, Mr. John Stone, 79.—At Andover, Miss Susannah Newton Pierce, 21.—At Salem, Mrs. Hulda J. R. Tuxbury, 22; Miss Judith Poor, of Newbury, 79; Widow Abigail O. Chase, 67.—At Dedham, Mrs. Rebecca Newell Alden, 83.—At Swampscott, Mr. Richard L. Henford, 67.—At Marblehead, Mr. Joseph Cushing, 100.—At Newburyport, Widow Mary Channin, 89; Miss Margaret Ray, of Newbury, 20.—At Newbury, Mrs. Joanna Prince, 91.

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EARTH'S LIGHT AND SHADE.

BY M. W. CURTIS.

I am thinking of the past, with its hours of light and shade,
And a vivid panorama is before my vision laid—
The sunny days of childhood, without a thought of care,
Ever deeming pleasure real, and earth joys beyond compare.

But ah, too soon was shrouded the sunlight in a pall,
Death came and threw its canopy of sorrowing o'er all;
And dear ones whom we treasured have gone afar to dwell—
'Twas then across my path of life a lengthened shadow fell.

'Tis ever thus in this our world—first sunlight, then a cloud:
Ofttimes fruition 's nearest when the heart with care is bowed;
Then hopefully and manfully pursue thy onward way—
Remember that the darkest hour proclaims th' approach of day.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A LESSON FOR BORROWERS.

BY MARY L. MEANT.

"ABOVE all, my dears," said an elderly lady, in prescribing rules for the guidance of her young nieces, who were going on a journey, "above all, remember never to discuss your own affairs, or those of your friends, in stages, rail-cars, or steamboats."

The warning would seem superfluous; yet who that has ever travelled, cannot recall occasions in which such a caution seemed entirely forgotten or unheeded? Who has ever passed a few hours in a public conveyance, without observing ladies who have no more hesitation about gratifying their fondness for gossip, than if they were seated by their own firesides? Nor is our sex alone to blame in this matter; gentlemen are not *always* so particular as they *might* be in the discussion of "Mr. So and So's" affairs, in the hearing of their fellow-travellers. The narration of an actual occurrence, which came to our knowledge not long since, may set some to thinking on the subject—of course, we do not give names, which were incautiously mentioned, as is usual on such occasions.

The cars at — station were crowded with passengers, though some time remained before they would start. Four ladies, sitting *vis-a-vis*, chatted unrestrainedly, to the great annoyance of a gentleman occupying the next seat, who longed for a quiet spot to enjoy his newspaper, and wondered why ladies could not choose a better time and place for their friendly criticisms of their acquaintances. The dress of one, the manner of another, the circumstances of a third, the matrimonial intentions of a fourth, were duly canvassed; at last a name was mentioned which caused the unwilling hearer to lend an attentive ear to the conversation. Blame him not, reader, for the name was that of an only sister, whom he was now about to visit after an absence of years.

"I do think that of all people that Mrs. Elder makes herself the most ridiculous!" was the remark that arrested his attention.

"Mrs. Elder!" repeated one. "I don't think I know her, though it seems to me I have heard the name."

"So you have, Cad," spoke up another. "Don't you recollect when you came to our church the other Sunday, I pointed out a lady in a dark cloak and black velvet bonnet, in a pew just above ours?"

"O, yes, now I remember, you called her Mrs. Elder."

"Well, she is the one Mag was speaking of. She always dresses that way on Sundays, since her brother, who is travelling all over the world, wrote her a description of the plain costume worn by the ladies of Spain, or Portugal, or some such outlandish place on Sundays. So she intends to follow the example as well as she can, for she says it is not proper to show off fashionable attire at church as if it was a theatre."

"She has always some new whim," said the one who had hitherto been silent. "But doesn't she dress magnificently on week days!—everything of the costliest and finest description!"

"She is a very handsome woman," remarked Cad.

"Do you think so? I never did."

"She may look better in her plain dress, as I saw her, than in showier apparel, Lizzie," said Cad, in a compromise way.

"Perhaps she may imagine so," said Mag, "and that is the real motive for the economy she is going to practise."

"The what?"—and Lizzie's large eyes were distended to the widest extent.

"Did I never tell you that she intends to spend very little for dress this winter, but to devote her pocket-money mainly to the relief of the poor? She told me so two or three weeks ago."

"What nonsense! I would not boast of my charities quite so loudly."

"Well, I only hope that her friends may not have to suffer through her economical fit," said Lizzie. "Mag, prepare yourself to be more bored with her borrowing than ever."

"O, I have cured her of borrowing (from me at least) for some time. I played off a capital trick on her—ask Emma if I didn't."

"O, yes, the best thing. Girls, make sister tell you all about it," said Emma, joining in Mag's laugh. And, at the loud request of the others, Mag began.

"You remember the bracelet Susy Wilson gave me when she got married and went out West! It was made of her own hair, and as I never expect to see her again, I am very careful of it. Besides, the clasp is a splendid one—a heart set with rubies, and my initials made of diamonds; so I would not lose it on any account, though I seldom wear it, as it does not match my other ornaments. Well, there was to be a tea-party at Mrs. Wood's (only a small affair), and I had to lend Mrs. Elder my hair bracelet, as she did not wish to wear her diamonds. In the course of the evening, Mrs. Wood's children made their entrance—"

"O, what a horrid set they are!" interrupted Lizzie. "I am always in a fever when I go there, on account of them. How a person in good society, like Mrs. Wood, can suffer her visitors to be annoyed with those rude children, I cannot imagine."

"It was not long," resumed Mag, "until one of them made her way to Mrs. Elder; and as she had never seen the bracelet before, of course she must examine it all round, and clasp and unclasp it to her heart's content, and finally go off with it on her arm."

"And what on earth was Mrs. Elder doing all the time?"

"Sitting on the sofa very composedly, laughing and talking with some of the other ladies—and it was 'don't, my love,' or 'take care, Annie, you may break the clasp,' in the gentlest of whispers, while I was in an agony for my poor bracelet, but did not like to interfere. At length the little monkey grew tired of her plaything, and put it on Mrs. Elder's arm once more; but she didn't clasp it securely, for after a time I saw it fall on the carpet. Mrs. Elder was too busy talking to notice it, so I pushed it gently under the sofa, and when we were about leaving, I managed to pick it up quickly and slip it into my pocket. Mrs. Elder had missed it previously, and looked about a little; but she did not speak of it till she was putting on her bonnet, when she said to Mrs. Wood, 'I wonder what your little Annie did with my bracelet.' A servant was sent to Annie, who, of course, persisted that she had put it on the lady's arm. Both parlors were searched thoroughly without success. I was glad to see Mrs. Elder look quite distressed; and all the company sympathized with her, for as it was a hair bracelet, they imagined it was a memorial of some dear friend of hers. I was quite innocent, of course; and to this day she does not know that I have it. I intend to worry her about it for a time—and that, perhaps, will cure her of borrowing."

Every word of this colloquy was audible to Mr. Harvey, above the noise of the cars, which were now flying onward. Pained and grieved, he gave no heed to the laughing commentaries of "Mag's" companions, but, as soon as possible, obtained a seat in another part of the car, and strove to forget the unpleasant circumstance. Not long afterwards he reached his destination, and in the rapturous meeting with his beloved sister, had no time for unpleasant recollections. He had parted with her a girlish bride; he found her a youthful matron, lovelier, more graceful than ever—happy in the almost worshipping love of her noble-hearted husband, and in the artless affection of three beautiful children, who made her stately home a very paradise to her loving heart.

The conversation in the cars was first brought to Mr. Harvey's mind, when, at his request, she prepared to accompany him to the house of an aged relative. As he ran his eye over her elegant costume, he was forced to admit to himself that one remark at least had been truthful, for every article was costly and tastefully made; but he thought it probable that the resolution of economizing in dress for the sake of charity had been lost sight of. Observing his critical survey, his visitor smilingly asked his opinion of her attire. As he made a complimentary reply, she turned triumphantly to her husband, saying:

"Now, you find I was right!" Then, addressing her brother, "Only imagine, Frank, he declared that I was not fit to be seen in this dress, that my bonnet was too plain, and that every one would know my cloak to be an old one," glancing down on the elegant mantle of purple velvet, which so well became her queenly form.

"An old one!—that is a likely tale!" said her brother.

"'Tis true I had it last year," she resumed, "but I only wore it a very few times, and it is just the same as new, as I shall make it last me this winter. I have been shamefully extravagant in dress, and I am going to do penance for it."

"By making yourself look as charming as possible, and yet leading us to believe that you could look better if you chose to try. Is it not so, Alfred?" said Frank, turning to his brother-in-law, who laughingly declared that he was quite right.

Radiantly beautiful was Mrs. Elder that morning, as she walked beside the proud brother, who recalled with a smile the remark of the envious lady who had "never thought her handsome."

The next day gave him a favorable opportunity of introducing the subject. As he was idly reclining on a lounge in his sister's dressing-room, talking over his travels, she took from a box a rich set of diamonds (the wedding gift of her father-in-law), which she began to polish for a party she was to attend the following night.

"A lady who has such ornaments as those," he began, "has no need of borrowing any from her friends."

Mrs. Elder looked up quickly, and by the flush on her cheek, and the shade on her brow, he knew she thought of the bracelet.

"I am going to put you through a regular catechism, sister mine," Frank went on. "Among your lady acquaintances are there two sisters named Margaret and Emma?"

"Yes," was the ready answer, "I am acquainted with a Mrs. Margaret Dale, and her sister, Miss Emma Morris. Why do you ask, Frank?"

"Never mind just now. Mrs. Dale is a tall brunette, is she not?—and her sister small, and rather fair?"

"Yes," answered his sister, eyeing him curiously.

"And these ladies are intimate associates of yours?"

"They are among my dearest friends."

"Friends! Pshaw!" said Frank, sarcastically.

"Now, I should like to know what is your object in all these questions," said Mrs. Elder.

"Patience, Ella. Answer my queries first, and then I shall give you some news. Did you borrow and lose a bracelet belonging to Mrs. Dale?"

She could only gaze on him in speechless astonishment. He repeated the question, and she sprang up, exclaiming eagerly:

"O, yes, yes, I did! Have you found it, Frank? But what folly!" she continued, sinking back upon her chair. "How could you find it?"

"I have not found it, Ella; yet perhaps I can tell you something concerning it. But first I wish to know all the circumstances connected with this foolish affair."

"Foolish, indeed, yet how unfortunate," sighed Mrs. Elder. "O, how much have I regretted it! But I will tell you all. Some time ago, Mrs. Dale borrowed my cameo bracelet, which I kept for occasions when I did not deem these suitable,"—she lifted the gorgeous diamond bracelets from their cushion. "I gave it to her freely, as I was in the habit of loaning her trifling ornaments; for though her husband is in good circumstances, she cannot always obtain money to purchase what she desires."

"So Mrs. Dale was a regular borrower from you, it seems," interrupted the brother, "and you from her."

"Not often, for I have not much occasion for borrowing; but when I have, I go to her. Well, she borrowed my bracelet. By some accident it got crushed and broken, so that she returned it perfectly useless. She was very sorry, but I told her I would get another; that I had had that so long I was almost tired of it—in short, said everything to console her."

"That must have been a difficult task," said Mr. Harvey.

"Not very; she is not one to grieve long. However, I neglected from time to time to provide myself with a bracelet, and calling on Mrs. Dale one evening to accompany her to the house of a mutual friend, she noticed that I wore no bracelet, and good-naturedly offered to loan me one she seldom used. I refused at first, for it was made of the hair of one of her best friends, who had presented her with it, and was consequently valued above all price. But she insisted, laughing away my fears that some accident might befall it, and I at length put it on. Alas, that I yielded! In the course of the evening, one of the children of our hostess began amusing herself with the devoted bracelet. I was uneasy about it, but I knew the best course with the spoiled child was to allow her to have her own way, when she would soon grow tired of it. So I contented myself with keeping a watchful eye upon her, and I am confident she clasped it on my arm before the servant came to take her away. Yet I missed it soon after, and all search proved unavailing; it was not to be found."

"How did your friend, Mrs. Dale, bear the loss?"

"O, she was very kind about it, indeed. As I said before, she is not one to grieve over any trouble. She takes things easily—too easily, I think—for it seemed to me she should have felt the loss of her dear friend's gift more deeply. However, I suppose she made light of it in order to comfort me, I was so unhappy about it. At length Alfred suggested that, as there is no hope of recovering it, the best plan is to get a similar braid of hair, and have it made up in the same style, as I can easily describe it to a jeweller."

"Does Mrs. Dale know of this purpose?"

"Yes, I told her last week to write without further delay to her absent friend for the hair; but she declared she would do nothing of the kind, and laughed at me for my disposition to be always fretting over trifles."

"What an arch hypocrite!" murmured Harvey.

"O, Frank, you must not call my friend by that odious name!" exclaimed his sister, much shocked. "You don't know her at all!"

"Don't I, indeed! Now, I will tell you my promised news, and we'll decide who knows her in her true character."

Mr. Harvey here related the conversation he had heard in the car. At first his sister could not believe that he had heard rightly. For the others she could not vouch; but Mrs. Dale—she could scarcely imagine such deceit and unfriendliness in her.

"How could she give me so much trouble about that bracelet," she exclaimed, with tears, "while I was all the time thinking so much of her for treating the loss lightly, through consideration, as I supposed, for my feelings? And then to speak of me as if I were a trouble to her. O, I wish I had not heard it!"

Mrs. Elder wept sorrowfully for some moments. Her warm, generous nature was deeply pained, for there are few griefs more keen than that of finding one in whom the heart had trusted as a friend, unworthy of affection or confidence.

"What could have been her motive in speaking thus of me to strangers?" said Mrs. Elder, when that evening she was able to speak calmly to her husband and brother of what had passed.

"Vanity, I presume," replied Mr. Elder. "To have it supposed that the gay and fashionable Mrs. Elder borrowed her adornments from her."

"And then making it appear that I made a boast of my charity!" resumed Mrs. Elder. "I do believe, Frank, from the manner in which you repeated that remark, that you deemed me liable to such a charge. Mrs. Dale and Emma both wished me to purchase some costly laces of which I had no need; and it struck me, from Emma's peculiar glance at her sister, that they might suppose that Alfred was growing penurious. So I thought it best to tell them my real motives for determining to make no unnecessary purchases this winter."

"Ah, that was it," said her brother, smiling. "I must crave pardon for my ungallant suspicions, for I was rather apprehensive that my darling sister had become a vain-boaster as well as borrower. And, by the way, Ella, I hope Mrs. Dale has succeeded in her benevolent desire to 'cure you of borrowing.'"

"I think she has, indeed. She has given me a never-to-be-forgotten lesson, though very different from the one she intended," replied Mrs. Elder.

Mrs. Dale's extreme mortification when she learned how her deceit and falsehood had been discovered, was almost, Mrs. Elder thought, a sufficient punishment. But a greater one was the termination of all intercourse with the friend whom, above all others, she desired to retain, but whose friendship and companionship she had forfeited forever, by her treachery and gossiping.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The fishing business of Marblehead for the year 1855 required 44 vessels, manned by 312 seamen. — The St. Louis News says: "Such has been the rush of emigrants to Adair, Scotland, Schuyler and Putnam counties this fall, that hundreds of families have been forced to erect canvass tents in the heart of large prairies, to shelter them from the winter's blast." — A proposition is on foot to unite West Florida to the State of Alabama. The electors of Western Florida are soon to decide the question by ballot. — A private letter, giving an account of the bombardment of Sweaborg, says that the men employed on the gunboats had, as is usual, their ears padded with cotton, and few cases of deafness are reported, but all employed experienced severe pain in the chest, and in two days some of the men had not recovered their voices. — The Buffalo Express reports that 603 disasters occurred on the western lakes during the year 1855. The loss of property amounted to \$2,821,529, and 119 lives were lost. — Gen. Ostensacken, whose military career extends over forty-eight years, who has assisted at more than one hundred battles and combats, in which he has usually been found in the front ranks, has never received the slightest wound. — Duncan Forbes, of Cumberland, Me., died lately, at the age of 110 years. — The total population of the town of Milford on the 1st of June, 1855, was 7439, which is an increase of 55 per cent. within five years. No other town in Massachusetts shows so large an increase. — Between 40,000 and 50,000 bales of cotton, valued at over two million dollars, had accumulated on the levee at New Orleans on the 28th ult. — Two young men, residing in Granville, Vt., a few days since traced several bears to their den in a cave upon the Green Mountains. While one of the hunters stood guard, the other, named Robbins, sixteen years of age, entered the cave armed with a double-barrelled pistol, and succeeded in killing three bears without receiving a wound himself. — Although scouted by the learned and the experts in science of Mesmer's time, "animal magnetism" has come to be very generally recognized as a fact in the world. — Twenty-two years ago Governor Porter concluded the Pottawatamie treaty on the site of Chicago, and now it is a city of eighty-five thousand population, with at least one hundred railroad trains arriving and departing daily. — The value of the hog crop this year, in the United States, will fall little short of two hundred millions of dollars, or fifty millions more than the cotton crop. — Grotius was in law practice at seven years of age, and attorney-general at twenty-one. — The total amount of treasure landed at New York from California during the past year, has been upwards of forty-one and a half million of dollars, of which twenty-nine millions were brought by the mail steamers via Panama, and nearly thirteen millions more came through the Nicaragua route. — William J. Hemingway, of Searsmont, Me., in endeavoring to rescue his boy, who had broken through the ice while skating, was drowned himself. The boy was saved. — A young man from Norwich, Conn., Thomas S. Hunt, has received a degree of knighthood from the emperor of the French, for an essay delivered before the Academy of Science. Mr. Hunt is entirely self-educated. — In New Orleans they have discovered a process by which swamp mud can be changed into coal which will make a very good fire. — J. W. Gilman, of Jonesborough, Me., while at work in a saw-mill, in attempting to kick a dog from the end of a log, accidentally brought his foot in contact with the descending saw, which severed the foot from the leg in a twinkling. — Two men were suffocated in Middleboro', England, by the sulphur of a coke fire ignorantly lighted in order to warm their bed-room. A drunken man crept into a warm stove at the iron works in the same place, closing the door after him, in order to have a sleep. Next morning he was found perfectly dead. — Commodore Stewart has addressed a memorial to the Senate, complaining of the action of the naval board in his own case, and in that of other officers of the navy. — The value of stone quarried in Rockport for building purposes last year, was a quarter of a million dollars. There are some three hundred men constantly at work on the ledges, and twenty sloops are all the time employed to carry it away. — A divorce was recently granted by one of the courts of Indiana, where the only allegation against the defendant was that he had cold feet.

A GREAT CITY.—London is now the greatest city in the world, and far surpasses all the great cities of antiquity. According to Gibbon, the population of ancient Rome in the height of its magnificence, was 1,200,000; Nineveh is estimated to have had 600,000; and Mr. Medhurst supposes that the population of Peking is about 2,000,000. The population of London, according to recent statistics, amounts to 2,500,000—414,722 having been added to it during the last ten years. The census shows that it contains 307,722 inhabited and 16,380 uninhabited houses.

BIBLE TRANSLATIONS.—No less than three entirely distinct versions of the whole Bible have been made, under the superintendence of the American missionaries stationed at Constantinople. One of these is in the Hebrew Spanish, by Mr. Schauffer; one in the Armeno Turkish, by Mr. Goodell; and one in the modern Armenian, by Mr. Riggs.

GAS METERS.—A careful examination of the gas works in London has established the fact, that "the lower the quality of gas, the greater the velocity with which it flows through the meter; that is, the quantity registered is increased in proportion as the quality is deteriorated."

PRASEWORTHY.—Hoe & Co., the great press manufacturers of New York, have an evening school attached to their establishment, for the boys in their employment.

Wayside Gatherings.

Iowa is now connected by railroads with the Atlantic cities. The receipts of flour at Chicago the last year were 240,660 barrels.

Lucy Roberts, a mulatto, died in Philadelphia, a few weeks since, aged 106.

The amount of anthracite coal sent to market from the Pennsylvania coal regions during the present year was 6,626,288 tons.

An official announcement has been made, that the \$200,000 for the endowment of the new college at Troy, has been secured.

Henry Lee, a convict in the Rhode Island State Prison, recently died there. In that and other prisons he had served seventy-five years.

The New York Journal of Commerce makes the foreign arrivals at New York the past year 3216; at Boston, 3173; at Baltimore, 567; at Philadelphia, 539.

Pittsburg was, in the early history of the country, called Fort Duquesne by the French; and afterwards was named Pitt, in honor of the Earl of Chatham.

In Kentucky, at the Flemington County Court, a wealthy man, who courted a girl just for the fun, has been mulcted in \$6000 damages for breach of promise.

The Philadelphia papers announce the sudden death, recently, while at church, of Jasper Cope, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of the metropolis.

A bill requiring naturalized citizens to reside in the State two years after naturalization before being entitled to vote, has passed the South Carolina legislature.

The Transcript states that Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz is about to publish a new novel, "the scenes being drawn in part from fashionable life in Boston and New York."

A collegiate institution of a high order, is shortly to be established at Mobile, Ala. Norman Pinney, Esq. and Rev. J. L. Saunders, are at the head of the undertaking.

The artesian well at New Orleans is now about 580 feet in depth, and still no water has been obtained. The stockholders have resolved to dig one hundred and fifty feet further if necessary.

A soup society in Philadelphia has voted that "no recommendations for bread and soup be given to persons of confirmed habits of intemperance or those who lead licentious lives."

The Spiritual Telegraph announces deaths as births, under the head of "Born into the Spirit World." Having announced the birth of a lady aged 32, it adds: "cause of the transition, typhoid fever."

A little girl, six years old, had her eyes put out, recently, at Baltimore, by a brother, two years old, who put the end of a stick into the fire, and when it was burnt to a coal, poked it into her eyes in play.

Mr. Cozzens, the well-known hotel proprietor of West Point, pays an annual rent of fifteen thousand dollars, and thirty thousand dollars for the furniture, of the "Brandreth House," corner of Canal Street and Broadway.

There are now four collieries on fire in various parts of the coal regions in Pennsylvania. The fires in two of them have been smouldering for several years, and as yet no effort has been made towards extinguishing them.

The Providence Tribune says: "We learn that several of the insurance companies, in this State, have resolved not to insure buildings, any part of which are occupied for the sale of intoxicating drinks, or for gambling purposes."

The railroads of Ohio already nearly equal those of New York, and in a few years will overtake and pass them. The Cleveland Plaindealer says that Ohio has at present 2725 miles of railroad completed, while New York has only 2794 miles.

The New York Post acknowledges the reception of twenty dollars, to be appropriated towards the purchase of books for the woman in Maine who turned out with a shovel to dig a way through the snow for her daughter to get to the school-house.

The senators and representatives of California in Congress intend making an effort at the present session to obtain the passage of a bill for the establishment of a line of mail steamers from San Francisco to Shanghai, touching at the Sandwich Islands and Japan.

Miss M. Parker, a governess from Lowell, Mass., who was in a family in Norfolk teaching the young ideas, it seems inflamed the eldest son of the family with the tender passion. He is about twenty years of age, and carrying off his bride to Welden, they were married.

Vast stores of the purest iron ore in the world are found in Lake Superior regions. Great preparations have been made for shipping it next season, and it is calculated that in three years from the present date, no less than 200,000 tons will be mined and shipped in one season.

A famous dinner was made by a celebrated *bon vivant* in Paris, at which the comparative merits of beef and horseflesh were tested by dishes of both variously prepared, and the guests were loud in their demonstrations of delight over a rump steak of a fat horse immolated at the age of 23 years.

The great distinctive feature and excellence of the guns made upon the American machinery system, is, that each part is precisely like every other similar part, and will take its appropriate place equally well in any gun made upon the same principles. This is attained by no other mode of manufacture.

The Cleveland Herald announces the receipt of additional evidence going to prove the claims of Rev. Eleazer Williams to be the "lost Dauphin." His Indian mother has declared that she adopted him, and somebody has turned up in France who saw the young Bourbon conveyed from the prison to a barge in the river.

Mr. Rogers the poet, recently deceased, possessed immense wealth, and was a banker as well as poet. Indeed he was one of the richest bankers in London. His wealth enabled him to keep a free house for the *literati* of all England; and in former years his residence was thronged with the most distinguished literary and scientific personages of Europe.

A few evenings since, a party of men were throwing fire crackers for sport, in a grocery store at Columbus, Ohio, when one of the crackers fell into a keg of powder which stood on the counter. A terrific explosion ensued, blowing the house to pieces and letting the second floor and roof down upon the inmates of the store, who, strange to say, escaped with very slight injuries.

The New York Express says there is a place of worship in Broadway (not Trinity, nor St. Paul's, nor Grace Church), that has just had placards hung out at the inner doors, like an ice-cream saloon, with this notification in big, scowling, black letters, "strangers are requested not to take seats" (then follows, in the smallest sort of type), "until the sexton directs them to a pew."

Foreign Items.

Report speaks of a return visit on the part of the emperor of the French to Turin in the course of the spring.

Jenny Lind, who has never yet sung in Paris, has, it is said, positively promised to perform there when she leaves England.

The Carlist factions, lately so often annihilated, persist in harassing the Spanish government, and general levies to crush them are announced.

One of the editors of a satirical journal, published at Seville, has been stabbed by the tenor of the chief theatre in the city. The murderer has been arrested.

Dr. Edouard Vohse, the author of a work entitled, "The History of the Petty German Courts," has just been arrested at Berlin, and the work has been seized.

The Austrian army is to be armed with the new Minié rifles of different sizes. The Chasseurs have already had them for some months; but at least four years must elapse before they can be distributed to the whole army.

The Prussian government have entered into an arrangement with France and England to effect an exchange of the commercial statistics of each nation, and orders have been given at Berlin to the proper authorities to that effect.

The remarks made by the Times on the Concordat have not been to the taste of the Vienna authorities, and the coffee-house and hotel keepers are no longer permitted "to lay the paper on their tables" for the use of their guests.

The Rev. Dr. Yere, a benevolent Roman Catholic clergyman in Dublin, who has devoted his energies to the support of a deaf and dumb institution, has decided to dispose of his library (worth £2000) by raffle, for the benefit of the insane.

Sands of Gold.

.... When love begins to sicken and decay, it useth an enforced ceremony.—*Shakespeare*.

Envy is destroyed by true friendship, and coquetry by true love.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

Man's love is of man's life a thing, a part: 'tis woman's whole existence.—*Byron*.

Where power is absent, we may find the robes of genius, but we miss the throne.—*Landor*.

Justice consists in doing no injury to men; decency, in giving them no offence.—*Cicero*.

Every witicism is an inexact thought: that which is perfectly true is imperfectly witty.—*Landor*.

Envy, like a cold prison, benumbs and stupifies; and conscious of its own impotence, fold its arms in despair.—*Collier*.

As pictures and statues, and living beauty, too, show better by music-light, so is poetry irradiated, vivified, glorified, and raised into immortal life, by harmony.—*Landor*.

The net of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.—*Shakespeare*.

Ambition is but avarice on stilts, and masked. God sometimes sends a famine, sometimes a pestilence, and sometimes a hero, for the chastisement of mankind; none of them surely for our admiration.—*Landor*.

If, amidst all your studies, you do not learn to converse or commune with your own selves, whatever you know, or rather, whatever you imagine you know, I would not purchase it at the expense of a straw.—*Archbishop Leighton*.

Joker's Budget.

People about these parts seem determined to kill time by sleighing it.

Is the number of the stars odd or even?—question for Lord Rosse's telescope.

It is a proverb at our colleges, that the students who graduate with the highest honors are seldom heard of afterwards.

A "warm meal" in New Mexico, consists of two crackers dipped in pepper-sauce. Simple, but not calculated to become popular.

Some slanderer asserts that paper-makers are the greatest magicians of the age, inasmuch as they transfer beggars' rags into sheets for editors to lie on.

It is told of an Irishman, that he used to sweep his chimney by letting a rope down, which was fastened round the legs of a goose, and then pulling the goose after it.

An Irishman, in describing the trading powers of the genuine Yankee, said: "Be dad, if he was cast away on a desolate island, he'd get up the next morning and go round selling maps to the inhabitant."

"Patrick," said a gentleman to his Irish waiter, "I am going out to-morrow—call me at four in the morning."—"Yes," replied Pat, "but wont yer honor have the goodness to ring the bell, that I may wake in time."

During the late Hungarian war, a recruit, who was going through the sword exercise, after having learnt all the cuts, asked how he had to parry the cuts of the enemy. An old hussar answered:—"Never mind the parrying; only you cut, and let the other parry."

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THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

There dwelt a miller hale and bold
 Beside the river Dee,
 He worked and sang from morn to night,
 No lark more blithe than he;
 And this the burden of his song
 Forever used to be:
 "I love nobody, no, not I!
 And nobody envies me."

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend, said old King Hal;
 "Thou art wrong as wrong can be;
 For could my heart be light as thine,
 I'd gladly change with thee.
 And tell me now what makes thee sing
 With voice so loud and free,
 While I am sad though I'm the king,
 Beside the river Dee."

The miller smiled, and doffed his cap,
 "I earn my bread," quoth he;
 "I love my wife, I love my friend,
 I love my children three;
 I owe no penny I cannot pay,
 I thank the river Dee,
 That turns the mill that grinds the corn,
 To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
 "Farewell! and happy be;
 But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
 That no one envies thee.
 Thy measly cap is worth my crown,
 Thy mill my kingdom's fee;
 Content like thine few men can boast,
 O Miller of the Dee!"

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

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6 CENTS SINGLE.

SNOW SCENE ON BOSTON COMMON.

Boston Common has been, par excellence, the domain of Boston boys from time immemorial—ever since it was ceded to the town as a pasture ground and training-field. The cows have been expelled—the increase of ornamental trees has driven the military to its farther extremity—but the boys still assert their right to their ancient playground. Even when Boston was held by British troops, and their white tents glimmered at the base of Fox Hill, and were reflected in the Frog Pond, the boys persisted in sporting on the Common, in defiance of King George's red coats. It was the interference of the latter with their coasting that induced a deputation of the youngsters to wait upon the British commander,

and make a bold representation of their grievances, demanding rather than soliciting redress. The independent spirit of '76 still animates the boys of to-day; and those who wish to see "Young America" in full glory have only to visit the Common. Our artist, Mr. Warren, has drawn for us one of the scenes to which the ample snows of the present season gave rise. The boys are indulging in all the fun for which the snow furnishes the means. A huge snow-ball has been rolled up to giant dimensions, gathering in its progress until it has become immovable from the force of gravitation. On its summit sits a youth as proud as a king upon his throne, and far happier. Other youngsters are engaged in the amusement of coasting at the base of that noble old elm,

which has withstood the storms of so many winters. In the distance are seen Park Street Church, and the line of buildings it terminates, rendered classical as the residences of some of our most distinguished citizens—men of literature, wealth and science. The profile of the State-House will be readily recognized. We can never be sufficiently grateful for the wisdom and generosity which bestowed Boston Common on the inhabitants of the old Tri-mountain town. We hope its name will never be changed, and that it will never be metamorphosed into a park. May it remain plain Boston Common to perpetuity. The Common is very attractive at all seasons, but in summer it is one of the most beautiful places of resort conceivable, and is always thronged with visitors.



▲ SNOW SCENE ON BOSTON COMMON

[Written expressly for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CONTRABANDIST:

—OR—

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XV.

A JOYFUL RELEASE, FOLLOWED BY SAD FOREBODINGS.

UNDER circumstances of a less urgent and exciting nature, Louis might have paused to question the wisdom of his course in thus wholly and unreservedly entrusting himself to the hands of an utter stranger; but now no such thought presented itself for consideration. Raimonde himself secretly wondered at the unhesitating confidence placed in him by the count, reasoning, very naturally, that there was certainly something suspicious in all this ceremony to a person unacquainted with its design. But the count's careless confidence rather won his admiration.

Together they continued their new route, Louis still leaning upon the arm of his guide, for the space, perhaps, of three or four minutes. Then Raimonde paused, saying:

"Will monsieur stand here an instant? I must move a step forward, and monsieur must be very careful not to remove the handkerchief just yet."

He released his hand, and left him. Louis, standing still, heard a harsh, grating sound at a little distance before him, and a sound as of some person lifting a heavy body.

"Come, monsieur," said the voice of Raimonde; "take one step forward, and here is my hand. I am below you now. You must stoop. Put your hand on my shoulder—thus. Now, you know that you stand on a rock, from which I have jumped. You must follow me—so; that is it. Here we are!"

The grating noise was heard again. Then Louis was conducted over what seemed to be a smooth and level path of stone. He had been admitted by Raimonde through the rear entrance of the cavern, and was passing now through the long subterranean gallery in the rock.

At length they paused again; a noise of bolts and bars withdrawn, and a door unclosed, through which Louis was led. Then the handkerchief was untied, the door closed behind him, and taking off the bandage from his eyes, Louis found himself in the cell of Jacques.

"Monsieur!" uttered Jacques, springing forward, "so you are disguised, eh? I did not know you at first."

"You here, my good friend?" uttered Louis, in astonishment, looking about him. "What place is this?"

"—sh! not too loud, monsieur, if you please. I told you I was a prisoner—did I not?"

"Yes; but such a prison as this! And Rose—tell me where she is."

"She is here also, monsieur,—in a cell like this, and close by it." "Jacques! so near me—and in danger? Let me go instantly and deliver her!"

He was at the door, but Jacques sprang to his side.

"For pity's sake, monsieur, be careful, or you will spoil all! Come here, I entreat you, and listen to me. Rose is safe at present, and if you are calm enough to hear what I wish to say, and to act with me, we may rescue her in ten minutes, whereas such impetuous haste as yours would ruin the scheme."

It was plain enough. The count suffered himself to be led to a seat at the opposite side of the cell, and listen to the explanation of his companion, while burning with eagerness to hasten to the rescue of Rose. Jacques made brief work of it. He began by relating the story of the abduction of Rose, and the plot that led to it. Louis was angered and indignant beyond measure, as he listened to the account of Gasparde's villany.

"Who is he—what is he, this wretch Gasparde?" he uttered, hotly.

"The chief of a horde of brigands and contrabandists, monsieur."

"Is it possible!—and yet, why not? One cannot be surprised at hearing it of one so base as he. And Rose is in his power?"

"Not exactly, monsieur. He brought her hither, as I have told you, to this place, which is a cavern in the centre of the forest, and after placing her in the cell of which I have spoken, went away with the men upon an expedition, from which they will not probably return until midnight or to-morrow morning. When he comes back, he will either extort from her a promise to marry him, or keep her confined in that cell, until she pines to death; for he is just so merciless. He never has forgotten the treatment he once received at your hands, nor the threats and rebukes of Hugh Lamonte; and he has been watching, ever since that time, for an opportunity of revenge. It is ours to deprive him of that revenge."

"Your plan—your plan, Jacques!"

"The man who accompanied you hither is the guard left by Gasparde. He has procured for me an interview with you; but he never suspects that it is for the purpose of liberating Rose and myself; for were we to escape, he knows that the vengeance of the leader would fall on him. Now, we must either manage to gain his silence by force, or by a bribe. If we bind him, and leave him here when we leave the place, why, Gasparde will shoot him when he comes back; but if a sum of money were offered him, I have an idea that he would not only suffer his prisoners to escape, but also take leave himself, since he has grown weary of the captain's tyranny."

"The bribe, then,—the bribe, by all means!" said Louis, earn-

estly. "I happen to have a considerable sum with me; but we must be cautious."

"Yes—yes! we must be cautious, as you say; and in case he should refuse the money—of which, however, I think there is hardly a doubt,—we must be prepared to spring upon him. A cord for his hands and feet, and a gag—that will do the business. Now, then, for the work. I will call him in. Be prepared." And he called "Raimonde!"

The guard appeared. Jacques glanced towards the count, and then said:

"Comrade, you don't forget, I suppose, the conversation which we had at dinner—the agreement which we made, or partly made, about bidding adieu to monsieur le capitaine?"

The glitter of gold caught Raimonde's eye, from a heavy purse which the count held carelessly in his hand. His avarice was aroused.

"I remember it very well, Jacques," he answered.

The count stepped forward.

"My friend, suppose you were to shut your eyes for the space of half an hour, and uncloset them at the end of that time to find yourself richer by a thousand francs, or two or three times that sum, perhaps?"

"It would be a very pleasant thing, monsieur."

"I offer you that sum, in return for a certain favor which I shall ask at your hands."

"Name the favor, and it is yours, monsieur."

"I desire the use of the keys which unlock the doors of these cells, and you will show me those in which you have prisoners confined."

"It is a bargain. Follow me, monsieur. So this is your business, comrade!" and he smiled grimly at Jacques. "Well, it's all the same to me, since I shall myself escape from this place, which monsieur le capitaine has made already too hot to hold us, and be able to live like an honest man."

So saying, he led the way from the cell, advanced a short distance along the gallery, and pausing before an arched door in the wall, said, as he unlocked and threw it open:

"The only other prisoner we have is in here, monsieur."

And Louis, leaving the others outside, entered. This cell, like that of Jacques, was lighted by a brazen lamp, suspended from the ceiling. Directly beneath this lamp stood Rose, slightly bending forward, with her hands clasped, and an eager, inquiring expression of countenance, as she beheld some one entering, and heard the words of the guard. But she shrank back, at first, with a low cry, as the disguised count met her view. She did not recognize him.

"Rose, do not fear; it is I!" he said.

"You, Louis?—ah, Louis! I know you now!" and weeping, amid her smiles, she sprang forward to the arms outstretched to receive her.

The young man trembled with emotion—with feelings that were unutterable, as he held the light form of Rose in his embrace.

"Rose, I have come to make you free!" he said, tenderly, supporting her to the door. "Come with me, dear child!"

"To set me free? Let us hasten, Louis. But where is he—that wicked Gasparde? And how—?"

"Gasparde is absent, Rose, and we must escape ere his return. I will tell you all when you are once in safety."

Jacques stood at the door, unable to suppress his delight on seeing Rose again, and urging them to hasten. Raimonde said, briefly:

"You had better use all the speed you can, monsieur le compte; you can scarcely get away from here too soon."

"Thanks, my friend; and here is your reward," returned Louis, at the same time placing in the man's hand a well-filled purse. "And now, Jacques, let us be gone."

They hurried along the gallery, which was lighted now by a blazing fire which Michel had kindled in the front part of the cavern. Rose trembled, as, leaning upon her companion's supporting arm, she passed through that dreadful corridor.

"Courage!" whispered Louis, softly, clasping her hand in his.

They reached the front of the cave. Stretched on a heap of skins, by the glowing fire, lay Michel, smoking a short-stemmed pipe, and meditating.

"Michel, come with me," said Raimonde, briefly.

The man rose, indolently, and obeyed.

The cool, damp, evening wind blew across their faces, as they gained the entrance. An involuntary exclamation of thanksgiving escaped from the lips of Rose and Louis. With joyful hearts they quickly ascended the rude steps leading up to the mouth, and springing to the earth, found themselves in the forest once more. Already night had gathered over the earth.

"We are free—free!" uttered Rose, with sweet and thrilling solemnity; and pausing an instant, she bowed her head upon her clasped hands; and Louis, pausing too, bared his head with involuntary reverence, as he joined, in heart, in the fervent and pious acknowledgement which she breathed in low and grateful tones.

Then, in silence, they went forth. Raimonde led the way, with Jacques and Michel. For some five minutes the party proceeded in perfect silence, winding their way through the forest, with no path to guide them; but Raimonde knew the way to the chateau. It was light enough to discern the objects about them with considerable distinctness; and Raimonde had been familiar with these places since his birth.

"This, monsieur, is the direction to the chateau—straight along," he said, presently; "it will take but fifteen minutes to reach the road. And now, since you are in safety, I will take another course, if you please, and leave you here."

"So be it, and a thousand thanks," returned Louis. "Adieu! I trust we may meet again."

They parted, Jacques joining the count and Rose, to accompany them to the chateau. Louis pushed on, still supporting, tenderly, the young girl at his side. A few moments passed, and they were making good progress, when suddenly their attention was attracted by a sound of voices at some distance to the right, and the faintly-discerned forms of persons moving through the trees. Jacques paused and listened.

"Fly, monsieur,—fly! the men are returning!" whispered he, suddenly.

"Mon Dieu, Rose!" murmured Louis, in alarm, "I must save you, at least!"

"Hasten—hasten on!" urged Jacques; "there is a hollow tree just beyond here, where Mademoiselle Rose can conceal herself."

They pressed forward, silently; but they were perceived.

"Yonder—yonder! the third tree on the right!" whispered Jacques, frantically; "hide her, or she is lost!"

There were shouts behind; the brigands, eight or ten of them, sent back by Gasparde, were approaching; they discerned the fugitives dimly in the gathering darkness, and their suspicions were roused. They commenced a pursuit. But they pursued only the count and Jacques; for Louis had gently placed the form of the half-fainting girl within the hollow tree, and instantly took an opposite direction to lead their pursuers away from the spot. The ruse succeeded; the brigands passed the tree.

With an irrepressible cry of victorious joy, Louis hastened on, with Jacques; their evident desire to escape increased the suspicions of the approaching party, who now, with cries and outcries, pressed close upon them. On—on, still, they went; further and further, nearer to the edge of the forest. But the brigands gained on them. Shots were fired, too, but they missed their aim.

"Monsieur Louis, we shall be taken!" uttered Jacques, as he made a last effort for life.

And answering not a word, the count, turning, fired at one of the men, who had almost laid his hand on the shoulder of Jacques. The brigand fell. A shout of vengeance was raised by the pursuers, and they rushed forward with mad haste.

"My good fellow, flight is no longer of use. We must yield. But she is safe!" said Louis.

He turned to deliver himself up; he heard a cry of savage joy, felt a heavy blow, and then lost all consciousness.

* * * * *

When the young count recovered his faculties, he found himself lying on the stone floor of one of the cavern cells, which was fully lighted by the brazen lamp swinging from the roof. How long he had been here, he was unable to guess; but the scenes through which he had passed, relative to the rescue of Rose, flashed instantly and vividly upon his recollection as to persuade him that no very great portion of time had elapsed since their occurrence. The flight, the concealment of Rose, the moment of capture—all these were before him. He wondered only that the brigands, enraged as they were at the injury to their comrade, had not torn him limb from limb. As it was, a portion of his clothing had been rent from him, and a shiver ran through his limbs from the chilling atmosphere of his stone prison.

His captors had taken care to secure him beyond the possibility of escape; for they had fettered him, hand and foot, and to these fetters was attached a heavy chain, the other end of which was fastened to a huge ring in the wall. He was in captivity, but that captivity was sweet, since he had, as he hoped, ensured the safety of Rose. Yet he thought of her with the deepest anxiety, still. He calculated the chances of her finding the way from the forest, or, perhaps, she had fainted in that narrow place of refuge, and remained insensible amid the noxious damps of night, and with slimy reptiles and poisonous insects all about her! But what would not be preferable to the prison from which she had escaped? Would not the foulest creeping things that Heaven had made be rather to be endured than the base robber chief, Gasparde? For Rose he had no fear, then. Providence could not but help one so gentle, and beautiful, and good as she.

To Jacques his thoughts turned. As a matter of course, he also must have been brought back, and he, too, must be in a cell, chained also. When would a chance of escape come to either of them? It was a matter of ignorance to him, whether Gasparde had returned with the men who had captured him; and he could form no conjecture either of the fate that awaited him, or how soon he should learn its character. At the hands of Gasparde, he knew he could hope for no mercy. He was in the power of murderers now, and there was no reason for them to be more lenient to him than to any other who might excite in them a thirst for vengeance. Yet, with the probability of the escape of Rose, he suffered no apprehensions to disquiet him.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BANDIT'S RETURN. AN UNLOOKED-FOR DELIVERANCE.

WITH rare booty, the spoils of that night's work, the brigand chief, Gasparde, returned, a little after midnight, to the cave. He was in an excellent humor with his multiplied success in effecting the capture of Rose, and gaining far more than he had anticipated by the robbery committed that night.

What, then, was his rage and disappointment to learn from the men whom he had sent back three or four hours earlier, that Rose had made her escape! He raved like a maniac; he vowed the direst vengeance on the faithless guard, who had disappeared, and on the spur of the moment, would instantly have gone to assassinate their new prisoners, had not some quarrel arising among the men diverted his attention for a time. During this interval, he had an opportunity to become cool, and afterwards repaired to the

cells to ascertain whom it could be that the man had taken in company with Jacques, and who wore the disguise of a brigand. His mingled astonishment, rage and exultation may be easily imagined on discovering it to be the Count d'Artois.

"Oho, my fine fellow! so you are there, are you?" he cried, savagely. "Well—well, not a bad exchange of prisoners! Wont I make you dance presently, monsieur! Just wait till daylight!"

"You may do with me what you will," answered Louis, calmly, "since she has escaped. I can suffer any torture now!"

"You talk bravely, monsieur! But I mean to get her back again—do you hear that? I will watch, day and night, till the time comes, as I have watched since the time when I vowed revenge for all that happened to me at your hands. So you helped her to escape, did you?"

"Yes; and be assured that she will be kept now so far beyond your reach that no scheme of yours will ever draw her hither again."

"We will see to that, monsieur,—we will see to that! Now mark me! I will get the girl back, and you shall starve before her eyes, day by day, hour by hour, till you die in your chains!"

He went out, and left his prisoner in the deep silence of his lonely cell to think of those cruel words.

The brigands were having a merry carousal after their return; and Gasparde, maddened by the cool, courageous defiance of his prisoner, and with reflecting on the loss of the prize he had thought so safe, joined recklessly in the insane riot. The leaping, dancing fire of fagots glowed redly in the centre of the cavern, casting a ruddy light upon each of those dark, swarthy, unshorn countenances, grim and fierce, that clustered about it; and the wine went round, and deep draughts were taken by the weary plunderers. Higher and higher leaped the flames, and more noisy grew the merriment of the brigands, till, finally, there came a lull in the wild tempest of mirth. One by one grew less clamorous; slowly, with the heat of the fire and the unsparing circulation of the wine, drowsiness overcame them, and shortly every man lay stretched upon the heaps of skins that covered the cavern-floor, in a drunken torpor, even to Gasparde himself, who had drunk more deeply than all.

With cat-like caution, a light tread descended the rough-hewn steps; a dark form was visible by the red glow of the smouldering embers; slowly and carefully down from the mouth it came, pausing at each step, and Raimonde's eyes glanced from face to face of those drunken sleepers. He had been watching ever since this noisy revel commenced, and now was the time come when, without guard or watcher, the way was left clear for him.

Stealing noiselessly in, he scattered upon the dying embers, from a small parcel in his hand, a fine powder, that caused a light crackling sound as it fell among them, and almost immediately a cloud of thin white vapor arose, spreading and circling, till it filled the entire cavern, and a curious odor, faint, yet overpowering, was perceptible, proceeding from it. Raimonde, holding a handkerchief to his face, to avoid inhaling this odor, waited some five or ten minutes, till it had cleared somewhat away; then, approaching the senseless form of Gasparde, dexterously removed from the leathern belt about his waist, the ponderous keys that belonged to the cells.

"Safe enough now, monsieur le capitaine, I'll warrant!" he muttered, with a low chuckle. "You should be a little less careless. All people are not as honest as yourself!"

Swiftly and quietly he traversed the gallery leading to the cells, and opened the first door. It chanced to be the one in which the count was confined. Louis heard the heavy key turning in the wards; he looked to see Gasparde. But it was a careful hand that unlocked the door, and silently into the cell stepped Raimonde.

"Hush! be quiet, monsieur le compte!" he whispered, as Louis, recognizing him, sprang to his feet, with a half-suppressed exclamation of surprise; "do not speak. I have come to give you your liberty!"

"My liberty, Raimonde! Where are the brigands? Where is Gasparde?"

"Sound asleep, monsieur; and I have some reason to believe they wont wake in a hurry. I have given them something to help the wine they've swallowed. Here—I will take off these jewels of yours; I dare say you wont be sorry to be rid of them." And stooping down, he unlocked and knocked off the fetters of the count.

"Ten thousand thanks, Raimonde!" exclaimed Louis, warmly. "But how did you know we had been retaken? how—?"

"I had returned to the cavern to get something which I had left here, monsieur, and was going away again, when we saw the men coming back with you and Jacques. You were in a swoon, I suppose, for it took two or three to carry you. We had some ado to get out of their way—Michel and I—without being seen. I watched, afterwards, while they were carousing around the fire; and when the wine had done its work, I stole in and did mine. They are quiet enough now. Come, monsieur; but stop a moment. I see you will need something more than what you wear now. I will come back in a moment."

He left the cell, and directly returned, carrying a bundle of garments very much like those Louis was accustomed to wear in his excursions about the country. The young man lost no time in assuming them, and then left the cell with his companion. How his heart leaped! What a thrill ran through him as he felt that he was once more at liberty!

Raimonde's next step was to liberate Jacques. The poor fellow was almost beside himself with joy, and only the absolute need of silence kept him from giving unbounded expression to his delight.

Quietly, and with the utmost caution, they passed through the gallery and to the front of the cavern, where the brigands lay here

and there about the dying fire, in the various attitudes in which slumber had overtaken them. In their midst lay Gasparde, looking as fierce, and savage, and cruel, even in sleep, as in his waking moments. Louis paused, with a shudder, to regard him.

"Come, monsieur; quick!" urged Raimonde, in a whisper.

The young man obeyed. Stepping cautiously among the extended forms of the drugged slumberers, the three rapidly ascended to the entrance, sprang out upon the forest soil, and sped rapidly and silently away in the early dawn. Cool and fresh the morning wind came to the brows of these men, so lately prisoners, and it was like the benediction of an angel. For some distance they pursued their way together, and then Raimonde paused.

"Now, monsieur le compte, I will leave you, as I wish to strike off to the right here. I should like to have Jacques go with me."

"Well—well; then I bid you adieu!" returned the count, warmly, grasping his hand; "and I trust we shall meet again, when I may offer you a more adequate reward for your services than you received last night. I thank you a thousand times, my friend!"

"I am glad I have been able to set you free, monsieur," rejoined the man; "and as for a reward, I am already made rich by the sum which you gave me last night. And now I will bid you a final adieu, since it is very probable that this is the last time we shall meet."

"Adieu, then, my friend! I am truly sorry to part with you thus," returned the count, regretfully; "but whenever you need



LOUIS PURSUED BY GASPARDÉ.

assistance hereafter, go the Chateau Montauban, and ask for Louis d'Artois. I will help you gladly, as you have helped me. For you, Jacques, I trust I shall see you very soon again. Will you come to the chateau to-day? I wish to have a brief conference with you. Promise me!"

"I promise, monsieur. Adieu!"

And they separated, Raimonde and Jacques taking a right-hand direction, and Louis keeping the path to the chateau.

Suddenly, as he advanced, some object upon the ground attracted his attention. Picking it up, he found it to be a little tiny slipper. It was one of hers! He had seen her wear it often. He gazed upon it for a moment with feelings of unutterable emotion, and then placed it in his breast.

"Poor little Rose!" he murmured, tenderly; "where are you now? How long did you wander in these wilds, with those delicate feet torn and wounded by the sharp thorns in your way?"

With the little relic safe in his breast, he pressed on. With deeper earnestness than ever, he prayed that he might find Rose at the chateau. Soon he observed that the turf all about him appeared to have been trampled and crushed with many feet, whose impress it still bore. Everywhere, as he went, this appearance continued. Further on, he came upon a torch, lying extinguished upon the ground. anon he picked up a handkerchief, embroidered with a delicate cipher—Francis Egerton's own. What could it mean? He reflected a moment. Yes—they had been seeking her—the people from the chateau—seeking for Rose, their lost darling. And this torch was evidently one which they had carried in their search by night. He was encouraged to think that they had found her.

"And now, Gasparde," he said, involuntarily speaking aloud,—"now, if all your anticipated victims are safe from your toils, look to your own safety! for that den of yours shall be opened to the light, and its iniquitous secrets revealed. An hundred men shall gather this day, and rout you from your fancied security!"

Even as he spoke, he suddenly seemed to hear voices shouting, one to another, at a distance, though so faintly that he paused to find whether he were not deceived. No! faintly still, but sufficiently perceptible not to be mistaken, the echo of those voices came to his ear on the still, clear air of the morning, and the sound came from the direction in which he was going. He could scarcely doubt that they proceeded from parties in search of him.

But at that very moment, as he was hastening forward, he also heard sounds from the opposite direction—a confused mingling of men's voices, with harsh, discordant shouts, and the crashing and tearing of forest branches. Could it be that his captors had aroused from their torpid slumber, discovered his escape, and were pursuing him? For a moment he was disinclined to believe this, and curiosity predominating over every other feeling, he paused to look back.

Even as his glance pierced the interstices of those leafy shadows behind, he distinguished, at a considerable distance, the figures of men whom he could not mistake—those wild-looking forms which he had so lately beheld lying about the smouldering embers of the cavern fire. Three or four were in sight, but one was far before the others, and dashing forward with mad speed. It was Gasparde! with his unshorn hair streaming wildly about his face, and a long and glittering knife brandished in his hand. Involuntarily, Louis sprang forward; then he paused, glancing again, with indescribable emotions of horror and disgust, towards the fierce and cruel countenance of his half-savage pursuer.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Then, with sudden and firm resolution, he turned unarmed as he was, save with the stick which had served thus far to clear his path, and prepared to meet him.

With a louder yell of triumph at beholding his anticipated victim so near, the brigand rushed on.

"I have you, monsieur!" he cried, with a fiend's laugh,—"I have you! Who will win Rose now?"

"Not you, villain!" answered Louis, sternly. And meeting the assassin, in his mad career, he struck down, with his stick, the uplifted knife that was ready to drink his heart's blood.

"Ah!" shouted Gasparde, raging and gnashing like a wild beast, as he snatched a pistol from his belt; "I will know—I will know who is to win! Come on, my men! Strike—stab—slay!" And, blind with rage, he dashed at his adversary.

What was to be the fate of Louis? There were four to one! But the other three, tearing forward to the assistance of their master, suddenly paused, and then hastily turned and fled. Neither Louis nor Gasparde, however, saw anything beyond each other; while the young count, with firm courage, grappled with the brigand chief, and wrenching the discharged weapon from his grasp, cast him at full length upon the turf.

And now aid was at hand; for the Marquis of Montauban and Francis Egerton, followed by two or three of the villagers, dashed into the little glade, to the scene of combat. With exclamations of joy, Louis and his uncle threw themselves into each other's arms; while Francis Egerton waved his cap gaily in the air, and stepped lightly forward to greet Louis, calling, "Found—found I my dear—dear fellow!" and he clasped the young man in a cordial and laughing embrace; but his handsome, deep-blue eyes sparkled with tears.

But their attention was attracted in another direction; for Gasparde had risen to his feet, and his cry of rage and despair rang through the forest. Deserted by his companions, who had fled on witnessing the numbers of the approaching party, and destitute of weapons, he turned, and was bounding away, when a shot from one of the villagers struck him. With one horrible cry, he sprang into the air, and then fell heavily to the earth. There was a convulsive movement of the limbs, a contraction, a sudden spasm, and the form was stretched out in motionless silence. Gasparde was dead! Men crowded hastily up to the scene; and joyful greetings and congratulations, at the meeting with Louis, were mingled with exclamations of astonishment and horror on beholding the dead form of the brigand chief.

There was a dew of silence, and then Francis clasped the hand of Louis, and drew him gently away from the scene.

"It is too horrible!" he uttered, with a shudder. "Come, dear Louis, to where a fairer sight awaits you; let us go and meet Rose, our sweet little blossom, who owes to you her safety!"

"She is safe, then!" said Louis, with animation; "ah, that repays me for all!"

"Ay—safe! We found her in the wood an hour or two since; and without waiting longer than to meet Helen, and assure her of her safety, the dear girl insisted on guiding us instantly in the direction of the cave in which she had been confined. We were proceeding thither, with the domestics and villagers, armed with any weapons at command, when, in the distance, we perceived your form, and that of your assailant; and by the time we could get within pistol range, you had him down. But see—yonder comes Rose on the arm of the Count de Clairville!"

It was indeed the beautiful Rose, pale, but smiling, who, advancing lightly, in her white robes, over the forest turf, met Louis with a low cry of joy, and with fervent gladness returned his silent but eloquent embrace. Then she stood apart, as the Count de Clairville, with unspeakable emotion, greeted the escaped captive.

What a meeting was that! Wherein the happiness of each was unalloyed, except when meeting with the blood-chilling picture of death—the stark and bloody form of the brigand chief extended upon the fresh and dewy turf. He could work no evil now. Horrible as was the sight of that ghastly form and that fierce countenance, even in death, they who gathered about and looked upon it could confess to no sensation of regret that the wretch was deprived of the power to carry out his diabolical schemes of vengeance.

They would not allow Rose to look upon that stiffening corpse. They only said, "Gasparde is dead!" And the young girl, even while a sense of relief came to her—even while it seemed that a weight was lifted from her heart—a feeling of uneasiness and dread, wept quietly, and prayed for the parted soul.

It was a joyful return to the chateau. The bands of people who had gathered to assist in the search for the young count, were gay with rejoicing as they wended their triumphant way back to their homes; and at the gates of the chateau, the good marquis ex-

empty—deserted. The robbers never returned to it. It is probable that the horde broke up, and the men went in various directions to gain an unlawful living elsewhere; but they never were heard of again. Raimonde went to Italy, and thenceforth was unheard from.

CHAPTER XVII.

A CURIOUS DEVELOPMENT.

It was evening. In the lofty and richly-furnished library of the marquis, the silver lamps burned with a soft, subdued glow, blending their moonlight radiance with the deeper and warmer tinge cast by a blazing wood fire upon the broad hearth over the magnificent apartment, with its dark, massive, antique furniture, its broad, high walls, lined with costly and substantial volumes, the crimson draperies of its deep windows, and the polished oaken floor that shone and reflected back the mellow warmth in rippling lines of light. Upon the heavy, deep-red rugs that here and there covered the smooth surface, grown dark with age; upon the favorite hound that slumbered peacefully before the cheerful blaze; upon the amaranthine cushions of the ample *fauteuil* of his master, vacant now, beside which Leon had stretched himself.

But Leon is not the sole occupant of this fine old apartment to-night. Beside a table of curiously carved oak, which is strewn with rare and ancient volumes and the writing implements of the marquis, and which occupies the centre of the floor, sits Rose. She is leaning forward upon this table, her face hidden in her folded arms—those fair, sculptured arms whose snowy whiteness gleams rarely through the veil of falling tresses. Her graceful form is attired in a robe of shining fabric, its pearl-hued folds sweeping the floor about her, and shining, glittering softly in the

"You wished to see me, Louis? We are in each other's presence every day. To-night—"

"Ay, to-night, Rose! To-night, you would say, you have an interview with my uncle, and cannot listen to me. I knew of this interview; my uncle told me; and, forgive me, dear Rose, but I would prevent it!"

He spoke in a subdued, but agitated voice. He seated himself beside her, and leaned, also, forward on the table, with his hands clasping hers, as he uttered these imploring words.

"You would prevent it, Louis!—why? Would you bid me neglect the fulfilment of a duty already too long delayed?"

"Ah, Rose, you are about to seal your fate! Think once more, I beseech you; there is time. Break this ideal bondage; be silent, and forget the vows that are no longer binding. Do not bring this great sorrow to my uncle, who loves you so; do not break up this happy household, which can be no more happy when you have sacrificed yourself—when you have left the hearth that is only bright with your presence, to hide yourself in obscurity!"

The tears were filling her sweet eyes; a great cry was struggling or utterance in her breast; but she silenced it with a half-despairing effort. She raised her glance to his.

"You are aware, then, Louis, of the object of this interview?"

"Ah, too well—too well!" he answered; "for I knew that it must come, sooner or later, since you adhere to the decision you once made. But again I ask you—do not reveal this secret to my uncle; forget it, and forbear to offer up your own future happiness and that of those who love you, to a false sense of honor!"

"It is not alone my promise to Robin which I regard, Louis."

"You would say that you love him still, then?"

The tears fell from her eyes; a blush stole to her fair cheek; her head was turned aside.

"Ah, no—no! do not say it, Rose!" he cried, sorrowfully.



THE EMBARKATION OF EMIGRANTS.

tended to them, one and all, a cordial invitation to a merry-making, during the following week, to celebrate the happy return of his lost children. And then, among that joyful family, there were fervent thanksgivings, and explanations followed, and recitals of past plot and peril; and not the least blessed of all was Helen Montauban, who rejoiced none might know how deeply; for it was as if life itself were restored to her, with the restoration of her cousin.

Jacques, making his appearance next day at the chateau, was made a hero of; and fain would all have heaped favors and rewards upon him, but he would none of it. "He was going to Lyons, to seek master Hugh," he said, "and follow his fortunes." And that very day he departed. Rose was deeply affected when she heard of this resolution. She longed to see her father, and confide to him all the trouble she had so lately endured—all that had been on her mind concerning Robin; but, with further thought, she decided that it was better to retain her vexation and trouble within her own breast until she had confessed all to the marquis; for now she resolved to delay that confession no longer. It was very painful to the young girl, now that there were such rejoicings over her safety, and that of Louis, to feel that she must break in upon it thus. But she felt that the necessity was imperative. What was to come afterwards she could not see. She shrunk from contemplating the future.

And so Jacques went, and Rose only gave him a thousand loving messages for her father, and bade him tell of her adventure, and her final safety, and of the death of the villain Gasparde. Nothing of all her sorrow did she desire her father to know yet. He must think of her only as happy and content.

The next day there was a gathering of stout and sturdy men from far and near, armed with serviceable weapons; and the forest was searched, and the robbers' cave discovered—a place never known till then by the dwellers in that region. But the brigands had fled—their chief no longer with them; and the cavern was

mellow light shed all around her. She does not move; she is silent—motionless; she hardly seems to breathe even. So quiet is she, as she reclines thus, with her face concealed, that you might think her sleeping.

But Rose is not sleeping. Her errand hither is of too painful a nature for that. Alone, in this swelling silence, she waits; and listening for an approaching footstep, the hour passes in deep and sorrowful reverie. For Rose has a duty, too long deferred, to perform to-night, and its consequences may be only too bitter—bitter to her, inasmuch as they affect others. She does not fear the performance of this duty because she shrinks from fulfilling her trust—from keeping her plighted word; but she pictures to herself the disappointment she may be about to inflict on others. It is this she dreads; it is this of which she dreams so sadly, with bowed head and hidden face. Still the swinging lamps of silver shed their magical mist of splendor downwards upon her reclining figure, in its pure and shining garments; still the red fire-light flashes and glows with ruby warmth upon the rich and costly surroundings of that noble apartment; still the graceful hound slumbers by his master's chair; still the silence is unbroken.

A distant door uncloses, but so softly, in its casing of cloth, that no sound follows. It is a gentleman who enters; he pauses a moment; his glance takes in the beauty and subdued splendor of the scene before him; but it is accustomed to that. It rests upon the centre of the whole—upon the bowed figure of the young girl yonder by the table. A shadow, a blending at once of sorrow and perplexity, rests upon his fine brow. Then closing the door, he advances, and stands beside the table.

"Rose!" he calls, gently.

The young girl raised her head.

"Is it you, Louis?" she asked, with an air of sadness. "I thought you were away."

"I have remained at home, Rose. I could not go. I wished to see you."

"Louis—Louis, this is not kind—it is not like you!" said the young girl, turning to him again. "You know I cannot break my promise. Do not add to the sorrow I already feel. I must see your uncle; I must acknowledge my betrothal to Robin."

"And render him unhappy, cut Helen Montauban to the very heart, leave me wretched—miserable! Rose, listen to me—"

"Louis, be silent, I entreat!" she uttered, withdrawing her hand from his, while the crimson glow of consciousness and timidity suffused her countenance; "have pity on me!"

"Rose, one instant. Let me speak for the last time. I love you; I would ask you to be my wife! Nay—do not start and turn away from me. Hear me to the end. How can I bear to see you—you, Rose, who should move among the highest and the noblest of France, envied and admired by all—who should have at command the thousand luxuries for which you were born—who should occupy, finally, a position and enjoy advantages suited to your beauty, your grace, your refinement, your intellect,—how can I bear to see you the wife of a peasant—nay, of my own servant? Ah, be merciful to me! be just to yourself; awake from this fatal trance; for you are dreaming, Rose!"

He spoke with strange energy—even passion. His tones thrilled through her; his glance sought hers, waiting for an answer, with an earnestness—an anxiety that confused her. A feeling of faintness stole over her; she put her hand to her brow; all was strange bewilderment about her. Still his eyes were fixed upon her; still he watched eagerly. But over his lips stole the pallor of death; his fine brow grew cold and white as marble itself, and on it stood the very dew of agony.

"You yield, then?" he said, in a voice choked with emotion.

"Yield!" She rose slowly from her seat; she unclasped his fingers from hers with despairing strength. "Ah, no! You mistake! I love him; I will be true to him; I will not yield—no, never, never, never!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE DEPARTURE FROM LIVERPOOL.

AN EMIGRANT VOYAGE.

We present on this and the preceding page a series of three engravings representing some of the principal features in the voyage of an emigrant ship. Hundreds of these vessels monthly leave the shores of the old world, bringing hither a supply of laborers to meet the requirements of American capital, and to aid in carrying on the great work of civilization commenced, not many generations back, by a few foreign adventurers. Two centuries back, the departure of an emigrant ship from Europe was a rare and great event. The vessels which then bore their passengers across the stormy Atlantic were of a tonnage which now would be deemed only heavy enough for the coasting trade. The Mayflower was but a frail bark for its precious burthen; the caravels of Colum-

bus would now be deemed unfit to carry lumber or potatoes. Yet the dangers of navigation at the time of the voyage of the pilgrims were infinitely greater than they are now. The voyage was long, difficult and dangerous. The course of the winds and currents was but imperfectly understood; while the iron coast that indicated the termination of the voyage, was almost unknown. Our first engraving exhibits the passengers, chiefly Irish, going on board ship with their luggage, at Liverpool. We behold young and old, feeble and able-bodied, crowding the pier and the gangway with their luggage, and pouring into the huge, bulky vessel which is to be their floating home for three or four weeks. All is apparent chaos. Yet the officers and crew of the ship are calm and collected in the midst of the hurly-burly. They understand their business—know

how to command and obey, and in a few moments the vast fabric—the triumph of human skill, committed to human hands fitted for the trust,—will sever its connection with the shore, and float forth upon its way. In the second engraving, the ship is under headway, and the emigrant passengers, crowding their decks, are taking their farewell of scenes which many of them will never behold again. The third engraving—"the roll-call at sea"—exhibits a review of the passengers by the officers, to ascertain their sanitary condition, and to see if they have complied with the regulations. They pass up the starboard gangway to the upper deck, and return to the main deck by the port side. All the internal economy of an emigrant ship is based on rigid system, and under the control of the law.



THE ROLL CALL AT SEA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ALICE.

BY MARY H. LUOR.

Wall, O ye winds, mournfully,
Chant your wild songs in vain;
There are sadder sounds in my heart, to-night,
Than your wildest, saddest strain!

For I look from the gray December,
Back to a time ago,
When I watched the springing roses,
In the light of a summer morn.

Then in my heart was the summer,
Then was my Alice here;
Now is the wild song of winter,
Now falls the snow o'er her bier.

And so in my soul there is ever
A sense of unquiet pain;
And I hear a sweet music blending
With the mournful autumn rain.

I dream of a dim old churchyard,
Where Alice is sleeping now;
And I mind how her curls so golden
Lie heavily o'er her brow:

For long time ago her feet wearied,
Treading life's bitter way;
And she murmured, "O, well as I love thee,
No longer on earth may I stay!"

Then the clasp of her white hands grew fainter,
The light of her eyes like heaven,
And thus was the golden bowl broken,
And thus was the life-cord riven!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DRAMA.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

I AM well aware that there exists in the minds of very many excellent and well-meaning individuals, a deep-seated prejudice against any and all theatrical shows or entertainments, and doubtless in some respects their prejudice is well founded. To the young and giddy, the theatre may—and perhaps does—present attractions dangerous, because too fascinating and absorbing for a youthful, and as yet, unformed mind. But to an old fellow like myself, now fast verging on a quarter of a century, and consequently past the hey-day of youth, and whose principles (none of the best) have become fixed and settled, it may be permitted him to say that despite all that can be said against the theatre as an institution, he clings to it with a loving fondness that no amount of argument can in the least diminish.

In short, then, I love the theatre, I love it at all times and seasons. By day, when the vast building is dark and lonely, the damp and musty smell inseparable from the place, is particularly refreshing and agreeable. By night, at the hour of lighting up, the odor of half-consumed gas which fills the house, is, from association, like "airs from Araby the blessed." I love the plays too, and the players great and small—from Mr. Clarence Herbert Plantagenet Tompkins, Jr., Esq., who does the grand and terrific, down to the humble individual whom an inscrutable destiny has doomed to a pair of scarlet plush breeches and a liveried coat, and whose province it is to run very rapidly about the stage with very short steps, and to say "yes'r" to everything his lordly master may be pleased to utter. And especially do I admire the thin young lady who comes out between the plays and warbles "Smile again, my bonny lassie," in such sharp and persuasive tones, that in admiration for the song, the audience almost lose sight of the singer, the contortions of whose interesting countenance and the truly sublime and magnificent manner in which her sharp shoulders tower to such a noble altitude above the extremest summit of her white satin dress, is worthy three rounds of applause at the very least.

All these things, and many others, have a charm for me which it would be difficult to describe to any but a confirmed theatre goer; and it was to enjoy this pleasure anew that I proceeded the other evening to exchange a half dollar, that somehow wouldn't ring, for a small, oblong bit of pasteboard, which, upon presentation to a half-tipsy, two-legged Cerberus with a battered hat and a dirty shawl choker, procured me admittance into the "family circle" of the Sectional Theatre.

It was quite early and but few persons had yet entered the house, so throwing off my wrap-rascal, which I hung in a gracefully careless fold over the front of the box, and putting in requisition my one-horse lorgnette, which, for a wonder, happened to be out of pawn, I leaned back against a pillar in my most killing attitude, and amused myself watching the arrivals. It was not a "star" night, nor a benefit—merely an ordinary play by the ordinary company, and appearances indicated that there would be but an ordinary house; now a noisy rush of two or three dilapidated boys into the pit gives promise of a future crowd; again a group of the "Uncle Tom" species, male and female, make their presence known by snickering darkly in the gallery, but nothing of interest transpires until the half hour immediately preceding the rising of the curtain, when the arrivals are usually so numerous as to confine one's attention to his immediate vicinity. To an attentive and discriminating observer the occupants of his own box furnish abundant food for reflection.

It is amusing to watch the movements of the young couple—evidently lovers—who have just entered the box; and scarcely

less so to study the character of the elegant individual with the bay-colored mustache, who sits directly in front and surveys the audience, the stage, the orchestra and everything else with such supreme contempt. That he is a town-made man can be seen at a glance, and from his lordly air and the conscious superiority of his bearing, it is evident he is a junior clerk on a very small salary—nothing earthly beside, could by any possibility give him such an exalted opinion of himself. He does not come here to see the play, not he; he comes for the purpose of exhibiting himself, and is at this moment showing off for the benefit of myself and the other occupants of the box, particularly the ladies, whom he wishes to impress with a due sense of his importance. Observe with what an air he disposes his befurred and befrogged coat over the front of the box, turning by a careful accident the expensive fur and velvet lining into a position where it can be seen of all men, and women too; then with what grace he raises his lorgnette with those primrose kid fingers, and surveys the house. Suddenly he pauses, gazing intently at the opposite tier of boxes; removing his glass with a smile of ineffable sweetness, he bows profoundly—again he gazes, and again the smile and bow—more profound than ever, a third time it is repeated. What do you say? That he must have an extensive acquaintance? Not a bit of it, my unsophisticated friend; on the contrary he does not enjoy the acquaintance of a single individual in the house—have I not told you he was showing off? The fair creatures to whom he wishes to make you believe he bows and exchanges glances of recognition, are myths—"merely that and nothing more." But we will leave him; ten to one we have done things quite as bad ourselves.

It is a pleasant and instructive thing to watch the lovers of whom I have spoken. The young gentleman is evidently very much in love, and no wonder, for his beau is a very pretty girl indeed, and she is fully conscious of it. No sooner is she seated—but hold! it is a momentous affair, this getting a lady fairly seated, and deserves more than a passing word. "Wherever two or three are assembled and met together" for any purpose whatever, amusement, instruction, or what not, it has never been my lot, nor yours either, to see a lady sit down quietly and keep still as she would at home—far from it; they universally and invariably do precisely as did the young lady in our box. Upon entering she sits down for a moment, throws off her shawl and other superfluous articles of attire, rises, gives a flirt, and sits down again; so far all is very well and not calculated to attract attention; but she is by no means moored yet. After a minute spent in grabbing at and arranging the wilderness of lace and ribbons that surrounds her neck—she rises, gives a wiggle, and again seats herself, when you think of course it is all over; but no, she now reaches her shawl, gloves, fan, muff, pocket-handkerchief, tippet, opera-glass, porte-monnaie, parasol, smelling-bottle, programme, bouquet, card-case, and numerous other small properties to her lover, and again rising, gives a final and decisive squirm, when she settles back into her seat, and is then—but not before—prepared to look about her and pay some attention to the many fine speeches of her adorer.

It is oftener the case that a lady rises more times than I have mentioned, particularly if she is richly dressed, but never less. I defy you to say that you ever saw a lady rise less than three times after first taking her seat in a theatre, opera, concert or church, and what is more, you never will. While all this is taking place, the actions of the young lover remind one forcibly of a heart-broken hen who has been suddenly and ruthlessly bereft of her youthful progeny. Being very much in love, and seeing his beloved in such apparent distress, he naturally has a foggy sort of idea that it is his duty to do something or other to relieve her, but what that something is, he has not the remotest conception. Now grabbing her shawl, he puts it in a dozen different places in as many seconds; then overcome with anxiety for the fate of her bouquet, which both in size and shape resembles a little Lombardy poplar—he lifts it from the cushion on which she has placed it, and immediately lays it down again in the same position; this he repeats several times, until at length placing it too near the edge, it is in danger of falling, when, in his anxiety to prevent such a catastrophe he hits it a short rap and skilfully deposits it on the summit of a bald-headed gentleman in the centre of the pit. At this juncture the lady luckily drops her handkerchief, after which he plunges in gallant style, returning it to her with the air of one who has done a great and noble deed.

The pair having become quieted down in some measure, you fondly imagine that peace is to take the place of anarchy and confusion. Vain hope! by a special interposition of Providence, it occurs to the young man that he has no lozenges; starting wildly from his seat, he rushes into the lobby, and in an incredibly short space returns with his hands full of little pink and blue rolls, marked lemon, peppermint, etc., whereupon a warm discussion ensues as to the kind the lady prefers, she protesting that she has no choice whatever, a statement which he, from some cause, seems disposed to doubt. Before this point is settled, the first bell rings, the orchestra ceases its wailing, the boys in the pit grow less noisy, every one settles back into his or her seat, the last bell rings, the curtain rises, and we derive amusement and instruction from witnessing the enactment of that great moral drama entitled:

"THE NOBLE MILLER:

OR,

TRUTH TRIUMPHANT!!!"

"It was many and many a year ago, in a kingdom down by the sea," that there lived a powerful noble, known to all the region round about as the Prince Saurkraut, of Saurkraut. Now although the power and influence of the prince were almost unlimited, and notwithstanding he resided in a massive and impregnable paste-

board castle, whose cloud-capped towers were fully fifteen feet in height, yet he was not, I grieve to say, possessed of those noble and generous qualities which should grace an exalted station in life, and which would have shed so much lustre on the house of Saurkraut, had you or I been its representative. On the contrary, he was a man whose ferocious disposition and enormous black whiskers were feared and detested by all whose ill fortune it was to know him.

Strange rumors, too, were afloat touching his early history. It was whispered that his brother, the previous prince, had been foully dealt with; he having suddenly disappeared some twenty years before, no clue having ever been discovered as to his whereabouts, or to his end—if indeed he had come to a termination at all. Now the prince, whose name, singularly enough, happened to be Hubert, found it convenient—such was the unsettled state of the country and his grocer's bills—to make war upon and plunder, not only wealthy travellers passing his domain, but also his weaker neighbors; by which means he hoped to acquire a sufficient sum to enable him to pay his debts, as an honest man should. In one of these marauding expeditions he had seen a beautiful young female, the daughter of "poor but honest parents," and, as a matter of course, fell desperately in love with her; but the young woman did not reciprocate this feeling, for the very excellent reason that she loved somebody else—she unfortunately not having that happy faculty, which you and I possess, of loving six or several at the same time—and the individual upon whom she had bestowed her young affections, and by whom she was in turn beloved, was a sentimental young gentleman with nankeen legs and red flannel tunic, tastefully ornamented with tin spangles; the adopted nephew of the priest of the parish.

It is but natural that a gentleman of the prince's complexion should be extremely wroth to have his best affections thus slighted, and it is by no means therefore to be wondered at that he presently makes his appearance before the castle gate in a long black cotton cloak, with cap and feathers of the same sable hue, which, together with a pair of dirty red tights, very baggy at the knees, gives him a very majestic and commanding air; in this costume he strides back and forth several times, rolling his eyes in a manner fearful to behold, and finally breaks out into a speech in which he intimates that though all the powers in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, stand between him and his object, it won't make the slightest particle of difference; for he has fully decided to do just exactly as he takes a notion; and furthermore he is determined to possess the girl, Marie, at any price; as for the nankeen-legged youth, "he must d—d—die!!" And in all probability this fearful fate would have immediately overtaken both these unfortunate young people, had it not been for the individual to whom we are about to be introduced; and this personage is no other than the noble miller himself.

The first glimpse we have of this celebrated individual, he is standing at the door of his mill, in which, by the way, I cannot conceive how he managed to make a living, for during the whole period of nearly eighteen months which transpires before things got straightened out, I am confident not a single grist was brought to his door; and even if there had been, it is difficult to imagine how he could have ground it, for his very pretty pasteboard mill being situated at the top of a mountain, there could of course be no sufficient water power; and though I examined the place attentively, could observe no signs of a windmill. For a moment I thought of steam, but that of course was out of the question, for though, in those days, noble millers might, and probably did, "steam it" occasionally themselves, it is hardly to be supposed they could in that way reduce their corn to meal. However there is little benefit in speculating upon that point, the probability is, that he had by his industry in former years, got a little "fore-handed," and was consequently enabled to "loaf" a bit.

He was standing, as I have said, at the door of his mill, gazing abstractedly at a dirty little boy in the pit. Both in face and figure he was well calculated to inspire an observer with awe and respect; the mingled expression of benevolence, rouge, dignity and chalk which overspread his noble visage, was only paralleled by the picturesqueness of his goose-colored tights and blue frock, which he wore with all the easy gracefulness usually observed in noble millers all over the world. He had stood thus absorbed in contemplation but a few seconds, when his attention was suddenly withdrawn from the dirty little boy aforesaid, by a loud and unmistakable feminine shriek, proceeding from the forest near the mill, which, as I have neglected to state, was not only on the top of a mountain, but also in the midst of a howling wilderness. Upon hearing the shriek, he starts, utters a loud "Ha!" stamps forcibly with one foot, and gazes earnestly and expectantly at the prompter. In an instant the shriekers rush into the clearing, crying "help! help!" and precipitating herself into the noble miller's arms, beseeches him in frenzied tones to protect her; which he unhesitatingly promises to do, and indeed she very much looked as though she needed protection—especially about the neck and shoulders. To place her inside the mill, close the door and return to the first position is to the noble miller the work of an instant, and is barely completed when in rushes the prince, followed by an immense crowd of six supes as retainers. The prince himself is a very ferocious peer indeed, as it is quite necessary he should be, to make up for the lack of soldierly bearing in his troops; and I must say, a more sheepish-looking band of warriors I never contemplated.

"What hast thou done with the maiden, slave?" roars the prince, in a voice of sublime hoarseness.

"I have removed her from thy sacrilegious grasp, proud noble," returns the noble miller, in a tone so much hoarser than the prince that in intellectual force and moral grandeur it is easy to perceive he is immeasurably superior to the peer, who is naturally not a little riled at this style of rejoinder, and after a protracted conver-

sation, not at all complimentary on either side, the prince promises the noble miller a prolonged bread and water diet in one of the basement rooms of his castle, and bestowing a terrific scowl upon the occupants of the first tier of boxes, he strides off, followed by his retainers in single file.

No sooner has the prince departed than Marie's lover, the nankeen-legged youth, rushes in, with the most intense anguish and a pair of false mustaches vividly depicted on his countenance.

"O, my friend," he ejaculates, addressing the noble miller, "life is no longer to be endured. M—Marie's g—g—go—gone, my lonely life's only b—b—bubble—essing!"

The noble miller hereupon goes into the mill, and returning with Marie, the lovers fly at each other as though about to engage in a wrestling match, but changing their intention, hug each other vehemently; while the noble miller with an expression of the greatest benignity lays the palms of his hands on their respective heads and rolls up his eyes in supplication to the gallery. Having completed this dumb show, he very considerably takes himself off, leaving the lovers to themselves; whereupon they perform an immense amount of billing and cooing, vowing the while something more than eternal constancy, and that they will be one in heart and soul until death parts both of them.

While this pleasing little episode is taking place, a couple of individuals with astonishing eyebrows, and an extremely dingy appearance generally, creep stealthily from the forest on the O. P. side and cautiously approach the lovers. There is no difficulty in recognizing these persons as the "first and second murderer." Indeed, he must be a person of very limited observation who cannot detect a murderer at sight—particularly a *first* murderer; for a long and familiar acquaintance with this class of people has convinced me that one peculiarity is common to the whole profession. I do not mean their costume, that of course differs from the dress of other artists, and is patent to all eyes; the peculiarity of which I speak is their manner of locomotion. With body bent forward and supported on their toes, they creep forward with surprisingly long steps, keeping close as possible to the wall, constantly *pawing* and clutching the while at everything they pass. This *pawing* with the hands led me at first to suppose that murderers as a class were near-sighted, but upon inquiry I found this not to be the case, and why they should do so is to me an unsolved enigma, but the fact that they *do* paw, cannot be disputed. I challenge any man to place his hand upon his watch-pocket, and declare upon his honor as a gentleman that he ever saw a *first* murderer come upon the stage in any other way. A second or third murderer indeed, not being so deep in crime, may in rare instances be seen without this peculiarity, but never a first. To go still further, it may also be witnessed in others beside professional murderers. No sooner does a gentleman in a tragedy make up his mind to slay his wife because he is jealous of her, or poke a knife into a friend's vest pattern for some other reason, than he is affected in the same manner—and with outrageously long steps, *paws* his way to the spot where the deed is to be consummated. Even with the fair sex it is the same. If the lovely heroine determines to destroy her lord and master (as they sometimes do), she can by no manner of means reach his bedside with the poisoned bowl without pawing and taking steps the length of which would look funny enough on Washington Street. Indeed, so impressed have I become with this fact, that even in walking the street I am constantly on the watch, and upon seeing a man taking longer steps than usual, accompanied with anything like the pawing motion, I at once say to myself, "that man is a first murderer, or a second murderer, or a third," in proportion as this peculiarity is more or less apparent. I shall plead this discovery in mitigation of my sentence, if ever I am up before the police court.

But to return to our lovers. The murderers having *pawed* their way very near to him of the nankeen tights, are about to spring upon their victim, when the second murderer stumbles over a large brown linen rock on the L. C. In a moment all is confusion; the young lady throws herself into her lover's arms, thereby encumbering him greatly, notwithstanding which, he valiantly draws a short, stumpy sword like a fire poker, with a basket hilt, and calls to the two ruffians to "come on," in a tone so unutterably hoarse that his courage and bravery are at once put beyond all cavil. The villains do come on; and a terrific combat ensues. The lover is at first more than a match for both—but being encumbered by the now senseless form of Marie, he begins to give way; fire flashes from the fierce collision of the weapons, and after a good half hour spent in up-strokes, down-strokes, thrusting and sliding about, our lover's sword is struck from his grasp, and the first murderer is in the very act of plunging the steel into the left lobe of the lungs, when the noble miller again appears upon the scene.

"Hold!" he cries, with an air of majesty and a voice like that of the gentleman who supplies me with my monthly basket of charcoal. At the sight of the noble miller the assassins are struck all aback, and dropping the points of their swords, sneak off like whipped curs, though what earthly reason they have for so doing I cannot comprehend, as the noble miller is completely unarmed, and nothing can be easier than to capture the entire party; but there appears to be a magic in his very presence, for the lovers manage to get themselves into no end of scrapes through the whole of six long acts, yet at the very nick of time, when "death or worse punishment" is impending, the noble miller has only to make his appearance, lift one hand in—I don't know what kind of an attitude—and utter the cabalistic words—"Ba—a—ack, villains!" with a strong emphasis on the "villains" and instantly they are delivered.

But as the play progresses, clouds begin to lower, the lovers seem slowly but surely falling into the power of the prince; even the noble miller seems to be losing his influence, until in the last

act the catastrophe occurs, and all three are brought into the hall of the castle, where, surrounded by the prince and his myrmidons, escape appears impossible. The lovers, of course, rush into each other's arms.

"Tear them asunder!" roars the prince.

"Never!" exclaims the noble miller.

"Who shall prevent it?" sneers the prince.

"I!" replies the noble miller, in the largest capitals. "I, the rightful prince of Saurkraut; I, who your treacherous dagger treacherously wounded, but slew not—I will prevent it!"

And throwing off his blue frock, he appears in all the glory of salmon-colored tights and red calico tunic, with pinchbeck spangles, as became a sovereign prince.

The wrongful prince is completely flabbergasted, and staggers up against a pillar, scowling furiously; while at the same moment two boys and an old woman (the tenantry) rush tumultuously in, and give vent to three rousing cheers which can be distinctly heard in the gallery. The rightful prince, turning to the lovers, addresses the young gentleman as his *son*, whereupon he (the son) falls upon his nankeen knees, from which position the prince raises him, addressing him as follows;

"It is now twenty years, my beloved son, since I took you, an orphan, from the arms of your maternal parent—"

"And my mother?" interrupts the youth.

"She still lives!"

The young gentleman claps the palms of his hands together and exhibits the whites of his eyes. The rightful prince further goes on to state that his brother, envious of his titles and estates, had attempted his assassination, and as he had supposed, succeeded; but the wound, though severe, was not fatal, and upon recovery he had in disguise taken and carried on the mill which has figured so conspicuously in this history. That he had intended not to resume the title of prince, and should not, but for the evil doings of his brother; and that now he surrendered all to his son, and placing that young gentleman's hand in that of Marie, he requests them to be happy, which they forthwith agree to do.

At this juncture, the wrongful prince, overcome with a sense of his rascality, fetches himself a dig in the stomach with his dagger, and falling backward, pokes his head through the trunk of a tree, and dies without any nonsense. At this stage of the proceedings the priest enters in a black cambrie bag and barefooted. At the sight of him all drop upon one knee, while he spreads out his hands as if to warm them, and shows the whites of his eyes to the tune of "Love's young dream."

The audience having evidently suffered intensely from cold all the evening, take this opportunity to endeavor, by stamping their feet and slapping their hands together, to excite the circulation and infuse a little warmth into their chilled extremities; while engaged in so doing, the curtain descends, and both the play and this paper are ended.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TIT FOR TAT.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

MR. GRIMM and his wife were at tea. They were a young couple, and had been but a little while in the life matrimonial. So far, they had made a very comfortable copartnership. Mr. Grimm came home this evening from his business with an idea that rather burdened his mind. While tea was getting ready he sat and pondered upon it, not quite resolved what to do. But not long after beginning to sip the fragrant beverage the fair hands of his wife had prepared, he began to come at the shape of his resolution.

"Wife," he broke out, "I've been making an investment in a lottery speculation. What do you think of it?"

"A lottery!" she exclaimed, in mingled wonder and contempt. "You might as well throw your money into the river, as to go to buying tickets with it! I wonder men are led away into such nonsense. Well—a fool and his money are soon parted, the old saying is, you know."

"Yes, I remember that, my dear. But now I have bought my tickets, I might as well try to hope I've got prizes with them, hadn't I?"

"You'll hope in vain, if you do."

"Well, here are the tickets, at any rate," and he pulled two lottery tickets from his pocket, numbered 37 and 18, and held them up before her. "There they are," said he, "now which of them will you take?"

"Will I take, a good deal!" said she, sneeringly. "I'll burn them both, if you will give them to me."

"No—no; say which you'll have, my dear, and then let's just wait till the drawing, and see what we'll get. Why won't you gratify me as much as that, now?"

"Why, I won't refuse to gratify you, I'm sure, foolish as your plan is. I'll have 18, I guess, just to help you carry out your nonsense, though I know it won't draw anything."

"Eighteen it is then," and he passed the decorated document across the table to his unbelieving partner.

"Now don't lose it," begged he, as she took it and passed it into her pocket. "If you do, you may live to repent of it. There's no knowing anything about it."

"I guess there isn't either. When does the drawing come off, though?"

"In ten days. I'll guarantee you'll hear from your number, though I won't pretend to promise you much luck."

In ten days the wheel turned round, and Mr. Grimm obtained the regular reports from his venture by due course of mail. He hastened home early that afternoon, and laid a printed circular, with a post-mark on its back, in the lap of his wife.

"There's what you get for your ticket," he said; "now laugh at me for buying lottery tickets, will you?"

She looked carefully at it, and found number 18 had drawn a prize of seven hundred dollars! 37 had done nothing!

"Now laugh about it—hadn't you better?" again recommended he, with wonderful pleasantness, considering he had had the luck to draw a blank himself. "But what do you think of it, any how?"

"It rather pleases me," said his wife, looking up at him out of sparkling eyes.

"Yes, but how about your offer to me? You said that you knew you wouldn't draw anything, and was so certain of it that you promised me I should have all you got! What do you think of that now?"

"Ah, but seven hundred dollars doesn't grow on every bush," she replied, hastily crowding her evidence of a prize into a pocket.

"Then you refuse to give me your ticket back again?"

"Certainly I do. What a ninny I should be, to go and throw such a little heap of money away!" and she laughed nicely over her fortune. "Seven hundred dollars! Mr. Grimm, are what married ladies don't get at all from their husbands very often—you know. I think I shall hold on."

"But then you believe in lotteries more than you did formerly, I conclude?" he persisted.

"I believe in them when they yield prizes," she answered him, with a twinkle of triumph in her bright eyes.

"O, well; but I ought to explain this thing to you a little, I suppose."

She looked more eagerly in the face of her husband.

"The fact is," said he, "I only wanted to try you, and see if you were really as generous as you pretend! Your ticket has drawn no prize, nor mine either!"

"But here's the circular report," she retorted, drawing it forth from her pocket again.

"I know that; but it's easy enough to get that printed, I conclude."

His wife looked blank, and said nothing.

"You said if your ticket did draw anything, I was welcome to it. So I got that paper printed, merely to satisfy myself if you truly meant what you said—nothing more. The true drawing is in my pocket. We got nothing, my dear."

The disappointed wife fell off into the sulks, and her husband set up one of the loudest, merriest laughs he had had for many a day. Nothing further was said by Mrs. Grimm about it.

Perhaps it was a full month afterwards, when Mr. Grimm took a letter from the post-office, inscribed in the prettiest female hand you ever thought of. He studied and wondered, when it occurred to him to break the seal. The substance of it was as follows: he was very kindly warned by some female who must have had a deep sympathy with his welfare, of an intimacy that seemed to be growing up rather rapidly between his wife and Mr. Gregory, a not very distant neighbor of theirs. The idea made his hair stand on end. His flesh began to creep and his heart to sicken.

"Can it be? can it be?" he muttered, as he crumpled the sheet in his hand; but seeing he had not yet possessed himself of the whole of the message, he controlled himself long enough to read on. The letter further advised him that the writer had accidentally overheard Mrs. Grimm make an engagement to entertain Mr. Gregory in her own parlor *that very afternoon*; and added that he might as well find time to drop in upon them himself. By all that was good, Mr. Grimm would certainly do it!

About half-past three o'clock he complied with the suggestion of his unknown female friend. Filled with jealousy and overflowing with rage, he went storming through the lower hall of his house, and strode like a mad giant up the long flight of stairs. He had seen Mr. Gregory go in, and he determined to follow him. Bursting open the parlor-door, therefore, he rushed across the floor of the spacious room, and made directly for his amazed and guilty victim. His eyes were so full of blinding passion that he was able to see nothing there but the man whom he pursued, and the figure of a female not far off. The latter uttered a very slight scream as he came in so like a fury. The former seemed to crouch and shrink before him.

"You villain!" said Mr. Grimm, standing over him with clenched fists. "What are you here for? What is the meaning of this? I've caught you, have I? Trying to break up the peace of an innocent man's family!"

He was in the act of drawing a cowhide from his pocket and applying it roundly to the person of his visitor, when the door suddenly opened again, and a very pleasant female voice called out to him: "Mr. Grimm! Mr. Grimm!"

It sounded so natural and so extremely sweet, withal, that he stayed his hand to look around. Mrs. Grimm, clad in her very best street attire, was coming through the door!

"Ah—then you got my letter, I see!"

"Your letter! your letter, Mrs. Grimm!" said he, his eyes swelling like lobsters.

"Why, yes, my dear. I sent you a letter, you know, requesting the favor of your company at half past three o'clock this afternoon. But you're a little late, I see, and so am I. But no matter. Why, you don't seem to see that Mrs. Gregory is here!"

Mr. Grimm looked carefully at the lady whom he had supposed his wife, and sure enough, it was the wife of his neighbor, Mr. Gregory! Grimm was used up.

"Ah—have you been purchasing any more lottery tickets to-day?" asked his wife, in the gaiety of her usual spirits.

Grimm wheeled like a horse on parade, and drove out of the room faster than he came in. His wife was determined to get her seven hundred dollars out of him in some way. The reader will rather think he owed her a liberal balance.



BLEEKER HALL, ALBANY, NEW YORK.

SCENES IN ALBANY, N. Y.

The city of Albany, some of the most striking points of which we have illustrated by original drawings sketched on the spot for us by Mr. Kilburn, and inserted on this and the next page, is one of the oldest cities in the Union. The Dutch established a trading port on Castle Island, just below the present site of Albany, in 1614. Fort Orange was erected where the city now stands, in 1623. The place was subsequently known as Beaver Wyck and Williamstadt. The name of Albany was conferred on it in honor of the Duke of York and Albany, afterwards James II., when it came into possession of the English in 1686. The capital of New York State, and second in importance only to the imperial city of New York, it is advantageously situated for commerce on the west bank of the Hudson, at the head of sloop navigation, and communicates with Lake Ontario, Lake Erie and Lake Champlain by means of a system of canals. It is also the centre of union of a number of very important railroads, which link it with the east and west, the north and south. The following statistics are from Lippincott's Gazetteer, a late and valuable publication:—"The value of property arriving here by canal in 1852 was \$27,439,180, being an increase over that

of the preceding year of \$4,982,625. One of the most important articles in the commerce of Albany is lumber. The clear pine of Michigan and Canada, the oak, cherry and poplar of Ohio, the common pine of Pennsylvania and New York, meet here, furnishing one of the largest lumber markets in the world. The quantity of lumber received in Albany in 1854, amounted to 311,571,151 feet of boards, 24,003 thousand shingles, 28,909 cubic feet of timber, and 135,805,091 pounds of staves, the whole valued at \$6,200,000. There were received here, in 1852, 1,651,789 barrels of flour, 4,145,970 pounds of wool, 2,981,938 bushels of corn, 1,495,714 bushels of wheat, 1,386,678 bushels of barley, unmanufactured tobacco valued at \$1,303,698, besides other articles of less amount. The number of arrivals of river craft, in 1854, was 849, tons, 88,216. Albany contains ten banks. The total assessed value of real estate, in 1852, was \$15,831,630, and of personal property, \$4,078,671. Population, in 1810, 9356; in 1820, 12,630; in 1830, 24,238; in 1840, 33,721; in 1850, 50,763; in 1855, about 60,000." The city received its charter in 1686. The general view of Albany from the river, from certain points of observation, is highly picturesque. A broad strip of level alluvial flats borders

the Hudson, but within a mile, the land rises to the height of 220 feet, a sufficient elevation to admit of a picturesque display. With regard to its architectural appearance, it does not present that regularity and angularity which characterize so many of our American cities, nor does it impress a stranger with any very striking features. There is enough, however, to stamp its origin, many of the old houses, the relics of past times, being unmistakable offsprings of the great Batavian republic. There are, however, many modern structures of great elegance and cost, and some of these our artist has depicted with great fidelity. Bleeker Hall, the first of our series of illustrations, is a fine Gothic building, situated upon Broadway, and adds much to the appearance of the street. The Reservoir, depicted in our second engraving, is a peculiar structure in the Moorish style of architecture, gracefully ornamented by fine trees. It is situated not far from the capital. The City Hall and State Hall, represented in our third engraving, are fine granite buildings, and occupy a commanding position. Their domes add a fine effect to the distant view of the city. The trees planted around them will in time add greatly to the beauty of the locality. The dome of the right hand building (the City Hall) is gilded, and when reflecting the sun, produces a dazzling effect. Our fourth engraving is a specimen of the old Dutch

style of domestic architecture, of which but few relics are remaining. It stands at the corner of Steuben and Chapel Streets. This building, with its quaint gables and unique style, presents a strong contrast to the modern edifices by which it is surrounded. Our fifth engraving shows us Stanwix Hall, a fine hotel building with a dome, near the ferry, and one of the first objects which attract the eye of a stranger in entering the city. The last picture in our series is the Exchange, at the foot of State Street, a commodious and substantial structure. The post-office is located in this building, which also contains an extensive reading-room. Among the praiseworthy institutions of Albany, may be mentioned the University, incorporated in 1852. Its character is peculiar, the design being to furnish graduates of American colleges the means of completing an education without going abroad. Law, medicine, scientific and practical agriculture, civil engineering, mechanics, geography, political economy, history, chemistry and astronomy are embraced within its departments. The Dudley Observatory, connected with the University, is now in the process of erection. The Albany Medical College, founded in 1839, is an admirable institution. It has a fine museum and a well selected library. The State Normal School was established in 1844, is in a flourishing condition, and has a fine library. The Albany Academy and the



RESERVOIR, ALBANY, NEW YORK.



CITY HALL AND STATE HALL, ALBANY.

Albany Female Academy enjoy a high reputation. The free schools of the city, in which a thorough English education is imparted, are provided with excellent teachers, and are well attended. They have libraries, containing "not many but good books." The Albany Institute, devoted to the diffusion of science, has a library of 5000 volumes, and a choice and valuable mineralogical cabinet. The Young Men's Association, for mutual improvement, sustains a course of lectures annually, and has a good-sized and well-selected library. The State Library contains 27,000 volumes. There are also other libraries which we have not mentioned, and which contribute to keep up the high intellectual character of the city. In the old State House building on State Street, are the rooms of the State Agricultural Society, which possesses a noble collection of objects of natural history and agriculture. The State Natural History Society also possesses fine collections. Among the benevolent institutions of the city, we must not omit mentioning the Orphan Asylum, which is liberally endowed; the Emigrant's Friend Society, and also the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, which is under the direction of the Sisters of Charity. There are about a dozen newspapers published in Albany, and the tone of the press is quite elevated. The communication between Boston and Albany is so easy that there is a constant interchange of visits. In fact, thanks to the Western Railroad, this fine old city lies almost at our doors. In noticing the plan of the city, we should have mentioned that the principal street is State Street, which runs from the Hudson River to the capitol. Up to Broadway it is quite narrow, but there it broadens to the width of 150 feet, and thence continues to its western extremity. There are also a number of handsome public squares in the city.

The crevice widened here, and it struck me in particular that it seemed no longer a rent, but a natural opening, which grew gradually wider as it ran further into the mountain, and the sides of which were composed of earth and rocks of various dimensions; some projecting nearly or quite across the fissure. The side which we proposed to ascend was not quite perpendicular at this spot, and its broken appearance, and the shrubs growing from it, made our success apparently feasible. Impelled by curiosity and a desire to know more of this singular opening, I determined to penetrate further into it, while my fellow-traveller tried the ascent. I proceeded some distance, and noticed that the passage seemed to grow no wider; but the vegetation became thinner at every step, and at length ceased almost entirely. Here, on looking up, I saw that the crevice was closed some fifty feet above, and before me was darkness, into which I dared not penetrate. While looking, with a sort of horror, into this dark chasm, which seemed to lead directly towards the heart of the mountain, I heard a rustling sound proceeding from its recess, and started back, appalled at the thoughts of having entered, perhaps, the very den of the fierce tiger or the dread lion. The noise was repeated, and turning, I retraced my steps as silently and rapidly as possible. I cast my eyes up among the rocks to discover my companion, but found I had passed the spot where he commenced climbing, and as I turned again to go back, I saw through the bushes an enormous serpent gliding slowly towards me, along that part of the passage which I had just traversed. He did not seem to be aware of the presence of any foe or victim, but crept along with his body half concealed among the bushes, and his head close to the ground, until, arriving under the native, and probably alarmed by some noise the latter made,



OLD DUTCH HOUSE, COR. STEUBEN AND CHAPEL STS., ALBANY.

he missed his aim, or the root broke, unless he could seize the bush above it, he was lost, for he would inevitably fall, and the serpent would seize him as soon as within reach. The root did break, almost an instant after his weight was upon it, but the agile native had managed to lay his hand upon the bush, and after another powerful effort was on the shelf. Seeing it was impossible to climb further, he turned, and setting his back firmly against the rock, drew his knife and fixed his eyes on his enemy. I saw the latter wind himself around one of the strongest limbs, which would bring him near his victim. The serpent had ascended the tree so swiftly until concealed by its branches, that I had no time to fire, but now that he exposed himself, I determined to do so, though the shot might endanger the life of the native. As his head came fairly in view, I fired, aiming at his neck. The report of the rifle causing him to turn his head towards the tree, the serpent twisted himself into a large knot on the limb, and I distinctly heard his blood drop upon the leaves near my feet. In anger, he uncoiled himself and again advanced along the branch. My companion had left his fowling piece near where I stood, and I seized it and fired a second time without effect. He reached the end of the limb, which, though running horizontally, was a continuance of the main body of the tree, and having been broken near the shelf, was strong enough to bear his weight and bend very little. Here, with his head flattened, and his arched and swollen crest glowing like fire, he prepared to spring upon his prize. The blood streamed from the wound in his neck, and flowing down, crimsoned the bright scales, and he seemed to be but little injured. His burning and dilating eyes were intently fixed on the native, and his red, forked tongue darted like an incessant flame from his mouth. The man was prepared for him—the keen knife glittered in his hand—but his situation was a terrible one. At this moment a dark shadow fell upon him. He looked up, and in amazement beheld a lion of great size standing on the brink of the opening, some ten feet above him, with his eyes fixed on the other side, and evidently intending to cross. A hiss from below caught his ear, and dropping his head quickly between his legs, he lifted his mane, and with a loud roar sprang fiercely at the native, who avoided him by shrinking closely to the rock, and as he came within reach on the shelf, plunged his knife into his side. As the lion recovered from his leap and turned upon his foe, I saw three coils fly from the limb like rings of fire, and in an instant one of them was around the shaggy neck of the lordly beast, and the fangs of the serpent were fastened just above his eyes. He was dragged struggling from the shelf, and the serpent retaining his hold upon the limb, they swung heavily against the trunk of the tree. The joints of the snake stretched to their utmost tension, and the limb bent and cracked with the weight it sustained, but he firmly kept hold, and drew the cord about the neck of the struggling lion as tight as a hangman's knot. But the mighty beast was not thus to be overcome. With one of his strong paws he grasped the snake above his head, and turning seized that part in his capacious mouth, crushing bone and flesh, and grinding his teeth in fury when they met. The cords upon the limb relaxed, and they fell heavily to the ground, fighting in a heap, and whirling the dry leaves in a cloud with their fierce energy. When we came in sight of where they had fallen, the huge serpent lay dead at the foot of the tree, but the victorious lion had disappeared in the jungle."



STANWIX HALL, ALBANY.

AN ADVENTURE IN INDIA.

A recent resident in India on the Malabar coast, gives the following account of a wonderful escape while attempting to ascend a high mountain in company with a native. He says:—"We had accomplished nearly one half the ascent, and saw the immense wilderness stretching away on every side below us, when we were stopped by a ball of rock, rising perpendicularly, in many places to the height of several hundred feet, and running across the face of the mountain, to the right and left, until the eye lost its curve on either side. Seeing no way of passing over, under, or through the obstacle, I directed the native to follow the ledge a short distance towards the left, in order to find an opening, while I took the right. I proceeded some distance, and found a break in the rock, through which I thought we might make our way to the top. It had been formed apparently by some violent convulsion of nature, which had separated the rock several feet, and detached large fragments from the top; these had fallen, and some of them to the bottom, but many had lodged in various places. Trees had grown up in this opening, and bushes had sprung from every crevice along its sides, filling it up so completely that only an occasional glimpse could be had of the sky through the top, which appeared no wider than one's hand. While contemplating this singular arrangement, the native made his appearance; and after attentively considering the opening, said that he could make the ascent. At this moment, a sudden current of air, bursting through the crevice, parted the bushes, and disclosed to us, a little beyond, a spot where the great rock seemed no longer entire. We proceeded along the passage, which was nearly blocked up by trees and bushes, until we reached this point, and were convinced at once that the ascent would not be difficult.

he then reared himself several feet from the ground, and beholding the man above him, gave a loud and terrible hiss, and quick as lightning coiled himself around the nearest tree, and ascended to its first boughs. This sight paralyzed every mental and physical faculty I possessed. I had no life but in the horror of gazing upon this frightful monster—a horror which was greatly increased by the peril in which it placed my companion. He, meanwhile, heard the terrible hissing below him, and became fully aware of the extent of his danger. He had climbed forty or fifty feet, perhaps, and was very nearly as high as the top of the tree which the serpent was ascending in earnest pursuit of him. For ten or fifteen feet above where he now stood, the rock was perpendicular, with no facilities for climbing except its crevices and the bushes from them. Up he went, however, with incredible agility, until within a few feet of a spot where the wall seemed to jut back, forming a sort of shelf; here nothing appeared within his reach by which he might raise himself higher, and for a moment he paused. Above him, and quite out of his reach, was a decayed root, which did not look strong enough to sustain his weight, and above that was a strong bush, which, if he could but grasp, he could reach the shelf, where he would have some chances of defending himself, and he saw that the top of the great opening was not far above this, though a closer examination would have shown him his present position, for the wall above the shelf, and on either side, presented a smooth, solid front, without a shrub or crevice. He had but an instant to consider. He heard a quick rustling in the tree below, and again that sharp hiss told him his frightful enemy was almost within reach. With the energy of desperation he made a spring up the perpendicular face of the rock. If



THE EXCHANGE, ALBANY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SONG.

BY W. L. SHOEMAKER.

There's beauty in the skies of night,
When all the stars so brightly shine;
But, love, there is a lovelier light
Within those eyes of thine.
I heed not those cold stars above,
As on their far-off paths they roll;
For ah, they do not glow with love,
They are not lit with soul!

I look on thee, and one soft glance
Outshines their brightest radiance.

Sweet are the notes of bird and bee,
And sweetly summer-rills rejoice;
But, love, more sweetly sounds to me
The music of thy voice.
The bee may hum, the merry bird
May trill his most melodious tone—
The magic of thy lightest word
To them is all unknown:

There is no voice in field or grove,
Can wake like thine my soul to love.

The hawthorn buds are fair to see—
The virgin rose is queen of flowers;
And many a fair bud decks the lea,
And blooms in secret bowers.
The rose unto thy cheeks must yield—
Than hawthorn buds more fair thy brow:
There is no flower in wood or field
Is half so fair as thou—
A flower from some celestial sphere
To enchant my heart, thou bloomest here.

It is a joy to hear thee speak,
To yield me to thy beauty's spell;
I love, but words are all too weak
How much I love to tell.
Ah, could I fold thee in my arms,
And on thy lips imprint a kiss,
And feel that mine were all those charms,
And lose myself in bliss—
My eyes, my beating heart, would tell
How much I love thee, and how well!

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RIVALS.

BY ANNE T. WILDER.

SEVERAL years had passed since Louis XV. had espoused the daughter of the King of Poland. *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* Days of grief and of desertion had succeeded days of love and happiness, and Madame de Pompadour was preparing to put the climax to the sorrows of the unfortunate Marie Leczinska.

For two months past, Jeanne Poisson, already become, thanks to her fine eyes, Madame Lenormand d'Etiolles, had been aiming at the vacant heritage of the Duchess de Chateauroux, the last favorite of the King of France. After having thrown herself, on a thousand occasions, in the way of the inconstant Louis XV., accompanied all his hunts in the most engaging costumes, appeared at the *grand couvert* to have her feet trodden upon beneath the royal table by rivals jealous of her beauty, the favorite in expectancy had ended by introducing herself at Versailles.

The king had already begun to notice her and speak to her; the queen saw herself deprived of the short-lived empire which she had but just resumed, and the courtiers, impatient to salute the rising of this new star, were betting on the period of its advent.

It was at the grand levee of the queen, the 14th of August, the anniversary of her birthday. On this day Louis XV. received with Marie Leczinska, and all persons presented at court had an entrée to her apartments. M. and Madame d'Etiolles were among the first there, and Jeanne Poisson, like all the other ladies, kissed the hand of the Queen of France. This annoyance was sanctioned by etiquette, so that the king alone permitted himself to smile. The spectators however noticed the glance of dislike exchanged by the two rivals. But their attention was aroused to the highest degree, when M. d'Etiolles was seen to present a petition to Louis XV. By the rapid and interested glance with which the wife followed the gesture of the husband, it was felt that some deep design was concealed beneath this simple proceeding, and that the king was about to declare himself a constant or faithless husband. The queen alone, in her simplicity, suspected nothing of this new attack, and continued to converse with those around her, while everybody was looking at Louis XV. He slowly took the petition from the hands of M. d'Etiolles, cast an imperceptible glance from the latter to his wife, assured himself of the perfect good faith of the one and the formal intention of the other, reflected a moment whether he would become the accomplice of a scandal, and decided to commit the fault without taking the responsibility, returned the petition to the petitioner, requesting him to read it.

After having turned pale with tremor, Jeanne Poisson blushed with joy. The general expectation was manifested by an involuntary tremor, and Marie Leczinska herself began to observe what was passing.

M. d'Etiolles opened the paper which he had given to the king folded, and read in an imperturbable voice a request divided into two parts. In the first, he solicited letters of high birth and a place of superintendent of the gardens for the young Poisson, brother of Madame d'Etiolles. In the second, he demanded for Madame d'Etiolles herself the honorary title of *dame du palais* to the queen.

Dame du palais to the queen! This was as plain as bold, and

no one could mistake it, not even the unsuspicious Marie Leczinska, who hastily placed her hand on her heart. He whom the enigma interested most, personally, remained then the only one who was not in the secret of it; and, between the desire of laughing at the simplicity of this good M. d'Etiolles, and impatience to see the conclusion of an adventure so delicate and so dangerous, every one was hesitating, like the king himself, when the queen undertook to cut the matter short.

"M. d'Etiolles," said she solemnly, addressing to Jeanne Poisson a glance of sorrowful indignation, "his majesty is at perfect liberty to grant to your brother-in-law the superintendence of the royal gardens. As for the title *dame du palais*, it is I who am accustomed to dispose of it, and unless a superior will for the first time controls mine, you have but to request Madame d'Etiolles to renounce her pretensions!"

Having spoken thus, the queen withdrew, in defiance of the sacred laws of etiquette, leaving the actors and witnesses of this scene equally embarrassed. And it was well that she disappeared thus, for her own dignity, since scarcely had the door of her chamber closed upon her, when this brief effort of courage terminated in a sob of grief.

The king made a gesture of vexation which promised no consolation for his august spouse, and while he created a prompt diversion to this incident unexampled at court, Jeanne Poisson withdrew proudly, casting upon him an alluring glance.

"I know now that you love me," said this glance, which was well understood. "Well, I will become your favorite when I am appointed *dame du palais* to the queen."

"Will Madame d'Etiolles be appointed *dame du palais* to the queen, and will her brother have the superintendence of the gardens?" were queries which passed from mouth to mouth, in the saloons of the *Ceil-de-Boeuf*. Louis XV. addressed them to himself, struggling between passion and duty; and the young queen also asked them, as she redoubled her attentions to captivate her husband. The courtiers comprehended the decisive importance of this affair, and the result was awaited by everybody with an impatience impossible to be described. The expectation was not destined to be prolonged.

"Shall I be victorious or vanquished?" Madame d'Etiolles had said on her part. And, as proud towards the king as she had heretofore been submissive, she wished in her turn to be courted by him, and would not yield a line of her pretensions. Besides the consequences which she foresaw from this first triumph, she had resolved to revenge herself on Marie Leczinska, as if it had been herself who was offended.

More than a week passed away in this suspense without the occurrence of any incident to terminate it. What were the queen and Madame d'Etiolles doing in this interval? How many tears had the former shed! and how many manœuvres of gallantry had the second devised! Louis XV. alone could know, and this mystery is one which history does not fathom. But, whatever may have been the intrigues, the following was the denouement.

It was one morning after the queen's breakfast. She was in a pavilion of her little apartment, with her private court, awaiting, in order to paint them, the flowers which were usually brought her. Their arrival was delayed, and the royal artist was becoming impatient, when suddenly the door opened, and Madame d'Etiolles appeared in the pavilion.

Marie Leczinska started with surprise, so that she dropped her palette, and surveyed her rival from head to foot with an air which would have made any other woman recoil. But Jeanne Poisson, far from being abashed, quietly allowed her to look, seeming by her countenance to say to the queen: "I am more beautiful than you, and do not fear the examination of my person." She was, in fact, admirable, and wore a toilet which became her well. Dressed half as a court lady and half as a shepherdess of Waltean, her long curls fell over her shoulders, her little feet were encased in sandals, and she supported on her bare arms a large basket full of flowers.

"Madame," said she to the queen, presenting her smiling gift, "I have just learned that your majesty was awaiting these flowers, and have taken the liberty of bringing them myself."

At the tone which these words were pronounced, a fatal presentiment crossed the heart of Marie Leczinska. She nevertheless suppressed her emotion, for fear of giving a new advantage to her enemy, and seeking a method to mortify her, she looked at her fixedly, and replied with bitter irony:

"If it is to show yourself that you have come, madame, my dignity pardons you for the sake of my eyes; for you are truly beautiful to look at. Remain thus," hastily continued she, prohibiting her by a gesture from setting down the basket. "Since we are in my studio, allow us to contemplate you at our leisure as a perfect model. These ladies will, doubtless, be obliged to me for the pleasure they share with me."

A general assent, not less cutting than the words of the queen, proved to Madame d'Etiolles that she was alone against twenty. Becoming animated in the contest, without losing her self-possession, she attempted to speak, but was instantly interrupted.

After having found the weapon which could wound her enemy, the timid Marie Leczinska would not lose a single stroke, and her courage was blind and desperate, because she felt herself incapable of having it twice. Continuing therefore to analyze in detail, as a material thing or an object of art, and thus reducing at the same time to their common value the gallant caprice of Louis XV., and the insolent beauty who stood before her, she continued, in a lofty tone, pointing to Madame d'Etiolles:

"Look, ladies, what magnificent eyes; how soft are those long lashes, and what a perfect arch to the eyebrows! nothing could be more brilliant than those cheeks, and the outlines of the chin are unparalleled. And what a form! that delicacy! and that posture—what magic grace!" A second time Jeanne Poisson attempted

a reply, and a second time the queen imposed silence upon her. "That basket of flowers on your arm is so delicious!" said she to her, alluding to her evident fatigue; "I advise you, madame, to suffer yourself to be painted in this costume and attitude. You could not imagine any which would be more to your advantage, and one would never tire, I assure you, of admiring you in this charming state."

Notwithstanding her boldness, Madame d'Etiolles would have lost countenance, had she not been sure of having her revenge in rendering sorrow for mortification. She had but a single word to say, and she was seeking to find a place for it. But this word the queen foresaw, and an invincible terror gave her strength to postpone it. Seizing every pretext which presented itself to her mind, and inspired by one of her ladies, she interrupted Jeanne Poisson for the third time.

"Is it true, madame," asked she, "that you unite to the exterior charms which surprise us the precious gift of a voice more delightful still?"

"August appreciators have, indeed, deigned to praise my voice," replied Madame d'Etiolles, happy at being at last allowed to speak, and dwelling on each syllable in a very significant manner. She would have even arrived at her vengeance by a direct road, but the queen again interrupted her by entreating her to sing a song.

"Sing as you are," said she to her, "that we may enjoy at once with our eyes and our ears."

Such an invitation, made in the tone of command, was the climax of humiliation; and, hardened as she was, Madame d'Etiolles felt her confidence give way, and was on the point of yielding the combat. But suddenly an inspiration came to her, one of those desperate inspirations which resentment sometimes bestows upon women. Seizing, in order to arrive at her object, the very method employed to turn her from it, she threw herself proudly back, and while holding the basket on her arm, fixed on the august brow of the queen a glance piercing as an arrow, gave to her whole physiognomy the expression of the most overwhelming joy, and, displaying her full voice, which was indeed magnificent, chanted in a triumphant tone the celebrated monologue in *Armida*:

"Enfin, il est en ma puissance!" (At last, he is in my power!)

"Enough! enough!" exclaimed Maria Leczinska, struck to the heart by this frightful allegory.

The avenged favorite stopped tremblingly, and looked at the pale and mute queen, around whom her women were thronging.

"Are you still there, madame?" said Marie Leczinska, when she recovered; "are you still waiting for me to order you to go out and cause you to be chastised for having appeared thus before me?"

"I deserve no chastisement from your majesty," replied Madame d'Etiolles, with feigned submission. "I brought these flowers on the part of my brother, M. Poisson de Marigny, superintendent of the king's gardens, and I believe I had a right to present myself here in my new quality of *dame du palais* to the queen. As for the rest, I did but obey your majesty, and I ask a thousand pardons if I have had the misfortune to be disagreeable to you."

"It is well," said the royal victim, dismissing with a sign her gratified executioner. And, as soon as Madame d'Etiolles had passed the door of the pavilion, she fell fainting in the arms of her ladies of honor.

An hour afterwards, the whole court knew that Jeanne Poisson was installed as the favorite of Louis XV. M. d'Etiolles alone was still ignorant of this fact, and learned it only when she laid aside his name for that of the Marquise de Pompadour.

Marie Leczinska endured this new affront in silence, recalling tearfully the calm days of Weissembourg, and praying God to pardon those who had offended her.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. By WASHINGTON IRVING. In 3 vols., 8vo. Vol. II. pp. 518. G. P. Putnam & Co.

The second volume surpasses the first in interest, and is written with equal grace and elegance. It is embellished with a fine portrait of Washington as the young Virginia colonel, and with several plans of battles. The only New England agent of this subscription work is Frederick Parker, Cornhill.

LANIER. By Mrs. JULIA C. R. DORR, author of "Farmingdale." New York: Mason Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 447.

Fully equal to "Farmingdale," which met with a brilliant success. The epigraph from Sir Thomas More, "To love and to labor is the sum of living," is a key to the *moral* of the story. Boston: Feltledge & Co.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF LORD JEFFREY. By LORD COCKBURN. 2 vols. in one, 8vo. 1856. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

The life of a man who filled so large a space in the world's eye as Lord Jeffrey, is an acceptable present to the reading world. The biographer has accomplished his task fairly, and produced a highly valuable work. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

LECTURES ON THE CAUSES AND CURE OF CONSUMPTION. With Illustrations. By DR. SAMUEL SHELTON FITCH. New York—published by the author. 1856. 12mo. pp. 384.

The author of this work is a successful practitioner, whose speciality is the treatment of pulmonary diseases. He has studied the laws of life with ardor and assiduity, and adopts the recent French theory, that health may be preserved to the age of a hundred years. The book contains a treatise on medical inhalation. It is well worthy of serious study. It includes a number of testimonials from relieved invalids, of which any medical man might well be proud.

JACKSON AND NEW ORLEANS. By ALEXANDER WALKER. New York: J. C. Derby. 1856. 12mo. pp. 411.

A thrilling subject, handled with ability. It has all the interest of a romance, with a true hero for its leading character. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street, has published "Doulou et Joie," a romance for the piano, by Charles Voss, the "Resignation Polka," by Julius Erickson, "Far out in the Moonlight," by Alice B. Neal, and the "Bright Side," by Henry Tiendal.

THE HOUSE BY THE SEA. By THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

We have more than once briefly alluded to this poem, but it deserves something more than a passing notice. It is a more serious and sustained effort than any which its author has yet put forth (with the exception of the "New Pastoral,") and fully sustains his claim to rank with the most brilliant of American poets. Hitherto, he has confined himself to the production of lyrical pieces, exquisite in thought and diction, and glowing with fancy; but here is a sustained narrative of high imagination, and completely original in construction, in machinery and in detail. It is full of mystery and wild excitement; it mingles the natural and supernatural in skilful union, and after a period of breathless suspense, closes with a denouement at once satisfactory and highly poetical. The poem is full of graceful and appropriate imagery; and the measure, chaunting with the phases of the narrative, alternates between passionate eloquence and quiet beauty. The poem has already received the stamp of critical approbation, and, what is better far, of popular applause.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PILGRIM BAND.

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

Hark! methinks the cold December blast
Doth tell a tale of the mighty past;
And as it sweeps through the forests dim,
It echoes still the triumphal hymn,
That mingled of old with ocean's roar,
And pealed along the New England shore.

It tells of a band of hardy braves,
Who fearlessly crossed the unknown waves,
And left the homes of their father-land,
With plenty smiling on every hand,
That here they might worship with bended knee,
The God they feared, with a conscience free.

The thrones of old Europe felt the shock,
As burst the glad song from Plymouth rock;
And freedom's banner to the breeze unfurled,
Thrilled with a strange fear the olden world,
But dauntless hearts for the cause beat high,
And hopes were born that would never die.

Shades of the Pilgrims! ye mighty dead!
Behold once again the soil we tread;
The same ye found, long years ago,
In fierce December, a land of snow:
It bloometh now like a garden fair,
And all are free who breathe its air.

Then let the loud anthem ever rise,
And pierce each year the December skies,
Till the chorus vast from Plymouth rock
Sent forth by sons of the Pilgrim stock,
Through hill and valley the country o'er,
Shall echo back from the Pacific shore.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TOO FAST BY A GOOD DEAL.

BY ARTHUR STANFIELD.

In a quiet little street, or place, in a respectable brick house, still of the original brick color, and in a contented domestic atmosphere, all things duly considered, lived the family of Mr. Bugby. That family, for all its remarkable peacefulness, was but trifling in comparison with some others, and consisted simply of Mr. Bugby's ownself, Mrs. Bugby, and his young daughter Joanna.

Until very recently, we should have said, it was a family where nothing but peacefulness abounded. Latterly, however, an invader had approached—had fairly stormed the stout domestic fortress, and was even now making his demand for them to surrender. The name of the common enemy was Love. He came, too, in two different disguises. One of them was represented in the clothes and person of Mr. Madgrab; the other, in the same parts and properties of Mr. Battles. Two lovers in one cause! Two bows to one fiddle! Verily, the year was a productive one that brought two lovers to the dancing heart of young Joanna Bugby!

Now, concerning these two lovers, there seemed to be some unhappy little misunderstanding in the family. Both were not favorites; at least, both *were* favorites, but not of the same individual. One had got possession of the maiden's heart; the other had only managed to lay in shrewdly with the present governor of the fortress.

For example, Mr. Madgrab had succeeded in winning the favor of the father, and held his solemn promise that he should certainly become the husband of his little daughter, if anybody did. But he was anything but a favorite of either Joanna or her mother. In this matrimonial business, Mrs. Bugby and her daughter "hunted in couples." They were perfectly united in the matter of sentiment; so that it was only necessary for Mrs. Bugby to know that Joanna disliked Mr. Madgrab ever so little, in order to signalize her own coming down upon him in every way a busy mother's heart and brain could ingeniously devise.

Mr. Battles, on the other hand, was the *très* accepted lover. He knew enough about these things to go straight up to the mouth of the cannon, rather than to hang around on the outside and try the slow and tedious arts of diplomacy; he first made love to Joanna, and thought there would be time enough to have a little talk with her father on the subject by-and-by. And the girl was manifestly both pleased and flattered with the directness and the sincerity of his manner. It is not altogether impossible to suppose (though we cannot pretend to speak "by authority" about these things) that if Mr. Madgrab had possessed the ingenuousness to proceed in the same way, and had furthermore begun the experiment only a very little before his more fortunate rival ventured upon it, he might have come off conqueror on the field on which it was not going to be his good luck to win. It is just as well to go at the core of these matters in the beginning of it. Diplomacy is just as fatal as diffidence.

Mr. Battles, therefore, being accepted of Joanna, was no less a favorite either, of her indulgent mother; and, on the other hand, he was just as ardently opposed, frowned upon, disliked, and even hated, by Mr. Bugby. Whenever he thought of him, his blood grew hot; he wondered how such a young man could *dare* to enter within the sacred privacy of his domestic circle, hoping and designing to break up that circle, too, without first obtaining the proper certificate of admission from *him*, signed and countersigned in that very bold and blazing fist for which Mr. Bugby was, in all business matters, so remarkable.

It stood, then, somewhat in this way. Joanna's favorite, and her mother's, too, of course, was not the favorite of her father; and Mr. Bugby's favorite was a man whom Joanna was resolved "not

to go anyhow," and whom, of course again, her dear mother was resolved not to go either.

One evening, very lately, Mr. Madgrab had made one of his usual calls. Mr. Bugby was all attention to him; but as for a word, a syllable, or even a look of favor and kindness from either Mrs. Bugby or her fair daughter, he could no more have got it, than he could have walked with his feet upon the ceiling over head. The two ladies were distant and demure; they had determined to be—and for carrying out a strong determination to its last letter, give us a true blue woman above all things created. They said but very little, and then only to answer his few questions; they sat extremely busy over their work, and let Mr. Bugby do the talking by himself. The latter did not relish it one bit. It maddened him to see how slightly the authority of his example was regarded; he bit his lips and frowned savagely, and made up his mind to put things right again as soon as he had an opportunity. And that soon came. Mr. Battles rang at the door one evening, and the girl let him in. Mr. Bugby looked up from his paper, and asked who was that?

"It's Mr. Battles, husband," answered his wife.

"How! Mr. Battles!" said he, contemptuously. "What is *he* after? I'll go and see myself."

And before either wife or daughter could have whispered a protest or a supplication, even had they dared to utter the former before his face, he had pushed out into the hall, and confronted the visitor face to face.

"Good evening, Mr. Bugby," said the young man, with a trifle of instinctive hesitancy.

"Good evening," returned Mr. Bugby, with rapidity. "Did you come to see *me*?"

"No, sir. I'd like to ask, sir, if Joanna's at home this evening." All this with proper timidity.

"Ahem!" said Mr. Bugby, very loudly. "Yes, she *is* at home!—and she'll *stay* at home!—and there's where you'd better stay *yourself*, sir! You can't see Joanna, sir, and you might as well give up the idea first as last!"

"Why, mother," gasped Joanna, in the other apartment, "hear him!" Saying which, she started off through a side door, and disappeared for the evening in her chamber. What heart was ever so mortified, so bruised and pricked, as was poor Joanna Bugby's heart on that unfortunate evening.

Mr. Battles turned pale at the father's angry answers to his modest inquiry, stammered out some unmeaning expression of his disappointment, put his hat further on his head than was his usual habit, and put himself hastily out into the street again. The open air was the best place for a man who felt as he did. If he had stayed in the house another minute, he must have suffered nothing less than a downright collapse of the most lively description.

The balance of the evening was spent by Mr. Bugby and his estimable lady alone. Joanna was not there. Mr. Bugby pretended to read his paper; but he fell into a strange habit of talking very rapidly, and very angrily, and in a very monotonous tone, too, to Mrs. Bugby, which would have been likely to suggest to any observer that he did not get on so extremely fast with the news department before his eyes. Now and then he laid the paper down in his lap, and proceeded to address his wife in a strain of greater directness, and positiveness, and so forth.

The result of this evening's performances was simply to this effect—which almost any astute individual could have foreseen, had he got but half an eye to his head, and that looking in the wrong direction—Mrs. Bugby comforted Joanna by promising to arrange matters for her, and the interdicted suitor was henceforth admitted to the house by special favor of the mother and her admirable management. A system of signals was forthwith entered upon, to the varied meaning of which both parties secretly held the explanation and key.

Mr. Battles henceforth was received at the Bugby mansion "on the sly;" there is no other phrase in literature that will express it half so well. If he came, it was only in obedience to an authorized summons. When he came, Mr. Bugby was most generally out, or had gone to bed—generally the latter; so that the mousing lover ordinarily felt safe for a whole skin as long as he stayed. And to make assurance just as sure as possible, Joanna made it a point never to have a light burning, but received him at the door, and conducted him softly up stairs in the dark.

An evening was duly appointed, as the days skipped along, for another interview. Mrs. Bugby had been kind enough to go round to Mr. Battles's place of business that afternoon, and slyly tell him that "all was quiet," which meant that he was expected that same evening, *after the usual bedtime*. So Mrs. Bugby exerted herself, from the time she got up from the supper-table, to get her lord and master off to bed as early as she could. The absence of everything like a light was a warning to Mr. Battles that he could come over to the door and slip in.

Of course he was punctual to a minute; of course he waited for no second invitation. The moment he saw the lights go out, he came over from his sentry-box across the street, as a matter to be expected; the moment he reached the door, too, he put his hand on the handle and essayed to go through with all quietness and secrecy.

Being on the lookout for him that evening, it is natural to believe that Jo (which her mother often called her for short) was all ready at the door for him the moment he came in. She took him affectionately by the hand, whispered a soft sort of a "—sh!—sh!" and proceeded to lead him quietly up the stairs. He was not at all behindhand with such salutations either, as belong to these special occasions; and before she had fairly gained the top of the stairs with him, had rifled her cherry lips of all the kisses one would think ever grew on them! Into the sitting-room they went, Jo shutting the door as softly as she knew how, and con-

ducting her lover straight to the sofa. Then she had the grace to seat herself plump beside him—a circumstance which he improved to the extent of a gallant lover's proper license.

Things got on swimmingly; they talked in very low whispers, and said no doubt some very soft things. Finally Jo got up to go to the window and look out. On her way a sad accident befell her. She fell flat over a cricket that unkindly stood in her way, and expressed the fright she felt by a short and poorly suppressed scream!

"What's that?" quickly spoke Mr. Bugby to his wife, who had retired at the same time with himself.

"What's *what*?" said she, affecting ignorance.

"That noise down stairs! By Jupiter, I'll see, if I have to get up and go down *myself*!"

Now, whereas Mrs. Bugby well knew from what cause the noise must have proceeded, Mr. Bugby already mistrusted; his suspicions had been excited that way for some weeks. So he got up as quick as he could, threw his flannel wrapper around him, struck a light in a jiffy, and went off down stairs, his wife following in silence and alarm behind him, straight down to the sitting-room with his nightcap stuck so queerly on the back of his head, too! What an evening figure he cut, with his wife there behind him!

Jo, who had heard her father coming, clapped her lover into the closet as fast as he could be squeezed through the door. She had just turned the woollen button, and still stood with her back upon it, when in came her father! Her face was as red as the harvest-moon.

"You up!" exclaimed he. "But what's here, miss? What's in *here*?"

The question so frightened her, that she made an open confession of her guilt by braeing her back stoutly against the door. Her father took hold of her shoulder to push her aside. Mrs. Bugby sprang to her daughter's relief, seeing that the play was quite played through, and braced up against the door likewise. "Mr. Bugby!" said she, imploringly, "Mr. Bugby!" with a strong emphasis on the Bug part of his name.

This opposition but served to make him more furious, as it had the effect to confirm his suspicions. He crowded in violently between both of them, thrust them this side and that, as if they were straw bundles, and proceeded to turn the button! Jo set up a scream, putting both hands before her eyes. Her mother said "Mr. Bugby!" once more, putting a still stronger emphasis on the first syllable.

Mr. Bugby deliberately pulled open the closet-door, and thrust in the candle. There stood Mr. Battles—no! *Mr. Madgrab*, looking as wily as a fox, and illy restraining his laughter at the scene which the candle helped illuminate! Mr. Madgrab! Was ever such a thing heard of! Where did *he* come from?

Mrs. Bugby took away her daughter in a notable huff, leaving her husband and his favorite there together. Jo was as mad as a March hare about it—and to think of the kisses she had given the rascal, too!

The way of it was this. Mr. Battles very unexpectedly went out of town by the cars, and had no time to notify Mrs. Bugby of his changed destination—least of all did he think that anything more than a little disappointment would come of it. Mr. Madgrab, however, had learned all about this sly way of Battles, and resolved to avail himself of any such advantage as the present opportunity offered. He suspected an interview was appointed for that evening, from seeing Mrs. Bugby go to Battles's store; and he likewise knew of Battles unexpectedly going out of town. That was enough; the rest was in his own hands.

But Joanna never would have him, let it blow as hard as it might. She *hated* him *now*, if for nothing but the kisses he had got by his mean and false pretences, on the evening when she certainly thought she was dispensing them to his rival!

As for Mr. Bugby, it was said that he actually gained a pound of flesh a day, for at least two weeks afterwards.

NO PERFECTION.—Naaman was a mighty man, *but* he was a leper. Every man has some *but* or other in his character—something that blemishes and diminishes him—some alloy in his grandeur—some damp to his joy. He may be very happy—very good; yet, in something or other, not so good as he should be, nor so happy as he should be. Naaman was as great as the world could make him; and yet, as Bishop Hall remarks, the basest slave in Syria would not have changed skins with him.—*Matthew Henry*.

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M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.



STREET SCENE IN CALCUTTA.

STREET IN CALCUTTA.

We present herewith a view of a street in the famous city of Hindostan, the seat of the supreme government of British India. The Indian name is *Kallee Ghattah*, which signifies "the ghaut, or landing-place of Kallee, the goddess of Time." It is situated on the banks of the Hoogly, a branch of the Ganges, about one hundred miles from the sea. It was founded by Job Charnock, the agent of the first English East India Company, incorporated by charter of Queen Elizabeth, in 1600. Calcutta is a very interesting city, and contains a vast population. Some of the buildings are beautiful, and there are many fine gardens within its precincts. It is a place of the greatest commercial importance, extending its bands of trade with every part of the world.

CHARGE OF THE BASHI-BAZOUKS.

Our engraving represents a body of Bashi-Bazonks rushing in full career to the charge. These wild Oriental troops have done good service in the Crimea, and have rendered themselves formidable to the enemy in the field. Unfortunately, their impatience of discipline, and their savage nature, have caused a great deal of trouble when not engaged in active duty. The Sultan of Turkey has been laboring for years to introduce European discipline into his army, employing for the purpose, some of the finest European officers—but, after all, it is but up-hill work. The very qualities which make the Orientals formidable in fray, render them unmanageable in camp. Ferocity and submission to authority are rarely associated. It is impossible to combine these wild troopers,

and to manœuvre them in masses; hence they are only effective as irregular cavalry. Individually, the horsemen that Marad Bey commanded in the Battle of the Pyramids, were the first in the world; and their valor, and the speed and strength of their matchless steeds, almost warranted the boast of their commander, that he would "cut up the French like gourds." But the fiery valor of the east was nothing when matched with the perfect discipline of the west. Before the steady and sustained fire of the French squares, that splendid Oriental cavalry melted away like mists before the sunbeams—they were almost wholly annihilated. If it were possible to combine the fiery valor of the Bashi-Bazonks with the steadiness of English troops, we should then have such a cavalry corps as the world never saw.



BASHI BAZOUKS, AT A CHARGE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

One has only to refer to BALLOU'S PICTORIAL from week to week to realize the great improvements in wood engraving in this country. This charming paper richly deserves the vast popularity it enjoys.—*Boston Herald*.

Let fathers take this pleasant and instructive weekly home to their families; it will amuse while it improves the domestic circle. In what way can six cents be so properly invested?—*Boston Transcript*.

It is the only illustrated paper in this country which has attained a firm basis, and successfully established itself. Its imitators, who have started up and as often failed, lacked the necessary capital and enterprise.—*Hartford Courant*.

We are at a loss which most to admire, the charming reading matter in BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, which is all original, or its fine and elegant engravings. The proprietor says it is the cheapest paper in the world, and so it is.—*Burlington Sentinel*.

The superb engravings of the Battle of New Orleans, the Entry of Gen. Scott into Mexico, and other large pictures, which have lately appeared in BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, are the best wood engravings yet produced in America.—*Tribune*.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL is entirely original, and its subscribers get their money's worth twice over—first, the reading matter is worth the price charged for it, and then, how the illustrations can be afforded for the price charged is a mystery.—*Indianapolis Gazette*.

One copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, and one copy of THE FLAO OF OUR UNION, when taken together, one year, \$4.

FEBRUARY.

The last month of winter! It is something to have reached that halting-place on our annual journey, and amidst the snows and ice, and thaws and chilly sunblinks, to remember that we are on the verge of spring—of that nominal spring in which our rugged New England climate rejoiceth. The month is named from the Roman goddess, Febria, or Februa, who is sometimes confounded with Juno Lucina. In this month the Romans held a feast in behalf of the manes of the deceased, and in this month also, sacrifices were performed, and the last honors paid to the dead. The Mosaic law prescribed purifications also. The Saxons called this month *Sprout-Kele*, because the kaleworth put forth its herbage at this season; they also called it *Sol-monath*, or pancake month—*sol*, or *soul*, signifying food or cakes, which, in this month, were offered by the Saxons to the sun. The present winter has been wintry enough to satisfy the most inveterate lover of artistic "keeping." Snow-storm upon snow-storm—Pelion upon Ossa—and the mercury in the thermometer diving madly below zero with daily depravity. Yet we have had many a merry and many a profitable winter evening, for our hearts have responded to the invitation of the poet Read:

"And when old Winter, through his fingers numb,
Blows till his breathings on the windows gleam—
And when the mill-wheel, spiked with ice, is dumb
Within the neighboring stream:

Then come, for nights like these have power to wake
The calm delight no others may impart—
When round the fire true souls communing make
A summer in the heart."

EDUCATION.—Governor Clarke states that during the last year, the sum expended for schools in New York State was \$3,220,618—a very liberal provision.

FANS.—It is stated that some of the fashionable fans in Paris cost \$2000 a-piece. How can they raise the wind?

SPLINTERS.

.... The superintendent of schools advises that girls and boys should attend together. It is a judicious counsel.

.... Bayard Taylor is to spend his honeymoon in Sweden and Norway—a variation of the "grand tour."

.... The crop of sugar in Texas is about one and a half hogshead to the acre. Short and sweet.

.... The Ohio legislature have rejected a bill abolishing capital punishment; they believe in hanging.

.... Mr. Allen's Victoria Regia lilies have been coveted and culled by Jack Frost, Esq.

.... Masury & Silsbee have been taking the heads of custom house officers—not by the guillotine, however.

.... One Colonel Prosper has "done" a bank at Lynchburg, Va, by forged drafts for \$7000.

.... An avalanche is not a blessing from above, the Post intimates, and we say ditto.

.... The "sunny south" has been luxuriating in a crop of icicles and orange-tree-killing frosts.

.... Three young ladies of Indiana were recently killed by taking a pan of live coals to their bed-room.

.... There are two millions and a half of farmers in the United States to feed twenty-five millions of folks.

.... India-rubber ladders don't work. You climb all day, and don't rise a foot.

.... A lunatic thought the rising of the sun depended on the crowing of the rooster—a slight mistake.

.... To open a "bank" requires no great capital—only a snow shovel that costs two shillings.

.... On the 4th of July the sun is a million and a half miles further from us than in March.

.... The rings of the planet Saturn are said to be made of steam, taking shape from velocity.

.... Not less than a million pieces of lawn goods will be for sale this season.

.... The city of Washington has seen more snow this winter than for fifteen years before.

.... Four hundred bushels of sweet potatoes can be produced to the acre in Texas. This will pay.

.... Macaulay again assails Penn in his third volume. Penn's memory is proof against the attack.

AMERICAN FOREST TREES.

We have seen during the past winter, how ornamental trees may be, even in their season of repose; how those slender limbs and filaments, gracefully interwoven, by the magic influence of a single frost-night were converted into glories defying the pen and pencil to depict, "glittering in the bright sun with the matchless splendor of a diamond mine." And what grace have the ever-green plantations added to our environs, preserving a souvenir of summer in the midst of winter, an oasis of green in a wilderness of frost, supplying our altars and our hearths with decorations for merry Christmas, with verdure and beauty that need no artificial warmth for their development. The season is now fast approaching when these glorious gifts of nature will put on their holiday attire,—

"The sapling pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-propped elm, the poplar never dry,
The builder oak, sole king of forests all,
The aspens good for staves, the cypress funerals."

Let us hope that every man who has an hour's leisure, and who lives without the city limits, will this year set out a tree. It will keep his memory green through many generations. There is no such faithful biographer as a tree. In one of our counties at least, its agricultural society has offered a large premium for the greatest number of ornamental trees of the best kind, and in the most thrifty condition, planted by the road-side. It is a wise and thoughtful provision. A few years since, Mr. Samuel Carpenter, of Attleborough, in this State, left a legacy of several hundred dollars for planting trees by the road-side. "What future wayfarer, as he seeks rest and shelter under their welcome shade, will not pronounce blessings on this benefactor of his race?"

Our noble forests are fast disappearing before the fatal axe of civilization. The ponderous engines that traverse our valleys in every direction, devour acres of woodland daily. It is time that strenuous efforts were made to replace the ravages of the axe. No country in the world is blessed with a richer or more varied sylvan. Nor are these forest trees to be valued simply as ornaments or as fuel. They contribute largely to the preservation and the enriching of the soil. They deepen and improve it by their annual deposit of leaves and branches. Their roots open the ground to the influences of the sun, rain and air, and in some localities grasp and bind together shallow soils and prevent their waste. "They equalize the temperature of the climate; protecting us, our flocks and herds, from the violence of the winds and the scorching rays of our American sun. They furnish us with building material for our dwellings, our shops and stores, our ships and steamers,—for our cabinet ware, carriages, wooden ware, fences and agricultural implements. To say nothing of the cultivation of certain varieties of trees for the value of their bark and nuts, the sugar maple recommends itself to us as a source of easy and enormous profit. It has been stated that a single town in our commonwealth has produced in a year 100,000 pounds of sugar from this tree."

In short, every consideration urges us to set out trees. How would the beauty of our lovely bay be enhanced if the islands on its surface were now covered, as they once were, with a beautiful growth of forest!

RIFLE MANUFACTURE.

The new rifle musket manufactured at the United States armories has the length of its barrel reduced from forty-two to forty inches, the exterior reduced, and the calibre from 0.69 to 0.58 of an inch. The barrel has three decreasing grooves, with a point and rear sight brazed on, graduating from one to one thousand yards. The weight of the new arm is one quarter of a pound lighter than the old model. The lock is changed to a front action swivel lock, with the Maynard attachment, which will contain sixty primers. The ball is an elongated, hollow, pointed ball, weighing four hundred and ninety-seven grains, which is about sixty grains heavier than the present round ball. The new model rifle requires but sixty grains of powder, which is fifty grains less than the present service charge of the smooth-bore musket.

RACHEL, THE ACTRESS.—One of the most noticeable features of this great tragedienne's manner was the eloquent play of her hands. This appears to be traditional on the French stage. The celebrated Mademoiselle Clairon, whom Garrick admired so much, "employed her hands with graceful variety, so that they pleased every moment with some new and unexpected eloquence."

THE CHINESE.—The Chinese are the most beastly and brutal of all human vermin. They lately crucified and cut out the living heart of a poor woman simply because she had given birth to a rebel. It is time these scoundrels were swept from the face of the earth with cannon and sabres.

A SAD SCENE.—A intoxicated woman was lately brought into one of our station houses with a child in her arms, a little boy of seven staggering drunk at her side. Misery and destitution had driven her to drink.

RAILROAD FARES.—The directors of the Worcester Railroad have raised their fare five cents at each station. They consider the new fare about fair.

HARD FOR BIRDS.—Numbers of quail, partridges, and other birds, have died in the woods from the recent severity of the winter weather.

FILLIBUSTERING.—There are no fillibusters now-a-days—only "invalids" seeking a warmer climate for their health.

THE PRESS.

Napoleon is reported to have said, in substance, that a free press was more formidable than a million of bayonets. He aspired to guide this engine himself. Madame de Stael says:—"Bonaparte, when he had a million of armed men at his command, did not attach less importance to the art of guiding the public mind by gazettes; he often himself dictated articles for the newspapers, which could be easily recognized by the jerking violence of the style. People saw that he could have wished to put blows instead of words into what he wrote." Louis Napoleon has the same opinion of the power of the press; like his uncle, he keeps it closely muzzled, and also, like the illustrious founder of his family, dabbles a little in the editorial business. He is not a very bad writer, and might earn a fair salary as a sub-editor, if all else failed.

The perpetuity of his power depends upon the subordination and enthrallment of the press. If the Ingos, father and son, and a few other master-spirits of the age, were permitted to write and publish what they pleased in Paris, one month would not elapse without a revolution. In England and this country, the press is the bulwark of popular liberty. Perhaps the actual power for good or for evil, of the London Times, is, or rather was until lately, greater than that of the throne itself. Certainly the united power of the English press can control the policy of the United Kingdom, and yet there are not near so many newspapers, nor so large a number of newspaper readers, in England as in this country.

GREEK TRAGEDY REVIVED.—Mr. Alexander Dumas has produced at the Port Saint Martin, Paris, a tragedy entitled "Orestes," in which he has followed Aeschylus step by step. The proportions of the Greek tragedy have been re-produced in the getting up. Agamemnon appears in his car drawn by magnificent horses, and the chorus of the people plays a conspicuous part. The diction of the play is said to be lofty, melodious and majestic.

COLD WEATHER.—The cold at Moscow has been intense this winter. Think of the sentinels freezing in their boxes, though relieved every half hour! Soldiering in Russia must be an-ice business.

SHAMEFUL.—The neglect of some persons to strew ashes on their sidewalks when the bricks or stones are covered with ice. The ice cannot, under some circumstances, be removed, but the ashes are always handy.

MELROSE.—This beautiful town, a suburb of Boston, is flourishing like a green bay tree. Building is going on largely the coming spring, and the town is generally very prosperous.

GOOD IDEA.—The farmers in and about Northampton, Mass., are fattening their cattle, and getting ready for a public exhibition thereabouts.

RAILROADING.—We are sorry to observe the increase of railroad accidents in all directions. Carelessness prevails extensively.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Vinton, George R. Sampson, Esq. to Miss Sarah A. D. Phillips; by Rev. Dr. Caldwell, Mr. Nathaniel B. Sherman to Miss Betsey C. Parker, of Plympton; by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. Bailey Parker, of Pembroke, N. H., to Miss Mary G. Frost; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. John Duggan to Miss Eliza Peters; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Alanson P. Gould to Miss Elizabeth C. Baker; by Rev. Mr. Robbins, Mr. Aaron Mohart, Jr. of North Bridgewater, to Miss Ellen H. Thacher.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Mudge, Mr. Charles W. Fernald to Miss Clara A. Sawyer.—At Cambridge, Mr. Henry C. Rand to Miss Martha J. Favor.—At Melrose, Mr. Thomas T. Sweetzer to Miss Elizabeth Davis.—At Danvers, by Rev. Dr. Braman, Rev. Alfred P. Putnam, of Roxbury, to Miss Louisa P. Preston.—At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Abbott, Mr. Luther Foster to Miss Joanna Fisk.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Pierce, Mr. Joseph Williams to Miss Mary Ann Leonore.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. Charles E. Marsh, of Amesbury, to Miss Abba F. Mace, of Hampton, N. H.—At South Dartmouth, by Rev. Mr. Wheeler, Capt. John C. Almy, Jr. to Miss Mary S., daughter of the officiating clergyman.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. George O. Lewis, of Scituate, to Miss Mary M. Bly.—At Douglas, by Rev. Mr. Holman, Mr. Joseph T. Wallis to Miss Harriet M. Thompson.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Martha Kittredge, 59; Mr. Francis L. Willson, 31; Mrs. Elisha H. Collier, 67; Mrs. Sally, wife of Hon. Joseph Mitchell, 46; Miss Eliza C. G. Rowin, 29; Mr. Dennison B. Green, 40; Mrs. Abigail, wife of Dr. John Hiltson, 58; Widow Mary James, 85; Widow Deborah Tenney, 75.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Mary Till, 68; Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Frost, 24; Mr. Richard W. Hall, 20.—At Chelsea, Mr. Edwin A. Chard, 25.—At Cambridge, Mrs. Harriet, wife of Hon. Willard Phillips.—At Somerville, Mr. William A. Russell, 66.—At Brighton, Mr. Horace Haynes, 63.—At Weston, Dea. Thomas Bigelow, 87.—At Danvers, Mr. Joseph Griffin, 43.—At Marblehead, Mr. Robert Dodd, 84.—At Gloucester, Mrs. Elizabeth H. Gaffney, 45.—At Newburyport, Mr. William Brown, 23.—At Duxbury, Mr. George Canning Weston, 28.—At Salisbury Mills, Mrs. Eliza Morrill, 45.—At Attleborough, William Riley, Esq., 77.—At Wendell, Mr. Timothy Armstrong, a soldier of the Revolution, 96.—At West Springfield, Mr. Ezekiel Sibley, 90.—At Edgartown, Mrs. Betsey W. Norton, 76.—At Worcester, Mrs. Frances M. Homer, 30.—At Clinton, Mrs. Catherine Smith, 60.—At Leicester, Miss Susan Knights, 25.—At Enfield, Mr. Joseph Keith, 86.—At Hadley, Mr. Josiah Kellogg, 88.—At Bethel, Me., Mr. Charles Stearns, 87.—At New York, Mr. Newell J. McClure, of Concord, N. H., 37.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WINTER.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

Old winter is not, as his slanderers tell,
A merciless tyrant at heart;
For something of humor within him must dwell,
And something of fancy and art.

For where is the artist abiding on earth,
That ever, from matter so cold,
Calls palace and tower in a night into birth,
That glow like the temple of old?

O'er houses whose owners no gold can amass,
He turneth to silver the eaves;
He changes the forests to forests of glass,
And chisels his diamonds to leaves.

Then social and gay as the gayest can be,
The circle at Christmas he joins;
A jester, a gourmand, a Falstaff for glee,
Well met with his flail and his Poin.

The saint of our childhood all sooty he brings,
The year in its youth he has reared;
And listens while merry Saint Valentine slugs
Of blessings to lovers endeared.

While scanty his means, and while wealthy his will,
With winter I gaily will share;
Nor take his cold gifts in the spirit of ill,
Whose own is but beggarly fare.

He surely can give (who is fated to prowl,
With ruin besetting his path—
Still hooted and cawed at by raven and owl,
Nought better than such as he hath.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PRAIRIE SCOUT.

BY SYLVANUS COHN, JR.

I LEFT Fort Snelling on the first day of August, and took my course to the southwest through the northern part of Iowa, meaning to strike the Missouri where the great Indian mounds are. I followed the Blue Earth River two days, a distance of a hundred miles, and after this I traversed a track of uneven bluff. On the fourth day I entered on a vast prairie, and had it not been for the sun, I should have needed a compass. I had a compass, however, having been advised by those who knew, never to travel over these regions without one. I had seen prairie land before, but this was the first time I had seen one literally boundless to the sight, save by the horizon. My course was now south-southwest, and after stopping a few minutes to gaze upon the strange scene, I started on. My horse was a powerful one, and he seemed to be a very knowing one, too, for I am sure he stopped twice of his own accord for me to consider whether I was right or not.

By twelve o'clock, noon, I was to have reached a camp; but noon came, and no camp was in sight. Could I have missed the way? I looked at the sun, and was sure I was right. While I was thus considering, I noticed a sort of break in the tall grass a short distance to my left, and having reached it, I found it to be the place where there had been a camp. Of course I understood the matter now. The camp I was to have found had broken up, and I must guess my way, for I had only been directed to this point, having been left to obtain the rest of my information here. But I spent not much time in thought. I knew nearly the direction of the mounds, and knowing that I must strike the Missouri somewhere, I kept on in the same course until my watch told me it was four o'clock; and I was on the point of stopping to let my horse rest, when my eye detected a clump of trees a little to my right. I knew it must be one of those cases sometimes met with in these vast prairies, and at once turned my horse's head towards it. The noble animal knew my intent well, for he pricked up his ears and started into a swift gallop. When I reached the oasis, I found it to be a small, rocky elevation, containing some seven or eight acres, and thickly wooded, and, what was more pleasing still, I saw a curl of smoke above the trees. I soon found a beaten path, and having gone a few rods, I came to a small log hut, at the door of which sat an old man smoking a pipe. He bade me welcome in the warmest terms, and asked me to dismount and stop with him. He showed me where I could secure my horse, and having attended to the comfort of the animal, I entered the hut. It was a small concern, not over ten feet square, and was formed by four stout poles driven into the ground at the four angles of a square, and meeting at the top; and then the walls were formed by logs laid up against these, and secured at the corners. Within there were any quantity of buffalo skins, and also a very good sort of a fireplace. My host was a tall, powerfully built man, between sixty and seventy years of age, with hair as white as snow, and a face very strongly marked. I introduced myself, and gave him my name and business, and he told me his name was Philip Brock.

After we had chatted awhile, the old man went at work to get some supper. He built a fire, and as soon as there was a sufficient quantity of coals, he unrolled a fresh buffalo hide, and having taken therefrom a rump of the animal, from which the hide had been taken, he cut off some slices and placed them on the coals. While these were broiling, he got out some bread, salt, etc., from an old chest, and I ate a supper, than which I never relished one better in my life.

After this we walked out over the oasis. It was a lovely spot, with a spring of pure, sparkling water, and a goodly growth of hickory trees, from which Brock gathered nuts. He also had a cornfield in a good state of cultivation, but it was small, for the

owner knew not how soon he might move away. After we had returned to the hut, I asked him how long he had been in this section.

"Ever since I was one and twenty," he replied; and I thought his voice assumed a sad tone as his mind was thus carried back to his youthful days. "I came here from Massachusetts, and ever since have lived amid these great solitudes."

Some further conversation was held, and then I asked him what those wig-like looking things were I saw hanging up over his bed. There were some four or five and twenty of them hanging there, looking like wigs made from hair of horses' tails. His face grew dark with a heavy frown as I asked the question, and his eyes burned with a strange fire.

"Those," he uttered, in a hoarse whisper, "are *scalps*! Scalps I have torn from Indians' heads, dead and dying. You see there are twenty-five of them."

"And you slew them all?"

"Yes."

"All at once?"

"No, sir. I have been a long while gathering those trophies up."

A few moments' silence ensued, and then he resumed:

"Of course you are curious to know more about this, and if you have a mind to listen, I have no objections to explaining it. I told you I came here when I was one and twenty. I came because one whom I loved as life itself came before me. John Garland and his wife, and one child, came out to Kentucky, and for that child I followed them. Within three years from the time that I came, both the father and the mother died, and Martha Garland was left alone with me. She became my wife (the priest of St. Edwards united us), and then we sought a home further west. We were happy, for we had none to hate, and all to love. We had a daughter, whom we called Eliza, but she only remained with us a few years. When she had learned to know our loves, and when the first bloom of intellect had mantled her brow, and lighted up her dark eye, she faded away and died. Another child was born to us (another girl), who remained with us a few years, and then she, too, died. At length we were blessed with a son. He grew up healthy and strong, and he took the place of all we had loved and lost. We called him Philip, and when he was only four years old, he could rest my rifle over his father's shoulder, and hit a tree at ten rods. When he was five years old, a party of Crow Indians came along and camped near our cabin. I gave them powder and shot, but I would give them no rum. At night they seized me while I slept, and bound me hand and foot, and then they took my wife—and—child, and carried them away."

The old man stopped and wiped a tear from his eye, and then, while his voice assumed a deeper tone, he added:

"O, I cannot tell the agony of that moment—of that hour! I strained with all my power; I called upon God to help me; and, you will not wonder, I cursed the power which held me! The red demons laughed and howled at me as they searched my cot for rum. They found some in a jug; some which I only kept for times of need—for I never poured the fire down my throat—they found this, and having drank it all up, they threw the jug at me, and then started off. My wife held out her arms to me, and said: 'Help me, my Philip!' And my little boy held out his hands, and cried: 'Papa! papa!'"

Here the old scout bowed his head and wept aloud.

"O," he murmured, in choking accents, "who can tell such agony as that with a whole heart! I heard the last shriek of my wife, the last cry of my boy, and then I fainted. When I came to myself, I was still by the tree, hanging forwards with my whole weight upon my bound hands; and just as I was fairly regaining my consciousness, I fell forward upon my face. The knot in the leathern thong had gradually loosened and given way. As soon as I could collect my energies, I started off in pursuit of the savages. I followed their trail as far as the Missouri, and there I lost it; and I never saw my wife and child again. But I swore a deadly vengeance against the Crows. I swore that not one of them should cross my path and live—and I have kept my oath. That was thirteen years ago. Since then I have had no settled home. I have lived here longer than I ever lived in any one place before since that fatal hour. Most of the time I have been employed by government against the Indians. I know every crook and turn of their haunts about here, and I have served as a scout for the fort. These scalps are all Crows; but these do not tell the number I have slain, for many a Crow has fallen by my rifle whose scalp I could not get."

As soon as the old man became composed, he gave me some account of his adventures while out scouting among the Indians; and he continued his account until we were startled by the sound of pattering rain upon the roof. We went to the door and found that the heavens were black as ink, and the rain falling fast. My horse was put under the little shed, with Brock's cow, and then we returned to the hut. It was now after ten o'clock, and we prepared to retire. The old man spread out his buffalo robes, and I had laid down, when there came a rap upon the door. He went and opened it, and I heard him talking with some one without. Soon he came to me, and caught me by the arm.

"Friend," he uttered, in a quick, husky voice, "you must get up; there are two Crows at the door! I cannot let them in, nor will I drive them away in such a storm as this. One of them is a woman. Let them in, if you will."

"But you will not kill them here?" I said, fearing that his enmity might overpower him.

"No, no. Philip Brock is not a coward! Go let them in."

So I arose and went to the door, and there I found two Indians. I could not have told whether they were Crows, Pawnees, Blackfeet, or what; but I told them to come in. They followed me into the hut, and as soon as they had removed their outer garments, I pulled a bench up to the fire for them, for there was yet some fire

upon the hearth. One of them was a woman, as the scout had said, and the other was a tall, stout man, whose face was painted in many colors; they warmed themselves awhile, and then asked for a place in which to lie. I showed them some spare robes, and soon afterwards they were apparently asleep.

Once more I went to my own place of rest, and as I lay down, I noticed that Brock had got his pistols, but I made no remark. I went to sleep without fear, and I think I must have slept some hours, when a movement of my companion awoke me, and on opening my eyes, I found him sitting up. He had his pistols in his hands, and was gazing towards the place where the Crows lay. "What is it?" I asked.

"—sh!" he returned, in a whisper, "do you think I am blind? Suppose these catamounts come here to slay me!—to revenge the death of so many of their tribe?"

"Nonsense, Philip Brock," I replied. "Do you suppose—"

"sh! See—they move now. Ha! See that head come up!"

One of the redskins did raise a head as he thus spoke. The storm had passed over, and the moon was shining full and bright without, so we could see the motion of the dark sleepers. But soon all was still again, and once more I lay back. Again I awoke, and it was hardly yet daylight. The scout was still awake, and I told him if he would sleep now, I would watch.

"Very well," he replied. "It is near morning, and if you have a mind to remain awake, I will catch a nap."

I told him I would, and he accordingly lay back, and was soon asleep. I had no idea of such a thing, but yet a drowsy spell came over me, and I closed my eyes. I remembered afterwards how the feeling came, and how I gradually gave way to it. When I awoke, the daylight was struggling faintly through the small window, and I was sure some movement had aroused me. I cast my eyes towards my companion, and a low, quick cry escaped my lips, as I saw one of the Indians kneeling directly by his side. My cry awoke the old man, and he started up.

"Ho! my pistol!" he cried, grasping the intruder by the throat, and reaching his hand towards me. "Shoot the demon!" he gasped.

At this, the second Indian sprang to his feet, and leaped towards the spot where we lay, and just as I had cocked one of the pistols, the woman (for the woman it was who knelt by the scout's side) spoke:

"Philip!" she said, in a choking, gushing tone, "Philip! Ah, art thou not my Philip?"

With a cry like a startled bird, Philip Brock started to his feet, and with the grasp of a giant he raised the woman up.

"Speak again!" he gasped.

And again she spoke, and again she pronounced that same name.

"Once—once more! O, speak once more!"

"Philip!" And as she spoke thus, she threw her arms about the old man's neck and burst into tears.

"Martha! Martha!" was all the old scout spoke. He knew now whom he held to his bosom. I carefully eased the hammer of the pistols down, and then arose to my feet. The other seeming Indian I could now see plainly. He was a youth, and now that the paint had been wiped from his face, he looked noble and handsome. With a tearful eye and trembling limbs he gazed on the scene before him, and I could see the stout cords in his neck work with the deep emotion that moved his soul.

"O, my husband, see! here is our Philip!—our son! Come, my noble boy, it is your father."

Perhaps my readers can imagine the scene that followed. As for me, I could not see plainly through my tears, and my emotions were too strangely overpowering to enable me to distinguish much that was sobbed forth by the re-united ones.

But by-and-by, when the sun was well up, and the birds had opened their matin songs, the happy trio were able to converse freely. I had meant to leave that morning, but I could not resist the urgent request held out to me to tarry. I heard the whole of the wife's story—how she was carried off, away up towards the head waters of the Yellowstone; how she had been enslaved there, and how her son had been taken from her and brought up by a Crow chieftain. At length they came together once more—the mother and son—and then they commenced to lay plans for escape. A year passed away after this, and at the end of that time the way was opened. The youth—now a powerful man—gathered together such provision as he could find, and when the warriors set out upon an expedition against the Flatheads, he deserted from the party on the second night out, and made his way back to the Crow village. There he secured his mother, and having slain five old warriors who opposed him, he set out. At the landing he destroyed all the canoes but one, and that he took, and for seven days, during which they had been on the trail, they had only slept fourteen hours. When they stopped at the scout's cot to gain shelter from the drenching rain, they little dreamed who lived there; and it was my pronouncing the old man's name when I first woke up during the night, that startled the woman's thoughts with a flash of the truth.

Before noon the wife and son succeeded in removing most of the stain from their skins, and I could now see much of the old man's looks in the stout youth. And it did me good to see Philip Brock gaze upon his son; such a mixture of noble pride and holy love, I never before saw. I remained with them until the next morning, and when I was prepared to leave, the old scout assured me that I should not find him there on my return.

"For," said he, "I have no wish for vengeance; and since those I love are mine once more, we will go where there is a little more of civilization and comfort."

I set out amid many wishes for my welfare and safety, and several times after I had gone did I look back upon that humble cot, and think of the wondrous joy that was reigning there.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association have made a donation of \$400 to the Mechanics' Apprentices' Library Association of this city. — By a late steamer from Europe, Mr. Heild, now attached to the Walnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, received from the writers of the Signet in Edinburgh the announcement that he is entitled to about \$22,000. The Edinburgh Dramatic Fund having been dissolved, the assets have been divided among the surviving subscribers, and the above sum is the share of Mr. Heild. — The forthcoming statistics of Massachusetts will show that the Shoe and Leather Manufactures of the State amount to the astonishing sum of \$55,000,000. — The Chinese in California are disinterring and collecting their dead along the river near Downieville, to ship them back to the Flowery Land. — Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. accomplished recently a feat in publishing worthy of note. In seven days, the whole of the two volumes of Macaulay's History of England were composed, stereotyped, printed, bound, and in the market. — The carrying of sand to supply the masons in Boston, is quite a business at the mouth of the Merrimac River. — A correspondent at Havana says that "several young gentlemen have been ordered to residence in Spain, for the utterance of idle words from idle brains; and it is hoped by their families that they may learn discretion before their return, which is probable, if it is possible." — The City Council of Cleveland have passed an ordinance fixing the rates of license for theatrical exhibitions at \$10 per night, \$200 per month, or \$1000 per year. — Thackeray called the new City Hall in Springfield the finest room he had seen in this country, and he knew of but one superior to it in England. — A lad named West, residing in Swansey, Mass., picked up a piece of cigar on the road, and put it in a pipe and smoked it; in consequence of which he was taken suddenly ill, and died in a few hours. — Several steamers and twenty sailing vessels were locked into Baltimore harbor by the ice, lately, an event of a generation. — The cultivation of the osier, or basket willow, is engaging the attention of farmers. George S. Colby, of Jonesville, Vt., has gone into the business somewhat largely, and finds it a paying crop. He has invented a machine for peeling the slips, which saves much time and labor. Peeled willow now commands \$150 per ton. — Mr. Fink, a German by birth, has lately died in New Orleans, leaving the bulk of his fortune, estimated at half a million dollars, to found an asylum for destitute Protestant widows. — Fifteen tons of bronze had to be melted, in the casting of the colossal horse for the monument of Washington, designed by Mr. Crawford. — Rev. P. J. Vanpelt, of New York, who was the spiritual adviser of Aaron Burr previous to his death, says, in refutation of the charge of Atheism, often preferred against Mr. Burr, that "he was not an *Atheist* nor a *Deist*." — The ladies of Haverhill propose to raise a monument to the memory of Hannah Dustin, for her heroic achievement in the Indian war of 1698. — A young man, named Harry Gray, who is now engaged as watchman at the Kentucky Locomotive Works, has recently had left him, conditionally, by a deceased uncle in England, \$200,000. The condition is that he shall not be indebted to the amount of \$500 when he is thirty years old. — Edward Norton the burglar tried at Trenton, recently, was convicted on thirteen indictments, which, if sentenced to the full extent of the law, would cover one hundred and thirty years in the State prison. — Douglas Jerrold has a son in New York, who has emigrated with the intention of connecting himself with the American newspaper press. — Milton, Hobbes, Dr. Parr, Rev. Robert Hall, Burns, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Campbell, Moore and Bloomfield were addicted to the use of tobacco. — The late Samuel Rogers entertained the warmest friendship for Washington Irving, and he pronounced William C. Bryant the greatest of living poets. Of American literature generally, he had a high opinion, and watched its development with intense interest.

DICKENS ON AMERICA.—Dickens has at length outgrown his unworthy prejudices against this country, if one may judge from this passage in his latest Christmas story:—"Nevertheless, again I drank my cobbler, julep, sling, or cocktail, in all good will to my friend the general and my friends the majors, colonels and civilians—all; full well knowing that whatever little moles my beamy eyes may have descried in theirs, they belong to a kind, generous, large hearted and great people."

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION IN PARIS.—A universal exhibition of breeding cattle, implements, and French and foreign agricultural products, will open in Paris on the 23d of May next, and continue open until the 7th of June, to be re-opened on the 22d of May, 1857, and close on the 6th of June following. Premiums and gold and silver medals will be distributed for all the cattle, tools and products adjudged to deserve them.

CITY FEED.—During the past thirteen years, the Albany and Troy Railroad has transported to Boston not less than six millions two hundred and sixty-two thousand two hundred and thirteen barrels of flour. The largest amount transported in any one year was 702,500 barrels in 1847.

BOSTON PHYSICIAN FOR THE CRIMEA.—A letter from Washington says Dr. C. W. Moore, Jr., of Boston, has been offered the appointment of surgeon in the Russian army, at a salary of \$3000 per annum, and a liberal outfit.

REGULARITY.—The chills and fever exist to such an extent at a certain village in Michigan, that it is said the church bell is rung every day at twelve o'clock to notify the inhabitants that it is time to take their quinine.

Wayside Gatherings.

The deaths in Chicago last year, were 1970; during the previous year there were 3829.

Mannel Echireria, tried at New York for fitting out a slaver, has been found not guilty.

Christmas day was the coldest ever known in Texas. Great damage was done to the fruit trees by the ice.

Shanghai chickens are of some use, after all. Kirkland, of Greenbush, keeps them in his orchard to frighten away the hogs.

Mrs. McVine, thinking it one of woman's rights to be a horse-thief, stole a horse, cutter and harness and ran away from Buffalo.

There is a large party "on the other side of Hoosac Mountain," waiting to see the great boring machine come through.

The Vicksburg and Texas Railroad, now in progress, does not vary three miles from an air line throughout the entire length, which is 190 miles.

During the present year there have died in the United States, 71 soldiers of the revolutionary war, and 43 persons who were over 100 years of age.

M. L. Sweet, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, has a hog whose live weight is 1200 pounds. He measures nine feet from the end of the snout to the root of his tail.

A machine, modelled after the Hoosac tunnel apparatus, is about to be applied to tunnelling the mines of California. A Mr. Steen has the patent right to the invention.

Rev. John Pierpont, within two years past, has travelled 25,000 miles, and averaged five nights a week lecturing. Mr. Pierpont is now upwards of 70 years of age.

The Chicago Democrat says a Kentuckian went to the post-office in that city recently, where he had a box. Seeing a letter in it he broke the glass and took it out.

The Toronto Colonist is urging the construction of the Georgian Canal. This would make a water communication between Lakes Huron and Ontario, and the St. Lawrence.

The Lutheran Almanac for 1856 gives the following estimate, based upon accurate synodical statistics: 1000 ministers, 1000 congregations, and 225,000 communicants.

At the last session of the legislature of Missouri, a law was passed, incorporating a company to establish a line of stages from the western part of that State to San Francisco.

The Galena and Chicago Railroad has a surplus of three hundred and fifteen thousand, two hundred and thirty-five dollars, in addition to the 22 per cent. dividend for the past fiscal year.

To enjoy to-day, stop worrying about to-morrow. Next week will be just as capable of taking care of itself as this one; and why should it not? It will have seven days more experience.

The biographical sketch of the poet Rogers, in the London Times, was written some five years since, in anticipation of his death, then expected. His biographer has been three years in the grave.

The price of molasses has advanced nearly a hundred per cent. within two years—the result, in part at least, of the immense quantities of New England rum manufactured for the armies in the Crimea.

The loss to the Hudson River Railroad by the last accident is said to be \$40,000. The loss by the previous accident is said to have been \$40,000, besides what will have to be paid for the lives and limbs of the passengers.

Rev. Dr. Adams, in his "South-Side View of Slavery," says it may not be generally known that the colored congregations of the South assume to themselves collegiate powers, and confer honorary titles upon their favorite preachers.

Rev. Daniel Miller, presiding elder of the Methodist church for the Hartford (Ct.) district, fell out of his wagon at Burlington, recently, and broke his neck—producing instant death. He was much esteemed as a preacher and a man.

In 1851, there were in Egypt but three missionaries; there are now nine—established chiefly in Cairo and Alexandria. They are under no restraint; but can speak freely on the Christian religion to Jew or Mohammedan, without risk or insult.

Rachel left Havana for Southampton in the British steamer. M'le Sarah Felix will remain permanently on this side of the Atlantic and returns to New York to attempt—so we are informed—the experiment of a French theatre.

Three hundred and twenty-five of the small population of Rowley, Mass., are in the boot and shoe business, manufacturing two hundred thousand dollars' worth annually. There are 8500 apple trees cultivated for their fruit in the same town.

Benj. Spencer, a butcher, in attempting, a short time since, to hang a piece of meat on a hook in his stall at the Columbus (Ohio) market, made a mistake, and hung himself by the hand, instead of the meat. The hook passed clear through, coming out at the back of his hand.

An edition of 115,000 copies of the New Testament has just been completed in China, and preparations are being made at all the ports for carrying on a system of colportage for the Bible on an extensive scale. The mission chapels throughout the country are said to be crowded daily.

Capt. Frederick H. Hibbard, the oldest London packet master sailing from New York, died lately. He had been in the employ of Grinnell, Minturn & Co., some thirty-five years, and had amassed a handsome fortune. About two years since, he bequeathed \$20,000 to the Brooklyn Hospital.

There are, in Belgium, 6000 of the order of nuns called "Be-guines." They all dress in black, with long white veils, and at the hour of vespers they enter the church together, remaining covered during the service, but laying aside their veils on leaving the church to return to the cottages in which they live.

The Yarmouth Register says hundreds of bushels of eels, "frozen stiff as pokers," have been driven ashore and raked up on the beach, and after being packed in barrels, shipped for the city markets. They sell readily in New York at from ten to twelve cents per pound.

The managers of the American Bible Society have issued a circular, cautioning the public against the patronage of private versions of the Bible in different languages, for which subscriptions are occasionally solicited, both because these versions are usually defective, and because there are already good versions in circulation.

In the Puritan churches of Massachusetts, in the olden time, the boys were ranged on the stairs of the meeting-house, and a man was appointed to keep people from sleeping, by means of a short, clubbed stick, having at one end a knob, and at the other a fox-tail, with which he would stroke the women's faces who were asleep, and with the other would knock unruly men and dogs.

Foreign Items.

The fall of Kars had rendered Omar Pasha very unpopular at Constantinople.

The Russians continue to receive large reinforcements, and it is thought that before spring there will be some desperate attacks upon the allies.

The London Critic intimates that Dr. Lyon Playfair composes Prince Albert's speeches, and always sees that the reporters are well provided with verbatim copies.

Among the latest Parisian novelties in dress, is an article called a Caspiato, or folding-bonnet, which we are told will go into a box measuring two inches.

The Marquis de Turgot, French minister at Madrid, has appealed to the law tribunals relative to an article inserted in that journal, insulting to the Princess Eugenie.

The Spanish government has got wind of a plot to carry off the young Princess of Asturias, and in consequence she never goes abroad without an escort of 40 or 50 dragoons.

The flour of chestnuts and acorns has just been used with great success in the manufacture of paper in place of potato flour, by the director of the large paper mills at Liege, Belgium.

The manufacture of perfumery is a very important branch of chemistry, in Europe and Asia. British India and Europe consume, annually, at the very lowest estimate, one hundred and fifty thousand gallons of perfumed spirits, under various titles.

Communications from Constantinople say that the unfortunate Lady Ellenborough, whose romantic adventures are familiar to the public, was assassinated in Arabia by "the harem of an Arab sheik." The deed is supposed to have been committed at the suggestion of some women who were jealous of her ladyship.

Sands of Gold.

.... Language is a part of a man's character.—*Landor*.

.... Compliments are only lies in court clothes.—*Sterling*.

.... There is a foolish corner even in the brain of the sage.—*Aristotle*.

.... O liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name.—*Madame Roland*.

The wider the base of life, the higher may we hope to raise the summit.—*Sterling*.

.... Action is happiness here, and without action there can be no heaven.—*Voss*.

.... Ennui is the desire of activity without the fit means of gratifying the desire.—*Bancroft*.

.... A great poet is more powerful than Sesostris, and a wicked one more formidable than Phalaris.—*Landor*.

.... Life is like wine; he who would drink it pure, must not drain it to the dregs.—*Sir Wm. Temple*.

.... That which moveth the heart most is the best poetry; it comes nearest unto God, the source of all power.—*Landor*.

.... One man is the carrier of one kind of excellence, another of another. Achilles wins the victory, and Homer immortalizes it: we bestow the laurel crown on both.—*G. H. Lewes*.

.... Cæsar taught me that the ideal of beauty is simplicity and repose, and thence it follows that no youth can be a master.—*Goethe*.

.... The fathers of poets are seldom gratified with the progress visible in their sons. Only your perfectly stupid young gentlemen uniformly delight their parents.—*G. H. Lewes*.

Joker's Budget.

The cheapest excursion you can make is into the realms of fancy. No return ticket is required.

Why is a man's brewery like the well of the Israelites? Ans. Because He-brews drink there.

Pulpernickel says a woman's heart is the "most sweetest" thing in the world; in fact, a perfect honeycomb—full of sells. Bee ware.

The Albany Knickerbocker says "the editor of the Reporter shifts about so that we begin to fear he was weaned on weather-cocks."

A fellow "out West," on being asked what made him bald, replied that "the girls had pulled his hair out pulling him into their windows."

Among the articles enumerated in the report of the secretary of the treasury, which we do not import but manufacture for ourselves, are "ices of all descriptions."

The last case of indolence is related in one of our exchanges; it is that of a man named John Hile, who was so lazy, that in writing his name, he simply used the letter J., and then punched a hole through the paper!

An imaginative Irishman gives utterance to this lamentation: "I returned to the halls of my fathers by night, and I found them in ruins! I cried aloud, 'My fathers, where are they?' and echo responded, 'Is that you, Patrick M'Clathery?'"

"Bosom adjusters"—this is the name of a new article extensively advertised by our dry goods men. They are, doubtless, very ingeniously contrived, but we doubt their utility. In the opinion of Dobbs, the only "bosom adjuster" worthy of a moment's consideration is "an honest conscience." The question now is—is Dobbs right?

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THE LATE SAMUEL ROGERS.

The accompanying portrait of the poet Rogers represents him as he appeared in his last days, at the age of 92. He was truly a remarkable man—remarkable for his poetical powers, for his business talent, for his wit and social qualities, and for the long continuance of his faculties. Few men have exhibited more versatility—few versatile men have done so many things so well. He was the third son of Thomas Rogers, Esq., of Stoke Newington, Middlesex, and was born July 30, 1763. He was consequently in his ninety-third year at the time of his decease. His father was an eminent banker of London, and Samuel Rogers became a member of the same banking house, and continued a partner till the day of his death. Rogers first appeared as a poet in 1786, when he published an "Ode to Superstition." There was then a dearth of poets, and the time was favorable for a debutant. In 1792, he gave to the world the "Pleasures of Memory," a poem in two parts, in English heroic measure, remarkable for great elegance and purity of language, and correctness of thought. It is inferior to the "Pleasures of Imagination," which preceded, and the "Pleasures of Hope," which followed, but still the elegance of its versification and the tenderness and purity of its sentiments will ever preserve it from oblivion. In 1798, he published his "Epistle to a Friend," designed to illustrate the virtue of true taste. By some, this work has been considered as his master-piece. In November, 1811, Rogers and Byron became acquainted, and formed an intimate friendship. About this time, his poem called "Columbus," made its appearance, but neither engaged the public ear nor pleased the critics. "Jacqueline" appeared anonymously in 1814, in connection with Byron's "Lara," also published anonymously. In the same year Rogers visited the continent and travelled extensively, meeting Byron in Italy. The result of his travels was embodied in his charming poem, "Italy," which is, perhaps, the most popular, if not the best of his works. The history of the last thirty years of his life would be little more than a series of visits between Bowood and Holland House—of princely breakfasts at his own table, where he entertained the most eminent men of all countries, paying, by the way, particular attention to Americans, in whose country and literature he took a deep interest—of dinners and visits in the best society. He had a very high opinion of Bryant, and repeatedly expressed it. He was exceedingly liberal to artists and men of letters, and he it was who afforded pecuniary assistance to Sheridan in his last days. He was an exceedingly agreeable companion, being an excellent story-teller and a man of wit. He had a vein of satire in which he occasionally indulged, and yet he made very few enemies. The poetry of Rogers is graceful and classical—but it embodies no startling original thoughts, and expresses no deep passion. It flows onward with the calmness of a still, bright river. It will always be appreciated



SAMUEL ROGERS, THE POET, AGED 92 YEARS.

by men of taste, though it will probably never occupy a very prominent place in English literature. Rogers was personally acquainted with the most eminent men of two centuries, and his recollections, of which he committed many to paper, will, if ever published, prove the most acceptable literary gossip ever given to the public. His house in St. James Place was the abode of everything that could be obtained, that was beautiful in nature or art, and its entire arrangement evinced the presence of the most exquisite taste and elegance.

THE ESCAPE OF SERGEANT CHAMPE.

The spirited sketch accompanying this notice was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Warren. The scene is on the Hudson River. Champe has just dismounted from his horse and plunged into the stream, while the British boat's crew who are pulling forward to receive him are firing on the detachment of Lee's cavalry, who have ridden up on the spar to prevent the sergeant's escape. John Champe was a native of Loudon county, Virginia, and at the age of twenty-four, in the year 1776, entered the revolutionary army, with the rank of sergeant-major in Lee's legion. After the capture of the unfortunate Andre, General Washington declared that if the traitor Arnold could be secured, he would spare the life of Andre. He sent for Lee, and asked him if he knew a man brave enough to undertake the task. Lee immediately suggested Champe, and Washington acquiesced in the selection. Lee sent for Champe, and proposed the plan to him. Champe was to desert with his orderly book to the British. Arrived in New York he was to seize Arnold and place him in a boat, and cross the river to Paulus Hook on a certain night, where he would be met by a detachment of the American troops. Champe accepted the mission and left the American lines. But it was the vigilance of the American troops, especially since the treason of Arnold, that the sergeant's absence was soon noticed, and Lee was informed of it. He made all the delays he could, but finally, with great reluctance, gave the order for pursuit. So active were the Virginians, who instantly mounted as soon as they received the order, that they came very near capturing the fugitive. They came almost within pistol-shot of him as he reached the river and signalled to the enemy, and he came near falling a victim to the shot of his comrades. He succeeded, however, in getting on board the *Vulture*, and was taken to New York, where he was closely examined by Sir Henry Clinton. With admirable self-possession, he told a very plausible story, and the production of his orderly-book dispelled all doubts with regard to the sincerity of his desertion. He was accordingly enlisted in the American legion, forming by General Arnold, for service against his native country. So far all seemed to promise well for the success of the plan. Champe made himself familiar with Arnold's habits, and found that he was accustomed to pass a portion of his time, in the evening, in the summer-house of a garden attached to the house where he lived. Champe, with the assistance of a comrade, determined to seize the traitor, gag him and carry him to the warehouse where they had secured a boat. But on the night fixed for the execution of this project, Champe was ordered on board a transport-ship bound for Virginia, and the project failed. On arriving at Virginia, he left the British lines, and after inured hardships, rejoined the American army. His old comrades who had come to regard him with abhorrence, were astounded at his warm welcome by Lee, but the truth soon became known.



ESCAPE OF SERGEANT CHAMPE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
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VERMONT.

Mr. Billings has here drawn for us, with his characteristic grace and spirit, an emblematic picture of the Green Mountain State. The State arms represent a pine tree, a cow and wheat sheaves, typifying the native productions and agricultural pursuits of the inhabitants. On the right is a snow scene, with school children wading through the drifts. On the left an Indian is spearing salmon, and in the foreground are other red men—one exhibiting a fish he has caught, another preparing a salmon for cooking, the manner of doing which is also delineated graphically. No large body of natives was ever established within the present limits of the State. The country seems to have been a thoroughfare for contending tribes, and was traversed rather than settled by them. The first English settlement of Vermont was in 1723, at what is

now Brattleboro', on the western bank of the Connecticut River. The early colonists of Vermont had great hardships to contend with—the disputes about the titles to the land, which it would take considerable space to relate, occasioning much trouble. Vermont was a sort of disputed territory for years, the claims of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and New York not being settled for a long time. January 17, 1777, the territory was declared a free and independent State, assuming the name of Vermont. The people of Vermont bore an active part in the Revolution, and some of the most stirring scenes of that great drama were enacted within its borders. Vermont has always sustained a high character as a worthy member of the group of New England States. In religion, from an early period, free toleration and liberal sentiments have prevailed. There are a very large number of religious societies, all

in a flourishing condition. In education, the State takes high rank. The New England school system has been introduced, and there are upwards of 2400 district schools liberally conducted and supported. There are several academies in the State. The State University at Burlington is in a flourishing condition. Middlebury College was incorporated in 1800, the funds for its support being derived entirely from individual donations. There is a well selected library, and several scientific cabinets and collections of great value. Norwich University was first opened in 1820, as the "American Scientific, Literary and Military Academy." It has since assumed the character of a college. The surface of the State, where not mountainous, is undulating; the soil is fertile, and chiefly adapted to grazing. Vermont contains 9700 square miles, with a population of about thirty to the square mile.



[Written expressly for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CONTRABANDIST:

—OR,—

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVII.—[CONTINUED.]

And Louis, too, rose. He stood with one hand supporting himself by the table, the other pressed hard against his side, and his face averted, so that she did not see its expression. He did not speak; but the hand resting upon the table was withdrawn in a moment, and it trembled.

"Louis, I have hurt—wounded you; I have been too harsh! Will you not forgive me?" Rose said, gently, and in a tone that quivered with agitation. She drew near to him, and laid her hand imploringly upon his arm. "Tell me that you forgive me, Louis. You can but see that my promise must be kept, and it pained me that you should urge me to break it. Ah, it is sacred, Louis! help me to keep it so."

There was no reply. But he turned towards her; he held out his arms; he gathered her to his breast, and held her there, while his lips were pressed calmly, silently, tenderly to hers. Then releasing her, he went out from her presence. The door closed behind him. A faint moan, a half-uttered exclamation, and Rose, pale and nerveless, sank once more to her seat, with her fair head drooping upon her white arms.

A step is heard without—that of the marquis, who, from the saloon, where he has been engaged in an interesting discussion with the Comte de Clairville, is returning to the library.

"*Mon Dieu!*" murmurs the young girl, pushing back the heavy hair from her pale face, "have I not endured enough of anguish for this night? must it—must it be?"

She clasped her hands together till those slender fingers were like the sculptor's marble. She listened to the step that drew nearer and nearer. The marquis entered.

"Well, my Rose, you are waiting for me," he said, cheerily, as he approached her; "and have been waiting some time, I am afraid, too. What shall I say for myself, eh?" and he seated himself beside her. "But, what ails you, my child?" he added, with evident concern; "you are ill!"

"No—no! I am not ill, sir; but I am unhappy," returned Rose, lifting her beautiful eyes, swimming with tears, to his earnest face.

"Unhappy? you are young for that, Rose. Some girlish whim it is, I'll warrant me, has got into your head—nothing more, and you are making yourself extremely miserable about it." And he stroked her bright hair gently, as he spoke these words in an enlivening tone.

"It is no whim, sir," answered Rose, sadly. "I have been doing wrong all this time—" She could proceed no further, for her tears.

"Doing wrong, poor little mouse? and come to make a confession?" smiled the good old man, kindly. "Why, Rose, I think, then, that I must grant absolution beforehand, and refuse to listen to your story. I won't hear any tales against my little girl—do you hear, petite?"

"Ah, monsieur, you treat it lightly! You do not know how—how—"

"I don't know, I suppose you would say, how serious an affair it is—is that it, little Rose, eh?"

"Yes, monsieur," answered the young girl.

"Exactly. Well, then, suppose I try to guess?"

"You could not guess—you could not guess! Monsieur, you must read this." And she drew from her pocket a letter, which she was about to give him; but he put it away, smilingly, with his hand.

"You will not allow me to guess, Rose? then, I will not look at your letter. Come, that is fair play, you will admit."

"Monsieur, I entreat—"

"And I am obdurate; I am harder than stone, my bird. And now, Rose, don't interrupt me, for, as I told you, I mean to guess; and I'll wager a—wedding-dress shall it be, petite?"

His good-natured, comical manner, and lively tone, together with a certain significance which he threw into his last words caused her first to smile, and then to blush, despite her sorrow and agitation. He waited an instant, and then went on:

"What—silence? then you consent, Rose?—well, a wedding-dress it shall be, then. As I said, I will wager a wedding-dress, lace, jewels, and all."

"I shall want neither lace nor jewels, monsieur," said Rose, half sadly.

"Do not interrupt me, my child! Against—let me see—against a pair of diamond buckles. You see I mean to make you pay well, Rose,—that I shall guess rightly."

"I do not understand you, monsieur," said the young girl, wondering, perplexed and diverted at his manner.

"You don't? what a pity!" There was mischief in his eyes, that brought the smiles to hers. "What a pity!" he repeated.

"Well, at all events, I will commence, and probably, by the time I shall have finished, you will comprehend my meaning more fully. In the first place, then, there is a certain young girl—you see I mention no names, Rose,—a certain young girl, I say, who has a lover. You are listening, I presume, my child?"

"I am listening, monsieur."

"Good! This young girl, then, is betrothed. Very well; that is not at all to be wondered at, as young girls very frequently find

themselves in this position. She is betrothed to a poor young man—a workman. He has, however, of course, although he is poor, some settled occupation; we will say he is—a gardener. Well, these two—the girl and her lover—cannot marry yet, because they are by no means in suitable circumstances; for she is quite as poor as he. Ah, they must be content to wait! Our handsome young gardener (we must allow him to be very handsome, my child; I will show you his portrait presently) immediately commences to increase the little stock of money which, by strict economy and hard work, he has been enabled to lay by, in order that he may, in the course of time, amass a sum sufficient for the purchase of a small farm, which he intends for the future home of himself and his bride. He is very industrious; he is satisfied to toil with patience and diligence for the desired end; and she, although she has beauty, and youth, and grace, which might win her a much richer husband, and which may possibly wear out by the time that far-off wedding day arrives, is content to wait until he shall claim her. Good! You like these two young people, Rose, eh? You think with me that their faithfulness, their affection, their patience, are commendable?"

He paused, and regarded her with a curious smile. She looked up, her eyes sparkling with fresh-streaming tears.

"Ah, monsieur! you are telling me my—"

The good marquis kissed her.

"I am telling you about two people whom I once knew, my child. I will proceed. Our young gardener, we will say, goes away; and the girl, who meets with some slight change of circumstances during his absence, continues to remember him. But for some reason, which is, doubtless, in this case, an extremely natural one, she neglects to inform a certain friend, or friends, of hers, that she has promised to marry this young man. For this neglect she presently begins to reproach herself. I see you are interested, Rose; but ah! pray do not speak—only listen. You shall make whatever comments you like when I have finished." And the good marquis laid his hand gently on that of Rose, as he checked the earnest words which were ready to flow from her lips. "She reproached herself," he continued, "with a want of confidence in this friend; she magnifies this fault (which I am inclined to impute to extremely simple and innocent, and at the same time, very natural causes,) into an actual sin, thereby making herself very unhappy. Now, listen again, Rose;" and he grew quite serious; "if this young girl—if you, Rose (for now you know to whom I have reference), if you, I say, had been really about to bestow your hand upon a poor, low-born peasant, who had no desires, no aspirations, above his condition; if you had become the bride of such a one, and forsaken us and our love and care for you, after we have all been so happy here together, and cast away from you all that belongs to you in your present position, all those comforts and luxuries to which you have accustomed yourself, which are daily becoming more and more necessary to you; if, above all, you had suffered that finer mind, those quick sensibilities, that loftier, that more elevated and refined nature, to mate with the coarse, gross, blunt composition of a mere tiller of the soil, a rude, uncultivated peasant, then, my child, I confess that it would have been a bitter—bitter thing to me. It would have been the hardest blow this heart has borne for many a long year, Rose!" And his voice grew husky, and faltered, and the tears, despite his manhood, gathered in his eyes. "I have learned to love you, my darling," he said, "with a father's affection. I had a little child once, Rose, and I lost her. You seem to bring to my mind what she would have been; you grow more like that ideal daily—hourly! You have taken her place in my heart; you are dear to me, Rose, as she would have been!"

He clasped her tenderly to him; and the young girl, most deeply touched by his words and manner, wept silently upon his breast.

"But, my child," he continued, when he had become calmer, "it was no clown whom you promised to wed. You have been always sensible of that."

"O, yes, monsieur!" she responded, raising her head and speaking earnestly—seriously. "Robin was different from those about him. He was better—more noble than they. He was—" She broke off in the midst of her words, blushing and confused at her own animation.

"Nay, my child, you need have no shame," said the marquis, kindly; "this young man was, indeed, something more than those whom one is accustomed to meet in that class to which he was allied. I confess that your preference for him is no mystery to me, and I do not at all disapprove of it."

"Ah, how good you are, monsieur!" uttered the young girl, gratefully, as she pressed his hand to her lips.

He smiled.

"It is no merit to me, Rose, that my own honest convictions force me to acknowledge his superiority, and the good sense you have displayed in your choice. And now," he added, while the old, laughing glance shone in his eyes, "I dare say you are dying with curiosity to know how I came into possession of all this knowledge?"

"Indeed, sir, it is a matter of curiosity to me," she answered, frankly.

"What, then, will you say, if I assure you that Robin himself told to me the greater part of it all, and that I divined only a very little bit—eh, Rose?" he asked.

"Robin, sir? ah, then you have seen him!" said Rose, with hardly suppressed joy.

"I have seen him, my child."

"And lately?"

"Quite lately," he returned, pleased and amused at her innocent betrayal of delight.

"May I ask when it was, monsieur?"

"It was yesterday; nay—I have seen him as lately as to-day."

"To-day? ah, then, he is very near!" she said, in a subdued yet joyful tone, and with her eyes bent to the floor, as in meditation. Suddenly raising them, she asked: "Where was it, monsieur?"

"Too many questions, Rose," laughed the marquis,—"too many questions! Why, I shall tell every bit, and a little more, if you proceed in this direct way! I must keep his whereabouts a matter of secrecy for a short time."

"Ah, monsieur!" said Rose, gently, and with a pretty air of deprecation.

"Indeed, my dear child, it will do you no harm. Wait till to-morrow, only to-morrow, and I will tell you where he is; nay, more—you shall see him. At present, we must have a little further conversation together. And first, you will probably ask how I came to describe to you, so minutely, the character of your feelings, in regard to the want of confidence in me, which troubled you; how, in fact, I guessed at them, or the reason of them, at all; or how I knew the subject which you were about to introduce at this interview, for which you asked me this morning. Is it not so, Rose?"

"Yes, monsieur; it perplexed me a great deal, I confess," answered she; "for you could not have known that I had a secret to withhold until Robin told you, and even then, I do not clearly see how you could have penetrated my feelings in regard to it, so as to describe them so fully. How was it, monsieur?"

"I will defer the explanation, if you please," he answered, smilingly, "until to-morrow. You will grant me until then?"

"Willingly, if you promise to tell me at that time."

"I promise, Rose. Now you can easily tell how I guessed at the object of your errand hither, to-night."

The young girl considered a moment; then she replied:

"Since Robin told you all about this," she said, with a slight and charming blush, "you must have had little difficulty in divining my purpose, when, at your questioning this morning, I acknowledged that it was to say to you something immediately connected with myself that I desired to meet you here."

"Exactly, Rose," said the marquis, gaily; "how quick you are! I scarcely thought you would remember having said that. Perhaps, however, it was as much in the manner of saying it as anything. Well, my darling, we have made our confessions—have we not? and they were not such terrible confessions, after all. Robin, I honestly declare to you, I like, and am proud of. I have invited him here to-morrow. But, Rose," and he took her hand in his, "you must not expect to behold the linen blouse and serviceable garments in which you were probably wont to see him. Robin is no longer a gardener, and, therefore, you must anticipate quite an alteration in his personal appearance."

"How?—no longer a gardener, monsieur?" iterated Rose, in some surprise.

"No longer, my child; he was offered an employment of an entirely different character, which he immediately accepted; it was much more congenial to his talents and capabilities, as well as to his tastes and desires. He is fast rising in the world, Rose;" and the good marquis smiled. "Ah, he will be a great man, some day! You would scarcely recognize him now, I'll warrant. Why, child, this rustic lover of yours is as great a gentleman as there is in France this day. The throne itself smiles upon him!"

"He said so," said Rose, musingly,—"he said so—did he not! that he should rise to honor, and preferments, and wealth? Yet how little I imagined that it would be so soon!"

"Well, you see I have won my diamonds, Rose," he said, laughingly. "You shall give them to me on your wedding-day. And now, my darling, let us join the people in the saloon. They will be waiting for us."

And Rose went with him, almost in a state of bewilderment, knowing that she had not said half she wished to say, yet unable to recall it, or to think of anything but this sudden revelation of the marquis.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A JOYFUL SURPRISE.

"I SHALL see Robin this morning!" was the first thought of Rose, as she sprang from her couch at dawn, and her heart beat faster, and her cheeks flushed with a deeper red, and her sweet hazel eyes sparkled with happy excitement as she sat before her mirror. The blue-eyed Finette was in raptures.

"*Mademoiselle est si charmante, ce matin!*" she protested, with undisguised pleasure and admiration, as her busy fingers rapidly formed into looped clusters the rich curls of Rose's soft chestnut hair. "I think mademoiselle must be *tres heureuse*—very, very happy this morning!"

"Wise conclusion," laughed Rose, blushing,—"wise conclusion! What a sagacious personage you are, Finette! Does it follow, because I am '*charmante*' that I must be '*heureuse*' also? Yes, I am happy, as you say,—very happy! And now hasten, for I am impatient;" and she commenced beating, with her tiny foot, on the floor, a quick accompaniment to the dancing of her lightly throbbing little heart.

Rose had hardly thought, during the absence of Robin, that she could be so deeply excited by the news of his anticipated return; but she was too overjoyed to remain quiet a single moment. At breakfast, it was impossible for her to eat; and the remarks everywhere made concerning the sudden improvement in her appearance, as well as on her sudden and contradictory loss of appetite, increased the tinge of crimson that already glowed in her young cheek.

One thing detracted from her otherwise perfect happiness. Louis had excused himself from appearing. She had scarcely seen him the night before, after leaving the library, and then he had been unusually quiet, remaining in a secluded nook of the saloon, com-

musing with himself, during the entire evening; and he was absent this morning. She longed to see him—to hear him speak, that she might know he was not offended with her; for she remembered the interview between them; and might not the abruptness—the violence, perhaps, of her manner, unconscious though it was, have wounded him? Yes; despite the tenderness of that silent parting. How her pulse quickened at the remembrance of his embrace! She could but sigh.

The marquis was the only one who refrained from remarking on her increased animation, or heightened bloom: but his rapid glance surveyed her once, as she entered the saloon, and he turned away with an involuntary smile. She caught the smile, however; and though she did not meet his eye for a long time afterwards, she was conscious that his thoughts were occupied with her.

"I wonder at what time I shall see Robin!" soliloquized the young girl. "Will monsieur le marquis call me into the library, I wonder? Or will the meeting take place here, among all these people? Where is Robin?" was her next restless inquiry—an inquiry which she had started a thousand times, and as a matter of course, in vain, since the previous evening; "and where is it that monsieur le marquis has seen him so often of late?"

Her queries were interrupted by observing, suddenly, that the marquis was about to leave the apartment.

"Ah, he has not said a word to me!" meditated Rose. "He tantalizes me. Will he not come back and speak—only three words? Will he not even look at me, that I may understand—that I may know whether Robin is coming soon?"

But he neither spoke, turned, nor gave her a single glance. Yet there was something, despite his evident care, which betrayed in his countenance the sympathy he felt with Rose. He went out. The Count de Clairville talked, aside, with his wife. Helen Montauban, at a distant window, sat calmly at her embroidery. Lord Egerton bent over her, and spoke, from time to time, some words, which, if their effect had been noted, might have been seen, ever and anon, to be followed by a deeper mantling of color in the fair cheek of the lady, though she scarcely seemed pleased, either. Anon the young man toyed and trifled with the gorgeous silks that lay in a tangled mass of rainbow bloom in the tiny basket by Helen's side; and then his glance rested on her face with an expression difficult to be defined, though at times it was clearly one of unhappiness and disappointment.

But Rose, albeit she glanced towards the pair more than once, hardly took note of these things. She could only think of the marquis, of Robin, and of the anticipated meeting. She was restless—uneasy. From one employment to another she turned, without being able to settle her attention undividedly upon any individual thing.

Suddenly, mademoiselle called, gently:

"Rose, come hither a moment!"

The young girl advanced towards the window.

"You wish to speak with me, Helen?" she asked.

"I have been telling Lord Egerton of some favorite books of his which are in the library," returned Mademoiselle Montauban, carelessly. "Will you have the kindness, Rose, to help him find them? He will tell you their titles."

"Cruel Helen!" murmured Francis Egerton, reproachfully, as he glanced at her quiet face, before turning away.

"Not so, my lord," she answered, in the same tone, without lifting her eyes.

At that instant, a domestic entered the saloon, and coming directly to Rose, informed her that monsieur le marquis desired to see her immediately in the library.

The young girl's heart bounded violently.

"I am going now, Pierre," she answered; and yet she paused.

Francis Egerton glanced back at Helen, with an air, half of triumph, half of sorrow, which said plainly, "You see your unkind attitude to repel me avails you nothing. Why will you persist in this conduct—this treatment of me?"

Mademoiselle Montauban saw the look, and read it easily; but she never once changed countenance, and her eyes were instantly fixed on her embroidery again.

Lord Egerton turned to Rose:

"You are going, mademoiselle?"

"Yes—now." She gathered courage; she would not look up in her companion's face, but hastily proceeded to meet the marquis.

Francis accompanied her as far as the library door, and then leaving her, returned directly to Helen.

But Rose, even though her hand rested upon the fastening of the door, had, at first, scarcely the courage to pass in. She hesitated and trembled, but finally, laughing at herself for a little coward, she quietly entered. The marquis stood at the further end of the apartment, in company with a gentleman—a stranger, and both had their faces turned from the door. They had not heard her come in. She paused an instant longer, and looked about her. No other person was in the room. Robin, then, was not here. She had half expected, she hardly knew why, to see him at this moment, and she sighed. The marquis still continued his conversation with the stranger. This person, who was richly yet plainly attired in a suit of deep black, with a short cloak of sable velvet drooping from his shoulders, held in one hand a pen and a small portfolio of papers; the other rested on the table beside him, supporting him, as he leaned forward towards the marquis.

Suddenly, the latter, aroused by some movement of Rose, turned and beheld her, and immediately, after whispering a single word to his companion, advanced to meet the young girl. There was an arch smile on his countenance as he bent down to kiss her.

"Rose, my pet," he said, simply, "yonder is Robin; go and meet him." And he passed her directly, leaving the apartment and closing the door behind him.

"That Robin!" Rose, in her astonishment, could neither speak nor move. "That Robin?" was her inward query. For, forgetting the warning of the marquis, she had looked for Robin of the olden memory, and the change bewildered her, until recollection came.

Here, indeed, was no sturdy figure, in its linen blouse, its heavy boots, and coarse pantalon of gray stuff; no large hat, such as had covered the gardener's head, and shaded his face from the sun; no peasant's garb, or peasant's air; and yet—it was Robin!

"Why does he not speak?" said the young girl, tremblingly, to herself.

But, suddenly, the gentleman raised his hand, passed it across his brow, and held it there for an instant; then laying aside the writing materials which he held, turned and advanced to meet her.

A low, glad cry escaped the lips of Rose on beholding that face—Robin's face, and then she was silent—she turned pale. What was this change which she beheld, as he came nearer? what countenance was it? Did she indeed behold Robin himself, or—The cloak dropped from his shoulders.

"Robin—Louis!" she uttered, quivering with emotion.

"Well, which is it?" With the same light, beaming, sunshiny smile that she had met every day for the last two weeks—with the familiar voice and air that blended in one two characters hitherto distinct, he came forward, and taking her hands into the gentle yet firm clasp of his own, while he drew her to his breast, repeated: "Which is it, Rose? Doubting and believing, too? Tell me my name, mignonne!"

"Ah, Louis—Louis, tell me what this means?" she cried, in an imploring tone.

"Then you declare that I am Louis?" he said, laughingly; "but see—see how audacious he has grown!" And the young man, with daring tenderness, pressed his lips to hers. "Which is it now, Rose?"

"It is—Robin—it is Louis; either, and—both. I cannot tell. I am bewildered!" She covered her face with her hands.

"My Rose—my little, faithful, noble-hearted darling!" Louis murmured, lovingly, and with the softest emotion in his tones, as he led her to a seat. "My generous—brave Rose, will you forgive this long and heavy trial? You have conquered—nobly conquered! You are victorious, love. Look up and speak to me. Let me see, at least, that Louis has not lost the heart that Robin won."

She did look up. The sweet face, tinged with reddest blushes, sparkled with blended tears and smiles.

"You deceived me, Louis. I see it now; I understand it all. But you deceived me most cruelly!" she said.

"And almost broke my own heart, Rose, as well as your own. Ah, if you knew how I suffered last night, you would forgive me!"

And Rose could but do so. The period of probation was passed. The unhappiness to which each had been subjected, in its duration, was terminated now. Louis d'Artois had perfected his scheme, and tested it fully, to his own satisfaction. The outward charms of the woman he loved were nobly equalled by her truth, her firmness, her constancy. Neither ambition, nor pride, nor cupidity, had tempted her, for one instant, to swerve from her faith. She had remained—through all the snares that spread about her way to take advantage of her failing firmness—true to the humble lover who had won her first affection.

"Rose, do you love me? will you take Louis now?" asked the count, with arch tenderness, while they sat together there, during the hour's happy talk that succeeded the scene above described.

"How can I take Louis? I am promised to Robin," returned she, gravely. "I came here to meet Robin; he has vanished, and you are answerable for his disappearance. I refused Louis last night."

"Nay, then,—I will become a gardener again, for your sake, love. I will put on my peasant's dress once more, and take my spade, and toil in the garden from morning till night; while you sit, as you used to sit, just by the cottage door, and sing to me while you sew. What a pretty cottage-girl you were, Rose! I believe I loved you the first time we met. I am sure I loved you afterwards."

"And I thought—"

"Ah, what, Rose?"

"That you loved Helen," she answered, blushing.

"Helen? thou little mouse, what put that thought into thy pretty head?"

"It came there, Louis; I do not know well how. I suspect the idea was a very natural one. She is so beautiful!"

"My pet, Helen must never hear you acknowledge that little piece of innocent audacity. Helen! Ah, she would smile with amusement at the mere mention of such a thing! She would not marry me, Rose. I do like her very dearly. She likes me, also, quite as well, I believe; but I should as soon contemplate an alliance with a queen as with her."

"You make me smile, Louis. How modest you are! You mean to say that Helen—"

"I mean to say, Rose, that my proud and lovely cousin will be content to remain unwedded all her days, rather than wed with so humble a personage as myself. She is a dear cousin, Rose; but I think that, secretly, she is ambitious. Francis Egerton loves her, I am sure; but do you not see that she treats him coldly?"

"I thought it was so," said Rose, in a half-musing tone,— "I thought so."

"And, speaking of that same Francis Egerton, do you know, Rose, that I came near being jealous of him, on the first evening of my return hither, two or three weeks ago? He was continually near you. He seemed chained to your side."

"And you to that of Helen, do you remember?" archly asked

Rose. "Probably the latter circumstance was the cause of the former."

He laughed.

"Perhaps; but I think, if he had never seen Helen, he would have been your captive. How would you have treated him, petite?—as you treated me last night?"

"Yes."

"I believe it. How fortunate he is! I endured agony last evening, Rose!" His tone was sad, as he said it.

"Agony, Louis?"

"Lest I should gain the very boon I seemed so earnestly to crave. But you were true to Robin. I was more than satisfied with the result of my trial. And then, what joy filled my breast, with the ringing echo of that sorrowful, yet firm denial of my suit! It was music to me. And then you came to me with such gentle sadness in your face, and asked forgiveness for your fancied harshness, while still adhering to your decision. I was almost on the point of betraying my identity for very happiness. But my uncle had insisted that I should retain my assumed character until to-day."

"And he knew of your disguise?"

"He has been acquainted with my secret for a long time."

"Why, Louis—Louis! Where are you, my boy?" shouted the rich, clear, merry voice of the Count de Clairville, from the terrace; and the next moment they heard his step approaching the library.

Rose sprang up.

"Let me go, Louis," she said.

"Away, then, my bird!" And he sprang to a side door that opened on a staircase leading to the gallery above. "This way, Rose. Our mischievous friend, I strongly suspect, knows all about this business of ours, and is inclined to tease me a little. *N'importe*; I will match him, never fear!"

And the door closed behind Rose just as the summons of the count was heard at the opposite entrance.

* * * * *

It required some hours of retirement and silence, in the solitude of her own chamber, to restore to Rose anything like her usual tranquillity. The excitement of the last four-and-twenty hours had their effect on her, and every nerve was thrilling to the tension produced by it. Quiet was impossible; so she sent away Finette, fastened her door, and walked the floor, to work off, in some degree, the restless agitation she felt. When she had succeeded in wearying herself with the exercise, she sat down, and leaning back among the cushions that lined with their soft depth her capacious *fauteuil*, laughingly and resolutely shut her eyes, with the determination to sleep. This was a difficult matter, however. Her mind was not quite composed yet; and the strange and unlooked-for revelations which had so lately taken place, yet employed her thoughts, to the utter banishment of repose.

She could scarcely realize, as she looked back, that affairs had assumed such an aspect. She could hardly persuade herself that she should never see her rustic lover again; that, after preparing to put away wealth, station, and the love of a rich and titled suitor, she had found herself in sure possession of all three. She dwelt on this change, to assure herself of its actual reality.

In the midst of these meditations, slumber did in earnest overtake our pretty heroine, and not until the afternoon did she awake again. It was Finette's entrance that roused her. Finette had come to inform her mistress that dinner was nearly in readiness; and Rose, after she had bathed her face, had her hair re-arranged, and made some alterations in her dress, descended to the saloon.

Louis was gone to the village. The marquis and his friend, Count Frederic, walking together on the terrace, were engaged in conversation. The Countess Marie, in one corner, read quietly from a favorite book. Helen Montauban worked at her embroidery, and wore a brighter and better pleased expression than in the morning; for Francis Egerton was away. She beckoned Rose immediately to her side.

"Truant! where have you been?" she said, smilingly, as she made the young girl sit by her, and stroked her bright hair.

"In my chamber, Helen," answered Rose, laying her pretty head against the shoulder of her companion, with happy and loving confidence.

"A penance of solitude and reflection, my fair sister! What sin have you committed?"

"No sin—no penance was mine. I was restless. I went to become calm and quiet."

"And succeeded, I think. But what ails you, Rose? What is in your eyes—your face? Some reflex from underlying emotions—*glad* emotions. You have had good news, *enfant*?"

"No—yes! Ah, do not ask me—at least, not *now*!" laughed the young girl. "Come to my chamber to-night—will you, Helen? or, I will come to yours; it does not matter which; and then I will tell you, what I cannot—dare not tell you now, here, in this broad daylight, with eyes and ears all about us. Yes—ah, yes, Helen! I am glad!" She hid her face on Helen's breast, and clasped her arms about her.

A strange expression flitted, for a moment, over the countenance of Mademoiselle Montauban. It filled her dark eyes with a glance of quick and searching meaning, as they rested fixedly on Rose. But it was only for an instant; for Rose lifted her head again, and those sweeping, jetty eyelashes veiled every gleam of the awakened spirit.

CHAPTER XIX.

WOUNDED LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

It was night. Helen Montauban had entered her apartment, and securing the door, gave way to the passionate feelings born of



JOHN TAYLOR & SONS' BREWERY, ALBANY NEW YORK.

a dire suspicion, which had been rankling in her breast for hours. The interview between her father and Rose, in the morning, at which she had reasons for believing a third person to be present—the appointed meeting with Rose—the hint at a confession, the character of which she but too well guessed—the thousand slight yet convincing tokens of feeling witnessed that afternoon and evening, in her close yet silent and stealthy watch over the actions and words—nay, even the very glances and tones of more than one of the party gathered in the saloon, and more than all, something peculiar in the manner of the marquis, and the occasional gay yet mysterious jests of the Count de Clairville,—all combined to awaken within her the bitterest and most tormenting distrust and suspicion.

"I will know—I will know!" she said, to herself. A little while she waited, till she was able to assume a manner of perfect composure; and then, lifting an alabaster lamp from the toilet, she crossed the gallery, and entered the apartment opposite.

Rose had dismissed her maid, and was brushing out her hair, whose rich folds, falling around her light shape, almost concealed it with their shining veil. She turned from the mirror as Mademoiselle Montauban entered, and a lovely smile brightened over her sweet face.

"Ah, I am so glad you have come, Helen!" she said, running to her, and throwing those fair, snowy arms about her in an innocent, loving and happy embrace.

And Helen Montauban, bending her beautiful head, calmly and with seeming kindness and affection, kissed Rose on her forehead. The girl shuddered.

"How cold you are, Helen! Are you ill? Your lips are like ice!"

"No—I am not ill, dear child; and I think it must be because you are so warm, so excited, so happy, that you imagine me to be cold. I have come to sit with you a little while before I retire." She went and set her lamp on the dressing-table, and then seated herself near by.

"That is good, Helen," said Rose. "You were kind to come. I wanted to see you; I was waiting for you." She sat down by the side of Mademoiselle Montauban, and put her arms about her again.

"Well, you wished to see me—is that all?" asked Helen, forcing, or attempting to force, something like playfulness into her manner.

"I wished to—to tell you something, and now I have not the courage," Rose hid her face on her companion's breast again. "Helen, it was about—Louis."

Those sweet eyes were hidden; it was well; they could not see the stony fierceness of that wild, white face above, that grew wilder and whiter as the girl's, timid confession was made.

"It was about the interview in the library this morning, when your father sent for me."

She paused again; and Helen Montauban, crushing, with calm and terrible force, the thousand mad emotions in her breast, that struggled to have way, compelled herself to utter, softly:

"Go on, Rose; I am interested—I am listening; go on!"

And Rose told her all—all, from beginning to end, with her fair head lying on that stormy heart, whose gathering fires her innocent, whispered, bashful words fed with a fearful sustenance. Helen Montauban listened. She heard all this—every word, every syllable of

this confession, and each word, each syllable, struck her with a deadly blow. The deliberate stab of the midnight murderer tells with no deeper power. Yet she listened, and stirred not; she spoke sometimes, made some remark or comment, and then listened again. There was a kind of savage agony within, that dwelt upon that simple love-story in its every detail, and comprehended it with sharp and greedy eagerness; but at the close, all memory of those details departed. All that was left of that story, gathered into three words—three single words, that Rose, with bashful joy, whispered as she finished: "He loves me—Louis loves me!"

And Helen Montauban said to herself, "He loves another; he does not love me!" The words were branded into her heart; they were written there in characters of fire; they were ineffaceable.

"You are not going yet? do not go yet, dear Helen!" murmured Rose. "Stay with me a little longer."

Her soft eyes, raised so tenderly, so pleadingly, to that face, shone with a divine beauty. The gold-tinged tresses, flowing about her graceful head, were like the glory that surrounds the brow of a saint. Thus seemed this young girl, as she stood before the dark, stately Helen, whose proud face was calm and quiet, whose splendid eyes shot forth no shaft of the smothered fire within.

"Ah, stay with me, dear Helen—sweet Helen!"

But Helen Montauban uttered some gentle words, and turned away. She bade Rose a pleasant good night before she went out,

and then, taking her by the hand, bent down once more and kissed her. With that kiss, she swore hatred—undying—eternal; revenge, speedy and sure, to the one who had robbed her of his love. And Rose sought her pillow, to dream such dreams as youth and joy may bring, even while hate and revenge, with sleepless eyes, watched over her.

Helen Montauban, secured herself in the privacy and stillness of her chamber, and putting her lamp again on her own dressing-table, throw herself upon the couch, not to sleep. The spirit of rest fled from those eyes, that gloomed upon vacancy. There was no peace for that heart, beating with hard, fierce, heavy throbs beneath its silken vesture. Still those words burned upon it their scorching characters—"he loves another!"

She had sworn revenge. The dream of her whole life had been broken now. It was as if a single thread of shining silver had run its glittering line through her life-woof, and those slender fingers, so lately pressed upon her own, had ruthlessly snapped it asunder. Rose might be innocent of intention to wrong her—nay, she knew her to be so. And yet she hated her—hated the beautiful face, the sweet voice, that had won him to love them. She shuddered as she seemed to feel once again the pressure of that young head upon her bosom. It oppressed—suffocated her; she could not breathe. The very air of the room was stifling.

She flung open a casement, with trembling hands, and leaned far out to drink the cool and dewy air of the dark midnight. She threw back the heavy hair that, loosed from its confinement, flowed in cumbrous masses about her form, and pressed her burning cheek against the icy stone framework of the casement. She heeded not the chill that struck through her. It was a relief to the fever heat that had flushed her from head to foot before.

There was no moon—no stars. The heavens were dark. There was not a gleam of light over the wide midnight, save that which streamed from her casement; and even that she hastened to quench. She needed no light; darkness—utter obscurity, must surround her; it was best suited to her. What had she to do with the light? The inner gloom of the spirit found its mating element in the blackness that reigned without. She was miserable, and over her misery she wished to brood undisturbed.

There was guilt in her heart, too, as well as hatred. The evil spirit that dwelt within her was roused, in its worst form, to action. It was seeking only opportunity to display itself. She had sworn revenge on Rose for her innocent rivalry; sworn it in the first hour of this bitter disappointment, and deliberately and calmly had she sealed that oath with the seal of another Judas. This desire of vengeance grew none the fainter—none the less terrible, now that, in the darkness, she sat and cherished it—nay, it even acquired tenfold force. She had no pity for the girl's youth, and gentleness, and goodness; she loathed it all, since it had been so fatal, as she thought, to her; she would have no mercy on her—none.

This was all she thought of—that vengeance must be had. How it was to work, or when, was unknown. Its very shape was yet undefined; but some shape or other it must take soon. At present, a vague idea only floated before her. It was sweet, in her bitterness of soul, to contemplate it. She would lay her plan carefully. It should be matured to the rarest perfection, before the period for action came, that there might be no failure. She said to herself, "I will never see Rose Lamonte the bride of Louis!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



MASH ROOM.

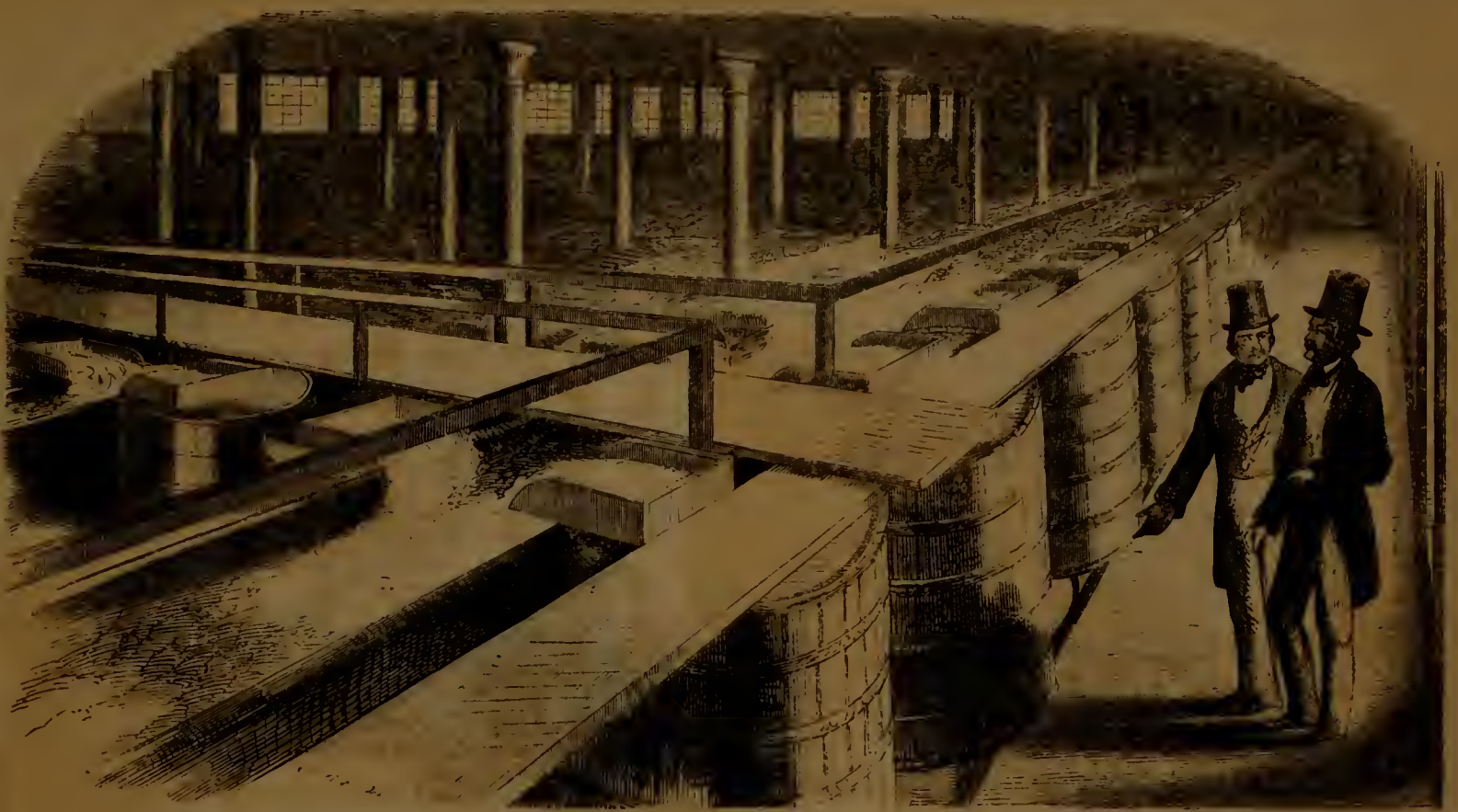
TAYLOR & SONS' BREWERY.

We present on this and the preceding page, three sketches of the various departments of one of the most celebrated breweries in the world, that of John Taylor & Sons, New York. Our first engraving is a front view of the building, which was erected in the year 1852, at South Ferry, in the city of Albany, and covers an area of two hundred feet by one hundred and ten feet, facing the Hudson River, the main building being 200 feet long and 65 feet wide. Upon the end facing the river, a wing 70 feet by 40 is erected, the whole being seven stories high, and provided with elevators for hoisting grain from vessels, at the rate of 1000 bushels per hour. There are also provisions of ample space for storage, etc. The end of the brewery or main building contains nearly all the machinery, in its basement an enormous water-pump, capable of raising four hundred barrels per hour to the sixth story, where the water tank is located, attracts attention, and also the three-throw gun-metal pump which can raise two hundred barrels of ale per hour to the coolers which are in the sixth story. In this department we find the hop back—a wort back, a spent-hop bin, ashery, etc. In the second story we find two mash tubs, of 500 and 1000 bushels capacity, 2 mills for crushing malt, 2 immense vats or brewing coppers of 600 and 1000 barrels capacity, 2 double-gear engines of 25 horse-power each, which are employed to drive the mechanical labor-saving contrivances throughout the establishment, serving, by the connection of over 700 feet of shafting, to do all the hoisting, elevating, pumping, etc., which is required. This is delineated in our second engraving. The third story contains the cases for ground malt, with the screens for cleansing the malt from all foreign or deleterious substances on its way to the mill for crushing, and the repairing room. Omitting the intervening stories, we proceed to the sixth, where we have the capacious wrought iron water-tanks, holding 1000 barrels; here also is a steam condenser for heating water. Proceeding now to the end of the brewery facing on Broadway, we have, in the basement, two storing vats for ale and porter, of the capacity of 600 barrels each, a racking-tub, and sufficient space to store 10,000 barrels. Of this portion of the buildings, the second story is devoted to the cleansing and refining of ale and porter, and contains 365 pontoons, and 5 receiving tubs capable of holding 2600 barrels—all made of white cedar; these pontoons are divided into five sets and placed in rows, between which yeast troughs are so arranged as to carry off the flow of yeast as it purges from the ale in the process of cleansing. These are shown in our third engraving. The third story contains 5 parachute tubs, to feed the ranges below, and 4 huge tuns of 1000 barrels capacity each—all of these are made of white cedar, and receive the ale or porter as it descends from the coolers; there yeast is added to give the first stage of fermentation. In the fourth and fifth stories 2 malt bins afford room for over 40,000 bushels when prepared and ready for use; the sixth story is covered with shallow, square

vats, lined with tinned copper, capable of holding, when spread out to the depth of two inches, over 500 barrels of ale or porter. Over these vats fans are driven with great speed, to reduce the temperature of the liquor before it descends for the processes of the rooms below, which we have already described. Attached to this end of the brewery are the office and library, and in its rear is the cooper's shop. 150,000 barrels are brewed in one year. J. Taylor & Sons have, connected with their brewery, four extensive malt-houses, two upon lots of land each side of the brewery, capable of malting over 300,000 bushels of barley, during the malting season. This model brewery is built and internally arranged upon the plan of Lion Brewery, Southwark, London. A large portion of the hops used in this establishment are raised by Charles D. Palmer, Esq., of Oneida county, N. Y., the quality of which is unsurpassed. Mr. Palmer is supposed to be, and doubtless is, the largest and most successful hop-grower in America. In their business, the Messrs. Taylor have over half a million of dollars invested, and their principal offices for the exclusive sale of their manufactures are at No. 356 Greenwich Street, New York, and No. 286 Commercial Street, Boston, but they have agents in every seaboard State of the Union, from Maine to Texas, and also in California, where their ales are exclusively sold, having the preference over all others.

CROSSING THE ICE AT ALBANY, N. Y.

The universality of the snow and ice will make this winter almost as memorable a one as that which, in the early part of the last century, was duly chronicled by Cotton Mather. The snow, in its prodigality, has "known no north, no south, no east, no west," but has distributed its favors from Maine to Texas, from the Atlantic to the Sierra Nevada, in which latter place it "just as naturally" belongs as it does on the top of the White Mountains. But our engraving exhibits a place where snow is no novelty. Somebody has said that Albany is the hottest place in summer and the coldest in winter in the United States. At any rate the Albanians never pass a year without sleighing, and the Albany sleighs and cutters are renowned all the world over. The advent of the snow is always welcomed with cordial glee, and is the signal for turning out all the teams of every description. Albany can boast of a large proportion of fine horses, being in just the position to pick up the finest specimens. Our engraving shows the Hudson frozen up to a satisfactory degree of solidity and covered with snow, a regular thoroughfare being established across, on which the sleighs are swarming. On the left is the railroad station, and in the distance the crowded city with its whitened roofs. The present season has been remarkable for the high-roads old Winter has thrown over the rivers even to the south and west.



PONTON ROOM.



SNOW SCENE IN ALBANY, NEW YORK.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

PARTING.

BY MARY H. LUCY.

They met, that quiet autumn eve,
At the old trysting place;
The harvest moon beamed softly down,
Upon her tear-stained face.
They parted—one to go abroad,
Into the common strife,
The other went with sinking heart,
Back to the olden life.

Then, often came there words of love,
And hopeful tenderness,
From the lone wanderer on the sea,
Her weary heart to bless.
And brightly there was pictured forth,
The time when they should be
United as in olden time,
Beneath the trysting tree!

At length her fond heart traced a change—
In vain she questioned why;
For pride was strong, though hope's white wings
Were folding silently.
Then many blessed her gentle heart,
Her kindness evermore;
She was not one to idly weep,
Though her life dream was o'er.

Years hurried on. One summer day,
When winds were breathing low,
There came one to the old churchyard,
Who wandered to and fro;
And where amid the cypress boughs,
The sunshine wandered through,
He knelt beside a slender mound,
And sighed, "Had I been true?"

There were deep furrows on his cheek,
And silver in his hair;
There were no need of words to speak,
His life was written there!
A sadder but a truer heart,
He turned him back again;
By all the visions of his dreams,
She had not lived in vain.

And often comes there to him now,
A sweet Madonna face,
A gleam of waving golden hair,
Replete with every grace;
The burden of his midnight hours,
His dreamings all alone;
A white stone in an old churchyard,
And "Alice" on the stone.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

BY WILLIAM D. OLIVER.

TWENTY years ago, the parish church of Allentown was deprived of its pastor by death. The old minister had labored, year after year, among his people, and on their part, they willingly undertook to watch his declining years to the end. The tie between shepherd and flock was not so easily severed then, as in later days; and these relations were beautifully sustained by the Allentown church. Too poor to allow of hiring a colleague, they had been willing to support the old pastor, and to require him to preach, only when his failing strength would permit, the sermons which he had written in more vigorous days.

When his lamp of life was at length extinguished, they set about getting a new minister. Like all parishes, there were some unquiet souls in Allentown, who made trouble and vexation enough, before they could finally settle upon any individual to supply the place of Mr. Harding. On this list stood Deacon Harding, the minister's own nephew. Ten times did the people appear to be almost decided in their choice, when the deacon would raise some cavil which would throw everything into confusion. Sometimes the candidate was too old, sometimes too young. One had too large a family, another had none. One spoke too low, and another wore too fashionable a coat.

But a new aspirant to the favor of the Allentown church appeared, armed with a letter from the president of a popular theological seminary; and before his modest, serious and humble deportment, even the deacon's fastidious scruples melted away. Mr. Gilbert was a young man. His acquirements were respectable, his talents of no mean order, his appearance quiet, and, at first sight prepossessing; while subsequent acquaintance deepened the favorable impression.

His somewhat pale face showed the student—his air and bearing, while they were in keeping with his profession, were yet frank, open and manly; and his conversational powers, when awakened by contact with congenial minds, were full, clear and impressive. Such was the man who appeared in the pulpit of Allentown church, on the first bright Sabbath in June. It was a lovely morning. "The old bell rang out in the clear summer air," the earth wore its greenest livery, and the sky its deepest blue. The whole parish was out, except the lame cripple, Marion Torsleff, her sister Elinor, and a few who staid to keep infants at home.

Bright summer dresses were donned, and ribbons of every light hue were streaming from the pretty straw bonnets; while the men appeared in new coats, and thin vests and light colored gloves. The church was newly painted, carpeted and curtained. Fresh flowers filled the vases on the pulpit and the communion table,

and the air came in, soft and fragrant with the perfume of roses and honeysuckles, which had been carefully trained around the church. Every eye was turned anxiously on the new minister, as he gave out the morning hymn. As he rose for prayer, there was a deep hush all over the house. His voice was low, yet distinctly heard in the remotest part of the church, and he prayed fervently and earnestly. The text—"One Lord, one faith, one baptism," was the burden of the sermon. He was mild, spiritual and persuasive in presenting it; and the perfect silence and attention manifested, spoke the sympathy and interest of the audience. A quiet, satisfied look was upon every countenance; and when, at length, the services were closed, there were many who came forward and expressed their deep approbation of his words.

The young minister looked gratified at this unexpected demonstration, and responded to their friendly conversation; but, in a moment, he made his way out through a side door, and entering the vestry room, he burst into tears. They had been waiting in his eyes all the morning, but he had pent them in, and now he leaned his head upon his hand and wept like a child. He had so dreaded this hour! A thousand times he had fancied just such a scene, and as often, he had seen himself in imagination, breaking down in the pulpit, and making himself a mark for the smallest child, or the weakest in intellect, to laugh at and despise. His nerves had been so highly wrought upon, that now that the tension was relaxed he was prostrated. When at length he recovered, and was retiring from the church, a little girl who had evidently waited for him on the steps, came up and said to him:

"I am sister to Marion Torsleff, who is lame and could not come, but she wants to see her minister, and sent me to beg you to come to her. Will you go home with me?"

The young minister hesitated a moment, and then said:

"I will go with you, my dear, if I can do any good, but I am very tired now. Shall I not rather go to your sister in the evening?"

"Are you tired, sir? Well, never mind; come to-night if you please;" and the fairy child, who seemed only seven or eight years old, returned to her home with a slow and measured tread quite unusual to her.

She soon entered the small brown house in which Marion Torsleff lived. There was the most perfect neatness in the little room where she lay on a couch, amidst a heap of roses which little Annie had lavishly thrown over her. She was pale, and the paleness was more striking, from the quantity of dark curls which hung over her pillow in heavy masses. A girl sat by her, whose resemblance showed her to be another sister; but she was bright, beautiful and happy, while the other was sad, ill and feeble. There was a strong contrast between the two—one so pale and deathly, the other with such rich, glowing color on her pure cheek, whence the eloquent blood seemed bursting forth like "the flash of a ruby imprisoned in snow."

As little Annie came slowly in alone, Marion looked sad and disappointed. She pressed her hands over her eyes, but did not speak; and seemed as if she were suffering from some great injury. She drew up her limbs spasmodically, and finally moaned as from pain. Elinor, the other sister, tried to soothe her, but, although she gave up going to church, to stay with her, still Marion was cold and gloomy the whole afternoon, and exhibited that mixture of sullenness and wretchedness so common to people of her class. Elinor attempted to read to her, but she turned her face to the wall, and throwing back her hair, she lay for an hour without speaking.

The afternoon service closed, and as the last straggling footstep passed away out of hearing, the minister entered Marion's little room. He had come too late for Marion. She was in one of her wayward moods, and would not converse with him now, although at noon she would have pleased and interested him. Now he saw only an ordinary cripple to pity. Had he gone to her when she sent for him she would have charmed him by her simple beauty of expression, her quickness of thought, and the real genius which inhabited that poor suffering frame. But Marion's disease had injured her temper, and at times she displayed a degree of impatience and restlessness that made every one miserable around her. Elinor was the greatest sufferer, because she was most with her, and also because she was most ready to bear without retorting, her sarcastic and jealous speeches.

As Mr. Gilbert entered, little Annie came running in, with a beautiful wreath of fresh roses in her hand, and throwing it on the bed she said to her sister:

"William is at the door; may he come in?"

A faint blush overspread the invalid's cheek; but Elinor, rising, went forward and motioned to the visitor to enter. A young man entered, whom the girls addressed as Cousin William. He sat down by Marion's bed, took little Annie on his knee, and seemed to be perfectly at his ease; but it was evident that the invalid was disturbed and restless in his presence.

The minister conversed with the sisters for some time; elicited from them the story of their father's death, and the consequent depression and decay of their mother; their mutual dependence on each other, until Marion's unhappy accident; and finally, that the bright flush in Elinor's beautiful cheek was but the hectic coloring of the same disease that had carried away her mother. This last was whispered to him by Marion; but the minister could not believe it, as he gazed upon the open, happy face, serene in its youthful beauty. Nor indeed was it so—though Marion's thoughts all tended that way, especially in a repentant mood after treating her sister ill, as she often did.

He found that the whole dependence of the family, in regard to pecuniary matters, was in a small estate which they were too poor to occupy, but which brought in an income upon which they con-

trived to live; that Elinor's spare hours were devoted to needle work, to eke out the scanty sum necessary for their support; that her cheerfulness was the light, as Marion's despondency was the shadow, of their little home; and that "Cousin William" had been Marion's devoted lover before her misfortune, but had rather leaned to the other sister after that event.

How Mr. Gilbert ever got at such a multitude of facts in a half hour's visit, was a mystery; but he was one whose manners bespoke confidence, and the innocent trust of the sisters put him in possession of their whole history, for his winning manners had unconsciously chained even poor restless Marion. Little Annie clung to him as to an old friend; and when he left the house, it seemed as if a stray sunbeam had darted suddenly across Marion's sick bed, and as suddenly vanished.

William was still sitting by her, but with his eyes fixed on Elinor. There was no reserve in their communings, for William's mind had been freely opened to both at once, and he had told them plainly, while sitting together, that his heart was given to the elder sister, whom he had so long watched in hours of cheerful waiting on the younger. Now he offered to marry Elinor, and to hire a nurse in his own house for Marion; but the latter declared that she would never burden him with her presence; and thus the matter rested.

When Hanson Gilbert returned to the house where he had taken up his abode, he sat down and wrote to a friend in a distant city, who had made diseases of the limbs his study for years, detailing Marion's case, and urging him to come to him if he saw any reason to hope that she could be restored to any degree of ease. The condition of the poor girl, her friendless state, and the evident good sense and intelligence which her disease was fast obscuring, interested him. The idea that he could, indirectly, become the means of her restoration struck him as being the first offering of his ministry; and he went to work most enthusiastically in her behalf.

How often Mrs. Porter, the opposite neighbor, had remarked to her daughter that the minister went quite too often to see the Torsleffs—how many times William accused his cousin Elinor of receiving Mr. Gilbert's attentions—how much the people of the parish objected to what they deemed a monopoly of the minister's time, by people so obscure as the sisters, we have not time to tell. But Mr. Gilbert did not heed any of these things, although he heard them all. He was bent upon doing good to a worthy and unfortunate family; and he continued to visit them.

It was only a few weeks after this, that Mr. Gilbert's friend, Dr. Prescott, arrived in town. The two friends had not met for two years, and were mutually delighted to renew their intercourse. Those two years had been mostly spent by Dr. Prescott in Paris, where he had found and improved great advantages in his profession. He came cheerfully at the minister's call, not only from a desire to see him, but because he desired to take every opportunity of introducing his methods of cure; and, moreover, he was a man of large benevolence, and the ease, as Mr. Gilbert described it, was one of interest to his feelings, privately, as well as professionally.

Mr. Gilbert took him, the same evening, to visit Marion, and was rejoiced to hear him say, on leaving the house, that it was a case that certainly admitted of palliation, and probably of restoration. Marion was not allowed to know of this, as she was so excitable; but the minister called the next morning, and told her that Dr. Prescott would operate slightly upon her limbs, and hoped to give her ease. She was alone when he went in, and they had a long conversation. Mr. Gilbert had found the true key to Marion's heart, and she unveiled it without fear. For the last three weeks he had seen her every day, and found her so perfectly intelligent, so well educated, yet so simple, that he could not conceal from himself the interest she excited in him. Her occasional fits of despondency and unrest, he believed truly, were only the result of her disease, and he felt that, were she only well, she would be happy.

That she had made up her mind to bear the loss of her cousin's affections he well knew—for she had repeatedly urged Elinor, in his presence, to accept the transfer. Elinor could not, however, be persuaded to do so, because she knew how sensitive Marion had always been on the subject. She did not dream that a new and powerful interest—an affection not the less deep because she felt it hopeless—was awakened in Marion's heart; that, as she lay on her bed, racked with pain, one voice could bring patience and calmness to her suffering hours; that, lying there, her quick ear caught the sound of his footstep, long before his form was seen coming up the green lane; that the flowers he brought were cherished and preserved, long after their beauty was faded, and that everything which he had touched in the room, was henceforth sacred in the eyes of the lame girl. Ah! Elinor had no such love at this for Cousin William—and yet she had half promised, that if Marion should ever recover, she would marry him.

As yet, Marion believed herself alone in her love, but this morning's conversation had told her that if she could not be his wife, no other woman ever should. How her pale cheek glowed at this unexpected avowal! How the white hand was pressed over the brow, and the dark eyes filled with tears! She—a cripple!—could she win the heart of a man whom, in her imagination, she had cherished as a superior being! She had so kept her love in her heart, that she believed no one would ever know it; and she had rejoiced in the thought that, as she could not live for him, she could at least die for him. Dio for him! The thought was rapturous indeed. She had never, in her wildest dreams, fancied that he would ask her to live for his sake; and now it was overwhelming. It was all revealed to her now! The attentions that he had shown her, which she supposed were hers only because

she was ill and poor, and might equally have been given to the lame beggar over the hill! She almost wished him to go away, that she might be alone with her great thought. Now she could see why Mr. Gilbert's friend—she did not know what his profession was—was so earnest in asking so many questions about her accident and its subsequent effects. Now she could look at the subject in so true a light!

Elinor came in after he was gone, and wondered at the mysterious light that shone upon Marion's usually pallid face. There was a quiet hush in the room, which Elinor almost feared to break by the sound of her voice even; but for the meaning of what she saw and felt, she could not account. She almost feared that Marion was going to die, with that glorified face of hers. Her voice too, sometimes so sharp and unnatural, was low and sweet, as she spoke to Elinor upon the beauty of the morning. Then Elinor smiled, for the clouds were already lowering with rain!

In the afternoon Dr. Prescott came again, in his own proper title; examined the diseased feet, and arranged for the operation of the next morning. Elinor was quivering with alarm at the thought; but Marion borrowed a courage from her new circumstances which she could not have felt, had this been proposed a week before.

There is a sentence in common use:—"Bring out your hopes and look at them." Marion did so with hers, and did not dare to let her faith stand beside them. It was too much to believe even when the doctor assured her that he should be successful. Still, she was anxious that the experiment should be made, both for her own sake and that of another; so, at ten the next morning, she submitted to be taken out of bed and placed on a table. It was a weary and painful process, which Elinor had not courage to bear, and she was sent away without knowing that it was to take place.

Mr. Gilbert stood by Marion, holding her hand and offering up voiceless prayers in her behalf. At length he heard Dr. Prescott's voice announce that the operation was finished. The minister looked up from the table where he had buried his face, and met the animated and satisfied look of his friend, telling him that all was safe. So strongly did the doctor feel for Mr. Gilbert, that he left the patient in other hands, while he came to him and pressed his hand in token of his sympathy.

Marion was taken back to her bed, exhausted and pale. She had fainted three times, and now lay in a stupor, unconscious of all around her. Elinor was summoned home to attend her, and the doctor drew Mr. Gilbert away by force to his dinner.

Meantime, the Allentown people were terribly scandalized at the utter devotion of the minister. It was shocking to them to feel that he was going to be engaged to Elinor Torsleff—for of Marion no one would ever think, in connection with their pastor! They knew nothing beyond the bare fact of his going there. It was enough to rouse their jealous scrutiny, and they forthwith constituted themselves into legislators, went into a committee of the whole, and voted Elinor Torsleff a coquette, and Mr. Gilbert a fool. He, for his part, went on his way without any let or hindrance. His heart and conscience acquitted him fully in regard to the young ladies of his society. He had never so much as waited on one home in a storm. He had determined not to know anything of what they might say of him; and he equally determined never to try their patience by relating to them his late experience.

"Well, my good friend," said Doctor Prescott, as he came in from a last visit to Marion, before he left town, "I shall have to tax you with payment for my late services, after all."

Mr. Gilbert blushed crimson, for Prescott had assured him that it should cost nothing.

"I shall not 'cease from troubling' until you repay me by pleading my case with the elder sister."

"I am heartily glad of it," said he; "you shall have all my influence in that quarter, especially as I do not like the 'Cousin William' to whom she is partially engaged."

William's desertion of Marion had seemed so heartless to Mr. Gilbert, that he could not bear that he should marry her sister. Gratitude to him who had taken the shadow from their home, soon deepened into love, in Elinor's heart; and the minister soon had the pleasure of congratulating his friend upon another success.

The next morning after the operation, Marion awoke to new life and energy. She lay all that week and the next, patiently—thinking how sweet it was to be nursed and tended by one beloved, and scarcely uttering a single groan, even when the bandages were removed—so happy, that it was happiness enough to others to sit in the reflected light of her countenance. In a few months she was able to walk; still slightly lame, but without suffering. On the first day of the following June, the anniversary of their first meeting, Hanson Gilbert and Marion Torsleff were married. After them came Doctor Prescott and Elinor, and the minister himself pronounced the marriage benediction for the last couple. The two brides, in their simple white dresses, looked indeed beautiful. As Marion walked slowly up the aisle of the church, where she had not been for long years before, every eye followed her in tears. She was yet pale, but the light of happiness was in her beautiful eyes, and there was scarcely a heart in the church that did not own the goodness and beauty of the MINISTER'S WIFE.

A SINGULAR MAN.

It is not often the case that authors manifest indifference to their pecuniary interests. An exception, however to the general rule is found in the case of the anonymous writer of a now famous tragedy—"The Gladiator of Ravenna." The play has attained great popularity in Germany, and the poet's shares in the profits of its various performances, amount, it is said, to upwards of seven thousand dollars—which sum, deposited in the various cash boxes of the different court theatres, has for some time awaited the disposal of the legitimate owner. Neither laurels nor gold can induce the dramatist to reveal himself to the public.—*London Athenaeum.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DOING ONE'S OWN HOUSEWORK.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

It was the third week after her marriage; and the little wife sat dejectedly by the parlor window, watching the retiring footsteps of her husband as he passed round the corner. Tears were in her beautiful eyes, and her little white hands hung down listlessly over her silk apron. You would think that John Ellis had said something very cruel to his poor wife, to call out such a burst of sorrow. But the "height and breadth" of John's cruelty was merely to show his pretty Margaret how pleasantly they could live, and how much they could save up for future years, if she would but dismiss the great slatternly servant girl, who was dawdling about all day long in the kitchen, breaking the crockery, wasting the food, and destroying, in fact, nine times the amount of her wages, every day of her life.

"So, he married me for a slave," poor Margaret thought, "and all my education, which dear father was so proud of, and the pleasure I was to enjoy in going out and receiving company, and being constantly dressed in the way which he used to like to see me, must all give way to John's whim of having me drudging in the kitchen!"

And she would have sobbed aloud, had she not thought that Kitty would hear her. She looked at those delicate white hands which John had so much admired when she was playing on the piano, and it was very hard to think that now he had married her, he was willing that they should become large and red with kitchen work. She sickened at the thought, and then she turned the sparkling rings that John had given her, round her fingers, and thought how soon they would be too small, if she should have to wash dishes. Poor little Margaret! She, whose parents had brought her up so delicately that she had never yet (to use a phrase which people employ to express the greatest possible exemption from labor), brought even the water to wash her hands, and who felt that John had looked upon her as a being altogether too refined and exquisite for common purposes; to think of his wanting to take her down from her pedestal, and place her in the kitchen! It was too much. She almost wished she had married old Mr. Hale, who had offered himself regularly every year since she was fifteen. She wondered if John would want her to black his boots. Perhaps he would like to have her take in work. Had she really married such a mean man after all? Nobody knows what dreadful images of servitude and hardship Margaret might have called up, had not a loud crash of broken china startled her, and wiping her eyes she descended to the kitchen, where for three weeks Kitty had reigned sole mistress. Had Margaret's mother been near her daughter, she would have turned away Kitty the first day she came; but neither John nor Margaret knew enough of domestic affairs to perceive that she was wholly incompetent to do what she had undertaken, though bitterly feeling that there was disorder and discomfort in the house. They attributed it only to the inconvenience of the house; for both had hitherto been accustomed to the wide halls and ample rooms of country houses, and were annoyed by the dark stairways and dimly lighted basement of their city home. They had chosen this house out of many which offered, because it had two parlors, and Margaret's handsome outfit of furniture demanded a good deal of room.

When Margaret went down, Kitty was hastily hiding something in the cellar, back of the kitchen.

"What was that broken?" said Mrs. Ellis. "I thought I heard a terrible crash."

"O, no, mam—no indeed; it must have been in the next house," said Kitty, whose very red face told a different story.

Margaret went into the cellar and fastened the door, when she commenced searching at the barrel where Kitty had been standing. Among the straw which had been thrown into it from her crates, she discovered four of her precious cut glass goblets, two china saucers, three plates and the top of a sugar bowl. Looking round, she spied a large pail filled with pieces of cold meat, and further on, a pan full of spoiled dough. Vegetables, in various stages of decay, lay scattered round the cellar, the closet showed at least five plates of butter, three of cheese, and six or seven of bread, pie and cake. Margaret was roused now, and she was determined to look closer. Opening her nice new wash boiler, she found it covered with rust; the kettles were set away without washing, a new soapstone furnace for heating irons, was broken by a heavy log of wood which had fallen on it, and a long handled brush was also broken. On coming back to the room, where Kitty was wearing a defiant look, she proceeded to the inspection of the closet there. In a basket, she found her ironing blanket rolled up wet, and two of her own French collars mildewing among its folds. In the dining room, the girl had been tampering with the new French clock, and put it to sleep. In the closet there were various cracked articles ingeniously disposed so as to hide the cracks.

Margaret was good at figures, and without noticing the girl by a single word, she proceeded up stairs to her own room, and sat down to perform a very simple operation, which ran as follows:

Three goblets.....	\$5 00
Two saucers.....	1 00
Three plates.....	1 00
Sugar bowl.....	2 00
Brush.....	1 75
Wages for three weeks.....	5 25
Servant's board.....	4 50
Total.....	\$20 50

Her judgment led her to call the waste and injury she had witnessed, at least four dollars and a half more, making the very respectable sum of twenty-five dollars for three weeks, and

amounting in a year, allowing at the same ratio, to four hundred and thirty-three dollars and sixteen cents! And this from a salary of only fifteen hundred dollars a year! Adding this to the rent of an expensive house, the style of dress which she expected, and occasional rides into the country, and a few concert tickets—Margaret was really overwhelmed. Her tears were gone. She was a woman of spirit, after all, and her decisions were usually made with promptness and executed with despatch. She called Kitty up to the parlor, and giving her the amount of her wages and money enough to pay her board for a week, she dismissed her at once.

As soon as Kitty was gone she went to her chamber, and selecting the coarsest of her dresses, a dark gingham, she put it on. A plain linen collar was added, and tearing off a piece of calico from a roll which her mother had provided for winter spreads, she sat down and made her a large apron. Pinning up her sleeves, and putting on her apron, she went down to the kitchen. In an hour she had managed to bring it into something like order, by sweeping the floor and laying aside the numerous towels and napkins which had accumulated for the wash. Her spirits actually rose with the fine exercise she was taking, and the nice order into which she was bringing her rooms. She did not feel tired at all; not half so much, at least, as she was the other day, going up Washington Street; and on looking at her dress after she got through, she was forced to acknowledge that it was not half so soiled as the one she wore on that occasion.

"But why need we live in town at all?" thought Margaret. "I think I could manage things better if we only had a little cottage in the country, and I will coax John to remove."

When John came home that day, he heard no sound of piano or guitar; and he wondered why the parlor blinds were so closely shut. Margaret, he thought, must be ill or out; and he anxiously applied his key to the latch. Not finding her, he descended to the lower regions, where he found a nice little dinner smoking on the table, and Margaret already seated. She had taken off her apron, smoothed her hair and adjusted her collar; and her pretty dark dress was well-fitting and becoming. She had a glow on her cheek, and her eyes had recovered from the tears of the morning. So exhilarated had she become from her exercise, that she had actually forgotten that she intended to meet John with a great deal of dignity, when he should return. John sat down to dinner, praised the steak, admired the pudding, and thought Kitty, for once, got them a good dinner. Margaret looked rather queer, but he did not understand that anything was going on until Margaret went round to his side of the table, and told him that she had taken his advice and dismissed Kitty, and had resolved to do her own work. John thought, of course, that she was the best little wife in the world; and he listened eagerly to her plan of living out of town.

"Why did we not think of it before?" said he. "I know of a good house just out of the city, only a few miles by railway."

"We will go and see it this afternoon," said Margaret; "and I know you can easily dispose of our lease here."

So, after Margaret had cleared away with her own hands, and washed the dishes without breaking them, she dressed herself neatly, and when John was ready to go, she accompanied him. It was spring, and the smell of the fresh earth and of the budding leaves was delightful. A walk of a very few minutes brought them to a pleasant little cottage, in the window of which was a notice, implying that it was to be let. The owner happened to be near, and they walked over the house, admiring its pleasant and convenient rooms. They could have it at once, and they agreed to take it immediately; and so it was all settled.

The next week found them settled quietly in their new home. One attic room was appropriated to the furniture which they could not find space for below. The kitchen was almost perfect in its arrangements, and Margaret thought that, comparing it with the house in the city, it would be only play to do all the work. She even talked of keeping a cow and making her own butter! and with those little white hands too.

How pleasant was her room with its bay window looking out on green meadows and blossoming orchards, and all the beautiful sights which the country affords. There was a tall rose bush growing over the window, and a fine honeysuckle round the porch, and a little yard full of mignonette and verbenas; and Margaret was delighted with all.

The neighborhood into which the Ellises had removed, happened to be a very good one. Several of the ladies near her were highly intelligent and cultivated. They soon called upon her, and she found that many of them had removed from the city from the same motive which had influenced herself—to get rid of the annoyance of bad help, and to live in a place where it was not considered disgraceful to take charge of their own housework. Nor did it detract from their intellectual excellence, nor make them less polished and agreeable, because they could make their own bread and pies, and superintend their own washing. So thought Mr. Ellis, when he returned from the city one warm, dusty day, and found his wife reading in the cool, comfortable parlor; while the piano standing open, and the guitar out of its case, showed that she had been practising.

She went out of the room for a moment, when he heard her little silver bell ring for tea. He found her at the table, where her nice white biscuit, iced butter, and cool strawberries and cream, formed fine accompaniments to the smoking tea. Then the stroll into the woods after tea, and the pleasant chat with their new neighbors, and lastly the music which Margaret gave them, closed their delightful evening. Margaret never complained of the work, nor again thought that John could be so cruel as to make her a slave. She became one of the neatest of housewives, and in time she actually did make the nicest of butter.



CLEOPATRA'S BARGE, THE GREAT BOSTON SLEIGH, PASSING THE NORFOLK HOUSE, ROXBURY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SNOW-STORM.

BY WILLIAM L. SHOEMAKER.

Gray clouds the blue of heaven shut out,
The snow is falling fast:
The air is chill: the streams are froze:
Old Winter's come at last!
He makes
A mantle of the feathery flakes,
And o'er
His shoulders spreads it wide;
Then, with a scowl, he stalks about,
In stern and gloomy pride.

For miles away the fields are white;
And faster now descends
The winged rain from cloudy halls,
And all the trees it bends:
Each branch
Shakes off a noiseless avalanche,
When calls
Aloud the Norland blast.
Ah me! 'twill be a dismal night,
And night is nearing fast.

Make bright the fire upon the hearth,
And let the storm come down:
Let us not measure time by sighs,
Nor with wild winter frown—
Should we
Be sad, because he's bleak of blee?
'Tis wise
To learn to scorn his dio
Without, while we with wholesome mirth,
Make summer-time within.

This life of ours, at best, is brief,
And swift away doth flow,
As, when the warm sun shines again,
Do these cold flakes of snow.
'Twere good
To snatch a joy from nature's mood,
Nor plain
Whatever it may be,
Nor wear away by causeless grief,
What is so soon to flee.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HARMLESS GOSSIP.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"How very agreeable and amusing old Mrs. Carr is," said Clara Perkins to her mother, as her grandmother and an elderly visitor left the parlor. "I declare, it is wonderful to see so aged a person so lively. I was asking her when you came in to give me the secret of her unfailing spirit—for if I live to grow old, I should wish to be like her."

"I hope you will never be like her, Clara—though I sometimes fear you will," replied Mrs. Perkins, gravely.

"Now, mother, how can you speak so unkindly of poor Mrs. Carr?" said the daughter, affecting a careless manner, though the color deepened on her cheeks. "I had forgotten your dislike to her when I spoke; but she is the only one of our acquaintance I ever hear you speak against, dear mother."

"I am not fond of speaking ill of people," returned Mrs. Perkins, "and I should not give utterance to my opinion of Mrs. Carr in your presence, were I not fearful of her exerting a baleful influence upon you. I observe with regret your increasing desire for her society."

"Well, mother, she is so witty and conversable," began Clara.

"Witty at the expense of others—conversable on a subject which I would wish my daughter sedulously to avoid. Her mind seems given entirely to gossip and slander; no one's character is safe with her, for the mere mention of a person is sure to call forth a long talk on his or her affairs, and—"

"But that is only harmless gossip, mother," interrupted Clara.

"Nothing is harmless, Clara, that leaves in our minds an unfavorable impression of others, when it is not necessary for us to be informed of their defects. Besides, those who are fond of listening to gossiping details are generally prone to repeat them; and such repetition, whether springing from thoughtlessness, or malice, is often equally deplorable in its results. No one can estimate the mischievous consequences of the tattling propensity so unfortunately prevalent."

"But, mother, I would never repeat anything to the detriment of others."

"Not intentionally, I hope, my dear. But we are apt to speak of whatever gives us pleasure; and if you continue to derive amusement from Mrs. Carr's ill-natured, sarcastic remarks, which you deem witty, be assured you will repeat them unawares. I am sometimes pained to hear you utter flippant remarks on our friends, which I am very sure came originally from her."

The entrance of old Mrs. Perkins caused a suspension of the conversation, much to Clara's relief, as she secretly considered her mother's disapproval of Mrs. Carr a whim which she had no intention of deferring to. Not that Clara was in general self-willed or unamiable; but in this instance, she thought it only right to follow her inclination.

Her grandmother and Mrs. Carr had been friends from early girlhood, and the latter, as age and infirmities grew upon her, naturally liked more and more to enjoy the society of her old acquaintance, who, as she often boasted, was still as active and lively as she had been twenty years before. She was a widow, and lived, with no companion but an orphan child she had taken as help, in a snug little dwelling, which was the "pink" of neatness and

order. The old housewife took great pride in her little domicile. It was her delight to have one or two acquaintances come to sit with her of an afternoon, to have "a cozy chat over a good dish of tea," when she would listen complacently to their praises of her housekeeping, and in turn entertain them with many scraps of gossip, which she had a peculiar talent for collecting and embellishing.

Of these visitors, the most frequent was her old friend, Mrs. Perkins. Many an afternoon did Clara, when a little child, accompany her grandmother to partake of Mrs. Carr's unequalled biscuit and seed-cakes. And though, as she grew older, and her time was devoted to school-tasks, these visits grew less frequent and finally ceased, she always retained a pleasant remembrance of them; so that she was not sorry, when her school days were over, and she had leisure to enjoy herself, to be requested occasionally to be her grandmother's companion to her old friend's. Her mother, knowing Mrs. Carr to be an inveterate news-monger, and prone to put the worst construction on every one's sayings and doings, entirely disapproved these visits; yet, unwilling to forbid what she knew to be a gratification to her husband's aged mother, was forced to content herself with warning her daughter on the subject—warnings which her daughter regarded as merely the effects of prejudice.

A few days after the conversation above detailed, Clara came down stairs equipped for a walk, and looking into the sitting-room, where her mother and grandmother were sitting, said:

"I am going to see Jenny Wood, and to get my dress fitted—can I do any errand for you while I am out?"

"I believe not, to-day."

"For you, then, grandmother?" queried Clara, her hand on the door-knob. The old lady replied:

"Well, yes; I wish you would call at Mrs. Carr's, as you go along, and tell her I am afraid I shall not be able to go there to-morrow, as I promised—my rheumatism is getting so bad from this sudden change in the weather."

Clara promised to fulfil the commission, and set off. It was a lovely afternoon in early autumn, just sufficiently cool to render a long walk pleasant and exhilarating to a young, healthy girl like Clara, and she proceeded gaily onward, and soon reached Mrs. Carr's dwelling. The door was opened by the old lady herself, who greeted her unexpected visitor warmly, and conducted her into the cozy little parlor, exclaiming:

"Bless your rosy cheeks! It is good for one's eyes to see a girl with such, now-a-days, when most of them are such sickly, die-away things," and she playfully pinched the young girl's bright cheeks, while with the other hand she drew off her shawl, as if her spending the afternoon was a matter of course. Clara, thanking her, professed her inability to remain, and repeated her grandmother's message.

"I'll be sorry if she cannot come," replied Mrs. Carr, "for there are not many I am so fond of having with me. Do make her come, if she is at all able, my dear, and be sure you come with her. But I'm not going to let you off now—no, indeed; for I have some biscuit just ready to bake, and I guess they'll be pretty good ones, so you must help me to eat them. Now you won't say no, for I say yes; and I will have my own way—pretty note, indeed, if an old woman like me must give up to a young slip of a thing like Clara Perkins. But if you are really in haste, I'll give you an early tea, and then you may go."

So Clara was prevailed on to lay aside bonnet and shawl, and await the appearance of the "early tea." Mrs. Carr trotted back and forth between parlor and kitchen, contriving to chat with her visitor without neglecting her biscuit; and very soon the two were seated at the little round table partaking of the fragrant tea and biscuit, Mrs. Carr regretting she had none of the seed-cakes Clara was so fond of—and was altogether so chatty and entertaining, that the latter never thought of her mother's warning, but enjoyed the simple repast and gossiping anecdotes of her hostess with equal relish. In the course of the talk, Clara happened to mention that her particular business out that afternoon was to be measured for a dress, which the elder Miss Wood was making for her.

"Speaking of new dresses, reminds me of that proud piece, Sally Becket," said Mrs. Carr. "Didn't you meet her on your way here?"

Clara replied in the negative.

"I thought you might, as I saw her go by just before you came; but maybe you came round the other street. She had a new dress on—the prettiest I ever set eyes on. How they can afford such things is what I would like to know."

Clara remembered hearing her father often speak of Mr. Becket, with whom he was slightly acquainted, as having been for nearly a year rendered helpless through paralysis, so that the support of the family devolved entirely on the children—a youth of about nineteen, and two young sisters; she therefore replied, "that they had been very unfortunate, and must find it a hard struggle to live any way comfortably."

"Well, so one would think, my dear, but it's hard saying. Some folks get into trouble and are very much pitied, when, if the truth was known, they stand in no need of compassion. Now, there's Sal Becket—many a girl in better circumstances cannot be gadding about the street as much, and always looking so trim, too. Talk of her sewing for a living!—much sewing she does, to be sure! I can't see how they do it, for I am not acquainted with them; but some one told me that George was their main stay, and I dare say he is."

The old lady laughed and nodded significantly, but Clara, not understanding her drift, exclaimed, innocently:

"O, no; he cannot do much for them, for I have heard father say that Mr. Robinson only gives him four dollars a week—and what is that towards the support of a whole family?"

"Ah, more than you know of, my dear," chuckled Mrs. Carr.

"That's very good wages for a boy like George—four dollars a week, and the use of the till. Yes, yes, they can do very well."

Clara laughed heartily at the old lady's pleasantry, and soon after, bidding her good-by, proceeded to Miss Wood's. While being measured for her dress, tongues went busily, of course; and among the rest, Miss Wood said:

"I wish you would get a narrow gimp for your dress like that Sarah Becket's is trimmed with; it would match it exactly, and is the prettiest pattern I have seen of a cheap gimp."

"Where was it bought, I wonder?" was Clara's eager inquiry.

"I asked her the other day, as sister wanted to know," said Jenny Wood; "for Sarah and I always speak when we chance to meet, since we were at the same school. But she said her brother had given her the dress and its trimmings, so she could not tell where they were bought."

"Her brother!" remarked Clara, in whose mind Mrs. Carr's ungenerous remarks were yet fresh.

"Yes; a junior clerk at Mr. Robinson's, is he not?" asked Miss Wood. "He must get a good salary, I should think, to be able to make such presents—and they so poor, too."

"O, yes, very good salary, I believe—four dollars a week and the 'use of the till,' as the saying is," rejoined Clara; and scarcely heeding the whispered remark, "Ah, is it possible?—what a pity!" she turned to examine a half finished mantilla on the table. Had the unthinking girl observed Miss Wood's elevation of the eyebrows and glance of ready understanding, she would have recalled or explained her mischievous words. As it was, the matter passed from her memory, until a few days after it was unpleasantly recalled.

"George Becket has lost his situation," said Mr. Perkins, on coming home to dinner one day.

"How was that?" asked his wife, who, from his frequent mention of the Becket's, felt interested in them, though personally they were strangers.

"I happened to call in at Robinson's to-day, and missing George, learned that he was discharged yesterday, on no less a charge than theft."

Mr. Perkins knit his brows angrily as he uttered the word, and his wife uttered an exclamation of grieved surprise. Mr. Perkins resumed:

"I would as soon suspect myself of stealing, and so I told Robinson; but he is firmly persuaded of George's guilt. Small sums of money have been continually disappearing in an unaccountable way, he says; but I have no doubt that he made way with them himself in some foolish manner that he forgets. I know he has a habit of spending money on anything that offers, if it is cheap; and in nine cases out of ten, never thinks of his bargains afterward. I told him so, and he said he had contented himself with thus explaining the matter, until his suspicions were directed to George Becket."

"In what manner?" inquired Mrs. Perkins, much interested.

"O, through women's gossip, of course," answered her husband, testily. "Night before last his wife told him to keep an eye to George, for from some words that had dropped from her dress-maker, Miss Wood, regarding him, she feared he was not so trustworthy as had been imagined. So Robinson's suspicions were immediately aroused; and happening in the course of yesterday to miss a two dollar bill from some money he had placed in the desk towards settling an account, he was persuaded that George was the rogue, and, without any explanation to him, paid him off, and told him he had no further need of his services."

It was well for Clara that both parents were too absorbed in the painful narrative to observe its effect upon her. At the first mention of George Becket she had felt an undefinable dread; but when the dressmaker was named, she gave an involuntary start, as the conviction that she had been the cause of this flashed upon her mind. In vain she sought to persuade herself that her foolish words were of no consequence—that they could not have caused Miss Wood's suspicions—the voice of conscience was not to be hushed by this sophistry. With startling distinctness came back the memory of her careless remark—of the answering ejaculation, unheeded at the moment—and she felt self-convicted of having injured the reputation and blighted the prospects of a fellow-creature, through her unguarded repetition of Mrs. Carr's malicious insinuation. "Ah," she reflected, "had I but given heed to my mother's judicious warning—but perhaps I can undo the ill I have done." This thought enabled her to preserve her outward composure, though she heard no more that was said during the seemingly interminable meal, which was no sooner over, than she hastened to her room to indulge her remorseful meditations, and resolve upon some cause of immediate action.

She was not long in coming to a decision, though it involved a severe self-mortification. But Clara was not one to shrink from aught that she felt to be a duty, however painful; and in a short time she was attired for a walk, and sought her mother, to acquaint her with her unfortunate instrumentality in the affair they regretted, and to ask her opinion of the plan she had formed. To her disappointment she learned that her mother had just gone out. Clara stood in the entry in perplexed indecision. "Shall I postpone it till to-morrow? I ought to consult mother ere I take this step," was her first thought; but the second said, "No, if I wait till to-morrow, I may be less inclined to make the avowal; she will not disapprove of my hastening to atone for my sinful folly."

And Clara left the house on her humiliating errand. She called first at the dressmaker's, but only saw Jenny. From her, however, she learned enough to assure her that Miss Wood had no ground for her suspicions of George Becket, save her own idle words. From thence she proceeded to Mr. Robinson's residence, where she was shown into the parlor, and in a few moments the lady of the house joined her. They had never met before, but

Mrs. Robinson's sociable manner soon made Clara feel at home; and with less difficulty than she had imagined, she found herself relating the object of her visit to her deeply interested auditor.

"Is it possible," she exclaimed, when her visitor had concluded, "that Miss Wood had no other cause for speaking in the way she did of George? She certainly appeared to consider it her duty to speak to me on the subject, that I might caution my husband against trusting him implicitly, as he had always done. I was quite sorry, for the young man was a favorite with Mr. Robinson, and his sisters are very pleasing girls. I have seen a good deal of them, for I chanced to discover that they are both expert at embroidering; and as it is so fashionable, I have kept them very busy for myself and several friends, to whom I showed their beautiful work. The girls were glad to get it rather than any other sewing, for it pays well just now while it is new; and I frequently thought they worked too steadily, and advised them not to neglect taking some recreation. They are so young, it seems a pity that they should have such a trying life; and on their account, I felt greater regret for their brother's ill-conduct. I am very glad we were in error, though," and the gay young wife broke into a merry laugh, "I may expect a good scolding from Mr. Robinson, and a command to have no more to do with my old dressmaker."

Clara expressed a hope that when all was explained to Mr. Robinson, he might be induced to employ his late clerk again.

"He will be glad to do so, though it will be rather awkward to ask George to come back. However, he knows Mr. Robinson is apt to be hasty at times, and luckily he gave him no intimation of his suspicions."

Mrs. Robinson paused and mused silently an instant, then, as if speaking aloud her thoughts, she said, slowly:

"Now I remember that she began the subject by alluding to the very handsome dress George had lately presented to his sister; but as I happened to know that it had cost him naught beyond a 'thank you,' I gave no heed to what she was saying. I had the mousseline de laine brought from the store a few weeks ago for my own wear; but as there was more in the piece than I had thought (quite sufficient for two plain dresses), it occurred to me that I had really no occasion for a dress of the kind at present, and, at my suggestion, Mr. Robinson gave it, with suitable trimmings I had purchased, to George for his sisters."

"So that is the history of the important dress which gave rise to all this speculation and mischief," said Clara, more and more ashamed of her part in the affair.

"Of course. I never thought of giving this explanation to Miss Wood, for—but there is my husband just come to dinner. I am glad you are here to have a part in the scolding—misery loves company, you know;" and with a gay laugh the wife opened the parlor-door, and summoned Mr. Robinson, who was passing through the hall, to their presence. It was a fresh mortification to Clara, but he was glad to be introduced to the daughter of his friend Perkins; and when his wife rapidly related the purport of her visit, his delight at the exculpation of his favorite overcame all other feelings.

"I'll have him back this very day," he exclaimed, rubbing his hands, as was his custom when well pleased. "I have missed him all the morning; the store scarce seems like itself without him."

"But will he come back so readily? He must think it very strange," said Mrs. Robinson.

"O, no, he knows me very well; he'll think it one of my odd whims—a sudden fit of economy, or something of the sort. I would not have him to know my real motives; and fortunately no one, save my friend Perkins, is aware of his discharge—not even the other clerk, for he was absent at the time, and I was too vexed at finding my confidence in George misplaced to mention the circumstance. Yes, yes; he'll come back. I am safe enough this time; but if I ever lend a credulous ear to women's idle gossip again, may I suffer all the consequences."

And Mr. Robinson shook his finger in playful anger at his pretty wife, who, with a merry glance at Clara, replied:

"I was really wondering if I should escape blame. But please remember," she added, archly, "that you had unmistakable proof, as you said, against him. How will you now account for the disappearance of the note?"

"O, in any way, rather than by attributing it to George," said the merchant, testily. "I may have been mistaken in supposing that I put it in the desk."

After some more conversation, Clara, with a lightened heart, returned home. Her mother was at once grieved and rejoiced by the revelation made by her deeply penitent daughter, and strengthened by her good counsel the resolution made in all sincerity by Clara. The next day her father brought the gratifying intelligence that George was re-instated, and had accounted for the disappearance of the two dollar note, by mentioning that he had given it in payment of a small purchase made by Mr. Robinson, which he had desired him to settle for out of any money in the desk, when the bill would be presented. The lad's hasty dismissal had given him no time to state the fact.

"So far all's right," said Mr. Perkins, who was much pleased at his daughter's promptness in repairing the evil she had caused. "It is not often, however, that the mischief done in this way can be ascertained or remedied. I hope, therefore, that you may never forget your present resolution against 'harmless gossip,' but that in seasons of temptations you may be guarded by the recollection of 'four dollars a week and the use of the till.'"

GREAT IDEAS OF GREAT MEN.—It was Hampden who established in the English mind the idea of liberty; Cromwell, who established the idea of toleration; Blake, the idea that Britain must be the master of the seas; and Milton, the idea of the liberty of the press.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"PEACE, BE STILL!"

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

Wildly raged the angry billows,
While our Saviour calmly slept;
The fragile vessel heaved and trembled,
As howling past the strong wind swept.
Fear fell on each troubled spirit,
Then they to the Saviour prayed:
"Lord, arise! help, or we perish!"
The tempest's keen, we're sore afraid!
He rose, and by his mighty will,
Calmed the wild waves—said, "Peace, be still!"

And now, as on life's restless ocean,
We slowly steer towards our home—
Often tossed in wild commotion,
Often wrapped in saddened gloom—
When storms and darkness cross our path,
And sorrows keen around us play,
We'll pray to Christ, our God in heaven,
He'll turn our darkness into day—
And gratitude each heart will fill,
For those words all powerful, "Peace, be still!"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LIFE-LIKE PORTRAIT.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

GREAT was the commotion of the little New England village in which he lived, when Ethan Vane, the son of Widow Vane, a lad of nineteen, whose taste for art had been developed without instruction, and without models of any kind, produced his first picture, a portrait of his old mother. Everybody went to see it, and everybody pronounced it a striking likeness. Nor did they err in the decision; but when the editor of the "Bird of Freedom," a small newspaper which appeared from time to time, as circumstances permitted, pronounced it a splendid work of art, he simply evinced his ignorance of art, and not a wilful desire to pervert the truth. The little paragraph, however, was to the heart of Ethan Vane like a ray of sunshine to a prisoner's cell. Hitherto, while loathing the dreary mechanical toil to which his boyhood had been condemned, and while aspiring proudly to rank among the gifted ones of earth, he had sometimes doubted his own powers, and it was with trembling distrust that he had submitted this, his first serious work, to inspection and criticism. But now it seemed to him that his wildest wishes were destined to be crowned with complete success. If he had accomplished such a marvel, without instruction, with the rude materials which were at his command, what might he not achieve when a few more years had added their experience, when skilful masters had guided his hand, and when the masterpieces of the world had been submitted to his adoring gaze? He would visit Boston—he would study the works of Copley and Allston—he would go abroad—he would pass years in Dresden, Dusseldorf, Paris, Rome and Florence, improving himself each year, each month, each day, and return at last to be recognized the Raphael, the Michael Angelo of his dear native land.

And there was nothing selfish in these wild dreams of youth. He did not forget for a moment the gray old mother who had buried so many children and a husband, and who had lavished on him, often wayward as he was, the wealth of her priceless love. He would first of all secure her comfort. The first fruits of his success should be devoted to buying her that little cottage which was her beau ideal of comfort. More than half of all his golden harvests should be hers.

And it really seemed as if his bright dreams were destined speedily to come all true. He was immediately commissioned to paint a new sign for the Blue Eagle tavern. The captain of the militia company desired to go down to posterity in regimentals. The clergyman was not destitute of vanity and charity. He gratified both by ordering a portrait. Other less illustrious personages followed the example of these worthies. At five dollars a head the young artist found his talents engaged for some time to come, and yet, at intervals, was enabled to dash off some landscapes and some ideal heads, for with the impetuosity of youth, he was already aiming at the most difficult achievements of art before he had become familiar with its preliminary steps.

Alas! over this golden dawn of life there came suddenly a gloom—as a thunder storm springs on us without a warning in the midst of a midsummer's day. His old mother sickened and died. The money designed to lay the foundation of her cottage was expended in conveying her to her narrow home. Days and nights of agony followed this bereavement, and it was with an attenuated frame, a blanched cheek and a sore spirit, that the youth again resumed his seat before his easel.

His loss, however, had the effect of widening and deepening the sympathy already felt for him. His fame spread, and he now became talked about, not only in his native village, but throughout the whole country. Though he painted now mechanically, he had plenty of patrons, and numerous admirers. Among the latter was a young girl—an orphan, like himself, of congenial tastes. Esther Harlow was beautiful in the eyes of a true artist—beautiful with that spiritual beauty which so charms us in the Madonnas of Raphael. Friendship—intimacy—love—followed each in rapid succession. Neither the artist nor his mistress had near relatives to interpose with counsels of worldly prudence, and, so after the briefest courtship, they were married, and shortly afterwards Vane removed with his bride to Boston, carrying with him a few pictures, on which he prided himself, to serve as introduction to the people of the Athenian city.

But alas! from his first visits to the studios and galleries, he came home disheartened, and turned all his pictures to the wall.

"I must do something better, dear Esther," said he, "or I shall never win fame as a painter."

The next day he procured a canvass and set his palette.

"Dear Esther," said he, "I can find nothing so worthy to paint, so full of inspiration, as your own sweet face. You shall be my model, and the world shall learn to admire your beauty, while it acknowledges my genius."

"Do not ask me to sit, Ethan, I conjure you," said the young wife, with a shudder. "I have always had a superstitious dread of being painted. I have always had a fancy that my life would ebb away with each stroke of the pencil."

"How absurd!" said the painter, with a laugh. "These scruples are not befitting an artist's wife. Believe me, our very existence depends on this experiment."

Esther made no more scruples, and the work commenced. A rapid, masterly drawing was an auspicious beginning. Then came the plastic moulding of the features, as yet nearly colorless, but permeated with a slight glow as the blood permeates the living form. Vane looked little at his model, after catching the form of the features. Indeed what need had he of Esther sitting there? He wore her image in his heart of hearts. He had but to look inward and behold her. So he wrought on. Now indeed he knew what it was to be a painter. Never before had he felt true inspiration. Heretofore he had dimly copied—now he brightly created. It was his Esther that rose from his caressing fingers; but how spiritualized—how radiant—how glorious in her high beauty!

"You are not looking at me!" sighed the wife.

"I am looking at you, dearest," answered the painter, fixing his gaze on the canvass. "You are mirrored here as in my heart. Look yourself. Is it not my life, my Esther, that smiles back on you?"

Esther gazed, and as she gazed she sighed. There was a more than mortal beauty in the picture, and she wondered not that Ethan could not withdraw his eyes from it for a moment.

Days wore on, and the painter was still enamored of his task. He now no longer needed his model. She stole quietly into the room at times—but always unbidden, and then to bring him that refreshment without which he would have fainted in the severity of his toil. At last his work was completed. The reflected sunlight was fading away from the east, as he drew aside his window-curtain and gazed upon his consummate work.

"It is done!" said he, with an almost haughty exclamation. "They will now no longer deny me a place among the great ones of the earth. I can say to the spirits of Angelo, and Raphael, and Paolo—I too am a brother."

A slight noise at his side roused him from his reverie. Esther had entered unperceived, and had sunk fainting, at his feet, like a lily bowed down by a rain-storm. He bore her to the window, and he sprinkled her face with water.

She slowly opened her eyes.

"My Esther!" said the painter. "What is this? what has caused this illness?"

"The picture," she murmured faintly. "Cherish it for my sake. It will soon be all you have to remind you of me. As the work went on, I felt my life passing away from me to that canvass. As its colors warmed beneath your touch, so my heart grew cold. It is finished—and so is my life. But no matter—it was necessary to your glory."

Her words were prophetic. She did not long survive the completion of the picture.

Vane stood beside her coffin and gazed in agony upon the "last of earth."

"Fatal art!" he murmured. "The gray old mother—the fair young bride—both gone—and for what? That I might be a painter. Is it not written that he who demands success must be wedded to his art alone? What have I to do with domestic ties? I have poured my life-blood into the crucible, and if fame be not the result, I shall know how to rejoin the lost on earth."

MORAL HEROISM.—We like to see a woman tread the high and holy paths of duty unblinded by sunshine and unseathed by storm. There are hundreds who do so from the cradle to the grave—heroines, of whom the world has never heard, but whose names will be bright hereafter, even beside the brightest angels.

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Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston.

INTERIOR OF KING'S CHAPEL.

We present below a fine interior view of King's Chapel, at the corner of School and Tremont Streets, Boston, as it appeared during the Christmas holidays, in its beautiful garniture of green. The wreaths, the festoons, and, indeed, all the decorations, are most tastefully arranged, and harmonize with the architecture. The King's Chapel has always been noted for the beauty of its Christmas decorations. Our artist, Mr. Hill, has faithfully delineated for us the appearance of this venerable church. The first Episcopal church in Boston was built on the site of this edifice in 1689. It was a wooden church, and the fifth house of worship erected in Boston. It had a square tower at the west end, from the roof of which rose a staff, supporting a vane, just beneath which was a large crown. The king and queen of England (William and Mary) presented it with altar and pulpit furniture, prayer book, cushions, etc., the deanogue, and a costly service of communion plate. Mr. Giles Dyer, church warden, seems to have imitated the generosity of the royal benefactors of the chapel. In the church records, is the following entry in his own hand:—"To my Labor for making the Wather Cock and Spindel, to Duing the Commandments and alter rome, and the Pulpit, to Duing the Church and Winders mor to Daing the Gallarey and the King's Armes, forty pounds which I Freely Give, G. Dyer." "Duing" here means painting. The royal favor was also manifested by an annuity of one hundred pounds for the assistant minister of the chapel. The king also made the church a present of valuable books. On the death of King William, in 1702, the chapel was put in mourning. On the accession of Anne, it was styled the Queen's Chapel. In 1713, the church was almost entirely remodelled in the interior, and about this time a clock and noble organ were added. On the accession of George I., in 1714, it was again called the King's Chapel. The increase of Episcopacy in Boston led to the erection of Christ Church in 1723, and Trinity Church in 1734. In 1741, a movement was commenced for rebuilding the King's Chapel of stone; a voluntary subscription was set on foot, and Peter Faneuil chosen treasurer for receiving the sums contributed. The corner-stone of the new edifice was laid by Governor Shirley, August 11, 1749. He gave the workmen £20 to drink his health. The new chapel was dedicated on Wednesday, August 21, 1754, a little more than a century ago. Many of the proprietors being loyalists, left Massachusetts with their clergyman, and the church was closed on account of the Revolution, in 1776, and remained closed till the autumn of 1777, when it was opened for Congregational services, to accommodate the society of the Old South Church, who had not been able to repair the damages caused by the use of their church as a riding-school for the royal troops during the British occupation of Boston. This congregation remained in the chapel till February, 1783. In 1783, Rev. Mr. Freeman, having been invited to officiate, was chosen pastor of the church by the proprietors. Mr. Freeman's views were not in accordance with those of the Church of England, and his society coinciding with him, important changes were made in the liturgy, the declaration of the Trinitarian doctrine being omitted. Retaining the general form of church service, a different creed was adopted. Hence, in the language of the Rev. Mr. Greenwood, "the first Episcopal church in New England became the first Unitarian church in America." "Our church," says the same authority, "as a building, has un-



CHARLES A. PHELPS.

dergone no considerable change since the Revolution, except the erection of the colonnade at the west end or front, which was put up in the year 1790. The crown and mitres have, to be sure, disappeared from their stations on the top of the organ, and the governor's pew, with its Corinthian pillars and crimson damask drapery, has been lately (1833) taken down, and converted into two pews of common size and pretensions. But the architecture and interior arrangements are, in all other respects, the same as before the war. The Vassal monument, and two mural tablets, one to the memory of Frances Shirley, the lady of Governor Shirley, and their daughter, Mrs. Bollen, and the other to Charles Apthorp, Esq., maintain their old situations, and form interesting and appropriate decorations of the church." The architecture of the church is plain and massive, and the building has a marked

individuality. The burial ground attached to it is the oldest in Boston, and contains many rich old tombstones with quaint and striking inscriptions.

HON. CHARLES A. PHELPS.

The accompanying portrait of Hon. Charles A. Phelps, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, was drawn expressly for us by Rowse, and engraved by Peirce, and is an excellent likeness of the subject. Mr. Phelps was born in Boston, on the 19th of October, 1820. He is the son of Dr. Abner Phelps, of Boston. The speaker's earliest impressions of politics were doubtless received in early boyhood, when his father's office was much frequented by many leading public men of the day. Young Phelps was fitted for college at the Public Latin School in Boston, and at Phillips's Academy in Andover, having also, at times, the instruction of private tutors in particular departments, and during some years of his boyhood, resided in the family of the late Professor Stuart, of Andover, who was a maternal relative. Even at this early period of his life, he evinced unusual talents and gave auguries of future distinction. At the age of twelve years, he delivered a Fourth of July oration before a juvenile charitable society, at Chauncey Hall. At the age of eighteen, he delivered the valedictory address at the closing exercises of the Boston Lyceum, Edward Everett being, at that time, president of the institution. Mr. Phelps entered Yale College in 1838. After pursuing his studies there three months, he entered the Sophomore Class in Union College, whence he graduated with distinguished honors in 1841. It has been remarked of President Nott that he has sent into public life more successful men than the president of any other college. Mr. Phelps's oration at the commencement exercises was highly praised by the New York press. We are inclined to believe that Mr. Phelps was never particularly ambitious of political distinction. At any rate, he does not seem to have had any regard to that end in the choice of his profession. The early development of his eloquent powers, and his early success as a public speaker, would have justified him, we think, in expecting unusual success at the bar. Quite to the surprise of his friends, however, he chose the modest and laborious profession of medicine, and after pursuing his studies at Boston and Philadelphia, he received the degree of M. D. at Harvard University in 1844. The same year, he married the sister of Judge Ira Harris, of Albany. Although Dr. Phelps, at this time, as from boyhood, took a lively interest in political movements, and was a diligent student of them, he kept himself aloof from all public participation in them, and quietly practised his profession, and cultivated general literature. His first public political speech was in behalf of the American party, in 1854. He was elected to the Legislature of 1855 from the City of Boston. As a public speaker, Dr. Phelps possesses an uncommonly rich and melodious voice by nature, and has evidently cultivated it with care. His speeches are logical, without dullness, strong in satire, without being ill-natured, and abound in humor and pathos. Having been returned a second time from the City of Boston, he was elected Speaker of the present House of Representatives. With the exception of Hon. N. P. Banks, we think he is the youngest man that has ever held the speakership. Thus far he has discharged all his duties with remarkable promptness, accuracy and judgment, and, we believe we are justified in saying, to the entire satisfaction of all parties in the House.



INTERIOR VIEW OF KING'S CHAPEL, DRESSED FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WINTER.

BY LILLIE LIGHTFOOT.

Aha, old king with the hoary brow,
You are making yourself quite busy now;
You have shaken your locks o'er hill and dale.
From the loftiest peak to the lowliest vale!

Old Boreas obeys thy kingly call,
And comes from his bleak old northern hall;
He makes himself heard by rich and poor,
At the lowly cot and the palace-door.

But, nevertheless, you frosty twain
Bring frolic and pleasure in your train—
Hurrah, hurrah, for the gay sleigh-rides,
And the calmer joys of our firesides.

The fair young belle bails with delight
Your drifts of snow so soft and white;
And joy is seen in her merry glance,
For now is the time for ball and dance.

And the schoolboy shouts aloud with glee—
O, the winter, the winter's the time for me!
And he builds himself a snowy fort—
O, this is the time for the schoolboy's sport.

But we must not think that *all* is mirth—
There is many a cold and cheerless hearth;
O, forget not the words once spoken to thee,
"As ye do unto them, so ye do unto me."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RACE FOR LIFE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

TOWARDS the middle of July, 1840, a party of us city-hived mortals determined to take a cruise upon the salt water, and no sooner did the idea present itself than we set about putting the plan into effect. At Atkins's Wharf, at the North End, we found a small schooner, the "Othello," of about a hundred and twenty tons burden. She was a Baltimore built craft—regular clipper-shaped, long and handsome, carrying fore-topsail and topgallant-sail, and a gaff-topsail upon the main. She had been used some in the West India trade, and perhaps for other trades. She had four port-holes, and some of our party could detect the marks upon her deck where gun-carriages had run, though the faint marks might have been made by a thousand other things just as well. The owner's name was Johnson—a short, dark-complexioned, lame man, but a good seaman, and a good man. The moment we proposed hiring his schooner for a pleasure trip he was pleased with the idea. He proposed that we should furnish a new mainsail, find provisions and other necessary fixings, engage our own skipper, and take him as a private member of the party. He asked no more. Of course we accepted his offer.

We found Tom Phillips lying on his oars. We knew him to be a good shipmaster, and we engaged his services. Then we got a good cook, a steward, and one other experienced seaman, and finally all our arrangements were made, and on the seventeenth of July the "Othello" left Boston harbor under a fair breeze, and with a happy crew on board. There were twenty-four of us in all. Johnson had had the vessel thoroughly cleaned, and she was not only neat and tidy, but we found her also a splendid sailer—gliding through the waters like a dolphin, and riding like a duck for gracefulness and ease.

As soon as we were out of sight of land we took a vote to decide which course we should pursue. There were twenty of us privileged to vote, and each one having written upon a slip of paper the place he wished first to visit, it was deposited in a box by the binnacle. When the votes were all in, we examined them. Sixteen were for Havana, one for Gibraltar, and three for "Anywhere." So to Havana we went. We had a splendid run, and when we reached the queen city of the Antilles we found no difficulty in landing. We remained there a week, and having taken in a good quantity of fruit, we prepared to set sail again.

"Which way now?" asked Senor Torrijos, as we were preparing to leave.

"To Saint Domingo," answered Phillips.

"A fine trip," returned the old merchant; "but," he added, with a sort of serious smile, "you may meet Tradillo on your way."

"Tradillo?" repeated Phillips, "who is he?"

"What, have you been here a week, and not heard of Tradillo? Why, he is one of the most daring villains that ever lived—a pirate who has infested these seas for over three months, and whom no amount of strategy has been able to conquer. His hand is turned against the world, and he fears nothing. He has a crew as bold and bloody as himself, and he leaves no witnesses to tell of his deeds."

"Then he kills all whom he captures, does he?"

"Yes. He goes upon the principle that 'dead men tell no tales.' He was formerly a native of this place; but some time during the year 1836 he was apprehended for robbery, and condemned to be whipped, and then imprisoned. He was whipped in public, but he made his escape from prison, and now he has made his appearance among our islands as a most terrible avenger. But he must soon be apprehended, for many vessels are after him."

"Does he sail in a large craft?" asked Phillips.

"No, his vessel is not larger than yours. It is a schooner, of United States build, and not a bit larger than yours; yet he carries from fifty to a hundred men, and six guns."

"But how do you know so well his crew, when he kills all his prisoners?"

"From two sources: he has written two letters to the captain-general; and three men escaped from him about a month ago. They were in a brig that he captured at night, and they jumped overboard with life-preservers on, and were picked up in the morning."

"And is he about here now?"

"There is no knowing where he is. The last that we heard of him, he took a French barque off Anguilla, and murdered the whole crew. But I guess there won't be much danger, for I think it very likely he is down on the Brazil coast now."

This was not very cheering intelligence, but then we had no real fears—our hearts were too light for that. It was after dinner when we hove up our anchor and made sail, and before dark we had passed the headland of Matanzas harbor. Through the night we had a northerly wind, and kept our course with flowing sheets. We concluded to run to the north of the island of Hayti, and on the morning of the fourth day from Havana we had made the north-easterly cape of the island. Here we had the wind from the southeast, and we had to make a tack to the eastward. The wind was steady, and we chose to make a "long leg" on the easterly tack, so as to come down well on the next one. Our course by the compass was east-by-north, and by looking at the map it will be seen that this course lay clear, to the northward, of all the islands.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning when we belayed the sheets on this tack, and in half an hour afterwards we were once more out of sight of land. I was sitting upon the main hatch, engaged in peeling an orange, when some one sung out, "Sail-ho!"

"Where away?" I returned, sportively. And then Phillips asked the same question.

"Right there—just over the starboard quarter," returned the man who had spoken.

We looked, and sure enough, there was a sail in plain sight, which must have come out from behind Samana. Johnson went below and got his glass, and when he returned he examined the stranger, and was soon confident she must be a schooner.

"Suppose it should be the pirate?" suggested one of our party, a Milk Street book-keeper named Paine. There was a tremulousness in his tone as he spoke.

"No, there's no danger of that," said Phillips. "I don't imagine we're going to fall in with a pirate so easily. I've followed the sea now going on twenty years, and never saw one yet."

"Unless that's one," persisted Paine.

"Pooh—nonsense."

Our vessel was close-hauled upon the starboard tack, and the stranger was coming down almost before the wind, with fore-top-sail and topgallant-sail set, and starboard studding-sails drawing. In half an hour more the fellow was in plain sight. It was a schooner, long, low, and black, and just such an one as Senor Torrijos had described the pirate to be. There was no mistaking this. And then her deck was full of men, as we could plainly see with the glass.

"What d'ye think now?" asked Paine, tremulously.

"By the piper, there may be a snuff of powder here after all," returned Phillips, rather dubiously.

Minutes fled rapidly, and ere long the schooner was within a couple of miles. There was no more room for doubt. Her whole contour was rakish and bloody, and then no other craft would carry such a quantity of men.

"Well, boys," said Phillips, "there can't be any mistake about that fellow, and now what shall we do?"

"Why—run, of course," said Paine; and we all coincided.

So without further consideration our helm was put up, the sheets eased off, and in a few moments more we were bowling off before the wind in fine style. For some ten or fifteen minutes we watched the pirate with the utmost anxiety, and at the end of that time it became evident that he was gaining upon us. The thought was a fearful one.

"They never spare anybody," whispered a young salesman, by the name of Bolster. He spoke to Phillips, and seemed to hope that something might be done to increase our speed.

But Bolster was not the only one who bore fear-marks upon his face. I think we all came in for our share of that. Whether the pursuer was a pirate or not had been settled in our minds, and the only thing upon which we now hung was the thought of escape. To be captured was sure death, and that, too, most horrible.

"Can we escape?" was a question asked by more than one, and asked by one more than once. Capt. Johnson knew most about our vessel's sailing qualities, and he was appealed to; but he only shook his head in doubt.

It was a stern chase, and we felt sure it must be a long one. Perhaps we could hold off until night, and then steal away.

"I'm afraid not," said Phillips, who had been watching the pirate narrowly, as the hope was spoken to him. "The case'll be settled before night."

It was now ten o'clock, and the wind was moderate, our schooner running off seven knots. It was a fixed fact that the pirate was gaining upon us—it was very slowly done, but yet we could see it. The fellow's hull became gradually more plainly developed to our sight, and one after another of his ropes became defined against the blue sky. It was just twenty-five minutes past ten when he fired a gun. We had not been able to see any ports before, but now that point was settled.

"That means for us to heave-to," said Johnson, as the sound of the report had fairly died away.

"But we won't heave-to," exclaimed half a dozen voices.

"Of course we won't," cried Paine. "We'll use the only means of safety we've got while it lasts."

And this was the general impression. To calmly stop and let

the rascals come up and cut our throats was something we were not prepared to do, for though the pirate was gaining upon us, yet it was so slowly that there was a strange sense of hope while the distance was anything between us. Perhaps some other sail might heave in sight—and perhaps a great many things might happen to help us.

At eleven o'clock we could plainly see the heads and shoulders of the pirates, and we could now see that her ports were open, and the guns run out. They were brass guns, for we could see them glisten in the sunlight. There was now not much over a mile between us. But remember a mile at sea does not look like a mile on the land. Go on the frozen lake, when the ice is clear and smooth, and you shall skate a mile and think it but a very few rods. We could see the white crest that rolled away from the pirate's bows, and we fancied we could hear the rushing of the water as she cleared it. At any rate, we could see the dark faces of the crew, and fancied we could detect the scowls of triumph that lighted up their diabolical features.

By-and-by another gun was fired, as before, to leeward; but of course we took no notice of it. At twelve o'clock the villain fired again. He was gaining on us.

"Look," spoke Phillips. "She's yawing."

"Going to steer off?" breathlessly questioned Bolster.

"Rather guess not. That's for a shot at us."

And so it proved; for hardly had the words passed from our skipper's mouth, when a wreath curled up from the fellow's deck, and just as the report reached us a shot came ploughing up the water under our quarter rail. A score of cheeks turned pale. Powder was ahead of wind at that game. A few shots like that upon our deck would be dangerous. We were not fighting-men—not even sailors; injured to no hardship but that of sea-sickness, and all of us wanted to get home again safe and sound. We could see four-and-twenty bloody corpses on our deck, and we were to make the scene. It was an hour of terrible trial. We looked involuntarily for a means of escape. Had there been a stone wall, a fence, a wood, a hill, or even a few trees, we might have had some hope; but nothing of the kind was to be seen. Only that endless, bloodless waste all about us! We had our limbs free and strong—only cooped within those fatal limits.

Another shot struck the water alongside, and sent the spray dashing upon our deck. The pursuer lost something in distance by thus firing, for she had no bow-port, and consequently had to yaw in order to bring her guns to bear. It was just one o'clock when she had more than gained all she had lost by firing, and at that time she fired the fourth gun. The ball struck the main throat-halyards, and the sail was on the next instant flapping.

"We are lost!" gasped Paine, as he saw what had happened.

And so it would seem, for our headway was checked, and we could splice the halyards the pirate would be up with us. We turned our eyes over the taffrail, and there was the villain, not over half a mile distant, his deck bristling with men, and their polished arms plainly to be seen. But while we were thus lost in fear, Capt. Johnson and Frost (the latter was the seaman we had engaged) had spliced the halyards, and the gaff of the mainsail was again in its place. Hope had once more dawned dimly upon our deck, when a savage messenger came and drove it all away. The pursuer was now within a quarter of a mile, and as the smoke curled up again from her gun, a round shot and a stand of grape came upon us—the former carrying away our fore-topmast, and the latter tearing the throat of our foresail in pieces.

"By heavens, boys, let's not die like cowards!" cried Johnson. "We have guns on board—muskets—which we brought to shoot birds with. We ought to have thought of them before; but it is not too late now. Let's load 'em at once, and when we've fired 'em we can use 'em for clubs."

We had taken a lot of fowling-pieces with us, and in a few moments they were brought upon deck, and each man requested to take one and load it. I was fear-struck—I acknowledge it—very much so—but yet I know there was a smile upon my face as I looked around upon some of my companions, whose excited fears had also quite unmanned them.

In ten minutes from the time our fore-topmast came down the pursuer was alongside. I uttered one prayer, gave one thought to home and friends, and then turned to the coming enemy. Our vessel had bronched to, and as we lay with our head half way up to the wind, the pursuer came up under our lee quarter, and in a moment more a score of men were upon our deck. I looked at them, and their leader I recognized. I had known him on board the old Brandywine.

"Rogers!" I gasped, starting forward.

"What—old mate—is this you?" he returned, grasping my hand. "But this schooner?"

"The Othello!" I answered. "We are out on a pleasure trip. And that schooner?" I added.

"Why, it is the United States schooner Grampus, and I am commander. What a precious fool I've made of myself. I was sent after a pirate. I chased him from Trinidad, and lost him off Saint Domingo. May I be blessed if I did n't think you were the same chap. You look as like him as one pea to another."

"And we took you for the same fellow," I said. "We had had a description of you, and you came up to it so well we felt it safe to run."

A hearty laugh followed this strange and bloodless denouement, and after all was understood, we sat down and had a social chat together, while the carpenters of the Grampus were fixing our fore-topmast. Rogers settled with Johnson for the damage done, and by three o'clock we started in company for the coast of Hayti.

The rest of our cruise we performed without much excitement, and, in fact, we needed none, for that *race for life* was enough, and has afforded food for conversation and laughter ever since.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Companies are forming in Connecticut for emigration to Kansas in the spring. — The oldest work in the Russian language was published in 863, and was a translation from the Greek of the four gospels. — The merchants of St. Louis are about to build an exchange in that city. — James T. Fields, Esq. has presented the Mercantile Library Association with autograph letters of all the presidents of the United States. — Joshua Silsbee, the well known Yankee comedian, died at San Francisco on the 22d of December. He was born in Wayne, Steuben county, New York, and was about 35 years of age. He first acted in this city at the Tremont Theatre, in 1843, and last appeared in Boston October 7, 1853. — The salaries of the judges in New York city have been raised to \$5000 per annum. — The Rockville (Md.) Journal complains of the great scarcity of laborers in that county, and adds: "A full grown man readily commands from \$115 to \$120 per annum, and from \$12 to \$15 per month. — Madame Grisi had a daughter born on Christmas day. She (the mother) is singing in Paris. — Franklin's definition of the term "gentleman" is included in his pithy saying, "A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees." — A miser squeezed a post-office stamp till the effigy on it offered him five dollars to desist. — The latest news from California is to the effect that the mines are yielding more abundantly than ever, and several new ones have been discovered. — How can a man who bets be worse than a man who is no better? Unanswerable. — Every family should have a blackboard in it, for the benefit of the young folks; every family should be a school-house, where the heart and the will, as well as the head, are to be cultivated. — Schoolmasters are sent to the Crimea—to teach the young idea how to shoot! — A contract has been entered into with the British government by Messrs. Napier, of Glasgow, for the construction of the first of the great gun batteries. It is intended to be of 3000 tons, and it is to be delivered on the Thames on the 15th of April next, under penalty of £1000 per diem. — The Chinese never touch milk; they also abhor the milk of human kindness. — A letter from Berlin states that the celebrated traveller, Madame Ida Pfeiffer, has instituted a suit against a newspaper in that city. The *Morgenpost*, or Morning Post, remarked that "Ida Pfeiffer may be seen and talked to daily, by any one, from nine to twelve o'clock. The lady regarded this as libellous, and instituted a suit. — The inhabitants of Spryten Duyvil, New York, want the name altered to Linwood. Pshaw! — At a meeting of the veterans of the war of 1812, held in Norfolk, Virginia, upon calling the roll, it was ascertained that *twenty-one* of those brave men had fallen since the last meeting. — What did Napoleon mean when he said "Bayonets think?" The meaning is obvious; every polished bayonet is capable of reflection. — A New York detective police officer had his own pocket picked of a gold watch and chain the other night, as he was "spotting," or searching for thieves. — Mr. Crawford, the American sculptor, is now busily engaged in completing his models, twelve in number, for the pediment of the capitol at Washington. They are designed to represent the progress of civilization. — The ice crop promises well; the ice dealers expect to make cool thousands by this winter's operations. — It has been remarked by foreigners as a beautiful trait in the American government, that it has never shed a drop of human blood, nor banished an individual for State crimes! — Plaitain leaves are now shipped from Cuba to this port, for the purpose of being converted into paper and cordage. — The value of a well-drilled and well-equipped English soldier, landed in Turkey, is estimated at \$1250. At Scutari, recently, one hundred and twenty died of cholera—a loss of \$150,000. — Pic-crust is bad for children; and in the nursery, neither pic-crusts nor promises should ever be broken. — During the year 1855, there have been four vessels loaded with pearl-shells at the islands in the Bay of Panama, amounting to 650 tons. The shells from the island of St. Joseph are the largest and purest in the bay. — A stud of blood horses, belonging to the Marquis of Waterford, Ireland, was sold at the large sum of £70,062 10s. (\$350,000).

BUILDING IRON SHIPS.—Timber-built ships are now becoming scarce in the British marine, and the chief reliance is sheet iron. Until quite recently, the building of iron ships has been chiefly carried on on the Clyde; but the discovery of extensive beds of iron ore in the North of England has led to the prosecution of the business on the Tyne.

THE CRIMEA.—The British press, or at least a portion of it, seems to have forgotten the old receipt for cooking a hare, which commences with "First catch your hare;" and they are already laying plans for the future disposition of the Crimea, without considering that they must first catch the Crimea.

FALSE SWEARING.—A serious charge has just been made against a Provincetown codfisherman for false swearing, in order to obtain bounty. The matter is now under investigation in that place.

NOIST CARRIER'S BOOK AND STATIONERY CO., No. 77 LONG WHARF, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Incorporated according to an act of the Legislature of California, January 1, 1855. CHARLES P. KIMBALL, President.—TRUSTEES—Charles P. Kimball, Thomas N. Hibben, G. B. Haywood.—CHARLES GALICAR, Agent, New York. 3—8m

THE SERFS.—The emperor of Russia talks of abolishing serfdom. Punch thinks his sympathy for the serf is all on the sur face. We should think he had a surfeit of serfdom.

LITERARY.—The British Museum Library contains 550,000 volumes, and 30,000 are added annually.

Wayside Gatherings.

Mrs. Thoman, formerly of the Boston Museum, has obtained a divorce from her husband in California.

The office of sheriff of New Orleans, was proved in the recent contest to be worth \$100,000 per annum.

It is a curious fact that England now sends to America for her guns and the machinery to make them.

A company has been organized at Ottawa, Illinois, with a capital of \$100,000, for the manufacture of starch.

The marriages in New Bedford, Mass., numbered 522 in 1855; in 1854 they were 521, showing an increase of one in 1855.

A "Farmers' Reading Room" has been opened in Philadelphia, under the auspices of the Philadelphia Society for promoting agriculture.

Mrs. Lucinda Thompson, of Crawford county, Ohio, obtained a divorce from her husband at eight o'clock, and on the same evening was married to Mr. Talcott.

The area of Central America may be calculated in round numbers, at 155,000 square miles—very nearly equal to that of the New England and the Middle States combined.

A Mr. Shinn, of Camden, N. J., recently recovered \$600 of a Mr. Wells, for knocking six of his teeth out during an assault. A hundred dollars a tooth!

The Underwriter's Convention at Buffalo, just adjourned, resolved to employ nine suitable persons at different points on the chain of lakes, to act as marine inspectors.

In the woods adjoining Petersburg, Va., many hares have been found starved and frozen to death, and large coveys of partridges have been found crouching together to keep alive by warmth alone.

There have been a large number of marriages in Norfolk and Portsmouth since the refugees have returned to their homes, and a correspondent advises us of seventy-two others upon the tapis.

It is stated in a new book just published by Derby of New York, entitled "Jackson and New Orleans," that the 93d Regiment, which obtained distinguished honor at Balaklava, is the same that got so awfully whipped at the battle of New Orleans.

Boothroyd Fairdough is the name of a young aspirant for the mantle of the lamented Booth. He recently made his first appearance on any stage in New York, where he sustained the part of *Sir Giles Overreach*.

A joint resolution has been introduced into the New Jersey Senate for memorializing Congress to restore Commodore Stewart—"Old Ironsides"—to his station in the navy, of which he was recently deprived by the decree of the late naval board.

At a recent concert given by the Campbells at St. Louis, a prize of a gold watch was offered to the gentleman who should attend with the largest number of ladies. The winner appeared with ninety-three fair ladies under his escort.

There is on exhibition at Bath, Me., a man, who, according to the advertisement, must be an astonishing creature. "His right hand represents the head of a black snake, a part of his left hand representing the tail of the snake and the head of a dog."

Grant county, Wisconsin, must be a glorious place to live in just now. Game of all kinds is abundant there. Venison sells for three cents a pound; prairie chickens, pheasants and rabbits, \$1.00 per dozen; quails, forty cents per dozen.

General Scott, in his annual report on the condition of the army, advocates a retired list, and says: "Some forty or fifty officers, mostly in the higher commissions, rendered non-effective by the infirmities of age, by wounds or chronic diseases, now press downwards into lethargy."

Intelligence from Japan states that a fleet of American whalers on being refused provisions at Nagasaki, had helped themselves by force, leaving, however, an equivalent in cash. This transaction led to a rencontre between the crews of the whalers and the inhabitants, in which a number of the latter were shot.

The huge haul of fishes in the Sea of Gennesaret, as related by the apostles, was rivalled lately by a similar feat in the Bay of San Diego. The number of fish taken at a single haul, in this modern exploit, was not far from 3000, and their weight between three and four tons.

David Hunt, Esq. of Mississippi, a friend to the colonization cause, has lately made a donation of \$5000 to the American Colonization Society. In 1843, he made a similar donation, besides regularly contributing annually for several years past, the sum of \$500.

Felix, the Cuban revolutionist, who was sentenced to ten years in the Spanish chain-gang at Ceuta, has been pardoned by the Spanish government, and is now at liberty. He was implicated with Estrampes, who was garroted. It is said he is about to publish a book on Cuban life.

The secretary of the treasury has selected as the site of the new custom-house, post-office and United States courts to be erected in Detroit, Mich., a lot at the corner of Larned and Griswold Streets, the property of Henry Barnard. The price the government is to pay for it is \$24,000.

Last year the English found themselves under the necessity of supplying a deficit of £1,500,000; at the close of the present year they find that nearly four millions must be raised on deficiency bills to meet the excess of expenditure over revenue, although the income includes the £16,000,000 loan to the very last instalment.

The Albany Atlas says that Mr. John Upton, express messenger, who was severely injured at the late accident on the Hudson River Railroad, has been presented with nearly \$1000 by the banks of New York, for his fidelity to their interests in watching their treasure during that fearful time, while he himself was badly hurt.

Some hunters at Richmond, Va., recently fired at a flock of ducks in an eddy at the mouth of a creek, and after killing a dozen, found the wing feathers of the whole flock were so loaded with ice that they could neither fly nor dive. The weather being excessively cold and the marksmen chivalrous, they desisted from further slaughter.

The Harpers have defeated the N. Y. City Insurance Company who refused to pay the policy on the premises which were destroyed, on the ground that camphene had been improperly used for printing purposes, in the establishment. It was proved, however, that it was in general use among printers in wood cuts, and a verdict was rendered for \$11,278 76.

Joseph Serbiech recently met with a singular and fatal casualty in Monroe, Pa. The deceased, with two others, was engaged in chopping down a large tree, when the axe of one of the others slipped from the helve, the butt striking him on the thigh, severing the main arteries and causing his death in less than five minutes. The affliction of so sudden a death is, in this instance greatly aggravated, as he was to be married the next day.

Foreign Items.

A party of three Englishmen lately ascended Mount Ida, in Crete. They are said to be the first Englishmen who ever made this ascent.

We learn from the French papers that Rossini, the celebrated composer, has had so serious a relapse, that he does not see his most intimate friends at present.

Ferdinand Freiligrath, the celebrated lyric poet of Germany, the author of "Die Rose" and "Der Blumen Rache," is preparing a German translation of "Hiawatha."

The group of figures carved by Gibson, the English sculptor, for the parliament house, representing the queen enthroned between Justice and Clemency, is completed.

There are four public libraries in the city of Florence, containing about two hundred and fifty-eight thousand volumes, while the population is about one hundred and ten thousand.

Queen Victoria is partly insane, and has to be kept in continual motion. She is jealous of Prince Albert; she has also given the French Empress Eugenie some important domestic hints.

From the 1st of May up to the 15th of November, 549,099 persons had the cholera in the Austrian empire; 288,039 recovered, 230,861 died, and 30,208 were still under medical treatment.

The Cork Examiner announces on authority, that it is the intention of a company of high mercantile position to establish a line of steamships, which will ply regularly between that port and New York.

Another attempt has been made on Louis Napoleon's life. A man hired a room where the emperor was to pass on the day the Crimean soldiers entered Paris, and when arrested was armed with two of Colt's revolvers.

Sands of Gold.

.... Complaining is contempt upon one's self.—*Halifax*.

.... There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.—*Shakespeare*.

.... As love will often make a wise man act like a fool, so will interest often make a fool act like a wise man.—*Greville*.

.... The happiest of pillows is not that which love first presses: it is that which death has frowned on and past over.—*Landor*.

.... Even as a hawk fleeth not high with one wing, even so a man reacheth not excellency with one tongue.—*Roger Ascham*.

.... We cannot conquer fate and necessity, yet we can yield to them in such a manner as to be greater than if we could.—*Landor*.

.... No preacher is listened to but time, which gives us the same train and turn of thought that elder people have tried in vain to put into our heads before.—*Swift*.

.... The sigh that rises at the thought of a friend, may be almost as genial as his voice. 'Tis a breath that seems rather to come from him than from ourselves.—*Landor*.

.... Much which passes in the world for knowledge is but a slight and trivial thing; and man's being so eager and industrious in quest of it, is like sweeping the house, raising the dust, and making a great ado, only to find pins.—*Dr. South*.

.... Is it not in accordance with divine order that every mortal is thrown into that situation where his hidden evils can be brought forth to his own view, that he may know them, acknowledge them, struggle against them, and put them away?—*Anna Cora Ritchie*.

.... Learned and good men are often deterred from engaging the adversaries of religion more through fear of their ribaldry than their arguments; as Antipater's elephants, which beheld the apparatus of war unmoved, but ran away at the grunting of the Megalorian hogs.—*Bishop Horne*.

Joker's Budget.

Why is the Delaware River like a bottle of ink? Because Penn (pen) was the first who put it in use.

Horne Tooke being asked by George III. whether he played cards, replied, "I cannot, your majesty, tell a king from a knave."

"Did he hit you on purpose?" asked the magistrate. "Och, no, yer honor," said Pat, "he jubbbers, he hit me on the head, sure."

An editor in Iowa has become so hollow from depending upon the printing business for bread, that he proposes to sell himself for a stove-pipe.

Of all men in the world, dagnerrreotypists should be most fond of children, for they universally find it very difficult to get along without a little sun.

Timid people are now defined to be—a lover about to pop the question, a man who does not like to be a shot, and a steamboat captain, with a cholera case on board.

"Spell cat," said a little girl of five years of age, the other day, to a smaller one only three. "I can't," was the reply. "Well, then," continued the youthful mistress, "if you can't spell 'cat,' spell 'kitten.'"

A runaway thief having applied to a blacksmith for work, the latter showed him some handcuffs, and desired to know if he made such kind of work. "Why, yes, sir," said the fellow, scratching his pate, "guess I've had a hand in 'em."

A fat man in an omnibus, a tall man in a crowd, a short man on parade, and a lady in a huge bonnet sitting before you at a public lecture, are declared to be four of the most unpopular personages of the day; the bonnet is a decided nuisance.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

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VIEW OF THE CITY OF VENICE.

VENICE.

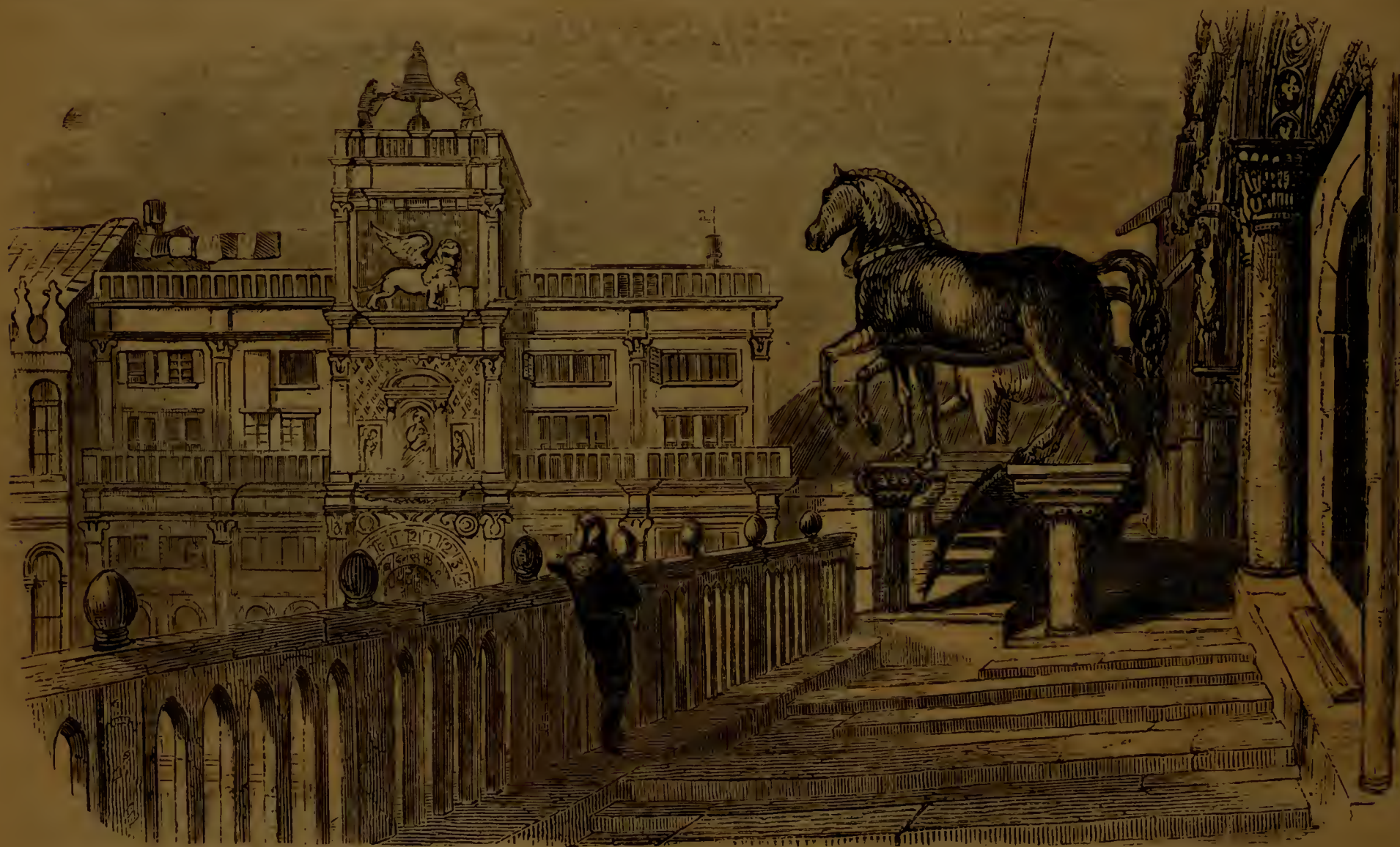
The engravings on this page represent a general view of Venice, and the famous bronze horses of the great republic. On the right of the first picture is the piazzetta which has the doge's palace on one side, and also contains the famous columns bearing the winged lion and the statue of St. Theodore. Along the quay are moored those gondolas which navigate the watery streets of the Queen of the Adriatic, and are always brought to mind by the very mention of the name of Venice. The gondolier stands at the stern of the boat and propels it with singular dexterity. Cooper, in the "Bravo," gives an admirable description of the management of these gondolas. Before us rise the domes, the palaces and towers of this once splendid but now decaying city, whose very stones are eloquent of the past. "Where, on the whole earth, are stones so eloquent as those of Venice? Where is the creation of human hand that can be compared with this wondrous marble flower floating upon the surface of the sea?" The wealth of a thousand years created this city and piled its sumptuous palaces on these

islands to render it secure from the assaults of enemies. The famous bronze horses represented in the second engraving, stand in the piazza of St. Mark. Byron sings:

"Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
Their gilded collars glittering in the sun."

In the 14th century, the Genoese and Paduans obtained signal successes over the Venetians, and threatened their destruction. The Venetians made proposals for peace which the lord of Padua was disposed to listen to, but Peter Doria, the commander of the Genoese, replied: "On God's faith, gentlemen of Venice, ye shall have no peace from the signor of Padua, nor from our commune of Genoa, until we have first put a rein on those unbridled steeds of yours, that are upon the porch of your evangelist, St. Mark. When we have bridled them, we shall keep you quiet." He did not, however, succeed in his laudable attempt. Though their enemies approached within five miles of the city, the Venetians, roused to desperation, sallied forth and changed the fortune of the war. The steeds, however, may be said to have been fig-

uratively bridled, when Napoleon, the all-conquering, triumphed over the Queen of the Adriatic. Yet it is said that, "when the last of the doges, weeping like a woman, sent the keys to Napoleon, that haughty conqueror was on the point of abandoning the siege in despair." The bronze horses, with other trophies, were sent to Paris, and set up in the Place du Carrousel. They were, however, restored to Venice when the empire was crushed by the restoration. Venice, however, is no longer independent, though the bronze horses still seem to breathe fire from their nostrils before St. Mark. The Lombardo-Venetian kingdom is governed by Austrian viceroys; and Austrian uniforms and bayonets glitter amid the marble walls of Venice. With regard to the manufactures of Venice, we may say that they are very various, and more extensive than is generally supposed. The glass works, which produce magnificent mirrors, with every variety of artificial pearls and gems, colored beads, etc., of Murano, employ in all, about 4000 hands, including the women and children employed in arranging the beads.



BRONZE HORSES OF VENICE, ON THE PIAZZA OF ST. MARK.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

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RAILROAD DEPOTS IN BOSTON.

A glance at the map of Boston shows it to be the great point of departure and of union of the system of railroads which cover the whole face of New England with their iron network, bringing its first city into rapid communication with the northeast, the north, the west, and the south—great channels of travel and commerce, through which the merchandize of the eastern hemisphere and the products of the west are constantly passing and re passing each other in their ebb and flow by night and day. Our artist, Mr. Kilburn, has grouped together for us the various railroad stations in this city, delineating their architecture with great fidelity. On the right hand upper corner is a sketch of the Old Colony and Fall River Railroad Depot, at the corner of Kneeland and South

Streets, a plain and substantial building of brick. On the left hand upper corner is a view of the Boston and Lowell Railroad Depot, at the foot of Lowell Street. This is also a brick building, and makes no pretensions to architectural elegance. The internal arrangements are good. Below this is the Boston and Providence Railroad Station, on Pleasant Street, near the foot of the Common. It is a brick structure, rather striking in its architecture. The interior arrangements are good, and unusually convenient. The Boston and Worcester Railroad Station is a very plain brick building, but covering a large area of ground, facing on Kneeland Street, with entrances and exits on Kneeland, Albany and Lincoln Streets. The accommodations are spacious and the arrangements excellent. The vicinity of this depot presents a

busy scene on the arrival and departure of the New York and Albany trains. In the centre of our picture is the station of the Fitchburg Railroad, fronting on Causeway Street. It is a vast pile, built of granite, and with its towers and battlements, has the appearance of a feudal castle. On approaching the city from Charlestown, it is a striking feature in the panorama. On the right of this view is a sketch of the Eastern Railroad Depot, which is built of wood, and stands also on Causeway Street, a little to the west of the Fitchburg Station. The Boston and Maine Railroad Station is a large brick building in Haymarket Square, and the nearest to the centre of business of any of the stations. Our artist has tastefully ornamented his group by pictures of a railroad train in motion, a locomotive and a baggage car.



VARIOUS RAILROAD DEPOTS IN BOSTON.

[Written expressly for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CONTRABANDIST: —OR— THE SECRET OF A LIFE. A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIX.—[CONTINUED.]

You never would have guessed that this graceful, brilliant, winning woman had passed the hours of darkness, during the whole of the past night, in a wild and fearful vigil. You would scarce have dreamed that such foul things as jealousy and hate could hold their dwelling-place within her heart, making that fair exterior a temple, upon whose altar was offered up every holy and upright feeling of the human heart.

It was known among the guests at the chateau, this morning, that Rose and Louis were betrothed, and something was whispered, too, concerning the romance attached to the affair. The good Countess de Clairville had kissed and congratulated the young girl to her heart's content. Everywhere there were smiles; everywhere there were happy hearts, save in one bosom.

The young count had taken his cousin Helen out upon the terrace; he had told her he wished to talk with her alone, and she knew well that which she was to hear. To Helen, Louis had been wont to give his confidence; it was pleasant to do so; and now, that he had so much to confide, he turned to her still.

Helen Montauban listened quietly to all, and with an interest scarcely feigned. Was it not the story of a ruined hope, as well as of a rival's happiness? Every word struck deep and keenly; she felt them but too well; yet she hid her agony, and listened, and sympathized, and congratulated, till she wondered at her own self-command. And Louis, in the honest sincerity of his own heart, fully trusted in and gratefully credited those false, deceitful, gently-uttered assurances. Helen Montauban had force of will sufficient to make her an admirable actress. She was gentle, amiable, cheerful. Her usually somewhat stately mien was softened and subdued. Toward Rose, her manner was most affectionate; and when others were completely deceived, she laughed in scorn.

Lord Egerton was much more gay and light-hearted than he had seemed for some time past. For always, despite himself, uneasy and jealous because of what, with jaundiced sight, had seemed to him to be the preference of Louis for Helen, he had now experienced a sudden and most welcome sense of freedom from apprehension that he was relieved of his former fears. True, Mademoiselle Montauban treated him with no more favor than formerly; but he did not cease to hope.

There was a talk of the approaching wedding-day. The impatience of Louis had urged its being fixed at an early period. He asserted that a delay of three months would be quite sufficient—equal, indeed, to a corresponding number of ages. His gay and vivacious yet earnest arguments, presented and discussed, were half accepted. The marquis was inclined to favor them, though it was evidently with a sore struggle that he contemplated the idea of parting with her. It was not until now that he had realized the full depth of his affection for Rose. She had become very dear to him. Her gentleness, and innocence, and goodness of heart, her childlike loveliness, and more than all, her likeness to one beloved in by-gone years, endeared her to the heart of this second father. He shrunk from speaking of the parting, though he could not deny to Louis the boon so earnestly sought.

And it is needless to say, that the guests anticipated with pleasure this much-talked-of wedding. The marquis had endeavored to persuade them to remain at the chateau in the interval preceding it; but they had decided to return, shortly, to Paris, promising, however, to come again during the month in which the ceremony was to take place.

It could be seen, by a close observer, that now, while this discussion was going on, and one and another laying plans touching the event, Rose herself said little, merely giving assent to the various propositions laid before her, and seeming to take but a passive part in the general action. There was, too, at times, a certain gravity, which might as well have been called actual sadness, in her demeanor, and which could not well be accounted for. Gradually it became so evident that it occasioned the deepest uneasiness in the breast of Louis. He endeavored to draw from her the cause of it; but the result was anything but satisfactory. She seemed disinclined to acquaint him with the origin of this unusual mood.

"You are ill, dear Rose?" he asked, with a lover's solicitude.

"I am not ill, Louis; indeed, you alarm yourself unnecessarily."

"Then you are unhappy?"

"I am not exactly unhappy, either."

One month of the three had passed away.

"There are but two months now, Rose," said the happy young man.

And Rose, even as she received the kiss her lover gave so fondly, turned away to sigh. He observed it with increased uneasiness.

"My dear uncle," he said, to the marquis, "what can ail Rose? I am sure she is not quite happy, though she refuses to admit it. I confess my uneasiness."

The marquis did not observe the downcast mood of the young girl, for the first time, now. He had watched it since its commencement, and meditated seriously, and with deep concern, on the subject.

At length, one day, he sent for her to come to him in the library.

"My dear child," he said, "I must know the reason and the nature of this gloom which continually rests upon your spirits. It is, as you must be aware, a matter of some anxiety to me. You do not deny that, if not precisely unhappy, there is yet some wish to be granted—some desire to be fulfilled, which could restore to you your usual serenity?"

"I will not deny it, monsieur," she returned, quietly and sadly.

"And you will not tell me what it is—this wish?"

She was silent.

"Dear Rose, this reserve pains me extremely. I am sure you would not wish to cause me a moment's disquiet, and yet you unconsciously give me the utmost apprehension. You confide neither in Helen nor Louis; then I entreat you to be, at least, frank with me. Is it anything which I can do to gratify you, my child?"

"Indeed, I scarcely think so," answered Rose; "I do not think any one here could bring me what I wish. It is—"

"Rose, I think I know what you wish. I have thought of it more than once—of the very subject, doubtless, upon which you are secretly dwelling at this moment. You have not seen your father in a long time. You are about to take a most important step, and you wish to see him, to tell him of all this. Is it not so?"

The tears quietly escaped from the young girl's downcast eyes.

"It is true, monsieur. I wished to see him. I could not forget him in my happiness—my poor father!"

"And it was very natural, dear Rose, that you should not. Neither did I forget him; but I hardly knew where he could be found."

"I knew that, monsieur," she rejoined, "and it was partly on that account that I have been silent all this while."

And the good marquis could easily comprehend the restraint that had also been instrumental in preventing her from giving utterance to the wish she had so long and sorrowfully cherished. Much as she loved them all, she had shrunk from reminding them, in their seeming forgetfulness, that while all was busy and joyful excitement in their midst, while her future was occupying them continually, that her father, poor, and homeless, and forgotten, might be glad to clasp his only child once more in his arms, and breathe a father's blessing over her.

They had not quite forgotten it, however; and now that her desire was made known, the marquis and Louis were equally anxious to seek for him. Though nothing absolute was known concerning his whereabouts, there was some reason for believing that he had gone to Lyons, and a faint hope of finding him there. Accordingly, the matter was taken into consideration.

It was about this time that the Count and Countess de Clairville, with Lord Egerton, had arranged to continue their route to Paris, and as they had been endeavoring to persuade their host and his family to accompany them, and spend the time with them there until their return, before the union of Rose and Louis, it was decided to adopt the proposed plan, and remain some days at Lyons, on the way, in order, if possible, to hear something concerning Hugh Lamonte.

This course having been fixed upon, preparations were immediately commenced for the journey. The Countess de Clairville could not suppress her joy at this arrangement. Rose began, in a great measure, to recover the gentle vivacity and animation natural to her; and Louis, charmed at observing the change, was the happiest of men.

Nor was Lord Egerton the one least satisfied of the party. He had looked forward to his departure from Helen's presence with feelings of the utmost pain. He had been restless—disquieted. Nothing but the anticipation of his return thither had relieved his dissatisfaction. His pleasure, then, in the prospect of the approaching journey, was as intense as his discontent had formerly been.

And how was it with Helen Montauban? It was well known that she was pleased with this arrangement. She had expressed her satisfaction more than once in alluding to it, and took an active part in the preparations making for the occasion. But there was no one, in all that party—not even Rose Lamonte herself, seeking tidings of her father,—who took so deep an interest in the thoughts of this journey. For Helen Montauban had a purpose—the bare skeleton of a plan as yet—over which she had been brooding, in secrecy and silence, through many a day past. Her desire, her thirst for revenge, was fierce and unquenchable. Long had she been meditating upon the mode of its fulfilment; but her hands had been, in a measure, bound; the necessary facilities for action were difficult to be attained. Now, however, means of forwarding her wretched scheme were at hand; the approaching journey opened to her ways and means that she only too eagerly snatched at. With calm and unimpassioned deliberation which but assured a more terrible consummation of her hateful design, she meditated upon the new assistance afforded her now; she looked forward to the method to be adopted, and carefully made her calculations—carefully and coolly. For every day but increased the black hatred she cherished towards Rose; and now, she made this purpose of revenge the one great business of her life. She had no fear—no hesitation. Hers were strong passions—strong and fiery, and deep and deadly as well. Love and hate had equal violence when roused in her breast; the love was forgotten now; the hate was uppermost; it was meat and drink to her; it had turned her heart to steel. Compassion, tenderness, pity—all were banished. The fiends themselves could plot no more mercilessly than this woman, when vengeance had once become her object.

A smouldering fire lay in those proud dark eyes, as she left the old chateau on the morning of the departure for Lyons. She leaned forward from the carriage window, as they wound slowly

along the road leading northward, and looked upon the dark pine that rose against the blue, serene air of the declining autumn.

"See," said Louis, gaily, "Helen is taking a sentimental farewell of home."

"Nay, cousin; I was thinking of our return," answered she.

"So soon?—why, that scarcely augurs favorably for the enjoyment of your trip to the gay capital, Helen! I had an impression that you anticipated a great deal of pleasure, during our sojourn there."

"So she does—so she does, I am sure!" joined in Rose, as she took the hand of Mademoiselle Montauban affectionately in hers. "We shall both enjoy ourselves—shall we not, dear Helen?"

"Undoubtedly," was the reply; "how can it be otherwise?" and she smiled.

"Then why be thinking already," said the marquis, "of our return? Indeed, I am half inclined, Helen, to believe that you really regret leaving the chateau."

"Monsieur," returned Mademoiselle Montauban, "this journey is, of all things in the world, one of those which I most desire."

She leaned back in the carriage, and said no more. Gradually they entered upon the road skirting the forest, and then the chateau and its neighborhood was lost to view.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ABSENT ONE FOUND.

The party had established themselves at their hotel in Lyons, there to remain for some days, before proceeding to Paris. It was here that Rose had some hopes of meeting her father. She could not but be sad as she thought of him, and the difference between his fortune and hers; of his poverty, his loneliness; of his homeless wanderings. It contrasted so bitterly with her lot, that she went over the reflection.

There was but a slight chance of finding Hugh Lamonte, even if he were in Lyons; for how many thousands were there, in that dense old city, who might daily pass to and fro without presenting a single familiar face! Yet, for the sake of Rose, the marquis and Louis resolved to find him if possible.

So Rose waited, and from morning till night, she listened, and watched, and promised herself that she should presently see him. But the first day went by, and the second, and the third; and still, though every possible attempt was made to find such a person, it was in vain. The marquis, or Louis, or both, were away from dawn till dark, seeking tidings of him, yet no satisfactory result followed. Rose did not despair, however. She always said to herself, "If he is here, they will find him."

It was on the fourth day that, as Louis was passing along one of the principal streets, he suddenly observed approaching him, in the crowd, a figure that seemed familiar. Almost immediately he lost sight of it, and hastening forward, it again appeared in the distance. A nearer view caused him to utter an exclamation of satisfaction, and the next moment he stood face to face with Jacques Leroux.

"Monsieur!" he exclaimed, with a broad glow of pleasure, astonishment and satisfaction lighting up his rough face, as he returned the frank and well-pleased greeting of the count,—"monsieur, you in Lyons? Why, I thought—but no matter. I was thinking of you just now. We have not met since I saw you at the chateau, after that lucky escape of yours."

"No. Where have you been, my friend?" said Louis, clasping his hand warmly,— "where have you been?"

"In Lyons, monsieur."

"In Lyons?"

"With Master Hugh."

"Is it possible? I wished to meet him. Rose is here in the city, and desires greatly to see her father. And now, Jacques, perhaps this is an impertinent question; but I certainly ask it with the best of motives. Can you inform me what are the circumstances of Hugh? Is he in poverty?"

"No, monsieur. He lives in a quiet neighborhood, and in a comfortable though lonely home, at some distance from here. I am his only companion, and servant as well. He is not poor, and is quite content."

"Will you give him a message from me, Jacques?"

"Fifty, if you have so many of them, monsieur."

"Tell him, then, to come, as soon as he can, to-day, if possible, to the Rue —, No. 30. Tell him that Rose is there, and wishes to see him. She is with the Marquis of Montauban, and his daughter Helen."

"Very well, monsieur; I will tell him."

"And you are sure he will come, Jacques?"

"He will come, monsieur, I think you may be sure. He will be glad to hear that Mademoiselle Rose is near him."

"That is well. And now, Jacques, I have an offer to make you. You have done me, on more occasions than one, such services as I shall never forget. I should like to have you near me. If you are inclined to enter into my service, I will take you, and pay you well; if not, I shall give you such a sum as may buy a handsome farm in the country, or set you up in business in the city. Come, what do you say?"

"In the first place, monsieur, I am very much obliged to you for your kindness. But I must stick by Master Hugh; I have been with him for many a long year, and now he is knocked about, here and there, I do not like to leave him. I have got used to him, and he to me; and he isn't the sturdy fellow he was once; so you see he needs me about him. And then, it was not for pay that I helped you out of a close corner once or twice, monsieur, but because I liked you, and was not over-fond of Gasparde. I shall share the fortunes of Master Hugh till the end of the journey; sometimes I think it's not far off for him."

The poor fellow's voice grew husky, and slightly trembled. Louis was affected, spite of himself.

"Well, then, Jacques," he said, "since you must stay with him, and will receive no compensation, perhaps I shall think of some other arrangement. Hereafter, I wish you would keep me advised of your whereabouts; I may want you occasionally. Will you do so?"

"If you desire it, monsieur,—yes."

"Good! Now, where are you at present?"

Jacques informed him. Louis took down the street and the number.

"We part now, Jacques," said he, "but mind what I have told you. And take this—if not for yourself, for Hugh." And pressing his purse into the man's hand, he turned quickly away, and disappeared.

Hastening to the hotel, he ran quickly up stairs, and entered the apartment where Rose and Helen were sitting. He immediately imparted to the former the intelligence he had received concerning her father. The young girl thanked him a thousand times.

"I shall see him to-day—I am so glad! How good you have been to take all this trouble for me!" she said, gratefully.

"All this trouble!" exclaimed Louis, gaily, as he kissed her; "I know no trouble when I am trying to gratify you, my Rose. I am as happy as you are."

At that moment the marquis entered, and heard the news which had preceded his arrival.

"It is worth coming to Lyons for—is it not, Rose, my darling?" said he.

For an hour afterwards, he was conversing with Louis apart, and the subject of their discourse was connected with Hugh Lamonte. It was a difficult and delicate affair to undertake to offer pecuniary assistance to this strange man; and yet they determined to benefit him, if there was the remotest possibility of such a thing. The marquis wished to instal Hugh in possession of some landed property and a small farm belonging to him, and lying a mile to the south of the chateau. This he resolved to present to him immediately; and proceeding to the office of an *avocat*, he caused the necessary papers to be drawn up, set his own hand and seal to them, and carried them off with him.

But though all waited with impatience, Hugh Lamonte did not come that day. The marquis and Louis wondered at the delay; and the bright eyes of Rose grew dim with watching. But the day passed, and the evening went by, but he did not come.

"He will come to-morrow—do not you think so?" asked Rose, anxiously, as she looked up at Louis.

"Undoubtedly, my darling," answered Louis, with a smile of languine cheerfulness. "Something must absolutely prevent him, or he would be here to-day. You know he would hasten to seek you, Rose. But he will come to-morrow; and, at all events, I have his address. O, he will come, never fear!"

His confidence communicated itself to Rose. She retired to rest, with a heart full of hope, and happier, a thousand times, than she had yet been in her anticipations of the future, now that she was about to meet her father.

It was noon of the following day. All the morning, Rose had been waiting, with the utmost impatience, for the appearance of Hugh; but, as yet, he had failed to come. The countess and Helen were in their respective apartments. The marquis and Louis had gone out, after awaiting since early morning the arrival of the expected visitor, but had promised to return shortly. Rose sat alone, counting the moments and striving to find amusement in watching the scene without, in the busy street, from the window of the little *salon*. Every figure that passed she scanned eagerly; every face underwent the scrutiny of her anxious glance.

Suddenly, she was attracted to one in particular—a figure, and countenance, and bearing, like yet unlike those of her father,—a person who seemed to be seeking some place in this wilderness of structures, consulting, at the same time, a card which he held in his hand. How eagerly she bent forward! He crossed—looked up—met her glance. Yes—it was Hugh Lamonte! But how changed! He disappeared in the entrance beneath. She sprang to unclose the door of the apartment. A familiar step was just without; it paused, and as the door opened, Rose beheld him before her.

"My dear father!" she said, joyfully, as he clasped her silently in his arms.

"You are glad to see me, then, *mignonne*?"

"Glad!—ah, yes! I have waited till I was ready to cry, papa."

Holding him still by the hand, she led him in. Rose saw, now, though she would not seem to remark it, the reason of his altered appearance, which had at first prevented her from recognizing him. For now, instead of the coarse and humble garb ordinary with him, he was clothed in the attire of a gentleman, in garments of a fine yet plain material, suiting well with the undeniably noble and striking form and natural grace of the wearer. The profusion of hair, formerly roughening and disguising his features, had been partially removed, and the effect was no less agreeable than astonishing. No wonder that Rose had scarcely known him. You would not have guessed that this man had ever hewn wood in the forest, and dwelt, a peasant laborer, in a peasant's hut. But Hugh, for reasons of his own, had chosen to cast off the character in which he had so long appeared, in this visit to Rose. Perhaps he had endeavored, by this change, to prevent Rose from being obliged to contrast, with feelings of pain, his apparent poverty with the luxury of her position. As it was, she wondered silently at the change, yet, much as she desired to inquire into his circumstances, a feeling of restraint, or delicacy, prevented her at first.

They sat there, conversing, for upwards of an hour, during which she informed him of all that had lately taken place with

regard to herself; of the discovery made touching the romance in which Louis and herself had been concerned, and of her approaching marriage with him. Hugh listened to her story, smiled at the romantic part of it, and was grave again.

"I knew, Rose," he said, "who Robin was."

"You knew, papa?"

"Yes. But I saw that the count was honorable and sincere in his affection for you, and permitted him to think his disguise safe. I would not have allowed you to marry a peasant, Rose."

"Father, why not?"

"You will know one day, my child."

She looked perplexed a moment; then glancing up into her father's face, said:

"You heard of my imprisonment in the cavern, father?"

"Yes. Jacques told me. Ah, my child, how happy I am that you escaped! What do we not owe to the count and to our faithful Jacques?"

"What, indeed?" echoed Rose, warmly. "But," she resumed, "Gaspard was killed, papa."

"I knew of that, also. The wretch will meet a just account."

"He said he was not my cousin. How was that, papa?"

"He told the truth. He was no relation of yours; only I had known him since he was an innocent, or, at least, an innocent-seeming boy, when you first saw him in your infancy, and then, you know, I bade you call each other cousin afterwards."

"But how wicked he was—a brigand chief! Ah, if we had known it, papa, how much more dreadful he would have seemed! We should never have dared to have him come into the cottage."

With abruptness Hugh turned the conversation. It touched himself and his affairs. Rose found that he was living in quiet retirement in the old city of Lyons.

"And I am not poor, Rose; do not let that trouble you, for I know you will think of it," he said. "I am not poor. I have enough to support me to the end of my days in comfort and plenty."

"O, father, I am so glad!" she returned, her eyes filling with tears. "I am so glad! You do not know how bitter has been the thought, sometimes, that I was about to marry a wealthy and titled man, and leave you, perhaps, in poverty and want. I have a thousand times felt that I was committing a sin—that I would rather come back to you, and share your lot, humble as it was, than wed in splendor and magnificence, and leave you."

"Think no longer, then, of such things," said her father, gravely. "Take the happiness which is offered you, and in which I, also, shall be happy. I should be ill at ease, my child, if you were to descend to your former rude station again. Think of me always, Rose, as in good circumstances; do not compare your station and mine, and make yourself unhappy because I do not share the advantages you enjoy. I do not want them, Rose. I should spurn them!" He spoke excitedly, and then, pressing his hand to his brow, sighed deeply. Then he continued: "I believe you will be happy with the count, your future husband. How soon are you to be married?"

"In two or three months, papa," answered Rose, slightly blushing.

"Let me congratulate you now upon the approaching event, if that be the case; for I shall not see you again, probably, for some time."

"Ah, why is that, papa?" said the young girl, anxiously.

"I have business to which I must attend, and which will occupy me closely for some months."

"And you will not even come to my wedding?" Her tone was low and sorrowful.

"I may not, dear child. But I shall pray for your happiness. One day, I shall come to look upon the old place. Till then, my home is in Lyons. You must think of me as I am, Rose, meanwhile; living in my own home, quiet and content. And now, I must bid you adieu!" And he rose.

"Dear father, why will you go so soon? The marquis will be disappointed at not seeing you. He had something particular, I believe, to say to you; and Louis—"

"I cannot stay, Rose; do not ask me. Believe me, it is best so. And now that I have seen you this once, it must content us both for a long time."

"I may come and see you, father."

"I think it better not; for I am very often away, and you might not find me. Now, my little Rose, adieu!"

He was gone; and Rose, despite his cheering words, wept sorrowfully.

The marquis was astonished, on his return, to find that Hugh had come and gone again. His deeds, so carefully prepared, were useless. He was vexed and disappointed. And Louis could not conceal his regret at not having met him. The object of their stay in Lyons was accomplished, and now they prepared to proceed to Paris. Both Rose and the marquis would have liked to visit Hugh, but for his evident desire to be left unnoticed by them, and they were obliged to depart without seeing him again.

CHAPTER XXI.

A TROUBLED SPIRIT.

HELEN MONTAUBAN looked forward to Paris. This journey, so long—this longer delay, fretted her already tortured spirit. She had scarcely believed, at first, that she should need patience to support her in the carrying out of her dark resolution—she, the calm, firm, self-possessed and self-reliant! She had prepared herself for long waiting, for daily endurance, while awaiting the coming of a day which was to bring her full recompense for past agony. But even she had not sufficient strength of will to bear her through without a terrible struggle, to enable her to maintain her custom-

ary manner, to keep her from betraying the fierce and constant misery which she endured. For she was always with them, from morning till night; compelled to witness a happiness which had wrecked her own. To evince a cheerfulness unfelt, the very effort to maintain which was hateful, because so hard to make—so at variance with her true feelings. To feign sympathy and friendship where enmity and hate were struggling to rise supreme, and throw off the mask to execute their work, to triumph in vengeance.

All this was harder than she had imagined it would be, and it became a daily torture. She must meet her cousin Louis as she was wont, before the knowledge of her own fate—of a rival's triumph, was given her. Still, he called her his sweet cousin—his beautiful cousin Helen, and sat by her, talking of a thousand plans for the future—his future, and that of Rose, and made her his confidant as of old; stinging her to the heart with his innocent, happy, unconscious words, and she must bear it. He talked to her of his beautiful bride elect.

"You are her sister, dear Helen," he would say; "take care of her, cherish her for me, till the right is yielded up to me—till you give it up to me, cousin."

"Yes—yes; I will take care of her—I will take care of her!" answered Mademoiselle Montauban. Her countenance was concealed from Louis; he could not see how white she was; he did not mark the shudder that passed over her frame; he knew not that the small hand withdrawn from his affectionate clasp, was firmly clenched, and cold as marble. But a feeling of deadly sickness stole over her; her head whirled; the agony of that moment was awful. Yet her hate grew fiercer. He had told her to cherish his Rose. Ay, she would cherish her! How her heart throbbed! When—when was this long-delayed hour of vengeance to arrive?

And Rose, too—our fair, innocent, confiding Rose,—daily and hourly was with her, constantly, not alone by her words and acts, but by her very presence itself, implanting in Helen Montauban's heart many a thorn that rankled deeply—sorely. But she preserved the old demeanor; she schooled herself to her part till it was perfect; and Rose never dreamed that the gentle kiss she gave was the kiss of a murderess—that the heart upon which her loving head was laid, in her girlish confidences, was even then filled with the blackest, bitterest hatred, which drove out every other emotion, and that she was the object of that hatred. It was as if she slept, at midnight, upon the edge of a crater, whose latent fires might, in the next moment, burst forth and devour her; slept and dreamed of the happiness that one had vowed should never be hers!

They reached Paris, and shortly were established, as in another home, at the Hotel de Clairville. Here the kind-hearted Count Frederic and his amiable wife congratulated themselves upon having gathered together so happy a family party; and no pains were spared to contribute to the enjoyment of each. Rose had never been in Paris before; its splendors and gaieties were novel and pleasing to her. But every enjoyment had its chief source from the presence of Louis; nothing was complete if he were not at her side to share in her pleasure; and it charmed him to perceive this.

"You shall dwell here, some day, my Rose," he said to her, with his own bright smile that the young girl loved so well.

And she smiled in return; while Helen Montauban turned away, with a dark gleam in her eyes—a darker frown on that splendid brow.

"Some day! How little," said the haughty woman, mentally,—"how little do they dream that the will of another is to exercise authority then! They count confidently on their future—upon the fate that is awaiting them. Ah, if they knew what it is to be—that fate!"

Now that Paris was gained, she was nearer to her purpose, and the fierce impatience she had felt, subsided as she approached to the consummation of that purpose. Not because she quailed, or shrank from it—O no! but that now she was able to contemplate it more nearly—to look upon her revenge as almost accomplished, and she was content to wait yet longer.

* * * * *

"Helen, you are ill, I think," said Francis Egerton, in alarm.

She had been sitting in the same attitude for a full hour, with her head resting on her hand, and those dark, calm eyes fixed on the floor. But her lips were very pale, and her face marble white.

"You are ill, Helen," he repeated, gently, bending over to attract her attention, and laying his hand on hers. But the icy coldness of that hand chilled and startled him.

She looked up.

"You are not quite right, my lord," she answered; "for I am not ill exactly, and yet I am not well. I have merely a severe headache." And she pressed her hand to her brow.

"A headache—is that all? Nay, you are feverish, for now your cheeks are burning. Let me ask your father to send for a physician. You may, perhaps, have taken the fever which is prevailing in the city. Dear Helen, be advised!"

"Francis, I command you to remain where you are," said Mademoiselle Montauban, imperatively. "I have assured you that I am not ill, and I do not wish either to attract attention, or to interfere with the enjoyment of others. Since you are so anxious, I shall endeavor to rest awhile in my own apartment, and may regain my usual spirits by evening, in which case I will rejoin the family. Present my excuses to them, if you please. *Adieu!*" She left him, and ascended to her chamber.

Night came. The rest of the family were to attend the opera. Helen Montauban assigned a severe headache as her reason for not accompanying them, and remained at home. From the easement of her room, she looked down, and saw the carriage roll away from the gates.

An hour afterwards, there emerged from the hotel a youth, wearing a broad hat slouched over his eyes, and a cloak, which he

drew about him, half concealing his face with its folds. He looked back with a hurried, nervous glance, as he gained the portal. "No one has seen me," he muttered, "and the rest is sufficiently easy." At a rapid pace, he hastened on. It was dark; but the lamps in the streets poured a flood of light along his way as he proceeded, and crowds of pedestrians passed him, and the way was thronged with carriages and vehicles of every description. He only drew his hat further over his eyes, arranged the folds of the cloak so as more fully to hide his features, and hurried along, passing from one street to another, and never looking at a single face in all the jostling multitude about him.

At length, in a retired street, he reached the door of a building, half shop, half dwelling; at this door he knocked. A domestic appeared, bearing a light, which she held up to survey the features of the youth; but he shrunk further back into the shadow, and gathered the folds of the cloak more closely about his face, as he asked, in a low and somewhat hoarse voice:

"Is Monsieur B——, the alchemist, at home?"

"He is, monsieur. Will you come in?"

The youth entered, the woman looking at him with a half-curious glance for an instant; but then muttering to herself, "Well—well, I need not trouble my head; he is not the first mask that has come hither," she added aloud: "This way, monsieur; you will find my master in here," and led the way through the room into which he had entered from the street, to a back one, opening from the first. Here was an old man, bent half double, seated at a table, and engaged in poring over a rich and curious volume of antique appearance. About the apartment were arranged, in different places, various stuffed figures of animals, and some of them reptiles so hideous as to send an involuntary shiver over the boy, as he beheld them. Strange and horrible forms were everywhere about him; he turned from contemplating them in disgust. The old man laid aside his book, and looked up.

"You want me?—well, what is it?" he said, leaning back in his chair, and regarding his guest closely with the piercing dark eyes that seemed still darker and more piercing from the bushy, snow-white brows that overhung them.

The youth spoke not, nor removed the cloak from his face; but silently advancing, presented a folded paper to the old man.

He received and glanced over it. A slight frown darkened over his face, and again he fixed on the boy that same searching glance.

"You do not want me, but my wife," he said; "I touch not such matters as this," and he handed back the paper. Then going to a small door in the wall, he opened it, and called, "Bianca—Bianca!"

An instant, and there appeared, at this door, a tall, dark-looking yet splendidly handsome woman, with a brunette complexion, magnificent black eyes, and a noble and commanding form. Those eyes were fixed upon the muffled figure and half-concealed face of the stranger.

"Bianca," said the old man, "here is one who has need of your services."

"What do you want?" asked the woman, in the sweetest and most musical of voices, as she came forward, with her glance still fastened on the youth,—“what do you want?"

He gave her the paper, which she perused. Then regarding him closely once again, she said:

"Follow me, and I will obtain for you what you desire."

Without further speech, she crossed to the opposite side of the room, to where a chintz curtain hung before a low archway; lifting this, she passed through, and beckoned to him. He followed. The curtain dropped behind them.

They were now in a kind of large closet, which contained an *escritoire*, two or three chairs, a circular table covered with boxes and vials of different sizes and shapes. Madame B—— seated herself before this table, over which was burning a brazen lamp, pendant from the wall. She motioned to the youth to take another near her. He did so.

"Do you know," she said, reading the contents of the paper again, "what it is that you wish for?"

"Yes. Hasten; I must have it!"

A purse of gold was flung upon the table before her. She saw the glitter strike through its meshes, and smiled.

"You know the worth of your wish. There is but one physician, I believe, now living who is acquainted with the secret of this drug."

The youth shuddered visibly. His dark, burning eyes were fixed upon the face of the woman.

"You doubtless know the effect of it?" she asked, next, as she opened a small casket of solid iron, which stood among the other boxes on the table.

"I do."

If her intention had been to penetrate the boy's disguise, or to hear the tones of his voice, she was baffled. Neither the one nor the other was she able to do satisfactorily; for though she regarded him sharply, from time to time, she could see nothing but those dusky, gleaming eyes; and as often as she asked him a question, he replied almost in monosyllables, and evidently in a feigned voice and accent.

She abandoned the attempt, therefore, and proceeded to take from the casket certain vials, nearly all of which were filled with some liquid. Perhaps twelve of these were removed, and the casket appeared entirely empty; when, touching a secret spring, a false bottom was removed, disclosing three smaller vials lying side by side in separate compartments. The one lying in the centre, she took up; it was filled with a fluid colorless as water.

The boy bent forward, breathing heavily, his burning glance fixed eagerly upon it. He stretched out his hand to take it; that hand was small and fine, and lily-white. The woman saw it, but her quick eyes were instantly fixed upon the vial again.

"No—no!" she said, calmly. "This contains a hundred times the quantity you want. A single drop (though you will have far more than that) is sufficient to rid you of your worst enemy—your rival, if you have one."

The youth shuddered again; and she marked well the shudder, but there was nothing strange to her in it. She recognized the feelings actuating him; she was accustomed to these things, and did not seem to observe his emotion.

Selecting a small vial from a box of empty ones beside her, she measured out and poured into it a very small quantity of the fluid; then stopping the mouth of this vial tightly, she melted a piece of wax, and sealed it over.

"Here is the drug. A death-warrant is in your hands," she said, finally, giving it to the youth.

He grasped it eagerly; the fingers that clutched it trembled. Pointing to the purse which he had thrown upon the table, he thrust the vial into his breast, passed through the archway, through the outer room, where the old man still sat poring over the mysterious secrets of antiquity, and gaining the passage, once more entered the street.

Cool and damp the night air swept over his burning forehead. With a deep drawn breath, he hurried on, still grasping the fragile vial containing that death-potion, and escaping fearfully from the neighborhood where it had been obtained. Each moment he turned his head to see that no one followed him; for he was in possession of that which might, in more ways than one, prove dangerous to its owner; and the scrutiny of those splendid eyes haunted him. But besides himself, not a soul traversed the now silent and deserted street. Yet he shivered with strong excitement. With rapid and almost noiseless steps, he hurried on.

And the Italian, Bianca, looking forth an instant after the slight figure that flitted on through the gloom, turned again to the room in which sat the aged alchemist.

"You gave the boy his drug, Bianca?" he asked, raising his head.

"Yes—yes! but I tell you, it was a woman's heart that throbbed beneath that mantle; a woman's hand—and a beautiful one, too,—that paid me in yellow coin. See!" and she tossed the heavy purse to her husband; "there is the reward—the price for which I have sold the life of another mortal! How many are entered on my list now, I wonder?" She laughed bitterly, and then a deep, despairing groan followed the laugh. * * *

And along the streets of Paris, at midnight, sped the figure of that boy; on—on, with nervous and shuddering haste, still clasp- ing the fatal vial. Till, at length, the *porte* of the Hotel de Clairville is gained once more; and unseen, unheard, he glides silently in, and stealing up the stairs, enters a chamber, and securing the door, flings aside the disguise of that night's guilt. And Helen Montauban stands revealed!

She is ghastly pale, now; she has scarce strength to lock the vial in a secret drawer of her bureau, and conceal the dress she has worn, ere she falls, almost lifeless, on her couch. Now that the danger and excitement are passed, the over-strained nerves relax; with the necessity for action, the power to act is gone. The *soubrette* comes to the door; Helen Montauban's faint voice denies her admittance, and the night is spent in silence and in agony. With many a woman, excitement such as this would prove fatal; but this woman is not like others. With her, hate is far stronger than love, and it will exist and sustain the heart that harbors it, until its object is sacrificed, its own thirst sated. And this was but the beginning of the work she was to accomplish.

CHAPTER XXII.

A NIGHT OF FEARFUL DISASTER.

A MONTH had been passed in Paris, and the party were preparing for a return to the chateau, with the exception of Louis, who was to remain here some three weeks longer, and then follow them, so as to reach the residence of his uncle a day or two before the wedding ceremony, which was to take place on the first day of the ensuing month.

It might have been called a happy party—that which set out, then, from Paris, early on one bright October morning; but only three of them were, whose happiness was unmixed; and they were the marquis, the Count de Clairville and his wife. For the joyousness of Rose was subdued by frequent and painful meditation on the circumstances of her father; and though as gentle, amiable and attractive as ever, yet one could see that she was not entirely happy. One conviction, nevertheless, somewhat relieved her, and that was that he was not in poverty.

Helen Montauban, on her part, remained ever the same, to all outward appearance; but it was as if a painted skeleton had taken her place. For day and night, there burnt within her breast a fire that fed upon her very life. One single wish was hers—a single purpose that for which she lived—to which every thought was directed. There was nothing intervening between it and her; beyond it there was nothing. The cry was only for vengeance—vengeance! and when that was once accomplished, she little recked what should be her own fate.

Francis Egerton, friendly, cheerful and kind, seemed his old self; but he, too, wore a mask. For his affection for Helen Montauban increased, and still, though she treated him with a sister's kindness, the deeper emotion that he felt for her was as hopeless as ever,—nay, more so, now that every energy and faculty of hers was bent to one point; and he was perplexed, discouraged, annoyed; yet he loved still, and with him love and hope were inseparable, the latter only smouldered for a time. And thus they set out for home.

It was a wild, dark, stormy night when the carriage of the marquis approached once more the neighborhood of the Chateau

Montauban. The tempest raged with terrible fury; the darkness was that of the murkiest midnight. All along the forest road the giant trees skirting the way creaked and groaned as if almost with human agony, and the tossing of their mighty arms, unseen in the gloom, was yet heard with dreadful distinctness; while, to add to the impression of awe that kept each of our travellers silent, the deep and mournful wailing of the unchained winds almost took the sound of human voices shrieking in despair. An inward horror seized Helen Montauban. Those voices seemed to utter her name—to wait forth upon the night the awful secret over which she brooded; to denounce her with the tones of fiends, and declare her guilty—a murderess!

A hand, small, and trembling, and icy cold, was laid on hers. With a faint, shuddering cry upon her lips, she started, and then sank back again, almost fainting. It was no spirit's touch, but the touch of poor little Rose herself, who, cold with terror, nestled up to her companion, and sought the friendly clasp of her hand, to re-assure her own sinking heart.

"Ah, dear Helen, what is it—did I frighten you?" anxiously asked the young girl.

"What is it—what is it?" uttered the rest, eagerly.

Angered at her own weakness and want of self-command, even while she still shuddered from head to foot, Mademoiselle Montauban made some hasty apology, and relapsed into silence again. Wondering at her strange manner, Rose, too, shrank within herself once more.

And the tempest raved more wildly yet. Onward pressed the drenched horses, over the rough, uneven road, that threatened every moment, with jagged ruts, and scattered stumps and rocks, which could not be avoided for the darkness, to overturn the carriage. It jolted fearfully. The utmost care was insufficient to guard against danger. If the rain had not poured so violently, all would have preferred walking the remainder of the distance, to remaining in the carriage; but as it was, this was impossible. They proceeded slowly, and with difficulty.

"Helen," the marquis said, kindly, "I think we are almost at home, now. Rose, my poor little darling, you are sadly alarmed, I fear!" And he took her little, cold hand in his own. "How cold you are! Francis, hand me my cloak, which is somewhere beside you. That is it." He wrapped it tenderly about her, drawing the immense and heavy folds closely together. "Is that better?" he asked.

But the words were arrested upon her lips by a fearful sound that drew the attention of all. Torn by the force of the tempest from their trunks, the sturdy limbs of the overhanging trees were thrown with furious force along their path, striking the carriage, and falling upon the frightened beasts, who, maddened with pain and terror, sprang forward, leaping wildly over the obstacles in their way, and dashing the vehicle from side to side, with a violence that every instant threatened destruction to those within. The reins were torn from the hands of the paralyzed driver, and dragged about the feet of the terrified animals, over whom there was no longer control. Still the carriage swayed to and fro, and death seemed, to all the silent, stricken party within, at every moment inevitable.

Not a single word was spoken. The moment was one of awful suspense; but that suspense was not destined to be prolonged. Suddenly, in their blind course, the horses stumbled, the carriage swung on one side, and was dashed to the earth.

"Helen—Rose—my children!" called the voice of the marquis, "are you hurt?"

There was no answer. The voices of the Count de Clairville and Francis Egerton alone were heard.

"Adele!" cried the count, to his wife, "I cannot see you; speak to me—tell me that you are uninjured!"

"Ah, my wrist—it is broken, I believe!" uttered the countess, in a tone of pain. "But that is nothing; where are those dear children? If one could but see!"

"Helen—Rose!" called the marquis, again, in agony. "Ah, for lights!"

With the utmost difficulty, and danger as well, from their close neighborhood to the hoofs of the struggling and kicking horses, the gentlemen extricated their companions and themselves from the vehicle, in the darkness. Furiously the rain poured down, drenching them to the skin in an instant. All, however, were found to be safe, excepting Mademoiselle Montauban and Rose, neither of whom betrayed the least sign of consciousness. It was too dark to distinguish their features. Had they fainted? or were they dead?

A faint sigh breathed from the lips of Helen. Supported by the arm of Lord Egerton, she endeavored to rise to her feet. An almost inaudible thanksgiving escaped from him.

"Helen, you are not hurt?" he murmured, anxiously.

"Helen, my child, you are then safe?" cried her father, in a tone of inexpressible emotion.

She was safe. Did not this woman repent, in that moment, when her own life was spared, the wicked design that she had entertained? No—never for a single moment!

"Where is Rose?" she asked, hoarsely, and with a strange, unnatural voice. A wild hope darted through her brain. Had death anticipated her?

Poor child! lying senseless in the arms of the marquis, no sound reached her now. Alike insensible to the pain of that hour, or to the falling rain that saturated her clothing yet failed to revive her, she lay there moveless and silent.

"She does not stir!" said the marquis, in an agitated tone. "We must bear her home. *Mon Dieu!* that this may not be death!" He lifted her like a baby in his arms.

"Pierre!" called the Count de Clairville,—“Pierre!"

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

VIEWS IN THE CRIMEA.

We present on this page two highly picturesque views, one of them representing the villa of Count Woronzoff, near the village of Yoursouf, anciently Oursova, in the Crimea, with its striking oriental architecture and foliage; and the other, a sketch of the village itself. After the peace of 1815, the Emperor Alexander I. having decided that five acres of land on the south shore of the Crimea should be bestowed on all Russians or foreigners who should agree to cultivate the grape vine there for the period of three successive years, a multitude of private persons demanded and received these grants of land; but many of them could not fulfil the obligation imposed on them by reason of the considerable advances of money which the enterprise required. The fact was, the cost of clearing the land and importing the vines from France involved an expenditure of no less than a thousand dollars an acre. The Emperor's project having thus failed in the main, the leading courtiers and the higher dignitaries of Odessa divided the finest tracts of this beautiful country among them, and the vines of Cateha, Alma, Soudak, Coos, and other valleys, soon attained a high reputation in Russia. As governor-general of Tauris, Count Woronzoff, of course, did not obtain the most valuable share, and his great wealth enabled him to build roads, to establish extensive cultivation, and to erect costly buildings on the territory embraced within his grant. The beautiful villa delineated in our first engraving is almost a royal residence. It is situated near the village of Yoursouf. The park which surrounds it presents an admirable labyrinth of broken rocks, and a variety of features, as picturesque as they are extraordinary. All the task imposed upon art has been to trace paths and alleys amidst the heaped-up piles of volcanic blocks, and to decorate with flowers the edges of the waterfalls. Nature has here been prodigal of the wild, wonderful and picturesque; man has enhanced her beauties by the intermixture of harmonious architecture, and the graces of scientific culture. Gorgeous flowers, the "alphabet of angels," with their various dyes and intoxicating perfumes, now embellish

every spot where the soil can afford them sustenance. In a wall of rock, there is a deep grotto, which serves as a place of repose to promenaders weary of threading the intricate and winding paths; and here a little fountain, bubbling out, pure, bright and cool, with its melodious murmurs, invites the visitor to sleep or to day-dreams yet more delicious. At the eastern extremity of the chateau, is a cypress wood. From the villa, which is as coquettish as it is costly, and, as our engraving shows, half Turkish and half

strife, and the battle-field and the hospital are lighted with her smile—the immortal symbol of a redeeming faith and a more glorious future." What great dramas are hereafter to be enacted in the Crimea, the old Tauric Chersonnese, "are yet within the unread events of time;" but we rest pretty well assured that the Russian power in that quarter is hopelessly broken. If the Turkish power in the East fall, it will not assuredly be to swell the greatness of Russia.

Tartar in its style, there is a splendid view of the immense sea blending its blue waves with the drapery of heaven. To the left, we see the ruins of the ancient Oursova, on an isolated rock, which the sea sweeps incessantly on every side, and behind which springs boldly forth on the horizon the mountain of Alout-Chata, where, in the time of the Roman occupation, the Emperor Justinian I. erected a fortress of which no vestige now remains. On the other side are seen the ruins of formerly flourishing towns, and behind Yoursouf, the village depicted in our second engraving, rise those lofty mountains which shelter this region from the frozen winds of the north, and make it a charming country, justly entitled "the Russian Italy." All the Crimea is a storied region; but, as a writer in Putnam's Magazine remarks, "in all its romantic past, the Crimea has seen no drama so grand as that which is now enacting on its shores. Yet what marvellous things it has witnessed and shared—this small peninsula! The misty grandeur of Troy; the sunlit glory of Greece; the magnificence of Pontus; the might and majesty of Rome; the gorgeous pageantry of Byzantium; the fury of the Goth; the terrible wrath of the Tartar; the splendor of the Turk; the artifice, the ambition, the audacity of the Russian; and now the tremendous power of the civilized west. * * * A woman's face first gave poetry to the Tauric name. Iphigenia, the pale priestess, stands there by the altar of Cape Parthenium, a symbol of the stern sacrificial faith of the past. A woman's face, too, looks out now upon us, serene and sweet, through the cloud of war, from these Crimean heights. * * * The face of Florence Nightingale shines upon those awful scenes of



VILLA OF COUNT WORONZOFF, VILLAGE OF YOURSOUF, CRIMEA.



VILLAGE OF YOURSOUF, AND VILLA OF COUNT WORONZOFF.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MEMORIES.

BY MARY H. LUOT.

With a desolate sound of wailing
The winds are hurrying by,
And the clouds like bannered armies
Go trooping o'er the sky;
I am sitting here where the firelight
Is glimmering o'er my face,
And weaving o'er the dusky walls
Quaint figures with silent grace.

I think of a parting long ago,
Which may never come again;
And my heart is full of loneliness,
And a sense of unquiet pain.
And e'en as the waves of ocean
Come surging in to the shore,
Sweep o'er my soul the memories
Of the days that come no more.

I look out upon the blue waters,
Where the white waves dash and foam;
I dream of a lonely wanderer,
Far from his early home.
And here in the cold gray glooming
Of this lonely winter night,
How weary and dim the present—
The past how glad and bright.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

PRETTY GIRLS.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

"I DON'T like pretty girls! I think I have made the observation several times before that I *did not* like pretty girls! and to do them justice I have every reason to suspect that pretty girls don't like me. There is no trust or confidence to be placed in them; indeed, I am beginning to lose that implicit faith which I formerly possessed in the perfectly angelic nature of pretty girls in general. Just consider. There was Lucy Tompkins, as pretty a girl as need be, to whom I was as constant as the sun in my attentions for more than a month—yes, for nearly five weeks—and what return does the deceitful creature make? She jilts me for another fellow, for the paltry reasons that he is better looking, richer and more agreeable than myself. Faugh! the heartlessness of the creatures is absolutely disgusting. And what makes the matter worse, Lucy is not the only one that has served me in the same way. No, I think I may safely say that at least half a hundred besides have conducted themselves in an equally barbarous manner toward me. Now what am I to do? I can't ask Lucy to return those lozenges I presented her; neither can I request her to refund the price of that museum ticket (reserved seat) which I purchased for her especial gratification; still less can I expect her to disgorge all that cake and coffee which she swallowed at my expense. The fact is; and again and again I repeat it—pretty girls are a swindle—a *big* swindle."

These remarks were made to my friend Tompkins, the other morning, as I stood before the glass, engaged in passing a razor over that portion of my face where I wish there was a whisker.

"You are not far out of the way, Jinx," returned Tompkins, with a doleful sigh, a very unusual thing for him, by the way; but the fact was, that there had been a serious misunderstanding with his adored Mary, which threatened to be permanent, and probably would have been, but that Tompkins, with his usual tact in such matters, laid out three months' income in the purchase of a costly and flaring bracelet, which piece of jewelry he deposited in an ostentatious manner on the table in my room, where he was sure that Mary's brother—a friend of mine—would be certain to see it.

And sure enough, he *did* see it, with Tompkins's name attached. Half an hour afterward, Tompkins received a note, in which Mary acknowledged herself in fault, and besought him with much beguiling eloquence, to call. He *did* call. Mary wears that bracelet to this day. But this reconciliation was not effected until some time subsequent to the morning when the remarks with which this history opens, were uttered.

"What shall we do with ourselves, Tompkins?" I continued, as he relapsed into moody silence. "These are the Christmas holidays, and it is absolutely necessary that we should do *something*. Now as between us there is a *pair* of mittens, and we are consequently shut out from the society of the better part of creation, falsely so called, what say if we get up some sort of a gander scrape; go hunting, fishing, digging clams, or something, where the ladies—bless 'em!—are not necessary to our enjoyment?"

Tompkins shook his head dismally, muttering, in heart-broken accents, "Too cold—chilblains!" but after a moment's abstraction, he jumped from his chair with all his natural excitability, and knocking the ink bottle bottom up into the leg of one of my boots, exclaimed with animation:

"I have it, Jinx, my boy; let's go down to Pugwash and visit old Captain Grummet—this is just the season for parties and quiltings, and we are sure of a good reception; the girls will be delighted to have a couple of dashing young fellows from the city!"

The idea struck me favorably; indeed, I wondered that I had not thought of it before—so thrusting both my shirts and half a dozen diceys into a carpet-bag, we hurried to the railway station. As Tompkins had said, we were sure of a good reception, for aside from the fact of Captain Grummet having a heart as big as

a whale, it had been my good fortune while at Pugwash last summer, to be placed in a situation where, by rushing into the middle of the road and grasping pretty little Carrie Grummet in my arms and conveying her to the sidewalk out of the track of a rowdy yoke of oxen, at the imminent risk of getting mud on my boots, I gained the reputation of a hero, and from that time it has been a settled thing that I saved the young lady's life. I don't think so myself; it is my firm conviction that she would have reached a place of safety quite as soon, if not sooner, had I let her alone altogether. But there is no use for a man to quarrel with his luck because greatness is thrust upon him.

In due course of time we reached Pugwash station, and proceeded at once to the residence of our friend the captain. Our welcome was of that hearty and cordial sort we had anticipated, and having kissed all the females of the family twice a piece, and Carrie—no end of times; for, in consideration of the life-saving affair, your memorialist was supposed to stand somewhat in the relation of step-father-in-law to her, and that all his caresses were purely paternal and Platonic! Having tasted of all the ladies, I say, and grasped as much as possible of the monstrous big paws appertaining to Captain Grummet, as that capacious and saline mariner stood grinning and showing his teeth at us from his anchorage on the hearth rug—we proceeded to institute inquiries among the thirteen Misses Grummet, as to the prospect ahead for a frolic. Never were sincere and earnest pleasure seekers more successful; there was to be a dance that very evening in "Columbian Hall, Pugwash Centre," and the girls were—"O—oo! so glad we had come, for there wasn't *half* enough gentlemen."

The rest of the day was spent in drinking hard cider, cracking butternuts—and not unfrequently a thumb—and in listening to Grummet's interminable sea yarns, of which, by the way, I can only call to mind the phrases—"Nor-nor'-west; sou'-an-be-east; luff a *leettle*; close hauled;" and something about a "big sea right over the starboard quarter." But that is enough to remember, for all the world knows that a moderate stock of such phrases in the hands of a person who has a genius for bad grammar, is amply sufficient to establish him in the "thrilling and absorbing romance of the sea" business.

As the great and glorious orb of day doused his glim somewhere to the leeward of a chain of hills, which bore about west-nor'-west, broad on our starboard beam, Captain Grummet, to our unspeakable satisfaction and relief, brought his nautical reminiscences to snug moorings, and Tompkins and myself having adorned ourselves in a style which the lilies of the field could not hope to imitate, we proceeded, in company with the young ladies, and a pair of woolly, sheepish-looking white horses, in the direction of Pugwash Centre.

Columbian Hall was magnificently illuminated, tallow candles flared and smoked wherever a tallow candle could by any possibility be stuck; Christmas holly, arranged in many an ingenious device, decorated the wall. Around the entrance swarmed a multitude of frowzy boys and other vagabonds, watching with open-mouthed wonder, the be-muslined and be-ribboned arrivals. In and out of the ladies' drawing-room skipped and giggled and fluttered, no end of rosy-cheeked damsels "in gorgeous array," with cotton mitts, hair nicely smoothed and plaited, while elaborate "beauteachers" curled in bewitching sinuosity around their fair foreheads. The arrangements for music had been on the most liberal scale; there was a little fiddle, and a big fiddle, and a bigger fiddle, and a fiddle-de-dee—something smaller than a man-of-war; beside a clarionet and a post horn, and a "tight" gentleman with a string of sleigh bells, to "come in" on a promenade or a balance, but which he somehow managed to jingle at the wrong time.

It is just possible that Miss Carrie, who leaned upon my arm, and Miss Katy, who was escorted by Tompkins—it is possible, I say—that they were a little bit proud of their stylish, slender-legged and supercilious city beaux, as we promenaded in couples up and down the hall floor, the cynosure of all eyes; who shall say? But whether they were or not, I can positively affirm that both Tompkins and myself felt and displayed all that conscious superiority and haughty contempt of everything earthly except our magnificent selves, which is usually so strikingly apparent in young city gentlemen when drifting round loose in the rural districts; and we must have excited no little admiration and respect by our audible and slighting remarks upon the music, the hall, the ladies, their dresses, and everything else.

Having danced the first set with the Misses Grummet, we were forced to deliver up those young ladies to the care of the gentlemen to whom they are affianced, and not caring to dance until we had looked about us a little, we lounged in studied attitudes about the door of the ladies' drawing-room. Our unexpected arrival caused no little sensation among the young ladies there present, and much whispering, accompanied with no end of sly glances I had detected as directed toward ourselves; besides which, Carrie had been to me at least a dozen times with, "Do let me introduce you to so-and-so, Mr. Jinx," and "I wish you would dance, Aristides, they want you to so much." Now here was an opportunity to become quite a lion—in a small way, and enjoy myself heartily with a host of pretty, simple-minded and easily pleased girls. But did I do so? Did I conduct myself as a gentleman should? Ah, no! The demon of pride took possession of me. For the first time in my life I found I was in an assemblage of people where I felt myself to be the most conspicuous person present. I was conscious of this fact, I say; I chuckled over it. I was a person of importance. The girls wanted me to dance, did they? Well, I wasn't disposed to indulge them. What right had they to suppose that I—I, Jinx—would condescend to dance with simple country girls! and so I drawled out, in reply to Carrie's solicitations—"That I didn't wish to know any one, it was such a mon-

stvos boaw to play the agreeable to *such persons*," and putting my glass to my eye, and sticking out the little finger of the hand that held it, as though it were dislocated, I stared at every one in what I then thought to be a very fascinating manner.

In this insane style had I conducted myself for a good part of the evening. While Tompkins was dancing his legs off with any girl he chose to ask, I had been looking at him with jitting contempt, and was turning away, when happening to cast my eyes toward the ladies' drawing-room, I beheld—now what the deuce am I to do! Where am I to find words to express to you what I beheld? The similes of the English language have been exhausted, and as you do not understand Sanscrit, I fear I shall miserably fail to place that image before you. An angel; pshaw! a seraph; nonsense! It was more than either—it was a young lady! And such a young lady. O my! *such eyes*! I declare it makes me quite dizzy to think of her; and those eyes were looking at me. Where now was all my hauteur and superiority? Gone, gone completely; those black eyes beamed upon me, and I wilted. No female can by any possibility appreciate my feelings at that moment; but with my male readers it is different. If you can call to mind the first interview which you had with your celestial Nancy, the indescribable sensation you experienced when you touched the tips of her fingers, blushed, looked at the toes of your boots, and murmured that you were "delighted to make her acquaintance." If you remember that, you can have some faint conception of my situation.

I don't know how long I stood gazing at that miraculous apparition, that Astarte in a white muslin dress; but an audible giggling of a couple of girls near me, roused me to a sense of my situation. Moving nearer the door of the drawing-room, I again relapsed into unconsciousness of everything save her. Imagine my delight when I perceived that she ever and anon cast a lingering, sidelong, and—did I deceive myself?—rather admiring glance at me. Hovering near, in light and chatty conversation with her, were half a dozen of the best looking fellows in the room; for some reason I felt a good deal annoyed at this, for as a greater than me—an infinitely greater and more sublime—has said with much wisdom—"I don't know how it is, but I hate to see me evidently on good terms with nice looking women and on good terms with themselves. There is something annoying in the complacency—their evident sunshiny happiness. I've no wonder to make sunshine for me; and yet my heart tells me that not only one, but several such suns, would do good to my system."

I probably never should have thought to express my sensations in those words; but I *felt* just like that. I have felt so a good many times—and so, my good fellow, have you. I not only felt it to be a personal insult of the most aggravated description, for these fellows to be on such intimate terms with that girl, but I also felt indignant that she should have come to the dance at all.

"What right had she," I asked of my inward Jinx, "to intrude her presence, when I had fully made up my mind to despise the whole assembly?"

I really hated her for so doing, and yet I felt that I must be introduced to her; I should be miserable unless I danced with her, and satisfied myself that, although her face and figure were perfection itself, yet that her intellect and acquirements were of the most ordinary description. And yet, after all my airs, how could I have the face to ask for an introduction? I combated the inclination as long as possible, but at length the changes in the dance brought her again near me, and as she whirled round and round in the waltz with grace inimitable, another mischievous, sidelong glance from those sparkling black eyes completely did my business for me. Walking hastily to the corner of the room where Carrie was seated:

"Carrie," said I, in what I supposed to be an uncommonly listless and unconcerned manner, "Carrie, I want you to introduce me to a certain young lady, when this set comes off the floor."

"Ah!" said she, with a ridiculous smile, tapping me on the shoulder with her fan, in that pert manner of hers which I had never before noticed was so excessively disagreeable, "I thought Mr. Jinx didn't *wish* to know any one. I had a fancy you could hardly pass the evening without seeing something to tempt you. Is she *very* pretty?"

"O, no—no; nothing of that kind," said I, hurriedly. "I merely thought I should like to know her, because she resembles some one of my acquaintance."

"Your lady-love, perhaps," she returned, in her provoking way.

"Pshaw; don't be absurd, Carrie," I retorted, peevishly. "It was only a passing whim of mine to have an introduction, because she looks something like—like—my grandmother, that's all—like my grandmother."

"Like *his* grandmother, indeed!" tittered Carrie. "What a gothic taste it has, to be sure. But where is this antique damsel?"

"There—there—that's her; white dress, black hair and blacker eyes."

"Ah, ha! Mr. Aristides, so she looks like your grandmother, does she? What an uncommonly fine looking old lady she must be! I'd have you to know, sir, that young lady is the reigning belle of all the region round about. But if I must introduce you, I must, though I foresee it will be worse for your heart."

"No, no—not now; wait till those confounded stupid fellows leave her more at liberty," said I, holding back, and now making a clean breast of it, for I saw that Carrie read me like a book, from "to the public," to "finis." "But who is she?" I continued. "What's her name?"

"There, there, Mr. Jinx, I'll tell you all about her," returned Carrie. "Her name is Mary Jones, her father is a farmer, she is an only daughter, and I believe she is not engaged, and consequently, in common with all girls in a like situation, she yet re-

mains in anxious expectation. Though, if I had received as many offers as she, I should have been married twenty times."

"O—ah—ya-as. I perceive," said I, still unwilling to admit that any good thing could come out of Pugwash. "Ya-as, a country belle, rather pretty and very verdant; and as Tompkins would say, 'would do very well,' could she have enough of city life to remove the hay seed from her tresses. But come, those fellows have gone at last."

Taking Carrie's arm we approached the young lady. The least little bit of an exultant smile fitted over her countenance as she observed us coming. I confess to a tremulous feeling as we stood before her, such as I have not experienced since I was a boy, a long while ago, sometime—it seems to me—in the dark ages.

"Miss Jones, shall I make you acquainted with Mr. Jinx?" said Carrie, and in another instant, she was skipping across the room to her seat.

Mr. Jinx bowed profoundly, and murmured something about extreme pleasure in making her acquaintance. She returned the salutation with a grace comparable to nothing earthly.

"Could Mr. Jinx hope for the happiness of dancing the next set with Miss Jones?"

Miss Jones, with a sweet—O, such a sweet smile—"was afraid she was engaged for the next set."

"The set following," suggested Mr. Jinx, in his softest and most persuasive tone.

Miss Jones again smiled, displaying such a charming set of little pearly teeth, that Mr. Jinx felt a succession of cold shivers chase each other down his back.

"She didn't know—she would see."

And with the nicest little hand conceivable, she took a dear little mother-of-pearl dancing-book from its place of semi-concealment between her white muslin dress and about two yards of sky blue ribbon which confined her little waist, and glanced her eye over a formidable list of names.

Presently she looked up from the list with such a witching, mischievous glance, that I fairly—I know I shan't be believed—but I positively blushed! yes, blushed as red as anything.

"Her list," she said, "was full; but—she didn't know—perhaps—she might—"

"Might what?" gasped Jinx.

"Might rub out the second name and insert that of Mr. Jinx, if he really wished, very much."

Jinx made no reply—he couldn't; but he looked at her in such a way that she laughed gleefully. Drawing a little cedar pencil with a silver tip, from the side of the dancing-book, she essayed to write my name; but the previous name was in the way. Placing the pencil between those little pearly teeth, those ruby lips, he tried to rub the name out, but it wouldn't be rubbed out; she blushed.

"It was no matter, she could remember me, if my name wasn't down."

Just then the post-horn called the dancers to the floor; her partner for the set approached; she couldn't get the pencil back into its place—what should she do with it?

"Would Mr. Jinx have the kindness to keep it till the next set?" and from those lips it passed to my hand.

"Wouldn't Mr. Jinx have the kindness to keep it?"—ah, wouldn't Mr. Jinx cheerfully jump out of his skin for the opportunity to do so? I have that pencil before me now. What more can I say of that eventful evening? To me it is a confused vision of black eyes, white dresses, happiness, blue ribbons, pencils and ecstasy. I danced with her that set, and was by her side between every other set. I did my utmost to be agreeable; she met me more than half way, and at the close of the dance, as she was on the point of departure, I accompanied her to the door. I took her hand—she did not resent the liberty.

"Good night, Mary," I murmured, in a very little tone of voice.

"Good night, Mr. Jinx," she returned. "I hope you are not going to leave Pugwash immediately. We shall see you again?"

I ventured the least little pressure of her hand. Heavens and earth! she returned the pressure. Another moment and she was gone. I was intoxicated with delight. I re-entered the ladies' drawing-room with my heart overflowing with love and affection for all mankind—men, women and old maids. I kissed Carrie fifty times; I almost dislocated Tompkins's shoulder, shaking hands with him; I feloniously and by force of arms kissed half a dozen girls that I had never seen before in my life; and altogether conducted myself more like a madman, than the stately and dignified gentleman I endeavor to appear to the world.

As the god of day rose bright and glorious on the morning of the 27th of December, 1855, a stray beam of sunlight fell upon the window of a small upper room in a large house, situated in the suburbs of the ancient town of Pugwash. Within that chamber might have been seen, standing before a mirror, a gentleman, remarkable only for the singularity of his attire, his costume being of an uncommonly light and airy description for that season of the year. Indeed it would have been difficult for an observer to decide whether he was just on the point of getting into bed, or had that instant turned out. Between his lips he held in a dainty manner a small cedar pencil with a silver tip, which he ever and anon kissed passionately, and again returning it to its position between his lips, he smiled and simpered; bending, now forward, now backward, and again casting a sidelong glance at himself in the mirror, he appeared to be endeavoring to call to mind the actions of some one, by imitating their motions. A long time he stood thus absorbed, apparently regardless of the bitter cold, although he shivered as with an ague; nor is it certain how long he might have continued in that position, had not the door of the chamber been slowly and cautiously opened, and a gentleman fully dressed stepped stealthily into the room.

He was a person of rather prepossessing appearance, with light hair, and a countenance of so impulsive and mischievous a cast, that the most superficial observer would not have hesitated a moment to declare that such a face could only belong to a man by the name of Tompkins. For a moment the stranger gazed at the gentleman before the mirror with a look of astonishment, not unmixed with amazement; then seizing the water-pitcher, he dashed the contents all over that individual's person, and with a loud ha, ha, rushed out of the room.

Need I say that the gentleman before the mirror was myself? For an instant I was overcome with rage—I was mad enough to bite Tompkins's head off; indeed, I don't know what prevented my doing so. The water had completely saturated that thin cotton garment which a blind and servile obedience to arbitrary custom compels every gentleman to wear, so there was nothing for it but to put on the other one, which I did; and having completed my toilet as well as possible with my half-frozen fingers, I descended to breakfast, looking as blue as a pigeon with cold.

The remainder of the narrative is harrowing to my feelings—let me hasten, therefore, to a close. Having borne with the fortitude of a martyr all the jokes and jeers of the Grumnets through the whole forenoon—for Tompkins had not failed to give them the whole particulars—I turned my steps towards the residence of Squire Jones. With a palpitating heart I rang the door-bell. Mary herself answered the summons, looking still more charming if possible, than the evening before.

Seated on the sofa by her side, I, for a while, talked merrily of the dance and the people present, and having exhausted that subject, I gradually gave to the conversation a sentimental turn. I gave her at great length, my views upon the subject of love at first sight, expressed my conviction that that was the only true love, to which opinion she, to my great delight, assented. I grew more sentimental still, until I felt sure she understood me, when, with all the eloquence and fervor of which I am capable, I told her:

"That in her hands I placed my destiny; that love like mine did not require a length of time to ripen; that I could not love her more had I known her a thousand years;" and wound up by declaring that if she refused to allow me to hope, "life would be a decided drug in my market, and that a speedy dissolution would in all probability close the dismal scene."

She heard me through in silence, and with an attention which filled me with delight, though I didn't half like the mischievous smile that came and went as I proceeded.

"Do you really think you could marry a plain country girl, Mr. Jinx?" she asked, after a moment's pause, looking at me the while with a peculiar expression, which somehow made me feel decidedly uncomfortable.

I protested that nothing could induce me to marry any other than a country girl.

"But," persisted Mary, "you would be so mortified to hear your friends say your wife was 'rather pretty, but very verdant,' and that there were traces of 'hay seed in her tresses!'"

"Mary!" I gasped.

"Besides, you know, I look like your grandmother; the old lady might dislike me on that account, and I should always be jealous of her," and the pert minx burst into a peal of laughter. "And more than all," she continued, with a demure look, "I have always determined never to marry any one I did not like, and I don't like you, Mr. Jinx—I don't think I ever could;" and the heartless creature renewed her absurd merriment.

My first impulse was to rush from the house—I say that was my first impulse—and I obeyed it. I did not return for Tompkins; but making for the railway station, took the first train home.

"BLUE" WHITE LETTER PAPER.

The practice of blueing the paper pulp had its origin in a singularly accidental circumstance, which not merely as an historical fact, but as forming an amusing anecdote, is perhaps worth mentioning. It occurred about the year 1790, at a paper mill belonging to Mr. Buttonshaw, whose wife, on the occasion in question, was superintending the washing of some linen, when accidentally she dropped her bag of powdered blue into the midst of some pulp in a forward state of preparation, and so great was the fear she entertained of the mischief she had done, seeing the blue rapidly amalgamated with the pulp, that allusion to it was studiously avoided; until, on Mr. Buttonshaw's inquiring in great astonishment what it was that had imparted the peculiar color to the pulp, his wife, perceiving that no great damage had been done, took courage and at once disclosed the secret, for which she was afterwards rewarded in a remarkable manner by her husband, who, being naturally pleased with an advance of so much as four shillings per bundle, upon submitting the "improved" make to the London market, immediately purchased a costly scarlet cloak (somewhat more congenial to taste in those days, it is presumed, than it would be now), with much satisfaction to the sharer of his joys.—*Herring's Paper and Paper Making.*

NEW IMPLEMENTS OF WAR.

The trials of new destructive machines, for the use of the allied armies, are constantly being made at the royal arsenal at Woolwich, England. Proof was lately made of an experimental gun of peculiar construction, weighing between three and four tons, and supposed to have been the largest piece of cast-steel ever manufactured. It was covered also with an outward covering of cast iron, which brought its weight up to nine tons. The proof charge was twenty-five pounds of gunpowder, and the shot to be fired was of a conical shape, about two feet in length, weighing two hundred and thirty pounds. The estimated value of the gun was \$7500, and it was supposed to be strong enough to resist any amount of powder. Yet it burst at the very first discharge, scattering the fragments high in the air—much to the astonishment of the scientific gentlemen who had assembled to witness the experiment. The mountain mortars of Mr. Robert Mallet, now being constructed in England, are composed of a series of flat rings, fitting on one another by means of flanges, and clamped together by strong external bolts. The shells, of three feet diameter, will be charged with half a ton of gunpowder!—*London Times.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE BY THE RIVER.

A sorrowing heart is mine, to-day;
It beats with a mournful quiver.
At the memory, Kate, of our young days,
And the school-house by the river:
Of the lowly walls, where childhood's voice
From morning till night rang cheerly;
For they've shut up the old brown school-house now,
That the children loved so dearly!

O, sweet is the spring-time that comes but once,
When the heart is a light-winged rover;
And lovely the memories thronging up,
When its beautiful days are over.
Such a spring-time, Kate, was yours and mine,
In youth's warm sunny weather—
When, arm-in-arm, by the shadowy stream,
We sauntered to school together.

O, you were a merry gipsy then,
Your laugh was ever the lightest:
And soft, bright eyes had the village girls,
But yours were the softest and brightest.
And my own, at school, from the open page
To your face were forever turning:
For ah, 'twas a holier lesson, far—
The one that my heart was learning.

You sat by the casement where sunbeams warm
Came quivering all about you.
And I thought the sunshine never could be
One half so cheerful without you;
And my daily study—your own fair face—
Grew daily dearer than ever,
Till my heart had learned the lesson of life,
In the school-house by the river.

But we left its gray old roof at last,
As others had done before us;
And then, ah, then came the first black cloud
Of the storms that were hovering o'er us!
The veil of gloom that between us fell
Of earth's loveliest light bereft me,
And a shadowy smile, like some far-off hope,
Was all that your sweet eyes left me.

Still, for many years, the children here
On their long, long life-way started,
And one by one, as the years rolled on,
Away from its walls departed:
Till the place had many a chink and team,
Time's tireless labor showing,
And it seemed to say, "My pride is gone,
And 'tis fit that I, too, were going."

A hard, hard task there was to do,
And so there was long delaying—
Till the winds pierced through at every crack,
And the mossy roof was decaying.
The old men said it had grown to them
Like one of their feeble number;
And it seemed like watching some worn-out friend
Going to his final slumber.

But none had the heart to set the axe
On its crumbling timbers ringing,
For there they had watched life's thriftiest hopes
To a heavenly harvest springing.
So they left for the years to wear away
The bonds that love could not sever,
And we mournfully left for the last, last time,
The old school-house by the river!

WANTS OF THE AGES.

It is a man's destiny still to be longing for something, and the gratification of one set of wishes but prepares the unsatisfied soul for the conception of another. The child of a year wants little but food and sleep, and no sooner is he supplied with a sufficient allowance of either of those excellent things, than he begins whimpering, or yelling it may be, for the other. At three, the young urchin becomes enamored of sugar-plums, apple-pies and confectionary. At six his imagination runs upon kites, marbles, and play time. At ten the boy wants to leave school and have nothing to do but go bird-nesting and blackberry hunting. At fifteen he wants a beard, a watch, and a pair of Wellington boots. At twenty he wishes to cut a figure and ride horses; sometimes his thirst for display breaks out in dandyism, and sometimes in poetry; he wants sadly to be in love, and takes it for granted all the ladies are dying for him. The young man of twenty-five wants a wife; and at thirty he longs to be single again. From thirty to forty he wants to be rich, and thinks more of making money than spending it. At fifty he wants excellent dinners and capital wine, and a nap in the afternoon. The respectable old gentleman of sixty wants to retire from business with a snug independence of three or four hundred thousand, to marry his daughters, set up his sons, and live in the country; and then for the rest of his life he wants to be young again.—*Portfolio.*

CANTERBURY BELLS.

The celebrated bells of Canterbury Cathedral, in England, and the tower in which they are placed, have been lately repaired, two of the ten bells which were cracked having been recast. The clock, which bears the name of "Edward Burrell, 1625," has been replaced by a new one, by W. H. Trimmell, which weighs two tons, and the frame of it is nine feet four inches long. The main quarter and striking wheels, made of gun-metal, are 24 inches each in diameter, and the pendulum ball weighs 460 lbs. The new clock will strike the quarters on the first and fourth bells, and the hours on the old "Dunstan," weighing 7500 lbs., which hangs on the top of the Oxford steeple above the leaden roof. The tower of the cathedral has been strengthened, so as to admit of the bells being rung again "as of yore," beginning before Christmas. From apprehension of the insecurity of the tower, the ringing has been suspended for many years, and the citizens are looking forward to the renewal of their joy-exciting sounds with much satisfaction.—*Manchester Guardian.*

It is not the least advantage of friendship, that by communicating our thoughts to another, we render them distinct to ourselves, and reduce the subjects of our sorrow and anxiety to their just magnitude for our own contemplation.—*Coleridge.*

NEW BEDFORD.

We present herewith a series of eight views drawn expressly for us on the spot by our popular artist, Mr. Kilburn, representing some of the principal buildings in the flourishing city of New Bedford, in this State. The Savings Institute, delineated in our first engraving, is a neat and tasteful building, with a freestone front. The High School, shown in our second engraving, is a plain brick edifice, two stories in height, and is occupied by schools for both sexes. It is in a flourishing condition, and enjoys a high reputation. Our third view is of the Unitarian church, which stands in a good position in the elevated part of the city, and is built entirely of granite. Its square towers, battlements, and buttresses and pointed windows, and the ornamental character of its surroundings, give it an imposing and attractive aspect, and render it the most striking church edifice in the city. The trees planted near it add an additional effect to its picturesque appearance. The Court House, delineated in our fourth picture, is a fine, substantial brick building, with a handsome Doric colonnade in front, to which access is had by a broad flight of steps. It stands in County Street. The grounds are handsomely fenced and ornamented with trees. The City Hall, standing in the centre of Market Square, and built of stone, presents a fine appearance. It is surrounded by thrifty trees, as shown in our engraving, which a few years hence will form a beautiful park. The station-house of the New Bedford and Taunton Railroad, which runs to Mansfield, where it connects with the Providence Railroad, is



SAVINGS INSTITUTE, NEW BEDFORD, MASS

shown in our sixth engraving. It is a wooden structure, of the Egyptian order of architecture, presenting a neat appearance externally, and having excellent and commodious interior arrangements. The Police Station and Watch House, correctly delineated in our seventh picture, is a plain structure, but well adapted to the purpose for which it was designed. Our last engraving shows us the handsome granite building in which the officials of Uncle Sam sit at the receipt of customs. It is a very neat and commodious structure. The Post Office is in the same building. These illustrations, all of which are accurate, will serve to convey an idea of the architectural character of New Bedford. Our readers will notice with pleasure that the public buildings all have ornamental trees in their immediate vicinity, a very

praiseworthy and agreeable feature. Indeed, the people of New Bedford are remarkable for their tree-loving propensities. Every year, therefore, will add to the attractiveness of the place; for, unlike the works of human hands, these noble ornaments increase in beauty with age, and do not reach their period of decline till centuries of sun and frost have passed over their branching heads. New Bedford is beautifully situated on the west side of a small estuary called Acushnet River, which indents the land near the western extremity of Buzzard's Bay. It is fifty-five miles south of Boston, and the same distance from Nantucket, with which there is a steamboat communication. It is situated on an acclivity, and is laid out with great neatness and regularity. A large number of the houses are of wood, though of late years more durable material has been employed. Many of the private residences are very elegant, and the grounds about them laid out with great taste. The general aspect of the place, as viewed from Fairhaven, on the opposite side of the river, as you approach from the harbor, is pleasing. The streets are laid out on the rectangular plan of Philadelphia. The upper part of the city is the best built. The houses on County Street are noted for their beauty, and this thoroughfare is closely planted with shade trees. An agreeable drive is furnished by a beautiful avenue, eighty feet broad with sidewalks eight feet wide, which extends from the city four miles, round Clark's Point, encircling the light-house. Of the churches, which are about eighteen in number, among which the Methodists have four; the Baptists, two; the Presbyterians, two,



HIGH SCHOOL, NEW BEDFORD.



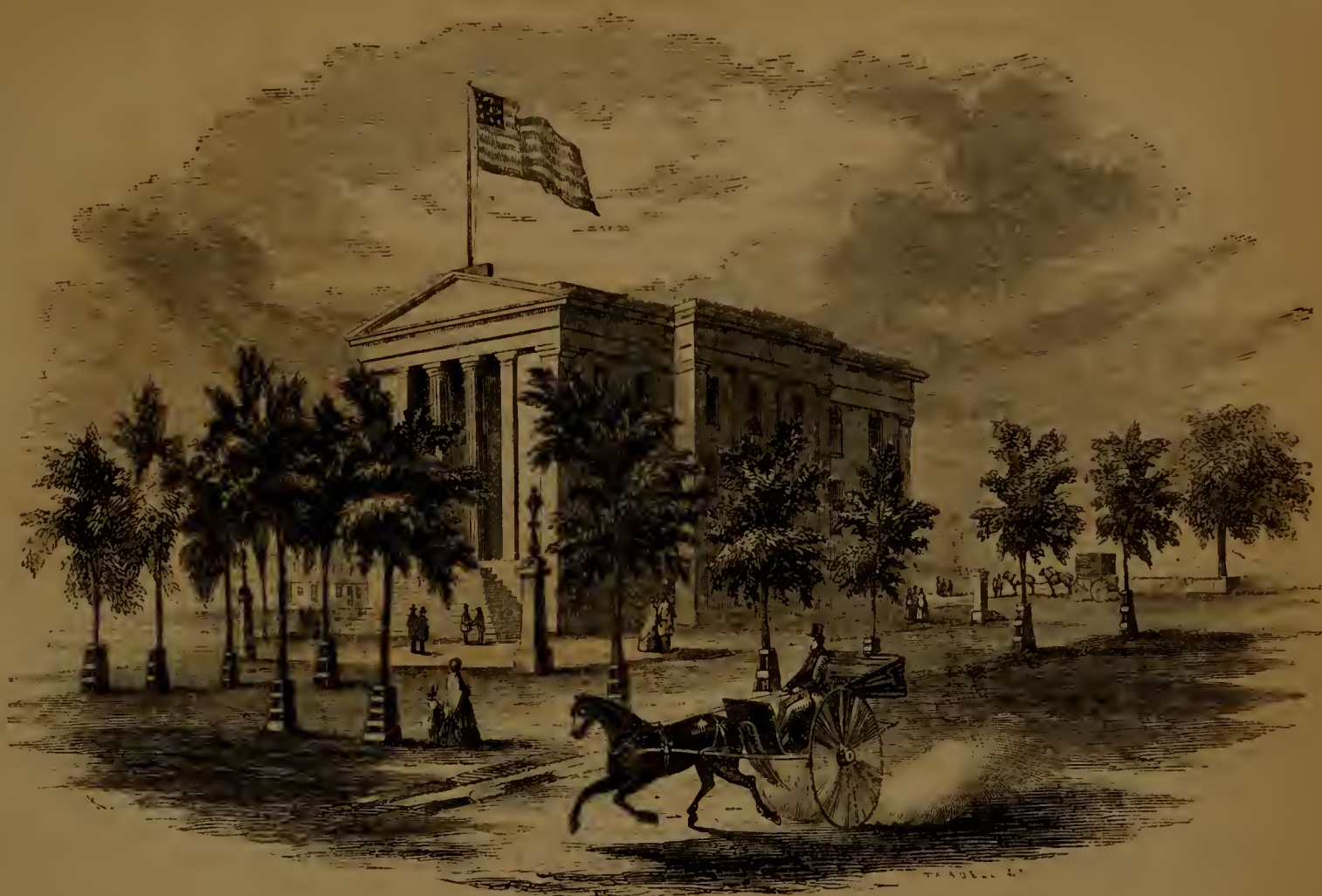
UNITARIAN CHURCH, NEW BEDFORD.



COURT HOUSE, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

Congregationalists, one; Episcopalians, one; Unitarians, one; Roman Catholics, one; Seamen, one; and colored persons, three. The Seamen's church was erected at an expense of \$20,000, and is supported by ship owners. The poor-house is a large and handsome building. The citizens of New Bedford have provided liberally for education, and the expenditures for this purpose, in 1855, were more than \$50,000. Besides the High School, a view of which we give, and which accommodates about 200 pupils of both sexes, there are about thirty-five other schools. The Friends' Academy, on County Street, is a handsome building, with beautiful grounds, and although originally intended for young ladies of the Friends' Society exclusively, now admits pupils without distinction of creed. The city supports five newspapers, a large number for its population of but 18,000. Among the means of mental culture that the city possesses, may be mentioned a corporate institution, the Social Library, which contains a good stock of excellent books. In point of wealth, New Bedford, in proportion to its population, stands second only to Boston in all New England. On the authority of Lippincott's and Hayward's Gazetteers, we present the following interesting statistics of its business. The whale-fishery and the manufacture of the product of that fishery are the principal branches of business in which the inhabitants are engaged, and the prolific sources of their wealth. New Bedford has a greater amount of tonnage employed in the whale fishery than any other port in the United States. As early as the year 1764, the settlers of New Bedford sent forth their small vessels and their adventurous mariners in pursuit of the monsters of the deep, some of them sailing as far south as the Falkland Islands. Interrupted by the revolutionary war, the business was vigorously and successfully revived at its close, and with the temporary suspension caused by the second war with Great Britain, has been continued ever since, constantly increasing in importance. The gold discoveries of California caused a partial diversion of capital and tonnage. Much of the sperm oil imported, is here prepared for use, by the different processes by which spring, summer, fall and winter oil, as the different kinds are

called, are produced, before it finds its way to the various markets of the country; and from the spermaceti, an article exclusively the product of the sperm whale, is manufactured the spermaceti candle. There are a large number of sperm-candle manufactories in the city. Much of the "right" whale oil is exported to the north of Europe. The number of vessels owned here employed in the whale fishery is about three hundred and twenty-five. The shipping of the collection district of New Bedford, June 30, 1852, amounted to an aggregate of 139,062 tons registered, and 10,145 tons enrolled and licensed. Of the former, 125,530 tons were employed in the whale fishery, and 9039 tons in the coasting trade. The foreign arrivals for the year were 113 (27,940 tons); the clearances for foreign ports 192 (58,340 tons); of which 55,347 tons were by American vessels. The whole number of American vessels arrived at New Bedford during the year ending December, 31, 1852, were 99, of which 59 were employed in the whale fishery. The value of sperm oil entered at the custom-house during the same year was \$1,927,511; of whale oil, \$1,040,823, and of whalebone, \$444,318; total, \$3,412,658. The average annual receipts for the ten years ending 1852, were—sperm oil, 115,454 bbls.; whale oil, 240,459 bbls.; and of whalebone, 2,664,700 pounds. The amount of duties collected on imported merchandize, in 1852, was 24,979 55. Besides the manufactories dependent on the whale fishing business, there are many others involving a large amount of capital. There is an extensive steam cotton mill, which employs three or four hundred hands, and there is also a large flouring mill. Coopering and ship-building are also carried on here extensively. During the year ending June 30, 1852, there were built 14 ships, 1 schooner and 3 brigs, with an aggregate burthen of 5226 tons, and during the corresponding period of 1853—54, there was added 6749 tons of shipping to the whale fishery and 4492 tons to the merchant service, in all, 11,241 tons. There are four banks, with an aggregate capital of \$1,900,000, a Savings Institution, which in 1853 had a million and a half on deposit, and four in-



CITY HALL AND MARKET, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

abandoned. In those days the blubber was boiled on shore, and for this purpose the Dutch founded a considerable village on the northern shore of Spitzbergen, which they called *Smeerenberg*, from the word *smeeren*, to melt, and *berg*, town or village. Afterwards, when whales became scarce about Spitzbergen, taking to the Greenland seas, the Dutch used to send home the blubber direct to Holland. The fishery, at first the monopoly of a company, was made free in 1642, and the result was an extraordinary activity in the business. The ships of the Dutch were fitted out on the following plan—an individual, who generally took command, furnished the hull of the vessel, the sailmaker supplied the sails, a cooper the casks, etc., and each person



RAILROAD STATION, NEW BEDFORD.



POLICE STATION, NEW BEDFORD.

insurance companies. The total valuation of property, in 1854, was \$24,989,100, of which \$16,476,400 was personal property, and \$8,512,700 real estate. But the whale fishery is, as we have seen, the great source of wealth to New Bedford. In the last century, the gallantry and perseverance of our whalers called forth the eloquent eulogy of Edmund Burke, the great English statesman. He painted them in glowing colors, pursuing their monstrous prey amidst the icebergs of the north, tracking them to the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straits; he showed them in the circle of the south pole, carrying their harpoons and lances to the coast of Africa, and chasing their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. Though the early American fishermen pursued their business in almost unknown regions, and had to construct their own maps and charts, still, so great was the vigilance of their commanders, that shipwrecks were rare among them. The Biscayans were the first of European people to make this fishing a regular pursuit, and during the 12th, 13th and 14th centuries they prosecuted it with great vigor and success. Their profits, however, did not accrue from the oil, as the whales they took were not so large as those of the polar seas, but resulted from the sale of the flesh, which was used extensively for food, and of the whalebone, which was immensely valuable. The whales of the Bay of Biscay, however, were soon exhausted, but the hardy Biscayans, expert in the management of the harpoon, were eagerly enlisted by the English and Dutch navigators, whose voyages, undertaken in search of a northwest passage to India, had thrown open the northern haunts of the whale. At this period whales were so abundant that a ship soon obtained a cargo of oil, and many whales were killed out of pure sport, that were afterwards



CUSTOM HOUSE, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

shared according to his proportion of the outfit, the crew being hired on the same principle. In 1680, the Dutch whale fishery employed about 260 ships, and 14,000 sailors. But the wars of the close of the 18th and beginning of the 19th centuries, completely ruined this branch of Dutch industry. The English whale fishery, at first carried on by exclusive companies, met with better success. To stimulate this branch of industry, the British government, for many years, paid a large bounty to vessels engaged in it, on the same principle as the bounties paid to our cod fishermen. The Americans, however, from the outset, have been peculiarly successful in this business. When, in 1784, Louis XVI. fitted out six ships on his own account, he enlisted a large number of experienced whalers from Nantucket. In the early colonial period of our history, we commenced this business. At first it was pursued along our own shores, but as the whales abandoned them for remote waters, our hardy mariners followed in pursuit, penetrating far into the northern and southern oceans in the middle of the 18th century. From 1771 to 1775, Massachusetts employed 183 vessels, of 13,820 tons in the northern, and 121 vessels, of 14,026 tons in the southern fishery. Their enterprise and daring added enormously to the wealth of the country, and the beautiful city we have delineated is a tangible proof of the importance of the business. The rapid growth in extent and wealth of our American cities is directly attributable to the character of our political institutions. Had this country remained a colonial dependency, its progress might, indeed, have been rapid as compared to that of Europe, but not at all comparable with the mighty strides it has taken as an independent nation, in every art and science which serves to advance mankind.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BACHELOR'S INVITATION.

BY FRANK FREELOVE.

Come join the dance!
Around us glance—
Eyes sparkling bright and gay;
And music floats
In dulcet notes—
Now dance this round who may!

Come join the dance!
The heart's romance
Is dying out too soon;
Though youth is passed,
He flew too fast—
Old Time shall bide our noon!

Come join the dance!
One moment glance
At life in gala plume;
With love's soft thrill
Your warm hearts fill,
And give Dan Cupid room.

Come join the dance!
In dreamy trance
The forms of days gone by,
Are rising round.
From fairy ground,
But vanish when we sigh.

Yet join the dance!
That broken trance
Of sweet and bitter joy
Floats o'er the heart
With rapturous smart—
Life's gold, and life's alloy.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MAIDEN AUNT.

BY MRS. HELEN RICH.

AUNT RACHEL was neither a love, nor a paragon, an angel, nor a sylph, only a most excellent and sensible young woman. She did not wear a profusion of rich dark curls, nor had she laughing blue eyes. She had too much of humiliation to undergo in witnessing the unnumbered acts of coarse brutality and low cunning, the many little meannesses of her decrepid, miserly father; in attending, nursing and comforting her pale dying mother, weary, sorrow-laden and broken-spirited by her long bondage to her wretched husband. I say, she had too many of life's sad and depressing realities to meet, to have laughing blue eyes—nor had she the softest and whitest of hands. Ah, no, they were browned and hardened by constant and unrelenting toil; by contact with the broom, the wheel and the shuttle. Yes, and they might have grown harder in bathing and fomenting the rheumatic limbs of that same unworthy father; and more brown through gathering healthful herbs and plants for her sick mother. They could not waken sweet music from the piano's keys, or flutter the white fan in the most approved mode; but they could make the most delicious gruel for a sick neighbor, or the finest, whitest bread for the weary harvesters. They could ply the needle dexterously, while good substantial coats and vests rose up to do her homage, and the fairest and whitest of linen went shining from them to adorn the Sabbath raiments of her brothers. I must own, too, my heroine could not speak one word of French—never did an *au revoir* or an *adieu* fall from her lips. She knew not if Racine wrote sermons or political speeches; but she could tell you all about her country's history, could cast simple interest, and understood very well how to use good sense. I have often thought, had Aunt Rachel's sphere been other than that of woman's, she would have proved a most successful business man, and a powerful aid to all great and philanthropic plans for the happiness and well being of mankind. But I must not speculate on what she might have been, but simply inform you what she was and is.

To go back, I say, I remember her in her youth, when she was not beautiful, but young and gentle, and may I add, beloved. It was not many months from that dreamy autumn day, when I stood by her side beneath the bended boughs of the noble old apple-tree, that my mother came to me one gloomy spring morning to say, "Rachel's mother was dead," and "we must go to her funeral." I remember that, too, how I sat shuddering at the long black coffin, and wondering why they spread the dreadful pall over the poor dead woman; and how, when the mourners passed slowly up to look upon the still face of the departed, I could scarcely distinguish my worshipped Aunt Rachel, in the tear-stained face, that looked even more plain and dark, shaded by the crape veil, and wan and haggard through grief. I thought they all felt very sad that they could never see that poor pale face again. But Aunt Rachel!—child as I was, I actually groaned aloud, as she bent above her mother, trembling, and gasping, and looking so utterly forsaken; and how, as they went by me to follow the coffin, I wished "dear aunty" could only know how I pitied her; but I dare not speak to her, though she looked kindly in my face from amid a shower of tears. I knew it afterwards, that she felt more like a mother following her child to its rest; for she had been for years the stay, the hope and protector of the frail being now for ever at peace.

Years went by, Aunt Rachel grew older, and perhaps less comely, but as she became familiar with the "twenties," rumors gained that Aunt Rachel had a beau—that she was to be married. I knew well how it gratified me to learn that he was a fine looking

man, with a good education; and how proud I was that she would ride in an easy carriage, instead of the crazy old lumber wagon, and at last, I thought, good Aunt Rachel can rest. Yes, she will do so much more good now, that she will be rich, and be enabled to exercise her benevolence so much the more, and do such a world of attending the sick children and old people. I asked to be dismissed from school that I might go up and see her face, to try and discover if she had grown a whit handsomer, now she was in love, and to be married. She was out by the old well, with the gray bucket poised to pour the water into the pail, and to my blushing "Good afternoon, aunty," she turned her face smilingly to me, with a kind remark. Ah, yes, she was much younger and fairer; the light of hope danced in her hazel eyes, and the look that true, elevated and happy love ever wears, was there, giving her whole kind face a quiet, calm joy, very pleasing to view. Again she filled my apron with the large yellow fruit; again put back my sun-bonnet and smoothed my hair, and I thought, as she stooped to kiss my forehead, as I said "Good-by," that a tear of mingled pleasure and pain dimmed her eye, that she would go away and see the little girl no more for years—but with him! Ah, with him!

Another year another rumor again at school, and the larger girls whispered it with indignant, sorrowful glances, and expressions of "shameful," "miserable wretch," "the base, deceitful villain," and "poor, dear, blessed Aunt Rachel, it will kill her; she will die of a broken heart. She loved him so well, and had her wedding-dress all made, cake baked, and it was frosted, too—expected him to-morrow—and such sights of table linen, and such piles of bedding—too bad! too bad!" "I wish his wife would just scold him to death—that I do!" "Yes; or run off, or go crazy," broke in a still more exasperated young lady, with a stamp of the tiny foot. To my trembling inquiry of "what misfortune had happened to Aunt Rachel?" they said her expected lover was married to a lady, fairer and richer than our good aunt; but that he said he loved her better than the heiress, and begged her forgiveness of his cruel deception; they ended by saying that they hoped Aunt Rachel would sue him for a "breach of promise," at least. Alas! I wept, as I stole away to mourn over the fall of all my proud dreams for Aunt Rachel. Alas! I cannot go now and look in her face; it would break my heart to see the misery of one so dear!—for, of course, she will die!—people always do in novels when deserted in love; and I bitterly grieved that now, indeed, she would be as "plain" as people had called her. I was a child, with an imagination nursed by love tales and Mrs. Hemans, and I could not perceive any other termination to the first romance.

A week passed away, and one morning my mother told me I must call and do an errand for her to Aunt Rachel. I did not wish to go, and begged of her not to send me—she will look so miserable, poor Aunt Rachel! "Nonsense! go!" said my mother; "she is a sensible girl, and too wise to cry for a worthless fellow." Once more, when the yellow leaves rivalled the yellow apples on the old tree, and the hazy light slept on the brown hill-side, and the squirrel leaped from the gray "corn-house" to the ground with a gold kernel between his white sharp teeth, I sought Aunt Rachel. This time she came from the cool shaded parlor, and I almost forgot my purpose to be calm as I looked up. Tears of tears were on the thin cheeks, and such a tale of sadness in the mournful eyes; yet she smiled very kindly and kissed me tenderly. I felt her lips tremble, too, though she did not speak of anything, save the business I came to do. I did not linger; I had not learned to hide tears and cheek grief, then, and I found my sympathy was fast gaining over my cautiousness, and I would not have wounded her pride, nor sought her confidence for gold uncounted. Yet perhaps few could have felt a more sincere respect or sympathy. She went with me to the door, and down to the favorite tree also, stooping to fill my pocket again with the mellow fruit. She did not talk much, but laid her hand lovingly on my shoulder at parting, and said, while her cheek grew paler, and unuttered grief mingled with her smile, "Be a good girl, my child, and be happy while you can; but always be good."

That was years ago; Aunt Rachel is an "old maid" now—the soft, black hair has many a silver thread, and the gentle brow many lines that tell of trouble and of years. But now, let me tell the crowning excellence; the noble proof that she deserves to be the heroine of a brighter and far loftier story than this humble offering of an admiring, loving heart. Aunt Rachel did not die, nor did she sue for a breach of promise; she went about her daily pursuits, and her ordinary cares and charities, with closed lips and a sealed heart. She did not call down "Heaven's curse" upon the man she loved, but who had chosen beauty and wealth to the moral beauty and spiritual wealth of one he could not but deeply esteem. She was not disappointed in love; that had made her happy and young—had been to her the one star amid her darkened home-life—the one hope of peace and joy. She had dreamed of quiet days and affectionate companionship—of a thousand acts of devotion she could do for him—of a thousand things that were tender, kind and beautiful that he would do for her—and how much of all that was worthy could they both accomplish in the love-lit way they were to tread.

The future had seemed illumined, and so indeed it was by the light that was in her—the pure light of love, and faith, and hope. No! it was not in love she had been disappointed, but in the want of love; in the preponderance of worldly desires and aims—in a weak seeking of the outward forms of loveliness, forgetful of the just worship due the soul. She had tasted the charmed waters of the clear well-spring of love; they were sweet and healthful—should she quaff instead evermore the bitter ones of hate? True, the beautiful dream of a home was broken; she must still meekly bear up under the heavy burden of domestic grievances, and must still yearn for a sympathy she could not find in those allied to her by ties of blood. She must toil, and bear much of mortification

and sorrow from those immeasurably beneath her, but whom it was her duty still to befriend and comfort. But should she crush out from her bruised and wounded spirit all the sweet light that had revelled there, making her thorny way a path of roses? She felt it was no sin to love, even though the object of her affection had failed to attain the manly standard she had set up for him in her own lofty soul. So Aunt Rachel went on, paler and with saddened eyes, yet always with a kindly smile, in the way assigned her. Doubtless, she marvelled at times why that way was rough—why she had not found happiness; and sighed, perhaps, that it was so long, too—that the end was so distant. Still she went on with no complaining, no ill-temper, no shrinking from the way's sharp roughness; leaving no duty unperformed, and going out of her way often to seek others still more trying—always kind, benevolent, industrious and prudent.

Aunt Rachel grew older and still more plain. She had offers, too—some of worthy, honest men, who could in a measure appreciate her Christian virtues, and admire her noble, self-sacrificing course. To them she simply replied, that she gratefully acknowledged the honor of their choice, but she could never love them as a wife should love one to whom she was united. Perhaps they would have gladly risked all that, could they have seen her the presiding genius of their homes, the worthy guide to their motherless children. But she was firm in her principles, and did not do what nine-tenths of the world think they have a right to do—give their vows with an absent or palsied heart, and their hands to the clasp they would shun, were it not for the fear of being what Aunt Rachel was, an old maid, or for a fine house, or a few hundred acres unencumbered save by a lord they loathed. Years went by, and brought her many sorrows, and still her full share of toil.

She came to be homeless at last; and yet she never could be homeless, for every house would open its doors to her—the angel of patience and mercy, the nurse of the sick, the comforter of age and sorrow, the skilful assistant in all useful labors. No! Aunt Rachel never will be homeless; for wherever the firelight shines on truthful, honest faces—wherever the spirit of virtuous admiration for genuine worth dwells—there is Aunt Rachel's home; there is she honored and beloved, as those alone can be who live and labor for the good of others, and not merely for their own selfish enjoyment.

The "old maid," Aunt Rachel, has lived long, and lived well. She has never married; but she has done more real good, has borne her hard lot with more of brave, true courage and patience, than many who glory in the name of wife—though they may never have even thought on a wife's requirements, much less met and performed them with a cheerful brow and a sunny soul. She will be loved and trusted, sought and attended, all the days it pleases God to give her; and when her last work is done on earth, and her last duties smilingly finished, meekly and quietly will she sleep to waken where they "neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God." Though "she be dead, yet shall she live" in grateful, mourning hearts, and her name become a word of blessing and of hope. Noble mothers will say, "Be an Aunt Rachel, my child, and we shall never blush to call you an 'old maid.'"

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BIOGRAPHY OF HON. FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor of New York. By DONALD McLEOD. New York: O. F. Parsons. 1855. 12mo. pp. 335.

No man has been more talked of within a year or two than Mayor Wood, and every one is anxious to learn his life-story. This book gives us all the information desired. It is embellished by a fine steel portrait of Mr. Wood. For sale by Petridge & Co.

CAMP-FIRES OF THE RED MEN: OR, A Hundred Years Ago. By J. R. OXON. New York: J. C. Derby. 1855. 12mo. pp. 339.

A highly exciting story, the whole scene of which passes on American ground. The Indians have not yet been written up, and will serve for literary purposes for a long while. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

FLORENCE BETRAYED: OR, The Last Days of the Republic. Translated from the Italian of Massimo D'Azeglio, by a Lady. Boston: W. V. Spencer. 1856.

This novel, which enjoys the highest reputation abroad, treats of the period when Florence defended itself, single-handed, against Clement VII. and Charles V. It is full of character and incident, and will certainly prove one of the most popular romances of the day.

THE HUNDRED DIALOGUES. By WILLIAM BENTLEY FOWLE. Boston: Morris Cotton. 1856. 12mo. pp. 312.

A collection of very capital dialogues, original and selected, for reading and exhibition in schools or academies and private circles. Nothing, as teachers and parents well know, is more difficult to find than a good dialogue for speaking—and this book is full of them.

THE SCHOOL HARP. Boston: Morris Cotton.

Prefaced by some lessons in singing, a number of pleasing and instructive songs, original and selected, with the music, are here collected, printed in handsome style.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 1856.

The edition before us comprises the four volumes in one, in 8vo. form, double columns, printed in good type, with the full index to each volume, and embellished with a fine steel engraving of the author. It is sold at only one dollar, so that every family may possess a copy of this brilliant historical production. For sale by Ticknor & Co.

Phillips, Sampson & Co. have also published a very neat edition of the third and fourth volumes, in 12mo., sold at 40 cents a volume. The portability of this size commends it to purchasers.

TOLLA. A Tale of Modern Rome. By EDMOND ABOUT. Boston: Whittemore, Niles & Hall. 1856. 12mo. pp. 320.

Attention was first called to this work by a laudatory notice in the London Athenaeum. As a picture of Italian manners, it stands without a rival; as a romance, it is surpassed in interest by very few modern novels. The moral tone of the book is pure and refined, though it touches on delicate topics.

NEW MUSIC.—G. P. REED & Co., No. 13 Tremont Street, have published "Robert of Lincoln," by Bryant, music by J. Osgood, and "Salva, O, Dea!" for three female voices, from *La Vierge*.

A FOREST TRAGEDY. By GRACE GREENWOOD. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 12mo. pp. 343.

We have here the first essay of Mrs. Lippincott at novel writing, and her debut is full of promise. The scene of the "Forest Tragedy" lies principally in this country, the period being that of the American Revolution. The story is told with much dramatic power, and is full of interest. It occupies about two hundred pages; the remainder of the book being occupied by four well written tales.

EDITH: OR, The Quaker's Daughter. New York: Mason Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 407.

The trials and sufferings of the Society of Friends during the old colonial times in New England, afford the groundwork of this story; and the reader will readily see how much power may be evolved from such a theme—a theme that has enlisted the magic pencil of Hawthorne.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

IN DREAMS.

The night is full of dreams of thee,
In dreams thy spirit walks with mine,
Thou whisperst words of love to me,
In dreams I still am thine.
Again in dreams thy voice is heard,
That bound me with its spell,
And tells me in each whispering word,
That still thou lov'st me well.

In dreams I'm sitting by that shore,
And thou art by my side;
We list to the din of ocean's roar,
And we trace the ebbing tide.
And in that tide our fate was writ,
Although we read it not;
And little deemed our love like it
Awhile would flow—so soon forgot.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AN UNDERGROUND STORY.

BY HORACE B. STANFORD.

FROM Milan we went to Parma, and having spent a week in the latter city, Wardwell and myself bought horses to carry us to St. Stefano, the man of whom we bought them pledging himself to buy them back at any time within a month, if we did not injure them, only deducting a moderate price for their use. St. Stefano is at the head waters of the Taro, and distant from Parma some five-and-forty miles. It is nestled away at the foot of the Apennines, and we had been invited hitherto by our friend Montallo, who owned an extensive vineyard there. We had first met Michael Montallo in Genoa, and as a warm intimacy sprang up between us, and as he promised us any amount of pleasure, we accepted his invitation to visit him. He had gone on a few days in advance to prepare for our coming.

We were fortunate in our horses, for we obtained two noble ones, and their keeper assured us that if we started betimes in the morning we should have no difficulty in reaching St. Stefano before night. We started early—only half an hour after the sun was up—and as the road followed the bank of the Taro nearly all the way, the ride was a delightful one. It was only three o'clock when we reached Compiano, which was only ten miles from Montallo's residence. After leaving this place we left the river, and found ourselves among the mountains, the road winding around among lofty spurs of the range. We had reached a point where the path crossed a swift mountain torrent, and had just passed the bridge, when a dozen horsemen appeared before us. There was no mistaking those habits; the tall, peaked hat, with its gaudy band; the short, embroidered jackets; the blue shirts, and the leathern belts with their load of weapons.

"Stand and deliver!" were the first words we heard; and after a few moments hesitation we concluded to obey. We begged of them to allow us to retain our portmanteaus and clothing, but they would allow us nothing. They were dark, savage-looking men, long inured to crime, and I could find nothing of that romance about them which I had so often heard of in connection with the Italian banditti; but on the contrary, they were low, vulgar-looking fellows, with a hang-dog look, that forbade all thought of any such thing as a "lady-love" in connection with them. They took our portmanteaus, with all our clothing, our watches and money, and then bade us go on. I found myself lighter in burden to the amount of five hundred dollars in money, a watch worth a hundred more, and clothing worth perhaps another hundred. Wardwell had been wise enough to leave most of his money in Parma, so his loss was not so much. So when we reached Montallo's our pleasure was somewhat damped.

"Never mind," he said, when we had told our story, "I have clothing enough, and if you have escaped Dalmato and his band with your lives, you should consider yourselves fortunate."

"Then they are known?" said I.

"Known!" repeated my host, with a dubious shrug of the shoulders, "I should think they were. Why, they have been the pest of these mountain regions for over eight years. Right here is the only handy pass over the mountains to Genoa, and these villains have grown fat in purse on the heavy robberies they have committed. They are the terror of all travellers, and the plague of all officers and soldiers."

"Then they cannot be soldiers."

"Why bless you, no. More than two hundred soldiers have spent a fortnight at a time about their haunts without effect. To a stranger an account of the escapes they have made would be incredible. Sometimes they are here, and sometimes there; but the moment a party of soldiers leave in sight they are nowhere!"

That evening Montallo entertained us with an account of Dalmato's exploits, and I was glad he did, for thereby I was enabled to go to bed a happy man. The loss of my property seemed as nothing, for I could only feel thankful that I was alive. On the following morning we had an opportunity to look about and never did I find myself in a more charming spot. Montallo's place was in a deep, wide valley, or vale, with noble mountains upon either hand, and his vineyards extending up the slopes on both sides. From his place it was only about thirty miles over across to Genoa, and as he could carry all his wine over upon mules, his extensive vineyards were profitable. He kept a dozen men at work most of the time, besides the muleteers. He was a wealthier man than I had supposed.

Two days were spent in wandering about his premises, and visiting his extensive wine vaults, and on the morning of the third day he proposed to visit the great cave of Castello.

"It is a great place," said our host, "and a place which no one has yet fully explored. It was accidentally found some years ago by a poor peasant, who had lost some goats, and was up there searching for them. But come, you shall see for yourselves."

At seven o'clock we mounted our mules and set out, and after travelling some six miles along a winding path among crags and cliffs, we began to ascend a mountain. It was a tedious ride up the rough, circuitous path, but we managed to take it pleasantly, and at length our host bade us stop. We were now upon a broad table of rock, with a perpendicular descent of some hundred feet upon one hand, and upon the other the mountain still towered up above us. We hitched the mules to some dwarf-pines that grew out from a fissure in the rock, and then having taken our torches, we prepared to follow our leader. These torches were huge lamps, made to hang on wooden handles, something after the fashion of the torches carried by engine-men.

Each of us took a torch, a loaf of bread, and a flask of wine, and then set out. For a distance of twenty rods, or more, we climbed up a steep ascent, and here we came upon another table, only much smaller than the first. Upon this, standing close in to the side of the mountain, was a huge detached rock, and back of this we found the entrance to the cave. It was a rough, jagged aperture, some ten feet in diameter, with only a scene of darkness beyond. Montallo entered first, and we followed. For a distance of about twenty feet we passed through a tunnel not varying much in height from the entrance, and after this the way began to widen and expand, until we found ourselves in a vast chamber, the extremities of which were lost in utter gloom. The floor was quite smooth, but had a descent as we went on. Through this hall we travelled nearly four hundred feet, and then we came to a place where we had to crawl along upon our hands and knees; but this was only a few feet, and then we found ourselves in a hall not so large as the first, but vastly more grand, for the walls were hung all over with stalactites, and as the light of our torches struck on the flashing pendants, the place had the appearance of one vast stelliferous dome.

After feasting our eyes upon this for a while, we passed on to another cave, still smaller than the others, and here we saw passages leading off in all directions. They were narrow and high, seeming like vast fissures where the rock had split asunder. Into one of these I entered alone, and as the way seemed straight, I kept on for some distance, the thought of finding any difficulty in getting back never once entering my head. I did not notice that though the way seemed straight as I was going, yet it had slightly radiating branches going back. At length the floor became rough, and while I held the torch above my head, and looked only upon the floor to see that my footing was sure, an intervening spur caught my light and threw it from my hand. For an instant the fallen flame quivered with its expiring throes—and then I was in utter darkness. I groped about until I found my torch, and then I turned to make my way back. My eyes were of no more use than was my lighted torch; but I fancied I had not gone far, and that a few moments groping would lead me to my companions.

But ere long I felt that something must be wrong, and then I remembered that I had my apparatus for lighting cigars with me, and after a while I managed to re-light my torch. Strange that I had not thought of this before. However, the way was once more light, and I pushed on, and ere long I came out into a large apartment, and was upon the point of calling for my friends, when I discovered that I was in a place where I had not been before. Again I called out with all my power, but only the startling echoes of my own voice replied. But my eye caught a passage that I was sure led back towards the spot where I had left my companions, and I started into it. I had not gone fifty feet before I came to a point where the passage branched off in three different ways, but I took the one which led straight on, and followed it until I was satisfied that I was on the wrong track. To go back I considered the safest way, so back I turned; but ere I had gone ten rods I found the way divided into two branches. I had not noticed this before. Without much hesitation I took the one that led to the right, for it seemed to me that that was the one by which I had come.

And on I went—on, on—and by-and-by I had the peculiar satisfaction of being convinced that I had made another mistake. I stopped and pondered; and at length I resolved that I would take some path and follow as long as I could. I was now in a small chamber, the walls and ceiling of which were only of dark rock, and which had three outlets. I chose the one that I fancied would lead me aright, and pushed on. I had heard of people's being lost and dying amid the interminable labyrinths of these vast caverns, and it is not strange that such thoughts made me a little uneasy, to say the least. But on I went, sometimes thinking I must be right, and, at others, that I was wrong. I passed through four more chambers, one of them as large as any I had entered, and finally I struck into a low, narrow passage which had a gradual descent. After travelling this some distance I stopped. The way was very descending now, and often I had to step down from one crag to another, sometimes letting myself down by my hands, where the perpendicular descent was great. It seemed that I must be going down into the bowels of the mountain; but after a while I pushed on again.

And it was well that I did, for I had not gone twenty steps before I saw a faint glimmer of light ahead. I put my torch behind me, so as to be sure, and there was no mistake. This glimmer was descending, being certainly twenty degrees below me. But down I went, and when I had reached the point where the light came in, I found it to be a low, narrow aperture, the wide passage I had been following taking an abrupt turn to the left, and leading away into utter darkness. I crawled out into this aperture, and found that I was upon a sort of shelf, about half way up the wall

of a wide chamber, and into this chamber the light came from two directions—from a narrow fissure overhead, and from an entrance on the floor nearly opposite from where I was. I held my torch out into the cave, and could see that the bottom was not far from twelve feet from where I was perched upon the shelf. And I saw more, too. But wait.

Slowly and carefully I made my way to the edge of the shelf, and then having found secure clutching places for my hands I worked my way over and let my body down, and in a moment more I reached the bottom of the cave in safety. Of course my torch was extinguished, but I could see well enough without; and almost the first thing upon which my eyes fell was—my own portmanteau!

Of course I knew that I was in the robbers' cave. It was a wide cavern, with a rough, uneven floor, and upon every hand were piled up heaps of booty. There were many bales of dry goods, many casks, and, in short, every conceivable thing that travellers could carry across the mountains. Upon one side I saw a huge chest, which I tried to move, but could not. It was firmly locked, and I supposed it must contain what of money and jewels the bandits had to store away. I opened my portmanteau, and found my property untouched, only my gold was missing.

But I waited not long here. I took my portmanteau, and had resolved to take it off, when the thought occurred to me that if the villains should return and find anything missing they might take alarm and make off with their most valuable booty, and furthermore, as my portmanteau was but little compared with the gold I had lost, I put it back where I had found it, and then taking my torch, made my way to the place where the light came in upon the floor. I found here an aperture only about three feet high, and some six feet in width, and having crawled through this I found myself in a deep ravine, and upon turning about I was surprised to find that I could not see the hole from whence I had come. But the mystery was soon explained. In coming out I had slid down a gentle descent, and an overhanging shelf of rock completely concealed the entrance. I should have said before, but may as well say here, that from the bottom of the cave the aperture through which I had gained access could not be seen, for the shelf extended some two or three feet out from the wall, and thus hid the place; so I doubt if the robbers ever discovered the secret.

This ravine in which I found myself after leaving the cavern, was long, narrow, and deep, with almost perpendicular walls, but I could see that near me was the end of it, where the solid wall arose upon three sides, and I knew of course that the outlet must be the other way. So on I hastened, and at length came to the place of egress, which was very narrow, and hidden among a thick clump of trees. When I reached the confine of this stunted copse I found myself upon the western side of the mountain! So I must have made my way entirely through the giant rock.

It was an easy matter to find the path from here; with quick steps I started for the other side. I remembered a peculiar clump of trees I had noticed in the morning on the top of the mountains, and as I could see this now, I had a safe guide. The way was toilsome, and just as the sun was sinking to rest I reached the broad table where we had left our mules; and shortly my companions joined me. I told them my story, and it was received with many expressions of almost incredulous wonder.

We reached home safe and hungry, and on the next morning Montallo hastened off to St. Stefano, where he gave an account of my discovery to an officer. The next morning I found, when I arose, a detachment of fifty soldiers under my window, waiting for me to guide them to the banditti's cave. Soon after breakfast I joined them. Wardwell and Montallo accompanied us, and by eight o'clock we were ready to set out. It was eleven o'clock when we reached the mouth of the robbers' cave, and having satisfied ourselves that there was no one within we entered. The officers were astonished beyond measure. It was soon arranged that the soldiers should remain concealed about the place until the bandits came, so my companions and myself set out on our return.

On the evening of the following day the soldiers came back, with the robbers with them, seven in number, having left five dead in the ravine on the mountain. Before I left Montallo's dwelling, Dalmato and his men were hung, and the people were once more able to travel in safety. I received back my property in full, and a small sum of gold besides; but the warm blessings I received from the relieved people were of more value than all else.

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD. BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is a MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does, one hundred pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the \$3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year of six hundred pages each, or twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for sixteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR.

from the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also speeded with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries, and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, each number being complete in itself.

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its peculiar sect or clique. This work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year, or any person sending us eight subscribers and eight dollars, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,
Corner of Tremont and Broomfield Streets, Boston.

JOHN GRIGG, ESQ., PHILADELPHIA.

The accompanying portrait is a correct likeness of a gentleman well-known and highly esteemed in Philadelphia, as one of her richest and worthiest citizens, a man emphatically the architect of his own fortunes. He has been distinguished through life for energy of character, directness of purpose, indefatigable industry, promptness, decision and high principle, and as such, may be cited as an example for imitation. Some few years since we saw, for the first time, in a newspaper, a few brief "hints to young men about commencing business," and were struck with their directness and soundness. We supposed them to be culled from various sources, but afterwards learned that they were the production of one mind, and were maxims deduced from the experience of one who had practised what he preached—the subject of this sketch. The tone of these hints was high. Looking to the accumulation of wealth as a means, they suggested its attainment by honorable methods, and through the practice of habits calculated to elevate the character and strengthen the mind. We shall refer to these hints again after speaking of their author. Few persons who have attained position and wealth have commenced life less conspicuously than John Grigg. An orphan farmer boy, no one could have predicted of him in childhood that he would one day become one of the wealthiest individuals in one of the finest cities of the Union. But he had "that within which passeth show." He had a strong mind and a brave heart, and his very position developed in him the virtue of self-reliance. At an early age he exchanged the life of a farmer for that of a sailor, which he followed for a certain period, until he had mastered the details of the nautical profession. On abandoning the sea, he passed a year or more in Richmond, Virginia, where he employed his time to great advantage in studying mathematics. But he was too poor to devote himself for any length of time exclusively to self-culture. He had his way to make in the world, and he was resolved to do it. Removing to Ohio, he soon became Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas and Chancery, in Warren county, and was so devoted to his duties there, says Hon. Thomas Corwin, "he often wrote from fifteen to eighteen hours, every twenty-four for weeks together." This excessive assiduity impaired his health, and compelled him to change his business. We next find him engaged in the woollen cloth factory of Joel Scott, Esq., in Scott county, on the Elkhorn Creek, Kentucky. He became superintendent of Mr. Scott's establishment at Georgetown, and rendered himself a most valuable man in the position, for his industry and intelligence soon enabled him to master all the minutiae of the business. In the year 1816, however, he quitted Mr. Scott, who parted from him with great regret, and went to Philadelphia, to look for an opening in a more exciting atmosphere. Business was then in a very depressed state, Mr. Grigg was comparatively without means, and was about abandoning his purpose of settling on the Atlantic seaboard, when he made the acquaintance of Mr. B. Warner, a thriving bookseller, who, with a quick appreciation of character, immediately engaged him as a clerk. Mr. Grigg mastered the details of the bookselling business as readily as he had the duties of clerk of the Ohio court and superintendent of the woollen factory, and Mr. Warner found that he had secured an invaluable assistant. A memorandum found after Mr. Warner's death, contained these words: "I consider John Grigg as possessing a peculiar talent for the bookselling business—very industrious, and from three years' observation (the time he has been employed in my business) have found nothing in his conduct to raise a doubt of his possessing correct principles." As an instance of the labor he was willing to assume, we may here mention, that soon after engaging with Mr. Warner, he learned the name of every book in the store, its price and the place where to find it, so that he was able at once to lay his hand on it when called for. On the death of Mr. Warner, he was employed by the executors to settle the affairs of the firm, a complicated and laborious business, which he executed to the satisfaction of all parties. The accomplishment of this duty left him once more with the "world before him where to choose." Conversing about his prospects with his friend, Mr. Joseph Cushing, of Baltimore, the latter said, "Rely on yourself; you cannot fail to succeed, and you will one day astonish yourself and the book trade of the country." The next day Mr. Grigg hired a store with a lodging apartment at the back of it, and commenced book seller on his own account. His experience, his industry, his tact, his rapidity of calculation, his promptitude and soundness of judgment, coupled with prudence and other good qualities, produced their logical result. The prediction of Mr. Cushing was fully verified. He did indeed "astonish the book trade of the whole country," for he completely



JOHN GRIGG, ESQ.

revolutionized it. His mercantile foresight taught him when to carry sail, and when to reef in the voyage of life. Thus the financial whirlwind of 1836 and 1837 passed harmlessly by him. He foresaw the prostration of the United States Bank, transferred his investments from stock to real estate, and when the crisis came, which ruined so many of his contemporaries, his own fortune was secure and unshaken. Outside of the circle of his own business, Mr. Grigg liberally invested capital in the various enterprises of his day. He was an early and large stockholder in the Pennsylvania Railroad; he purchased extensive properties in Mississippi and Illinois, while he has beautified his adopted city by the erection of many elegant dwellings. The possession of great wealth never seduced Mr. Grigg into the habits of ostentation and extravagance, which are not only intrinsically evil, but vicious as example. His good taste and his sound principles have preserved him from the seductions of opulence. Yet he has not fallen into the other extreme of meanness and parsimony. Through many an unseen channel his beneficence has flowed forth, conferring blessings in its path. He is fond of helping others to help themselves, for he understands the true philosophy of giving assistance. To his employees, and to those who have been in his employ, he has ever evinced a princely liberality. Mr. Grigg's own success has not blinded him to the fact that mercantile pursuits are to be engaged in with due caution. He is aware of the important fact that ninety-seven out of every one hundred merchants fail; and

he is fond of expatiating on the importance and safety of agriculture as a profession. In his opinion, nearly all our schools ought to be agricultural. He takes the same view of agricultural pursuits which the most enlightened men of all ages have entertained. We cannot better close this brief sketch than by giving some extracts from Mr. Grigg's "Hints to Young Men about commencing Business," and we regret that we cannot quote them entire. They are of universal application, and moreover afford a key to the character of their author: "Be industrious and economical. Waste neither time nor money in small and useless pleasures and indulgences. If the young can be induced to begin to save the moment they enter on the paths of life, the way will ever become easier before them, and they will not fail to attain a competency, and that without denying themselves any of the real necessities and comforts of life.—To industry and economy, add self-reliance. Do not take too much advice.—Remember that punctuality is the mother of confidence. It is not enough that the merchant fulfils his engagements: he must do what he undertakes precisely at the time, as well as in the way he agreed to. It is often the case that diligence in employments of less consequence is the most successful introduction to great enterprises.—Let the young merchant remember that selfishness is the meanest of vices, and it is the parent of a thousand more.—Be frank. Say what you mean. Do what you say. So shall your friends know and take it for granted that you mean to do what is just and right.—Accustom yourself to think vigorously.—Marry early; and in choosing a wife, a man should look first, at the heart; second, at the mind; and third, at the person.—The business man should be continually on the watch for information, and ideas that will throw light on his path; and he should be an attentive reader of all practical books, especially those relating to business, trade, etc., as well as a patron of useful and ennobling literature.—Never forget a favor, for ingratitude is the basest trait in a man's heart. Always honor your country, and remember that our country is the very best poor man's country in the world."

INTERIOR OF A HOUSE IN JAVA.

Our engraving exhibits an interior view of the principal apartment of a house in Java, and the way in which the Javanese live. The room is constructed of bamboo, and the floor is covered with mats. With the exception of the perpendicular height, it resembles very much the cabin of a ship with berths on each side. The occupants of these little side dens, when they wish to be private, can draw the curtains; and on each side is a sort of a settee, convenient for lounging, and for ascending to and descending from the inner recesses. Here we see a group of persons of both sexes—or rather, we should say, ladies and gentlemen. But we confess that these same Javanese are not in our style of beauty. There seems to be a degree of *abandon* and social familiarity among the congregated inmates, which would hardly be tolerated in more civilized communities. The lady on our left, who is inhaling the fragrance of a flower, may be, for aught we know, and probably is, a Javanese Venus; but beside the Medicean, or the Venus of Milo, she would hardly "enchant the world." There is, on the whole, quite an air of neatness about this Javanese domicile. In architecture, the Javanese surpass the other natives of the eastern archipelago; and many structures of stone and brick, some in a style of superior magnificence (as, for instance, the temple of Boro Budor), exist in different parts of the island. But the art of building has declined since the middle of the 13th century, and the modern Javanese do not even understand the art of turning an arch, though arches are seen in every ancient structure remaining in Java. The *Karatons*, or palaces of the native princes, are walled enclosures, laid out on a uniform plan, and comprising numerous buildings; they were formerly constructed of hewn stone, but at present consist of ill-burnt bricks and ill-concocted mortar. After these, the better sort of residences are called *pandapas*, a word derived from the Sanscrit; and the edifice is, therefore, probably of Indian origin. In most of these a thatched roof is supported by four wooden pillars, round which is an awning of light materials, supported by movable props of bamboo; and the whole is closed in by a temporary paling, and divided into apartments by light partitions. The chief materials of the houses of the Javanese are the bamboo, the rattan, the palmetto leaf and wild grass. The house of a peasant in a populous part of Java, where materials are not the most abundant, will not exceed the value of sixty days' labor. In the dwellings of the chiefs there is generally, in a conspicuous part of the house, a kind of state bed, rather for display than use; but an ordinary bed is usually only the bamboo floor



INTERIOR OF A HOUSE IN JAVA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

CLUBS FOR THE PICTORIAL.

AWARDING THE PRIZES.

According to our agreement, we now proceed to award the prizes which were offered for the New Year's subscriptions—in doing which, we cheerfully wish those who have won them, perfect satisfaction and much enjoyment of the same.

1. A. WHITNEY, of Ashburnham, Mass., having sent 266 subscribers, making the *first* largest club, will receive an elegant first class PIANO FORTE, rosewood case, of the best Boston workmanship, warranted in all respects. Value, \$300.

2. B. FRANK, of Norwich, New York, having sent 251 subscribers, making the *second* largest club, will receive a superior ENGLISH LEVER GOLD WATCH, with a rich gold chain, seals and key, new, and warranted perfect in all respects. Value, \$200.

3. F. V. BULFINCH, Charlestown, Mass., having sent 234 subscribers, making the *third* largest club, will receive a library of ONE HUNDRED BOUND VOLUMES of new and valuable books, embracing biographies, histories, novels, records of travel, etc. Value, \$150.

4. J. C. TERRY, of St. Paul, Minnesota, having sent 138 subscribers, making the *fourth* largest club, will receive a superb ENGLISH DOUBLE BARRELLED GUN, silver mounted, with shot and powder pouch, game bag and fixtures, a reliable weapon. Value, \$100.

5. D. MITCHELL, of Bridgewater, Mass., having sent 122 subscribers, making the *fifth* largest club, will receive a LADY'S GOLD WATCH, new, elegantly set in gold, with a rich enamel back, best Geneva workmanship, and warranted. Value, \$80.

6. T. HARDIE, of Dubuque, Iowa, having sent 120 subscribers, making the *sixth* largest club, will receive a superior ENGLISH SILVER LEVER WATCH, new, and warranted in all respects a perfect instrument and timekeeper. Value, \$60.

7. GEORGE COTTON, of Delevan, Wisconsin, having sent 114 subscribers, making the *seventh* largest club, will receive an elegant AMERICAN RIFLE, silver mounted, new, and of the best make, with powder-flask and fixtures—a superb weapon. Value, \$55.

8. A. S. TOND, of Pultneyville, New York, having sent 101 subscribers, making the *eighth* largest club, will receive a fine RIDING SADDLE and BRIDLE made to our own order, of the best English stock, by William Holmes, 25 Tremont Row, Boston, with curb and snaffle bits, and all the fixtures perfect. Value, \$30.

9. R. D. SMITH, of Geneva, Wisconsin, having sent 74 subscribers, making the *ninth* largest club, will receive a richly wrought PURSE, suitable for a gentleman or lady, and containing THIRTY GOLD DOLLARS. Value, \$35.

10. O. RAMSDALL, of Jersey Shore, Penn., having sent 62 subscribers, making the *tenth* largest club, will receive an ENGLISH SILVER WATCH, a new and perfect timekeeper, and in all respects suitable for a young lad or miss attending school. Value, \$25.

11. T. DOW, of Whitewater, Wisconsin, having sent 52 subscribers, making the *eleventh* largest club, will receive a fine heavy GOLD SEAL RING, elaborately wrought, and with the initials of the winner cut upon the stone. Value, \$20.

12. T. McNABB, of Patterson, N. J., having sent 51 subscribers, making the *twelfth* largest club, will receive five large and beautiful STEEL ENGRAVINGS, each one exhibiting some interesting scene, framed in gilt, parlor ornaments. Value, \$18.

J. M. REYNOLDS, of Pultneyville, N. Y., having sent 50 subscribers, will receive EIGHT BOUND VOLS. OF THE PICTORIAL.

J. M. TOMLINSON, of Charlestown, Ohio, having sent 50 subscribers, will receive EIGHT BOUND VOLS. OF THE PICTORIAL.

D. S. JACKSON, Council Bluffs, Iowa, having sent us 50 subscribers, will receive EIGHT BOUND VOLS. OF THE PICTORIAL.

J. K. ALEXANDER, of Franklin, Indiana, having sent us 50 subscribers, will receive EIGHT BOUND VOLS. OF THE PICTORIAL.

SPLINTERS.

.... The Episcopal Recorder condemns Dickens's last work, "Little Dorritt," as irreligious.

.... Candles resembling the finest wax are now made from coal and from the peat bogs of Ireland.

.... Our very manner is a thing of importance. A kind "no" is often far more agreeable than a rough "yes."

.... The captain general of Havana lately gave a banquet to the officers of all American vessels that were then in port.

.... A negro lately violated (so the Post says) the Sabbath by playing a fiddle on Sunday.

.... Prince Lucien Bonaparte is now a member of nearly all the scientific academies of the old world.

.... The salary of the governor of Mississippi, by a recent act of the legislature, has been raised to the sum of \$5000.

.... The English poison at the rate of about 6,000,000 Chinamen per annum with the opium trade they forced on China.

.... He who has energy enough to root out vice, should go a step further and plant virtue in its stead.

.... A "sufficiency" has been defined as "a little more than a person has already." A true bill.

.... When you have nothing to say, say nothing—that is unless you are an orator or a debater.

.... The State of Pennsylvania possesses property to the value of \$581,000,000, with a population of 2,300,000.

.... A great effort is making in New Haven to resuscitate the Jerome Clock Company. It employed 200 or 300 workmen.

.... The flour and grain dealers of Philadelphia are making an effort to establish a new bank.

.... Dr. Parker, of San Jacinto, Texas, has been killing a bear a day for some weeks past.

.... The U. S. Supreme Court have decided that the President cannot commute a sentence, though he may grant a pardon.

.... "Copper and iron have been found in the blood of human beings." Yes, and brass in their faces.

.... The directors of the Boston and Maine Railroad have discontinued the practice of selling season tickets.

POSTAL REFORM—MONEY ORDERS.

A very energetic movement is now making for the purpose of obtaining from government a reform in our post-office system, and large meetings of business men and others, having this object in view, have already been held in New York, Boston, and other places. To Mr. Pliny Miles, who has devoted much time and thought to the subject, and whose position, as a clerk in the post-office department at Washington, afforded him an opportunity of practically examining the operation of the present system, belongs the credit of having "set this ball in motion." His able pamphlet on "Postal Reform," which we have heretofore briefly noticed, has been received with very general favor.

The following are the principal changes demanded by the reformers: 1, Uniform postage of two cents on letters, and a cheap uniform rate for printed matter. 2, Receiving-houses and letter-carriers for the collection and delivery of letters in cities and principal towns, without extra charge. 3, Money orders for sums not exceeding twenty-five dollars to be drawn by the principal post-offices on each. 4, Compulsory prepayment to be abolished, and double postage to be charged on all mail matter not prepaid. 5, All dead letters to be returned to the writers, and whenever possible, without opening. 6, The postage on all franked matter to be paid by the government.

Some of the above items admit of discussion; but with regard to the establishment of a system furnishing a safe and convenient means of remitting money, there can be but one opinion. The British government have adopted a very simple plan of money orders, the details of which may be found in Mr. Miles's excellent pamphlet, and which has been found to work admirably in Great Britain, where it has been in operation for a series of years. An order is drawn by the postmaster of one town on the postmaster of another for a sum of money to be paid, on the receipt of a "letter of advice," which contains the name and calling of the payee, and the name and calling of the remitter. The "advice of money order" is sent by the first mail to the postmaster on whom the order is drawn, and is his authority for paying the money order whenever it is presented. In the money letter there is a blank form of receipt to be signed by the payee—namely, the person to whom the order is payable. The "advice" is signed by the postmaster sending and the postmaster receiving it.

"The safety of the money order," says Mr. Miles, "consists in the information necessary to have it paid—the full name and occupation of the remitter—being only known to the sender and receiver, and the postmaster on whom the order is drawn. If the mail is robbed or lost, the postmaster failing to get his 'advice' by due course, will not pay the order if it is presented, until he gets the necessary 'advice' or instruction. If the person to whom the order is addressed knows the full name and occupation of the sender, so that it is not necessarily in the letter accompanying the order, or if—as the public are partially instructed—the name in full and occupation are sent by another day's post, and not accompanying the money order, any thief or mail robber who might get the order will find it of no use to him, as he cannot give the information necessary for having it cashed." The order and letter of advice bear the same number. During sixteen years, five hundred and twenty millions of dollars have been remitted in this way in Great Britain, and not one dollar in five hundred thousand has been lost to the remitter by any fault of the system, any crime or casualty. Is it not worth while to introduce this plan here? As detailed by Mr. Miles, it appears simple and feasible. The commission charged in England is less than one per cent., and no one would begrudge a moderate charge for a plan that appears to secure perfect safety for the remittance. Almost every one is interested in this question, and we trust that no means will be left untried for the reform in this particular, which is so much needed.

BINDING.—Having extended the facilities for prompt and neat work in our binding department, we are now prepared to bind all works handed in to us, at the lowest prices, and in the best possible manner. Books, pamphlets, magazines, newspapers, will all be bound in any desired form; our own works being finished as heretofore, and at the same prices.

DR. BALL.—This gentleman, so well known by his recently published book of travels in China, and who, last fall, froze his feet and hands badly during a night he passed on the White Mountains, has, we are happy to learn, nearly recovered from his injuries.

"THE CONTRABANDIST."—We hear much, from all quarters, in praise of this interesting and admirably written story, now publishing in our columns. The author will be henceforth one of our regular contributors.

OUR NEXT NUMBER.—Among the striking features of our next number will be two large pictures by Billings, engraved in the best style, depicting the "Storm of Chapultepec," and the "Battle of Buena Vista." They are both brilliant works of art.

TROUBLE AHEAD.—It is said that the allies are resolved to capture all Russian vessels transferred to the citizens of the United States since the commencement of the Eastern war. "Catch a weasel asleep."

PORTRAITS.—D. C. Johnston, and his son, Thomas Johnston, who inherits his father's talents, are taking excellent likenesses at their rooms, 257 Washington Street.

BACK NUMBERS.—We can send all new or old subscribers the back numbers of our paper to January 1st, making the work complete for the current year, or any previous number desired.

BOSTON MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

On our last page we present two views, representing the exterior of the new "Mercantile Building," at the corner of Summer and Hawley Streets, recently erected by Emory B. Fay, Esq., and the interior of the Boston Mercantile Library, which was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on the 1st of January, 1856. They were drawn expressly for us by Mr. Warren, and may be relied on as faithful delineations. The lot is adjacent to Trinity church—a portion of which is represented in our sketch—and measures nearly five-eighths of an acre.

The Mercantile Library Association occupies 11,000 square feet on the second floor of this building, and the rooms consist of a reading room, periodical room, conversation room, library, president's room, secretaries' room, director's room, room for coins and curiosities, two committee rooms, a room for storage and a fine hall for literary exercises, general meetings, etc., capable of seating about 700 persons. The stand point selected for the interior view is near the centre of the reading room, looking from Summer Street through the periodical room, conversation room and library, a distance of two hundred and seventeen feet.

The reading room is forty feet on Summer Street, sixty-two feet deep and twenty feet high. In an oval sky-light in the ceiling, of ground and stained glass, is a representation of the seal of the Association. The walls are embellished with a bust and portrait of Hon. Abbott Lawrence, a friend and one of the munificent patrons of the institution, by portraits of Columbus and Vesputius, presented by Lewis Tappan, Esq., and by several other paintings, lists of present and past officers, etc. A copy of Stuart's original picture of Washington, now owned in Newport, is in preparation, and will be presented to the Association by Hon. Edward Everett. The elegant clock, with two marble dials, was manufactured by Howard & Davis, and presented to the Association by Mr. CARLOS PIERCE, its present efficient president, and chairman of the committee under whose tasteful supervision the rooms have been finished and furnished.

The periodical room is furnished with an excellent selection of foreign and domestic periodicals, and every convenience is provided for readers. The present shelving of the library, which consists of twenty-two alcoves, will contain 25,000 volumes. Its capacity may be doubled by means of a light gallery accessible by an iron circular stairway. The number of volumes in the library at present, is 17,000, and is increasing at the rate of two thousand annually. The hall, which is to be known as the "Mercantile Hall," has four convenient ante-rooms, is centrally located, and is admirably adapted for concerts, lectures, readings, etc., and we notice that it is already much in demand for such purposes. It has an independent entrance from Summer Street, and another from Hawley Street.

This institution is the oldest of all the Mercantile Library Associations in the country, having been founded in March, 1820. Its present number of members is 2100. A course of lectures is delivered each winter. By the terms of the constitution, any person engaged in mercantile pursuits, who is more than fourteen years of age, may become a member of the Association, by the payment of two dollars annually. Persons not engaged in mercantile pursuits may become subscribers, and be entitled to all the privileges of members except that of voting, by the payment of two dollars; and ladies may become subscribers on the same terms. We learn that since the opening of the new rooms, many ladies have availed themselves of the privileges of the institution.

LETTERS AND OYSTERS.—It is said that oysters sent from Baltimore reached Cincinnati in advance of the mail letters. Wouldn't it be well to enclose the letters in oyster-shells?

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Kallach, Mr. Sanford L. Mower to Miss Jane M. Burrows; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Joseph Hartman to Miss Julia Curran; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Warren H. Knight to Miss Olivia Carter; by Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. Richard Steel to Miss Jane Lineham; by Rev. Mr. Pettie, Mr. James H. Lord to Miss Cordelia H. Benjamin.—At East Boston, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Capt. Edward W. Raudall, of Bath, Me., to Miss Jane D. Cole.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Ryder, Mr. Eben T. Hayward to Miss Caroline Gale.—At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Emerson, Mr. Charles E. Eastman to Miss Maria B. Nichols, of Boston.—At East Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, Mr. Samuel T. Hadley to Miss Maria Cavanah.—At Newton Centre, by Rev. Dr. Smith, Mr. Samson Talbot to Miss Mary E. Morso.—At Stoneham, by Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, of Southbridge, Mr. Jesse Green, 2d to Mrs. Eliza Green.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Dr. Kendall, Mr. John T. Holmes to Miss Laura A. Harlow.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Bronson, Mr. Howard B. Allen to Mrs. Adeline Lindsey.—At Springfield, Mr. John Brooks to Miss Carrie Adams.—At Stonington, Conn., by Rev. Mr. Bronson, Mr. George S. Kinney, of Griswold, Conn., to Miss Eliza C. Eccleston, of Westerly, R. I.

DEATHS.

In this city, Hon. Daniel Safford, 63; Miss Harriet A. Sanderson, 24; Widow Margaret F. Capen; Mr. David Farrar, 36; Mr. Henry Cumby, 30; Mr. James Heary, 65; Mr. George C. Philbrook, 51; Mrs. Doreen Olendorf, 54; Mr. William Duff, 38; Mrs. Maria Lord, 33.—At South Boston, Cyrus Alger, Esq., 74; Mr. William H. Gage, 49.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Kezia Gaston, 76.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Cornelia S. Hall, 64; Miss Ellen L. Daniels, 19; Mrs. Eliza Caverly Canney, 47.—At Dorchester, Mr. Jesse Pierce, formerly of Stoughton, 67.—At West Cambridge, Miss Eleanor S. Pierce, 18.—At Winchester, Mrs. Dorothy, widow of the late Mr. Phineas Stone, 77.—At Leominster, Miss Helen L. Ingalls, 20.—At Watertown, Mr. John Heath, 44.—At Newton, Mr. Matthias Collins, 80.—At Lynn, Mr. William Stanfield, 42; Mrs. Martha Alley, 36; Mrs. Nancy Fitch, 35.—At Salem, Mr. John B. Mitchell, 37; Widow Lucy Ann Dodge, 41.—At Gloucester, Mrs. Ellen F. Wood, 22.—At Lowell, Mr. Sidney S. Olcott, 50.—At Plymouth, Mr. Perez Poole, 75.—At Fall River, Mrs. Isabella Clarkson, late of England, 70.—At Nantucket, Widow Mary Langdon, 64; Mr. Heuben Whitehouse, 67.—At Worcester, Mr. Israel Whitney, 75; Miss M. Maria Putnam, 18.—At Milbury, Capt. Amasa Wood, 72; Mr. C. P. Wetmore, 31.—At Springfield, Nicholas Baylies, Esq., of Boston, 33.

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Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ISABEL.

BY GEORGE H. COOMBS.

My beauteous little child!
Her lips were drops of dew;
And in her eyes the violets smiled
With more than violet blue.

Her image I recall,
Where dwelt a soul so sweet,
We thought its love could sweeten all
The hearts that ever beat.

How all her thoughts I read,
How sad her tear-drops were;
It grieves me that I ever said
One childing word to her.

For she, my blue-eyed child,
In death's embraces fell:
Now lives alone in roses wild
The grace of Isabel.

I've seen the iceberg's gleam,
And felt the tropic sun;
But she was ever in my dream,
My darling little one.

I've worn thee in my heart,
My child of sunny brow;
And, cherub as thou wert and art,
Here will I keep thee now.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NANNETTE CATHERWOOD.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

"JAMES," said Mrs. Catherwood to her husband, "it is not right that you should be at variance with Mr. Somers. He is a kind neighbor."

"You are correct in that last, Emily," answered her husband.

"And an excellent man," continued Mrs. Catherwood.

"Right, again."

"He has shown himself a true friend to us, ever since we settled near each other; not in words, merely, but in good deeds, that have been many and frequent—that he performed heartily and with a good will."

"True—true, Emily. I acknowledge it all."

And rising, Mr. Catherwood paced the room with an unquiet step and a troubled air.

"Well—this matter of disturbance, what is it, after all? A discussion of some affair which concerns neither of you, and that can in no way affect your interests or his. A mere debate—"

"But, Emily, I *know* I was right," broke in Mr. Catherwood, earnestly.

"I will not question that," returned the wife, continuing her sewing quietly; "but, granting you were, what then?"

"Then it was my place to prove myself in the right."

"And Mr. Somers in the wrong. Did you think of that, James?" asked his wife.

Mr. Catherwood colored at the gentle rebuke.

"You will own, I am sure," continued she, pleasantly, "that it would have been kinder—more delicate, in you, to abandon the dispute—to allow him to think you in the wrong, if he would, rather than force from him, finally, a confession of the superiority of your judgment over his. For that is all it would amount to, at last."

Mr. Catherwood still paced the floor in silence and with a feeling of conviction.

"Can you not see, James, that the victory, when gained, would have seemed to you an unworthy one? That it would have given you, after all, no satisfaction? That he would have been uncomfortable, and you unhappy? That you would have had an unpleasant consciousness of having argued for the actual benefit of no one, but merely to exalt your confidence in your own opinion, by humbling that of your neighbor in his own?"

"Yes—yes, Emily; it is all as you say," returned Mr. Catherwood, repentantly. "I see it now, plainly; but I did not see it then. I was excited—I should have been more moderate. But I am so blind—I never find out the right way until the mischief's done. I believe Mr. Somers is offended now, past repair."

And throwing himself upon a seat by the window, he leaned his head upon his hand, and became lost in painful thought. The summer twilight was fast approaching. The tea-table had been cleared off, and little Nannette, their only child, a lovely little girl of six, had been sitting on the doorstep during the conversation of her parents, watching the clear, glowing tints of the sunset sky. They were paling, now; it was near little Nannette's bedtime.

"Come, Nannette," called her mother, folding up her sewing and laying it aside; "come in now. The dew is beginning to fall, and the birds are going to sleep. You must go to sleep too."

The child rose from her seat on the sill, casting one last, lingering look upon the beautiful sky. Then she went in.

"It is so pretty, mama," she said, gently. "I *should* like to sit up a little longer. Just while the moon rises, and the stars come out."

"Yes, Emily," said Mr. Catherwood, "let her stay an hour longer, my dear."

"Very well—if she would like it a *great deal*—would you, Nannette?" asked her mother, smilingly stroking the child's bright hair.

"A very great deal—yes, mama," answered the little one.

And so her father took her upon his knee, and she sat there with him by the open window, her pretty head lying against his shoulder, and her clear, vivacious gray eyes fixed upon the far-off blue of the summer twilight heaven.

They sat by an eastern window, and while she watched the gradual rising of the large, yellow harvest moon, and the gleaming of the soft stars, Mr. Catherwood silently contemplated the grave beauty of those earnest eyes, and the sincerity of that childish face, and the calm, spiritual loveliness of the full white brow, around which the fair hair lay, and was scattered in soft rings of palest gold, upon his breast.

"Nannette," he said, "what makes you like the stars so much?"

He waited for an answer, but she did not hear him; and he did not attempt to disturb her. Only once, as the gleam of moonlit water pierced the intervening foliage, she said softly, and as if to herself:

"How beautiful it must be on the river, to-night!"

The hour passed, and now Nannette must kiss her father and go with mama to her little chamber. It was reluctantly and again with wistful, lingering looks, that she turned from the window.

"Don't dream about the moon, Nannie," said her father, with a smile, as she left him.

"Emily," he said, when his wife returned from the child's room, "it is strange—this passion of Nannette's; she is quite bewitched, I think, with the moonlight."

Mrs. Catherwood stood a moment by the window.

"It is beautiful enough to bewitch any one, James. And I don't think it at all strange that she should delight in it so, for do you know I have an idea that our Nannie is a little poetical? But come—I have my sewing to do, and here is the book which you promised to read aloud to me. Now is an excellent time to commence it."

With a sigh, as his thoughts reverted to Mr. Somers, from whom the book had come, Mr. Catherwood opened it and began the first chapter. Emily's hand flew rapidly, and the sewing and reading went on briskly. It was a treat to have a new book stray into those lonely regions, for the Catherwoods lived in a very thinly settled part of Maine, where such things were sufficiently rare. It is to be supposed, then, that they enjoyed their reading that evening.

Meanwhile, Nannette, in her own little chamber, was "lying broad awake," looking at the moonlight that streamed in through the partly opened window, from which the muslin drapery had been drawn a little aside, to let the cool air in. She had never enjoyed herself so much as that evening, for it was the first time she had ever been allowed to sit up after the usual hour for retiring; and the beauty and serenity of the night had filled her with a pleasure inexpressible. As her mother had said, she possessed a poetical temperament, and the sweet and holy solemnity of this lovely hour deeply impressed her. Nannette could not sleep—that was impossible; and she lay there looking at the moonlight, shining yellow and clear on the floor and wall, until she could resist its witchery no longer. Stepping out from her low couch, she thrust her tiny bare feet into her shoes, and throwing a large mantle, which lay near, over her night dress, she went and knelt down by the window. Here, with the curtain drawn aside, she could drink in the wonderful splendor of the outer night; and awed, alarmed, fascinated, the child forgot everything but her own perfect happiness.

Beneath its reedy banks, on which the dwelling stood, flowed the calm, bright river, gleaming up from among its fringing osiers. Fair, and placid, and clear as a sheet of silver, it shone beneath the broad moonlight. And there, by the edge of the bank, under the willows, a little boat was moored. Nannette saw it. Happy little boat, that would sleep under the bright moon, rocked by the shining water, all night!

An irresistible charm led Nannie's feet. It drew them out from the low window, across the garden, down to the water-side, into the painted skiff, where, at last, the child sat down, and drawing the mantle about her, clasped her knees with her hands and leaned her head upon them. It was so sweet! The night was very warm, the air soft and fragrant, the moonlight intoxicating. A low, faint murmur, dreamy and delicious, came from the osiers. Wrapt in her mantle, Nannette nestled down in the bottom of the skiff, and pillowing her bright head upon her arm, looked up at the stars.

Large, and mellow, and golden, they burned through the blue firmament. Higher rose the clear, unclouded moon; and down on the river, through the elder-boughs and willows, and into the tiny skiff—poured a flood of silent splendor. Still the soft air wafted its heavy fragrance from the shore; still the osiers made a dreamy murmur in her ears; still the child lay nestled in her mantle with her head pillowed upon her arm; but gradually the fragrance grew fainter, the murmurs seemed to come from a long way off, the soft lids of Nannette drooped—a fringed curtain between the moonbeams and those weary eyes.

Presently, the loosely fastened rope that held the skiff, began to slip from its hold, little by little, so slowly that you could scarcely perceive the motion. But by-and-by, it had slipped away altogether; a little line of bright ripples sparkled in the water, when it glided from the tree-roots. There was nothing now to hold the frail vessel. Free from its moorings, it was borne gently out from its resting-place, with the course of the stream, and along it went with the ripples, under the shadow of the willows, bearing its unconscious burden down the river; for Nannette was sound asleep.

On—on still went the boat. Further adown the shining stream, amid that forest wilderness, with no earthly eye to see or hand to guide. If the child should sleep on, she might be borne along

just so, all night. If she should wake, who could answer for her safety, in her fright? In either case, the boat might strike some obstruction, and be overset. Nothing but Providence could save little Nannie now. * * * *

"Father!"

It was a wild, terrified cry—a child's cry—that broke the stillness, and died away, unanswered. "Father—come!"

Wilder rose that call of agony, waking the echoes far and near, and startling the mother-bird from her nest in the tree that overhung the river. But *her* little ones were safe. And no human voice answered that cry. And again it rose:

"Father—father! Mother!"

All alone upon the river—all alone. And away in their cottage home, the father and mother sat, unconscious of their child's peril. Again that cry arose—and this time with despairing energy. Hark! was not that an answer?

Faint and far away the voice sounds—but *it was an answer!* Louder, now it came—and nearer. "Halloo!" * *

At midnight Emily Catherwood sprang up from an uneasy slumber, waking her husband. She was sitting there in the moonlight, trembling in every limb.

"Emily!" he called, "what ails you—are you sick?" and he too, sprang up in alarm.

"No—no! I dreamed—of Nannie! O, James, such a terrible dream! I must go to her—I didn't go before I came to bed. If anything has happened to her!"

Infected with his wife's fear, Mr. Catherwood listened breathlessly while she went to the adjoining room.

"O, James—James! Nannie's gone! She's not here!"

The cry struck a chill of horror to his soul. Nannie gone! Where? It was the work of a moment to dress and prepare for the search. Every nook and corner of the child's room was thrown open. She was not there. Yet her clothes remained where her mother had placed them. Only—her shoes were gone, and a heavy plaid shawl or mantle, that had hung by the door. Why had she taken them alone? How long had she been gone? *Where was Nannie?*

Nowhere to be found. Nowhere about house or garden. The child was lost. They called for her in vain. Far and wide, out into the night, the father and mother went in a distraction of terror that was almost madness, to seek for her. In vain. There was but one way now—Emily said so. It was for James to go to Mr. Somers, with whom he had parted in bitter anger and enmity that day, and beg him to assist in the search.

"He will refuse me! I have insulted him—wronged him!" said Mr. Catherwood, despairingly.

"James, he cannot! He, too, is a father! He, too, has a wife and children!" uttered Emily. "Hasten and let us saddle the horses—we are losing time!"

And together, beneath the midnight moon, the husband and wife sped silently to the dwelling of their neighbor, nearly two miles away. Not ten minutes elapsed during that journey, yet the inward agony they felt made it seem like hours. The suspense they endured was fearful. They had almost reached the end of the way, and the house was in sight. They remarked, simultaneously, that lights were burning within; and at that moment there rode rapidly from the stable a gentleman, urging his horse to a gallop. He desisted the new comers, and rode rapidly on.

"James Catherwood, is that you?" he cried, eagerly.

"Mr. Somers—yes!" and Mr. Catherwood sprang from his saddle. "Harry—my child—Nannie—"

"Is safe! my friends."

Mr. Somers clasped their hands, unable, from his own emotion, to utter another word. But he drew them trembling with joyous anticipation, through the open door, to the well-lighted kitchen of the farm-house, where, in the arms of his wife and surrounded by his family, safe and well, sat little Nannette!

No words can speak the ecstasy of the child's parents, as they clasped her once more to their hearts, while the family joined with them in their thanksgivings for her safety; and Mr. Somers himself, moved to the very depths of his soul, dashed aside the tears that started to his eyes, as he looked upon their joy. Then little Nannie told her story, weeping and smiling at once, and breaking off at every other moment to kiss her parents; how she had wished so earnestly, kneeling there by the window, to sit a little while in the boat, on the river; how she had gone, without ever thinking how wrong it was, down to the edge of the water and got into the boat (and here Nannie's tears streamed fast, thinking of her wrong doing), how she had fallen asleep, she didn't know how, and waked to find herself alone way down the river, out of sight of home! How she had been alarmed, and called for her parents so many times—till she was sick and despairing, when she heard somebody answer, and presently Mr. Somers reached the river, plunged in, and brought her to the shore. How he carried her home, and—and the child ended her story with a perfect torrent of tears. James Catherwood could hardly restrain his own, as he offered his hand to Mr. Somers.

"My friend!" he said, "you have saved my child. What do I not owe you! How little, this morning, in my anger, did I look forward to such a moment as this! Can you—will you forgive me for my bitter words—my unworthy conduct—for the insulting language I used?"

"Not a word—not a word, my friend!" said Mr. Somers, earnestly. "I do not remember what you said. I do not know what I said myself. I was very angry. I was thinking, to-night, and speaking to my wife, of my unguardedness this morning—I was hasty, as well as you. I have thought of it all day. Let us forget it now."

Neither could forget it, however; but that day's occurrence taught them the dependence, even of foes, upon one another.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Two iron ships, built at Glasgow, Scotland, recently arrived at Charleston, S. C. — Money seems to have a soporific influence on the inventive faculties. During the long years that our patent office has been in existence, only five labor-saving machines have been produced by men of wealth, and of these five, one is devoted to "a new mode of smoking tobacco," and the other four to easy chairs. — The Chinese have a strange prejudice against milk, and never touch it. — The time and care bestowed by Rogers upon his verses was well exemplified in a favorite saying of Sydney Smith: "When Rogers produces a couplet he goes to bed, and the knocker is tied, and straw is laid down, and the candle is made, and the answer to inquiries is, that Mr. Rogers is as well as can be expected." — The once well-known Father Mathew, of temperance notoriety, is now one of the missionaries of the Church of Rome in the Feejee Islands. — About three hundred and sixty million pounds of sugar were consumed in the United States last year—averaging about forty pounds for every man, woman and child. — The income of the Rhode Island State prison for the past year has been \$1430 07 in excess of the expenditures, which were \$5922 84. The prison has been enlarged, and a chapel added to it. The expenses of the prison and jail together have been \$12,696 10, which is \$2868 63 above the earnings. — A passenger on a New Jersey railroad, having lost his overcoat while absent from the cars, at a stopping-place, sued for it and recovered. — The narrowest escape from nonsense we have seen exhibited lately, was the ejection of a newsboy from the cars of a certain railroad, because he was offering for sale a paper containing a cut upon the perils of travelling by steam! — The Ohio legislature has refused to abolish capital punishment. — The Albany Knickerbockers speak of a sleigh that appeared a day or two since which had wooden runners shod with *sole leather*. The builder had an eye to saving the wood. — Elk meat has been one of the luxuries of the Dubuque market the past winter. — Mr. Whitley, the artist, after a residence in this country of nearly thirty years, is about to return to England, for the purpose, we understand, of visiting the picture-galleries of Europe, and delivering a series of lectures upon topics appertaining to the North American continent. — The railway between Quebec and Saguenay is to be a light plate rail track to be worked by horses. This is a prudent determination worth imitating in other places. — Some time ago a ship left the port of New York for Australia, with a cargo mostly of flour, which cost about \$10 a barrel. The flour was sold in Australia for \$25 a barrel. — At the funeral of Mr. Otis Russell, in Marlboro', recently, the widow and fifteen children of the deceased were present. — A doll is no longer a compliment, when applied to the daughters of Eve. A Parisian actress lately prosecuted an editor who had called her a "Nuremberg doll," and recovered heavy damages. — The value of stone quarried in Rockport, for building purposes, last year, was a quarter of a million dollars. — Thomas Wadsworth, who has ridden post from Utica for thirty-four years, and delivered 265,200 copies of newspapers from that place, has retired, upon his snowshoes. — The Weedowee (Ala.) Eagle tells a story of a catamount that recently attacked a woman near that place, and after injuring her severely, was beaten off by the negroes belonging to a man named Todd. The overseer went out with dogs and a party of mules to hunt the beast, when it attacked him, killed nine of Todd's negroes, and finally escaped. — Mr. Corcoran, of Champagne county, was robbed near Danville, Ill., one night lately, of \$2000, by some villains who threw dust in his eyes while he was in bed. — A young married woman in Fitchburg, Mass., has been rendered insane by spiritual belief and its consequent evils. — Mr. Cottle, of Syracuse, N. Y., is the oldest railroad conductor in the United States, and what is remarkable, no fatal accident has ever occurred on any train under his charge. — At the French exposition there was exhibited a watch, which tells the name and day of the month, the equation of time; is a repeater, striking the minute as well as the hour; is a thermometer of tolerable accuracy, and winds itself up by the action of its own movement. The price of this most ingenious piece of workmanship is thirty thousand francs.

INSANITY IN MAINE.

The annual report of the Maine Insane Hospital gives the number of patients in the hospital, 154—a larger number than at any previous time. There have been admitted during the year 115 patients, 88 having been discharged, viz., 41 recovered, 14 improved, 14 unimproved, and 19 died. The superintendent's report states that more insanity appears in the spring than at any other season—and that the insane relish newspapers much better than books. Mechanical restraints have been less employed than in any previous year, and there has been no solitary confinement. It is thought there are 1300 lunatics in the State.

CANADIAN TRADE.—The Oswego (N. Y.) Journal states that the trade of that port with Canada in the year 1855, exhibits a vast increase over that of 1854. In that year the whole trade amounted to \$2,869,217; while in 1855 it reached the sum of \$12,010,663, showing an increase of \$9,140,846. This advance is attributed to the effects of the reciprocity treaty.

EDUCATIONAL.—George W. Foster, Esq., of Florence, Ala., has endowed a professorship in the college of that place with \$10,000. His endowment fills the mathematical chair, and is called the Foster Professorship.

GENEALOGICAL.—According to the directory there are one hundred and three families of Newhalls in Lynn, Mass.

Wayside Gatherings.

Gum arabic is formed from the sap of the acacia tree of Morocco.

The price of a good dray horse in California, ranges from \$400 to \$800.

Pure anthracite coal, in large quantity, has been found in Paterson Creek, in Botetort county, Va.

There are now on the stocks of Quebec, twenty-seven vessels, averaging about 900 tons each.

In Springfield last year there were 537 births and 253 deaths. The number of marriages was 196.

Yankee Sullivan is giving private lessons in boxing to the young king of the Sandwich Islands.

A royal decree has been issued in Sweden, abrogating the export duty on iron.

An exhibition of the strength and capabilities of the Baltic's life boats was recently made at Liverpool, and found to be most satisfactory.

A man discovered America, but a woman equipped the voyage. So everywhere; man executes the performances, but woman trains the man.

The Springfield Republican says that measures are being taken in that city to erect a monument to the memory of the Rev. W. B. O. Peabody.

The ex-bankers, Paul, Strahan and Bates, recently convicted of embezzlement, were in the habit of opening their banking-house with prayer.

The American ship Washington, which lay all summer at Copenhagen, landed her cargo on the ice, and conveyed it in sleighs into Riga.

The London Gazette publishes the treaty with Japan, opening to British commerce the ports of Nagasaki and Hakodadi, same as the Americans.

During the year 1855, the passengers arriving by sea at San Francisco, were 31,759, and those departing were 22,898—being an increase for the State, of 8861 persons.

In answer to an application from New Orleans, to lecture in that city, Thackeray demanded two hundred and fifty dollars per night, and half of the profits. He was refused.

General Scott said that it was difficult to get the New England men into a quarrel, but when they waked up and have the law on their side, they were the ugliest customers in the world.

The business men of Philadelphia who are connected with the flour and grain trade, are making an effort to secure the organization of a new monetary institution, to be called "The Exchange Bank of Philadelphia."

Louis Kossuth has retired from journalism, and ceased his connection with the Atlas. In his valedictory address, he speaks rather despondingly of the small effect made by his articles, but looks to future history for the realization of his prophecies.

The Spanish government has issued a circular to the ecclesiastical authorities, directing them to suspend the admission of novices until the number and occupations of all the nuns in Spain shall have been ascertained.

In Pittsburg, Pa., recently, a gentleman of misanthropic turn laid down upon the railroad track, said his prayers, and waited for the coming train to finish him. A watchman having livelier views of life, carried him to the station-house.

At Preston, Canada, an infant four months old, son of James Atkinson, fell from its mother's knee, while she was intoxicated and asleep, and was suffocated in a dish of dough which she had prepared and placed on the floor for making bread.

The artillery at Brest and Cherbourg are carrying on some very interesting experiments with conical balls, tipped with steel and filled with gunpowder. They are said to explode with sufficient force to shatter the hardest rocks.

Rev. John S. C. Abbott, of Brunswick, Me., has recently received from the Emperor of France a rich gold medal, in acknowledgement of the emperor's appreciation of Mr. Abbott's History of Napoleon, a copy of which the author had transmitted to his majesty.

Prunes have been very successfully cultivated in Pennsylvania. Among the economists of Beaver county, they have been grafted on plums. Mr. Pfeiffer, of Indiana, raised prune trees in large numbers, and sold them at exorbitant prices, some as high as \$5 and \$10.

Some of the American ordnance will, as has been proved, bear a greater number of discharges than that made of any other iron. An eleven-inch gun, made at the Washington navy yard, under the direction of Commander Dahlgreen, was discharged over two thousand times.

Rev. William Beresford has been sentenced at the York assizes, England, to transportation for life, for uttering a forged endorsement of a bill of exchange for the payment of £100. The reverend convict is 56 years old, held a living at Cork, and is a brother to General Beresford, now adjutant-general in India.

C. R. Alsop's farm, in Middletown, Conn., contains a tree that is three feet in diameter, and is one half maple and one half oak. The body of the tree is round and smooth, and the junction of the two varieties is marked by a slight ridge on the bark that would hardly be noticed.

It is said that Louis Napoleon preserves in all its integrity, at the palace of the Elysee, the famous cabinet in which the *coup d'etat* of December 2, 1851, was prepared. Here is the secret drawer containing the bundle of papers, orders of arrest, proclamations, etc., tied together, the wrapper bearing the one word—"Rubicon."

Omar Pasha was lately in disgrace at Constantinople. Not long since, an official commissioner of widows and orphans applied for leave to attach Omar Pasha's property in Constantinople, on behalf of his children by his first wife. In compliment to Omar, the attachment was not permitted, but since the fall of Kurs, the commissioner has taken the property.

The editor of the Staunton (Va.) Vindicator thus gives in his adhesion to the backbone party: "We have been up to our eyes in *sassengers*, backbone and spare ribs for the past few weeks. Our country friends have not forgotten us. We are living high now at their expense. Pile on the agony, friends; we'll try and bear up under it."

The trustees of the Dudley Observatory at Albany, whose astronomical clock will be in operation in August next, have proposed to the Directory of the New York Central Railroad, to adapt the clock to an accurate regulation of clocks at all the stations by telegraph. Several railroads in England are regulated by a new electric clock at Greenwich, and the same plan is to be introduced on the continent.

Foreign Items.

The approaching marriage is announced of Prince Gabrielli with the Princess Charlotte Bonaparte.

The pope's minister of finance has acknowledged a deficit of nearly a million of crowns in a budget of twelve millions.

It is contemplated to open a theatre at Sebastopol in the spring, unless the Russians, in the mean time, make it a theatre of victory.

The Emperor Napoleon, according to rumor, intends placing himself at the head of one of the expeditions in the coming campaign.

Charlotte Cushman has become the lessee of the "little theatre in the Haymarket," London, for the next season, which begins early in the autumn.

The Institute of Sweden has unanimously admitted Prince Lucien Bonaparte, who now finds himself a member of almost all the academies of Europe.

The professional engagement of Jenny Lind, in England, is to continue five months for one thousand pounds a week. She sings at three concerts a week.

The Greeks are in possession of about two-thirds of the land within the walls of Jerusalem, generally supposed to have been bought with Russian money.

Jenny Lind, having learned that the music pupils of the Blind Asylum at Liverpool were eager to hear her, consented to visit the school and sing several anthems.

A Mr. Ignatius Meyer has caused several trials of gold-washing to be made in different parts of the Danube, and it is reported that they have been attended with the best success.

Theatricals are flourishing at Melbourne. Mr. G. V. Brooko is "illustrating" Shakspeare to the satisfaction of the colonists, and Lola Montez has been dancing the Tarantula to their dissatisfaction.

Sands of Gold.

.... He who hates vices hates mankind.—*Thrasæus*.

.... All men would be masters of others, and no man is lord of himself.—*Goethe*.

.... Wouldst clearly learn what the becoming is, inquire of noble-minded women.—*Goethe*.

.... Content is to the mind like moss to a tree; it bindeth it up so as to stop its growth.—*Halifax*.

.... Ages pass, and leave the poor herd, the mass of men, eternally the same—hewers of wood and drawers of water.—*Bulwer*.

.... They are ill discoverers that think there is no land when they can see nothing but sea.—*Bacon*.

.... Ah, what without a heaven would be even love!—a perpetual terror of the separation that must one day come.—*Bulwer*.

.... It is delightful to kiss the eyelashes of the beloved—is it not? But never so delightful as when fresh tears are on them.—*Landor*.

.... Among arms, said the Roman author, laws are silent. Among arms, we may add, the temples of prayer are voiceless.—*Burton*.

.... The remembrance of past days that were happy, increases the gloominess of those that are not, and intercepts the benefits of those that would be.—*Landor*.

.... Instead of saying that man is the creature of circumstances, it would be nearer the mark to say, that man is the architect of circumstances.—*G. H. Lewes*.

.... I have ever found it a vain task to try to make a child's learning its amusement; nor do I see what good and it would answer, were it attained.—*Goldsmith*.

Joker's Budget.

Most vessels are sociable in their manners, and have a companion way about them.

Punch thinks that the carriage-drivers would make the best soldiers in the world, as no troop could stand their charges.

Hartley Coleridge once being asked which of Wordsworth's productions he considered the prettiest, very promptly replied:—"His daughter Dora."

The old gentleman who undertook to take the twist out of the maelstrom, has gone out West to whitewash the Rocky Mountains. He goes in for large jobs.

To enjoy life you should be a little miserable occasionally. Trouble, like cayenne, is not very agreeable in itself, but it gives great zest to other things.

"I say, nigga, how you sell dem broom cheaper dan dis inderwideral can do, when (between ousrselfs) I steal de stuff?"—"You fool, Pomp, I steal mine ready made."

A late philosopher says: "Before people take the leap through the wedding-ring, they should be quite certain that the blanket of conjugal contentment is held tight on the other side."

"I have lost my appetite," said a gigantic Irish gentleman, and an eminent performer on the trencher, to Mark Supple. "I hope," said Supple, "no poor man has found it, for it would ruin him in a week."

It is a singular fact that women cannot look from a precipice of any magnitude, without becoming dizzy. But, what is still more singular, the dizziness departs the very moment somebody puts his arm round her waist to "keep her from falling." Queen isn't it?

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MERCANTILE LIBRARY, SUMMER STREET, BOSTON.

[For description see page 157.]



INTERIOR VIEW OF MERCANTILE LIBRARY, BOSTON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1856.

\$3.00 PER ANNUM. } Vol. X., No. 11.—Whole No. 245.
6 CENTS SINGLE.

MAIN STREET, WALTHAM.

We present our readers below with a fine view of the central part of the pleasant and flourishing town of Waltham, Massachusetts. The engraving was from a drawing made on the spot by Mr. Warren, and may be relied upon for its accuracy. It shows, on the right, the Methodist church upon the common, and Rumford Hall building beyond. The Rumford Institute of Waltham has a well-selected and increasing library, tickets for the use of which are sold at fifty cents per annum. Every winter a course of lectures is delivered here, embracing the best talent in the country. These lectures are well attended. The hall itself is a fine one, and when decorated for a ball makes a beautiful appearance. On the left of our picture are—Bemis's Block, next beyond, Thayer & Wright's Building, then Priest's Building, Emerson's Building, the Banks and the Post-Office. The tall building beyond is Milner's Block, a structure reflecting great credit on the

architect, Mr. H. Hartwell of Waltham. Beyond these are other stores, etc., and then a series of very pretty private residences. Nor must we omit to call attention to the beautiful vista of elms. These graceful trees line the main street for a distance of a couple of miles. To an artist Waltham presents many attractions. There are fine views to be had along the Charles River and many picturesque spots for sketching on Beaver Brook. Prospect Hill, which rises to the height of four hundred and eighty-two feet above the level of the sea, affords a noble panoramic view, including the windings of the Charles River, the clumps of wood that diversify the landscape, the mountains of southern New Hampshire, the city of Boston, with many neighboring towns and villages, the bay, Nahant, the ocean, and other features of interest. Waltham was incorporated in 1738, previous to which it formed the west parish of Watertown. From the specimen number of the Waltham Sentinel, a well-arranged and well-filled

sheet, we learn the following facts. The population of the town is 6049, being an increase since 1850, of 1554, or thirty-five per cent. In 1840, the real estate valuation was \$776,655, personal estate, \$494,220. For the present year, the real estate is valued at \$2,488,400, and the personal estate at \$1,692,900. The number of dwelling-houses in the town is 797, and the number of families, 1144. Manufacturing engrosses the bulk of capital and labor, but apart from that, a thriving business is done in the village, and new branches of trade are continually springing up. The Baptist Society have lately erected a fine church which was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies last month. Few towns in Massachusetts are more attractive or have more "go-a-head-ative-ness" than Waltham. There are many beautiful country-seats in this township; gentlemen of wealth have been attracted thither by the exquisite beauty of the scenery to which we have already alluded. The walks and drives in every direction are charming.



CENTRAL VIEW OF WALTHAM, MASSACHUSETTS.

[Written expressly for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CONTRABANDIST:

—OR,—

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XXII.—[CONTINUED.]

The man had just arisen from the turf, which had broken the force of his *saut* from the box, and was beginning to recover his bewildered senses. He gave himself a hearty shake, growled out a few oaths, and finally pronounced himself to be present, and, as far as he had yet been able to discover, uninjured.

"The dence you are!" uttered the count, testily, out of patience with his unfeeling moderation; "well, then, run on to the village—will you? and bring somebody, or something, to meet us. Away with you, rascal,—quick! Here, Adele, take my arm. Never was such a plight! Be careful of these stumps. Here! how dark it is! and the rain drenches one. The very mischief is in it; and that poor child, too!"

They left the broken vehicle, the prostrate horses that struggled and kicked in vain attempts to free themselves from the harness and rise, and in the darkness and the storm, pursued with all possible haste the road to the chateau. There was no shelter near.

The light form of Rose was as nothing in the strong arms of the marquis. Rapidly he bore her along, keeping the folds of his cloak well wrapped about her, though even this was almost wet through already. The young girl's face, resting on his shoulder, touched his own. Claspings her closer to his breast, he pressed his lips to that cold, unconscious brow, and in the darkness the tears streamed down his cheeks.

"My child—my daughter—my darling little one!" he murmured, with a father's tenderness and a father's agony.

She could not hear him.

Still they hurried on. And now, lights began to glimmer afar in the blackness of the night,—one, and another, and another; they multiplied and increased; and in the distance, voices shouted one to another.

"We are almost at the village," said Francis Egerton, as he supported his companion with a lover's tenderness, that met now with no repulse.

For Helen Montauban knew nothing of it. She was saying to herself, "Is Rose dead? Has she escaped me? Am I to be spared my work at last?" She listened for a sigh—a groan, from the lips of that inanimate figure that was borne before her. No sound was heard from them. Already, a strange fever of joy mingled with the shivering excitement, the awe, the horror, which Helen Montauban had felt. She never heeded the rain that poured over her in sheeted torrents; the wild winds raged in vain for her now; they were unheard. She only longed for light—light, to behold that childish countenance—to know the truth.

And faster—faster they went on now, while, coming from the village, men hastened along the way with lights and such means of assistance as had been first thought of. But so near were they to the farm-houses now that no delay was made; the first one was entered, and Rose placed upon a couch, while the farmers' wives crowded about, with earnest kindness and sympathy, to render assistance. But at the sight of that pale, quiet face, those closed eyelids, and colorless lips, they were silent; and some whispered among themselves, "She is dead!" while others, with scarce a hope, yet seeking still for one, worked over the lifeless form. And without, stood the marquis, and the Count de Clairville, and Francis Egerton, by the fire in the great farm kitchen, in dread, silence and suspense.

Helen Montauban and the countess had entered the chamber where Rose was laid, and the rough yet comfortable garments of the *fermeuses* were offered them, to replace their own dripping ones. The countess was already making this welcome and really necessary change; but Helen Montauban, thrusting them from her, pressed to the couch.

"Stand aside!" she said to the woman. And she knelt down there, to look at that pallid face, round which the dripping chestnut curls were lying in shining masses. Once those white lips parted—reddened.

"See—see! she lives—she breathes!" uttered one of the women, in an eager, tremulous tone, subdued almost to a whisper,—*"she lives!"*

"It is a lie!" muttered Helen Montauban, between those beautiful shut teeth.

A moment elapsed. The women gathered, with glad, excited, hopeful eyes, about the couch—those poor, simple, honest-hearted peasant women, praying for that young life, whose slender thread one among them would so gladly have seen broken. And fiercely watched that one, with a burning glance, a heart that stood all but still. It was no lie!

Slowly those lovely eyes unclosed, and rested upon the glad, smiling faces gathered about the couch. There was no recognition in them at first; but presently, meeting the anxious glance of the good countess, who bent over her, she sighed faintly, and putting her hand to her head, whispered, "O, yes; I remember—I remember now!"

Helen Montauban was gone. In an adjoining chamber, she removed the saturated garments she had worn, and substituted for them the apparel sent from the chateau by a domestic; then proceeding to the kitchen, joined her father and his companions, who had just learned that Rose had revived. The head of the marquis was bowed, his face buried in his hands. The emotion of grati-

tude he felt at the bringing back of that young life almost overcame him.

Helen regarded him an instant, ere entering. Her eyes flashed dull fires; her breast burnt anew with jealous hate towards the fair child who had won from her all that had been her world, her life, her religion, and even equalled her in the affection of her own father. She could not enter; she turned back to the chamber where Rose, enveloped in warm, dry clothing, was lying quietly in the bed, her soft glance following the motions of her busy and kind-hearted nurses.

The night passed, and morning broke, clear and still above the earth, where so lately all had been commotion. The voice of the tempest had died away in silence. Broad and fair the sunlight shone above the pleasant valley. They bore Rose with gentleness and care back to the chateau. She was quite ill, almost unable to move a limb from weakness. The injuries that others had escaped, she had received; and from being so long exposed to the storm, there was every reason to believe that serious consequences would ensue.

And the apprehension was justified. During the day, her indisposition increased, and at night, feverish and delirious, she tossed upon her couch, with a wild brilliancy in those soft eyes, and a scorching flush upon her beautiful cheek. It was pitiful to hear her wandering words, and listen to the incoherent minglings of sorrow and joy, in her wild delirium. The marquis looked upon her once, and then turned away, with streaming eyes, from the room, to seclude himself in the library, where he passed the night in watchings. The Count Frederic and Francis Egerton remained till dawn in the saloon. Every domestic in the chateau kept vigil during those long and mournful hours; for not an eye could close in slumber. Helen Montauban and the countess had their post in that sick chamber, beside the couch of the sick girl, who recognized neither of them. All night long she raved, and the flush burned strong and steady on her cheek, and the lightning's flash was not more brilliant than the fire scintillating from those dark eyes. The venerable physician, spite of his endeavors to cheer the spirits of those about him, was himself anxious and troubled. Youth and health had been on her side, it was true; but thus suddenly and violently stricken down, in her beauty and joyousness, the change was only the more appalling. The countess, now that Rose had become, as M. Mery himself secretly confessed to her, so dangerously ill, was unable for a moment to restrain the tears that would flow for the dreaded fate of her lovely favorite.

Slowly the leaden night-hours waxed and waned; and Helen Montauban sat beside the pillow of Rose, regardless of slumber. The countess, sitting by the fire, still wept and prayed in silence. M. Mery came to the bedside.

"You need rest, mademoiselle," he said; "cannot I prevail upon you to retire, with madame le comtesse, and snatch a few hours' repose, while I watch here? Indeed, you need rest more than you are aware of. The fatigue and exposure of last night, though no present ill effects are felt from them, may be productive of evil consequences, if your nerves continue thus overtasked."

"Your pardon, M. Mery," returned Helen, in cold and quiet tones, "but I anticipate no unpleasant results from our adventure of last night; and you must be conscious that, even if such were not the case, I should find it impossible to sleep now. I must remain here."

"Ah—well!" sighed the good old man; "if you are fully determined on this, it must be so; and I trust all will be well."

He sat down by the bed, leaned his head on his hand, and fixed a thoughtful and sorrowful glance upon the feverish countenance turned towards him on the pillow. Rose looked at him with her wild, bright, piteous gaze.

"Where is Louis?" she asked; "where is he? Why do they keep him from me?"

Tears stood in the physician's eyes. He laid his gentle hand, with its cool touch, on that burning forehead.

"Be quiet, my child," he said. "He will come—Louis will come."

"No—no! he will not—he will not come!" she cried, with feeble grief. "I have not seen him this long time. I thought we were to be married. It was a dream, was it not?" And again that heart-breaking, sorrowful glance was fixed on him. "I don't know why I am lying here," she murmured, sadly, looking about her. "I ought to be ready to meet him when he comes. But I am so weak—so tired! I believe I have been journeying somewhere. But such a strange journey! I don't think it ever will end; and I am wandering all alone. And so weary, weary, weary! Ah, Louis, why don't you come and help me? You said you loved poor Rose!"

Mournful and plaintive grew those restless, feverish tones; tearful and troubled the brilliant eyes; but still, though exhausted by her constant ravings, and though her cheeks burned more hotly, and her heart throbbed with terrible violence, and her breathing was short and painful, there was no rest for her. Still she raved of Louis, and begged him to see how her feet were torn and bleeding with the long and weary way she came, and then she would moan that he never would come—"never, never never!"

And that wild, mournful wail might have drawn tears from a stone; but Helen Montauban was more than a stone.

"No!" she murmured, with a cruel smile; "your Louis never will come—never—never again, to you! He does not love me—he has never loved me, as I believed he did; but you shall never have him—no, never!"

The countess came to the couch, and looked a little while at that burning face, and listened to the wild words, and went back to weep.

"You think, M. Mery," said Helen Montauban, "that this young girl is very ill?"

He regarded her for an instant, closely.

"I do not disguise it from you. She is *very* ill, poor child! and may be yet worse in a day or two."

"Then she may recover? You do not think she will die?"

"I cannot tell. This fever is terrible; it will leave her very weak—very weak! She *may* gather up her strength again, but I fear. It needs a strong constitution to rebuild a life upon the ruins left by such a fever as this."

"Her constitution has, I think, been an excellent one, though she was never robust."

"We do not know yet. Time will decide what shall be. We can hope—that is all."

"How long may the fever continue?"

"Four or five days—a week, perhaps; it is almost impossible to say, as affairs look at present. It may wear her out before that time, or it may leave her then, to rally or to sink. But little can be done for her meanwhile. We cannot do much more than watch and pray."

He went out, leaving Helen Montauban there to bathe the burning forehead of the sick girl, and offer water to those parched lips. And she said, looking down upon the stricken form before her, "She is in my power!"

Alas! only too completely so! Mademoiselle Montauban had gathered that M. Mery had but a slight hope of Rose's recovery. It must be. No turning back, or flinching, or hesitating, for that desperate nature now! *That hope must never become a stronger one!* It was hers to see to it. Pouring out the water for which the sufferer prayed, ever and anon, her hand involuntarily clutched the tiny vial concealed in her bosom. Yet—no! A little delay, the disease might terminate fatally, in a few days, and spare her the work for which she was prepared. But in case it were not *then*—It was a poison, subtle and sure as death itself. Few were there who knew of such; few—almost no tests that could detect its presence. To Helen Montauban had been given a knowledge of this poison in by-gone years, and she had guarded that knowledge like gold. The secret, so long preserved, was likely to become useful to her now.

And that watcher sat, night and day, by the bed of the sufferer, sleepless and unwearied, marking, with a wary eye, every change that took place; listening to the ravings wherein so many times the name of *Louis* was uttered—the name of the lover of Rose; and waiting, with stern and unrelenting cruelty, for the approach of death.

It was a gloomy house. They had set out, so full of happiness, from Paris; they had bid adieu to Louis with such light and careless hearts, looking forward to a speedy, joyful reunion. What plans they had made for the future! How little they had anticipated a change like this! The heart of the good marquis was very sorrowful. People said that this sudden calamity had added the misery of years to his wrinkled brow. For so had he loved this child.

"O, Louis—Louis, my boy!" he would murmur, "who will bear the sad news to thee, if she should die? Little dreamst thou of her danger! Poor Louis! looking forward to his wedding-day in happy unconsciousness of the mourning shadow that overcasts its smiling dawn!"

Late one evening, when the little *aubergiste*, in his humble inn, hard by the village, was sitting by the fire on the hearth of the deserted public room, and meditating on matters and things in general, a knock was heard at the outer door, and a voice demanding admittance.

"Ho-ho! whom have we here at this hour, I wonder?" solicited the little man, rising from his seat. "One man travels by day, and another by night, and some travel both day and night. This man is, perchance, one of the first; but, my faith! he might as well make himself the second and last as well, since he goes along to find a bed so late. Have patience, my friend,—have patience, till I undo these bolts, will you? and don't be in a hurry. Ho, Microt, a light here!"

And then, by the aid of the lamp, held by a sleepy, grumbling servant-boy, the fastenings were unloosed, and the door flung wide open, there appeared, sitting on the threshold, with his head supported by the post beside him, the figure of a man, rudely dressed, unshorn, with wild, haggard eyes, and a ghastly pale countenance. The *aubergiste* started at first, and then, with an exclamation of wonder, bent hastily down, holding the lamp so that its glow fell upon those emaciated features upturned towards him.

"Master Hugh!" he ejaculated, in astonishment, "you here—and ill? Why, I thought you were leagues away! What is the matter with you, my friend?" And giving the light to Microt, he assisted Hugh Lamonte, whom, indeed, it was, to rise to his feet.

"I am sick, Maurice!" uttered Hugh, with a hoarse and trembling voice, as with difficulty, supported by the host, he entered the room. "I am sick, and must lodge here. Give me a bed, Maurice."

"Ay, so I will—so I will, monsieur," returned the little *aubergiste*, "and directly, too. Rest here a moment by the hearth, while I go up stairs and build a fire in one of the bedrooms for you. And drink this wine, it will strengthen you," he added, pouring out a glass of his best wine for his guest.

"No—no; not that," said Hugh, faintly waving it away. "You are very good; but I cannot drink it. I need nothing but rest now."

"Nay—but it will strengthen you, I tell you, monsieur!" urged Maurice.

"I cannot drink it. I am wounded. There is fever in my veins already. Ah, hasten, Maurice! Let me lie down; no matter about the fire."

He rose, weak and trembling, and resting on the arm of the inn-

keeper, ascended slowly to the little chamber above, and sank senseless upon the couch.

"*Mi foi!* what is to be done now?" muttered the bewildered little man, wringing his hands, and wandering about like one distracted,—“what is to be done now? If he is not already dead, he is going to die—that's plain. I must send for Monsieur le Cure instantly. But no! I will try first what I can do for him myself. He is only in a swoon, I think. I must recover him. Time enough to think of his soul afterwards!”

Hastening to the stair-head, he called to Mierot to fetch water, and immediately commenced endeavors to restore the inanimate man to life. His efforts were not unsuccessful. In a little time, the eyes of Hugh re-opened; but he was in too enfeebled a state to talk, or scarcely move.

To the inquiries of Maurice as to whether he should send for the cure, Hugh gave a negative.

"Not yet—not yet!" he muttered; "wait; I may live—I may live; one cannot tell! No need to confess yet!" He turned, weakly, upon his side, with a hollow groan. "Water—give me water, Maurice!"

He drank eagerly. The exertion left him panting for breath. Brightly upon either cheek burned a scarlet fever spot. He closed his sunken eyes. What a change had been wrought in this man by the land of disease! How had he altered from the strong, erect, hardy Hugh Lamonte of other days! He was weak as an infant now. His pride and sternness all gone; for he was very near to death. Maurice regarded him in silence, and with a feeling of awe. He could not but be affected by the sight that met his view. He thought of Rose, too, who, even at this moment, was lying upon a bed of sickness, with but a fluttering breath dividing her from the grave. For not the humblest peasant in all the village but knew of the young girl's illness; and waited, tremblingly, for the news that must soon come now, of death or life.

Hugh had not asked for her. Already he was wandering in his mind. His last coherent words were, "Maurice, do not call any one to me. Let me be alone."

"Ah, it is well he did not ask about Mademoiselle Rose! What should I have told him?" muttered the distracted little *aubergiste*. "He is ill enough now, I think. That would have put the finishing stroke to him. I wonder where he came from?—how far he has walked? And this wound of which he spoke—I must see to it. No slight one, I should say, to bring him down like this."

He sought for the hurt, and found it. Just below the left shoulder, appeared an inflamed orifice, where a bullet had pierced the breast. All about it the flesh burned and glowed with the red fever-heat that was wasting his life. Near the centre was a dark spot.

The little *aubergiste* shook his head sadly. "A dead man!" he muttered. "Where has he been getting a wound like that? I can do nothing for him, nor can monsieur le docteur, I opine. But somebody must be sent for, and that right soon, too, despite his order. How he raves!"

Hastening down stairs, he called Mierot, and bade him go for the good cure, to attend to a dying man.

"And hark ye, Mierot," added Maurice, "tell him to come quick, for I do not believe the man will live twelve hours."

And, as the boy hurried away, he returned to the chamber where Hugh lay, alternately groaning with pain, and raving in the wildest delirium. Neither wife nor children had Maurice; no guests were at this little wayside inn to-night, save the one who had arrived so strangely, and who lay there dying now. And Maurice was all alone here—the only one to watch beside the sufferer's couch.

It was long past midnight when the cure arrived. He repaired instantly to the chamber of the sick man. Maurice accompanied him thither, giving an account of Hugh's sudden appearance that evening, and of his proceedings since; and then, at the good man's desire, returned to the kitchen to heat some water, and procure several other things which he mentioned. In a little while, he returned with them.

"Well, monsieur, what do you think of him?" he asked, glancing towards the bed.

"He is a dying man!" said the cure, sadly.

"I thought as much; that was why I sent Mierot for you, instead of for a surgeon. Should I have sent for one?"

"He could do no good, my friend. The soul of this man, rather than his body, requires our care at present. It is too late to save him. This wound has not been properly attended to, or, rather, I should think, has not been cared for at all, and the neglect will shortly result in death. We can but endeavor to administer somewhat to his bodily comfort while he exists, however. I should like your assistance a little while."

They could do little for him; he would scarcely suffer them to touch him; their very approach seemed to torment him; and he lay there still, groaning with pain, and raving madly.

Together, finally, they returned to the room below. The cure stood thoughtfully looking upon the floor for an instant; then, regarding the *aubergiste*, he said:

"Do you know, my friend, whether he has any relatives besides his daughter, who is ill at the chateau?"

Maurice answered in the negative.

"You know, monsieur le cure," he added, "people never could discover anything concerning him, except just so much as he chose to let them, and that was nothing at all, as one may say."

The cure sat down by the table.

"Do you know," he asked, "whether he ever had a brother?—has no one heard him speak of one in all these years?"

"I do not know," replied Maurice; "I have heard no one mention such a thing."

"He has no relative, then, except his daughter, to the knowl-

edge of the people about here?" continued the cure, mechanically stroking the head of a gaunt and shaggy dog, who, approaching his master, laid his broad muzzle familiarly on his knee.

"None, I think, monsieur."

At that moment, the dog fixed his eyes wistfully upon the serious countenance of his master; then, moving towards the door, paused again, snuffed the air for a second, and broke forth into a long, low, mournful howl. The *aubergiste* started:

"Listen, monsieur! he knows there is death near." And he shuddered and turned pale.

The cure rose, and opened the door. "Go out, sir!" he said.

The beast obeyed. The cure closed the door again, and returned to the table; but he did not sit down this time.

"I do not know how long this man may live," he said, "but I do not think it can be more than four-and-twenty hours, at the most. I wish he were not delirious; but possibly his reason may return before death. At all events, I will go up to the chateau to acquaint the marquis with the fact of his presence here, and the condition in which he lies; so that, in case of returning sanity, he may be able to make some provision with regard to his daughter."

"His daughter?—Mademoiselle Rose, monsieur? Why, I thought she, also, was dying!"

"On the contrary, she has to-night been pronounced out of danger."

"Ah, that is good news! One cannot but be grateful, monsieur, that she is spared. Mademoiselle is so pretty—so beautiful and good!"

"That is very true," returned the cure, musing seriously; "and, as you say, one cannot but be grateful that she is to remain with us. Her father, I fear, is less fit for death than she would have been. But I must hasten to the marquis. Remain, if you please, with the sick man, until my return. I shall not be long." And he left the *auberge*.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A MORNING OF JOY—AND OF SADNESS.

It was midnight. All over the chateau, there was deep and heartfelt rejoicing; but it was subdued in its manifestations, for the life that had so lately been pronounced safe, was only slowly and faintly fluttering up from the edge of the grave; and every voice spoke in whispers, every footstep was muffled, that no harsh sound might break too rudely upon the stillness of that darkened chamber. All day she had slept, and the exhaustion produced by her violent and protracted delirium was so great that that slumber had hardly seemed like the rest of a living form. For scarce the faintest breath could be perceived, or the slightest motion of that feebly-beating heart. Yet had the physician filled the breasts of those about him with a too delicious hope that hung for certainty upon her awakening.

Then had the evil desire of Helen Montauban grown to an intensity that was fiendish. Watching, with her haggard face and gleaming eyes, beside that couch, she had fixed her serpent gaze upon the almost lifeless being who lay there, looking, with a cruel and terrible eagerness, for the sign of death to set itself upon that young sufferer's brow. Yet it came not, and her eagerness grew almost into madness. The one way remained. *She would make that sleep a lasting one!*

But there was another watcher there. The aged physician had taken up his post, also, by the couch. He, too, was waiting; but it was for the angel of life—not that of death; and he stirred not from that place. Not a morsel of food had passed his lips that day. Since dawn he had been there. And Helen Montauban, in her fierce desperation at her own inability to accomplish the work so long meditated upon, was almost insane. Still, he watched there; never for an instant was his vigilance relaxed. And the hours passed on, and Rose awoke—safe!

It was nearly morning when the cure came to the chateau to request an interview with the marquis. He told him that Hugh Lamonte was at the *auberge*, and dying. The marquis, astonished and affected at this sudden announcement, in the midst of his joy for the safety of Rose, prepared immediately to visit him; and the physician, M. Mery, satisfied that the most favorable change had taken place in his patient's case, left her in the care of Mademoiselle Montauban and the countess, and accompanied the marquis.

In a few moments, the party arrived at the *auberge*. Maurice met them with an ominous countenance.

"How is he—is there any change?" asked the cure, anxiously.

"None, monsieur," answered the man. "He raves still; but he talks of some guilty deed to be atoned for—some secret to be confessed. I can make nothing satisfactory, though, out of what he says, he wanders so."

The three ascended to the chamber above, where lay the dying man. The marquis started as he beheld him, stretched out upon the couch, with his wild, unshorn and emaciated countenance, and coarse, rough garments, which he had not suffered to be removed, presenting a spectacle so wretched. The kind-hearted old man could scarcely refrain from shedding tears, as he gazed upon the wreck of that once proud form.

"Is this indeed Hugh Lamonte?" he exclaimed, advancing towards the couch.

"Who calls Hugh Lamonte?" shouted the sick man, sternly; "who calls him—the outcast—the robber? Who calls him, I say? And who are you?" fixing his wild, gleaming eyes upon the countenance of the marquis. "Ah, Armande Montauban, I know you—I know you!" he uttered, fiercely, trying to spring upright, yet failing, from very weakness. "Don't come near me, or I shall murder you! Where is Guidette?—where is she? You have hidden her from me! You have wedded her; and she was mine—mine! You stole her from me! I will have your blood!"

He sank back, exhausted, with white lips.

"Look—look, monsieur!" uttered the cure, springing to the side of the marquis,—“look, M. Mery, the marquis is fainting!”

And even as he spoke, the heavy fall of his friend attracted the physician's attention. Consternation and alarm were visible in his features.

"Let us carry him out into another room—quick!" he said, excitedly.

Together they bore him to an adjoining apartment, and there commenced the application of restoratives. But some moments elapsed ere he betrayed signs of returning consciousness. Then he revived slowly, and for some time gazed fixedly upon the face of M. Mery. Then a low moan escaped his lips.

"Gustave, I have seen my brother!" he uttered.

"Your brother?" echoed M. Mery, in astonished excitement.

"It is true! It is Henri who lies there—my brother Henri. Let me go to him."

"My dear friend, be calm, I command you," urged the physician, gently.

"I am calm; but I must go instantly. If he should die—ah, save him, I entreat you!"

Weak and trembling as he was, he made them assist him to re-enter the other apartment. They advanced towards the couch; there was a different sight there now. From the height of delirium, Hugh Lamonte was suddenly sinking into a stupor. His eyes were almost closed. Only faint, unintelligible murmurs broke from his lips at times. He did not see them approach.

The cure and M. Mery cast glances at each other. The marquis comprehended them.

"You think he is dying, then?" he asked. "Ah, save him, Gustave! We were enemies once—he and I. Let him live, that we may once more embrace one another!"

"Be calm, my dear friend," entreated the physician again, "and listen to the truth. No power on earth can save him now; he is sinking fast. But maintain your energies; he may revive before death, with the possession of his full reason. Let us await together this probable event."

"Ah, Henri, *mon frere!*" murmured the marquis, with indescribable emotion,—“my brother! that I should recognize you thus, after all these years! See—see, Gustave!” and he lifted the matted hair from the temples of the unconscious man,—“see where I struck him once! I knew the mark. Our father told me he would bear it to the grave—that scar.”

It was a small, crescent-shaped cicatrice, that showed red and dark in contrast with the surrounding whiteness of the temple.

"How," said M. Mery, in a low voice, "can this be your brother?—this man, who, for twelve years, has dwelt within half a league of you, and who has only been known as a peasant?"

"Ah, I recognize him but too well!" answered the marquis, sadly; "it is he—I know him now through the disguise that has served him so long. And did you not hear his words? He said I stole Guidette from him. Alas! it is but too true, though I was innocent of wrong. Henri—my brother—speak to me! say that we are friends once more!"

Eagerly he leaned over the couch, with his eyes fixed upon the sick man's face; but he was not recognized. There was no intelligence in that dying glance.

It was nearly night. Hugh—or Henri, rather, had awakened from the dull stupor in which he had lain since the dawn. But it was only the sudden and fitful flare of the expiring flame of life. He lay, for an instant, glancing about the apartment; then looking upwards, he encountered the regards of the good cure, who stood by the couch in silence.

"Monsieur le cure, I recognize you," he said. "I am dying—is it not so?"

"It is true," answered the good man, mournfully. "But there is yet time for confession and repentance."

"Confession—repentance! You know, then, that I have a confession to make—sins to repent of?"

"It is a work which every dying man has to do, my friend."

The cure knocked on the floor. The door opened, and the marquis and M. Mery entered. The former advanced towards the couch.

"Henri, my brother!" he uttered, in sorrowful tones.

"Ha! you know me, then? I have betrayed myself at last—the brother who swore vengeance on the husband of Guidette?" He raised himself, with main strength, upon his arm, and fiercely regarded the marquis.

"Ah, Henri, forgive me!" cried the grief-stricken man.

"Never!" shouted Henri, madly. "I have been revenged on you; I have brought sorrow and darkness to your hearthstone, and I am satisfied! For the sake of your child—the angel who has smiled upon a wretched life, and touched an evil heart with her innocence,—for her sake I will atone, at this last hour, for the misery I have caused you. You shall be happy once more; but I will not forgive you for the wrong done to me—never—no, never!" And raising his clenched hand to heaven, he sealed the declaration with a fearful oath.

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Then he sank down, exhausted. A shudder ran through every form within that chamber.

"Henri," cried the marquis, throwing himself on his knees beside the couch, "recall those words, I conjure you! Listen to me. I knew not of the wrong I had done you, till it was too late. Guidette deceived me; she never told me that you loved her—that she was betrothed to you! I wedded her, thinking her free. But she was a curse to me. Ah, Henri, if you desired revenge, she was the fittest instrument!"

The dying man's eyes were fixed earnestly on his brother's face.

"Say it once more—once more!" he panted, eagerly; "tell me again that you were innocent—that you knew not of our betrothal—that she deceived you, and was false to me!"

"It is true. Listen, Henri; I swear it!" His face was pale; the tears streamed from his eyes; his clasped hands, uplifted, trembled.

"Then pardon me, Armande, for the injustice I have done you," faintly uttered Henri, extending his almost powerless hands, and seeking that of his brother—"pardon me, and I shall die in peace!"

The marquis clasped that wasted hand tenderly within his own. His tears fell upon it.

"Henri, I have nothing to forgive. We have both been unhappy," he uttered.

"Nay—you do not know the misery I have caused you. But I repent. It shall be confessed." His voice grew weaker. "Where is Rose?" he asked.

"She is at the chateau. She has been ill; but, thanks be to Heaven, she is recovering!" answered the marquis, earnestly.

"It is well. Give her my blessing, if she will receive it from me, when she knows all. I have been a wretch; but she has been an angel in my miserable home. Ah, if the prayers of one so good and pure as she could be offered to Heaven for my salvation, surely they would be heard! Ask her to forgive, and pray for me, Armande." He paused, panting for breath, and unable, for a moment, to continue. There was a terrible and mournful silence in the room. Suddenly he regathered his wasting energies. "Hear me, Armande, my brother, while I have strength left to make atonement. Beneath the hearth at the cottage, you will find an iron chest; it contains my confession!" He paused again; his strength was rapidly failing. A moment, and he resumed, turning once more his fast-obscuring eyes to his brother's face. "It will tell you of your lost daughter—of Marguerite!" he gasped.

"*Mon Dieu!*—of Marguerite! Speak—speak, Henri!" cried the marquis, in terrible agitation; "tell me—I divine it—confess, I implore you! He cannot tell it—he is dying! O, for a moment longer!" he said. "Henri, tell me; breathe but one word; what of Marguerite?" He bent down nearer, waiting in awful suspense.

The glazing eyes opened again. The lips moved.

"Armande, hear!" were the slow, painfully-whispered words.

"Rose—I stole her! She is—your child!" * * * *

CHAPTER XXIV.

A DEADLY DEED FRUSTRATED.

It was evening; and, in the chamber of the young girl so lately reclaimed from the very portals of death, the deepest stillness reigned. Softly burned the shaded lamps, casting a subdued glow about the apartment, yet so disposed as to leave in shadow the untried couch and its slumbering occupant. For Rose was sleeping calmly, so calmly, so quietly, that you might almost have thought her dead. The breath that floated from those pale lips was scarcely perceptible, though regular, so much had illness reduced her strength. She slept, nor dreamed of danger.

For the first time to-day, the invalid was left alone. The Countess de Clairville had retired, for an hour's rest, to her own apartment, and Mademoiselle Montauban, immediately after her exit, had also left the room. The marquis and M. Mery had been all day at the *auberge*. It was perfectly silent now—that chamber.

But, suddenly, the door near the head of the couch was opened, noiselessly, and with slow and stealthy caution, from without. A tall, light-robed, ghost-like form glided in without a sound—ghost-like, except for the large, brilliant dark eyes that gleamed more wildly than ever to-night, and the crimson spot of excitement burning on either cheek, while all the rest of that face was ashy white. It was Helen Montauban! What more fitting time was there for her work of evil to be accomplished? None could witness her now; none were near this place. And the tiny flask gleamed in the softened light, as she drew it from her bosom.

One hand, holding the vial, was stretched forth to the silver cup set upon the stand by the bedside. Courage, and the work is done. Yet that guilty hand shook with fear, as, drop by drop, the poison was poured into the cup. And Helen Montauban glanced fearfully towards the door by which she had entered; for it almost seemed, to her miserable, horror-struck fancy, that some one must be watching her.

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A shadow had startled her. With a ghastly smile at her own nervousness, she silently mingled the poison with the night-drink of Rose; then, as noiselessly as she had entered, returned to her own room across the gallery. It was done! What had she to fear now? Who would ever dream, when the hour of death came, that such agency as this had been employed? Closing the door, she paced her chamber restlessly, with both hands clasped tightly against her heart, whose violent throbbings seemed to fill with clamorous sound this awful midnight silence. Listening in almost intolerable suspense, and pacing her apartment, she waited for some signal from the opposite chamber.

A whole hour passed. Then there was a sound—a light step—in the gallery. It was the Countess de Clairville, returning to the bedside of Rose. Helen Montauban could endure this suspense no longer. She must see, with her own eyes, the conclusion of this tragedy. Emerging from her apartment, therefore, she joined the countess, as she entered the opposite door.

"Ah, my dear, is that you? Then you have been asleep, also?" said the countess, smiling. "But it is rather chilly to-night—do you not think so?"

"Yes—it is cold," uttered Helen Montauban, hoarsely—"it is cold!" and she shivered.

She drew near the fire, and crouched shudderingly over the broad blaze. The Countess de Clairville went to the couch of Rose, and bent over it for an instant.

"The dear child is asleep, I think," she said, presently, returning to the hearth. "How refreshing—how delightful it is for one to see her once more enjoying so gentle a slumber! Poor little Rose! she must be well nigh worn out with this fatiguing illness. I wonder," the lady continued, seating herself by the hearth, opposite Mademoiselle Montauban,—"*I wonder how her father is down at the village? They thought he was dying this morning when the marquis went down. What a sad thing it would have been if the father and daughter had both died!*" She spoke in subdued whispers.

Mademoiselle Montauban bent lower over the blaze, warming her hands.

"And peculiar, too," she returned, in a low tone. "But we cannot be too careful of her, even now; for M. Mery says that, in her present feeble state, the least excitement or alarm might be fatal to her. I dread that. I think, suppose anything *should* happen, after all our rejoicing? We must be so cautious! The least thing, you know,—the least thing might kill her!"

She shook as she uttered these words; her eyes were wild and strange. Those delicate, slender hands touched the flames, as she held them out, but she never knew it. A species of insanity was upon her. The protracted contemplation of this terrible deed,



HUGH LAMONTE'S DYING CONFESSION.

strong as were her nerves, had begun almost to tell upon her reason.

"I wonder if Hugh Lamonte is still living?" continued the countess. "It is a pity that he could not be brought up here; but Jean Morel said they had declared it impossible to move him with safety. Besides, it would be dangerous to Rose, perhaps, if he were in her vicinity, for she would be more likely to gain some knowledge of his situation. Yet what a sorrowful thing it is that they cannot bid each other adieu!"

At that moment, the door near the head of the couch was opened. Both the countess and Helen turned to see who entered. It was the physician, M. Mery. He paused by the bedside an instant, bent over Rose, and listened. Her respiration was calm and regular, though almost imperceptible. After regarding her a moment, he advanced silently towards the hearth. A chill struck through the guilty Helen. She had not expected him so soon, and the deed was yet unaccomplished!

"Ah, M. Mery, is that you?" said the countess; and she bent eagerly forward. "How is—"

The physician placed a warning finger upon his lip.

"Not too loud, my dear madame," he whispered. "It is all over!"

"Ah, how sad!" The tears came into her eyes.

M. Mery sat down, leaning his head upon his hand. He was very grave, to-night. Softly spoke a scarcely audible voice from the couch. The countess rose, and went thither.

"You are awake, my dear?" she said, gently. "Ah, you have slept so nicely! And now, you are thirsty. Wait a moment, dear Rose."

She turned and took up the silver cup on the stand. A mingling of joy and horror the most intense, seized the murderess by the hearth.

"One moment, my dear madame," said M. Mery, hastily, rising and going towards her. "Let me give it to her."

He took the cup from the hand of the countess, glancing back, as he did so, at Mademoiselle Montauban. Her brilliant eyes, fixed upon him with an awful fascination, were instantly averted. He stirred the contents of the cup slowly.

"It appears to me," he said, with fearful deliberation, "that there is something here which will do our little invalid no good. I will remove it, if you please, madame, and bring something different." And following the stealthy figure of Mademoiselle Montauban, as it glided from the apartment, he closed the door behind him.

They were alone together in the gallery, lighted only by a single lamp, which but faintly revealed that ghostly form, moving swiftly towards the opposite chamber. But, quicker than lightning, a grasp was upon her arm. Her weird, white face gleamed awfully upon him, through the dim twilight. But she spoke no word.

"Come with me."

It was all he said. There was no power of resistance in the form beside him. Rapidly those two descended the staircase. He entered the library, with her arm locked in his; then he closed and locked the door. He stood before her. She was very still—very white. Only those terrible eyes burned like live coals and lifeless ashes. He held the cup in his hand; he made her look at it.

"You know what this is?" he said.

There was no answer.

"You *do* know. You placed it there. I was a witness of the deed. Unhappy woman! What evil has that sweet child done to you? Would you murder your own sister—Marguerite Montauban?"

One moment the guilty woman gazed at him wildly. A gasp, a struggle, a faint cry, and she sank in awful convulsions at his feet.

* * * *

That was a fearful night which followed, but it was only the commencement of a season fraught with agony. The marquis returned to the chateau from the death-bed of his brother, to find Helen struggling between life and death. For weeks she lay unconscious of everything about her; only coming out of a dull stupor that wrapt her, to fall, ever and anon, into those terrible convulsions, in which it seemed that nature must sink, worn out with the contest. The agitation produced by this circumstance, strange and sudden as it was, and the death of her brother, would have been beyond her power to bear, had it not been for the inexpressible happiness which it was permitted him to enjoy in the discovery of his long-lost child. How would he have shuddered, had he known the fearful fate which that sweet child had so narrowly escaped!

But the scenes enacted within the walls of the chateau that night were mercifully concealed from him. Fortunately for Helen Montauban, in the illness which succeeded the overwhelming denouement of the dark

tragedy wherein she had taken so terrible a part, there was no delirium, or her wretched secret would inevitably have been betrayed; and M. Mery, who tended her constantly, had destroyed all evidence of her guilt, of which, on that night, he had so providentially been made aware by returning, unannounced, and entering the apartment of the invalid just before the stealthy approach of the murderess. Her illness he allowed all to attribute to agitation, anxiety and excitement attendant on the late danger of Rose, trusting that, if she recovered, she would bitterly repent, in secret, her sinful attempt on her sister's life, and unwilling to add to the shame and agony which she would feel by betraying her guilt. He could guess at the cause of her enmity towards Rose; for M. Mery was a shrewd man; and he resolved to expedite the union of the lovers as much as was possible, that, in case the hatred of Helen should be still unsatisfied, the young girl might be safe from her reach, under the protection of her husband.

Meanwhile, the burial of Henri took place. It was quiet, unostentatious. He was laid in the family vault, to rest at last, after a weary life of sorrow, of desperation, and of crime. Only the marquis and the immediate members of his family were made acquainted with the history of the unhappy man, in the records which he left behind him. Louis returned from Paris in time for this burial. Returned, in anticipation of his approaching marriage day, to find his intended bride but just recovering from a dangerous illness, and Helen Montauban, as many believed, at the gates of death; to learn the story of the strangely-chequered life of his deceased relative, and recognize, in his beloved Rose, a cousin, and the child so long mourned as lost by his uncle. What an astounding revelation was this!

He had remained in ignorance, all this time, of the events so replete with awful interest, which were transpiring at the chateau, having received neither the letters announcing the danger of Rose, nor yet those sent to inform him of her safety. How intense were his mingled emotions of joy and sorrow awakened by these events!

From Rose was concealed all knowledge of the death of him whom she had believed to be her father; and the funeral obsequies were conducted as quietly as possible, that, in her still feeble state of health, no agitating influence might retard the progress of her slow recovery. M. Mery positively forbade the least excitement at present. She was not even allowed to know the real danger of Helen, whose illness was represented to her in as favorable a manner as might be.

M. Mery had persuaded the marquis to name an early day for the important ceremony, an agreement to which, it may be believed, Louis was not slow to subscribe, though he was disappointed in that his cousin Helen would be unable to be present at the wedding. The good old physician declared that there had been sufficient mourning in the chateau, and he longed to behold its gloom broken up by a day of earnest rejoicing; and what so favorable to this purpose as a marriage?

But, in the evening preceding the bridal day, the marquis called Rose to him in the library, and after some remarks, careless and insignificant enough in themselves, but accompanied by a manner that betrayed the emotion agitating him, he said, suddenly:

"Rose, my child, you have loved your father?"

"O yes, monsieur!" she replied, earnestly, and with tears standing in her eyes.

"And you have also loved me, Rose?" His voice trembled, despite his efforts to control himself.

"Ah, my friend, my benefactor, what have you been to me but a second father?"

He seated himself beside her.

"It is sweet, my child, to hear you say this—ah, you do not know how sweet to me! Rose, did I not tell you, once, that I lost, fourteen or fifteen years ago, a child—a lovely, gentle infant, whose picture you have seen in the saloon,—a child who was taken from me?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"And I have told you that you were what that child would be now if she were living. It is why you have ever been so dear to me. Ah, many a time, Rose, I have clasped you in my arms with an emotion of tenderness which, even had you felt, you could not have comprehended! For my child—my Marguerite—my pearl—resembled her mother—her sweet mother, my wife, and you were the image of both mother and child. And that night when you first came hither, when Helen brought you down to the saloon, in your white robes, and gleaming jewels, and with your soft hair floating about your slender form as hers did, then I was struck almost dumb! It was as if I had beheld a vision of her; for in every glance and motion, in your very dress and ornaments, you were the living copy of my beautiful and beloved wife, as I met her at the altar, on the night of our bridal."

"And now, listen, Rose. I have called you hither to give you a brief sketch of events connected with that portion of my own story contained within the last thirty years of my life, and that which will include the history of others beside myself. Of all the trouble which I have known since childhood, the greatest has been crowded into the space of time which has elapsed since I first loved and loved the magnificent—the beautiful and haughty Guidette Romani. She was an Italian by birth, lovely, winning, fascinating and deceitful. But I was a boy of twenty, warm-hearted, frank, and confiding. I thought she was all that was good and perfect, and I gave my heart to her—the protégé of my mother. We had been reared and educated together—Guidette and I—from childhood. But I had a brother—Henri; handsome, dark, and proud he was, a prince among his fellows. And he, too, loved Guidette, though I know it not; for his affection for her was concealed to none but herself. His fiery and passionate nature assimilated with hers, they sympathized with each other, they comprehended each other's tastes and feelings. It is enough to say that they were betrothed in secret, just previous to his departure from France, on a journey from which he was not to return for three years. Of this betrothal, as well as of his affection for her, I was profoundly ignorant, as well as the others of our family."

"And still I nursed my love for her, and dared to believe—nay, I had no slight reason to believe, that it was returned. With the consent and approval of my parents, I declared to her my love, and sought her hand in marriage. I was accepted. Ah, Rose, I do not wonder that you start in horror! Faithless to my brother, disregarding the sacred character of their mutual vows, she received the affection I felt for her with a blushing assurance of its being reciprocated. Fool that I was! But she was crafty and cunning; she slighted the younger brother for the elder—the soldier for the heir. We were married, and the ceremony had been only just completed, when my brother entered!"

"I will spare you the scene that followed. Sufficient to say, my brother swore a terrible revenge. I was dumb with astonishment, and before I could collect myself so far as to enter into the necessary process of explanation, he was gone—gone, without hearing a word of my defence, and believing me an active partner in the treachery of the wretched Guidette. It was too late for reparation. Henri had disappeared; he was gone, and none knew, thereafter, the place of his abode. But it was believed that he died shortly afterwards; but it was not so. These papers," and he pointed to the contents of an iron box beside him, "tell me that Henri—that my brother became the chief of a horde of smugglers and banditti, infesting the south and west of France."

Here the voice of the good marquis failed for an instant, but soon he resumed:

"A few years—a few unhappy years I passed with my wife. Then she died, leaving one child—Helen. The period of my mourning was brief. Within three years I married again, and this time it was the purest and loveliest being on earth whom I wedded. It was Marguerite—my beloved, gentle Marguerite, your—"

He paused suddenly again. The tears gathered in his eyes. He clasped Rose tenderly to his heart, and kissed her. She wept.

"Ah," she cried, tremblingly, "why is it that I feel such an interest in this sweet Marguerite? How you must have loved her!"

The marquis averted his face an instant. Then he proceeded:

"One child blessed this second and most happy union. The two years succeeding her birth were filled with the deepest happiness that I believe is given man to know on earth. Then, alas! my beautiful wife died. It was but a few months after that her child disappeared. My little Marguerite was lost! Search was in vain; she could not be found. You have heard of this. I will not enter upon the event in detail. I was left, as it were, alone—a wretched and sorrow-stricken man. For years I mourned, and refused to find solace. I even neglected my remaining child—indeed, I almost forgot her existence. But I was roused from this state. I saw the folly and the sin of wasting the life which Providence had given, in ungrateful repinings. I took my little Helen in my arms, and resolved thenceforth to act by her the part of a father, and strive to receive with humility and submission the lot



HELEN MONTAUBAN PREPARING THE FATAL POTION.

which Heaven, in its own wisdom, had awarded me. Since then, I have lived a quiet, secluded life, but not an unhappy one; for I bowed to a higher will than my own.

"It is within these two last months, Rose, that I have discovered what became of my little Marguerite. She was stolen from me by my own brother, Henri. You start, Rose, and turn pale. It was so; it was his revenge. He would have taken Helen, the child of her whom he had loved so madly; but he knew that I loved my youngest darling the best—that I idolized the daughter of my lost Marguerite; and he took the youngest. He reared her as his own. He brought her into this neighborhood, after an absence of two years, during which time she had grown and altered beyond recognition, though, when I met her, I saw a likeness to my wife. Yet I never suspected. He dwelt, a solitary man, with this little orphan child, whose mother—his wife—they said was dead. He lived not more than half a league from this very dwelling. There my child, unrecognized, expanded into a lovely womanhood. She was—"

He was interrupted, in his hurried and agitated recital, by a faint cry from Rose. She sprang up, with clasped hands and quivering lips.

"O, tell me—tell me who it was!" she cried. "Speak!—it was—"

"My child—my daughter!" uttered the marquis, extending his arms to embrace her; "behold her—for they called her—Rose Lamonte!"

"Ah, my father!" And with the soft utterance of that dear name, she fainted upon his breast.

* * * * *

It is time for our narrative to close. Perhaps the reader's patience has wearied long since. Romances, we are well aware, seldom extend beyond the lover's confession, leaving the imagination of the reader to work out a happy and peaceful conclusion; in this case, however, it has been necessary to record certain events of some importance preceding that conclusion, in order to make our story intelligible; and we trust that the latter portion of it has not failed to excite interest, merely because prolonged beyond the usual climax of stories in general.

As a matter of course, Rose—no, Marguerite, and Louis, were united. And though Marguerite mourned still, with a child's affection, the loss of him whom she had hitherto regarded as a parent, yet her heart turned, with natural love, to her true father; and the regard which she had ever felt for him, while her relationship to him was yet unknown, expanded and deepened now into that holiest and tenderest of sentiments—a daughter's affection.

Louis was not the less pleased with his bride, it may be credited, now that he had in her a relative. His "Marguerite des Marguerites" was only dearer.

Helen Montauban, as soon as her health became re-established, entered a convent, to enter upon her novitiate; and when it was expired, assumed the veil, that shut her from a world grown hateful to her. The frustration of her evil design upon her sister was too much for her to bear; and though, thanks to the mercy of M. Mery, her guilt remained a secret from all save himself, yet she could not endure to meet daily with those whose happiness continually reminded her of the fate alike of her love and her revenge. None knew why she entered the convent, save M. Mery. Persuasion had availed nothing, and a nun she became.

Francis Egerton returned to Paris, where, in a year or two, he married happily. Do not think him fickle, reader; he was like the rest of mankind, and not the worse, perhaps, for that.

Jacques Leroux, shortly after the death of his former leader, returned to the neighborhood of the Chateau Montauban, and entered in the service of Louis d'Artois, whom he served faithfully, and who rewarded him well for his many services.

And now, reader, adieu!

THE MONSTER STEAMSHIP.

There is now being constructed on the shore of the Isle of Dogs, in the river Thames, opposite to the town of Deptford, an enormous iron fabric which has recently begun to assume the proportions of a ship. Unlike other ships, it has not been cradled in docks, or suspended upon framework, but is built on the solid earth. It is a difficult task to impart an idea of magnitude by description, and in describing this vessel, we can do little more than give the actual measurements, and leave the reader to judge for himself. The length of the new steamer is to be 680 feet; her breadth 83 feet; and her depth 60 feet. She will be about double the length of the largest vessel now afloat. Some fifty or sixty large four or five story brick houses might be stowed away, out of sight, within her outer walls. It is estimated that she will be able to float a weight, including engines, machinery, coals, cargo, etc., of twenty-five thousand tons—which is six times the tonnage of the largest man-of-war. The walk of about a quarter of a mile in length, around this immense vessel, is a very interesting one. She is surrounded by a

hundred portable forges, by means of which the bolts, at a white heat, are driven through the iron plates; and the clank of the hammers is deafening. The steamer is divided into ten compartments, separated from each other by water-tight walls of iron, so that in case one should be filled with water, the others would sustain the vessel. With a further view to safety, the outer coating of the vessel is built double below low water-mark, so that if one covering is fractured, the other and inner one presents a second safeguard. In case of necessity, moreover, the water can be let in between these coverings to the weight of two thousand tons, to serve as ballast. This extraordinary vessel is intended for commercial and emigrant purposes, and for the performance of long voyages—perhaps to India, China, Australia and Japan. She will be able to carry twelve thousand tons of coal in her hold, which it is expected will be more than sufficient to circumnavigate the globe. An indispensable condition to a profitable voyage is a tolerably quick passage; and in the construction of this leviathan, no pains have been spared to secure all the modern improvements of model. Besides this, she will carry with her the greatest propelling power in the world. Her engines will have cylinders eighteen feet long, six feet in diameter, and weighing twenty eight tons each. She will be propelled both by paddles and by screw. Her paddle engines will be fed by forty furnaces, generating steam equivalent to one thousand horse power, and her screw engines to sixty furnaces, supplying steam to the amount of 1500 horse power. She will carry no sails. The ship will cost probably half a million pounds. She is to have ten thousand tons of iron plates, and above three million bolts and rivets. She will be fitted to carry a thousand first class passengers, and as many second class. Her saloons will be roomy apartments, ten or fifteen feet high. She is expected to save twenty or thirty days on the voyage to Australia, and if she answers the ends of her proprietors in this respect, she will command freight and passengers upon her own terms. As soon as completed, the earth will be dug away as closely as possible to where she stands, the water from the river let in, and she will be forced into the water, broadside on, by means of hydraulic engines.—*Port Folio*.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LITTLE SNOW-FLAKE, FALL.

BY CALE DUNN.

The little snow-flakes fall,
And melt upon the pane.
While all around the russet ground
Is growing white again.
Fall, fall, fall,
Little snow-flake bright;
Fall until the russet earth
Is mantled o'er with white.

Across the village street
A cottage stands aloof,
There's joy within, and children's din,—
Snow gathers on the roof.
Fall, fall, fall,
Silver snow-flake bright,
Fall until the cottage roof
Is covered o'er with white.

Two little ones are there,
A-looking at the snow;
Two little girls, in chestnut curls,
With sweet cheeks all a-glow.
Fall, fall, fall,
Tiny snow-flake bright;
Fall until those little eyes
See nothing out but white.

With heart o'er-brimmed with joy,
Along the shining street,
A whistling lad, attired in plaid,
Gambols with nimble feet.
Fall, fall, fall,
Little snow-flake bright;
Fall until his little shoes,
Are covered o'er with white.

The cheery sound of bells
Comes floating through the flakes;
How sweet the spell, when music's swell
Upon our day-dream breaks!
Fall, fall, fall,
Little snow-flake bright;
Fall until the sleigh runs smooth
Upon a bed of white.

O, little snow-flake, fall!
And whiten all the earth,
That eyes may beam—that hearts may dream,
Of nothing else but mirth.
Fall, fall, fall,
Silver snow-flake bright;
Fall until the russet earth
Is mantled o'er with white.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FREDERIC BARBAROSSA.

BY FRANCIS W. BUTMANN.

TRAVELLING a few years since in Germany, the following tale was related to me one stormy night, by a German friend imbued with traditionary spirit. If any of the weird interest he lost to the reader, let him consider that he does not crouch low with one solitary companion, in the vast hall of a ruined fortress that beetled over a bottomless lake among the highest places of the Reisingebirge; no fitful fire flashes up over great scale armors hanging on mouldering walls, till in their glittering, sinuous vibrations they seemed like shining monsters instinct with life; no snowy hand, now and then disturbing the brands, sends from its ancestral diamond a shower of radiant, prismatic lights across his vision; nor does he, while watching a fascinating face, receive it through the medium of a foreign tongue, which always lends a magic enhancement to the simplest recital. The wind howled through all the story as I heard it, and all the mountain, midnight storm dashed against our ghost-haunted shelter with a bitter strength.

"It may have been from this very strong-hold," said my companion, "that Frederic Barbarossa, our great and valiant emperor, in the twelfth century, set out with a mighty host of retainers, swelling the number as he went gloriously on, till, planting his standard in the Vale of Ronceval beyond the Alps, he summoned his Italian vassals to pay their homage. The Ghibellines flocked to their liege lord, the Guelfs spurned the summons and scourged the messengers; and to subdue these refractory subjects, the emperor began his victorious campaigns. Burning and devastating the lesser cities, before attacking Milan, he at last encamped before the strongly fortified Tortona, which he razed to the ground and abandoned to pillage. Penetrating the heart of the city with his conquering legions and dispersing them in many various directions, he at last, with only a handful of brave followers, entered the church of St. Angelo. As they came from the roaring, shouting streets, into a noiseless quarter, and then into the church itself, into the sacred stillness of the holy place, with its few candles dimly burning in a vast, gentle twilight, and its delicate incense slowly enrolling them in a fragrant atmosphere, they were struck to an answering silence—and resting the points of their naked swords, suffered them to drip their bloody sweat upon the cold, stone pavement, while they gazed around.

"Suddenly the little mass bells tinkled, the organ sent forth a rolling peal of harmony, a dazzle of insufferable brilliancy shot athwart the church, disclosing a motionless array of white-robed priests, and all again was as instantly submerged in the sombre, quiet twilight. Hardly had they awoke from a transitory amazement, when piercing shrieks filled their ears, and bursting in from another part of the church, a girl, followed by a band of soldiers,

rushed madly on; they were aware of her mantle of brilliant crimson and blue streaming across their eyes, and she fell at the feet of the emperor. With a gentleness characteristic of the bravest men, Frederic Barbarossa raised her in his arms and turned to confront her persecutors, but not a soldier of them was to be seen, and from the fiery clashing of swords and loud cries of angry voices, a dead, echoless silence filled the church, while looking up, so says the chronicle, Frederic and his followers beheld a cluster of white wings and angelic countenances slowly circling higher and higher through the vast central arch, while sweet, distant music fell as slowly downward like a wreath of supernatural song. It was fitting, added the chronicle, that Beatrix should have been thus made known to Frederic by heavenly influences. Having discovered from the agitated girl that she was the daughter of his most faithful friend, the Franche Comte, Reinhold of Burgundy, and that she had been tarrying at the court of Tortona, the emperor, as soon as possible, restored her to her father. It is fair to conjecture that now and then thinking of Beatrix, who was said to be the most beautiful woman in the known world, he continued on his victorious career.

"A year passed, and the emperor, who frequently went abroad alone in order to observe his people, was climbing, one dark night, over a steep mountain side, while all his mind was full of one only thought and name. The wind was up, and whistling in the pines—the pointed leaves of every wayside uttered drearily, as they rustled, the one word—Beatrix. All the mountain brooks, as they foamed beside his path, seemed to cry out strange sentences which only his ear could interpret, and the cawing crows, as they wheeled from their dizzy perches above some mountain tarn, turned, suddenly screaming the same word in his ears—Beatrix!

"All at once, a chorus of wild voices from the very mountain crest, swept down on the blowing winds, and at the same moment all the air seemed alive with rushing forms. He could dimly descry flashing eyes and floating locks sail by him, garments streaming along indistinct in the darkness like the ragged clouds of a tempest, and cold fingers clasped quickly over his and gone again; blasts of hot breath panted across his lips, and quick, electric sparks of fire flashed from the point of every needle of the pines. As he rapidly advanced, the noisy whirl of air above his head caused him to look up where lay a cloud shedding a pale, gray light which showed him that he stood on the narrow path between two mighty precipices, over which the least inadvertent movement might dash him to atoms. The cloud seemed to float across and remain motionless above the chasm, accompanied by a great angry wheeling of wings and winds, and as it grew slowly brighter there was disclosed, through the vaporous texture, the apparition of a woman wringing her hands distractedly, but whose face was indistinct; and having gradually descended the abyss, the cloud and its apparition rose in wheeling spirals and streamed far away on the blast. Resolutely folding his arms, Frederic Barbarossa abandoned himself to the fates that had brought him hither, and looked steadfastly before him, revolving in his mind for what purpose he was thus made the sport of invisible elements. One thing alone seemed certain, that some great danger hung over Beatrix, but of what nature he could not divine, nor did he even know where she was, for since her father's death, while he was engrossed by absorbing state matters, she had slipped unaccountably from his sight, and at the very time when he prepared to make her an offer of his heart and empire, she was nowhere to be found. It must not be thought that the emperor idly mourned this mischance; on the contrary, messengers and scouts had scoured the whole of Europe for a twelve-month, and as yet in vain.

"Now, as the chroniclers of the time declare, the Countess Beatrix was a maiden of the most excellent beauty, so that ambassadors, on the fame of this, came from many realms to behold her. Tall and slender as the ash, she was most frequently attired in a white robe closed at the throat. Her hair, which was long and exceedingly abundant, was of that peculiar darkness where gold seems to be braided thread for thread with black, and she wore it streaming loose from a coronet of rubies. She had eyes dark, large and tender, which glowed beneath brows whose arch was not to be painted, and illuminated a countenance where transparent olive had frozen to chill crimson on the cheek, and characterized by features cast in the mould of an empress. Thus, when sought in marriage for an oriental monarch, was she described by the lords, whose advances on the part of their sovereign, she had repulsed.

"To return to the emperor. As he stood looking westward, a ball of fire shot by, as if driven from an arrow far above his head, and speeding on and on, separated the leagues of darkness as it flew. In a broad track after the path of the ball, was left a stream of light like ghostly sunshine walled on either side by darkness, and as if the light were a thread, one end of which the emperor held, the ball flashed onward across all the German lands and rivers till it suddenly ended over a plain in Burgundy. Though all the German land was thickly peopled, and though the regions of Burgundy were most fruitful and populous, no living soul, no tree, nor shrub, nor any dwelling, met the emperor's eye, as, endowed with more than earthly vision, he gazed down the stretching vista of light, till toward the end, one single town rose up square and gray, bathed in a soft, undreamed-of sunshine and framed like a picture in the blackness of the night around its own atmosphere.

"Looking intently, the emperor could have sworn to the locality, even if—gazing from the single, lofty window, holding forth her arms imploringly to him so far away, with unutterable sadness in her shining eyes—he had not beheld Beatrix. She tore from her hair a rich blue blossom, and flung it toward him. It might have

been a dream, but he felt his fingers clasp over the stem as he caught it, and instantly full gray clouds swept down from the lands behind the tower, driving blasts of rain and hail and wind dashed against it, and all the fury and bitterness of the stormy darkness closed round and obliterated the lane of light. For one moment the whole mountain where he stood was on fire with splendor, and then from the contrast plunged as instantly into a more than midnight blackness.

"In a thought the emperor understood the vision, and formed his determination; but it was impossible to move from so precarious a situation, and therefore he resolved to wait in his constrained posture for the morning light. But a touch, cold and steady, was laid on his wrist; eyes full of iridescent brightness gazed closely into his, and tangles of unseen hair swept his forehead. The touch drew him on slowly yet imperiously, and the air, before crowded with similar identities, became clear and vacant, while loud thunder echoed and rattled round about, and sharp lightning pierced the clouds far beneath him. When the guidance ceased, he knew not—but with sunrise he awoke in his own royal bed, and would have pronounced it all a dream, had not the rich blue blossom, still unfaded, remained in his hand.

"For my own part," said my companion, "I incline to the belief that Barbarossa had unconsciously plucked the flower himself as he went along, but so do not the old traditions, and there is still a shield of the emperor extant, which bears a blue blossom upon a field argent. However all that may be, in a few hours, mandates were sent summoning the service of countless vassals, and in a week's time the emperor led a bold and tireless force towards Burgundy. The castle before which he encamped, belonging to William, Count of Burgundy, the uncle of Beatrix, was strong and well defended, and thus twenty days had elapsed before any irreparable breach was made in its walls, and as yet he knew not, save from his vision in the mountains that Beatrix was here imprisoned by that uncle. All the emperor's army wondered at his vigor in this unexplained siege, yet they nevertheless performed their part nobly. One midnight, having laid the plan for a fresh attack, he was encouraging his men in the trenches, when a torch gleamed from the high lattice of a tower, and Beatrix herself, as he had seen her from the mountain, stood there, lighting the besiegers. Waving his helmet and scarf, Frederic broke the stillness of the night with a song they had sung together in Italy, and like a silvery echo her voice from the height replied, till hastily the torch was extinguished, the lattice closed, the voice silent, and she was gone.

"Rather from a whim than any sounder reason, when the emperor had protected Beatrix in the church, and during all the months of that Italian campaign, till he was able to return her to her father, and while he had given her a duchess for a companion, he had enforced concealment of his rank on all about her; and so thoroughly were his orders obeyed, that she only knew him as the bravest lieutenant of a brave master, and never dreamed of any imperial increase of splendor possible to the one she had invested with a panoply of virtue, beauty and courage. The affairs of the siege were in this state when, one morning, a truce was called by the besieged, which being granted, the portcullis was raised, and the German army with their emperor, beheld Count William standing beneath, with the Lady Beatrix, clad most gorgeously. In a loud voice the count, addressing himself to Frederic, said that the Lady Beatrix, believing that Barbarossa the emperor, was directing his forces against her uncle's castle to obtain the rich fief he might dream accompanied her hand, and wishing to avoid such cruel bloodshed, she here swore that though the emperor might be able to possess himself of any land she held, she would never, with her own knowledge, become his wife, so help her Mary the mother of God and the patron of all virginity! As he said these words holding a crucifix toward Beatrix, she clasped her hands before it and bowed her head in assent. Frederic stepped boldly forward and begged the countess to consider ere she took the oath, and to suffer an ambassador to plead the imperial cause before her. But with a shade of troubled doubt flitting across her face, that he should thus urge the cause of one whom she deemed another, a shade quickly breaking into a trusting smile, she answered, in a voice sufficing to reach his ears:

"The oath is taken."

"Nevertheless," said Frederic, with a lordly wave of his hand, "let the conference be broken up, the truce is at an end, we commence the siege!"

"And at sundown the castle lay black and smoking in ruins, its defenders prisoners, and the Countess Beatrix in the imperial tent.

"The emperor raised the curtain and entered. Starting, Beatrix sprang to the centre of the place and stood doubtfully gazing at him.

"Beatrix!"

"Frederic!"

"And they rushed into each other's arms. This was their confession of love, this their betrothal.

"Beatrix," said Frederic, by-and-by, "didst take that oath from any hope of this most blessed moment?"

"Nay, from no positive hope, but I could love no master of thine."

"And what thoughtest thou when I took up the emperor's cause?"

"O, I feared I had been weak and vain," she answered, laughing, "and that thy heart was doubtless entangled in the yellow locks of some German lady."

"And could a knight, whose only empire was his sword, prove forgetful of the beauty that emperors had sought in vain?" said Frederic.

"Later in the evening, a vassal, one Wolfgang Von Zahr,

brought in the evening cordials upon a golden salver; pausing before entering the tent, he dropped into every glass a small particle. The merry circle drank and parted, and Frederic taking the honorary guard without the countess's tent, assured himself that all at last was sure and safe and blessed.

"The cordial was drugged, and he slept upon his post. The morning came at last, when waking to the sense that his draught on the night before had been tampered with, he indignantly ordered a roll of certain officers scarcely trustworthy, to be called. Wolfgang Von Zahr was alone missing, and on looking towards his quarter of the encampment, both the ensign and tents of that worthy were wanting. On searching the tent so faithfully guarded by the emperor, the Countess Beatrix was not to be found, and no tracks of the villain and his booty were discernible. With his heart for the first time and so suddenly, full of despair, Frederic ordered the tents to be struck, the treasure and prisoners secured, and the march to be resumed. Perhaps trusting in the intervention of unknown aid once more, the emperor did not stir so vigorously as he might, but burning with shame, and anger, and grief, he left his cause to chance.

"But whoever would have the gods help them, let them first help themselves; and mountain sprites scorned to lend their aid in this case, where insufficient mortal means had been tried. Several fierce engagements in which he was invariably victorious, took place with the vassals of the intractable count ere the Burgundian territory was left behind, but finally, after many days' weary toil, a halt was ordered on a mountain top, within the German border.

Leaving his army to the care of others, the emperor, little resonant with their relaxation and jollity, wandered unattended away, spurning with his spurred heel the pebbles as he went, till, he moved downward to the river's bed and through the valley, all things seemed suddenly to awaken his energies and sing joyful promises to his hope. Stopping a moment at a wayside cross, he registered in his heart a vow, to accomplish which, all his abilities and resources would be tasked in the search for Beatrix. Scarcely had he sworn it, when suddenly there leaped across his path a lean, gray wolf, who bounded away into the great caverns beyond the valley, having brought a good omen of strength, and the emperor continued to descend.

"It had seemed to him as if from the moment he made the vow a cloud of mist and foam on the left kept pace with him in his downward path. It was the 'Spectre of the Hills,' who, striding on a silent way, always blessed solitary travellers, say the traditions. Absorbed in his reverie, Frederic felt rather than saw the undulating motion of his companion, and the continual toss and splash of white garments as the spectre unceasingly threw over his arm the snowy folds that otherwise would have impeded the wearer's progress. At last, vexed at the interruption of his thoughts, the emperor boldly faced the apparition, but with a leap and a splash of foam, it had vanished, and nothing was there but the mountain brook, as it fell from a lofty height, tumbling and laughing away into the dark woods. Gazing at the cascade, the emperor saw it grow transparent, disclosing a rosy, female form of the most perfect undraped symmetry, her gauzy scarf looped high over her shoulders and floating away in the current of the fall, to where harebells and orchis fringed its end.

"Drawing back with rosy fingers the showers of golden curls from a face of radiant and bewitching splendor, she hung thus in the transparent falls, and gazed with smiling fascination upon him. Above her, myriad floating forms and rainbow tints caught the light, shifting and changing with every breath, while from far within the rocks, dripping like honey through every crevice, and echoing within the hollows of every water-drop, the delectable strains of the *zauber-flöte* wound in and out, encircling her with a pure of magic music. Gradually the shape faded to indistinctness within the fall, while the music waned with her, and all the airy sprites rose gently and floated off among the white clouds to heaven. It was the 'Witch of the Waterfall,' and whoever was endowed with her beatific vision, all his life before him was to be a tissue of successful exploits, and all his most golden anticipations to become realities. Far above him on the lofty heights, the glittering tents of his army sparkled white against the blue sky; there, knightly sports were in practice; there, jovial games of the middle ages sent faint shoutings on the wind, and still elsewhere the men were hammering gaily at the temporary forge, humming as they wrought, the songs of the fatherland. None had seen the lustre disclosed to him, and with a heart too light to perceive the fatigue of climbing, he regained the camp, and in a few days the hosts wound on their way again.

"Returning to his capital, pressing state matters compelled the emperor's stay for a time, during which he employed every means really to obtain information concerning Beatrix—ostensibly to bring the traitor, Wolfgang Von Zahr, to justice. Endeavoring to reconcile many conflicting interests, that now presented themselves in his empire, the strictest secrecy, it may well be imagined, was necessary in his councils. Each of his advisers were trusty and true as steel; judge then, of his and their astonishment, when all their plans and diplomacy had become the open talk of the court. For some weeks it continued, and every proceeding that was calculated to produce disturbance was divulged, till half of the empire was set by the ears through the means of this secret agency. As yet all efforts to discover the cause had failed, and as no words spoken in the council chamber were safe, the emperor resolved to take the affair into his own hands. He rightly judged that Von Zahr was a creature of the usurping Count of Burgundy, whose castle had so lately been destroyed; and that, through some prior collusion, he had carried off Beatrix, and even, perhaps, made away with her, in order that there might be no legal obstacle in the path of her uncle.

"Therefore, with a daring stroke of clemency, the emperor commanded, in the midst of a great banquet, that the *ci-devant* Count of Burgundy should be freed from his chains, brought into the imperial presence and robed with a new title and fresh honor. Surprised as were all the guests, each vied with the other in attention to the count, and the feast went on as smoothly as before. Among the guards was one added shortly after the last campaign, a bold Swabian, who, clothed in complete armor, stood at the vestibule, or moved with his lofty stature imposingly among the crowd, as he fulfilled some mandate of the emperor. For sometime Frederic's voiceless suspicions had rested on this man, and as he several times observed the count and he interchange glances, he felt his suspicions to be partially confirmed, and finally sending him down into the saloon to request the presence of the Count of Burgundy by the throne, he watched him narrowly.

"Neither looking to the right nor left, the guard strode towards the count. It must have been a long formula of invitation he extended to that noble, ere turning, he loomed back, followed by the count and rendering him almost invisible behind his own mighty Swabian shadow. There were several great stone columns in the hall, which supported the vaulted ceiling, and in one of these was carved a niche in the exact shape of a gigantic knight in armor, and here had formerly stood a bronze statue, which having been accidentally broken, was now removed. Pausing briefly in his onward course, the guard leaned a moment beside this column as he exchanged a word with a courtier, in such a manner as to obscure the emperor's view of the count. When he again moved forward, the count was not following him. Instantly the emperor rose, and those courtiers who were at a loss to know why, when all the nation was in such perplexity, so gorgeous a banquet had been given, and who had hung with suspense on every imperial movement, rose with him. The occurrence did not escape the guard's eye, who, steadily gazing from his closed visor at the emperor, fell slowly back against the column and into the very niche and posture of the armed knight, and thus seemed ready to ward off the blows of his angry, approaching lord. All the court turned at this moment and followed with their eyes the emperor down the hall.

"Sparkling with anger, his drawn sword in his hand, Frederic drew near, raised his arm to the shoulder of the guard no less gigantic than himself, and tore him from his niche. The armor clashed and rattled in his hand as he held it up and shook it—to the horror of all the court it was empty! The emperor never stayed to search for the secret spring which had thus afforded escape, but turning to his courtiers, whose faces were aghast with superstitious terror, he called loudly for a sledge-hammer, which being at last brought, he showered a host of mighty blows against the column. In a few moments, beneath the pressure of the swinging blows, it cracked and split and broke away, exposing a dark, spiral staircase; and snatching a torch, Frederic called on them to follow him, as he plunged down. Withheld a moment by shivering fear, his courtiers hesitated; but a brave few, led on by Henry the Lion, desperately followed and overtook the emperor winding along with his torch through a long, dark passage. In a short time the fresh air blew on their faces, they heard the water lapping on the reeds, and emerged into the starlight beneath the steep bank and beside the river. Here, then, the fugitives had escaped, and the imperial party returned to the saloons where the company waited for them in dismay. From this time, the guard (now fully recognized, through all his disguises of skin and hair, as Wolfgang Von Zahr) and his employer, the count, were seen no more at the court of Germany.

"But Wolfgang Von Zahr's influence did not cease with his presence—on the contrary the thousand commotions he had agitated boiled anew with fresh vigor, and foremost the wild contests in Bohemia (whither it was believed the rascal had gone), demanded attention. These the villain had so incited and advanced that they could only be quelled by the presence of the emperor himself, with an army; and very speedily, Frederic, whose rapid movements, so well planned and sure, had gained him the epithet of the 'Ubiquitous,' was in the centre of his Bohemian territories, and in the fierce battles of these barbarous regions had settled all disputes, and for the present established peace. One day on the return, the emperor and his advance legion were once more marching down the steep sides of a Bohemian mountain, when a strange creaking overhead caused them to look up. Hung in chains from a gibbet high in air, swung a body cased in armor, the ghastly head alone being bare—and they all knew Wolfgang Von Zahr. Turning shuddering away, the emperor felt as though—if the body of the dead guard had not been too real—that the same supernatural influences must be in the air as on the night when he saw Beatrix far across the hills, looking at him from the tower in Burgundy. A long snow plain stretched on his right, and gazing out across it, the familiar banks of the Mayne, yet hundreds of miles away, seemed to grow up before him beneath their hanging fringes of elm and willows, while a small boat drove swiftly down the current. Kneeling on the stern-sheets, with her hands crossed on the tiller, all her black hair streaming behind her, her face white and pale in contrast with the large, dark eyes steadily fixed on some point in the distance, smiled Beatrix. With a sudden start, the emperor recovered himself, and all the scene had vanished from the plains. Immediately changing his orders, Frederic altered the route, and the march finally ended on the banks of the Mayne, at Wurzburg, where the imperial court was assembled amid all the exultation with which success could clothe it.

"It was sunset in Wurzburg, and the emperor sat alone in the cathedral, absorbed in mournful thoughts. The light, pouring through the western windows and their gorgeous paintings of

those middle ages, flooded all those aisles with pomp, and filled the vast nave with inconstant splendors, while striking among the carved and fluted columns, their radiant colors fell on the flowery capitals and transfigured them into gigantic blossoms and leafy boughs, till through such richness springing from slender shafts the emperor felt like a pilgrim sitting among the ancient boles of an East Indian forest.

"Vespers had long since closed—all the cathedral was silent and empty, and still half lying on the flat tomb of some ancient worthy, the emperor remained. His eyes had unconsciously fixed themselves on the figure of a kneeling nun carved in marble, nor did he perceive on what his glance was bent, till from the dim obscurity of the lofty roof, a dove, glowing in white brightness, wheeled in slow spirals, shaking a rain of golden sparks downward from its beak. Wreathing lower like fiery snow-flakes, the sparks collected and fell one by one, on the brow of the marble nun, till, from a shining halo, they formed a perfect crown of radiant ruby glories, and the dove wound slowly up again in its luminous track, while a shimmer of snowy wings dashed round transept, nave and chancel, and with pealing melody such as mortal hands never drew from mortal instruments, the diadem faded, the cathedral was silent and the emperor alone again. Alone? Did any rose-light from the windows fall on the white marble nun, that she seemed instinct with life? Was any current of air blowing between her and the emperor, that she seemed to waver in his sight? Could eyes shine like jewels in those marble sockets? Or had she really risen?—was she coming toward him?—were the dusky, beautiful eyes glowing full on his?—did a warm hand touch his forehead?—could it indeed be Beatrix? He dared not speak lest this vision should also vanish—but he closed his arms around her and felt her heart beat warm and life-like against his, while her soft hair brushed his cheek.

"There was time for rapturous embraces and harrowing recountal of adventures, ere the marriage bells rung out on the air, and royal proclamations and loyal shouts could fill all the city and country round with gaiety. Sitting in the soft gloom, Frederic learned how, when taken by Wolfgang Von Zahr, Beatrix had been carried and left in the Bohemian fastnesses, and on his execution by the chieftains on his return, she had fled to the temporary shelter of the nunnery at Wurzburg, and was saying her evening prayer in the adjoining cathedral when he discovered her.

"In God's house I found thee, in God's house thou hast returned to me," cried he.

"The wedding day dawned, and Beatrix, still ignorant of Barbarosa's rank, was led in magnificent procession to the altar, never dreaming that all the ceremonious superabundance of the day was due to any higher rank than the brave generalship of her lover, and never looking for any emperor whose presence at the nuptials might be the source of so much grandeur.

"Lifting a small but magnificent crown from the crimson cushion of the bearer, the emperor, when the ceremony ended, turned to Beatrix, and said:

"I, Frederic, called Barbarossa, do crown thee, Beatrix of Burgundy, empress of all the Germanies and of thy husband's heart!" and he dropped the crown upon her head.

"She looked up in a bewildered, hasty way, but Frederic, gazing smilingly upon her, added:

"Thine emphatic clause hath saved thee. Thou didst swear never of thine own knowledge, to wed the emperor, yet in becoming my wife, if thou knewest it not, thou art also his!"

"And the chronicles," said my companion, "never mention any shadow falling on the sunshine of their wedded life."

The storm had fallen when my friend ceased, and looking from the ivy-grown loop-hole, I saw the waning moon lying pallid on the eastern sky, with one pale star trembling upon the horn. An early traveller shot his skiff quickly across the dark tarn below, and was as quickly gone, while far around me stretched the noiseless, morning twilight—stretched sadly above the graves of all these people whose lives, so long ago, had pulsed with joy and sadness as evenly as lives do now, and whose sleep was unbroken by the murmur of many centuries.

We ought to observe with diligence things past, for that they give light to those that are to come; forasmuch as the world was always one, and all that which is at this present, and shall be, hath been at other times; for that the self-same things return under divers names and colors.—*Bacon*.

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THE BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA, MEXICO—GENERALS TAYLOR AND SANTA ANNA

STORMING OF CHAPULTTEPEC, MEXICO, GENERALS PILLOW AND BRAVO.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A FANTASIE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

It came upon me unawares,
And just as noiseless as the snow,
As, sitting by the embers low,
I mused upon life's many cares.

Against my little study's wall
The embers cast a fitful gleam,
As reason sometimes in a dream
Shines dimly at mad fancy's call.

And then I thought how sweet 'twould be,
To have one sitting by me there;
I, toying with her silken hair,
She, casting looks of love on me.

I'll seek for such an one, said I,
To be with me through weal and woe;
'Till—the embers growing low,
Love's fire is carried to the sky.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY STEPMOTHER.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

I WILL not say that stepmothers are disagreeable as a class; but I know I thought there never was such a wicked, horrible animal as mine. I do not soften the expression of my thoughts with moderate and carefully chosen words, for I was a child, and I say it as I thought it in my childish way. An impulsive, passionate thing I was, too, and could love and hate with equal energy—though I do not remember that my hatred was ever roused to any violent degree till her entrance into my father's house. I was tender-hearted, and easily won by affection. Thus I was always happy until she came—a light, frank, open child, finding enjoyment in everything, and little dreaming of the coming time when every wish, and impulse, and affection were to be crushed by the power of a vindictive tyrant. But the time was coming.

I was eight years old when my father married and brought home this second wife. My own mother—a pretty, hazel-eyed, sunny-faced matron, whom I had loved tenderly—had been dead some three or four years; but I remembered her perfectly, and was deeply displeased that my father should be about to give me another in her place. Yet I loved him, and prepared myself to receive his new wife with feelings of duty and respect, if not of affection. I did not like to think of that; I could not easily transfer to an entire stranger the tenderness which clung with such tenacity to the memory of my own dead mother. But I hoped to love her in time.

She came. A strong-featured, harsh-voiced woman, with coal-black hair, and glittering, steel-blue eyes, and an occasional cat-like expression of countenance, which inspired me with dread the first time I met her. I think she knew my sentiments from my face, for I never could conceal the feelings that agitated me. Good, bad or indifferent, my face was sure to betray them, school myself as I might. She returned my dislike by hating me from the first. Not in so many words she told me, but by her actions and glances. For a long time, however, I had no occasion to complain of her—we only manifested our mutual dislike by keeping as far from each other as possible. And while out of her way I was happy, and forgot her. Only when I came where she was, did I experience a return of those unpleasant sensations, with which nothing else than her neighborhood could ever inspire me.

I was a wild, careless thing. I dare say I had provoked her anger more than once by my want of forethought, ere I discovered in her conduct any signs of open hostility; but at first, I think it was fear of my father's anger that restrained her from violence. Had she been different herself, she might have won my confidence, moulded me as she pleased, and taught me more careful and considerate ways. As it was, she watched me, and beheld my unintentionally aggravating conduct, and nursed her resentment and wrath till she could restrain it no longer.

It was just on the rocky banks of the river that our dwelling stood, and there was not another house in sight. If I had been older, I might have thought it lonely; but a child finds companions in anything and everything, and I was contentedly happy. For whole hours every day, I would play by myself out of doors—only running in to get my dinner or lunch, as the case might be, and immediately returning to my play. This was what my stepmother did not like. I never worked. I never did anything to help her. I was useless; and, being useless, I was an incumbrance.

My father was away a great deal from the house, working in the field, and saw nothing of the gathering storm. We kept no help. My stepmother, strong and hardy, did her own work. She was accustomed to wash up the floor every morning, an hour or two after breakfast; and before the time came for this operation, I was generally out of the way.

One morning, however, I came running in for something I wanted just as she had finished scouring the floor. Forgetting my muddy feet, I ran straight across the room, but she was standing in my way. One clutch of her strong hand brought me up with a jerk, my feet slipped, and a violent blow, that made me blind with dizziness for a moment, descended upon the side of my head as I fell. I had transgressed often, and the fury burst out at last.

The first shock past, I rose indignantly to my feet. It seemed to me that every drop of blood in my body had rushed, boiling, to my face and temples—more from wrath than the violence of her blow, hard as that had been.

"How dare you do that?—and what does it mean?" I cried. Her face was whiter than a sheet. "Find out, little wretch!" she hissed, and then she went into the next room, shutting the door after her. As I looked about me, the muddy tracks of my feet on the shining floor presented themselves. I remembered that she had struck my little spaniel a long time before, for soiling the floor in this way. She had treated me worse than my dog, for an equally unintentional offence. Anger at this unjust action possessed me most fully for an instant; then the great heavy, scalding tears came. The door opened, and she came out again, casting a vengeful glance at me.

"You wicked, wicked woman!" I said, reproachfully. "That was dreadful in you to strike me for such a thing!—a thing I did not mean, too! I don't care now if I do give you trouble."

And sobbing still, I went out again, making, I suppose, fresh tracks at every step. I neither knew nor cared. Away out to my favorite nook I went—to the mossy cleft in the rock above the river; and there, hugging up my little dog, who was lying there waiting for me, I cried till my tears relieved me. Then, in my sports with my dog, I forgot my trouble, and its author as well.

At noon, I went home again; and as we went into the door, Fido stopped at the threshold, looked at my stepmother and growled. It seemed as if he knew what she had done to me. She stopped short, as she was passing by, and eyed him threateningly. He uttered a low snarl, and then followed a succession of shrill barks; his eyes flashed furiously. Stooping, she seized the little creature, and dashed him across the garden. It was more than I could bear. In a passion of grief and rage, I raised my arm and struck her. At that moment my father appeared at the gate.

"Margaret! What does this mean?" he cried, sternly; and without waiting for a reply, he took me by the hand, led me up stairs, and shut me in my chamber. "Stay there till I call you, Margaret," he said, and went away without locking the door. He knew there was no need of it.

All that afternoon I passed in solitude and tears. Resentment and the desire of redress, together with a bitter sense of my stepmother's oppressive cruelty, filled me. If I could have told my father some of my troubles, it would have been a relief; but it was not permitted. My stepmother had the field to herself, and could make out the case as she pleased. She would be aided, too, by the evidence of my father's own sight. He had seen me strike her.

That the fault was imputed solely to my evil temper, I have no doubt, for my father went back to his work without coming near me, and until sunset I was alone. He returned then, and after eating his supper, came up stairs to bring me mine; he brought it in, set it down, and went away in silence. That was worse than all. He would not speak to me, nor hear me tell what I had done! No anger now, but sorrow, and loneliness, and dreariness of heart took the place of my former rebellious feelings. I left my supper untasted, and went weeping to bed. It was the first time I had ever slept without receiving his good night kiss.

The next day, my frame of mind was different. My father, who had evidently been prejudiced by his wife's statement, treated me with coldness, and made no advances towards an explanation, or reconciliation, and that made me less grieved than resentful now. I went away to my plays with Fido, as usual, but in an unhappy frame of mind. Fido was lame—my poor dog! I wanted to punish, some day, the wicked woman who had hurt him. I hated her.

From that time, my stepmother treated me generally as she pleased, and I would not tell my father. I was too proud. She knew it, and took advantage of it; she availed herself of every opportunity to thwart, harass and torment me. Sometimes I cried and was miserable; oftener, I was provoked into a fierce and ungovernable passion. The most successful way of provoking me was through the objects of my childish affection. I had a few books, the "Arabian Nights" among them, that I held dearer than gold. One day I found the cover of one lying by the hearth. The book, reduced almost to a cinder, lay amid the ashes. I knew who put it there, but I could not have proved the fact to another, and so I was forced to be silent.

Another time, my pretty white kitten had drank up some milk which my stepmother had left on the dresser to cool, after scalding. I was not sorry, for I knew that there was plenty more from our two cows, and looked upon the affair as very trifling. My own mother would not have said a word. But the next day I missed Tabby. I went crying for her all over the house and garden. In vain—she could not be found. The next day I discovered the poor creature, with a stone tied to her neck, in a shallow part of the river, dead. I had no mother, nor sister, nor brother. I had set my love on these things; they had been to me as human friends in my loneliness—and my kitten was dead! There was no redress, no proof, as usual. I could only weep bitterly, and wished that this wicked woman might be punished according to her deserts.

It was in the middle of the garden that I had some beautiful plants, which I had raised carefully, and prized dearly. My stepmother hated flowers; they were useless rubbish to her—they were in the way, too. On washing day, the wet clothes on the line were sure to be brought directly in a line across them, and rest on them, twisting and bending the stalks almost to breaking.

One morning, as I was making paper dolls in my chamber, after the usual time for going out to play, I saw her go through the garden, looking stealthily about. Out through the gate she went, and past the paling out of sight. Five minutes afterwards she re-appeared, driving one of the cows in. Straight towards my flower-bed she drove her; and before I could comprehend the scene, Brindle was munching my beautiful flowers, while my stepmother stood by looking at her, with folded arms, and uttering a low ha, ha!

For a moment I was powerless with astonishment and wrath. Then, flying down stairs, I ran out and attacked the woman with stormy reproaches, while I drove Brindle away. She seemed startled at seeing me; she had thought, I suppose, that I was away by the river as usual. But she rallied directly, and to my threats that I would tell my father, she uttered, defiantly, "You dare not!—or, if you should, he would not believe you!"

I turned away, too angry and indignant to trust myself to speak again. That night I poured forth the story to my father in bitter terms. I had resolved to tell him this, confident that he would believe what I had seen with my own eyes—and wrath had conquered pride now. He did not believe it! My stepmother refuted the story calmly, and with an injured air affected to lament my enmity towards her—a causeless enmity, she called it—and artfully forced my father to believe that I was making out a false tale, bringing in even my hot temper as proof in her favor, and making him attribute to it my exaggeration of the wrong. Of course, he saw that the cow had destroyed my flowers. It was laid to my leaving the gate open!

He took me aside, reproved me for cherishing such evil feelings, and especially against his wife. Chide me for my falsehood!—and promised, if I ever behaved so wrongly again, to send me away from home. What a leap my heart gave! Send me away from home! I loved my father, spite of his blind injustice; but though I should have sorrowed to leave him, I would have flown to the ends of the earth to escape her. I thought of this thing from that day. I knew that she would make me pay dearly for telling my father of her proceedings; and I was not mistaken.

One day, shortly after, coming in from out of doors, I found Fido greedily feeding from a plate of meat which set by the hearth, and my stepmother standing beside him watching him. She started as I entered, and went hastily about her work. That she should have given him this meat was a puzzle to me, for generally, she would hardly allow a morsel for him. I nearly always was obliged to give him part of my own dinner. I could not help being glad, even grateful to her. For Fido's sake, I forgot my enmity then. I thought she had repented, and was unwilling to let me see her kindness. I sat down by Fido while he ate; he seemed to enjoy the food. I did not wonder, it was so long since he had had so much. He did not even seem to mind the salt with which the meat was sprinkled.

About noon the dog was moping lazily around, with half shut eyes, and behaving in a strange way—dragging himself weakly along the ground one moment, and the next, frothing at the mouth, and uttering a low whine, while he tried to spring up. I was alarmed and distressed; I followed him about, with the tears streaming down my cheeks. My stepmother seemed unusually concerned and anxious about him. She tried to take him up in her lap; he snarled, and she put him down again. I brought him water; he drank eagerly, and licked my hand. When my father came home, he looked at Fido, and asked me what ailed him. I could not tell; I could only weep.

"I hope it isn't hydrophobia," said my stepmother. "Poor fellow! see how he froths at the mouth!"

She went in with my father, and I heard them talking together in low tones for some moments, and then he came out with a gun. He was very pale; there were even tears in his eyes. Fido had been my mother's pet.

"Margaret, my poor child," he said, gently, "I am afraid Fido is going mad. It is the season for mad dogs, and I cannot account in any other way for his strange appearance and actions. It is necessary, I think, to shoot him, and put him out of his misery."

In vain I wept and prayed. My father had an unspeakable dread of mad dogs, and he was convinced this was a case of hydrophobia. My stepmother made a motion with her hand; he fired.

That evening a traveller stopped at our house, on his way to—ville. He was a physician. Seeing me crying by the hearth, he took me in his arms, and asked me the reason. I told him about my dog, and offered to show him the body, which my father had permitted me to keep till next morning for burial. I led him to the shed where it was. He examined it by lamplight for a moment; finally he stood up.

"I do not think your pet had the hydrophobia, my child," he said. "Do you know what he ate or drank last before he died?"

I told him of the water I had given him, and the meat he had eaten.

"Ah, water? Did he drink it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then it was not madness. What else did he have!—meat? Was there any of it left?"

I went and got a part which I had seen my stepmother throw away in a bucket kept for refuse scraps. He examined it closely. Then going with it in his hand to the kitchen, where my father and stepmother sat, he told them that my dog had been poisoned. He showed them upon the meat the specks of what I had taken for salt, but which he declared to be a deadly poison. My stepmother's face was white as a sheet.

"Poison!" cried my father, in angry astonishment. "Where did he get the meat? Did you give it to him, Margaret?"

I told him no, and related to him the morning's scene. He turned to his wife.

"You, then?" he said, with terrible calmness.

The physician's eyes were upon her; she looked from one to the other, with the pallor of guilt in her white face.

That night my father sat up till dawn, holding me in his arms, by the kitchen hearth. He would not trust me out of his sight. The next day he took me away. We travelled for many days, and finally leaving me with some relations in a distant city, he went back. I never saw my stepmother again. In a few months herejoined me; she was dead. I never was parted from him again.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"YOU ARE FOOLISH TO WEEP."

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

Call me not strong, or great, or wise!
Say not I'm proudly free;
Hide not the teardrops in mine eyes,
Frown not—they fall for thee.
Look! a captive, and fettered in chains,
Near thee I ever would be.
Than roam o'er the broadest of earth's domains,
And hear thee whisper, "Thou'rt free."

Bid me not check these unmanly tears,
Bid them not cease to flow;
My heart is a tissue of joys and fears—
Ever I'd have it so.
Look on the oak! it is strong and brave!
I would have thee proudly high:
Give me the ivy that round it waves—
Torn from it—'twould die.

I ask not the strength of the forest—
Its high, majestic brow;
Rather I'd be the fragile vine
That clings to the shady bough:
And wouldst thou mould this woman's heart
To a fearless, dauntless thing?
Go! bid the ivy support the oak—
The oak round the ivy cling!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ONE AT A TIME:

—OR,—

HOW A LADY SHOULD DIRECT HER LETTERS.

BY JOHN THORNHERRY.

MISS NORMAN—whose Christian name was Nancy—sat down to her little desk in the morning to write a couple of brief notes. One of them was to go to Mr. Bard, and the other to Mr. Bird. Her heart inwardly confessed to being in a prodigious flutter about it as she sat down to her little desk, and there is little reason to doubt that she might have been more or less confused in consequence.

It being not such a very common thing for Miss Nancy to pen epistles of any nature to unmarried gentlemen, the reader will not be surprised to know that she laid her head down pretty flatly against her desk during the process, and run her tongue out, first this side, and then that side, of her mouth, and in other ways betrayed the unusual state of feeling into which the event served to throw her. If such an expression might be esteemed perfectly proper, in a case like hers, we should say that she was rather unmannered at the thought of what she had set herself to do.

First she wrote her note to Mr. Bard. It was short, and remarkably gracious and confiding. Mr. Bard was in business, well-to-do in the world, and altogether a fine match for Miss Nancy. In fact, she had a strong fancy for Mr. Bard, and would unquestionably have taken him as a provider and protector on almost any reasonable conditions. He had for some time been calling in upon her as his leisure allowed him, and the acquaintance thus begun and carried forward had ripened into something like a very agreeable intimacy. Therefore, the tenor of Miss Nancy's note to him was, to invite him round to see her that evening, stating that she had several matters of an interesting character to discuss with him in her own genial way. She folded the note, thrust it into an envelope, and, after sealing the same, laid it aside in her desk to be superscribed at the proper time.

Next she began her communication to Mr. Bird. Now, Mr. Bird had been—that is, in days of which Miss Nancy at the present time affected to be rather oblivious—an old flame of hers. He was a different sort of man from Mr. Bard, considered in all respects. He was more coarse and gross; he kept a grocery store, whereas Mr. Bard had a counting-room business on his hands. He paid less attention to matters of taste, such especially as related to dress. He was not one half as careful of his hands, that they be kept clean and unsullied; he wore not such spotless linen, nor pretended to pay so large a bill to his washerwoman. And, to sum it up as well as we can, he was not worth the money that Mr. Bard was. What more, in the name of propriety, can be said?

Well, to get on as fast as we can after so long an explanation, Miss Nancy wrote to Mr. Bird, with whom she was in the habit of trading more or less, to the effect that she should like to have him send round to her, in the course of the day, some apples, some nice English walnuts, and some of the very freshest raisins, evidently implying the expectation of a little company, which, of course, was all very well. This note she likewise folded, placed in an envelope like the other, and sealed again as before. Then taking them both up, as if she were trying in her thoughts to decide which might be the heavier, she laid them down again on the desk side by side.

At that instant an idea occurred to her very vividly. Indeed, it is questionable if either man or woman ever had an idea strike them any more forcibly than this one knocked against the brain of Miss Nancy. It was in relation to some domestic transaction in the little kitchen—perhaps the fire was getting too hot for the cake she had just put in the oven, or the cat might be getting into the closet, or the pot might be in danger of boiling dry, or the fat might be burning in the skillet. No matter exactly what it was. Sufficient to know that she sprang from her chair as if robbers and loaded blunderbusses were at the door, and remained out for the space of perhaps from five to ten minutes. When she returned, her face was as red as it could be. Her hair had fallen a little

way down from its fastenings behind, and she panted for breath' as if she had had a vigorous scuffle with the invaders, and come off rosy, breathless and triumphant.

"Let me see," said she, as she thought of her letters again, and took her chair at the desk, "I must direct these two notes, and get them off now." She took them both up. "I wonder which is which," said she, balancing one in either hand. "Ah, I know now! This one is Mr. Bard's; that is Mr. Bird's. This is the heaviest."

So she fell to, and in no time penned the superscription to both envelopes. She even indulged in a few flourishes over the name of Mr. Bard, giving a short rein to the playful fancy that she was but too apt to keep stabled up so close in her brain.

As soon as this was done, she called her waiting-maid, and delivered them into her hands, with a very minute charge, repeated very emphatically several times, to see that they reached their proper destinations without further delay or damage; which the girl promised just as many times as she charged her, gaining a little on the distance between her and the door at every repetition. The notes were carried round, and the girl came back to her work. Miss Nancy then had nothing to think of but the prospect.

Before noon in came the nuts, and the raisins, and the ruddy-checked apples; the very fairest there were in the market, and enough to make Miss Nancy—or any other lady, for that matter—blush as hard as she could blush, for pure jealousy. Even while she looked the things over, her maiden heart beat with many a tender measure at the thoughts of the kind and obliging Mr. Bird, whom she was sure would make a woman a good husband, even if he might not be so much given to the vanity of outside appearances. And, to tell the truth, Miss Nancy had not yet seriously made up her mind to give Mr. Bird the "go-by," as it is sometimes called. She was simply delaying her decision, in order the better to acquaint herself with the real intentions of Mr. Bard. If he would but positively commit himself, then poor Bird might walk quietly out the back door; but if she was sure that he meant nothing by his attentions, then she would certainly lose no time in apprising Mr. Bird of her readiness to enter upon business with him. There is such a thing as trying to sit on two stools at the same time, and so finding your way to the floor. But probably Miss Nancy never heard of that trick, and therefore may be regarded with more leniency for her persevering efforts to make herself familiar with its mysteries.

Evening came along without much delicate regard for the state of Miss Nancy's feelings, either one way or another. It found her anxious, in a flutter, with rosy cheeks, and watching. The door-bell rang, and the girl waited on the caller into the sitting-room where her mistress was. The latter rose to her feet, waiting to be accosted.

But it was nobody but Mr. Bird. He looked better dressed, she thought, than she had ever before seen him. Still, it was rather embarrassing that he should take this occasion to make a call, when she was expecting some one else; and some one, too, who had no sort of regard for such a man as Mr. Bird—and never wished to have—and never could have! But what could she do? Surely, she was not at liberty to turn him out of doors! Neither could she properly say to him, that she was expecting in Mr. Bard very soon; for in that case, she would not fail to let him know that she rather had a preference for some one else, and therefore must have given him a very serious affront indeed. There was nothing left but to make the best of the matter, and appear just as agreeable and glad to see him, as if nothing had occurred to interrupt her arrangements.

Mr. Bird spoke of the weather, and thought it was going to rain. He alluded to Miss Nancy's health, and declared he had rarely seen her look so "stout and hearty." He spoke of business, and said it was rather dull; of himself, and said that he very often got tired before night. And then he came to an awful pause, during which Miss Nancy felt very sure she could hear her heart bumping and bouncing against her boddy. If Mr. Bard should happen to come in now, as she was expecting him every minute! What would he say to find Mr. Bird there? What would he think of her, to find that she entertained such company? What would he be apt to say inwardly to himself? Wouldn't he forthwith seize his hat, and stalk out of doors?—and would he ever think of crossing her threshold again? O, dear, dear! She even now began to feel herself slowly slipping between the parting stools.

In the midst of such a tumult of emotions, the door-bell rings again, and the girl this time shows in Mr. Bard, sure enough! So unfortunate! Why couldn't he have waited just a short time, and so stood a better chance of finding her alone?

"Good evening, Miss Norman," he saluted, and turned round with great deliberation to find a seat.

Miss Nancy fancied he had not seen Mr. Bird, who certainly was in the room as much as he was himself; so she remarked:

"This is Mr. Bird, Mr. Bard!"

Mr. Bard turned only partially round, and said, "Ahem!" To which, Mr. Bird made no other sign than that of a stiff and rather awkward bow.

The atmosphere of the room was Arctic almost in an instant. Miss Nancy felt the chills, and her teeth rattled together shivering; the flesh all up and down her back became "creeping" and "goosey." If she had had a thermometer hanging against the wall, she felt certain that it would have dropped down to freezing before she could go over to its relief. So cold was Mr. Bard; so distant was Mr. Bird. Each eyeing the other askance and sharply. Each jealous of the other beyond what either would care to confess. Mr. Bard feeling sure that he was looking down on his rival; and Mr. Bird trying with all his might to feel haughty, and patronizing, and indifferent. The picture was a real study. A thousand pities that only this poor stub of a pen is allowed to place it before the eye of the reader!

Mr. Bard was watching to see if his rival had any idea of going. If he hadn't, he rather thought he should go himself. Mr. Bird was waiting, on his part, to see if the other calculated to make an evening of it; and whether he did or not, he never meant to budgo the veriest fraction of an inch. And sitting between two such thoroughly uninviting icebergs, Miss Nancy shivered and shook, as if she would have shaken her teeth all out of her head. Conversation rubbed hard, halted, limped, started on, but wouldn't go; grew dull and monosyllabic, and at last gave up the effort in utter despair. The two gentlemen felt fully as uncomfortable as they looked; and Miss Nancy certainly suffered more than either.

Finally Mr. Bard made signs of going. He looked as if he thought it was hardly worth his while. Miss Nancy studied his countenance anxiously, hoping from her heart he had taken no desperate resolution—such, for example, as to quit the house forever. And still she was obliged to be as careful as she could, too, lest she might give secret offence to the attentive Mr. Bird, who perseveringly kept his seat. Mr. Bard got up, and said he thought he must be going; he had only dropped in to ask after Miss Norman's health, and was very glad indeed to find her so well. He accordingly took his leave, Miss Nancy following him with a hesitating step out the door. They were alone for a minute or two in the entry. Mr. Bird was meantime left alone in the sitting-room.

"You got my note safely, Mr. Bard?" said Miss Nancy, in a low voice not much above a whisper. She spoke of it, the better to hint that she expected him to stay longer.

"O, yes," said he, "and you got the apples and things?"

Miss Nancy looked very blank; she turned suddenly very pale.

"Why, what do you mean?" said she. "I don't understand you!"

"O, well, if you got the things, what more is there to be understood? I only dropped in to see if everything was all right. Good night!" And he was gone, with a slam that echoed all the way through the upper hall and chambers.

Miss Nancy faltered for a moment; then, recollecting that she had left Mr. Bird in the other room alone, she hastened back to relieve him of his loneliness. But in the single moment of her passage back again, the most mortifying and reproachful suspicions flashed over her. She sat down with Mr. Bird again, and tried to feel as if nothing had happened.

There must have been some secret reason for it, for very soon that individual began making Miss Nancy a confidant to an extent that he had never thought of before. He fairly unbosomed himself, and told her a long story about his affection. He had reason to fear that his rival might spirit Miss Nancy away from him; therefore he meant to be sure of his prize at once, and so asked her if she had any serious objections to becoming Mrs. Bird! It was a close question. She would rather not have answered it; at least, not until she had heard once more from Mr. Bard.

But then, again, she had good reason to think that he would never come there as a suitor any more, for three reasons—because he had found such a vulgar fellow as Bird there; because he knew now that Bird was in the habit of going there; and that she would be very likely to marry him, if he did not offer to her himself; and because, again, he had learned from the note he received, that she was in the habit of occasionally writing such communications to the fellow! Were not these reasons enough?

So, in the conflict of her fears and doubts, grateful to Bird for having staid by her to the last, and feeling certain that Bard would never darken her doors again, she promised Mr. Bird that she would cut the matter short by becoming his wife, and fell very appropriately into his arms!

Mr. Bard slept upon it, and felt better. By the next morning, he thought it all a very good joke. He knew that he had received a note that ought to have gone to Mr. Bird, and vice versa. He therefore hurried round to Miss Nancy's to laugh at her about it. She was at home, and rosy as usual, but rather sad, especially when he came in. He told her how he thought she had mismanaged the matter of the letters, and tried to laugh it off. So gay was he, he began at length to make love to her. He went on from one step to another, till he offered her his hand! O, moment long desired—but too late!—too late! She had to tell the truth, and she told the whole of it! She had given herself away to his rival, only the fatal evening before! Mr. Bard left her—he could do nothing else!

Poor Miss Nancy! She had, in her confusion, directed Bard's letter to Bird, and Bird's letter to Bard! But there was no help now! Hereafter, all her letters would be superscribed but *one at a time!*

TYRIAN PURPLE.

According to a French paper, this celebrated color, so highly esteemed by the ancients, but which has been lost to the world since the time of the Romans, has been re-discovered by M. Depouilly, chemist to an eminent dyeing establishment at Paris. The source from whence it is obtained is guano. Experiments made lately at the Great Exhibition, in the presence of the prince-president and the eminent chemists, Chevreul and Dumas, were completely successful, and they will shortly be repeated before the emperor. This discovery has caused the greatest excitement in the tinctorial world. Dr. Wild discovered, some years ago, the excavated pits or basins on the shore at Tyre, in which a certain kind of shell, like a large whilk, was pounded preparatory to extracting the dye from the exuded fleshy pulp. Some of the basins were half full of the broken shells, just as they had been left by the ancient inhabitants of Tyre.—*North British Mail.*

THE STARS.—What is there beyond the stars? Other stars, brighter and lovelier, in a scale of ascending magnificence—worlds beyond worlds—all glorious, and all God's. It was the conclusion of the elder Herschell, that the depth of the Milky Way, in some places, admitted of 500 stars being ranged in a line, one behind the other, and "each separated from the other by a distance equal to that which divides our sun from the nearest fixed star."

DON MANUEL MONTT, PRESIDENT OF CHILI.

Don Manuel Montt, the president of Chili, whose portrait we present herewith, is about forty-five years of age, and was born in the town of Petorca, of humble parentage. He early gave proof of talent and energy, and a purity of character which acquired for him popularity wherever he was known. He was educated at the university of Santiago de Chili, of which he afterwards became rector. He at once set about improving the character of the insti-



DON MANUEL MONTT, PRESIDENT OF CHILI.

tution, and soon became conspicuous as the zealous advocate of a general system of popular education, as the surest means of elevating the character of the Chilean people. The public confidence in Senor Montt led to his being offered political employment; and his conduct as Minister of the Interior increased his previous popularity and the respect felt for his character and talents. His countrymen finally conferred on him the presidency of the republic. He has justified their preference by his patriotic conduct; he has labored successfully to efface the traces of civil strife, to develop the resources of the country, to systematize its finances, to educate and elevate the people, and to give respectability and stability to the government. Under his sway, Chili, tranquil and industrious, with an augmenting population, and extending commerce, and an overflowing exchequer, moves onward in its course of progressive prosperity. Chili, of all the independent States which sprung up in South America from the ruins of Spanish dominion, unquestionably occupies the foremost place. Under the animating influence of native rule and of a liberal constitution, this young republic has successfully consolidated its institutions; and, by its commercial transactions with England, France, the United States, and other emporiums in both hemispheres, has gradually extended the trade and developed the internal resources of the country. The various improvements with which modern science has enriched the channels of social and commercial intercourse, railroads and electric telegraphs, have been introduced at Chili. Energetic Europeans and live Yankees have added their co-operation to the energies of the native population, and the condition of the republic is truly encouraging. The form of government resembles our own; there is a senate and chamber of depu-

ties, both elective. The only drawback to the political institutions of Chili is religious intolerance—the Roman Catholic form of worship being the only one permitted. It is hoped that in time a more liberal policy will be introduced, and the rights of conscience will be finally acknowledged and respected.

T. F. MEAGHER.

Thomas Francis Meagher, whose portrait we present on this page, has a countenance of manly beauty and a fine figure. He is endowed with great talent, is a ripe scholar, and an orator of rare power. He was born in Waterford, August 3, 1823. His father was a wealthy merchant, and, previous to his election to the British parliament, filled for two years the office of mayor of Waterford. The subject of our sketch was educated partly at the Jesuit College of Clongowood, in the county of Kildare, and partly at Stonyhurst, near Preston, England. He made his first appearance in public, in 1843, at a great national meeting held at Kilkenny, under the auspices of Daniel O'Connell. From that day his whole soul was devoted to the liberation of Ireland. He took part in the revolutionary movements of 1848, and a price was set upon his head. He was arrested, brought to trial at Clonmel, and sentenced to death. On this occasion, he made a splendid speech, which is worthy to be ranked with that of Robert Emmett, on a similar occasion. The death sentence was afterwards commuted to imprisonment for life, and in the summer of 1849, he was transported to Van Diemen's Land, whence he escaped in January, 1852, arriving in this country in September of the same year. His conduct since his arrival has been characterized by good taste and true manliness; he positively declined public receptions and ovations, and commenced the study of law with a resolute spirit. His lectures, delivered in various cities, have all been triumphs—brilliant, picturesque and impressive—attracting and enchaining immense audiences. Mr. Meagher is well worth listening to, not only for the intrinsic merit of his discourses, and the beauty of his rhetoric and elocution, but for the purpose of enabling his hearers to form a correct idea of the brilliancy of Irish oratory generally, of which his lectures are a fair representation; and in listening to the subject of our sketch, we are enabled to understand its secret and its power.



INTERIOR VIEW OF BOSTON GAS WORKS.

BOSTON GAS WORKS.

On this page we present our readers with two fine views of the works of the Boston Gaslight Company, at the North End, drawn for us by that favorite artist, Mr. Warren. One of these represents the exterior of the establishment, with its entrance, its towering chimneys, and other structures; and the other, the interior, with a view of the great gasometer. There are two capacious gasometers here, and there are also two in other parts of the city—one at the South End, on Washington Street, and one on Commercial Street. The charter of the company allows it to extend its operations outside of the city, but at present it supplies only the city proper. The works delineated occupy a large space of ground, bounded on two sides by Hull Street and Commercial Street. Besides the entrance on the former street, there is one from Snowhill Street. The officers of the company are as follows:—Samuel A. Eliot, president; Samuel A. Eliot, Charles P. Curtis, Geo. W. Lyman, Geo. H. Kuhn, Wm. W. Tucker, directors; Wm. W. Greenough, treasurer and agent; C. C. Smith, clerk. All who remember the benighted condition of our streets before the introduction of gas, are in a condition to appreciate fully the blessings of this product of modern science, and of the combination of capital and enterprise. A Boston theatre, a Boston ball-room, and a Boston store,



EXTERIOR VIEW OF BOSTON GAS WORKS.



THOMAS F. MEAGHER.

by night are totally different from what they were in the days of oil lamps and streaming tallow candles, or even spermaceti and wax, which could only be commanded by the wealthy. Gas is now not only the most brilliant, but the most economical light that can be obtained. The first notions respecting the employment of gas for the purposes of domestic illumination were thrown out by a German, Lampadius, in 1801.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Kendall writes to the Picayune from Paris that a photographer of that city has discovered a method of taking a photographic likeness of life size on canvass prepared for oil painting—so that an artist need only require of his model a sitting of a minute or two, and then complete the picture at his leisure. Some of our portrait painters, who work by the job, employ daguerreotype likenesses, the image of which is afterwards reflected on the canvass magnified to the required size, and the outline traced. The daguerreotype and photograph afford important aids to art, but can never produce a substitute. Compare a portrait by Stuart and the finest daguerreotype extant, and the difference between mechanism and art is instantly perceived.

AN ENORMOUS APPETITE.

During the late carnival at Paris, at the grand opera, a mask in a yellow domino made his appearance at the refreshment stand and called for a tongue and bottle of champagne, which he despatched with incredible celerity. Ten minutes afterwards the yellow domino re-appeared with a renewed appetite, and repeated the same performance; but the astonishment was at its height when nine calls had been made, and nine tongues and bottles had been demolished by the sharkish domino. The riddle was finally explained. The file of soldiers on guard were the joint possessors of the mask and yellow domino, and relieved each other by turns in getting their rations.

OUR ILLUSTRATED PAPER.—Persons desiring the past volumes bound, have only to hand them in to our office, where we will put them into a beautiful shape, with gilt back, gold edges and illumined sides, for a charge of *one dollar* each. We can supply any back numbers that may be missing or soiled. Take our advice, and preserve this illumined record of the times.

NEW YORK AND SEBASTOPOL.—We see it stated that the mayor of New York says that "New York has already in position more guns of heavy calibre than Sebastopol had at the attack of the allied armies, or than Cronstadt has at this time." If so, New York is much better off than we had any idea of. But is it so?

A FINE STORY.—We have just commenced in "*The Flag of our Union*," a fine story by that favorite writer, Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., written expressly for us, and entitled "*THE WOOD-WITCH, or, THE DOUBLE PLOT*," a story of the Bay Province. We can still send the Flag complete from the first of January.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.—We can still supply copies from the commencement of the year, making the work complete. Six hundred and forty subscribers added to our list during the past week!

SPLINTERS.

.... A baker advertises Hiawatha gingerbread. We suppose the next thaw will be named *higher water*.

.... Ward's Cleopatra barge has cleared nearly \$3000 by its trips during the past winter.

.... Season-ticket holders on our railroads have not ceased to grumble at the advanced fare. They say it is not *fair*.

.... The war with England has only been fought on paper thus far—much the best way of carrying on war.

.... There are rumors of serious disagreements between England and France. Oil and vinegar will not unite.

.... A lady of Boston has written a play, called the "*Rival Prima Donnas*." The title is a taking one.

.... The Bunker Hill Annona notices that the flour leagues are said to have generally failed. Sorry for it.

.... The plan of throwing lines to stranded vessels by howitzer shells has been practically tested on our coast.

.... The Palmer Journal says that our milliners' shops keep liquor for sale. We deny the charge.

.... The New York Supreme Court has decided that negro minstrelsy is illegal. Is whistling lawful?

.... An attempt was made lately to assassinate Dennis Corcoran, one of the editors of the New Orleans Delta.

.... The thaw and breaking up of the ice has caused serious damage in various parts of the country.

.... Mr. Shillaber has delivered his poem on the press with great acceptance in several towns in this vicinity.

.... The Boston Evening Transcript is one of the pleasantest of our exchanges. Mr. Haskell is a capital editor.

.... The caverns of East Tennessee contain an inexhaustible supply of nitrous earth, from which "*villanous saltpetre*" is made.

.... French and Russian officers are on good terms. "*It's astonishing how much I like a man after I've fought with him.*"

.... A new police system is talked of for New Orleans—a thoroughly complete and well organized one.

.... The season for the total ruin of the peach trees has arrived. They are always ruined—and we always have peaches.

.... The Russian trade with Boston has been almost annihilated by the war. It used to be over half a million.

.... Chips from ship-yards are said to make excellent filling for boarding-house pillows in lieu of feathers.

.... A lady in Philadelphia and a gentleman of California were lately engaged on the strength of mutual daguerreotypes.

BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA—STORMING OF CHAPULTEPEC.

On pages 168 and 169 of this number will be found two splendid designs, drawn expressly for us by Billings, representing two of the greatest achievements of the Mexican war. The first depicts "Buena Vista's bloody day," and tells, like every true work of art, its own story. The rugged features of the landscape are faithfully depicted. On the left is a capital likeness of old "Rough and Ready." Each individual figure in this spirited battle-piece is worthy of the study, while the general effect is truly admirable. The spirited action of the American troops with the threatening numbers of the Mexicans are well characterized. The bloody battle of Buena Vista, between the American troops, numbering about 4500 volunteers and 500 regulars, commanded by General Zachary Taylor, Gen. John E. Wool being second in command, and an army of 20,000 Mexicans, picked troops, including a splendid cavalry force, under General Santa Anna, was commenced on the anniversary of Washington's birthday, Feb. 22, 1847. Nature had rendered the battle-ground an imposing scene. On the right of the American position were numerous deep and almost impassable ravines, on the left the tremendous summits of the Sierra Madre rose 2000 feet into the air. To the Mexican general's summons to lay down his arms, the American commander had replied, "General Taylor never surrenders;" and when afterwards, he in the midst of the carnage was urged to retire, he replied, "My wounded are behind me and I will never pass them alive." A movement on the part of the Mexicans to outflank the Americans was frustrated by the gallantry of the Kentucky and Arkansas troops, and the firing continued till after dark, when the whole mountain side was at times illuminated by the blaze of musketry. The Americans that night lay on their arms. The next day the combat was renewed with fury. Owing to the broken character of the ground, the battle was a succession of detached combats, in which prodigies of valor were performed by the handful of Americans. The American rifles and light artillery played a conspicuous part on that day. Bragg's battery performed essential service. The Mississippians and Indianians cut up the flower of Santa Anna's cavalry at a time when it threatened annihilation to the American force. In one place the Illinois and Kentucky regiments came in contact with 12,000 of the enemy and suffered severely; Colonels Hardin and McKee, and Lieut. Col. Clay, the son of "Harry of the West," fell at this time. The Mexicans lost 2000 men in this action; the Americans about 267 killed, and 456 wounded. They fully anticipated a renewal of the battle on the 24th, but the night previously Santa Anna retreated with the shattered remains of his army. On the retreat to San Luis he is said to have lost by sickness and desertion fully 10,000 men.

The other picture is equally meritorious. The massive walls of Chapultepec, the difficult ascent, the fighting costume and spirited action of our men, the striking figures of the dying and the wounded, combine to form a scene of thrilling interest, worthy of the closest examination. The strong fortress of Chapultepec, built on a rocky elevation 150 feet in height, and enclosing a military college, accessible only on the west and south-western sides, and defended by about 6000 men, under General Bravo, a distinguished Mexican officer, was stormed by the Americans on the morning of the 13th of September, 1847, after having been severely cannonaded on the previous day. Gen. Pillow's division ascended on the left, toiling over rocks and mines, and through chasms and ravines, exposed to a murderous fire of cannon and musketry. General Pillow was wounded at the head of his command, and the gallant Colonel Ransom, one of New England's best and bravest men, was killed while leading the 9th to the assault. The command devolved on Major Seymour, now minister to St. Petersburg, who scaled the parapet, and cut the halliards of the Mexican flag with his own hands. Thus fell the last obstacle to the conquest of the city of Mexico, which was entered in triumph by Scott and his troops on the following day. The storm of Chapultepec was one of the most brilliant exploits of the war.

HERAT.—The occupation by the Persians of the free city of Herat, situated between Persia and Afghanistan, and successively held by each of these empires, has caused a sensation at London similar to that produced last year by the renewed occupation of Khiva by the Russians. These two facts seem a portion of the same plan, Russian influence having completely overriden English influence at the court of Teheran.

BOSTON FROM THE STATE HOUSE CUPOLA.—Our next number will contain an elaborate view of our city, drawn for us by Mr. Hill, showing every noted building and every principal street, just as they appear from the cupola of the State House, the favorite point of view selected by residents and visitors. It will occupy two whole pages, and is a costly and elaborate work.

THE MAYOR OF BOSTON.—One of the toasts at the late Burns festival in this city read as follows:—"Our own fair city—the same principles which made its harbor a teapot, have converted its soil into *Rice* fields." Our distant friends, perhaps, need to be reminded that the name of our chief magistrate is Rice.

POOR BINDS.—The Richmond Enquirer says that in a railroad section of nine miles, below Charlottesville, five hundred partridges and other birds have perished. The cold weather made even partridges quail.

BIBLE-LIKE CHARITY.—A thousand dollar bill has recently been sent in for the New York "St. Luke's Home for Aged and Indigent Christian Females,"—donor unknown.

CULTIVATE IT.—Good nature is a glow worm that sheds light even in the darkest place.

THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

Until our gallant officers and soldiers came back from the Mexican war, a man with a heavy mustache and beard could hardly walk the streets of Boston, without creating a dangerous excitement in our quiet city, and now it is rather rare to see a closely shaven face. Even many of the John Bulls brought by the Cunard steamers, now wear these hirsute appendages, against which they once so resolutely set their faces and their razors. Now, this general rejection of the razor is not a mere caprice of fashion—it would have died out long ago had it been so—but is persisted in from sound principle. The hair upon the face protects the delicate system of facial nerves, holds in suspension a quantity of warm air, and "tempers the wind to the un-shorn," so that it enters in the lungs without shocking their delicate texture. The wearing of a full beard is an almost sure preventive against throat diseases. Think of the waste of time in shaving; a man who shaves daily for fifty years, expends in the operation 380 days of 12 hours each. Life is not so long that we can afford to give such a percentage of it to the razor. Length of life and length of beard go together—witness the old Bible patriarchs, who never dreamed of submitting their chins to the operation of the tonsor. Still, if people must shave, let them be consistent. If beards and mustaches were given man solely to be reaped by steel, then let us, by all means, shave our eyebrows, our eyelashes, and our heads. It is invidious to select one portion of the face for denudation. For our own part, we fancy the time will arrive when a case of razors will be regarded as the relics of a barberous age, and portraits with shaved chins excite as much merriment as the bald heads of the Chinese.

AN AWFUL DEATH.—On New Year's day, a young man of New York, in a fit of temporary insanity, caused by intoxication, rushed, in his night-clothes, upon the roof of a house in Cherry Street, and sprang down a chimney, where he was found, weeks afterwards, a frozen corpse. "There was a sound of revelry by night" in the imperial city—laughing crowds passed on their way through the street, joy-bells were ringing, music and dancing were going forward, and none knew how that New Year's reveller had passed away.

THE MARKETS.—In Philadelphia, they talk of selling the public markets, on the ground that they are a public loss when conducted by the authorities. In this city, the subject has been mooted. In England, the plan of allowing market-houses to be erected by stock companies, under certain restrictions, is found to work admirably.

MILTON AND NAPOLEON.—Napoleon is said to have borrowed the plan of the battle of Austerlitz from the sixth book of "*Paradise Lost*," which describes Satan's tactics in attacking the angelic host of Michael.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. William B. Jones to Miss Isabella Smith; by Rev. Mr. Worcester, Mr. Thomas Stephens, of Belleville, N. J., to Mrs. Mary Sawyer; by Rev. Mr. Himes, Mr. John Emerson to Miss Olive Almedia Garlick; by Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. Joseph Clagg to Miss Mary Anne Shannon; by Rev. Mr. Baury, Mr. James Lavender to Miss Nancy T. Fowler, of Newton Lower Falls.—At Milton, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Lucius Parker Starr, Esq., of New York, to Miss Harriet Wood Glover.—At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. George F. Cleverly to Miss Caroline F. Burrell.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Benjamin C. Foss, of Plainfield, Illinois, to Miss Mary Jane Roys.—At Walpole, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, of Charlestown, Mr. Joseph L. Ellis, of Newton, to Miss Lucy Morey Mills.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Cravens, Mr. Silas D. Bailey, of Charlestown, to Miss L. Augusta Furbish.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Mellen, Mr. Nathaniel Ellery to Mrs. Lavinia Fuller.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Bruce, Mr. Daniel Mason to Miss Hannah B. Wilmarth.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. William K. Taber to Miss Elizabeth Westervelt; by Rev. Mr. Nichols to Miss Mary B. Westervelt.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Howson, Mr. Alexander J. Dennis to Miss Sarah A. Bradeen.—At Bridgeport, Conn., by Rev. Mr. Jennings, Dr. Clement A. Walker, of Boston, to Miss Georgiana Nichols.

DEATHS.

In this city, John Belknap, Esq., 80; Miss Abigail Dalton, 80; Mr. William Davis, 84; Capt. Ellison Lassell, 75; Horatio G. Ware, Esq., 73; Mr. Albert G. Barker, 50; Mr. Alexander Clark, 65; Edmund Swett, Esq., formerly of Newburyport; Mr. A. H. Morse, 27; Mr. Robert Durivage, 25.—At Charlestown, Mr. Robert Searle, 59.—At Roxbury, Mr. Alexander Gassett, 83.—At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Mary Ann Muirce, 40.—At Cambridge, Edward Tyrrell Channing, LL.D., late Boylston Professor in Harvard University, 65.—At Somerville, Mrs. Sarah Cook, 67.—At Newton Lower Falls, Mr. Francis Hoogs, 77.—At Malden, Mr. Joseph C. Pierce, 40.—At Milton, Mrs. Margaret Forbes, 83.—At Hull, Miss Mary Cushing, 40.—At Beverly, Mr. Charles S. Giddings, 23.—At Newburyport, Mr. Thomas Stanwood, 93; Mrs. Jane Cogger, 39.—At Groveland, Miss Mary A. Spofford, 31.—At Haverhill, Mr. David Stevens, 67.—At Plymouth, Mr. Timothy Barry, 58.—At Fitchburg, Mr. Renhen Hosmer, 84.—At Berlin, Lewis Sawyer, 42.—At Springfield, Mr. Rogges Smith, 50.—At Lincoln, Widow Julia Wheeler, 69.—At Groton, Mrs. Martha Lewis, 70.—At Lunenburg, Mr. Silas Snow, 91.—At Fairhaven, Mr. Levin Stott, 77.—At New Bedford, Hon. Benjamin Combs, 74.—At Templeton, Mr. Nathan Bullen, of Boston, 57.—At Augusta, Me., Rev. Barnabas Hedge, 75.—At Putney, Vt., Hon. Theophilus Crawford, 91.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

INVOCATION TO MEMORY.

BY FRANK FREELOVE.

Come back, come back, O tide of song!
In tuneful wavelets roll;
Unfetter thou my silent tongue,
And loose my prisoned soul.
Come, dancing youth, with flashing eye,
Heart bounding high and wild;
In dreams I own thy presence nigh—
Again a fairy child.

Come back, come back, O dreamy thoughts!
I bow unto your hest;
What though, with painful memories fraught,
Ye bring me wild unrest!
Have I not dreamed of love and fame—
Life spent in classic bowers?
But waking, find it still the same;
Time steals the fairest flowers.

Come back, come back, O visions fled!
For I dream of memory, come!
What, are ye pinioned to the dead?
Is earth no more your home?
O earth! though blasted, scarred, and seared,
Like many a human heart—
We cling to thee, as though endeared
The wound that makes us smart.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SERGEANT'S STRATAGEM.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.

"O, JOHN, dear,"—and the wife of John Edgeworth ran into the little parlor, where he was seated thoughtfully before the fire, one December night, "one of the soldiers that have just come into town, has been billeted upon us."

"Send Nancy out to the Prince's Arms, and engage a bed for him, Mary," he quietly said. "We can't have him here, and Mattie, poor child, going to be married to-night."

"O, bless your heart, John, this isn't a common soldier. He's a sergeant, and one would think, from the way he strutted in, that he was a colonel. When I proposed to get a bed for him outside, he bridled up, and says, with as much authority as if he was talking to a landlady, 'If you can't accommodate me with a bed, I can pass the night on the rug before your parlor fire. A soldier, you know, can sleep soundly, however hard his bed. So here I'll stay,' says he."

"And here I'll stay," echoed a laughing voice; and the speaker, a tall, manly fellow, attired in the dress of a British sergeant, strode into the room. "The fact is, sir," he continued, addressing John Edgeworth, "I am inclined to think, either your good lady must be a most unloyal subject of his gracious majesty, King William, in denying a welcome to one of the pillars of his throne, or that to-night, at least, she is unwilling to lay an offering at the feet of that beautiful household-god, hospitality."

Here one of the pillars of King William's throne dropped majestically into a chair, complacently stroking, as he did so, a beard and mustache dark and luxuriant as your own, stern reader.

"My good man," John Edgeworth replied, "my wife and myself have always regarded and fulfilled, as a pleasing duty, the entertainment of a soldier billeted upon us; but to-night, the presence of any one beyond our small family circle must prove embarrassing in the extreme. My daughter is to be married to-night, and—"

"O, do not imagine, for a moment, my good sir," interrupted the sergeant, "that I shall find my situation embarrassing. I assure you, I am always very well at my ease. And a wedding! Of all things, excepting of course the delicate amusement of a battle-field, a wedding delights a soldier."

"We must endure his society, Mary," John Edgeworth said, in a low tone to his wife. "Do not let it annoy you, my dear; for Mattie's sake, be cheerful. Is Amy with her?"

"She is," answered his wife, sighing deeply as she spoke. "God bless Amy Bradley."

"God bless her," John Edgeworth said.

"God bless her," echoed the sergeant, and continued, rapidly, "Yes, God bless all as good as she is. Is she your daughter, ma'am?"

"She is not," John Edgeworth sternly said. "And remember, my man, though we are compelled to give you shelter for the night, any farther impertinence on your part will be reported to your officer."

"Pardon my impertinence, then," replied the sergeant; and his softened tone arrested the steps of the couple, as they were leaving the room, "and hear me for a moment. Perhaps you both have a little corner in your memories occupied by the dear old room in your childhood's home, where you used to sit during the long, wild winter nights before a fire, blazing away as merrily as that one over there is blazing now, and watch the flames as they burst forth from their prison and shed a faint splendor through the gloom—I think you have. Almost every one has. I know that I have; and to night, when I was passing the window here, and saw the light of that pleasant fire streaming through the chinks in the shutters, the shadow of many sorrowful years was lifted from my heart. I was again a happy little lad, sitting at my dear mother's feet, my head upon her knee, and tracing with wondering eyes the quaint pictures of the flames. 'Well for you, poor fellow,' thinks I, 'to keep this memory fresh to-night.' And so I entered here. I have been rude, but pardon the roughness of a soldier."

Mrs. Edgeworth burst into tears.

"Bid the poor fellow stay, John," she sobbed.

And John Edgeworth with a faltering voice welcomed the sergeant, for both husband and wife saw again, in that same room, a little boy kneeling before the fire, searching with earnest eyes the secrets of its bright mysteries.

When he was left alone, the sergeant drew his chair over to the window and sat down there. He had scarcely done so, when the door was opened, and a young girl entered the room. She did not notice his presence there, for she went over to the fire, and remained standing before it. Her face was partly turned towards him, and the sergeant gazed upon it with deepening interest. It told its own story, that sweet face—plainer than many words it told that, lovely as it was, sorrowful tears had marred its gentle beauty; and though now a smile brightened over it, that smile was the shadow of some pleasant memory, and not the light of a present joy. A domestic came in, and started when she saw the young girl.

"I thought you were up stairs, Miss Amy."

"Miss Mattie wished to be left alone for a while, Nancy," she answered.

"O, Miss Amy, you oughtn't have left her alone. She might make way with herself. I remember my poor mother telling of a young lady who was going to be made to marry a man she didn't like, and when they went up to call her, they found her lying dead; she killed herself, miss, rather than marry him. To be sure, Miss Mattie isn't forced to marry old Frazer—excuse me, Miss Amy, but I can't say mister to an old villain like him—but any one can see it's killing her. Ah, Miss Amy, if Mr. Harry was here to-night—well, if she isn't gone!" exclaimed Nancy; for at her last words the young girl had hastily quitted the room. "She's off like an arrow whenever I mention Mr. Harry to her—Good Lord! who is that?" she cried, springing back on perceiving the sergeant.

"O, the soldier! Goodness, what a fright you gave me."

"So there's going to be a wedding here to-night, my girl?" said the sergeant. "The bridegroom is no favorite, I'm thinking."

The proverbial fascination of a scarlet coat disarmed Nancy's prejudice against the intruder, for she answered without hesitation:

"You're thinking right, then. Everything has gone wrong with the master of late, and the last hundred pounds he had left, he gave for a share in what he heard was a salmon fishery near Romford. The salmon turned out to be frogs, and then old Frazer kept lending him money, and making him do this and do that, until the master had borrowed seven hundred pounds of him! Then at once he came down on him for his money, and either the master must go to Bridewell, or poor Miss Mattie become his wife. And my darling young lady went down on her knees to her poor father, begging him for his and her mother's sake, to let her marry old Frazer; that she would be contented with him if he was fifty times worse, if she thought they would be happy. But he could not be worse than he is; he is as ugly as the big Cornish giant. It's my belief he'd sell the last gray hair of his mother's head, if he thought he'd get a farthing for it. My dear young mistress! What a husband he is for you!" And Nancy hid her face in her apron and sobbed aloud.

"The old story," said the sergeant, "and to make it complete, my girl, your young mistress should have another lover whom she likes."

"And so she has," sighed Nancy, dropping her apron and a tear at the same time. "A fine young gentleman, but not a farthing he can call his own. Ah, Miss Mattie and Mr. Philip would have made a beautiful couple."

"Philip!" the sergeant repeated, in a surprised tone. "Philip what?"

"Philip Rackstone."

"Philip Rackstone! Why, my girl, soon after we marched into town, I pressed a shilling into his palm. Bless me, if I didn't think at the time no common trouble made him 'list."

"'List!" she exclaimed. "He kept his word, then; he said from the first, he didn't care what would become of him, if Miss Mattie married. O, my gracious, to 'list!"

"Well," said the sergeant, half-sneeringly, "it's my candid opinion that man is a fool who cannot meet with the spirit of a man, a disappointment in love."

"D'ye hear that?" Nancy exclaimed, her cheeks crimsoning with indignation. "I knew a better and a braver man than ever you saw, who couldn't bear a disappointment in love!"

"I doubt it," was the gallant reply.

"Doubt it! Wasn't he my master's son, Mr. Harry, Miss Mattie's brother and Miss Amy's lover? He was, to be sure, as wild as a young colt, always up to some frolic; and still, for all his wild ways, every one was fond of him. Whenever the players came to town, you'd think he was out of his senses for joy. Now, the master was always hard upon the players, calling them a pack of idle vagabonds and the like; and it didn't mend matters when he found out that Mr. Harry went on the stage one night, dressed like an old witch. 'He's disgraced himself and us,' says he, 'and with my consent he shall never marry Amy Bradley;' and Miss Amy, who is the master's ward, though she loved Mr. Harry in her heart, said much the same thing, that she never would marry a man she couldn't be proud of; so, to make a long story short, Mr. Harry ran away. This night, five years ago, was the last time we saw him; but I can't help thinking he'll come back and make all the poor hearts that love him happy."

"He became a player, I dare say," the sergeant said; "just the kind of life a good-for-nothing like him would fancy. And yet he might turn up one of these fine days as rich as the great actor, Warden, who is to play here to-morrow night, so the bills say."

"For Miss Amy's sake, if for nothing else, I'd be glad if he'd come back as poor as he went. I think it's killing her to have

him away so long. She could be married since, if she liked, and to a rich man, too; but she loves him too well to marry any one else. Why, if you could only see her when a person speaks of him, the way her face lights up, and the soft bright light that comes into her sweet eyes—but there's the mistress calling me."

"Stay, Nancy!" exclaimed the sergeant; but Nancy had already left the room. He went after her, returning soon, however; and going over to the fire, he stood where Amy Bradley had stood, saying often to himself, as if the words pleased him, "Happy Mr. Harry! Happy Mr. Harry!"

He resumed his seat as the knocker sounded at the hall-door; and shortly after, John Edgeworth ushered into the room two persons, one evidently from his appearance a clergyman, the other an old, sharp-featured, stony-eyed little man, whom the sergeant surmised to be the bridegroom. The cause of the soldier's presence being explained to him by John Edgeworth, old Frazer, for it was he, in a sudden fit of generosity threw him a crown, desiring him to drink his health with it. The coin fell unnoticed at the sergeant's feet, for the door was opened, and Mrs. Edgeworth entered, followed by Amy Bradley, on whose arm leaned, or rather clung, a pretty, childlike little creature, her pale young face impressed with the sadness of a heavy heart. She did not raise her eyes to greet her future lord, who hobbled over to her side, and the hand which he took lay cold and passive in his own.

It was a painful sight, that ill-mated couple standing before the clergyman to utter vows that to one, at least, must seem a death-knell. Painful indeed it must have been to the manly heart of the sergeant, for his chest heaved with suppressed emotion. He rose from his chair, but sat down again, passing his hand over his eyes. He saw John Edgeworth's face whiten with intense agony—the agony of a wretched father's heart; he saw the bowed heads of Mrs. Edgeworth and Amy Bradley; he heard the low voice of the clergyman falteringly begin the marriage ceremony, as if he felt that the blessing which he would invoke would be a mockery. He saw all this, I repeat, until the clergyman, turning to the poor girl, asked her "if she would take that man there present for her lawful husband," then springing up, he shouted:

"Never, Mattie! never, my sister!"—but the rest of his exclamation was lost in the cries of "Harry!" that burst from the lips of the astonished women, and the next moment they were clinging around him, weeping, heartily enough, to be sure, but their tears were the blessed tears of joy.

"Harry, Harry, my dear boy!" faltered John Edgeworth, still half incredulous.

"Yes, father," returned the sergeant, removing from his face at the same time the beard and mustache which had disfigured it, "your son, indeed, who has returned to ask your forgiveness, to snatch poor Mattie from a miserable future, and, if Amy loves me yet, and wont say no, why, to become her husband."

Amy hid her blushing face on his shoulder, whispering:

"Indeed I wont say no, dear Harry."

"O, Harry, darling, are you in earnest?" Mattie cried, still clinging around his neck. "O, I know you are—and I wont have to marry him?"

"That you wont, poor little thing," said Harry.

Where was old Frazer during this interesting colloquy?—where, indeed, but standing over by the window, gnawing his lips, and forcing his nails into his clenched hands.

"My money! my seven hundred gold guineas, John Edgeworth!" he gasped.

"There's your money, old Shylock!" Harry said, throwing a well-filled purse across the room. "And now, hark ye, quit! Well, yes, satisfy yourself, and count it. You'll find it right, for I assure you 'twas placed in there for you."

Old Frazer deliberately emptied the purse of its contents upon the table, and finding the sum to be correct, nervously thrust the coin and bills back into it, and turned to leave the apartment. In doing so, his foot struck the crown piece which he had thrown to the sergeant on his entrance. He stooped down, and picking it up, hastened from the room without casting a glance behind him.

"Has he gone?" asked Mattie, fearfully raising her head from Harry's shoulder.

"He has, but somebody else is to come, Mattie," said Harry.

As he spoke, Nancy came into the room, followed by a tall, handsome young fellow, who, no sooner had he perceived Mattie, than regardless of all present, he held her in his arms.

"So, Philip, my boy," laughed Harry, "you took me for a sergeant, and thought you had really 'listed?"

"He couldn't believe me for a long time, Mr. Harry, dear," sobbed Nancy. "I found him sitting so disconsolate in the little room where you left him."

"Took you for a sergeant, Harry," said Mrs. Edgeworth, eyeing his clothes—"and are you not one?"

"My dear mother," he answered, "I am not a soldier; and, though I incur my father's displeasure, I confess I am an actor."

"Forgive me, my dear boy," John Edgeworth said, warmly pressing his son's hand. "I was too hasty in the past. I have long since overcome my foolish prejudice against the theatrical profession; and, to convince you, I say that I would find a truly intellectual gratification in witnessing the powerful delineations of the great Warden to-morrow night."

"You have witnessed one to-night, father—I am he."

"O, goodness, gracious!" cried Nancy, clapping her hands. "Mr. Harry the great actor! O, Miss Amy, can't you now be proud of him?"

"I trust she may," Harry said; and drawing Amy Bradley to his side, he exclaimed: "Since I have so well played the part of a sergeant, may my performance of a happy husband be far more successful, and, with the blessing of a kind Heaven, be longer upon the stage."

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

One daily in New York has published advertisements of 220 new novels during the year past. — Mr. Maedler, the author of the recent investigation with reference to the central sun, reaches the conclusion that Alcyone, the principal star in the group Pleiades, now occupies the centre of gravity, and is at present the sun about which all the universe of stars and planets revolves. — The committee on public lands in the Texas legislature has reported a bill donating one league of land to the heirs of Colonel Crockett. — The coal in Breckenridge, Ky., seems to possess a value far exceeding that which attaches to it for fuel or mechanical purposes. From a ton of this coal it appears that there may be produced, by a proper process of working, thirty gallons of benzole, fifty gallons of good lubricating or burning oil, and twenty to thirty pounds of candle wax. — Mexican papers say Santa Anna and his wife have separated. — A white bear, with black feet, was caught lately near the head of Pilot Creek Ditch, California. It is represented as an exceedingly ferocious animal. — The New Orleans (La.) True Delta says, there is now on exhibition in that city a horse, twenty-one hands high, and weighing 2060 pounds. — It is said that the average of cold for the month of January, 1856, in New York, was greater than any that has occurred for seventy years. — The New Jersey Geological Report states that the ocean is steadily and rather rapidly gaining on the shore. At Cape Island, the waves have gained on the beach fully a mile since the Revolution; and the tides on the eastern uplands are higher than formerly, in the opinion of the oldest observer. — We hear that Mrs. John Wood, of the Boston Theatre, will star it in California during the next season. — The "Free Love" club rooms in Broadway, New York, have been given up; the association having dwindled down almost to nothing. Only five persons attended the last meeting. So ends another "peculiar institution." — Dr. Scoresby is going out to Australia, with an express view to make experiments relative to the variations of the compass in iron ships in the southern hemisphere. — The receipts of the American Tract Society up to the first day of February, were about ten thousand dollars in advance of last year to the same date. — It is stated that "Doesticks" is now engaged in writing a burlesque of three thousand lines on Hiawatha. — Those interested in the laudable object of opening new avenues for female industry, will be gratified to learn that Mrs. Maria Antoinette Lakeman has been chosen keeper of the town pound at Gloucester. — Mr. S. D. Johnson, and his son, Mr. G. Johnson of the Boston Theatre, go to California at the end of the season. The former has been for years a favorite Boston actor, and the latter is a studious young performer. — John Downes, Jr., of the town of Florence, N. Y., with the aid of several of his laborers, after a severe struggle, succeeded in killing a huge wolf, measuring seven feet in length. The animal had been the terror of the inhabitants of the place for some months past. — The Sardinian vice-consul at this port gives notice that certain begging stations in Boston are in the habit of backing up their appeals for charity, by the presentation of certificates of character, etc., purporting to emanate from that consulate. He states that no such certificates have been issued from thence. — The Vermont papers report the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Symmes, aged ninety-one, relict of William Symmes, Esq., of Boston, and the last surviving sister of the Hon. Benjamin Russell, formerly editor of the *Columbian Centinel*. She resided in Boston at the time of the Revolution. — A joker at our elbow says that some of our insurance companies, when making their annual statements, show extraordinary readiness to exhibit their *lie-abilities*. — The Washington Union states that notice has been given to those who squatted illegally on the Indian reservations in Kansas, that they will be required to move in the spring, and that no further intrusions will be allowed until the lands are lawfully open for settlement. — Paine Aldrich, of Worcester, shot his Alderney bull recently—the finest animal in the country; took the first premium at the Ohio cattle show in 1853; five years old and wicked as Satan; worth \$500. — After three years of vexatious delays, the New Yorkers have finally secured the Central Park, with its six hundred acres of land—its delightful scenery and pure atmosphere—a fact upon which we most heartily congratulate them. — The Western fever rages high among the people of Reading, Mass., and many are going to emigrate.

HEBREWS.—The number of Hebrews in the great cities is thus stated:—New York, 12,000; Philadelphia, 2500; Baltimore, 1800; Charleston, 1500; London, 20,000; Amsterdam, 25,000; Hamburg, 9000; Berlin, 5000; Cracow, 20,000; Warsaw, 30,000; Rome, 6000; Leghorn, 10,000; Constantinople, 80,000; Jerusalem, 6000; Smyrna, 9000; Hebron, 8000. In Berlin there are 2000 Christian Hebrews; also some thousands in England. Fifty-eight clergymen of the Church of England are converted Jews.

MILITARY.—A prominent military gentleman of this city proposes to enlist two or three hundred men, to be organized as a regiment or battalion of infantry. It is rumored that a battalion of infantry is being formed in Roxbury, and that steps have already been taken to have the corps recognized at head-quarters.

ALPINE ICE.—It is scarcely possible to estimate the quantity of ice on the Alps. It is said, however, that, independent of the glaciers, there are 1500 square miles of ice in the Alpine range, from 80 to 600 feet thick.

A FAST PEOPLE.—The Boston Post says that they are lighting places "Out West" with gas, which were entered as wild and last fall.

Wayside Gatherings.

Butter in California is cheaper than it is in Boston market. The Senate of the State of Georgia has adopted a bill which provides for the election of judges by the people.

A good man at Elkton, Md., has cooped up several flocks of quails, which he is feeding till the weather moderates.

The annual tax bill for the city and county of New York, provides for the raising of \$3,485,944.

A board of brokers has been established at Providence, R. I., on the same plan as the Boston board.

Miss M'Makin is now associated with her father in the editorial management of the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

About ninety-five miles of the one hundred and six, in Tennessee, of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, are now graded, at a cost of \$550,000.

The Providence Railroad Corporation have raised the fares on that road, twenty per cent. on transient, and fifty per cent. on season passengers.

The Humane Society of Massachusetts have presented \$100 to their late messenger, Mr. Josiah Willard, as a testimonial of his "singular faithfulness and punctuality."

The total receipts of toll on the Charles River and Warren Bridges, from July 1st to December 31st, 1855, were \$48,931 53. Expense of collecting the tolls, \$4908 54, or over 10 per cent.

A small dog recently arrived at Watertown, N. Y., from the West, in a small bag, sent by mail. The "postage" was duly prepaid, according to law. The little fellow was in good health.

A Citizen's Reform party has been organized in Rochester, N. Y., in order to place municipal elections beyond the control of either political party, and to secure economy in the administration of city affairs.

The Peninsular (a Florida paper) gives an account of the murder of several white men by the Florida Indians, and adds: "The Seminoles must leave Florida, or the last one be exterminated. Such is the verdict of the people."

The Little Falls (N. Y.) Friend contains a notice, in which the members of a Reformed Dutch Church in that vicinity, express a wish to obtain a minister, "one who will regard the flock more than the fleece!"

The New York Times says, "It is a noticeable fact that, for some years past, the number of murders in the State of Connecticut has been equal to those committed in the city of New York, the population being by the last census about the same."

The whole number of passengers transported during the past year on the seven railroads leading from Boston was 8,111,030, or 25,900 for each working day. The number in 1854, was 8,761,760, the diminution being 650,730.

The Charlestonians are putting up their own ice from the ponds surrounding Charleston. They usually import it. Other southern cities this year have their ice supply at their own doors, which will affect the trade in that article next season.

An English engineer has invented a method for making coal burn from the bottom. If he could succeed in making the coal, usually sold in our market, burn by any process at all, he would triumph over the ingenuity of our metropolitan house-keepers.

Francois Jurien, a baker of New Orleans, told his creditors that he would pay them all on New Year's day. When the time came he was without money, and took a large dose of laudanum—and thus by paying one great debt, got rid of all the little ones.

In 1825, a Hollander, named Van Houten, obtained an English patent for a new species of paper or felt, made from moss. The process of manufacture is quite simple, and applicable, we presume, to various kinds of mosses growing in this country.

Vast stores of the purest iron ore in the world are found in the Lake Superior regions. During the past year more than 1400 tons were shipped by the Cleveland Co., and more than 50,000 tons could have been sold.

At a breakfast given on board the new steamship Persia before she sailed, the Dean of Ripon reminded the company that it was now forty-eight years since he accompanied Robert Fulton on the trial trip of the first steamer that ever sailed in the world.

Capt. Henry Manry, city marshal of Mobile, wishing to have a fight with an enemy, Dr. J. F. Dortch, of Wilcox county, resigned his office; and, after the rencontre, which very properly took place at the Battle House, the mayor fined him \$50, and restored him to his office.

The Dexter Gem says: "No one has a right to find fault with a teacher till he knows what kind of a school he keeps. Every parent ought to know this much. And this he can learn much better by personal observation, than by listening to the complaints of his disaffected children."

Seventy-two persons, of the age of seventy years and upwards, residents of Providence, died in that city during the year 1855. Thirty-five of them were between seventy and eighty years of age, twenty-eight were between eighty and ninety, eight between ninety and one hundred, and one was one hundred and eight.

Dr. Oppert, of France, has spent two years on the site of old Babylon, examining the cuneiform inscriptions on the bricks and slates. He states that this famous old city in the days of its grandeur and power, covered rather more than an area of two hundred square miles, being about two and a half more than the site of London.

The contribution of the people, in the time of David, towards the building of the sanctuary, was not far from £30,000,000; while David is said to have collected nearly £36,000,000. The gold with which Solomon overlaid the "Most Holy Place," only a room thirty feet square, amounted to more than thirty-eight millions sterling.

Tengoborski, in his recently published volume on the "Productive forces of Russia," sets the number of horses in the empire at eighteen millions—"nearly seven times as many as in France or Austria taken separately, eleven and a half times as many as Prussia, and two and a half times as many as the whole three put together."

The Lowell Citizen says that the wife of Mr. H. F. Drake of that city, recently took a portion of a common coarse sewing needle from the calf of her leg, which probably found its way there from her foot, in which a peculiar and painful prickling sensation had troubled her for many years. Such cases are often noticed.

Mr. Edward Warren, late proprietor and editor of the Austrian Gazette, formerly the Austrian Lloyd, has been named by that government director of the new *Credit Mobilier* in Vienna, with a yearly salary of \$12,000. Mr. Warren is an American, and for the last twenty years has been engaged in commercial pursuits in different parts of Europe, his principal interests being in Trieste.

Foreign Items.

A line of screw steamships has been established at Havre, to run between that port and New York.

General Osten-Sacken, commanding the 4th corps in the Crimea, is recalled. General Helfreich is to replace him.

T. B. Macaulay, M. P., the historian, has written a letter to the electors of Edinburgh, signifying his retirement from Parliament.

It is stated that Dickens is likely to be elected to Parliament, which will gratify a long-time ambition. That reform speech last year did the business.

It is stated as positive that the decision of the Russian cabinet in favor of peace was exceedingly sudden, and was unexpected in very high official quarters in St. Petersburg.

Philip Bailey, the large-brained author of "Festus," mingles little in London society, but remains in the country not many miles from town. He is of a retiring disposition—too much so to succeed in his profession, which is that of the law.

It is stated that the necessity of economy has become so great in Russia that the Czar, in regulating the budget for the present year, struck out all pensions granted within the last two years, unless for actual military service.

The Russian government has promulgated an ukase decreeing the issue of ten new series of paper money, each of three millions of silver roubles. At the same time eight series, formerly drawn, are renewed, making a total of fifty-four millions.

The ladies of Paris are all agog with Gen. Canrobert's marriage. He marries the daughter of Rayer, the celebrated physician, who will bring him a princely fortune in *dot*, while he brings her fame, his \$6000 a year as senator, and he will give her next year another \$6000 a year, and the title of Madame la Marechale. The emperor and empress are the match-makers.

Sands of Gold.

.... Kindness in ourselves is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in another.—*Landon*.

.... The apprehension of wrong hurts more than the sharpest part of the wrong done.—*Owen Feltham*.

.... Abstinence from low pleasures is the only means of meriting or of obtaining the higher.—*Landon*.

.... If the memory is weak do not overload it. Charge it only with the most useful and solid matters.—*Herbert*.

.... God is on the side of virtue; for whoever dreads punishment, suffers it; and whoever deserves it, dreads it.—*Vauvenargues*.

.... Like the ocean, love embraces the earth; and by love, as by the ocean, whatever is sordid and unsound is borne away.—*Landon*.

.... A boy who happens to say a sprightly thing is generally applauded so much, that he happens to continue a coxcomb sometimes all his life after.—*Goldsmith*.

.... The sight of an unfortunate person has the same effect upon some men as the head of the Medusa, at whose aspect their hearts change to stones.—*Diogenes*.

.... Wit, talents and genius procure celebrity; it is the first step towards fame; but the advantages for it are perhaps less real than those for an honorable reputation.—*Seneca*.

.... The world is a theatre upon which each one wishes to show himself to the best advantage; and to play his part well, it is but to let each play his own.—*Diogenes*.

.... She certainly is no true woman for whom every man may not find it in his heart to have a certain gracious, and holy, and honorable love; she is not a woman who returns no love, and asks no protection.—*Bartol*.

Joker's Budget.

I'll "haul you" over the coals, as the policeman said to the thief when he caught him in the area.

"My bark is wrecked," as the dog remarked, when thrown overboard in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

Why is conscience like the strap on the inside of an omnibus? Because it is an *inward check* to the *outward man*.

A benevolent old gentleman used to give away wood to the poor by the cord, in order, as he said, to have it *re-corded* above.

Tom Hood said that when a young man, he couldn't wink at a girl, but that she took it for an offer of marriage. The consequence was, that a good many of the girls got hood-winked.

"Don't work so hard, my dear, you haven't much of a constitution." "Constitution, father! I've got a constitution like a horse—I really believe I've got the constitution of the United States."

Why is the life of an editor like the Book of Revelations? Because it is full of "types and shadows, and a mighty voice, like the sound of many waters, is ever saying to him—*write!*"

A young woman of Martha's Vineyard, who was married to a man on the "sea-girt isle," Nantucket, returned home a short time since, because he wouldn't give her all the butter she wanted.

A German writer, Berne, compares the different stages in the lives of women to milk, butter and cheese. "A girl," he says, "is like milk, a woman like butter, and an old woman like cheese—all three may be excellent in their kind."

The love of a cross woman, it is said, is stronger than the love of any other female individual. Like vinegar, the affections of a high-strung woman never spoil. It's the sweet wine that becomes acidulated, not the sour wine.

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WINTER SPORTS AT STOCKHOLM.

The large picture on this page represents a very animated winter scene in Stockholm, the magnificent capital of the Swedish monarchy. This city is beautifully situated between Lake Mæler and the Baltic, about 440 miles W. S. W. from St. Petersburg. It stands partly on the north and south sides of the strait which communicates between the lake and the sea, and partly on several islands connected with the main land and with each other by a number of bridges. The finest of these is the Nyabron or New Bridge, which joins the Staden or City Island with the north side of the strait. The best view of the city is obtained from a hill on the south side of the main land—that from the Baltic side is, however, quite imposing. The city far surpasses in natural beauty Venice, to which it bears a strong resemblance. It covers an area of nearly five square miles. The only channel by which a hostile force could approach is defended by strong fortifications of recent erection. The principal part of the city proper is situated on the three islands of Gustavsholm, Riddarsholm and Helgeandsholm. Those portions of the city which are considered as suburbs, far surpass in architectural beauty the more ancient part of the city, which has narrow lanes and streets, and is chiefly interesting for its antiquity. Stockholm was founded as early as the year 1260, by Birger Jarl. It has sustained several sieges. In 1501 it was defended against the Swedes for the crown of Denmark by the Danish Queen Christina. In 1520, a heroic woman, Christina Gyllenstierna, the widow of Sten Sture, held it for the Swedes against the perfidious and sanguinary Christian II., who, after the capitulation, violated its terms by putting to the sword very many of the inhabitants. The indignation aroused by this perfidy and cruelty, paved the way for the triumphant success of Gustavus Vasa and the liberation and independence of the kingdom. The busy scene of sleighing, skating and racing depicted in our engraving takes place before the splendid palace of which we give a northwest view, while the houses and churches of Stockholm form the background. This noble pile, the finest in the city, is built on the highest part of Gustavsholm, and was commenced by the eldest Tessin in 1697, on the site of a much older structure that had been recently burnt down. It was completed in 1753. It is built in the form of a quadrangle with two wings, enclosing a spacious court-yard. The basement story is of granite, and the rest of brick and stucco. It contains the royal residence and chapel, the royal library of fifty thousand volumes, including many rare manuscripts, a museum of antiquities and curiosities, and a magnificent picture gallery. The artist has not exaggerated the zeal and spirit with which the Swedes pursue their sports upon the ice. Not even Boston Neck, in the height of the sleighing carnival, is more alive with fun and frolic. It will be observed that the sledges differ somewhat from our sleighs, and that many indulge in "tandems" and "spike" teams. The horses have an arch over the saddle, to which the bells are hung. On the platform in front of the palace, pedestrians and sledges are seen, and a company of the guards are on parade. The whole picture is strikingly characteristic and unique.

LONDON FIRES.

The city of London comprises an area of thirty-six square miles, which is covered by upwards of three hundred thousand houses. Among these houses there occur annually about nine hundred fires, very few of which are comparatively serious in their nature. In the year 1853, but twenty buildings were totally destroyed by fire. The means of protection against fire in London, comprise three hundred parish engines, an unknown number of private engines, and thirty engines belonging to the fire brigade. The last named are the great dependence in case of a serious fire. Twenty-seven of the thirty-six engines are worked by horse-power, and the whole brigade consists of one hundred and four men and thirty-one horses, with a reserve of eight men and eight horses, and these are divided, with the engines, among the various districts of the city. The breaking out of every fire is speedily made known to the firemen, for the six thousand police of the metropolis are constantly patrolling every alley and lane, and every man is stimulated by the knowledge that if he is the first to give notice of it at any of the stations, it is half a sovereign in his pocket. A reward of thirty shillings is paid to the first, twenty to the second, and ten to the third engine that arrives at the conflagration. About one-fourth of the fires in London are caused by the accidental ignition of candles, and the secretary of one of the largest fire insurance offices of that city estimates that the introduction of the lucifer match caused an annual loss to his company of ten thousand pounds. It is believed that the introduction of hot water pipes has also caused many fires. The constant exposure of wood for a long time to the heat of the pipes renders it very combustible. Mr. Braidwood testified before a committee of the House of Lords, in 1846, that it was his belief that timber would ignite spontaneously after being exposed for a long time to a heat not exceeding that of boiling water, and that he thought the time required to bring wood to such a state was but eight or ten years. It is estimated that one-seventh of the fires which occur among the minor class of shopkeepers in London, are set by themselves to procure the insurance money. The buildings on farms near the city are so often set on fire by incendiaries that one of the largest London insurance offices makes a business of posting bills about premises they have insured, which, after stating that no lucifers are to be used and no pipes smoked, says: "This farm is insured; the fire office will be the only sufferer in the event of a fire." The "fire-escape" is one of the peculiar institutions of London. The Royal Society for the protection of life from fire have stations in all parts of the city, where fire-escapes and men to use them are to be found at all hours of the night. The fire-escape most in use consists of a high ladder, under which, the whole length, is a canvass trough or bag protected from the flames by a close net of copper wire. Into the head of this bag the terrified inmates of an upper story are thrust in time of danger, and slide down the balancing canvass to the ground without any injury.—*Boston Journal.*

WINTER AMUSEMENT IN STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.



BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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6 CENTS SINGLE.

HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

The accompanying portrait of this distinguished orator, statesman and scholar was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Charles Barry, from a recent photograph by Messrs. Masury & Silsbee, of this city. Mr. Everett was born April 11, 1794, in Dorchester, Mass. His father, the Rev. Oliver Everett, was the predecessor of President Kirkland, as pastor of the New South Church in Boston, and was afterwards judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Norfolk county. He was a man of cultivated mind and liberal ideas. The good old town of Dorchester owes much to his active exertions in promoting her prosperity, and particularly in the improvement of the character and efficiency of the public schools. He was also an excellent theoretical and practical agriculturist and arboriculturist, and his teeming acres attracted quite as much attention in his day as do those of the Hon. Marshall P. Wilder in ours. Many of the trees he planted and grafted with his own hands are yet thriving at the "Five Corners." The estate is now in the hands of Mr. George Richardson, who has inherited the tastes of its former possessor. The house in which the subject of our sketch was born, is still standing, little changed in appearance from what it was when erected by Lieut. Gov. Oliver, a magnate of old colonial times. The education of Edward Everett commenced at the Dorchester free schools, and was continued at those of Boston, whither his mother removed soon after his father's death. "The first distinction which crowned my humble career," he says feelingly, in one of his addresses, "was the Franklin medal, at the reading-school in North Bennett Street, * * * and if my tongue is ever silent when it ought to speak the praises of the common schools of Massachusetts, may it never be heard with favor in any other!" From the public school he was transferred to a private school kept by the elder brother of Daniel Webster, and thence to Exeter Academy, where his preparation for college was completed. He entered Harvard College at the early age of thirteen, and distinguished himself by brilliant scholarship. In 1812 he was appointed Latin tutor in Harvard University, and in the same year delivered a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, a performance of great promise and very favorably received. There is sufficient evidence in this, as in other poems which have appeared from time to time during his literary career, that, had he chosen to "strictly meditate the thankless muse," Mr. Everett might have attained the same commanding position as a poet which he now occupies as an orator and prose writer. As it is, we are probably indebted to his poetical studies for much of the rhythmic beauty and the elegance of his prose style. In 1813, having prepared himself for the ministry, he succeeded the Rev. Mr. Buckminster, as pastor of Brattle Street Church. The late Judge Story said he "was almost universally admired as the most eloquent of preachers." During the period of his ministry, and

without neglecting any of his parochial duties, he found time to write a masterly "Defence of Christianity," in reply to the attack of George B. English, a noted Deist. In 1815, Mr. Everett accepted the professorship of Greek literature in Harvard University, and almost immediately sailed for Europe, his principal object being the study of modern Greek literature. He remained abroad three or four years, two of which he passed in study at Gottingen, and before returning home, visited England, Scotland, France, Switzerland, Italy and Greece. While in Europe, he made the acquaintance of Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Goethe, Humboldt, and indeed most of the celebrities of the age. He retained his professorship till 1826, and at the same time conducted the North American Review, which attained its highest popularity under his care. Many of its most brilliant and influential articles were contributed by his pen. No one among us has labored more assiduously or more successfully to place this country, her

literature, her institutions and her character, in their true light before the world, than Mr. Everett. The spirit of all his efforts is thoroughly American. The truest and loftiest patriotism has inspired his pen, his voice and his conduct, as a writer, an orator and a statesman. Hence he has been a favorite speaker on great national occasions—such as the welcome to Lafayette in Cambridge, the visit of Jackson to Bunker Hill, the eulogies on Lafayette, Adams and Jefferson, and lastly, the late celebration of Washington's birthday. A mere enumeration of his oratorical efforts would entirely occupy our space. A selection from his orations and speeches occupies two bulky volumes. They will perpetuate his fame, for the finished elegance of their style fits them as well for the closet as for oral delivery. In 1824, Mr. Everett first entered political life as the representative of the Middlesex district in Congress. He brought to his new duties the zeal and industry which he had displayed in his previous occupations, and for ten years represented his district to the acceptance of his constituents and with high reputation to himself. His learning, oratory and practical ability gave him a distinguished and enviable position in the House. His manliness and courtesy secured him universal respect, and it may be truly said of him that the warmth of debate never extorted from his lips a single word of personal invective. He is therefore fairly entitled to that immunity from abuse which he has enjoyed throughout his political career. In 1835, he was chosen governor of Massachusetts, and was successively re-elected until 1840, when a single vote placed his competitor in the executive chair. In 1840 he sailed for Europe with his family and remained abroad for five years, four of which he passed as our minister at the court of St. James. During the period of his mission, some delicate questions, of which that of the North Eastern Boundary and the McLeod case were the most prominent, threatened the pacific relations of the two countries, and to their amicable adjustment the firmness and diplomacy of our minister largely contributed. In 1846 Mr. Everett accepted the presidency of Harvard College, and held it until 1849. He succeeded Mr. Webster as Secretary of State in 1852, and Hon. John Davis in 1853, as senator from Massachusetts. Such is a brief outline of Mr. Everett's career. Though past the age of sixty, he is still in the full vigor of his intellectual faculties, and his latest efforts surpass in merit even those of the zenith of his manhood. Those who remember his oratory thirty years ago, recognize in it the same fire and energy that charmed them at that period, refined and chastened by long practice and familiarity with all classes of auditors. It is rare to find a man who has led so laborious a life, displaying, after years of toil, so keen an interest in every movement of life and affairs. Though classed among the conservative men of the country, he is the eloquent advocate of rational progress in every form of social development.



HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WHITE HAND:

—OR—

THE NATCHEZ' CAPTIVE.

A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF LOUISIANA.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

CHAPTER I.

ST. JULIEN. STUNG SERPENT.

WE who live upon the Atlantic seaboard, and, turning our eyes westward, behold the "Star of Empire" setting amid the golden waters of the Pacific, while the folds of our nation's banner almost enwrap the continent, are prone to look upon the valley of the Mississippi as a region old in civilization. Yet, long after the Atlantic shores were gemmed with cities and thriving villages, the great valley of the mid-continent was a vast solitude unknown to our forefathers. Long after colleges and schools, governments and courts, societies and churches, had arisen and flourished in the Atlantic colonies, the red man hunted his game in the forest, and drove his canoe over the bosom of the great Father of Waters, unmolested by the pale-faced invader.

In the middle of the sixteenth century, a bold and hardy band of adventurous knights and warriors, led by Hernando de Soto, landed at the bay of Santo Spiritu, in Florida, and, in all the pride and pomp of glorious array, started off through the deep forests in quest of those fabled cities where untold gold awaited their coming. On they went, meeting and overcoming obstacles innumerable, and, at length, a worn and weary remnant of the once proud host sat down to rest upon the bank of the mighty river. A little further on, they went through the wilds of Arkansas, but the same stern, dark forest, with its avenging hordes of red men, met them at every step, and they came back to the Mississippi, where De Soto laid him down and died. His great, hard heart was broken. The remnant of his party hastily constructed a few rude vessels, and sailed down the river, followed by the curses of the Indians.

After this, the great valley remained untrodden by the white men for a century and a half, when, in July, 1673, a small band of Europeans and Canadians, under Joliet and Marquette, reached the banks of the great river. They had come from the St. Lawrence, and had wandered through the vast solitudes of the Maninee and the Wabash. They floated down as far as the mouth of the Arkansas, where, having made themselves sure that the Mississippi emptied into the Gulf of Mexico, they returned to their people in Canada. Great rejoicings were held over the reports these adventurers brought with them; yet Joliet and Marquette both died ere the white man again sought the Father of Waters.

Seven years later, the celebrated La Salle, at the head of forty soldiers and a few monks, found the mighty river, and after recrossing the Atlantic, and returning with more aid, and after passing through adventures almost incredible, he fairly commenced a colony in Louisiana.* In 1687, he was assassinated by his own companions, and the few white men left were little better than a mere handful of wanderers in the wilderness.

A few years later, came the men whose names are cherished as among those who suffered the most and worked the most faithfully for the noble homes which our people now enjoy in the garden of the South. Most prominent among them were the two brothers, Iberville and Bienville, the latter of whom was the founder of the city of New Orleans, and for many years governor of the colony. From this time really commenced the growth of the infant colony of Louisiana.

This territory was inhabited by numerous tribes of Indians, more numerous, perhaps, than in any other section of the country. Some of them were mere families, insignificant in their capacity as distinctive tribes, but yet speaking an idiom peculiar to themselves, cherishing their own exclusive traditions, and exercising all the rights of independent powers. But the principal tribes in the southern country were three in number—the Natchez, the Choctaws, and the Chickasaws, and with these and the Yazoos, did the French of that period have mostly to deal.

The greatest piece of land speculation—the most stupendous business fraud the world has ever seen, had burst, and its conjurer, John Law, had fled from among those he had so magnificently duped. The "Mississippi Bubble," as that transaction has been generally termed, had seen all its wonderful changes, had held millions upon millions of money upon its face, and had now faded away without adding much to the population of the country. At the time of which we write, the whole white population of Louisiana did not probably exceed two thousand souls; but added to these there were some three thousand negroes, most of whom were slaves. Three or four years before, there had been over five thousand white people there, drawn thither, probably, by the fabulous accounts consequent upon Law's great scheme. But most of them, upon reaching the country, and learning the real state of affairs, chose rather to return to their former homes in France, than to combat the dangers of the deep wilderness.

It was in the summer of 1727 that we introduce our readers to a pleasant home on the banks of the Mississippi. Some forty miles above where the city of Baton Rouge now stands, the Marquis Brion St. Julien had located himself, and erected a house. He was now past the prime of life, having been some five years

on the road through the second half century of his life, and had left France out of pure disgust for the society he was obliged to mingle with there. Unlike most of those who came to the new home in the vast wilderness—who, leaving their native country in poverty, had come here hoping to better their fortunes, he was wealthy. He had left his wife in the tomb of her ancestors, and though her death was a severe blow upon his noble heart, yet that was not the only source of grief. None knew, save himself and his God, what it was that made him so sad and so melancholy, and why one so wealthy and so courted should fly from the thousand friends of his native land to seek these dreary wilds. And none were ever to know, for he kept the secret most faithfully, and when he was laid away in his forest tomb, his great life secret was locked up in the deep solitude of eternity with him.

Money was potent, even in the wilderness, and the marquis had one of the most sumptuous, if not the most sumptuous, residence in the country. Near his estate, the great river made a sweep to the westward, and his house was built upon a small tributary stream, which ran nearly south from its source, and at a distance of nearly two miles from the Mississippi. He chose this place for two reasons: first, he thus gained a more elevated site for his buildings; and second, he was more free from the annoyance of those who passed up and down the main stream. His buildings were five in number, and were arranged as follows: The main house was forty feet square, and was built of hewn timber, dovetailed at the corners, two stories high, and though rough outside, yet very handsomely finished and furnished within. The windows were all glazed, and, in short, every convenience and comfort he could desire were arrived at, even to the library, piazza, wine-cellar, and cupola. Here he and his family lived, with such of his domestics as were needed about him. This house faced to the west, being about ten rods from the river to the eastward. Next were two more buildings, one upon the north and the other upon the south of the main house, and each about twenty feet distant. These were each twenty feet long by fifteen wide, and only one story high, and also built of hewn timber, and were for the residence of the black slaves. Then back of all these, and distant forty feet, were two more buildings, one of them, twenty feet square, was for the stable, and the other, fifty feet square, was for the general store-house of provisions for both man and beast. In front of the main dwelling, extended a beautiful garden almost to the river, most of which was devoted to the cultivation of flowers and the choice kinds of fruit that the wealthy owner had been able to obtain. Outside of all, was a stout, barricade, completely enclosing the grounds on which stood the buildings and most of the garden. It was formed of posts driven firmly into the ground, at the distance of a foot apart and twelve feet high, and then these intervals were tightly filled with other upright timbers, firmly fastened in their places by transverse girths and stout wooden pins. There were numerous loop or port-holes through this barricade, which could be opened or closed at pleasure. But to make this as near like his old chateau in France as possible, a barbican was erected upon the northern side, where there was a small hillock, from the top of which the whole surrounding open space of country could be viewed.

The whole household of the marquis consisted of fifty-two persons. There were himself and two children, and one nephew; eight male white servants, mechanics, etc., and five female whites; twenty-five black males, and ten females of the same dusky hue. And now, considering that St. Julien had arms and ammunition in plenty, we may suppose that he had little to fear from the red neighbors who prowled about his premises. And yet he had one protection that ought to have been more powerful than all else, and that was the perfect honor and genuine kindness with which he treated all the Indians with whom he came in contact.

Late one afternoon, the marquis went out into one of his fields that lay upon the rich bottom of the Walnut River—for so he called this river upon which his estate stood, on account of the numerous walnut trees that stood upon its banks further up the stream. The Marquis St. Julien was a tall man, with a slight tendency to stoop in his gait, though this was more the result of a habit of deep thought which he had contracted than of any physical cause. His hair was gray—a dark, granite-like gray, and he wore it long over his shoulders, whither it depended in loosely-flowing curls. His features were very regular and handsome, but pale and thoughtful. His dress was mostly of black velvet, and its few ornaments of jet. He was, in truth, a noble-looking man, and just such an one as the common class would love to obey and instinctively respect. Hence his servants were fondly attached to him, and his slaves loved him.

He walked slowly along, until he came to the field that he particularly wished to visit. Here he found his corn up and flourishing luxuriantly. He cast his eyes about over the broad clearing, and having seen that the enclosure was good, and that all else was as he wished, he started on his return. The sun had already reached the tops of the giant trees to the westward, and long shadows fell across the way. He had left the field, and entered a path which had been cut smoothly out through a thick copse of hickory trees that lay between the corn-field and the house, and on a gentle, rolling swell of land near the river, and north of the buildings. It was quite dusky in the depth of this copse, and under such influence, St. Julien slackened his pace, and with his hands clasped behind him and his head bowed, he walked slowly, thoughtfully on.

He had nearly gained the southern edge of the copse, when he was startled from his reverie by hearing a crashing sound among the dry sticks near him. He stopped quickly, and on the instant his pistol was in his hand. He had time to see a dark object glide from the path in front of him towards the river, and as no sense of personal danger could drive his reasoning powers from

him, he immediately resolved that this was something which wished to escape him. Another thing, also, occurred to his mind, and that was that no man could escape by the way the mystic object had taken; for not over six feet from the path in that section was a deep, wide ditch, which he had caused to be dug for the purpose of draining a piece of wet land beyond the hickory wood.

The marquis stopped, and as he did so, a tall, powerful man stepped back in the path. It was an Indian, who stood nearly a head taller than St. Julien, and whose form was straight and muscular.

"How?" uttered the marquis, stepping back and lowering the muzzle of his pistol; "what does the *Stung Serpent* here?"

"He is only in the path which his white brother has made through the forest," returned the red man, casting off all perturbation, and standing proudly erect.

"But wherefore art thou in his path?"

"The *Stung Serpent* is on his way to his people."

"And are there none of thy people with thee? Does the *Stung Serpent*—he who stands second among the Sons of the Natchez—wander alone so far from home?"

"Yes, for he is not afraid. He knows the white chief is his friend, and wherefore should he fear?"

"But why did you come here?" asked the marquis, coming more directly to the point.

"I came to guide some traders on their way to the town of the great white chief, and my boat is left above here where the great river turns towards the setting sun," answered the Indian.

"Then let my red brother return with me to my home, and there rest for the night."

But the Indian would not accept the invitation. He professed to be in haste, and in a few moments more, he turned on his way, and was soon out of sight.

As the marquis turned once more homeward, he pondered upon this thing. He knew the *Stung Serpent* well. He was the only brother of the *Great Sun*, or chief, of the Natchez, and was the most noted warrior of the whole tribe. Thus far, in all their intercourse, St. Julien had found him upright and honorable, but he well knew how treacherous the Natchez could be, and how the crime of one white man against them could be visited upon the heads of all with whom they might come in contact. That *Stung Serpent* should have come fifty miles from his village to guide a few traders, did not seem probable, and yet the marquis was at a loss for any other cause of the visit. At all events, he resolved to be prepared for danger; so when he reached his dwelling, he called his people together, and having informed them of what he had seen, he bade them be on their guard.

After having done this, he was about to turn towards the house, when one of his blacks, a huge Guineaman of Ashaute, named Tony, came up to him and spoke.

"Look heah, mas'r, I seed dat ar Injun when he went down, an' he did hab two white men with 'im. But he's been a lookin' all 'bout heah dis long while. Dis arternoon I seed him on de hill ober heah by de cattle, an' he was a lookin' sharp all round. S'pose he wants some ob your fat oxen, eh, mas'r?"

"When did he go down, Tony?"

"Arly dis mornin'."

"And when did you see him first on his return?"

"Jus' 'bout an hour arter noon."

"Then see that the dogs are confined among the cattle. The red scamps may mean mischief."

And with this, the marquis turned and went into the house. He did not wish to lose any of his cattle, though he would readily have given bountifully of them to those in absolute need.

Ah, St. Julien, watch thy cattle, but the red man wants them not. His quest is nearer thy heart!

CHAPTER II.

ST. DENIS. AN EVIL EYE.

WE have remarked that the Marquis St. Julien had two children. They were twins, and were a boy and a girl. Louis St. Julien had seen seventeen years of life, and he had much of his father's look, save that his frame never promised such height. He was rather small for a youth of seventeen, and at first sight he seemed delicate almost to effeminacy; but upon acquaintance, those impressions passed away; for as the quick fire of his energy became manifest, and some passing occasion called into action the finely-knit muscular system that lay concealed beneath the modest exterior, the beholder found that there was much of the physical man there after all. Those who knew Louis best, knew how noble he was at heart, and how fearless he was of danger. In the hour of the deepest peril, he carried a steady hand and a cool head, and if he was more than usually moved, it was for some loved friend who might share the danger with him. His hair, which was of a dark golden hue, hung loosely over his shoulders, curling, as did his father's, and his eyes were large and bright, and of a deep-blue color.

The sister was called Louise. Not only was she of the same age, but in every respect of feature did she resemble her brother. She may have been a little smaller, but the difference was not readily noticed. She had the same regularity of feature, the same deep golden hair, the same brilliant blue eye, the same fair, open brow, and the same nobleness of expression. She was a beautiful girl, and as she and her brother wandered about together, many and many were the untutored red men who had dwelt with a sort of religious awe upon the fair picture.

We have also said that the marquis had a nephew living with him. This was Simon Lobo, the son of St. Julien's elder sister. He was near five-and-thirty years of age, rather below the medium stature of man, and not very perfect in physical form. His

* It will be remembered that Louisiana, at this time, comprised the whole of the valley of the Mississippi, from the Gulf of Mexico to the great lakes, taking in the territory of which we have since made many States.

shoulders were heavy, almost to humpiness, and his head was thrown forward instead of standing erect. His arms were very long, and his legs rather short and crooked. His hair was black and crisp, and his eyes also black and small; his face was very regular in feature, and might have been called handsome but for the tendency of the brow to premature wrinkles, the strange sharpness of the small black eyes, and the uncouth crispiness of the hair. He had been left an orphan at the age of twenty, and had soon squandered what little patrimony was left him. After this, he had sought his uncle, who kindly gave him a home. Simon was an excellent accountant, and naturally a smart business man; so when the marquis resolved to come to America, he took his nephew with him, to help superintend the business, and also to act as tutor for his two children, for Simon was a good scholar.

And thus far, Simon Loboïs had been faithful to his trust. During a period of six years, since his uncle had resided in the new country, he had been attentive to his business, and particular in his tutorage of the children, whom he had thus seen grow up from a mere boy and girl to a well-developed and nobly-inclined youth and maiden.

It was on the second evening after the marquis had met the Stung Serpent in the wood that the family were sitting in one of the rooms which looked out upon the garden. It was towards eight o'clock, but there were no lamps lighted, for the moon was up, bright and full, in the west, and her soft beams were poured into the sitting-room in a gentle flood, which sufficed for all purposes of conversation. Thus the family sat, when one of the servants entered, and announced that a stranger had arrived, and asked for shelter and food. St. Julien's answer was quickly spoken:

"Give him food, and then conduct him hither."

In the meantime, lights were brought, and when the new-comer entered, the windows had been closed, and the room was now brilliantly lighted. He was a tall, nobly-formed man, not over five-and-twenty, with a profusion of nut-brown ringlets clustering about his high, full brow, and a sweet smile of gratitude lighting up his handsome face.

"Ha! a white man?" uttered the marquis, starting up. "Welcome, sir,—thrice welcome! My mind has so run upon these red dogs, for the past four-and-twenty hours, that I expected to have seen one of them now. And a countryman?"

"Yes, sir," spoke the stranger, in a voice peculiarly soft and pleasant. "France is my native land."

"Then welcome again," resumed the host, shaking the stranger once more by the hand, and then conducting him to a seat.

The conversation turned upon the natural topics of the times, but Simon Loboïs did not join in it. He had made one or two remarks at the commencement; but, suddenly, he seemed moved by the stranger's appearance, and now he was engaged in scanning his countenance. At length, he seemed to have arrived at a solution of the mystery, and a dark cloud gathered over his features.

Meanwhile the conversation went on, and both Louis and Louise seemed trying to recall some memory of the past.

"How far up are you going?" asked the marquis, at length.

"At present," returned the stranger, "I had only thought of seeking the dwelling of the Marquis Brion St. Julien."

"Ah!" uttered the host, elevating his eyebrows. "Did you ever know me in France?"

"Very well."

"But—really—"

The marquis was here interrupted by Louis, who, at that moment, sprang from his chair.

"Aha," the youth cried, "I know you now!"

"Do you?" said the visitor, arising and grasping Louis by the hand.

"Yes—yes; Goupert St. Denis!"

"St. Denis?" uttered the old man, starting quickly from his chair and hastening forward.

"Goupert!" cried Louise, also springing forward. "Goupert—Goupert!" she repeated. "O, it is—it is! Dear, good Goupert!"

And as these words fell from her lips, she bounded forward, and caught the young man by the hand. His eye burned with a strange light as he met her glad, joyous look, and his voice was marked by a perceptive tremulousness, as he said:

"Yes, Louise,—it is your old friend Goupert."

"Goupert St. Denis!" muttered the dark-browed nephew, to himself, as he cast a look of unmistakable hatred towards the new-comer.

"Here, Simon," uttered the marquis, turning towards his nephew, "don't you remember Goupert St. Denis?—our young Goupert, who used to come and shoot my game, and frighten you with his gun and pistols?"

"Ah—a—yes!" said Simon, arising, and smiling with an effort. "M. St. Denis, your humble servant, sir. We are happy to see you among us once more."

The forced tone of this speech was apparent to no one but to him to whom it was addressed. He, however, noticed it at once, for it was so different from the other greetings he had met. But he made no remark, and Simon quickly reseated himself.

Goupert St. Denis had once lived very near to St. Julien's country residence, and among all the youthful visitors, he was by far the most welcome. His father was a count and a gentleman, and Goupert was a whole-souled, noble boy. In those days, Louis and Louise were merry children, and the stout Goupert used to play with them hour after hour and day after day. And in those days, too, he used to carry the lovely little girl in his arms, and he used to tell her that some day she should be his wife; and then she would laugh and clap her little dimpled hands, and sometimes

she would pinch his cheek, and box his ear, and tell him she should be stronger, and could punish him more severely when she became his wife. But those days were gone now, and while Goupert had only put on a very little more manhood, Louise had grown from a thoughtless child to be a very beautiful maiden.

"But how is it, Goupert?" asked the marquis, after the party had become calm. "What brings you here into this wilderness?"

"Of a truth, my old friend, I came to seek my fortune," returned the young man. "You know my father lost his all in his meddling in the affairs of Spain, and when he died, three years ago, I found myself not only alone in the world, but nearly penniless. The little estate at Sezanne, in Lower Marne, was the only thing left, and even upon that hung a debt. I sold it, and after paying off all demands, I found myself the owner of the enormous sum of ten thousand francs. What should I do? That would not last me a month if I remained amongst my old associates. I had no work, and as for the army, I hated it, for I had seen enough to assure me that real merit had little to do with promotion under the scheming minister. The last of my father's wealth he lost in Law's great Mississippi scheme; and now that I was left alone, I was not long in turning my eyes hither. 'Something,' said I, to myself, 'must turn up;' and I came. At New Orleans, I heard that a Marquis Brion St. Julien had settled up here somewhere. I think I must have been crazy for awhile after receiving this information; but when I did really come to myself, I started, and here I am."

"But didn't you know that we were here?" asked the marquis.

"Why, no. I thought you were in Canada. I did not dream that you were here."

"Yes—here we are!" cried the old man, joyfully, "and now we will live over some of the happy days again."

"Ay," added Goupert, "and forget all the dark ones."

A quick shade passed over the old man's face, and for the instant, his head was bowed; but the emotion quickly passed away, and the smiles came back to his face.

After this, the conversation turned upon affairs in the native country, and for three hours the marquis kept his visitor answering questions and retailing the news of the past six years. It was at a late hour when they separated, and with tears in his eyes, Brion St. Julien called upon God to bless his young friend. There was something in Goupert's presence that had called up the brighter days of his past life, and he was happy in the hope that he might keep the youth a long while with him.

As for Louis, when he retired, his mind was fairly turned upside down, and the pictures of sports he would have with Goupert floated before him in wild, fantastic forms.

And Louise—how felt she? She retired to her chamber, and for a while, only a bright joy seemed to move her; but gradually her thoughts seemed to take a more serious turn, for her countenance changed to a sober, thoughtful cast, and with her hands clasped upon her bosom, she bowed her head, and thus she remained for a long while, her bosom heaving with some deep emotion, while the color of her face changed like the deepening twilight.

But there was one more whom we have seen affected by the young man's presence. Simon Loboïs retired to his chamber, and for some time he paced up and down the apartment with quick, nervous strides. His face showed that he was ill at ease, and the clenching of the hands seemed to speak of a war within.

"What brought him here?" he muttered, to himself, as he stopped and sat down upon the edge of the bed. "Now we'll have more boy's play and monkey-dancing, and it will all end in his falling in love with Louise. And if he does so, and should ask for her hand, I am simply sure that the old man would tell him—yes. But what does she want with the young popinjay? By our Lady! I'll be ahead of him. And if I should be—but I won't anticipate—only—" and here his voice sank low and deep,—"he who treads upon me may tread upon dangerous ground! Let them beware!"

CHAPTER III.

A CONFERENCE. A STRANGE DOUBT.

THE morning of the next day dawned brightly, and at an early hour, Goupert and Louis were astir. The latter took his friend all over the buildings, showed him the defences, and would have passed out through the northern gate, had not the marquis joined them just as they came out of the stable leading two horses by the bridles.

"How now, you young rascals!" cried the old man. "Are ye going to run off with my horses?"

"Not at all," returned St. Denis, with a merry laugh. "We were going to let the horses run a bit with us. But we won't go now, unless you'll go with us. Here, Louis, hold this animal of mine, while I help your father to saddle his; for I know he'll love to snuff the fresh air before breakfast."

The old man joined in the plan joyfully, and ere long the three were galloping off over the country. They laughed and shouted merrily on the way, and the forest rang with the echoes of their glad voices. When they returned to the house, they found Louise upon the piazza, her face radiant with smiles, and shortly afterwards, the party adjourned to the breakfast room, where some hot corn bread and savory venison were awaiting the knife-strokes of the hungry.

Simon Loboïs had been a spectator of the morning's sports; and when the party sat down to the table, he was silent and moody. Several times he tried to hide his emotions, and finally he so far succeeded as to engage in quite an animated conversation. After the meal was done, Simon took the first opportunity to call the marquis one side, and as he said that he wished to have a few mo-

ments of private conversation, the old man retired to his library, whither Simon followed him.

"Now, what is it?" asked St. Julien, after they had both become seated.

It was some moments before the nephew replied; but at length he seemed to collect his mental forces, and he commenced:

"M. St. Julien," his voice trembled at first, but it grew more steady as he went on, "I have now been in your family a long while, and my attachments have become strong and fixed. Six years ago, you placed your children under my charge, and I have done all I could for them."

"I know—I know, Simon," uttered the old man, "and I have told you a thousand times how grateful I was."

"Yes, sir; and your gratitude has been a choice blessing to me. But remember the hours I have spent with those two children—"

"And haven't they been happy hours, Simon?"

"Indeed they have, sir, been very happy ones. But, alas! the thought has often been with me of late—must they all end in misery now?"

"How, Simon?—misery?" uttered the marquis, in astonishment. "What mean you? Do you fear that I am going to turn you away?"

An instantaneous flash of defiance passed over the younger man's face, but he revealed none of the feeling that had given it birth.

"No, no," he replied, "I did not fear that. You do not understand me. Remember, sir, that Louise St. Julien has grown up under my care—that I have seen each opening beauty as it has gradually expanded itself into life, and each bud of promise I have seen blossom into the full rose. I have marked each line of care that came upon her brow, and my heart leaped with pleasure as joy came to sweep the care-marks away. I have watched her mind expand, and carefully have I aided in its healthy growth. She has now grown to be a woman. Think you I have seen and known all this unmoved? No, sir. My heart has been caught in the snare of her charms, and I am but as an outcast now, if I possess her not for mine own. You understand me now?"

Brion St. Julien understood, but he made no reply. He started when the truth first broke upon him; and when Simon had ceased speaking, he arose to his feet, and commenced to pace the room. The nephew watched him for a moment, and then, in a tone as soft and persuasive as he could assume, he resumed:

"Reflect calmly upon this, my lord. Remember, you are growing old; your children are yet young—"

"Too young for this, Simon," whispered the marquis. "And then I am not old, either. I am but fifty-five—that's all."

"I know," pursued the nephew; "but Louise is not young. Her mind is that of a woman, and her system is all developed."

"But you are one year over and above double her own age," suggested the parent; "almost old enough—ay, full old enough to be her father."

"And yet I am not old, nor have I yet reached my prime; on five-and-thirty years. But what of all this? Speak plainly, sir, and let me know your mind. Only remember that I have no sought your daughter's society. It has been forced upon me, and I could not avoid the result. Ah, sir, I cannot think you will refuse me."

Now, to speak the truth for the marquis—for he would never have spoken it under present circumstances,—he had not the fullest confidence in Simon Loboïs. He knew that his nephew would work well for pay, but he had long doubted the truth of his heart—the pureness of his motives; and what was more, he had moments when he almost feared him. This latter emotion was a sort of dim, vague working of the mind, without point and without shape; but yet it worked, and had its influence.

At length the marquis stopped and sat down, and he had become very calm as he did so.

"Simon," he said, "when I left France, I left all the rotten, useless usages of society behind me, and here I resolved to form a world of my own. First among the miserable falsehoods of old society, I meant to cast away that plan which makes the marriage of the child a work of the parent. When my child is old enough to marry, she is old enough to select her own husband; and until she is old enough to use her own judgment in that respect, she is not old enough to perform the duties of a wife. Upon the marriage of my children may depend the whole weal or woe of their earthly future. Such being the case, I must leave them to choose for themselves, only hoping that they will seek my counsel, and listen to my advice, so far as my judgment is good."

"What am I to understand by this, sir?" asked Simon, not able to conceal his chagrin.

"Simply that Louise may choose her own husband."

"But you will exercise some authority? You will speak in my behalf?"

"First, I would know if the girl chooses you."

"But—but—you might influence her choice."

"Not now, Simon."

"Yet you will speak one word?"

"Why so soon? Louise is young yet. Why, bless you man, there's some time yet—some years—ere she'll be of lawful age."

"Not quite a year, sir."

"I mean ere she'll be able to do business as an heiress. Let the matter rest now."

"No, no—I cannot. I cannot live in doubt. I must know what my fate is to be."

"But what is to be gained by this haste? Louise must be free yet, unless she may reciprocate your own love."

"Ay," cried Simon, hotly and passionately, and speaking now without thought or consideration; "but how long is this to be so? How long before this new-fledged popinjay may seize her with the

fire of his eye, and seduce her to loving him? He is here, and he is likely to stay here while—"

"Simon Lobo! spoke the marquis, sternly and quickly, "you know not what you say. Beware, sir, or I may tell you a truth that shall grate upon thine ear."

"Speak, sir,—speak!" uttered the nephew, still under the influence of passion. "Let me hear all. By our Lady! if you can—"

"Listen," interrupted the marquis, "and you shall hear. I took you to my home penniless and almost— But no; such recriminations are not fit for men. Only remember you this: the Count St. Denis was one among the few, very few, true friends I ever had; and his only son has inherited all his father's good qualities, all his nobleness of soul, and all his virtues. And mark me, I love Goupert St. Denis. Yet I will speak one word more since you have brought the subject up; and I hope this may be the last time that need shall arise of alluding to the subject. When I came here, you begged that I would take you with me. I offered you a salary of four thousand francs a year in money, besides your living, to come and keep the bare account of my business, and three thousand more to teach my children. Thus far you have done your duty well. Have I not done mine?"

There was something in the look, the tone, and the words of the speaker, that struck a transient feeling of awe to Simon's soul, and in a moment he concealed all traces of his anger. He found that there was much of the old blood yet left in the old noble, and that hot words would only serve to blast his own hopes. So he assumed a repentant tone, and with a more modest look, he said:

"Forgive me, sir. I meant not to speak ill of any one, but my tongue ran away with me. Out of my deep love for your noble child, sprang a dreadful fear when I saw St. Denis come. But may I not speak with Louise? May I not ask her to be mine?"

"Of course you may."

"And if she says yes?"

"Then I should simply bid her follow her own wishes."

Simon Lobo! thanked his uncle, and then left the room, and when he was alone, his hands were clenched, and his brow was dark.

"By the Lady of our Faith!" uttered the marquis, as he was left to himself, "the fellow has shown his hand now. I have expected this. But I'll not borrow trouble. I know full well his disposition, and I know how angry he can be. But he's too old, and then again, he's her own cousin. I like not this intermarriage of blood relations. France is already peopled and governed by fools in consequence of it. Yet I'll not oppose my child's choice."

The old man stopped here, for, at that moment, he heard the voice of St. Denis in the hall calling his name. As he went out, he saw Lobo! standing in the doorway at the back of the house. He saw the dark look that rested upon those features, and he marked the glance of that sharp, quick eye which rested upon the happy group at the other end of the hall. A quick shudder crept through his frame, for the thought came strangely to him that those eyes were like a serpent's!

CHAPTER IV.

A GOLDEN SCHEME IS BLASTED.

ALL that day did Simon Lobo! watch for an opportunity to speak alone with Louise, and it was not until towards evening that he gained the wished-for opportunity. She was standing in the hall, her brother and Goupert having gone down to the river, while the marquis was somewhere among the blacks, giving directions for the next day's work. Simon touched the maiden upon the arm, and asked her to follow him into the study, as he wished to speak with her a moment. The beautiful girl smiled a reply, and laughingly tripped along by his side to the designated apartment. This was upon the first floor, in the southwest corner of the house, opposite the sitting-room, and had been fitted up for a study. It was where the teacher was wont to hear his pupils recite their lessons.



ASSORTING ROOM, BALTIMORE SHOT WORKS.

Lobo! took a seat, and Louise followed his example, and then she looked up eagerly into her tutor's face, as if anxious to know what wonderful thing he had to tell. Simon did not stop long now to consider, for he had been pondering upon the subject all day, and not only had he resolved upon what he would say first, but he had planned the whole conversation, for he imagined that the maiden would be coy and bashful, and he had the language all framed for meeting her faint and timid responses, as they should come up.

"Louise," he commenced, in a very soft, winning tone—and he could speak very sweetly, too, when he chose—"I want you to listen to me candidly, now, and weigh well what I shall say."

"How now, good master!" cried the happy girl, with a merry twinkle of the eye; "am I to take a lesson for not getting one to-day?"

"No, no. Listen, and be sober, for I would be serious. You know how our lives have been spent here for the last six years,

and how we have moved about in our little world here in the wilderness. You have been my constant companion." Then Simon introduced the same speech, word for word, that he had made to the parent in the morning, about the expanding beauties and budding promises, etc., and he ended thus: "And now womanhood has come upon you with its loveliness and goodness all nobly developed, and my heart has become captive, and is all your own."

"Good Simon, sweet cousin, I am glad you love me!" said the maiden, with a bright smile.

"Are you, Louise?" the tutor cried, eagerly. "O, and will you be mine?"

"Be yours? Be your what?"

"My wife, most lovely girl,—my wife!"

Louise St. Julien gazed for some moments into Simon's face, and then burst into a long, loud laugh.

"O, you do not mean so! You are not in earnest?" she uttered, for she could not at first realize it.

"Mean it? Do not, say you? By heavens, Louise, I do mean it!" This unexpected turn had thrown him entirely from his studied plan.

"Mean to ask me to be your wife?" spoke the fair girl, giving each word a particular emphasis, and speaking with a pause between every one, as though she would have no misunderstanding.

"Most assuredly I do. I love you as the very core of my soul, and I cannot lose you now. How can I help loving you? How should I be with you thus as I have been, and not love you? O, blessed one, you will not crush me now!"

Again Louise gazed into her cousin's face for some moments, as though she would read the truth there.

"It doesn't seem possible!" she uttered, at length. "Wake up, Simon; shake yourself, and see if you have not been dreaming this! I be your wife? Why, you are more fit for my father. Don't speak so any more, Simon, for you'll frighten me."

"And can the love of a true and faithful heart frighten you?" he asked.

"Most assuredly not. You may love me as much as you please—as an only cousin ought to love, or as a father ought to love, or, yet, as a faithful teacher ought to love a dutiful pupil; but if you talk of marriage to me any more, I shall certainly think you are crazy, and then, of course, I should be frightened, for I am afraid of crazy folks. Don't you remember old Sans Sur Clairvaux—how crazy he was?—how he used to frighten us children at the old chateau? He used to tell about marrying, and don't you remember how he used to try and make love to Marguerite, the old miller's daughter? Don't talk so to me any more, or I shall surely think your brain is turned."

For some moments, Simon gazed upon the fair girl in utter astonishment. He was at a loss to understand whether she was making game of him, or whether she was in earnest. But had he reflected for a moment upon the character of the lovely pupil as he knew it, he would have known that she could not descend to sport with his feelings. Then he still might appeal to her heart.

"Alas!" he murmured, choking down his indignation, "you know not what you do. You know not the deep love that dwells like a consuming fire within. But I will not ask you to marry me now. Only promise that, some time, you will be mine. Give me your heart, and pledge me your hand. And then we will be married when you are older. O, do not refuse me this!"

"My conscience, Simon, if we wait for that, your hair will be gray, and you will have to walk with a staff. And then what a sorry-looking couple we should make! Don't, Simon,—don't talk so any more. It's foolish in you to do so. I do really begin to think you are in earnest. But I don't want to hear you speak so any more—truly, I don't!"

"Then you will never love me?"

"Why, I love you now, cousin. I have always loved you. Why will you be so foolish?"

"Alas, Louise! you have struck the dagger to my soul. The lamp of my life has gone out, and all my hopes are sunk in utter darkness! You have done thus much. Now, in mercy, take my dagger, and finish my pain. Take away the life you have cursed,



FURNACE ROOM, BALTIMORE SHOT WORKS.

and let my soul escape the agony it must endure while near thee when thou art not mine!"

Now Louise watched Simon very narrowly while he spoke this, and she saw plainly enough that he was acting. Not only was she by nature gifted with an intuitive perception of the springs of the human soul from outward signs, but she knew the man who now spoke to her too well to believe that this was the spontaneous outburst of true feeling. And, above all else, she remembered to have seen very near that sentence in one of Simon's books, in a tragedy which she had read.

"Strike, cruel one," pursued Simon, when he found that she did not answer, but only gazed sharply into his face. "Take my dagger, and let my life blood out, and while the cold and thirsty earth drinks the warm stream up, you may—"

"Stop, Simon," interrupted the maiden, just as he was putting on the finishing stroke and look of agony, "you have made a mistake. It is not 'cold and thirsty earth,' but thus it is: 'And while the soil of mother earth doth drink my life-blood up, thou'lt know how bitter is remorse.' That's the true version. And then you ought to have a dagger, because—don't you remember?—Isidore's lover held a dagger in his hand. But don't say any more on this subject, or you'll make me very angry. I can't be your wife; I never can. So there's an end of that matter. And now let us forget that we ever had any such foolish talk."

"And how long has this been your mind?" fairly hissed Loboïs, as soon as he could so far recover from his utter amazement as to speak.

"How long?" repeated Louise, in surprise. "Why, you might as well ask me how long 'twas since I had resolved that I would not marry with old Tony, just as well—exactly. Nature set up the barrier when she made me your cousin eighteen years after your birth. Now—"

At this moment Louise heard her father calling her from the hall, and she started up.

"You hear?" she uttered. "My father wants me. Now you won't think anything more of this—will you? Put off that ugly-looking face as soon as you can, and then come out and join us in our social enjoyment. I won't expose you. I won't lisp a word of your funny talk; so don't be afraid. And I know you'll never talk so any more, because I don't want you to. There—he calls



MELTING TUBS, BALTIMORE SHOT WORKS.

again. Here I am—coming!" And with these words, the buoyant, happy-hearted girl tripped out from the room, and in a moment more was with her father, her face revealing not a shadow of the strange scene, and quaint ordeal, which she had just passed through.

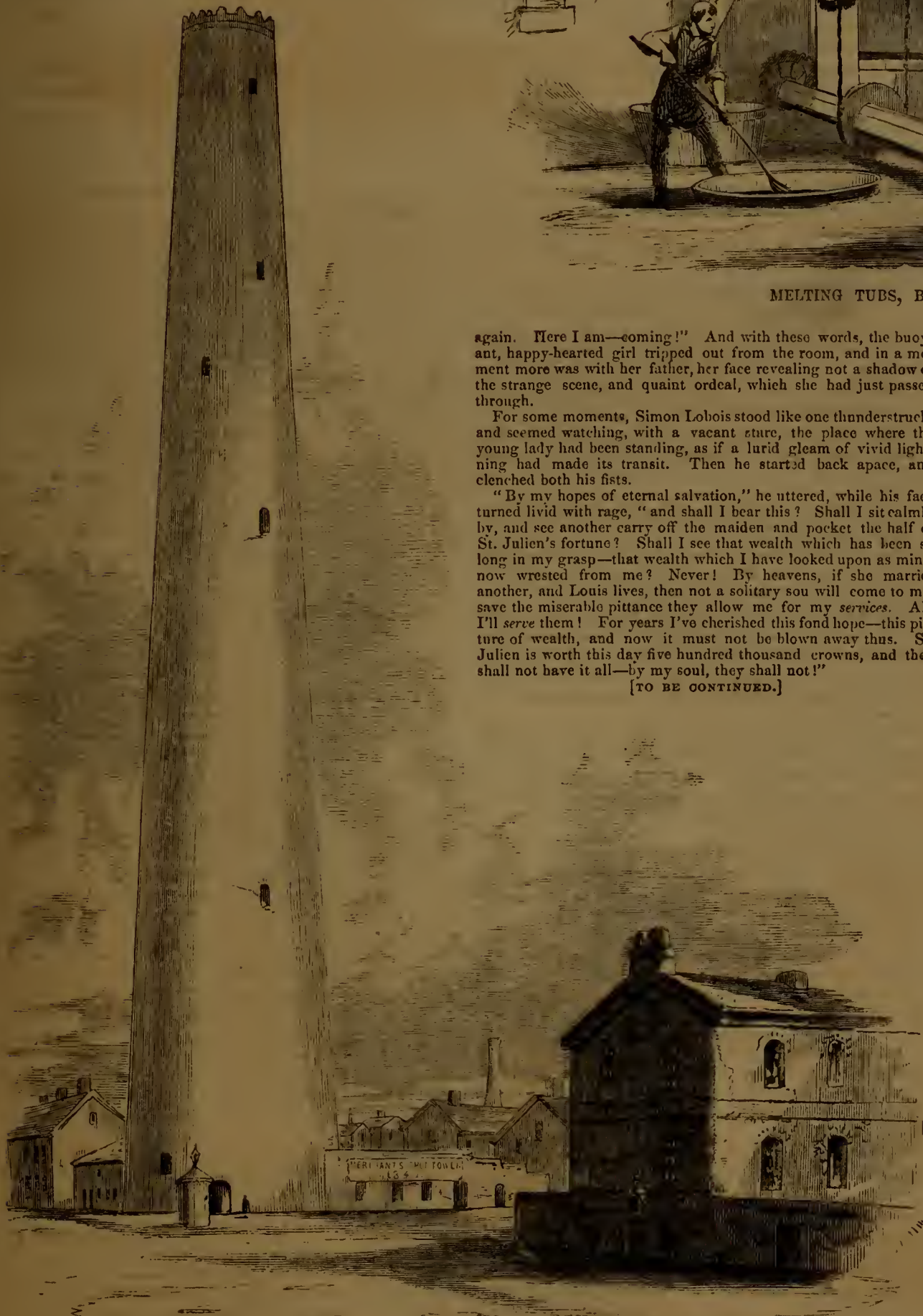
For some moments, Simon Loboïs stood like one thunderstruck, and seemed watching, with a vacant stare, the place where the young lady had been standing, as if a lurid gleam of vivid lightning had made its transit. Then he started back apace, and clenched both his fists.

"By my hopes of eternal salvation," he uttered, while his face turned livid with rage, "and shall I bear this? Shall I sit calmly by, and see another carry off the maiden and pocket the half of St. Julien's fortune? Shall I see that wealth which has been so long in my grasp—that wealth which I have looked upon as mine, now wrested from me? Never! By heavens, if she marries another, and Louis lives, then not a solitary sou will come to me, save the miserable pittance they allow me for my services. Ah, I'll serve them! For years I've cherished this fond hope—this picture of wealth, and now it must not be blown away thus. St. Julien is worth this day five hundred thousand crowns, and they shall not have it all—by my soul, they shall not!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHOT TOWER AT BALTIMORE.

The accompanying series of engravings delineates accurately the exterior and interior of the famous Merchant's Shot Tower at the corner of Front and Fayette Streets, Baltimore. It was formerly called the Phoenix Shot Tower. The corner stone was laid by that venerable patriot, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, June 2, 1828, he being the last survivor of the immortal band of signers of the Declaration of Independence. The structure is of brick, and rises 246 feet above the surface of the ground. Visitors are permitted to ascend by the spiral staircase to the summit, from which a magnificent view of the city of Baltimore and its environs is obtained. The process of manufacturing shot commences with hoisting up the lead by an endless chain or windlass driven by steam. It is then melted in kettles at the various dropping stations, alloyed and prepared for dropping. An iron handle or holder is then hung over the hatchway, which is open from bottom to top, and in this handle is placed a box, with the bottom perforated with holes of the size of the shot to be manufactured. The descending streams separate into globules of exactly spherical form, which are cooled by their passage through the atmosphere, and finally fall into a reservoir of water. Our second engraving shows the operations at one of these dropping stations over the hatchway. One man is superintending the melting, another feeding the pan. From the water-tank the shot is raised by a ladle or machinery, and passes into the *dryer*, where it is thoroughly dried, and thence to the polishing cask or cylinder, where a little black-lead is added, and a swift rotary motion soon produces a high polish. Through an aperture, the shot now passes into the receiving-box, thence to the finishing-room, thence to inclined planes, which separate the perfect and imperfect, the former running freely down the troughs, while the latter remain at the head and sides. The imperfect shot are melted over again. The good shot are received in a box at the end of the inclined table shown in our first engraving, and then pass to the sifting-case, which contains a series of sieves of different sizes, the largest at the top. As the shot descends, each sifter receives such as suits its size. The assorted shot are then put in boxes or tubes, are finally weighed out into bags of twenty-five pounds each, and then ready for distribution to the trade. Buckshot are made by moulding or compression, and all small shot by dropping. There are some half-a-dozen shot towers in this country, consuming annually from 150 to 200,000 kegs of lead, and turning out 5000 tons of shot. The Merchant's Shot Tower is the tallest in the world, that of Villach in Carinthia, which is quite noted, being only 240 feet high. The metal is melted in the Baltimore tower at different degrees of elevation. Lead alone is not adapted to the purpose, but arsenic and other metals are combined with it to give the quality of forming readily into globules. The largest shot are dropped from the greatest elevation. We advise no person who is ever troubled with vertigo to ascend to the top of this tower; on those of weak nerves, the position is a very trying one. Yet, a few years since, when the vane required to be taken down for repairs, a sailor ascended the spire, and brought it down with as much coolness as if he had been merely going up and down the side-ladder of a ship. The size of the melting tubs in our third engraving will convey a good notion of the magnitude of the operations carried on in this establishment. Of the other shot towers in the United States, a quite noted one stands on the island of New York, on the banks of the Hudson River, about five miles from the city, and forms a conspicuous feature in the landscape on approaching New York from the Sound. Its altitude is considerably less than that of the structure delineated in our engraving. Still, from its summit, owing to the level nature of the surrounding region, an extensive view is obtained, disclosing a panorama of much natural beauty and picturesque effect.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE BALTIMORE SHOT WORKS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MUSIC OF THE STARS.

BY H. T. SPERRY.

O, I love to ride on the midnight dark,
When my heart is light and free;
Far away to the gleaming spheres, and hark
To the stars' sweet melody.

When the night has spread its wings of gloom
O'er a wearied world of care;
Then I soar away in its solemn noon,
And roam through the realms of air.

Through the shadowy scenes of space I glide,
Away from the world's dark years;
With the brave old warrior Mars for my guide,
I rove mid the gleaming spheres.

O, solemn and soft are the chimes they stog,
While hurrying on their march;
And mournfully low the clear echoes ring,
Then die in the vaulted arch.

And I list till my soul grows sad and strong,
For they sing of hopes that fled;
And my heart goes out with their thrilling song,
In memory of the dead.

They chant of the glorious ones on earth,
Who live with their calling high;
And they murmur sadly when love has birth,
For they know it soon will die.

And they tell me a mystic tale I love,
'Tis a tale of priceless worth;
That each star that gleams from its home above,
Keeps a watch o'er some on earth.

A celestial hope on my heart burns bright,
That one of the golden band
Will throw o'er my path its radiant light,
Till I reach the "Sabbath land."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE STONE HOUSE.

BY EMERET H. SEDGE.

A PRETTY girl never shows to better advantage than when riding, and if she is mistress of the art of horsemanship, it is easier for her to conquer hearts than it was for the strange, fair Amazons of olden time, mounted on fiery chargers, to subdue their foes. There were numerous reasons that induced Ellen Faxon to ride every pleasant day—plenty of time, a hearty love of wild freedom and the handsomest black pony that ever gladdened the eyes of an enthusiastic equestrian; and tinging all these a sentiment of coquetry which found gratification in a moderate degree of very innocent ostentation.

Nobody in all Waldburg lived such a happy, care-free life as did Ellen. The only child of indulgent parents, whose *menage* indicated the possession of large wealth, her every wish was met by its most agreeable fulfilment. A fairy gift would scarcely have surrounded her with more enjoyments than parental fondness studied to provide. It was a wonder that she was not utterly spoiled—so the gossips prated from one end of the village to the other—and Ellen cantered by them along the streets of the embowered old town without a suspicion of the danger that garrulous crones perceived in the blessings of her fortunate childhood, lurking to destroy by insidious processes, happiness and morals together. They did not know how strong and full of life was her loving heart, nor how it grew in its sunny springtime.

It was a rare morning in early June. Ellen stood on the terrace that separated the venerable stone house from the wide lawn which was tastefully adorned with trees of varied foliage, standing singly or clustering in picturesque groups. The air was soft and fragrant with exhalations from the fresh young grass and innumerable flowers. The exhilaration of the morning was perfect, and Ellen's impatience would scarcely allow her to maintain the new womanly dignity of sixteen years, as the old groom trudged toward her with provoking moderation, leading her pony. Captain Faxon, a large, apoplectic looking man, came out upon the terrace.

"I think that it is neither safe nor proper," said he, "for you to take these rides without some suitable companion or protector. If I could ride as I used to a dozen years ago, I would be your escort. Perhaps Collin would go with you."

"If you please, sir, I had rather not," said the veteran groom, who had approached to hear the last sentence. "The rheumatism is bad yet; 'twould shake me in pieces to go at the mad pace which the young lady chooses."

"And there is no reason to apprehend danger on my account," said Ellen, quite rejoiced that she was to have no restraint upon her whims and caprices, which led her to explore forsaken old roads, or enticed her into mysterious by-paths which suddenly came to an end without attaining any object, as if they were trod by fairy troops that abruptly assumed their aerial conveyance, leaving their terrene way quite unaccounted for by any natural supposition.

Ellen knew twenty such, and open hill-tops, and massy woods and deep dells, and indeed many simple wonders which the romantic region afforded. She sprang from the terrace to the back of her pony. The gentle, delicate Mrs. Faxon made an attempt to arrange her skirt which was already in order, and had scarcely time to express the hope that Ellen would be very careful, before the young girl had kissed her hand and was away.

There was nothing remarkable in all this, save that Ellen, some-

what impressed by the anxiety of her parents, resolved to be less adventurous than usual, and rode along very demurely. When several miles from home, she discovered a grassy path that ascended a wooded hill. She entered it, but was presently stopped by the thickening trees and tangled shrubs. A little way beyond grew a profusion of gay wild flowers, and with an exclamation of delight she left her pony and began to gather them. Absorbed in her pleasing labor, she did not notice approaching footsteps which descended the hill, and she was much startled when, on raising her eyes, she saw a person just before her. Dropping half her flowers, she instinctively returned to her pony, and not till she was securely seated in the saddle did she pause to look at the stranger. He was a tall, slender young man, with a distinguished countenance, and though frugally clad, was evidently unused to labor. A small valise and dusty shoes showed him to be a foot traveller. He smiled and bowed, half in apology, half in admiration, and said that probably like herself, he had been drawn a little while from the highway by the attractive coolness of the bowery slope, and that he had been so fortunate as to find many exquisite floral beauties, with the night dew still on them, and ended by begging her acceptance of his bouquet. Ellen could not resist so much gallantry, nor refuse the tastefully arranged flowers held toward her by a very white, finely shaped hand, and she accordingly took them with a pretty blush which made her look fresher than the fullest, juicy bud among them. By that time they had gained the highway, and Ellen with graceful thanks parted from the stranger.

The young man, whose name was Gilbert Vaughn, watched with unusual interest the departing rider, not only that she was very fair and maintained her seat with bewitching dignity, but she was evidently an inhabitant of the village of Waldburg, which just peeped over the distant hill, whither he was going. He had recently left a medical school, and he had in his pocket his diploma, and sundry recommendations from certain learned professors, lying in consoling proximity to his last dollar—a dollar he had contrived to save by walking that morning. There was an opening at Waldburg, and he was going to gain a footing and living in the town. With a comical sort of inhumanity, Vaughn speculated on the probability of his obtaining a patient before his credit should be exhausted, and wondered a great deal in both sensible and foolish wise about Ellen. The road was straight and she could be seen for a long distance. She was nearly a mile in advance and went on rapidly. But at length her pony, which, like the beast of the ancient prophet, had hitherto led a dutiful life, suddenly espied some terror in the hedge and by a rear and plunge threw Ellen and made the best of his speed homewards.

Vaughn, with mingled emotions that may be conceived, hastened to the scene of the disaster. A dash of water from the wayside brook restored the consciousness of Ellen, of which the fall had deprived her, and a recognition of her attendant brought back the color to her cheeks.

"There are your flowers," she said, laughing as she pointed to the bouquet broken and scattered about on the sand.

Vaughn said something in a complimentary way respecting their place being supplied with others, and then added, in a very professional tone:

"Your forehead is bruised; permit me to apply a lotion."

Ellen watched the opening of the valise, and as she had a view of its contents, remarked:

"You are a physician, I perceive. This is a fortunate encounter; I will put myself under your care:" and she took off her jammed hat and shook down her auburn curls.

Vaughn found that her head was much injured and he dressed the cuts and bruises in his best manner, and bound around them the handkerchief which his patient proffered.

"Ah, that is comfortable," said Ellen. "I fancy I look like a nun. But no matter—you must really stop at Waldburg, for we have no physician."

Vaughn did not hesitate to assent to her proposal. Ellen felt too giddy for walking, but in a little while the carriage came with her father and Collin, who had been very justly alarmed by the arrival of the pony without its rider. She introduced the doctor to her father and playfully recommended his skill, and they all returned to Waldburg in company. Captain Faxon at once interested himself in the young stranger, and being satisfied in regard to his references, proffered to him for a time the hospitality of his residence. This was the more readily accepted as Ellen became very ill in consequence of her accident, and lay delirious many days. Vaughn felt that the success of his future hung on her recovery, and his assiduous attendance was at length rewarded by symptoms of improvement, and at last by the complete return of his patient's health. The reputation of the new physician was established. He took rooms in the most conspicuous place of the village, and Captain Faxon published his merits far and wide. There was nothing more to be feared. No one rejoiced more in all this prosperity than Ellen. If Vaughn looked well in his shabby dress of a poor student, he was quite irresistible in unexceptionable attire, and did not Ellen owe a heart-full of gratitude to him who was the evident saviour of her life? However, without very thoroughly arguing the case, or analyzing her sentiments, she reckoned time by his visits, and knew no epochs in passing weeks and months, save those which his words and acts afforded.

Thus the autumn passed. Who might tell the happiness of those days? The grounds about the residence of Captain Faxon were extensive, and over these Ellen and her lover strolled, talking as if they had known each other years instead of months. The winter passed and another summer and autumn came, and still Vaughn did not tell his love nor ask the hand of Ellen. He

was as proud as he was poor. He had no home to offer Ellen, and he scorned to live in one of his wife's providing, and accordingly he deferred an explanation which would have taken a world of anxiety from Ellen's heart.

Vaughn had been nearly two years at Waldburg when Captain Faxon suddenly died. When his estate was settled, mortgage was found to succeed mortgage until the whole property was absorbed, scarcely enough being saved for the purchase of a little cottage where Ellen and her mother might find a shelter. This afflictive bereavement and destitution nearly crushed Mrs. Faxon. A partial paralysis reduced her in mind and body to the capacity and dependence of a child.

At this juncture Vaughn received a small legacy. It was trifling, but sufficient to procure the books and instruments which were indispensable to his successful practice. With such an important assistance he felt a degree of independence; he was richer than Ellen, and he hastened to claim the right of protecting her. She was still at her old home. Mrs. Faxon had been permitted to remain there a few months.

Vaughn found Ellen with her mother. He invited her to walk with him.

"No, stay here," said Mrs. Faxon, plaintively. "It is so lonely when you are gone."

"Ellen needs the fresh air," returned Vaughn. "I know by her face that she has not been out to-day. We will not leave you long."

"She is very well," said the invalid. "It is I who suffer. You do not know what trouble I have had, doctor."

Vaughn expressed his cordial sympathy, and gently re-arranged the cushions for her comfort, and sitting by her until he had soothed her into quiet slumber, stole away with Ellen. Before they had reached the little brook at the foot of the lawn, Vaughn confided to his companion the story of his fervent attachment, and his plans for the future. He took her hand and looked down into her face, waiting for the assent of which he was so sure. Ellen's lip quivered, but she replied with a steady voice:

"I can assume no additional duties. You have seen on many occasions how essential is my presence to the happiness of my mother. I should have no peace in the formation of a connection that would in any degree separate me from her; to her I owe the duty of my life, and you have told me that she may live many years."

"But let me share this attendance with you," entreated Vaughn. "It is too much for you alone."

"We should be only a burden to you. I should be harassed by conflicting obligations. I could neither make your home pleasant nor my mother happy, and failing in all that I desired and attempted, should myself be miserable."

"I have been deceived," said Vaughn. "If you truly loved me you would not adjust your calculations so coolly and measure duties so accurately. You would allow my own wishes some weight. If I had such a foolish pride as not to ask your hand before, do not be revenged on me."

Ellen answered only with her tears. In vain Vaughn sought to change her resolution on that day and afterwards. The little cottage was taken and furnished by the generosity of the creditors. The piano and a few pictures were included, and the little rooms had somewhat of a cheerful air. Ellen resolved to make provision for their necessities, by receiving a few music pupils and day scholars. It fortunately amused her mother to have children within sight and hearing, and she would listen quietly to the piano for hours, equally careless of discord or harmony. Ellen's task was easier than she had expected. The continual importunities of Vaughn alone made the performance of her duty difficult. One day he exhausted his eloquence in again trying to persuade her to become his wife. But Ellen, with tears, besought him to drop the subject forever.

"That I will not do," he replied, and after pacing the room a while, he abruptly added: "I have a new plan. Time will modify your resolution. I will go to Paris and study medicine and surgery. I cannot stay here and see you struggle, when you will not allow me to assist you. I shall remain away long enough to be of substantial advantage to my profession, and then when I return, you will no longer oppose my wishes."

Ellen only smiled—she did not say nay.

"You look an affirmative," said Vaughn.

"Perhaps my mother may be more like herself in two or three years; she has already grown stronger," said Ellen, with a blush on her fair face.

"All success to her full recovery, my Ellen," exclaimed Vaughn, pressing a kiss on the lips of his promised bride.

In a few weeks he left Waldburg, followed by loud regrets and many wishes for his speedy return. The days passed very slowly for Ellen. Once in a while she received a letter from Vaughn, as full of interest and affection as she could desire, but these communications were a poor substitute for the old visits and unrestrained intercourse of past days. It was much that the health and mind of her mother seemed likely to be in a great measure restored. Her little school, systematized and enlarged, was also a source of great enjoyment, so that her life proved much more endurable than she had dared to hope.

Among her scholars were two sweet little girls whom she especially loved. They were sisters, the children of her father's principal creditor, who then resided in her old house. Mr. Smith was comparatively young, and possessed singularly urbane and pleasing manners. He had acquired wealth and popularity without seeming effort; he held many important village offices, and was talked of by the general community for high positions of trust. His wife was an affectionate and gentle woman, and treated Mrs. Faxon and Ellen with great consideration and kindness.

Ellen endeavored to repay her by faithfully instructing her young daughters, and she obtained the unusual double reward, the hearty love of the children and parental appreciation and approval.

Mrs. Smith died after having resided a year only in the stone house. Ellen sincerely mourned her loss, and more tenderly cared for the bereaved children, whose sad faces and deep mourning so pitifully and silently recommended them to her protection. They in their turn clung to her more closely than ever, and so over-stayed their school-hours as to remain entire days with her.

A new trouble arose at this time. The expected letters from Vaughn did not arrive. Days lengthened into weeks and weeks into months, and Ellen heard nothing from him. The thousand fears and conjectures which accompany the solicitude of tenderly loving hearts, made her life a protracted fever of anxiety. In vain she wrote to him. He was not dead, for some one had received casual intelligence concerning him. It could only be that he had chosen to forget her. The chilling conviction of his unfaithfulness gradually settled on her heart like something fateful and deathlike. A kind of torpor crept over her spirit, which transformed her, as it seemed to herself, into a mere machine that went through the regular routine of her duties, half through habit, half by memory. She was hardly reduced to this wretched condition when the health of Mrs. Faxon began rapidly to decline. She was soon obliged to give up her school entirely, and bestow her constant attendance upon her mother. The neighbors were very kind, but none more so than Mr. Smith. He insisted upon providing a nurse at his own charge, and brought the aid of medical practitioners which Ellen never could have procured.

After a protracted illness her mother died. Ellen immediately received the offer of a home from a relative in a distant city, but she could not leave the town which held the graves of her parents and to which Vaughn might soon return. Who could tell but there might be better days when he came back? Some necessary explanation could be given, and all would be well again. She determined to remain at the cottage as she had done. Her first business was to take account of the numerous debts which she had contracted, but to her surprise, she found them all cancelled, and she was unable to ascertain the name of the generous friend who had relieved her from a heavy burden. She next commenced arrangements for the re-establishment of her school, and applied to Mr. Smith, among others, for patronage. He despatched for a reply that he would call and advise with her respecting it. In a few hours he came, but waiving the proposed discussion, forestalled all her plans by asking her to be his wife. Ellen respectfully but firmly declined. She had no wish to marry.

"But you will think better of this in a little time," continued Mr. Smith. "Will you waste the bloom of your days in the monotonous and onerous duties of a teacher? Will you spend your talents in the almost treadmill drudgery of a school, and gain for your labor merely a bare subsistence?"

"I am prepared for the sacrifice," said Ellen, interrupting him.

"If you will make a sacrifice," returned he, earnestly, "let it be for those who will place the highest value upon it—for me, whose dearest pleasure it shall be to cherish you—for my children, who are devotedly attached to you, and whose entire obedience and love will contribute to the happiness of your home."

"Say no more," replied Ellen, "my heart is not yours. I will not wrong you by accepting your proposal."

"Give your hand to me and your heart will follow. You will teach me how to win it. But, my dear Miss Ellen, do not make your ultimate decision now. Think more favorably of me, and I will come at the end of the week to hear your answer."

Mr. Smith pressed her hand and left the house.

Ellen was in great trouble for several days. She could not marry her new lover, for she felt that when Vaughn should return—and it was rumored that he might soon be expected—his silence could be in some way explained; and yet, on the other hand, was it not folly to hope for any satisfaction for a long year's neglect? Yet Ellen thought only of him, of his apparent indifference, of his possible faithfulness, and firmly decided never to unite her destiny with one, towards whom, however deserving, she could entertain no stronger sentiment than that of friendship.

The allotted week had almost ended. Ellen, weary of the lonely cottage, and still more of her unsatisfactory reflections, resolved to soothe her restlessness by spending the afternoon in the open air, amid the quiet autumnal landscape. Before leaving the village street, she stopped at a haberdashery store and made a small purchase. Then she chose a retired lane which conducted her to the russet fields, and onward to the hill-top that overlooked the little town. Fatigued by the ascent, she sat down on a rock that was sheltered by gorgeous bushes and dark evergreens, whence could be seen a brightly variegated picture that was too beautiful to remain unheeded. Continuing a while in this position, she mechanically unrolled the package which she held in her hand. The covering was a scrap of a recent newspaper. Her eye carelessly ran over the fragmentary items without taking their sense. She unwittingly turned the paper in her hands, and the first word that caught her attention changed the beatings of her heart like the sudden voice of doom.

"Married in Philadelphia, by —, Gilbert Vaughn," etc.

That was the city of his birth. She saw it all then—she was deceived and forsaken. For a few moments the dreadful thought worked her excited brain almost to frenzy; she rose, and tearing the paper into fragments, scattered it to the gusty wind. Then it sunk from her head to her heart like solid ice; she fell back to her seat and hiding her face in her hands, struggled no longer with the crushing certainty. With despair, a kind of desperation took possession of her will; it mattered little now what she did. She did not look up till the evening chilliness warned her. The cold sunlight was fading from the frost-smitten earth, and the dark clouds above caught few rays of brightness. The great stone

house, once her home and which might be again, lay not far below her in the increasing gloom. Dim curls of smoke rolled up from the kitchen fire, a blue vapor slid from the parlor chimney, rich curtains appeared through the broad windows, and within were thick carpets and downy couches and a table spread with no unsubstantial glitter and plenty; and there were also pleasant words and good hearts. Beyond lay the poor, desolate cottage, and its forsaken dreariness depended alone on her for cheer.

The contrast between the homes grew more and more forcible as she descended the hill. Her spirit was blasted and dead, why should she not care for the comfort of the body, when, by so doing, she might increase the happiness of others? She met Mr. Smith. She let her cold fingers rest in his warm hand; she suffered him to tell his story again, and to call her his bride; she permitted him to lead her to the stone house and to appoint their wedding for an early day, that she need not be obliged to live at the cottage again. She seemed to possess a kind of double identity, such as we sometimes have in dreams, when observation takes the place of experience, and we stand out of ourselves, to note, as if they belonged to another existence, our own deeds and words, our own sufferings and enjoyments. She saw herself introduced to the little girls in her new relation to them, saw herself placed at the head of the table, where she poured tea for the happy ones near her, as she always would after that; saw herself conducted about the familiar rooms with caresses and loving words, and thus without responsibility or clearness she was drawn on till her wedding day was past, and the well-arranged journey succeeding was completed.

Their carriage entered the town about the middle of an early winter's day. The artificiality of Ellen's life promised to be enduring, her vivacity increased daily, her situation amused her, and as she drew near home she threw out her lively sallies which provoked her husband's smiles and his courtly answers. They passed the public house with its long piazza warming in the sunshine. Several persons stood there; she looked more attentively; Vaughn met her sight, and raised his hat in recognition. That one moment was enough to bring her truant spirit back again, the spell was broken and she sunk pale and wretched down upon the cushions. Her husband observed her closely, and save that a troubled expression flitted over his face, his manner did not change. Ellen trembled so violently when the carriage stopped that she could scarcely move, but Mr. Smith bore her into the house, and told the children who hastened to welcome them, that she was tired from riding so far, and must rest before she could talk, and carrying her to her warm chamber, tenderly provided her with every comfort and left her alone. O, the despair, the humiliation of that solitude! She turned from each remembrance as from a mortal sin, and bending low in her misery, exclaimed:

"How have I deceived my husband and myself! My life must atone for my crime!" And during that bitter hour she struggled and prayed for strength to do her duty.

But the worst had not come. There was a knock at the door. She opened it, and the garrulous old housekeeper entered and mended the fire, telling the meanwhile the village news.

"And if you'll believe it," she said, "our Doctor Vaughn has come back and taken his old office, and is going to stay here always; and he hasn't changed a bit, and he's almost cured up Deacon Brown's wife a'ready, who has been sick these five months, and what's more'n all the rest, he aint married, as people thought, when they saw it in the papers. But they might have known better, for it didn't read Doctor Vaughn, but only plain Gilbert Vaughn, only a relation that happened to have the same name."

"Will you be so good," said Ellen, staring at her watch, "as to see if the dinner will be punctual?"

"Yes, ma'am," and the housekeeper bustled out of the room—when Mr. Smith entered the room a few moments afterward, he found his wife senseless on the floor.

The long winter dragged away, and Ellen, after the first shock, learned to control herself. Her husband showed no mistrust, and his affectionate tenderness increased. She had not spoken with Vaughn; they mutually avoided each other. When the warm weather came, Ellen resumed her long suspended habit of riding. She was again the admiration of Waldburg, but equally forgetful and careless of the approval of her neighbors, she sought in physical excitement relief from the sharp regrets which tormented her.

On a pleasant summer morning, led by an irresistible impulse, she rode to the hill-side where she had first met Vaughn. The same grassy path, the same tangled bushes and the same gayly flowered bank were there unchanged. She looked at them a moment, and overcome by the memories which they suggested, sprang from her horse and threw herself passionately upon the ground. She sobbed and wept aloud, and called his name whose image was never absent. A soft hand was laid upon her, and a manly voice choked with grief, spoke.

"Ellen, Ellen, in mercy tell me what it all means!"

She lifted herself to behold Vaughn. With a quick sense of the impropriety of her position, she hastened towards her horse, but he held her fast, saying:

"You must tell me, Ellen, why you did not write. Why you ceased to deem me worthy your attention?"

"Do not mock me," replied she. "I did write letter after letter which remained unanswered. I stopped for very shame, at last."

"And I wrote regularly to you," said Vaughn, "until my return. I was travelling during my last year of absence, and supposed that accident lost me the desired replies; but when I came here, events led me to think differently."

"And why did I not receive your letters?" inquired Ellen.

Vaughn did not answer her question, but raising her hand to his lips, said:

"It is no small consolation for me to know that you did not

break the bond which united us, until influenced by a double deception. You were false to me when you supposed me false. I shall be true to you—"

Ellen tore her hand from his clasp, and interrupting him, said, with all the dignity she could assume:

"Doctor Vaughn, I am married. We must be as strangers."

He assisted her to remount. Her glance met his; there was one long parting look, full of an eloquence that neither dared express in words, and Ellen rode rapidly away. Vaughn went up the hill, muttering from his compressed lips:

"There has been treachery between us, and I well know its source; but shall I take the last joy from her life by revealing it to her? I will be silent when nothing can be gained by speaking."

After this bitterest trial was over, Ellen strove to resign herself to her destiny, and to repay the love of her husband and children by at least the perfection of every external duty and service. Living thus she could not be wholly miserable. Three years later Mr. Smith was violently attacked by disease. Vaughn being summoned, predicted a severe and lingering illness, and requested the attendance of a neighboring physician to share with him the direction and responsibility of the case. In vain all means were used to restore health; the sick man rapidly failed, and at length the painful duty of announcing to him the near approach of death could no longer be deferred. Not one day remained to him of mortal life.

The physicians left, but a message immediately followed Vaughn requesting him to return alone. Ellen was in the sick room when he returned. Her husband looked at her with a troubled, indecisive expression, and then with a whispered word sent her from the apartment.

"I cannot meet death," said he, "with a burdened conscience. I have done you a great wrong."

Vaughn's eye flashed and he was about to speak, but the other continued:

"You know the extent of my crime, and I have long felt that you knew it. I can offer but a poor extenuation, you may think—to me it seems a great one. I loved Ellen till I forgot justice and honor. The facility which my situation as postmaster afforded, tempted me. I destroyed your letters, and thus, aided by a temporary misapprehension—which she shared with our entire community—won her hand. I studied circumstances carefully and gained my end. I saw too late the terrible risk I had run. I feared she would die of heart-breaking, but her spirit was too strong, and I had but one endeavor—to make her life tolerable; and when I witnessed her self-forgetful devotion to me and mine, I could have worshipped her. She loves you still. She has betrayed her secret often when she has least suspected it. But she has trusted me through all. Promise me that you will never tell her that which will cause her to detest my memory."

Vaughn promised, and with a magnanimity which he could then well afford, freely forgave the penitent. Mr. Smith continued:

"Ellen is rich; it is the only reparation I can make. I confide my children to her integrity; and if you will, I give them all to your care. I have no more to say."

Six months after the day which made Ellen free, she walked with Vaughn beside the brook which skirted the lawn. It may be easily conjectured what they said, and Ellen's happy face betrayed no doubt or misgiving. They looked toward the stone house, where two lovely girls could be seen flitting before the open windows, and they pictured many joyful years for themselves within its gray walls. And they were not disappointed.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ATTACHE IN MADRID: or, *Sketches of the Court of Isabella II.* Translated from the German. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 368.

A lively, dashing book, sketching the court circle of Madrid with infinite spirit, and introducing us to a people and customs of which we have little accurate knowledge. The attache was in Madrid at the time Mr. Soule inaugurated a new era of American diplomacy, by shooting the French ambassador. The volume is highly readable. For sale by Redding & Co.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF NAPOLEON WITH HIS BROTHER JOSEPH. Translated from the French. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 2 vols. 12mo.

This book is a treasure to students of the character of the great French emperor, and throws a new light on the operations of his mind and the secrets of his success. Everything that this phenomenal personage in history wrote or said is fraught with interest, and possesses a strange fascination. What, then, must have been the power of his voice and presence? For sale by Redding & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—E. H. Wade, 197 Washington Street, has just published the "Hensler Waltz," quite a brilliant composition, by Mrs. J. D. Parker, and a graceful tribute to our young prima donna.—G. F. Reed has just published "Be not afraid," a sacred song, by Geo. W. Pratt: "Son giovin giuliva," and "Spento Ancor," with English and Italian words; and the "Forest Hill Polka," by J. W. Blendin.

JULIES, AND OTHER TALES FROM THE GERMAN. By W. H. Furness. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1856. 12mo. pp. 303.

A collection of six charming novelettes, translated in a true spirit, faithful to the original text, and pure in English style. They are delightful reading. For sale by Whittemore, Niles & Hall.

HOME. By ANNA LELAND. New York: J. C. Derby. 1856. 12mo. pp. 352.

An interesting story, the scenes and characters of which are evidently drawn from life. We wish that more stories of this character were written to stem the popular tide of morbid and unnatural fiction.

LETTERS FROM THE UNITED STATES, CUBA AND CANADA. By the Hon. AMELIA M. MURRAY. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 402.

A book on this country, written by one of Queen Victoria's maids of honor, will, of course, attract attention. It is simply a collection of familiar letters, and their carelessness and frankness show that they were penned with no particular view of conciliating either the British or American market. They are the veritable impressions of an observant woman of average capacity, and more than average fairness. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

ALONE. By MARION HARLAND, of Richmond, Va. New York: J. C. Derby. 1856. 12mo. pp. 234.

A work deserving its large circulation by its quiet and unpretending merits. It is full of interest, and graphically written. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE THREE MARRIAGES: or, *Life at a Watering Place.* By Mrs. HUBBARD. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 465. 1856. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A very clever, readable novel, fully equal in interest to the "Wife's Sister," and "May and December," from the same pen. For sale by Brown, Bazin & Co.

MAJOR JONES'S COURTSHIP.—This truly humorous and popular book has been issued in a new edition, with illustrations from the pencil of Darley, by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

[Translated from the Danish for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ETERNAL FLOWER.

BY H. GURDON BABCOCK.

I know a lovely, charming flower,
Not reared by Flora's gentle art;
A precious gift from heaven's bower,
Dear to the heart.

It blooms but in retirement;
It never decks the breast,
But cheers the heart by sorrow pressed,
With grateful scent.

Long after he, who gave it thee,
Has suffered mortals' common lot,
Its blossom whispers, smilingly,
"Forget me not."

It seareth not the lily's fall;
The rose's death it doth defy;
It breathes forth sweet perfume through all
Eternity.

O happy who has found a heart
Which warm with friendship ever beats,
Which firm with him life's joy and smart
Unwavering meets.

No glad existence high can prize,
Heeds not the frown of fortune's eye;
To him, each spot beneath the skies,
Is paradise.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

BY HORACE B. STANFORD.

In the latter part of the month of May, 1852, I was in Toulon. I had intended to take one of the French steamers here for Algiers, but learning that there was a brig bound for Tripoli, I determined to take passage in this latter craft if I could be accommodated. It was the brig *Bonfire*, of New York, and commanded by William Belknap, a man whose acquaintance I had already made. On application to him, I was shown to a state-room at once, and kindly informed that I might occupy it by paying my share of the mess-money, as long as he remained in the Mediterranean. I at once put my luggage on board.

Belknap had intended to sail Saturday morning, but on Friday night we were warned not to leave the harbor without a permit. On inquiry, we were informed that twenty-four galley-slaves had made their escape, and it was supposed they might attempt to take their departure by some of the vessels in the harbor. On Sunday afternoon those vessels which wished to sail were visited by two officers of the galleys, and as nothing was found on board of a suspicious character, they were allowed to depart. It was three o'clock, P. M., when the officers reached our vessel. They boarded us, and having peeped into every nook and corner where a man could have been concealed, as well as into a great many places where a kitten could not have crept, they took their leave and gave us permission to start.

In passing the island of St. Leon, we noticed a small *Dago felucca* close in under the shore on the seaward side, and the captain was sure he saw the dress of a convict on her deck. I caught a glass, and having levelled it upon the craft, I was sure that I, too, could see a convict. That cap and shirt were not to be mistaken. And there were more than one of them, too. Some one proposed returning and giving information to the guard, and thus get the reward.

"No, no," said Captain Belknap; "if the poor dogs have run so much risk, and got so far, let 'em go."

So on we went, and just as the island and the *felucca* sank from sight beyond the horizon the sun went down. We were just a week in making the run, for it was towards the middle of the afternoon on Sunday when we dropped anchor in the harbor of Tripoli; and it was then that I learned for the first time the object of Belknap's visit here. He had come to bring twenty thousand dollars in gold, to Mr. McCauley, the American consul here, which money was for some merchants or travellers who were then somewhere on the great desert. It was nearly five o'clock in the evening, when a *felucca* came in and anchored within quarter of a mile of us.

"By the great Mogul," uttered Mr. Murphy, the first mate, who was examining the *felucca* through his glass, "that fellow looks natural. We saw that chap under the bluffs of St. Jean."

This led to a general examination of the *felucca*, and we were not long in deciding that the mate was right. To be sure, there might be a hundred vesicles like that one in general outlines; but there was a patch in the planking of the bows which we well remembered, and she had a peculiar set of the masts. At all events, we were sure she was the one we had seen by the island of St. Jean.

"And why has she followed us?" was the next question.

"Of course them villains can't know we've got money aboard," said Wildredge, the second mate.

"Well, I don't see why the convicts mayn't have known it," returned the captain, "since there were four of them engaged in bringing it down."

"But I thought them wasn't galley-slaves," said Wildredge.

"They bunk in the same place," answered the captain, "and could have told all the convicts of the facts, if they wished."

It was soon evident that the galley-slaves of Toulon could have known that we had a great sum of gold on board, for a part of

one of the gangs had been engaged in bringing down the boxes. The next question was—had these scamps run down here after us for the purpose of robbing the brig? We knew there were several convicts on board the *felucca*, for we could see them even now—some of them having probably had no opportunity to exchange their clothing. We also knew they had had an opportunity of learning the fact of our having money on board, and they were desperate characters, who were used to villany in all its shapes.

"Maybe they meant to have overhauled us at sea," suggested Murphy.

"Very likely," returned the captain. "And they knew, too, that we could not carry goods on shore without a permit, and that in consequence thereof, we should have to lay one night here, at least, with the money on board. And let me tell ye, too, that if they have come for that purpose, and if we had not discovered them, they might have robbed us as easy as you please."

It seemed plain to the minds of us all, that the escaped convicts had come on purpose to rob us, to take the gold we had in charge. The quarantine laws were not very strict, but yet our bill of health must be examined and a permit obtained, and every one might have known that nothing could have been sent on shore from the brig before the next day at the earliest.

Mr. Murphy stationed himself behind a lot of running rigging which was hung up against the main shrouds, and from thence he observed the movements on board the *felucca*. He could thus see without being seen. It was soon evident that the convicts (for we had now become absolutely assured that they were nothing else) did not suspect that we mistrusted them, for their movements were bold and unguarded; and as the *felucca's* gunwales were low, we could see these things plainly. They had a spy-glass, and it was levelled on us half the time. And then there was another thing that looked very suspicious. They had a larger boat than usual at the stern, and an extra one on deck; and this last boat was got out before dark. Of course no ordinary *felucca* could have honest use for two such boats.

The sun went down, and ere long the stars came out. Captain Belknap had an excellent night-glass, and just as twilight was deepening into night, he could see that there were full twenty men on the *felucca's* deck. We had not seen over half a dozen of her men at any one time before. The captain handed me the glass and bade me look. Without the glass I could just distinguish the dark outlines of the *felucca* upon the starlit water, but after I had had the glass to my eye for some moments, I could see the vessel's outlines plainly, and could distinguish some twenty or more dark forms upon her deck. Had it been upon the shore, they might have been stumps or posts for all that the glass revealed to the contrary, but I knew that upon that deck they could be nothing but men.

Of course we did not know that the escaped convicts meant to trouble us, but never was man more sure of a fact that rested on belief than were we of the intentions of that runaway crew.

By-and-by it became so dark that the night-glass could only reveal the dim outlines of the *felucca*, and then we set about preparing for defence. If we could have held communication with the shore, of course we should have done so, but to have sent a boat off would have cost us dear, so we simply made up our minds to defend the brig as best we could. There were sixteen men of us in all—the captain, his two mates, twelve men and myself. We had fourteen pistols, three common fowling-pieces and one rifle, but no swords. Yet each man had a fire-lock, and two to spare. The rifle was given to Wildredge, and Murphy took the extra fowling-piece. We next had seven long, heavy iron belaying pins, which were about as good as so many cutlasses; and clubs for the rest of the crew were easily procured. Thus were we armed, and we felt strong, for we had one great advantage—if the villains came we could have them under our fire and clubs ere they could know where we were.

Of course there were some fluttering hearts, and some quick, nervous breathing, but there was not a sinking, quailing soul. Nine o'clock came; and so did ten—and eleven—but we had no thought of giving up the watch, though one or two, more calm than the rest, napped a little. It was nearly half-past eleven, when we heard a light plashing in the water in the direction of the *felucca*. Belknap quickly brought out his night-glass, and he plainly saw two boats approaching us. He made sure of this, and then gave the order for us to secrete ourselves.

There was a sort of top-gallant fore-castle to the brig, reaching to the heel of the bowsprit, and under this we all crept, with our fire-arms and clubs ready for action. Our plan of operations was all laid down and understood. It was quite dark, but yet we could see the form of a man from one end of the brig to the other quite plainly. By-and-by the boats came so near that we could hear the light plash of the muffled oars—the sound would not have disturbed an unsuspecting man, for it might have been a mere rippling of the water, so low and cautious was it. The captain allowed them to come very near before he hailed them, as though he had just discovered them.

"Boats ahoy!" he cried then, in a tone of well assumed surprise.

"What ye want?" was returned from one of the boats, in French.

"I want to know who you are," cried Belknap, in the same tongue.

"Never you mind. We'll tell ye when we come," answered the same voice that had spoken before.

"But who are ye? Where d'ye come from? What d'ye want here? Keep off—keep off!"

"Keep off yourself!" shouted the Frenchman, as the bows of his boat struck our side.

On the next moment Belknap darted back, and came around on the fore-castle.

"Boys," he uttered, in a quick, emphatic tone, "we know now they mean to rob us. I've ordered them to keep off, and they won't. That's sure ground. Be ready for 'em the moment they come, and don't hesitate."

In a moment more half a dozen dark heads appeared above the rail at the gangway, and immediately afterwards a number more followed. There were surely twenty heads in all. As they came upon the deck, we could see them plainly, and could see them gaze eagerly around.

"Where is he?" asked one.

"Gone below, I guess," returned the voice that had answered the captain's hail.

"To wake up the crew," said another.

"But where's the gold?" asked one of the acquisitive ones.

"Down in the cabin, somewhere," was the reply.

"Then let us go down there."

"Ay—down in the cabin where the gold is," repeated several.

These remarks had been made in a low tone of voice, but we understood them well, and of course the last lingering doubt had now gone. The villains moved towards the cabin companion-way, in a body, seeming to have but the one idea of finding the gold.

"Now, boys!" whispered the captain. "Use your clubs first, and save the pistols till you need them. Strike fair—and strike with all your might. Now!"

Without a word—but like the rushing of some heavy body—we darted aft. The convicts had reached the bulkhead, and finding it fastened they supposed the crew had taken refuge below. One of them was just calling for some one to open the door when we came upon them. Captain Belknap struck the first blow with one of the iron pins, and his man sank upon the deck without so much as a groan. Some of us had gone round upon the larboard side, so that we took them on both flanks. After the first moment of excited nervousness had passed over, our men lay about them with their clubs most bravely; and surely one half the villains had been flogged ere the invaders could even imagine from whence the danger came. Of course they turned then.

"Look out, boys," cried Belknap, loud enough for every man to hear. "They have knives!"

In another moment we heard the voice of Wildredge, the second mate, crying that he was stabbed. Our men waited to hear no more, but instantly changing the clubs into the left hand they drew their pistols, and on the next instant the sharp reports rang out upon the air. The men had become firm and steady-nerved by this time, and the shots were not thrown away. At any rate, when the last pistol was fired there were only four of the enemy upon their feet, and they were disposed of without much further trouble.

The captain now called upon the cook to bring the lanterns, and when they were brought we could see the full extent of our work. Some half dozen of the villains were still being held down by our men, but they were quickly taken care of, though not without some hard work. We found some half dozen more who were simply stunned, and who were easily brought to, after the rest had been secured.

There were twenty-two of the convicts in all, and only nine of them were fairly dead. Seven were wounded, two of whom died the next morning, so that we had eleven of them left alive upon our hands, and they were securely bound. Of the brig's crew only two were wounded—Wildredge having received a knife-cut in the arm, and one of the men a cut on the shoulder; but neither of them were dangerous. Before it was fairly day, some officers came off, having heard the report of the pistols. The matter was explained to them, and they immediately sent for the American and French consuls. As good luck would have it, a French corvette came in that very morning from Tunis, and the eleven prisoners were delivered over to the French commander. Belknap received a certificate, signed by the consuls and the captain of the corvette, in which all the facts were set forth, so that on his return to Toulon, he could obtain the reward which had been offered for the apprehension of the convicts. And this he afterwards did, receiving a very handsome sum.

I have not seen Belknap since that day, but I have not forgotten him, nor shall I be very likely to, while my mind holds the memory of that NIGHT ATTACK.

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

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M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO CALLIE.

BY WYANDOTTÉ.

Days, months and years may pass me by,
And leave no trace in sight;
Yet, hid within, deep rancours lie,
My fondest hopes to blight.

Some latent wish, a fond desire
Perhaps my pen impels,
To write the name I cannot speak,
Where memory fondly dwells.

The wish is mine and angry fate,
Do what she will or may,
Can none indeed so fair create
As thou, my light of day.

The joyous pleasure too is mine,
Thine image thus to cherish,
Mid scenes of life, and joy, and strife,
Where others vainly perish.

I would not have thee waste one thought,
One vain regret on me,
'Tis best (you say) that we shall part,
More cruel though it be.

Though deep the chasm between us made,
By hungry hands begun,
The pay is scant, their fare is bad,
For work so nobly done.

But fate with iron hand doth crush
A heart already sore;
In grief I say my last farewell;
Thy name I'll call no more.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NO CROSS—NO CROWN.

BY CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

A YOUTH girded himself for the journey of life. A smile was on his lips; a glad, bounding pulse betrayed the full, joyous current that gave elasticity to his steps, crimson to his cheeks, and hope and exultancy to his heart. He had read of those who had fainted by the wayside; but they had not commenced this pilgrimage with a frame as buoyant, spirits as light-winged, a will as strong, and a soul as undaunted as his own. He was resolved to win the crown of immortality, and he knew that he must climb many a mountain height before he reached the temple where it was enshrined. But what cared he for the distance that intervened? He had a long, long day before him; the path was green, and the dewiness of early morning sparkled in the fresh and flowery herbage. The summits of the distant hilltops were soft, and smooth, and blue as the heavens on which they gracefully and majestically undulated. Like Obidah, the son of Abensoria, he seemed to hear the morning song of "the bird of paradise," and the breezes of Eden rustled in his hair. In imagination, he beheld that crown of burning gold which was to set so royally on his brow; and he went onward bravely, rejoicingly, though, as the sun rose higher, the sultriness of advancing day glowed on his cheeks, and he was constrained to push back his moistened locks, and wipe the sweat-drops from his fervid temples.

At length the sun poured down a full tide of mountain glory, too oppressive to be borne, and the youth staggered and turned his wistful eyes to a grove by the wayside, whose entrance, arched by interlacing vines, wooed him as to the embrace of a friend. Just as he was about to embower himself in the leafy coolness, a hand was laid upon his arm, and he saw a stranger, in a pilgrim's garb, standing before him. He wore a countenance of grave sweetness, and his eye beamed with serene and steadfast light.

"Can ye not bear the heat and burden of the day?" said he, and his voice sounded like the low, deep notes of an organ. "Think ye the golden crown is allotted to the idler in the bowers of ease? No; it is the guerdon of toil, the price of exertion, the reward of self-sacrifice, of enthusiasm and unflinching energy. Do you relinquish the prize?"

"No, father," replied the youth; the stranger was not old, but there was something in his aspect that expressed a divine paternity. "No, father, but I am faint and weary, and my feet are beginning to blister from the dry and sandy path. If I rest, it is only to gather strength to renew my journey."

"Beware!" said the stranger; "the night cometh when no man can work. Go on, and strength shall be given. Go on, if thy purpose is holy, and thy ambition pure. Take my rod and staff, and it will support your weakness; bind my sandals on your feet, and they will protect them from the burning sands; and take this cross on your shoulder and bear it, even to the gate of the temple. Bear it, though with bleeding flesh and shrinking frame; for by Him who sware by himself because there is no greater, the crown is only for him who bears the cross and despises the shame."

The eyes of the youth seemed gifted with supernatural power, and he beheld, what he had not before seen, a cross, that must have been borne by the stranger, for the mantle that covered his shoulder was stained with blood, and he pressed his hand against his side, as if oppressed with weariness. Constrained by a mysterious, inexplicable power, the youth bowed himself down, and attempted to lift a burden at once so glorified and so accursed, but his trembling hands fell to his sides, unable to overcome its weight.

"Fear not, I am with thee!" said the stranger; and lifting the cross as lightly as if it were a silver thread, he laid it across the shoulder of the youth, and taking his hand with a benign smile, he bade him arise and be of good cheer.

"And then," said the youth, looking back upon the pilgrim, on whose head the noonday sun fell with a strange glory, "if thou hast borne the cross, where is thy crown?"

The stranger lifted his right hand to heaven, as he slowly receded from view, and, to the dazzled eyes of the youth, his face seemed like the body of heaven in its clearness, and his drapery white and glistening, so as no fuller on earth could whiten it. And he went on, endowed with strength from on high; with the pilgrim's staff in his right hand, and the pilgrim's sandals on his feet, he was enabled to bear the burden of the pilgrim's cross. It is true, his heart and flesh oftentimes failed, and his spirit panted under the weary load, while tears gushed from his eyes, and blood trickled from his wounded shoulder. But a voice seemed ever whispering in his ear, "No cross—no crown." And he fixed his eyes on the mountain summit, and toiled upward and onward, pausing only to "drink of the brook by the way," for the shadows began to lengthen, and chillness crept slowly upon the air.

"O, God," he once exclaimed, in the extremity of despair, while the cross he had borne seemed bearing down upon him with crushing weight, "my burden is greater than I can bear! Is this rugged path the same I entered this morning, so green, and fresh, and blushing with new-born flowers? Is this leaden heart the same that then throbbed with such glad pulsations?—these weary eyes the same that mocked the dawning sunbeams? O, if this be life's journey, why did I ever enter it? Why were such glorious aspirations given, combined with so much weakness?—such longings for immortality, yet such draggings down to earth?—such divine ambition bound by such mortal coils? Alas! my spirit is willing, but my flesh is weak."

"Who that had seen that crushed and wearied figure, travel-soiled, dim and dusty, with pale and tear-stained cheek, and dry, quivering lips, and eyes like smoking torches, would have recognized the youth in his morning bloom of heart and cheek, his hope, and joy, and brightness? His knees bend under him—he is about to sink, as many a poor burdened heart has done in life's pilgrimage, when through the parting mountain shadow he catches a glimpse of the temple which is the goal of his footsteps, glittering and flashing like the golden glories seen through sunset clouds. He rises and presses onward, and as he remembers the promise of him who had himself borne the cross and despised the shame, who had placed the staff in his hands, and bound the sandals to his feet—when he recalls the divine effulgence in which he melted from his sight—the sublime gesture slowly sweeping heavenward, his spirit burns within him, and his failing strength is renewed. He presses onward and upward; the mountain stream dashes across his path, and the cold waters threaten to submerge him, but he plunges in, and they soon roll darkly behind him. The mountain side is whitened with the bones of wayfarers, who perished ere reaching the temple goal, now almost gained by him.

Hark! Is it music that greets his fainting senses? No; it is the opening of the temple gate, on "golden hinges turning." Halt not, weary pilgrim; one more step, and the goal is won! Thou canst lay down the cross, and the crown is thine! Joy to thee, triumphant traveller! From the mountain height—from the sun-clad temple, where thy feet are planted, thou canst look back on the rugged path, the toilsome ascent, and the fallen cross.

Who that beheld that radiant form, glowing with immortal youth and heavenly joy, with that crown of sevenfold beams of glory on his brow, would recognize the travel-soiled and tear-blistered pilgrim, bowing and fainting beneath the crushing burden of life? Gone are the dust-stains from his garments, the tear-stains from his cheek, the blood-drops from his vesture, and the anguish from his soul. How short the warfare—how enduring the triumph! How brief the toil—how everlasting the rest! How different the downward to the upward view!

A young maiden sat in her chamber at the twilight hour, and there was no one near to witness the shadow on her brow. The breeze sighed through her lattice, and she sighed responsive to its mournful whispers; she was young, but her cheek was pale, and her blue eyes were darkened by a melancholy shade; she was young, but the fragrance had passed from life's flower, and the glory from life's dream. She had made herself an idol, and found that its heart was of iron, and its feet of clay; and she gathered up the fallen garlands with which she had crowned it, and crushed them withering to her bosom.

"O, Father in heaven!" she exclaimed, in the loneliness and desolation of her heart, "let me not continue life's weary journey thus sorrowing and alone. I have gathered with rash hand the blossoms of love, and they have faded in my grasp, leaving nothing but the print of the thorns. Doom me not to travel a long, bleak way, whose darkness appals, and whose coldness chills. O, my Father, one lonely traveller will not be missed in the great thoroughfare of humanity. Here let me rest my burdened heart, and close my weary eyes."

The young mourner bowed her head, and her tears dropped like summer rain. Was it the breeze that rustled in her loosened ringlets, or the wing of an angel unseen by mortal eyes? Who is it whispers to her fainting spirit, and bids her rise and go forward on her Father's mission? Like Mary, she has been weeping over the grave of her earthly hopes; like Mary, she hears the voice of the Master, and she goes forth to meet him. Trembling and faltering, she goes forth obedient to the divine behest; she passes into the shadows of night. The sun will shine no more for her, but one by one the stars come out and hold their silver lamps over the wanderer's path. She has bowed her frail shoulder to the burden of the cross, and the promise of the crown sustains her sinking soul.

"Not a golden crown," she cries, "but one of unfading flowers—one leaf embalmed with the breath of immortal love were worth all the gold that paves the streets of the New Jerusalem. Adieu, ye blossoms of earth! Never more shall my hand gather your glow-

ing clusters; your beauty hath turned to ashes, and your fragrance to poisonous exhalations—the rose of Sharon, the lily of the valley shall replace your perishing bloom."

Like a pale moonbeam, the young maiden parted the shadows of night, as her still footsteps left their print on the dewy grass. Her steps had been light as the summer breeze, but the burden of the cross pressed her downward, and those who followed could tell that a weary foot had preceded theirs. By-and-by the moon lifted her angel face above a bed of white fleecy clouds, and mingled her soft, holy light with the inner light dawning in the maiden's soul. Long and lonely was the path she trod—sometimes through woods, dark and dense, impervious to the heavenly rays, where the melancholy notes of the midnight bird alone were heard; over rugged hills and solitary vales, through cold streams and wild, dreary wastes she passed, watching for the day spring on high. Not to the gorgeous temple on the mountain height was her glance uplifted. It was turned to a green field, where still waters smiled—to a bower where the dove made its nest, and the Rose of Sharon bloomed. Exhausted nature rallied, as bathed in morning's rosy light she beheld the borders of the promised land. She pressed forward with panting breath and failing limbs, but fell prostrate beneath the crushing weight she had upborne so bravely and enduringly. Poor wanderer! poor forsaken wanderer! hast thou followed thy Master's steps in vain?—is there no rest for the tempest-tossed and world-weary spirit?—has God forgotten to be gracious, and are his promises void?

No! One approaches and lifts her drooping form. "His head is wet with dew, and his locks are heavy with the drops of night." Unseen, he has been the companion of her journey, her protector and her guide. He has not forsaken her, who has put her trust in him. Immortal joy thrills through her frame, glows on her cheeks, and beams in her eyes. Her robes are white as those of the blood-washed throng that surround the throne of God; and a wreath of unfading roses redolent with divine love, the only crown she sought, encircles her brows. She stands upon the cross, her stepping-stone to heaven, triumphant, adoring; and looks back upon the clouds rolling behind her, with a smile that illumines their darkness.

"No cross—no crown!" From the tongues of angel choirs sounds this motto for the pilgrims in the journey of life. From the bed of pain, the couch of languishment, the dungeon of despair—from the blighted heart of youth, and the frozen breast of age, amid disappointment, and sorrow, and agony, this sublime appeal to the immortal spirit struggling for victory or release is uttered; and its echo may be heard in the remotest abodes of suffering humanity. "No cross—no crown." It is the slogan of life, the victor-anthem of death, the chorus of eternity.

THE EDDYSTONE LIGHT-HOUSE.

The care of this important beacon is committed to four men; two of them take charge of it by turns, and are relieved every six weeks. But as it often happens, especially in stormy weather, that boats cannot touch at the Eddystone for many months, a proper quantity of salt provisions is always laid up as in a ship for a long voyage. In high winds such a briny atmosphere surrounds this gloomy solitude from the dashing of the waves, that a man exposed to it could not draw his breath. At these dreadful intervals the two forlorn inhabitants keep close quarters, and are obliged to live in darkness and stench, listening to the howling storm, excluded in every emergency from the least hope of assistance, and without any earthly company but what is administered from the confidence in the strength of the building in which they are immured. Once, on relieving this forlorn guard, one of the men was found dead, his companion choosing rather to shut himself up with a putrifying carcase, than, by throwing it into the sea, incur the suspicion of murder. In fine weather these wretched beings scramble about the rocks when the tide ebbs, and amuse themselves by fishing, which is the only employment they can have, except that of trimming their nightly fires. Such total inaction, and entire seclusion from the joys and aids of society, can only be endured by great religious philosophy, which we cannot imagine they feel; or by great stupidity, which in pity we must suppose they possess. Yet this wretched communication is so small, we are assured it has sometimes been a scene of misanthropy. Instead of suffering the recollection of these distresses and dangers in which each is deserted by all but one, to endure that one to him, we are informed the humors of each were so soured, they preyed both upon themselves and on each other. If one sat above, the other was commonly found below. Their meals, too, were solitary—each, like a brute, growling over his food alone. The emolument of this arduous post is twenty pounds a year, and provision while on duty. The house to live in may be fairly thrown into the bargain. The whole together is, perhaps, one of the least eligible places of preferment in Britain.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

HOW THE TELEGRAPH WORKS.

In speaking of the electric telegraph, we suppose that there is, in every message transmitted by its agency, a sort of journey accomplished by the current, as far as the wires may reach; and to us it is a matter of astonishment that some elemental substance, set in motion in London, shall travel in the brief space of one minute to Glasgow. But the reality is far more wonderful than this idea. There is no actual current, or passage of power. There is already provided by nature a connecting substance between the two termini; the electricity has not to travel, for it reaches all the way; and just as I could change the position of the hands of a clock, without going to the clock, supposing I had a long, light rod in my hand; so, by touching and guiding one end of the rod, subtle chain of fluid, I can change the hands of the electrical dial at the distance of ten, a hundred, or a thousand miles.—*Christian Freeman.*

THE VOLATILE.—Extreme volatile and sprightly tempers seem inconsistent with any great enjoyment. There is too much time wasted in the mere transition from one object to another. No room for those deep impressions which are made alone by the duration of an idea, and are quite requisite to any strong sensation either of pleasure or pain. The bee to collect honey, or the spider to gather poison, must abide some time upon the weed or flower. They whose fluids are mere sal volatile, seem rather cheerful than happy men. The temper above described is oftener the lot of wits, than of persons of great abilities.—*Shenstone.*

SIR ALLAN NAPIER MCNAB.

The gentleman, whose portrait, taken from a photograph, graces this page, is one of the most distinguished of our Canadian neighbors. He was born about the beginning of the present century, and is now, as his appearance shows, enjoying a hale old age. His father was a general in the British army, who, after having served in Europe many years, came to America with his colonel, the late General Simcoe, the first governor of Upper Canada. Sir Allan's father appears to have been a very gallant man, and was repeatedly wounded in action, having, on one occasion, both his legs broken. The second war between Great Britain and this country found the subject of our sketch attending school, but when our troops crossed the frontier, obeying his patriotic and military impulses, he joined the ranks of the royal troops, and was in the grenadier company of the king's regiment that was so badly cut up by us near York. Through the influence of General Sir R. H. Sheafe, young McNab received a midshipman's warrant, and was placed on board Sir James Yeo's ship on Lake Ontario, and participated in the attack on Sackett's Harbor. He soon, however, abandoned the navy, and joined the 100th regiment, then advancing on the Canadian frontier. He behaved under fire with such gallantry that he was promoted to an ensign in the 49th. With this regiment he marched to Plattsburgh, where he commanded the advanced guard at the bridge over the Saranac on the morning of the attack. He shared the varied fortunes of the British arms, and remained in the army until 1816, when he threw up his commission and commenced the study of the law. Shortly after being admitted to the bar, in 1824, he commenced the practice of his profession in Hamilton, then an inconsiderable village, and was the first barrister honored with a silk gown as queen's counsel in Upper Canada. In 1828, he had a difficulty with the House of Assembly, by whose order he was arrested, but soon afterwards regained his liberty. In 1830, he was chosen to represent the county of Wentworth in the provincial legislature, and has ever since continued in the Canadian parliament. He was for several years speaker of the House of Assembly of the then province of Upper Canada; and is now prime minister and leader in the House of Assembly. During his speakership, in 1837-38, he took the field at the head of the militia force of Upper Canada, and after the dispersion of the patriots at Gallows Hill, marched into the London district, to quell the rebellion there. Thence he marched at the head of 1600 men to the Canadian frontier, where he remained the greater part of the winter. He was the hero of an affair that caused the greatest sensation both in Canada and this country, during that period of intensest excitement and trouble, viz., the cutting out and burning of the steamer *Caroline*. The queen rewarded his active services to the government by knighting him on the suppression of the attempted revolution. Sir Allan has always been a warm advocate of internal improvement, and is fairly entitled to the credit of having inaugurated many of those enterprises which tend to the rapid development of the resources of the Canadian provinces. In 1834, he procured an act incorporating the London and Gore Railway Company, which subsequently changed its name to that of the Great Western Company. The rebellion, of course, clouded for a time all industrial and commercial movements, but on the restoration of tranquillity, Sir Allan renewed his efforts on behalf of the railroad just mentioned, and of the Grand Trunk line, and succeeded in obtaining legislative aid for both. He also zealously engaged in plans for the improvement of the navigation of the St. Lawrence, and aided materially in forwarding that system of canals by which the rapids are avoided and navigation rendered speedy and safe. In 1835, he procured an act to incorporate a company for the purpose of securing a railroad communication between the western lakes and the St. Lawrence, under the title of the Hamilton and Port Dover Railway Company. In fact, Sir Allan has been untiring in using his talents and influence in securing the best interests of Canada. The public appreciation of his services was testified last year in a manner which must have been highly gratifying to his feelings. His constituents and friends united in procuring a splendid service of plate, which was presented to him with appropriate ceremonies at the hall of the Mechanics' Institution in Hamilton, October 29, 1855. The plate was manufactured in London, and consists of twenty-two pieces, with a splendid candelabrum as a centre-piece, with the following inscription:—"Presented to Colonel the Honorable Sir Allan Napier Macnab, Prime Minister of Canada, who has represented the city of Hamilton and county of Wentworth, in the Parliament of Canada, for twenty-five years, by the citizens of Hamilton, of all political parties, as an acknowledgment of his valuable services and untiring efforts in promoting the material interests of that city and the province generally; but more especially for the important aid he has rendered in the construction of the Great Western Railway, which has conferred the most important and lasting benefits—moral, fiscal and political, upon Hamilton and upon Canada. 1855." The above inscription is also on one side of the large cup; on the other side of which is "Success to the Great Western Railway of Canada." Around the base of the candelabrum are figures of Justice, Peace and of Truth. Peace holds in her right hand a palm leaf, on which is inscribed, "G. W. R." (Great Western Railway). Each article bears the Macnab crest, with the motto, "Timor omnis abesto." This flattering demonstration on the part of our Canadian neighbors to one of their most eminent public servants, shows that there are exceptions to the rule that a prophet finds no favor in his native land, and evince that our neighbors appreciate his public-spirited efforts for their social and political welfare.



SIR ALLAN NAPIER MCNABB.

HUDSON RIVER INSTITUTE, CLAVERACK, NEW YORK.

The handsome buildings of this popular educational institute, of which the accompanying engraving presents an accurate representation, are situated in the village of Claverack, Columbia Co., N. Y., three miles from the city of Hudson. They are constructed of wood, on the most commodious yet economical plan, and in every appointment such as will contribute to the object of their erection. The site is an admirable one, being easy of access by steamboat and railroad, in the vicinity of a city, yet in the enjoyment of country influence. Travellers have often remarked that the location was made for a literary institution. The enterprise was started in the winter of 1854, and the sum of \$50,000 pledged; which, under the guidance of a judicious board of trustees during the following summer, resulted in this perfect structure. The school was advertised to open the following November, under the instruction of an able faculty, at the head of whom was the Rev. Ira C. Boice, A. M., as president, and William H. Bannister, A. M., as principal. The first year has numbered over eight hundred students, which seems to be only a premonition of its future success. Such is a brief sketch of one of the most flourishing institutes of learning in the land. The important subject of education commands a full share of public solicitude in the State of New York, which boasts not only of an admirable system of free schools, but of a large number of colleges, and academies, and institutes like the one under notice. Many of them are supported wholly or in part by different religious associations. Thus Columbia College, formerly "King's," in the city of New York, is under the direction of Episcopalians, and the Baptists, Presbyterians, Lutherans and Reformed Church have their theological seminaries. The sum of more than \$1,900,000 is annually provided for purposes of general education, of which \$800,000 are raised by a State tax. The ample provision, public and private, for thorough intellectual culture and refinement, leaves nothing to be desired.



HUDSON RIVER INSTITUTE, AT CLAVERACK, NEW YORK.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Newton had no enjoyments which were not purely intellectual. Even as a boy, he never joined in the games and amusements of his companions. We find him making dials, and water-clocks, and windmills; and on the day of the great storm of 1658, when Cromwell was drawing his last breath in Whitehall, and Goodwin stood by his bedside, assuring him that his soul was safe, and Bates went soft and sad from room to room, and the trees in St. James's Park were uprooted by the tempest, Newton, in his sixteenth year, was jumping about in the gale to measure the force of the wind. In more advanced years, his amusements were still more severe. When weary of his other studies, the differential calculus and the irregularities of the moon, he "refreshed himself" with chronology and all the dry details of lustrums, Olympiads, and the expedition of the Argonauts. He had a perfect horror of poetry, and would have echoed the sentiment of his friend Barrow, that it is "an ingenious kind of nonsense." He showed his regard for sculpture when he said of his friend, the Earl of Pembroke, that he was "a lover of stone dolls." And his opinion of painting is expressed in an anecdote which we do not profess to comprehend, but which implies that he considered pictures nothing but "dirt." Love he heeded not; honors he sought not; above all things he despised wealth. Master of the Mint, money had no charms for him. Speculum metal for his reflecting telescope was to him the most precious of the metals. Sir Isaac thought more of a lens and a prism than of all the ingots at the mint and all the diamonds in Amsterdam. The bursting of a soap bubble, when pursuing his experiments on color, gave him more concern than the loss of £20,000 on the bursting of the South Sea Bubble. He parted with his money freely—so freely, indeed, that his biographers have regarded it as a proof of singular generosity. It was nothing of the kind; it was no more generosity than is the act of the poor savage who gives away inestimable treasures for a glass bead or a little bit of mirror. What cared he for wealth? He had no interest in human life; he had no sublunary pleasures which money could purchase, except pippins and red streaks. He gave it away to anybody who asked for it. In one of his absent fits, he had his pocket picked of over £3000, and suspected a nephew of the celebrated William Whiston; he made no efforts to recover his bank bills, and when asked how much he had lost, only replied "too much." He was so far imposed upon, that he paid £4000 for an estate in Wiltshire worth only half of that sum; he was told that he might vacate his bargain in equity and he declined the trouble. If ever he thought of money-making, it was only to pay his frugal buttry book, and buy putty for his lenses and oranges for his sister.—*London Illustrated News*.

THE "MOUNTAIN OF THE BELL."

A correspondent of the Genesee Evangelist writes to that paper the following description of the bell of a buried convent in Syria. "We are now within two days of Mount Sinai. Our intention has been to go directly there; but Dr. Leider and his lady, English missionaries at Cairo, had strongly advised us to take another direction, and to visit the Gebel Nakous, a mountain near the sea, which they assured us no American has ever visited, and was very little known, though exceedingly interesting. It presented on one side a bright cliff, over two hundred feet in height, while on the other was a sloping talus of fine, glistening sand, reaching nearly to the summit. Many years since, it was found under certain circumstances to emit a sound, which the Bedouins, in their love of the wonderful, attributed to the tolling of the bell of a convent buried beneath the long slope of sand, and thus their name of 'Gebel Nakous,' or, 'Mountain of the Bell.' We proceeded at once on our arrival to seek the phenomenon, and were not long in suspense. Ascending the hill as we were directed by our friends at Cairo, at length we caught a sound as of music rising and falling in successive evidence; but for a long time it was impossible to tell from whence it came. It was all on nearly the same key, but differed much in intensity. At times it was low, trembling and even mournful, like the wind, and we held our breath to catch it. Then it increased to the sweet, mellow tones of a flute, and finally underwent a rapid change to the powerful vibrations of a huge organ, pealing tremendously, until everything around seemed to be imbued with it, and the whole mountain to tremble. It was indeed awe-striking, for it could be traced to no quarter; but seemed now to proceed from the air, now from the mountain, and then even from within our very selves. An occasional peal reached those below, but the full effect was only realized on the bank itself. This led me to seek there the solution of the phenomenon, and I at length found it to my full satisfaction. I noticed that the music and the flowing of the sand were simultaneous, and that when a foot was withdrawn from the land, the sand which gradually flowed in to fill the depression, was accompanied by the first sound which I have mentioned, low and uncertain. As the current grew larger, it increased to a clear, melodious tone, like that caused by a flame of hydrogen gas passing through a glass tube, while a large mass set in motion gave rise to a sound which I can only compare to the most powerful tones of an organ. Examination seemed to show that the whole was caused by the particles of sand, highly heated by the sun, slipping over and past each other. In the shade the thing was scarcely, if at all, discernible, and was much duller on the parts which had already been moved."

Brutality is an inclination to anger and coarseness; irresolution, a fear to undertake; doubt, hesitation about believing; and perplexity is a restless and inquiet irresolution.—*Vauvenargues*.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE LATE ROBERT DURIVAGE.

When death strikes down one from our midst whose moral character has been clouded by reproach, and whose career has been shortened, perhaps, by his own folly and indiscretion, however much the affections of the heart may be wounded, we do not like to recall and linger over the bereavement. A consciousness that the departure of the loved one was, perhaps, for the best, in respect to his removal from temptations against which he was not strong, will cloud the recollections and sadden the memory of the dearest ties. But when those are taken from us, the daily beauty of whose character and life was little less than a walking example of purity, then it is that the heart indulges unrestrained in the luxury of grief. It was our fortune to know and to admire him whose name heads this hasty reference. Though but twenty-five years of age, Mr. Durivage had given evidence of a maturity of taste and remarkable proficiency in both art and literature. With a quick and subtle appreciation of the beautiful, he coupled an originality of conception and power of execution that gave brilliant promise. An early adept and proficient in all athletic sports, he yet uncomplainingly submitted to the results of a violent fever which long since entirely deprived him of the use of his right arm; patiently and resignedly applying himself, until, with his left, he had once more reached his original capacity for drawing, painting and writing. Though modesty had withheld his name from the public, the productions of his pen have often afforded delight to the refined and critical. Thus much the most casual observer might have known of him, but the sweetness of his domestic character, the gentle, uncomplaining patience of his endurance of physical suffering, the genial sunshine of his agreeable presence,—these were matters that his personal friends alone could appreciate. Let the natural grief for the loss of such be tempered by the beautiful and consoling promises of Christianity, and that Divine confidence which surpasses all other hope. Mr. Durivage was the youngest of four brothers; the three elder now living are well known in our literature, the oldest of whom—Francis A. Durivage—is our own much esteemed associate in these columns.

P. T. BARNUM.

We learn from the press generally, that this well known individual has sustained a most severe and entire reverse of pecuniary fortune; and from a millionaire, has come to be "entirely ruined," to quote the words of others. We have observed, also, with feelings of regret, how ready the press, with few exceptions, has been to herald the fact with a sort of relish and satisfaction, that evinces a secret delight. Mr. Barnum found friends enough—fawning sycophants and flatterers—when he was at the top of Fortune's wheel; but judging from the expression of sentiment just now so prevalent, none are so poor as to do him homage. Such, alas, is human nature! We have said in these columns some hard things, we can well remember, concerning the famous showman; but now that his star is clouded, God forbid that we should reflect upon him. Possessed of a thorough business capacity, great application and perseverance, a large knowledge of human nature, and, we believe, real commercial integrity, there is little doubt, if health and life are spared to him, but that he will rapidly regain the fortune he has lost; and the good traits which are in him, will but glow the brighter for the trial tests he has encountered.

SPLINTERS.

.... The "Conflagration of Moscow" is still a popular exhibition. It keeps burning, and wont be put out.

.... Major Ben: Perley Poore has been lecturing lately at Washington on "Foreign Travel"—a grand subject for him.

.... Gen. Santa Anna is residing about four leagues from Carthage. He is busy in agricultural improvements.

.... The diaries of the late Samuel Rogers, soon to be published, will be most entertaining volumes.

.... The poultry fever is still raging in England. One fancier lately gave five hundred dollars for a brace of biddies.

.... The English papers have been using very threatening language in regard to this country. Who is afraid?

.... Madame George Sand has been telling the French public how she dressed like a man when she was a girl.

.... They have been making a big gun in England, which will throw a 302 pound shot five miles.

.... A man lately died in England whose will occupied 386 chancery folios. His name was Cubitt, and he owned a million.

.... The pine woods at the Gulf of Mexico are the very place for the chills and fever. We'd like 'em "with the chill off."

.... Peter Rizen, 102 years old, lately died in Ohio. He had been married four times, which accounts for his longevity.

.... There are eight Congregational churches in the city of New York, with about 1050 communicants.

.... Rev. Dr. Tyng's society, New York, have contributed more than \$77,000 for religious purposes last year.

.... A dry goods dealer in Baltimore has been cheating his customers. His yardstick was a quarter of an inch too long!

.... In Demerara every one is an "esquire" who wears shoes and stockings. Gentility is a "quare" thing.

.... The lower branch of the Nebraska legislature have voted to allow women to vote. Where's Lucy Stone?

.... The Italian opera company made a long stay with us, and reaped a golden harvest for their notes.

CULTURE OF FISHES.

The cultivation of fishes is attracting much attention, and deservedly, in France, as a means of increasing the amount of food for the million at a very low figure. A few years ago nobody thought of breeding fishes, and now the whole world is talking about it. The culture of fishes owes its origin to a humble, but very intelligent man, John Remy, a French fisherman, an uneducated man, without any instructor, adviser, or patron, who succeeded by dint of penetration and perseverance in conducting the problem of raising fishes to an almost complete solution. Mr. Milne Edwards, in his report on this science to the Academy of Sciences, declares that Remy, with his co-laborer, Gehin, has the merit of having "created a new industry in France." Mr. Geoffrey St. Hilaire, the great naturalist, did not hesitate to pronounce the humble fisherman of the Vosges, one of the "benefactors of his country." Yet this man died in a condition bordering on destitution, leaving a widow, four daughters, and two sons unprovided for. A subscription has recently been opened for their relief.

A paper from the United States patent office, published in the National Intelligencer, suggests that many new varieties of fishes might easily be introduced into the waters of this country, by means of transferring the spawn from one locality to another. The Mullet of the Garonne, and also the Sardine, might be valuable in the Potomac. The Golden Carp, now tolerably abundant in the Hudson, was accidentally introduced by the breaking away of a dam. Since the opening of a communication between the Hudson and Lake Erie, Eels and some other kinds of fish, previously unknown to the waters of the lake, have made their appearance there. It is suggested that officers of the navy, employed in foreign service, might receive instructions to collect varieties of foreign fish. Fishes are among the most bountiful provisions of Providence for our support; they require no feeding, they multiply spontaneously, they are highly nutritious, and possess a variety of flavor. How deep a debt of gratitude does the Yankee owe for the institution of the Cod-fish. It is not only transmutable into bone and muscle, but the occupation of catching it trains up a hardy race of gallant seamen. We have an especial regard for the Mackerel also, and never see a pink-sterned schooner without a thrill of respect. And what would life be worth without oysters? And does not the mouth water at the very mention of trout? No one that has never drawn from its native element, one of these delicious fish, with "a line as delicate as the finest hair from the tresses of a mountain sylph," can forget the enthusiasm with which he beheld the silver rain falling from the spotted side of his glittering victim, as he wavered under the sharp Limerick. Talk of the ambrosia of the Olympian deities—of the manna and quails of the Israelites; talk of Ortalans and Perigord pies—why, they are poor and tasteless in comparison to a trout fresh caught in a silver stream of the granite hills. Earth holds no luxury like it. Let us, then, cultivate fish by all means—we cannot have too many varieties in our abounding waters.

"NO CROSS—NO CROWN."—The beautiful story under this title we publish in the present number, was probably the very last effort of its gifted and lamented writer, Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. We received it from her only one week before a telegraphic despatch to her friends in this city announced her sudden death. By this sad event, the literature of this country has lost one of its brightest ornaments, and a large family circle the dearest of its members. There is a strangely prophetic spirit in this sketch, which will now be noted with melancholy interest.

REMARKABLE CHILDREN.—There are now on exhibition, in Howard Street, two children, a boy and a girl, who are certainly singular phenomena. Both are well formed, active and intelligent; and yet the girl, aged 10 years, weighs but ten pounds, and the boy of six, nine pounds. The latter was born at Framingham, and the former at Weston, in this State. The parents are good sized people, and the size of the children is one of those freaks of nature which cannot be accounted for.

"THE PRISONER'S FRIEND."—This excellent monthly continues to improve in the hands of its indefatigable proprietor and editor, Rev. Charles Spear. A paper in the February number, entitled "Labors of the Editor," exhibiting the various duties he has assumed for the accomplishment of the great object of his life—the prevention of crime—deserves to be read by every thoughtful man.

COMPLETE.—We sell the nine volumes of the PICTORIAL, bound in uniform style, in full gilt, with illuminated title-pages and indexes, perfect from the commencement of the work, for \$2 per volume, or \$18 for the set. An invaluable addition to the library of any family.

ECONOMICAL.—There is an editor in Wisconsin who writes his "leaders" with stolen chalk on the sole of his boot. While the boys are setting up his manuscript he goes barefoot. He puts his whole sole into his business.

THE SPORTSMAN'S PORTFOLIO.—Enclose us twenty-five cents, and receive this centre-table ornament, elegantly illustrated, by return of mail. To young persons studying drawing, it is indispensable; and is a beautiful pictorial gem for all.

A SUITABLE MATCH.—When Mr. Oxley, the butcher, married Giuletta Revelli, the opera-dancer, it was remarked that "mutton and capers" always go together.

CAPITAL.—At an agricultural store down east, they sell patent scythes, warranted to cut without whiskey.

VIEW OF BOSTON.

We are confident that all who examine the fine original design by Mr. Hill, which occupies the whole of pages 184 and 185 of the present number, and gives a bird's-eye view of Boston, as seen from the State House, looking southeast, will acknowledge that our mention of it in the last number was not unmerited. In fidelity, spirit and pictorial effect, it is a complete success. Instead of a confused mass of roofs and chimneys blended in one mass of shadow or confounded in a sea of light, our artist, by a happy distribution of light and shade, and by graceful and characteristic touches, has given prominence to every feature of interest, and rendering every point readily recognizable. The house which stands at the angle, touching the foreground of the picture, is the residence of Professor Ticknor. Following down the line of Park Street, on which it fronts, we reach Park Street Church, with its towering steeple. The other side of the angle, with distinct sketches of the houses in Beacon Street, brings us to the Boston Athenæum. Casting the eye to the left, we see the tower of the new Baptist Church, and below it the Swedenborgian Church. To the left of the Baptist Church, we have a glimpse of the tower of Brattle Street Church, and to the right of it, we notice Faneuil Hall, the old Cradle of Liberty, distinguished by its cupola, and Quincy Market House, indicated by the dome. The new granite stores on Commercial Street are shown. The right hand corner of the picture is occupied by a portion of the Common, with the noble old trees as they appear in the leafy garniture of June. Now if we raise the eye to the line of buildings which appear above the trees, commencing on the right, we shall see, in succession, the Masonic Hall, St. Paul's Church, Mr. Simmons's house, the opening of Winter Street, the Music Hall, Montgomery Hall, our publishing office, the Tremont Temple, tower of the King's Chapel and the Boston Museum. Rising above and back of the Tremont Temple, we behold the venerable spire of the Old South Church. Above the Boston Museum, is the tower of the old State House, and on the right of this tower, defined against the water, stands the dome of the Custom House. The spire to the right of Park Street, is that of Summer Street Church. It will be easy, from these landmarks, to distinguish other buildings, streets and prominent places. The wharves are clearly drawn—Commercial Wharf being on the extreme left. Intersected by the church tower on the left, is East Boston, with its shipyards and wharves, and on the right, South Boston curves out into the bay. The sweep of the New York central rail, as it enters the city, is accurately delineated. Fort Independence rises just above our office. The islands in the bay—Apple Island, Rainsford's Island, Deer Island, etc.—are accurately located, as a glance at a chart will show. Far on the left, looms dimly, the outline of Nantuxet, the boldest peninsula that makes out from our shore. What changes have taken place in the scene before us in little more than two centuries! Little did the Rev. Mr. Blackstone deem that his "farm" would so soon become the site of the second city in size and wealth of a mighty and independent empire, whose progress would be the marvel of the world.

A SORRY CASE.—Dan Marble used to tell a story of a Yankee tailor who danned a man for the amount of his bill. The man said he was "sorry, very sorry indeed that he couldn't pay it." "Well," said the tailor, "I took you for a man that would be sorry, but if you are sorrier than I am, I'll knock under."

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Southgate, Mr. George D. Allen, of Key West, Fla., to Miss Frances E. Wilkins; by Rev. Mr. Bannister, Mr. James H. Reed to Miss Mary Livingston; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. John L. Williams to Miss Elizabeth Reily; Hiram Emerson, Esq. to Miss Ellen W. Harwood.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Pickering Atwell to Miss Adeline Prentice.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. James Robertson to Miss Mary Ann Atherton.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Dr. Lowell, Mr. Thomas H. Greenville to Miss Eliza C. Ridgway, both of Boston.—At Winchester, by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Francis F. Leslie to Miss Sarah J. Russell, of Woburn.—At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Alphonso Sanford to Miss Evelyn P. Morse, both of Natick.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Eddy, Mr. Samuel P. Kneeland, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., to Miss Martha J. Spaulding.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Dr. Dimmick, Mr. George W. Austin to Miss Lizzie Wight.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Joanna Graham, 110; Mrs. Emma J. K. Stone, 37; Mrs. Miranda M. Whipple, 25; Mr. David W. Horton; Miss Evelyn M. Buwell, 16; Miss Betsey H. Blackington, 88; Widow Margaret Hall Yose, 46; Mrs. Lucy Ellis Abrams, 72; Mr. George Bleknell, 41.—At Cambridge, Mrs. Harriet L. Hovey, 41.—At Chelsea, Mr. Henry S. Mason, 21.—At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Elizabeth Kennedy, 86.—At West Dedham, Levi Sawin, Esq., a soldier of the Revolution, 96.—At Saugus, Mr. Francis Fiske, 88.—At Brookline, Mr. Edward F. Weld, 41.—At Dedham, Widow Martha May Ellis, 88.—At South Reading, Mr. Benjamin Emerson, 78.—At Salem, Mr. Charles W. Ball, 27; Mrs. Hannah Brown, 85; Widow Lydia Leach, 88; Miss Caroline G. Hancock, 13; Widow Mary Robinson, 86.—At Groton, Mr. John G. Lawrence, 52.—At Randolph, Dea. Wales Thayer, 51.—At New Bedford, Frederick Bryant, Esq., 52.

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Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO A PAIR OF EYES.

O turn those radiant eyes away!
Though tenderly their radiance beams,
I tremble 'neath each sunny ray,
So fearfully, and dream such dreams,
That I am half inclined to be
Persuaded that I—must not see!

To meet that earnest, thrilling gaze,
So full of heaven, I may not dare!
For O, another met its blaze,
And lost his best affections there!
By all that's pure, and bright, and fair,
I'll only give thee prayer for prayer!

Then turn from me your starry light!
I must not its full radiance greet,
Far better gaze on starless night!
For O, I feel 'twere death to meet,
And worse than death, the misery
Of looking, loving, hopelessly!

H.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE UNFORTUNATE WEAKNESS.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

GAY, good-natured, fashionable Harry Morely—loving his gentle wife with all the ardor of his too susceptible nature, and, after eight years of wedded life, still continuing to pay her the same delicate gallantries and little endearing attentions, as during the tender, delicious days of courtship—had yet, sooth to say, become sorely enamored of the brilliant dark eyes and commanding ways of the wife of his nearest neighbor and intimate friend—one Horace Karp—whose house stood contiguous to his own, and in whose pleasant parlors, at the card-table or around the social grate, himself and sweet Mrs. Morely were frequent and welcome guests.

Evening after evening, which had formerly been devoted to his business or at the club, found the fascinated Harry and his unsuspecting wife at the fireside of the Karp's. Innocent Mrs. Morely remarked the change—congratulating herself that her sometimes recreant lord had become charmingly domestic—and rightly attributing it to the rare attractions next door, she sedulously cultivated the acquaintance of the Karp's (even to the renunciation of other and long attached friends, who, she reflected in extenuation, had never been able to exert so happy an influence over her society-loving husband); at first, it is true, from an impulse nearly akin to gratitude, for their kindly turning of Harry's social propensities nearer to the home channel, but at length, from a sentiment of real admiration and tenderness towards her beautiful neighbor.

These advances the amiable Mrs. Karp was in no wise loth, not only to meet, but to return twofold, and as a very natural result, the merely friendly relations of the two ladies were exchanged for those of the warmest intimacy and confidence. Nothing could exceed their mutual devotion and reliance upon each other. No new feature in dress was adopted—no new music or reading matter was selected—no new arrangement in the domestic economy carried forward—no engagement, important or trivial, entered upon by either, without first consulting the judgment of the other.

As this amicable intercourse progressed, it was further encouraged by their indulgent lords, who, at their suggestion, caused to be constructed a narrow covered balcony, which, spanning the yard below, and extending from house to house, connected the ladies' private chambers. Thus they became accessible to each other at all hours of the day, and in all states of the weather; and the light trip of slippers and rustle of female attire was, by no means, rare in the little gothic corridor, which the ladies playfully, and not incorrectly, termed their "clasp."

But in all this harmony, communion and unity between the ladies of the respective establishments, the gentlemen in truth were not a whit behind them—Harry and Horace being invariably hand in glove—maintaining warm fellowship, and in all cases of moment, consulting and abiding each other's judgment, much in the style of the weaker vessels. Indeed, it is but due to Harry to say that his devoted attachment to his friend was chiefly instrumental in alluring him to that locality, and was at first the entire cause of his own abandonment of clubs and convivial parties, to which Horace fortunately was little addicted.

For a time in fact his friend, and not his friend's wife, proved the magnet and monopolizer of his leisure hours; but gradually, as the serene brilliancy and calm, queenlike grace of the beautiful Mrs. Karp stole in upon his consciousness, the fervor and enthusiasm of his regard became unconsciously transferred from host to hostess, and his accustomed evening visits were, imperceptibly even to himself, directed towards another object. Yet so slowly and gradually, little by little, the change had moulded itself into form, that he was scarcely conscious of its existence, until its bewildering meshes had closed around him.

Dangerous position, to be sure; and yet to see her, to hear her, to sit night by night in the presence of so magnificent, so peerless a woman, without admiring and rendering her homage, must require a less impressive heart than Harry possessed; for, in fact, if Harry had a weakness (and in confidence, dear reader, we frankly confess he was by no means more free from them than mankind in general), that weakness was for a beautiful, refined, intellectual woman.

And such was Mrs. Karp. Lofty—imperial, even—yet tempering her unconscious majesty of manner with an inexpressible sweetness, which attracted, where the calm dignity of her bearing might have awed. She spoke, too, with peculiar grace—nay, with rare superiority of speech. In her conversation, of whatever order, she never descended, even in uttering a trivial thing; she

rather exalted everything to her own high standard. From her mouth the commonest commonplace came forth elevated.

Often and often, in the secrecy of his heart, did our captivated Harry contrast the dazzling, glorious woman with the tender, childlike being who leaned upon his love, and ministered to his happiness, charming everything into sunshine with her quiet hands; and, to his honor be it said, his lovely Margaret never suffered by the comparison. He cherished her in his inmost heart, as the very core and centre of his existence—feeling that she was not formed to claim the homage or reverence of the world, but that her gentle, trusting spirit pleaded for the wings of love to be folded warmly about her. And their brooding tenderness was never lifted away. His heart was true to its allegiance; but still, this feverish dream of adoration bade him bow down and worship at a forbidden shrine.

Foolish Harry! blind Harry! that he could not see a little way along the opening track of the future! But the enchantment was upon him, and at length to such a point did his infatuation carry him, that one fair morning, after having (in pursuit of his office, which oddly eluded him at every turn!) rushed hurriedly up and down innumerable streets, which, by some strange fate, invariably diverged into the identical one upon which were situated his own and his friend's familiar domicile, he found himself in the elegant parlor of Mrs. Karp, face to face with its regal mistress, and stammering forth a vehement, almost violent request for the pleasure of her company in an evening promenade, which Mrs. Karp, without a moment's hesitation, and as if unconscious of the least impropriety, accepted. Harry departed in ecstasy and amazement at the success of what, had he been in a reasonable mood, would have appeared, after a little cool reflection, an act of gross audacity. In his present state of mind, however, he did not realize the extent of his boldness, and therefore passed the day in self-congratulations and delightful anticipations of the approaching evening.

Blissful exclusiveness! Harry felt that he was unworthy so much honor—so much happiness! It seemed like a dizzy, delicious dream; he was scarcely sure of anything. And when he arose from dinner, still in doubt, he stopped to kiss Margaret's sunny forehead twice with unwonted fervor—the better to assure himself of her materiality, and the reality of his own existence.

Would this have become necessary had he known that, treading close upon the heels of his morning call—upon the success of which he was then involuntarily pluming himself—even before the echo of his receding steps had died away in the hall, there was the sound of a springy, graceful tread in the hanging corridor that united the two establishments, and thereafter for a full hour the respective ladies thereof were closely closeted together?

Surely, a mighty film would have been removed from his distorted vision could he have caught their concluding words, "Ah, never fear, Margaret, you will carry it out bravely, I am convinced; you shall wear my velvets, which are quite unmistakable, you know, and with that heavy veil, you yourself would not be able to detect the deception."

"But we are so unlike, Mrs. Karp!"

"Not so fearfully, I hope," returned Mrs. K., with a smile; "however, it is possible to remedy even that. Come in and take tea with me, and I can perhaps instruct you a little in the matter of your new identity. But come early, pray; you are to be quite dressed and ready at seven—that's the hour, remember. Then, when you return, here is our convenient little corridor, through which you can slip to your chamber, and be fast asleep, to appearance, before he will be able to join you. Ah, it is no doubt all a planned joke between Horace and Mr. Morely; but we will teach them the folly of attempting to overreach us ladies, who have keener wits."

Would Harry's secret congratulations have been so long and loud could any chance have revealed to him this wicked plot? But chance being unpropitious to any such revelation, poor Harry continued in profound ignorance of the snare preparing for his unwary feet. True, he found his table deserted at the tea hour, and after much inquiry—as the time waxed late, and no one knew anything of the mistress, except that she had gone out—he was forced to swallow his muffins and chocolate in solitude. But what relation could that have to his purposes for the evening? None, certainly. It was a little odd though, that she had gone out to tea, since she had not mentioned any such intention at dinner, as her usual custom was, nor even apprized the servants, as her invariable practice was—but doubtless she had been making calls, and fallen upon some friends who pressed her to spend a social afternoon. It was very proper; indeed, it was quite a relief—for had she been there, her sweet, pleading eyes would have been sure to ask in the most irresistible language for an account of his evening's absence; and then he must have deceived her, since it would have been awkward to confess the truth. So, brushing his hat carefully, and adjusting his gloves, he walked down stairs and repaired, with some assurance, to the house next door.

Whether he would have ventured upon this step had he known its master to be at a nearer distance than three thousand miles of railway, is a question we fear he could not have answered with an unshrinking affirmative; but as we have no means of knowing, we will not urge our convictions. A servant showed him to an ante-room, and after one, two, three, four minutes' impatient waiting, the lady appeared, attired in full promenade costume, and with a gracious bow, apologized most charmingly for her delay.

O, proud felicity! As they descended to the street, the hand of his queenly companion rested on his arm! This was a condescension he had scarcely dared to dream of, and unconsciously his step assumed a firmer tone, and the mists of his miserable self-distrust began to vanish. As they passed under the favoring light of a friendly lamp, he turned to feast his eyes upon the surpassing beauty and spirit of that expressive face, and—had she been

any other than the lofty woman she was, permitting no approaches or familiarity—he felt that he should have suggested the removal of that odious veil—but, rather than incur a breath of reproof from those beautiful lips, he would have seen her hidden behind the impenetrability of a thousand veils—and so the impertinent gauze was suffered to obscure the light of that superb face, and Harry was forced to content himself to listen, without beholding, as they walked on, slowly on, in the tender flood of moonlight, until at length the forest of thick branches darkly defined against the clear sky, announced the pleasant neighborhood of the Common.

Here they paused, and Harry inwardly worshipped the delicious voice which seemed to come more rich and thrilling through the impeding veil. He blessed the veil as fervently now as he had before condemned it. But perhaps it was not this that lent to the voice its new and rippling softness. There was a strange simplicity and sweetness in all her remarks to-night, which he had never before observed. He thought he detected a shade less of stateliness in her bearing, and once or twice there was a vague surmise that the elegant repose of her manner was slightly ruffled. But did not all this contribute to render her more charming? Did it not break down the barrier of her impenetrability, and serve to bring her nearer so him?

O, Harry, Harry, beware! This moment your feet are in the path of the tempter! Have you no more regard for your faithful Margaret?—no more respect for yourself, or your absent friend, than thus to be making fine speeches by moonlight to the wife of his bosom? Fie, fie, Harry Morely! But what is that glittering object in his hand? Let us come nearer. A delicate Geneva watch, of rare device and curious workmanship, which he places gracefully in the dainty palm of the lady's lilac kid! She had deigned to admire its exquisite finish as he consulted it at her request—and what less could his gallantry impose than to beg her acceptance of the elegant trifle? True, it would be necessary to account for its absence to his observing Margaret—but some plausible fabrication must serve his present turn; and he could soon replace it by one of similar appearance—so the two retraced their steps, even more slowly than they had come—one at least feeling that above his present bliss, he should be content to know that there was nothing, absolutely nothing, in store for him!

What he said, we will not repeat—save that, overcome by the occasion, and betrayed into unguarded tenderness by the dreamy beauty of the scene, he expressed in very ardent terms, his secret admiration for the lady upon his arm! Was it not a little remarkable that the calm, impressive Mrs. Karp, who by her tranquil dignity had always repelled even the idea of familiarity, should thus listen—thus encourage costly gifts from a gentleman not her husband? At another time it might have seemed incredible to Harry himself; but that it did not now strike him as inconsistent, appeared from the fact that, as he bade her good night, he took the additional liberty of pressing the charming hand which he released from his arm!

He did not hear the musical "What success, Margaret?" as the lady gained the top of the stairs, nor yet the flying feet in the corridor over his head, as he strode up to the side-door and applied the latch-key! No; he passed up stairs, entered the parlor, and finding it vacant, tarried a little to shut off the gas and enjoy the genial heat of the open register, and then retired to his chamber, where Margaret lay sleeping softly, with a sweet flush on her face. Did not his conscience whisper that he had done her wrong? Perhaps so; for he parted the hair on her fair forehead, and kissed her fondly, murmuring, "Dear Margaret."

Very early in the morning, while Harry was yet dreaming—perhaps of the star, in the light of whose lustre he had so lately walked—there were little tripping bare feet in the breakfast parlor, and a light finger laid restrainingly on the busy pendulum of the mantel clock; then the bare feet pattered over the carpet again, and Margaret stole stilly back to her pillow.

Three, four hours afterwards, as Harry had just completed a cozy breakfast and was preparing to go out, the pleasant voice of his wife detained him:

"Stay a minute, Harry; give me the time before you go, please. I'll set the clock in motion; it is stopped just on the hour of three, you see."

Harry paused confusedly, clapped his hand upon the empty watch-fob, and then, as if struck by a sudden recollection, replied: "Ah, I remember; the springs had got dull, and I left it last night at Ball's, to be repaired."

"Indeed! Isn't this your watch, Harry?" exclaimed his wife, quietly drawing the condemning jewel from the folds of her dress.

"When!—how!—where! You were asleep last night—did Mrs. Karp send it into you this morning?"

"Mrs. Karp?"

Harry was scarlet.

"Where did you get the watch, Margaret?" he faltered.

"Didn't you place it in my hands last night, and desire me to keep it as a slight token of your admiration?"

"In your hand?"

"Certainly; to what other lady would you be at liberty to make so valuable a present?"

Harry was dumb. Could he have been so deceived? Was it, then, his own little Margaret? And (O, most humiliating!) did she know all?—and had she been compelled to listen to his imprudent confession of admiration for another?

It was long ere he could realize the extent to which, by his own folly, he had committed himself; but then, with his sweet, forgiving Margaret's face upturned to his, grown ten times dearer and more beautiful than ever, he made a vow never again to yield to his peculiar weakness, or cast an admiring eye upon another Mrs. Karp, however elegant or gifted she might be. This vow he never violated.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The popularity of the Mormon delusion is upon the wane in England. — Col. Cumming, the superintendent of Indian affairs, had his mule stolen at Fort Clark, by a party of Indians, which very much disgusted the colonel, as he had expended much breath in lauding their honesty. — There is a lady in Maysville who has recently eaten \$300 worth of opium. — The wild rice of the swamps in Minnesota produced an abundant crop last year, and upon this myriads of ducks and geese fattened until the water froze up. The Indians also made great use of wild rice. It has been sown in Connecticut, and produces well. — The American Colonization Society has finally cleared itself of debt. It began last year with an incumbrance of \$32,000, but has shaken it off. — India rubber balloons are produced by blowing up a bit of rubber that has been boiled in water for an hour or two. — A late French writer says, that the Bostonians are much like his own countrymen, polite, courteous and lovers of frogs; and that they have a pond in the middle of a public garden, which is kept for the purpose of supplying the city with these animals! — Small pox is said to be prevailing extensively in Richmond, Va., there being about fifty cases in the hospital, and from two to three hundred in private families. — The duration of human life throughout the world is 33 years. One quarter die at the age of seven years; one half before reaching seventeen. — Judge Stuart, tried and acquitted of bribery in New York, recently, has resigned. — A verdict of \$4000 has been brought against the Hudson Railroad Company, for causing the death of the husband of Caroline Johnson, in West Street, New York, in August, 1855. — Miss Alice Wilkinson was hung in a paper mill at Lockport, Michigan, the scarf she wore round her being caught in a shaft. — At the recent anniversary festival of the Burns Association, in Cincinnati, Mr. Kennedy, of Oxford, Ohio, presented to the society a shepherd's pipe once owned by Burns, and upon which the poet had often played to his "sweet Highland Mary." — A gentleman of Wheeling purchased two lots in Muscatine, two or three years since, for which he paid \$200, and recently sold them for the sum of \$10,000. — The Baltimore Patriot says: "A female named Sarah Johnson died in that city, at the advanced age of one hundred and twenty years! She must certainly have been the 'oldest inhabitant,' not only of the city, but of the State." — A grand temperance banquet is to be given to John B. Gough, the apostle of temperance, at Niblo's, on the 14th of July. — The Peru Sentinel states that a subscription has been started in that city, with a view to a joint stock company, for the purpose of constructing a bridge across the Illinois River, and that on the first day \$8000 was subscribed. — It is thought that the Kinney and Walker expeditions will soon bring forward the question of the annexation of Central America to the United States. — A most singular and amusing occurrence took place near Cochransville, Pa., a few weeks since. A Mr. Bahtell, from Medina, Ohio, was introduced to a Miss Duquet, of Chatham, Chester county, about four o'clock on the afternoon of the 16th ult., and married her within three hours afterwards. — The Pietou (N. S.) Morning Chronicle announces that the government has decided upon locating the railroad from Halifax to Pietou at an early day. — The Springfield Republican says there is a woman in the house of correction, in that city, who was in the habit, before her incarceration, of stupefying her infant, fourteen months old, with rum, in order to leave it for the performance of a day's work abroad. — There are 33 newly formed military companies in the State of Maine, besides 77 organized—making the aggregate volunteer force of the State about 4000 men. — A good housewife should not be a person of "one idea," but should be equally familiar with the flower garden and the flour barrel; and though her lesson should be to lessen expense, yet the scent of a fine rose should not be less valued than the cent in the till. — At Milwaukee, in Wisconsin, 57,000,000 feet of lumber, 16,000,000 shingles, and 16,000,000 feet of lath, were received by the lake last year. Nearly 3,000,000 bushels of wheat, and 6,500,000 bricks were exported. — The policemen of Buffalo are required to wear a uniform cap, and the word "police," and the number by which each one is designated, attached in front. — It is estimated that in a single province of China alone, one million persons have been killed in battle, starved, or executed, since the rebellion commenced.

RELIGION IN SAN FRANCISCO.—The Roman Catholics have been in the country since 1769, or about that time, and have now the most expensive, commodious and magnificent church edifice of which San Francisco can boast. Of Presbyterian and Congregational churches there are eight in San Francisco. There are two Baptist churches, two Episcopal, five Methodist Episcopal, and a Unitarian church; there are also two Jewish houses of worship, and a few small congregations of precarious existence.

INVASION OF IRELAND.—The half a dozen men who were arrested in Cincinnati, charged with a design of wresting Ireland from the British crown, have been discharged. Will not the little queen tremble on her throne at the idea that such a formidable band is at large?

"Begone, brave army—don't kick up a row!"

THE RUSSIAN EMPRESS.—The empress of Russia is said to be the virtual governess of the realm, czar included. We believe it was Rochefoucauld who said, "Women govern all, because they govern those who govern all."

WIRE BULWARKS.—The steamships Fulton and Arago have wire bulwarks, which admit of the free passage of seas after they have been shipped. It takes the wire edge off them.

Wayside Gatherings.

Mr. J. C. Derby has paid to authors, during the past year, the sum of twenty-two thousand dollars.

The American Bible Society circulated, last year, 800,000 Bibles and Testaments.

Parodi, the cantatrice, has gone to California, in company with a troupe of artists.

General Wool has returned from Oregon to California, and says the Indian difficulties have been much exaggerated.

The First Presbyterian Church, in New Orleans, whose edifice was recently burned, are replacing it by a very fine structure.

There are forty steamboats engaged in the carrying trade on the Missouri, valued at \$900,000.

The Legislature of Maine has passed an act authorizing the city of Portland to expend \$60,000 in the construction of suitable accommodations for steamships.

The number of rules and regulations for running trains on the railroads of the State of New York, is two hundred and sixty-six, making a pamphlet of twenty-one pages.

Forty-seven ships, four barques, five brigs, seven schooners, one steamer and six boats, with an aggregate tonnage of 50,900 tons, were built in the district of Bath, Me., in 1855.

Professor Henry shows, in an able scientific paper on combustion, that, by using fire-brick in grates, a radiation is produced which greatly increases the heat in warming apartments.

The introduction of phonography into the system of popular education, is warmly urged by many of the most intelligent citizens of Philadelphia, and the subject is now before the school committee.

The Chicago Journal, in speaking of the next season's crops, estimates the snow on the ground as equal to five inches of manure, and worth ten millions of dollars. Immense crops are predicted for next fall.

A young and pretty married lady, belonging in Chicago, recently administered a severe flogging, with a cowhide, upon the bar-keeper of a hotel at Jackson, Michigan, as a punishment for repeated insults.

The Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, have had prepared a handsome head and foot stone, chiseled from Italian marble, which is designed to mark the resting-place of the Rev. Erasmus J. P. Messenger, at Cape Palmas, who died at that mission.

All the iron in the new steamship Adriatic, now building in New York for the Collins Liverpool line, is to come from the Lake Superior district, and this will give the world an opportunity of seeing its excellence and superiority.

Mr. R. L. Pell, of Pelham Farm, near Saugerties, New York, a gentleman well known as an extensive orchardist, has sold, as the product of his orchards in one year, \$66,000 worth of apples and cider, some of the former being retailed in London at a shilling each.

We learn from the Washington Organ that the late thaw has had a very injurious effect upon a portion of the north wing of the Capitol. The rust from one of the iron pipes inserted in the wall has seriously disfigured the face of the marble from the top of the wall to the ground.

The accounts of the failure of the sugar crop in Cuba are "confirmed" again. "The continuous rains are fast destroying all hopes of a large crop; the pressed cane will not dry from a lack of fuel, and more than one half of the crop would be left standing in the fields, the planters being unable to grind it."

Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Harrison, and the other artistes composing the Pyne and Harrison opera troupe, declined singing on Sunday evenings at the St. Charles Theatre, in New Orleans, on the score of a conscientious regard for the Sabbath, relinquishing on each of such occasions nearly ten thousand dollars.

Mr. Joseph Palmer, of Fayette, Me., has a pair of four year old oxen whose average girth is seven feet ten inches, the larger one girthing eight feet, and weighing 2150 pounds. The pair weigh upwards of 4000 pounds. They have done all the work on the farm during the past season.

Several young doctors in Washington city lately proceeded to the almshouse graveyard, with a horse and wagon, to take off the body of a lately deceased woman. Her husband was near by, watching them, and firing upon them, put them to flight, leaving behind the horse and wagon, of which he took possession.

The New York Times says:—"It has come to our knowledge that there is now in this city a daughter-in-law of one of the leading authors of England, and that she is laboring under pecuniary difficulties, and the effects of the most unworthy treatment on the part of her husband, who has basely deserted her."

The library of Hamilton College has been enriched by the valuable gift, from F. R. Spencer, of a portrait of the late Chancellor Kent. The brothers Spencer have identified their names with Hamilton College, one by a telescope, the other by finished portraits of Irving and Kent.

They have a farm steam engine in operation in Ohio, which will thresh and clean from five to six hundred bushels per day. The boiler is tubular; the cylinder is of six inches bore and twelve inch stroke. It makes one hundred and seventy-five revolutions per minute with steam at forty pounds pressure, and does more work than any common threshing machine driven by eight horses.

In Ingham County, Michigan, upon a tract of seventy acres of heavily timbered land, every tree, without a single exception, of any size greater than six inches in diameter, has been prostrated by a recent wind-fall, the trees lying with the regularity of a swath in a hay-field. The timber is oak, elm, ash, hard maple, beech and black walnut of the very heaviest growth.

The total number of American seamen registered in the United States, from October 1, 1854, to October 1, 1855, is 9686; of whom 9486 were native born, and 200 naturalized. Massachusetts furnished the largest number, viz., 4501; Maine furnished 1303; the next in order is New York, the number of men from that State being 885.

It is estimated by the Norfolk Argus that \$3,000,000 are invested in the oyster trade of Virginia, and 700 vessels are engaged in the transportation department. The principals in the trade pay from thirty-five to forty cents per bushel for them at the rocks, and pay twelve and half cents per gallon for shelling them. Upon being packed and sent to the West, they bring two dollars per gallon.

Fitzgerald, a young man just convicted at Auburn, N. Y., for the murder of his father, mother and brother, has been sentenced to death. When Judge Wells asked him if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced, the prisoner, in a loud voice, replied, "Not anything at all, sir;" and when the judge had concluded the sentence, the prisoner remarked in a spirit of bravado, "Much obliged to you, sir!"

Foreign Items.

The Frankfort police have placed seals on the printing-office of the ultra-democratic paper the *Volksfreund*.

Preparations are being made in Germany to celebrate with great pomp the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Mozart, which will fall on the 27th June next.

The celebrated French sculptor, Jean-Pierre David, who recently died in his native place, won the first prize in the School of Arts, and, along with it, a pension to finish his artistic education in Italy.

From Rome we learn that four new cardinals have been appointed—the archbishops of Vienna and Munich, the archbishop of La Rochelle in France, and the Rev. Father Gando of the Dominican order.

Two Ceylon elephants, a short time since at the circus in Paris, walked up a narrow plank at an angle of forty-five degrees, and at the top, stood straight up on their fore legs on a platform only large enough to receive their two feet!

The Christian cemetery at Pera, is one of the most beautiful spots in the neighborhood of Constantinople, commanding a splendid view of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, and forming with its mulberry trees and cypresses, a most conspicuous land-mark.

A Methodist church, consisting of about three hundred non-commissioned officers and soldiers, has been formed among the British troops quartered in and about Balaklava, and a missionary is about to be sent to them by the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

Mr. Ferguson, the largest American fund holder in Great Britain, is dead. He died possessed of property over the value of \$6,300,000, about one half of which he has bequeathed to his relatives, and the residue for educational and charitable purposes in Scotland.

Sands of Gold.

.... Nothing can be great which is not right.—*Johnson*.

.... The upright, if he suffer calumny to move him, fears the tongue of man more than the eye of God.—*Diogenes*.

.... He who truly wishes the happiness of any one, cannot be long without discovering some mode of contributing to it.—*Brown*.

.... Life is a casket not precious in itself, but valuable in proportion to what fortune, or industry, or virtue has placed within it.—*Landor*.

.... If a cause be good, the most violent attacks of its enemies will not injure it so much as an injudicious support of its friends.—*Lacon*.

.... We make ourselves more injuries than are offered us; they many times pass for wrongs in our own thoughts that were never meant as such.—*Felltham*.

.... The utmost excellence at which humanity can arrive, is a constant and determined pursuit of virtue without regard to present dangers and advantages.—*Johnson*.

.... There is no detraction worse than to over-praise a man, for if his worth prove short of what report doth speak of him, his own actions are ever giving the lie to his honor.—*Felltham*.

.... The sun colors the sky most deeply and most diffusely when he hath sunk below the horizon; and they who never said, "How beneficently he shines!" say at last, "How brightly he set!"—*Landor*.

.... Love, when founded in the heart, will show itself in a thousand unpremeditated sallies of fondness; but every cool, deliberate exhibition of the passion only argues little understanding, or great insincerity.—*Goldsmith*.

Joker's Budget.

There is a place in California called Fiddletown. It is said to be a healthy and lively town.

"Patrick, where is Bridget?" "Indade, ma'am, she's fast aslape looking at the bread baking."

Why is a conscientious baker like a ship without ballast?—Because, being short of weight, he gives a roll over.

The best "sleigh belles" ever invented are a pair of red-cheeked girls. We got this from Dobbs, who is posted in the matter.

An Irishman, on applying for relief, and being told to work for his living, replied, "If I'd all the work in the world I couldn't do it."

What is it that goes when a wagon goes, stops when a wagon stops, is of no use to the wagon, and yet the wagon cannot go without it? Why, the noise to be sure.

Why might I say, and truly, that Bulwer is a plagiarist and a robber? Because he sent "My Novel" to the publishers, sold it, and pocketed the price thereof.

An Irishman giving his testimony in one of our courts, a few days since, in a riot case, said, "Bo jabers; the first man I saw coming at me when I got up, was two brickbats."

Let cynics say what they will, man is not vindictive. Here for years we have been subjected to the daily torture of wearing the hat, and we haven't even preserved the name of the wretch who invented it.—*Punch*.

A wag meeting a very homely man, thus addressed him: "My dear friend, you ought to take saffron." "For what?" inquired the latter. "To keep the ugliness out, for if it ever strikes in it will surely kill you."

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EASTERN SCENES.

The two pictures on this page carry us in imagination to the storied East, towards which our thoughts so often tend with instinctive yearning. The first sketch is that of the exterior of a café and bazaar, in one of the eastern cities. In the light gallery, supported by those graceful arches on the right, a couple of grave orientals—who, by the way, are not always so grave as they seem—are receiving their refreshment from the hand of an attendant. Below is a bazaar, but with few of those traces of activity which distinguish trade with us. Buying and selling, like all the other affairs of life, are conducted languidly in the East. The merchant is never in a hurry to part with his goods. Our second picture shows the interior of a Turkish house—the *sanctum sanctorum* of the dwelling. Its fanciful architecture is the first noticeable feature that strikes the eye; the graceful arches of the alcove, doorways and windows, the ceiling, divided into compartments, with a richly decorated ventilator in the midst, the graceful drapery, the inviting divan—these are all stamped with an oriental character. The two occupants of the apartment, turbaned and bearded, are enjoying the invariable pipe; and for the thirst created by smoking, they will find an abundant solace in the fruits and coffee on the stands, and on the floor. "Young Turkey" in arms is revealed to our profane eyes through the open doorway. Smoking in the East is so universal, that no one can escape the infection. The Rev. Mr. Prime, when at Para, called on a lady from New York, who had married and settled there. "Pipes and coffee," he says, "were served, and when I declined smoking, the lady insisted, and offered to join me. There was no resisting this; and her husband giving her a delicate cigarette, she smoked it beautifully, though I confess that I was thinking all the time what they would say at home, to see her with a cigar in her mouth, and me with a pipe four feet long." Enough of the peculiar manners and customs remain to engage the constant attention of the traveller. In Syria and Palestine, the same peculiarities are noted which are mentioned in the Scripture record, and which give their local color to the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment." The voyage up the Nile is yet full of wonders; the passage of the desert is yet picturesque and romantic; the bazaars, and baths, and minarets of Stamboul, the pyramids of Egypt, the crumbling walls of the holy cities, the gay glories of oriental architecture, the jealous seclusion of the fairer sex—all these links between the past and the present still exist; but European influence is fast undermining the distinctiveness of oriental life and character—fast reducing the East to the uniform type of Anglo Saxon civilization. The present war will tend more rapidly to denationalize the East. For years the sultan's troops have worn a hybrid garb, more western than oriental in its character, and have learned to fight in the European fashion.



EXTERIOR OF AN EASTERN COFFEE HOUSE AND BAZAAR.

THE CONSCRIPTION IN RUSSIA.

According to the official reports, the Russian conscriptions alone would not allow the population to grow so rapidly as the ministerial tables try to make us believe. Recruits! The word flies through the villages and towns like a harbinger of death! The house doors are closed as if against a storm. Every family which has a son ripe for invincibility meets in terror. Possibilities are raked up by which to escape the misfortune, as soon as the ukase, stating how many per cent. of the population must be delivered, appears. Each government afterwards appoints the fearful night for the pressgang—for the future defender of his country is not invited to deliver himself up, but is secretly surprised and captured like a common thief, and thenceforth sharply watched as such. The owner of the estate receives the sealed despatch; extreme mystery is maintained about its contents. More than the appointed number must always be captured, because it is uncertain whether those selected will be found serviceable. The elders of the parish receive orders from the proprietor, under the seal of secrecy, to tear, on the next night, their brethren's children from their embrace. The news, however, has oozed out beforehand. The elders arrive. All the boys are off—hidden in the forest or elsewhere. But the command is stringent, and the responsibility great. At last, one is captured; another, another. They must defend against the foe the country they never saw, do not wish to see, and curse in their hearts. Up to the present hour they have never known a happy day. The sweat pours down their faces as they earn the mouthful of bread which just suffices to keep them from starving. But still they are with their family; the sun, which they rise each morning, working hard till it sets, shines on their home, and their tears are for their father's roof. The prisoner is taken to the governmental town; there sits the commission, with the governor as its head. The victims *pro patria* are thrust naked into the committee room. The physician examines each from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head. The boy is healthy and free from blemish. "Open your mouth!" The physician peers in with the searching glance of a treasure-seeker; the teeth are without a flaw. The physician is just on the point of giving to the governor the report, "Healthy!" But behold!—a half imperial or ducat is lying against the double teeth. In a second the practised medical finger has extracted the gold from the mine. "No, the fellow is of no use, he has got caries—all his teeth rattle; within a month he will not have one left." The lad is free! He bounds again into his blouse and his village. The paltry bribe leaves him unmolested among his family till the next tribute. Generally, it is found that a levy of two on every five hundred males produces a supply of about ninety thousand or one hundred thousand men.—*Life in Russia.*



INTERIOR OF A TURKISH HOUSE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
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STATE OF NEW YORK.

The beautiful design upon this page is from the pencil of Mr. Billings, drawn expressly for us, and engraved by Mr. John Andrew. In the centre of the picture we have the State arms, representing the sun rising over mountains, surmounted by an eagle, and by the proud motto, "Excelsior" (Higher). The supporters of the arms are, on the left, an American Indian, and on the right, a sailor holding a quadrant, the latter figure typifying the great commercial interests of the State. To the left is a glimpse of the mighty cataract of Niagara; to the right a view of New York city, with a steamer ploughing the waters in the foreground. The Empire State, as it is rightly termed, comprises an area of 46,000 square miles, and extends from 40° 30' to 45° north latitude, and from 72° to 79° 50' west longitude. The surface of the

State is furrowed by noble rivers, of which the Hudson, the Mohawk, and the St. Lawrence are the principal. Its limits contain many lakes remarkable for their size and picturesque beauty. Besides the natural modes of inter-communication, railroads and canals have developed the resources of New York to the fullest extent. The population is 3,097,394, according to the last census, or more than one eighth of the total population of the United States. The total amount of the funds for educational purposes is \$5,591,878 64; the total indebtedness of the State is \$26,047,898 53, the revenue for the year ending Sept. 30, 1854, was \$1,947,590 27; the expenditures during the same period being \$1,785,458 49. The State contains about 55 incorporated banks, and 197 banking associations. A very large portion of the State is well adapted to agricultural purposes, and, from the range of its territory, a vast

variety of productions are obtained from the soil, while the unrivalled facilities for reaching markets enable the producers to realize large remunerations from their capital and labor. The commercial facilities of New York make her the leading State of the Union, the city of New York being the greatest centre of commerce in the Union. The Hudson River was discovered by an English navigator, named Henry Hudson, in the service of the Dutch East India Company, in 1609. In 1613, the Dutch formed their first settlements. In 1664, Charles II. granted this region to his brother, the Duke of York, in whose honor the name of the chief city was changed from New Amsterdam to New York. Several battles of the Revolution, and of the war of 1812, were fought within its borders, and no section of the Union has been more distinguished for gallantry and devotion to the country.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WHITE HAND:

—OR—

THE NATCHEZ' CAPTIVE.

A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF LOUISIANA.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.

A STARTLING ADVENTURE.

A WHILE Simon Loboïs paced up and down the room, and then he stopped again.

"I don't think she meant to lampoon me," he resumed, more thoughtfully than before; "but, by our Lady, she cut me most keenly! But they don't know me yet. O, they shall find a serpent in their track, and they've trodden on him already!"

Shortly after this, Simon left the study, and went out into the yard back of the house, and there he walked to and fro for some time. The sun had sunk to rest, and the shades of night were already deepening over the scene. We have heard enough from Simon's own lips to see somewhat into his former plans. For several years he had felt sure of ultimately possessing a goodly share of his uncle's property. Towards Louise, he had ever been kind and generous, for he was following up a deeply formed purpose. Away off there in the dense forest, he had no fears that her heart could be captured by any one else; and he made himself very sure that her father would gladly accept him as a son-in-law, if for no other purpose than to secure a protector for his child. He had only waited until age should have ripened the maiden into the capacity for a wife, and then he had planned to marry her. Already had he counted up every livre of the old man's property, and he had even planned which chateau he should purchase in France when he took his wife thither, for he had resolved that he would remain in the wilderness not a day after his father-in-law should be laid away in his tomb. He had planned all this from the pure selfishness and avarice of his soul, and not one moral sentiment of love or duty had a place in his thoughts.

Then how crashing must have been the change that had come over his plans! But the soul that could form such, had plenty of scope yet left for its evil schemes.

A week had passed away since Simon had confessed his romantic love for Louise, and during that time, he had maintained much of his wonted composure. For a day or two after the mortifying repulse, he had been moody and taciturn, but he gradually overcame it, and now he smiled as usual, and made himself generally agreeable. Yet he could not behave towards Louise as of old, nor did she seek his company now as was once her wont. She seemed to feel uneasy in his presence, for more than once she had found his eyes fixed upon her with a gaze in which she was sure she detected an evil light. She did not hence dream that he had one evil intention, only she feared that he was angry with her.

One afternoon, as soon as dinner was over, Goupart and Louis started off on a hunting expedition, meaning only to follow the small river up to where they had been informed by some of the slaves there were several deer. Their pistols they concealed within the bosoms of their hunting-shirts, so that they might not catch in the bushes, and their knives were in like manner protected. They both had excellent Toledo rifles, and set off in high spirits. With quick steps they made their way up the river, until they had passed the bounds of the clearing, and then their steps became more cautious, for they hoped there might be a deer somewhere at hand.

They had hunted about in the forest for nearly an hour, when a movement among the bushes at some distance attracted their attention, and upon creeping carefully up, they saw a large deer drinking at a small brook that emptied into the river close by.

"See," whispered Goupart, "here are his tracks."

Louis looked at the spot which his companion pointed out, and a sudden start caused Goupart to ask him its cause.

"That's the track of a man," said Louis.

"Some of the negroes have been out here," suggested Goupart.

"No, no," returned the other. "They have not been out here to-day."

"But that may have been made yesterday, or several days ago."

"No," said Louis, still gazing upon the track. "This was made to-day. Just look, and you will see that these leaves are still damp on the upper edges where the foot has pressed them up. These other leaves, you see, are dry where the edge is free of the earth. Then here—see this broken twig; see where it has been pressed down. Now look!" And as he spoke, he lifted the twig, and showed that the place where it laid was perfectly dry, whereas, had it lain there even over night, its bed would have been damp.

"Then there's been an Indian here, eh?"

"Yes."

"Well, never mind. Let's secure this deer. He'll be done drinking soon, and then we may lose him. Let me fire first, this time, Louis."

"Very well. Blaze away, and I'll be ready to follow, in case you don't bring him down."

Accordingly, Goupart brought his rifle to his shoulder, and in a moment more he fired. The noble animal gave a leap backward, and while he stood for a moment as though about to start on,

Louis fired, but even as he pulled the trigger, the deer gave a leap forward, and plunged headlong upon the earth.

"Your ball killed him, Goupart!" cried Louis, as the two started forward together. And it was found to be even so, Goupart's bullet having entered just back of the fore shoulder, and of course penetrated the heart.

Louis had made a wound for the purpose of bleeding the animal, and Goupart was kneeling by his side, when they were startled by the whistling of something between their heads, followed by a dull "chunk" close to them, and on raising their heads, they saw a long arrow sticking into a tree directly in front of them. With a quick cry, they started to their feet, and the next thing that saluted them was a low howl close at hand. They turned and saw a party of six Indians coming towards them, with their tomahawks raised.

"By the saints, here's a serapoi!" uttered Goupart, starting back. "What does it mean?"

"I'll find out," returned Louis, calmly. "But don't show your pistols, for they know we've discharged our rifles, and they hope to take us at a disadvantage." Then turning to the red men, he asked: "What now, red brethren? What seek ye here?"

The Indians consulted a moment together, and then one of them advanced a single pace, and replied:

"We seek the young white chief and his friend. We would speak with them kindly."

"Then why did you send that arrow at us?"

"We saw you not then. Only the head of the deer."

Now Louis simply knew that they were lying to him, and as this became apparent, he knew that they meant him harm.

"If you have anything to say to us, say it at once," he said.

"Let our white brothers not fear. If they will come with us, we will tell them what shall be to their good."

"I will speak with my friend." And thus saying, Louis turned towards his companion.

"Goupart," he said, speaking quickly, and in a low tone, "those are Chickasaws, and they mean to take us prisoners. In all probability, they hope for a high ransom from my father for us. We have two pistols each. You never missed your mark yet in my sight. Are your nerves steady now?"

"As steady as ever," returned Goupart, not a little surprised to see how calm and fearless his youthful companion was.

"Then have them in readiness, and mind my word, for I know those fellows well. Yet keep your rifle, for you'll need it for a club."

Next Louis turned to the Indians, and said:

"We have concluded not to follow you; but if you have anything to tell us, we will listen."

Upon this, the red men conversed together again for a few moments, and then, with quick, wild gestures, and a low howl, not unlike the voice of a hungry wolf, they sprang forward with their tomahawks uplifted. In all probability, they supposed this would be sufficient to awe the white youths into immediate submission, for they did not rush on in a direct line, but deviated from side to side, as though they would give the white men time to be frightened. The pale boy they thought an easy prey, and very likely they knew that the other was a new-comer into the country, and hence imagined that their terrible appearance and fearful antics would strike him with terror.

"Now!" whispered Louis. "You take the two men on your side, and I'll take the two on the other side. Don't waste a ball."

In an instant the two companions had drawn their weapons, and at the same instant they both fired. Hoar after hoar, and day after day, had they practised together at pistol shooting, and their aim was as quick as it was sure. The two outside men staggered; and on the next instant, the youths fired again. At this movement, the savages were thrown into a state of alarm, for they had reckoned entirely without their host. Three of their number were shot through the head, and had fallen, while the fourth had received a ball in his neck, and was staggering back. In a moment, Goupart and Louis saw their advantage, and they seized their empty rifles and sprang forward, and in a few moments more the six Indians lay prostrate. A full minute the two victors stood and gazed upon the work they had done, and then Louis turned to his companion, and said:

"By my soul, if we've killed 'em all, we shall never know surely what this all meant."

"Are these two last ones dead, think you?" returned Goupart. "They may be only stunned."

"We'll see; but, if faith, I think you'll find the one I struck with his brains rather disturbed."

And so it proved with both of them, for upon examination, it was found that their skulls were both broken in, and that life was extinct. But while they were thus engaged, they heard a groan close at hand, and on turning, they saw that one of the Indians who had been shot had worked himself almost into a sitting posture against a tree, and was now trying to work further around, so as to get his face towards the west. Both Louis and Goupart hastened to him at once, when they found that he had received a ball through the neck.

"Water, water!" he groaned.

"Stop," uttered Louis, as his companion started towards the brook. And then turning to the dying Indian, he said:

"If we'll get you water, and turn your eye to the setting sun, will you tell us the truth?"

"I will—I will!"

The water was brought in Goupart's canteen, and upon drinking, the poor fellow seemed to revive. Goupart bound up his neck, which was bleeding profusely, and just as he had finished the job, the Indian put out his weakening arm, and laid his hand upon Louis's shoulder.

"The pale boy has the heart of a great warrior. He would not have escaped us, had we known how brave he was."

"But why did you try to do this?" asked Louis. "Remember now, you promised to speak truly."

"White man brought gold here, and we have learned to love it. Much gold had been ours, had we—" The Indian stopped, for he was weak, and he made a sign that they should turn his face towards the sun. "And," he uttered, "bury me so."

"Look ye!" cried Louis, grasping him by the arm, and gazing intently into his face, while Goupart stood by, reloading the rifles, "if you do not tell me instantly what all this means, I'll dig a hole in the earth, and you shall be buried with your head down. You know very well where you'll go to then. Now tell me, who sent you to kill us?"

"We didn't mean to kill the pale boy," replied the Indian, speaking slowly and with difficulty.

"But who sent you to capture him? Remember—head down!"

"You had known better, had you spared another. That man was our chief; he knew."

"But you know something. Tell me all, or, as sure as I live, you go in, feet up!"

"'Twas white man's gold. The pale boy and the pale boy's friend both have enemies. There's a strange bird in the eagle's nest!"

"Speak plainer! Tell me—"

Louis stopped, for he saw that the death-shade had passed over the red man's face, and as he let go the now heavy hand, the body fell over sideways upon the turf.

"By the saints!" cried the youth, starting up, "he knew more than he told us. O, why did that ball hit him there?"

"Is he dead?" asked Goupart.

"Yes; and the secret of this strange scene is dead with him, so far as our means of arriving at it are concerned. By heaven, Goupart, there's something here we had better understand!"

But St. Denis knew not what to reply; for a suspicion had come to him, but he dared not speak it too suddenly. So the two hunters stood for some moments and gazed upon the dead man in silence.

"Well," said Louis, after a while, "let's leave these bodies here, and in the morning we'll send our negroes out to bury them. Now, let's fix our venison, and then start for home, for we've had adventure enough for one day. You begin now to see some of our Louisiana life. How do you like it?"

St. Denis gazed upon his companion some moments in silent admiration, and then he said:

"O, this is much better than nothing, though once a year would be often enough for such sport."

"So it would. But now for our other game."

They went to where the deer still lay, and having removed the skin from the head, neck and fore shoulders, they separated the carcass, and then rolling the saddle up, they shouldered it, and giving one more look at the fallen Indians, they turned their faces towards home.

CHAPTER VI.

SUSPICION FINDS A RESTING-PLACE.

THE two companions walked on for some distance without speaking, for they both had plenty to think of, and each seemed to have thoughts which he wished to keep from the other. Goupart was the first to break the silence.

"Louis," he asked, in a half careless tone, "does Simon Loboïs love your sister?"

Louis fairly started at the strange question, and after regarding his companion for a moment, as if to assure himself that he had heard aright, he replied:

"Love her? Simon love Louise? What do you mean?"

"I mean what I ask. Has Simon Loboïs ever thought of marrying with Louise?"

"Why, what a question! Are your wits turned? But why do you ask?"

"Simply because I—I wished to know."

"Ha! Goupart, you suspect something. Now, out with it. If you love me, tell me all. Am I not right?"

"I cannot say that I really suspect, Louis, but I can see some small straws in the wind, and I should like to find which way they lie."

"Go ahead. Speak on."

"Then listen, Louis. You heard the answer that red villain made when you asked him who sent him to kill us! He said they did not mean to kill you. Do you believe he spoke the truth then?"

Louis pondered a few moments, and then he said:

"Yes, Goup; they meant to kill one of us, and only one. The arrow that came near your head was meant for you, only you must have moved after the shaft started. Had they meant death for both of us, we should hardly have known what killed us, for then they would have been at home in their work. When we started up, they could not well shoot you without endangering my life, and thus they got bothered. They were mistaken in their estimate of my character, for they really believed, when they drew their tomahawks, and commenced their death-bowl and dance, that we should be frightened out of our wits."

"They were mistaken, in truth," returned Goupart. And then, in a changed tone, he added, "But you see they meant to kill me, and only capture you. Now, what does it mean? Can you inform me of any possible pin whereon to hang a thought?"

For some distance, Louis walked thoughtfully on, and when he spoke, his voice was very low and distinct.

"You asked me if Simon Loboïs loved my sister? Had you any reason for suspecting such a thing?"

It was now Goupart's turn to hesitate, but it was not for a long time.

"I have reason to believe that he hates me—that he is uneasy at my presence among you. In fact, I know this. Now, why should he be so? While I knew him in France, we were on the most friendly terms. To be sure, I used to beat him at the pistol, but then he more than made up for it in the sword play; and he taught me many valuable hints, too. But we were the best friends imaginable. Now, however, he hates or fears me, and the more he tries to hide it, the more plainly can I see it. Now, whence comes it, if not from his fear of losing Louise?"

"By heavens, Goupart, there's a show of substance there! Yet I never thought that Simon was a man to love deeply."

"To love what?"

"Why—any female."

"Ah," returned Goupart, "he may have a strong affection, however, for some thousand pieces of hard, yellow gold."

Louise started, and cast a quick, strange glance into his companion's face.

"The dying man said, if you remember," resumed Goupart, in the same slow, deep tone, "that there was a strange bird in the eagle's nest! Do you remember?"

"Yes—yes."

"I might have feared that suspicion would fall on me, had not I been one of the intended victims. But tell me, Louis, what you think of it."

"By the saints, I know not what to think now! But you have touched a strange point. We will watch Simon Loboïs when we reach home."

"We will," uttered Goupart, eagerly. "We will watch him."

"Ay," resumed Louis, upon whose mind the startling suspicion seemed to work now, "we will work it so that we will come upon him suddenly; and while we tell of our adventure, we will note his face. I have loved that man in days gone by, for he has been faithful to me, yet I have found him growing somewhat starch of late. But I did not think he looked upon—Ha! what's that? Louise, as I'm a sinner! By heavens, Goup, I'll ask her a question now, ere we reach the house!"

The two hunters had now reached the field next to the dwelling, and they saw Louise, accompanied by Tony and one female slave, coming to meet them. As soon as the first merry greetings were over, and Tony had taken the venison, Louis drew his sister aside.

"Louise," he said, assuming a smile, though he felt it not, "I know you will pardon me if I ask you a very foolish question, but yet I hope you will answer me truly. Has Simon Loboïs ever said anything to you whereby you could suspect that he wished to possess you for his?"

"Why, Louis! what has put such a thing into your head?" uttered the beautiful girl, looking her brother in the face with a smiling expression.

"Why, the thought has come to me, and it is really for my interest to know. Now tell me if he has ever let drop any word to that effect."

"Really Louis, I ought not to—"

"Alas! you've exposed yourself. Now out with it."

"Well, then, *he has*."

"I thought so. My soul, what a dolt he must be!"

"Ha, ha, ha! I told him I should fear he was crazy if he ever spoke so again."

"Then he spoke plainly—he—"

"I'll tell you, Louis. I told him I wouldn't expose him, but then he hasn't performed his part of the obligation, and, of course, I am relieved from the rest. He has since then asked me to have pity on him. Why, brother, he went into regular tragedy on the occasion. He swore he should die if I did not wed him; and when I had laughed at him, and told him he was crazy, he really asked me to take his dagger and let out his life. I never dreamed of such a thing before."

"And when was this?"

"On the very next night after Goupart's arrival."

Shortly after this, the brother and sister allowed St. Denis to rejoin them, and Louis was not long in making him understand the truth. They took the way around back of the barn, so that no one could see them from the house until they arrived, and thus they entered by the postern; and when they reached the hall, Louis just caught a sight at Loboïs standing upon the piazza, and looking earnestly off in the direction of the river-path. The youth bade Goupart remain behind, and then he walked out upon the piazza. Loboïs started when he saw him, and his hands were involuntarily moved together. And from that moment, Louis knew that all was not right, for he had marked the look and the movement, and he knew that no ordinary cause gave rise to them.

"Ah, safe back!" uttered Simon. "Where's St. Denis?"

"Alas, I fear he's a prisoner!" returned Louis, sadly.

"A prisoner! How?" articulated Simon. And as he spoke, the youth looked in vain for the first expression of sorrow.

"Why, I left him just now with Louise, and upon my soul, I think the poor fellow's captivated! But what's the matter, Simon?"

"Nothing—nothing; only you startled me somewhat when you said St. Denis was a prisoner, for I knew not but that some roving band of Indians might have fallen upon you. Jestings upon such matters is rather out of place." And with this, Simon Loboïs walked away.

"Aha, Simon Loboïs!" muttered Louis, to himself, after the man had gone, "you were startled in the wrong place. 'Twas the truth that startled you, and not the jest!"

Loboïs did not show much of his real feelings when he sat down to the table, for he came in smiling to the supper-room, and hardly had he taken his seat ere he turned to Goupart, and said:

"Ha, ha, ha! St. Denis, master Louis came nigh frightening me a short time since. He told me you were a prisoner, and, for the moment, I feared you had really fallen into the hands of the Indians."

"Well," returned Goupart—for it had been arranged that the story should be told in Simon's presence, and they might not gain the opportunity elsewhere,—“we both of us came within an ace of it; so Louis had some foundation for his report."

"How? What?" uttered the marquis. "Did ye meet with any danger?"

"Only six stout Indians, who tried to kill Goupart, and take me prisoner," returned Louis.

Simon Loboïs did not appear surprised, but he trembled, and the color forsook his cheeks. Sharp eyes were watching him.

Louise looked up with a startled, incredulous expression, while the old man made three ineffectual attempts to ask a question. But Louis relieved him by commencing with the first sight of the deer, and ending with the death of the fellow who died by the tree.

"They were Natchez," said the marquis, breathlessly.

"No. They were Chickasaws—all of them."

For the next few moments, various were the questions asked and answered, and the old man seemed about equally balanced between astonishment and pride in his brave boy.

"But what could it mean?" uttered Simon, who felt it necessary to say something.

"Ay, what could it?" repeated Louise, trembling with apprehension, but, very strangely indeed, looking oftener and longer upon Goupart than upon Louis.

"Yes—that's it!" cried the old man. "What could they mean?"

"Why," returned Louis, "I can imagine but one cause." (Here Simon grew nervous.) "They know your wealth, father, and they must have hoped that if they could secure me, they would have received a great ransom for me. They probably saw that Goupart was a stranger, and so they meant to put him out of the way, in order that he might not expose them."

Simon breathed very freely now; and the marquis looked upon this as a very probable explanation of the mystery.

After supper, Louis and Goupart embraced the first opportunity to be alone together.

"What think you now?" asked Goupart.

"O, Goupart, I know not what to think! I cannot believe it possible that Simon would do such a thing, and yet things look dark against him. He has asked Louise for her hand—asked her earnestly and perseveringly."

"And she—what was her answer?"

"Why, as you may suppose, she laughed at his folly."

"Then I fear he is at the bottom of this. But let us watch him. We will keep our suspicions a secret, for a while, at least; and while we exercise the utmost care for ourselves, we will watch him also."

"You are right, Goupart. I will only make one confidant, and that shall be old Tony. He is a keen, quick-witted fellow, and I can not only trust him, but I can depend much upon his sagacity. He has been with my father ever since I was born, as you know. He was one of the poor fellows who were taken from the wreck of the slaver at the Cape de Verdes, and he went to France with my father from choice. He alone shall help us now."

And thus was the matter left for the present.

CHAPTER VII.

AN IMPORTANT PROPOSAL, AND AN INTERESTED WATCHER.

ANOTHER week passed away, and nothing further occurred to mar the pleasures of the young people at the chateau. (For by that name Goupart was determined the wooden castle should go.) Of course, a dark suspicion sometimes threw a cloud over their souls, but then they saw nothing new to worry them, and they had begun to hope that, after all, their danger had its rise in the cupidity of the Chickasaws. And during this week, too, Simon Loboïs had been more sociable and agreeable than before, and perhaps he was not an evil man at all. At any rate, they tried to hope so. Tony had seen nothing yet, though he always shook his head very dubiously when the dark cousin's name was mentioned.

It was a pleasant afternoon, and somehow or other, Goupart had wandered off to where some beautiful wild flowers were just peeping into blossom down by the river's bank in the front garden. But he was not alone. Louise was with him. He had not asked her to come with him, nor had she asked him where he was going. And then, again, Louis was upon the piazza when they came out, and he had come a short way down the garden with them, and then he had turned and gone back. It was unusual for him to leave his friend thus. In fact, he had never done it before.

However, the two were there alone, and so long as they were really engaged in hunting after flowers, their tongues moved quite freely, but soon they had gathered all that grew in that particular spot, and then, as if by mutual understanding, they both stopped talking, and went to thinking. They walked on a little further, and they came to a seat where a huge grape-vine had been trailed up over and about it. They stopped here, and sat down. The sun was already nearing the distant tree tops, and the air was soft and balmy.

"Louise," spoke the young man, at length, and his voice was very low and tremulous, "after all that has been said and sung about flowers, the subject is by no means a hackneyed one. As each succeeding spring brings its gift of flowers, the human heart bursts forth afresh with its load of praise and love. Do you remember the great garden back of the old chateau in Clermont?"

"O, yes; I remember it well," returned the maiden, with a sparkling eye.

"And do you remember how we used to go out there and pick flowers, and how you used to weave long garlands with your tiny fingers, and throw them over my head?"

"Yes, Goupart; I remember very well."

"Ah, those were happy times, Louise!"

"Yes—yes. And yet, in all, they were no happier than we find them here now, for my father was not happy there."

"I know—I know. And, after all, what is happiness, but the offspring of content? Those were happy hours there in the old garden at Clermont, and I have seen some happy ones here."

"O—and we'll see a great many more."

"I hope so—I believe so. But tell me, Louise, do you remember how we used to laugh and talk there, in that old garden, and in the old chateau, and how you used to plague and pester me?"

"Yes. I remember very well. And how well you used to bear it!"

"And do you remember how you used to pinch my cheek, and box my ears?"

"Yes."

"And why was it? Why did you do those things?"

"Because—because you used to pester me."

"How did I pester you? Come—now tell me." And as Goupart thus spoke, he reached out and took the fair girl's hand.

But she made no reply. Her eyes were bent upon the ground, and the warm, rich blood mounted to her cheeks and temples.

"If you will not tell me, may I tell you?" whispered the young man, tremulously.

"But I may have forgotten what you mean," said Louise, casting a furtive glance up into her companion's face, but dropping her eyes again when she found how eagerly his gaze was fastened upon her. "You used to pester me in many ways."

"Yet I can remember of but one. Shall I speak it?"

"Certainly you may speak."

"Then 'twas for calling you my *little wife* that you used to do these things. And more, too: you used to assure me that when you became my wife in earnest, you should be strong enough to pinch and box me as I deserved. Don't you remember?"

"But—but I was a child then," murmured Louise, trembling.

"Ay—and we were both children. You were then a laughing, buoyant girl of ten, and I a wild youth of seventeen. Those were times when the heart hid none of its emotions. Ah, Louise, many a time since then have I looked back upon those hours, and tried to analyze the emotions that moved me then. It seemed strange that I should have then taken an image upon my heart that the hand of time could never efface,—and that, too, the image of a mere child. But do you remember when the painter, Viviani, came to the old chateau, and I hired him to paint your miniature on ivory?"

"Yes," murmured Louise, now looking up.

St. Denis opened his vest, and from beneath it he drew a golden locket that opened by means of a spring. He pressed it, and the case separated, revealing a sweet face—a childlike countenance, yet full of soul and life. The golden hair hung in wild profusion about the dimpled cheeks, and a beaming smile dwelt in the deep blue eyes, and upon the parting lips.

"Do you know whom that was taken for?" Goupart whispered.

"O, yes—'tis me; 'tis mine. I remember it well. O, how like Louis it looks!"

"Because it looks even now like you. But listen, Louise. Seven years—yes, eight years—I have owned this sweet transcript, and not for one moment, during all that time, has it left my possession. Never have my eyes closed to sleep but it has rested upon my bosom, and never a waking hour but I have worn it next my heart. Think you I have forgotten the sweet love of my boyhood?"

Gradually the fair girl's head sank upon her companion's bosom, and when she looked up again, her eyes were filled with tears.

"Speak to me, Louise," uttered Goupart, now speaking quickly and eagerly, "and tell me if you have forgotten those words I used to speak. Have you forgotten them?"

"No—not one."

"Then let me speak them again. Let me now speak them as one who knows the ways of life; and to one who can judge for herself of the deep meaning that passing years have given to all those emotions that have outlived the destroying wear of time. In the heart where thine image was first enshrined, none other has ever come. I have cherished your sweet face, and in humble prayer to God, have I begged that I might see you once more on earth. And, at times, my soul has been wild enough in its flights of hope to picture that one most holy thought of all—life-union with the dearly loved one. When my feet first touched these shores, I dreamed not that I was near to thee. But I found you, and here I sat me down to pray with more of hope, and to hope with more of promise. And now, Louise, let me ask you, as I have asked you a hundred times before, will you be my wife?"

"Goupart, I have a father whose every earthly wish is for the good of his children, and not for worlds would I—I—"

"I understand," said St. Denis, as the maiden hesitated and stopped. "And be assured that I would not ask, even for life itself at thy hands, against thy noble father's wish. But suppose I ask him, and he bids me take you?"

"Then I am by his permission only what in heart I have been for years."

A short time longer those two sat there, and their words had a solemn, prayerful cast, such as marks the holiest gratitude of the human soul; and as they walked towards the house, they spoke not of the subject upon which their life-joys hung.

It was already dusk when they reached the hall, and while Louise went to remove her moccasins, St. Denis went to seek Brion St. Julien. He found him in his library.

"How now, Goupart?" cried the old man, as his young friend took a seat. "What has happened? Any more Indians? What on earth makes you look so sober?"

"It is a deep and sober subject which is on my mind," answered the youth.

"Then out with it, for I am father confessor here."

St. Denis knew the marquis too well to hesitate, and he spoke boldly and to the point.

"My friend," he said, "that I love every member of your immediate family must be apparent to you; but you will not be jealous if I also inform you that my love for Louise is rather stronger than for any one else."

"That is perfectly natural for one like you," returned the old man, with a sparkling eye.

"Ay, sir," continued Goupart; "and not only so, but I have come to ask you if I might win the sweet girl for my wife."

"Do you think you could do it?" the marquis asked.

"I think if I had your permission, my hopes would have a sure foundation."

St. Julien arose and placed his hand upon the youth's head, and, while big tears gathered in his eyes, he said:

"Goupart, my noble boy, you have made me the happiest of men. O, I have prayed for this moment many a time, and now it has come. Among all my acquaintances, you were the only one to whom my hopes could turn. You shall take my child, and you shall take me. I am growing lazy, if not old, and not much longer will Simon remain with me."

"Ah," uttered the youth, with a look of relief, "is Simon going?"

"Yes. He isn't just the man for me. I will not have dissension, and so we keep the peace; but yet much of my nephew's conduct makes me nervous. I do not like his plans about the estate, and yet he shows an abrupt, wilful spirit if I offer a word of expostulation. He seems bent on realizing all the ready money he can from the place without the least regard to its future worth and improvement. I do not like it. Yes, yes—Simon must seek some other home, and, if he wishes, I will readily—"

"Hark!" interrupted Goupart. "What was that noise?"

"I heard nothing," said the old man.

"Let me look a moment." And thus speaking, the youth went to the door and looked out. But he saw nothing. He stepped out into the entry; but there was no one there. "I must have been mistaken," he said, as he returned to the library and closed the door after him.

Ah! he did not look in the right place. Had he cast his eyes up to the ceiling, he would have seen a small hole where the host once had a copper pipe lead down to feed a showering bath. And had he but gone up into the small lumber-room overhead, he would have found a man there, lying flat upon his belly, like a serpent, with his eye to that small aperture; and he would have seen at a glance that the watcher could both see and hear all that transpired in the library! But he did not know of all this.

"I was about to say," resumed the marquis, "that if Simon wishes to return to France, I will pay his expenses back willingly. But I cannot keep him here. So you see, Goupart, I am still selfish and calculating. But as God is just, my old heart has not felt such a thrill of pure joy as came when you asked me for the hand of my child; not such a thrill since the moment when I first held them in my arms—those two infants, and knew they were mine to love and cherish. Take her, Goupart, and O, love her ever, for she is worthy of it. She loves you—she has loved you long. Oftentimes have I found her in tears over a little letter you wrote to her a month before we left France. Once I read the missive, and I found that in it you told her not to forget that she was pledged to be your wife. Do you remember it?"

"Ay—well."

"She has cherished that memento as though it were a precious jewel. I know she loves you. She is yours. Ah, my dear boy, this is joy!"

As the marquis thus spoke, he grasped the youth by the hand, and big tears gathered in his eyes, and his still handsome features were illumined by a joy that was manifest in every line.

And, a little while later, Goupart was once more by Louise's side; and as she heard the report of her lover, the warm joy-light danced in her eyes, while the prayer of blessing was upon her lips.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BOLT HAS FALLEN!

DAYS flew on now upon golden wings, and suspicion had ceased to work in even Goupart's mind. Old Tony had watched carefully, but he could find nothing to excite fear. Only one thing came up to help the doubts the young men had entertained, and that was a sudden visit of Simon Lobo to New Orleans. He professed to have business there. He said he would see how much corn he could find a market for, there being several hundred bushels now in the granary; but the marquis informed him that he

need not trouble himself about the corn, as he already had a use for it, meaning to keep a large quantity on hand to serve in case of a failing crop. He remembered the dream of Joseph, and the corn-chambers of Egypt, and he meant to be prepared to feed the starving in case of famine. Yet Simon must go, for he had business of his own; and one fine morning, down the river he went, in company with some men who had come down from Fort Rosalie.

Lobo had been gone a week, and the remaining members of the family were having some joyful times. In a few days more, the priest would be there, and then the two waiting hands would be united. Father Languet sometimes made it his home at St. Julien's place, but he had now been for some months upon a mission among the Yazooos; but he had been heard from, and he would soon be there.

It was a bright, moonlight evening, and the young people had been more gay than usual. Goupart, and Louise, and Louis had been playing at childish games, and as they went out and snuffed up the sweet, balmy air of the beautiful evening, Louise clasped her hands, and proposed a game of "hide and seek." The others shouted acquiescence, and even the old man was bound to join in the sport. Louise and her brother knew all the hiding-places within the enclosure, and the former pulled Louis aside, and whispered merrily with him.

—painted in the same fantastic manner, and the same dusky hue marked the brow of each. He who had arisen to his feet produced something from his pouch, and applied it to the lock of the heavy postern. It was a key! And how came that child of the forest by the key of St. Julien's gate? Ah, Goupart! ah, Louis! thy doubts and fears might find here a resting-place more startling than those you think have passed!

The shouts now come from the garden. Hark! Yes—they are all there upon the other side of the house. They have just found Goupart, and are now dragging him forth from his hiding-place.

Carefully the Indian turns the key in the lock, but the gate is fastened within. The heavy bolt has been surely thrown back, and yet the gate opens not. But there is no time to be lost. The red men whispered together a moment, and then one of them bends upon his knees, and when a second has mounted upon his shoulders, he arises. They are both tall men, but he who stands upon his companion's shoulders cannot quite reach the tops of the stout pickets. Another man stands firmly by the side of the lower one, and then he above places one foot upon the second shoulder thus offered him. Now a third man springs nimbly up, and having mounted upon the shoulders of him who stands thus elevated, he gains the top of the barricade, and in a moment more he drops upon the ground within. Soon the postern is opened, and six men enter, leaving the remaining ones without, and then the gate is almost closed, and thus held, so that it can be opened when need comes.

Away towards the stable these spectres glide, and soon they are hidden; for they, too, will play at the game that the pale faces have set on foot.

* * * * *

Many times had Goupart hidden, and as many times had he been easily found. And now he and the marquis choose to hide together, and after a deal of shouting, the brother and sister pull them out from behind the thick cluster of vines that grow against the garden fence. Next Louis and Louise scamper away, laughing and clapping their hands, for the utter delight of the father, when they purposely let him find them, has warmed them into almost a frenzy of joy.

"Stop—stop!" cried the marquis, as his children start. "Isn't it becoming too damp for you, Louise?"

"O, no! Never fear for me."

"But the dew is now fairly wet upon the grass, and I do much fear you'll take cold."

"No—no, father!" cries the joyous girl. "Don't let the first chill frighten you."

"Well—go this once, and then we'll go in. By my faith, I'm growing chill and cold."

"Ay—you shall have a job before you find us. Now watch for the word."

Away they went towards the barn, and as they turned the angle of the house, and were thus lost to sight, Goupart remarked:

"It is growing cold."

"Ay," returned the old man. "This dew is falling fast, for I can feel the dampness on my feet. While we were excited, I did not feel it. But I can stand it, only I feared that Louise might take some cold; and you know that would not be pleasant."

"No," said Goupart—and the tone of his voice showed that he, too, had entertained some fears. "Hark!" he added. "I think I heard them call. Ah, they've got some deep hiding-place this time, for I heard the voice as though it were stifled. But we'll find them. Come!"

And away they ran towards the point from whence the voice had proceeded. They searched all around the barn, under the cart, in the straw, behind the doors; and then they went to the stable, and here, too, they overhauled everything they could move, the old man even moving a board that lay against the fence.

"They must have slipped around into the garden," said Goupart.

And so back to the garden they turned. They hunted and hunted, but the hidings could not be found.

"It's getting too late," said the marquis, at length. "I think I must call them."

"I'll give up in welcome," returned Goupart; "for I'm sure I should never find them. Shall I call to them?"

"Yes."

So Goupart shouted that he gave up the game.

"I give up!" he cried, at the top of his voice. "Come, Louis!"

He waited a few moments, expecting to be assailed with a burst of joking at his want of success. The smile was already on his face, and the exclamation with which to meet the hidden ones was upon his lips all ready for utterance. But no one came.

"They could not have heard," suggested St. Julien.

Again Goupart cried out, and this time the old man joined him.

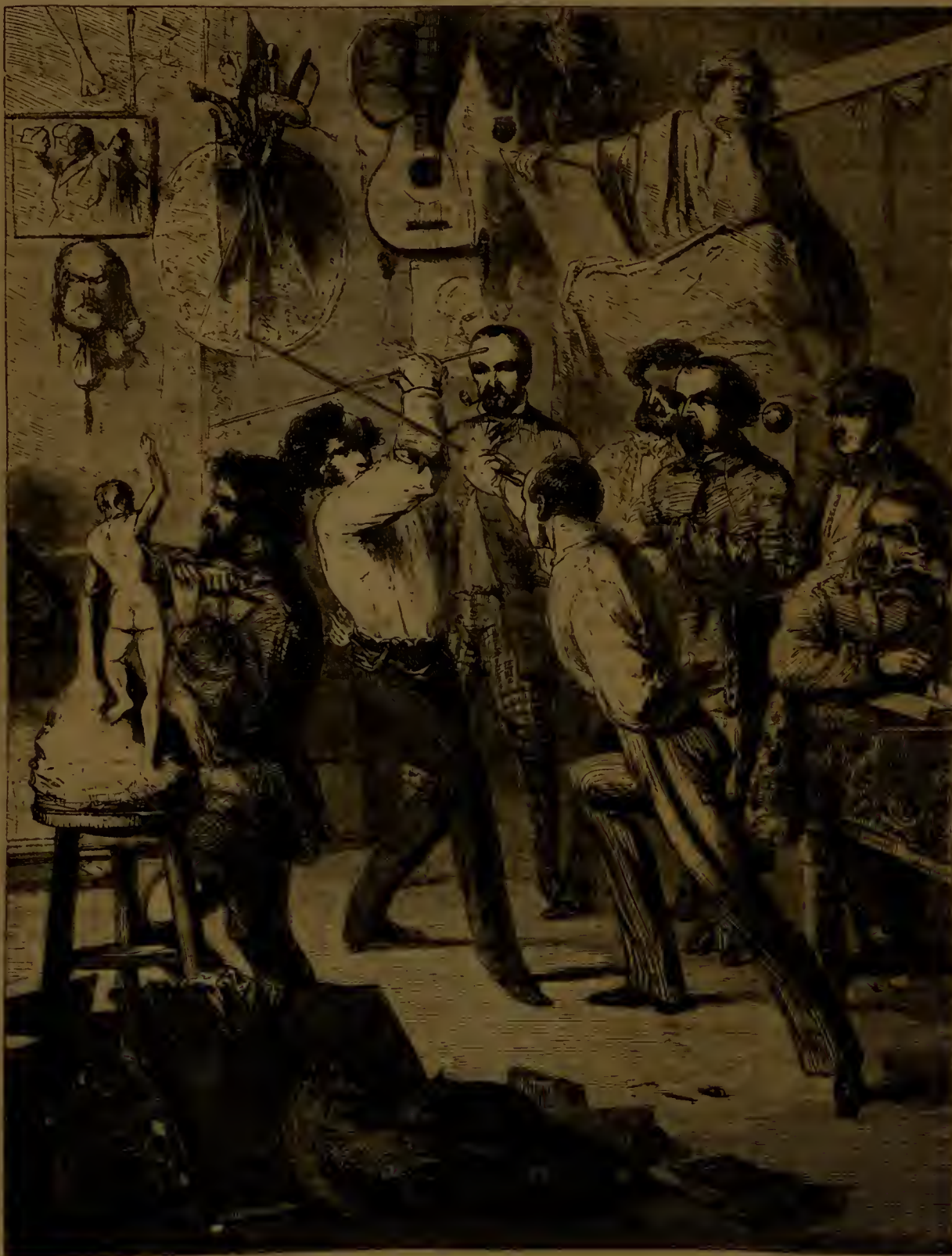
"Why don't they answer?"

"You go down the garden walk, and I'll go to the barn," said the youth.

And so it was done. In short, their voices were raised in every part of the enclosure, and must have penetrated every nook and corner. But no answer came.

"Ah," uttered Goupart, "they must have gone into the house." "So they have," said the father. "That's hardly fair. They ought to have spoken to us. But we'll find some way to punish them."

They then went into the house, but neither was there.



ARTIST LIFE IN PARIS.

"Now, none of that," cried Goupart,—"none of that! It is not fair for you to conspire against me. By my soul! if you two put your heads together, I'll go and charter old Tony to come and help me. Now mind!"

But the only answer he received was a joyous laugh as Louise ran away to dress herself for the out-door sport.

The moon rode high in the heavens, and her face was but slightly turned away from earth. In the wide court-yard the merry voices rang tunelessly out upon the calm night air, and the glad notes were caught up and flung back by the distant forest.

Away over the brow of a gentle hill, where a copse of beautiful acacia trees were left standing, moved many dark objects. They were crouching in the wood, and listening to the shouts that came from the distant dwelling. Anon they gathered together and conversed in a strange tongue, and then they moved slowly up the hill-side, and crept down towards the corn-field. On they moved, like spectres in the moonlight, until they neared the high barricade, and then settled lower down, and crept on like huge cats approaching their prey. Straight they moved towards the postern, and there they lay, snug beneath the wooden wall, and listened to the merry voices from within. Soon one of them arose to his feet. He was in the shade of the wall, but yet the many colored paint upon his dark skin could be seen, and the dusky-browed warrior was no more concealed. They were all—a score of them

"Why, it's funny—isn't it, Goupart?"

"It is, surely."

"Do you suppose they didn't hear us?"

"It may be."

"I'll start up some of the boys."

And accordingly, half a dozen of the men were sent out in different parts of the enclosure to inform the hidra that the game was up. But they returned bootless. It was old Tony who announced that they couldn't be found.

The marquis gazed upon Goupart, and Goupart gazed upon the marquis, and thus they stood for some moments.

"Do you think any danger can have befallen them?" whispered the youth, with a trembling lip.

"I don't think there could," returned the old man, nervously. "But we must search."

In a very few minutes the whole household was in alarm. The startling adventure with the Indians some time before had prepared the minds of the people for an easy access of fear, and as soon as it was known that Louis and Louise were not to be found, consternation was depicted upon every face. Huge bundles of pitch-wood were always kept in readiness to be used in case of alarm at night, and some of these were lighted, and soon the whole household were in the wide court. They divided at the barn, and in fifteen minutes they all met there again. But they had found nothing.

Pale and trembling, the old man turned to the gate. It was locked, but the bolts were not shot. He called for the key. Tony had it, and the postern was soon flung open, and the torches flashed out upon the broad hillside back of the buildings. Suddenly a sharp, quick cry from old Tony startled the party, and quick as thought, Goupart was by his side.

"What is it?" the latter asked.

"See that foot!" the black man gasped, trembling like an aspen.

"What of it?"

"It had no heel! It is the print of a moccasin!"

"God have mercy!"

"And see there—and there—and there!" cried Tony, pointing out numerous marks of like character.

While the people were crowding about the spot, one of the women found an arrow, and in a moment more a moccasin was picked up.

"The Chickasaws!" exclaimed Tony, as soon as he saw the moccasin.

O heavens!" gasped Brion St. Julien. And with a deep groan he staggered back. But he quickly revived, for the thought of pursuit came to him. Goupart spoke not much, for his tongue refused him easy speech; but he could hasten the men to pursuit, and he did it in wild, frantic tones.

The men all armed themselves, and the women were left with several loaded muskets that they were to discharge if any hidden foe should show himself while the men were gone. Each man had a gun, and hunting-knife, and a pair of pistols, and each second man was provided with a lighted torch, while the others took torches, but kept them unburned to use when the need should come. Tony led the way, for he was used to the ways of the red man and could, easily follow a trail. He easily traced the way the Indians had taken as far as the top of the hill; but here he was at fault. Yet a little further on, he found it again, and he traced it thence off to the southward and eastward, sometimes losing it, but quickly finding it again.

Just as the great old clock in the hall told the hour of four in the morning, the party returned to the house, pale and fatigued. The first gray streaks of dawn were penciling the eastern horizon as the marquis and Goupart stood in the sitting-room. One of the women brought in a lamp, and the youth started when he saw how pale his host looked. And St. Julien started, too; for he looked into his companion's face, and it looked terror-stricken even to death.

They spoke not a word. The old man moved forward and extended his hand, and on the next moment his head was pillowed upon Goupart's shoulder, and such deep, mighty sobs broke forth from his lips that it seemed as though his heart were rent in sunder. And one by one the eager servants came into that room, for they dared not yet trust themselves to sleep. They stood and witnessed the great grief of their loved master, and with one accord they wept with him. Truly that was a dark hour!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CORK TREE.

About a hoghead of acorns of the cork oak have been introduced from the south of Europe, and distributed in the Middle and Southern States for experiment, or to test their adaptation to the climate. This tree, in its native country, where it is an evergreen, usually grows to the height of twenty to thirty feet, but in England there are specimens which exceed fifty feet in height, with a diameter of more than three feet. The substance familiarly known to us as cork, is the epidermis, or outer bark, and sometimes grows two or three inches thick. Should the experiment succeed, it will be a subject of great national importance that plantations should be established in various parts of the country for the purpose of growing this useful substance, particularly in the event of a war between this country and Europe, in consequence of which the supply would be cut off.—*Scientific American*.

PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

The following is an extract from an interesting letter of the editor of the St. Louis Advocate, written while on a journey of pleasure:—"Did you ever see a prairie on fire? Perhaps you have, but many of our readers never did. It is a grand, a sublime, and to us it was a terrific sight. We were in the midst of a large prairie covered with grass full six feet high, as thick upon the ground as it could well stand, and much of it dry as tinder. For several hours we had noticed in our front and our left, thick columns of dark smoke curling in the distance, and on reaching the top of a hill, we suddenly beheld the fire miles ahead, roaring and crashing, shooting up its flames at least twenty feet high, and darting, leaping and plunging forward, like ten thousand furies, bent on the destruction of everything before them! The wind blew a perfect gale, and on the fire came. The roar was more like that of 'Ocean into tempest wrought,' than anything else I ever heard. One or two of our company had witnessed such scenes before. To me it was new, and one of the most sublime I had ever beheld. On our right and left, the flames extended for miles upon miles, sweeping over the wide prairie 'as with the besom of destruction,' nor leaving a stick or straw behind. Our condition would have been anything else than safe but for the fact that one of our company was a smoker, and being a smoker, he happened to have a supply of matches, which now, instead of

ARTIST LIFE IN PARIS.

The pictures on this and the preceding page, which are very finely executed and full of spirit, show the interior of a studio at Paris, and give the spectator a pretty good idea of the chaos out of which rise those beautiful creations that illuminate the walls of the Louvre with undying beauty. In one picture we see a couple of students engaged in a bout at fencing, while a party of their companions are looking on, some of them smoking, and all apparently quite unmindful that the pursuit of art is their business, with the exception of one hirsute, enthusiastic specimen of humanity—a sculptor, who, regardless of the "row" around him, is hard at work, modelling a figure in clay preparatory to casting. In the other picture we have a variety of figures, and nearly the same confusion. Prints festoon the walls; casts and torsos are scattered about. Two *fumeurs* are seated on a couch. One amateur is volunteering an *aria* on the guitar; his comrade is teasing the pretty little spaniel that belongs, doubtless, to the graceful and coquettishly-attired demoiselle who sits on the left hand of the painter, who, in the midst of all the confusion, continues tranquilly at work on his design as if no eye but that of his fair model were upon him. In the background are a group of artists. The two pictures, by the way, are portions of one large studio, and may be taken as a type of these establishments in Paris. That admirable writer, Bayle St. John, in his "Purple Tints of Paris,"

says:—"Artists must be divided into several classes. I mean the young artists in the studios. Two of the most amusing are the Loustic and the Rapin. The Loustic is generally an artist amateur, that is to say, his parents have property; they see him some day, when a child, take a piece of chalk or charcoal, and scratch the portrait of his father or his schoolmaster. This is enough. It is at once determined that a great genius has revealed itself. The lad no sooner escapes from college than he is sent to a painter's studio. He is supplied with a handsome sum of money, and becomes very often the lousitic of the atelier; perhaps the most backward in the serious part of his art, but clever as a caricaturist, and allowed to take any liberties as a practical joker. The Rapin is the servant of the atelier—something equivalent to a fag at a public school. A shabby dress is an essential part of his definition; most probably he has an immense bush of hair. He often becomes a clever artist, but no one knows how. His duties are to do all the work of the atelier, to run of errands, to set the model, etc. He often picks up a good deal of knowledge from the conversation of the students, and ripens in a mysterious manner. Some of the best French artists have been rapins in their time, and are proud to own it. I notice that those who display most talent are not the perfumed, finikin gentlemen, acceptable at a court; but those who have something of the *ouvrier* about them—a sort of roughness which only sets off their finer qualities. The practical jokes of an atelier are sometimes carried a good deal too far. It is the custom for every fresh student to pay his 'footing,' as it is called. A rich new-comer once refused to comply with this formality. The students bided their time, and, when the master was away, strapped him, undressed, to a ladder, exposed him in the courtyard in the sun for half an hour, then covered him with a cloth, and carried him all the way from the Rue de Sevres to the Pont Neuf, where they allowed him to wrap himself in the cloth, get into a cab and return home." There are some studios, however, which are totally different from that we have shown in our engraving—really the abode of quiet, studious genius. "The atelier of my friend, M. Jeanron," says the writer we have quoted, "is, perhaps, the best reproduction of a workshop of one of the Old Masters that can be seen. It reproduces, because it is no imitation, being governed by the frank originality of the presiding spirit. The walls are, as usual, hung with casts, sketches and half-

finished pictures, in rather odd disorder; the easels are dispersed in apparent confusion; and it requires some steadiness of nerve in a stranger to pick his way towards that tall, workmanlike-looking man who sits yonder hard at it, just looks up as you come in, and generally gives you his wrist to shake, both hands being better employed, or daubed with paint. English amateurs who have found him out—as they generally do contrive to find out true genius abroad—look sometimes amusingly aghast as they steer amid chairs laden with pallets, basins of water, old shoes, turnips, or oyster shells; for, besides being eminent as a scriptural painter and inimitable in marine landscapes, Mr. Jeanron indulges occasionally in a bit of still life." The principal patrons of French artists, next to the imperial circle, are the wealthy middle class, who are liberal, but not generally good judges of art, and consequently too often the victims of quackery and intrigue. The artists affect to despise these people, and one of them was read out of their society because he did not insult a grocer who exclaimed, "Your picture is a master-piece, but I cannot buy it, because it is six inches too wide." The rough originality of manner which formerly distinguished the French artists, and made them stand out in bold relief from the mass of their countrymen—their carelessness of dress, and the conventionalities of artificial life, is said to be rapidly giving away to finikin manners, and a conformity to all the caprices of fashion. But still there are many originals to be found:



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lighting his pipe, were found very convenient to light the grass of the prairie, and thus meet fire with fire. So while the flames were miles ahead, we drove to one side of the road and fired the grass on the other side.

Away sprang the flames before the wind like an uncaged eagle, and, the wind favoring us, we easily prevented them crossing the road, until a space was burnt into which we drove the horse and carriage, and in safety stood to witness the terrible scene the two fires produced. The smoke and heat were severe, but we escaped unhurt. Others may do as they choose, but I will certainly never venture far into one of these large prairies when the grass is dry, without having with me the means to fire in self-defence. It is the only way by which, under some circumstances, a man can save his life. I have often heard and often read of fire on the prairies, but certainly had no adequate idea of it until I witnessed it last Saturday. No tongue or pen could describe it as I then saw it. While looking on, I was forcibly reminded of an expression Bonaparte is said to have used in reference to the burning of Moscow: 'It appeared as a vast sea of fire,' and I thought if Longinus had only witnessed that scene, he might still have improved his excellent work on sublimity. No language can adequately portray the wonderfully sublime effect of these immense billows of fire, as they rage and surge with terrible roar, the forked flames, meanwhile, flying on with a power and velocity that seems utterly inconceivable to one who has not witnessed it."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A PICTURE.

BY EASY B. LUCY

Behold the steadily shadowed
 Creeps along the oaken floor,
 Wearing figures strange, fantastic,
 Where the sunshine slept before.

In the rustling falling twilight
 In the gloomy cell and gray,
 Kneel, a little child in reverence,
 By his mother's side, to pray.

As the sweet lips framed "Our Father,"
 How I wept that in his heart
 Early care and sin and sorrow
 Broomer must have a part.

It was said that his old mother
 Must be just the same as ever,
 That he too must learn how weary
 Was life's haunted path of flowers.

I grieved that all this winning trust
 Would change to cold deceit
 And worldly pride and selfishness
 At the last's trumpet meet.

That all the promises of innocence,
 And gifts of heaven's grace,
 Would pass away like with the sand
 Of childhood from that face.

But when he ceased, the quiet trust
 His little features wore
 Checked all the tinge of regret
 Which I had felt before.

And then I long breathed a prayer
 That in my heart might be
 The same sweet trust and confidence
 And calm security.

'Tis very sad that in our lives
 We vainly strive to keep
 The freshness of our early years.
 We can but wish and weep.

Then most of all our prayer should be,
 For faithful trust and love,
 The faith which shines in sorrow's hour,
 And triumphs over death.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

BY MYRA C. GREENLEAF

"Well, what do you think of Miss Horton, Mrs. Seamans?" said the president of a sewing circle, in a country town numbering three or four thousand inhabitants to an elderly lady whose gray hair drawn tightly back from a very high but narrow and receding forehead, small cold blue eyes and thin straight lips, beamed an adoring heart.

Very deliberately she raised those cold eyes to the speaker's face, very deliberately folded her long, bloodless hands, twice opened her lips—as was her wont—before she spoke.

"I see nothing really worthy of censure in Miss Horton, still I must confess she strikes me unfavorably."

"In what respect, pray?" said a sweet young voice, with a slight tremor in it.

"I certainly would not wish to prejudice any one against a stranger, and the young above all, in whom a certain frankness and readiness to believe that people are what they seem is charming, but I do think Miss Horton lacks maidenly reserve and respect for her elders, her letters, I may say."

"My dear Mrs. Seamans, how can you think that? Did you see her just now rise and give her comfortable arm-chair to poor old Miss Brown, and then go into that distant corner so quietly?" said the same voice.

"Yes, I saw it all, and I doubt not that nearly all were deceived by it, as you appear to have been. I think it was all done for show. There was no I right? See how Mr. Parker's eyes follow her, and now he goes to speak to her. He is always doing about ladies being gentle and kindly to the poor and old, and I think she had been so her whole life time."

"But she seems very indifferent whether Mr. Parker stays or goes," said the first speaker, Mrs. Leston.

"There has not been so accomplished and beautiful and really lady-like a person introduced into our circle for a long time, in my opinion," said another young lady.

"Accomplished! How do you know that she is? I should not expect a school teacher to possess many accomplishments."

"I have just listened to a conversation between Miss Horton and Judge Thayer, and I saw how the judge met his equal in her."

"Truly a proof of what I said—she lacks reserve—to be talking so freely to so many men, and this only her second month among us."

"But Mrs. Seamans, the gentlemen seem to seek her—not she them; and they are all good of good character—and there is Mr. Seamans asking an introduction to her, as I live?"

The last words were uttered a little hesitatingly, I fear. Mrs. Seamans's eyes became a shade lower and colder still, and her hands seemed to press upon each other a little more closely, as she proceeded.

"Does any one know anything about her history before she came here?" and the good woman looked slowly from face to face in the circle about her, but receiving no answer, she went on.

"Nobody seems to know. I have asked the school committee: they tell me she brought a letter of recommendation from a minister in Boston—but that is not far hence, they think. I have been to the post-office, and all her letters—and she has many very thick ones—are directed on the outside by the same hand, and a lady's; but you can see underneath simply her name in many different hands, and mostly gentlemen's too. I wish she had not been engaged to keep the school, unless she would have given a proper account of herself. I shall have nothing to do with her until I know her character is good, which I am not at all sure of now," and saying that it was late, the kind-hearted Mrs. Seamans withdrew.

Her words were received in as many different ways as she had listeners. A few ladies appeared inclined to favor Mrs. Seamans's opinion, but the younger portion were unanimous in saying that it was impossible for her to be anything but the good and noble woman she seemed, and the small value grew quite confident in its turn, when it hoped Mr. Parker would fall in love with her and marry her—she would make such a charming minister's wife.

At length the party dispersed, and while they are gaining their respective homes, we will follow Miss Horton to hers. A servant from the hotel where she boarded, came with a carriage to take her there, thus disappointing several gentlemen who had hoped for a quiet walk with Miss Horton.

She gained her room and sank upon the nearest chair. All the fire was gone from her dark eyes, her full lips had lost the almost haughty curl they had worn through the evening, and the proud form seemed almost crushed. She was not beautiful, but except as her soul pervaded and shone through features of irregular but spirited mould, and then she fully justified the praises of her warmest admirers.

The winter passed as winters generally do in small towns. A few select parties were given, to which everybody was invited; but the greatest attraction the place afforded was its sewing circle. It was not confined to any one religious society, but was open to all, and all met frankly there if no where else.

Miss Horton maintained the same manner she had at first worn (whether it was assumed or not still remained an undecided question among the ladies), ever ready to converse with any who sought her, never seeking any one; apparently frank, yet never joining with her whole soul in anything. The assertion of her friends that she was accomplished was proved again and again to the delight of all, not merely by her skill and taste in those branches of education usually termed accomplishments, but by her ease in every position in which she was placed. She was in fact becoming a favorite, and what moved more mothers in her favor than anything else, was the warm love of all her pupils.

Still no one could ascertain the particulars, or anything in fact, concerning her former life. Those thick letters continued to arrive, always directed in the same hand and mailed in Boston, and what seemed more strange, never answered, or at least, only once a month, when she was observed to take a large package to the express office directed to Mrs. Collins, in an obscure street in Boston.

Not many weeks after the opening of this tale, it began to be whispered that Mr. Parker, the clergyman, was certainly in love with Miss Horton. It was evident that he took more care to become acquainted with her than with most of his parishioners; but though their conversations when meeting in public were long and apparently interesting to both, yet when Mr. Parker had called upon Miss Horton, she was always engaged. To be sure she treated all gentlemen alike, never seeing them at her house, but that any one should refuse to see the pastor, was strange indeed. Like others, Mr. Parker was obliged to depend upon chance interviews with his lady-love. Being a man of decided character, and without of true nobleness of soul, he determined to make his love known, believing that he had on several occasions seen an involuntary love-light gleam from her eye for a moment, when meeting him unexpectedly. He, as well as others, had been somewhat annoyed that he could hear nothing of her except that she was Miss Horton and taught school for her support, but becoming convinced that she was, what she appeared, an estimable woman (I will not say that ministers are above being convinced by love), he determined to offer her his heart, knowing, that if she did not accept it, no other woman would ever receive a similar offer.

He sat in his study alone, with his head bowed upon the table before him when he came to that conclusion, and not ashamed to ask God: Musing upon anything he would do, offered a short prayer, put on his hat and cloak and went out. Asking for Miss Horton, he was told she was engaged. He wrote a few words on a card, and handing it to the servant, said:

"Tell Miss Horton I will wait till she is disengaged."

He waited only a few minutes; hearing a light footfall he rose, and stepping forward took her hand. She looked up into his face, but neither spoke for a moment. Miss Horton was the first to break the silence.

"Will you be seated, Mr. Parker?"

He passed to a sofa and motioned her to a seat by his side, but not waiting till she sat upon a chair near the fire of the room. Not daunted he drew a chair near and sat down, and without waiting a moment, spoke as follows:

"I will not ask you to excuse me for intruding upon your privacy, as I know I have done. If my errand does not excuse me, it matters not whether I am excused or no. I have come to ask you to be my wife. Miss Horton, I know I am abrupt, but I cannot be otherwise. I must speak now or not at all. Do not tell me that my love is too short-lived to warrant an offer of marriage. I am thirty years old, and I never have loved a woman till now. I loved you when I first saw you, and every action, every word of yours has only deepened my love. I know you are the only woman I can love, and I know that we are made well."

He paused, brushed a tear from his eye, and as she quickly moved nor raised her eyes, or seemed to hear his words, and that she was very pale, he went on:

"I have not been mistaken when I have thought that you loved me in return. Two or three times when I have met you unawares, your looks have betrayed what you have generally concealed so well. Tell me, Miss Horton, that you love me," and he took the unresisting hand and kissed it again and again.

These kisses sent the bright blood rushing back to cheek and brow, and releasing her hand she said:

"You are right. I have known many weeks that you loved me, and I have loved you as long—I love you as truly as you love me, but I cannot marry you."

Mr. Parker covered his face in his hands. Her almost agonized tone told him but too plainly that she was in earnest, and pausing a moment as if to command her thoughts, she went on hurriedly and brokenly.

"I saw how it would all end long ago. I have tried to prevent this meeting. I have sometimes hoped that the mystery that I have wrapped myself in would be sufficient to deter you from making this offer, but generally I have judged you more truly. I believe what you say, that you will love only me. I shall never love another, but I cannot marry you. Would to God that you did not love me—no, no, I cannot lose that thought. It will sometime be my only comfort, that the noblest heart that lives is mine!" and she rose to leave him, forlornly enough, but he sprang before her and led her to her seat again.

"Tell me," said he, "is there no hope for me? Must the decision be final? Have you thought of it well? What are your reasons for refusing me?"

At this last question a strong shudder passed through her frame, but in a moment all trace of emotion was gone, and she looked up steadily, and spoke:

"I have thought for hours, weeks—and this must be. Before three months have passed, you will wish you had waited a week longer before saying what you have to-day. Had you waited, you never would have said those words. Why, why did you love one of whom you know so little?"

"Do I not know that you are the most high-souled, right-thinking and the most loving, gentle woman I know? Do I not know that you are more beautiful to me than all others—and is not that enough? This mystery! forgive me, Miss Horton, I feel that I must penetrate it, even against your will. I am sure that I could then change your mind," and again he took both her hands and gazed in her eyes for a reply.

"No, no, impossible! before one year has passed, you will wish you had never known me, you will strive to forget me!"

A gleam of hope seemed to reach the lover, and eagerly he said:

"If I do wish to marry you when this dreadful year has passed, will you then say yes to the proposal I have made?"

After a long pause, she replied:

"When the year is gone, you may come to me again if you wish it."

"Bless you for that," and pressing her hands in his, he went his way to labor and to wait.

After gaining her room she threw herself upon a couch and lay moaning in agony for a long and weary hour. The shades of night fell around her and then she arose and sank upon her knees. It is well when the lone, burdened heart can ask for strength and counsel from above. That prayer was long, and too sacred to be broken in its anguish for us to follow, but the boon she craved was granted—strength to do and to bear. What was the mysterious taint that could prevent this pure, humble woman from marrying the man she loved?

It was late in the month of May of the same year, that Mrs. Horton requested a private interview with her landlady, and when close went out for her accustomed evening walk, and Mrs. Faxon with the traces of tears still visible upon her face, ordered a small bed put up in Miss Horton's room, for her adopted daughter who would arrive the following day, and the next day Mrs. Horton did not go to school, but in the afternoon she went to the depot and met there a respectable, middle-aged Irish woman, whom she addressed as Mrs. Collins, and a beautiful little girl of seven or five years old. As soon as the child saw Miss Horton, she sprang to her outstretched arms, exclaiming, "mama, my mama!" and was answered by "my darling child, my May," and so the noise of it was spread abroad, and before sunset nearly the whole town knew that a child had arrived which Miss Horton had called "my darling," and which in turn called her "mama." Mrs. Seamans found it very necessary for her to make a multitude of calls that night, and it was really wonderful to notice how many times she found it convenient to say, "I have it would turn out so," and how many she met who had always been of that opinion.

The next morning the whole town was astir. Mrs. Faxon received more calls in that one day, than since her arrival a year before. Some warm friends of Miss Horton called and inquired for that lady, but were told that she had gone to school, taking her daughter with her.

"Then the story we heard was true!" they would say, and Mrs. Faxon's reply would be:

"She is her adopted daughter, but she wishes the child to know or hear of no other mother," and the few friends would say they would wait after school was done, and they kept their word, and praised the child and gladdened the heart of the foster-mother.

But by far the greater part departed as they came, leaving only the idea of a young woman's adopting a daughter, and the rest of the place stopped each other in the street to talk over the strange affair, and one member of the school committee thought the night

to be dismissed from the school, and good Mrs. Seamans was very sure her dear pastor regret ever having taken any notice of the impostor, and commissioned her husband to ascertain whether he was aware of the awful discovery.

The following day was the Sabbath, and much to the surprise of all, Miss Horton took her place in church with her child by her side, and when service was concluded a few pious hands were held up in horror to see Mr. Parker shake hands with Miss Horton and then with the little girl, as he came from the sacred desk, saying: "This then is the little stranger I heard so much of yesterday. God bless you, child!" and then pass quietly on, speaking with one and another of his flock.

The weeks passed on. Miss Horton was still allowed her place in school, still a small circle of friends met her so cordially that she could not doubt their sincerity; but by far the larger portion of her acquaintances had possibly forgotten that they had even spoken with or known the lady.

If all the people of the little town of L—— could have stood as I did, in the gallery of a fine and fashionable church, in a distant southern city, a little more than four years previous to the opening of this tale, they would reverence Miss Horton as I do—as they learned to do in future years.

The gallery was crowded with anxious, eager expectants, who glanced ceaselessly from the clock to the main entrance of the church. There was a sudden silence as the door was thrown open, and a bevy of beautiful bridesmaids surrounding a queenly looking bride, accompanied by an equal number of groomsmen, together with the groom and the parents of the bride, passed up the aisle. The bride we have seen before already, and will only note that her eyes were full of joyous confidence, and that a bright, a radiant smile beamed from her face upon her future husband. Him we will notice more closely. Tall, commanding in figure, with a face and head which an artist would delight to model for an Apollo, dark, clustering locks, an eye more beautiful in form and color than is often met with in women even, and a mouth which seemed formed only for noble words—but I shuddered as I gazed on him, nor could I tell what caused that one word, "false!" to burst from my lips. I studied his face again, and thought I discovered an occasional furtive side-look directed to those around him, which seemed out of place, at that time, but this was all.

The ceremony commenced, and as the words "I pronounce you man and wife," came slowly, distinctly, from the lips of the white-haired clergyman, a wild, frantic voice exclaimed:

"I forbid the banns!" and a young and beautiful Irish girl rushed past the church warden, through the crowd of attending friends, and gazed with starting eyeballs upon the group before her. Comprehending the scene, she said "Too late! too late!" and sank upon the floor.

There were many different exclamations heard then, but the bride heard none except a deep curse from him she had just promised to love through life, as he attempted to draw her away from the scene; but he knew not the nature he had to deal with.

"I cannot go till this poor creature revives," said she. "Why did she come here, Hermann? I do not know her—she could not forbid the banns on my account. Why did she come, Hermann?"

"Curse her! how should I know why a crazy fool should rush in here and make this trouble?" said Hermann Marshall, in a vexed whisper—then aloud, and with all his usual sweetness, "come Laura, my bride, leave her to the care of others, and come with your husband."

"Not till I see this poor girl restored." And she left her husband's arm, and in her bridal robes stooped over the senseless girl and chafed the little cold hands in her own.

Their efforts were soon rewarded by a faint gasp, and with returning life the poor thing sat up and gazed about her.

"Was it all a dream then, or did I come too late? Was Hermann married?" And she looked beseechingly to one and another of the group around her.

No one spoke for a moment—for no one knew what to say. Tearing off her bridal veil, Laura Marshall knelt down by her side, and said:

"What do you know of Hermann Marshall, my poor girl? Tell me all you know of him;" and what dread suspicion had fastened on her mind no one knew.

"O, he told me I should be his wife—I am his wife. We were married, not in church and by a priest, to be sure, but by a man who Hermann said was just the same in this country, and it could be done quieter, you see, and his proud parents would not know of it till he had time to soften them to me who he loved so well, and so he put me in a beautiful room in the hotel, and we were so happy for a long, long time, and then he went away—and the sorrow there was for me I cannot tell. They turned me out of my room with names which God knows never belonged to me, and when I went for the man who married us, to prove to them that I was Hermann's wife, I could not find him; and so I went home to my mother, who believed every word I told her, for she said I would not now tell her the first lie in my life, but she told me he had deceived me; it was a sham marriage she said, and that angered me and I left my old mother, and for weeks have I sought for my husband—and now I have found him only to know that my mother told me the truth. O, tell me, lady, is he married to you?" and the poor girl looked up in Laura Marshall's face with an expression which combined all the eager hope and sickening fear which her simple, ardent nature was capable of feeling.

"We were just made man and wife, my poor girl."

But before the words were fully uttered, the deserted girl sank again with the scarcely audible words:

"My child! my child!"

The swoon seemed more deadly than the first; all efforts to revive her were for a time unavailing, and then a consultation was

held as to her disposal. It was concluded to take her to the hospital, and a purse was being made up for that purpose, when Laura, rousing herself from a long silence, said:

"She will go with me."

"Go with you, Laura!" said her father. "You surely do not believe this tale of her marriage? You will not say to the world that you believe it?"

"I do believe it, and what I believe I will avow;" and raising her voice as if speaking to all in that spacious church, she went on: "Why else did that deep curse escape my husband, when he saw the poor victim of his falsehood? why, if she was a poor, crazed thing, as he told me, did he not help to recover her wits? why has he gone now? why is he not here to clear himself? O, God! 'tis true! I staked my all—I have lost. Nothing is left but my own truth and honor, which shall never be sullied. Tell him, tell the world, that I will never see his face again till he can prove to me that this tale is false in every particular. Then, then—I did love him—help me, father! mother! to do what I ought;" and she stretched out her arms beseechingly, but the weakness was but for a moment. Pale as death, but with strong determination in every line of her face and in the fixed gaze of her dull eyes, she spoke again to her father.

"This poor girl must be removed to our house for the present, and then we will see what can be done for her. I am innocent of the wrong done her, but I am the canso, and what little we can do must be done."

"Are you crazy, Laura! Never shall she enter my doors. Let her go with her shame upon her as she deserves. She might have known she was no fit mate for Hermann Marshall."

"She might have known men were false! She might have known that every word spoken by that honeyed tongue was false! Why might not I then?"

"It is different, Laura. We will see that the wretched girl does not suffer at present, and then try to hush this tumult; come Laura, be as sensible as you generally are."

"Father, if she cannot be cared for in our house, I shall go with her."

"Go, then! but you shall never enter my house again, if you leave it now."

"Husband, my dear George—she is my only child. It will kill me if you turn from her so. Hear me for my sake, if not for hers!"

"If she will bring this scandal on us, she is no child of mine."

"Mother, dear mother, God help us all to bear what we must, and he will, if we do our duty. Farewell, father and mother. The time will come when we shall be happy together again."

Of all that throng, only the old minister and myself remained with the young wife and the fainting, almost dying, girl. The only course left was to carry her to the hospital, and thither we all went, and at the door we parted, I to my duties, the clergyman to make one more attempt to change the will of Mr. Horton. The next day I learned that it was of no avail. He sent her all her wardrobe, every article that was her own, and five hundred dollars in money, but no word of blessing. The poor mother saw her child every day, till forbidden by that stern, iron nature. Judge him not too harshly. Take the circumstances home to your own firesides and families. Consider that he was among the wealthiest, most honored and most honorable men in the place, that his son-in-law, though a stranger there, had brought credentials stating that he was of similar standing in the place of his nativity, and that the story of a poor, degraded Irish girl, unsupported by any other person, had been believed and acted upon in this strange way by his only daughter, and it will not seem very strange that he vowed to forget that he ever had a child.

I will not attempt to depict what passed in Laura Marshall's mind while she sat in that carriage in all her bridal robes, chafing the temples and hands of poor Mary Collins, or while she laid aside her glittering satins, and flowers and pearls, and replaced them by a wrapper, borrowed from one of the hospital nurses, and sat down by the bedside of the poor wanderer, and listened again to the story of her wrongs, and the blessings she called upon her head, and the messages she wished written down for her mother, nor while she promised to be a mother to the unborn babe—for both these young girls knew that death would soon close the scene for one of them. When Laura left her in the care of more skillful nurses than herself and sought repose for a few hours, she kissed the beautiful but faded lips, and repeated her promises.

That night in the one chamber, a soul passed in agony from earth to heaven, leaving an unconscious infant daughter behind; in the other—with no less anguish, a prouder, sublimer soul ratified the crucifixion of all earthly hopes, and consecrated itself to a life of labor, obloquy, perhaps suffering, and for the sin of another.

With the gray dawn of morning she rose, and as her hand was upon the latch of her chamber door, it was opened by a kind old woman, with the helpless infant in her arms.

"The poor mother is gone, miss. Please God, it would have been better had the baby gone with her, but it is a sweet darling, miss—look at her."

Without speaking she took it in her arms and entered the room where the poor mother lay, dead, cold and alone. When she left the room, she bore in her hand a tress of long, curling, golden hair. She never saw the corpse again. In a few hours her kind friend, the clergyman, called and conveyed her to his own home, where she remained till her daughter was old enough to travel. Her plans were soon formed. She would go to Boston, the home of Mary Collins, and putting the child, during its infancy, under the care of Mrs. Collins, its grandmother, she would gain a livelihood for both by teaching. She found unexpected obstacles in putting the plan into execution, but conquered them one by one;

and when at the end of three years her old pastor came to Boston, there seemed a prospect of some happiness in store for her, but it was soon dissipated by the tidings that her husband had arrived in the city, and had vowed revenge upon her for the disgrace she had brought upon him at the time of their marriage.

Leaving her daughter with its grandmother, she took only a letter of recommendation from her pastor, and went to L——, where, from motives which any woman who has loved can easily divine, she refused to make her story known, and chose rather to live suspected than to lay her life open to, and thus invite, criticism upon it. Besides, in order to obtain a divorce from the man to whom she was legally bound, she must remain unknown, if possible, until four years had elapsed from the time of her marriage, for that vow of revenge Hermann Marshall had taken would prevent her obtaining the divorce, if in his power. The father of Laura, unable to sustain the disgrace he fancied had fallen upon him, left his home forever, and went abroad, hearing with him his wife, whose heart was divided between her banished daughter and the husband she had loved from youth. Mother and daughter kept up a constant correspondence by means of Mrs. Collins and their mutual friend and pastor.

Laura found on reaching L——, that the salary she received from her school would be inadequate for the support of herself and child, and then determined to avail herself of a talent which had served to amuse herself and friends in happier days. Through the same channel that formed a means of communication between herself and mother, she sent her written articles to publishers, and soon found herself in a condition to give up the school, that had become irksome since the arrival of her daughter. Thus more mystery was wrapped about her, seeing that now she had no visible means of support.

The year Mr. Parker had been doomed to wait, was drawing to a close. Miss Horton had now a legal right to a divorce from Hermann Marshall, but she took no steps to procure it. Perhaps she waited for the close of the year—for the twenty-fifth day of May. It came, and ere its close Mr. Parker had again sent a card to Miss Horton, upon which was written:

"I claim the promised interview. It is a year to-day since I called upon you last."

With her daughter's hand clasped in her own, Laura descended and stood before her lover, but all her composure had left her, she was unable to utter any phrase of common civility.

"I have come to say to you what I said a year ago to-day, Miss Horton, and to ask you again as I did then, if you will marry me?"

"But your people will not allow their pastor to marry a suspected person, and you must know, as I do, that since my little Mary's arrival, I have been shunned by almost every person who formerly associated with me."

"I have thought of that. While I do my duty as far as I am able, my people have no right to interfere with my private affairs, but if they choose to dismiss me, I must endure it. That there is a mystery, which I do not in the least understand, about you, and which is a grief to me, I freely say to you; but I have seen that in you of nobleness and truth which I have seen in no other woman, and again I ask you—can you, will you be my companion through life, my loving wife?"

"I fear I am weak and wrong to say anything but 'I cannot' to you; still my heart pleads too loudly. I cannot reason. I have been almost wild with uncertainty and anxiety for many days, and now if you will listen patiently I will try and let you know the circumstances of my life—who and what I am."

With her child's head resting on her shoulder, Miss Horton told her story, and ever as she went on, her lover's face, which had been darkened by conflicting thoughts, grew brighter and clearer, and as she finished, he knelt before her.

"I must worship where I have but loved. Never did woman act more nobly. To leave home, friends, ease, competence—and in their place receive the coldness and suspicion of strangers, neglect, labor, almost penury, and to risk what is dearer to you, to all true women than anything beside, to risk your fair fame for the sake of the offspring of a man who had deceived you and the victim of his lust. Let my people learn to reverence you as I have learned to do, as they will in time."

Both kissed the little Mary, and with clasped hands talked of the divorce, of the ways and means of bringing about the marriage, of those little nothings which to all lovers are so interesting, but to us—you, my dear readers, and I—so stale; therefore we will leave them at present. Mr. Parker soon asked for a long vacation, went to the South, where he was joined by Mrs. Marshall, as we ought still to call Laura. The divorce was granted, and she had scarcely resumed her maiden name, when again before her old friend and pastor she vowed to honor and love her husband.

For some years she was fearful Hermann Marshall would take her darling Mary from her, for after her second marriage he had often sent letters to Mrs. Parker, threatening to take his child; but his dissolute career was suddenly terminated by death, and Laura was left in peace. Mr. and Mrs. Horton remained abroad, and Mrs. H. died just before the news of Laura's marriage with Mr. Parker reached her. That letter gave Mr. Horton the first tidings of his disowned daughter. Melted by the loss of his wife, his hard heart could hold out no longer, and he embarked for home, but the vessel was lost at sea, and he perished with many of the passengers.

The good people at L—— were electrified when they learned from the public prints that Mr. Parker had actually married Miss Horton, and not a little scandalized when a stray paper informed them of a divorce having been granted Mrs. Marshall from Hermann Marshall, but they at length decided to retain Mr. Parker, approve his wife and child, and allow them to keep their own counsels.



NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK.

The Academy of Music, which is situated at the corner of 14th Street and Lexington Avenue, New York, is one of the finest buildings in the imperial city. The two views presented on this page, one representing the exterior, the other the interior, were drawn expressly for the PICTORIAL and are strictly reliable. The exterior, with its lofty arched windows, its Corinthian pilasters, its heavy cornice and battlement, and chaste proportions, has an air of richness, solidity and harmony worthy of the highest praise. During the winter of 1852, a number of public-spirited citizens obtained a charter from the legislature of the State, which authorized them and their successors to raise a capital of \$200,000, with power to extend it to \$300,000, for the purpose of erecting an "Academy of Music" in the city of New York. Under this charter, a board of directors, consisting of thirteen members, was elected, of which Mr. James Phalon was president, and William H. Paine, secretary. The stock was divided into two hundred shares of \$1000 each, and in March, 1853, one hundred and nine-

ty-one shares had been subscribed for by about one hundred and twenty individuals. The building was commenced in 1853, and the first performance was given by Madame Grisi and Signor Mario on the evening of the 1st of October, 1854. The cost of the building was \$350,000—the balance having been raised by mortgage. Every appliance of art, every improvement of the age, has been exhausted to render this the most *recherché* place of amusement in the city, and the season which has just closed, has satisfactorily proved that the Italian opera, under judicious management and a liberal disbursement, can be made to pay. Wm. H. Paine, Esq., is at present the sole lessee and manager, and with Max Maretzek as musical director, has succeeded in presenting to the public a series of entertainments of the highest order, without any of those unfortunate *contretemps* which, until now, have proved the bane of Italian opera in this country. Our second engraving shows the interior of the house as it appears during a representation, filled with beautifully dressed ladies, brilliant with gas light and imposing with ornamentation. Let the imag-

ination add color and movement, and the dazzling effect of the whole may be conceived. The spectator who is unaccustomed to the splendor of the theatres of the old world, is struck with wonder at the lavish expenditure exhibited in every part of the house, from parquette to ceiling, from stage to vestibule. The prevailing color is white, relieved by gold and crimson velvet. Let the reader look upon the engraving, and imagine every line in the picture to be a gold stripe, with the brilliant effect of a thousand gas lights shining thereupon, the private and stage boxes upholstered in the richest manner—and he may perhaps form some faint conception of the magnificent *ensemble* of this interior. Spacious and commodious, it is admirably adapted for seeing and hearing. The seats are all single, and constructed on the plan of those in the Boston and European theatres, the seat being so hinged that when the sitter rises it folds up against the back, allowing "ample room and verge enough" to move about and make one's exit without inconvenience. The house will seat about four thousand persons comfortably.



NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—INTERIOR VIEW.



FORT ONTARIO, OSWEGO RIVER, NEW YORK.

FORTS ONTARIO AND NIAGARA, NEW YORK.

The views on this page were drawn expressly for us by Mr. Killarn, and are characterized by his accustomed spirit and fidelity. The first represents Fort Ontario on the east side of the Oswego River. Its situation is pretty, and the breakwater and light-house in front of it add to the effect of the scene. The sail and steamboats seen dashing along over the water convey an idea of the animation and activity that prevail in its vicinity. The original fort, which stood on the site of the present one, was erected by the English in 1755. The first vessel launched on Lake Ontario was built here in the same year. On the 11th of August, in the year 1756, the place capitulated to the Marquis of Montcalm, after a siege of three days. The French obtained possession of a large amount of arms, provisions and vessels. Three boxes of silver and the military chest, containing £18,000, also became their prize. The traditions connected with this money gave rise to various schemes of money-digging, some of which are put in practice even now, in the vicinity of the old fort. The victors,

after securing their booty, destroyed the fort completely and gave the land to the Onondaga Indians, to "be held by them forever." In 1759 the fort was rebuilt by the English, and was very much strengthened and improved just prior to the outbreak of our revolutionary war. They held possession of it until 1776, when it was surrendered formally to the United States. In 1814, the British attacked the fort, and Col. Mitchell, who commanded it, finding his position untenable, succeeded in retreating in good order with a large proportion of his stores. The British landed and destroyed the ordnance, and after taking a large quantity of property from the village, re-embarked and retired. The fort, within a few years, has been strongly repaired and is now in a very defensible condition. Our second engraving on this page presents a view of Fort Niagara, which stands on a point of land at the junction of the Niagara River and Lake Ontario. The scenery here is quite pleasing; the fort with its bastions and angles, surmounted by the stars and stripes, and the fresh, bright water covered with graceful craft. The historical associations con-

needed with this spot render it a peculiarly interesting one. Fort Niagara, on the American side, is one of the most interesting places on the frontier. In 1668, La Salle erected some buildings at this place and enclosed them with palisades; they were burned by the Senecas in 1675. To revenge this was one of the causes of the French expedition under Denonville, into the country of the Senecas. On their return in 1687, they took formal possession in the name of the king of France, to build a fort thereon. The place seems to have been abandoned from 1688 till 1725, at which time the mess-house and store houses were built. On the 6th of July, 1759, Gen. Prideaux landed on the lake shore just below the mouth of the river, with a large force of English and "a thousand fighting men" of Indians, and besieged Niagara. The English took possession, which they held till 1796; it was then given up to the Americans. It was again taken by the English in 1813, and retained by them until after the peace of 1815. Within a few years it has been thoroughly strengthened and repaired, and is now a formidable fortress.



FORT NIAGARA, NIAGARA RIVER, NEW YORK.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

GOD BLESS THEM.

BY C. G. DUNN.

The winter wind blows o'er the moor,
And sweeps along the lea,
There's misery at the poor man's door—
There's wretchedness at sea.
God bless the sailor on this night!
And guide him through the storm;
For sad's the heart without the light
Of hope to keep it warm.

There's meagre forms to-night, and weak,
That lounge not round the fire,
Where cheering flames of comfort speak,
And gratified desire.
God bless such stricken ones to-night,
And guard them with his arm;
And in their hearts renew the light
Of hope, to keep them warm.

God bless the sailor on the sea!
God bless the toiling man!
God bless the home where poverty
Sits gloomy-faced and wan!
God bless all of my fellow-men,
And shield them from this storm;
For sad's the heart without the light
Of hope to keep it warm.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE WITHERED BOUQUET.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

VIEWED as a king merely, Louis XIII. was assuredly wanting in kingly qualities; but if we take away his crown and sceptre, it is to see in him an honest man; unlike most men in power, whose heads are developed at the expense of their hearts, the heart, with Louis XIII., seemed to have inherited all that was wanting in the brain. It was against his will that he sanctioned most of the crimes of Richelieu, and if his lower passions were sometimes accomplices in them, on the other hand, he dared commit more than one good act in spite of his minister. We will not pretend to call in question the severe judgments of history with regard to Louis XIII.; but, as these judgments are never decisive, we would recall, in defence of a king who had so many heads cut off because of his powerlessness to prevent it, one of those virtuous acts, which simple as they may be, atone, for the greatest faults, and which the jury of posterity cannot help admitting as extenuating circumstances.

On the 10th of May, 1625, Mlle. d'Entragues arrived from Normandy at St. Germain-en-Laye, whither she had been brought by her uncle and guardian, the old Count de Veraques, with the intention of presenting her at the court of Louis XIII. This journey had been enveloped in a sort of mystery, which would not have failed to occasion anxiety on the part of its object, had not her mind been occupied with thoughts of the toilet necessary to her presentation at the chateau. Leaving d'Entragues suddenly with his niece, the Count de Veraques had traversed Normandy almost incognito, with no other suite than a few servants for his equipage, and two waiting women for Marguerite. He descended quietly at St. Germain, at a modest hotel situated near the forest, installed, or rather concealed his young companion there, as a treasure to be hid from all eyes, and left her at nightfall, telling her that he must go and speak to the cardinal, and requesting her to retire to rest without waiting for his return.

Marguerite dismissed her women to give herself up more freely to her reflections, and began to contemplate, through the window of her chamber, the royal chateau whose splendors were to be revealed to her on the morrow. She had counted for half an hour with her eye the lights kindling at every window, when the youngest of her servants came to say to her:

"Mademoiselle, a cavalier, who has just arrived from Normandy, asks to speak to you immediately!"

Marguerite rose in alarm, passed with her woman into the next room, and could not suppress a cry of joy, at sight of a tall and handsome young man who approached and kissed her hand with familiarity.

"Is it you, Monsieur le Marquis de Cruce?"

"Yes, my cousin."

"And by what chance?"

"You shall know," said the young man, seating himself in an arm-chair beside the young girl, and indicating that the presence of the two women was a restraint upon him. Mlle. d'Entragues sent away the one who had introduced M. de Cruce, and made a sign to the latter that he might speak before the other.

"Tell me first," she resumed, impatiently, "how you knew that we had set out for St. Germain? M. de Veraques thought it his duty, I do not know why, to take me from d'Entragues as suddenly as mysteriously. Hardly informing my aunt, he forbade my announcing my journey to any one, even to you."

"Especially to me," interrupted Cruce, in a tone which rendered the young girl involuntarily pensive. "So," pursued he, "I should still have believed you to be in Normandy, if, faithful to my custom of carrying you every day a bouquet from my father's garden, I had not gone last evening to d'Entragues for that purpose."

As he said this, the young man drew from his bosom a little bouquet of roses and violets which he had mechanically kept. Marguerite hastened to take it, though it was much faded, and thanked the marquis by a look full of tenderness.

"But, my cousin," observed she, with reviving curiosity, "it

was not to bring me these flowers you followed me so precipitately."

"I confess it was not," replied Cruce. "A motive much more serious—a terrible suspicion—"

"What say you?" exclaimed the young girl, approaching him. "Could you doubt me?"

"Never!" replied the young man; and he pressed with ardor the hand that Marguerite timidly extended. "But," he immediately resumed with a gloomy air, "this sudden and singular coincidence with some odious rumors which have reached my ear, has made me think, that some guilty intentions were cherished in your behalf, that my presence here, my arm even, might be necessary to defend you."

"What peril can you then believe me to be at St. Germain?" said Mlle. d'Entragues, hastily.

"In peril of honor!"

"I do not comprehend you. M. de Veraques has brought me to present me at court."

"Yes, to present you to the king."

"Well?"

In this word and in the look which accompanied it, the soul of Marguerite revealed itself so pure and candid, that the marquis interrupted himself with admiration and respect, like a man who holds his breath before a mirror, for fear of tarnishing it.

"My cousin," returned he in an under-tone, "I cannot tell you more. Besides that my suspicions may prove false (and God grant it!) it is not for me to be the first to make you blush, when I came here to protect you. Only listen to me as your best friend, and promise me one thing. The Count de Veraques shall know this very evening that I am at St. Germain. I will come and see you every day, at this hotel or at the chateau."

"And you will bring me, as at d'Entragues, a bouquet which I will wear all day?" asked Marguerite, casting a look upon the marquis and a smile at the faded roses she had fastened to her bosom.

The eyes of Cruce responded to this gentle summons much better than his lips would have done; and, immediately catching her thought, he continued:

"If then, circumstances which I cannot define, but which you will too readily recognize, one day bring about the realization of my fears; if a proposition in the slightest degree offensive or ambiguous is made you; if a single word is addressed to you which should draw my sword from its sheath, inform me, if present, by a sign, if absent, by a letter; and, in case you cannot write, send me the bouquet that I may have presented you in the morning; I shall then understand that you need a defender, and shall hasten to you, with whatever enemy you may have to deal!"

These words were pronounced in a tone so solemn, that Mlle. d'Entragues, overcome by a vague terror and presentiment, which she dared not express, promised to do whatever he required, without demanding any further explanation. The marquis withdrew, after having given his address, and promised to return the next day at the hour when he might hope to find the Count de Veraques.

The scene we have just described leaves us nothing to tell respecting Henri de Cruce and Marguerite d'Entragues. Relatives and neighbors, the one aged twenty-two, the other nineteen, betrothed by their families as well as by themselves, they loved each other simply and dearly, and waited their union only till the approaching period when the only son of the Cruces could offer to the orphan of d'Entragues a position worthy of their common birth.

As for the terrible suspicion which the carrying off of Marguerite by the old Count de Veraques had thrown across the tranquil hopes of Henri, a few words will explain it. Knowing that the place of favorite at court and in the heart of the king of France was vacant, and that Richelieu was seeking everywhere a beauty worthy to fill it; knowing, besides, that the Count de Veraques was the least scrupulous and the most devoted servant to the interests of the cardinal and the caprices of the king, the lover trembled lest the guardian of Mlle. d'Entragues wished to present her at the court of Louis XIII., less than to Louis XIII. himself; and, among other circumstances calculated to justify his fears, the mystery that had been made of Marguerite's journey inspired him with anxieties the more painful that he dared not to confide them to his cousin.

Henri would have hesitated less had he known the real intentions of the old gentleman, which were to offer his beautiful niece to the royal fancy. The Count de Veraques was too much a man of the times to see anything disgraceful for his niece in becoming the favorite of the king of France. Besides, Richelieu had willed that Mlle. d'Entragues should please Louis XIII. Many ladies would have thought this an honor.

The next day Mlle. d'Entragues was presented at court. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of her uncle, whom the unexpected presence of d'Cruce had put in bad humor, she insisted in wearing only a robe of white satin, trimmed with point d'Alencon, a few strings of pearls in her hair, and a bouquet of white roses at her side. In this simple dress, she eclipsed the proudest and most brilliant beauties. The king did not remove his eyes from her for a whole hour, and twenty gentlemen affected to wear her colors and to serve as her escort at the chase which followed the reception.

During one of the evolutions of this chase, Marguerite having accidentally dropped her bouquet, the Marquis de Cruce could not raise and restore it without disputing this honor with a captain of mousquetaires, Roger de Livry, who had made himself conspicuous since the morning, among the satellites of this new star. The rivals appointed a rendezvous at six o'clock beneath the walls of the chateau. She who was the involuntary object of this quarrel heard them exchange some hasty words, but seeing the parties afterwards renew their self-possession, she thought the difference settled, inasmuch as the chase ended without the betrayal of the least enmity between the young people. On returning to St. Germain, the Count de Veraques and Marguerite found themselves near the

king's carriage. Louis XIII. cast a significant glance upon the latter, and mysteriously announced to the old gentleman that he might conduct his niece, at six o'clock, to the private apartments of the king. The face of the uncle expanded with pride and joy, and he hastened to inform Marguerite that she was invited by his majesty to return to the chateau in the afternoon. The young girl, who in the intoxication of novel enjoyments forgot the fatal presentiments of her cousin, received this intelligence with unconcealed pleasure.

The Count de Veraques was punctual to the rendezvous, and Louis XIII. on his part, was not wanting in kingly politeness. Surprised at finding herself alone with her uncle in a room where nothing announced a reception, Marguerite was still more astonished when she saw the count retire at one door, while one person only entered at another, and when in this person she recognized the king! Her first emotion, however, was rather confusion than fear. Besides that there was nothing terrible in the face of Louis XIII., for a young girl from the provinces, he was not a man but a king. Besides, this monarch wished to be loved as he loved, and addressed himself to the hearts of his favorites. Marguerite therefore soon felt a sort of involuntary confidence succeed to the exclusive respect inspired by the sight of her sovereign, which continued to banish from her mind a real perception of her position.

Louis XIII. approached her with gentleness, complimented her on the success of her presentation, and congratulated himself on possessing her at his court; then, interrupting the humble excuses she was stammering, he praised her beauty, her grace and all the charms of her person. He had never seen her equal! she was a masterpiece of the Creator.

These exaggerated praises were a flash of lightning for Marguerite. It was thus that her cousin had begun to declare his love. Could the king then be enamored of her? As her innocence could not go beyond this supposition, she explained the arrival of the prince by a gallant surprise, and the retreat of her uncle by an act of passive obedience; she even thought she remembered that on entering, Louis XIII. had made a sign to her uncle to leave. However this might have been, the looks and words of Louis XIII. soon changed her suspicions into certainty.

"Ah!" exclaimed he, suddenly, with melancholy, "kings are so unfortunate. You have seen to-day for the first time the pomps of my court and the paraphernalia of my greatness. Well! I would give them all for a glance from your eyes, for a word from your lips, for a sign from your hand which should tell me at this moment that you love me as I love you."

As he spoke thus, Louis XIII. almost knelt before Mlle. d'Entragues, and his look, his physiognomy, his attitude, awaited a reply; but Marguerite did not raise her eyes, her lips remained mute, and her hand was tremblingly withdrawn from that which pressed it.

"Alas!" sighed the prince, with genuine sorrow, "you are insensible, mademoiselle."

She could not refrain from looking at him with respectful compassion.

"Speak! speak!" resumed he, with a suppliant air. "My fate depends upon a word from you!"

"Sire," said then a voice so feeble that it could scarcely be heard, "of what value to your majesty could be the love of a poor girl, when you have that of all your subjects, especially of—the queen?"

The reproach contained in these last words brought a cloud upon the brow of Louis XIII. His conscience was not proof against remorse, and he hastened to reply as much to himself as to Marguerite; that, affection not being considered in the alliances of kings, it became necessary for them to seek happiness out of marriage.

"But it is to seek it dishonorably, sire!" the young girl dared to reply. The remembrance of her betrothed and of his fears awoke in her, and she comprehended that her singular position must not be prolonged.

"The love of Louis XIII. dishonors no one in the sight of men," observed the monarch, proudly; "and fear not to offend God, Marguerite, for my happiness will be your excuse."

"Sire," said Marguerite, clasping her hands, "you are too generous to abuse the painful position to which you have reduced a poor subject; do not compel me to forget what I owe your majesty, to remind you what you owe myself. Permit me to leave you, sire, to return to my uncle, who is doubtless awaiting me impatiently."

Louis XIII. detained her with a smile which made her tremble. "Your uncle is not awaiting you," said he, expressively; "do not be uneasy on that account!"

At these words a presentiment crossed the mind of Marguerite. She hastily ran to the door by which Count de Veraques went out.

"Fastened!" exclaimed she, turning pale and casting on Louis XIII. a glance which brought a blush to the royal brow.

"Marguerite," stammered the monarch, with an embarrassment and a submissiveness which were genuine, "do not think that I have dreamed for an instant of resorting to such means—"

But Mlle. d'Entragues no longer listened. Placing her hands over her face to collect her ideas and memories, she recalled the promise she had made to Henri to inform him immediately if his fears should be realized. She now comprehended but too well the mysterious fears of love! But how should she warn, how summon the Marquis de Cruce? While she was a prey to this cruel perplexity, she mechanically approached a window, opening on a deserted field, communicating with the country. There, an unexpected sight attracted her attention. Near the moat, beneath the very walls of the chateau, two gentlemen had just unsheathed their swords and were fighting. Struck with the resemblance of one of them to her cousin, Marguerite remembered the quarrel during

the chase, and uttered a cry of terror on recognizing in the two combatants the Marquis de Cruce and the captain of mousquetaires.

"Great God!" exclaimed she, almost fainting, "there, death for him! and here, disgrace for me!"

And, yielding to her first impulse, she was about to have uttered a cry which should arrest the two adversaries, when an idea more simple and not less certain occurred to her. She tore from her girdle the bouquet of white roses which she had received in the morning from the hands of the marquis, and, throwing it from the window, it fell at the feet of the combatants.

"What are you doing, mademoiselle?" exclaimed the astonished king.

"I am summoning my defender to my assistance," replied the young girl. And as the prince did not comprehend her, she pursued without changing her tone: "Sire, he to whom I threw that bouquet is a loyal gentleman, the Marquis de Cruce, my betrothed and cousin, who is openly exposing his life for my love, while you are attacking my honor behind a closed door. My bouquet will inform him that I am in danger, and you will see him hasten to my assistance. Suffer me then to join him, sire, if you would not have him seek me here!"

In fact, at the fall of the bouquet, the duel suddenly ceased; Cruce picked it up, casting a rapid glance at the window from which it had been thrown, exchanged two words with his adversary, and hastened to the entrance of the chateau.

While Marguerite was congratulating herself in having postponed the danger threatening her betrothed, much more than her own, Louis XIII., singularly struck by what he had just seen and heard, was looking at her in silence mingled with tenderness. Suddenly he uttered a profound sigh, and knocked thrice at the door of the room. Veraques appeared.

"The Marquis de Cruce," said the king, "has just presented himself at the gate of the chateau; let some one admit him and bring him hither!"

The old count was petrified with surprise, and could transmit the order of the prince only on a new injunction from the latter.

Mlle. d'Entragues, alarmed at the tone of Louis XIII., thought she had offended him, and that the punishment of her fault was about to fall on her cousin.

"Sire," said she, kneeling, "let me be the punished, if your majesty must punish any one."

The king raised her without replying and without looking at her; so that she trembled more than ever when the Count de Veraques returned with Cruce. The right hand of the latter was in his doublet, and his sleeve was stained with blood; he quieted the terror of Marguerite at this sight by making a sign to her that it was nothing.

"Marquis," asked Louis XIII., in a grave tone, "do you sincerely love Mlle. d'Entragues?"

The young man looked at his cousin and pointed to his wounded arm.

"Well," returned the king, gently, "you are worthy of each other. Count de Veraques," continued he, casting a severe look on the astonished old man, "has asked my consent to your marriage; I give it, and bestow on you, marquis, a regiment of dragoons."

Cruce asked his cousin with his eye whether this offer was sincere; and, perfectly reassured by a look, united with her and his uncle in expressing gratitude to his generous monarch.

"Pity me, instead of thanking me," murmured Louis XIII. to Marguerite, with a tear in his eye, "for I lose you just as I have learned to love you."

On returning to his apartments, the king found three death-warrants, which Richelieu had placed there in the hope that he would sign them without reading them, through absence of mind, or gratitude. The cardinal thought the heart of one favorite worth the heads of three gentlemen. But this time he was mistaken. Louis XIII. read the three warrants, and tore them to pieces. This day was the best, if not the happiest of his life.

A SINGULAR TRADITION.

Among the Seminole Indians there is a singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say that when the Great Spirit made the earth, he also made three men, all of whom were fair complexioned; and that after making them, he led them to the margin of a small lake, and bade them leap in and wash. One obeyed, and came out of the water purer and fairer than before; the second hesitated a moment, during which time the water, agitated by the first, had become muddied, and when he bathed, he came up copper colored; the third did not leap till the water became black with mud, and he came out with its own color. Then the Great Spirit laid before them three packages, and out of pity for his misfortune in color, gave the black man the first choice. He took hold of each of the packages, and having felt the weight, chose the heaviest; the copper-colored man then chose the next heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest. When the packages were opened, the first was found to contain spades, hoes, and all the implements of labor; the second enwrapped hunting, fishing, and warlike apparatus; the third gave the white man pens, ink and paper, the engine of the mind—the means of mutual, mental improvement, the social link of humanity, the foundation of the white man's superiority.—*Traits of Indian Life.*

NATURAL BAROMETERS.

Chick-weed is an excellent barometer. When the flower expands fully, we are not to expect rain for several hours; should it continue in that state, no rain will disturb the summer's day. When it half conceals its miniature flower, the day is generally showery; but if it entirely shuts up, or veils the white flower with its green mantle, let the traveller put on his great-coat. The different species of trefoils always contract their leaves at the approach of a storm; so certainly does this take place, that these plants have acquired the name of the husbandman's barometer. The tulip and several of the compound yellow flowers, all close before rain. There is a species of wood-sorrel which doubles its leaves before storms. The bauhinia, or mountain ebony, capial and sensitive plants, observe the same habits.—*Horticulturist.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NEWS FROM A KNOT-HOLE.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

Mrs. JENKINS lived in the other part of Rev. Mr. Capers's house, and thought herself fortunate in the enjoyment of so great a privilege. Most good people like to be as near the minister as they can. Mrs. Jenkins did. Her part was merely an L, built on the main structure. Her little attic, therefore, was near neighbor to the minister's study. Just in the corner of the minister's study floor was a knot-hole; a trifling sort of thing in itself, but, when once found to open into Mrs. Jenkins's attic, of the widest importance in its consequences.

When Mrs. Jenkins finally became aware of so close a connexion with the minister's family, she sat down to fold her hands and congratulate herself. Next, she formed her resolution not to let any good opportunity slip unimproved to inform herself of matters that otherwise would remain in the dark to her. Day after day, therefore, her ear and that knot-hole renewed their acquaintance with one another. Sometimes she picked up quite a little bunch of news; and sometimes she went off down stairs as hungry as ever. There was as much variation from day to day as there is in the price of stocks on exchange.

Going up into her little attic one afternoon, to hear if anything special was doing in the adjoining apartment, she was delighted beyond expression to catch the sound of a voice. It was Mr. Capers in conversation with his wife. Up she climbed, stood a-tiptoe across the garret floor, got down on her knees, and put her ear as close to the knot-hole as she could get it. She even shut her eyes, lest some of the good things should escape by that way.

For a while she did not understand anything clearly. Now she heard Mrs. Capers laugh; then Mr. Capers stopped a minute and laughed, too. This served to excite her the more, and she pressed her head so hard against the rough partition, that when she came to go away she carried off splinters in plenty in her hair.

Finally she heard something with distinctness. Mr. Capers was telling his wife, who appeared to be in great glee, of a man who had been saying hard things to his wife. Said he, in the course of his remarks:

"Mr. Jones got to abusing his family at last. He declared his wife should not go out visiting, and threatened to shut her up if she dared to disobey him. As for going to these evening meetings, he declared he meant to put a stop to it; he had had enough of it. It did not do *her* any sort of good, and made a great deal of trouble and expense to *him*. He should put an end to it, at any and every hazard!"

Mrs. Jenkins started up in blank surprise. "Now, I want to know," said she to herself, "if our minister says that of Mr. Jones!"

Without waiting to hear any more, Mrs. Jenkins folded her arms tightly and defiantly about her, and started down the stairs. The next thing she did was to throw on her "things," and start off at high speed for her friend's, Mrs. Tautog.

"Now, I want to know!" said the latter, as Mrs. Jenkins came in through the back entrance. "Do tell if that's *you*! Sit down, do. What's the word this afternoon? Heard anything very new lately?"

"O, well, no—I dono, either; p'raps it may be new to *you*, though."

"Why, what is it?" said she. "I dare say 'tis. I'm not in the way of hearin' anything till everybody else has picked it all clean. What is it, now?"

"O, well, nothin' really worth mentionin'. But, then, you may as well know as me. It's nothin', though, that I care to have go from *me*, you know. I don't wish to be mixed up in the scrape."

"No, your name shan't be mentioned. But what is it, Miss Jenkins? What is it? Do pray tell me suddin', for I'm a dyin' to know."

"It's no *great* affair, after all, though. Still, it's something. But this is all there is to it—Mr. Jones has got to abusin' his wife most dreadfully; and he declares that if she thinks o' goin' out a visitin', he'll surely shut her up where she can't get out so soon."

"Of all things in the world!"

"Yes, and more'n that; he's even gone and forbid her goin' to evenin' meetings. What do you think o' such a man as that?"

"I think he's a monster!"

"And so do I. But that aint quite all. He jaws her all the time, abuses her, threatens her, and keeps her in mortal fear of her life! Only to think of it!"

"How did you hear about it? I wonder if folks generally know it. How *did* you hear about it, I'd like to know?"

"Well, I'd as lief tell *you* as not, Miss Tautog, but then you must promise not to tell anybody else about it."

"O, to be sure not. What should I want to be gaddin' about the neighborhood for, tellin' hard stories about respectable folks? Who *did* tell you, though?"

"Nobody told me, exactly; but I happen to know it come in the first place from the minister."

"You don't say so!"

Mrs. Jenkins nodded in silence.

"Well, I do declare now! Who'd ever a thought of such a thing of Mr. Jones! But I've seemed to take notice back along, that his wife was a good deal down-hearted, and sort o' melancholy like. And that must be the reason, I know—that explains it all."

"Yes," said Mrs. Jenkins, "that's it."

The latter lady did not stay very long after unbosoming herself of her heavy secret; when off posted Mrs. Tautog, armed and

equipped for the brave business she had in hand. The first house she dropped into was Mrs. Mallory's.

"Miss Mallory," said she, almost as soon as she was seated, "have you heard the news?"

"Why, no," answered the astonished lady. "What is it, pray?"

And forthwith Mrs. Tautog narrated all that Mrs. Jenkins had been kind enough to tell her, and a good deal more—saying nothing about the embellishments she laid on in the course of her story.

Mrs. Mallory was astonished, of course. And as soon as her visitor had withdrawn, she dons her bonnet and shawl, and whips across to Mrs. Dinks's. There the story was repeated, with variations, and considerable additions. Then Mrs. Dinks took it up. And then Mrs. Murray got interested in it, and then Mrs. Filpot and so on, till everybody had got hold of it, and had talked it up, and had passed judgment on the man who was guilty of such gross malpractices towards his family. If it had stopped right there, perhaps it would have answered; but it didn't. It spread like a circle in the water, till in the end, Mrs. Jones herself heard of it; and heard, of course, that the author of the story was the minister's own self.

The next thing to be done was for Mr. Jones and his family to leave Mr. Capers's church, and go somewhere else. The clergyman was a good deal troubled about it, and sent his wife over to see if she could discover the cause. Mrs. Jones received her with a great deal of coldness, and seemed hardly civil. Unable to endure it any longer, Mrs. Capers asked the aggrieved lady frankly what the trouble was. Mrs. Jones as frankly told her; that was well, for now the latter knew exactly what the matter was, and what it was necessary to do.

Going home and imparting the intelligence to her husband, he manifested quite as much astonishment as she. He sat and thought it over a little while, in order the better to collect himself before taking a single step, and then started off direct for Mr. Jones himself. He told Mr. Jones what he had just heard, and declared the whole of it was an untruth from beginning to end. Mr. Jones went on with all the minutest particulars connected with the affair, and making the most of the case in his power against the minister. Still the latter positively denied his guilt, and declared his determination to ferret out the author of so base a slander, if it was within human possibility. And he hurried back home and set about it.

For some weeks it was a mystery still; he could get no clue to anything. It perplexed him beyond conception. Finally, his wife came running down stairs one day, her face flushed and excited, and said to him, under her unsteady breath:

"Mr. Capers, have you ever noticed that knot-hole in your study-floor?"

"Why, no," said he. "Where is it?—and what of it?"

"Just come up stairs and see."

And up they went together. She pointed to the tell-tale spot, and remarked, in a whisper:

"I just caught Mrs. Jenkins with her ear up to that very hole!"

That was the first step towards the unravelment of the mystery. In a few days more, the whole of it began to come out. He had sent his wife round to make a few innocent inquiries, and she had brought back just such intelligence as he expected and required. And putting this thing and that together, and recalling certain ideas that up to that time had passed out of his mind altogether, he thought the matter was all explained at last. So he went over to Mr. Jones once more.

"Come," said he, "if you will consent to go home with me for a short time, I think I can explain some things that have hitherto stood in the way of our friendship."

Mr. Jones did not happen to love malice well enough to refuse, and accordingly took a walk with the minister over to his residence. The latter took him at once up into his study, and shut the door.

"In the first place," said he, "I suppose you know that Mrs. Jenkins live in the L."

"Yes."

"Well, and you observe that knot-hole?"

"O, certainly."

"And this is my study?"

"Yes."

"Where I pass the most of my time?"

"Yes."

"And where my wife often takes the liberty to come and sit with me?"

Mr. Jones said he understood that.

"Now, then," continued the clergyman, "I am in the habit of frequently reading aloud to her. And once upon a time, I happened to be reading from this very book" (picking up a volume of fiction from the table), "and here is something out of that same book that I am going to read to *you*." And he went on to read to Mr. Jones several paragraphs, in which occurred the following:

"Mr. Jones got to abusing his family at last. He declared his wife should not go out visiting, and threatened to shut her up if she dared to disobey him. As for going to these evening meetings, he declared he meant to put a stop to it; he had had enough of it. It did not do *her* any sort of good, and made a great deal of trouble and expense for *him*. He should put an end to it, at any and every hazard!"

Mr. Jones burst out a laughing. "Is that all?" said he, his face as red as the setting sun.

"That and the knot hole," said Mr. Capers, smiling good-naturedly.

Mr. Jones offered him his hand. From that moment they were friends again. He went back to church the next Sabbath, as he should have done. But Mrs. Jenkins has never heard the last of it. But we know of more knot-holes than that one.

MOSES KIMBALL, ESQ.

The portrait on this page was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Hill, from a photograph by Masury & Silsbee, and is not only a faithful likeness, but a fine specimen of art. No one who has ever seen the original will fail to recognize it at a glance. Moses Kimball was born in Newburyport, Essex county, Mass., in the year 1809. His early education was received at the public schools of Rockport, Cape Ann. After leaving school, he passed a year in his father's store, and then removed to Boston, whither he was sent to "learn to be a merchant." In due course of time, he was promoted to a seat at the desk, at the age of 18. Before he was twenty, however, he had started in life as a dry goods dealer on his own account. Not making a very rapid advance to that fortune which is the goal of every man of business, he established a gentlemen's furnishing store, and flourished greatly in this new line, reaping large profits. Though now fairly launched on the road to fortune, he was not quite satisfied with the rapidity of his progress, and attempted to accelerate it by engaging in Eastern land speculations. We believe he was not among the fortunate adventurers in that remarkable lottery. He was next infected with the mania of becoming a newspaper proprietor; and accordingly, in 1833, purchased the New England Galaxy, a weekly sheet established by Joseph T. Buckingham. He commenced with high hopes, and an energy that deserved success, if it did not command it. Under Mr. Kimball's charge, the Galaxy was a fearless and brilliant sheet, well arranged and well conducted. If we remember rightly, that excellent New England novel, "May Martin," was first published in the Galaxy as a prize story. The late Wm. J. Snelling was engaged as assistant editor, and commenced a furious onslaught on the gamblers and gambling establishments of the city and its environs, which made a great stir at the time, and ensured a prodigious sale for the paper. But as it did not seem to promise a speedy fortune, Mr. Kimball, at the expiration of a few months' experiment, sold out at a sacrifice of several thousand dollars. He now found himself, at thirty years of age, without a business, in debt, and with a family to support. But he was not the man to sit down under a temporary cloud, and give up beaten in the battle of life. He had chosen for his motto, that of Gen. Miller, "I'll try," and he soon went to work again. He now started an association with the title of the "New England Print Company," the object of which was to publish cheap though handsome engravings of popular national pictures, such as the "Declaration of Independence," by Trumbull, of which 100,000 copies were sold. But "hard times" nipped this scheme in the bud, and Mr. Kimball was compelled to relinquish it. The old New England Museum being for sale, he purchased its collection of pictures and curiosities with the assistance of his brother. The collection was to be transferred to the building we now occupy, then in process of erection; but the failure of the contractor caused a suspension of work, and Mr. Kimball was notified by the proprietors of the building he occupied, to remove his goods. In this dilemma, he removed them to Lowell, and opened the Lowell Museum in that city. The next year the new Boston Museum building was completed, and Mr. Kimball opened it with great eclat, and continued on this site until the completion of the splendid and costly establishment known as the Boston Museum. It was in our building that he made his first essay at dramatic representations with complete success. Convinced that the drama might be made a harmless recreation, as well as a powerful medium for the conveyance of moral truths, Mr. Kimball resolved to attempt its introduction free from the objectionable features which had hitherto attended it, and accordingly engaged a vaudeville company, and fitted up a stage in the picture gallery, in the upper part of the building. The experiment was completely successful. Respectable people, who had never seen a play, and would on no account have entered a theatre, came hither, saw for themselves, were pleased with what



MOSES KIMBALL.

they saw, and threw their influence in the scale of the manager. A new source of delight, hitherto sealed up to them, was opened to large masses. The pieces Mr. Kimball played were admirably produced on his miniature stage—thanks to his liberality and good sense, and the taste of his stage manager, Mr. Wm. H. Smith. But Mr. Kimball's crowning triumph was the production of "The Drunkard," a piece written expressly for the Museum, to show the evils of intemperance. It had a prodigious success. The house was literally overflowed week after week, and it seemed as if the public would never tire of witnessing and applauding it. The most prominent agents in the temperance movement gave it their hearty approval, and the whole community supported their verdict. Mr. Kimball next tried scenic spectacles, having secured the pencil of one of the first artists in the country, Mr. Charles Lehr. The "Bohemian Girl" and "Cinderella" were among his many triumphs in that line. From time to time he made additions to his company, until finally, before removing to the new establishment, he had secured an admirable troupe. The public favor has attended him in every move he has made, and the Boston Museum, by night and day, continues one of the most attractive places of amusement in the country. Its curiosities, its admirable preparations of natural history, the collection of weapons of all countries, the statuary, the pictures, the wax-work, the dramatic performances, address themselves to a variety of tastes, and give offence to none. "Let me write the songs of a country," said a wise man, "and I care not who makes its laws." We are almost disposed to substitute "amusements" for songs. The influence of popular amusements is incalculable; and we think no one will deny, that the man who establishes permanently a source

of innocent recreation, one in which multitudes can participate, deserves well of his country. Hitherto we have considered Mr. Kimball principally as a business man; but his sphere of action has not been limited to the range of his various business employments. He has taken an active part in politics, and is extensively known as a powerful and popular speaker; he has advocated the temperance cause with great ability, being in theory and practice a moral suasionist, and disposed to regard intemperance rather as a species of insanity than as a crime. In 1848, he was elected a member of the common council of this city, and re-elected the following year; subsequently he was chosen alderman. He has also figured in the Massachusetts legislature as an influential member. It will be seen that the success of Mr. Kimball is not to be attributed to luck, but to good sense, honorable ambition, and untiring energy. For many years his experience showed him that the pathway of life was a "hard road to travel." There are few men whose spirit would not have been broken by the various reverses which, from time to time, have overtaken his "best laid plans." His present prosperity is richly deserved, and he employs his means so liberally, and to the achievement of so much good—he is so truly a man and a gentleman every inch, that we are sure that there is not one who does not heartily pray that no shadow may fall upon his future path through life.

CORK HARBOR, IRELAND.

The accompanying engraving depicts the harbor of Cork, which is celebrated, all the world over, for the beauty of its scenery. The most interesting points in the charming assemblage of mountain and valley, land and water, are designated by numbers on the picture corresponding to those in the subjoined key:—1. Rostellan and Aghada; 2. Man-of-War Roads; 3. Corkabeg; 4. Spike Island; 5. Convict Depot; 6. Carlisle Fort; 7. Lighthouse; 8. Entrance to the Harbor; 9. Camden Fort; 10. Cove Harbor; 11. Hawlbowl Island and Stores; 12. Magazine; 13. Black Point; 14. Monkstown Bay; 15. Part of the Tow and Church Spire of Monkstown. The city of Cork is eleven miles above the entrance of the harbor, and contains about 90,000 inhabitants. It lies in the vale of the river Lee, and is surrounded by hills of considerable elevation, which renders the climate moist, though not unhealthy. It owes its origin to a religious establishment founded at a remote period. Previously to the arrival of the English, it was inhabited by a colony of Danes as early as the sixth century, and then, and for a long time after, consisted of a single street in an island formed by the river. Even so lately as the reign of Elizabeth, it is described as a "little trading town of much resort," but consisting of a single street. After the revolution it began to improve, and at length, chiefly in consequence of its vicinity to Cork harbor, the principal place of rendezvous for the channel fleet during the French war, and its being a great mart for the supply of the fleets and colonies with provisions, it rose rapidly to its present state of wealth and importance. The city is intersected by two great, and some smaller branches of the Lee, the latter having been arched over and built upon; the river is crossed by nine bridges, all of modern construction, and mostly of elegant architecture. The houses in the more ancient part of the city are of limestone, raised in the neighborhood, and sometimes faced with roofing slate or cement; those in the modern part are mostly of brick. The suburbs towards the south, and part of those towards the north and northwest, are occupied by persons in a condition bordering on pauperism. The principal streets and quarters of the city and suburbs are well paved and lighted, but the lanes and narrow brick streets are generally neglected. The whole county of Cork abounds in picturesque views, which excite the admiration and enthusiasm of travellers; but the view of the harbor, as presented in our engraving, is probably the very finest of all, and strikes the eye as a gem of natural beauty and effect.



CORK HARBOR, IRELAND.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

SPEAKING ONE'S MIND.

We have often thought, that the man who renders truth repulsive, is very nearly as much of a moral offender, as he who deals in falsehood. There are persons—hypocrites of the worst kind—who use the cloak of truth to gratify the bitterest malice. With them, insolence is frankness; and outraging the decencies of society, merely speaking their minds. Such a one is our friend, Strychnine Wormwood, Esq. No one ever breathed a word against his moral character; nobody ever caught him tripping—yet he is the pest of the circle he infects. He is really a misanthrope, but he cloaks his hatred of his fellows under the flimsy garb of frankness. For instance, he sees a lady of his acquaintance enter a drawing-room at an evening party all smiles and happiness, and looking charmingly, save perhaps, that just coming out of the cold, the color may not be equally distributed over her face. She sits down near by, and is complimented by a friend, who tells her she looks charmingly. This is the cue for Wormwood to strike in. "How can you violate the truth so, my dear fellow? Don't you see the lady's nose is terribly red?—or, do you really think a red nose is a 'feature?' If it were my case, I should be afraid of erysipelas." The poor girl glances in the mirror, sees a temporary tinge in the most prominent feature of her face, confirmatory of Wormwood's assertion, and is perfectly wretched for the rest of the evening. When others seek to console a sea captain's wife, whose ship has not been heard of for a long while, by suggesting various ways to account at once for her safety and delay, Wormwood assures her that such speculations are not worth listening to—the vessel is undoubtedly lost; and he repeats a dozen different modes of wreck and destruction, in one of which she must infallibly have perished, winding up with, "I'm sorry, ma'am, that I haven't the gift of invention, like my friends here. I could glide through life much more agreeably, if I didn't deal in facts; but I have a weakness, ma'am, for the truth, and I must speak my mind, if it kills me." The hypocritical knave, it never hurts him; it is the happiness of others he destroys by his rudeness and bluntness. We need hardly add that Strychnine Wormwood is a bachelor.

DIVORCES.—During the last year, fifty-nine divorces were granted by the courts in Baltimore. Grim old bachelors savagely chuckle over these statistics;—it is some consolation to them in the dangerous period of leap year, when they may be seized and dragged to the "bridle halter" without a moment's warning.

"THE LAST DAY ON THE PLAINS."—The next of our series of large pictures from the pencil of Billings, thus entitled, will appear in our forthcoming number. It represents a camp of western emigrants on the California trail, and is a magnificent work of art.

BOSN.—The story that the eccentric Lady Ellenborough, the divorced wife of the haughty and aristocratic governor-general of India, has been assassinated in a Turkish seraglio, turns out to be a hoax of the London penny-a-liners.

SPLINTERS.

.... The Haytian army, under the Emperor Faustin I., has again been beaten by the Dominicans.

.... The whaling ship *Lapwing* arrived at Newport, after thirty months cruise, with a \$135,000 cargo.

.... The Sound navigation has been resumed after fifty days interruption. Rather *un-sound* navigation.

.... Mr. Everett's oration on the character of Washington has proved the most popular of all his addresses.

.... A family in Danvers was lately poisoned by using henbane instead of tea. One member died.

.... The French republicans of New York lately celebrated the anniversary of the revolution of 1848.

.... The United States steamship *Niagara*, built by Mr. George Steers, will cost about a million of dollars.

.... The average running time of the Collins steamers beats the Cunard boats about four hours a trip.

.... Gutta percha pipes are used in London, in preference to lead, for conveying water.

.... Elsworth, the pedestrian, who walked 1000 miles in as many hours here, was lately killed in Nicaragua.

.... The dogs of the United States are said to cost ten millions—quite a *k9* figure.

.... We shall have plenty of oysters in the market just when the R's drop out of the months.

.... Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz's "Ernest Linwood," her last work, is decidedly her best production.

.... A woman in this city lately stole a baby to add to her distress, and get into the almshouse.

.... Capt. Kane receives £10,000 from the British government for ascertaining the fate of Franklin.

.... The Paris papers warn ruined gamblers "not to blow their brains out." Gamblers and suicides have none.

.... A single pew in King's Chapel lately sold for \$1200; that would build and shingle a country meeting-house.

.... Bishop Potter, of Pennsylvania, is in Havana for the benefit of his health. Many Americans are there.

.... Dr. J. S. Jones's play of "Zafari" has been completely successful—like all his pieces.

AIR AND EXERCISE.

Spring-time of year is coming, though it may advance slowly and haltingly, and we shall all before a great while, be emancipated from the atmosphere of artificially heated apartments and enabled to go out of doors and enjoy the genial sunshine and the healthy breath of nature. Before they bid adieu to overcoats and India rubbers, to shawls, muffers, tippets and boas, it behooves the thoughtful of either sex to make up their minds what they will do in the matter of exercise when the lingering prohibitory laws of winter are repealed.

That we Americans do not take air and exercise enough is a miserable fact. It stares us in the face in the shape of pale, debilitated men of forty, and sallow, hollow-cheeked, *passées* women of thirty. There is a lack of muscle in the men and of bloom in the women. The climate is a trying one, to be sure, but that very fact should only stimulate us to fight with and overcome, not to fly from it, and seek refuge against it in interior atmospheres, fifty times more fatal. Have we reason to fear consumption—that insidious foe of New England—straightway we house ourselves, muffle ourselves, heat ourselves, and deny the balmy breath of air access to our lungs. We drug our bodies with costly artificial tonics, but we neglect those tonics which nature has provided so bountifully and without cost. One half of us are faded hot-house flowers, the other a race of unfortunate over-worked bipeds. We perform such herculean tasks that we do not give ourselves time for exercise without work, and particularly out of door exercise. The falsity of our mode of life is particularly perceptible in the condition of our women. With few exceptions, their mode of life and dress is unnatural, and the early fading of their peerless beauty is the legitimate penalty of their utter practical neglect of hygienic philosophy. There is no reason, even with the antagonism of climate as a drawback, why the bloom and health of our ladies should not last as long as those of the vaunted belles of England. "Fair, fat and forty," describes a large class of English women, whose charms in the meridian of life eclipse the nascent beauties of its maiden dawn. How few American women at forty retain their good looks and elasticity of health and spirit.

If our fair countrywomen would preserve to the latest hour possible, the charm of beauty and the blessing of health, instead of sinking into early valetudinarianism, they must do as the English women do—accustom themselves to take long walks in stout shoes, ride on horseback, busy themselves, when their situation allows it, in the garden and the dairy, in the practical study of botany and in sketching out of doors. We have no objection to boating, even—and we have seen belles who could angle for trout as skillfully as they could angle for beaux.

If all the "women's rights" demanded by the "strong-minded" of the sex, be conceded, they ought certainly to prepare themselves by strengthening their frames, so as to enable them to head armies like Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, to course deer like Queen Elizabeth, or follow the chase with the ardor of Dame Juliana Berners, Abbess of St. Albans. Di. Draper, the daughter of a staunch old sportsman in the West Riding of Yorkshire, was as fond of fox-hunting as her father, and yet "died at York, at a good old age, and what was surprising to many sportsmen who feared to follow her, with whole bones, in her bed."

But we have no fox-hunting in this country, and therefore our fair ones must be content with a canter or trot on the highways; and we look to see them thronged the coming season with fair equestrians engaged in the laudable pursuit or preservation of health. Let them make war on pallor and languor, and beauty will be the result.

LEAP YEAR.—It is said that ladies are taking advantage of the peculiar privilege of leap year and doing an extensive business in the courting line. When good Queen Margaret filled the throne of Scotland in the 13th century, the legislators were determined that every year should be as good as a leap year, for they passed the following act (in 1288). "It is statute and ordaint that during the reign of her most blessed magestie, ilk maiden ladye of both high and low estate, shall hao libertie to bespeake ye man she likes; albeit, gif he refuses to take hir to be his wyf, he shall be mulcit in ye sume of one hundredth pundis or less, as his estate moi be, except and alwais gif he can make it appear that he is betrothit to ane ither woman, then that he shall be free."

MESSRS. MEADE OF NEW YORK.—We have had occasion often to speak of these daguerreotype and photographic artists, whose rooms at 233 Broadway are filled with exquisite specimens of their art. They have lately discovered a process of taking daguerreotypes on silk, and so fixing them that washing does not injure the pictures in the least. The variety of uses to which this discovery may be put is endless. These daguerreotypes on silk will wear as long as the fabric itself.

POINTED.—When the editor of a Mississippi paper threatened, in print, to "put a full stop over each of the eyes of the editor of the Louisville Journal," Prentice replied: "While he is putting a full stop over our eyes, we will put his nose in a parenthesis."

COL. FREMONT.—This gentleman owns some forty miles of territory in California, full of inexhaustible mineral wealth, and is therefore probably the richest private individual in the world.

MACAULAY.—We shall soon have Macaulay's fifth volume, it is said. He must use good speed, or his life will end before his history.

SEW, SEW.—We believe it was that incorrigible Punch who said that a great deal of ladies' needlework was *needless* work.

REPUBLICAN SIMPLICITY.

We were much amused the other day by reading in an English journal some extracts from a work on this country recently published in London, and entitled "The Englishwoman in America," wherein the fair writer expresses her astonishment at some of the up-town splendors of New York. Associating the idea of a republic with a Spartan, or at least Batavian plainness in the mode of living, the magnificence of the dwellings of some of our American millionaires took her completely by surprise. And this surprise may perhaps be echoed by many on this side of the Atlantic, when they hear this English lady aver that two or three interiors in the upper part of New York surpass in magnificence the ducal and even royal residences of Great Britain. Entering halls paved with costly marbles and mosaics, lined with statues, and adorned with orange trees and fountains, our Englishwoman could hardly believe herself in America—and when she passed from room to room, furnished in different styles, such as the Mediæval, the Elizabethan, the Turkish, and the French, where she saw tables inlaid with gems that cost \$10,000 apiece, and articles of *virtu* obtained at fabulous prices, her astonishment reached its height. The fact is, we have entered fairly on such a period of luxury as that which formed an era in the history of the Venetian republic. Some of our merchant princes rival those of the Adriatic in the princely munificence of our expenditure. But there is no danger of luxury becoming universal with us. The extent and geographical character of our republic forbid it. One or two great cities may exhibit circles of extravagance and splendor, but they will ever remain isolated and abnormal facts—there is little danger that extravagance will ever become a national characteristic.

NO ACTING.—The tragedy of Othello was lately performed to the life, or rather to the death, in a small town of Italy. On the Italian stage, Desdemona is not smothered, but poignarded. In the last scene the actor approached the heroine, made the fatal stab, which was followed by a thrilling shriek, and the curtain descended amidst the applause of the audience at the naturalness of the performance. But a real tragedy, and not a mimic one, had been enacted. The actor was in fact a jealous lover, who had taken his opportunity to satisfy the violence of his evil passion. He escaped before the authorities could seize him, and is now a brigand of the Abruzzi.

LEARNING.—Our friend Blivins loses no opportunity of airing his French, in season or out of season. The other day he accosted a gentleman in Washington Street, with "*Quelle heure est il?*" (what time is it)? The gentleman replied in Latin, "*Nescio*," (I know not). "Is it possible!" exclaimed Blivins, "I had no idea it was so late." Poor fellow!

IMPORTANT TO TAILORS.—When garments that have proved too tight are returned to you with directions to let them out, it is not intended that you should let them out to fast young men, charging a dollar an evening.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. Henry Lyford to Miss Annie I. Miller; by Rev. Mr. Neale, Mr. John Wiley to Miss Amanda Woodman; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Ethan A. Wentworth to Miss Ellen J. De Wolf; by Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. Samuel Hall to Miss Sarah R. French. by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. David B. Horne to Miss Julia Pitman.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Hutchins, Mr. George H. Conant to Miss Caroline L. Edwards.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, Mr. Robert Burton to Mrs. Ellen Patterson.—At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. George A. Bent to Miss Susan W. Prouty.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Jewell, Mr. Joseph E. Jacobs to Miss Mary D. Martin.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. Thomas Hinshams to Miss Maria Beecher.—At Scituate, by Rev. Mr. Barrett, Mr. George G. Vinal to Miss Martha T. Merritt.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Gunnison, Mr. Alfred J. Wiggin to Miss Eliza Ann Dennison, both of Rockport.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. David E. Radall, of Ipswich, to Miss Hannah Eaton, of Salem.—At Dunstable, by Rev. Mr. Adams, Mr. H. Pebbles, of Natick, to Miss May J. M. Cummings.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. John Sheldon to Miss Caroline White.—At Haverhill, by Rev. Mr. Horsford, Mr. S. L. Butman, of Newburyport, to Miss Laura A. Whittier.—At Gilmanton, N. H., Henry Rockwood, M. D., of Halifax, Vt., to Miss Laura A. Clifford.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Zenas Sawyer, 47; Widow Lydia Richardson, 62; Widow Hannah Andrews, of Hingham, 79; Mrs. Ann Bourguia, 70; Esias Preble, Esq., formerly of York, Me., 79; Mrs. Elizabeth C., wife of Dr. Abel Ball, 42; Mrs. Abigail Pitman, 80; Mr. Samuel Bartlett, 69; Mrs. Margaret A. C., wife of Mr. Isaac W. Frye, 35.—At Roxbury, Mr. Andrew Newman, 50.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Mary L. Williams, 31; Widow Sarah Brown Blanchard, 82.—At Dorchester, Mr. John Preston, 69; Mrs. Martha Ann Marshall, 36.—At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Mary C. Howes, 70; Mrs. Octavia S. Cornell, 44.—At Chelsea, Mr. Jacob Hodge, 65.—At Brighton, Mr. James Wright, 38.—At Lynn, Mr. William Wiggin, 92; Mr. Jonathan Moulton, 44.—At Quincy, Mrs. Mary D., wife of Hon. Thomas Greenleaf, 89.—At Salem, Mrs. Betsey Patten Story, 80; Miss Mary Louise Stimpson, 21; Mr. Gregor McDonald, 26; Mr. Joseph Henderson, 62.—At Needham, Mr. John Wilkies, 32.—At Newburyport, Capt. Oliver O. Jones, 47; Mr. David Preston, of Lynnfield, 78.—At Fitchburg, Dr. O. L. H. Huntley.—At Williamsburg, Widow Lydia Briggs, 95.—At Pittsfield, Mr. Joseph Keeler, 79.—At Kingston, Mr. Robert Cushman, 67.—At Princeton, Mr. David Guild, 91.—At Bath, Me., David Shaw, Esq., 91.—At Waldoboro', Me., Mr. Conrad Heyer, 107.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

COME O'ER THE LAKE—SERENADE.

BY ORVILLE PEARSE.

Come o'er the lake, with me, love,
The moon shines clear and bright
Upon yon mimic sea, love;
We'll float in her silver light.
The balmy summer breeze, love,
Scarcely moves the passive tide,
As it plays among the trees, love,
That line the water side.

Sweet scents from new-mown hay, love,
Ascend from mead and vale;
Anon from the forest gray, love,
Trills forth the nightingale.
They've left their gorgeous caves, love,
Those Naiads fair, to play
On the lightly-rippling waves, love,
Where the moonbeams sparkle gay.

Allauteous things combine, love,
Around this cherished spot;
Be gladness thine and mine, love,
All anxious cares forgot.
Afar in heaven's blue dome, love,
Those glimmering stars we see
Will guard secure thy home, love,—
Thou haste away with me.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BOY HERO.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

It was on Saturday morning, the fifteenth of December, that little Paul Lavere sat by a low, smouldering fire in the only apartment of the cot that had any furniture in it. He was only thirteen years of age, though his face had an older look. There were lines of care upon his high brow, and the nother lip had a peculiar compression unusual in one of his years. He was small in stature, but with much nerve, and a decision of character that manifested itself in every look and movement. His eyes were bent on the embers now, and he was in deep thought.

Near him, in a great arm-chair, sat his mother. She was pale and thin; and the low, deep, hollow-sounding cough that ever and anon burst from her throat, told too plainly there was need of a physician. She was not over five and thirty, though, like her boy, she looked older. The lines of care and sorrow were deep and long.

The furniture of the room consisted of a small table, two common chairs besides the one in which the widow sat, and one small bed. The rest of the house was empty. Nearly all the furniture they once possessed had been sold by the husband and father before he died, and what few articles he had left, besides these in this room, had been sold to pay the rent. Of ornament, there was none—unless we notice the old musket that hung on two wooden beackets over the door. That would have been sold long before, had not Mrs. Lavere clung to it with all her power of entreaty and prayer. It had been her father's musket, and he had carried it bravely and honorably through the blood-stained fields of Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine and Germantown; and when dying, he gave it to his daughter. The poor woman clung to that as the last memento of her better days.

"Paul," spoke the mother, in a weak, faint tone, "is there no more wood?"

"I can easily get some, mother, when you are able to spare me. I have some gathered up by the roadside near the pond."

"Then you may go now. I shall get along very well until you come back."

So the boy put on his cap, and started off with the sled. He was gone nearly an hour, and when he returned, he bore wood enough to last through the rest of the day, and during the morrow. A better fire was soon kindled, and then Paul moved out the little table, and placed a loaf of bread on it. He then made some tea; and when that was done, he asked his mother if she would eat.

"This is all," he said. "Not another crumb of food is there in our house. But let us eat; I can beg more. I am used to it now."

This was spoken bitterly—this last sentence; and the widow looked for the moment as though she would chide her son for it. But the look quickly passed away, for she remembered that for many weary, weary weeks he had supported her.

It was towards the middle of the afternoon that the door of the cot was opened, and two men entered. One of them was Mr. Notworth, the owner of the dwelling. He was a tall, slim man, with sharp, angular features, thin, grizzled hair, small red eyes, a large mouth, and a narrow, contracted brow. He was a hard, cruel man; unfeeling in the extreme, and seemed to know of but one incentive to action—and that incentive was money. The other man was Notworth's tool—a stout, burly clown, ready to do anything his master bade him, so long as his wages were paid.

"Well, Mrs. Lavere, the other week has gone, and now I want my house." Thus spoke the landlord, in a harsh, imperative tone.

"O, good sir," the widow returned, clasping her thin, white hands, and raising them towards him, "I am not able to move now. Let me stay here yet a while longer."

"Can you pay me the rent?" asked Notworth, harshly.

"Not now; but perhaps Paul may find some work—"

"And why hasn't he found work already?"

"Because he could not leave me, sir. I have been very sick, and I should have died but for his attention. O, sir, let us stay—"

"No! not another hour! I am not to support all the paupers

in the town! I have a family who wish to move in here at once. You can go to the poor-house!"

"Alas! we must come to that soon! I had hoped we might escape that—I had hoped it for my poor boy's sake. I had hoped that health might come back to me, and that then my boy and myself might both work. O, we could pay you then! But I am not able to now. I am very sick."

"Nonsense! you're well enough to go to the poor-house. I have brought my man on purpose to help you there; he will haul you on a sled part of the way."

"But, sir—the poor-house is five miles off! O, I could not live to reach it in this cold weather! Wait until it is warmer—until I am stronger. O, I will try to get well as soon as I can!"

"I tell you I won't wait another hour—no, not half an hour! If your husband was—"

"O, for the love of Heaven, sir," gasped the poor woman, clasping her hands again, "do not speak of him! He has gone to meet his God, and he has suffered enough."

"Pooh!" uttered the unfeeling wretch. "What do you mean by that! I say your husband brought ye down to this by his own acts; and d'ye s'pose I'm a goin' to support ye, when the town stands ready to take ye? No, no! Now, out ye go! Ye can go now as well as ever. I tell ye the house I must have, and I will have it! Ye owe me for two months' rent now, and, of course, I'll never get it; but ye wot owe me any more. I've let ye stay here just long enough—now move!"

The widow bowed her head, and burst into tears.

"Oho—ye're comin' that, eh? Here, Crow, take her up and carry her out. Put her on to yer sled, if she can't walk; and perhaps we'll get a sleigh when we get up to the house. Take her right out. It's comin' to a pretty pass, when a man can't have his own house—and after two whole months' notice at that!"

Paul Lavere had been standing all this time by the door, where he had gone to let the visitors in, and his frame had been shaken by emotions such as he had never before experienced. More than once had he been on the point of taking the tongs and springing at the monster, but a sense of his own weakness withheld him. But he could bear no more. When those last words dropped from Notworth's lips, he moved quickly to the other door, and snatched down the old musket. He drew back the hammer, and the sharp click arrested the landlord's attention.

"Stand back!" the boy cried, bringing the piece to his shoulder, and aiming it. "Lay a hand on my mother, and I'll shoot you as true as there is a God in heaven! My gun is loaded, sir. I loaded it in hopes to shoot a duck for my mother. Don't touch her! In Heaven's name don't! I would not have your blood on my hands; but I do not lie!"

The boy was pale as ashes, but not a nerve in his body trembled. His large, dark eyes were burning with a fearful intensity and his lips were compressed until the prints of the teeth within were plainly to be seen.

Of course a man with such feelings as Notworth had displayed, could be nothing but a coward. His man Crow fell back in a moment, for he saw too plainly the meaning of the boy's face.

"Put down that gun!" gasped the landlord.

"Not until you have left the house, sir," replied Paul, in a hushed tone. "Leave us now, and I will make some arrangement for a new home; but place your hand on my mother, and you die."

Of course the wretch stormed, and threatened, and swore; but he dared not tempt the boy, who looked on him so strangely.

"Well, Crow," he said at length, after he found that his coarse threats had no effect, "we will go now; and when we come again, we'll have them with us as will have the law in their hands."

"O, mother, you do not blame me!" cried Paul, springing to his parent's side after the men had gone.

"No, no, Paul," the widow returned, gazing with pride on her noble boy, "I cannot blame you; but I fear they will do something dreadful, now."

"Fear not on that account, mother. When I took down your father's gun, I had another resolution formed in my soul. Wait, for I will try one more thing for aid. I will try the assembled Christianity of the town."

* * * * *

The Sabbath bells rung out clear upon the frosty air, and people put on their best garments to go up to the house of God and pray. The sleigh-bells jingled over the smooth road, as the more favored ones flew by, and ever and anon a more humble church-goer stepped out into the deep snow to let the equipage pass. By-and-by a thin, pale face appeared in the entry of the church.

"Haint you got no better clothes 'n them to wear to meetin', boy?" the sexton asked.

"No, sir; I have none others."

"Well, never mind. Here, I'll show you a seat."

And shortly after this, Mr. David Notworth entered the church. He was habited in black, and the deacons all bowed to him as he passed them. He did not see the poor boy under the gallery.

It seemed a strange coincidence that morning, that the minister should have preached the sermon he did. He took the whole of the thirteenth chapter of Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians—that chapter which is devoted to *charity*. It was a noble theme, and the speaker was a warm-hearted, zealous man. On the present occasion, he allowed his zeal to mount into the upper fields of pathos and stirring appeal; and he made it a plain case that all the phases of charity are necessary to Christian life.

By-and-by the sermon was closed, and the last hymn was sung. Paul started to his feet, and had moved a step forward—but he came nigh fainting beneath the task he had imposed upon himself. In a moment more the benediction would be pronounced, and then it would be too late. He gave one deep throe—he thought of his mother—and his soul was strong once more. The clergy-

man was on his feet when the boy sprang forward. On he went, up the aisle until he reached the pulpit steps.

"One word, sir! O, one word! In the name of Him whom you serve, hear me!"

The man of God dropped his hands upon the cushion before him, and gazed upon the boy in speechless astonishment; but regaining his composure, he said: "What is it, my son?"

With one mighty effort, Paul stilled his wildly beating heart, and then raised his head. He knew that then was the time, if ever, for the people were anxious now to hear him. He raised his hands, clasped firmly together, towards the pulpit, and in a wild, frantic tone, he uttered:

"O, sir, I have heard you preach to-day such truths as I know are of God, and I hope they are not mere idle sayings here. O, pardon me, and listen. I mean no wrong—I only ask you, as you love your God, to hear me." Here he turned towards the astonished people, and his voice had now become more calm and clear. "You, many of you, knew my father; you know he is dead. But blame him as you will, you cannot blame my mother or myself. We were not to blame that he became low and degraded; we were not to blame that he became a victim of the fell destroyer. My mother prayed for him on her knees, and never, never, in his most degraded moments, was she cold or harsh. He died, and he left us poor—very poor. My mother has been sick—sick even unto the shadows of death; and I her only nurse. I would work if I could leave my mother, but I cannot. I can beg—I have begged—I have begged the food that has sustained us. Last night a man came to turn us from the house we occupied; he would have turned my mother out into the cold, chill, wintry air, had I not, boy as I am, made him afraid to do the deed. But we cannot live there always so. We owe our landlord twelve dollars for rent, and he has sworn with an oath that he would turn us out of doors by force of arms if we do not leave. 'Twould kill my mother to be moved now. And now, I only ask this—Take care of my mother, and give me work. Do this, and so may God bless you!"

This had not been spoken connectedly, as we have written it; but at spasmodic intervals, broken by sobs and weeping. The effect was electric. Never before had such a thing been heard of, and yet few seemed to think it out of place. Most of them were too much moved to think of anything but the story they had heard. That same boy might have told them his simple story in the street, and they would have passed him idly by; but now it came home to their hearts. It seemed almost a test sent by God, to try their faith in the doctrine they had that day heard. Only Mr. Notworth seemed angry; but though every eye had been turned upon him, yet he dared not speak.

Ere long the minister came down, and placed his hand upon the boy's head; and then, in a clear, impressive tone, he said:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of one of these, have ye done it unto me." My friends, let us take counsel together after we are dismissed."

He then pronounced the benediction; but only David Notworth left the house. What was done in that meeting can be judged of by the results. That very night a doctor came to the widow's cot, and with him came a nurse who was to remain. On the next day a large sum of money, and many articles of comfort were sent in. Ere long Paul was taken into the family of a wealthy mechanic as an adopted son; and ere the snows of winter were gone, the widowed mother was well again, and was gladly taken into the same family with her son, where she passed the happiest hours of her woman's life.

It is a simple story, but where will you find a braver boy than was Paul Lavere? Think you he was brave when he faced those two strong men for his mother's protection? So he was. But that required not a moiety of the stern, calm heroism, which sent him, a pale, feeble boy, into that sacred temple, there to face the multitude, and, in defiance of all precedent, to pour out the story of his mother's sufferings. But his soul was strong with filial love, and he conquered. People honored him for this strange independence, and as he grew up a noble, steady, virtuous youth and man, he was respected by all who knew him. Yet the smile, and the loving embrace of his mother, with her tearful blessings upon him, were by far the dearest return he met for his work.

Of Mr. Notworth we will only say, he died unwept and unmourned, and a spendthrift son quickly squandered his property.

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M. M. HALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,
Corner of Tremont and Bowdoin Streets, Boston

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The damage done by the late freshets in various parts of the country has been very considerable. — There were in the U. S. navy during the last year 45 deaths, 46 resignations, 12 dismissals, 48 dropped, and 126 placed on the reserved or retired list. — The most abundant wheat harvests are anticipated the present year. Everything looks favorable. — Near Devil's Head, in Puget's Sound, Washington Territory, a sea serpent ninety feet long has tamed up. — The snow on the mountains between Cumberland and Wheeling, the Baltimore Sun says, is several feet deep. The train which took Governor Shannon out had to have eight first-class locomotives attached to three cars. This is travelling under difficulties. — We have had a little taste of spring weather, but hardly enough to make a paragraph about. — The Japanese are not so ignorant and benighted, after all. They do not punish a prisoner on attempting to escape, if retaken—believing that every one has a natural right to liberate himself, if possible—but those through whose neglect the escape is effected are visited with severe punishment. — One concern in Cincinnati sold on one day, from 3 o'clock until evening, 4200 flags, to be used in the celebration of Washington's birthday. The Commercial Hospital procured 800 candlesticks and 79 flags for the same purpose. — It is reported that Jullien intends revisiting this country with a monstrous orchestra for a short time. — It is said that no bachelor ever lived a hundred years, and that where 41 attain the age of 40, there are 78 married men; at 60, there are 40 married to 22 bachelors; at 70, there are 28 married to 11 bachelors; and at 80, there are 9 married to 3 bachelors. — Byron, Scott, and Talleyrand were all club-footed. — The Philadelphia Ledger says that the \$10,000, the sum required to be raised to secure the exhibition of the National Agricultural Society for that city, has been contributed. — Persons of defective sight, when threading a needle, should hold it over something white, by which the sight will be assisted. — The lecture season is drawing to a close. The weather last winter caused many disappointments. — To secure good ventilation, open your windows both at the top and bottom. The fresh air rushes in one way, while the foul air makes its exit at the other. — The majority of the canal committee of the New York Senate have reported in favor of letting out the repairs of all the sections of the several canals by contract, and of abolishing the office of canal superintendent. — Buchanan Kean has been playing in the diggings in California. "Thus far into the bowels of the land," etc. — The Nebraska City News says that a land fever is raging there. Claims of one hundred and sixty acres, within two and a half miles of that city, are selling at from \$500 to \$800. For one farm joining the city on the west, the owner has been offered \$6000 in gold, which was refused. — Some of the Mormon brethren sent out to expedite the emigration, have run Governor Brigham in debt about fifty thousand dollars, which shows that Utah is in good credit. — Considerable excitement is stated to prevail at St. Johns, N. F., in consequence of an intention expressed in the legislature, of imposing an export duty of two per cent. upon fish and oil. This impost would add about £20,000 per annum to the revenue of the island. — There are about fourteen hundred government troops in and near Kansas, all of whom can be speedily brought together, if Gov. Shannon shall need their services. — Wives of inebriates are by law in Wisconsin allowed to transact business in their own names, bind out their children, and dispose of their earnings as they may deem best. — Dr. Rufus W. Griswold has sued the Tribune for libel, laying the damages at \$20,000. The articles complained of are a savage editorial attack, and the publication of an abusive speech of Mrs. E. L. Rose. — Jenny Lind is in England, where she is reproducing the old enthusiasm with her witching vocalization.

A WINDFALL.—The wife of a laboring man, in Oneida, New York, by the death of a long-forgotten relative in England, comes into possession of five millions of dollars. How she and her husband will be courted now! How they will be bored for subscriptions! How many dilapidated cousins, "all smiles and shirt collars," will claim their relationship! We really envy them their felicity.

USING UP CAPITAL.—A rich banker had two sons, one a grown up spendthrift, and the other a child of six years. A few days ago he surprised his youngest hopeful deliberately chewing up a roll of fifty dollar bills, the reason being that the infant wanted to see if he couldn't make away with money as his eldest brother. Precocious little chap!

SALARIES HIGH AND LOW.—The First Presbyterian Church of New Orleans have extended a pastoral call to Rev. Dr. N. L. Rice, of St. Louis, with the persuasive offer of \$7000 salary. In contrast with this, the average pay of the Methodist preachers in Indiana, last year, was \$322.

A WITNESS BOX.—This is a kind of pillory in a court of justice, where a person is obliged to receive every species of insult without replying to it.

AN EXPEDIENT.—"John, fetch me a pitcher of water." "Not my business, sir." "Right; harness the horses then, and drive Stephen to the pump."

SUNFLOWER PAPER.—A French gentleman makes excellent paper from sunflower stalks. What a fine material to print the New York Sun on.

AWFUL.—An editor out west threatens to make his subscribers "as intimate with the sheriff as he is himself, if they don't pay up."

Wayside Gatherings.

The New York Assembly has passed a resolution awarding a gold medal to Dr. Kane.

The Indiana State Fair premium list for 1856 amounts to \$6000, and is open to all the world.

Rev. Rufus W. Griswold is to prepare a memoir of Mrs. Emily C. Judson, to be published during the spring.

In Paris ladies wear daggers at their girdles—in America, they wear them in their eyes.

Commodore Morris has left an autobiography for his children, and embodying a full diary, kept by him for years.

There are one thousand persons in Pennsylvania now under indictment for selling liquor contrary to law.

The profits of a fair recently held in Cincinnati, for the benefit of an orphan asylum, amounted to eight thousand dollars.

Joseph Hufty, who has been elected sheriff of New Orleans, a \$100,000 berth, is a northern man, and by trade a brush maker.

Nine murders have been committed in Memphis, Tenn., within a year, and not one of the murderers has been brought to justice.

General Rosas has a simple way of governing Buenos Ayres—it was only necessary, he said, to kick the men and flatter the women.

John Webb, a pawnbroker of Philadelphia, has been fined \$100. His offence was charging a man 72 per cent. per annum, on a loan of \$22 50.

The Mexican government has made a demand upon ours for indemnity for the destruction of the town of Piedras Negras, by a party of Texan rangers last autumn.

The Tennessee legislature has passed stringent amendments to the free banking law of that State, which in the estimation of some, are considered tantamount to its total prohibition.

Mr. Carter, collector of Portland, lately seized 65,000 cigars on board the brig Zone, for an alleged violation of the revenue. This is the largest seizure of cigars ever made in that district.

In New York, the other night, a serenading party, after having played before a house nearly an hour, were politely informed by a watchman that nobody lived there.

The whole amount of liabilities of insolvents in San Francisco last year was \$8,179,817: total assets only \$1,519,175. The losses by fire were \$2,062,500.

General Walker has lost two of his finest officers by cholera, Captain Davidson and Lieut. Col. Gilman. They died very suddenly, within a day or two of each other.

The Montgomery (Ala.) Journal says the foreign and domestic debt of that State, amounting to about \$6,000,000, has been augmented more than an additional million by the appropriations of the late legislature.

The Brooklyn city authorities have appropriated \$50,000 for the construction of a powerful iron ferry boat, such as shall be able to force a passage across the East River, irrespective of obstructions from the ice.

We find a paragraph in circulation, in which it is estimated that the clergy cost the United States six million dollars per year; the criminals, twelve millions; the dogs, ten millions; and the lawyers thirty-five millions.

An immense French company is preparing to commence operations in the copper mines of Lake Superior. Professor Rivot, of the *Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers*, of New York, is engaged as a principal in this enterprise, and has lately published a valuable brochure on the copper mines of America.

The Chicago Democrat says, "It is asserted that Lake Michigan is frozen completely over from one side to the other. This, if a fact, has never occurred before in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. With the best glasses, from either side of the lake the clear water could not be seen."

Mr. Merriam says he has seen in Upper Canada, near the Ottawa, a beaver dam 310 feet long, 7 feet high and 8 feet wide, on which trees as large as any in that forest were growing. It flooded an immense surface, and was constructed with as much science to appearance, as if it had been the work of human hands.

Barney Lynch, a shrewd old Irish gentleman, has been sent to the Hartford workhouse for 165 days, for stealing overcoats and other country fixtures. This gentleman distinguished himself by stealing an umbrella from the front door and selling it at the back door of the same house, for twenty-five cents.

The Patent Office reports give the nominal value of all the animal and vegetable products raised in the United States for the past year. From a figuring up of the principal products, we find that the entire amount sums up to about \$3,000,000,000—three thousand millions of dollars.

The Aged Woman's Home in Baltimore gave employment last year to more than 800 seamstresses, and sold from their store \$3251 worth of needle work. Forty-three aged inmates have been made comfortable at the House. During the year three legacies have been received.

During the present year astronomers are to be on the alert to decide an important question that has lately arisen in respect to the rings of Saturn. Compared with drawings made 200 years ago, a considerable difference is now perceived, as though the rings are gradually falling in upon the body of the planet.

The late minister plenipotentiary from Peru to the United States died lately in Lima in a singular manner. While asleep he swallowed three of his false teeth with the gold band which confined them, and died from the effects shortly after. Efforts were made to extract the teeth, but without avail.

Brown is making good progress with his equestrian statue of Washington, to be erected in New York city. It is now contemplated to inaugurate it at its place in Union Park some time in April—perhaps the 30th, the day on which Washington took the oath as President of the United States, in Philadelphia.

The clipper ship Dreadnought, Capt. Samuels, recently made the passage from New York to Liverpool in the short period of sixteen days, and owing to there being no steamer about that time (Feb. 11), she had the unusual duty for a sailing vessel in these days of carrying the mails into Liverpool.

Capt. Bell, the wrecker, is constructing a novel apparatus in New York, for raising ships. It consists of two large timber tanks, shaped like a bootjack, to receive the ends of a sunken vessel between them. They will be first sunk by filling with water, and attached to the vessel to be raised, after which the water will be exhausted, thus securing a lifting power.

No associations of modern times have been more productive of general good and usefulness than Savings Banks and Savings Institutions. Go where we will, in whatever part of the civilized and commercial world, we find these institutions yearly increasing, and the individual who doubts their utility to the laboring and working classes, may well be regarded as demented.

Foreign Items.

Jenny Lind has given forty guineas to the Cheltenham Hospital.

The queen of Spain has conferred the cross of Charles III. on Don A. de Guzman, the oldest actor in Spain.

The Prince de la Moskowa (the eldest son of the late Marshal Ney), who is now a general of brigade, with a command of Valenciennes, has had an apoplectic fit.

The French minister of war has entered into a contract with the cloth manufacturers of Elbœuf for the supply of 140,000 metres of cloth for the army, to be delivered during the present year.

Nine new statues have been placed on one of the galleries of the Cour Napoleon III. at the Louvre. They are those of Mathien Molé, Turgot, Saint Bernard, Labruyere, Suger, De Thou, Boudaloue, Racine and Voltaire.

M. Thiele, of Copenhagen, has published a work entitled "Thorwaldsen at Copenhagen, from 1839 to 1844." It contains the correspondence of the great artist, and numerous fac-similes of his original sketches and designs.

It appears from certain statistical data recently published, that the number of Protestants of the Helvetic and Augsburg confession in the Austrian empire amounts to 3,450,000; whilst the number of those who belong to the Greek confession is 3,162,000.

The Polytechnic School at Carlsruhe is said to contain amongst its 407 pupils, English, French, Russians, Poles, Norwegians, Belgians, Swedes, Dutch, Swiss, Italians, Hungarians, Galicians, Moldaves, Serbs, Americans, and some youths from the East Indies.

The external portion of the new Louvre at Paris is now almost entirely completed, and the scaffolding has been removed. Crowds flock daily to see it, and it is certainly one of the most gigantic and remarkable specimens of architecture that can be witnessed anywhere. The ornamentation is wonderfully rich and splendid.

Sands of Gold.

.... A gallant man is above ill words.—*John Selden*.

.... Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and cannot last.—*Bacon*.

.... Meditation is the soul's perspective glass, whereby, in her long removes, she discerneth God, as if he were nearer at hand.—*Owen Feltham*.

.... That love of praise can never be criminal which incites and enables us to do a great deal more good than we can do without it.—*Mason*.

.... A natural desire and power of pleasing, that comes from good nature, are most fascinating and more lasting than all surface charms.—*Bacon*.

.... Spill not the morning (the quintessence of the day) in recreation, for sleep itself is a recreation. Add not, therefore, sauce to sauces.—*Thomas Fuller*.

.... Reserve—persons extremely reserved are like old enamelled watches that had painted covers, which hindered your seeing what o'clock it was.—*Walpole*.

.... Politeness is not always a sign of wisdom; but the want of it always leaves room for a suspicion of folly, if folly and imprudence are the same.—*Landor*.

.... Learning is the mere acquisition of knowledge; education includes that development and discipline of the faculties which enable us to make use of it.—*Mason*.

.... The soul may be compared to a field of battle, where the armies are ready every moment to encounter. Not a single vice but has a more powerful opponent, and not one virtue but may be overborne by a combination of vices.—*Goldsmith*.

Joker's Budget.

A jolly auctioneer in Newport talks of putting up that city under the hammer. We fear it wouldn't bring much in winter.

"Well, H., I want that money; when will you pay the bill?"—"O, well, I'll pay it before—before you get through wanting it."

The easiest way to get a living, is to sit on a gate and wait for good luck. In case good luck don't come along, you are no worse off than you were before.

Why is a bee-hive like a decayed potato? Because a bee-hive is a bee-holder, a beholder is a spectator, a (specked tater) a specked tater is a decayed potato.

Differences between singular and plural—When William, Prince of Orange, landed in England, he said to the people whom he first met, "I come for your good—for all your goods."

When some one was lamenting Foote's unlucky fate in being kicked in Dublin, Johnson said, "He is rising in the world; when he was in England, no one thought it worth while to kick him."

Brasidas, the famous Lacedemonian general, caught a mouse; it bit him, and by that means made its escape. "O, Jupiter," said he, "what creature so contemptible but may have its liberty, if it will contend for it."

The Dutchman who refused to take a one dollar bill because it might be altered from a ten, prefers stage travelling to railroads. The former, he says, rides him eight hours for a dollar, while the latter only rides him one.

"Where's Mrs. Muff?" asked an acquaintance, with a shawl round his shoulders, of Mr. Muff, who was shivering over a dying fire. "Gone out. She and I take turns now. She has the shawl to-day; to-morrow 'll be my turn." Shawled acquaintance vamosed.

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MODES OF TRAVEL.

On this page we present some spirited pictures of some of the modes of locomotion in use in Europe and the East. The first is a Spanish diligence, a cumbrous affair, in many respects resembling the old French diligence, now nearly fallen into disuse, and quite as clumsy, drawn by nine or ten mules and one horse, pushed to the top of their speed by the shouts and whips of the drivers and postillions. The rider of the only horse in the team is plying his lash lustily, and another postilion has dismounted so that he can distribute his favors all along the line of mules. He will throw himself into the saddle again when his arm is weary. Where a long team of mules is used, the driver generally carries a bag of stones with him, which he hurls from time to time at his animals with unerring precision, and these stones are sometimes used with terrible effect upon each other when two muleteers chance to come into collision. The diligence is divided, it will be seen, into three compartments, the seats of which vary in eligibility and price. The vehicle is a quaint and curious old world affair, a huge ark, a mass of timber, iron, leather and glass. It would be top-heavy but for its breadth of beam. Still the royal *diligencia* sometimes makes good speed, thanks to frequent relays of mules. But "slow and sure" is the motto of these conveyances for the accommodation of the public. Their drivers have a very great respect for the fable of the hare and the tortoise. Still, it must not be supposed that a journey in a Spanish diligence is void of all romance. By no means. To say nothing of the interesting character of the country, with its broad vegas, and stern sierras—its rivers with names as musical as their waves—the storied cities through which you pass—the picturesque but uncomfortable posadas at which you halt—the manners and costume of peasants, innkeepers and priests which have changed little since the immortal Cervantes wrote his history of "that ingenious gentleman, Don Quixotte de la Mancha," there are "inklings of adventure," which occur to almost every one who travels much in Spain, worthy to figure on the pages of romance. What say you to a highway robbery, Senor Traveller! The jaded mules are dragging your diligence through a rocky defile skirted with wood on either hand. We will throw in an escort of half a dozen cavalry soldiers by way of picturesque effect. Suddenly a group of fanciful villains, such as you see on the operatic stage, well mounted and armed with carbines, pistols and sabres, appear in the road, and



A SPANISH DILIGENCE.



FARMER'S CART, KHOSROVAH, PERSIA.

the leader, in a loud voice, commands the driver to halt, on penalty of a brace of bullets in his cranium. But you have soldiers—they will beat back the ruffians and clear the way. Not a bit of it. *Tout au contraire.* The escort haven't the slightest idea of showing fight. They know that pure Castilian blood is too precious to be wasted in a highway brawl. They discharge their carbines at random, and then turn bridle, set spurs to their nags and gallop off at a furious rate, saving their necks if not their credit. Robber No. 1 now makes the driver and passengers alight, appropriating their watches, rings and purses by way of remuneration for his polite attention. The order is now given— *boca a tierra* (faces to the ground), and you must lie down prone to the earth, so that you may not witness the rifling of the diligence. Woe be to you if you raise your head after the command! One of the robbers is on the watch, knife in hand, and if you venture to disobey, he will insert the blade between your shoulders with such practised skill that you will never know anything more in this world afterwards. The robbers are very expeditious in their operations, and in a short space of time you have the exquisite pleasure of hearing the sound of their horses' hoofs dying away in the distance. Your watch is gone, but you may console yourself with the indisputable proposition of Bombastes Furioso—"watches were made to go." Your spare cash has been abstracted—but you have still a circular letter of credit in your pocket which was of no value to the robbers, and then you have not an extra ounce of lead in your cranium, or a stiletto sticking in your pericardium. This is no fancy sketch. On the contrary, such an event used to be very common in Spain, and is still not such a rare thing as to cause any great amount of concern. Lieut. Slidell was robbed in this way, and gives a graphic account of it in his "Year in Spain." The *salteadores* of Mexico, in this country, are the legitimate descendants of those of Spain, and their manner of operating is identical. The Spanish mules, such as are delineated in our engraving, are very serviceable and frequently very handsome animals. J. N. Hambleton, Esq., of the U. S. Navy, as quoted by J. S. Skinner, says; "Mules are more used in Spain and Portugal than in any other countries I have visited. The King of Spain used them for his carriage when I was in Madrid, and most of the grandees. In Lisbon, I was told \$1500 were often paid for a pair of carriage mules. The Duchess of Braganza (Don Pedro's widow) was a decided mulewoman, and drove six of the most splendid grays I ever saw. Donna Maria used English horses. I went through her stables with her coachman, who was an Eng-

lishman. He told me that in that mountainous country, native horses were best for service—mules better than either. I travelled in the diligence from Barcelona to Madrid, via Valencia, four hundred miles and back. Mules were used the whole route, six to the team, and travelled as fast as our stages usually do. Their public vehicles are much heavier than ours." Mules are raised extensively in some parts of our country and have many advocates. They are hardy, free from disease, are in their prime at the age when the horse begins to decay, and require but two-thirds of the feed of a horse. Their proverbial obstinacy is rather the effect of bad breaking than a natural characteristic. Another of our engravings on this page shows us a Turkish family on their travels. The patient camel, the "desert ship," so admirably adapted by Providence for traversing the arid wastes of sand that abound in the East, bears the burthen of a huge frame covered with cloth, which contains the veiled women and children of the Turkish family. This contrivance must be well balanced and ballasted to keep its trim. A grave Turk paces beside it on his barb, preceded by a Nubian on a diminutive donkey. The young camel-driver is also a Nubian. Another engraving of the series represents a Persian farmer's cart—a sort of truck with very clumsy wheels, drawn by a couple of buffalo bulls. The rude vehicle is pretty well loaded with passengers, to say nothing of the market baskets. A young man is enlivening the journey by playing an air on a rustic pipe. These people belong to Khosrova, a village situated in the middle of a fine plain near Lake Ourmyah, three or four days' journey from Tabriz, the capital of Azbaidjan, one of the ten provinces of Persia. Its inhabitants, numbering about 1200, are of Chaldaic origin. They were formerly Nestorians, but are now Catholics, having been converted to Catholicism about a century ago. Industrious and intelligent, these people have succeeded, notwithstanding the taxes which burthen them, in acquiring a degree of ease in their circumstances not common with the subjects of the Shah. Persia is poor—the people generally occupy, in common with their cattle, miserably cold and smoky huts. At Khosrova, the houses are clean, large and well built. There are many gardens, and the cultivation of the surrounding lands attests more agricultural knowledge and care than is generally found among the other farmers or rayahs. Artificial irrigation is almost everywhere employed in the raising of crops, and is an art perfectly familiar to the Persian agriculturist, having been practised from the remotest antiquity.



A TURKISH FAMILY TRAVELLING.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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BALL ON BOARD THE CUMBERLAND.

The subject of the spirited marine picture on this page, drawn for us by Mr. William Wade, is the fete given in August, 1853, by Commodore Stringham and the officers of the fine United States frigate *Cumberland*, as a compliment to the royal family and citizens of Spezzia, in return for the civilities extended by the latter to the officers of the American squadron. Spezzia is situated about forty miles from Genoa, and is a favorite watering-place of the Sardinians in summer. The queen and family received invitations, but though she did not come herself, she sent her barges with her children and some officers of rank. Among the distinguished guests present was Mr. Lover, the Irish novelist and song-writer, whose "Angel's Whisper," and "Rory O'More," will live as long as the language in which they were written—together with his daughter. Every arrangement was made on board the frigate to give eclat to the festival. The upper deck was

cleared, and an awning spread over it; flags of all nations were gracefully festooned, appropriate chandeliers made of hoops with bayonets attached, in the tubes of which were placed brilliant candles, furnished a striking mode of illumination, while a light was also placed in the mouth of every cannon. The whole ship was one blaze of light. Seats were rigged round the forward part of the ship, so that the crew could have a fair sight of the spectacle, and enjoy at their ease the pleasures of the union. A fine band discoursed most eloquent music throughout the evening, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." In our view are seen, the *Cumberland* at anchor, and the *St. Louis*, well remembered by the gallantry of her commander, Ingraham, in the Bay of Smyrna, when, surrounded by Austrian vessels, he refused to surrender Kozta to the Austrians. The harbor is seen covered with boats, barges and gondolas, conveying Italian belles through an Italian moonlight to the dance. In the distance lies the town with its

surrounding mountains, the ruins of an old castle crowning a bold eminence. A large hotel is also sketched in the distance. An amusing incident occurred on board the frigate at the ball. A plumed and bedizened officer of the court, leaning carelessly against a windsail, tumbled into the abyss below—without hurting himself, however. A grim old salt, who alone had noticed the occurrence, went aft, and touching his hat to his commander, said, "I beg pardon, commodore, but I thought you'd like to know as how one of them 'ere blasted kings has fell down the hatchway!" Comment is unnecessary. The impression produced by the visits of our ships of war to various ports of Europe has been in every respect favorable. Our frigates and smaller vessels are recognized everywhere as models of naval architecture, while the admirable manner in which they are handled has elicited the praises of every one conversant with nautical affairs. Our gallant little navy has nobly maintained the honor of our flag in peace and in war.



GRAND BALL ON BOARD THE U. S. FRIGATE CUMBERLAND, AT SPEZZIA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WHITE HAND:

—OR,—

THE NATCHEZ' CAPTIVE.

A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF LOUISIANA.

BY AUSTIN O. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IX.

WHITE HAND. THE NATCHEZ PRISON.

FAR away, in the depths of the forest, where a deep river ran, and where the cypress trees grew thick and tall, a party of Indians sat down to rest. Some of them we have surely seen, by the pale moonlight, beneath the barricade of the Chateau de St. Julien; but they are not all here now. Only ten red men are here upon the edge of the cypress swamp, and eight of them repose themselves to sleep, while the other two keep watch. It is near noon, for the sun has almost reached its highest point, and these men have been upon the trail since early last evening.

But these Chickasaws are not alone. Close by the side of a huge cypress log, one end of which is bedded in the swamp, lies the form of a child of the pale faces. The hands and the feet are bound, and a cord from the lashings of the hands leads along the ground, and is clutched by one of the sleeping Indians. In those fair features, now shaded by the large log, we see something of the look of Louis St. Julien; but even now the flesh seems sunken, and the beholder would think that many days, instead of only a few hours, of suffering had rested within that frame. But sleep has come to calm the agonized mind now, and the terrors of captivity are for the while forgotten.

Thus the party rested until nearly four o'clock, and then one of the Indians, who had been placed a little way up the river to watch, gave a low, shrill whistle, and on the instant the whole party were upon their feet, and had seized their arms. On the next instant, a crashing of the bushes was heard at no great distance, and not long afterwards, a party of six Indians made their appearance. He who led the new-comers was very tall and athletic, and we recognize him at once as one whom we have seen before; and even did not his name run from mouth to mouth, we should know that the Natchez warrior, Stung Serpent, was he who thus glided into the camp.

The stout chieftain spoke not until he had seen the pale youth who still slept by the cypress log, and then a grunt of satisfaction escaped from his lips. He spoke with the chief of the Chickasaws for some time in his own strange tongue, and then he turned to where the youth slept, and awoke him. The sleeper started up, and with a look of terror, gazed around.

"Where is—is—where is my sister?" he asked, in a low, thrilling tone.

"She has gone on further south while you slept," answered Stung Serpent. "But the daughter of the white man is safe. No harm can come to her, for her life is precious. But you cannot go to her now. You must go with the Stung Serpent to the village of the White Apple. What can Louis St. Julien fear from his brother?"

The youth gazed into the face of the powerful Natchez, and for awhile he was utterly unable to speak. At that moment a hundred various thoughts and emotions flew wildly through his mind. He saw his father and St. Denis still searching for the hidings, and he heard their notes of alarm, and saw their tears of grief. Then he ran over the fearful journey through the deep forest, and he wondered why he was thus separated from his mate.

"Can I not go with my sister?" he at length asked.

"No," was the answer.

"And why may we not be together?"

"Because it is impossible. Remember, the Stung Serpent has spoken."

This was pronounced in a slow, meaning tone, and Louis St. Julien knew enough of the Indian character to know that no appeal would move his captors from such a purpose. He looked around once more, and when he saw that half of the Chickasaws were gone, he knew that his companion had gone with them.

In the meantime, Stung Serpent was performing a work that startled the prisoner not a little. After he had given his last answer to Louis, he approached the Chickasaw chief, and gave to him a heavy purse. The latter took it and emptied its contents into his broad palm, and Louis saw that it was gold. The Chickasaw's eyes sparkled as they rested upon the coin, and a deep grant told his satisfaction. Louis clasped his hands—for they were free now,—and his frame shook as his former doubts grew to confirmations. Who could have placed that gold in the hands of the Natchez warrior? To be sure, there was a French fort near the Natchez villages; but then Louis knew that they had no gold to spare there. Thankful must the Indian be who could get even a few pieces of silver from the people of Fort Rosalie. Then who could have paid this gold but Simon Lobo! The thought came, and it was fixed. The prisoner's head was bowed, and when again he looked up, there was a shade of determination upon the finely-chiselled features that contrasted strangely with the fear-marks that had before rested there. He folded his hands upon his bosom, and for a single instant his eyes were turned heavenward.

With a satisfied look, the Chickasaw leader emptied the money back into the purse, and having placed it in his bosom, he turned to his followers and gave the signal for starting. They quickly gathered up their arms, and in a few moments more they were lost to sight in the thick wood.

"Now," said Stung Serpent, turning to his prisoner, "we will be on our way to our home in the domain of the Natchez. Can you walk?"

"Yes; but I am weak now, and shall hardly be able to keep pace with you if you hurry."

"The white youth speaks calmly for one in distress," pursued the chief, looking his prisoner sharply in the eye. "Perhaps he thinks he shall escape."

"If I speak calmly," returned the youth, "it is because I hope you mean me no harm."

"Ugh!" That was all the answer Stung Serpent returned upon that subject. In a moment more he took the prisoner's hand and gazed upon it.

"I did not tell the Chickasaw that it was you who slew his people," the Natchez said.

Louis trembled.

"For if I had, I should not have found you alive, having once passed through his hands. You have a small white hand for a warrior such as you have proved yourself to be." And Stung Serpent laid his own huge hand by the side of his prisoner's, thus making the youth's delicate limb appear smaller by the contrast than it really was. And then, with a smile, he continued: "While you live, we'll throw away your French name, and henceforth thou shalt be called *White Hand*. Eh—how does that sound?"

But the prisoner did not reply immediately, for this last remark was not the one that chained his attention. "*While you live*," were the words that sounded in his ears, and started his fears. They were spoken in a tone and with a peculiar emphasis which seemed to mean *something*, and if they had a meaning beyond the mere chances of natural cause and effect, then surely all was not meant well for him. But he did not speak his fears.

"Eh? Does not the son of the white chief like his name?"

"Yes—yes."

The other Indians had stood near at hand, and as they heard the name thus bestowed, they smiled, and repeated it several times. In a little while longer, the party prepared for the tramp, and set out. For a distance of some miles they followed the stream to the northward and eastward, and finally they left the river and struck into a narrow, dubious trail that led nearly north. It was dark when Stung Serpent gave the order to stop. They had reached a small lake, or deep bayou, upon one bank of which arose a steep bluff, directly beneath which they halted. White Hand (for so we will now call the youthful prisoner) saw that some one had stopped here before, for the traces of a fire were plainly visible against the face of the rock, and as he walked over the spot beneath it, he could feel the dry coals. A fire was soon built, and then one of the party produced some dried venison, and some sort of esculent root that resembled the common artichoke. The prisoner was hungry, and he ate heartily, and then he was allowed to lie down and sleep, Stung Serpent having taken the precaution to secure his hands so that he could not move them without disturbing him.

When White Hand was aroused, he started quickly up, and at first he thought the day had dawned, but as soon as his senses were fairly at work, he found it was the moon that gave so much light. He was informed that the party were now to start on, and he was soon ready. The moon was nearly at its zenith, and he judged that it could not be much past midnight. For two or three hours the trail was dubious and difficult. It lay through a deep growth of oak, and the ground was uneven, and in some places wet and boggy from the late rains. In the morning they stopped for breakfast, again making the meal of dried venison and some of the same kind of root as before. During the forenoon a deer was shot, from which they took the skin and as much of the meat as they wanted; so at noon they built a fire, and had some venison steak; only White Hand would have liked it much better could he have had a little salt with his meat.

Another night came, and again the youth slept with his hands confined; and this time he was allowed to sleep until morning. Another meal from the fresh deer meat was made, and then the trail was resumed. During the next day, the prisoner came several times near failing for want of strength, for however strong may have been his close-knit frame, he was not used to this kind of labor. However, the Indians helped him some, and he managed to move along without much show of pain or complaint. He knew that if he would expect kind treatment at the hands of his captors he must be saving of complaint and trouble, and he resolved that he would stand up under the trail as unflinchingly as possible. When they had stopped for the night again, he asked his captor how much further they had to travel.

"Not much," Stung Serpent replied. "One more day will bring us to the village where we are to stop. Does it please the White Hand, eh?"

"It will surely please me to rest, for I am weary and faint, and had we much further to travel I fear I should be a burden to you."

The Indian shrugged his shoulders, but made no further reply, and shortly afterwards White Hand lay down to sleep.

In the morning, they were once more in motion, and before noon they struck into a broader trail that gave evidence of much travel. The sun was some two hours high when they reached the top of a gentle eminence, and upon looking down into the valley beyond, White Hand saw quite a village of Natchez huts. There were some fifty or sixty dwellings, built in a sort of circle, while within this circle stood four buildings of larger dimensions.

"Does the White Hand see yonder village?" asked Stung Serpent, as the party stopped upon the hill-top.

The prisoner answered in the affirmative.

"That is the village of the White Apple, the home of the bravest warriors of the Natchez, and the abode of peace. There lives

my brother—the Great Sun, and the chief of all our people. That is his dwelling next to the temple. But does the White Hand see where those trees seem to break away, as though the fire had run through the deep forest on a wide trail? Look—away towards the setting sun. Do you mark it?"

"Yes," replied the youth, looking in the direction pointed out.

"There travels the great Father of Waters in his way to the great salt lake. And do you mark that point? Ah! you can see a piece of cloth fluttering in the breeze. Do you not see?—away off there?—like a rag playing in the wind?"

White Hand looked, and he saw what his guide had pointed out. It was away to the southward, and was just visible over the intervening tree-tops.

"I see it," he said.

"That is the village of the white man. He has built a fort there, and he calls it Rosalie. They tell me 'tis called so from a woman's name. Is it so?"

"It is."

The Indian watched his prisoner with a keen glance while speaking of the fort, and a simple "ugh!" was his only reply to the youth's last answer.

In a short time they started down the hill, and just as the sun was sinking from sight, they reached the village. The men and children came flocking out, and while Stung Serpent was received with lively demonstrations of joy, looks of the most eager curiosity were fixed upon White Hand. But his captor did not stop to exhibit him. He pursued his way at once to a long, narrow building near the temple, the walls of which were formed of close fitting timbers driven into the ground, while the door, which swung to and fro on wooden hinges, was uncommonly stout and strong, being formed of a succession of hewn logs secured together by transverse pieces, or cross-bars, to which each upright piece was pinned. This door was opened, and the youth was led in, and with the simple remark that he would remain there for the night, he was left to himself.

As soon as the heavy door was closed upon him, the prisoner gazed about. A little light came to the place through the small holes in the wall near the roof, and by this means he could see somewhat of the nature of his prison, for that this was a prison, and built for such, he had no doubt. The only floor was the earth, and that must also serve for chair, bed and table, for nothing save the bare walls and the naked earth met his gaze. He soon satisfied himself that he should never escape from this place by force, and he soon threw his worn and weary frame upon the ground. In the course of half an hour, the door was opened, and Stung Serpent entered, and set down a wooden tray and an earthen drinking cup, and without speaking, he retired. The youth found the contents of the tray to be boiled corn, and the cup was filled with water. He ate a little and drank a little, and again he lay himself down upon the hard earth.

CHAPTER X.

COQUALLA. THE TEMPLE, AND WHAT HAPPENED THERE.

SOMETIME during the night, White Hand was moved by strange dreams. Once he dreamed that Stung Serpent came to him to kill him, offering as an excuse or reason for the deed, that his death would save the whole tribe from sure destruction. Then the stout Indian seized him, and in the struggle that ensued, his captor turned into a dragon, and blew fire from his mouth. Thus the prisoner was set on fire, and as the flames began to gather about the dreamer, he started up in affright. A sharp cry escaped from his lips, for a glare of flame was really flashing in his eyes. He would have started to his feet, but a light hand held him down.

"Let the White Hand not fear," pronounced a soft, sweet voice, in gentle tones, "for Coqualla means him no harm."

The youth gazed up, and he saw an Indian girl standing over him with a small torch in her hand. She was a beautiful creature for one so dusky in hue, and the sweet smile that rested upon her lips was peculiarly grateful to the prisoner. As soon as she saw that she had quieted his fears, she removed her hand and stepped back. And now White Hand had more opportunity to survey her. She was young—not more than sixteen,—very slim and straight, and lithe as the willow branch. Her features were faultlessly regular, and her eyes large, black and brilliant. The youth had seen many of the Natchez women, but never one like this before, and the thought quickly came to him that she was one of the royal blood, for all others were bent and hardened by work and drudgery.

"You do not fear me," she said, gazing upon him with a look in which inquisitiveness was about equally blended with a warmer feeling.

"No—O no. Why should I fear one like you?"

"I knew not but that my coming might disturb you. But I came for your good. I knew my father had brought a prisoner from among the sons of the white men."

"Your father? Is the Stung Serpent then your father?"

"Yes."

"And your name—"

"Is Coqualla."

"And you are the next heir to the throne of the Natchez?"

"Next after my father."

"I have heard of you often."

But the princess did not seem at all anxious to know what the youth had heard of her. She remained for some moments in silence, and during that time she seemed to be studying every line of the prisoner's face.

"The White Hand is not a great man in bulk," she at length said, thoughtfully; "but yet he must be a brave man, for my father says he slew six of the Chickasaw warriors."

"Not alone, Coqualla. His friend was with him."

"So my father said. And yet you must be brave; and so I would save you."

"Save me?" uttered the youth, starting now to his feet.

"—sh! Speak not too loud, for no one knows that I am here. I would save you."

"But what danger threatens me?"

"I cannot tell you surely; but yet I think I can save you. If you have anything to fear, it must be from my father. Therefore, promise him whatever he may ask. If he means you ill, that ill will be death, and if he offers you life, you must accept it. I have come to assure you that he never speaks idly. If he makes you an offer he means it, and you must speak truth with him."

"But what is the nature of this danger? What is this alternative?"

"I dare not speak now, but I may tell you sometime."

"But—"

"—sh!" interrupted the princess, in an abrupt, but yet kind tone. "You must not urge me beyond what I have assured you. Coqualla speaks not without thought, and hence she speaks not the second time. I must not stop now. I know the character of some of your people, and their words do not come from their hearts. So you might be led away, and think Stung Serpent meant a dark thing when he spoke fair. You will not forget Coqualla."

With these words she turned away, and ere the youth could reach her she was gone. He saw the heavy door close after her light and graceful form, and then he sank down again upon the cold earth. What could be the meaning of her visit? Why should she have come to him thus to warn him of a danger threatened by her father? It was a strange circumstance, and afforded the prisoner plenty of food for thought.

The morning dawned, and ere the sun was fairly clear of the tops, the prison door was opened, and Stung Serpent entered, and with him came two others, one of them an old man, decrepid with age, and the other a tall, athletic man, only a little older than Stung Serpent. White Hand quickly recognized this latter individual as the Great Sun—the king of all the Natchez, not only from his noble bearing and his resemblance to his brother, but also from the curiously-wrought circlet of feathers, with its elevated plume of horse-hair that adorned his head.

The youth arose as these men entered, but he did not speak. His arms were folded across his breast, and with a steady, calm look, he returned the gaze that was bent upon him.

"White Hand," spoke the prince, "listen to the words that the Great Sun shall speak to thee."

At these words the king stepped forward. The prisoner had seen many proud men, and many of the great men among his people, but he had never seen one so purely noble in his look and bearing as the Great Sun of the Natchez.

"Son of the pale faced invader," spoke the chieftain, "thy people have come upon us with evil intent, and their feet already tread upon lands not their own. They have come with smooth tongue and smiling face, and while they whispered words of love, they have robbed us of that which the Great Spirit had given us. The white man says the Natchez are treacherous; but falsehood was not here until the white man came. He says the Natchez are cruel; but the dove is cruel when her nest is despoiled by the serpent. Whence art thou here in the village of the White Apple? Dost thou know?"

"No, no," uttered the prisoner.

"'Tis because of the evil that dwells in the bosom of your people. We sought a child of the white man to send him on a mission to the white man's God, and while we sought such an one, lo! the wish was met by one who wished to be free of an encumbrance upon him. You will not fear to go upon the mission we would have you perform. Every year many of our people go voluntarily to the world of spirits to accompany their beloved relatives. Then why should you fear, since you, too, will ascend at once to the home of your God? Child of the pale face, listen! Go tell your God that he shall send no more vengeance upon the Natchez for the deeds they have done to the white man. Tell him how the white man has come to despoil us. Tell him this: Once the Natchez were happy and peaceful; their homes were pure, and their hearts were glad. Plenty smiled upon them, and joy was theirs. They chased the deer through all their domain, and there were none to molest them. But by-and-by a strange boat, with wings like a great bird, came over the great salt lake, and the white man was in it. He came with fire in his guns, and fire in his barrels; and when a multitude had landed here, they began to place their foot upon our necks. And now our joy is gone, for rottenness has crept over our homes; vice has festered like great sores in our villages; the wives and daughters of my people have been corrupted; our warriors have drunk of the accursed fire-water until they have become like old women; our domain is becoming wrested from us, and sorrow sits like a black spirit brooding over our decay. Tell your God all this, and then ask him not to answer the white man's prayers when they ask for vengeance against the Natchez. Remember my words, and forget not one of them."

Thus speaking, the Great Sun folded his arms and gazed silently into the youth's face. White Hand was moved—deeply moved by the speech he had heard, for there was a depth of pathos in it that appealed directly to the heart. He knew well what each word of the chieftain meant, and he knew how true it was. But beyond this there was a meaning that struck terror to the youth's soul. He was just upon the point of falling upon his knees, when the Great Sun turned away and stalked from the place.

Pale and trembling, White Hand watched him until he was gone, and then turned to Stung Serpent.

"White Hand, you have heard the words of the Great Sun. He has spoken to you the truth. Now follow me."

Then Stung Serpent walked slowly from the prison-house, and the old man took White Hand by the arm, and said, "Come!" Instinctively he obeyed the summons, though his steps trembled as he walked forth. When he reached the open air, the prisoner looked around, but not a living thing could he see save the stout prince who walked on ahead, and the old man who led him.

Next to the prison, and distant some five rods, stood the temple. White Hand knew it by the rude imitation of the blazing sun that adorned the roof at the gable. Into this temple he was led, and here he found some twenty men, eight of whom were those warriors whose duty it was to attend the sacred fire.* This fire was burning upon an altar, and very curiously wrought with strange devices. But the youth took but little notice of the altar. His attention was arrested by the appearance of two stout men who stood near the altar with knives in their hands, and with a large bowl between them which was blood-stained both outside and in.

"Now, White Hand," spoke Stung Serpent, approaching him and placing his broad hand upon his shoulder, "you will not forget the message that the Great Sun has given you to deliver to your God, and you must give it word for word; and if the Great Spirit of the white man knows all things, he will know that the Natchez have only sent to him the words of truth. You will have an easy path from the earth, for our warriors know how to set the spirit free without pain."

With a quick start White Hand bounded back from Stung Serpent's touch. The whole truth now came upon him. He knew that the temple in a neighboring village had been recently struck by lightning and burned to ashes, and he had heard that the governor of the fort at Rosalie had professed to ask his God to send the calamity upon them. Now the Indians, in their ignorance of faith, believed they could send a message to the offended God of the white man, and that when he knew the truth, his anger would be appeased.

"Hold!" he uttered, raising his hand towards the prince. "What have I done that you should take my life? From a small boy I have grown up here, and never, by thought or deed, did I harm to one of your people. Why then do you take an innocent person to slay?"

"The pale boy has fallen into our power, and we would send him on a holy mission. Not in anger or revenge do we seek to do this, but only for good. Thou art a cast-away from those you loved, and surely you would rather be with those of your people who have gone to the land of spirits before you, than to have no home."

"And you think I will carry the message you would send?" cried the youth. "No!" he added, deeply and solemnly. "I will tell the Great Spirit how I was a poor prisoner in your hands. I will tell him thus: In my own home I had a bitter enemy. That enemy desired my ruin that he might possess all my father's gold; so he betrayed me into the hands of the red men. They took me with them to their village, and I murmured not. Then they seized me, as they would a brute, and murdered me in cold blood! Thus will I speak unto the God of heaven, and ask for vengeance upon my murderers. Be sure, now, ye warriors of the Natchez, that I will do as I have said. I have harmed ye not."

The red warriors were perplexed, and for some moments they whispered together in their own tongue. Then Stung Serpent approached his prisoner and took him by the hand, and having gazed awhile into his face, he said:

"Do you believe Stung Serpent would speak a falsehood?"

"I do not," was White Hand's immediate answer.

"Then listen to me. If I spare your life, I must speak falsehood, for I promised that you should not live."

"To whom did you make such a promise?" the youth asked.

"Never mind. Such a promise I made. But I have no desire to keep it, now that you will not carry the message we ask you to, save for mine honor."

"Honor! And can the noblest warrior of all the Little Suns of the Natchez find honor in taking the life of one who never harmed him?"

"Not in that—not in that. Yet I gave my word."

Thus speaking, the old warrior walked slowly to the other end of the temple, and then came back again, and when he stopped, a ray of light had shot athwart his dusky features.

"White Hand," he said, speaking more deeply than before, "can I know that thou wilt not speak falsehood to me—that if I have a promise from thee I may rest assured it will be most sacredly kept?"

"Ay—upon my life!" replied the prisoner, bowing low.

"Then if I spare thee now, wilt thou swear not to reveal thyself to any white person who shall come hither to our village, and that thou wilt not leave our village, save with my consent? Shall I have this promise from thee?"

The youth hesitated not an instant; but the promise was given quickly and distinctly.

* The Natchez believed that they were once a low and degraded people, and that a man and woman descended from the sun to teach them. These two people were like themselves, save that they were pure and lovely, and dazzled the eyes of all beholders, and for many years they ruled over the Natchez, and left children to rule after them. Among the religious rites which this descendant of the sun established and enforced upon the people, was the keeping alive of the sacred fire. There were two temples, one at each end of the domain, and in each was an altar, upon which this fire must be kept burning. For this purpose faithful warriors were appointed to watch it night and day, and should the fire by accident go out in one temple, it could only be re-lighted by fire from the other; and should both go out, the Great Spirit would send some heavy calamity upon them. The present race of Suns were descendants from this original man and woman, and the blood must be kept up through the female line, the descendants of the women only being of the royal blood. Thus the daughters of the Great Sun would beget royal offspring, but the sons' children would only be of the common herd. If the Great Sun himself had no female children, then the descent must come from the eldest daughter of his brother. All the royal males, such as brothers and children of the Great Sun, male children of his daughters and sisters, and male children of his nieces, were called Little Suns.

"Then come with me now, and in time thou shalt see me again. But remember, thy promise is given on thy life, and Stung Serpent trusts thee. Not another man of all thy people could have moved the Natchez prince as thou hast."

Thus speaking, Stung Serpent stalked from the temple, and the old man took White Hand again by the arm and led him forth. Once more he was conducted to the prison, and without a word, the old Indian pushed him in, and then locked the door upon him.

CHAPTER XI.

THE COMPACT.

ALONE the prisoner remained until noon, and then his dinner was brought by an Indian whom he had not before seen. He asked no questions, but allowed the messenger to go and come in silence. An hour afterwards the door was again opened, and this time the light, airy form of the princess Coqualla entered the prison. White Hand immediately arose and moved towards her.

"My white brother is safe, and Coqualla is glad," the princess uttered, as she took the proffered hand.

"Ah, fair princess!" exclaimed the youth, with some sadness in his tone; "but how long shall I be safe?"

"As long as you wish. But listen. The Natchez speak plainly when they have anything to say, for they would be quickly understood. My father has promised to kill thee, and in one way alone can he forego his pledge. He will not kill his own son-in-law."

The dusky princess trembled as she spoke, and her head was bowed. But White Hand understood her. He gazed a few moments upon her downcast face, and he wondered at her extreme beauty. She was dark, but the youth had seen faces in his own land much darker, but never had seen a smoother, fairer skin, nor features more faultlessly regular and beautiful. He started at her words, but it was with a strange, thrilling start, and a troubled, perplexed look worked upon his face.

"Coqualla," he said, "thou art the only daughter of thy father?"

"Thou speakest truth," was her reply.

"And will thy father give me to thee for a husband?"

"He will."

"And how is thy wish?"

"Like my father's. He loves thee, for thou hast touched his heart. Last night I heard him say thou wast the first uncomplaining, noble white man he had ever seen full of pain and sorrow. I love thee, too, and can always love thee and be true."

White Hand started across the prison, and his head was bowed in deep thought. At length he stopped and took Coqualla by the hand, and led her to where the ground rolled up into a little knoll, and here he sat down and drew the princess to his side.

"Coqualla," he whispered, "speak to me truly, now, and let not a thought of me retain your words, or mould them to smoothness of utterance. You would marry me. Is it for love of me, or only to save my life?"

"Both," answered the fair girl. "But were thy life all thine own, and I thought that the asking would bring thee to me for ever, I'd ask thee on my knees."

A little while the youth held the hand of the princess, and gazed into her large, dark eyes, and then he spoke. His words were low and earnest, and Coqualla listened in silence. He went on, and spoke more freely, but still in a whisper, and when he had done, the princess placed her arms about his neck and wept. He, too, wound his arms about the lithe form of his companion, and pressed her to his bosom; and from that moment their loves were reciprocal.

Coqualla hurried away from the prison, and when she returned, she brought with her the dress of a Little Sun of the Natchez, and an earthen bottle. White Hand was soon arrayed in the Indian garb, and then the princess proceeded to bathe his face and arms and legs with a fluid that was contained in the bottle. It was a preparation of the outer covering of the hickory nut, and some peculiar root, which gave the color of the red man's skin.

Thus arrayed and metamorphosed, Coqualla took her lover by the hand and led him forth. Not far from the temple was the house of Stung Serpent. It was, like all the other dwellings, of an oblong form, the walls built of rough timber, made tight by a cement formed of clay and Spanish moss, with a roof of reeds and vines very skilfully interwoven upon a frame, and made tight by the same kind of cement that formed the walls. The entrance was an aperture about four feet square in the front of the structure, and this was also the only place where light and air were admitted. To this house White Hand was led, and when he entered, he found that not only were all of Stung Serpent's family present, but also the Great Sun and his wives.

Coqualla blushed and hung down her head when she saw the people gazing upon her, and her companion trembled violently. But they were not left long in suspense. Stung Serpent was absent; but the Great Sun stepped down from the elevated seat that he occupied, and from one of the attendants he took a bow and an arrow, and a crown of feathers, to which was affixed an oak twig. The latter he placed upon White Hand's head, and the weapons he placed in his hand. Then to Coqualla the old chief gave a laurel twig and an ear of corn.

"My son," then spoke the Great Sun, in a solemn and impressive tone, "I, as the eldest male relative of the bride, do now bestow her upon thee. Thou hast been crowned with the plumage of the soaring bird, which signifieth the power of command you shall exercise in the household. The twig of oak tells us that the depth of no forest can prevent thee from procuring food in times of need; while the bow and arrow in thy hand signifieth that even unto death thou wilt protect her who is now given unto thee for a wife." Then the Great Sun turned to the bride: "Coqualla, in

thy hand thou holdest the twig of laurel—the emblem of purity. So wilt thou ever remain pure and unsullied, that the green laurel may be no more pure than art thou. The ear of corn thou hast also assumed. Never let thy household want for food whilst thou art thus provided."

Then the chieftain resumed his seat, and the same old man who had led White Hand to the temple, stepped forward and delivered a sort of sermon, after which the couple were hailed as man and wife. In the midst of these rejoicings, the entrance to the house was darkened, and in a moment more, Stung Serpent stood within the place. He looked upon White Hand, and his brow darkened, but a close observer could have seen that the look was assumed.

"Who hath done this?" he demanded, in a loud tone, which made White Hand quake, for he thought it was meant in earnest.

"I, my brother," answered the Great Sun. "They loved each other well, and I gave thy child away."

Stung Serpent bowed his head a few moments, and when he looked up again, his brow was clear.

"Then my promise is made void," he said; "for no man can harm the husband of his child. White Hand, thou art safe with us; but remember thine oath!"

"The husband of thy child will not break his promise," spoke the White Hand, solemnly.

"It is well. I am in season for the festivities."

And thereupon the festivities commenced, and they were kept up till late in the evening, and then the newly married couple were conducted to a dwelling that the king himself gave them. It was just back of the house of Stung Serpent, and was within the line of the great circle of dwellings, but its post of honor was marked by its nearness to the abode of the Great Sun.

After the newly married pair had been conducted to their dwelling, the youth felt a hand upon his arm, and on turning, he saw the Great Sun.

"White Hand," he said, "follow me, for the Great Sun of the Natchez has much to say to thee."

Full of wonder, the youth followed the king from the place, but he did not fear, for there was only kindness in the tones of the monarch. On they went until they reached a gigantic oak that stood in the very centre of the village, and here the Great Sun stopped.

"White Hand," he said, in a low, solemn tone, "thou hast sworn to my brother that thou wilt not betray thyself to thy countrymen, nor leave the village of the White Apple without our consent. Only six miles from here is the fort and village of the white man; so thou seest how great is the trust we repose in thee."

"Yet I will not break my word," said the youth, while a spirit of awe crept over him. There was something grand and sublime in the scene about him, and he could not shake off the impression that a sort of mystic fate was being worked out in all this. The heavens were without a cloud, and the myriad stars were twinkling like tiny eyes of fire away off in the dark vault. The broad, smooth plain stretched off like a mystic lake, while the huts of the Natchez were dimly visible in the great circle.

"White Hand," resumed the dark monarch, "I do not think that the Great Spirit of our people is the same God that made the white man. The country away beyond the great salt lake, they tell me, is full of white men, and your God has given them laws not like our laws. They pray to their God for vengeance on the Natchez, and the dread vengeance comes. Like the swift storm at night, and like the bound of the beast of prey, it comes upon us. My son, thou canst pray?"

"Yes," murmured the youth.

"Then wilt thou not pray for the Natchez? Wilt thou not pray that He will send no more calamities upon us? Thou art good, and true, and noble. What sayest thou?"

A strange truth now flashed upon the youth's mind. The Indians, in their simple dread of the white man's God, had believed that if they could possess one of the true worshippers of that God, and persuade him to intercede for them, the calamities that resulted from the prayers of their enemies might be averted. Yet White Hand did not wonder, for he knew how simple were the ideas that the red men entertained of their own Deity, and, of course, they supposed that the Christian's God could be influenced in the same simple manner. And, moreover, he knew that the Indians had often heard the monks praying, and when he remembered how direct and common were the appeals thus made, he did not question the influence it must have upon those who were wont to regard Deity as a being to be propitiated with gifts and outer show. The youth's first thought was to try and correct the error into which the chief had fallen; but when he came to reflect that in such a work he should have to uproot the prejudices of a lifetime, he resolved to do as was asked of him.

"Great and mighty king," said the youth, in a tone that gave evidence of his truth, "I think God will answer my prayers as quickly as those of any of my people, and so far as the Natchez are in the right, will I pray for them."

"And thou wilt tell him all the wrongs we suffer, and all the indignities that are heaped upon us?"

"I will," replied White Hand.

"Then thou shalt be the well-beloved of the Natchez. Let us return now, and as we go, I will tell thee more. The white chief at Rosalie is called Chopart. He is a bad man, and a liar. I dare not tell thee all the evil he has done. But he has robbed us of our cattle, and we can have no redress. He has encroached upon our lands, and we cannot drive him off. He has seized upon our women, and made them slaves. But O! the day of reckoning must come. Beware, my son, that thou lettest not thy sympathy run with these bad men, for the hour is nigh at hand—the hour of vengeance and retribution!"

The king spoke no more, only to bid White Hand good-night

when they reached the dwelling, and soon the youth was with his princess. Truly his situation was a strange one, and that night he prayed long and fervently, but he dared not let his wife know all his prayer.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OTHER CAPTIVE.

On the very evening that White Hand reached the village of the White Apple, a party of Chickasaws stepped upon the northern shore of Lake Pontchartrain. They were ten in number, and with them was a prisoner, who now reclined against a small hickory tree. Surely there is no difficulty in recognizing the features of Louise St. Julien in that pale face; but she has grown thin and wan even in so short a time. Her silken gown is torn and soiled by the thorns and bushes through which she has been led, and the thin shoes are worn through till the feet have become sore and bleeding; for the way she has come has been a hard one, and many a sharp bramble has bestrewn the path. But she rests now. The flames dart up from a fire near at hand, at which the red men are cooking some meat; but the poor prisoner wants none of it. Sick and faint, she sinks down upon the soft mossy bed at the foot of the tree, and ere long all her dangers and troubles are forgotten in sleep. The red men come to her when the meal is prepared, but they see how soundly she sleeps, and they will not awaken her; so they eat their food alone.

The fair prisoner sleeps on, ever and anon starting up with frightful dreams, until at length, when the night is far spent, she is aroused by strange sounds near at hand, amid which she can distinguish the clash of arms and the hum of angry voices. The idea of escape breaks upon her mind, and she starts up. A moment she gazes around, and she sees men in conference about her, with weapons drawn, and voices raised as if in anger. She moves only a step, and a hand is laid upon her shoulder. A stout Chickasaw holds her fast, and tells her she cannot escape. In a moment more the Chickasaw is pushed rudely aside, and Louise looks up into the moon-lit face of Simon Lobo!

"Ha!" he cries, with well-assumed astonishment, "and was my suspicion correct? Have I found my beloved thus dragged away by ruthless savages? Early this morning a runner brought the news to New Orleans that a white girl was being carried off by the Chickasaws, and that their trail bent towards the great lake. A mystic voice whispered thy name in my ear. Why it was I know not; but I started, and I have found thee. Look up, sweet Louise, for thou art safe. Thou art rescued!"

The maiden's first emotion seemed to be to shrink from the white man, but in a moment more she gave him her hand.

"And am I free from these savages?" she asked, gazing first into Simon's face, and then upon the motley crew about her.

"Ay, thou art, Louise. Do you not see that they are all quelled? Heaven must have directed me to this spot. Fear no more, for thou shalt be safe with me."

Under any other circumstances, Louise might have been frantic with joy at such salutation, but now she was moved by so many conflicting doubts that the coming of the rescuers seemed to move her but little. By the bright moonlight she could see the crew about her, and they did not look like deadly enemies. No one was wounded, nor did any one appear to be hurt. To be sure, there had been the sound of strife, but it may have only been a mock battle after all. At any rate, so ran the maiden's thoughts, though she kept them to herself.

"Come," continued Simon, after waiting some moments for an answer that he did not receive,—"come with me now. The savages will not dare to harm you more, nor will they dare molest us."

Louise suffered herself to be led to the shore of the lake, and there she found two boats in waiting. She had been seated in one of them, when the chief of the Chickasaw party came down and called Simon back. A bitter smile stole over the maiden's face as she saw this, and her suspicions were well confirmed when she saw Lobo follow the red man up the bank. But the cousin returned in a few moments, and having seated himself by the side of Louise, the boats were manned and shoved off.

"The red dog wanted me to promise that I would not expose his crime to the governor," said Simon, after the boats had got well into the lake. "By my soul, I would have made them all prisoners, only that I feared you might be harmed in the melee. You did not notice how we came upon them, and what first occurred, did you?" Simon gazed sharply into his companion's face as he thus spoke, as though he would read any suspicion she might hold.

"I saw nothing until I was grasped by the shoulder," she truthfully replied, "for I was sound asleep when you came."

"So I thought. But I will explain: One of the men who accompanied me knew the various trails that lead to the lake, and he guided us here. We landed, and we found the Indians asleep, all save one; but they were upon their feet by the time we were up with them, and I saw that some of them had guns. At that moment I espied you asleep upon the ground. In an instant I forbade my men to fire, for I feared you might be hit. I told the leader of the Indians that he was discovered, and that if he did not give me up his prisoner, I would have the whole French force down upon his people before another sun had set. And I furthermore told him that if he would quietly deliver up the maiden, we would not harm him. A scuffle ensued between some of the red men and two of my companions, but we quickly stopped it, and the Indians agreed to give you up if we would let them depart in peace. I consented, and—you know the rest. Was it not fortunate that I heard the report this morning?—and was it not very fortunate that Heaven whispered to me that you might be the prisoner?"

"It was very fortunate," returned Louise.

"And perhaps you think it was strange," added Simon. "But yet I had some ground for the fear. The runner told me that the Indians were on the Tickfah trail, and I could think of no place from whence they could have brought a young white maiden captive in that direction save from the estate of our father. I say our father, for surely he has been a father to me. The more I thought of the matter, the more confirmed my fears became. A French ship lay in the river, and I easily hired some of her men to come with me, as you see. O, Louise, do you realize how great is the blessing thus fallen upon you? What must have been your fate had I not found you as I did?"

But the maiden did not reply. She was thinking how flimsy and improbable was the story her companion had told, and she wondered if he thought her such a simpleton as to believe all he said.

"Do you realize what a fate must have been yours?" Simon urged. "A death of torture, or a life of misery and shame!"

"I know the Indians are sometimes revengeful, but I do not think they would have murdered a defenseless girl," said Louise.

"Ah, you do not know them. You do not know these Chickasaws. They are monsters of cruelty!"

"And yet they have been very kind to me."

"Kind, Louise? Then why are you so pale and wan?—and why so feeble?"

"Because I am not well. I am sick. Last night I had a severe fever, but my captors prepared some medicine from roots that they found in the earth, and it relieved me at once."

"Ah, that was but to hold you up on your journey. But you are sick, even now. Let me fix a place for repose."

Simon spread a blanket upon the boat's bottom in the stern-sheets, and fixed it so that Louise could lay her head upon one of the thwarts, and when this was fixed, she availed herself of the opportunity for rest thus afforded, for she was in truth sick and faint, and her head ached. It was not all the result of mere fatigue or fright, but disease had absolutely fastened upon her—a slight cold, perhaps, at first, but now verging to a fever.

Yet Louise slept, and when she awoke, she found the sun shining down full upon her, and the boat had reached the southern shore. She was assisted to land, but she could not walk. However, horses were at hand, and when she was seated in the saddle, the party started across the land towards New Orleans, which they reached before noon. But it was not the New Orleans of the present day. The place contained not more than a hundred dwellings, and those were humble and primitive in form. The territory of the town had been laid out into squares, sixty-six in number, of three hundred feet each. These squares were eleven in number upon the river, and six in depth; so that even then, with all the obstacles of the natural state of the land, its geographical position had marked it out in the mind of its founder as the nucleus of a mighty city. And he was not wrong. His quick and comprehensive mind understood the advantages of the position in a commercial point of view, for he saw that here was the natural point between ocean and inland navigation. And now New Orleans, certainly the fourth city in the world in commercial importance, stands a monument of Bienville's sagacity and judgment. He alone of all the people then held upon this spot for the metropolis, and at length his commanding position enabled him to carry his point.

To a low, wooden house on Bourbon Street was Louise conducted, and at her own request she was at once shown to a bed, and a physician sent for. An old negro woman, named Loppa, came to wait upon her, and in a little while the physician came. He was an old man, and well skilled in drugs. He examined the patient's pulse, her tongue, and asked numerous questions, and then announced that with care she might be well in a very few days.

During the rest of that day and the following night, Louise saw no more of Simon Lobo. Her head ached much, but finally the old doctor's potions quieted the nervous action, and late in the evening she sank into a gentle slumber. On the following morning, she felt much better, so that the doctor smiled when he came. In three days from that time she was fairly recovered from her disease, though she was very weak, partly from the severe shock she had received, and partly from the effects of the medicines she had taken. At all events, the physician deemed it not necessary to call again, and only ordered now that his patient's diet should be strictly attended to.

As Louise thus began to regain her strength, she wondered when Simon Lobo would take her home. She had asked him once, but had gained no direct answer.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MASK IS OFF.

SEVERAL times had Louise suggested to Loppa the idea of her looking out about the town, but she had been informed that it would not be safe. The old negress was firm and uncompromising, but yet kind and considerate as far as her care of her charge's welfare was concerned. Louise had made some examination of the house in which she was confined, and she was satisfied that she could not escape from it without much labor and trouble. It was on the fifth day of her sojourn there, towards the latter part of the afternoon, that she was aroused from a fit of deep thought by the entrance of Simon Lobo. He came in with a warm smile upon his face, and after some remarks upon Louise's improved looks, he took a seat by her side. She did not shrink from him, nor did she seem afraid of him, but with a keen gaze she fixed her deep blue eyes upon him.

"Sweet cousin," he said, in a tone of extreme softness, "why

was it ordered that I should be the one to save you from the jaws of ruin and death? Why was I singled out for your saviour?"

"Surely, Simon, it was because you, of all others, were in duty bound to save me," replied Louise.

"Ha! how so?" the cousin asked, with a slight start, but quickly recovering himself.

"Why, because to you my father gave me in charge. Because you have received a handsome salary for taking care of me."

"By my soul, I should say that you had shown an early disposition to throw off the yoke of my authority."

"Ah, how so?"

"Your own sense will tell you how," Simon responded, somewhat bitterly.

"O, I meant no play upon the past, my cousin. But then you are my near relative, you know,—and hence you ought to save me."

"And this is the gratitude you feel for the service I have done you."

"Now, Simon, you did not ask me how I felt. You only asked me why it was you were singled out to save me. Most truly, for all of good you have ever done me do I feel most duly grateful. For all your acts of kindness to me, you have my deep acknowledgment."

Lobois seemed for the moment non-plussed by the off-hand manner in which he was thus far met, but his forces were soon in order again, and he renewed the attack.

"Louise, you remember the conversation we once had in the study?"

"How could I ever forget it? Don't you remember it?"

"Ay—I do," returned Simon, his tone growing bitter again. "And you remember the questions I then asked you?"

"Perfectly, Simon. And you remember the answers I gave?" replied the gentle girl.

"Yes—I do remember them; I have remembered them ever since. And now let me assure you that I look upon this strange event as an opportunity granted by Heaven itself for me to ask those questions over again."

"Simon Lobois! Are you in earnest?"

"I am."

"And were not my answers on that occasion sufficiently plain?"

"They were for the then present time, but not for all coming time. A love such as mine cannot be cramped by the result of one interview. It has been cherished too long, and has become too deeply rooted. From one less loved I might have turned away under such a rebuff, but not from you. No, no, Louise; I have come now to ask that one question again. Remember now the debt you owe me; remember the double claim I now have," said the cousin.

"Double claim, Simon?"

"Ay—a double claim. First, the claim resulting from the care I have held for you since early childhood; and, second, this last claim founded in the very saving of your life."

"It was curious that you should have been the one to save me—wasn't it?" said Louise, looking into her companion's face with an expression he could not analyze, though he tried hard to do so.

"It was," he replied.

"And that you should have landed just in that place, too?" pursued Louise, without removing her close gaze from her dark cousin's face.

"Yes—a—it was providential. But then I was led thither by one who knew that that was one of the principal trails."

"And was it not curious, also, that the Chickasaws should have taken that particular trail, thus leaving one that would have been many miles nearer for them?"

"A—a—nearer, Louise? Are you sure?"

"Most assuredly I am. Their village is on the banks of the Bogue, and they might have followed a direct trail."

"Then there—a—must have been a wonderful providence in it," said Simon, with much effort.

"And how strange that they should have camped directly by the boat landing, where the whites would be sure to come if they crossed the lake—wasn't it?—especially when we consider what a repute they have for shrewdness and cunning?"

Simon Lobois winced at this, and a perceptible tremor ran through his frame. But he recovered himself with an effort, in a few moments. Though still looking down to the floor, and seeming to be forming an answer to the last remark of Louise.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NEW ZEALAND CHIEFTAIN.

The "portrait of a gentleman" on this page is sketched from the life. The subject is a Maori chief of distinction, certainly a marked man, for his countenance is tattooed in the very highest style of savage. Graceful wrinkles adorn his warlike front, and elaborate "curly cues" his swarthy cheeks. He is doubtless the Magnus Apollo of his tribe, and is, of course, looked up to like the "god of the silver bow," by the adoring Greeks. The stern of his war canoe is really carved and decorated with great elegance, and is a curious specimen of the arts and tastes of the New Zealanders. In the distance is a sketch of one of these war galleys

fully manned, showing its proportions. The two islands of New Zealand, discovered by the Dutch navigator, Tasman, in 1642, have been the seat of an active commerce, while the efforts of the missionaries in Christianizing and civilizing the natives have been attended with much success. The language of the New Zealanders, is radically the same with that spoken in the Sandwich Islands. The New Zealanders are remarkable for their energy and self-denial in the pursuit of distant advantages; and their discernment in appreciating the benefit of civilization is also equally striking. The use of fire-arms has become general among them, and they have carried on the whale fishery in their canoes very successfully. They are not bad farmers, and are very expert in weaving. The dress of both sexes is the same, and consists of an inner coat or tunic, fastened by a girdle round the waist, as shown in the figure of the chief in our engraving. To these they add a sort of cloak woven of flax. The practice of tattooing is common, though not universal. They are generally tall, strong, active and well-shaped, with straight hair and brown complexions. They are fond of war, and in the perpetual warfare waged by the different tribes against each other, exhibit the most revolting ferocity. They devour the flesh of captives made in battle, and even eat their own slaves when pressed by hunger, or urged by appetite. It has been stated that this cannibalism is a superstitions observance; but those best acquainted with them, affirm that it is the result of a positive craving for human flesh. A New Zealand chieftain speaking to a missionary of one of his brother preachers, said, in his acquired English, that he was a good man. "You know him, then?" said the missionary. "Know him!" echoed the chieftain. "Maybe me know him—me eat him! Ah, he was good!" Their chiefs are hereditary, and of different ranks, forming, with their connections, a kind of aristocracy, the principal members of which enjoy different degrees of authority; but the power of the principal chief of the tribe is absolute; and the great body of the people are in a state of slavery, and at the entire disposal of their masters, who put them to death on the slightest

down; and if they gained access, then a fearful contest would ensue. The unfortunate female, thus placed between the two contending parties, would be seized by her head, hair, or limbs, and as those who contended for her became tired with the struggle, fresh combatants would supply their places from the rear, climbing over the shoulders of their friends, and so edge themselves into the mass immediately round the woman, whose cries and shrieks would be unheeded by her savage friends. In this way the poor creature was often nearly torn to pieces. The savage contests sometimes ended in the strongest party bearing off in triumph the person of the bride; in some cases, after a long season of suffering, she recovered, to be given to a person for whom she had no affection; in others, to die within a few hours or days from the injuries she had received. But it was not uncommon for the weaker party, when they found they could not prevail, for one of them to put an end to the contest by suddenly plunging



A NEW ZEALAND WAR CHIEF, AND CARVED STERN OF A NEW ZEALAND CANOE.

occasion, or from mere caprice. They live upon the roots of the fern, which grows throughout New Zealand abundantly, and attains a large size, and on potatoes cultivated by the slaves. We are told by Mr. Taylor, a missionary in New Zealand, that there is no such thing among the Maori as a marriage ceremony. The ancient and most general way of obtaining a wife was for the gentleman to summon his friends, and make a regular *taua*, or fight, to carry off the lady by force, and oftentimes with great violence. Even when a girl was bestowed in marriage by her parents, frequently some distant relatives would feel aggrieved, and fancy they had a greater right to her, as a wife of one of their tribe; or, if the girl had eloped with some one on whom she had placed her affections, then her father or brothers would refuse their consent, and in either case would carry a *taua* against the husband and his friends, to regain possession of the girl either by persuasion or force. If confined in a house, they would pull it

his spear into the woman's bosom, to hinder her from becoming the property of another. Even in the case when all was agreeable, it was still customary for the bridegroom to go with a party, and appear to take her away by force, her friends yielding her up after a feigned struggle. A few days afterwards, the parents of the lady, with all her relatives, came to the bridegroom for his pretended abduction. After much speaking and apparent anger, the bridegroom generally made a handsome present of fine mats, etc., giving the party an abundant feast. But while condemning their brutality, we must not forget that William of Normandy, from whom the proudest of England's peerage boast their descent, wooed his bride by knocking her down and beating her. As to the New Zealanders, by the labors of the missionaries, many have been converted to Christianity, and consequently the former practices of polygamy and cannibalism have, in a good measure, been abolished by them.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY NATIVE VALE.

BY OAVILLE PARSONS.

I know a lovely little valley,
Shut in by lofty, wooded hills,
Where love the sunbeams bright to dally
Mid nodding groves and babbling rills.
Where all day long each feathered singer
Vies with his mate in melody,
And happiness and pleasure linger
Forever there, secure for me.

Though far in distant climes a ranger,
In days to come I long may be,
The joys and pleasures of the stranger
Can ne'er have lasting charms for me.
Nor wealth nor honors may discover
My soul from thee; with joy I'll hail
Thy pleasant scenes, and dwell for ever
In thee, my own, my native vale.

[Translated from the German for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WALPURGIS NIGHT.

BY ALICE MAY.

ONE spring, about the year 18—, business called me to Prague. In spite of the many amusements which the city afforded, I could not help wishing that the time of my return, which my wife had been expecting for seven weeks, would speedily come. We had never been separated so long before, since our marriage. True, Fanny wrote to me every week regularly, but the tender love which her letters expressed and the sorrow at my absence, were but oil to the fire. Every day I wished Prague four and twenty miles to the north of me. Glad enough was I when my business was finished. I bade good-by to my few friends and acquaintances, told my host to give me his bill, and determined to set out the very next day. Early the next morning my host appeared according to orders, with a good heavy bill. I hadn't money enough in my purse for this and my travelling expenses both, so I determined to cash a draft. I felt for my pocket-book, but it wasn't in its usual place. I now became alarmed, for it contained more than fourteen hundred thalers. I examined every corner of the room, but it was nowhere to be found.

It was soon evident that my pocket-book was either lost or stolen. I was sure that I had it the day before, and I remembered putting it back then into my breast-pocket, where I usually kept it. I could have sworn I felt it when I undressed the night before. It contained all Fanny's letters and all my valuable papers which the holder could change into gold and silver at any moment. As I was in this state of mind, a person passed my window whom I had seen a few days before at a coffee-house, whose appearance was very repugnant. As I saw his peculiar red coat a shiver ran through me involuntarily, but I thought: "I don't care who I see, if I can only get my papers again." There soon came a knock at my chamber door. As I stepped forward I couldn't help thinking of that strange red coated man, but when I opened the door I couldn't resist a cry of surprise at the sight of that very individual, who, with a low bow, walked coolly into the room.

I must tell you where I first saw this man. I strolled into a coffee-house one night to see the evening papers. Two men were playing chess. Some young fellows sat in a window disengaging ghost stories and apparitions. A little old man in a red coat was walking up and down the room. I ordered a bottle of wine and sat down to read. Soon this man occupied my attention so much that I forgot my paper—there was something repulsive in his features, his dress, his very manner. He was rather under than over the middle size, though broad-shouldered and firmly built, and was apparently about fifty, though his head was bent like an old man. His thick, black hair and yellow complexion, with a hooked nose and projecting cheek-bones, made his face peculiarly disagreeable. His eye had a strange glitter expressive of no human feeling, and I thought, as I looked at him: "You were born a hangman or inquisitor, or to head a band of robbers, or to be a gipsy king. For the sake of a jest you could set a city on fire or murder children; and now I wouldn't be alone with you in the forest. You have never laughed in your life."

But I was mistaken. He could laugh. He overheard the conversation of the young people in the window and laughed. But what a laugh! A cold shiver ran through me. I couldn't resist looking at his feet. One foot was well formed, but the other was a clump foot. I forgot my paper entirely, though I still held it before me, glancing over the top to see this singular form. As he passed the chess table, one of the chess players said exultingly, to his adversary:

"You are lost now!"

The red coat paused, looked for a moment at the table, and said to the speaker: "You are mistaken. You will be check-mate yourself at the third move."

The supposed victor laughed triumphantly. His opponent shook his head in despair, but at the third move the first speaker became checkmate.

While the players began their game again, one of the party in the window said:

"You are laughing at what we say, sir, and that tells me you support the opposite opinion. Have you read Schelling?"

"Yes, indeed," said the little man.

"And what do you say to him?"

"The blind lead the blind, and the deaf dispute about tones in

music. Alexander wanted to build a bridge to the moon to conquer it, and your philosophers, not finding anything to suit them in reason, become unreasonable."

The young men began to answer, but he took up his hat and disappeared.

I could not forget this singular form, though I had never seen him since, except in dreams. Now he unexpectedly stood in my very chamber.

"Your pardon, if I interrupt you," he said. "I have the honor to speak to Herr Robert?"

"I am he," I replied.

"How can you prove that?"

A strange question, thought I. Perhaps he is a spy. A letter directed to me lay on the table. I showed it to him.

"But that name is found everywhere. Give me some better proof. I have some business with you."

"Pardon me," said I. "I cannot attend to business now. I am just starting on a journey, and have a thousand things to do. I think, too, you mistake me, for I am neither a politician nor a merchant."

He measured me from head to foot, and said: "So?" He then remained silent for a time, and turned as if to go away, but suddenly resumed:

"Have you not just had business in Prague? Is not your brother on the point of becoming a bankrupt?"

My cheeks must have turned fiery red, for I thought this secret was known to no one but my brother and myself. He laughed his demoniacal laugh.

"Sir," said I, "you are mistaken again. I have several brothers, but none of them is bankrupt."

He did not seem to notice my evasion, but repeated that singular "So?"

"Sir," said I, with some hesitation, for I feared he would see through me as he had the game of chess, and I was annoyed that any one even suspected my brother's situation, "you are evidently mistaken in the person, and I must beg you to leave me now, for I have no time to lose."

"One moment," said he; "you appear disturbed. Has anything occurred to trouble you? It is true I do not live in Prague, and have not been here before for twelve years, but I may be able to assist you. You have the face of an honorable man. Do you need money?"

He laughed again, or rather grinned, as if he would buy my soul. I wished nothing more to do with him, and said, curtly:

"No. But since you so generously offer it, may I ask your name?"

"It is of no importance to you," he said. "It has nothing to do with this affair. But I am a *man-devil* [Mannteuffel]. I have you any more faith in me now?"

"A man-devil!" I repeated, becoming so strangely confused that I knew neither what to say, nor whether the whole affair were jest or earnest. Just then there came a knock at the door, and the servant handed me a letter.

"Read it," said my strange companion. "It comes doubtless from your dear Fanny."

I was more confused than ever.

"Do you know now who I am?" said he.

I was on the point of answering: "I believe you are Satan himself, and have come after my soul," but I remained silent.

"Your way lies through Eger," said he. "So does mine. Will you take a seat in my carriage to-morrow?"

I thanked him, but said I had engaged a place by the post. He looked disturbed, but finally said:

"I must see your lovely Fanny, and your little Leopold and Auguste. Cannot you guess now who I am? I would willingly do you a service."

"Well," said I, "if you are a sorcerer, I have lost my pocket-book, and where shall I find it?"

"Pooh! what matter is a pocket-book? What use?"

"It contained important papers and more than five hundred thalers in money. What measures shall I take if it is lost, and what if it is stolen?"

"What sort of a thing was it?"

"Of green silk, with my name embroidered on it in flowers. My wife made it."

"You seem to care more for the outside than for what it contains!" said he. "But what will you give me if I find it?"

At these words he looked at me as strangely and searchingly as if he expected me to answer, "I will give you my soul," but as I remained silent, he put his hand in his pocket and drew forth my missing treasure.

"There it is," said he, drily.

I was beside myself with astonishment. I examined and found that nothing was lost.

"Where did you get it?" I exclaimed.

"I found it on the bridge of Woldau, at four o'clock, yesterday." I remembered having taken it out just at that hour.

"Probably at the moment you dropped it," he continued, "but I could not tell whether it belonged to a person before or behind me, on foot, or on horseback. I therefore examined the contents and thus learned your name and address, and gained some knowledge of your circumstances. I came here yesterday evening, but you were out."

"What mistakes we make in physiognomy," thought I. I could have embraced my man-devil, and I made him the most friendly speeches, for my joy was proportioned to my former vexation, but he would not listen to them.

"A good journey to you," he said, as he left the room, "and a greeting to your pretty Fanny. We shall meet again. Adieu!"

I had paid my reckoning and was just leaving the hotel with

my servant, when the brother, on whose account I had come to Prague, came up the steps. We went back to my room, where I heard with joy that his failing fortunes had now changed. An important speculation had resulted well, and he had hastened to the city to arrange his affairs.

"But," said he, "now I am once safe, I have done with business. I shall invest my property and run no risk of being a millionaire one day, and a bankrupt the next. I have come here now to close up my concerns, and thank you for your kindness."

I was obliged to remain with him for some days longer, but at last he saw my impatience and my desire for home, and soon arranged matters as to enable me to set out. All the way my thoughts would dwell on the little man in red. To be sure, I said to myself, he returned me my pocket-book, and he has never betrayed my brother's secret, so he must have some honor about him. But no. Nature never can write so illegibly on a human face as to leave such an expression to a good man. I gave rein to my imagination as I lay back in the coach, and I wondered to myself if my new acquaintance might not be a very devil who had assumed an appearance of honesty, merely to deceive me. But what temptation could he offer me, thought I? I was neither money nor lands, and I wouldn't change my little Fanny for the most beautiful woman in the world. I might like a throne for a few days, to give peace to the world, but as soon as I had done that, I should resign it. I want nothing, for I am happy.

I was two days and a night on my way. The second day I bribed the postillions to use their utmost speed, but the roads were almost impassable, and my impatience became every moment greater. It was now well-nigh a quarter of a year since I had seen my Fanny and my children. I trembled with joy when I thought that this very day I should have them in my arms.

It is true Fanny was not my first love. I had had one before her, a certain Julia, from whom I had been separated by the pride of her parents. Julia and I swore eternal fidelity to one another when we parted, but the world knows what that too often means. Julia became the Countess Starostin, and I—saw Fanny. My love for Fanny was nobler and purer. Julia was only the divinity of my fancy. Fanny was the beloved of my heart.

The clock was striking one as we drove into the sleeping city. I left my servant at the post-house with our baggage, determined to return thither myself if my household were asleep, and bent my steps toward the suburb where I could already see my beloved home shaded by the walnut trees and gleaming in the moonlight. They were all sleeping. All was silent as the grave, and I would not rouse any one. The door of a garden house I had lately built stood open. I entered, and there lay my wife's work on the table. My children's toys, too, were scattered about. Even these slight tokens of their presence gave me indescribable pleasure. I stretched myself on a sofa and determined to pass the mild summer night there, for any bed is soft to a man who hasn't closed his eyes for more than forty hours. But scarcely had I established myself there, when the garden gate swung on its hinges with a loud creak. I started up, fearing robbers; but to my inexpressible astonishment there stood—my little friend in red.

"Where, in the name of Heaven, did you come from?" I exclaimed.

"From Prague," he replied, coolly, "and I am going back again in half an hour. I meant to keep my word, and take a look at you and your wife. Your servant told me you were gone home, and I followed you. You surely do not mean to pass the night in this damp place. You will make yourself ill."

I went into the garden with him, unable to prevent a cold shiver, though I tried to laugh at my fears. My companion's features were even more terrible by moonlight than they had been by the glare of day.

"You terrified me," said I, at length, determined to break the fearful silence. "How did you know I was out here? You must be omniscient."

He laughed maliciously, and said: "Now do you know who I am, and what I want?"

"No better than I did in Prague; but, jestingly, if you would be offended, the idea occurs to me you may be the devil!"

He laughed again, and said: "If so, will you make common cause with me?"

"My happiness is complete now, sir devil," said I; "so you must bid high if you want me."

"Oho!" said he, "that was the way once when men believed in the devil, and took measures against him, but now they can't get dog-cheap."

"I hope that isn't the case with me," I replied, "though I do hold Beelzebub for a tradition."

"That's just the insolent certainty of you mortals—pardon me for assuming the character you have just given me—which gets the infernal regions more recruits than a whole legion of sergeants could, in Satan's uniform. Since men have begun to consider eternity a problem, and hell a fable, to call profligacy charming weakness, and jumble virtues and vices, or rather disbelieve in crime and sin, we have no more trouble in catching you, for you come of yourselves. The best only is strong till the trial comes."

"Spoken like a devil," said I.

"Just so," said he, with the old laugh. "When truth was holy, Satan was the father of lies, but it is all changed now, for the devil is the opposite of men."

"Then you are no opponent of mine, for I agree with you entirely."

"Then you belong to me entirely," said he, with the old laugh, "for give me a hair and I'll have your head. But come, it is cold out here. I am going to Prague, my carriage is harnessed."

I accompanied him to the hotel and there stood his horses.

"Come and take a glass of punch with me," said he. "I ordered it before I started from here."

I accepted the invitation, and we sat down in the well-warmed and comfortable hall. While we drank, another traveller—an old, thin man—walked up and down, sunk in deep thought. Baggage lay about, and on a chair a bonnet and shawl and a woman's gloves. The stranger said to a servant who was passing:

"Tell my wife when she comes, that I have gone to bed. We start early in the morning." And with these last words he left the room. I determined to take a bed there too for the night.

It now became necessary for my companion to go, but he said, as he jumped into his carriage: "We shall meet again."

When I returned to the hall, a lady stood there with the shawl, bonnet and gloves. She turned toward me and I saw the well known features of my once loved Julia, no less terrified than I.

"For Heaven's sake, Robert, is it you or your spirit?"

"Julia!" I stammered, and in a moment we were almost involuntarily buried in one another's arms.

She quickly recovered herself, however, and said: "Come into the next room with me. We have much to say to each other."

We sat down together, and from the manner in which she recurred to memories of the past, I inferred that she was not happy with Count Starostin. We were busily engaged in conversation, and time passed almost unconsciously to us, when suddenly the door opened and the tall, thin old man whom I had previously seen entered. We started up as if convicted, before him. For a moment he was silent and pale as death; then, seizing Julia, he shook her violently, exclaiming, "Traitor!" I attempted to release her, but he thrust me back. I sprang forward again; and he let her go and turned to me, saying: "If you will have it then!"

I seized a knife from the table near by, but quick as thought he grasped my throat in his iron hands. I lost breath, and threw my arms wildly about. Suddenly he fell back. My knife had reached his heart. Julia threw herself weeping upon him. I was almost frantic. The noise had awakened the people of the house. I heard a great commotion and several voices. Flight alone was left to me. Seizing a lamp to light my way, I found the main entrance was securely fastened; I turned back to a small door opening into the court-yard. I heard footsteps and voices behind me. I rushed into a barn, out of which I knew a way into the country. Some one seized my coat. I tore away from him and thrust my candle into a stack of hay. Flames shot suddenly up, and in the confusion I escaped. The impulse of self-preservation drove me blindly on, but when the maddening thought pressed on me of what I had been yesterday and what I was to-day, I could not believe it possible. But the cool morning wind and my blood-stained clothes convinced me only too well.

Dripping with sweat, breathless and exhausted, I could scarcely move, and every few moments I was forced to pause to gain strength to proceed. I reached a village some distance from the town. I was hesitating whether to go round or go boldly through it, for the sun had not yet risen, when the church bells struck. It was an alarm peal. Every stroke pierced through me. I turned; the sky was covered with a red glow, and in the distance I saw tongues of flame leaping up from the burning city. And I—I had done all this. What a terrible awakening had I prepared for my wife and children! New strength animated me at this fearful sight, and I fled round the hamlet into a pine forest. When I reached the depths of the wood where I could no longer see that terrible light, in my anguish I dashed my head on the earth and tore up the grass and roots about me.

"O, the man-devil was right," said I; "the holiest of us only want opportunity to make us sinners. Give him a hair and he does get your whole head. What unhappy fate had sent Satan into my garden house? If I had not touched his punch I should not have seen Julia and forgotten my Fanny. Then I should not have murdered Starostin, I should not have lighted those flames; I should not be wandering abroad, a terror to myself, a curse to men."

The bells still rang incessantly, and I started up, hoping to get on somewhat further before daybreak. A sudden thought dashed me to the earth again in passionate anguish. It was my Fanny's birthday. How happy it had always been to me before. And now—I could not endure the thought. Suddenly I remembered it was Walpurgis night, when, according to the old tradition, evil spirits hold festival, and the devil collects his witches on the top of Black Mountain. The thought of the little man in red returned, and in my despair I wished he really were the devil, and would give me my beloved wife and children, that I might dwell with them in solitude, in exchange for that soul which he had jestingly called his own.

But the bells still rang, and the gray morning light began to appear. I rose and continued my flight till I reached the high-road. Here I took breath again. I heard a carriage approaching and hastily concealed myself, yet I could still see the road. It was a light travelling wagon with a span of horses, and contained several travellers. It was driven by one man, who gradually slackened the pace of his horses, and when he arrived opposite me, fairly stopped. He got out, examined the wagon on every side, and then turned into the woods. I thought to seize on the carriage while he was gone. One leap, and I had gained the road; another, and I was in the carriage. Catching the reins, I turned the horses' heads away from my burning home. But the owner heard the sound, and as I touched them with the whip he sprang from the wood to seize their bridles. I struck them again, for my life was in the balance. They reared and gave one leap forward. Their owner fell under their feet, and the wheels passed over him. His shriek pierced through me. It was a voice I had known and loved. I reined in the horses and saw—my only brother! I crept slowly out of the wagon and went up to him;

he was dead, and I was his murderer! Twice in the same night had I taken life. My eyes filled with tears, not of sorrow, but of mad rage against Fate and Heaven. I had never before committed a great crime. I had prided myself on my love of the beautiful and true, and now—a mere chance, one moment of forgetfulness, had made me a miserable and degraded creature—another Cain.

The sound of voices again awoke an impulse of self-preservation conquering every other feeling, and I plunged back into the woods. I thought of my sorrowing wife and orphaned children, of my brother's inconsolable family. I saw before me the court of justice, the place of execution, the axe itself. I hated my own life.

Suddenly I determined to give myself up to justice. Then, before I died, I could at least arrange my affairs, and see my wife and children once more. I became now more composed, but I knew not whither to turn my steps, for in my distraction I had lost my way. But soon I came abruptly out on the open road, where lay a broken carriage, and to my horror, standing by it the well-known little man.

"Welcome," said he; "didn't I tell you we should meet again? I have been waiting for you all night. My servant has gone to the city for help, and will not be back for some time."

"He will find more to do there than here," said I, "for the whole city is in flames."

"Yes," rejoined he, "I saw the redness of the sky. Why are not you there?"

"I have something else to do."

"I thought so. Didn't I tell you of it before?"

"Save me now," said I. "Since I saw you I have been a faithless husband, a homicide, a robber, a murderer of my own brother, and I have set fire to my native city. All within twelve hours. Yet I assure you I had no evil intention."

Then I repeated the adventures of the night. My companion remained quiet throughout, then said:

"Do you know who I am, and what I want from you?"

"My soul! my soul!" I cried; "for now I believe you are in truth what I once called you in jest."

"And that was?"

"Satan!"

"Then fall down and worship me!"

I knelt and raised my hands in supplication.

"Save me! Save my innocent wife and children! Let us go to some desert together, where even the remembrance of this night may be blotted out!"

As I paused he raised his clump foot and struck me with it, saying, scornfully:

"Here is the pious, sensitive man! Here is the mortal boasting of his reason! Here is the philosopher who disbelieves in the devil! He is crowning his crimes with the adoration of Satan!"

"Now I know you, sir devil," said I. "No compassion can dwell in your breast. But you shall not have my soul! I can find peace in repentance."

He interrupted me—"I am no devil, but a man like yourself. You have been a villain, and now you are mad. I despise you. I do not want your soul. It is ready for Satan without his paying a thaler for it."

I stood before him completely overwhelmed. I cannot describe my emotions. Finally I said, in my despair:

"If you are not the devil, I only wish you were. Save me! save me! for you are guilty of my fate."

"That is always the way with men," he rejoined, contemptuously, "to accuse another."

"But if you had not come to me in the garden-house, this would not have happened to me."

"I did awake you, but I did not make you faithless. As well might the murderer lay the blame on the miner who dug out the ore for his knife."

"Why did you come to the garden-house and play the part of the devil, and say if a man only gave you a single hair you would make it a rope to get his whole head with?"

"And have you not proved my words? Your first misstep has brought all the rest upon you. One careless thought may in the end destroy a kingdom!"

I cried out in despair, for I saw the depths of my guilt.

"Yes," he went on, "I don't want to hear of your over-righteous people. Give 'em a chance and often they would be worse than anybody."

"Then," said I, "I may have some consolation in being no worse than the rest of the world."

"No," said he, gravely. "I will grant you half the world, but not the whole. I believe in greatness of soul more than you do, with all your boasted refinement. It is only people who don't believe in sin that I give to you."

"For Heaven's sake!" I cried, "save me, for time is passing. If I have been wicked, I may repent and become better."

"I can save you, but you are weak, and weakness is the foster-mother of all sin. You must first save yourself. Do you know who I am now, and what I want of you?"

"My good angel! my guardian spirit!" I cried, with joy.

"Then not in vain have I appeared in the garden. I warned you. Yet courage! Who has courage and faith in the divine has everything."

Then a strange feeling came over me. The red of his dress seemed like a glowing mist which hovered among the green trees. His hard features assumed a mild expression. He gradually faded from my sight, and my eyes closed. I knew not where I was and a mortal fear came over me, but a voice which seemed that of my former companion, whispered softly:

"Fear nothing more. I will save you. I have fulfilled your wishes."

"But my wife and children?" said I, anxiously.

"They are yours."

"But must I always keep in memory this fearful night?"

"It is gone already. Now I too, must leave you."

I felt a warm kiss on my lips. A strange sensation came over me. I heard steps, yet I saw no one. I tried to realize where I was. I seemed to be lying on something hard and uncomfortable. With an effort I opened my eyes and met—those of Fanny! It was her kiss that had aroused me from my fearful dream. I was in my own garden-house. The children clapped their hands when they saw I was awake, and climbed over the sofa, exclaiming:—"Papa! Papa! Good morning, papa!" Now my little Fanny began to reproach me for sleeping out there all night.

"And if Christopher hadn't come from the post-house and made such a commotion when he found you not here, we might never have known it even now," she added.

My dream still lay upon me with such dreadful weight I could not believe my eyes.

"And has Christopher just come from the post-house?" said I; "and has he been there all night?"

"Why, yes, you strange man," said Fanny, as she passed her soft hand over my cheeks. "He says you told him so. But why did you not wake us up?"

"Have you slept quietly all night?" said I, trembling with joy.

"To be sure," said she, laughing, "or shouldn't I have heard you coming in? You shouldn't have staid here, for don't you know it is 'Walpurgis Night,' when the fairies and elves are all fitting about?"

"Only too well," said I, rising and smiling to think my crimes were only a dream, and I pressed Fanny to my bosom, realizing more than ever the joy of a pure conscience. But so clear and connected was this horrible dream, that I caught myself looking over at the city to see if it was not in flames. After changing my dress I went up into the breakfast-room laden with toys for the children. There they sat at the table with my Fanny, and my joy seemed too great. I gave Fanny the present I had brought from Prague for her, saying: "This is your birthday."

"And never has it been more joyful than now I have you with me again," said she. "I have invited some friends to keep it with us. But now sit down and tell me what you have been doing."

But my dream oppressed me too much. I thought I should feel it less if I told it. Fanny listened and became sad. At the end she laughed, and said:

"We shall have to believe in witches now on Walpurgis Night. Your good angel has been with you. You must write your dream, for it is very remarkable. You know I believe in dreams; not that they are prophetic, but they are the clearest mirrors of the soul, telling us what is within us."

An extraordinary circumstance which occurred this day increased yet more the singularity of my Walpurgis dream. Our friends came, and, according to the custom of the season, we dined in the upper room of the garden-house. During the entertainment the servant announced the Baron Mannteuffel [man-devil] of Drowstov. Fanny saw I was terrified by this singular coincidence, but she whispered a few words of assurance and I went down. There on the self-same sofa where I had slept, sat my little acquaintance in red. He stood up, greeted me like an old friend, and said:

"You see I keep my word. I must see your pretty Fanny, whom I learned to know out of your letters. Don't be jealous! And," he continued, pointing out into the garden, "I have brought a couple of friends—my brother, and his wife who calls herself an old acquaintance of yours. I met them unexpectedly this morning, and we shall travel together now."

I expressed my joy, and we went out to meet them. The husband was a tall, stout man. The lady wore a travelling dress and veil. She raised it and I saw—imagine the shock it gave me—Julia, the wife of Starostin. Julia was less embarrassed than I, and I soon recovered enough to pay the proper civilities, when we all went to meet Fanny. My eccentric visitor paid her the prettiest compliments.

"I adored you in Prague," said he, "before you ever heard of me."

"I know all," said Fanny, laughing, "but I shall call you an evil man, for you have given my Robert a most uneasy night."

"Which doesn't seem to be finished yet," said I, as I presented to her the Countess Starostin.

Women are never embarrassed long. Fanny received Julia like a sister, and quickly seated herself with Mannteuffel on one side and Julia on the other. "As far from you as possible," she whispered slyly to me. Fanny and Julia were soon bosom friends and rejoiced in making me the object of their banter and teasing. I learned from Julia, as she spoke of her life, that she was very happy. She loved her husband, and for Mannteuffel she entertained the reverence of a child.

"There isn't a better man in the world," said she, "in spite of that face."

"Why did you ask me so significantly," I said, presently, to Mannteuffel, "Do you know who I am and what I want of you?" for it was this which so impressed me, and which had woven itself into my dream?"

"Ah," said he, smiling, "I had never seen you, and I was not sure if you were the owner of the pocket-book I found. I tried to gain your confidence, but you drew back in such a way I could get no information from you, and yet your uneasy look convinced me you were the man I wanted."

I told him my whole dream.

"Long live the spirits of Walpurgis Night!" he exclaimed. "You must publish this dream, or I shall. Only I am glad you made me a sort of angel at the end, or I shouldn't have wanted much said about my share."

Thus we finished together the most charming of days.



CALIFORNIA EMIGRANTS THE LAST DAY ON THE PLAINS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A SOUL IN THE EYES.

BY ESTHER B. STRATTON.

When you love, love not for beauty,
It will fade,
Though its seal be stamped on all things
God has made.
Our bright dreams, though fraught with pictures
Glad and gay,
Are but fancy—they will vanish—
Pass away.

Flowers and foliage, for a season,
Glad the eye;
But alas, their beauty fadeth,
They must die!
Soft blue eyes and waving tresses
Often win,
But when you love, love not for beauty—
It is sin.

When you love, love not for splendor
All alone;
Though the world may think you happy,
They are wrong;
Spacious houses, filled with grandeur,
All admire;
But not that will make you happy—
You will tire.

Flattery's voice your spirit shrouding,
Will enchain,
But the praise the world can grant you,
Will be vain.
Ere you've half-enjoyed the pleasure,
It is gone.
When you love, love not for splendor
All alone.

When you love, love not for glory
In a name,
Genius strives to win a laurel
For its fame—
Oft the star of hope lies distant,
Small and dim;
They forget that "life is real,"
While they win.

But when you love, look 'neath the eyelash
Of an eye,
And if soul be beaming brightly,
Pause and try!
There's a gem will last forever—
More than gold—
When you love, and love in earnest,
Love the soul!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MOLLAH'S STRATAGEM.

BY HORACE N. STANFORD.

ON the third day from Devli, with the old mollah, Ben Talib, in company, we reached the small town of Avanco. This is a place of no importance, save to those who love fresh fish of the sucker species. It is situated on the river Kizil Irmak, and the fishermen thrive in the spring and fall, at which times the zebahl runs in the river. This is a round, smooth fish, from six to twenty inches in length, with a mouth like a sucker's, and put up with a bone in every place where it would seem possible to make a bone stick. Yet the zebahl is the chief article of food in Avanco when the season for its visit is present. I never tried to eat it but twice, and both times I got a bone in my throat. Ben Talib assured me that 'twas the bone of the zebahl which stuck in the throat of the sultan's humpback. However, be that as it may, I could not eat it without swallowing about as much bone as I did of flesh; yet the stout Turks and Koords, who inhabit the town, eat it with as much ease and zest as can be imagined. I believe it impossible for any man to eat of the zebahl, and not swallow bones; so I came to the conclusion that the throats of these Musulmen must have been worn harder than the needle-like bones they swallowed.

Ben Talib was to stop in Avanco, the pasha having given him judicial jurisdiction over that place in all matters not punishable by death. As he assured me he should be prepared to proceed on the next morning, I determined to stop for him. We arrived before noon, and he went at once to the cadi to see if there were any cases for him to dispose of. That functionary informed him that there was one, and only one. All others the cadi himself had disposed of. The old mollah received a minute description of the case, and then went for his dinner.

After dinner we repaired to the court, which was holden in the house of the cadi; and shortly after our arrival a young man and a female entered. The former was a well dressed, good looking youth, somewhere about two and twenty; the female was very beautiful, and, one would judge from her countenance, not more than five and thirty, if so old. The case was a curious one. The youth swore that the female was his slave, and he wished to sell her to the cadi for a thousand large pieces of silver; while the woman swore that she was the youth's mother, and the only wife his father had!

The facts were these:—For many years a wealthy merchant had resided near the town, where he had built a sumptuous residence upon the margin of a beautiful lake close by the river. Many people had known him, but none knew anything of the internal arrangement of his household, and his females were never seen, while he lived, without the precincts of his establishment.

About a month previous to the present time the old man had died, and now his son, the only surviving child, claimed the whole property, and also claimed this woman, who was called Emina, as his slave, given him by his father. The cadi of Avanco had seen her, and being without a wife, he wished to buy her; and it was this offer that first brought Emina out with her story.

"Wise and upright father," said the woman, turning a tearful, appealing look upon Ben Talib, "I am this youth's own mother, and the only wife his father ever had. We were wedded in Bulgaria, where my husband found me, when on one of his trading excursions. When my husband died, one month ago, he gave half his wealth to his son, and half to me, making me swear upon the Koran, that if I married again, I would give up all claims on our estate, and only take the gold and jewels he left me. But now, my unnatural son would rob me of all—ay, of even life itself. He has hired our slaves to perjure themselves; and the few slaves who remained faithful to me he has sold, and by this time the Lord only knows where they are. Willingly will I become the wife of the cadi, for I know he is a good man; but I not only want my money and jewels, but what is more, I want my own body—my own soul—to bestow as I please. In short, I only ask for the rights God has given me."

"Most wise mollah," said the youth, as soon as the woman had become seated, and speaking in a tone too calm for one who felt slandered, "you know how easy it is for a smooth-tongued woman to tell a plausible story. My father's wife—the only wife he ever had, and consequently my mother—died fourteen years ago, while we were at sea, on our way across the Euxine. She was buried in the deep water, and since then he has had no wife. This woman he bought in Bulgaria of a Jew, ten years ago; she is a most excellent cook, and for that he took her. By every art in her power has she tried to make my father take her for a wife, but he had made a solemn vow never to know woman again, and he only chided her for her importunities. Once she even had the audacity to ask me to take her for a wife."

"Allah kierim!" ejaculated the woman, clasping her hands, and turning her eyes first heavenward, and then upon the youthful speaker. Then she bowed her head, and after a few struggles she burst into tears.

From that moment I believed the woman's story. There was no affectation in the look she gave the youth as he uttered that last sentence. But Malwan—for so the youth was named—proceeded:

"Notice her not, sir; she has studied her part well. When my father died he was too feeble to write, and ere a scribe could be sent for he breathed his last. But he gave me all needed directions. I was his only living relation, and to me he gave all his wealth, at the same time advising me to sell Emina as soon as convenient, as her subtle scheming might bring me into trouble. You may wonder at the strange contradiction which rests between our stories; but you can never know how astounded I was when she first claimed to be the widow and mother. Why, sir, had the earth opened at my feet, and my own mother—God bless her forever!—come up and embraced me, I could not have been more astounded. But ask my slaves; they know all about it."

There were five slaves—two black males, two white males, and one black female. Malwan had sold all the others some three weeks before, to the master of a caravan, who was on his way to Aleppo. These slaves were questioned, and their story agreed in every particular with the youth's. But I could plainly see two things—in the first place, they gave their stories with too much exactness for the natural effort of their own mind and memory; and second, they did not seem to bear much good will towards Emina. The cadi stated to Ben Talib that he had taken no measures to try the case, from the simple fact that he loved Emina, and any decision in her favor by him would have been looked upon as purely selfish.

At this juncture, the old mollah called Emina to his side, and conversed with her a few moments in a whisper, and I saw him slip a small phial into her hand, which she hid in her handkerchief. After this the woman returned to her seat.

"We must bring this strange case to a close soon," said Ben Talib, "for the woman does not feel well, and from the appearance of her face, I fear she is threatened with some terrible malady."

Emina did look badly, and I noticed that ever and anon she would raise the kerchief to her nose.

"And why not bring it to a close at once?" uttered Malwan, with unseemly eagerness. "You have heard my story, and also the testimony of my slaves. What more can be necessary?"

At this moment Emina was seen to reel in her seat, and ere any one could reach her, she had fallen over backward upon the floor. The blood was all gone from her face, and her pulse was motionless. The old mollah sprang forward, and helped raise her to a sitting posture, but she only sank back again. Malwan first stood like one in doubt, but quickly the words "She's dead!" struck upon his ear, and he started forward.

"Well, my son," the venerable judge said, rising to his feet, "we are spared any further trouble. You have killed her, and now she can rest! But the loss of a slave is not much, and I am thankful, for your sake, that she was not your mother. Hardly would the feet of him who had slain his own mother find passage over Al Sirat."

The youth trembled violently, and the blood forsook his face. He stooped over the prostrate form, and placed his hand upon the now quiet bosom.

"Did that fair bosom ever afford a resting-place to thy head when it ached?" whispered the old man, slowly and solemnly. "When thy steps were feeble, did those hands ever guide and support thee?" The youth trembled, but he did not speak.

"Take the body hence," ordered Ben Talib, "and let it be consigned to the vaults in the valley where your slaves are buried!"

That old man knew the human heart well; he knew that if that woman was a mother, her son would show it now. He had seen enough of Malwan to know that the love of gold had, for the time, blunted every other feeling; but yet he could see the presence of better feelings, though deeply buried beneath evil and darkness.

"Away with the body of the poor slave!" cried the judge.

"No, no," interrupted the cadi, who firmly believed the woman dead, and who had been prevented from speaking before by the suddenness of his grief, "I will see to that. Alas, poor Emina! I, at least, loved thee, and now I will not see thee dishonored in death. Malwan, give me the body, and I will entomb it sacredly."

"O, Allah, have mercy!" the youth gasped, sinking down and bowing his head over the body. "It was a wicked plot! She was my mother!—my own, kind mother! In death she has a power she might not have had in life. Give me the body, and I will find it sepulchre by the side of the husband!"

"Hold a moment," spoke the judge, raising the youth up, and stooping in his place, "she may have some life yet left."

As he thus said, he drew a small phial from his bosom; and when he removed the stopper, even those who stood around could smell the powerful contents from the extremely volatile particles which escaped. This phial he held to the woman's nose, and ere long she began to show signs of life. In less than half a minute she was seized with a seeming convulsion, and when that was passed she opened her eyes, and in ten minutes more she was well again, though her nerves were not quite settled.

"My son," said Ben Talib, turning to the almost petrified youth, "you see your mother well again. I gave her the subtle potion which produced the fit that came upon her, for I saw in you a soul not yet so hardened but that so deep an ordeal would touch it. I was not mistaken. And now I only make this absolute proposition:—Your mother shall be the wife of the cadi, if they both wish, and she shall continue to hold possession of all that would have been her's had she remained single, until you shall have a child born to yourself; and then she may sell out to you, if she wishes, but not otherwise. As for other punishment, your own conscience will furnish enough."

The last I saw of the parties was in the cadi's house; the son was upon his knees, and the weeping mother tremblingly spoke the words of forgiveness he had earnestly begged.

The next morning dawned clear and beautiful, and to escape that inevitable breakfast of zebahl, I urged Ben Talib to take a start before the morning's meal. He was perfectly willing, and before seven o'clock we reached Bektash, a small town twelve miles distant from Avanco, where we obtained a good breakfast of mutton.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SHOEPAC RECOLLECTIONS. A Wayside Glimpse of American Life. By WALTER MARCH. New York: Bruce & Brothers. 1856. 12mo.

The uninitiated need to be informed at the outset, that "Shoepac" is the original northwestern name for those Canadian snow-shoes, which are so serviceable in a winter like that we have just passed through. The writer of this work, while telling a pleasant story, has embodied a series of charming descriptions of life and character in the great northwest, in days gone by. The style of the work is chaste and pure; and in this particular, as well as in its tone, it is far removed from the mass of crude stories which are monthly poured forth by our untiring book-presses. If the author of this work be a *debutant*, we may congratulate him on his essay—it would do no discredit to a practised pen; and we trust that the success of his volume will be such as to induce Mr. March to continue his literary efforts. For sale by Pettridge & Co.

ERNEST LINWOOD. A Novel. By MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 467.

This work will not disappoint the expectations based upon the high literary reputation of its distinguished writer. It is a deeply interesting story, worked out to its denouement with truly artistic skill, and vivid with lifelike portraiture.

CARRIE EMERSON: OR, *Life at Cliftonville*. By MRS. C. A. HAYDN. Boston: James French & Co. 1855. 12mo.

A domestic story, full of pictures alternately soft and startling, and giving us such glimpses of social life as only a woman can impart. It belongs to a class of books which are just now finding great favor with the reading public.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.—We are indebted to Hon. Robert C. Winthrop for a copy of the "Proceedings on the occasion of Laying the Corner-Stone of the Public Library." Mr. Winthrop's own address is worthy of the occasion, and of his reputation.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from Oliver Ditson, "Quel mare, quel terra," a duet from Verdi, "Come Buy my Spring Flowers," and "Death of the Chieftain."

WOLFSPEN. By J. B. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 509.

A work of unquestionable power, telling a story of deep interest. The picture of social life and scenery in Maine is admirably done, and perhaps the best portion of the book—the city scenes, though vivid, being rather melodramatic in their character.

EDITH HALE. A Village Story. By THEODORE TALMON. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 521.

Our American novelists are now on the right track; they look at home for subjects and characters, and leave the "rest of mankind" to take care of themselves. The story before us is a pleasant and interesting one.

RACHEL GRAY. By JULIA KAVANAGH. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 308.

Anything from the pen of the author of "Nathalie" is sure to command a ready sale. Her present story is a charming one, and is, in our opinion, fully equal to any she has written. For sale by Redding & Co.

ELEMENTS OF LOGIC, ETC. By HENRY P. TAPPAN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 457.

The present work is original in conception and execution, and is in itself a proof how completely its author has mastered his subject. The introductory view of general philosophy is a very valuable treatise. For sale by Redding & Co.

A HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY IN EPITOME. By DR. ALBERT SWEEGLER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 365.

This history is considered in Germany as the best concise manual upon the Hegel school of philosophy. The translation is admirably executed. The book should be adopted by all our colleges and higher academies. For sale by Redding & Co.

DREAMS AND REALITIES OF A PASTOR AND TEACHER. By the author of "Rolling Ridge," "Parish Side," etc. New York: J. C. Derby. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 439.

Most stories professedly founded on fact are as unreal as possible. But this life-story of a man of thought and action is evidently a transcript of actual experience. It is as pleasant as well as deeply interesting work, and cannot fail to find favor with the public.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 18mo. pp. 201.

It is easy to see that this volume of poems will provoke a good deal of controversy. The pieces are unequal in merit, and there is much quaintness and conceit in them—but also many beautiful passages and fine thoughts.

RECENT SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES BY CHARLES SUMNER. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 12mo. pp. 662.

Nearly all of these speeches are upon a political question on which the country is divided. They are all elaborately finished, and evince great oratorical ability. Mr. Sumner's style is forcible and pure, and he is a diligent student as the contents of this volume show.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"BE GENTLE, BE GOOD."

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

O speak no more of the placid lake
That mirrors the evening sky;
Though well it may token thy gentle soul—
Thy heavenly clear blue eye;
My heart is not thine, O gentle one!
'Twas ever a fitful thing—
Anon it is torn by the storm-king's power,
Now—fanned by an angel's wing.

I know thou art evermore fair and good—
Thy soul is pure and blest;
And placidly, like a gentle dove,
On the bosom of peace doth rest;
But if mine is vexed by the fiercer storms,
The wilder waves of strife,
Thou knowest nought of the buoyancy—
The thrill of my tempest life!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SPIRITS.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

Esq. TOM FARRAR had made a "good thing" out of practising law thus far, and, considering how few cases he publicly appeared in, people began to wonder among themselves how he could do it. He was an old bachelor yet, which fact he thought was quite an assistance to him.

In the old brown house where he transacted his business, received his friends, and housed himself against the summer's heat and winter's cold, lived no soul with him except an old negro, who was glad enough to get her board in return for her work, and to whom he now and then made presents of cheap calicoes and second-hand bonnets and shoes. She served his turn exactly, and no more.

Tom Farrar, the decayed attorney, was a right down character, and well known and understood all the country round. He had made what he had made in a way that has no precise appellation. It was something akin to the hovering of a crow over a lean carcass, waiting to pick its bones. Or to prairie wolves howling and growling about a horse that has strayed away from his friends in the herd. It was nothing, in short, but robbing dead men.

How he saved and saved—how he pinched and screwed—how he wriggled, and dodged, and turned, and twisted—nobody in the world can tell. Every cent helped the heap. Every dollar in his grasp meant a hundred cents. When he got hold of a little job, he made the most of it. He never thought of letting go till there was nothing left to hold on by.

A great many old men had died in his day, who were generally supposed to be very well off in their time, but whose estates hardly paid the expense, in the end, incurred in their settlement. A great many widows had been taken out of the world, first and last, who left their property in such a manner that he alone could enjoy the profit and advantage of it. Orphans that you could not begin to count upon your fingers, had seen their little all melt and vanish beneath the grasp of this relentless attorney, leaving nothing solid or tangible, of which they might avail themselves in their need.

Any twinges of conscience, did you ask? Bless me, no! When you caught old Tom Farrar in such a plight as that, burdened or stung in any way with his own thought, you might conclude that the heavens were about to fall, and everybody was going to make an early breakfast off of larks. There was no such thing as conscience in him. He had no soft parts about him. He was gristle, all the way through.

At length his case got to be such a tough one, that people began to wonder what would become of him, and to what extreme pitch of audacity he would finally dare to go. They watched him as hunters watch a tiger, anxious to know where he is going to jump next. Then they bethought themselves of throwing barriers around him; unseen, perhaps, but powerful enough to keep him in check from greater than his present depredations; and of casting a net over him, that should in the end so entangle him that he would be thrown down in his own toils. Everybody's hand now was against him. They wanted only to play out the game that he had begun.

One dark and dreary night in November, when no living soul would have thought of such a thing as being out for any purpose, a knot of young men, bent on frolic, drove an old cow around under that part of his house in which was his living-room, and waited hopefully for the sport to begin. They knew the "critter" had a weakness for rubbing her neck against posts, as the worn-off hair plentifully proved. There were two or three posts beneath, that were used as supports for the floor above, and to one of which the animal found her way as if by instinct itself. They saw her course, and waited as patiently as they could.

By-and-by she commenced scratching. A little further up now, and now further still. Rub—rub—rub. They all listened and laughed. As for Tom Farrar, who was sitting quietly alone in the room overhead, he laid down a bundle of papers that he was engaged in looking over—copies of old testaments, deeds, bonds, notes, and the like,—and looked all around him.

"Hark!" said he to himself, in a whisper, "what's that?"

Then it grew louder and louder, so that Esq. Tom turned a little white, and began to forget all about what he had in his hand. Then it seemed to all but die away again; sounding so faintly—rub, rub, rub—that an imaginative person might have believed it the rustle of the pinions supposed to be worn by angels.

Just as he thought and hoped it might be gone, there came three

very distinct raps against the further corner of the floor. Tom Farrar bounded out of his chair, his hair stiffened at the roots, his eyes sticking out from their sockets, and his fingers spread as far apart as it is possible to imagine. The unlucky papers had fallen to the floor.

"There! there! there!" he cried out, so thoroughly frightened that he could not have told his name.

Knock—knock—once more. This time only twice.

"O! O—o—o—o!" groaned the shivering attorney. "Who—who—who—w—o—o!"

Such a strange voice could not have been produced by a gibbering ghost—no, nor by a whole party of them together.

Thump—thump—thump—thump! came up the old cow's horn against the floor, as if all below was alive. The attorney made a bound at every repetition. "Wh—wh—where! O!"

The rascals who had projected this fun, were peeping through the window and enjoying the first dividend off their mischievous outlay. In the height of their mirth, it was difficult for them to keep from shouting aloud.

Seeing how well their new device had worked, and how accessible to spiritual influences their cowardly victim had become, they immediately resolved on a new measure, by which they hoped to turn their efforts to some practical account. They had a brief conference on the subject, and finally two of them ascended by an old ladder, that always stood against the back of the house, and ensconced themselves cautiously behind the square stone chimney.

"Begin!" said one to the other. "Give it to him *good*, this time! Scare the old wretch out of his appetite for a week!"

And upon this, his comrade began to shout down the chimney. "Hallo, Tom Farrar!" said he, in the dimmest voice he could assume. "Are you ready, Tom Farrar?"

No answer. The lawyer had left the middle of his floor, and gone and thrown himself upon an old dusty lounge that stood in the far off corner. There he lay stretched and shivering with fear. The sight of him was truly frightful. His teeth shook and chattered. His eyes rolled about in every direction, evincing his direful agony. He was like a man writhing in the torments of hydrophobia.

"I say, Tom Farrar!" again called the house-top individual.

"What! what! O, *what!*" answered old Tom, half springing to the floor from his reclining posture. "What do you want?"

He thought it could be no less than a voice from heaven, of course. "You must go with me to-night!" said the unearthly voice.

"Do you hear? I want you to go with me. Come, get ready!"

"O, no, no, no!" cried Tom, rolling up his eyes imploringly towards the open chimney. "Let me stay where I am! *Do* let me stay!"

A pause. Old Tom began to take hope.

"No," said the mysterious visitor, "I tell you no! You've done mischief enough already! You mustn't think of living any longer! Come, hurry yourself and get ready!"

"O, give me a little time longer!" pleaded the attorney. "Only a little! See what I want to do, if you only will! What *wont* I do to please you! O, not now, not now! I beg you to let me stay awhile yet!"

Another pause.

"Well," asked the visitor of the air, "what will you promise to do, if I'll let you be as you are for a few years? Come, say on! What *will* you do?"

"O, I'll—I'll—do anything you want me to! Anything in the world! anything—anything! Only let me live! Only don't take me off yet, for I ain't ready!"

"No, nor never 'll be, I am afraid. But let me ask you now! Will you go and return to the Widow Mallett all the property you've wrongfully taken from her?"

"Me! I never took a cent! no, not a single cent!"

"Did n't, hey? Well then, you'd better come on with me, I guess—for I happen to know all about it. Come, get ready!"

"O no! I'll go and see her! I'll go! I will, if you'll only let me off!"

Then the old cow thumped again with her spiritual horn.

"Will you go to-night?" asked the man aloft.

"Yes, yes; *now!*" answered Tom, glad to get off even so.

"Right off?" said the spirit.

"Yes, his very minute!" answered he.

"And will you give her your bond that she shall have six hundred dollars back again? Will you do it to-night?"

Old Tom had to groan out his answer, for it came very hard. "Y-es!" said he, "I'll go; I'll go and do it!"

"Or else make your peace, and go with me," added the visitor above.

So between these two things, Tom Farrar was not very long in choosing which one he would adopt. So hastily filling up a bond at his table, off he posted to the Widow Mallett's, and handed her the important document in question.

"Here's this," said he, thrusting it into her hand. "I make you a present of it!" and hurried off out doors as rapidly as he came in.

And that was the good the spirits did to Tom Farrar and the widow. His dishonesty was put in healthy check, and her comfort was increased to the extent of her heart's desire.

As for the story itself,—the how and the why,—it soon got abroad in every direction. There was no stopping so good a thing. The cow underneath, and the rogues overhead—they accomplished a practical piece of benevolence that "manifestations" equally mysterious are not capable of doing, even in this our day of advanced spirituality.

Tom Farrar does n't practise law now, nor in fact anything else. He keeps as quiet as he can, fearful lest his friend in the air may be after him.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD MAN TO HIS WIFE.

BY MENTOS.

The fire burns bright on the hearth, old wife,
While the storm beats fiercely without;
And the blinding snow, in the wind's strong arms,
Is piled in heaps about.
We've weathered the storms of threescore years,
And now, at life's decline,
I live again my boyhood's days,
With your hand clasped in mine.

The storm howls through the trees, old wife,
And sweeps o'er the desolate moor;
It covers the roof with a burden of snow,
And piles a reek by the door.
The fields are dressed in a mantle of white,
As it falls from the storm-king's hand:
It spreads from the hill to the old brookside,
Whose banks with ice-bridges are spanned.

The windows are curtained with frost, old wife,
As white as the powdery snow,
And the cold grows keen in its merciless power,
When the fire on the hearth burns low.
Then pile on the fagots, and we'll talk of the past
By the light of the blazing lin;
Though stern old winter is reigning without,
Our love shall be sovereign within.

Right well I remember the time, old wife,—
It seems but an hour ago—
When I entered the door of your father's cot,
As the evening's sun was low:
I trembling stepped on the sanded floor,
And stammered, I knew not why:
And it seemed each thro' of my beating heart
Kept time as the seconds flew by.

Your hair was black as the crow, old wife,
And blushes, like summer's bloom,
Crept o'er each cheek, while tell-tale eyes
Were wandering round the room.
We told our love by the pale moonlight,
We wandered at eventide;
Though a weary path we've travelled through life,
We've journeyed side by side.

Men of the day, old wife,
When with a lover's pride,
From your humble home in the mountain cot
I bore my blushing bride.
Our cottage seems as then it seemed,
And I notice not its decay;
My thoughts are wandering back, old wife,
And I think not we're passing away.

The old clock ticks by the wall, old wife,
As it ticked in days long fled;
While we gaze on its face, old scenes come back,
For it tells of the silent dead.
It told the hours in their steady flight,
When our first-born drew his breath;
Its hands swept on in ceaseless round,
When his eyes were closed in death.

It has told the hours that have passed, old wife,
Since sons and daughters stood
Neath the old roof-tree by the babbling brook,
That skirts the old brown wood.
Whenever I look on the outward world,
Some saddening changes I see;
But looking within, still stronger shall prove,
The love of my old heart to thee.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

Captain Van Vleit, of the United States army, who has lately visited the "far west," read a paper before the U. S. Agricultural Society at Washington, at its late annual meeting, relating to the Rocky Mountain sheep. He did not credit the assertion of the trappers that when this animal took an "air line" course it threw itself over precipices, alighting on its large horns. But he was of opinion that the delicate flesh and thick skin of this animal would be highly prized could it be obtained on the Atlantic coast. Prof. Baird exhibited the skin and horns of this variety of sheep which has no wool, but a long hair, valuable only for chemical purposes. The society voted to appropriate a sufficient sum to make the experiment of domestication. It is thought that this will add a useful variety to our domestic animals.—*Public Ledger.*

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from the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries, and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, each number being complete in itself.

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its peculiar sect or clique. This work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year, or any person sending us eight subscribers and eight dollars, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston.

THE FRENCH CONSCRIPT.

The two pretty pictures which accompany this sketch, are particularly distinguished by grace and truth to nature. The first depicts the "Departure of the Conscript." The scene of this little drama, lies, we perceive from the costumes, in Bretagne. War—"war hated by mothers," as Horace has it—has brought its evils home to the heart of a peaceful, rural village, whose inhabitants have no aspirations for glory, and are probably ignorant of the national dispute which has rendered a levy of men inevitable. The fatal lot of conscription has fallen upon the best-loved, the Benjamin of a little rural family. In the distance the drum is beating the *rappel*, and the young conscripts are falling into ranks, at the summons of the non-commissioned officer who is reading the roll-call. The conscript hears it and must obey. His youthful countenance expresses the deepest anguish. His afflicted mother, almost overpowered by her emotions, droops her head upon his shoulder, and clinging fondly to her darling, sighs out her sad farewell. On the other side of the youth stands his father, a toil-worn man, whose hard features, as he gazes on his son and clasps his hand, are relaxed by grief and tenderness. The young brother, who holds the conscript's wallet and who is to accompany him to the rendezvous, also stands the picture of grief. An older sister, with the baby in her arms, is hiding her tear-filled eyes with her hand. Even the dog gazes wistfully on the little group, as if conscious of the distress of the family to which he is attached. It is a bitter moment for all. Turn we to the second picture. Years have passed. We are standing on the same spot—before the same doorway. A pent-house roof has been added to it—and even the decay of that addition attests the march of time. The conscript, bronzed by the suns of Italy and Egypt, ripened from a soft youth into a stern, bearded man, rushes to meet his old mother, whose prayers for his preservation on the field of battle, nightly and daily poured forth, have prevailed. In the shadow of the doorway the youthful brother, now a full-grown man, is advancing to greet the wanderer. We miss the figure of the father. Sire and son will never meet again on this side of eternity. The old man is laid to rest with his fathers in the churchyard. In one of the boys in the foreground we can scarcely recognize the baby brother; but that thin figure by the cottage door, whose basket has dropped in the moment of surprise, and whose eyes are seeking to reconcile the features of the present with the

smiles of the French fair. Louis Napoleon has made good use of the Gallic love of arms, and his throne may be said to rest on bayonets. It is an alarming fact that in France, in every twenty years, at least a million and a half of men are restored from the army to agricultural and other pursuits, a large proportion of whom are unfitted to resume their stations in civil life, from the idleness and vicious habits engendered by campaigning. M. Alletz says: "Look at the soldier just freed from service. He spends before his departure, in some coarse pleasures, the money that he has received from home to enable him to return. Reduced to pawn a portion of his garments to supply the deficiency thus created, he reaches his native place half-naked, drooping with fatigue and hunger. In a few days is exhausted the natural joy he feels at finding himself among his friends again. Accustomed to the excitement of danger, if he has been in the field, or to the vagabond indolence which he leads in great cities during a long peace, he soon feels a heavy and brutal *ennui*. Everything is strange and monotonous to him; the uniformity of life which he is compelled to lead wearies him, used as he is to perpetual change; the solitude of the village gives no scope to his loquacity; the necessity of work alarms his indolence; his newly acquired liberty embarrasses a character broken by discipline; he misses the public places of the cities; *ennui* makes him irritable and hard; he seeks out old companions of arms and idleness, gets drunk with them, quarrels, ruins or drives his family to despair; shortens, perhaps, the days of his mother; becomes an evil example to youth, excites the indignation of all respectable people, is a cause of affliction and dishonor to his family, and disturbs the repose of the magistrate. It is a sad thing to say, but it is too frequent to find old soldiers among the greatest criminals. Louvel, Fieschi, Alibaud, moreover, had been soldiers." M. Randot, also, says that the fifty thousand men who generally return per annum to civil life, find it difficult to compete with the workmen whose education has not been disturbed.



REV. JOHN O. CHOULES, D. D.

They generally go and inhabit towns, and, according to him, form an army always ready for insurrection. In civil war, therefore, it is against old soldiers that the young recruits have to fight. Fortunately we in our own land are exempt from these drawbacks to civilization. Our military system, admirable in theory, has been found to work perfectly well in practice. We believe that our regular troops all told, do not number 14,000 men. Considering the extent of country over which they are scattered, this force is, perhaps, too small; and yet the regular army should be reduced to the lowest possible figure. Our military strength lies in the character and number of our population. The uniformed volunteer militia of the United States, trained to arms, would, if simultaneously mustered into service, present an army able to compete successfully with the banded forces of all Europe. The military academy of West Point also affords an important element of strength. Nearly a hundred highly educated officers annually graduate at this establishment, and engage in different civil careers. Each of these graduates is fitted to assume the duties appertaining to the highest military rank; and their aggregate number is so great that, in the event of war, the largest army that we could bring into the field is sure to be officered in the best manner throughout.

REV. JOHN OVERTON CHOULES, D. D.

The accompanying engraving presents a good likeness of this distinguished Baptist clergyman, whose death at the age of about sixty, at the close of the past year, created so painful an impression wherever he was known. Dr. Choules was a native of England, but the greater part of his life was passed in this country, where, from his social habits and frequent journeyings, he was probably known to more individuals than any clergyman of his time. He was settled, at two different times, at Newport, R. I., and at Jamaica Plain, in this State. In addition to his clerical duties, he was, at one period of his life, engaged in the education of youth. When Commodore Vanderbilt made his famous eastern pleasure trip in the *North Star*, commanded by Captain Asa Eldridge, Dr. Choules was one of the invited guests, and became the chaplain and historiographer of the expedition. The details of the tour were described in a work from his pen which met with an extensive sale. Among his other literary labors we may mention his editions of Neal's History of the Puritans, and Foster's Statesmen of the Commonwealth, but his parochial duties and love of society prevented his devotion of much time to the career of authorship. "The great characteristic of Dr. Choules was beneficence of heart." He could not endure the sight of suffering without an effort to alleviate it. He seemed to regard a person whom he had befriended as having a life-claim upon his services.



DEPARTURE OF THE CONSCRIPT.

memory of the past, is undoubtedly the conscript's sister. The villagers have heard the news and are rushing together to give a welcome to the soldier. The two pictures are suggestive of quite a little drama. The conscription, or enlistment of the inhabitants of a country capable of bearing arms, is distinguished from recruiting, or voluntary enlistment, and its name is derived from the ancient military system. Every Roman citizen was obliged to serve as a soldier from his 17th to his 45th year. According to the Roman law, four legions of infantry, each consisting of 6666 men, were annually levied. All citizens capable of bearing arms were compelled, under penalty of deprivation of fortune and liberty, to assemble in the Campus Martius, or near the capitol, and the consuls, seated in their curule chairs, assisted by the legionary tribunes, made their selections of men. In the beginning of the French revolution it was declared to be the duty and honor of every French citizen to serve in the French army. Every French citizen was born a soldier, and liable to serve from 16 to 40 years of age. The young men of the designated age assembled annually at appointed places, and the selection of the requisite number from each locality was made by lot. According to this system, no rank in society is exempt from the duty of defending the state, and it is not unusual to see young men of fortune and title serving in the ranks as private soldiers. Many such have made the campaigns of Algeria as Zouaves and Chasseurs d'Afrique. It is this feature in the composition of the French armies that rendered the French troops so superior to the English in the Crimea. The large infusion of educated and refined men gives the French troops a moral effectiveness which their allies want. Moreover, in the French army rank is not the prerogative of money and official favor. The humblest soldier in the ranks may, if he is brave and intelligent, become a marshal of France. In the English army, on the contrary, the private soldier knows that he can never aspire to the epaulette. He may shed his blood for the honor of his country and the glory of his chief, but his sword can never carve out advancement for himself. The French have from time immemorial been distinguished for their feats of arms and for their love of military glory. It was the boast of the ancestors of the present race of Frenchmen that, even if the arch of heaven were to sink, they would sustain it on their lance points. In theory, every man in France is born a soldier—and in fact, there is scarcely a man among the many millions of France, who has not, in the course of his life, experienced the thrill of military ardor. Even the women have been infected with this passion. In the wars of the old republic, General Dumourier had for his aides-de-camp two of the most beautiful young women in all France. They were seen under the heaviest fire, rallying the faint-hearted and leading the heroic soldiers in the most desperate charges. In the civil wars of Paris, grisettes have fought and fallen beside their lovers; and an epaulette and spur go a great way in winning the



RETURN FROM THE WAR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO THE MARCH WIND.

BY FRANK FEELOVE.

Peal on! lugubrious wind!
Blow long, and deep, and loud!
Thou whirl'st the dry leaves in a russet cloud,
Thou scattering, bold March wind!

Peal out an anthem more!
Peal out a trumpet blast!
Thou sway'st the bending trees and creaking masts—
Thou swallowest up the sea-breeze on the shore.

Ha! let me breathe thee now,
O bold March wind, that sways the mighty trees—
That swallowest up the saline crisped breeze—
Bathe with a gust my brow!

Met thought thou might'st all mildew chase away—
All cobwebs from the brain's interior cell;
Canst enter there, and tell
The labyrinth mazes of the mind's deep way?

O, I would die, March wind,
And have thee chant a requiem o'er my grave!
Peal forth an anthem—make the tree-tops wave,
And nature cadence mind.

Another gurgling gust, a trembling trill
Arises slowly on my listening ear;
Hearken! 'tis drawing near—
Crash! and the foremost tree has downward fell.

Ha! see its roots—long, sinuous, lean and fine—
Have yet embraced a clump of sandy soil,
All crushed and crumpled in their serpent coil;
The towering tree lies down the bank supine.

Was 't not a glorious blast? O fallen tree!
Light, agile, springy thing!
I, too, would fall in Spring,
And have the March wind play its chaot o'er me.

Searcher of hearts—March wind!
May no consumptive ever breathe of thee!
Thou comest with wild poetry to me—
And yet the scent of death thou leav'st behind.

From childhood I have loved thee, bold March wind!
And I will up on to the hill-top straight,
To hear thee stride along with thundering gait—
Thy tracks made visible by the leaves we find:
Untill another Spring—farewell, O bold March wind!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AMY'S VALENTINE.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"AND no one has sent you a valentine, Miss Amy?—isn't it too bad?" The little speaker was examining the various valentines addressed to her two oldest sisters, who turned the costly trifles over carelessly, as if they were things of course, smiling complacently now and then at the exclamations of their little brothers and sisters. "O, see that lovely embroidered handkerchief sister Julia has got!"—"I'd rather have a ring like Amelia's—is it diamond, sister?"—"Look!—just look!—Julia has a ring in her's, too!" And so do the little group prattle on, as one after another of the elegant valentines was unfolded.

Unnoticed and apart from the family group stood a young girl listlessly turning over some new music. Her dark merino dress, with plain linen cuffs and collars, offered a striking contrast to the Misses Atwood's elegant attire; her hair, of a pale golden hue, was brushed smoothly over her ears, and twisted into a close knot at the back of her head, a style singularly unbecoming to her pale, languid countenance. A pretty face, that seemed once to have been—and might be again, if the bloom of happiness would ever revisit those wan cheeks, and its rays light up the violet eyes, now seldom brightened by pleasant emotions. Those mournful orbs became suddenly humid, as the child's thoughtless words smote on her ear; and releasing her dress from the little fingers that strove to detain her, Miss Amy fled to her room, and threw herself on the bed to indulge a hearty fit of weeping, mingled with sad and bitter reflections.

Why was she a stranger and a dependent in a house where pleasure was known to all save her? In the drawing-room gaiety reigned supreme; in the kitchen, the servants could occasionally enjoy a merry hour—but for her, the lonely governess, there was no companionship. She occupied an isolated position between the high and the low; even the artless endearments of her two youngest pupils were jealously discountenanced by the gay mama, who was too devoted to fashion to allow herself time to cultivate the acquaintance of her offspring till they were of age to be introduced into society.

It had not always been thus with Amy Barker. Remembrances of a happy past came to render the present yet more dreary. O, the beautiful home at Elm Grove, where she had sported away the years of childhood, the only object of parental idolatry, caressed and flattered by friends and dependents! How this day her thoughts dwelt on that sunny period—for Valentine's Day was also her birthday, and as such was wont to be welcomed with feasting and merriment. Ah, those were pleasant seasons!

Fondly cherished was the remembrance of one of those festivals—her ninth birthday; how vividly she could recall its every incident. The merry band of children collected within her pleasant home; the ceaseless chatter about valentines, in which they were as interested as maturer beaux and belles; the pretty missives ornamented by her mother for distribution among the group, the larger number of which found their way to the bright little queen

of the fete. She had them all yet; they were treasured not alone as mementoes of that happy occasion, but as being partly the work of a mother's hand. But there was another valentine not less cherished, which had been the last offering of that day, though it was only a sheet of gilt-edged note-paper, with a delicate wreath of forget-me-nots traced around the lines written in a boyish hand. She had found it attached to a bouquet of choice flowers lying on her little table, when she went to be dressed for the dance that was to conclude the festivities; and her childish heart had throbbed at this mark of preference from the largest boy of the company—"handsome Walter Everett," as he was called by the embryo coquettes, who were "dying" to win his favor. How proudly she displayed that bouquet—how gaily danced with handsome Walter; yet how sad was the conclusion of the evening, when they parted for long years. Walter was going to a distant college, then to make the tour of Europe. And Amy cried herself to sleep that night, though it was a comfort to know that one of her curls was in Walter's possession as a priceless keepsake.

As the young governess lived over again that never-to-be-forgotten day, she rose from the couch on which she had despairingly fallen, and opening a box that contained her treasure, she took out the hoarded valentine, and with fondly lingering glances, repeated the words which were already engraven on her memory. "Silly stuff!" her father had once smilingly called the verses; yet, though Amy was generally fastidious with regard to poetry, she could find it in her heart often to read over the "silly stuff" without a thought of criticism.

"Little sprite, with laughter gay,
Leave awhile thy sportive play;
Amy, fairy child of mine,
Thee I choose my Valentine.

"Other nine years will have rolled
O'er those floating locks of gold
Ere again thy form I'll see—
Amy, shall I find thee free?
Free, that my fond love may twine
Round my chosen Valentine?"

Ah, what a change had been wrought in Amy's destiny since the night she first looked on that valentine. The gradual change in her father—but her thoughts could not dwell on that. Alas! how many fathers toy with the wine-serpent till it finally enwraps them, helpless victims, in its deadly coils; while their families, reared in comfort, ay, in luxury—sink into obscurity and want. Amy's gentle mother, heart-stricken and earth-weary, sank into a dreamless sleep; the father, too, passed away, and was laid in a nameless grave. Amy, the once petted and idolized Amy, was a poorly-paid, humble governess, far from the home of her childhood. Yet her present life might be enviable to what was yet in store for her; for Mrs. Atwood had chosen another governess, highly recommended by a particular friend, and this was Amy's last month in her present abode. She knew not where her lot was next to be cast. She had advertised for another situation without success. But a lady who sometimes visited Mrs. Atwood, and who, having accidentally become acquainted with her, professed a lively interest in her welfare, had told her not to take any further steps in the matter, for that she would procure for her a more desirable home than the one she was about leaving. But that was two weeks ago, and Amy had not seen Mrs. May since; perhaps she had forgotten her, though the suspicion seemed as ungrateful as unjust, for her sweet, friendly manner had often cheered Amy's drooping spirit.

A light rap at the door, the waiter appeared—"A valentine for Miss Amy." And Amy almost screamed as a bouquet, the exact counterpart of the one of "long ago," with a snowy missive attached was placed in her hands. There were the waxy camillas, half open white rosebuds, daphnas, with their roseate blush and delicious fragrance, with intermingled sprays of delicate elematis and lily belles. Amy drew a long, deep breath of delight, and, with fingers trembling with joyful agitation, opened the valentine, and saw traced in characters similar to those often studied with tearful eyes:

"Far away beyond the sea,
Faithful proved my heart to thee,
Amy fair—in days long syne,
Chosen for my Valentine.

"Now the nine long years have rolled
O'er thy locks of floating gold,
And thy early charms give place
To the maiden's witching grace,
Amy, do I find thee free?
Hast thou kept thy heart for me?
May I, as in days long syne,
Choose thee for my Valentine."

Amy was weeping again, but this time with happiness. Walter had not forgotten her—he was faithful still; it was *her* Walter whose name she had seen a few months since in the list of passengers just arrived in a ship from Havre—but O, could he see her now, would he recognize his early love? The pale, careworn, dispirited governess was not the blooming creature of whom he dreamed. Even by the floating locks of gold he could not recognize his Amy; for Mrs. Atwood disliked to see a governess wear her hair in curls—so the waving tresses had long been trained to lie in straight, smooth folds. For a moment these thoughts passed through Amy's mind, but she was too happy to indulge them. She could only think of Walter, and that this was her eighteenth birthday—the day to which she had ever looked forward with hopeful anticipation, but latterly with shrinking and grief.

Another tap at the door—"Mrs. May's carriage was at the door. Mrs. May was waiting in the parlor for Miss Amy." And for an explanation, a card, on which Mrs. May had written, "My dear Amy, make no delay," was placed in her hand. Amy mechani-

cally threw on her bonnet and shawl, and taking the bouquet, and the little box containing her treasures, descended to the parlor.

"My friend, Mrs. May, has interested herself for you as she promised, Miss Barker," said Mrs. Atwood; but ere she could add more, Mrs. May said, pleasantly:

"I have come to run away with you, Amy, love. Is your trunk packed?"

"No, ma'am," returned Amy, who thought all this rather too sudden; "but I can have it ready in a few moments."

"Then I will wait. Will you trust your bouquet to my care in the meantime?"

Amy blushed, for the smiling question seemed to be uttered with a peculiar emphasis; then smiling at her foolish fancy, she ran up to her room, arranged her small wardrobe, and having hastily but affectionately bid farewell to her late pupils, and bowed to Mrs. Atwood, she entered the carriage with Mrs. May, and was soon driven to that lady's house.

As she passed through the hall, she observed that the drawing-room was being brilliantly lighted, as if for company; but to her timid inquiry her hostess replied, "No, they were not willing to have strangers present on that evening." And again that peculiar tone startled Amy. But how was her amazement increased when, after Mrs. May's waiting-maid had converted her smooth braids into the old familiar floating tresses, that looked in their soft lustre like spun gold, and she had donned her best dress, a light blue cashmere, very becoming to her delicate complexion, Mrs. May further adorned her with a collar of rich needlework, which she fastened with a pearl brooch, saying, with a kiss and a smile, that it was her birthday gift. How could Mrs. May have known about her birthday?—and why should she thus favor her? But without giving time for her conjectures or thanks, the lady led her young companion down stairs. A gentleman emerged from the drawing-room to meet them, to whom she said, "I will yield my fair guest to your care, Walter;" and with one glance at the manly face that still retained its familiar expression of old, Amy was folded to Walter Everett's heart. An hour after, when Mr. May entered the drawing-room, he found the lovers, with a not unfrequent selfishness in such pleasant conversation, that they were quite oblivious of every one but themselves.

"My patience, how long some people take to court!" he exclaimed, in his pleasant, hearty tones. "Walter, ask your aunt if I did not gain her consent, duly lay the case before pa and ma, and have everything settled, even to fixing on the important day, in less time than you have taken to ask your lady love to be yours."

Walter replied to his uncle's raillery in a similar jocose strain, and the mystery, which even during the hours' conversation had not been fully explained, was now clear. Mrs. May was Walter's aunt, and the confidant of his early passion. After his return to America, when all his inquiries for the Barkers proved fruitless, his aunt had accidentally discovered Amy, and by her contrivance he came to the city on that afternoon, and despatched the valentine to Amy to prepare her for the happiness in store.

It was a pleasant family circle that gathered round the elegantly spread table at Mr. May's that evening. The young ladies, whom Amy had several times seen, by their ready tact, relieved the embarrassment she would naturally feel under the circumstances; nor had she occasion for the bright blushes, that now, as of old, adorned her cheeks, save once at the conclusion of the repast, when Mr. May's love of a joke overcame his kindly consideration for his timid guest; and on one of his daughters addressing Walter as cousin, he cried out:

"Say cousin Walter, or we shall not know whether you mean him or cousin Amy."

After tea Mrs. May drew Amy one side to propose that, as Walter must leave the city early in the morning, as business of a pressing nature demanded his presence at home, they should be married immediately. Amy stood aghast at the idea, but Mrs. May so eloquently pleaded that she would not force poor Walter to part with her now for an indefinite time, after the long and anxious search he had already made for her, that she consented. At nine o'clock the clergyman arrived, and Amy, looking very sweetly in her simple robe of mull muslin, her luxuriant curls confined by a wreath of natural roses and myrtle, was united to Walter Everett, with the warm approval of the amiable family, who only regretted that they must so soon part with her.

The announcement of the marriage caused considerable surprise to Mrs. Atwood and the young ladies. They now felt rather chagrined at the reflection that they had treated the quondam governess as if she were a being of another species, and could wish that their deportment had been widely different to one now connected with the Mays. But then how were they to know that plain, unassuming Amy Barker was destined to become the bride of the rich and aristocratic Walter Everett?

CULTURE OF THE LOCUST.

The Acacia, the pseudo-Acacia or Locust tree, grows in twenty years to a goodly size, perfuming with the fragrance of its flowers the atmosphere all around it, yielding great abundance of rich material to the honey bee for the manufacture of his precious nectar, fit food for gods and men. Its use in shipbuilding, for fence posts, as well as for manifold purposes in the arts and manufactures, is rendering it every year more valuable as an article of commerce; it always commands a high price in all sections of our country, and will grow well in almost all soils and situations. It is a highly ornamental tree, as well as in many ways useful and valuable. An acre of Locust of fifteen years' growth will bring from \$800 to \$1000; of twenty years' growth, \$1500; of twenty-five or thirty years' growth, \$3000, more or less, without the labor of cutting and carrying to a market; for the buyers will take it standing, and leave you the branches, which for firewood, will pay the interest on the cost of the land during the time the crop has been growing. The cost of planting and protection for the first few years, with the labor of proper trimming and pruning, is trifling indeed, compared with the ultimate profits.—*Westfield News Letter.*

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Dr. Leas, of Baltimore, has entered the Russian service as surgeon, with high pay and emoluments. — The Newport Mercury states that two geese were dug out of a snow drift in that town a few days since, which had been without food for *forty-two* days. They were very thin of flesh, but quite lively. — Beavers are sold in the California market for food. The tail of the beaver has always been considered a rare delicacy by hunters. — A new Protestant church has been formed among the Armenians of Baghehejok, in Turkey, and seventeen new converts have been added to the church in Aintab, and three to the church of Kills. In the latter place, there are Turks who are called, by other Turks, Protestant Mussulmans. They have not openly separated from the Mohammedans, but are known to have embraced Protestant views. — Surprise parties are the most agreeable institutions of New England social life. — There are eight manufactories of brooms in the town of Poland, Ohio, which turn out about 300 dozen per week, or 150,000 through the year. — There are twenty-three circus companies in the United States, whose average expenses are about 8000 dollars a day. — The House of Representatives of Georgia, by formal resolution, have declined to hold intercourse with Vermont, and instructed the governor accordingly. They will neither receive messages nor send them. — The total number of hogs packed during the past season at Cincinnati, was 455,395—an increase over that of last year of 49,610. — London, besides being the largest city in the world, aspires to the possession of the largest hotel in the universe, and to that end a company of bankers are about to erect a monster establishment on Trafalgar Square, to cost \$5,000,000, on the "American plan." — A bill has been introduced restoring the law of imprisonment for debt in Minnesota. — An American ship recently ran into a Turkish nobleman's palace, at the waterside in Constantinople, and exposed his whole harem in very airy costumes. The Turks were shocked, and the ship captain was fined. — A treaty of commerce and friendship between the United States and Chili is said to have been formed. — Immigration continues to pour into Texas in a steady stream. A gentleman who recently returned from the western part of the State, says that he enumerated five thousand slaves on the road, together with long trains of wagons, and numerous families. — The Providence Transcript states that passenger fares on the Providence and Worcester railroads have been raised ten per cent. — The lawyers, by setting up the plea of insanity, saved Fyler, who murdered his wife in the interior of New York, from the gallows—and when they sue him for the \$4000 which he agreed to pay them, he resists, and again pleads insanity. — John P. Kennedy is engaged in writing a history of Maryland. — Mr. E. Merriam, of Brooklyn Heights, writes to the New York Journal of Commerce to announce the death of a dog, who for some years had been in the habit of assisting him in making meteorological observations at night, by waking him every hour when the clock struck. — A bill appropriating \$15,000 to the military institute at Marietta has passed the senate of Georgia. — M. de Saussure, of Geneva, a noted traveller, has lately succeeded in attaining the summit of the volcanic mountain Popocatepetl, the highest in Mexico, and which is 16,000 feet above the level of the sea. Owing to the climate, the ascent is stated to have been less difficult than that of Mount Blanc. — It is stated that the sudden departure of Rachel from Cuba was occasioned by unfavorable intelligence respecting the health of one of her children. — The Rhode Island Society for the Encouragement of Domestic Industry, have voted to hold a State Fair next fall, similar to those of three or four years ago. — Salt is necessary to the health of horses, cattle, and sheep, and they should be supplied with it at regular stated intervals throughout all seasons of the year. — It is stated that Russian journals will shortly be allowed to enter France, as before the war.

WILBOR'S COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.—This remarkable specific for coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, and all consumptive symptoms, has reached very justly a wide popularity. The advantage of this combination over the simple cod liver oil is apparent to all medical men, and within the circle of our own immediate acquaintance we are constantly hearing of its prompt healing and curative qualities. It may be had of all respectable druggists in the United States of America.

MR. MACAULAY.—The Boston Transcript says that letters from Mr. Macaulay, recently received by his correspondents in that vicinity, mention that the state of his health has confined him to the house during most of the time this winter.

GIANTS IN THESE DAYS.—There is a family of nine persons in Bourbon county, Ky., whose united height is 70 feet, and whose aggregate weight is 2298 pounds. Martha, the belle of the family, could put an English grenadier in her apron pocket.

MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPS.—We are gratified to hear that this accomplished vocalist has been engaged by Mr. Paine to accompany his opera troupe in the place of Mme. Didice, who returns to Europe.

NOIST CARRIER'S BOOK AND STATIONERY CO., No. 77 LONG WARE, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Incorporated according to an act of the Legislature of California, January 1, 1855. CHARLES P. KIMBALL, President.—TRUSTEES—Charles P. Kimball, Thomas N. Hibben, G. B. Haywood.—CHARLES GALACAR, Agent, New York. 3—8m

COURTEOUS.—The British shipping in the harbor of Norfolk, Va., displayed their colors in honor of Washington's birthday.

EGYPT.—The grain crop in Egypt will be short this year—the Nile being too lazy to rise, and refusing to leave its bed.

Wayside Gatherings.

The State House in Columbus, Ohio, has cost the sum of \$1,583,886.

Corn meal should never be ground very fine. It injures the richness of it.

All the telegraph cables crossing the Mississippi River have been carried away by the breaking up of the ice.

Sir Charles Napier, the commander of the first Baltic fleet in the present war, is now a member of parliament.

"Anthony's Nose," at the lower entrance of the "Highlands," on the Hudson River, is upwards of 1100 feet high.

The Michigan Southern Railroad Company propose erecting a magnificent depot at Chicago, which is to cost \$100,000.

In Turkey, whenever a storekeeper is convicted of telling a lie, his house is at once painted black, to remain so for one month.

The Philadelphia Inquirer announces the receipt of \$430, from numerous correspondents, to be distributed by the editor for the benefit of the poor.

Thomas Cubitt, the celebrated London builder, who began life as a bricklayer, died recently, worth over one million of pounds sterling—so the papers say.

It is said that the forthcoming statistics of Massachusetts will show that the shoe and leather manufactures of the State amount to the astonishing sum of \$55,000,000.

Miss Caroline Chesebro, one of the most successful of our lady writers, is about issuing a new novel. The scene of the novel is laid in the humbler localities of New York.

Among their arboreal curiosities in California, they have a combined sugar maple and white oak, so closely grown into one stock, as almost to defy separate identification.

The Rhode Island House of Representatives has passed an act admitting, with certain restrictions, all parties in interests to testify in all courts of law, the same as other persons.

At the head of one of the graves in "Old St. Mary's," Maryland, there stands a cedar slab, which, as the inscription indicates, was placed there in 1717, and is still perfectly sound.

The existing war has already cost England \$250,000,000, which is six times as much as the whole of the expenditure of the government for the same time for the purposes of peace.

An extensive bed of fossil salt has been discovered in Cache creek canon, Yolo county, which the State Journal says is sufficient in quantity to supply California for half a century.

One mile from Goldville, Ala., Tallaposa county, a stratum of quartz containing fine gold worth 98 1-2 at the mint, has been discovered. A company has been formed for working this mine.

The Chicago Times announces the arrival in that city of Mr. Price, from Green Bay, in a novel turn out. He drove the entire distance in a light sleigh drawn by a single dog, averaging thirty miles a day.

At East Berkshire, lately, a house in which a number of French people resided took fire, and two persons, a mother and daughter, perished in the flames, leaving an only daughter and sister to mourn her loss.

Bernard S. Taylor, of Ravenna, Ohio, committed suicide a few days ago by taking laudanum. The cause assigned is "disappointment in not being able to take a sleigh ride, which unsettled a sensitive mind."

Gov. Wickliffe, of Louisiana, has offered a reward of one thousand dollars for the apprehension and conviction of the persons who broke the ballot boxes at the Seventh and Ninth Precincts, in New Orleans, the night of the 5th of November, 1855.

Hon. W. C. Rives, President of the Virginia Historical Society, at the request of his associates, has engaged to prepare for publication a life of James Madison, one of Virginia's most distinguished sons, and one of America's greatest statesmen.

The Senate Committee on naval affairs has reported in favor of appropriating two millions of dollars, by way of commencing the construction of ten additional steam sloops of war propellers. It is believed that they will be ordered at the present session.

A witness in a liquor case at Manchester, N. H., lately, gave the following testimony: "Sal soda is ice and water, and some stuff squirted into it from a concern. Don't know whether it is intoxicating or not—it makes one feel good—feet lift easier."

The White Sulphur Springs in Virginia are for sale. The Richmond Whig says, that in the hands of a company, with abundant means to enlarge its accommodations to the constantly increasing demands of the public, it would prove a most valuable investment.

In 1668, in the election of a pope to succeed Clement the Fourth, the cardinals were for nearly three years unable to agree on the choice of a successor, and were on the point of breaking up, when the magistrates of Rome, by the advice of St. Benjamin, shut the gates of the city, locking up the cardinals until they agreed.

The patent fees to be paid to the United States are as follows: If a citizen of the United States, patent fee, \$30; if a foreigner, who has "declared his intentions," etc., \$30; if a subject of Great Britain, \$500; all other foreigners, \$300; on entering a caveat, \$20; on entering an appeal, \$25; on extending a patent, \$40; for adding specification of additional improvement, \$15.

Mlle Vestrali, the magnificent contralto, formerly of the Academy of Music, has made a great sensation in Mexico, as was expected. We learn that she has been induced, at the pressing solicitation of some of the first families of that city, to take the management of the Grand National Theatre, and has been liberally provided with the necessary funds to carry out the enterprise.

After the year 1700, the meeting-houses in New England were plain, wooden structures, in most cases, without steeples. The windows were glazed with a diamond-shaped glass, the walls unplastered, and the interior without any means of heating. Through the storms of winter the congregation shivered with cold during the public worship. The ministers wore large gowns and powdered wigs.

Roman Catholic papers say that the Spanish government pays the salaries of the clergy so irregularly, that in several dioceses many priests have applied to their bishops for permission to return to their families. The great majority of the Spanish press advocate, although with some restriction, the cause of religious liberty; and a Protestant paper—the first ever known in Spain—is about to be established in Madrid.

The Philadelphia Ledger, in speaking of the manufacture of watch cases, which is carried on extensively in that city, says there are eleven firms engaged in the business, all of whom employ over three hundred hands, and turn out at least five hundred cases per week, at a cost of some \$20,000, or more than \$1,000,000 annually. The gold manufactured into cases weekly, will not amount to much less than \$14,000, or over a half million of dollars annually.

Foreign Items.

The last of the docks of Sebastopol have been destroyed.

Alexander von Humboldt has been presented by the civic officials of Berlin "with the freedom of that city, illuminated, and contained in a silver box."

An order has lately been given to the dockyard at Cherbourg, to construct thirty large boats for landing troops, each of which is to carry a heavy gun of long range.

The Steam-Collier Association at Newcastle-on-Tyne offers a £500 prize to the discoverer of a means of effectually consuming smoke, with a due regard to the economy of fuel.

It is reported in Paris that the Polytechnic School is to be dissolved. Its studied silence on the day the Imperial Guard entered Paris is remarked upon as a most unpatriotic demonstration.

The Musée d'Artillerie, Paris, has just added to its collection the pocket-book of Prince Menschikoff, taken at the battle of the Alma, and one of the Jacobi infernal machines, fished up in the Baltic by the French sailors.

Richard Wagner's celebrated opera, "Tannhauser," has been produced at Berlin with the utmost success. It was got up with great splendor, under the direction of Dorn, the eminent kapelmeister. The prima donna was the composer's niece, Johanna Wagner; and the part of Tannhauser was performed by Formes.

A Paris letter says:—"Within these few days a very large number of arrests have been made in the provinces; and in and about Bordeaux, 15,000 men are talked of as being thrown into prison. The sectaries of the "Marianne" are, I believe, increasing fearfully in the lower classes, from the fact of the universal distress and want of food."

Sands of Gold.

.... Fancy runs most furiously when a guilty conscience drives it.—Thomas Fuller.

.... Negligence is the rust of the soul, that corrodes through all her best resolves.—Owen Feltham.

.... Humility is a virtue all preach, none practise, and yet everybody is content to hear.—John Selden.

.... Give a man a name for miraculous shrewdness and management, and you give him a host of friends.—Bacon.

.... A disinterested action, if it be not conducted by justice, is at best indifferent in its nature, and not unfrequently even turns to vice.—Goldsmith.

.... Strength of mind is the triumph of reflection; it is an instinct superior to the passions, which calms while it governs them.—L'auvenargues.

.... The qualities of candor, fortitude, charity and generosity are not, in their own nature, virtues, unless impelled and directed by justice.—Goldsmith.

.... To talk, or to think like a child, is not always a proof of folly; it may sometimes push aside heavy griefs where the strength of wisdom fails.—Landor.

.... Resentment is a union of sorrow with malignity; a combination of a passion which all endeavor to avoid, with a passion which all concur to detest.—Dr. Johnson.

.... He who brings ridicule to bear against truth, finds in his hand a blade without a hilt. The most sparkling and pointed flame of wit flickers, and expires against the incombustible walls of her sanctuary.—Landor.

Joker's Budget.

What is the difference between an auction and sea sickness? One is a sale of effects, the other the effects of a sail.

"Keep your dog away from me!" said a dandy to a butcher boy. "Darn the dog, he's always after puppies," said the boy.

Not who, but what.—Lady.—And so you are married, eh? Who did you marry? Forgetful Snob.—Well, I married forty thousand dollars; I forget her other name.

A young lady being told that her lover was suddenly killed, exclaimed:—"O, that splendid gold watch of his! Give me that—give me something to remember him by!"

The young ladies of Aurora, Ill., have passed the following resolution:—"Resolved, that if we, the young ladies of Aurora, don't get married this year, somebody will be to blame."

Irritating—after rolling all night in your berth at sea till you are miserably sick, to have a steward open your door in the morning, and ask you if you'll have a *fresh roll* for breakfast.

An Irishman, seeing an undertaker carrying a very small coffin, exclaimed, in the utmost surprise, "By the Saint of Dinis O Sligo! is it possible that coffin can be intended for any living creature?"

"That chap's behind the 'Times,'" as the Yankee said, when he saw the top of an old gentleman's head peeping over a spread copy of the London "Thunderer," or rather, "Blunderer," as it should now be called.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, lecturing in New York, astonished his audience by saying, "We eat gas, drink gas, tread on gas, and are gas!"—"Then it is a great shame," cried a calculating Yankee, "that gas is so dear."

The last time (says Rogers) I saw Hook, was in the lobby of Lord Canterbury's house after a large evening party there. He was walking up and down, singing with great gravity, to the astonishment of the footmen, "Shepherds, I have lost my hat!"

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PALACE OF STOLZENFELS, ON THE RHINE.

SCENES ON THE RHINE.

The first picture on this page is a view of one of the most interesting points on the beautiful Rhine—Stolzenfels. The famous castle is seen on the right. On the opposite bank, wood, village and mountain rise upon the eye in mingled beauty—while in the foreground, a religious procession with cross and garland winding its slow way along, adds to the effect of the picture. Stolzenfels is three miles above Coblenz. In the olden time it was the residence of the prelatical monarchs of the Rhine, but the French blew it to pieces and the city of Coblenz gave it to the King of Prussia, after having vainly tried to sell it for fifty or sixty dollars. Think of a feudal castle on the Rhine hanging fire at that price! The Prussian monarch restored it, fitted it up at great expense, and made it one of the most attractive features of the Rhine scenery. It was never seen to more advantage than on the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit a few years since. It was a calm and lovely night, and the moon shone down with undimmed brilliancy on the noble Rhine. Soon after ten the church tower of St. John and the village of Niederlahnstein were illuminated; at the same time every window of the castle burst into light, and a prodigious flight of rockets roared up into the blue sky. At a

given signal the village of Oberlahnstein was lighted up, and the castle of Rheineck responded with a splendid display of fireworks. The effect of these pyrotechnic splendors was enhanced by their reflection in the mirror-like surface of the river, which was so tranquil as to image every tree upon its banks, with every church spire, and to reproduce in clear outline the bold mountain range that belts the Rhine. The eyes of the King of Prussia's royal guest could never have rested on a more enchanting scene. Our second picture is a view of the castle of Ehrenbreitstein, with part of Coblenz on the same river. Directly in front of us rise on their steep base, itself a natural fortification, the walls of that fortress, "black with the miner's blast," to which Byron has consecrated some of the finest lines in Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. A part of Coblenz appears on the right, with its pointed and moss-grown roofs and little loopholes of windows. A variety of craft are clustered on the water, the little Rhine steamers contrasting with those cumbrous structures which are peculiar to the navigation of this river. Coblenz lies on the left bank of the Rhine and the right of the Moselle. It received from the Romans the name of Confluentes, modernized into Coblenz or Coblenz, from its being situated at the confluence of the two rivers. Its fortifications con-

neet with the citadel of Ehrenbreitstein (the Broad Stone of Honor) on the opposite bank of the Rhine, and render Coblenz the bulwark of Germany and the Prussian dominions on the side of France. When Byron visited it, the fortress was partially ruined, but the King of Prussia has restored and strengthened its defences. Ehrenbreitstein is connected with Coblenz by a bridge of boats, and commands a glorious view of the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle and of the course of the Rhine from Stolzenfels to Ondernack. The fortifications of Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein are now considered impregnable. A hundred thousand men can be quartered in the works, while the citadel alone is capable of holding 14,000 men, with provisions for 8000 men for ten years. The great parade ground on the top of the rock is over huge cisterns capable of holding a three years' supply of water for the garrison, while a well excavated to the depth of four hundred feet in the solid rock, communicates with the Rhine. In its present condition no European nation at war with Prussia could undertake the cost of its reduction. Its history is full of romantic and chivalric incidents. Army after army, host upon host, have besieged it, and retired baffled from its frowning walls and precipitous heights.



EHRENBREITSTEIN AND COBLENZ.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT
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6 CENTS SINGLE.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

The accompanying portrait, drawn for us by Mr. Hill, from a photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case, presents an excellent likeness of the young poet-artist, whose name heads this article, and who deservedly holds a high rank both in literature and art. Mr. Read was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, March 12, 1822. The death of his father caused a separation of the family, and at an early age young Read went to the western country. Here, at different times, he travelled very extensively, and obtained that familiarity with nature which enabled him in after years to re-produce her features in songs that have won the admiration of lovers of true poetry on both sides of the Atlantic. In 1839, we find him an art-student in the atelier of Clevenger the sculptor, at Cincinnati, where his fondness and aptitude for art were first developed. His earliest productions in painting, for that was the branch which his taste led him to cultivate, were full of the fairest promise, and attracted the attention of many connoisseurs in art, and procured him orders for portraits from many eminent men, among others the late President Harrison. Making his way to the Atlantic sea-board, with some specimens of his professional skill, after a few months' sojourn in New York, in 1841, he removed to Boston, and opened a studio in this city. His fine coloring and drawing of the head soon attracted attention to his pictures, and sitters whose patronage was indeed worth having, engaged his time and employed his pencil. Among the artists, whose favorable opinion and valuable counsel he secured, was Washington Allston, then drawing near the end of a life too early closed. An ideal head of "Genevieve," well remembered by our art-loving citizens, was one of the productions of this period, and here, in 1842, Read made his first attempts at poetical composition. They were short lyrics, and first published in the Boston Courier in 1843. He continued his contributions in 1844. Most of these pieces were afterwards collected in an edition of his poems published in this city in 1847, and are still popular favorites. Rarely has a poetical debutant shown such a mastery of the lyre. Mr. Read drew his earliest inspiration from familiar themes and incidents. Pastoral landscapes, little wayside dramas, the song of a street-singer, a summer shower, objects that the unthinking would pass by as trivialities, afforded him inspiration, and were transmuted into



T BUCHANAN READ.

music that still finds an echo in our hearts. In 1846, Mr. Read removed to Philadelphia, where he met with brilliant success, both as an artist and a poet. He painted a large number of persons during his stay in Philadelphia, which lasted till the year 1850, and he yet found time to write many exquisite poems. In 1850, he sailed for Europe, and passed some time both in Great Britain and on the continent. In England, his poems attracted great attention, the most eminent critical authorities according them a high rank among the literary productions of America. In 1852, Mr. Read returned to the United States, and passed the following winter in Cincinnati. In 1853, he a second time sailed for Europe, now accompanied by his family, and established himself in Florence, where he was surrounded by all that could render life agreeable—pleasant friends and associates, the noblest works of art, and a nature beautiful and full of inspiration. But this scene of felicity was suddenly changed for him in the summer of the last year. A prevailing epidemic, which swept off thousands of the inhabitants of Florence, proved fatal to his wife and daughter, and left him a mourner in a strange land. In his latest production, the "House by the Sea," we may trace certain influences of this sad domestic bereavement. We have alluded to his first publication. His subsequent ones were "Lays and Ballads," Philadelphia, 1848, an illustrated edition of poems in 1853, the "New Pastoral," 1855, written in Italy, and his recent work, "House by the Sea," also composed in Italy, at the Baths of Lucca. Mr. Read was fortunate in his publishers, Messrs. Parry & McMillan, liberal and appreciative men. He returned to this country at the close of the past year, and is now again on the eve of his departure for Florence. He has brought with him his picture of the "Lost Pleiad," which we have heard commended in the warmest terms by those whose opinion on matters of art is really worth having. The longest and most ambitious of Mr. Read's poetical performances, is the "New Pastoral," a poem in thirty-seven books, and written—like Thomson's "Seasons," to which it bears a slight resemblance in tone—in blank verse. Its scene lies in the loveliest rural regions of Pennsylvania, which, and the rustic life and fortunes of its simple-hearted inhabitants are depicted with exquisite grace and fidelity to nature. It has added greatly to his previously brilliant reputation.



CENTRAL VIEW IN JEFFERSON AVENUE, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WHITE HAND:

—OR—

THE NATCHEZ' CAPTIVE.

A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF LOUISIANA.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII.—[CONTINUED.]

Rallying again for his purpose, Simon Loboïs at length raised his eyes from the floor, and looking directly at Louise:

"It is strange," he said, "and I have often said so since. But I can see in it only the opportunity of pressing my claim to your heart and hand now with more hopes of success. I must ask you now if you will accept the heart and hand I offer you?"

"Simon Loboïs, you know I cannot do it," uttered Louise, in a firm, frank tone.

"Mind, Louise! I ask you now kindly to be mine. I confess to you my deep, abiding love, and I assure you that my heart cannot withstand the shock of losing you. Since the moment on which I rescued you from the savages, I have cherished the fond hope as the very centre of my life. You will not blast my hopes now."

"Surely, my cousin, you cannot accuse me of blasting your hopes," returned Louise, still calm and collected. "After what I told you during our former conference, you should not have cherished any such hopes. Why, I shall more than ever think your head is turned. But I trust you are not now in earnest?"

"By the saints, I am, mademoiselle! and you shall find it so to your cost if you presume to foist ridicule upon me any more!"

"How?" uttered Louise, with a start. "Are you angry, monsieur?"

"I shall be if you do not keep your tongue within better bounds. By heavens, I am not to be trifled with now, for I am master here! So you had better bear that in mind."

"But, cousin mine, surely I cannot become your wife!"

"Beware, Louise! I ask you kindly now. I confess my love and I beg of you to accept it."

"A husband's love from you I never can accept, Simon."

"Think carefully ere you speak."

"But what mean you? I have thought carefully, and have equally as candidly told you that yours I can never be. Now, what more can you ask?"

"I shall ask but little more," returned Simon, through his set teeth. "I am now in a position to command!"

"Speak plainly, monsieur."

"Then, plainly—you must be my wife!"

"But I shall simply apply to the governor."

"That will help you none, for Perier is my friend, and has pledged me his assistance."

"But he will listen to the prayer of a helpless girl."

"Not when that prayer is prejudicial to the interest of his friend. He is anxious that all the marriageable females should be married as soon as possible. In short, my dear cousin, he has pledged me his word as a man, and as an officer, that you shall be my wife. Now what say you?"

"I should certainly say that he was a great scoundrel," returned Louise, regarding her companion with a fixed look.

"You are cool, mademoiselle!"

"Because I do not believe that you can be in earnest, monsieur."

"By the sacred hopes of my salvation, I am in earnest, Louise! and, moreover, you go not from this place until you are my wife! Do you understand that?"

"If—if—I thought you could mean it, Simon, I should begin to be alarmed," said the maiden, in a tone that would seem to indicate that she did not really credit the statement she had heard.

"I do mean it!" he replied, slowly and meaningly.

"Simon Loboïs, look me in the eye, and assure me solemnly that you mean what you have said." Louise spoke this in an earnest, eager tone, with her hands clasped and half raised towards her dark cousin, and her lips firmly compressed.

It was some moments before Loboïs replied. There was something in the deep blue eye that was fixed so earnestly upon him, and in the calm, earnest features that met his gaze, that moved him more than he had counted upon. But then he was not the man to break down now. He was not the man to give up the fruition of a hope that he had cherished with his very life for years. He was playing for a golden stake of immense value, and now that he held the leading hand, he meant to use it promptly, and without compromise of any kind.

"Louise St. Julien," he at length replied, "as sure as there is a heaven above, I mean just what I have said. You go not from this house until you are my wife! From this purpose I will not swerve, so help me fate!"

Louise gazed upon him a few moments in blank surprise. At first she seemed hardly willing to credit the evidence of her own senses. Next a strange light broke over her fair features, and in a peculiar tone she said:

"It was very strange that you should have been the one, of all others, to find me."

"Ah—how?"

"And that you should have found me just as you did."

"Louise—"

"Very strange that the Indians should have stopped just where they did."

"You are facetious, mademoiselle."

"It is a strange piece of business, monsieur. But then there is a wonderful providence in it, so that it is not so strange, after all."

"Mademoiselle, you may carry your badinage too far."

"Badinage, monsieur?"

"Ay—badinage. I do not like it. I perfectly understand now the drift of your flings, but I did not at first. You will be more circumspect in your language, or you may be corrected."

A quick flush passed over the girl's face, and her lip quivered. A moment the thought of spurning the wretch was present with her, but the thought, most probably, of her defenceless position kept her tongue under guard.

"Simon," she murmured, after a while of silence, "you will not be so cruel?"

"And is it cruel to want a beautiful girl, whom one loves, for a wife?"

"But what can you want with a wife who can never love you in return?"

"I'll teach you to love me."

"As well might you teach me to love the great crocodile I saw the soldiers playing with in the street this morning."

"Then, by heavens, I'll teach you to fear me!"

"You've done that already, monsieur."

"So much the better then; you'll mind me the quicker."

"But why—why should you do this thing?"

"I'll tell you," spoke Simon, turning with sudden emphasis upon the girl—for there was more emphasis in the movement than in the words. "There is no need that I should pretend to deceive you, nor could I, probably, if I tried. For many years I have had the charge of your father's books and business. You know he is wealthy—more wealthy than any other ten men in the colony. When he came here into this joy-forsaken wilderness, I came with him to help him. The thought came to me, as I beheld your mind expanding under my care, that at some future day I might possess your heart and hand, and thus the half of your father's fortune would be mine. So I strove to make you all I could, and the property I multiplied as fast as possible. The wealth has grown in bulk under my care, and now I am not ready to give all up. I am not willing to see the hopes of a lifetime blasted just from the mere whim of a capricious girl."

"But do you think my father will allow his property to fall into your hands when he knows that I married you from absolute compulsion?" asked the fair girl, earnestly.

"He cannot well help it. He cannot cut me off without cutting you off, too; and I know him too well to fear that he will spit out his venom on me, when by so doing he must inevitably reduce you to the same level."

"But he will demand a dissolution of the union between us."

"Ha! he cannot gain it if he does. I am prepared there, and I know the ground on which I stand. The king has empowered the company to frame domestic regulations to meet the wants of the colony, and they have already passed a resolution that every sane, sound girl, of seventeen years or upwards, shall marry, if proposal is made from a respectable source."

"Ay—but the payment of a hundred livres can remove the obligation."

"So it can. But no power can annul the marriage tie."

"Then mark me, Simon Loboïs! I will bid my father that he let me live in penury and want, for, as your wife, my sorrow will have reached its climax; so you shall not thus gain the gold you covet."

"And mark me, Louise St. Julien! While your father withholds the half of his fortune from you, I will reduce you to such suffering as shall force me to bind you to prevent you from taking your own life to end your tortures! Now threaten on, for, by the host of angels, with the archangel at their head, I can threaten as well as you!"

A few moments of silence ensued, and then Simon said, in a softer tone:

"But let us drop this profitless confab. You will consider of this, and I know you will calmly settle down into a state of reasonable acquiescence. Now give me a direct answer. Will you become my wife without any further act of compulsion?"

"I should judge you had heard enough to know my mind."

"But I would know if I must compel you. Mind, now! My resolution is fixed. I have counted the cost, and am resolved upon the throw. When we return, you may tell your father, if you please, that I compelled you to become my wife, but I shall not care. He cannot take you from me after the holy church has bound you to me, and if he seeks otherwise to harm me, he will only heap suffering upon the head of his own child. Your father gave me permission to seek your hand."

"I do not believe it, Simon."

"I care not for your belief. That he told me so is true, and now I have sought you. Will you be my wife?"

"Never!"

"We shall see!"

And with this, the wretch strode from the apartment.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FOUL PLOTTER MAKES A MOST DECIDED MOVE.

It was nearly dark when Simon Loboïs left his captive—for the fact could no longer be concealed that such Louise in truth was,—and the poor girl waited in vain for the coming of her supper. She waited until near ten o'clock, and then she retired without it. Some time during the night (she could not tell at what hour it

was, for she knew not how long she had slept), she was startled from an uneasy, dreamy slumber by hearing a heavy tread in her room, and ere she could see what caused the noise, she was seized and lifted from the bed. Then she looked around, and found two stout, dark-faced men by her side.

"Come, sweet," uttered one of them, "hurry on your clothes as soon as possible, for we are in a hurry."

In a gasping voice, Louise asked what was wanted.

"Never mind—only get ready to follow as soon as possible. We'll find better quarters than this for ye."

"But—"

"O—come—if ye don't choose to fix up, we'll take ye as ye are, for we're in a hurry."

Louise asked no more questions, but quickly putting on her gown and scarf, and drawing the latter over her head, she announced her readiness to accompany them. One of them took her by the arm, while the other, who held the lantern, went on in advance. They descended the stairs to the street, and having passed the distance of two squares, they stopped in front of a gloomy-looking building, with one small door on the street, but no window. This door was opened, and the girl led in. Straight on she went through a long narrow passage, a distance of over a hundred feet, and then she was stopped before a door not more than two feet wide, formed of three pieces of solid hewn timber bolted together with iron. This was opened, and Louise was pushed in, and the door closed upon her. She listened until she could hear the sound of her conductors' footsteps no more, and then she searched around for some place in which to lie down, or, at least, upon which she could sit down. At length she found a low pallet with some bedding upon it, and on this she rested.

She slept some, for she was astonished when she opened her eyes and found a stream of sunlight straggling into the place. She looked up and found that there was a small aperture near the top of the wall, about a foot square, but she could not look out from it, it being too high for her to reach. The room was small, with walls of hewn timber, and evidently built for a prison. Louise knew how easily money could hire official assistance in the colony, and hence she wondered not that Loboïs had been able to obtain the use of this place.

The forenoon passed slowly away, and noon came. Hunger and thirst began to afflict the helpless prisoner, and the hands were oftener clasped in silent supplication. At length, towards the middle of the afternoon, the door of the cell was opened, and Simon Loboïs entered.

"Simon," uttered the prisoner, "what means this?"

"Can you not guess?" was his calm reply.

"Do you mean this as a means of forcing me to marriage?"

"You've hit it."

Louise sank down upon the pallet, and clasped her hands.

"I cannot stand this," she said.

"Then become my wife."

"Is that the only alternative?"

"It is."

"And in no other way can I get clear of this place?"

"In no other."

"Bring me water."

"Will you be mine?"

"I will allow the marriage to be solemnized."

"And you will go before the priest and be legally married to me?"

"I will!"

Simon Loboïs started with demoniac, selfish joy.

"You shall have food and water now!" he cried. "And you shall have a faithful, loving husband. O, Louise, you—"

"But I am famishing now, Simon."

Away flew the man, and in a short time he returned with some cold milk and bread. This was just the food for the poor girl, and she ate and drank greedily.

"You take it more calmly than I had expected, Louise," Simon said, as he gazed inquiringly into her calm, pale face.

"If I am calm, monsieur, it is not because I am happy. I find myself in your power, and I have assured myself that I am powerless to escape you. I have reflected and pondered deeply upon this, and now that my mind is made up, I am not the woman, or the girl, to make myself uselessly miserable. But, monsieur, you do not see my heart; you do not see the utter wreck you have made there. A deep, dark sorrow, such as the soul utterly crushed, and the heart all broken, can only know, is mine. If you can be happy in knowing the work you have thus wrought, I shall not envy you. I can look with hope to the life of the emancipated spirit; you know best whether you can do the same."

There was a deep, touching pathos in this speech that moved the hard-hearted man more than he dared acknowledge, even to himself, and he tried to banish the emotion.

"Pooh!" he uttered. "There is no need of your speaking so, for you shall be as happy as a princess. I will always love you—always be faithful."

A look of utter contempt stole over the fair girl's face as she gazed into the evil features of the bad man, for she knew how hollow all his pretensions were; and she knew now, too, what wicked means he had used to bring her within his power.

"Simon Loboïs," she said, in a freezing tone, "spare me from your professions of love, for they only add to my misery. Now answer me a solemn question: Where is my brother?"

"Your brother?" Simon uttered, starting in spite of himself. "What should I know of him?"

"But do you not know of him?" she asked, looking him steadily in the eye.

"I do not." But he trembled while he spoke; he could not help it.

"But you know he was seized by the Indians on the same night that I was."

"How should I know?"

"Simon, it is strange that you have never once asked me concerning the event of my abduction!"

"I—I—have had enough to think of without that. My love for you has engrossed my every thought, and claimed my whole attention."

"Then you know nothing of him?"

"I—I—why, how on earth should I?"

"Never mind. If you do not, then that is enough. Now, appoint the time for the wedding when you will."

"It shall be this very day."

"As you will. If it must be so, I care not for time. Henceforth all times are alike to me."

"Ay, sweet Louise, all of joy."

"Yes—such joy as the lost child feels in the deep wood; such joy as the poor orphan feels when she stands by the cold corpse of her dead parents!"

"Nonsense! But come; you shall find better quarters than these."

So Simon Loboïs led his promised bride forth from the prison-house back to the dwelling from whence she had been taken on the previous night, and then he went out to hunt up some more fitting garb for her to wear. He went to the governor, and there he succeeded in purchasing a suitable habit. It was a dress made after the fashion of the times, of pale blue silk with scarlet facings, and worked with silver lace and thread. It belonged originally to one of Perier's daughters, but she had never yet worn it, it having been made for her wedding-dress, and her lover dying on the eve of marriage.

The dress fitted Louise to a fault, and when thus prepared, she suffered herself to be led to the church, for Simon had determined that there should be no subsequent question about the legality of his marriage. When they entered the little, or, rather, the rude church, they found quite a number of people collected, and the priest was there in his robes.

The poor girl's head ached, and when she stood before the priest she trembled violently, and even Simon was startled when he saw how pale she looked.

"Go on," she whispered. "O, go on, and let me out from here, or I shall die!"

The priest commenced the ceremony, and Simon answered the questions distinctly. Then the holy man turned to the bride, and he asked her the usual questions. She looked up, and in a faint, forced voice, she replied:

"To the best of my abilities I will do all this!"

What more could human law require? Even Simon was surprised, for he had feared she would hesitate. But he knew not how sick and faint she was, and that she might have answered thus promptly in order to hasten the ceremony, for she wanted fresh air. She had not told him of the headache she had had all day, nor of the pains she had experienced since noon, for she would not complain of bodily pain while the spirit lay groaning in heavy, cankering chains.

But the ceremony was finished, and the nuptial tie had been formed, and the marriage was registered in the great parchment book of the clerk. The fee was paid, and then the bridegroom turned away.

"In heaven's name, my wife," cried Simon, as they reached the open air, "what is the matter? What is it that thus affects you?"

"O, I am sick—sick as death!" was the faint reply. "Hasten—hasten to our home, or I shall fail and sink by the wayside!"

Simon saw that his companion spoke the truth, and with quick steps he hurried on, sometimes bearing his bride in his arms, and anon helping her to walk. At length they reached their dwelling, and Loppa was at once sent for the physician. The old man came, and at a glance he saw that his patient had a relapse of her fever, and this time he shook his head as he remarked:

"We can't drive it off this time, Monsieur Loboïs. It is firmly seated, and must have its run. But the lady has a sound constitution, so you need apprehend no danger. But she has not followed my directions, I am sure, or she would not thus have sunk. Has she had the nutritious food I ordered?"

Simon stammered out a reply to the effect that the negro woman might have neglected it.

"And has she not been allowed to overload her stomach recently?" resumed the physician. "She gives signs of it, and also of exposure."

He looked at Simon as he spoke, but that individual made no reply; only after a while he asked how long it would be before the lady would be well.

"That depends upon circumstances," replied the doctor. "She may be up in two weeks, but not before that time."

The physician dealt out his medicine, and having given directions for the care of his patient, he retired. Simon procured for his wife another attendant, so as to have two of them, and then he informed Louise that his business called him up the river.

"To the chateau?" asked she, faintly.

"Yes, I was in hopes that you would have accompanied me, but that is now impossible. However, I must go, though I shall return as soon as possible."

"And what will you tell my father?"

"Simply that you are my wife. Of course I shall explain how I rescued you from the savages, and how, in return, I claimed your hand. But I have prepared the best of care for you during my absence, and you shall not want for anything. The physician will be regular in his visits, and I hope to find you well when I return."

The invalid betrayed no sorrow at the departure of her husband,

nor did she exhibit any extended signs of deep affection at his adieu. She closed her eyes as he spoke the parting word, nor did she open them again until old Loppa came and whispered in her ear that her husband was gone.

CHAPTER XV.

A STROKE UPON THE HEART, AND ONE UPON THE HEAD.

Up and down the wide walk in the garden paced Brion St. Julien and Goupert St. Denis. The old man was pale and wan, and his steps were short and tremulous. The silvery streaks seemed to have multiplied themselves upon his head, and surely many a deep line of care was added to his brow. St. Denis looked not so pale, nor was his step tremulous, but a sorrowful look was upon his face, and in his dark, rich brown eye dwelt a melancholy light, such as could only come from a bruised and bleeding heart. His hands were folded upon his bosom; his eyes bent upon the ground, while within his own stout arm was locked that of his companion.

"We can search no more," said the marquis, in a broken voice.

"They must either have been slain, or else borne away off to the far homes of the Chickasaws."

"And do you think old Tony's report can be relied upon?" asked Goupert.

"Yes. He says he is sure, and if he feels so, then it is so."

"Then our only hope is in enlisting the whole French force in our behalf, for these Chickasaws are a powerful, warlike people, and not easily overcome."

"Ah, we cannot do that," returned the marquis, sadly. "The governor, Perier, is not a warm friend of mine. He had set his eyes upon this place before I bought it, and he meant to have gained it free of cost. He dares not show open hostility to me, but he would not help me."

"Then," said Goupert, "I will myself go in search, even though I disguise myself in the outer semblance of the red man."

But the marquis shook his head dubiously at this.

"No, no," he said. "You would only throw away your own life, and then I should be left all alone. I could not live, Goupert, if you, too, were gone."

This was spoken in a sad, but earnest tone, and the appeal touched the young man's heart.

"Alas!" he murmured, while the big tears gathered in his eyes, "what of life is left to either of us now! I had just seen the opening of life's promise—the budding of my soul's great hope—when this drear midnight came!"

For a while after this they walked on in silence. All search had been made that could be planned with reason, but in vain. Old Tony, who was quick of wit, and who had not forgotten the wild life of his youth, had followed the trail of the marauders a distance of forty miles, and there he lost it upon a branch of the Tickfah. This trail led in a south-easterly direction, so the be-reaved ones had not a shadow of doubt that Louis and Louise had been taken to the distant homes of the Chickasaws.

And all was gloom and sorrow in the household. The servants and the slaves had wept freely over the sad loss, and the unhappy father knew that he had the sympathy of all.

The day was drawing near to its close, when one of the female domestics rushed into the sitting-room and announced that Simon Loboïs was coming. Both the marquis and St. Denis started to their feet, and gazed upon each other earnestly.

"O," uttered the old man, "I wish I knew that Simon was innocent of all crime in this." The words were spoken with strong, sudden emotion, and showed that the speaker had been racked with dark doubts.

"I would not say that he is guilty of all this," returned Goupert; "but things rest most darkly against him. However, we can easily tell. His face is very apt to reveal the emotions of the inner man, and I feel assured he will betray himself. Let us wait and see if he inquires for the missing ones."

The marquis took a turn up and down the room to compose himself, and by the time he had done this, Simon's footstep sounded in the hall, and in a moment more he entered. He moved quickly up to St. Julien and caught him by the hand.

"Ah, my good, kind father," he uttered, "I have been detained longer than I expected. But I am happy to find you well."

Then the black-hearted man turned to Goupert, and with a stiff, formal bow, he said:

"Monsieur St. Denis, I hope you are well."

But the noble youth spoke not in reply. He could not. He detected in Simon's eye a look of triumph that was not to be mistaken, and from that moment his suspicions were all alive again.

"But I do not see Louis. Where is he?" asked Loboïs, after he had taken a seat.

The marquis gazed fixedly into the speaker's eye, but he could detect nothing there out of the way.

"Louis is—is—gone!" the old man uttered.

"How? Have you not found him yet?"

"Then you knew he was gone?" said the marquis, with a quick glance of fear.

"Yes—I knew that both your children were gone from here."

"How?" the old man asked.

"Louise herself has told me the story," was the calm response. Both the old man and the young started to their feet.

"Louise! Louise told you?" gasped Goupert.

"Yes, monsieur," returned Simon, gazing upon the youth with a look of malignant triumph. "I had the good fortune to rescue the loved damsel from the hands of the Indians."

At this juncture the marquis sank back to his seat, and Goupert followed his example.

"And where is she now?" the stricken parent asked, in a whisper.

"She is at New Orleans. I should have brought her with me, but the state of her health would not permit. She has a fever; but you need not fear, for I have left the best of care for her."

"But how—where—did you find her?"

"It was most strange," answered Simon, assuming a devout look. "While in New Orleans, I heard that a small party of Chickasaws were on their way towards Lake Pontchartrain with a white girl as a prisoner. It was a French runner—a half-breed, I think—who brought the intelligence. He said the party came from the north and west, and in a moment the fear struck me that it might be Louise. I knew, of course, that the red villains had been lurking about here; and, moreover, I knew of no other point from whence they could have brought such a prisoner, short of the fort at Natchez, and I was sure they had not ventured there. The fear became so firmly fixed that I resolved to set out; so I engaged the services of one who knew the region round about the lake, and having hired some men who belonged to a ship then lying in the river, I obtained two small boats and set out. We crossed the lake, and landed as near as we could to the opening of the trail that I had been informed the Indians were upon. We mounted the bank, and almost the first thing that met my eye was the form of an Indian pacing up and down by the side of an open space in the woods. It was night, but the moon shone brightly. I knocked the sentinel down, and in a moment the whole party were upon their feet. At a little distance I saw the form of a female asleep upon the ground, and I feared that if I fired she might be harmed, for most of the Indians had guns. I demanded that the prisoner should be given up to me, but I had to use some heavy threats before they would yield. At length, however, upon my promise that I would not cause them to be molested further, they gave the prisoner up, and you can imagine my deep joy when I knew that I had saved Louise St. Julien."

For some moments there was silence in the room. Goupert, who was very pale, but whose lips were firmly compressed, was the first to break it.

"How long ago was it that you found the lady?" he asked.

"About two weeks," was the reply.

"And has she been sick ever since?"

"No. I had meant to bring her with me, but she was taken down with a fever on the very day before I started."

"St. Julien," cried the youth, turning to the old man, "I will away at once and seek her, and as soon as she is able she shall be with you. I can reach New Orleans by the morning of the day after to-morrow if I set out to-night. Tony shall go out with me. By my soul, I'll not rest here another night!"

A satanic smile dwelt upon Simon's features as Goupert ceased speaking, and in a tone of the same nature, he said:

"You need not trouble yourself, Monsieur St. Denis. I assure you I should not have left Louise, had I not seen her in the care of those who will be faithful. She has her own servants to attend her."

"Her own servants!" uttered Goupert, changing color.

"Yes, monsieur."

"But Goupert had better go down, Simon, and come home with her," suggested the old man.

"Excuse me," answered Loboïs, "if I object to that. Monsieur St. Denis is not just the man—I allude only to circumstances, and not to his character as a man—that I should select as an escort for my wife!"

Goupert St. Denis started half up from his seat, and then sank back like a man who has received a shot through the heart. His face was deadly pale, and his hands were clutched upon his knees.

"Your wi—i—ife!" gasped the old man, starting up and taking a step towards his nephew.

"Yes, my dear father," Loboïs replied. "I am the happy man. The sweet child has accepted me as her husband. And why should she not? She owed her very life to me, and in gratitude she rewarded me with her hand."

"But not yet, Simon! You are not married!"

"Most assuredly we are."

"No, no; that is impossible! Louise would never have done—"

"Hold, sir! We will have no argument about it. Here is the document that will satisfy you."

Thus speaking, Simon took a paper from his pocket, which he opened and handed to the marquis. It was a legal certificate—an attested copy of the record—bearing the seal and signature of the colonial clerk, and vouching for the legal marriage of Simon Loboïs and Louise St. Julien. The old man read it, and then, with a deep groan, the paper fell from his hand. Quick as thought, Goupert picked it up. The hope had flashed upon his mind that the document might be a forgery; but as his eye rested upon it, the hope passed away, for he knew it was a legal transcript of the record. The paper dropped from his hand, too, and he sank back into his chair. The thing had come with a thunder-crash upon him, and for the moment he was unable to speak. But one look into the face of Loboïs started his heart to life again.

"Why, really, gentlemen," said Simon, after he had picked the paper up, "one would think there was something surprising in a simple marriage. And you, sir," he added, turning to the marquis, "I should not suppose that you would wonder at this, especially seeing that you yourself gave me permission to seek Louise for my wife."

"I did not!" groaned the old man. "O, I never gave it!"

"By heavens, you did! You told me distinctly that I might ask Louise for her hand, and that if she consented, you should bid her follow her own choice."

"But that was after you had fairly hunted me down with questions—after I had refused to listen to you on the subject. But my child never freely gave her consent to this. She could not have

done so. O, Simon, you have forced her to this! You have—" But the poor man's emotions were too powerful, and his speech failed him. A moment more he gazed into the villain's dark features, and then he bowed his head and burst into tears. He sobbed as though his noble heart would break.

"Ha, ha, ha! you didn't want me for a son-in-law, then," the scoundrel uttered, in a coarse tone; "for," he added, turning a defiant look upon Goupert, "you meant, no doubt, to have had a more beautiful husband for her."

"You will be careful how you use your tongue in my presence," spoke Goupert, in a hushed tone, the very breathing of which told that there was a smothering volcano near at hand.

"Ho—ho, monsieur!" the fellow replied; "you hoped to stick your fingers into the old man's gold-pots, eh? I understand the reason of your coming here very well. But rest assured you won't handle the money through the daughter's pockets."

"Hush, Simon Lobo! I am moved now more deeply than I can bear, so be careful that you move me no more. It is enough that you have crushed this old man's heart, and overturned his life cup."

"Ho—ho! thou art wondrous sensitive, Monsieur St. Denis. You have lost the prize, eh? I suppose if you had married the daughter, 'twould have been all right. But you're a little behind the coach this time. However, if you remain here long enough, you shall see the bride."

"Villain!" gasped the marquis, in a frantic tone. "O, would you had killed me ere you had done this thing!"

"But, heavens and earth, monsieur, what do you mean? If the girl chose to marry me, what can you object?"

"She did not choose so to do. O, she never consented to wed with such as you of her own free will."

"Such as me!" hissed Lobo. "And so you would spurn me now, eh? You have found a new flame in your dotage—have you? Monsieur St. Denis, I give you joy of the friend you have gained; but I can't give you up the wife. You did it well, but I'm afraid you'll have to work some other way for a living now, unless, indeed, monsieur le marquis may take pity enough on you to give you a few crowns just to find you in bread and salt until you can get your eyes upon some other heiress!"

This was spoken in a coarse, contemptuous, sneering manner, and during its delivery, Lobo had kept his eye fixed upon the youth with a look of fiendish exultation. Goupert was pale as death, and his hands were clenched.

"Simon Lobo," he whispered, "beware how you taunt!"

"O, don't swell up, boy!" retorted the nephew, in the same taunting tone.

A moment the proud youth gazed into the villain's face, and had he followed the impulse of his first emotion, he would have struck him to the floor; but with a mighty effort he quelled the temptation, and then turned to the marquis.

"My old friend," he said, "if you say so, I will take some of your servants, and at once set off and bring your poor child home, and from her lips we shall—"

"Stop!" cried Simon, with a strangely burning eye. "I have a little too much care for the honor of my wife to allow you to have the charge of her, sick as she is!"

Had ten thousand thunder-bolts at that moment crashed at his feet, Goupert St. Denis could not have moved more quickly. Not in all the language of all the world could words have been found more insulting. With one bound he was by the dastard's side, and on the next instant he dealt him a blow upon the face that felled him to the floor like a log.

"O, St. Julien, I could not help it! Forgive me!"

"By my soul, Goupert, I do not blame you!"

For some moments Lobo lay upon the floor like one dead, and the youth was beginning to fear that the blow might have been fatal, when the villain moved, and shortly afterwards he arose to his feet. He gazed a moment upon his enemy with a deadly look, and then, as he noticed that the blood was trickling down his face upon the floor, he turned towards the door.

"Goupert St. Denis, as sure as God lives, thou shalt answer for this!"

And thus speaking, the villain left the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DUEL.

THAT evening Brion St. Julien and Goupert conversed long and earnestly together. For some time the youth had entertained the thought of proceeding at once to New Orleans and seeking Louise, but finally he resolved to wait awhile, at least until he had had one more interview with Lobo.

"That Lobo was the cause of her being abducted I have no longer any doubt," said the marquis, after some remarks had been made upon the subject.

"How can there be a doubt?" returned Goupert. "His story of the rescue of the poor girl is too improbable for belief, unless he had some understanding with the Indians."

"But do you not think that he found her as he says?" inquired the marquis, earnestly.

"Of course I do. He found her as he says; but, of course, the Indians understood that he was to meet them there. He took her there, and he must have used some terrible power to make her marry him—if she has done so. But do you really think she is married?" This was asked in a tone of earnest, eager entreaty, and seemed to beg of the marquis to answer in the negative.

"Goupert," replied the marquis, in a thoughtful mood, "I do not wish to raise hopes in your bosom, which may only be crushed. But yet I will speak freely. Louise has ever been a dutiful child,

and to me she has been as mild as a dove; yet I cannot think that anything short of escape from absolute shame would have induced her to marry with Simon Lobo. I think she would have died ere she would have done it."

"But," suggested Goupert, ready to make everything look dark as possible, yet anxious for grounds of hope, "sickness may have unnerved her. You know how the utter prostration of the physical system can sway the mind. He may have kept her while she was sick, crushed her down, and thus—"

"Stop—stop! O mercy, Goupert, a wild beast could not have done such a thing!"

"And what is there in the brute creation that can equal in horror the deeds of a wicked, malignant man? Alas! I fear 'tis too true. Louise is lost to me forever!"

"O, she must have had her brain turned!" soliloquized the old man.

"But," said Goupert, starting with a new idea, "is Simon Lobo known at New Orleans?"

"Yes—well. He has done all my business there."

"But do you think the authorities there would have helped him in this?"

"The governor might, for Lobo has helped him several times."

"But," suggested the youth, "even now you can have the foul union broken off—have the forced marriage annulled."

"No," the marquis replied, shaking his head sadly. "You saw by that certificate that Perier himself was one of the witnesses. No, Goupert—I cannot do that. I might do it in France, but not here. And then—"

"Speak on."

"She is already—his!"

Goupert uttered a deep groan and sank back, and shortly afterwards they separated for the night.

St. Denis went to his chamber, and went to his bed; but he could not sleep. He lay with his hands clasped over his brow, and ever and anon deep, painful groans would break from his lips. His grief was deeper than he could tell, even in his wildest prayers, and his hopes were all gone. The thing had come upon him with a doubly crushing force, for it had found his soul already bowed down beneath the weight of fear. He could have known that Louise had died, for then he might have wept awhile, and then calmly knelt down and prayed. But now even that sad and melancholy boon was denied him. Like the frantic mother who stands and sees the eagle perched upon the cliff with her shrieking infant, stood the youth with respect to his beloved. But, at length, when the first hours after midnight had come, Goupert sank into a dull, dreamy slumber, and his pains were for awhile only the phantoms of sleep.

While Goupert thus lay pondering upon his terrible misfortune, Simon Lobo was not alone. He was in the chamber he usually occupied, and with him was a black slave named Peter. He was a middle-aged man—Simon's especial servant, and the only one in the whole household who had any sympathy for the dark nephew. Lobo had purchased him in New Orleans, and though he had done so only as the marquis's agent, yet Peter looked upon the former as his master. And, moreover, Simon had paid him various sums of money to serve him.

"Now, Peter," said Simon, after some other conversation had passed, "have you watched the affair between Goupert and the marquis, as I bade you?"

"Yes, mas'r; me watch 'um well, an' me hear all. Me foun' de hole you tole me of in de floor ober de ole mas'r's library, an' me hab watch 'um ebry time I's got a chance."

"And what have you found?"

Peter went on and told a long story he had heard about letting Simon go, and about Goupert taking his place.

"And," uttered the negro, with a sparkling eye as he gave a sort of flourishing emphasis to the conjunction, "me's heard one oder ting, berry sartin'. One time dey feared young mas'r an' missus 'd nebber cum back, an' ole mas'r's gwine to gib Goupert all his whole fortin'. By golly! he'll hab heaps o' money, eh?"

"Did he say the whole, Peter?"

"He did sartin, mas'r. An' he's planned to gib 'im haff of it now. O, I tell ye, mas'r Goupert got mitey big hold onto ole mas'r's pocket, an' onto ole mas'r's lub, too. Dey's togedder all de time. Yah—guess ole mas'r don't s'pect he'll want you no more."

Shortly after this the negro was dismissed, and Lobo retired.

It was late in the morning when Simon Lobo made his appearance. He had had his breakfast served in his own room, and for some time he had been engaged in bathing his face. And that face looked badly. The blow had been received under the right eye, and not only were both eyes draped in deep mourning, but quite a wound was visible where the knuckles had touched. The nephew noticed how the slaves regarded him, and he could detect plainly the peculiar satisfaction they experienced in seeing him thus abased. But this only served to make his ire more deadly, and call up deeper curses in his soul against the man who had struck him, and who, he feared, stood between himself and a portion of his coveted wealth.

He walked on to the sitting-room, and he found the marquis and Goupert there.

"Monsieur St. Denis," he said, in a low, icy tone, "I would speak with you."

In an instant the young man turned and followed him. Lobo led the way to the garden, and there he stopped and turned.

"Monsieur St. Denis," he spoke, while his eyes flashed and his thin lip trembled, "last night you did what no living man has ever done before. You struck me in the face. Ere I leave this place, the stricken man must be past remembrance of his shame,

or the striker must be not among the living! You understand!"

Now Goupert was not in a frame of mind to endure much, or to argue much on moral points. His heart was aching from a horrid wound, and his soul was tortured by a fearful power; and before him was the serpent who had done it all—ay, who had done more!—who had torn loved children from a doting parent—sundered the brother and sister, and made mad ruin of the life of a defenceless girl. The young man's eyes did not flash like his enemy's, but they burned with a deep, calm fire, such as utter disgust and abomination add to fierce hate.

"I think I understand," was St. Denis's reply.

"I taught you your first lessons in the sword exercise, and you were a proficient when I last saw you handle the blade. Will you now choose that weapon?"

"Yes."

"Then get it, and join me at once."

Goupert turned away and went to his room. He took down his sword, and buckled the belt about him. Then he drew the blade, and for a moment he gazed upon it. It had once been an uncle's weapon—the well-tried companion of General St. Denis, a bold and true knight. It was of Spanish make, and never yet had it failed in the hour of need. There was another sword in the room—a lighter one—a Damascus blade, and of exquisite finish, and one, too, with which the youth had always played. But it had been his father's sword, and he would not use it now. After he had returned the blade to its scabbard, he stopped a moment to reflect. Then he moved to the table, where an ink-horn stood, and tearing a leaf from his pocket-book, he hurriedly wrote as follows:

"MONSIEUR LE MARQUIS,—You are my friend, and you know the few friends I have on earth. If I fall to-day, you will know why, and I know you will not blame me. You will see Louise. Tell her we shall meet—"

The youth stopped and started up, and his hand trembled.

"If I fall thus, shall we meet there?" he murmured to himself.

"O, God will pardon the deed. He knows the deep provocation—the burning shame that blights this house! Pardon, O God of mercy, and receive my soul to thyself!"

Then he stooped once more, and wrote:

"—in that world where love knows no night. Pray for me. God bless you for your kindness to me. Don't forget to pray for me often. ST. DENIS."

This the youth folded and directed to Brion St. Julien, and wiping a single tear from his cheek, he hurried down to the hall, and from thence to the garden, where he found Simon waiting for him.

"Now follow me," said Lobo; and thus speaking, he led the way around the house towards the barn, and thence out through the postern to the foot of the hill beyond, where grew a thick clump of hickory trees.

"Now, Goupert St. Denis, are you ready?" asked Simon, at the same time drawing his sword.

"In one moment," returned the youth, also drawing his own weapon, but lowering its point upon the ground. "Ere we—"

He was stopped short in his speech, for at that moment the marquis came rushing out from the court, and soon reached the spot where they stood.

"Simon," he gasped, white with fear, "what means this? Put up your sword."

"Brion St. Julien," quickly retorted the mad nephew, "stand back! You saw what passed last night—did you not?"

"But that was the result of hot passion. You taunted him most bitterly, Simon; you insulted him most shamefully, and he knew not what he did. O, let this thing stop!"

"Stop? By the heavens above me, and the sacred memory of those who dwell there, you might as well try to stop yonder mighty river from flowing to its mouth! You say I gave him provocation. Did he not give me provocation?"

"Yes—yes. It was all folly—all eager, hot, mad haste. O, give over this thing! Simon, I command you!"

"Brion St. Julien, look upon this mark on my face! Were the man who did that my own brother, he should stand before my sword. So now stand back. There shall be a death to wipe this out. If I fall, 'twill die with me; if he falls, the atonement is complete."

"Good Sir Brion," spoke Goupert, at this point, "let the conflict go on. Life to me now is not worth the price I would pay for it by refusal. Let it go on."

"But—my child—my son, if you are gone—"

"You'll have me left," interrupted Simon,—"me, who of right belongs here. Now are you ready, Monsieur St. Denis?"

The youth turned an imploring look upon the marquis, and as the old man fell back, he replied:

"Now I must ask the question I was about to ask ere our friend came to interrupt us. Simon Lobo, you may fall in this encounter, and before I cross your sword, I would pray you to tell, if you know, where Louis St. Julien is."

"How?" hissed Simon. "Would ye heap more insult upon me?"

"I ask but a simple question."

"Ay—and that question means a foul suspicion. I know nothing of him."

"Then come on!"

And on the next instant the swords were crossed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Neutrality is no favorite with Providence, for we are so formed that it is scarcely possible for us to stand neuter in our hearts, although we may deem it prudent to appear so in our actions.—*Thomas Fuller.*

HON. MILLARD FILLMORE,

EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

The accompanying portrait will readily be recognized as a correct likeness of Hon. Millard Fillmore, who became President of the United States by the unexpected death of President Taylor, in 1850, and who was recently nominated by the national convention of the American party as their candidate for the presidency, in conjunction with Andrew J. Donelson, vice-presidential candidate. Mr. Fillmore was born at Summer Hill, Cayuga county, New York, January 7, 1800. His father, Nathaniel Fillmore, a descendant of a respectable English family, was, and we believe still is, a farmer, in very humble circumstances. Millard's early education was a very imperfect one; and it having been deemed expedient that he should learn a trade, he was apprenticed to a wool-dealer in Livingston county, with whom he remained four years. While diligently working at his trade, he embraced every opportunity of mental culture that presented itself, reading and studying good books with great assiduity. The late Judge Wood, of Cayuga county, a man of wealth and an eminent lawyer, having noticed the ambition, perseverance and probity of young Fillmore, offered to receive him as a student in his office and to defray his expenses while he was qualifying himself for the bar. Mr. Fillmore, then nineteen, eagerly and gratefully embraced the opportunity afforded him, and commenced the study of the law with ardor. A portion of this time, however, he devoted to teaching school, in order to lessen his pecuniary obligations to Judge Wood. In 1821 he removed to Erie county, where he continued his legal studies in the city of Buffalo. In 1822 he was admitted to the common pleas, and commenced the practice of the law at Aurora. In 1827 he was admitted as an attorney, and in 1829 as counsellor in the Supreme Court. In 1830 he removed to Buffalo. Three years previously he was married to Miss Amanda Powers, a daughter of the late Rev. Lemuel Powers, by whom he has a son and daughter. In 1829 Mr. Fillmore was elected a member of the State Assembly from Erie county, and thus commenced his political career. The whig party, of which he was a member, being then in a minority, he had little opportunity to distinguish himself. In 1832 he was elected to Congress, and took his seat in 1833. At the conclusion of his term of office he resumed the practice of his profession, but was again sent to Washington, and took his seat in the House in 1837. He was re-elected to the 26th and 27th Congresses, and distinguished himself by his ability and attention to business. After the expiration of the 27th Congress he declined re-election, and gave himself up to his profession, in which he enjoyed a good reputation and a lucrative practice. In 1844 he was the whig nominee for the office of governor of New York, but was defeated by the opposing candidate. Three years afterwards, however, he was chosen comptroller of the State by a large majority. In 1848 he was the vice-presidential candidate of the whig party, and elected to that office. In March, 1849, having resigned the comptrollership, he entered on the duties of his office, and became president of the United States in the following July, by the death of General Taylor. The events of his administration are too recent to require recapitulation. Soon after retiring from the highest office in the republic, Mr. Fillmore sailed for Europe, to fulfil a long-cherished desire of travelling in the old world. He has made a very extensive tour in Great Britain and on the continent, receiving everywhere the tokens of respect which are always shown to one who has filled the American presidential chair, and to which his personal worth as a gentleman entitle him. Mr. Fillmore's career is another proof of the practical operation of our political system, which throws open all the avenues of honor to



HON. MILLARD FILLMORE

every citizen of the State, without restriction. It also shows that self-reliance and industry can readily surmount the obstacles of fortune, and supply the want of early advantages. Mr. Fillmore is the first in the field of the presidential candidates of this year. As soon as the action of the other parties is made known, we shall present portraits of their nominees, accompanied by unbiased biographical sketches. A few months will decide the question who will be the next President of the United States—a few months of intense action and anxiety to all who mingle in the political fray. The violent excitement attending a presidential election—the conventions, caucuses, meetings of committees, processions, addresses, inflammatory harangues, campaign papers, banners, torch-light cavalcades, etc., apparently agitate and convulse the entire country. So desperate are the exertions of antagonistic parties, such large masses are enlisted on one and the other side, that a foreigner would imagine the country on the eve of a revolution, and that the defeat of either party would be productive of civil war. Whereas, in the days of the most frenzied excitement, as we all know, the defeated party acquiesces in the will of the majority, and the wheels of government continue to roll smoothly on.

CITY OF ROTTERDAM.

The engraving below presents a picturesque view of the quaint, old city of Rotterdam, as it lies upon the north bank of the Maas. To an American eye, accustomed to the trim, neat, fresh appearance of our young cities, there is something odd in the quaint architecture and peculiar appearance of this old-world place. Nothing more un-American can be well conceived than the mass of cumbrous buildings before our eyes, and the slumberous air that broods over the city and the river. Yet there is business without noise and confusion, and in the high quality of cleanliness, the cities of Holland do not yield the palm to the very primmest of New England towns. Rotterdam is the second commercial city of Holland. It is about twenty-four miles from the sea, and is more advantageously situated than Amsterdam, from its being nearest the sea. The canals which intersect it are deep enough to admit of the largest vessels coming up to the quays and warehouses of the merchants. The city is built in the form of a triangle, the base of which extends along the bank of the Maas. The commerce of Rotterdam, during the last twenty years, has increased more rapidly than that of any town in Holland. The exports and imports are similar to those of Amsterdam. The white Zealand wheat shipped here is of a peculiarly fine quality, and it is the best market for madder and geneva. Its ready access to the sea gives Rotterdam a great advantage as a port; and, since the separation from Belgium, it has been rapidly increasing in wealth and population, at the expense of its rival—Antwerp. Its commerce now chiefly depends on its connection with Batavia, and that trade at present employs about eighty of the finest merchant ships in the world, of the burthen of from 500 to 1000 tons. They are admirably equipped, and make the voyage to and from India in nine months on an average. An increasing trade is carried on in sugar, coffee and spices. The West India trade, formerly carried on with Surinam, is almost extinct. The trade in provisions is very great; much corn is brought down the Rhine from the interior of Germany; and, from the upper parts, contiguous to that river, a vast supply of timber for ship-building is conveyed. The town is not fortified, but surrounded by a moat; and along the Maas are many fine quays, with stately houses, and long lines of trees. Besides the great church of St. Laurence, there are many churches and chapels. The *Stadhuis*, or Town Hall, is a large new building, with a composite portico. The statue of Erasmus, and the house in which he was born, in the Bredekerkstraat, are also in this city. The Schiedland palace, occupied in 1811 by Napoleon and Maria Louisa, is, perhaps, the finest of the public edifices. The custom-house and the former East India house on the Boompjes present nothing remarkable. The church of St. Laurence, the principal religious edifice, and formerly the Roman Catholic cathedral, is a large Gothic brick building, with a lofty square tower, and dates as far back as 1412; but nearly all its ancient ornaments were swept away at the Reformation. In it are the monuments of the celebrated Dutch admirals, De Witt, Kortnaer and Brakel, each of which has an appropriate inscription. It has also a splendid organ, said to be superior in size to the great organ of Haarlem, generally considered the largest in Europe. This is 150 feet in height, mounted upon a colonnade about 50 feet in elevation, and has, according to Barrow, 5500 pipes, the largest being 32 feet in height, and 16 inches in diameter. Rotterdam has a society of arts and experimental philosophy, founded in 1767, a branch of the society of fine arts, a college, a Latin school, many superior and intermediate and poor schools, in which about 8000 children are instructed, and various private academies.



CITY OF ROTTERDAM, HOLLAND

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SNOW FLAKES.

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

Feathery flakes are falling gently,
O'er the cold and frozen ground,
With so fairy-like a motion,
Scarcely can we hear a sound.

Welcome, welcome, fleecy snow-flakes,
To the chilled and barren earth;
Spread around a glistening carpet,
Where the loveliest flowers have birth.

Shelter them when winter reigneth,
Guard them from his freezing hold;
White-winged snow-flakes sent to touch us
Of the heavenly Shepherd's fold.

Where the blessings fall like snow-flakes,
Noiseless in their swift descent,
Warmlog hearts chilled by misfortune—
Hope with sun-rays sweetly blent.

Mortal life bath oft cold winters,
Ofttimes blessings come disguised,
But a glorious spring awaits us,
In the city of the skies.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SWEET ANNE OF ANTWERP.

BY FRANCIS W. RUTMANN.

Toward the close of the sixteenth century, Antwerp was the emporium of a vast ocean traffic and the depot of an equally extensive inland trade. To this mart flocked the denizens of every land, who mingled their gay and frequently grotesque garbs with the brilliant mantles of the hereditary Spaniard and the sombre doublets of the native Dutch. It may thus be imagined that Antwerp was by far the wealthiest city of the Netherlands, and from its at once open and central position, the hot-bed of treason against the sovereign, Philip II. of Spain, and the nucleus of all the radicalism of that era.

Passing from the *Plaza del Mer*, the exchange and the ancient Arch of Freedom (for the Brabantois, while they inclined to be a loyal people, were most phlegmatic and stern in maintaining their rights), you came at that time, after a succession of strait, narrow streets, upon a large square, planted with fine but few shade trees, on one side of which was the hall where sat day and night the "Council of Blood," and on the other loomed in its massive proportions, the old cathedral, with its glorious altar pieces and sculpture within. Beyond the cathedral and in the shadow of it, separated only by a narrow alley overhung by Dutch pear trees, arose an ancient and lofty dwelling-house, the residence of the wealthiest banker of Antwerp, and thus, perhaps, of the world.

In the rear, whose paved court, daily for many hours, resounded to cheery and dismal sounds of all descriptions, was the spacious banking office, but on the front, the staring white shutters were always closed, and the great hall door never opened unless when, on the Sabbath, the apparition of a liveried footman assisted the rotund banker to his heavy and luxuriant coach, and when on week days it meekly unclosed, and little Anne of Antwerp stole gently forth to mass, with her quaint missal clasped in her dainty hand. On such times, from beneath a snowy, close-fitting cap fashioned after the style worn by the Queen of Scots at that period—her fair hair parted on a polished forehead, flowed rather in shining waves than curls, over the white kerchief pinned squarely with a large gold brooch across her bosom, and her downcast eyes seldom looked askance at the gallants who doffed their plumed caps as they stepped aside, while she glided the few steps from door to door, and stole in at the low postern of the cathedral.

Most constant at matins in the choir, whose eyes rested longer on the slight kneeling figure of the unconscious maiden below, was Philip de Marnix, Lord of St. Aldegonde, who, in spite of rank and wealth, was yet only a distant worshipper of sweet Anne of Antwerp. On high state days, when the banker took his daughter abroad with him in the open coach, her little cap and modest dress exchanged for rustling silks and webs of gossamer lace, veiling her beauty, St. Aldegonde on his prancing horse was always foremost on the course, and when beckoned by the banker to discuss some weighty, low-voiced matter, as he frequently was, his haughty stateliness afforded only a low bow to the silent daughter. Thus time slipped by till the Netherlands were gathering their strength to contend with their Spanish master, and men looked darkly at each other, not knowing where next would fall the keen axe of the "Council of Blood;" and if by chance the former gay Philip of St. Aldegonde was seen upon the street, his trembling acquaintances crossed over and left him free sway over an empty walk, for his name was mixed up with treason, and they whispered that Montigny, Egmont and the Nassaus supplied the place of boon companions. But not even the regent herself suspected the wealthiest banker of Antwerp, who still dealt on the exchange and rolled in his gorgeous chariot.

Affairs were in this state, when, one night, three men sat round a table in conclave in a luxurious apartment in the banker's house. Now and then from his counting-room the banker walked slowly in, and at such times the voices waxed louder, the eyes of the councillors sparkled somewhat brighter, and the little guard, in her white linen cap, who sat without the door on the last step of a broad staircase, trembled and whispered an earnest prayer to herself, for Anne of Antwerp was also entangled in treason. These

men were William of Orange, at that time thought to be disaffected and in Germany, Florence de Montmorency and Philip de Marnix. The latter sat with arms folded before him on the table, listening to the slow demonstration of Orange, and curbing with noble calmness, the eager chafing of Montmorency.

"To the devil with thy hither and yons!" at last cried Montmorency, starting to his feet and pacing the room in a passion. "Will I lie in a ditch that my throat may be cut, while thou art figuring here and ciphering there—crawling on thy snail's pace?"

"But can we do aught, friend," suggested Orange, in a slow voice, "till we see clearly about us, till we have our ingots piled in the vaults below, and our men drilled and paid?"

"And why art thou not drilling and paying? Here are thy ingots!"

"But not enough of them," interposed Orange.

"There are enough for the onset, and he is a poor tool who, having the reins in his hand, drives not on and conquers! What is thy device, St. Aldegonde, but '*Repos ailleurs*?' Wilt thou rest here and hereafter, too? Up man, for our liberties, and if thou canst not tear the crown from this villain's head, earn in dying a crown for thyself in heaven!"

The blood rose to St. Aldegonde's cheek at the taunt, but compressing his lips he remained a moment silent in stern self-control.

"Thou knowest, Montigny," he answered then, calmly, "that I am in the work as deeply as thou; and that a sentence of death or banishment hangs over my head, waiting but for me to cut the thread. If we start on these expeditions, it is done, and what good I might do the cause in the end, frustrated. It is better to advance slowly and surely, and at last fall on our enemy and sweep away resistance."

His kindling eye had arrested Montigny, who could but acknowledge the truth of the words, although with a new burst of angry thought, he exclaimed:

"And what will ye do with my summons? If ye begin the contest straightway, I am safe—I can join you; but if ye delay, I must off to the court of Spain, and there be detained all through the struggle, and a pitiful deal of help to the cause will that be! Here is the letter," and from beneath his doublet he produced the royal missive. "Our much beloved subject and dear friend," he read, "'with these presents we request thine immediate attendance at our court of Madrid, for, apart from the affairs concerning which our loved subjects in the Netherlands have deputized thee, thou wilt transact for us a matter to be confided to no ear but thine! Bah! an unlooked-for trust! Know I not what that meaneth? This is its translation—'I suspect thee of treason, and will keep thee here till I prove it, and the matter for thine ear alone is the sharpening of a broad-axe! That is what my royal despatch meaneth.'"

"That can scarcely be," said Orange, "for Egmont—"

"Egmont!" cried Montigny, wheeling round, "he is never twice on the same ground. Now, a faithful child of the church, to-morrow, a dealer in rank heresy."

"Egmont," said the Prince of Orange, "if he is changeable, is at least sincere; he, it is well known, is concerned in this matter, and till he is arrested, do not believe, Montigny, that thou art suspected."

St. Aldegonde looked up with eagle glances. "The order for the arrest of Egmont," said he, in a low, impressive voice, "is already filled out and signed. I myself saw it and warned him, and if he be not here ere I finish my sentence," and he laid his watch on the table before him, "the chains, that only loosen with death, will be clanking upon him!"

As if a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet, Montigny stood breathless and silent, while Orange, roused into vehemence, poured curses through his teeth. At this moment, Anne of Antwerp opened the door, and a tall man in elegant attire, but pale and weary-looking, stood before them; it was Egmont.

"Safe! Safe, by Jove!" shouted St. Aldegonde, springing to his feet and thrusting the stranger into his own seat.

"And the warrant?" cried the others, in a breath.

"Here!" was the only answer Egmont vouchsafed, as he held forth the parchment over the flame of a candle, and saw it slowly fall away in ashes.

"And thou hast received my warning?" asked St. Aldegonde.

"Ay—and boldly secured the document. Dogged all over the city, I have but just slipped the hound, and here am I, where, if he track me, ye are hardly safe!"

"And what next?" cried Montigny.

"If the life of Egmont and the contingent safety of Hoorne are of value," replied St. Aldegonde, "thy desperate measures must be adopted—armor to the teeth, war to the death!"

"True! true!" said the Prince of Orange.

"There is no other recourse," said St. Aldegonde, sadly.

"Nevertheless it perileth our cause!" replied Egmont.

"But if thou diest, and Montigny obeyeth the summons, that cause is as good as lost," answered St. Aldegonde. "But it is all contingency, and one bold stroke may astonish all that Spanish world to silence and submission."

"Well then," said the Prince of Orange, in his precise, slow gravity, as he looked over the maps beside him, "every hour is worth a million guilders. With sunrise ye all know what is to be done. Thou, prince (turning to Egmont), wilt return as before to court; believe me, at present the matter will not be followed up. Montigny will await the event of news from my brother; if it is success, then he joins us openly; if failure, then let him dissemble, and go forward on his Spanish journey. It is a bold cast, but bear a bold brow!"

"There is but one man whom I fear," said Egmont: "if he behold me among ye, or knoweth of our league, death to us, disgrace to our cause. It is Vargas!"

They all sat in easy postures round the table, when the voice of St. Aldegonde broke the silence in the refrain of an old Dutch war-song. The words of their native tongue roused all their souls to a fire that sparkled in their eyes, and a force that gave melody to each voice. Suddenly, ere they had ceased, they were aware of the sweet voice of little Anne of Antwerp chanting the evening *Benedicite*, a preconcerted signal of danger in the rear. The front square, then, was safe, and thither they rapidly made their way. Standing one moment at the base of the monument in the square, they wrung each others' hands. From behind the monument peered forth the glistening eyes of a dark, crafty face. It was Vargas! Thus they parted on their different ways, St. Aldegonde to plotting and battle—Orange to his German court—Egmont to the scaffold—and Florence de Montmorency to die in the prisons of Spain. Back in the mansion of the banker, where the men of the law were already knocking for entrance, sweet Anne of Antwerp still chanted the last verses of the *Benedicite* with unfaltering voice. * * *

A year's time flew on all too quickly for the patriots. Egmont now indeed arrested, languished within the castle of Ghent. The expeditions of Coqueville and Hoogstraten were utterly defeated and the people turned their eager eyes toward the Prince of Orange and his brothers for aid, while Philip of St. Aldegonde heard of here and there, seen by none, was yet as firmly trusted in for the coming struggle, as if his very name insured success.

The occasion of the semi-annual fair at Antwerp had called the inhabitants of half the country round into the swarming city; booths of fresh greenery were everywhere erected through the public streets and squares, and myriad stalls groaned beneath loads of tempting wares, luscious fruits and vegetables with the dew still on their curling green leaves. The cool morning winds, rolling in across the sea from the harbor bristling with masts, deepened the color on the cheeks of many a black-eyed Dutch maiden, but called none to those of the fair Anne of Antwerp, who stole round demurely, and with basket on her arm went marketing throughout the crowded streets, whither her father had sent her with a message for the patriots, if any such she chanced to see. Many months no smile had been seen on her face; but yet as if with a species of sunny presence, she melted a path through the noisy thoroughfares where many a stout man could hardly have wedged his way, and called a benignant smile to the lips of the hearty hucksterwomen, as speedily followed by a brief "God bless her!" Once delayed for a moment by some obstacle, a familiar face dazzled her vision, and a familiar voice uttered in her ear—"third stall, Place of the Regent." The face was a smiling one, but so quickly come and gone that she turned to look for it, ere she could call to mind the Prince of Orange. Hardly had she bethought herself of the suspicion she might excite, and resumed her walk, when another voice whispered, "What said the patriot to pretty Anne?"—while a face of a different character, full of rancorous passions and with dark, glistening eyes, flashed across her path. It was instantly lost, leaving her in an attitude of quiet and unfeigned wonder.

Hovering back on her sight it came again, having surveyed her surprise. "Perchance," was the murmur now, "I was a fool to think pretty Anne knew aught of treason and patriots, but be that as it may, Vargas watcheth thee, little maid!" And again it was gone.

An hour's leisure walk through many winding ways brought her at last upon the Place of the Regent, whither the first voice had directed her. Walking modestly along the way, buying here a bundle of rare roots with the crisp green tops still on them, and there a bunch of bursting grapes to lay in contrast beside them, she came at last on the third stall, which she had several times passed. Behind here, her eyes assiduously bent on her knitting, and only now and then lifted from beneath their shaggy brows with a shrewd lookout across her wares, sat a great, gaunt market-woman, in a flowered chintz gown, and a high Dutch cap with a flapping border. One could scarcely have conjectured rouge to have formed a portion of the ruddy bloom of country health on her cheeks, nor have suspected any design in the streaks of snuff that overlay her upper lip, and her black hair strewn with gray was parted on her forehead and neatly brushed beneath her cap, from the lappets of which the second link of some great, gold earrings projected, and laid the rest of their prodigious length upon her shoulders. Anne stopped, and daintily touched an orange from among the piles of fruit, with the tip of her forefinger.

"Are these Spanish oranges?" she asked, fixing a steady glance on the market-woman, who, looking up, returned the glance with interest.

"Not Spanish they!" replied she, with a broad smile, "nor yet grown on the heights of Parma. They were plucked on the lowlands of the colonies. And ripe oranges they are, as any have ever been in the dark room of the banker's house!"

Putting her hand in the basket, Anne drew thence a folded parchment and extended it across to the market woman, but barely had the hand of the latter touched it, than a third hand, a dark, lean hand, clutched nervously between and snatched the parchment. The market-woman sprang over the stall and grasping the thief by the throat, shook him till his teeth rattled in his head.

"Help! help!" she cried. "A rogue robs a poor woman!" while little Anne of Antwerp, stooping as if to fasten her shoe-latchet, snatched the parchment from the villain's hand.

Meantime a crowd of the citizens had collected around, and the market-woman, having thrown the slippery Vargas to the ground, was vigorously drubbing him with closed fists; but writhing up like an eel, in her grasp, the man sprang up and tore cap, ear-rings and hair from his opponent's head. In an instant the close, curly hair, the vigorous, energetic form, the noble features of the proscribed and sentenced Prince of Orange, still keeping

his hold of Vargas, was exposed to the citizens' view. A moment a breathless silence prevailed, then a low, whispered "The Prince! the Burgrave!" stole up.

"Ay," replied the discomfited market-woman, raising one hand with a salute, "William of Orange, at your service!"

And a peal like thunder, as the citizens took up the cry, "Orange-Nassau, our prince!" shook the square and its ancient buildings, while fiddling pell-mell on the luckless Vargas, they bore him off with hoots and shouts and blows, scarcely daring to do any more serious violence to the emissary of the hated Alva.

Looking around him with a gracious smile, the prince took up the spoils Vargas had torn from his head, and quickly metamorphosed again into a market-woman as the police appeared upon the square, received the parchment from Anne's hand, stepped behind the booth, and stooping as if to pick something from the ground, immediately disappeared and was seen no more that day. Taking her basket on her arm, little Anne went on her way. She did not notice as she gained the large market-place, that all the people had fallen back with doffed caps, leaving her alone in the centre, till she heard the thunder of a small body of cavalry, riding down with the Duke of Alva at their head. Several stray cavaliers rode along more leisurely, and one, the last, appearing from a narrow alley, struck spurs to his horse and leaving his gayer companions behind, joined the large number around the duke. Whichever way Anne should fly there was equal danger from the riders, and she stood still, trusting they would turn aside and save her; and so they seemed about to do, when Alva and his staff, wheeling their steeds, suddenly checked them and surrounded her with a hollow circle of cavaliers. Looking up in a troubled, timid way, she again met the eyes of Vargas escaped from his punishers, and the truth flashed on her that she was about to be informally arrested for high treason. As she encountered the sarcastic smile of Alva, her own pretty lip curled with contempt, and the steady calmness habitual to her, returning, clothed her like a statue in folds of graceful, motionless ease.

"Well, well, little dove," at last cried Alva, with a laugh, "and thou playest at pecking men's eyes out? Hast heard an old wife's tale that such birds peck on the gibbet, eh? Thou'rt a little body for so big a bunch of treason. The rack and thou, I fear me, will be good friends. See to her, some one of ye!" he cried, turning to his followers. "Take her before ye, while we ride onward!" and Vargas leaped instantly to the ground. "Nay, not thou, Vargas!" he said, "give her in charge of some other."

"Here is a sooth nest for so shy a bird," cried the knight who rode up from the alley and joined them last, while extending his arms as he bent down, the heavy black plume of his cap mingled with his long hair, blew forward, overshadowing his countenance.

Vargas looked to Alva, who nodded lightly, saying: "Ay, one as well as another; ye are all ready enough!" and Vargas, seizing the slender waist, swung her into the saddle of the knight.

"Forward, sir knight, in the front rank with me!" continued Alva. "We scarcely hoped to take such booty in the first of our little canter to-day. And now to the castle of the Three Towers, where our dainty prisoner may consider her ways!"

Suffering Anne to lie across his saddle, without attention to her personal comfort, taking care only lest she should slip from him, the knight obeyed and took the third station on his left hand, while Vargas led off his horse in another direction, and with a waving of the duke's hand, the party rode slowly on, for the steeds of most, tired of prancing all day in the city, were jaded and spiritless; and more wearied than any, with downward head and loose bridle, cantered nervelessly along the steed of the knight who held the prisoner. Although still about a stone's throw distant, they were approaching the east gate, open for the entrance of the country folk, through which could be seen the long heath, the arm of the sea with its bridge, and the wood beyond.

"Thou hast not much regard for our little traitor's ease," said Alva, bending forward to address the knight. "If thou breakest her back now, the rich confession we hope for will be lost. Lift her somewhat."

The knight did so, whispering: "Cling to me closely, and fear not!"

"Ha!" cried Alva, bending forward once more, as if he saw a face he was uncertain of, and would see it again, "is it not—I thought it Garcilasso! Ha! what is this? Close the gates!"

Before the words were finished, plunging the rowels deep into the heavy flanks, and drawing tight the bridle, swift as the arrow shot from the bow, the knight with his burden darted from the company, clattered down the steep, stony street, flashed through the gates with fifty bullets whistling round him, turned lightly in his saddle, waving his plumed cap with the grace of St. Aldegonde, and cried loudly, "*Repos ailleurs*," as he galloped along the plain. Obedient to the duke's first order, the gates clanged behind him, and when, after an angry delay, they were opened, St. Aldegonde, on a steed now all spirit and fire, had crossed the heath and bridge, and was fast disappearing within the wood.

Having picked a slow way for a few miles through the forest, little Anne clinging to him for support, and her face hidden on his arm, St. Aldegonde at last turned into an obscure bridle-path, and thus in about an hour, came upon the open country. Dashing along for several leagues, neither spoke, and the shadows of evening were falling, when gently lifting the face on his arm, he perceived that, utterly weary with various suppressed emotions, she was sleeping. The linen cap had been torn from her head by the rude grasp of Vargas, and wrapping her from the damp in his short cloak, he laid the head tenderly on his shoulder, and still rode on. At last he entered the court of a ruined fortress, and sounding a low note on the horn hanging there, that, waking Anne from her sleep, re-echoed among all the vaults and arches, he dismounted and placed her on her feet.

"Where am I? where am I?" she cried, in bewilderment.

St. Aldegonde, taking her hands, re-assured her. In a short time, a torch appeared on the balcony above, and winding slowly down the narrow corridor, a woman of a sharp countenance, shading the torch with one hand, peered forth into the night.

"Haste, let Hans bring the gray," shouted St. Aldegonde.

"Ah, ha! whom have we here?" cried the woman. "Is it thou? And what dainty luggage is that across thine arm?"

"Haste, Gretchen! we are in danger!"

"First answer me, or thou shalt not have the gray, to-night. Answer me!" she cried, with a vehement persistency that proclaimed her the harmless housekeeper of the patriot's rendezvous, whose cunning insanity disarmed all suspicion. "Ah, well," she said in a moment, half turning away, "the gray can stay in his stable! Who is it?" she added, looking over her shoulder, as if giving him a last chance.

"It is my wife!" said St. Aldegonde, with a great rush at his heart, as he felt the thrill and tremble of the little figure by him.

"No doubt! no doubt!" replied the woman. "She is a pretty lady! a pretty lady!" And so saying, and nodding her head repeatedly, she vanished, and in a few moments a servant appeared with the gray, and led away the animal that had served so well.

"Whither rideth my lord now?" asked Anne timidly.

"Forward to the hill and village of Heyligerlee, my lady," replied St. Aldegonde, in a somewhat satiric manner at her formality.

"And I?" asked Anne, again.

"Thou goest with me," he answered tenderly, and repenting of his former address.

"I must go back to Antwerp—to my father," said Anne, turning away. "I must not go with thee."

"Dost thou desire it? Wishest thou to go with me?"

Anne answered nothing.

"Thy father hath long since transferred his property to the free realm across the water. He also hath escaped this day a sudden death, and awaits thee at Heyligerlee."

He mounted, and taking her by the hands raised her lightly to the saddle. Folding her closely to him, he was gathering the reins in his hand, when suddenly appearing again, burdened with a large military cloak, the crazy woman exclaimed, "Here! here! thou hast wrapped thine own round thy wife and must take this thyself!" And standing on tiptoe, she flung it upon his shoulders.

Anne timidly raised her hand and fastened the clasp, and in a moment they were once more dashing along the highway. With the first pale streak of sunrise, Anne nestled by her father's side in the camp, while her rescuer received congratulations at the success of his daring, and listened to the plans for the fortification.

"Now rest thee for the space of two hours," they cried, leaving the tent, "and thou wilt be fresher for a day's hot work." St. Aldegonde was also striding haughtily away, when little Anne sprung forward and kneeled at his feet.

"Thou hast saved me from disgrace and temptation, from torture and death!" she murmured. "All my life could not repay thee. I have nothing but my prayers for thee."

"Pray then, sweet Anne," said Philip, bending and looking straight into her beautiful eyes, "pray thou that the one hope of my heart and life may be granted me!" And he left her.

The sun lay full on the plain and hill, throwing shadows that half hid the numbers of the patriots (who appeared, in their well-purposed disorder, like a small band of ill-disciplined outlaws in a finely entrenched position), and lighting up the bold infantry and dashing horsemen of the Spanish army, who advanced across the plain, full of contempt for their silent foe, and eager for the contest. Desirous of deciding the affair, they were angrily accusing their commander, Count Aremberg, of treachery and cowardice, and stinging him on with goading satire to give battle against his judgment and to his ruin. At last, spreading into broad sheets of living mail, the royal troops drove on, and the crash of the meeting armies shook the ground like an earthquake. Swathed in smoke and drowned in volleying thunder, nothing for a long time could be seen of the commanders, except by their immediate attendants, but in any rolling away of the sulphurous clouds, was seen the flashing battle-axe of St. Aldegonde, swinging among the thickest of the Spaniards.

A momentary cessation of the artillery and opening of the smoke directed all eyes to the centre, where St. Aldegonde stood in his stirrups, and showering down, single-handed, mighty blows on the hosts about him, but a wall of Spanish infantry at this moment separated him from his followers, and taking him without a wound, and never delaying to bind his arms, they bore him off the field, and left him in charge with three strong *bravos* in the tent of Count Aremberg. Long hours passed on, and chafing at this end of all his glory, St. Aldegonde still stood in the tent of his conqueror, watched by two soldiers at the raised curtain, and more strongly by one who was the devoted body-servant of Aremberg. At last the calmness of his old philosophy curbed him, and with a prayerful heart he determined to take all things as they came. Suddenly a voice without the tent, and appearing to come from a ditch, cried, "*Mueran los Flamencos*!" and a head and shoulders, quickly followed by a little scarlet-clad body, clambered up the side and came gaily towards the tent, bearing a canteen and glasses, and singing a blithe carol in perfect Spanish.

"So, ye lazy dogs!" she cried, merrily, "here ye sit napping it, while better men waste their lives in battle! What do ye here?"

"Do! Enough, I trow," answered one, gruffly. "Here are we set to watch a lay that brings us neither profit nor credit. What's in thy flask, merry maid?"

"A draught too fine for sleepy souls like ye. Who is your prisoner?"

"Philip de Marnix! the tiger!"

"St. Aldegonde! Bah! And it takes three men to guard St. Aldegonde! Ye need refreshment! Take it, prithee!" And she poured them out, several times, brimming glasses.

"Ah, but he fought well!" said one.

"I hope, for his credit, he did," answered the girl. "I suppose even ye, if thus put to it, with death whichever way ye went, would have bestirred yourselves a bit!"

"Many a brave Spaniard bit the dust beneath him!"

"Maurice?" cried the girl, "did he slay Maurice?"

"Troth! I know not who Maurice is!"

"Ah, true, he is not of thy company. No more am I, but I saw ye thirsty villains lying here, and so clomb across the ditch, that ye might drink my health."

All this while she had been plying them with strong wine, and now, looking within the tent again, she said to the body-servant who kept more immediate guard over St. Aldegonde:

"And thou? By'r lady, drinkest not?"

"If I do, thou must bring it me!" was the response.

"Fie! thou'rt livelier than thy mates even. I hope thy wife—thou hast a wife?—giveth thee tether enough abroad, for thou hast none at home, I see, or thou would'st not suffer a lass to wait on thee. Here! Guzzle!"

"It is fine wine!" cried one of the two at the tent door.

"Thinkest so?" returned she. "There is a cask of it down behind the ditch yonder. I will stand guard for ye while ye roll it hither. It hath the brand on it. Fine wine indeed, and not such as ye wretches get every day!"

"Go not!" cried the body-servant to the others, as they started.

"By heaven—stay!"

But the men were already running down to the ditch. Suddenly a great cry went up from the raging melee. "Aremberg is slain!"

"Ah, yes!" said the girl. "Did I tell thee Aremberg was slain? What matters it? There are braver left, and no longer shall we bold children of Spain be mastered by a Flemish knight."

The body-servant sprung to his feet—"Wretch!" he cried, "is it true? have I tasted fine wine and my master dead upon the field?" And like a wounded deer he bounded from the tent, while the others beholding him and thinking their prisoner escaped, dropped the cask and started in full pursuit after him.

"Now! now is thy time!" said the girl to St. Aldegonde. "Across the ditch, behind the Vosque, and a horse awaits thee. Back! back to the battle!"

She tore off the dark locks beneath her cap and plume, and seized his hand. Heavens! was it little Anne of Antwerp who had thus repaid her debt? A bitter feeling as though he had been defrauded of a right, stole over him even while he availed himself of the opportunity, yet with sunset the battle of Heyligerlee was won, and little Anne, in her former garb was unbuckling the armor from the brave old banker, while St. Aldegonde with folded arms stood looking gloomily down.

"I must wed thee, dear, 'to some one," said her father, jokingly. "'Twere wrong to waste thy sweetness on this old self longer."

Laying her soft cheek close to his, she whispered that all her life her dear father was her charge, and seemed, despite her size, to be defending him from danger, and caring for him through the world. St. Aldegonde saw her no more that night, and on the next morning, the ship, whose white sails puffed over the blue bay, bore, sad and quiet, Anne and her father to the English shore.

Four years slid slowly by, and the Netherlands, victorious, were almost dictating their own terms to the world-be inflexible King of Spain. Four years in the colonies had wrought most glorious and wonderful changes, yet in England had evolved but little new. Still sweet Anne of Antwerp went on her round of household duties gently and noiselessly, and though the blush of health sat on her cheek, yet it was so overshadowed by the veil of some secret sorrow, that nothing but the faintest tinge of rose proclaimed its presence. True, her father had been peacefully dead for a year and upwards, but she was young, and such griefs resolve themselves rather into tender memories, than dwell in permanent and poignant suffering; and night and morning her prayers to Heaven alone told of her sadness.

Far out at sea, from her chamber window one balmy night, she had casually noticed a flitting sail, and when in the morning, a splendid galley lay moored near shore, bearing certain famous arms on its prow, with the device, "*Repos ailleurs*," her heart beat fearfully, and the prayer she had often prayed for strength she prayed again more fervently, before she descended into the courtyard, to greet the noble strangers. It was evening again, ere, busy with ceremonies and with her other guests, she had addressed a word to St. Aldegonde; but now, suddenly coming where he sat alone on a balcony, she would have retreated had he not risen and taken her hand. A silence ensued.

"I have not yet congratulated my lord," at last she said, in a clear voice, "on the freedom of our native land."

"It is perhaps unnecessary," was the reply, "since he wisheth other and faster bonds! Sweet Anne, my love," and he gathered her to his heart, "do I worship thee in vain?"

With her face on his breast, little Anne uttered no word.

"Anne, what said I when mad Gretchen asked who wert thou?"

"Thou saidst," she slowly replied, freeing herself, and standing blushing before him, "'She is my wife.'"

"And to-morrow, sweet love of mine, if one asked me thus, and I must needs speak truth, what might I say?"

This time the face drooped till all the fine waves of hair hung about it, ere she answered—"She is my wife."

A day passed, and the galley weighing anchor, spread all its snowy sails for Antwerp, well freighted with noble hearts and with precious store of wealth. Dipping down its golden beak among blue waves, it sailed gaily on, for it bore the Lord and Lady of St. Aldegonde.

JOHN ELIOT PREACHING TO THE INDIANS.

The engraving on this page is from an original design made for us by an artist who has often enriched the Pictorial with his elaborate illustrations. It carries us far back in the past—to that period when John Eliot, the "Apostle of New England" (Bancroft terms him the "morning star of missionary enterprise"), having, with incredible labor—a labor that threw the patient toil of the Benedictines far into the shade,—mastered the strange tongue of the native inhabitants of Massachusetts, first began to address them as a friend, a brother and a teacher. He stands in the midst of an attentive group, his Indian Bible in his hand, commenting on the word of life. No cathedral arch rises over him—no cunning-wrought shaft rears its graceful proportions beside him; but the vault of heaven bends above—the forest lifts its columns into view, and the greensward takes the place of tessellated pavement in the broad field sanctified by the primitive worship of the apostle and his disciples. A strange congregation indeed!—warriors and

thoughts of leading men among the colonists. To shed light upon the darkness of their souls, to rescue them from the thrall of superstition and ignorance, to give them, in place of the precarious subsistence afforded by the chase, the certain and reliable resources of agriculture, was the object of the true philanthropists among the Puritans. The benevolence of heart which John Eliot possessed, early enlisted him in this noble cause, and the field of action presented within the limits of the English plantations was one well suited to inspire him with a high and holy ambition. There were nearly twenty tribes within the limits of the English settlements. Eliot commenced his laborious task in 1646. The first step was to acquire the Indian language—a task from which a less resolute scholar might have shrunk appalled. The difficulty may be appreciated when, from a single specimen of their tongue, the Indian word *Nammatchechodtantamoonganunnonash* signifying in English no more than *our lusts*. The longest and harshest compound words of German are musical brevities compared with the disso-

opinion, circumstances which, on more than one occasion, disturbed the relations between himself and the theologians of his colony. Among his peculiar notions, he entertained the opinion that the Indians were descended from the Jews, a view which he explained and defended in a pamphlet published in 1660. In politics, he was a decided democrat. Hutchinson says that in 1660, the governor and council of Massachusetts pronounced the Christian Commonwealth, of which Eliot was the author, to be "full of seditious principles and notions in relation to all established governments in the Christian world, especially against the government established in their native country." Upon consultation with the elders, a formal censure was deferred, in order to give the heretical republican an opportunity for recantation. Eliot accordingly drew up a paper which was deemed satisfactory, and ordered by the general court to be posted up in the principal towns throughout the colony. In it the apostle says that "such expressions as do manifestly scandalize the government of England by king, lords



JOHN ELIOT PREACHING TO THE INDIANS.

huntmen—the wise old men of the tribe, and the young braves, with their dusky mates and their dark-hued infants tended in no English fashion, but with a gentleness no English mother could find fault with. The garb of the preacher contrasts with the wild costume of his Indian congregation, with their plumes and wampum belts, their rude ornaments, their leggings, moccasins and beards. The whole scene is fraught with the deepest interest. The countenances of the Indians, though grave and impressive, are still not without some variety of expression. You trace in their individual faces, doubt, inquiry, confidence, hope, faith; but in all, respect and docility. John Eliot was a remarkable man, "whose benevolence almost amounted to the inspiration of genius," says Bancroft. He was born in England, in 1604, and received a finished education in the University of Cambridge. After pursuing the occupation of a teacher in his native country, he came to Massachusetts in the year 1631, and became the minister of Roxbury. The spiritual and physical condition of the natives from the earliest period of the English settlement had occupied the anxious

and protracted words of this dialect. Yet Eliot patiently pursued his linguistic labors, writing at the end of his grammar of the Indian tongue, "Prayers and pains through faith in Christ will do anything." He next accomplished the Herculean task of translating the whole Bible into the Indian language. This work was printed at Cambridge in 1664, less than half a century after the landing at Plymouth, and the first Bible ever printed in America. Eliot now went among the natives, preaching the gospel and teaching the arts of civilized life. He did not neglect the body while ministering to the soul. He was the first Protestant missionary who preached to the North American aborigines. He was exposed to every hardship and suffering—to the rigors of climate, to exigencies which tried his zeal and courage to the utmost; but he never faltered, and accomplished his task nobly and successfully. He found time, amidst his journeyings and teachings, to perform a vast amount of literary labor—his printed works forming a voluminous collection. He was a man of great independence of character, and of some eccentricity both of habit and theological

and commons, are anti-Christian, and that all form of civil government, deduced from Scripture, is of God, and to be subjected to for conscience' sake; and whatever is in the whole epistle or book inconsistent herewith, he does, at once, most cordially disown." Notwithstanding the severity of his labors, Eliot attained the age of 86, dying in 1690. The ardor and zeal of Eliot, of Mayhew, and of others who followed in their footsteps, were crowned with the happiest success. In 1660, there were ten towns of Indians in Massachusetts converted to the Christian religion. In 1695, there were no less than 3000 adult converts in the islands of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. At Cambridge, an Indian became a bachelor of arts. The Christian Indians, though twenty times more numerous than the whites in their immediate vicinity, preserved an immutable friendship with Massachusetts. Bancroft does full justice to the subject of our sketch. He says:—"Foremost among these early missionaries—the morning star of missionary enterprises—was John Eliot, whose benevolence almost amounted to the inspiration of genius."

HENRY HUDSON.

The scene depicted upon this page, an original design drawn for us by the same artist who has illustrated the labors of Eliot on the preceding page, is one of unusual interest—the discovery by that daring navigator, Henry Hudson, of the glorious river that bears his name. We behold the bounteous and beautiful stream, lovelier than the storied Rhine, winding its way among the Highlands, indenting the bold and wooded shores in deep bays, or gleaming in its broad openings in the unclouded light of day. Hudson's ship—a quaint and cumbersome craft compared with the vessels of to-day—with its high stern towering out of the water, lies at anchor. Hudson himself, in the dress of the last century, followed by some of his crew of Dutch and English, is conferring with a group of Indians, whose savage and picturesque costume and arms contrast strangely with the dress and equipments of the Europeans. On the right is an Indian canoe containing two chieftains, one of whom is examining a string of beads, just pre-

Nova Zembla. During this second voyage, he landed at Nova Zembla, but could proceed no further to the eastward. Returning to London, yet full of hope and resolution, he endeavored to impart his spirit to his employers, but they could not be induced to make further advances, and the bold navigator soon found that it was hopeless to look for aid from England. He accordingly passed over to Holland, and offered his services to the Dutch East India Company. The Amsterdam directors, chiefly through the influence of Balthazar Moucheron, were induced to fit out a small vessel; and, accordingly, Hudson, accompanied by his son, set sail in the *Crescent*, or *Half-Moon*, April 4, 1609. Encountering masses of ice in the direction of Nova Zembla, Hudson turned his prow to the west, and finally, after skirting the north-eastern shore of America, anchored at the mouth of the Penobscot. Continuing his voyage in the track of Gosnold, he made Cape Cod, which he named New Holland, believing himself, erroneously, to be the first discoverer of that promontory. He continued his

two centuries and a half have produced in the scenes he visited. He beheld the lordly river he discovered and named, rolling its silver waters past mountains and forests which the vagrant foot of the savage trod in pursuit of game, but which hardly gave a token of the presence of man. Here and there the blue smoke of an Indian camp rose from the pine wood and was absorbed into the sunny atmosphere. Now and then the surface of the river was ruffled by the swift passage of an Indian canoe—but it left no further trace than the wing of the wheeling swallow. In solitary grandeur the Kaatskills, then without a name, reared their bold profile against the sky. The kingfisher, watching for his prey, hardly took wing at the presence of the strangers. Lord of the upper air, the eagle, destined for the emblem bird of a nation then unborn, soared aloft on his broad pinions, gazing down upon a wilderness of wood and water. Hudson left the river he was never to see again, at that period of the year when nature puts on her carnival attire. The early frosts had wrought a magic pic-



HENRY HUDSON DESCENDING THE HUDSON RIVER.

sented by the leader of the pale aces. A squaw, with her papoose beside her, is engaged in contemplating a foreign trinket. The whole group of figures is characteristic and expressive, and the picture brings the past most vividly before us. At a period when the fever of Eastern traffic had stimulated the maritime nations of Europe to fruitless endeavors to discover a northwest passage to Asia, a company of London merchants subscribed the necessary capital for a resolute attempt at the solution of the great problem. They selected Henry Hudson as the leader of the expedition. Embarked in a small vessel, with a crew of only ten men and a boy besides himself, he sailed from London in 1607. He coasted the shores of Greenland, and reached the 80th parallel of north latitude, a point to which no previous navigator had penetrated. He visited Spitzbergen, and was contemplating further explorations, when the accumulating masses of ice compelled him to return home. Undaunted by the failure of his attempt, he boldly set sail in the following year, lured by the hope of reaching Asia through the icy seas which divide Spitzbergen from

coasting voyage as far as Virginia, when he altered his course again for the north, and discovered and sounded Delaware Bay. September 3, 1609, he anchored within Sandy Hook, and was visited by many of the natives collected by the strange visitor, with his winged bark. On the 11th of September he passed through the gateway of the Narrows, and admired, as hundreds of thousands have since done, the glorious features of the bay that expanded on his vision. Hudson devoted ten days to the exploration of the river, sounded his way above the Highlands, and sailed as far as the city of Hudson, while one of his boats ascended the river as far as Albany. He frequently went on shore and held intercourse with the Algonquins, while he was also visited by a deputation of the Mohawks. "On the fourth day of October," says Bancroft, "about the season of the return of John Smith to England, he set sail for Europe, leaving once more to its solitude the land that his imagination, anticipating the future, describes as the 'most beautiful' in the world." Yet the imagination of Hudson, vivid as it was, could never have pictured the change which

ture which finds no parallel in the old world. Purple and green, orange, vermilion and gold, woven into a rich mosaic, clothed the forests of the river side and were mirrored in all their glorious beauty in the glancing wave beneath. And over a pathway of mosaic the Half-Moon glided down on her homeward voyage, to carry to the eastern world the tidings of her discovery. The same skies look down on the same waters—but how changed is the scene. Lordly cities, the homes of civilization, with its arts and luxuries and comforts, line the waters of the Hudson. White sails, the messengers of trade and commerce, stream through the Highlands. From a hundred steamboat funnels the smoke that indicates a revolutionary system of navigation, streams out on the breeze; while along an iron pathway by the river side, thunders a mechanical monster, the appearance of which, in the 17th century, would have been deemed the triumph of the black art, and the horrible proof that to the evil one had been given the mastery over the destinies of man. So wonderfully rapid has been the ascendancy of art and civilization over the domain of nature.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY ANGELS.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

More faintly gleams the waning light,
Along the western land,
And, like a sower, comes the Night,
With shadows in her hand.
O, once the maiden Night was wont
To woo me to her arms,
And o'er my wounded spirit pour
The healing of her charms;

To lay her pale hand tenderly
Upon my pillowed head,
And the sweet light of blessed dreams
Around my heart to shed;
To hush her breath, and gently hang
Sweet silence o'er my rest—
Watching me as a mother would
The infant on her breast.

But now, she passes slowly by,
Nor brings me dreams nor sleep,
But only breathes a low, sad sigh,
And sometimes seems to weep.
But always by her side there come
Three phantom forms of air—
Two, with soft curling locks of light,
And one, with midnight hair.

And each upon her bosom wears
A dial of the hours,
That tell while yet my way of life
Was overgrown with flowers.
And so I live them o'er and o'er,
And watch them circle on
As erst they did, when from my heart
The worshipped were not gone.

The calm eyes of the Angel Three
Seem charming me from sleep;
I gaze into their beaming depths,
And then—I turn and weep.
I fain would reach and clasp them close—
Yet down 'twixt them and me,
I hear the waning surges toss,
In death's unfathomed sea.

And so I look upon the flower
That slumbers by my side,
To see how like the living is,
Unto the three that died.
My soul is drowned in agony—
In watchful, wakeful prayer;
Sleep stands far off, and drowsily
Binds up her flowing hair.

And Night goes slowly, slowly by,
With silence on her lip—
Reluctant, from their leash of stars,
To let the moments slip.
The nights of then, the nights of now,
Like light and darkness are;
Those, folded full of golden beams—
These, without gilding star.

ERNEST LINWOOD.

"Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
But the sweetest song is the last he sings."

IN the volume entitled "Ernest Linwood," just issued by John P. Jewett & Co., of Boston, we have the dying song of the elegant and gifted Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ. Mournfully sweet, like the sigh of an Æolian lyre, yet deep and oracular as the voice of many waters, it seems to have been poured forth while her soul floated down to the ocean of rest. On almost every page, we can trace the shadow of the death-angel, who bore her away when her song was ended. Mysterious gleams from beneath the uplifting veil of spirit land startle us as we read. The book is a broadcast farewell—a lingering hand-grasp from one we loved. If we mistake not, its most impressive passages are revelations of the inner life of the writer—wonderfully vivid and absorbing, because wonderfully real.

We will not attempt to follow out, in this notice, the thread of an inimitable tale; in so doing, we should only anticipate scenes and events, which come, with beautiful linkings and fine effect, before the eye of the reader. We would not rob the book of half its charm.

Sweet Gabriella Lynn will tell her own story. Warm tears will spring into bright eyes, as they look upon the dream-child—the impassioned school-girl—standing beneath the "beetling brows" of the powerful preceptor, to hear sentence pronounced upon her first written dream of poetry. The panting of that heart, when the taunting criticism fell—the sudden spring—the snatching of the manuscript—the flight into the woods—the passionate outburst upon the green turf—the blessed ministrations of a gentle, sad-eyed mother—will carry the heart back to the shadows of school-days and the rich sunlight of home.

We linger over the exquisite picture of the child Gabriella, peering with deep eyes into the mist that surrounded her, and vainly seek with her to fathom the mystery of life. We look with her and the pitying angels upon the classic face of her dead mother, Rosalie, and wonder at the mystery of death. We follow her to the end—for she is the one silver thread always visible; every scene is a reality, and each succeeding scene more real, more luminous than the last. The writer seems to gather power and inspiration as she advances, pouring out her life, like the dying swan, in strains of painful sweetness. Very sad and significant is the testimony she has left us of the mockery of a life toil for fame. Read it, all ye who seek for happiness in a chaplet of laurels.

To touch the electric wire, and feel the bolt scathing one's own brain; to speak, and hear the dreary echo of one's voice return through the desert waste; to enter the temple, and find nothing but ruins and desolation; to lay a sacrifice on the altar, and see no fire from heaven descend in token of acceptance; to stand the priestess of a lonely shrine, uttering oracles to the unheeding wind—is not such, too often, the doom of those who have looked to fame as their heritage?

The characters in this book are drawn with masterly skill. Each has an individuality and a relative importance, without which the story would be incomplete. No unnatural, diabolical agent drags its slimy length along its pages, but we are held spell-bound by the delineations of a fault, and the natural consequences of a fault, which develops itself at every turn in life. "Ernest Linwood"—the lordly intellect—the peerless in beauty and manhood—whose "eyes with a thousand meanings," gaze into our very souls, is made the temple of the unhallowed passion of jealousy. Its purple light, at intervals, towers above every noble element of nature, but, with the gentle Gabriella, we always pity—always forgive, and he is at last lifted, by sorrowful lessons and earnest prayers, from his inglorious thralldom.

Margaret Melville, or "Meg the Dauntless," is a lifelike, genuine character—the rarest spice of the tale, though she does come in always at unseasonable hours. We like her, notwithstanding her hoydenish eccentricities. What she says of the modern passion for mysticism, will answer for a description of herself.

"It is the fashion; the paroxysm; German literature, German taste, and German transcendentalism; I have tried them all, but they will not do for me. I must have sunshine and open air. I must see where I am going, and what I am doing. I abhor mysticism as I do deceit."

The religious tone of this work is its crown and halo. The graces of the true Christian are beautifully marked in the character of Mrs. Linwood, and recognition of an overruling Power, is everywhere apparent. Of an earthly love, unsanctified by the great Source of Love, Gabriella feelingly says:

"Woe to her, who, forgetting this heavenly union, bathes her heart in the earthly stream, without seeking the living spring, whence it flows; who worships the fire-ray that falls upon the altar, without giving glory to Him from whom it descended. The stream will become a stagnant pool, exhaling pestilence and death; the fire-ray will kindle a devouring flame, destroying the altar with the gift, and the heart a burning bush, that will blaze forever without consuming."

Her description of Niagara, in its brevity, suggestiveness and intensity, surpasses anything we have seen:

"The grandest of Creation's mysteries, whose deep and thundering voice is repeating day after day, night after night—'forever and ever,' and whose majestic motion, rushing onward, plunging downward, never pausing, never resting, is emblematic of the sublime march of Deity, from everlasting to everlasting—from eternity to eternity!"

Let those, who are accustomed to give voice and wings to scandalous gossip, hiding beneath the broad garments of an irresponsible "They Say,"—let such find in the book, "Ernest Linwood," their unmasked and hideous faces.

"They say! Who are they? Who are the cowed monks, the hooded friars, who glide with shrouded faces in the procession of life, muttering in an unknown tongue words of mysterious import? Who are they? The midnight assassins of reputation, who lurk in the by-ways of society, with dagger-tongues sharpened by invention and envenomed by malice, to draw the blood of innocence, and, hyena-like, banquet on the dead. Who are they? They are a multitude no man can number, black-stoled familiars of the inquisition of Slander, searching for victims in every city, town, and village, wherever the heart of humanity throbs, or the ashes of mortality find rest. Give me the bold brigand, who thunders along the highways with flashing weapon, that cuts the sunbeams as well as the shades. Give me the pirate, who unfurls the black flag, and shows the plank which your doomed feet must tread; but save me from the They-sayers of society, whose knives are hidden in a velvet sheath, whose bridge of death is woven of flowers; and who spread, with invisible poison, even the spotless whiteness of the winding-sheet."

The closing passage in this volume is a distinct prophecy, fulfilled, alas! before the delicate hand-tracings had passed into print. May we not believe that the spirit of this noble woman floats on the pathway of her last gift-jewel to earth, rejoicing in the pure light it radiates, and breathing in every beam a blessing and a prayer.—*New York Mirror.*

A LOW VOICE IN WOMAN.

Yes, we agree with that old poet who said that a low, soft voice was an excellent thing in woman. Indeed we feel inclined to go much farther than he has on the subject, and call it one of her crowning charms. No matter what other attractions she may still have; she may be as fair as the Trojan Helen, and as learned as the famous Hypatia of ancient times; she may have all the accomplishments considered requisite at the present day, and every advantage that wealth can procure, and yet if she lack a low, sweet voice, she can never be really fascinating. How often the spell of beauty is broken by coarse, loud talking! How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft, silvery tones render her positively attractive. Besides, we fancy we can judge of the character by the voice; the bland, smooth, fawning tone seems to us to betoken deceit and hypocrisy as invariably as the musical, subdued voice indicates genuine refinement. In the social circle, how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterizes the true lady! In the sanctuary of home, how such a voice soothes the fretful child and cheers the weary husband! How sweetly such cadences float through the sick chamber; and around the dying bed, with what solemn melody do they breathe a prayer for a departing soul!—*Ladies' Repository.*

PARISIAN LOTTERIES.

Previous to the suppression of lotteries in Paris, great numbers of Frenchmen were ruined every year by the unhappy passion for investments in lottery tickets. Sometimes when it was difficult to procure customers, the lottery manufacturers would resort to base but ingenious tricks for the purpose of selling their tickets. Among the most attractive kind of lotteries were those in which German castles were offered as the principal prizes; and when in the announcement of a chateau lottery, it was stated that its possession gave to the owner a right to the title of prince or duke, it was too fascinating a bait for waiters or hackney coachmen to resist, and away would go their last twenty francs. The following is a specimen of some of the most magnificent lottery humbugs of modern times:

"A banker, more or less German, announced the lottery of a magnificent estate, bearing a fantastic name, and worth 10,000,000 francs, at least. The tickets were at twenty francs, and divided into series complicated enough to baffle the wits of a mathematician. Each of the numberless advertisements put forth by the contrivers of that splendid affair, concluded with the words 'Qu'on se le dise,' printed in large type. A great deal was, indeed, said, and a vast deal too much. All old women who had anything in their purses were thrown into excitement. To win a chateau and its dependencies for twenty francs—what an admirable prospect! Besides, according to the assurance of the banker beyond the Rhine, one was certain of winning a prize of some sort or other. Were it but a few trees, a buckwheat field, or a hen-coop, one was sure of recovering one's stake. The twenty-franc pieces, therefore, showered down from all quarters. The door-keepers and cabriolet drivers were the first victims. That interesting class of the Parisian population rushed foremost into the German lottery. The female cooks soon followed; then the petty rentiers of the Marais, next clerks with 1200 francs a year, and so on till seven or eight millions of francs crossed the Rhine. Two millions worth of tickets remained to be sold, but to gratify the impatience of the players, the banker had the lottery drawn on the day notified, without any postponement, and the tickets that turned up, happened through a providential chance, to belong all of them to the series of tickets unsold. The result was, that the famous chateau continued in the hands of the speculators, along with the aforesaid seven or eight millions. This was renewed until the French government took notice of it, and put an end to the much too protracted fun of the German banker."

The drawing of a lottery in which another German estate was the prize, was announced to take place in the month of September, 1835. What hopes were kindled and what dreams of fortune and bliss were formed: Suddenly a newspaper announced that the lottery had been drawn, and that number 97 of a certain series had won the prize. It happened that a petty actor at the "Varieties Theatre" possessed the ticket. He read the paragraph in the newspaper and was delirious with joy. He told all his acquaintances that he was a prince and a millionaire, and invited them to visit him at his castle. He resigned his situation at the theatre and hired a post-chaise with which to visit his domain and vassals. The very next morning the newspaper that intoxicated him with such sweet delusions, declared that he had been ill-informed, and the revulsion of the poor fellow's feeling was such that he became insane and was taken to a mad-house. He subsequently recovered his sanity, but could not regain his situation at the theatre, and was obliged to sell chemical matches in the streets of Paris for a livelihood!—*Portfolio.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE OCEAN. By P. H. GOSSE. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1856. 12mo.

A very excellent work, well calculated to secure the object for which it was written, namely, to interest young readers in the wonders of the deep, and to lead them to associate habitual thoughts of God with the phenomena of nature. The engravings are numerous and fairly executed. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—G. P. Reed & Co., 13 Tremont Street, have published "A Te Mio suolo ligure," a romance from Mercadante, and "La Danza," a Neapolitan tarentella with words. "Home," for the piano, and the "Groves of Blarney," a popular song.

PARISIAN SIGHTS AND FRENCH PRINCIPLES SEEN THROUGH AMERICAN SPECTACLES. Second Series. By JAMES JACKSON JARVIS. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 277.

The first series of Mr. Jarvis's book had a great run, and is undoubtedly one of the best books extant on modern Paris. In this volume he has taken up a variety of new topics, and described and discussed them with great vivacity, humor and force. There is not an unradable line in the whole book. For sale by Redding & Co.

LIFE IN BRAZIL: OR, A JOURNEY TO THE LAND OF THE COCOA AND THE PALM. By THOMAS EWBANK. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 8vo. pp. 469.

Mr. Thomas Ewbank has here given us a minute account of everything that could interest the most studious or inquisitive person in the wonderful country he describes. It is a vivid picture of tropical life; while the appendix gives a full account of the famous Brazilian antiquities. There are one hundred well executed illustrative engravings. For sale by Redding & Co.

HISTORY OF HERNANDO CORTES. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 18mo. pp. 348.

An admirable biography of the great Spanish conquistador, written in Abbott's peculiar and brilliant style, and particularly adapted for young persons. No more interesting subject could have been selected. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON. By Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 12mo. pp. 467.

Mrs. Southworth is one of the most popular and prolific of our lady writers. Repeated editions of her works have been called for, and the novel before us has enjoyed extraordinary success.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON III., EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH. By EDWARD ROTH. Boston: Alex. Moore & Brother. 1856. 12mo. pp. 546.

This biography presents a favorable view of its subject; but it is written with spirit, and embraces many documents worthy of preservation, and now first collected in a convenient form. We advise our readers, after perusing this work, to procure a copy of Victor Hugo's "Napoleon the Little," and then they will have the "bane and the antidote" both before them. Victor Hugo's pamphlet, by the way, is the most powerful philippic ever penned.

LIFE OF SCHAMYL, and Narrative of the Circassian War of Independence against Russia. By J. MILTON MACHIE. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. 12mo. pp. 300.

Little is known respecting the great Circassian chieftain, Schamyl, beyond what may be gathered from newspaper paragraphs; and this book, which presents a vivid sketch of the Eastern hero, whose career is a romance, will be eagerly sought for by the public. It is well written, and supplies all the desired information.

THE LOST HUNTER. A Tale of Early Times. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 462.

An interesting plot, dramatic incidents, characters well conceived and executed, picturesque sketches of American scenery, and a satisfactory denouement, are the elements of success which this new novel unites. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE CREOLE ORPHANS: OR, LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SOUTHERN LIFE. By JAMES S. PEACOCK. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 345.

A story in which the interest hinges on the mixed blood of the heroine. It is very dramatic in passages, and full of hair-breadth escapes, etc. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

WOMAN'S FAITH. A Tale of Southern Life. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 310.

A very well written story, in which the heroine's character is drawn with much power. We should think the book would prove popular.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LOVE.

AT ESTHER B. STRATTON.

Love! love! 'tis a magic word!
Where'er 'tis spoken, where'er 'tis heard;
The air seems glad that its hush is stirred!
'Tis the bliss of man, the praise of bird!
Love! love! 'tis a magic word!

Love! love! how it thrills our hearts,
With its strange, enchanting, winning arts—
Weaves the web for a thousand thoughts,
And the holiest charm of life imparts!
Love! love, what a heaven for hearts!

Love! love! what a holy glow!
What a blessed boon for the earth to know!
What a star for joy, what a balm for woe;
What a happy heart where its waters flow!
Love! love! what a heaven below!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CARRIED BY STORM.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

SOLOMON BADGER was forty-five years old, and yet Solomon Badger had never been married. Solomon Badger was a wealthy man; at least, independent—and Solomon Badger was the only person who had access to S. B.'s purse. But Solomon was not a miser, nor was he "crusty;" on the contrary, Solomon Badger was a generous, good, kind-hearted man, and no one loved good company better than he. Do not think from this that he sought riotous companions, and spent his money in merry-making at large; far from it. He was a moral man, Solomon was; and he was a member of several societies for the promotion of moral reform among the people. And more than this, Solomon Badger was a good-looking man. The rich brown hair that clustered about his temples was his own, and nature colored it for him. The rose upon his full, plump cheeks was of nature's painting, too; and those pure white teeth were paid for only in the pain of having sundry old stumps picked out when he was a boy, so these might grow. O, Solomon was a whole man. There was no deception in him.

"Solomon Badger, why *don't* you get married?" This question was asked by Jack Hornby, who was Solomon's own cousin. He was a young man; or, perhaps creeping on towards the middle age—being five-and-thirty. He was a jolly, free-and-ready fellow, well off in the affairs of the world, and also well off in domestic affairs. He said that domestic affairs were not of this world. He would have it that they must be of heaven, or else of—He would stop there, shake his head, and point downward. He had a wife and four children.

"Go 'long, Jack," returned Solomon.

"But answer me. Why don't you?"

"Because I *wont*—that's why."

"Don't you remember, Solomon, that you promised not long since, to tell me why you never had taken a wife?"

"Pooh! That was only to get rid of you at the time."

"I know better than that, Sol. Now tell me. If you love me, tell me. If you would return my friendship, tell me."

Solomon Badger, hung down his head, and finally he said:

"Well, if ye must know, why—I made a vow—I took a solemn oath—that I'd never ask another woman to become my wife."

"Then you have made proposals?"

"None of your business."

"Ah, but I know you have. You have at some time made proposals and been rejected, and it made you mad. But you're calmer and cooler now. You want a wife—one who will love and care for you—who will minister to your wants in sickness and—"

"But I aint never sick."

"In health," continued Jack, without noticing the interruption.

"You want such a wife, and I know where she is."

"Where?"

"Kate Standish."

"Why don't you say *Widow* Standish?"

"Well, *Widow* Standish, then."

"And d'ye s'pose I'm going poking around after widows?"

"But she can hardly be looked upon as a widow, Solomon. You know her husband has been dead fifteen years. She only lived with him two years. She has refused many offers for her hand."

"And she'd refuse mine."

"Don't be too sure of that. Those whom she has refused have been men in whose character she could put no confidence. I know her well. She is a noble, generous, virtuous, true-hearted woman, and would love you with her whole soul."

"Bah!"

Now it was only Solomon Badger's voice that said this. He did not say it; for Jack had marked well how his dark eye had sparkled, and how his lids had drooped, while he was speaking of the widow. The fact was, Jack knew his bachelor cousin better than that cousin knew himself. Jack knew that Solomon wanted a companion—that he wanted some one to love him—that he was gradually becoming misanthropic, and cold, and nervous.

"Solomon, go and see the widow at once."

"Get out! I wont! Go and see her yourself, and see how you like it."

"Were I not already a married man, young as I am, I should be tempted."

"Should you, though, Jack?"

"I should."

"Well, I aint."

Jack Hornby shook his head, and laughed, and shortly afterwards he took his leave.

On his way home he stopped at Kate Standish's. The widow was just forty; short, plump, and rosy; with a handsome face, dimpled cheeks, and smiles always at home, chasing each other from the dimples to the eyes. Jack was very intimate with her, for she was an own cousin to his wife, though of this latter fact Solomon Badger knew nothing. He remained with her some time, and was very earnest in his remarks. At first the widow refused to listen; but he kept on. Then she tried to dispute him; but he would not be disputed. He *knew*. Finally she not only listened, but her tremulousness and blushing told that she had received the impression.

"Promise me," said Jack, as he arose to go.

"O, Jack, I cannot—"

"But you must. I tell you your happiness and his are both at stake. Promise." * * * *

On the next day, in the afternoon, Solomon Badger sat alone in his library. He was in a large rocking-chair, and his feet were on the table; and so he had been for an hour.

"Drat the widow!"

That was the sum and substance—the summing up—the report of his hour's pondering. But those three words were not spoken with the decision of a judge on the bench. Far from it. They were spoken as speaks one who handles a very knotty subject, and finally disposes of it in a huff. And, as if to prove what I have said, he went immediately at work over the same thoughts again. And thus he was engaged when the door-bell rang.

"A woman, sur-r-r, as wants to see ye's, sur-r-r," reported the red-headed domestic.

"Show her in," said Solomon, immediately taking down his feet, and piling up some books that lay scattered about on the table and floor.

It was the widow—Kate Standish—who entered.

"Ah—ahem—madam—a—I wish you a good morning, madam—a very good morning."

"And I wish you a good *evening*, sir," returned the handsome widow, smiling.

"Ah—yes, yes—I've been—a—ahem—hem—deeply—I might say, *very* deeply, buried in a book, and I had hardly time to realize what were the real facts about me when you were announced."

"Then you enjoy reading," said the widow, throwing back her shawl.

"O, yes—very much."

"What book is it that you find particularly interesting now, Mr. Badger? Anything new, sir? I like to know the character of new works."

"Ah—no—it's not a new work—it is a very old work," replied Solomon, picking up the first book that came in his way—"a book that I prize very highly."

"Might I ask the title?"

"O, certainly," returned Solomon, opening to the title-page. "'Webster's Abridged Common School—' Ah, no; that's not—where is that book? Ah, this is the one. '*Census Re—*' No—"

Now it so happened that Solomon Badger had been preparing a statistical article for an editorial friend of his, and all the books about him were simply such as he had taken from the library for that purpose.

"Census Returns, is it, sir?" said the widow, with a smile.

"Yes, madam," answered Solomon, into whose mind a brilliant idea had popped, "I was reading the accounts of the number of deaths, idiots, crazy folks, and so on; and the reflections thus called up—painful reflections, I might say—had completely captured my mind. It is terrible to think of—terrible!"

"It is a dark and gloomy picture of humanity, truly," rejoined the widow, sympathizingly.

"O, dreadful!" groaned Solomon.

"Especially crazy folks," said the widow, in a solemn tone, but with a twinkle of the eye that rather detracted from her solemnity.

"And idiots," added Solomon, mechanically.

"And so on," suggested the visitor, very soberly.

"Yes, yes—very true," replied the host, honestly; for his mind was so busy with something else that he realized not what she said.

After this a silence of some moments ensued, during which the widow gazed upon the various pictures upon the wall, while Solomon gazed steadily upon the floor, and no doubt felt very uneasy. But the lady broke the silence.

"Mr. Badger, I have called to see you upon a particular subject. I have taken the liberty of doing so, because I believed you were my friend."

"Of course I am, madam—ah, was not that some one entering at the front door?"

"I heard nothing, sir."

Solomon waited a few moments, and then resumed:

"I hope I am a friend to all who think my friendship worth the keeping, madam."

"O, I thank you, sir. It's very kind in you. I shall not forget it, sir; and I hope I may some day be able to repay—" here the widow stopped. The sun, that had been hidden behind the foliage of one of the great horse-chestnuts in the yard, now sank below it, and the beams fell full upon her face—so she moved her chair out of the way. It happened that she was thus brought nearer to her host; but of course that was merely accidental—"you, sir; for true friends are not very plenty now. Ah, few realize the worth of a true and faithful friend—one who can be the same in sickness and health, and in prosperity and adversity."

She gazed frankly, confidently, up into his face as she spoke, and he trembled perceptibly. She did most surely look handsome,

ay, lovely and beautiful. That fond, imploring expression went clear way down to Solomon's heart. However, he kept up his courage, and said:

"Very true."

"And I hope," the widow resumed, "that you will speak now only for my good."

"You may trust me, madam." Solomon had braced himself firmly.

"Are you acquainted with Mr. Nathan Humpton, sir?"

"Partially so, madam."

"And, sir—you will pardon me for the liberty I take; but believe me, sir, you were the only person to whom I could come, and in whose judgment I could confide. Do you think him a man calculated to—to—make a good husband?"

"Why—really, ma'am—yon've—a—rather—"

"O, sir, *do* answer me as you think the truth demands. Do let a regard for my welfare take precedence. I ask you not to expose the faults of your friend—I ask you only to speak for—"

"He's no friend of mine, ma'am," uttered he, fairly choking.

"Ah then you will be more free to answer me. I would know, sir, what you think of him."

"Why, ma'am, to tell you the truth, he is a dev—ah, a—very—good for nothing—man."

"You will excuse me, sir; but I hope you are not prejudiced."

"*Prejudiced*, ma'am? No, ma'am. He's a drunkard, ma'am—a gambler, ma'am—a—a—ah—dishonest man, ma'am!"

"Is it possible?"

"It is very possible, ma'am. I bought him off cheap—hired him never to come near me again—lent him fifty dollars. That's what he sold himself to me for, ma'am."

"Alas!" the widow murmured, bowing her head, and covering her face with her hands, "I am sorry he is such a man, but I am glad I know it. However," she continued, looking up through eyes that were moist with emotion, "I can only live on as I have done, and the love that I could bestow upon a faithful husband I must keep still locked up, while I busy myself in doing all the good I can to those about me. I had hoped that I should not pass on into the evening of life all alone—companionless! I had fondly hoped that the strong love of my heart might find some object that could return its ardor, and find a resting-place from the toils and cares of life upon my bosom. O, I could live happy with something to love and care for beside myself—something to break in upon this selfishness that long years of loneliness begets. But it is passed. Forgive me, sir—"

She arose as she spoke, and would have turned away. That emotion was not assumed. She did really love the man before her, truly and well.

"Hold on—stop. Let me say one word, ma—a—one word."

She turned her eyes upon him, and there were tears in them.

"By the immortal piper, ma—a—ah—I—a—*we*, aye—*we*, wont be selfish. What's the use. Say—by thunder, ma'am! excuse me—pardon, ma'am—don't you suppose you could love me? There, aint that flat?"

"Love you, Solomon? O, I could hold you to my heart through the long, long years to come, and *never*, never cease to love you truly and well."

"*Could* you?"

"God knows I can."

"And will you do it?"

"Yes, while I live."

"Then—O, what a fool I've been. You've been loving me."

"I have, Solomon."

But she did not look up as she gave this answer, for her head was pillowed upon Solomon Badger's bosom, and his stout arms were wound tightly about her. At this moment the door was opened, and Jack Hornby entered.

"Hallo!" he cried, "what's this?"

"Get out, you young scamp!" cried Solomon.

"What, captured, Sol? Ha, ha, ha! fairly carried by storm! Oho-ho-he-e-e!"

"There's no storm here, you young villain. Don't you see how the sun shines?"

"Ho, Solomon, caught at last."

"Ay, caught in a seventh heaven—and in the same net with an angel."

"Caught, Solomon, captured! carried by storm. Ha, ha, ha, fairly carried by storm!"

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Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year; or any person sending us eight subscribers and eight dollars, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

MAJOR THOMAS HARRISON.

The accompanying portrait of the late Major Thomas Harrison was drawn for us from a photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case; and will be recognized as a correct likeness. Major Harrison was a native of this city, where he was extensively known in business and social circles, and where he had very many attached friends. But he was still more extensively known as one of the most gallant officers of the war of 1812. They are fast passing away from our midst; death is calling the muster-roll, and as one by one their names are pronounced, they march through the dark portals which echo to no returning footstep. It is our duty, therefore, to keep green the memory of those heroic men, who, in the hour of their country's danger, promptly responded to her call, and upheld the memory of our flag. When the war of 1812 broke out, it found Thomas Harrison a young man full of patriotic ardor, and he promptly tendered his services to the government. He received a captain's commission in the regular infantry. At that time, party spirit ran high, and here, as is well known, a very strong opposition to the war manifested itself. It required a good deal of nerve to stem the tide of opposition, but young Harrison went to work recruiting with courage and a determination to succeed. A patriotic gentleman of Boston advanced Captain Harrison some of the sinews of war, so that he might have an unanswerable argument ready for those who endeavored to discourage enlistment by asserting that the government were unable or neglected to pay their troops. Accordingly he set up his flag and beat up for recruits in State Street, covering his drum-head with specie, by way of showing that the government was amply able to redeem its promises. But it needed not this inducement to bring men to his colors. It was enough for the brave young men of that day to know that their country was engaged in war with a foreign power, and required stout hands and hearts to serve her needs. Captain Harrison found no difficulty in raising a full company with which he marched to the Canadian frontier. We believe that he raised two companies of infantry, at two several times, while he remained in the service. Captain Harrison had all the qualities for an efficient company officer. He was brave as steel. In fact, as with General Putnam, the sensation of fear was utterly unknown to him. Then he was a good disciplinarian, a good tactician, frank and genial in his manner, warm-hearted, robust, active and cheerful, and willing to share all the hardships of his command. His soldiers regarded him with equal affection and respect. The hardships of our army in the opening of the war of 1812, were very severe. In the midst of a Canadian winter, Major Harrison told us he had no tent to shelter his head, and a bed of hemlock boughs spread on the snow, was an unusual luxury, and gratefully appreciated when it could be obtained. Notwithstanding every disadvantage and privation, Captain Harrison succeeded in preserving his command in a high state of health and effectiveness. Their arms and equipments were always in perfect order—their discipline was admirable, and their military proficiency, after a few weeks' drill, particularly noticeable. Captain Harrison's connection with the army ceased soon after the bloody affair of Chippewa. In that battle his command suffered severely. They went into action ninety-six strong, and came out of it with a loss of eighty men killed, wounded and missing. "It was short and sharp work," said a sergeant who was under fire on that day. Captain Harrison was wounded early in the action. As he was advancing, he was struck by a musket-shot in the right foot, but paid no attention to the hurt, and continued cheering and leading his men into the fire. A short time afterwards, his right leg was shattered by a grape-shot. He was not aware of the extent of his injury at first—he felt no sense of pain, only a sort of numbness, and changing his sword into his left hand, he stooped to chafe his leg. But directly afterwards he tottered and fell. Some of his soldiers wanted to carry him to the rear. "No—no," he answered, "go on, my boys—I can take care of myself." And he did. He unwound his sash and tied it tightly above his wound; then, by means of his sword grip, he twisted the bandage so tightly as entirely to staunch the effusion of blood from the severed artery.



MAJOR THOMAS HARRISON.

No surgeon could have done it better. Without losing his senses for a moment, he sat up and took note of the current of the battle that was raging before him, as if he had been merely an unconcerned and uninjured spectator. General Scott, riding across the field, reined up his war-horse beside our wounded friend. "Harrison," said he, very feelingly, "I am sorry to see you in this condition, and I would stay by you if my duty did not call me away." He waved an adieu, gave his horse the spur and rode off—the most splendid military figure, Major Harrison told us, his eyes ever beheld. The day after the battle, Captain Harrison's leg was amputated; he recovered rapidly, and in due time an artificial limb supplied, to a great extent, his loss. If we are not mistaken, he was in the saddle within a month after. He was handsomely mentioned in the despatches of the commanding general, and was brevetted major for his distinguished services. He now resigned his commission, and was for the remainder of his life employed in the civil service of his country. For many years he was a clerk in one of the bureaux at Washington, and in 1843, accepted the appointment of inspector in the Boston custom house, which office he retained till his death, performing his fair share of duty. Those who fancy that an inspectorship is a nice, easy berth for an old soldier are very much mistaken in their conception of its duties. It is an office of responsibility, requiring good business capacity, involving a large amount of in-door and out-door work, and exposure to all weathers. To be posted on a wharf in mid-winter, day after day, from morning till night, with the thermometer below zero, superintending the discharge of cargoes, checking out every article and writing passes for goods with freezing fingers, is not a very enviable employment. The ardor of many a patriot who has burned to be enrolled among the civil officers of the government, has been sensibly cooled by an actual experience of the delights of the service, and by realizing that the

same amount of labor would be better compensated in almost any other line of life. The subordinate servants of republics are not the favored individuals which the world at large believes them to be; and yet they are envied and traduced, and regarded as a privileged class. We merely mention these facts, parenthetically, to show that our old friend was not especially petted by the government in whose service he had suffered mutilation in his youth. Towards the latter part of his life, Major Harrison suffered much from inflammatory rheumatism, which occasionally prevented the discharge of his official duties. But he had an iron constitution and a cheerful temper, and he would rally and re-appear among his friends, apparently as vigorous as ever. Repeated attacks, however, undermined his constitution, and at the close of the last year he died, after a period of very severe suffering, which he bore with the spirit of a man and the resignation of a Christian. Major Harrison was very happy in his domestic relations. He was twice married. His second wife, an amiable and accomplished lady, survives to mourn him. Major Harrison was universally beloved. No one could see him without liking him, or know him without loving him. He was the life of a social circle. His feelings were as fresh as a boy's. He was fitted to enjoy and did enjoy life heartily. He took an interest in everything that was going on, and warmly appreciated all that is worthiest of appreciation in music, art, good society and noble characters. The heaviest affliction of his life was the loss of his only son, a fine young man, a midshipman in the navy, who died a few years since at Macao, on the eve of his return home. The last honors paid to our friend showed how highly he was appreciated in this community. A funeral escort of four military companies, and a large body of his associates and friends attended his remains to the grave, where a soldier's requiem pealed in the farewell volley fired over the cold clay that held in life the soul of valor, manliness, kindness and generosity.

SCENE ON A MISSISSIPPI COTTON PLANTATION.

The spirited sketch, herewith given, was drawn expressly for us from the actual scene, by Mr. Hill, whose graceful pencil is familiar to our readers. Pressing cotton, the subject of our picture, is one of the most interesting of the various stages of preparation of cotton for the market. After it is carefully picked and harvested, it has to be pressed into bales before it is ready to brave the perils of fire and flood on the bosom of the yellow Mississippi. The cotton press, as shown in our illustration, is supported by a heavy frame of timber, and is about nine feet in depth. Into this, the light, fleecy substance is poured, and the capstan bar being set to work, it is gradually compressed to the required size, the cords are fastened round the bale, and it leaps out ready for transportation. In our sketch, a party is busily filling the press, and two stout hands are removing the bales under the direction of the overseer. But the life and soul of the party is at the capstan, in the person of the lively dandy engaged in extravagant imitations of the overseer, and jeers at the expense of the solemn figure next to him. This mercurial "cullud pusson," a fair specimen of his light-hearted race, by his jokes and high spirits, almost doubles the motive power at the bars. Though apparently solely occupied with attempts upon the facial muscles of his fellow-servants, yet at the exact moment, he will turn a somersault, kick the shins of his next neighbors, like a playful donkey, and run round with the bars, the loudest in singing the monotonous but not unmusical chant by which the blacks accompany their labor. Cotton, as we all know, or ought to know, is the soft vegetable down which is contained in the seed-vessels, and envelops the seeds of the cotton plant. The plant is an annual, and attains a considerable height. The leaves are of a bright green color, marbled with brownish veins, and each divided into five lobes. The flowers have only one petal in five segments, with a short tube, and are of a pale yellow color, with five red spots at the bottom. The cotton pods are of somewhat triangular shape, and have each three cells. These, when ripe, burst open and disclose the snow-white or yellowish contents, in the midst of which are contained the seeds.



COTTON PRESSING IN LOUISIANA

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

LIVING TOO FAST.

We have often alluded to the furious speed with which we Americans live; and in our very last issue dwelt at some length on the topic—a subject on which the press ought continually to sound the alarm, until the public is awakened to a sense of the evil. But in the meanwhile, as misery loves company, it may be a dismal sort of consolation to know that other people are affected with the same troubles of the same sort. "You have a poor crop of potatoes this year," said a gentleman to a farmer. "Yaas," was the reply, "but my opposite neighbor is a darned sight wuss off than I be—that's some comfort." Seriously, however, for it is a serious matter, our French neighbors over the water appear to be suffering from the consequences of violating the natural laws of health. The manner in which over-exertion, excessive labor, unbridled ambition, the thirst of gold, cerebral activity pushed to painful limits, and excesses of all kinds, particularly the immoderate use of tobacco, manifest their effects is, in a fatal disorder, which is termed the softening of the brain, but which is, in a scientific point of view, a general paralysis. The symptoms are hardly perceptible; the victim is felled as by a stroke of lightning. One morning he awakes—his body has lost its elasticity and spring, his mind is confused, he is carried to a madhouse, and only leaves its guarded walls again for his last home. This disorder was probably that by which Count D'Orsay died—many eminent men of France have been affected by it. Louis Napoleon lives in fear of it, for he has lived fast in every way, and now looks forward to receive his punishment. The French and the Yankees resemble each other in many respects, and particularly in the rapidity of their career; but while the Yankees have plenty to eat, the French are half fed. However, to balance the account, our French friends have a fund of spirits to bear them up, which cannot be said of the Yankees. Our advice to both peoples is to live a little slower.

OUR LARGE ENGRAVINGS.—By placing the large series of national pictures, which we are publishing in the Pictorial, in a neat gilt frame, our subscribers can furnish their rooms with an attractive and highly ornamental set of pictures.

GLOUCESTER, MASS.—This thrifty and pleasant town will send three hundred fishing vessels to sea this spring. In case of a war with Europe, Gloucester would furnish for our navy two thousand first class seamen.

MONUMENTAL.—Bracket the sculptor is engaged on a colossal statue in marble, to be placed over the remains of the late HOSER BALLOU, now resting in Mount Auburn.

SPLINTERS.

.... Mr. Bright, the great English orator, lately complimented Longfellow's Hiawatha at Tennyson's expense.

.... The bridge over the Hudson River is to be 200 feet wide. No fast trotting allowed, however.

.... Col. Thompson lately sold a collection of fine landscapes by Gerry at remunerative prices.

.... Mlle. Gabrielle De La Motte has an unprecedented success in teaching music to young ladies in classes.

.... Thirty-six quadrillions, and some hundreds of thousands of millions of people have been born since the creation.

.... Edward Everett's address on Washington has been brilliantly successful wherever it has been delivered.

.... The Maryland lotteries have been suppressed by law. Lotteries used to be sanctioned by our own general court.

.... Flour has declined—but few people will decline flour at the present prices. Reduction is popular.

.... Many of the British soldiers in the Crimea received Inkermann decorations who never saw Inkermann.

.... Two reporters of this city have lately been promoted each to the dignity of "A Gustus Pease."

.... A French paper informs us that the speaker of our national house of representatives is a "cullud pusson."

.... When Sydney Smith was advised to "walk on an empty stomach!" he inquired, "whose stomach?"

.... Mr. Burton, a lieutenant in the Bombay service, succeeded in entering the tomb of Mahomet disguised as a Turk.

.... Adelaide Phillips, who supplies the place of Didiée in opera, has been successful in Philadelphia.

.... Mrs. Partington calls one branch of our legislature the "House of Reprehensibles." Just like the old lady.

.... Mr. J. Taggart, of Roxbury, has invented a suspension railroad for street travel.

.... Hard soap applied to newly-pruned grape vines stops the bleeding, says the New England Farmer.

.... The steam frigate Merrimac performs admirably both under steam and canvass. She's a beauty.

.... The Emperor Faustin I. is trying his runaway officers for high treason and cowardice.

.... A Paris editor was lately sentenced to three months imprisonment for shouting "Long live liberty!"

.... Gen. Wm. H. Sumner has offered conditionally a lot of land for the East Boston Library Association.

.... A New England spring with the "mahommedan," 7 degrees below "zebra," is certainly an-ice spring.

"HOPE ON—HOPE EVER."

There is no motto like this for one's guidance through life. Storms, shadows and darkness may and must assail our pathway, but the star of hope is always beaming, if we only will but see it, "white as a white sail on a dusky sea." Mr. Mark Tapley, in Martin Chuzzlewit, was always "jolly," under the most afflictive circumstances. For a person determined to make the best of everything, there are a variety of proverbial encouragements which never come amiss. "It's a long lane that has no turning" —"Fortune's wheel is ever revolving"—"bad luck this time, better next," are golden legends for the poor and struggling.

When the storm of the revolution first broke over France, the higher classes sunk at first in utter despair; but in a short time they "got used to it," and used to play at "guillotine" in the Temple, in preparation for their final exit from the scaffold. Now if ladies and gentlemen can keep up their spirits under the certainty of a speedy decapitation, certainly those afflicted with the minor miseries of human life may well imitate Mark Tapley, and resolve to be "jolly" under their various trials.

There are some people who never will make an effort to raise their spirits. They seem born under a cloud; their hemisphere is always in shadow; they are always in what is vulgarly called a "peck of trouble." Remark to one of these croakers that the weather is very pleasant, he will tell you that we shall have to pay for it to-morrow. If a piece of good fortune befall him, he is sure it can't last. It's just his luck to have things turn over the moment he begins to felicitate himself upon his happiness. These are the sort of people who never have gazelles to glad them with their dark black eyes, but when they come to know them and love them well, they are sure to die; who never have a piece of toast particularly good and wide, that falls not on the sanded floor and always on the buttered side. Their favorite strain is:

"All that's fair must fade,
The fairest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest."

Other people meet with losses in gazelles and other live stock, without despairing of success in their little menageries; but if one of these croakers loses a single gazelle he gives up the business in despair. For him, instead of there being "no such word as fail," there seems to be no other word in the dictionary! Hope does not exist in his vocabulary.

MESSRS. SMITH'S MELODEONS.—We have for some time been intending to call attention to the admirable melodeons manufactured by Messrs. S. D. & H. W. Smith, 417 Washington Street. They have made a specialty of this manufacture, and turn out instruments remarkable for their richness and purity of tone, durability and finish. The extensive patronage and reputation they enjoy furnish the best commentary on their skill. The melodeon is an instrument of recent invention, and combining many of the peculiarities of the pianoforte and organ, with portability and cheapness, is now very extensively used—particularly by small churches whose means do not permit the purchase of more costly instruments of music. The Messrs. Smith send out no instrument that does not prove reliable and satisfactory.

Mrs. BARROW.—Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case have taken an admirable full length photograph of this distinguished artiste, as she appeared in the character of "Minchaha," at the Boston Theatre, which is to be used for modelling the figure-head of Donald McKay's new ship, named after Longfellow's heroine. The compliment is a deserved one. The manner in which Mrs. Barrow recites Hiawatha's wooing throws a new light on the conception of the poet.

THE PRICE OF A WATCH.—During the war of 1812, a sailor went into a watchmaker's in Washington Street, and handing him a small lever watch, asked what it would cost to repair it. He was told the repairs would cost more than the original. "Then, heave ahead, old fellow," said the sailor. "I gave an English chap a knock over the figure-head for the ticker, and if you'll fix it up ship-shape, I'll give you a couple of knocks, and square the account!"

OLYMPIA.—This play, adapted rather than translated from the French, by A. W. Thaxter, Jr., associate editor of the Evening Gazette, and first produced at the Boston Theatre on the occasion of Mrs. Barrow's benefit, has proved a complete success. It is admirably written, and full of telling points. The production of a play like this is quite an event in Athenian circles.

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.—Our next number will contain one of our large size pictures, drawn in Mr. Billings's best style, and representing the national capitol with all the additions and improvements complete, forming a splendid and valuable picture, well worthy of preservation.

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.—A young woman brought up before the Police Court for misdemeanor, was asked for some proof of her respectability. In her defence, she said she was acquainted with "all the lawyers," and was instantly committed for six months.

CURRAN'S WIT.—A gentleman met Curran, while an invalid, limping along the street. "Ah," said he, "you walk slow."—"Yes," replied Curran, "but I'm going fast."

LONG PAPER.—A gentleman in this city drew a bill at so long a date, that it took his friend, the acceptor, six whole weeks to endorse it.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

On the first page of this present number will be found a fine view of Jefferson Avenue, one of the finest streets in the city of Detroit, as seen from the Campus Martius, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Hill, with the daguerreotype-like fidelity for which his city sketches are remarkable. Jefferson Avenue is well paved, and has noble stone sidewalks, and the principal public buildings are located upon it. All who have visited Detroit recently will recognize the various familiar points in this picture. The hotel on which the flag is hoisted is the "Mansion House," which vies with the National in being considered as the most popular hotel in the city. On the left of the picture will be noticed a correct representation of the City Hall and Market. The name of the city is a French word signifying straight, and is descriptive of its locality on the west bank of Detroit River. There is a noble harbor here, with sufficient depth of water to float the largest ships. The city is favorably located for commerce, while its position in the great channel of emigration enhances its importance. It has lake, river and canal communication with the principal countries of trade. A large number of steam and sailing vessels are constantly plying between Detroit and Buffalo. By means of the Great Western Railroad, it has been brought within one day's travel of the Atlantic seaboard. There is a vast travel over the Michigan Central Railroad, which extends across Lake Michigan and connects with another road leading to Chicago. Several plank roads radiate from the city to the interior. The business of the city is prodigious. The annual exports, coastwise, amount to above \$4,000,000, and the imports to more than \$15,000,000. There is a considerable trade with Canada, and the tonnage of the port is very large. Various lucrative branches of manufactures are carried on within the city. The plan of Detroit is somewhat peculiar. That portion contiguous to the river is laid out rectangularly, and extends back 1200 feet from the shore; further beyond, the space is divided into triangular sections by a number of avenues which converge to an open area called the Great Circus. The Woodward Avenue is a fine broad thoroughfare, which crosses Jefferson Avenue at right angles. Among the public buildings are the old State House, which embraces an extensive view, the Bank of Michigan, the Custom House and Marine Hospital. Public education is liberally provided for, and there are several charitable institutions. The newspapers which hail from Detroit are well edited and handsomely printed. The whole city is lighted with gas, and the water which is obtained from the Detroit River is of the purest quality. It is a place of great interest, and a fine example of the rapid growth of American cities.

WORTHY OF REMEMBRANCE.—Let no stranger visit Boston without a call at the daguerreotype and photographic rooms of Masury, Silsbee & Case, No. 299 1-2 Washington Street. It is to this house that we are largely indebted for the "originals" of many fine likenesses which we give from time to time in these columns.

GETTING HIGH.—A western man lately took lodgings at the Astor, and was escorted at night by the waiter to the top of the building; he turned to his guide, and said: "Look here, stranger, if you intend to call me at six in the morning, you'd better do it now, as it will be about that time afore I can get down again."

M. D.—The eccentric Dr. Borax was applied to by a poor woman to prescribe for a slight wound. "Put on a cataplasm!" said the doctor. "But, doctor dear, it's for a child!"—"O, then use a kittenplasm," was the answer.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. John P. Wild, to Miss Elizabeth A. Clayton, of Farmington, Me.; by Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. George M. Clark to Miss Elizabeth Burns; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Horatio J. Richards to Miss Grace Johnson; by Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. John S. Powell to Miss Lucy W. Rowe.—At South Boston, by Rev. Mr. Fairchild, Mr. Moses Gile to Miss Julia S. Austin.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Hutchins, Mr. George W. Hobbs to Miss Helen M. Pratt, of South Weymouth.—At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Ware, Mr. Daniel L. Demmon, of Somerville, to Miss Susan F. J. Kimball.—At Lexington, by Rev. Mr. Staples, Mr. Benjamin Locke to Miss Mary H. Skilton.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Mr. Johnson, Mr. Ezra Harlow to Miss Katie Covington.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. James S. Matthews, of Worcester, to Miss Ellen P. Sargent.—At South Hingham, by Rev. Mr. Clarke, Mr. Michael L. Cushlog to Miss Josephine Kimball, of South Scituate.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Eldredge, Mr. Jeremiah Humes, of Providence, to Miss Deborah Knapp.—At Clinton, by Rev. Mr. Spaulding, Mr. Zadoc C. Patterson to Miss Sarah E. Brown.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Bronson, Mr. Thomas E. Brown to Miss Mary A. Potter.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Bruce, Mr. Clark J. Bullock to Miss Fanny F. Hathaway.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Nicholas Halloran, 89; Mr. Adam Collins, 23; Mr. James S. Pollard, 35; Miss Susan Childs; Mr. Benjamin Brown, 53; Miss Charlotte C. Eldredge, 18; Mrs. Mary Hemenway, 73; Widow Martha Damon, of Wayland, 88; Widow Sarah Thaxter, 69; Widow Mary Uiman, 76; Miss Maria Augusta Granger; Mr. Seth H. Masco, 37; M. A. Ellen A. Tomlinson, 29; Mr. Michael Healy, 63; Mr. William T. Clark, printer, 82; Mrs. Lovice A., wife of Mr. Michael Loomis, 84.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Mary Newhall, 80.—At Chelsea, Mrs. Jane M. Thayer, 49.—At Waltham, Mrs. Adeline A. Heard, 21.—At Cambridgeport, Mr. C. D. Maynard, 64.—At Brookline, Mrs. Emily S. Edmond, 28.—At Dorchester, Widow Ann Bird, 85.—At Hingham, Mr. Samuel Beal, 47.—At Essex, Mr. Parker Burnham, 92.—At Salem, Miss Susan Babbidge, 75; Miss Eliza C. Bridges, 30.—At South Danvers, Mr. Gilbert W. Churchill, 20.—At Andover, Mrs. Fannie E., wife of Mr. D. H. Atwood, and daughter of Dea. Jacob Dacombe, 27.—At Gloucester, Mr. Nathaniel Woodbury, 85.—At Westfield, Mr. Asahel Mosely, 90.—At Taunton, Mr. Granville Knapp, 89.—At Worcester, Miss Polly Kennedy, 87.—At New Bedford, Capt. Asa Dillingham, 79; Mr. James Thomas Howland, 23.—At Belchertown, Mr. Heuben White, 94.—At New Haven, Mr. Roger Sherman, son of Hon. Roger Sherman, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, 88.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MINERVA TO —.

BY FRANK FREEQUILL.

Toll on—toll on—my favorite son—
I would not have thee cease;
O stoop not thou till victories won
Shall grant thee proud release.
My ægis round thy breast I've thrown,
My olive twines thy brow;
On to the goal—press thou, my son—
I'll not forsake thee now.

On to the goal—toll on—toll on—
Mine are no vulgar shrines;
In halls of justice early won,
My wreath thy brow entwines;
But I have dazzling glories bright,
Now sparkling for thy brow,
And magic dreams from realms of light
Would seize thee even now.

Toll on, toll on—search out the pearls
Lost on time's heaving sea;
Pick up those withered flowers, and twine
Anew that wreath for me.
Fetch out thy hopes—fetch out thy faith—
Lay them on life's best shrine;
Then on—dash on—not even death
Can meet my gifts divine.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

BY ELLEN EUSTACE.

"AND now for a story of the brave old feudal times!" said Marion, as we sat together one evening at twilight.

"O, no—a fairy tale!" cried romance-loving Helen, whose thoughts and footsteps were sadly given to wander from the "beaten track." "Think how charming it would be, in this prosaic life of ours, if, at every vivid hope or fancy, a brilliant little being with gossamer wings should alight on the nearest twig or flower, and waving a tiny wand, exclaim, in most strictly approved fairy language, 'Young and beautiful maiden, thy wishes are all known to me; and soon, through my magic power, shall they be happily realized!'"

"Of course," exclaimed Fanny, "Helen would not answer, 'O, lovely and gracious fairy, reveal to me, if thou canst, how a certain absent youth is now occupied, and whether he is still constant to her who will cherish his image forever!'"

"O, would that I *did* know—that I could only see him for one moment, and read his true thoughts!" murmured the blushing girl.

"A dangerous wish, my dear Ellen," said I. "I will tell you a legend that may lead you to retract such a desire, and rest contented without seeking to know the future, shrouded perhaps in mercy from our gaze. I will introduce you at once to Lady Edith, the heroine, as sad and alone she sat in her turret chamber.

"The Lady Edith was an orphan. She remembered not a mother's kind caresses, and was but a child when her father took up arms under his king, Henry the Second, against France, and died bravely on the battle-field. Her uncle, the Baron Hugh Lacy, assumed the guardianship of the young girl at her father's death; but he had lived long alone and unwedded, and he cared not to be vexed, as he confessed, by a maiden's follies and fancies. So the fair damsel inhabited a fine old castle, with only the retainers of her father's time, and her own attendants. Among these was one loved by the Lady Edith, and with whom she shared her own advantages. Rose Bertram was as a sister rather than a handmaid to the lovely Edith.

"As years sped on, the wealth and beauty of the fair heiress attracted many suitors to the castle, but they rode away again, with only a cold refusal to keep them company, so that some fierce knights thought of storming the citadel, and bearing away the lady by force; but her modesty and innocent helplessness formed an all-sufficient shield for her safety and protection.

"At last came the hour when the Lady Edith was constrained, like all her sex, to bow to love's power; and in a brave knight, Sir Hubert de Courcy, she recognized her heart's lord. At the time of our story, the lovers had plighted their troth, and Sir Herbert, parting from his lady, set sail for Palestine, to follow the fortunes of his master and king, Richard, Cœur de Lion.

"In the presence of Sir Hubert de Courcy, the affection of Edith was shaded by a degree of reserve that characterized the damsels of those times. But beneath this calm exterior her heart throbbed with undying attachment; and as months passed, and no tidings of the absent knight reached her from Palestine, her spirits sunk, and her eyes soon became dimmed with watching and weeping.

"One day, after having finished her morning occupations, oppressed by her sad forebodings, Lady Edith retired to a grotto shaded from the sun by fragrant screens of foliage, and cooled by the clear waters of a sparkling fountain. Here she had bid Sir Hubert a last adieu; the scene recalled vividly all her regrets and disappointed hopes, and she exclaimed, aloud:

"How long a time has lingered on since we parted, and no tidings have yet come to me! Perhaps at this very moment, harassed by long marches, or fainting under the ardor of the sun, he lies helpless and dying, without succor. While I am here, reposing in ease under the shade of our favorite retreat, to what perils may he not be exposed! But I dare not think—"

"And the Lady Edith, overcome by the torturings of her own imagination, wept bitterly for a few moments. But again giving expression to the sad visions that haunted her, she cried:

"O, that I could behold him but for one moment!—read his heart and his thoughts!—learn from hour to hour how he was employed, and if he were free from suffering and danger! Why has it not been given us to know all that interests the object of our love? This gift is due to my tenderness, my grief, and my tears!"

"As she uttered these words, a slight noise at the side of the grotto alarmed her. Turning her eyes she beheld a little figure, bright and beaming as the creation of a dream, hardly a foot in height, but of symmetry so perfect as to form a miniature of loveliness. Her features were regular, and her smile full of sweetness. Golden locks floated over her shoulders, and a lily white robe fell to feet bare and fair as marble. Surprised at this sudden apparition, the maiden would have flown, but was restrained by an irresistible power. She glanced timidly at the little being before her, who advanced with grace, and said:

"Let not my presence alarm thee, fair Edith. Thy innocence and goodness of heart are pledges that thou canst have nothing to fear from me; no evil power could injure a soul so pure and true as thine. By the queen of the fairies was I appointed at thy birth, to watch over and guard thy happiness; to avert any injury that my limited power might save thee from; but suffering and sorrow I cannot overcome—they must shadow at times the path of every earthly being! Thou art now afflicted," she continued, "with thy first and greatest grief. I have read all thy regrets and desires; they are pure and natural. Thy lover, it is true, must encounter many dangers, but it is in the path to glory. His career is brilliant, yet in the midst of the honor that surrounds him, he is saddened by thoughts of his separation from thee! May this knowledge relieve the inquietude of thy soul, and lead thee to subdue the regrets I have witnessed with sorrow!"

"Gratefully acknowledging the happiness the kind fairy had conferred, the maiden strove to seem satisfied; but her speaking eyes betrayed that her soul longed for more direct intelligence of her absent knight. This the fairy perceived, and answered:

"Thou hast spoken truthfully, fair Edith, but why repress the expression of thy deeper feelings. These shall be gratified! In this mirror shalt thou read, whenever thou desirest, the situation and thoughts of Sir Hubert de Courcy during his absence! Take it, then, and twice during the day, with an interval of an hour between, shalt thou behold the image of thy loved one, and know that which occupies him at the moment thou art gazing."

"Edith hastened to accept the proffered gift, and with tears of joy thanked the good being who had given her so much happiness. The fairy then resumed:

"Thou wilt carefully cherish and guard my boon; mayst thou not find it a fatal error! But I leave thee to experience the happiness or misery the gift may impart. And if, at some future time, thou shouldst wish to be ignorant of the knowledge it bestows, return to this spot, dip the mirror in this fountain, and I shall be here to answer." At these words the fairy disappeared.

"Gradually recovering from the surprise and delight this supernatural presence had caused, Edith returned to the castle, and hastened to summon Rose to her side, that together they might test the magic power of the fairy's gift. Rose listened with wonder and incredulity to her mistress's account of her mysterious visitor, and the precious treasure she had bestowed; but easing her eyes toward the mirror, on which Edith was already gazing in an ecstasy of delight, she beheld there the refutation of all her doubts. In all the glory of his knighthood and martial bearing, Sir Hubert de Courcy stood before them! A coat of linked mail, with plated gauntlets, and a steel breastplate, protected his noble form. The bars of his helmet were unclosed; and as he stood at the door of his tent, for it was the matin hour, the upraised eye and moving lips betrayed that he was at his morning orisons.

"At the conclusion of his prayer, the knight disappeared for a moment within his tent, and returned wearing a surcoat of cloth, which Edith had herself embroidered. This he wore, like all the warriors of the Holy Land, to exclude the burning rays of the sun from his burnished armor. She saw him then gaze reverently down upon his mantle, lift it to his lips, and she knew she was at that moment in his thoughts, when a mist spread over all the scene, and the mirror reflected only her own lovely face.

"An hour with its tedious moments must now pass before the faithful glass could again be consulted. With Edith no other idea was present; and her heart was filled with wonder as she remembered the fairy's fears and expectations that the gift might be returned to her. "How could she imagine," the maiden cried, "that I would ever willingly relinquish such happiness! I shall live only for the joy it imparts, and every hour will be dark to me, when this bright surface reflects not his image!"

"When the time again came for the vision of Sir Hubert to be visible, the Lady Edith sat bending eagerly over the mirror, while her companion knelt by her side to share the happiness of her mistress. But what horror chills their veins as they gaze on the scene before them!

"On an elevated mound, surrounded by the warriors of the crusades from many different nations, a flag-staff is planted, from which waves a banner whereon is emblazoned the eagle of Austria. Low on the earth lies the English standard, as if just torn from its station, and its position usurped by the one now floating above. A kingly form, half clad, and hastily armed, rushes through the ranks, and seizing the standard, uproots it from the earth, hurls the Austrian flag to the ground, and tramples upon it! A gigantic Hungarian warrior is seen to start hastily forward, to avenge the insult. He aims a blow at the daring monarch that would have been fatal, had not Sir Hubert de Courcy, who stood near, fearing for the unguarded state of his leader, rushed between them, and received the full force of the assault. For a moment he stands upright, then staggers a few steps, and sinks seemingly lifeless to the earth!

"Edith could bear no more. She sank fainting into the arms of her attendant, who bewailed with loud exclamations the possession of a gift which could bring so much misery by its sad revelations. When her lady recovered, it was only to revive the knowledge that she must live through the hours of the night in all the fearful uncertainty that the vision had occasioned. Was her lover slain? Had she parted with him forever? Already did the maiden begin to repent of the fatal curiosity that had brought such cruel satisfaction.

"With the first rays of the morning light the mirror was placed before the Lady Edith, while Rose tremblingly watched the result. But despair is now chased away by joy and gratitude! Rising slowly from his couch, although still pale and enfeebled, Sir Hubert appeared to the eyes of the damsels. His page seemed to have attired him with much care and attention, as if for a coming interview. His dark locks and curling beard were arranged with precision and elegance, and the arm that was wounded in the affray was suspended in a silken scarf of gorgeous eastern hues.

"Again all fades away before the entranced gaze of the maiden, who, sinking on her knees, poured out her soul in grateful thanksgiving and prayer. Thus passes the interval, the moments flying swiftly, until the surface of the mirror once more pictured forth the events then transpiring in a far distant land.

"How magnificent the scene that now shone before the astonished beholders! A pavilion of purple silk, looped with cords and tassels of gold, occupied all the space. Oriental carpets covered the floor, rich cushions of tapestry were disposed around while the top of the pavilion was concealed by sky-blue silk, to resemble the firmament, and studded with a moon and stars of solid silver! Amid this gorgeous scene a fair woman of transcendent loveliness, but of such delicate and diminutive proportions as to seem hardly more than a child, reclined on a pile of velvet cushions. A profusion of light hair fell over her exquisitely shaped shoulders, and her deep blue eyes sparkled with the light of pleasure and expectation. A robe of sea-green silk enhanced the delicacy of her pure and roseate complexion; rich jewels encircled her waist, and sparkled on her arms, while a veil of gossamer texture, embroidered with silver, depended from her locks of gold, and fell around her like a glittering mist.

"What relation, however, could this fairy-like vision have to the fate of Sir Hubert de Courcy? Already the heart of the Lady Edith was torn by a pang of jealousy, when a curtain was drawn aside at the end of the tent, and she saw her lover enter! Slowly and languidly he approached the lovely being who was evidently expecting him, and knelt at her feet. With much emotion she extended a little hand, soft and delicate as a snow-flake, which the knight tenderly pressed to his lips! Then rising, she took from her own neck a sparkling cross, suspended to a chain of exquisite workmanship, and threw it over the shoulders of Sir Hubert de Courcy as he knelt before her!

"Overcome by jealousy and despair, Edith closed her eyes to shut out the detested sight, and acting on the resolution of the moment, nerved by proudest pride and outraged affection, hurried with swift steps to the grotto. There, dipping the fatal mirror, which she held, in the waters of the fountain, the fairy once more appeared, and thus addressed her:

"And am I so soon summoned to take back the gift, fair Edith, that thou so eagerly craved? I anticipated this return of it, but in how short a time has its revelations brought sorrow and disappointment! Poor maiden! I read in thy pallid cheeks and downcast eye all the grief and misery my cruel kindness has inflicted. But despair not! Although at this dark moment all seems so sad and hopeless, believe me there are happier hours in the future."

"As the fairy disappeared after uttering these words, the Lady Edith slowly left the grotto, and returned to her turret chamber with a sad and heavy heart. Although the fortitude and resolution that nerved her would not allow her to yield entirely to the dark presentiment that threatened her fate, yet hours of anguish would come that seemed almost unendurable.

"Many months thus passed in alternate courage and despair, for Edith remembered the fairy's hopeful words, and awaited with a trembling heart the events of the future.

"One happy day there came a troubadour to the castle, bearing a missive from Palestine, in the well-known characters of Sir Hubert de Courcy! Therein, all the mystery was explained! So sudden a transition from the saddest doubts to certain happiness, was almost overwhelming; but joy kills not, and Edith hailed with rapture the tidings that restored all her confidence in the honor and affection of her loyal knight.

"The letter, which described all that had transpired in the absence of Sir Hubert de Courcy, explained the circumstance of the affray that the maidens had witnessed. The wound that had seemed to Edith so fatal in its consequences, was aimed against the life of Sir Hubert's noble monarch, Richard, Cœur de Lion, who had impetuously rushed from his tent to quell an insurrection among his followers.

"Next followed a vivid description of the brilliant scene that had caused such jealous fears. The bright and beautiful creature, who had summoned the knight to her presence, to express her gratitude for the the salvation of Richard's life, was the lovely Berengaria, England's queen, whose praises were sung by every troubadour throughout Christendom.

"Thus all was happily explained, and when Sir Hubert returned in due time from the Holy Land, high in the favor of his king, and wearing laurels of stainless honor, and the Lady Edith plighted to him her nuptial vows, she remembered, with humility, the forbidden knowledge she had dared to crave, and gratefully thanked the All-wise Being, who veils in mystery those events which we can neither alter nor avert."

Foreign Items.

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JAPANESE SKETCHES.

We present on this page the portraits of a Japanese lady and gentleman, and a view of Nagasaki and Bay, Japan. They are from authentic sources, and will be followed, at no long interval, by a series of sketches from the pencil of an officer of the United States Expedition, illustrating the domestic life and manners of the strange people with whom we are beginning to hold commercial intercourse. Previous to this expedition, our knowledge of the Japanese was derived chiefly from the Dutch, who, at the period of their greatest commercial prosperity, succeeded in carrying their flag into some of the ports of the empire, and have since retained their footing in spite of the peculiar jealousy of the Japanese government. What the Dutch have been able to accomplish,

and the cumbersome ornament inserted in the hair is by no means so ridiculous, even to our eyes, as the head-dresses of the French ladies of the last century. Our third engraving presents us a view of Nagasaki, with its noble bay. This is the principal commercial city of Japan, and is situated in the southwest side of the island of Kioo-Sioo, containing about 70,000 inhabitants, including 6000 priests. The houses, which we observe on the left, are built of clay and wood, coated with cement, have verandahs and Venetian blinds, with oiled paper in the sashes instead of glass, and present a very neat appearance. They are uniformly one story in height. The chief edifices are, the palace of the governor, the residences of the grandees, the Dutch and Chinese factories, the arsenal, several theatres, and upwards of sixty temples enclosed by gardens. There are also numerous tea-houses, which form a pleasant resort for the population. The little island of Dezima, appropriated to the Dutch, shown in front, is strongly fortified, and commands the harbor, which is about seven miles long and twelve broad. Prior to the late treaty concluded by our government, this was the only port of Japan open to foreign traders. The Dutch imports into Nagasaki, consisting chiefly of sugar, Netherland broadcloths and cotton goods, sandal wood, Buffalo hides, ivory, cloves, tin, Bengal piece goods and other manufactured wares, amounted to about \$150,000 annually; and for these they receive in return, camphor, drugs, toys, silks, etc., to the amount of about \$200,000. Siebold, a learned German connected with the Dutch factory at Dezima, in his famous work on Japan and the Japanese, is enthusiastic in his description of the port of Nagasaki, and we condense a portion of his account of it. The foreground is adorned with hills tinted with the freshest verdure, while far, far away in the distance rise the irregular peaks of the deep blue mountains. The dark shadows of projecting rocks break here and there on the serene mirror of the sea, and the steep walls of rock which fortify the surrounding shores, flash with many lines in the rays of the rising sun. The mountains are covered with a luxurious vegetation, which varies according to the elevation; and the groups of dwellings of glittering whiteness, amid which we discern numerous temples rising amid groups of cedars, and the innumerable buildings, which give a life to the bay and strand, form a glorious spectacle. We were astonished to learn that the fair white houses, which we had supposed to be the dwellings of rich individuals, were really nothing but storehouses coated with shell lime to render them fire-proof. Innumerable vessels and fishing barks give the bay a lively aspect. The bay becomes more animated as we approach the town, and offers the most delightful variety of objects. How inviting are the shores and their cheerful dwellings! What fruitful hills!—what majestic temple-groves! How picturesque those green mountain-tops, with their volcanic formation! How luxuriantly do those evergreen oaks and laurels clothe the declivity! What activity—what industry does nature thus turned, as it were, by the hand of man, proclaim!—as witness those precipitous walls of rock, at whose feet cornfields and cabbage-gardens are won in terraces from the steep; witness the coast, where Cyclopean bulwarks set bounds to the arbitrary caprice of a hostile element. Already we behold the houses of Dezima; we can even distinguish their green windows. When the Japanese government first began to entertain jealousy and dislike of foreigners, the first measure taken, at the instigation of those feelings, was so to situate them that they could be conveniently watched. For this purpose, the Europeans and their commerce were restricted to the two ports of Nagasaki and Firato, at which last place the Dutch factory was then established. The next step was to confine the Portuguese more closely still; with this view was their abode projected, and the island of Dezima directed to be built from the bottom of the sea. The

emperor's pleasure being asked as to the form of the future island, he unfolded the ever actively employed fan; and accordingly in the shape of a fan, without the sticks upon which the fan is mounted, was the island constructed. When the Portuguese were finally expelled, the Dutch were transferred from Firato to their prison-house. Dezima is about 600 feet in length by 240 across, and is situated a few yards distant from the shore, close upon which stands the town of Nagasaki. The island and town are connected by a stone bridge, but a high wall prevents the dwellers in either from seeing those in the other. The view of the bay, teeming with life and bustle, seems indeed to be open to the inmates of the factory, secluded as they are; but the view is a distant one only, no Japanese boat being permitted to approach the island within a



A JAPANESE GENTLEMAN.

Yankee ingenuity and perseverance can certainly command; and though the Japanese government have endeavored to evade the provisions of Perry's treaty, still we have no doubt that all, and more than all the advantages expected from that treaty will be secured. The first of our engravings shows a Japanese gentleman of high rank, very plainly dressed, with his head shaved in the orthodox manner. It is the custom of the country to shave the beard and top of the head; and they omit this only in misfortune—as when, for instance, a member of their family dies, when they are sick or imprisoned. The second engraving delineates a noble Japanese lady, probably a belle of the empire. The features, while having the same angular insertion of the eyes, characteristic also of the Chinese, are not displeasing. Little peculiarity of costume is observable in this case, unless perhaps in the head gear;



A JAPANESE LADY.

certain prescribed distance marked by a stockado. The dwellings in Dezima are not given to the residents by government, nor even the use of the ground whereon to erect them. The houses appear to have been built by Nagasaki citizens upon speculation, and the Dutch pay for them an exorbitant rent fixed by authority; they are, however, permitted to fit them up in their own taste, and either to procure furniture in the European style from Java, or to have it made under their direction by Japanese mechanics. Almost every house in Nagasaki has its garden; the height of the street front, and even the number of the windows, are determined by sumptuary laws. The gardens, however diminutive, are laid out with rocks, waterfalls and trees, and each contains a chapel or oratory. After passing the town, the scenery beyond is described as being of the most romantic and picturesque character.



CITY AND BAY OF NAGASAKI, JAPAN.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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STATE OF ILLINOIS.

The accompanying design by Billings is an emblematic picture of the State of Illinois. The State arms contain simply our national eagle and shield, with the motto, "State sovereignty—national union." The wheat sheaves and plough are typical of the agricultural character of the State. On the right of the picture, a party of Frenchmen, attired in the costume of the 17th century, is advancing to meet a chief of the Illinois tribe with his followers. The band of the French leader are armed with heavy harquebusses. One of them bears aloft the standard of France, with the golden lilies of the Bourbon. In the group of foreigners we note a Catholic priest with cross and rosary. The rude arms of the Indians, their war clubs and spears, contrast with the more perfect appointment of their visitors. The chief is proffering the calumet of peace, and his tobacco-bearer just behind him is furnished with a plentiful supply of the vile weed. The whole scene is strikingly picturesque. Illinois was partially settled as early as 1673. In this year, a party of Frenchmen, from Canada, accompanied M. De Lasalle in his second exploration of the country, and founded the villages of Kaskaskia and Cahokia. One hundred years after-

wards, the Illinois country was ceded to the French by the English. In 1778, Gen. Clarke, with a body of Virginia troops, reduced all the fortified places, and in the same year a county called Illinois was organized by the legislature. Virginia, though claiming the country, ceded it to the United States. After forming a part of the northwest territory, it received a separate organization in 1800, in conjunction with, and under the name of Indiana. In 1809, a division took place, and Indiana and Illinois became separate territories, and were subsequently admitted into the Union as States—the former in 1816, and the latter in 1818. The State derives its name from its great central river, the Illinois. Its area comprises about 55,400 square miles, of which the greater part is well adapted to agriculture. Education is liberally provided for by the State, and there are several colleges and academies within its borders. There are no lofty mountains or dense forests in Illinois, and the land is extremely fertile. Indian corn is one of its staple productions. The facilities of water communication are abundant; the Mississippi and Ohio are on the west and on the east, and besides the Illinois, there are important rivers, such as Rock River, the Wabash, Kaskaskia, etc. Lead, copper, iron,

lime and salt are abundant; and bituminous coal is found in exhaustless veins in some parts of the State. The canal uniting the Illinois and Lake Michigan is a stupendous work, and cost \$8,000,000. The railroad system is also producing great results. Manufactures of various kinds have been introduced, and are in a flourishing condition. The climate resembles that of Ohio and Michigan; the winters are mild, and the summers and autumns delightful. The most numerous sect of religionists are the Methodists, and the Baptists and Presbyterians are next in number. Various denominations are largely represented; ten per cent. of the population are professors of religion. The State debt amounts to about sixteen millions; total of taxable property, in 1850, was \$137,818,079. The yearly sum expended for education is about \$100,000; besides the State fund, the county and township funds are \$3,373,096. An institute for the deaf and dumb is located at Jacksonville, the annual expenses of which are about \$19,000. A geological survey of the State, under the authority of the government, was commenced in 1851, when Mr. J. G. Norwood was appointed State geologist. The internal resources of this State are exhaustless, and are every year more fully developed.



STATE of ILLINOIS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WHITE HAND: —OR— THE NATCHEZ' CAPTIVE.

A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF LOUISIANA.

BY AUSTIN C. NURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVI.—[CONTINUED.]

Now Simon Loboïs had been accounted one of the best sword-players in Marne, and he came to the conflict as though he were sure of an easy victory; but at the third pass he was undeceived. He had not thought much of Goupert's physical strength, for he felt sure that a slight degree of skill would counterbalance that.

"Don't expose your breast again, or you'll tempt me to take advantage of it," coolly remarked the youth, as he absolutely waited a moment for his antagonist to recover his point.

Simon Loboïs turned pale in a moment, for he now knew that he had met with a superior, even in fencing skill. He was a coward at heart, and he fairly trembled. Goupert saw it in an instant, and for the moment he was astonished. But then he remembered how Simon used to tremble at the whiz of a pistol-ball, and he wondered no more. Almost did he pity the poor wretch. Straight, powerful and tall he stood, with his broad chest expanded, while before him fairly cowered the diminutive form of the villain.

"Ah, Simon, I've taught the sword-art since you left me in France! Take care! Poor wretch, I gave you credit for more skill, and for more courage."

In all probability, the villain believed that Goupert meant to kill him if he could. That belief begot a feeling of despair, and that last taunt fired him. Like the cornered rat, he set to now with all the energy of a dying man, and for a few moments St. Denis had to look sharp; but it was only for a few moments. Simon made a point-blank thrust from a left guard, and with a quick movement to the right, Goupert brought a downward stroke with all his available force, only meaning to break his antagonist's sword, or strike it from his grasp, and thus end the conflict without bloodshed. But Simon had thrust his arm further forward than Goupert had calculated, and the blow fell upon the sword-hand, the guard receiving part of the force, thus causing a slanting stroke. With a quick cry of pain, Simon dropped his weapon and started back.

"Don't strike me now!" he cried.

"Fear not," replied Goupert. "I never strike a defenceless man. But are you satisfied?"

"Yes—yes! But that was a cowardly stroke."

"No—no, Loboïs. As God is my judge, I meant not to strike you then; I only meant to knock your sword down. But you know you have been at my mercy three."

"It was your own fault that you did not take advantage of it. I should have killed you had I been able, and I think you would have done the same."

"No!" cried the marquis; "you know better than that, Simon; for you know he could have killed you had he wished. I saw his opportunity, and so did you, and I saw you turn pale."

But the wounded man made no further reply. His hand pained him now, and he held it out towards the marquis with a beseeching look. The old man examined it, and found that a bad gash was cut from the roots of the thumb to the wrist, on the back of the hand, but none of the bones were harmed. Had not the guard of the sword received the weight of the blow, the hand would have been severed wholly off, for the stout iron guard was found cut nearly in twain!

And thus ended the duel. Goupert was surprised at the easy victory he had won, while Simon was surprised at the incredible skill his antagonist had displayed. And the marquis was thankful—deeply thankful—for the result, so far as mere life and death were concerned.

And so, for the while, that darkest affliction was forgotten; but after Simon's wound had been properly dressed, it came back again, and the duel became only as a passing cloud that was soon lost in the deeper cause of grief. The excitement was gone, and the soul remembered now to weep over the loss of its loved ones.

For several days Simon Loboïs remained in his chamber, not showing himself at all, save to Peter, who waited upon him; and when he became able to go out, he seemed to take especial pains not to be seen by the uncle and his guest. As might be expected he cherished a bitter hatred towards Goupert, but yet he had a deep consolation in the remembrance of the heart-blow he had inflicted upon the youth. He knew Goupert's sensitive nature, and he knew how deep and abiding were his affections, and knowing this, he knew how keen must be the anguish of the disappointed lover. But his feelings may be best known by a remark he made to his attendant touching that subject.

It was on the fifth day after the duel, and Goupert passed the open door of the invalid's apartment.

"By the white saints, Mas'r Simon!" uttered Peter, after the youth had gone down the stairs, "I should tink you'd allers hab berry hot anger for dat man."

"Why so, Peter?" returned the other, faintly smiling at the quaint earnestness of the slave.

"Why, 'cause he's beat yer body so. By de life ob me, I should tink you'd kill 'im."

"Ah, Peter, I have a keener revenge than that," returned Simon, with a demoniac sparkle of the eye,—"a keener revenge than any physical punishment could inflict. St. Denis has one of

those sentimental hearts that easily give themselves up to love, and pine away in neglect. He possesses to an unusual degree that softness of soul which takes the impression of a pretty face most deeply, and when such ones love, they give themselves right up, body and soul, to the passion. Thus did he—does he—love Louise, and more still—she had promised to be his. But, you see, I have taken the prize from him. I have not only made love to the pretty girl, but she is really my wife, and Goupert knows it. O, you do not know—it is beyond your power to imagine—the exquisite torture of his soul under this blow. And, Peter, I have yet another blow for him more severe still. O, tell me not of revenge! Never man had more choice revenge than I. Were St. Denis sick, I'd nurse him, so that his mind might be wholly alive when I bring the damsel home. O, then shall come his most bitter anguish—when he sees the object of his love face to face—when he takes her hand and hears her sweet voice, and knows she is another's. Then my revenge shall be complete!"

Even the ignorant slave shuddered at this, for in his crude mind there were some touches of sympathy, and he had some faint idea of love. But he said nothing—he only grinned, as though he thought it something amusing.

And during all this time that Simon remained in his room, Goupert St. Denis was much alone, wandering about in the woods. Of course he had given up the idea of going for Louise. If she was married to Loboïs—and that she was he had no doubt,—then the companionship he would necessarily have with her under such circumstances could only make him more miserable, and, perhaps, add new pangs to her grief.

At the end of eight days, Simon set out on his return to New Orleans. He did not see St. Denis, for the youth had purposely withdrawn himself.

"You will bring my child home?" said the old man, in a broken, forced tone.

"Of course I shall, and I trust you will receive her kindly."

"Kindly? Alas, poor Louise! She will have need enough of kindness."

"What mean you now, sir?" uttered Simon, angrily.

"Nothing—nothing," groaned the marquis, covering his face with his hands. "Only, let me see her once more. You will be kind to her, Simon?"

"Of course I shall be. How could I be otherwise?"

The old man gazed up into his nephew's face, but he made no reply; and when, a few moments later, that nephew had taken his departure, he bowed his head and wept.

CHAPTER XVII.

A PLOT FOR EXTERMINATION.

WHILE the things just narrated were transpiring at the chateau, and at the distant metropolis, how fared White Hand and his dusky princess? Let us go back and see.

Gradually White Hand became used to the primitive fashions of the Natchez, and though he had many hours of sorrow and grief, yet he showed only content to the warriors. But to his wife he was not so reserved of his true feelings. She sympathized with him in his sadness, and she even went so far as to assure him that if the honorable opportunity ever offered itself for his escape to his own people, she should not oppose his wishes.

The village of the White Apple was the chief village of the Natchez, and was located upon one of the most beautiful and fertile sections in the whole great valley. It was about six miles distant from the Mississippi River, and was watered by a tributary stream which murmured along upon the edge of the village. There were seventy buildings in the place, one of which was the temple, and one the prison, while the rest were all dwellings. There were nearly a hundred true and faithful warriors, besides many youths who had not yet been admitted to the council.

Early one morning, the Great Sun received an invitation to visit the settlement of the white men, and taking with him an escort of his trusty warriors, he set out. It was past noon when he returned, and his brow was clouded, and his stout frame shaken by a powerful emotion. His first movement was to send for White Hand. The youth went, and found the Great Sun alone with Stung Serpent.

"White Hand," he said, overcoming all outward signs of his deep emotions, "you must fast and pray. The hour is dark, and evil comes upon us. The white man's heart is hard, and his soul is base. You remember your pledge. Will you pray?"

"I will," answered White Hand. And he was then dismissed.

As soon as the youth was gone, the Great Sun started up from his seat and leaped down. His brow grew dark again, and his hands were clenched.

"Stung Serpent," he said, "go and summon our council at once. Summon only the wise men and the tried warriors, for we want no women nor children now. Bid them attend me here."

Stung Serpent asked no questions, but with quick movements, he called up the men who were fit for deep counsel, and soon they were all collected in the place of council. They knew that something important had happened, for never were they thus called together, save on occasions of emergency.

"Warriors of the Natchez, listen!" commenced the Great Sun, speaking calmly and slowly, but with fearful emphasis. "You know how the white men have abused us—how they have trampled upon us, and how they have proved recreant to every trust we have reposed in them. But you do not yet know the most wicked thing of all. The white chief has demanded the beautiful village of the White Apple! Ay—he says the great chief in the big village away towards the salt water has demanded it. I told him he could not mean it, but he only laughed at me. I told him we had lived here in peace ever since we settled upon the banks of

the mighty river—that our temple was here, and that here, in this quiet vale, we had laid away the bodies of our departed friends. And even at this he scoffed, and swore he would possess our village. His eye has seen our beautiful home, and his cupidity wants it. The white chief would turn it into a great plantation, for he knows the soil is good. His plan he will plunge into the graves of our fathers, while we are driven from the home of our childhood. I have spoken now only the simple truth; to you I leave the advice."

As the Great Sun sat down, a low murmur ran around the room, and angry gestures marked the movements of the dark warriors. Stung Serpent started to his feet, and in a moment all was silent. The towering chieftain gazed around with a flashing eye, and when he spoke, his voice was like low thunder.

"Let the souls of the Natchez be firm now, and let the hearts of her warriors be strong!" were his first words. "The white man came to us, and we gave him a home. He asked us for land, and out of our abundance we gave him much. He asked us for friendship, and we gave him our whole hearts. But how has he repaid us for all our kindness? Where now is our peace?—where our honor? Where now is the safety of our daughters and the virtue of our wives? The white man calls the Indian a secret foe. Why is it so? Because the pale faces are not to be trusted; because they smile when they strike us with the knife, and because they speak fair when they cheat us. But see—what were we to these intruders came? Who then molested us, or circumscribed our hunting-grounds? It hath been told by one of our wise men that the destruction of the Natchez should come from the hand of the white man. Is that saying wonderful in prophecy? No. A woman could read it in the events of the past year. Like a rising flood, the foul strangers come upon us. We, in the justice of our heritage, possess the fairest lands of the great valley. But the pale faced stranger sees the beauty of our homes, and he would have them for himself. As sure as the daylight follows the rising of the sun, so shall total annihilation follow to us if the trail of the white man be not checked. Do you realize the thing he would now do? Do you know the insult that has come upon every warrior of the Natchez? He would have the village of the White Apple—the home of our fathers and the place of their sepulchre! And he threatens us with force if we give not our home up freely. O, warriors of the Natchez, where are your trophies of the past?—where the signals of your hundred brave victories? Look around; look to your homes, to your sacred temple, and to the graves of your ancestors. Will you give all up? I can read your answers in your looks as well as in your words. Once more, and I am done. Let the white men be exterminated! Let them be swept from our land at once and forever!"

So spoke Stung Serpent, and as he resumed his seat, a hundred voices pronounced a deep amen! Then others spoke, and all went for the extermination of the whites. The council was held until near midnight, and when it was adjourned, it had been resolved that messengers should be sent to all the tribes of the Yazoo, the Chickasaws, and the Choctaws, and to the others near Lake Pontchartrain, and that thus a day should be set when all should rise at once and butcher every white man in the country.

On the next day, messengers came from Chopart, the commander of the French fort, to learn what the Natchez had agreed upon. They were informed that they had not yet been able to agree upon a place to which to move, and the Great Sun asked two months in which to prepare, promising, meantime, to pay a new tribute of corn to the French. This message was conveyed to Chopart, and he agreed to the terms, fondly believing that in another spring his people should share the rich land spoils of the fairest Natchez village.

And now the work went on slowly but surely. Word was sent to every tribe, and all were solemnly pledged. The day was fixed upon which the fatal blow was to be struck; and that there should be no mistake, a bundle of sticks was prepared for each village, corresponding in number to the days that must elapse before the death-stroke. These bundles were placed in their respective temples, and each day the chief was to go in and take one stick away. And when they were all gone—on the day that saw the last stick removed—the avengers were to strike.

From the shores of the Mexican Gulf to the Yazoo, and from the waters of the Tombecbee to the Sabine, every warrior was armed for the occasion, and eagerly waiting the coming of the fatal moment. The whites were watched at every step, and each red man had his victim marked. Slowly, one by one, as each succeeding sun rolled over, those fatal sticks were removed, and Chopart only waited patiently for his rich prize.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A STRATAGEM.

ONE of the wives of the Great Sun was called "*Bras Piqué*," or *Pricked Arm*, from the many strange devices which she had marked upon her arms. She was now an old woman, and she had a son in the Natchez council; and it was generally known, too, that that son had a French father. At all events, *Pricked Arm* loved the French, because of this quondam lover, and she failed not to serve them on every occasion when she could. She saw these secret meetings of the warriors, and her suspicions were aroused. She knew of the demand that had been made for the village of the White Apple, and she knew that these meetings of the council were touching that matter. She noticed the fierce looks of the men, their angry gestures, and their vengeful glances towards the French fort, and she feared that some calamity was to befall her white friends. She tried in vain to hear something by watching and listening, and at length she resolved to apply to her

son. For that purpose she led him away into the forest, and there commenced the work.

With a crafty tongue she moved the youth's sympathies, and then she began to unfold the plot, as it had grown up in her suspicion, watching her son's face sharply to judge by the expression there if she hit the truth. And she knew she did. Yet the brave boy resisted for a long while. In his soul he detested the act of betraying his people, but he could not hold out against the wills of his mother. She knew his every point of character, and with subtle adroitness she plied him until unconsciously he had let slip the whole secret. Even when he had by piecemeal revealed it, he could not possibly tell how it had been done, nor did she let her countenance show how much she had really discovered.

When Pricked Arm returned to the village, she had made up her mind to save the French if possible, not only at Natchez,* but at all other points; and to this end she must not only put Chopart on his guard, but she must cause the Natchez to give a premature alarm, and thus the whites in other sections would take warning, for she dared not attempt to convey intelligence to other stations for fear of being detected by her own people. Her first movement was to make her way to the temple, but she could not gain access there, no woman ever being allowed within the sacred building. Two nights in succession she skulked about the place, but the warriors within, who watched the holy fire, were too vigilant for her. In this extremity she thought of White Hand, and late one night she went to him and called him out.

"White Hand," she said, when they had reached the very tree under which the Great Sun had once before spoken with the youth, "have you the courage of a warrior?"

"I have the courage of a man," he replied, in astonishment, for the old woman's brows were knit, and her features expressive of deep fear, which the youth could see, even by the dim starlight, as her face was brought close to his own.

"Then can you keep an oath?"

"If it may be kept with honor."

"The oath which I require may, but I will not ask it of you, for your own safety will hold you. Know, then, that there is a plot on foot for the massacre—for the entire extermination—of every white man, woman and child in the country. And mark me—this plot is deep and well founded, and it moves on to its consummation as surely as the now absent sun moves on towards the morning."

"All—every one?" uttered White Hand, in alarm.

"Yes. Every tribe has the signal, and the one fatal day is set. It is to be on the day when our people pay their tribute of corn. Every white man is marked, and unless something be done to thwart the red men, the terrible blow must fall!"

Louis clasped his hands, for his thoughts were of his father, and of his sister, and of his friend St. Denis.

"Can there be no stop to this?" he asked.

"Yes—if you have courage."

"Then put me to it."

"Listen. I can warn the people at Natchez, but that will not save the others. In the temple there is a bundle of cypress sticks. They are hung by two thongs of bear-skin back of the altar. In that bundle there are as many sticks as there are days between now and the fatal blow; could we remove seven of those sticks, the Natchez would make a premature attack. The people at the fort would be prepared. In other places down the river, and on the great salt lake, the red men will mistrust nothing, and while they wait eagerly for the passing of the next seven days, the alarm can be spread. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," returned White Hand.

"And will you do it?"

"I will try, even to the death."

"Good. But let it be soon."

By different paths the two returned to the village, Pricked Arm retiring to her own dwelling, while the youth spent some time in walking thoughtfully about the great square. When he at length entered his own dwelling, he found his wife asleep, but he did not join her. He spent some time in walking up and down the place, and his face betrayed the deep anxiety that moved within him. He had marked the stern, angry looks of the stout warriors, and he had noticed their frequent councils, but he did not dream that such a dreadful plan had occupied their thoughts. He fancied they were, at most, only planning some means for self-defence. But now the truth was apparent. His father was in danger—all his countrymen were in danger. He knew that the French had done wrong—that they deserved punishment, and that the people who had dared to invade France as the whites had invaded Louisiana, would have been exterminated in a single day. But yet he could not calmly see his countrymen coolly butchered, much less his own kindred.

Thus he was walking up and down the apartment, when his wife awoke and looked for him.

"White Hand," she said, sitting up in the bed, "why walk you thus when the night is waning?"

"I was thinking of my home, Coqualla."

The princess arose and approached her husband.

"And thou art sad," she murmured, looking up into his face.

"Yes, Coqualla—very sad. I would go into the temple and pray."

"Then why go you not in?"

"Because I cannot gain admittance there. I am not a warrior, and none but warriors are admitted there."

"But thou art by marriage a Little Sun of the Natchez, and as such, thou canst demand admission there, and none shall dare

*The French settlement was called Rosalie when first founded, but it afterwards went by the name of Natchez. It was where the city of Natchez now stands.

refuse thee. Take thy offering of walnut wood and go. Say to the guardians there, 'I come as a Sun of the Natchez, and I would pray to the Great Spirit. Accept my offering, and open to me the way.' They will not dare refuse thee."

As Coqualla spoke, she went to the fire place, and from the wood there piled up she selected ten sticks of walnut, from which she removed the bark. It was a religious law, given by the first Great Sun, that only walnut wood should be used for the sacred fire of the temple, and that the bark must be carefully removed before it was carried in. And it was a custom, also for those warriors, who visited the temple for the purpose of asking any favor of the Great Spirit, to take with them an offering of the holy fuel, some of which must be burning while they prayed.

White Hand took the wood in his arm and went to the temple, and when he reached the door, he demanded admission as a Little Sun of the Natchez, and after some questions, he was admitted. He carried his offering to the altar, and one of the priests placed some of it upon the fire.

The temple was about fifty feet square, with a floor of hardened clay, and the altar was directly in the centre. This altar was built upon a foundation of stone, nicely cemented with clay, with a top of fine white sand. It was about five feet high, and had originally been without protection of any kind, the fire being simply built upon the top of this square surface, and the smoke allowed to escape through a large hole in the roof. But this did not work well. The fire often refused to burn, and the rain and snow beat in from overhead. The ingenuity of the wise men was taxed for a remedy, and a rude chimney was the result.

After White Hand had deposited his offering, his next movement was to step towards the back part of the temple and kneel down. The warrior-priest whose turn it was now to watch, stood and gazed upon the youth for awhile, and then turned his attention to his fire. Still kneeling, White Hand looked about him, and close to him, against the wall, he saw the bundle of cypress sticks. Seven of the watchers slept, and only one was awake. Slowly the youth worked his way to the wall, still on his knees. The sticks hung loosely in the thongs; he could reach them where he was. He cast his eyes towards the watcher, and that individual was poking up the fire. Quickly the youth raised his hand and counted out seven sticks. His heart beat quick, but he thought of his father, and his nerves were strong. Silently he withdrew the fatal time-tellers, and hid them behind him. The watcher still worked upon the fire. With a quick movement, White Hand placed the ends of the sticks in his bosom, and forced them down within the clothing until they lay along his side, reaching from the arm-pit to the knee. Then he arose, and having walked about a few moments with as careless an air as he could assume, he left the temple.

Once outside, the youth's heart beat fearfully, and his limbs shook. It was no trivial thing he had done, and his nerves had been strung to the utmost. But he stopped not to linger by the temple. With quick steps he sought his dwelling, and having hidden the sticks among his clothing, he retired. On the following morning, Pricked Arm was early at his lodge. Coqualla had gone out to gather some early flowers, for she knew her companion loved them.

"White Hand, have you thought upon the subject we spoke of last night?" the old woman asked, as soon as she had assured herself that no one else was present.

"Ay, good mother, deeply."

"But you must work, my son, for the evil hour is drawing nigh."

White Hand gazed around, and then he went to the huge bear skin that covered his seat, and from beneath it he took the seven cypress twigs. Pricked Arm caught them in her hand, and in a moment more she thrust them into the fire.

"My noble son," she uttered, embracing the youth fervently, "you have made me your friend forever. I may serve you for this. When did you do it?"

"Last night."

"And no one saw you?"

"No. I carried my offering of walnut wood, and demanded admission, as the husband of the princess, to offer up my prayers to the Great Spirit. And I did not speak falsely, for I did pray, and I prayed with both heart and hand. Only one man watched. I knelt close by the place where the sticks hung, and took seven of them out easily and hid them."

Shortly after this Coqualla returned, and the old woman left. After breakfast, Stung Serpent came in, as was his wont. He lighted his pipe, and after smoking for some time in silence, he looked up. His brow was clouded, and his countenance wore a sad, moody expression.

"White Hand," he said, "are the French a very forbearing people in their own country?"

The youth imagined he saw the old chief's drift, and after a moment's thought, he replied:

"Not under wrong, my father."

"I thought not. But when they are wronged, what do they do?"

"That depends upon the nature of their wrong."

"But suppose another people should come upon their soil, seize the homes of their subjects, steal their cattle, rob them of their rights, and desecrate their temples?"

"Then the French would drive them off," answered the youth, quickly.

"And they would drive them off with the sword and gun, eh?"

"Yes."

"And put all to death they could find?"

"No, my father,—only such as held out in resistance."

"But have not the French put whole great villages to the sword, as they call it, and murdered all?"

With a shudder, the youth answered in the affirmative.

Stung Serpent gazed sharply into White Hand's face, but he could see no mark of suspicion there. He smoked away awhile longer in silence, and then he arose and left.

"What does he mean?" asked Coqualla, after her father had gone.

"I do not know, unless he desires to know how much consistency my people have," returned White Hand.

"I fear our warriors meditate some revenge upon the whites. But you need not fear, dearest one, for no harm shall come to you."

As the bright-eyed princess thus spoke, she threw her arms about her husband's neck. He kissed her, but he dared not whisper the terrible thing he knew—not but that he would trust her, but he had sworn that he would not.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LAST STICK IS GONE!

CHOPART was a bold, reckless man, and cruel and avaricious. He had commenced his career as commander at the Natchez fort by cruelty to his own men, but one or two grave complaints made to Governor Perier had come nigh causing his removal, and he let the whites be in peace, but expended his wrath upon the poor Indians. He was now much elated, for he was sure that the beautiful village of the White Apple would soon be his, and he meant to pocket much money in the transaction. One day he sat in his rude house, with some of his attendants about him, when a soldier demanded admittance.

"How now, sirrah?" he demanded, as the man entered.

"I have come with a warning," the soldier replied.

"Ha!—a warning? Speak out."

"An old woman passed my post this morning, monsieur, and she bade me tell the French to be on their guard, for danger threatened them."

"And from whom?"

"From the Indians. They will rise and butcher us all."

"Have you spoken of this before?"

"I have not."

"Then, by the mass, you shall not tell it to others!" cried Chopart, in anger. "Have you not seen enough of this idle fear? What ho!—without there!"

At this call, two soldiers entered, who usually stood in the passage to obey the commander's call.

"Take this fellow and lock him up in the prison," he ordered.

"By the holy cross, we'd soon have the red rats down upon us if they knew we lived in fear! They dare not offer us harm. Away with him!"

And for conveying this intelligence, the poor man was cast into a strong dungeon, and there kept for several days, with his feet in the stocks.

But this was not the only note of warning Chopart had. Four days afterwards, a soldier came to him and informed him that the Indians surely meditated the destruction of the fort, and of all its white inhabitants.

"And whence gain you this precious information?" cried the commander.

"An old Natchez woman stopped me to-day, and asked me if the French were all blind, for surely, she said, destruction was aimed at them. She bade me tell you to strengthen your fort, and keep a watch upon the Indians."

"Out, fool!" exclaimed Chopart, angrily. "The old hag only thinks to frighten us. She thinks that by exciting our fears she can frighten us into giving up our plan of taking their village of the White Apple. What! would ye show to the Indians that we feared them? Away with such idle foolery!"

And Chopart resolved that in no way would he betray the least fear of the red men, for he believed that, like the wild beast, a look of fear would arouse them, while calm assurance would surely keep them at bay.

We can see in these efforts to excite the fears of Chopart the work of Pricked Arm. She had imagined that a single word of warning would be sufficient, but she was surprised when she found that even this second appeal produced no result. Two days after this she went to the fort again, and again did she send the word of warning to the commander, but with the same result as before. No notice was taken of her repeated warnings, but, on the contrary, the commander seemed determined to give more confidence to the red men than ever before. He wildly imagined that thus he should convince them that he had no fears of their deceiving them—that his own confidence of power would awe them.

Pricked Arm was astounded at the infatuation of the French commander, and as a last resort, she went to Chopart's lieutenant, a man named Mace, who, she imagined, would have some influence with his superior. But even this proved abortive. She told Mace that destruction would surely fall upon them if they did not take some means to keep the Indians away from the fort. But on the very next day, Chopart invited all the Indians to a banquet, and pledged his friendship to them anew.

With a feeling of utter consternation, Pricked Arm returned to her lodge. Like all of her people, she was superstitious, and she believed now that the Great Spirit willed that the Indians should conquer, and that the white men's God had forsaken them. One evening she sought White Hand's dwelling, for she had a faint idea working through her mind that the French youth might have some influence in all this. She knew that he had been originally doomed to death to go and intercede face to face with the white man's God, but she had never yet fully known why he was spared. She found White Hand alone. He gazed eagerly into her face, for he was anxious to know how her work progressed.

"White Hand," she said, speaking abruptly, "why were you spared from death when you first came here?"

"That I might marry Coqualla," replied the youth.

"But was there nothing else?" asked the old woman, looking him sharply in the face.

"Why, yes," returned White Hand, speaking with some diffidence, for the real reason seemed so foolish and ridiculous to him that he almost feared he should be laughed at for speaking of it.

"And what was that?"

"Why, I promised to pray to the white man's God that none of the wickedness of the French might succeed, and also to tell him how basely the red men had been wronged by the invaders; for I was of that people, and they supposed that I should have some influence with my Supreme Father."

"That's it!" the aged princess groaned, with her hands folded across her bosom.

"How?" asked the youth, in surprise.

"I knew that the Great Spirit had a hand in this work. The fort at Natchez is doomed past all hope!"

"No—not doomed!"

"It is. The last stick will be removed to-morrow, and then the blow must fall!"

"To-morrow?"

"No—the blow falls on the day after. The fatal sticks mark the intervening days."

"And must all fall?—all—all?"

"All at Natchez, but not elsewhere, for the others wait yet another week, and ere that time the whites will be warned. But what noise is that? Hark! There are shouts of welcome."

They both started for the door, where they were met by Stung Serpent, who caught the youth by the arm and forced him into the house again.

"White Hand," he said, speaking quickly and sternly, "remember your oath, for your salvation may now depend upon it. The white men have come to carouse in the White Apple. Beware that you do not forget yourself! Shall we trust you? Mind—all is well with you if you are faithful!"

"Fear not, my father," spoke the youth, unable to repress the trembling that seized his limbs.

"You will not expose yourself?"

"I will not."

"Then you may conduct Coqualla to the revelry. And mark you, boy,—you shall see to-night what sots these men are!"

Stung Serpent turned away as he thus spoke, and in a few moments more Coqualla entered. Her eyes were all afire with animation.

"I was foolish to think there could be any danger," she said, as she drew her arm within her husband's embrace. "The white man has come as a brother, and all is joy. Come, sweet love, and let us join in the festivities. But what sought my father? He looked troubled."

"O, he only came to assure himself that I wouldn't break my pledge."

"And you will not?"

"Of course not."

It was a calm, warm night, and in the centre of the great square were built two fires of pitch-wood to serve as torches, and here the white men and the red were gathered in social confab and amusement. There were over a hundred white men there, and at their head was Chopart himself. Louis recognized him at once as a brutal man whom he had once seen at New Orleans flogging an Indian girl. Most of the whites were decent-looking men; but before the night had passed away, White Hand shrank away to his lodge, and as he laid his aching head upon his pillow, he drew Coqualla close to him, and in a sinking tone he murmured:

"Alas! I am ashamed of my own people. With all their advantages of birth and education—with the enlightenment of ages as their heritage, they are but savages still!"

The next day found some dozen of the Frenchmen still at the Indian village, having been so drunk as to be unable to get home. But the Great Sun himself, with a few of his warriors, accompanied them to the town, and there the dark monarch promised Chopart that, in consideration of his kindness in allowing them to remain so long in their village, they would bring more than the quantity of corn promised.

"On the morrow," he said, "we will come with our tribute of corn, double what we promised, and on the next day we shall leave the village of the White Apple."

"But stay," cried Chopart. "By my soul, we will have one more carousal ere we part. This night you shall bring your warriors here, and we'll cheer our souls."

"Our white brother speaks kindly," returned the Great Sun; "but will he not be wroth at the rudeness of my people?"

"No. Bring them, and we'll pledge eternal friendship."

"Thy red brother will come."

"And his braves with him?"

"It shall be so."

And that night saw the scene of carousal changed to Natchez. The Great Sun was there, but not an Indian drank to excess, while the whites were uproarious in the extreme.

"Here's to eternal friendship!" cried Chopart, raising his glass towards the Great Sun.

"I accept the pledge. Thou wilt have White Apple!"

A sober man, in his common senses, might have detected a strange meaning in the tone of the red chieftain as he uttered those words, but the Frenchman noticed nothing. The floor was flooded with spirit, but Chopart noticed it not. Glass after glass of the enervating wine and maddening brandy was emptied stealthily down by the red men, for they were determined to have cool heads in the morning. But the French drank deeply.

And there they sat—the doomer and the doomed! And they pledged eternal friendship! The white man had planned to rob the red man of his birthright—to drive him from his home, profane his temple, and plow up his fathers' graves! The red man had planned to keep his home, to maintain sacred his temple, to guard well his fathers' graves, and that this should be done, the invader was to be swept away! It was a strange pledge, but the white man was the first to offer it.

It was after midnight when they separated, and the stars lighted the Natchez to their homes. When they reached their village, the Great Sun, in company with his chiefs and nobles, went to the temple, and entered. They approached the place where the sticks had hung, but there were none there now. The leathern thongs hung against the wall, but there was nothing in them.

"Chiefs, nobles and warriors of the once powerful Natchez, may not this be the eve of our re-awakening? The day is past—the morn cometh! Shall not the Natchez once more stand at the head of nations? To-morrow we open the path, and henceforth from that time let our enemies beware! The Great Spirit is with us, while the white man's God has forsaken him. What shall we fear? Sleep now, but sleep not too soundly nor too long. Let the sun find us ready to bid him welcome—so shall we do honor to the parent of our great first king!"

Thus spoke the Great Sun, and as he closed, he moved slowly towards the door, and his chiefs followed him; and ere long afterwards, the village of the White Apple was wrapped in silence; but there were two there who slept not. White Hand still prayed that the coming death-blow might not extend to his father, and the wish kept sleep from his eyes. And he who watched the sacred fire now felt his duty doubly binding, and sleep came not to him, as he still kept up his tireless vigils.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MASSACRE.

At an early hour, the Great Sun and Stung Serpent were astir, and when the first rays of the morning sun darted into the beautiful vale, they rested upon all the warriors of the Natchez there assembled. Such as had pistols carefully loaded them, and hid them away with their hunting-knives in their bosoms. Their tomahawks were sharpened and slung to their belts, and all took their guns. Then each man of the common class went and got his bag of corn, and having set it down, they commenced their war dance. But they made not such hideous noise as usual—only enough to propitiate the Great Spirit, and make him acquainted with their intent.

It was well in the morning when they set out, and by the middle of the forenoon they reached Natchez. They entered the place dancing and singing, and straightway carried their corn to the fort. Then the red men began to separate—some this way and some that. Every house had one or more visitors, according to the number of people in it. Some begged for milk, some for rum; some asked to buy powder and shot, for which they promised to pay in corn at some future day. A richly-stored barge lay at the pier, which had come up the day before, and on board this a number of Indians crowded. Into the fort they crept by different ways, presenting themselves wherever there was a white man, until at length they were distributed wherever there was a blow to be struck. Even those dwellings which were furthest from the fort—some a mile distant—had the red man beneath their roofs, and yet the infatuated Chopart dreamed not of danger, so blinded was he in his recklessness.

At length a sort of solemn stillness reigned over the devoted town, as though the death-angel had hushed all hearts. But hark! What is that horrid yell that comes from the fort—a yell that makes the very blood freeze, and causes the hair to stand on end? What are those fearful cries—those maniac shouts—and those despairing groans?

Governor Perier, in his despatch to the king concerning this massacre, after describing how the Indians had made their way to all the houses, and leisurely picked their men, each warrior carefully selecting his victim, relates the event as follows:

"Such being the disposition of the Indians, and the hour having come, the general assassination of the French took so little time that the execution of the deed and the preceding signals were almost one and the same thing. One single discharge closed the whole affair, with the exception of the house of La Loire des Ursins, in which there were eight men who defended themselves with desperation. They made the house good against the Indians during the whole day. Six of them were killed, and when night came the remaining two escaped. When the attack began, La Loire des Ursins happened to be on horseback, and being cut off from his house by the intervening foes, he fought to death, and killed four Indians. The people who were shut up in his house had already killed eight. Thus it cost the Natchez only twelve men to destroy two hundred and fifty of ours, through the fault of the commanding officer, who alone deserved the fate which was shared by his unfortunate companions. It was easy for him, with the arms and the forces he had, to inflict on our enemies a severer blow than the one we have received, and which has brought this colony to within two inches of utter destruction!"

And yet Chopart suffered the most of all. "He had the grief of surviving all his countrymen," says Gayarre, "and such was the horror and contempt the Natchez had for him, that death inflicted by the hands of a warrior was thought too honorable for the French thief. None of that class condescended to lay a hand upon him, and the lowest among the *stinking*, or plebeians, was sent for, who beat him to death with a club, in his own garden, whither he had fled."

Some half dozen Frenchmen escaped, as by a miracle, this general massacre, and made their way to New Orleans in safety. The women and children of the whites were mostly saved to be kept as prisoners, and the reader can judge whether their fate would not have been more merciful had they fallen with their husbands and fathers.

Of course the Natchez supposed that all the whites in the country were now dead. Not one of them dreamed that they had been deceived into striking a week too early. So they caroused in the town all night, and on the next morning they started for their village. They had spared two men whom they retained as prisoners, and who escaped from them after having served them some weeks. One was a wagoner, named Mayeux, who was kept to transport the goods of the French to the Indian village; and the other was a tailor named Lebeau, whose services they wanted in fashioning the French garments to their own use.

On the next morning, White Hand was startled by the return of the Natchez. He went out, but his heart sickened at the scene he was destined to witness. Two hundred and fifty human heads—

But we will not write the scenes that followed. Those who know the Indian character can imagine the horrid orgies they might hold when fired with revenge, flushed with victory, and maddened with rum! Even the historian, who deals only with stubborn facts, lays down his pen in silent horror when he finds himself in the midst of Lebeau's narrative of what he saw in the Indian village, and bids his readers spare him the recital.

White Hand crept back to his lodge, and Coqualla found him there pale and faint. She bathed his temples and brow, and after a while he revived, but he dared not venture out.

"Alas, my companion!" murmured the princess, "they make horrid pomp over their victory, but it has cost them dear, though they realize it not now. My people are now blind, but they shall awake to sense and sight and know that the best man of them all is gone!"

"Coqualla?" uttered the youth, starting up. It was a more interrogative.

"My father is wounded, even unto death." And as the maiden thus spoke, she bowed her head, and the big tears trickled down between her fingers.

"When? How?" asked White Hand, forgetting for the moment the deep terror of his own soul in the grief of his companion.

"He received a bullet in his bosom yesterday. But he sent me for you. Come."

White Hand arose and followed Coqualla from the lodge. In the centre of the great square, before the temple, there was a fire kindled, but the youth dared not look towards it. He knew its terrible purpose, and with quickened steps he hurried, stopping his ears with his fingers to shut out the sounds that fell upon his ears. But fortunately he had not far to go. When he entered Stung Serpent's dwelling, he found the women there crying and yelling in despair.

Upon his bed of bear-skins lay Stung Serpent, breathing heavily, and ever and anon raising his head to listen to the sounds that came from the square. His dark eyes were sunken, and much of their fire was gone, yet every time a shout, or a groan, more loud than the others, fell upon his ear, the old fire came back and dwelt for a moment in the restless orbs. When his eyes rested upon White Hand, he beckoned the youth forward, at the same time bidding the others stand back.

"Sit thee down by my side," he said, "for I have much to say to thee."

Quickly the youth sat down, for he hoped he should now know some things that were only his at present by suspicion.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

EAST INDIAN SKETCHES.

On the next page we present a series of sketches on the road, in India, of a highly interesting character, and affording a pleasant contrast to the manner of doing things on this side of the water. The first engraving represents the mail carts used in the northwest of India—a sort of boxes on wheels, on top of which sits the driver, brandishing his chabook or whip, while his companion is engaged in blowing his horn, as much for the purpose of scaring the horse to the top of his speed as to give notice of his arrival at the post-house. Between the two they contrive to make very good time. The horses are changed every six miles, and as they are driven at full gallop, are enabled to average ten miles an hour, including stoppages. This was the rate of speed on our turnpikes in the good old days of coaching. The second engraving shows the mode of military transportation used in India. On the left is an elephant heavily laden. The Mahout, who is seen smoking his pipe on the summit of the huge elephant, usually guides the animal with an iron prong, while the driver, who walks near his head, incites him with words and blows. The gait of some elephants is easy—of others, fatiguing; they differ in this as much as horses. When he is driven, his step is so long and quick that a horseman must trot to keep pace with him; but he soon relaxes in his exertion, and could not probably travel more than twenty-four miles in the course of a day. When much heated and covered with dust, he sprinkles himself from time to time with water, which he seemingly carries in his trunk for the purpose. An ordinary elephant costs one thousand rupees, and his keep is about forty rupees a month; however, the quantity of food which he consumes depends upon his size; he receives twice as many seers of flour (a seer is two pounds) as he measures feet in height, besides leaves, corn and hay. In India, where the ground is covered with ditches and holes, this remarkable animal is found most serviceable, for it seems to be an impossibility that an elephant should fall. On the right of the picture is a train of camels. Each camel usually carries immense trunks, above which is placed the *charpoy*, or bed, while the smaller articles are stowed in and around it as they best can be. The soldiers in the middle of the picture are seapoys, or natives in the British service. The third picture portrays a native hack cab, in which a *baboo*, or writer, is going to the *kutchery* (office). The India cab is a clumsy affair—has no springs, and is at such an angle that a jolt sometimes sends the occupant flying into the region of the driver's head. How the latter maintains his equilibrium in the position in which he is perched, is a perfect mystery.



MAIL-CART IN THE NORTHWEST OF INDIA



MODE OF MILITARY TRANSPORTATION IN INDIA



A NATIVE INDIAN HACK CAB.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MIDNIGHT RIDE.

BY WILLIAM LEIGHTON.

Look down, fair Moon! thou art our queen,
Bright robed in light, and crowned with sheen!
They say your beams are coldly bright;
That gleams no kindness in your light;
But O, for me, what joy I see,
In thy fair face, O queen of night!

My gallant steed! how brave we go,
So swiftly on the frozen snow;
A gleaming track before I see,
The icy path on which we flee;
Away! away! like glancing rays;
The night, the night, for you and me—

The fields are white; the trees are bare;
There's coldness in the midnight air;
There's none abroad upon the world,
There's none abroad but night and cold,
And thou and I, as swift we fly;
Our hearts are warm, our spirits bold.

At dread midnight, on German plain,
The peasant sees a spectre train;
And trembles at the fearful sight,
As sweeps along the goblin flight;
As swift as they we speed away—
We are the ghouls of the night.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HARMLESS FLIRTATION.

BY MRS. H. MARION STEPHENS.

Nothing would sober her—everybody said that! Such a wild, untamable girl—such an eyesore to staid, proper people, and such a perfection of beautiful girlhood to sturdy John Raymond, probably never before and never will be again, as was the belle of our village—little Fanny Gleeson! How she came to be a belle is more than I can tell at this distance from the years of which I write. There were dozens of girls handsomer, and more elegant, and every way more capable of carrying out the character, than herself; but while they were contesting for the supremacy, and opposing her claims to that distinction, she was singing and dancing herself into the hearts of those from whose decision alone the crown of belleshyp could come. Nobody could call her handsome, and yet, when she opened those great gray eyes of hers, it was an impossibility to pass them by without wishing for a second look. When she laughed, there was such a clustering of dimples, and such a string of pearls visible through the warm, full lips, and such a tossing of soft, brown ringlets, that only a pair of very jealous orbs could detect the slightest fault in her fat little face. In vain the women said she lacked repose; that her figure was too full; her color too fresh; her manners too rude. Even grave, dignified John Raymond sometimes wished her a trifle more womanly.

If he took occasion to tell her so, she would listen to him very demurely, with her head, the while, tucked up into the soft, white curve that appeared between his whiskers and his immaculate neck-tie, her eyes looking roguishly up through a veil of curls, and her plump little hand tracing out the phrenological bumps upon his ample forehead; finding him really serious about it, she would promise better things, and actually meaning them, glide about the house quietly and demurely for a half hour or more; but the sight of Uncle Preston's "big sled," bound for the mill with a freight of rollicking boys and romping girls, would melt away her resolution and John Raymond's advice together, while she revenged herself on the half hour of quietness by a sliding spree more boisterous than ever. There was no making anything of her, and the old people were right in predicting nothing would sober her! Her father, good, easy, contented man, and her mother, from whom it was more than hinted she had inherited her wild, winsome ways, would say: "Let her alone—she'll sober down in time,"—but the time seemed far distant.

Seventeen years had kissed her brow, and what were her accomplishments? She could rake more hay in an hour than any other boy—girl I mean, could in ten! She could ride "Brown Bess" whom no other woman could mount, challenge the whole village to a contest, canter through the cart road in the forest, leap fences, logs, brooks and whatever came in her way, and by the time her companions were fairly in their saddles, come back to them with a face so fresh and old Bess so blown, that it was next to an impossibility for us timid ones not to break the commandment which says, "thou shalt not envy." And steady John Raymond! O, he gave a troubled look as she darted out into the sunshine, sat under the porch till her return, and instead of scolding her, as he fully intended, opened his arms for her to spring off the horse into. And so passed the time till Fanny was eighteen, and the season of her marriage approached.

Fanny sat and read!

"I shall be with you almost as soon as my letter. I want to see that serious-faced John Raymond whom you tell me is so soon to be my cousin. You are afraid of him, hey? Think you will never be steady enough for him, hey? Why, Fanny, dear, if you can't go to the mountain, make the mountain come to you! Why, I'd bring him to terms in no time! I'd hide his books, and whittle with his razors (he shaves himself, don't he?) and laugh when he wanted to be quiet, and make him altogether so miserable that he would have to fall into my line, for the sake of peace. But I'm coming, dear, and I'll help you out.

"Yours in fun or frolic,

SYBIL."

Fanny folded her hands over the letter and thought! It had been years since she had seen Cousin Sybil, and she remembered her as most faultlessly beautiful. Brought up in the very hot bed of fashion, elegant in the extreme, and so full of fascination that poor Fanny, for the first time in her life, began to fear for her power over her lover.

"He must like her," she thought. "He must admire her, and she is such a flirt!" The secret was out. Fanny remembered, among other qualities of her cousin, that indomitable spirit of flirtation which craved the most constant food for its consumption, and needed no spirit pen to write her what the effect would be over her impassive lover. John Raymond! Doctor John, as he was called, being our village Esculapius, was an honest, earnest worker, without the slightest touch of romance. He accepted the world as it came, for the better or worse. No opposition urged him a step out of his beaten path, and no ambition could arouse the latent energy in the large blue eye, which was the chiefest, nay, only charm of an otherwise plain face. But how could that plain face ever make itself acknowledged, when backed by the handsomest fortune of all "Down East?" How could we measure the qualities which would have been glaringly conspicuous in a poor man, when there was no such thing as measuring the length of his purse? Not we! simple country people as we were, we knew the deference due to wealth, and were as ready to bow down to a golden idol if it came in our way, as if our education had been finished in the hot-bed of city life: and so, the faster the acres accumulated to Dr. John's farm, the more charms we found to be added to his person! Innumerable were the traps laid by scheming mammas and carriage-idolizing daughters, but he only kept his way, jogging around the angles of life, and laughing in his sleeve at the open-work of some of his besiegers.

Their own arts failed, of course, and it was astonishing how very mercenary the disappointed ones voted Fanny when it was learned that she was the recipient of the doctor's smiles. Even she could never tell how it all happened, or how it came about that she was engaged to him. But there it was. He had dandled her in his arms, had seen her grow up from infancy to beautiful girlhood, and now anticipated the time when she should be the star of his home, as she was the star of his affection. Until now, Fanny had looked upon him as a good, kind sort of a protector, whom, as she had got to come to it sometime, she might as well marry as any one else; but the thought of loving him in the passionate way that romances lay out for such material, never entered her mind till now—till the thought of her beautiful cousin, so bewitching, so altogether irresistible, and the knowledge of her own inability to cope with her in attraction, opened her eyes to the fact that Doctor John was rather more necessary to her happiness than she chose to let the world know. While Fanny was still ruminating, and not over pleasantly, the burly figure of Doctor John crossed between her and the sunshine, and stood before her. Never had he looked so noble, so manly! Never had the keen gray eyes flashed out such proud intelligence, and never had Fanny felt so deeply and truly in love with him.

"They have come," said he; while a perplexed expression shaded his face, which Fanny thought added to its manliness.

"Who? what? how did you find it out?"

"Why, your mother told me first, and I don't know where your ears were that you didn't hear the carriage. Now I suppose we shall be drenched with sentimentality. Don't let her infect you, Fanny, for heaven's sake, if not for mine!"

Take care, Doctor John! Don't be too sanguine of your own constancy! There is a bright, sweet face beaming through the tangled vines above your head, and a pair of delicate little ears drinking in every word you are saying! Take care! If there was ever determination in a pair of eyes, those brilliant ones looking so roguish now, are thoroughly imbued with it. A scattering of leaves from the aforesaid vines caused the pair to look up, but the face had disappeared, and a bird darting from the branches was excuse enough for the rustling shower!

"They are a disgrace to womanhood—these vapid, silly non-entities," Doctor John went on, while the bright face, so rapidly withdrawn, again peered down through the interstices of the honeysuckle, "these doll-baby faces, that think they have nothing to do but to look pretty and sentimental, to make all mankind their slaves!"

"But Cousin Sybil is something more than pretty—she is very intelligent, I can assure you; and there are hundreds of men, real men, like you, Doctor John, who have proposed to her, and who would like to marry her if she only would settle down! O, you must like her, if it is only for my sake!"

And Doctor John promised! kind Doctor John—very kind—especially to himself; and when the day had worn out in welcomes and congratulations, Doctor John came in with the candles, and condescended to take that soft white hand in his, and to look down into those shy, girlish eyes, and to make himself altogether quite a commonplace and interesting individual, occasionally glancing over to Fanny for commendation, and asking with his eyes if he was not throwing himself away with a most martyr-like resignation upon her little chit of a pretty cousin. As the evening advanced, conversation took a more bulky tone. Literature, history, science, the classics—all were discussed—Sybil taking a most prominent part; pouring out a fund of the most valuable knowledge, dealing grandly and scientifically with the most profound subjects, and occasionally setting even Doctor John right in some name or date which had escaped his erudite brain. Sybil was clever, in the fullest sense of the word. A keen intellect had taught her that men looked beyond the surface for the qualifications of her sex; and fond as she was of admiration, she knew better than to leave a single stone unturned which could avail her in her search of a handsome settlement.

If Doctor John despised her as a silly flirt of a girl, he perfectly hated her in her capacity of a learned woman! What right had she, whose waist he could crush at a single clasp, to set herself up as a classical scholar, and even correct him—Doctor John—whom no one even dreamed of being on an equality with before?

"A walking encyclopedia," he said to Fanny the next day, a woman dictionary, 'an impertinent, egotistic' little flirt. Don't ask me to like her. Another evening like the last would be the death of me!"

"Do you ride?" echoed a soft, musical voice by his side.

Doctor John forgot his dignity enough to give a great start.

"Ride? why—yes—I—ride, of course I do; but I fear, miss, that our horses are too strong for your guidance." And he glanced contemptuously at the small hands and delicate wrists which seemed only made for a fairy's use.

"I should like to try them, though. I'm not a very good rider, and then again I'm not much of a coward, unless my horse is very unruly."

"Such a modest, humble appeal!" whispered Fanny, imploringly, in her lover's ear. "For my sake!"

"Well, for your sake, be it, Fanny." But there was a flash of gratified pride in the gray eyes, which portended a little happiness for his own sake.

How elegant she looked in her riding-dress—that beautiful Sybil! And as she stood there in the fading sunlight, drawing on a pair of tiny gloves and glancing sideways with a deferential motion to where Doctor John stood, Fanny could not quite repress the thought that, even then, she had better let matters take their own way, and not urge her lover too much into the company of her bewitching cousin.

"Why, what kind of grooming do you call that, Fanny?" she said, with a comical smile, as she pointed to the head of old Bess, whose mane had been braided into a band!

Compressing her whip under her elbow, she proceeded with the air of a jockey to investigate the horse to whom she intended to entrust her neck for the next hour or two.

"You will find her a little fresh at starting, I'm afraid," said Doctor John, as he altered the bit at her suggestion, to give her a tighter rein.

Fanny watched the operation with enthusiasm. If there was one thing better than another that she could do, it was riding, and to find Sybil, so *petite*, and so refined, versed in stable talk, was more than she bargained for. There being no horse in the stable she would condescend to ride except Brown Bess, Doctor John had the little equestrienne all to himself, never dreaming of the tears that lay under the eyelids of his betrothed as the two horses disappeared in the distance. For a while the riders ambled along in silence, Doctor John dividing his glances between the superb management of Brown Bess and the fairy figure so gracefully sitting in the saddle. The exercise of the ride had sent a glow to her cheek and a sparkle to her eye, against the fascination of which her companion had to steel his heart with redoubled coldness. He could not help seeing that her figure was the very model of poetic beauty; that the foot just peeping out from under the riding-habit was scarcely the breadth of his palm; the soft hair laying in a natural wave over the whitest of foreheads was of the deepest auburn; the smiling rosebud of a mouth was almost as surrounded by dimples as was that of his betrothed one; and the eyes, so round, full and earnest, were of most beautiful hazel, and her whole manner was a supplication to him, and an appeal that he would try to think more favorably of her than he had as yet done. Take care, Doctor John! Don't let that stern, unwavering heart of yours escape your control at the bidding of a "silly, sentimental flirt of a girl,"—your own words, remember.

Sybil reined up under the shadow of a grove that skirted the highway, and sat gazing out upon the sunset, that was filling the earth with golden glory. Flowers sent up their perfume, and the last song of the birds was dying away in fleeting echoes! Far away in the distance came the hum of a little waterfall, which Sybil knew was sending up its spray and wreathing rainbows in its mist, though her eyes might never contemplate its gorgeous beauty.

"I don't like it," at length exclaimed the Sybil of the hour. "I don't like it! It is too placid; too ethereal for my comprehension. I should never be reconciled to this monotony."

"And what would you have, Miss May?"

"Storms—wildness—strength! Strength in either man or the elements." And her bright glance took in, as if unconsciously, the whole circumference of his massive frame—catching his eye, her cheek flushed, and the dark eyelashes blended like a fringe with its superb loveliness. "Too tame—too tame! Look far away, far as you can see; where the huge masses of rock rising by the river seem piled against the sunset clouds! How massive! how strong to bear! how picturesque in its very strength! There is that within me which fiercely wars with the calm phases of nature!"

Sybil sat half reclining on the pommel of her saddle, looking abstractedly upon the landscape, seemingly unconscious of the furtive glances ever and anon shot over to her from the eyes of her companion. Sybil was the first to break the silence. Bursting into a light laugh, she exclaimed:

"How strange I must look, staring out into that vague darkness! But I have grown so sick of the light. You would scarcely think, at my age, that experience could have shown me its falseness!"

"You!" No wonder Doctor John smiled.

"You smile! I do not blame you. What can you know of life? You! Living here in quiet stillness; where friendship is something more than profession; where love begins and ends in

the heart, instead of the pocket; when you do not need to analyze the smile that greets you, fearing to find it only a glossing for scorn! To think I should have spent years trying to love, and now—now—I must walk! I am losing control of my feelings. Forget all I have said."

And flinging the reins to her surprised companion, she slid to the ground and was soon lost to sight within the forest that skirted the river. Such a comical face as she left behind her in charge of the horses! *Forget*—that was just the thing to make him remember. What could she mean? A tear lay shining on the pommel of her saddle, which he had stealthily watched as it trickled down over her cheek. Sybil knew how to affect sensibility, and although the tear hadn't come from quite so great a distance as her heart, it looked very bewitching, shining there in the sunlight. Doctor John was only a man—a very sturdy, sensible and excellent specimen of the sex, but still quite susceptible to the flattery of being loved, and when the conquest was over such an exquisite, fascinating and beautiful fairy as was Sybil May, he may be forgiven for the few extra beats which were troubling his heart. Sybil had puzzled him, and that was one step in her favor, but if he could have heard the amused laugh which exploded from the lips of his enchantress when out of sight and sound, even he would begin to think he had something to learn before his education in heart matters was complete. A little scream broke up his reverie, and Sybil, making a cane of her riding-whip, came hobbling along up the hill.

"It was nothing—only a slight sprain—it would soon be well again."

And Doctor John's heart was moved to pity by the sight of her pain. Didn't he thank his lucky stars that he was a doctor? Invested with a legal right to take that soft little foot in his palm, and to satisfy himself and its owner that there were no bones displaced! What a tremor he was in, to be sure! Why, he had been our village surgeon ever since he was old enough to practise; noted for the strength of his nerves and the calmness of his brain—and here he was, shivering and trembling over that small foot, as if the foot had been bared for amputation instead of being admired! How slowly and carefully he took her home! How tenderly he lifted her from the horse and carried her into the house, her soft eyes beaming on him all the while such a glowing, loving thankfulness! Fanny met them at the door with open-eyed wonder; nor until Sybil was cosily nestled up among the sofa pillows could Dr. John find time for the required explanation.

"How kind of you," exclaimed Fanny, placing her arms around his neck as she had always been accustomed to do.

Doctor John shook her off with a quick, snappish expression, saying:

"Don't do that, Fanny, before people. It looks so stupid."

This was the beginning of weeks of devotion, wherein Doctor John exerted himself to the utmost to please his fastidious little enslaver. In fact, it had become one of those incomprehensible flirtations, which society—especially society in a country village—think they have a right to frown down. At all the parties, at all the rides, at home, abroad—there was no moving Doctor John from the side of Sybil. From the first, Fanny comprehended how it would end. From the time she saw the fatal smiles creeping to her cousin's face, and knew that her mind was made up to conquer, it never occurred to her that aught she could do, would prevent the estrangement so surely foreshadowed. Day by day, and hour by hour, she had seen the only man she ever loved grow cold and repellant to her. She had seen the caresses, the smiles and the affection bestowed upon one, whose only object was to triumph over another heart, and even the knowledge that his punishment would surely come, could not take from her the bitter sting of jealousy, from whose pangs she was so cruelly suffering. She was too proud to let her parents know of her grief, and they, being accustomed to look upon Doctor John as a husband for Fanny, never thought of such a thing as change. Great indeed was their surprise and indignation when they learned that the lovable little Sybil, as they had thought her, had supplanted Fanny, but they were wise enough to let things take their course.

She had watched her recreant lover all one long evening, herself unseen, as he hung rapturously upon every word which fell from her rival's lips. She had crept out among the vines which shadowed the seat by the window, so numbed with grief that only the murmur of their voices touched upon her ear. It was enough for her to know that herself and her lover were so utterly apart that henceforth he was to be no portion of her destiny. Her soul rebelled against it. There was no pride to come to her aid; she had loved and had lost—the very worst of life's disasters could have no woe like that! There was a faint silence, a rustle of silks, a trembling of the sleeping honeysuckles. They were parting for the night. For a moment Doctor John stood in the full moonlight looking down into the face before him. Fanny had risen with them and could not help but feel the force of that worshipping gaze.

"To think that I could ever have disliked you, Sybil!" The voice of the doctor trembled as he spoke. "Do you know, Sybil, the first evening you came here, I was quite indignant at the intrusion—quite determined to find you everything silly and sentimental?"

"And now?"

"O, now! It seems as if I had lived years since then."

Fanny could see the lips tremble with emotion.

"Do you know," continued Sybil, "that I sometimes feel as if I had done a wrong to Fanny?"

The doctor's eyes expanded.

"Fanny never loved me, Sybil. You see, yourself, how calmly, coolly—almost insolently, she resigns her claim. I should have liked a little more feeling!"

Poor Fanny! quivering there in the shadow—every pulse in her heart throbbing to breaking, listening to words which are burning their way to her brain.

"I should like to have felt that she regretted me at least; but it is better so. I have often thought that her undemonstrative affection would fail to satisfy the deep craving for exclusive love which I now, more than ever, feel."

Fainter and fainter grew the consciousness of Fanny, and while the words were yet on his lips, she lost her hold upon the vines and tumbled headlong into her cousin's arms. Springing from them as if their clasp was fatal, she exclaimed:

"Don't touch me—don't! Go away, both of you—go, I say!"

Was that the undemonstrative Fanny, whose impassiveness Doctor John has so recently bewailed? Standing in the moonlight, both arms extended to repulse them, she appeared a young lioness, suddenly deprived of her prey. How those eyes did blaze out in their impotent wrath!

"Don't think I was watching you—don't think I care the weight of a straw about either of you. I happened here by the arbor—the warmth of the evening I suppose sent me sleeping into your arms. Don't misconstrue my motive, either of you. Don't you, Doctor John, above all things. Why, there is not a man in the village I do not hold in greater respect; that I would not rather marry; that I do not think more deserving of affection than you! To think that you should shift and turn about with every wind that blows! Why, I would quicker marry the weather-cock on father's barn than such a turn-coat. There, go—do go, for heaven's sake!"

The whitest snow could not have been whiter than Doctor John's face. He obeyed her, however, without a word, and left the rival cousins to their own companionship.

"You silly girl!"

Fanny turned her white face full upon her cousin.

"You silly girl! Do you think your lover cares for me beyond the whim of the moment? Don't answer me yet. Do you think the affection of a few months' duration, can efface the love of years?"

"He was all I had! You knew it, and yet you could not spare just that one heart that would lose all its value when won! Do you think I don't see how it worries you now to keep up the farce of affection? Do you think I don't know that even now you are meditating how to eat yourself out of the net your own hands have spread? Do you think I can't see that you despise him for the very weakness that you have wiled him into? It was cruel of you. We were so happy!"

And Fanny let the tears flow that she had tried so hard to repress.

"And may be again!"

"Never! Do you think I would take a heart back second hand, that had once belonged to me? Not I, indeed. I am miserable enough, as it is."

"You miserable! ha, ha, ha. Excuse me for laughing at you. Now, Fanny, let us understand each other for a moment. You are a very fortunate, enviable girl, and because you have never in your lifetime had the slightest trouble, you think there never was so deep a woe as the one you suffer now. You say truly: I am tired of Doctor John! Don't open your eyes so wide; I dare say you wonder at my taste. He is a very clever, good sort of a man—he is a little out of his element now, but we will make that all right again. I have scattered his wits for him a little—that's all. As for his heart, I have the best of reasons to know that it has never strayed from you. There now—you needn't muss my collar!"—Fanny had her by this time in a regular bear's hug—"I overheard him, the evening of my arrival, making his comments on my humble self; as you are aware, they were anything but complimentary, and I resolved to punish him. I've a plot, though, if you'll assist me, for I see you are not quite so indifferent as you assured us you were a while ago. I'm going to be married! Fanny, isn't it? Well—I am every day expecting my lover on from Boston. Now all you have to do is to allow him to pay you the most exclusive attention, which I will put him up to, and if Doctor John don't come back to you with tears in his eyes, and his heart in his mouth—why, then—marry my 'bright particular,' that's all!"

I was not surprised, though Doctor John and the rest of the villagers were, to see Fanny emerge from her retirement (for she had long ago given up hoyden manners), and sparkle out the most brilliant gem of the village. During three months that Doctor John and Sybil were engaged in their flirtation, she had confined herself to her books and her practice, and now, although she neither sang so well nor played so artistically as her cousin, she gave more pleasure and gained more applause.

Sybil's lover had arrived, and, true to their plot, was Fanny's devoted admirer on all occasions. At first Doctor John only opened his eyes a little, and took no further notice. Very soon, however, he became uneasy and abstracted, paying the poor compliment to Sybil of scarcely hearing what she said, and finally he grew so morose and sarcastic, that even Sybil's good nature gave way to his moodiness, and he was left to make the best of his disappointment.

If Fanny had been the belle of the village in her days of wildness, she was now doubly so! Go where she would, suitor after suitor pressed forward for her hand. How superb she was! The flush on her lips and cheeks was just warm enough to give her an animated expression, and the dimples standing sentinel around her pearly teeth, clustered thicker than ever. Doctor John was getting furious; the more so, as every one was pouring into his ear tales of her engagement to the young Bostonian. His visits to her father's house were as frequent as ever, but as the old people said, "let things take their own way," there was no interfer-

ence to aid or retard him on their part. Parties were made in families where parties were never made before, for the express purpose of bringing out the beautiful Fanny Gleeson.

Rides were projected and picnics formed, until our little village became notorious for its fun loving and fun-giving propensities. It would take too much time to follow them through all the windings of the next few months. The climax came when it was least expected. There had been a party picnicking in the forest, when a storm arose which threatened at least a good wetting to the party. Some hurried home at their swiftest pace, but the more knowing ones sought shelter under the heavy branches. More than usually sombre, Doctor John had taken his station in advance of the party, and stood listlessly watching the play of the lightning.

Presently there came a large drop of rain, then a succession of drops, and then the storm burst upon them in all its fury. How fearful it was! No one anticipated such a tumult of the elements. The very trees seemed covered with flame, while the lightnings leaped from cloud to cloud, like some avenging spirit seeking its victim. Finally, as if all the elements had conspired to end the scene, there came a sudden and a blinding flash of light, followed by a crash of terrific power—another and another—and when at length the tumult was past—there! held to his heart, as if he would keep her there forever, was beautiful Fanny Gleeson in the arms of sturdy John Raymond.

It was a solemn betrothal, made in the hour of peril and celebrated by the revel of the elements! Whether any suspicion of the plot which had been played out by Sybil and Fanny, ever crossed his mind, I do not know. He certainly smiled very queerly when he discovered Sybil as snugly sheltered from the storm by the arms of the handsome stranger. At all events, Sybil from that hour forswore what she called even harmless flirtation, and Fanny has made up her mind that hearts like Doctor John's are worth bargaining for, even if there is a flaw in them.

THE SITE OF ST. PETERSBURG.

Those who imagine that Peter chose that site without consideration, or because he had derived his only ideas of a city from Amsterdam, with which, during his residence there, he had become familiar—form a too narrow estimate of that coarse but vigorous genius. His ambition rose far beyond the country of which he found himself the master, and far beyond the day in which he expected to live. He placed before himself a map of the world; he observed that Europe, Asia and America converge toward the north pole, and that Russia, situated on the point where their meridians meet, appeared to be their destined mistress. He formed the purpose of turning this assumed intention of the Creator into a fact: by successive conquests, to give to his people the possession of three worlds, and by the opening of rivers, canals and caravans, to form the remotest regions into a single state. With such an idea before him, the position of St. Petersburg was well chosen, although for the purposes of ordinary life nothing could well be worse. There they tremble upon a great subterranean scaffolding, "ready to sink into the marsh, like a stage ghost through a trap-door," with a climate so destructive to buildings that the glittering exterior which we have just surveyed has to be renewed every summer at enormous cost, with a neighborhood so difficult of drainage, that no food can be raised without incredible labor, and in the forests of which the wolves still howl: and above all, with the possibility suspended over them of a complete submergence beneath the surrounding waters; for whenever it happens that a powerful west wind shall blow during the fortnight that witnesses the breaking up of the ice, the tide of the Gulf of Finland will meet the tide of Lake Ladoga, and, rising together, they will roll over the city, no part of which is fifteen feet above the ordinary level, which with its palaces, monuments and temples, together with the 400,000 souls which constitute its population, will experience a fate not less terrible than that of Herculaneum and Pompeii.—*New York Dispatch*.

A FALL STORY.

Vernon was the person who invented the story about the lady being pulverized in India by a *coup de soleil*. When he was dining there with a Hindoo, one of his host's wives was suddenly reduced to ashes; upon which the Hindoo rang the bell, and said to the attendant who answered it, "Bring fresh glasses, and sweep up your mistress." Another of his stories was this. He happened to be shooting hyenas near Carthage, when he stumbled and fell down an abyss of many fathoms' depth. He was surprised, however, to find himself unhurt, for he lighted as if on a feather bed. Presently he perceived that he was gently moved upwards, and having by degrees reached the mouth of the abyss, he again stood safe on *terra firma*. He had fallen upon an immense mass of bats, which, disturbed from their slumbers, had risen out of the abyss, and brought him up with them.—*Rogers's Table Talk*.

DRESS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

A writer in "Putnam," says of the time of Washington: "Clothing was very expensive; and though made a matter of more consequence than now, as marking the distinctions of rank, still so sedulously maintained, it was often difficult for persons of pretension to keep up the outward appearance of gentility. For this reason, all apparel was preserved with much care. I have seen specimens of mending, piecing and darning, in garments belonging to good old families, which would have commanded a premium from some of our modern industrial societies. The raiment purchased for a young woman's bridal, was worn by her in old age; and young girls of the household were glad to assume the faded relics of a grandmother's wardrobe. Rich dresses, in those days, were considered of sufficient importance to be mentioned in wills, and left, as an inheritance, to relatives or friends."

THE WORST ENEMY.

Every animal has his enemies. The land tortoise has two enemies—man, and the boa constrictor. The natural defence of the tortoise is to draw himself up in his shell, and remain quiet. In this state, the tiger, however famished, can do nothing with him, for the shell is too strong for the stroke of his paw. Man, however, takes him home and roasts him; and the boa constrictor swallows him whole, shell and all, and consumes him slowly in the interior, as the court of chancery does a large estate.—*Water-ton's Travels*.



NATIONAL



CAPITOL.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ANGELINE.

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

She passed from earth the sweetest flower,
Among the village fair,
And none but felt the gentle power
That Angle wielded there.
O send ye forth, my harpstrings now,
A wail in every line;
And deck, ye sombre flowers, the brow
Of sleeping Angeline.

Lo, mingling with the zephyr's sigh,
There came these words of gloom,
We fear that Angle soon must die,
And sleep within the tomb;
For dire disease her life-blood warm
Is turning now to ice,
And soon she'll roam an angel form,
Mid flowers of paradise.

They stood around her bedside there,
Fond parents in their grief,
A brother loved and sisters fair,
But none could give relief.
At length the dying lips unclosed,
The sealed eyes ope with pain,
And ere she seeks her long repose,
Sweet Angle speaks again.

"I know, dear ones, that I must die;
This messenger of dread
Shall bid me soon in the churchyard lie,
Among the early dead.
But do not weep, for O, 'tis best,
This blow our Father sends;
I go to dwell among the blest,
In joy that never ends.

"I would that I could clasp the hand
Of my brothers far away;
That they might join our little band,
While yet the moments stay.
It cannot be, for shadows dim
Are stealing o'er my eye;
I know I soon shall be with Him,
For angel forms are nigh."

She ceased, and casting all around,
One lingering look of love,
Her spirit burst the chords that bound,
And winged its flight above.
And thus sweet Angle passed away,
Like a flower at morning born,
That blooms on earth but a fleeting day,
Nor sees the morrow's dawn.

Ye stricken ones, who linger still
This side the blissful shore,
Your Angle, free from every ill,
Will never sorrow more.
Then let me sweep a cheerful strain,
Across this harp of mine,
And bid you hope in heaven again
To meet sweet Angeline.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BRIDE OF BAGDAD.

BY DR. J. V. C. SMITH.

OF course everybody knows there is a famous old city somewhere called Bagdad, the scene of marvellous transactions in Arabian and Persian literature. But to waste a page on its early history, or attempt defining its latitude or longitude, would be ridiculous. With these introductory remarks, which will answer all the purposes of a more elaborate preamble to what may follow, the reader will at once be introduced to the Bride of Bagdad.

Adelanae, the stern Pasha of Bagdad, sat smoking on his crimson divan at the close of a sultry day, reflecting upon the insecurity of political condition, and the high cost at which he had won his way to be military governor of the territory, in whose capital the vast multitude of human beings had no greater ambition than to win his favor, or cut their ruler's throat, as circumstances might determine. The silken curtain that concealed the beautiful tenants of the harem was slowly turned aside, and the richest gem in the possession of the proud pasha glided quietly into the presence of her liege lord.

In the Orient, those favored by the Prophet are exceedingly blessed. Power, beauty and riches are the three steps which reach from earth to the paradise of Mahomed. The pasha had them all; but instead of being as happy as he imagined every one must be—sustained by such strong pillars—a knit brow, a deep, thoughtful expression, and a perpetual vigilance of two intensely black eyes, very clearly announced to a host of slavish attendants, that Adelanae was quite as miserable as some of the people, whose wants were fewer, but quite as cogent as those of his highness, the arbitrary Pasha of Bagdad.

"What brings you thus unasked from the apartment within?" demanded Adelanae, throwing down a magnificent amber mouth-piece as the lovely Mourana, the last and fourth wife, completing the complement of matrimonial blessings allowed by the book of wisdom, clasped her white arms round the iron neck of the pasha.

Heaven is bountiful, but man prevents his blessings, and often discovers a mistake due to his own rashness, which he would gladly have charged upon others. With the vigor of a lion suddenly roused from his lair, the pasha thrust her rudely back. Mourana, however, mild as the moonbeams, in a voice both soft and sweet, begged but a single word in his ear. Relaxing that

rigidity of muscle, which is the index of anger, the bride was permitted to draw near again.

"Great and good as you are," said Mourana, "I am wholly unworthy of your protection and caresses."

"What can make you so?" eagerly inquired Adelanae.

"Why should I conceal the passion that burns in this heart for another?"

"Another!" in a boisterous rage shouted the man of might, who had broken his pipe, "another!" and he looked like a brazen monument of jealousy. He would have severed the poor creature's head from her body in a twinkling, had not the other three wives at that instant peeped through the door, all in a row.

The shout from a rabble, accompanied by a rising cloud of dust put in motion by an army of living felts at the gate of the palace, was sufficient to drive the timid gazelles to their inner retreat—beyond the prying eyes of any not legally authorized by the laws of the harem to view the abode of houri.

An abuse of political power generally reacts unfavorably for the oppressor. A despot may sustain his authority through life by the most unscrupulous exhibitions of tyranny; but the pleasures secured at the expense of human misery are unsatisfactory, unstable in character, and never to be considered worth possessing. Adelanae ground the poor between two millstones—himself one, and his master, the sultan, the other. Consequently everybody in Bagdad both feared and hated the pasha. But he cared nothing for that. Money, power, and the monopoly of all the beauties sold in the bazaar, was the ambition of Adelanae.

Mourana was a native of Georgia, that land of mountain freedom and female charms, which travellers describe with a vividness that excites a romantic desire to know more of the domestic condition of a people whose commerce is in children, and whose greatest wealth is derived from the sale of women.

Although denied the exercise of their affections, early developed, the Circassian girls cannot repress the prompting of the heart with more success than in more favored countries. Even the sylphide Mourana held many a stealthy interview with the Prince Tomali, a mere youth, whose home was on the side of a lofty, almost inaccessible peak, with a father whose will was supreme over the semi-wild race, which by inheritance was his conceded right. Mourana's father, scarcely less distinguished, was the nearest neighbor. The children thus formed an early intimacy, which was gradually ripening as the moons waned from one season to another.

Love shows itself in the snow-drifts of the north as vigorously as in the spice groves of India, or beneath the silken drapery of a royal residence. They loved each other; but destiny obliged the prince to join in the defence of the fortresses of Georgia, about the unhappy period that a marauding party succeeded in carrying off the sweet Mourana.

Long stories are unfashionable in this age of economy in time, and consequently the incidents that transpired from the period when the fair captive was taken, must be left to the imagination. That there was weeping and wailing in the parental domicile, no one would think of questioning. How the prince met the loss may be gathered from the chain of after events.

When marketable, in the full bloom of fascinating youthfulness, a broker, who followed the profession of buying and selling Gour slaves, as Christian children are called, put half a dozen old dames in motion to trumpet the fame of his new gem. They were faithful to the trust; even the ears of Adelanae were ravished with the description they gave of the transcendent accomplishments and bewitching graces of his Georgian specimen. In short, the little girl was purchased, and added to the list of choice pearls in the casket of the pasha of Damascus.

It is customary in Mahomedan countries, for men of position to make some show of progress to outsiders, when a new wife has been procured, although no one is gratified even with a distant sight of the subject which calls for the demonstration. Envy is a trait found in Mussulman character, which the fortunate love to excite in others, by way of heightening their own enjoyments.

Mourana made up the legal complement of four helpmeets. But her affections, young as she was when first purchased, were not developed, nor had she partialities beyond that class of feelings peculiar to childhood on being petted. However, six years had run their sands from that day to the one on which our story commences, when she stood in the full pride of eastern womanhood—very beautiful in figure, and commanding in every line of facial expression.

We spoke of the rabble, and the rising dust which a rabble raises. Tomali was a bold, generous and determined chief. He had taken his inheritance into his own keeping on the death of a father from whom was derived a fearless spirit.

Not content, as his ancestors had been, with simply being the chief up in the cliffs of Georgian rocks, where the eagles nurtured their young, he indulged a romantic aspiration for larger possessions, and increased political consideration. Moved by that ruthless ambition which animates conquerors, Tomali gathered all the forces within his jurisdiction, descended from the mountains, and pitched their tents for the first time on the plains.

Like Gengis Khan, and hundreds of others whose names had reached his ears through tradition, Tomali gathered new forces as he marched through the country. In a word, the entrance into Asia Minor, and his advance finally into Syria, was a feat scarcely paralleled in the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks under the historian. He finally saw in the distance the walls of the renowned city of Bagdad. What treasures he gathered in his victorious route to the confines of Persia, and what marks he left of his generosity to the poor and unfortunate, belongs to the domain of unwritten history.

Halting at a safe distance to observe, without endangering un-

necessarily the lives of his fatigued troops, Tomali was not long in making up his mind how to proceed. Bagdad not only claimed to be the seat of learning, the theatre in which the renowned Al-raschid had reigned in glory, but it was a pearl of itself, on account of its immense commercial resources.

While resting and preparing alternately for the conquest of the city, a mufti—grave, and full of wisdom—bowed himself to the ground in his presence.

"Blest of the Prophet," said the holy santon, "my master, Adelanae, is a sultan fierce as the whirlwind—terrible as death!"

"Well," observed Tomali, "I shall give him a speedy opportunity of trying his strength!"

"But," continued the bowing mufti, "he would not spill blood willingly, nor put out eyes as clear as thine—"

"Put out my eyes! Really," coolly remarked Tomali, "before he makes the attempt, he must have them nearer!"

"Have a care," exclaimed the mufti, "when roused, the earthquake stands in fear!"

"I understand," said Tomali, "that your master has but recently added to his jewels a pearl from Georgia."

"It may be true, great stranger prince—he takes, and no man dares to interfere."

"Yes, I dare, if he hath that which is unlawful. And if I go myself to the palace, the examination will be thorough."

The mufti was astonished at the presumption of the stranger chief. However, he carried back to the people an account of the interview; he dared not utter the sentiment he felt—that the pasha had no common enemy at the gate.

Tomali approached in martial array; the cavalry was magnificent in its appointments, and the prancing horses seemed conscious that their riders were inspired with a desire for new exploits. The dust was rising in clouds, like the vapor from a still lake in the morning sun, when the commotion of the populace reached the wing of the palace occupied by the ladies.

The fair occupants of the harem had caught the alarm without, and from the closely latticed windows saw the volumes of floating sand, and occasionally the tips of the glittering spears of Tomali's active force. They neither knew who they were, nor from whence they came; but they had an instinctive dread, as the masses had throughout the city, of any unusual demonstrations from any source. If by any circumstance the pasha was affected in his official relations, they would, of course, become immediate sufferers; as the winner in those despotic regions takes the stakes, as a miser clutches gold, without an apology.

At that particular juncture, alarmed as they all were in the harem, Mourana went to her lordly husband almost unconsciously, and, woman-like, thought the safest way of securing her own safety, should a storm be gathering over the pasha, was to rouse his jealousy—which she did very effectually by simply stating the truth respecting an early attachment in the home of her adoration.

Adelanae had but just thrown down the amber pipe, and heard a sentence from the idol of his eyes, when the shouts of men, the neighing of horses, the shrill tones of the bugle, and an assault upon the palace, follow each other in rapid succession. Bars gave way, the doors flew open, and in an instant more the stalwart troops had obtained complete possession of the pasha's residence. One of the first acts on becoming master of the ancient Bagdad, was to examine the harem of the fallen pasha. Shocked by the rudeness of the marauding soldiery, and still more horror-stricken at the thought of being immediately transferred to the tent of the conqueror, the four wives concealed themselves as best they could. Escape, however, was impossible; and they saw nothing before them but misery or death. Tomali raised the veils of each in succession, in passing through the apartment. Mourana recognized his features, and swooned away unconsciously, overcome with the intensity of suppressed joy. Speedy efforts were resorted to by her companions to bring her back to consciousness. On opening her flashing eyes, the noble face of Tomali—for he was gazing at a wonder of loveliness—sent the blood coursing with increased momentum through its rounds. "Tomali! Tomali!" screamed Mourana, throwing her white arms round his neck, as she would have greeted a brother, and again swooning, quite astonished the Georgian chief. By degrees Mourana became calm and self-possessed.

"Come to me, prince! Come and sit by the side of the little fairy of the cliff!"

"Ah," exclaimed Tomali, "you are either the returned spirit of Mourana, or a guardian angel who watched over her childhood, and know of the early vows we made!"

Explanations soon followed—a happier couple never sat together upon a divan. He recounted to her the change that had taken place since she was abducted; the melancholy hat preyed upon his spirit at her loss, and the resolves he had taken to be revenged on all mankind for the cruelty of the act. She in turn narrated the quickly told tale of her woes, showing that uncommon beauty is a misfortune, inasmuch as woman cannot resist the mandates of power in a despotic government, nor the eloquence of men when the heart is touched.

Adelanae was brought into the presence of Tomali and Mourana. His teeth gnashed with madness and infuriated rage at the sight. "Which would you prefer," asked the victor, "Bagdad and be pasha, yielding up Mourana, or keeping her, lose all else?" He preferred Bagdad and power. "I prefer," said Tomali, "my first love to all the kingdoms of the earth."

"Bring in a Greek priest, for we are Christians," exclaimed the hero. In an hour more they twain were one flesh. As the troops were departing, escorting the happy Georgians, Adelanae watched the slow retreat. "By Allah, I am miserable! What are my three wives who remain? Nothing. What is life without a bride in Bagdad?"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

BY HENRY WARD.

Not of that bird of song I sing,
Whose music wakes the genial spring,
And fills the ear of night with strains
That sweetly warble o'er the plains;
But, of a maiden of the vale,
The lovely "Florence Nightingale!"

Her home was in an Eden bower,
Where many a blooming tree, and flower,
And trellised vine, adorned the spot,—
For hers was eye a high born lot.
Her girlhood days were bright and clear,
With wealth and friends her hours to cheer;
And books of learned lore, and lays
Of tuneful bards of other days;
And light through many an ancient grove
Her fawnlike steps would often rove,
In meditation deep and high,—
For hers was like an angel's eye.
If sickness in the poor man's cot
Brought woe upon his humble lot,
Her steps were first to fleetly glide,
Close by the prostrate sufferer's side;
Her hands were first the draught to pour,
That might to health the sick restore;
Her gentle voice, like music's power,
Revived the patient, as a shower
Of sweetly falling summer rain
Revives the scorched and withered plain:
Through England's every hill and dale,
There's none like Florence Nightingale!

Grim, frowning war called forth to arms
Brave men, who left their shops and farms
To seek Crimea's distant strand,
Against the Russian hosts to stand.
Gaunt famine stared them in the face;
And, locked in winter's cold embrace,
Their manly forms, o'erpowered by frost,
In restless agony were lost;
While from Sebastopol's strong tower
Came looming forth an iron shower
Of whizzing balls and bursting shells,
As if from fierce volcanic hells,
Rank after rank, with thundering sound,
Fast strewn o'er the frozen ground.
But lo! a woman's form was there,
To save the wretched from despair;
The cordial to their lips she pressed,
With matchless skill their wounds she dressed;
Soothed all their pains, allayed their fears,
And wiped away the hard-wrung tears:
No courage could with hers compare,
That over martial legions bear.
Who was that maid, with watching pale?
'Twas lovely Florence Nightingale!

Her deeds shall live in every clime!
Her praise be sung by bards sublime;
Long as the love of goodness reigns,
In hearts that grieve for human pains,—
With pity melt for human woe,—
That gladly would relief bestow;
Nor, through eternity, shall fail
The love for Florence Nightingale!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RECLAIMED HUSBAND.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

A BEAUTIFUL opera-hood lay upon the sofa in Mrs. Atwell's back parlor—Lizzie Blair particularly admired it; there was something about the pattern so unique and becoming; she would have one exactly like it, but where should she find it? Let us go with her in search of the one who knit it.

Down in a neat alley, in a brick tenement, which was the abode of Charles Gates the blacksmith, up two flights of stairs, the centre of which was covered with a narrow strip of hemp carpeting, upon which few soiled feet had ever walked, as you tapped at the door which led to the front room, you would be answered by the appearance of Mrs. Carnes, who knit opera-hoods for a living. No abject poverty met your eye—the furniture was timeworn but tidy, the stove was well polished, the curtains at the window were white, and the old-fashioned sofa was just covered with a piece of coarse patch, that wore such a rural aspect, the ground being green and the boughs brown, upon which hundreds of little birds were perched, that we were carried back in our fancy to just such a spot of natural beauty that we left a few months ago, so that for the moment we forgot our errand, which was to purchase a hood. Mrs. Carnes wore a subdued and dignified air; there was something about her that bespoke of "better days," and her conversation soon evinced an intelligence such as we were unprepared to find before we entered the apartment. We had supposed she was a widow, but as she opened her closet door, we espied a white hat upon the upper shelf. A pair of newly knit socks were pressed and hung over the chair by the stove. We took courage, and rejoiced that she had a fellow-helper in the midst of honest toils to sweeten the rough aspect of a poverty that shrank from observation—for Mrs. Carnes uttered no word of complaint—she made no apologies for laboring—she made no allusion to any history of the heart, although the deep furrows, and the careworn look, and the emaciated hands, plainly spoke for her what she did not utter. Our young friend Lizzie soon began to inquire the price of four hoods—the cash price, she said, ought to be less than if she sold them and was obliged to take her pay from the store. We were

sorry Lizzie thus haggled with the poor woman; she was well able to pay any price demanded, and we were certain there were no deceptive appearances around us. Mrs. Carnes thought two dollars was the lowest estimate she could name—by calculation it would thus give her four shillings only for the knitting, and to work all the time she could find a whole day and evening for a shilling, did not seem an unreasonable compensation. But with all the part we took for Mrs. Carnes, Lizzie succeeded in purchasing her four hoods for two shillings apiece. Delighted with her purchase, she called, upon her return, on several of her friends, who were as delighted with the pattern, and all determined to invest two shillings at once for such a purchase.

Let us look in upon Mrs. Carnes after Lizzie had gone. Her landlord was her next visitor. The rent for her room had been due a week. He was a man who demanded punctuality in payment.

"I should have been able to meet your full demand this morning," replied Mrs. Carnes, "but my work has not yielded me so much as I anticipated; I have just sold four hoods for only a trifle above what the material cost, and therefore I find myself lacking just two shillings of your due—would you allow me to add this to my next week's rent? It may be that I can secure a better customer, or find a little more time to defray the entire amount next Saturday."

"Mrs. Carnes, my rule is, prompt pay and no running over accounts—I have seen the evil of waiting on tenants' promises. Your apartments here would command two shillings per week more than I now receive; but as you are an old tenant, I am willing to let you remain, provided you continue prompt as formerly in discharging obligations. How is Carnes, your husband? Does he drink as badly as ever? Don't he earn anything but what he spends in liquor? if so, my advice is, get divorced; never keep hold of an incumbrance, Mrs. Carnes, that don't yield a good percent. You see if you were alone it would take only half as much to live. A bad husband, ma'am, is a bad investment—that's my motto; now for the two shillings of arrearages. Here's a bit of paper whereon to write the receipt; but stop—it's a note directed to yourself—never has been opened—contains money—a fairy gift—a godsend, just to help out your rent—take it and read it."

"MY DEAR MADAM,—I leave you all the contents of my purse, and regret it does not contain more. As the young lady has deprived you of a fair equivalent for your labor, take these two dollars in lieu of what she has withheld; and may God bless you!"

Mrs. Carnes quivered with joy; she returned thanks to the Great Giver of all in an ejaculatory petition. She paid her landlord, and went to work with a lighter heart.

There was soon a great rush for the opera-hoods—"they were so cheap and so tasteful," but Mrs. Carnes could not afford them upon Lizzie Blair's terms—it was less than she obtained at the wholesale price from the storekeeper, and as the article could not be obtained with so pretty a finish elsewhere, most of the ladies came to her terms at once.

In order to meet the storekeeper's demand and to supply her own customers, there were no leisure moments left for Mrs. Carnes. Early and late she was found at her knitting—at midnight, when all the lamps in the street were extinguished, and all busy feet had ceased to tread the pavement, and even the bright moon had shaded herself in a fleecy cloud, a little taper was still burning near the cold ashes of the stove, and hands stiffened by exposure to former toil were plying the task, while a listening ear was trying to catch the footfall of him who might return maddened by excess, or weakened by the outward and inward conflict that his reprobate life occasioned him. It is just midnight; the clock strikes one. What a knell! its vibration goes to the very heart of that lonely workwoman; she finds amidst her reflections that she has insensibly accomplished her task; still she sits; her fingers are still, but sleep comes not; she is still a patient watcher, and as she meditates in her dreamy solitude, a bright hope sometimes flashes across her. She believes the benediction of Heaven rests upon the trusting soul; she is not too weary to pray; she is not too forlorn to intercede for the erring one who is wandering in the paths of transgression; she is not so heart-stricken as to forget that He who causes us to pass through dark passages, can illumine the soul so that light may come out of gloom; and while she thus pleads, so intense has become her supplication, that she hears not the stealthy footstep that gently opens the door that stands ajar to welcome in the husband of her brighter days, and it is not till a kiss is impressed upon that aching brow, that she recognizes his approach.

The pleadings of friends, the power of remorse, the change of outward condition, the hand of poverty, and the cold look of neglect, all had been withstood, but the intense emotions which that wife's prayer had awakened could not be smothered; they burst through the fumes of liquor, the madness of sacrificing the last cent at the gaming-table, the jovial shouts of boon companions, the solitary return to the home he had forfeited, and a new impulse to return to himself came over his wasted nature. He made promises, he took pledges, he vowed a surrender of all that had cheated, blinded, and made of him a despicable slave of appetite, and his suffering wife only hoped—she dared not trust to such weakness—she only knew that all things were possible.

A large pile of hoods lay finished upon Mrs. Carnes's worktable—the boy delegated by the storekeeper to take them stood at the door, and thrust a note into Mrs. Carnes's hand. It ran thus:

"MRS. CARNES,—With the execution of this work I shall have no need of your future services. I understand that you are supplying the market with the articles you furnish me at a far less rate than I can sell them. A young lady boasting exhibited to me last evening the purchase of a single one for two shillings less than is my wholesale price. I do not choose to employ those who undersell me for the sake of realizing the ready cash. The goods that you have taken from me have always been sold you at a small profit, in return. I had hoped a sense of honor would have pre-

vented you from wishing to monopolize a trade for which I was securing 'a run,' thereby affording you employment that I am compelled from this time to withdraw. SEYMOUR & Co."

If Mrs. Carnes had not already been cheered by a hope that her husband would return to the ways of industry and temperance, to have had this last resource taken from her thus unexpectedly, she would have sunk beneath the shock; but we rarely find that the trusting heart becomes wholly despairing—some prop is left us—Heaven smiles in mercy, and we are sustained.

But what had she done? Was her honor rightfully impeached? Had she not a right to furnish these products of her labor to others? Nothing was ever said by which such restriction was laid upon her. She had accomplished more labor than was then called for—had she not a right to dispose of it? Mrs. Carnes did not understand the laws of trade as did her employer, and had he stipulated his terms in the beginning as now, she was the last person who would have transgressed any honorable principle. The boastful, miserly Lizzie had thus done a wrong to herself by withholding a fair price for her hood; then she had inflicted another upon the workwoman by holding up her trade as a precedent upon which they could be supplied, and last of all, she had unwittingly joked the very person who employed Mrs. Carnes upon her cheap purchase; this had so incensed him as to cause him to withhold further employment. We thus see the train of evils that a miserly spirit and a thoughtless demeanor inflicts upon its possessor.

Mrs. Carnes was thrown out of employment, and this made a fresh appeal to the stout frame of him who should have ever been her protector to keep his earnest resolves for amendment. Joseph Carnes went to work all the more readily that he so pitied the distress of his wife. The joy that his return to healthful activity awakened, cheered him yet more in his labors; he resisted temptation by keeping aloof from his old companions, and associating only with such mechanics as were industrious and frugal, so that the landlord who so harshly pleaded with Mrs. Carnes for a divorce, "really thought her husband would again make something of a man," and now they were doing so well he felt he must add a little drawback by nearly doubling his amount of rent. This, however, only opened the way for removal to a better tenement, the first quarter of which was cheerfully paid by Lizzie's friend who left the note upon the table; while, as a trifling compensation for the reckless manner in which she deprived Mrs. Carnes of her livelihood, Lizzie bestowed her new year's contribution upon Mrs. Carnes, adding, "if I did an evil, good has certainly resulted therefrom; for who knows but by my agency your husband is reclaimed?" Still her motive would not justify the act, and we still adhere to the sound old maxim, "we should never do evil for the good which may follow."

We frequently look in upon Mr. and Mrs. Carnes. He labors constantly, and her toil is unremitted still; she is profitably engaged upon nice needlework, and we really think those deep furrows are wearing out of her face, as with a tranquil look she assures me she believes she was never so happy before, only she rejoices with trembling.

A reclaimed husband! whose fire blazes so brightly, whose wife performs her task so lightly, whose prayers are so earnest that he may not be led into temptation! In that parlor there is a set of new furniture—it cost not half as much as the small diamond ring that adorns many a fair maiden's finger; yet no drawing-room that contains the choicest specimens of foreign fabric has such pleasing associations connected with it as the humble parlor of Joseph Carnes, who sits reading the parable of the prodigal son, while his wife quickens the pace of her needle that she may wipe the moisture from her eyes.

SUBTERRANEAN FISH.

Fish, notwithstanding they have the ocean all to themselves, are frequently found making subterranean explorations. In the low lands of the Mississippi valley, near the coast, there are "quaking prairies," where cattle are pastured, and where you may fancy yourself far inland, yet if you pierce anywhere through the turf to the depth of two feet, you will find sea-fish swimming about, which, through subterranean watery channels have made their way from the Gulf in search of food. We hear of eyeless fish in the dark recesses of the Mammoth Cave, which proves that they accommodate themselves to their circumstances—where eyes are useless they dispense with them! Fish have also been brought up from great depths through Artesian wells. At San Jose, Cal., fish were taken from an Artesian well, resembling bass, though very small. They probably come from subterranean lakes.—*Christian Freeman.*

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular Monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is a MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does one hundred pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the \$3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year, of six hundred pages each, or twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for sixteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers in the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war of discoveries and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour anywhere, at home or abroad, each number being complete in itself.

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages: there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its peculiar sect or clique. This work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year; or any person sending us eight subscribers and eight dollars, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

HAMMATT BILLINGS.

The accompanying portrait of this eminent artist was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Hill, from a daguerrotype by Messrs. Whipple & Black, of this city. We have so often enriched our columns with the productions of Mr. Billings's pencil, that our subscribers will naturally feel gratified at the opportunity of forming an idea of his personal appearance. He has the true artist-look—and a stranger could hardly glance at his keen and penetrating eyes without deciding at once upon his profession. He has a highly intellectual head and expression. The "Pictorial" has contained some of his best and largest drawings—a fine specimen of which, the view of the National Capitol, adorns our present number. The "Battle of New Orleans," the "Deck of the Constitution," the "Battles of Chapultepec and Buena Vista," and the large sleighing scene, are felicitous examples of his versatility, grace and breadth of handling. For more than sixteen years Mr. Billings has exercised the profession of a designer, and during all that time his pencil has been in constant demand. For a portion of this period he was also engaged as an architect, and the church in Bedford Street, opposite the High School, so much admired for its exquisite simplicity, symmetry and proportion, is from one of his designs. As a designer on wood he is without a rival in this country, and only one English artist, Gilbert, can compare with him. We do not mean by this that there are not artists who cultivate specialties, who might not surpass Mr. Billings in their particular lines, such as heads, marine drawings, or architecture, but we know of no one who draws so many things so well. He is always at home, whatever be the subject on which he is called to exercise his pencil. He has illustrated a great many books, and always acceptably. He has studied nature and art in all their various manifestations, and is well versed in natural history, antiquities, history, the botany of various countries, in everything in short, which can be made of service in his profession. Perhaps his forte is in the drawing and grouping of the human figure. All his figures have a naturalness and correctness on whatever scale they are drawn, and whether combined in small or large groups, they are always effective. His purely ideal compositions show a delicate fancy that would raise him to the highest rank as an artist, if he chose to add color to



HAMMATT BILLINGS.

PRIZE MEDAL OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

At the great Parisian "Exposition Universelle," just closed, two medals were awarded to the Hamilton Woolen Company, for printed de laines and cashmeres, and to the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, for tickings, denims, cotton flannels, drillings and sheetings manufactured by them. As the manufacture of de laines has hitherto been a French speciality, it is no little triumph for an American corporation to compete successfully in Paris with the printed fabrics of the country. The astonishment of the French manufacturers was very great when they learned that the American fabrics were sold at a less price per yard than it cost them to print their goods. We are indebted to Messrs. Gardner Brewer & Co., for the loan of these medals, from which the drawings were made for the engravings on this page. They are very beautifully executed. The face has a correct profile likeness of Napoleon III., while the obverse contains the imperial arms of France in the centre, surrounded by those of twenty nations, among which the American arms occupy a conspicuous and honorable position. The American exhibitors came off triumphantly at Paris as at London. It is true, that in the fine arts, and in purely ornamental works, they made but an insignificant figure—and this might have been expected. These arts are the result of centuries of luxury and civilization, and can only exist in perfection where the finest models are to be obtained. But in those branches of mechanics and manufactures which have utility for their basis, the United States took the lead, and more medals were awarded to American exhibitors, in proportion to their numbers, than to those of any other nation. Thus, both in France and in England, the true genius of our country has at last been manifested and recognized.



PRIZE MEDAL.



PRIZE MEDAL.

drawing. Nothing can exceed the mingled precision and freedom of his drawings on the wood. The effect is always good, and there is just enough of detail to convey his idea perfectly to an engraver of taste and feeling. The facility with which Mr. Billings executes these beautiful works is truly remarkable. He will dash off a design in two or three hours, which would cost an ordinary draughtsman as many days' labor. He rarely, if ever, makes a sketch of his works on paper, but sits down to the prepared block and makes his drawing as rapidly and correctly as if he were tracing a design instead of originating it. He conceives his design so clearly and distinctly in his mind that he actually sees it in the wood before him. His wonderful clearness of conception is his distinguishing characteristic. His faculties have been so carefully trained that without the aid of lines and compasses, he can reduce a drawing to any scale by the aid of the eye alone. This facility, however, is the result, we suppose, of long practice, aided by natural aptitude. Mr. Billings's design for the colossal monument at Plymouth shows true genius.



A SOUTHERN PLANTER'S HOME IN ALABAMA.

THE PLANTER'S HOME.

The southern scene shown in the accompanying engraving is from a design drawn for us by Mr. Hill from nature. The sketch was made in Alabama, and is so accurate that the owner of the estate will readily recognize the engraving, though, as the subject is a private residence, we do not feel at liberty to mention names. The house is pretty and unpretending—the piazza and galleries giving it an airy look suggestive of the "sunny South." The group of ebony farm-servants collected together with the baskets of cotton they have just brought in from the fields, serves to localize the scene. On the right is a group of saddle-horses which have borne some of the planter's friends on a visit to his hospitable mansion. There is no feature of southern life that more agreeably strikes a traveller, even if he be a foreigner and not particularly partial to our country, than the frankness and boundless hospitality of the southern country gentlemen and their families. Such a thing as coldness and reserve are utterly unknown there, and the name of stranger, instead of exciting suspicion and distrust, is a title to consideration and attention. No one can fully appreciate what "keeping open house" means, until he has travelled in the South. The wayfarer is never at loss for a shelter in any of the Southern States. In many of them, in the rural districts, such things as hotels and taverns are unknown. You find yourself a welcome guest wherever you may chance to draw rein, for southern hospitality embraces all men in its generous circle. The servants seem to share the disposition of their masters and mistresses, and vie with each other in ministering to the wants of the guests. And if such be the treatment of mere strangers—how delightful must be the tone of society among intimates and friends. In some favored regions of the old world we are saddened with the reflection that "all save the spirit of man is divine," but in our favored southern land we find that the sunshine of the skies has awakened a similar warmth and brightness in the hearts of its people. The hospitality to which we have referred above, is one of the results of that feeling of independence so universal among rural landholders. "The man who stands upon his own soil," says Edward Everett, "who feels by the laws of the land in which he lives—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is, by the constitution

of our nature, under a wholesome influence, not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels, other things being equal, more strongly than another, the character of a man as the lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere which is rolling through the heavens, a part is his—his from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generation moves in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers; but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. The favorite tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in boyhood beside the brook which still winds through the meadows. He still hears the Sabbath bell which called his father to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents are laid, and where he shall repose. These feelings flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart—life-springs of a fresh, healthy and generous character."

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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THE ODALISQUE; or, The Carcanet of Pearls—A story by M. V. ST. LEON.
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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher*.

Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston.

One copy of THE FLAG, and one copy of the PICTORIAL, when taken together, for \$4 00 per annum.

FIGHTING BY MEASURE.—The usual place of resort for Dublin duellists was called the "Fifteen Acres." An Irish attorney, in penning a challenge, thought, most likely, that he was drawing a lease, and invited his antagonist to meet him at the "place called 'Fifteen Acres,' be the same more or less."

CATS AND MEN.—We are informed by the Post, that some men are like cats. You may stroke the fur the right way for years, and will hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on the tail, and all memory of former kindness is forgotten. We regard this as a libel on pussy, however.

EQUINE MORTALITY.—More than a thousand deaths above the average mortality, have occurred among the horses of New York, since January, owing to the hard travel in the streets. Peace to their manes! They must be decidedly horsetile to the city government.

MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPS.—This favorite of Boston has been winning a harvest of operatic laurels in New York; she deserves them well.

FOXY.—The Misses Fox are said to have realized a fortune by their spiritual rapping demonstrations.

SPLINTERS.

.... When the new English 23,000 ton steamer makes her first voyage safely, we will "tell it to the marines."

.... A French company is going into Lake Superior copper mining—putting their oars into our oars.

.... Tie a tight bandage round the leg above the knee and you will stop the cramp. *Ne quid melius.*

.... The affair of Col. Garland is still the talk at New Orleans. He came very near effecting his escape.

.... Peculation is becoming one of the most fashionable sins of the day—for fashion controls both crime and dress.

.... Braham, the singer, was named Abraham, and sunk the Jew by dropping the A.

.... The legislative council of Canada has authorized an act to allow money lenders any rate of interest.

.... Some rogues lately made an illegal entry at the U. S. custom-house at Apalachicola—but got no booty.

.... The army in the Crimea have subscribed more than \$20,000 to the Nightingale fund—very liberal of them.

.... Last winter they had races on snow-shoes in Canada. We began to think snow-shoes were a "fixed fact."

.... Professor Morse has withdrawn his name from the list of projectors of the Transatlantic Telegraph Company.

.... The women's rights movement has reached England—the women having petitioned for a change of property laws.

.... The late Marshal Paskiewitch had received more military decorations than any other man in Europe.

.... Faustin I. uses the Napoleonic style. He says: "Haytiens! be calm! your emperor watches over you!"

.... A member of the British parliament lately "supposed they had read that popular romance, Macaulay's History."

.... Alexander Dumas's palace of Monte Christo is now occupied by a dashing and prodigal actress.

.... A lady or a man in woman's clothes on Long Island lately attempted to shoot a tax collector.

.... The first Christian Sikh clergyman has just been ordained in British India—Rev. Daoud Singh.

.... It is said that the lightning cannot injure a railroad train while there is a conductor on board.

.... Jenny Lind lately sung to an orchestral accompaniment of six hundred performers—a nice little band.

.... The English go to the opera to sleep, the French to talk, the Germans to dream, and Americans to listen.

.... Miss Bremer has been getting up another story. She will end by living in the garret, perhaps.

.... Women should never whistle, throw stones at cows, run foot-races, or climb garden fences.

LIFE INSURANCE.

Were a merchant to despatch a ship laden with a valuable cargo on a foreign voyage, without effecting an insurance on her freight, he would be regarded as ignorant of the first principles of business. Yet there are many chances in favor of the ship's arriving safely at her destined port. A shipwreck may or may not happen; and a merchant who has a fleet afloat may, without any challenge of his judgment, confide the safety of all to the doctrine of chance. But it is different with human lives. Death is the lot of all; and we know not at what hour the dread messenger will serve his summons. If, therefore, any means is presented by which men may guard those who are dependent on them from poverty and destitution, in the event of death, it would seem to be the bounden duty of all to embrace it. This means is afforded by the life insurance companies, and is one of the blessings of modern civilization.

The advantages offered by the insurance of lives address themselves to a large portion of the community, embracing not only those of humble means, but those who are comparatively in affluent circumstances. The poor man, by laying aside a small portion of his earnings—so small as not to be felt even—may, in the event of his death, secure to his industrious family an amount of property in ready cash, which he could not attain by any other method. More than this, the consciousness of having provided for those who are dearer to him than life, will give a vigor to his exertions, and an elasticity to his spirits, which will far more than offset any pecuniary exertion that the payment of the premium may exact.

But it is not only the poor who are favorably affected by this method of providing against the chances of death. Take the case of a young man embarked in business, whose family is in the enjoyment of every comfort, and who, for that very reason, would feel more severely a reverse of fortune than those born to poverty. Such a man would not assuredly miss the diversion from his capital of that portion of his income which would insure his life for a generous amount! In view of the acknowledged fact that not 97 per cent. of those embarked in mercantile affairs attain a competence, is it not incumbent on the merchant and trader to secure for his family a sum of money sufficient to place them above want, and which will be paid to them immediately, in the event of death, free from all delays and contingencies? Experience has proved that the commencement of a life insurance, is the commencement of a fortune; the moral influence exerted by the act stimulates the insurer to that amount of enlightened exertion which rarely fails to command success.

A life insurance, if beneficial to the friendless, is equally so to those who have friends willing to aid them in starting in life, but requiring that security for their advances which a life insurance policy affords. Pages might be written, and columns of facts adduced, to substantiate our position in logic and figures, but the theory and the practical effect of the system are thoroughly understood, as is shown by the number of insurance companies in existence in this country. Among those most deserving of confidence, is the Berkshire Life Insurance Company, of Pittsfield, Mass., of which Ex-Governor Briggs is president. This company has a guaranteed capital of \$100,000, one half of which was paid in when they commenced operations, a board of officers and directors composed of the most reliable men, and is conducted on the mutual system. We have had occasion lately to examine the statistics of their operations, and have no hesitation in declaring our perfect confidence in the stability, fairness and promptness of the company. Their records afford satisfactory proof of what we have advanced, and we know of no office worthier of the attention of those who have made up their minds as to the propriety of insuring their lives. The Boston office is at No. 8 Webster Bank Building, and Frederick J. Foss is agent for Boston and vicinity.

HOLT'S PATENT HAND-STAMP.—We have been shown this exceedingly convenient machine, which is made of all sizes, for stamping business cards, seals, etc. It is portable and simple in its construction, and performs its work as neatly as a printing-press. It is self-inking, and will print two hundred impressions without renewing the ink. It is the best contrivance of the kind we have ever seen.

THE CROPS OF 1855.—The total value of the vegetable products, and of the animals raised in this country, during the last year, amounted to \$2,707,000,000; and the next year, if Providence favors us, the yield will be largely increased. Well may farmers and graziers hold up their heads.

CONVERSATION.—The art of conversation—for it is an art—is not sufficiently cultivated in this country. Lively conversation triumphs over even deformity in the speaker. Curran said of the homely Madame de Stael, that she had the "power of talking herself into a beauty."

STEAM VERSUS MUSCLE.—The laborers on the wharves of our city are violently opposed to steam-machinery for discharging cargoes of vessels.

ISAAC C. PRAY.—This gentleman, well known as an editor and author, in Boston, is now prompter and actor at Laura Keane's "Varieties," in New York.

A WONDER.—The emperor of Austria is about to pardon political offenders of 1848. Can Austria be so generous?

CATTLE.—There are \$8,000,000 worth of cattle in Indiana—so that every one can take a horn there.

UNITED STATES CAPITOL, AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

We present, on pages 248 and 249 of the present number, the magnificent view of the Capitol at Washington, which we promised in our last issue, and we hesitate not to ask our readers whether it does not fulfil our pledges. It is from the pencil of Mr. Billings, and has that broad artistic effect which he knows so well how to impart to his designs. He has brought before us the capitol as it will appear when the new extensions are entirely completed—a noble structure, worthy in the purity of its material, white marble, the chasteness of its design and its grandeur, to be the seat of the legislature of this great republic. It was fitting that the capitol should grow with our growth, strengthen with our strength, and be enriched with our wealth.

Our magnificent picture, which framed and glazed, will be an ornament to any American drawing-room, conveys, of course, a clearer idea of the building, than any dry description can give. The extension of the capitol consists of two wing buildings placed at the north and south ends of the old structure, at the distance of forty-four feet from it, with connecting corridors. Each building is 142 feet 8 inches front from north to south, by 238 feet 10 inches deep from east to west, exclusive of the porticoes and steps. The corridors consist of passages from the centre building to the wings with outside colonnades, the entire width of each corridor being 56 feet 8 inches. The whole extent of the buildings from north to south will be 751 feet 4 inches; and the greatest width from east to west, 324 feet—the area of ground covered being more than three and a half acres. A very conspicuous feature in the picture is the great dome which adds so much to the effect of the pile of architecture. This is of iron and is quite a triumph of art. The architect of the capitol is Thomas U. Walter, who has given proof of the highest ability in the execution of his work.

ENGLISH FOGS.—The fogs of England have at all times been the complaint of foreigners. Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, when some one who was going to Spain waited on him to know if he had any commands, replied: "Only my compliments to the sun, whom I have not seen since I came to England." Carracioli, the Neapolitan minister, used to say the only ripe fruit he had ever seen in England was roasted apples, and he told George II. he preferred the moon of Naples to the sun of England.

GRAND EXHIBITION.—The exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association to be held in Faneuil and Quincy Halls, from the 10th to the 27th of September in the coming autumn, bids fair, from present appearances, to eclipse all the preceding exhibitions.

BUSINESS.—The spring business has opened with great activity—the stagnation caused by the severity of the past winter having given place to redoubled energy and enterprise, now that the channels of intercommunication are re-opened.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Vinton, Dr. William H. M. Howard to Mrs. Jane Waterford, both of Bradford, Vt.; by Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. William Alexander Norris to Mrs. Martha Gardner; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Knowles Sparrow to Miss Harriet E. Dodge; by Rev. Mr. Stickney, Mr. John Hammond to Mrs. Mary Ann Hickey; by Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. Albert F. Hall to Miss Kate Baldwin; by Rev. Mr. Porter, Mr. Rufus Brown to Miss Elizabeth B. Burnham;—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Mudge, Mr. Fox Dinmore, of Bartlett, N. H., to Miss Maria Williams;—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Anderson, Mr. George C. Dunning, of Charlestown, to Miss Eleanor McDonald;—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. Richard G. Tucker to Miss Hannah Griffith, of Marblehead;—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Cravena, Mr. William H. Doe to Miss Pamela Hanson;—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. John P. Boyd to Miss Deborah Bowen;—At Plymouth, by Rev. Mr. Kimball, Mr. John Oldham, of Kingston, to Miss Margaret Pearce;—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Faunce, Mr. John Guon to Miss Jane P. Hays;—At Oakham, by Rev. Mr. Kimball, Mr. George Ash to Miss Martha S. Wilber;—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Richardson, Mr. James Duly to Miss Cynthia Sargent;—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Maltby, Mr. Charles A. Moore to Miss Candis E. Palmer.

DEATHS.

In this city, Major Samuel Lynes, 68; Mr. Horace Kezar, 22; Miss Catherine C. Cullinan, 25; Mr. George Lovejoy, 57; Mrs. Sarah Todd, 22; Mrs. Eliza, widow of the late Mr. William Dehon; Miss Martha Harrison, 62; Mr. John V. Low, 66; Mrs. Mary Ann Farrell, 60; Miss Mary Talbot, 20; Mr. Edwin Strong, 24;—At Charlestown, Paul Willard, Esq., 65; Mr. Jacob Pearson, 65;—At Roxbury, Isaac Davis, Esq., 87; Mr. Keziah Robinson, 67; Mr. William N. Hudson, 53;—At Watertown, Mrs. Mary W. Derby, 53; Mrs. Harriet A., wife of Rev. Samuel H. Hiddle, 47;—At Medford, Mrs. Louisa H. Ellis, 42;—At Dorchester, Mrs. Eunice Shepard, 60;—At Lexington, Mr. Edward Harris, 75;—At Salem, Mr. Samuel R. Blaisdell, 47; Mrs. Mary Andrews, 81; Mr. George Augustus Southard, 29; Mr. George Hodges, 56; Mrs. Hannah Stimpson, 44;—At Plymouth, Mr. Reuben Peterson, 74;—At Quincy, Mr. Zebadiah Williams, 83;—At Lynn, Widow Sarah Collins, 68; Mr. Nehemiah Hudson, 42;—At Newburyport, Miss Elizabeth S. Adams, 23;—At Marblehead, Mrs. Mary Rowley, 81;—At Woburn, Mr. Samuel Wilson, 36;—At East Walpole, Mr. Nathaniel Polleys, 70; Mrs. Hannah G. Ellis, 75;—At Fall River, Mr. Israel Smith, 84;—At Madrid, Me., Mr. Joel Pelton, a revolutionary pensioner, 103.

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DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.
[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AN ASPIRATION.

BY HEBBARD.

Lead on, lead on, O thought, nor pause
Wherever thought can climb or bound,
There surely cannot be the cause
Of half the ill that here is found;
Each wind that passes seems to sigh
A requiem o'er some hope that's flown,
Each flower that blooms, speaks to my eye
Of sweets less lasting than their own;
Then on, lead on, O weary thought,
Up from this world exulting soar,
Till thou hast found the long, long sought,
A realm where storms are known no more.

Speed on, speed on—"through endless space"—
In this cold world, for thee, no more
Is found a fitting resting-place—
That dream, poor, foolish thought, is o'er!
On—till in that bright land afar,
Where false ones never enter in,
Where all the blood-washed spirits are,
And those who've never dreamed of sin—
The idol of this heart you've met,
Then, trembling in the boldest prayer,
O tell her how she's worshipped yet,
And how I long to meet her there!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LADY'S VIGIL.

BY EVA MILFORD.

It was a raw, chilly, uncomfortable evening in November; the air had been all day filled with a cold mist, which, as night drew in, changed to a sullen, steady rain. Mrs. Lincoln stirred the soft coal fire, threw on another lump, and then going to the window, murmured: "I wonder why William don't come home." Just then the door leading from the kitchen opened, and a tidy-looking girl, putting in her head, addressed her mistress:

"Mrs. Lincoln, there is a beggar man and his boy in the kitchen; will you step out and see them?"

"Certainly," answered the kind lady, hastening out. "Not even a dog ought to be out to-night, much less ill-clad and ill-fed human beings."

Murmuring the latter part of this sentence to herself, Mrs. Lincoln entered her comfortable kitchen, and cast a compassionate but scrutinizing glance at the two beggars, who still stood near the door. Her quick eye soon discerned, in spite of the tattered and insufficient clothing, marks of refinement and embarrassment, which convinced her they were not of that class of *professional* and brazen beggars, for whom it is so hard to feel sympathy.

"Good evening; sit down by the fire, old man," said she, kindly. "You look quite wet and cold."

"Yes, ma'am," said the father; "my poor boy and I am indeed wet and cold, hungry and homeless, but till this moment we have never begged." And a tremor in the old man's voice put the stamp of truth upon what he had said.

"Well," answered the young lady, cheerily, "we can soon remedy some of these misfortunes; and I am very glad if this is your first experiment in asking help, that you gave me the opportunity of relieving you. Come, Hannah," continued she, "pile on more wood to the fire, and bring the cold meat and bread, and the pie which was cut at dinner-time. I see that you have made some tea; you can pour that out for the little boy and his father, and make some more for us."

Hannah bustled about, and in a short time had prepared a comfortable meal, to which she invited the old man to sit down, which, after a look of thanks to his kind hostess, he willingly did.

Just as Mrs. Lincoln was trying to frame a question which might lead the old man to speak of the causes which had so reduced him, the front door opened, then closed with a bang, and the sound of masculine footsteps was to be heard in the entry.

"Ah, 'tis William!" said the lady, moving towards the door opening from the kitchen to the hall; but before she reached it, it was thrown back, and the master of the house entered with a dripping umbrella in his hand.

"Here, Hannah," said he, "take this umbrella and put it in the sink, or carry it out in the woodhouse. Good evening, Mary," continued he, turning to his wife. "What are you doing out here? The parlor is unlighted, and you know I always like to see a lamp there when I come home."

"I know, dear," said the wife, gently, and not noticing his fretful and complaining tone. "I was just going to light the solar-lamp, when this poor man came in, and I was telling Hannah about some supper for him and his little boy."

"Beggars, eh?" said Mr. Lincoln, sharply, and turning to the old man, who had risen, and now stood with his head meekly bowed down. "Well, sit down, old man, and finish your supper, and then be off. I can't harbor tramps here over night!"

"Certainly, sir," answered the old man, promptly. "I will go as soon as this poor child is rested and warm; but it goes very hard, sir, to be called a beggar and a tramp, when until this evening I have never asked for crumb or shelter. But I will go."

"Wait until I speak to you again," said Mrs. Lincoln, softly, as she followed her husband to the parlor.

"Come, Mary," said the latter, crossly, as she entered, "if you are not too much taken up with that impudent old beggar out there, I wish you would come and give me some tea."

"Certainly, dear," answered Mary, sweetly, but very sadly.

She poured out the tea and handed it to her husband; then

brought a pair of slippers, which had been warming by the fire, and placed them beside him, saying:

"Your boots look wet, William—will you not take them off? And here is your dressing-gown by the fire."

"Thank you, Mary," said Mr. Lincoln, accepting the offered comforts, and speaking more kindly.

His wife waited a moment in hopes that he would make some remark which would lead to the subject of which her mind was full; but finding that her husband was relapsing into a gloomy reverie, she said, in an anxious and gentle voice:

"Those poor people in the kitchen, William—you will not turn them out in such a storm as it is to-night, will you? Hark to the dash of the rain!"

"Rain, or no rain, Mary," answered Mr. Lincoln, angrily, "I am not going to have my house laid open to a couple of thieves—yes, and marauders, and houseburners, for aught I know! I tell you, I wouldn't go to bed and leave them here for twenty dollars!"

"But William, dear," rejoined the wife, timidly, "if I should sit up all night in this room, with the kitchen door ajar, there could be no danger; and I am very willing to do that."

The husband stared a moment incredulously at his gentle wife, and then answered, impatiently:

"O, well, if you have set your heart upon their staying, I suppose nothing will make you easy but just that; so sit up, if you choose. But if you make yourself sick by it, don't ask me to pity you; and if they carry off any of your spoons and forks, don't ask me to buy more."

"Certainly, not, William; the consequences be upon my own head," returned the wife, quite relieved at being allowed to sit up.

Perceiving that her husband had finished his tea, Mrs. Lincoln rose, and going into the kitchen, found the old man standing by the door with his tattered hat in his hand, apparently merely waiting to thank his hostess before leaving the house.

"Stop!—will you tell me what to call you?" said Mary, with a sweet smile. "It is rather awkward not to know the name of the person to whom you are talking."

"My name, kind lady, is Ackerman—Henry Ackerman. I left Germany with my father and mother many years ago, and since then I have been trying to make room for myself in this great country, where we were told work was so plenty and well paid, and food so cheap, that any one who would use his hands might have enough and to spare. I was brought up a clockmaker, and for some time I got enough to do at that to support my wife and this boy, who is the only child God gave us. But then my wife got a bad fever, and no one but me to nurse her, and after many weeks the good God took her to himself, where she will never be cold or hungry—"

The old man's voice was lost in sobs, and his sympathizing auditor wept silently. In a few moments, however, he resumed:

"The day my Trudehen was buried, I took to my bed and was sick for weeks; so long that all my little savings were gone, and I should have died of want had not a kind neighbor helped me—and she a widow, too. Then when I got better I was so anxious to work and get money to pay poor Grettel, that I was thrown back and had another fever worse than the first. When I got well at last, they did not want me at the place where I had worked last; and for five years I have been going about getting little jobs here and there till a week ago, when I was forced to sell my tools to keep from starving, and for two days and nights before I entered this house we had been without food. Heaven will reward you, kind lady, for the goodness you have shown to me; and the poor beggar man will never pray to the Father of both rich and poor without calling down blessings on your head!"

With these words the old man was about to open the door, when Mrs. Lincoln exclaimed, in tremulous terms:

"Stop, Mr. Ackerman, you must not leave us to-night! My husband has changed his mind, and desired me to tell you that you was quite welcome to a bed on the floor here in the kitchen, if you would like it."

The beggar hesitated. It was easy to perceive that his first strong impulse was to decline; but gazing a moment at the pale and exhausted face of the boy, who had stood motionless by his father's side during this conversation, he replied:

"For poor Franz's sake, dear lady, I will accept your husband's offer, for I do not dare expose the poor child to what I would not mind for myself."

Mrs. Lincoln gave some directions to Hannah for the old man's lodging, and then returning to the parlor, lay down upon the sofa; and telling her husband gaily that she was going to take a nap to prepare for watching, she requested him to wake her when he was going to bed. Mr. Lincoln gruffly assented without looking up from his newspaper, and in five minutes the young woman, lulled by a clear conscience and the sweet consciousness of well-doing, was sound asleep. About eleven she was awakened by her husband's voice, and springing up, she exclaimed:

"Well, dear, are you going to bed?"

"Yes, and I think you had better come, too. Go and call Hannah, and let her sit up the rest of the night; or else turn out the gaberlunzies, and let them finish their nap on the piazza!"

"William! How can you, dear husband, so wrong your own kind heart as to talk so?"

Mr. Lincoln left the room without speaking, and his wife, opening the kitchen door softly, listened for a moment until she perceived by the low, steady breathing that both her guests were sound asleep. Then leaving the door ajar, she drew her low chair near the grate, and taking a book, prepared to spend the night as pleasantly as circumstances would allow.

Hour after hour passed slowly on. At three, Mrs. Lincoln laid down her book and took her sewing. This occupied her for another hour; then she began to walk the room, quietly listening at

intervals to the low breathing in the next room; then she looked from the window into the dark night, until at last as day began to dawn, she sat down by the fire and began to *think*. She heard the little mantel-clock ring out half-past five, and then her thoughts began to grow very hazy and vague, until at last they changed to dreams. Her light and uneasy slumber was however disrupted by the tinkling of the little clock as it struck six, and starting up with the feeling of a sentinel found asleep at his post, she went to the door and listened. She heard no longer the low breathing, and after listening a moment, she opened the door and looked out. The room was empty, and the bolt of the outer door drawn back. Turning into the parlor again, her eye was caught by a slip of paper laid conspicuously upon her work-box; taking it up, she read, in a clear, good hand, "'The blessing of those ready to perish' rest upon your head, lady, now and forever!"

Mrs. Lincoln still stood looking at the sentence and thinking of the writer, when the door was opened, and her husband entering quickly came up to her, and folding his arms about her, kissed her more than once, exclaiming, as he did so:

"O, Mary, forgive me, if you can! I know I am a brute, and you are an angel, and I don't deserve you at all! How like a fiend I behaved to you and those poor people last night! But the truth is, I heard very bad news yesterday of the stock in which I have invested almost everything we have; and one of my clerks was very impudent, and I dismissed him, although I shall never be able to get another to suit me as well, and so altogether—you know, little wife, just how savage I felt—"

Mary's arms were around her husband's neck, and a soft impediment stopped all further confessions; for no good wife likes to hear her husband humiliate himself, even though what he says may be strictly true. * * * * *

It was again a chill, wet November evening, when Mrs. Lincoln drew aside the curtain and glanced wistfully from the window, but over the fair, sweet face and girlish figure which we first saw peeped out into the night, have passed the storms and trials of twenty years—yes, twenty years of toil, and suffering, and widowhood; and few could have recognized in the pale, calm face closely folded in the widow's cap, the fair, delicate, rosy features of the young wife of twenty years ago.

"It is surely time," sighed the widow, glancing at the plain wooden clock, which stood in the place occupied by the gay *pendule* in her home of long ago.

As the watcher turned again to the window, the rattle of heavy wheels was heard, and in a moment a stagecoach drew up before the garden gate of the widow's humble home. The driver jumped down and opened the door, when out sprang a tall, handsome young man, who immediately turned to offer his hand to a slender, elegant looking girl, whose cheeks and eyes seemed to indicate that the attention was not unwelcome. But her mother stood at the door, and with one hasty pressure of the hand, and whispered "To-morrow," the fair girl left him to re-enter the coach at his leisure, while she flew up the little path and was clasped to her mother's heart.

"Who was that young gentleman who helped you out of the coach, my darling?" said the mother, some hours afterward. "I noticed that you shook hands with you."

"Wait one moment, dear mama." And the happy girl danced away to her little trunk, which was still standing by the door, where the driver had placed it. After searching for a moment, Alice pulled out a letter, and placing it in her mother's hand, ran up stairs, as she said, to see if her chamber "looked natural."

Mrs. Lincoln with some surprise opened the letter and read:

"Do you remember, Mrs. Lincoln, a wet, cold night, now twenty years ago, how kindly and sweetly you extended the hand of charity to a starving man and his starving child?—how you fed and warmed them, and then, rather than that they should be thrust forth into the pitiless night, you spent a long weary night in solitary watching. That man was my father; that boy, myself."

"I was then, to be sure, very young—but eight years old, indeed—yet every circumstance of that evening remains indelibly fixed in my mind. Nor could I have well forgotten them, if my own memory had proved less strong; for during the few remaining years of my father's life, he never failed to mingle your name with those of his best loved ones, in his morning and evening prayer. After that evening we continued poor—very poor; but we never begged again. My father sought and found employment as a day laborer, and by privation and labor he earned the bread we ate; or, when he was unable to do this, we could do without—he never begged again."

"After his death, I was taken into the family of Mr. Richard Morley, who is, as perhaps you know, the partner of your brother. Mr. and Mrs. Morley had no children; and after a little while they formally adopted me, and have ever been to me as true and kind as the parents whom I have lost could have been. I was sent to school, and then taken into the counting-room of Morley & Gray, where I still am, with hopes of soon becoming a junior member of the firm. There is naturally an intimacy between the families of your brother and his partner, and this happy circumstance was the means of my introduction to your sweet Alice—may I not say, my sweet Alice, for the dear girl has already confessed that I am dear to her. From what she has told me of your former house, and of you, dear madam, I am sure that I am addressing that benefactress for whom my evening prayers were taught to ascend—to be called your son will be only second in the scale of happiness to the title of Alice's husband."

"To-morrow, dear mother—forgive me, if I am premature, but the heart gushing with joy is not easily restrained—to-morrow I will call upon you and deliver a letter from your brother, containing, as he informed me, every argument which he could use in my favor; but I could not resist telling you first of this secret link between us, which is a secret to all the world beside, excepting our gentle Alice."

"I remain yours, with the profoundest gratitude and esteem,
"FRANZ ACKERMAN MORLEY."

What need to add more! Who that has loved, loves, or hopes to love, but foresees that the offer of Franz was warmly accepted by Alice's mother?—that they were soon married, and that Mrs. Lincoln took up her abode with them?

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The French minister at Washington, M. De Sartiges, has withdrawn almost entirely from society, because ladies object to his smoking at their receptions!—A few Sundays ago, at Boons borough, Md., a clergyman informed all his congregation who had been engaged in dancing, that they could consider themselves dismissed from church privileges, and also from the Sabbath school.—It has been ascertained, that in ten of the oldest States of the Union, there is on deposit upwards of \$40,000,000 of surplus earnings of Irish labor.—In the west of Scotland, Mr. John Ferguson, of Cairnbrook, near Irvine, lately died, leaving £1,250,000 to be employed, with the exception of a few thousands to his relatives and friends, and some other few to the local charities of Irvine, in promoting education and religion over the western countries.—Slow poisoning has been prevalent lately in Europe. It has existed in this country for years—ever since air-tight school-rooms were invented.—The city of Jeddo, in Japan, where 100,000 houses and 30,000 lives have been destroyed by an earthquake, is the residence of the military emperor, has a population of 1,500,000, and is the seat of learning in the empire. Its imperial library contains 150,000 volumes.—Time conquers all except jokes—jokes are immortal. Capital or shocking, they survive the most studied speeches of orators, the profoundest of statesmen.—A young chemist of Cuba, named Peyronnet, has discovered a process of making wine from the juices of the orange and pineapple, as delightful in flavor and equal in quality as champagne. He has already made contracts for a large exportation of this article to Europe.—Campbell says that the word "daily," is a thousand times pronounced without adverting to the beauty of its etymology—the eye of day.—Contemporaneous with the breaking up of the Fourierite establishment, the "North American Phalanx," we have intelligence of the dissolution of the socialist colony, of Berne, Switzerland, founded by Burke the socialist. The trial has been sufficient to prove the worthlessness of the social system.—The Virginia legislature has appropriated the sum of \$10,000 to the monument in Independence Square, Philadelphia.—The Newark Daily Advertiser states that the prospects in New Jersey of a large yield of fruit, were never better than at the present time. The buds are generally uninjured, and the lingering cold weather will prevent them swelling until the season is too far advanced to have them suffer from high winds or frosts.—A repentant individual has returned to the Etna Insurance Company, of Hartford, \$2750 which he obtained from it by means of a fraudulent claim some ten years ago.—A meeting was recently held at Cincinnati, to take into consideration the propriety of establishing a mortuary near that city, where bodies of deceased persons could be deposited until they manifested unmistakable signs of death—thus preventing the possibility of interment before death.—Hon. William Parmelee, mayor of Albany, died lately at that place. The deceased was a lawyer by profession, and had filled the office of judge for several years.—The cholera continues to prevail in the island of Porto Rico; the villages of Camuy and Quebradillas had been desolated by the disease, and it had likewise crept into the town of Aguadrilla, in spite of all precautionary measures.—The Kentucky legislature, which recently adjourned, previously passed a law making all the cities and towns of the State responsible to the owners of property destroyed by mobs.—In the Arctic regions, when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamieson asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at the distance of two miles.—As a leap year party, consisting of nine couples, were crossing the river, lately, from Rushville to Beardstown, Illinois, in a sleigh, the sleigh sunk near the centre of the river, and all were lost.

A HARD WORKER.—There is a certain down east editor, who is not only his own compositor, pressman and d—l, but keeps a tavern, is village schoolmaster, captain in the militia, mends his own boots and shoes, makes patent pills, peddles essence and tin ware two days in the week, and always reads sermons on the Sabbath when the minister happens to be missing. In addition to this, he has a wife and sixteen children.

LIBERT. HUNTER.—Lieut. Charles G. Hunter, so well known for his "Alvarado" affair, died lately in the hospital at New York of a disease contracted during the Mexican war. He had the honor of the navy at heart, though his bravery was marred by rashness and impetuosity. He leaves a wife and daughter, now residing in Spain. His last moments were soothed, and the last sad honors paid to his remains, by Edwin Forrest, the American tragedian.

GENERAL UTILITY.—A western editor advertises for a good practical printer, who would take charge of the mechanical department of a printing office, read proof, make selections, scribble a paragraph when necessary, rock the cradle, hoe the corn, dig potatoes, take care of the cow and horse, and drive the gals to meeting and singing-school—compensation small, and partly paid in worn-out type.

ROSATI.—This is the name of a famous French dancer, who is winning as many laurels at Paris as Fanny Ellsler did. Her *grand pas* (grand step) turns the heads of all the amateurs. An American friend of ours writes:

"I love my own relations, yet I'd rather
See her *grand pas* than see my own grandfather."

A FRENCHMAN'S NOTION.—A Frenchman in England said the reason why there were more Tories than Whigs there, was "dat in all de young schools in de environs dey profess to be school for *prepare-a-tory*; not von can I see for *prepare-a-Whig*!"

Wayside Gatherings.

The Legislature of Virginia has passed bills creating four new counties, to be severally called Wise, Calhoun, Roane and Tacker.

A man has been walking for a wager in New Orleans. He walked 388 half miles in 388 half hours, on a bet of \$1500.

The Virginia Senate has passed the bill accepting of Lewis W. Washington the grant of the birthplace of George Washington.

Under the provisions of the new revenue law of Tennessee, a year tax of ten cents is to be levied on every hundred dollars' worth of real and personal estate.

John Stowell of Shutesbury raised a common garden cabbage the past season, which weighed thirty-five pounds when trimmed ready for boiling.

The superintendent of the Reform School at Westboro' states that no more boys can be received at that institution for the present, it being now overrun by the disobedient juveniles of the State.

It is stated that Hon. J. G. Palfrey will soon sail for England, to prosecute researches among original papers there, for matters connected with his "History of New England."

A giant negro, worth \$1500, was shot dead in the cars, near Charleston, S. C., the other day, by the accidental discharge of a pistol which his drunken master was playfully pointing at him.

The fine old ship William Fane, which nearly a century ago bore General Wolfe to the conquest of Quebec, is now lying in the dry docks at Newport, Eng., to undergo a few slight repairs.

The report of the engineer who made the preliminary survey for a railroad from Sacramento to Benecia, has just been published. The distance is 90 miles, and it is estimated that the road can be constructed for \$3,000,000.

An old man in New York, named John McCayhen, got up in the night and stabbed himself, saying he was tired of life. Another named Holland, at Delhi, Ia., cut a hole in the ice just large enough to get in, and crawled through to his death.

The "Presbyterian" claims for the late Rev. Dr. Alexander the first idea of a religious newspaper. At his recommendation, John W. Scott started the Christian Remembrancer, forty-five years ago, Dr. Alexander having written the prospectus for it.

The mail for California from Utah, in January last, was carried over the Sierra Nevada mountains by a Norwegian, who footed it on snow shoes seven feet long and four inches wide, in the form of skates, and shoved himself along with a pole.

It is estimated that 8,000,000 feet of lumber have been cut on Wolf River, Wisconsin, and its tributaries, during the past winter. Nearly all this lumber is taken to a place called Oslkosh, where its value is about \$8 per 1000 feet.

The Galveston News says it appears to be pretty well ascertained now, that the late severe weather has killed the lemon trees down to the roots, and also many of the orange trees, though some of the latter do not appear to be much injured.

M. Yvon, the painter, the author of a well-known picture representing the scene of the retreat of Marshal Ney from Russia, has been commissioned by the French Minister of State to go to the Crimea, to make studies for a grand picture of the taking of the Malakoff.

Mr. Dallas, the new American minister to London (says the Liverpool Chronicle) is of Irish descent, his father having been an Irishman who emigrated early in life to America. Sir George and Sir Robert Dallas, and Miss Dallas, who married Captain Byron, R. N., were also related to the diplomatist's ancestors.

A terrible earthquake occurred in Japan on the 11th of November, 1855, at 10 o'clock, P. M., which destroyed 100,000 dwellings 54 temples and 30,000 inhabitants. A fire broke out at the same time in thirty different places in the city. The earth opened and closed over thousands of buildings with their occupants. The shock was severe at Simoda.

There are in New York city 9000 Welsh Presbyterians. They have for their pastor Rev. William Roberts, whom they have called from the pastorate of an English church near Liverpool—a church that formerly belonged to the Countess of Huntingdon's connection. The Allen Street church, where he now preaches, is crowded every Sabbath.

It appears from the Edinburgh Review, that the total number of immoral publications issued in Great Britain, is 20,000,000 annually, being more than all the publications of the different religious societies and the seventy religious magazines. The present circulation in London alone, of deeply immoral publications amounts to 4,000,000 weekly.

The New Bedford Express mentions the detection of a band of juvenile offenders, four in number, in that city, who have for some time busied themselves in purloining keys from the doors of stores, offices, etc., and by this means obtained access whenever opportunity occurred for pilfering. Their collection of keys amounted to about fifty.

A violent shock of an earthquake was felt in San Francisco on the morning of the 15th of February, 1856. The people were roused from their sleep, and hundreds frantically rushed into the street in their night-clothes. The shock lasted some twenty-five seconds, and was preceded by a rumbling sound like distant thunder. No material damage was done.

It is stated upon German authority, in the Pittsburg Dispatch, that since the Sunderbund war in Switzerland, the Catholic clergy and monks, fearful of losing the large property they held, have been converting it into cash, which they have from time to time sent to the United States to purchase land with. They have agents in this country to manage these lands, and get Catholic settlers for them.

The report that Mr. Robert Schuyler is living in some obscure village in Germany, is entirely without foundation. He died some months since at a small place near Nice. His family returned to this country in the steamship Arago, and now reside in New York. Upon the receipt of the intelligence of his death, his son-in-law went to Italy for the purpose of bringing home the family, and they all returned as stated above.

A lady, the daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Blackwell, of Bristol, has just completed her medical studies in Paris, and obtained a diploma to practise as a physician. She has a sister who pursued her studies also in Paris, who is acting in a similar capacity in New York, under the title of Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell. Dr. Emily Blackwell's studies have been principally directed to the diseases of women and children.

The college in the United States having the largest proportion of pious students is Amherst, nearly two-thirds of whom belong to the church. The next highest number of pious students is found in Cumberland University, of whose 310 students, 150 are members of the church. In Madison University exactly one-half are professors of religion; in Williams College, of 225 students 115 are pious.

Foreign Items.

The formation of a new line of steamships to connect New York with Gibraltar, Malta and Trieste, is announced.

M. Alphonse de Rothschild has been received by the Sultan. He proposes, it is said, to establish a bank at Constantinople.

There were 395 petitions before parliament, signed by 38,048 persons, against opening public exhibitions, etc., on the Lord's day.

Mr. Carden, the Irish magistrate, who attempted to abduct Miss Arbuthnot, will be discharged from Clonmel jail in July, when his sentence expires.

The number of artists living in Dusseldorf is now three times as large as in any previous year. Among them are many Americans, and sixty representatives from Sweden, Norway and Denmark.

During the year 1855, the total number of bathers at twelve of the bath and wash houses established in London for the laboring classes, was 1,140,748, and of washers, 319,501, with the linen of upwards of 1,287,000 persons. The total receipts were £22,335.

Three thousand Russians are employed day and night in constructing a triple row of piles right across the Gulf of Finland, twelve miles across, and six from Cronstadt, with few openings, behind which is a steam fleet of 18 ships, 14 corvettes, and 70 gun boats.

The destruction of Fort Nicholas has been added to that of the once famous docks; and all that now remains of the renowned Russian defence on the south side of Sebastopol is a shapeless heap of ruins. As an engineering operation, the success of this mighty explosion of upwards of 100,000 pounds of powder was complete, not one stone being left upon another to define the nature or the form of the building destroyed.

Sands of Gold.

.... It is as wise to moderate our belief as our desires.—*Landor*.

.... Disgrace is a bad bird no cage can hold.—*Eastern Saying*.

.... Interest is the end of self-love—generosity is sacrificed to it.—*Vauvenargues*.

.... Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.—*Baron*.

.... Learning hath gained most by those hooks by which printers have lost.—*Thomas Fuller*.

.... There are proud men of so much delicacy that it almost conceals their pride, and perfectly excuses it.—*Landor*.

.... The honest man will rather be the grave to his neighbor's errors, than in any way expose them.—*Owen Feltham*.

.... Whoever considers the weakness both of himself and others, will not long want persuasives to forgiveness.—*Dr. Johnson*.

.... Whenever we find a man who enjoys a wide popularity, we may be assured, however bad his reputation may be, that he has some good qualities in an eminent degree.—*Lord North*.

.... Men may be negligent in their handwriting, for men may be in a hurry about the business of life; but I never knew either a sensible woman or an estimable one whose writing was disorderly.—*Landor*.

.... Imposture is the want of truth; falsehood, a natural imposture; dissimulation, a reflected imposture; knavery, an imposture which intends harm, duplicity, an imposture with two faces.—*Vauvenargues*.

.... He that can only converse upon questions about which only a small part of mankind has knowledge sufficient to make them curious, must lose his days in unsocial silence, and live in the crowd of life without a companion.—*Dr. Johnson*.

Joker's Budget.

The attempt to make omelets out of "egg coal" has been abandoned.

Who was the first black man mentioned in the Bible? Nicodemus (Nigger Demus).

What sort of a drum is that which is best when it cannot be beaten? Why, a conun-drum, of course.

A wag, on hearing that a man had given up chimney-sweeping, expressed surprise, as he thought the business *sooted* him.

If you wish to have plenty of room in a railroad car, you have only to eat fried onions for dinner. Our word for it you won't be crowded after such a repast.

Sydney Smith said that a certain person was so fond of contradiction, that he would throw up the window in the middle of the night, and contradict the watchman who was calling the hour.

A man had a sign up, "Cheap Ladies' Shoes for sale here." He found that not a woman entered his store. No wonder; the ladies don't like to be called cheap—they want to be called *dear*.

"I declare, Mr. Goldthumb, you have read everything."—"Why, ma'am, after working thirty years as a trunk-maker, it would be to my shame if I didn't know something of the literature of my country!"

At Gibraltar, there was a great scarcity of water. An Irish officer said, "he was easy about the matter, for he had nothing to do with water; if he only got his tea in the morning, and punch at night, it was all that he wanted."

Love is as necessary to a woman's heart as a fashionable bonnet to her head. Indeed, we think, rather more so; for nothing less than a large measure of love will content her; whereas the recent fashion has shown that she can be satisfied with a very little bonnet.

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THE CAMEL AND HIS DRIVER.

This fine picture is thoroughly oriental in its character. The atmosphere of the desert is around us as we gaze upon it. We behold the ocean of sand extending far as the eye can reach, until its hazy confines blend with the stooping sky. On the left, an Arab, eating his frugal meal, is offering a portion of it to the ungainly animal that is at once his friend, his ship, his wealth and his subsistence. A miscellaneous load is strapped on the back of this patient beast of burthen—baggage, forage, the gun and equipments of the owner, a hamper of live fowls, clothing and bedding—the whole worldly wealth, perhaps, of the nomadic Bedouin. The skeleton of a camel lying on the sand, and the presence of a bird of prey perching on a hillock, suggest some of the casualties

trive to drop as they walk, jerking the rider not a little. They are very sparing of drinking. I have taken camels for eleven or twelve days without a drop of water. All of them did not drink even when we came to water, nor did any drink a large quantity, or seem disturbed by the want of it, although the sun was very powerful, and we travelled twelve or thirteen hours daily. At first they are difficult to ride. The rider mounts while the animal is kneeling, and sits like a lady, with the right leg round the fore pommel of the saddle. In rising, the camel suddenly straightens its hind legs before moving either of the fore legs, so that if the rider is unprepared, he will be jerked over its ears. It moves the legs of each side alternately, occasioning a long undulating motion, which sways the rider to and fro from the loins. The mo-

cause, for very many days. I more than once wished to go up and shoot the poor creatures to put them out of their misery, but the Arabs have superstitious notions on this point, and would not suffer it. I did once find a camel that had been stabbed by its master, and once only. The poor beast had been exhausted, and the long, broad dagger struck into his heart. It must have been a very short time before I reached the spot, as the blood was almost fresh. The camels at Grand Cairo are remarkably large and powerful, and my informant told me they are very proud, and will only eat their food from their master's hand, preferring to starve rather than receive it from any other source." It is evidently one of these proud Cairo camels that the artist has delineated in the engraving before us. The foot of the camel is admir-



THE CAMEL OF THE DESERT AND HIS DRIVER.

of a desert pilgrimage. The open mouth of the camel displays one of the peculiarities of this animal—the only ruminant one which has cutting teeth in the upper jaw. The Rev. Mr. Pollen, who has furnished some interesting particulars with regard to these animals, says:—"While being laden, they testify their dislike to any packet which looks unsatisfactory in point of size or weight as it is carried past them, although when it is once on their backs they continue to bear it with the patient expression of countenance which, I fear, passes for more than it is worth. All camels are loaded kneeling, and can go from twenty-four to sixty hours without rest, or more than a few mouthfuls of food which they can crop off a thorny bush as they pass, or a handful of barley given them by their master. Parts of the desert are strewn with small drab-colored plants, thorny and otherwise, which the camels con-

tion, however, is soon learned, and when fatigued the rider can change sides, or shift his posture in various ways. Sometimes a traveller places his whole family, wife and children, in one pannier, fastened to the saddle, puts himself in another pannier fastened on the opposite side, and then falls in with a caravan and accompanies it. Dromedaries—the finer and better bred camels—have sparer frames and more endurance, and are principally led by the Bedouins of the desert. They object either to going up or down a hill. They are fond of kneeling at night just behind the ring of Arabs who squat round the fire, and they stretch their heads over their masters' shoulders to snuff up the heat and smoke, which seems to content them vastly. Between Cairo and Suez, I saw more than one camel dead or dying. They seem very tenacious of life, as they remain unable to rise from a broken limb, or other

ably adapted for walking on the loose sand, being composed of large elastic pads, which spread as the foot is placed on the ground. To guard it when it kneels down to be loaded, the parts of its body on which its weight rests are defended by thick callosities. The largest of these callosities is on the chest, the others are placed on the joints of the legs. The Bactrian camel inhabits Central Asia, Thibet and China. It is distinguished from the Arabian camel by possessing two humps. To the Arabs, the camel is an inestimable gift. Their strength and fleetness is extraordinary. Those used for speed alone are capable of travelling from sixty to ninety miles a day. Small camels can carry from six hundred to eight hundred pounds weight, and large ones from one thousand to one thousand two hundred pounds for thirty to thirty-five miles a day.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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ENLARGEMENT OF THE STATE HOUSE, BOSTON.

The fine engraving on this page is from a drawing made for our paper by Mr. Champney, and shows the recent addition to the State House, as seen from Mt. Vernon Street. The structure has been superintended by two boards of commissioners, the first being Hon. Charles H. Warren, Samuel K. Hutchinson and Adam W. Thaxter, Jr., Esqs., the second and present committee being Messrs. Joseph W. Richards, S. K. Hutchinson and George M. Thatcher. G. J. F. Bryant, Esq., of this city, was the architect employed by these committees. It will be observed that the new building corresponds in style with the old portion of the State House, so that when the old and new structures are embraced in one view, no want of harmony is perceptible. The cellar story is divided into three rooms and two corridors, the latter being provided with stone steps to reach the corridor of the story above, located eighteen inches above the level of Mt. Vernon Street.

The main body of the cellar is appropriated to the heating apparatus—the “hot water apparatus” of J. J. Walworth & Co., of this city. The walls of this story are of stone outside and brick inside. The basement story is appropriated to the State Board of Agriculture. The passages and stairs are used as thoroughfares, and connect directly with the main corridor to the Doric Hall. The second story is on a level with the Doric Hall. The library room, occupying the entire space of the central body of the enlargement, will form the subject of a separate picture in a future number of the PICTORIAL. The entire addition is fire-proof. The floors are formed by groined arches, supported by piers in the first story, and in the other stories by iron columns, iron beams, ties and skewbacks. The partitions are all of brick, having iron doors hung to iron frames for communication with the rooms, and wooden fly-doors outside of them, for general convenience. The floorings are all covered with brick paving, with

an additional covering of hard pine boards. The exterior walls are built with an interior air space, and each wall, ceiling, pier and partition is covered with three coats of plaster laid directly on the brick work. Each window has its exterior and interior finish of iron, with outside shutters to the area windows, and inside iron shutters to the remaining windows. The sashes and frames of the windows, and the stairs, floors and ceilings of the corridors, are also of iron. All the roofs, the exterior finish, including gutters, cornices, belts, pilasters, capitals and bases, are likewise of iron. The ceiling is supported by the roof iron trusses; and the walls, roofs and finish are all painted, inside and out with not less than three, and in many cases, six coats of paint. The amount appropriated for the enlargement, was \$219,000. The State House, taken in its full extent, is now an imposing pile of building, while its serial developments have typified the progress of the commonwealth.



THE NEW ADDITION TO THE BOSTON STATE HOUSE

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WHITE HAND:

—OR—

THE NATCHEZ' CAPTIVE.

A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF LOUISIANA.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XX.—[CONTINUED.]

The old chief took the youth's hand, and having gazed into his face a few moments, he said:

"White Hand, you once gave me an oath, but from all oaths you have ever given me I now absolve you. Coqualla has told me all. She has told me how true you are in heart, and how yet you long for the home of your childhood. I do not think your father has fallen in this general massacre, for his place is strong, and the red men owe him no grudge. Yet he may have fallen with the rest. If he has, you may sometime find opportunity to reach your native land. But you are under no oath now. Of what has now happened I will not speak, only to say that you cannot see nor understand all that has led us to this fearful work. You cannot know the wrongs we have suffered, nor the wrongs with which we were threatened. The red men from the far east have been here, and they have told us how the white men of England used them there. Those mighty tribes which once dwelt in peace upon the great shores of the Atlantic are now but beggars in the land which is by right their heritage. Every coming sun shines upon a new grave of the red man, and every moon finds them driven further away from the holy places which their fond memory clings to with all the love of a child to its parent. Ay—some of those once mighty tribes are known no more; they are swept away entirely by the plague march of the white man. And mark me—those tribes which have most readily accepted the false, hollow friendship of the invader, have the most surely faded away into the shadows of death and oblivion.

"So shall it be here. The story of the white man's rule is everywhere the same. Where a tribe, or a people, have made peace and accepted the friendship of the French, they have become weak and puny. Their blood is tainted at its very source, and their race is passing away. Licentiousness is not among the least of the evils which work to this end. White Hand, I have a strange love for thee, but I hate thy people. And that thy father almost hates them too, has drawn my heart towards him. But we could not see our people being gradually swept away, and our homes torn from us, without striking this blow. Yet Stung Serpent has fallen. The bullet of the white man has found his life. But he dies content. The white man has fallen too."

The old chieftain sank back exhausted as he ceased speaking, and for some moments he remained with his eyes closed. When he opened them again, White Hand spoke.

"My father," he said, "ere the hand of death has done its work upon thee, wilt thou not tell me why I was taken from my father's house? Surely you cannot object to tell me all now?"

"No, my child,—I have no objections, for I never promised not to tell. And when I sent for thee now, I meant to tell thee all. Hand me that cup."

The youth reached out to the low stool near the bed, where stood a cup of wine, and having taken it up, he handed it to the dying man. Stung Serpent drank some of the wine, and having returned the cup, he said:

"Listen, White Hand, for you shall now know all, and you shall then know how much you are indebted to the white man whom you thought your friend for the captivity you have suffered. Do you remember when your father met me in the woods near his dwelling?"

"Yes," returned White Hand, bending over with eager interest.

"Well, I had then been to see Simon Lobo. By some means he learned that I was down the river, and he sent for me. He had heard that I was a savage chieftain, and a lover of gold. I met him in the woods, and he proposed to me that I should seize St. Julien's son and slay him, and for this he offered to pay me a hundred pieces of gold. But I spurned the offer, and left him. I came home, and told my brother what Lobo had said to me, and he pondered upon the subject in a new light. You know the Natchez often send messengers to the Great Spirit, and the Great Sun had wished to send a white messenger to the white man's God, even as we told you when you first came here. At length I fell in with his views, and I knew of no one whose spirit would be surer of admission to your God than the spirit of Louis St. Julien, for I knew him to be a good youth. So I returned to your father's house and saw Lobo again, and he told me he had hired a party of Chickasaws to kill you, but that you and your companion had killed them all—six of them. I then offered to do what he wished. But this time his wants had received an addition. He not only wanted the son killed, but he wanted the daughter captured and carried off towards New Orleans. I agreed to this; but I made him give me a written promise to pay me the money when the work should be done. He hesitated at first, but he at length wrote the pledge and signed it; and then it was arranged that Louise should be left upon the bank of Lake Pontchartrain, at the end of the middle trail, and I pledged myself to take you with me and kill you, for you know this had been my purpose in seeking you.

"Well, I went at once and found a party of twenty Chickasaws, and for fifty pieces of gold they promised to hover about the place until they could seize you both. They did so. When they had

carried you as far as the wide creek, they separated, ten of them waiting for me, and the other ten keeping on with the maiden towards the great lake. When I reached our village, I had firmly resolved to put you to death, that you might carry our message to your God. The first obstacle I met with was my daughter. She saw you, and she begged of me to give you to her. But the next obstacle staggered me. When you refused to carry the message I would send, but pledged yourself to make new complaint to your God against us, I was puzzled. I conferred with my brother, and he said if you would promise to pray for us, we would spare you. Yet my promise to Lobo troubled me; but you became my son-in-law, and I would not kill you then. Now you know all."

"But the paper—the pledge—you had of Lobo—where is it?" uttered White Hand.

"It is safe. Coqualla, go to my closet, and you will find it in the oaken casket."

The princess went, and in the box she found the paper, which she handed to her father. He took it, and having opened it, he handed it to White Hand, saying, as he did so:

"Here—it is yours. And now all I ask is pardon."

"For all that you have done to me," murmured the youth, "I pardon you from the bottom of my soul; for you may have been an instrument in the hands of God for saving my life. Had you not taken me, another would, and I should not have lived. So I shall, after all, remember Stung Serpent with more of gratitude than of complaint or anger."

"Do you mean that?"

"I do."

Stung Serpent raised himself upon his elbow, and caught the youth by the hand.

"Coqualla," he whispered, "where art thou?"

"Here, my father."

"I have been kind to thee. If it lays in thy power, help White Hand to his people. Is it Coqualla I see?"

"Yes. Are you faint?"

"Faint? Stung Serpent faint? No! Up, warriors of the Natchez, and strike for your homes! Who shall fear the dastards now? My braves, remember the trophies you have won under Stung Serpent's lead. Strike—strike, now, for your honor, your homes, and for the tombs of your ancestors! Sink your blades to the pole, and leave not a man of them all to tell their king the tale! Now! On—to the death!"

One long, loud war-cry followed this paroxysm, and as it ended in a low, gurgling sound, the chieftain sank back. Coqualla moved to his side and knelt over him, and in a moment more the loud cries of the women rent the air, for the Stung Serpent was dead!

CHAPTER XXI.

A STRANGE RITE.

THERE was consternation for a while in the village of the White Apple when it was known that Stung Serpent was dead, for he had been an important man among the Natchez. The corpse of the prince was laid upon his bed, dressed in rude magnificence, with a crown of red and white feathers upon his brow. About him were hung his weapons, and the calumets which had been given to him during his life time to propitiate his favor. Also near the head of the bed stood a pole, upon which were painted some score and more of red rings, which were to signify the number of warriors he had killed in battle. His relatives and immediate attendants were assembled about the bed, and ever and anon they would offer him food as though he were alive, and when he would not touch it they howled in mad grief and despair.

At the end of four days, the body was made ready for the grave, and nine persons, with ropes about their necks, remained fasting by it. Two of them were his wives; then his cup-bearer and pipe-bearer; then one noble-looking woman whom he had loved, but never could marry on account of her birth, while the remaining four were old women who had volunteered to accompany the prince on his mysterious pilgrimage.

"And are all these people to die?" asked White Hand, after he and Coqualla had retired to their own dwelling.

"Yes. And but for the intercessions of my father himself, many more would have died."

"It is a cruel practice," said the youth, sadly.

"Cruel?" repeated the princess, in surprise. "Why do you say so?"

"Because one death is enough. Why should so many be added?"

"Ah," answered Coqualla, ingenuously, "you do not understand. Your people have not such love for the departed as we have. It is a long, dark road which my father has now to travel, and surely it is fitting he should have company."

"And does this always happen when one of your people dies?"

"Certainly; though some have not so many companions; but all have one. When the last Great Sun died, there were one hundred who went to keep him company over the dark road."

"So many?"

"Yes,—and of course they were happy, for with him they were at once admitted to the happy home where the Great Spirit is."

"But," queried White Hand, "Stung Serpent has been dead now four days, and these people will not die until to-night. How then shall they go together?"

"Ah," returned Coqualla, with a faint smile, which seemed to indicate a pity for her companion's ignorance, "my father's spirit will not start alone. It remains near the old body until the other spirits join it, and then they all go off together. Do you not understand?"

"Yes."

"And is it not right and proper?"

"It is, if you think so; but I should hardly dare give my voice in favor of it. Why, look, Coqualla, and tell me if this very thing has not already reduced your nation from a once powerful people to a mere handful."

"My father spoke of that ere he died," answered the princess, thoughtfully. "He said he wished only his few immediate companions to go with him beyond the grave, and even they must be old people."

"And he was right, Coqualla. I have heard that the Natchez were once a mighty race—a great nation, numbering their warriors by the many thousands, and now they have only a very few hundred. In a large community, under ordinary circumstances, the births will not much overrun the deaths, by nature. But see here—not only do your people die off as do others, but for every one who dies naturally from one to a hundred more must be killed to keep them company."

"I know," said Coqualla, thoughtfully,—“I know. But still it were cruel to send my father's spirit away over the dark, long trail alone. Your people do not think of this. They do not think of the loved spirit wandering away in the dark alone."

"Yes, they do, Coqualla."

"They do?"

"Yes."

"And yet they send them no company."

"Ah, their company comes from the other way," spoke White Hand, softly and sweetly. "When a human soul departs, we, or I, believe that the loved ones who have gone before come down to lead the new-born spirit away to heaven. I have a mother there, Coqualla, and I think she will come down to earth when my spirit departs, and welcome me to the home of the blest ones. Surely they know the way through the dark valley better than we could, or better than any others of earth."

Gradually the Indian girl's hands were brought together over her bosom, and her head was bowed. When she looked up, there was a strange light in her eyes, and a soft, hopeful expression dwelt upon her dusky features.

"White Hand," she whispered, "tell me that again."

"Is not the theme more pleasing than the strangling of helpless victims over the grave of the dead?" the youth asked, kindly.

"Yes—yes. But tell me more."

And White Hand went on and whispered into his companion's ear the whole of his own pure faith in God and the risen Saviour; and when he had done, the princess murmured:

"It is sweet, and it is better than the faith I have been taught."

She bowed her head again, and this time she remained a long while thoughtful; and when she next looked up, a change had come over her countenance.

"White Hand," she said, "I promised my father that I would help you escape from here, if you wished. What have I to remain here for? My father is dead; I have no brother or sister, and the ways of my people are not pleasant to me. May I not go with you?"

The youth threw his arms about the fair speaker's neck, and drew her upon his bosom.

"Coqualla, speak but the word, and I'll die in thy service, if necessary, to lead you to my father's home. O, we will not be separated."

At this moment Pricked Arm made her appearance at the door of the lodge, and informed the inmates that the funeral was about to commence. So White Hand and Coqualla went out, and proceeded to the dwelling of Stung Serpent, where they found the bearers already with the body upon their shoulders. Calmly the mourning procession moved on, approaching the grave in circles, those who were to suffer strangulation at the place of sepulchre walking before the corpse, with the leathern ropes about their necks.

* * * * *

The burial was over. Stung Serpent reposed in his grave, and by his side lay the bodies of those who had, in obedience to the cruel faith and custom, given up their lives that they might keep their loved chief company in his dark journey. And once more the Natchez commenced their mad orgies over their victory, for they were not yet satiated.

Late at night, while the warriors were dancing and bowling in the square, Pricked Arm came to White Hand's lodge and called him out. The youth could not see her face in the gloom, but from the manner of her breathing, he could tell that she was deeply moved by something.

"White Hand," she said, as soon as they had reached a point where they could not be seen from the square, "our plot has worked exceedingly well. Not a blow has been struck save here at Natchez; so the great mass of the French are saved. But thou art in danger here. The moment the Natchez find that their plan has failed, they will suspect thee, for it has been whispered that you visited the temple, and the Great Sun, when he looked towards the west for the moon last night, and saw it not, was perplexed. This night they saw the new moon for the first time, and they remembered, for the first time, too, that the moon ought to have been a week old. Amid their mad joy, they have not thought of this before. But they think of it now, and fear has already seized upon some of them, though those few keep it to themselves. Now you can judge how much risk you run."

"And will they suspect me?" the youth uttered, tremulously.

"They will be likely to; for you are of the hated people, and your powerful friend is dead. Dark, angry eyes have been bent upon you, because you have shown your loathing of the cruelties you have witnessed. And, again, the French will soon be on the Natchez trail. The future is dark for us all, but you may escape. Can you not remember the trail by which you came?"

"I fear not."

"But you can follow it part way from here?"

"Yes, for it is broad towards the village."

"Then you can take the river. You know the southern trail."

You went it once hunting with Stung Serpent."

"Yes—I remember that."

"Then all is safe. Follow that trail to the right, and it will bring you out upon the river fifteen miles below here. Among a clump of brakes, there you will find a canoe. It is mine. Take it and float down the river. Still retain your present garb, and let the walnut stain be upon your face. In that way you may escape the Natchez, should any of them meet you, and by your speech you could quickly convince the French. I can do no more for you. I would have saved all the French if I could, for I loved them; yet I must follow the fortunes of my own people."

White Hand thanked the old princess for her kindness, and with a thoughtful step he returned to his lodge. Coqualla asked him what Pricked Arm had wanted, and he sat down and told her all.

"And will you go?" the princess asked.

"Yes, I must. But Coqualla, have you changed your mind?"

"Only to be more strongly bound to thee. And yet," she added, putting her arms about her husband's neck, "speak but one word—simply whisper to me—that thou wouldst rather go free from care or thought of me, and—"

"Hush, Coqualla! You wrong me now. O, I should never sleep in peace again, did I think thou remainedst here when thy wish was with me. But we must flee to-night."

"I am all ready, dearest."

"But we need provisions."

"I have such all prepared as we can carry."

"Then you have thought of this?"

"Yes. But O, speak the truth, my love. If within thy inmost soul there dwells a thought—"

"It is all of love for thee, Coqualla," interrupted the youth, smiling at once her drift. "So let me hear no more of it. Now let us prepare."

"Bless thee," murmured the fair girl, sinking upon her companion's bosom. "O, since we first spoke of this, my heart has sunk deep down in its darkest mood when the thought of staying here has dwelt with me. Those sweet words you whispered to me have been with me ever since, and they have wrought a wonderful change in my feelings. When we get to our new home, we will talk more about it, and you shall teach me to read the great book wherein these precious truths are written."

"I will," promised White Hand. "But the night comes on; the morning will be speedily approaching. Come—we will talk on the way."

With quick movements the two companions collected their effects—Coqualla taking her bow and quiver, and White Hand his gun. They divided the provisions, which they carried in pouches suspended under the left arm, and which consisted of boiled corn bread and dried venison. Then they selected the stoniest moccasins, and having bound them firmly on, and assumed their light burdens, they glided out into the open air. A fire was still burning in the square, and some of the Indians were dancing around it, while some lay about drunk, and others had gone to their lodges. Stealthily the fugitives crept along under the shade of their own dwelling, and having crossed over to the next square, they passed behind the house of Stung Serpent, and in a few moments more they were without the enclosure. It was a wide trail into which they struck, and the way was plain to them both.

Just as the first gray streaks of dawn appeared in the east, the fugitives reached the great river, and without much trouble they found the brake and the canoe. They easily pulled the light craft from its nest, and dragged it to the river. It was a smooth, beautifully finished boat, fashioned from a huge log of yellow pine, and seasoned without crack or check. Into this the adventurers put their little store, and then, with hopeful hearts, they entered, and pushed out into the broad stream.

CHAPTER XXII.

REUNION UNDER A CLOUD.

SLOWLY and painfully dragged away the hours and the days to the poor sick wife in New Orleans. Old Loppa was very kind, and so was the physician. Yet Louise had a very severe sickness, and a part of the time she was out of her head. But gradually the delirium passed away, and she was at length able to sit up. Three weeks had she lain thus ere she could rise from her bed; but on the fourth week she was able to walk about the room. It was at the close of the fourth week that her husband returned. He found her sitting up, eating an orange, and his countenance bore a selfish smile as he saw the color coming back to her cheeks. He embraced her warmly, and if he noticed the cold shudder that ran through her frame, as he did so, he did not speak of it.

"Have I been away longer than you expected?" he asked, as he took a seat by her side.

"No," was the quiet reply, "for I've expected nothing about it."

"Ah!" uttered Simon, with show of chagrin.

"I have been too sick to expect anything," explained Louise.

"O!" uttered the husband, more mildly.

"Yes—I have been very sick. I even feared at one time I should never see you again."

There was something so piquant in this that Simon was sure there was sarcasm in it, but he chose not to expose his doubts.

"I, too, have been laid up," he said, after gazing into her face for some moments.

"Ah—how?" I noticed your hand was rolled in rags. What has happened? Have you been fighting the wicked Indians?"

Again Simon bit his lip, but he kept calm.

"I have had a bit of a duel on your account, my love."

"Is it possible? How was it?"

"I heard you insulted most grossly, and I would not bear it."

"You should not have borne it, at least, if you loved your wife. But who was it?"

"Goupert St. Denis."

Louise started.

"Explain," she said, earnestly and eagerly.

"Ha! the name moves you, does it?"

"Why should it not? You know he was once a lover of mine."

This open avowal, so frank and honest, seemed to please Loboïs, and he went on to explain:

"No matter what was said, but St. Denis struck me. Of course I challenged him. We chose swords. Your father was present. He would have stopped it if he could, for he feared I should get hurt."

"As you did."

"Listen. We fenced awhile, and I found that the boy was at my mercy. Twice I refused to press my point upon his open bosom. Finally, when I saw that 'twould be downright murder for me to kill him, I bade him put up his sword. He asked me for what—for he knew not that I only toyed with him. 'This is only boy's play,' said I. 'Then put up your sword,' said he. I did so, and just as my point touched the ground, he brought me a blow across the hand. What do you think of that?"

"Perhaps I ought not to speak my thoughts."

"Surely you ought. What do you think of it?"

"Well, then, I think you have told me a very fine story."

"Eh? Do you doubt my word?"

"Doubt you? Doubt the word of Simon Loboïs? Believe that my own husband could speak falsehood? Never, Simon,—never!"

Sharply the scamp looked into Louise's face, but he could detect nothing there, save a calm, cool expression of utter simplicity; yet he knew she was quizzing him.

"But you did not tell me how this all came out," she said.

"What did you do after Goupert had struck you on the hand?"

"What could I do? My hand was powerless. I might have knocked him down with my left hand, but I spared him. He was beneath all notice, save that of mere contempt."

"Poor Goupert! Did he know how deep was your contempt for him?"

"What mean you?"

"Why, simply that you could have inflicted no worse punishment upon him than to have let him know that you held him in contempt. It must have nearly killed him!"

"Look ye, my fine girl, you are venturing on dangerous ground. You may say too much!" uttered Loboïs, now showing his anger.

Louise bowed her head a moment, and she seemed to think that her companion spoke the truth, for she quickly replied, after she looked up:

"Excuse me—pardon me. I have but just recovered from a severe sickness, and my first feelings were naturally those of joy and gladness, and you know how often you and I have joked and pestered each other. We have often said very hard things in jest, and I have even pulled your hair till you fairly cried with pain, and yet you never got provoked before."

This was spoken so earnestly, and with so much apparent feeling, that Simon was mollified in a moment.

"Let it pass," he said, "let it pass—only in future choose a light occasion for light conversation. And now to something of more importance. When can you be ready to go up the river?"

"At any time," answered Louise.

"Very well. I will see the physician this evening, and be governed somewhat by his advice."

Shortly after this, Loboïs went out, and when he returned, he reported that the doctor would come in the morning. So that night Louise was left with Loppa, and on the next morning the doctor came, and with him came the anxious husband. The former examined his patient carefully, and he expressed the opinion that the wife should not undertake the journey under a week, at least.

"Then I believe I shall go to Biloxi. There is a ship ready to sail, and I have some business to do there."

Louise expressed her entire willingness, so Simon resolved to go. In truth he was now expecting soon to be master of an immense fortune, and he was preparing the way to put it to immediate use, his main object being to obtain a profitable cargo to return to France, whither he meant to take his wife as soon as he could dispose of the few remaining obstacles that stood in his way. He started that very night for Biloxi, and his wife was once more left to the kind care of her sable attendant.

A week passed away, and her husband came not. She had now so far regained her health that she could walk out in company with Loppa, and the rose was all back to her cheek.

Another week passed, and she was well, and just as she began to wonder if any accident had happened to her husband, he made his appearance. That very day there was a barge to start up the river. New Orleans was all alarm and excitement. The garrison at Natchez had been surprised by the Indians, and nearly every soul murdered! Only six had escaped, and four of those had this very morning reached the town. Governor Perier had sent messengers up to the plantations along on the river to put the French on their guard; and now this barge, full of soldiers, was about to start up to see if any assistance was required anywhere on the way, and in the meantime a council of officers was to be held to determine what further should be done.

Loboïs gained passage for himself and wife, but they were forced to put up with such accommodations as the others had, save that

a sheltered place was fixed for Louise, near the stern, in consideration of her recent illness.

Of course the passage up, against the current, was slow, the heavy barge not making a headway of over three miles an hour, and stopping sometimes at the few plantations on the way, so that it was not until the morning of the fifth day that they reached the establishment of Brion St. Julien. But the captain of the boat concluded not to go up to the chateau, so Simon and his wife were landed at the mouth of Walnut River, and from thence they made their way up on foot.

They had gained about half the distance, when they were startled, on making a turn upon the river's bank, by seeing a small canoe ahead with two Indians in it.

"By the book!" uttered Loboïs, after gazing upon the strange scene a few moments, "they are Natchez Indians. Do the villains mean harm here?"

"Rather a small party for that," said Louise, upon whose mind the sight of a Natchez had not that peculiar effect that it had upon her companion's.

"But we'll watch them. Here—let us keep further away from the bank, and then we can follow them, and not be seen. They surely mean to approach the house."

"Perhaps they do not know that there is any house there," suggested Louise. "And," she added, as a quick thought seemed to strike her, "may they not, in coming down the river, have discovered the barge, and put in here to escape danger—never dreaming that they were coming upon an enemy?"

"By my soul, Louise, you are right! Let us hasten on, and have them caught. We can easily reach the house now by this cross path. Come—let's hasten, and we'll have them captured. Of course they had a hand in the dreadful massacre."

Louise made no objections to this, and accordingly they took the cross path, and ere long they reached the garden. Half way up the wide path they walked, and here they came to the closed gate of the barricade; but a few loud calls from Simon brought old Tony forth, and they were soon within the enclosure. The faithful negro could at first hardly believe his eyes. He gazed upon the "apperashun," as he afterwards called it, and finally a big tear rolled down his sable cheek.

"Ma'm'selle Louise!" he gasped, extending his broad hands. "Bless God!"

With glistening eyes she returned the faithful fellow's grasp and salutation, and then bounded away towards the house, for she saw her father upon the piazza; she waited not for her husband now.

"Father!"

The frantic parent caught his child to his bosom, and with streaming eyes he murmured his thanks, for in that moment of reunion he forgot the dark cloud that hung over his loved one.

Before the old man had found his tongue, Simon had reached the piazza.

"My father," he uttered, "forgive me if I am abrupt,—but you have heard of the dreadful massacre at Fort Rosalie?"

"Yes."

"Well, there are two Natchez Indians making their way up here in a canoe. Perhaps they know not of our habitation. Let men be sent out at once to capture them, and we will interrogate them, at least."

That was enough for Tony, for he had followed Simon to the house, and heard this remark. Ever since the abduction of his young "mas'r and missus," he had longed to get hold of an Indian, and here was a chance.

"Only two ob 'um, d'ye say, Mas'r Simon?"

"That's all, Tony."

"I'll hab 'um!" And with this the stout Afric disappeared, and in a few moments more he had four stout companions at his heels on his way to the river.

In the meantime, Simon followed the marquis and his child into the house, and when they reached the sitting-room, they found St. Denis there. He looked up and saw the marquis; then he saw Simon Loboïs, and then—his eye rested upon that female form. He started to his feet, and turned pale as death. That loved face was turned upon him; those soft eyes, now swimming in tears, were bent upon his own, and her name dwelt upon his lips.

"My wife, Monsieur St. Denis," said Loboïs, in malignant triumph.

"O, my soul!" burst from the wretched man's lips, and covering his face with his hands, he sank back upon his chair.

Louise seemed upon the point of speaking, but at that moment the tramp of feet and the sound of voices were heard in the hall, and in a moment more the door was thrown unceremoniously open.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SOMEWHAT STARTLING DEVELOPMENT. FINALE.

"Bless de Lord!" cried old Tony, bounding into the hall at a wild hop, and planting himself directly in the middle of the floor. "We's cotched 'um, mas'r,—we's cotched 'um, an' here dey am!"

At this White Hand and Coqualla came forward—for the reader has probably already discovered them as the occupants of the canoe. Simon Loboïs was the first to recognize, beneath the Natchez garb and the walnut stain, the youth whom he had hoped to destroy, and a stifled cry broke from his lips, while he turned pale and trembled like an aspen.

The next to recognize the living truth was Louise, and with one bound the brother and sister were in each other's arms. Their stifled exclamations of joy awoke the parent to his senses, and in a moment more he held them both upon his bosom.

"My children," he cried, raising his streaming eyes to heaven, "O, how blest is this moment! Almost it makes me feel to bow in humble resignation to the dreadful blow that has been inflicted upon me."

"Louis, my dear boy," at this juncture exclaimed Simon, having now recovered his presence of mind sufficiently to hide his real emotions of fear and chagrin. "Dear Louis, let me welcome you back to our home."

And as he spoke, he advanced and extended his hand. The youth gazed upon him a moment in stern silence.

"Simon Loboïs," he uttered, drawing proudly up, "I did not think you would offer me that hand!"

"How—a—ch?" gasped the wretch, turning pale again. Recovering a part of his assurance, he added: "You should not thus reject the hand of your brother-in-law."

White Hand started, for in that garb, and with that dusky skin, we may yet call him by his Indian name.

"Brother-in-law!" he repeated. "Are you mad?"

"No—I am a husband."

White Hand crossed over to where Louise stood, and took her by the hand. They whispered together a moment, and then the youth turned towards Simon.

"Villain," he exclaimed, "you forced her to this!"

"She consented to the marriage," returned Simon, triumphantly.

St. Denis sprang to his feet. He moved to Louise's side, and grasped her hand.

"Louise," he said, in a broken voice, "tell me all; tell me if you gave this man your heart; for in the years of darkness that shall follow this blow, it will afford a glimmer of light to know I am not all forgotten by my soul's idol."

"Goupert, he forced me to the marriage—"

"Silence!" thundered Loboïs, starting towards where the speaker stood. "Louise, remember you are my wife, and as such I claim obedience. Breathe another word of calumny on my head, and I'll make you wish your tongue had been torn out by the roots ere you used it so."

"Simon, you know you did force me to become your wife. At first I refused, and then you had me—"

"By my soul, if you speak another word—"

At this moment St. Denis started up, and his dark eyes burning with fire, he said:

"Stand back, villain! You are her husband, but dare to interfere now and I'll smite you as I would a venomous reptile!"

"And I am with you, Goupert," added White Hand, starting forward, and clenching his fists. "Go on, sister."

Simon Loboïs gazed first upon St. Denis, and then upon the dark-skinned youth, and he feared them. Then he looked towards the aged parent, who stood with his hands to his eyes sobbing as though his poor heart would break; and the villain evidently felt uncomfortable.

"I refused him at first," continued the unfortunate one, "and told him I loved Goupert St. Denis. Then he told me he had seen my father's wealth accumulate under his care, and had looked on a part of it as belonging to him, and he would not now see another come in and snatch that wealth away. He determined to have his share. I told him if he forced me to become his wife, I would beg of my father to give me not a sou. Then he swore if such a thing were done, he would make my life such a scene of torture, I should pray for death to come and relieve me."

"Liar!" hissed Simon.

"No—no," calmly replied Louise; "I speak but truth." Then turning to her listeners: "But I refused to marry him, and on the very next night, after midnight, two stout men came and carried me away. I was weak and faint then, for I had but just recovered from sickness. Yet they carried me away, and locked me in a dark prison-house. They refused me both food and drink. There I came nigh famishing with hunger and thirst. At length the villain came to me; and when I begged for a drop of water, he swore I should have none till I had promised to be his wife! My mind was fluttering, and thirst made me frantic. I promised to be his wife! Then he brought me bread and milk; he took me from the prison, and soon arrangements were made for the wedding. He had obtained the consent of the colonial governor, and we were married in the church, the governor himself being present. When the priest put his questions to me, I was burning with fever, and a dreadful sickness was upon me. Yet my mind was not shaken. I promised to the best of my abilities, to do all he had asked of me. Then we were pronounced man and wife, and I begged of him to hurry away, for I was faint and sick. I reached our home; the fever seized me, and raged for many weeks. Health came at last, and I reached my father's house."

For some moments after this recital, not a word was spoken, and the only sounds that broke the stillness were the sobs of the marquis.

"Shall such a foul mockery stand?" at length said St. Denis, in agony. "Let it be torn in sunder, and cast aside. By no law of justice or right can—"

"Hold!" interrupted Loboïs, who had now nerved himself up to the conflict. "You but make a useless disturbance when you thus give thought to the idea of annulling the bond of marriage between my wife and myself. Ere I took the final step, I consulted with the governor, and he bade me go on, and I have his pledge of sustaining me. You have heard my wife's story. That I used stratagem to gain her hand, I admit, for I saw an interloper was about to snatch the prize from me. And now you know all. Henceforth I trust nothing may occur to mar the harmony of our social intercourse." Turning to St. Denis, he added, a triumphant look settling on his sharp features: "And as for you, sir,—I trust you will see the necessity of removing yourself from the society of those who can only be made unhappy by your presence. If you have the common sense I suppose you have, you will see the necessity of this; and if you have the feelings of a gentleman, you will not hesitate."

Goupert raised his clasped hands towards heaven, exclaiming:

"Has it come to this? Must all my hopes thus fall back upon my broken heart, and the sweet dream of years end in black despair? Louise, beloved of my soul, lost, but still cherished one—"

His words failed him, and he bowed his head in a passionate burst of tears. In a moment more he heard a low cry of hopeful tone, and a pair of arms were twined about his neck. He looked up, but it was not Louise. It was the flowing eyes of White Hand that met his own, and darkly stained arms were entwined about his neck. A voice of thanksgiving next fell on his ear, and he saw the Indian girl on her knees, with her hands clasped, her streaming eyes raised heavenward, and giving thanks to the Great Spirit. St. Denis started as he gazed into the deep blue eyes fastened on him. A moment more, he heard his name pronounced in a tone sweet and familiar, that made his heart bound wildly in his bosom.

"This scene has progressed far enough," now spoke the one Simon believed to be his wife. "Simon Loboïs, your wickedness has come to a climax, and back on your own head shall fall the terrible consequences of your machinations!"

"Ha—ha, Louise, you have gone too far now!" Loboïs uttered, confidently. "If you imagined your marriage was but a jest, from the bond of which you could at any moment escape, you were mistaken. You'll find the knot too strongly tied to be cast off at will."

"Poor fool! Cannot you open your eyes? Simon Loboïs, did you think Louise St. Denis would have married you while life remained? Did you think she would have stooped to mate with you when the grave was open to her?"

"A—and—are you not married to me? Are you not my wife?"

"I think you'd find me a hard one to manage; for at this very moment, were you not beneath my notice, I would challenge you to mortal combat, and I'd serve you worse than Goupert did. Look, Simon! Don't you see that Indian youth resting in Goupert's arms? How I have longed for this moment! Up—up, my father! Thy children are safe, and if they have returned to thee in exchanged guises, be assured they left thee in the same way!"

"How?" gasped Simon, starting back and turning pale. "You—you—"

"Why, I am your wife, Simon, if you say so; but if you keep me, you shall fight a duel with me every morning, and we'll alternate till one of us falls; first morning, pistols—next morning, swords. You have seen me shoot some."

At this juncture the truth had forced itself to the old marquis's mind.

"It must be!" he whispered, seizing his noble son by the hand. "It must be my own noble Louis! Assure me I do not dream."

"You do not, father, for I am your own Louis. But see—here comes Louise. Don't cast her off because her skin is dusky!"

"Is it possible!" gasped Loboïs, as he saw Louise sink on her father's bosom. "There's been some foul witchery here—some deep, infernal machination! Louis!—Louise! The son is the daughter, and the daughter is the son! There's a foul plot here!"

"Ay!" cried Louis, tearing the rich gown he wore from his body, and revealing the light undress of a French officer, "there has been a foul plot, and you can well explain it!"

"Me—explain!" stammered the villain, gazing first at the youth and then at the maiden, who yet wore her Indian dress. "Who are you?" he gasped, starting towards the seeming Indian, and seizing the dusky arm. "Speak! Who are you?"

"I am one whom you once sought for a wife!"

"Louise St. Julien?"

"Yes."

"Ah! Duped—befooled! But—there's a plot!"

A few moments more he gazed upon the two metamorphosed ones, and then, utterly powerless from mad delirium, he sank down.

But Simon Loboïs was not the only one in the dark. The old man and St. Denis were lost in amazement. The latter had clasped his own loved one to his bosom, and she had whispered into his ear the sweet promise of love once more, yet he could not understand it.

"I see you are all astonished," said Louis, "and I will tell you what I know of this funny affair. So sit down and listen; sit down—all of you."

And down they sat, Coqualla keeping close by her companion's side, and seeming as happy as the rest of the happy ones.

"Now listen," commenced Louis. "You remember on that night when we played 'hide and find me' in the yard, Louise and I went off into the house before we hid. We had planned to have some sport with Goupert. Louise and I never realized how much we resembled each other until we exchanged garbs. When I saw her in my clothes, she looked just like my own self in a mirror; and when I had put on her dress, which had to be let out but very little, she assured me I was her counterpart, and when I looked in the mirror, I could have sworn she stood before me. We had reached the corner of the barn, and I was showing Louise where to hide, intending then to have gone myself to the stable, when a party of Indians rushed and seized upon us, and having gagged us, hurried out through the postern. There were twenty of them in all, and they were Chickasaws. Away they took us, and all night they kept on through the deep forest. One of them spoke to me in the Chickasaw tongue, and I was upon the point of answering him, when the thought struck me that he only wished to try if I knew the language; so I pretended to know nothing of it. You know I learned a great deal of it from old Oakbow. After that I listened to their conversation, and I found that I—the girl—was to be carried to New Orleans, while the boy was to be taken up to the Natchez. Of course, I then knew that Simon Loboïs had a hand in this, for he had gone to New Orleans, where he meant to have Louise taken, and there force her to marry him,

while I was carried off another way, perhaps to be killed,—and thus he would have all our father's wealth. Before morning, we came to the place where we were to separate. I did once feel like giving battle to the whole pack; but I was wholly unarmed, and the thought was dropped. I begged to be allowed to speak a few parting words with my companion, and they granted my request. I told Louise what I had heard. 'Now,' said I, 'they don't mistrust the change we've made. I will let them still think I am the girl, and thus you will be free of Simon; while, if you go to the Natchez, still retaining your male disguise, you can at any moment save yourself from death by revealing yourself.' At all events, we both concluded that it would be best for each of us to continue the deception, and we did so.

"I was taken to the shore of Lake Pontchartrain, and there Simon came for me. Probably you have heard his story of the strange manner in which he found me. However, he found me, and took me to New Orleans, and for a few days I was sick. I had suffered some in my hard journey, and was pale and faint. He did not mistrust the deception. He fondly believed he had Louise safely in charge, and I resolved to let him think so. He did not once suspect me, even when I was the most unreserved in my speech. Sickness, long and severe, added to his absence, served to keep him from me; so he still cherished the illusion. I could not have revealed myself, after I found he was going to bring me home, until I had got here, for I meant that my father and Goupert should see the tableau. And then I had meant to have set off in search of Louise, for I did not doubt that she was safe with the Natchez. But all has ended better than I had even hoped. These clothes I have on now I got of a young French officer in New Orleans through the agency of the physician, to whom I entrusted my secret, and who promised to keep it. You have heard the rest. And now for Louise's story."

Thus called upon, Louise commenced. She told how she was taken to the village of the White Apple by Stung Serpent; how they meant to kill her, and for what strange purpose; how Coqualla interceded for her, and how it was arranged that she should marry the princess.

"Here I was puzzled," said Louise; "but I determined to throw myself upon Coqualla's friendship. I told her the secret of my sex, and asked her to save me. She threw her arms about my neck and promised to keep my secret, and be to me a sister, while she passed for my wife. So my secret was safe, and even to this moment none of them know that I was not a male. Only she told her father when he was on his death-bed, and thus he was led to absolve me from my promise to remain with them."

And Louise went on and told her startling story, and as she did so, more than one bright look of holy gratitude was cast upon the beautiful Coqualla.

"And now," said she, in conclusion, "I am able to give you some clue to the great mystery which underlies the whole. When Stung Serpent was upon his death-bed, he sent for me, and he told me all, and he gave me this paper in token of his truth. Read it, father, and know what a villain you have kept beneath your roof."

As Louise handed her father the paper, Simon Loboïs started to his feet.

"Back!" shouted Louis, springing forward and pushing him back into his chair. "Tony, watch this man, and see that he does not leave the room."

Old Tony, who had stood by and heard all, now moved to Simon's side, and as the villain gazed upon the huge bulk of the negro, he uttered a stifled groan, and settled back.

The marquis read the paper aloud. It was as follows:

"This is my bond, that I will pay to Stung Serpent one hundred large pieces of gold, in French coin, when he shall have removed Louis and Louise St. Julien from their home. And he, on his part, promises that said Louis shall be killed, and that Louise shall be sent safely to the middle trail on Lake Pontchartrain. SIMON LOBOÏS."

That was enough. Simon denied it all, then swore, then drew his sword, and then—Tony knocked him down; and ere long afterwards he was taken from the room.

We will not tell how the old marquis embraced Coqualla, nor how he embraced his restored children over and over again, for that can all be imagined. But we will tell how the dusky princess trembled when she met the gaze of Louis, for there she saw the very face with which she had fallen in love, though only by proxy; and how her dark eye grew moist when he blessed her.

Before noon, Louise had contrived, with Coqualla's assistance, to remove the last stain from her skin, and when she stood, all white and pure, she saw a tear on Coqualla's dark cheek.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Nothing," was the soft reply.

"Ah, tell me the truth. Coqualla will not deceive her sister."

"No—no," murmured the noble girl, throwing her arms about Louise's neck, and pillowing her head upon her bosom. "But you will forgive me. Coqualla has left her people forever, but she has not left her skin."

"But tell me all, my sister."

"Coqualla loved the White Hand, and she was only a sister. Now Coqualla has seen another with the same beautiful face. But she does not murmur. She is content; only—"

"Go on, my sister. Tell me all."

"If Coqualla was white, she could love; O, my sister does not know how she could have been loved had she not been Coqualla's sister!"

Louise had read the girl's secret, and as she gazed into those soft, mild features, she uttered, with all the truth of her soul:

"Coqualla does not need a whiter skin. She is beautiful enough. I know Coqualla's heart, and her face is as pure as that."



SYRA, IN THE ARCHIPELAGO.

The maiden princess blessed her sister, and wiped away her tears, for she heard some one coming.

On the next morning the room where Simon Loboïs had been put was found empty, and the slave Peter was also found to be missing; but no search was made for them, for the one was worthless, and the other carried guilt enough to punish him with its shame and burden.

And now joy was once more in St. Julien's household. Goupert and Louise wandered about together, and for a while Louise was left alone, for the only other young person with whom he could associate seemed to shun him. One day Louise drew her brother one side, and whispered with him, for she had that morning found Coqualla in tears, and the poor princess had murmured the thought of going back to the homes of her fathers to lie down by their graves. But what Louise said to her brother may not be known—only, an hour later, Louis and Coqualla walked away down in the garden.

At length, the old cure, Father Langaet, made his visit to the chateau, and there was work for him to do. Goupert and Louise were made one for life, and this time the blushing girl was fastened.

But the work ended not here. Louis St. Julien had spent many hours with Coqualla, for he had become her teacher, and he had opened to her mind the riches of the Great Book. And while she had studied that, he had studied her. At first he was surprised at the wondrous depth of her mind, but he was no less awed by its sublime purity and grandeur of conception. And thus he probed her heart to its inmost depths, and he found it as noble and pure as it was generous and loving. Ere he knew it, he had loved her, and almost unconsciously the story of his love dropped from his lips.

"Coqualla," he whispered, "thou didst love my sister for her face. Mine is like it. Love me, then, and be mine for life. I love thee, for thou art all love and purity to me."

And Coqualla placed one of her soft hands in his, and then rested her head upon his bosom, and as her dark tresses fell over his shoulders, hiding her face and the tears that shone there, she answered him:

"Coqualla can give thee all her heart, and be to thee a slave for life. But if you make her your wife, O be sure you will never regret it; for Coqualla's heart would break if you loved her no more!"

And now what more shall we tell? For a long time the panic caused by the fearful plot of the Indians lasted among the colonists, but they gradually waded out of the danger, though their way was through much blood. The Natchez had sealed their own doom, and a few short years sufficed to sweep them from the list of Indian tribes, and the once powerful nation was known no more on earth but in name and the history of the past. Simon Loboïs joined the French force, having received a lieutenant's commission from Perier, and he fell at the siege of one of the Natchez forts. So a Natchez bullet found the life of him who had thought to barter away the life of another through the hands of the Natchez.

Troubles came now thick and fast upon the hardy settlers, and once the marquis told his children that if they wished, he would sell out and return to France. But they did not wish it. St. Denis was happy enough where he was, for Louise was a sufficient shield against every ill from within, and his own bravery and fortitude swept away all other fear. And Louis found himself in possession of a treasure the intrinsic merits of which were every day developing themselves to his understanding; and after a few short months of wedded life, all doubts vanished from Coqualla's mind, for she was assured that a love like her husband's could never grow cold while she remained true and faithful.

"No," said St. Denis, "we will not return, for in this colony, now surrounded by dangers and gloom, I can see the germ of a nation. A soil so productive, with resources and natural advantages so mighty, must one day be reclaimed to civilization of the highest order. There is no reason why this great valley of the Father of Waters should not, at no very distant time, become literally the Garden of the World. And," he added, while his dark eye burned, and his bosom swelled with deep emotion, "may not those who have already subdued the wilderness in the East, at some time meet us of the West, and, as one family in the New World, bidding adieu to the thrones of the Old, raise the standard of a united nation, with a government commensurate with the grandeur of the result, and with a perpetuity of purpose worthy the memory of those noble pioneers who first grappled the dark terrors of the wilderness, and opened the way to the architects of a new and more glorious realm. We may not live to see it, but the mystic voice of prophecy tells me we may leave the noble heritage to our children!"

SYRA IN THE ARCHIPELAGO.—ERZEROUH.

The view given above represents a very striking and interesting place, the city of Syra, or Hermopolis, the capital of the island of Syra, one of those in the Grecian Archipelago lying among the Cyclades, about twenty miles northwest of Paros. The island has an area of fifty-five square miles, and a population of 30,000 souls. Our view is sketched from the sea, a point which brings into strong relief the bold mountain background, the conical hills, on one of which the old town is situated, and the dense mass of buildings clustered along the shore. The singular Mediterranean craft, with the curving sweep of their lateen yards, is by no means an uninteresting feature in the scene, and contrasts with the fine Yankee built ship we see gliding along under easy sail. Since the Greek revolution, the city has been very much beautified and improved, and has risen to a commercial importance second only to that of Athens. It is the residence of the consuls of most European States, and a principal station of the Mediterranean steamers going to and from Constantinople. Hence during the progress of the war, it has been a point of considerable interest. The highest point shown in our picture is about 4000 feet high. Many parts of the island of Syra are fertile, producing corn, wine, silk, figs and cotton.—ERZEROUH. The scene presented below of Erzeroum, the capital of Armenia, is strikingly wild and oriental in its character. The background is formed of broken mountains that print their bold outlines on the sky. Part of the city, with its indented walls, straggles over a rocky ridge, while a mass of buildings covers the area below, attracting the eye to the curious little houses, mostly of one story, intermingled with the domes and minarets which give such a character to an oriental settlement. The foreground is bold and broken, and here we see a couple of mounted horsemen and a group of the inhabitants lazily lounging on the greensward. The whole scene is peculiar and striking. Erzeroum is in Asiatic Turkey, in a plain on the west branch of the Euphrates, and about 155 miles west of Mount Ararat. It is partly enclosed by a wall 50 feet high, and has an extensive citadel. The streets are narrow, filthy, and infested with savage dogs. The principal buildings are the Armenian and Greek churches and schools, about forty mosques, a large custom house, and numerous khans and caravanserais. It is the principal halting place for the caravans on the march from Teheran to Mecca.



CITY OF ERZEROUH, CAPITAL OF ARMENIA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TWO FLOWERS.

BY WILLIAM W. UEBBARD.

I know too, that for me thy bower
Is budding into glorious bloom,
The rarest, sweetest, loveliest flower,
From which the breezes slip perfume;
But though it blooms perennial there,
How prove a balm to my despair?

I cannot pluck the charming flower—
To linger round it may not dare—
I can but gaze one little hour,
And drink its fresh and fragrant air;
Then, though an angel bid me stay,
Must bear my breaking heart away.

And yet a something deathless clings
Still to the floweret blooming there;
Up from my gushing heart it springs,
And fills my every breath with prayer,
That I may drink from day to day
Its incense till I've passed away.

And yet, alas, 'tis but a flower!
And when some wintry storm appears,
To touch it with a frosty power,
And bend it 'neath a blast of fears,
'Twill close its perfumed lips, and breathe
No more its native bowers beneath!

But O, let not the angel Death,
When culling 'mong our bowers of bliss
For promise-buds to fill his wreath,
Put forth his icy hand for this!
For rather let the hand divine,
Take from the world this soul of mine!

Alas! already is his eye
Fixed steadfast on its virgin bloom—
Too pure for earth, he'll bid it die,
And take the lovely wanderer home—
And while I mourn its earthly doom,
It shall in heaven's bright bowers re-bloom!

And when across that bridge of flowers,
O'er which the bright celestials tread,
Ascending from this world of ours,
With spirits of the holy dead,
Within the radiant gates I stand,
O may this flower be in my hand!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE HEIRESS.

BY FRED. W. SAUNDERS.

ALTHOUGH my friend Tompkins and myself have been on intimate terms, and constantly together ever since that dark period when we were unfortunately born into this dreary world of debts and creditors, it is not a little singular that there should have been but one quarrel between us. That is to say, but one serious quarrel—we have had our little "spats" like everybody else; and, in our more youthful days, indulged in daily fights, keeping each other supplied with chronic black eyes, like high-spirited boys as we were. But the sun never went down upon our wrath, each battle being invariably succeeded by a "treaty of amity and commerce," to remain in effect just so long as the high contracting parties saw fit. But upon one momentous occasion the misunderstanding was of a more serious nature, and for a time threatened terrific consequences, even the moistening of the soil of Pugwash with the blood of one—or perhaps two, as brave fellows as ever showed their backs to a deputy sheriff; and in this wise did it happen.

Some six or several years ago, during the heated term over which the dog-star presides, my friend and myself, having no particular business in the city—nor indeed anywhere else—and being disgusted with the conduct of a most unamiable tailor, who, with several other disagreeable people, persisted in calling upon us daily, we became impressed with the idea that a short sojourn at some not over expensive watering place would be of material benefit both to our health and spirits. That we should pitch upon Pugwash as the place most likely to come within our means, and at the same time bring us in contact with good society—was as natural as that a duck should go barefoot. Accordingly to Pugwash we went.

The hotel was crowded with company. There was a large delegation from the Southern States, more from the West, and not a few from the East; while a respectable minority belonged to that class of individuals who never seem to live anywhere, but are constantly going away from home, and never coming back. After a protracted negotiation with a thin gentleman who stood behind a mahogany counter, a Havana cigar, and a pair of green spectacles, my friend and I were accommodated with a double-bedded, mouse trap looking room, on what would have been the first floor, had it been the custom at that time to enter a public house by the scuttle. The room, however, was of sufficiently ample dimensions to contain very much more than the two collapsed carpet-bags which constituted our joint luggage. So making a careful toilet, and turning up a copper to decide which of us should have the choice of the two beds—one being evidently, from its length, destined for a rope walk rather than an attic chamber, while the other would have suited Tom Thumb to a nicety, with my usual luck the short bed fell to my lot, and I slept with my knees under my chin for the next fortnight. By the time this important matter was arranged, the thundering and long continued roar of a gong made known to all hearers two things: first, the fearful

want of taste in the landlord in admitting such an instrument of torture into his house; and secondly, that supper was ready.

With an exclamation against the former and an inward blessing upon the latter point of information, we descended to the supper room. Two tables extending from end to end of a room a trifle smaller than all out-doors, and a multitude of gentlemen in black coats, and ladies in pink dresses and blue dresses and green dresses, and all other sorts and descriptions of dresses that flesh is heir to, made the room the counterpart of any other dining-room in any other populous hotel. After a weary pilgrimage around those endless tables, under convoy of four waiters whose chief object seemed to be to trip us up, we succeeded in finding two chairs tilted up on their forward legs, with their backs resting against the table, and directly in front were two plates, each containing a little square card, bearing respectively the honored names "Jinx," "Tompkins."

To tip the chairs back into their normal position, seat ourselves in them, and commence twiddling our knives and forks was the work of an instant; but to proceed any further depended of course upon the whim or caprice of a host of those tyrants of the stomach—table waiters—who for the first quarter of an hour, I verily believed, had entered into a league and covenant to starve us to death, their sole employment appearing to be to chase each other frantically up and down the hall at a rate which threatened swift destruction to any unhappy individual who might chance to come in collision with them. At length, when almost upon the brink of despair, one more merciful than the others pitched on to the table before us a suspicion of supper in the shape of a dish containing several little circular slices of tongue of such extreme tenuity as to be more the evidence of things unseen, the promise of things hoped for, than the substantial beef we craved; this, together with a span of sallow biscuit and a dab of mighty butter being all we could obtain, there was nothing for it but to fall to.

I had just succeeded in scalding my throat with a cup of unutterably sultry tea, and was endeavoring to hide my face in my handkerchief from the gaze of a pretty girl opposite, who seemed to take a great interest in watching the contortions of my countenance, when a succession of sharp punches in the ribs from Tompkins's elbow, drew my attention towards that gentleman.

"Say, Jinx," he exclaimed, in a stage whisper, as he directed my attention toward a lady who sat at the upper extremity of the table, "that's a spanker, aint it? She's a regular—what d'yo call it? Juno isn't it—or Hercules, or something? I never could get the hang of those confounded old gods and goddesses."

Following with my eye the direction of Tompkins's forefinger, I beheld a moderately good-looking female, somewhat above the ordinary stature, with a profusion of black hair, and eyes that would have been beautiful but for their somewhat too bold and confident expression. There was something about her which attracted while at the same time it repelled the admiration one felt compelled to accord her.

"Well, what do you think of her?" persisted Tompkins, as, after satisfying my curiosity, I returned—not to my muttons, but to the dish of tongue, and forked half a dozen of the animal chequers into my plate.

"O, she'll do," I drawled, in that patronizing tone men are apt to assume when speaking of a lady, who, in all probability, don't care a snap whether they think she'll do, or not. "She is not one of my beauties," I continued, "there is something too much of her. In her society I should feel myself the weaker vessel; a sensation by no means pleasant, you know. However, that may wear off when we become acquainted with her."

"Yes, I suppose so," spluttered Tompkins, with his mouth full of supper, and we plied our knives and forks for a few minutes with commendable diligence; but presently found ourselves, almost unconsciously, as it were, looking earnestly in the direction of the fair unknown.

By her side sat a gentleman of prepossessing appearance, with immense black whiskers, large black eyes, and a complexion that marked him as a son of that portion of the earth upon which the sun delights to shine. As we gazed, or rather gaped at the pair, the gentleman raised his magnificent great eyes, and catching ours fixed so attentively upon them, howed with the most gentlemanly and thorough bred air conceivable, and whispering something to the lady, she also raised her eyes, smiled sweetly and gently inclined her head. To say that we were surprised at this evidence of affability on the part of the distinguished looking gentleman and lady, is not more than might be expected; but our surprise was not greater than our satisfaction, for they bore about them every token of belonging to some of "our first families," and visions of "high society" flitted before our eyes, as we pulled up the corners of our dickeys, brushed up our hair, and endeavored to look our prettiest, as fellows will when noticed by persons of distinction.

Supper being concluded, most of the company repaired to the parlors to engage in the nightly "hop," while Tompkins and I betook ourselves to the piazza to make a burnt offering of a cigar or two, and to make the sacrifice more acceptable to ourselves, drew our chairs into such a position that while enjoying the cool night air and the bright moonlight, we could also obtain a view of the parlors through the long open windows—where lovely girls, clasped in the arms of gentlemen they knew nothing whatever about, flitted hither and thither in the mazy dance. Such a scene is always pleasant to look upon; and having brought our first cigars to a satisfactory termination, and feeling no inclination to change our spots, we were upon the point of commencing a second fumigation, when the lady of the black eyes and luxuriant hair appeared at the window, gazed pensively upon the stars for a moment, and disappeared among the throng of dancers.

"By Jove," said Tompkins, tossing his newly lighted cigar ap-

on the head of a gentleman in the garden below, "I'm going in side to get an introduction to that lady. What d'ye think—will it do?"

"Yes—go in, lemons. I'll be along by-and-by, when I've finished my cigar."

Tompkins waited for no further encouragement, but popping in at one of the windows was speedily lost to my view. I remained quietly smoking my cigar till it was almost consumed, building castles in the air the while, thinking how jolly it would be to have plenty of money, a large wife and small family, a house of my own and nothing to do—when the silver cord of my dream was loosed by a voice at my side, remarking:

"Delightful evening, sir."

Now, as I am not in the habit of entering into conversation indiscriminately with any and every one who may see fit to address me, I very naturally turned, before answering, to discover who might be the proprietor of this voice of the night, and was not a little surprised and flattered at beholding the dark-whiskered gentleman who had bowed to me at the supper-table. Anxious therefore to atone for the want of politeness displayed in not answering sooner, I replied hurriedly:

"Charming evening—truly magnificent!"

"You are an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of nature," said the distinguished stranger, deferentially.

I admitted the charge, and a highly interesting conversation ensued upon the tip-top character of natural scenery generally, in the course of which I delivered myself of several glowing descriptions of places I had never seen in my life, but had read a good deal about, to all of which the gentleman assented, adding here and there a word, in a manner indicating that he had travelled extensively. By a natural transition, our conversation soon turned from the beauties of nature to the more bewitching beauties who were disporting themselves on their light, fantastic toes within; a subject upon which I am always eloquent, as it is from the fullness of my heart my mouth speaketh. And as I prattled, bestowing a note of admiration upon this lady, and an exclamation point upon another, as they flitted by the window like so many grown up fairies, what should I see but the dark-eyed lady of the supper table, clasped in the arms of my noble Tompkins, whirling round the room in a waltz.

I gave a little start as this unexpected vision passed before my eyes, for I had not suspected Tompkins of sufficient courage to attack a lady of such unmistakable *haut ton*. My companion noticed the action.

"It seems your friend has made the acquaintance of my fair cousin," he said, with a smile; then, after a pause, and as if unconsciously, he continued, "she's a good girl."

Good breeding, a desire to please, and every other consideration, pointed out but one course for me to pursue. There was nothing for it but to improvise a complimentary speech; and I stammered something about her being an uncommonly prepossessing person.

"Do you think so?" asked my companion. "It gives me pleasure to return the compliment; I heard her make the same observation concerning yourself at the table this evening."

My heart warmed toward the young lady, and my eyes followed her as she twirled round the room, with more interest than I had at first thought her capable of exciting.

"She is a sweet-tempered girl; great wealth does not have the effect to render her haughty or exacting," continued my friend of the midnight colored whiskers.

"Great wealth?"—Heavens, I felt it was in my heart to adore that girl.

"Yes, she will shortly come into possession of one of the largest and finest plantations in Louisiana, perfectly unincumbered, and with liberty to bestow it wherever her heart chooses. Were it not that I have one of the best wives in the world, I should almost wish myself a bachelor, for her sake."

"Great wealth—prodigious plantation—numerous niggers—and she thinks me an uncommonly prepossessing person," I repeated to myself; and my anti-slavery proclivities fled in a moment. I felt that it was all up with me. A clear case of love at first sight. I was deeply, passionately enamored of the fair creature; did she not smile upon my love, I felt that this life would be a dreary waste, and that an early grave would be all my blighted heart could look forward to with hope. I think my companion must have divined my thoughts, and approved the true and disinterested affection I had conceived for his fair kinswoman, for, after a moment's pause, he broke the silence by saying:

"Shall I introduce you to my cousin, the set is now off the floor, and I see she is disengaged?"

I could not have sprung to my feet quicker had the chair upon which I was seated been red hot. My companion smiled at my impetuosity, and hooking his arm in mine, we entered the parlor, and made our way toward the part of the room where in majestic beauty reclined my soul's adored.

As we picked our way through the crowd, my companion kept up a running fire of remarks.

"He was going," he said, "to introduce me to Miss Matilda Smithers—a lady of high family—immense expectations—sprightly—with the warm and cordial heart of a creole—fond of northern men—Miss Smithers, Mr. Jinx."

I bowed; the lady bowed, smiled, and exhibited a set of teeth that would have eaten their way into the heart of any fellow in existence.

"Might I hope for the honor of dancing with Miss Smithers?"

I might. The music sounded; she accepted my offered arm and we stood at the head of the room. Again the music blared; every gentleman saluted his partner, every lady dittoed, and at it

we went—cross over, forward and back, and down the middle, kicking and capering like mad, to the admired air of "The girl I left behind me."

I think I never met a more agreeable person in my life than Miss Smithers—she was all smiles and sweetness, while I, on my part, allowed no opportunity to pass unimproved of showing off my numerous graces and accomplishments. That she was pleased with me was evident, if from nothing else, from the fact that she danced with me nearly the entire evening, and when not dancing with me, Tompkins was the favored individual. I had every reason to be satisfied with my evening's progress; she was not one of your icy-hearted individuals with whom it takes one an age to become acquainted. On the contrary, she could not have been more gracious had we been on terms of intimacy for the preceding thousand years. When she raised her dark eyes to mine with such a look of something more than confidence, I was charmed, if ever a fellow was, and when I thought of her possessions, and heard her talk of her cousin—who, she informed me, was a banker—I could have fallen down and worshipped her. So well did I succeed in her good graces, that, at the close of the dance she consented, with a sweet smile, to take a drive in my carriage the following morning.

It was with a light heart I rushed up stairs to my dormitory after a lingering leave-taking on the moon-lit piazza; and it was with more than female volubility that I recounted to Tompkins, as he undressed, the events of the evening—my hopes and fears, what I had learned of her wealth, and how and about it generally. But to my unutterable surprise, Tompkins made no reply, without an impatient grunt may be interpreted as such, and instead of the noisy congratulations and offers of assistance I had expected, he tumbled into bed, drew the clothes over his head, and made no more talk than a musk-rat. The cause of this strange behaviour on the part of Tompkins, I was at a loss to comprehend, and for nearly three minutes I sat like a statue, with my feet hanging out of bed, thinking over the matter; but not being able to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion, and as it is not my practice to allow anything to interfere with my regular sleep, I deliberately drew in my limbs, extinguished the distant light with a flourish of my pillow, and was speedily in the land of dreams.

When I awoke the next morning the sun was up, and Tompkins had gone down, a thing he had never done before without arousing me by throwing his boots at me, or some other playfulness. But now his bed was empty and it was apparent that the sulkeness of the night before had not worn off. Jumping out of bed, I paced the room a moment, as newly awakened gentlemen are apt to, yawning and stretching, previous to assuming my bifurcated garment, when, as I perambulated, happening to approach the open window, what should I behold—but Tompkins, with the lady of my love leaning on his arm as together they promenaded the garden paths below! The mystery was a mystery no longer, all was now clear as a quill—Tompkins was my rival. This then was the viper I had warmed in my bosom.

"Base villain and false friend, thy treacherous schemes shall avail thee nothing, for Jinx is thy adversary!" I muttered, as I fiercely combed my hair, and from that moment hate, bitter and uncompromising hate, reigned supreme in my indignant thorax.

At the breakfast table Tompkins met me with a cold and formal salute, which I returned with equal frigidity, and by a tacit understanding we avoided each other from that time forward. At the appointed hour my hired carriage was driven round to the door, and my adored Matilda, with most feminine promptitude, made her appearance gloved and shawled for the ride. If I had thought Matilda an agreeable person the night before, one in whose society I delighted, where can I find words to express my sense of her amiability and gentleness, or the truly charming style of conversation she adopted during that delightful drive? If I pointed out an object of beauty and expressed my admiration therefor, she was in raptures. Did I find food for mirth, she was convulsed. Did "a feeling of sadness come o'er me which my soul could not resist," she melted in a moment.

In short, had I previously entertained any doubts about our being "cut out for each other," they existed no longer. Indeed, when I tried on the sentimental dodge, and hinted at the untenanted condition of my heart, she met me half way, and with a languishing air went on about kindred spirits at such a rate that I gave my horse half a dozen severe cuts in my enthusiasm.

With such a golden prospective what cared I that, on my return, they charged an exorbitant price for the carriage? What cared I that I lost a large sum at billiards to my black whiskered connection that was to be, immediately after? Nothing! To a man of my expectations, such a sum was unworthy his consideration. But I confess it did annoy me to behold Tompkins and Matilda drive off directly after dinner in the identical turnout I had been the brief proprietor of in the morning.

In nearly the same fashion did a week pass away. Matilda was as affable as I could have wished, but then Tompkins was with her when I was not, and how did I know but she was equally kind to him? The thought was torture. To consider him as a rival was bad enough; but that any one should consider him superior, or even equal to me, was humiliating in the extreme. Then, too, Matilda's cousin, the banker, played billiards with Tompkins as often as with me, and won his money, too, as I could perceive by his troubled look when quitting the saloon. But that argued nothing, for what was the merest trifle to the wealthy banker, was a great deal to Tompkins and me. During all this time we had never exchanged a word. If Tompkins went to bed early, I retired late, and vice versa; so that we were seldom in contact. But I was getting impatient—what with my losses to the banker and the heavy expenses incidental to the successful courting of an heiress, I was getting to be sadly afflicted with the "shorts."

Whether to boldly pop the decisive question and so put an end to my embarrassments, was a matter that exercised me not a little, and it was upon this important subject I was pondering when my quondam friend drove up to the door, and having assisted Matilda to alight, drove off again. The self-satisfied and joyous expression that overspread his villanous old mug, decided me at once. Stepping hastily forward I accosted the lady who I fondly hoped would shortly become Mrs. Jinx. She received me with more than her usual urbanity.

"Was Miss Smithers disengaged?" She was.

"Could I see her alone for a few minutes, on a matter of importance, of the greatest importance to myself?"

This was accompanied with one of my looks. She showed her white teeth as she answered that I could. As we proceeded toward the end of the piazza, I ventured to take one of her hands upon which I bestowed the little teentiest bit of a squeeze. *Io triumph!* she returned the squeeze. Now for it, thought I, and mustering all my resolution, I went off into an unintelligible rhapsody—eternal love—heart and life gratefully devoted—a smile from her was heaven, a frown da—death; hand—heart—fortune—life!

She blushed, turned away her head, sighed deeply and murmured something about its being so unexpected, and that she wanted time for consideration. But I was inexorable; nothing short of a decisive answer would do my business for me. I explained to her the dilapidated state of my internal economy—expressed my conviction that not the minutest particle of my heart yet remained in my possession, and wound up with a broad hint to the effect that if her answer—and a favorable one at that—was not speedily forthcoming, there would be a defunct gentleman somewhere about the house inside of five minutes. This last consideration was too much for her gentle spirit—with another sigh, and in the sweetest possible voice, she informed me she was mine.

Words cannot express the extent of my delight as I listened to the sweet music of her voice. Could it be that I was in reality to become the proprietor of a wife and a big plantation? I could scarcely believe my senses. But the danger of delay, the great risk in letting such a prize remain unappropriated, flashed across my mind, and I persisted.

"When, dearest Matilda," I murmured, "when may I call you mine?"

She hesitated—she didn't know—she had always a superstitious fear about long engagements.

"Had she, indeed; how singular that I should entertain the same feelings! Why not let it be at once—an elopement, it would be so romantic? Why not this very day?"

Again she hesitated, and again I referred to the dead gentleman, and she gently murmured her consent.

"But do not let Mr. Tompkins know anything of it," she continued, with considerable energy.

"And why not, dearest? What have you to fear from him?"

"O, please do not let him know of it. I am afraid of him."

"You fear him, dearest? One word from you, and I will sweep the vile reptile from the face of the earth!"

"O, no, no! For my sake do not. Do not see him at present, or if you see him, do not speak to him. Promise me that."

"Well, for your sake, I will not," I replied, with an air of self-denial—though I was secretly pleased, for Tompkins could have thrashed me like a sack had he taken the notion. "How the dear girl fears for my safety!" thought I, with a decidedly pleasant sensation. "But when shall I have the carriage in readiness?"

"Wait where you are a moment. I will consider and send down a note by a servant."

And with a gentle pressure of my hand she tripped into the house and bounded up stairs.

Those, and only those who have been in a precisely similar situation, can imagine my feelings at that moment. I felt like one in a dream; the future was a bright and a golden future—what were tailors and creditors to me at that moment? I was happy! I didn't care a snap whether school kept or not. While dreaming such bright dreams, a servant approached and placed a note in my hand. It began, "Dear Aristides," and the substance of the whole was that "my own Matilda" would be in readiness at three o'clock that very afternoon, to accompany me to the ends of the earth, if I required such a journey of her. It was then half past one—there was barely time for necessary preparations.

Rushing hastily up stairs to my room, I threw open the door and entered. Confusion! Tompkins was there. What the deuce did the fellow want in my room at that hour of all hours in the day? There was no time to be lost, however, and I went furiously to work upon my carpet-bag, pulling out this and pushing in that, until everything was packed except my pistols and the garments I designed to wear upon the momentous occasion. Laying the pistols ostentatiously upon the table, I began to strip, preparatory to putting on my "best clothes," and had arrived at that stage in which a gentleman is but one remove from a state of nudity, when looking up, I saw Tompkins gazing savagely at me.

"Why the deuce do you look at me, sir?" I growled, in my most ferocious tone.

"Because I choose to, sir," returned Tompkins, in an equally ungentle manner. "And furthermore, sir, let me inform you, sir, if you are putting on those things for the purpose of calling upon Miss Smithers, your time is thrown away, sir. You may perhaps not be aware that there is a perfect understanding between Miss Smithers and myself, sir."

"It is false, sir."

"Sir—r—rr!"

"Yes, false, sir," I yelled, catching up Matilda's note and holding it up before his face, in a triumphant manner. "Look there, sir, look a the—r—r—re, sir!"

"'Tis a base forgery, sir."

"'Tis not, sir!"

"You lie, sir!"

"By heavens, you shall pay for that word," I roared, clutching one of my pistols.

"Come on, Mister Jin—nx," sneered Tompkins, catching up a long-legged washstand and assuming a belligerent attitude.

At that moment a heavy step approached the door, and who should walk into the room, but our mutual and enormously powerful friend—Captain George Booth, of the ship *Livelyscratch*?

"Hello, Jinx! Hello Tompkins!" he exclaimed, in his free and easy way. "What the deuce is up now? Damon and Pythias by the ears?" he continued, observing our attitudes and weapons.

"The villain!" I ejaculated, moving toward Tompkins.

"The presumptuous scoundrel!" exclaimed Tompkins, making a demonstration toward me with the washstand.

"Come, get out of that," coolly remarked Booth, knocking the pistol out of my hand, while at the same time he pushed Tompkins over on his back on the bed. "Tompkins, put down that what d'ye call it—and as for you, Jinx, you had better dress yourself; you don't look pretty well, standing there as you are. Now let us know what all this is about;" he continued, taking a position between us.

"There is a lady stopping at this house," I began, glaring at Tompkins from my entrenched position behind the bed post.

"Yes, sir, a lady—" interrupted Tompkins, glaring at me from behind his bed post.

"Hold your tongue, Tompkins, and let one speak at a time," interposed Booth.

"A lady—" I continued.

"Yes, Miss Matilda Smithers," again interrupted Tompkins.

"Miss which?" exclaimed Booth, with a comical look, as he dove his hands into the lower depths of his breeches pockets, and gave vent to a prolonged whistle. "You don't mean to tell me you have fallen into the hands of that sho land shark?"

"What do you mean, Booth?" I exclaimed, with a presentiment of evil. "Miss Smithers is a highly respectable lady, who is here with her cousin, a wealthy southern banker."

"O, yes—I know all about that—she's an heiress—big plantation; and her cousin is a big fellow with black whiskers, who cheats you out of all your money at billiards."

Tompkins groaned, and Booth proceeded:

"Banker? to be sure he's a banker—*furo* banker, when he does anything else besides sponge such greenies as you two chaps. Why, bless your innocent hearts, they are as well known as the sun at every cheap watering-place from Maine to the further end of Florida reefs. And I suppose one, or both of you, have promised to marry her?"

"Yes," faltered Tompkins, "she promised to give me an answer this evening."

"The deuce she did! Why, I was to elope with her at three o'clock!"

"Ha, ha—the old story. She's done the same thing a thousand times, or less," chuckled Booth.

I looked at Tompkins; he was looking unutterably foolish, and I have no doubt had my features been capable of wearing a foolish expression, they would have done so at that moment. Again I looked at Tompkins—he looked at me. We started; hesitated; rushed into each other's arms, and hugged away till we almost broke each other's backs. * * * There is but little more to add. Captain Booth waited upon the banker to decline, in our names, the honor of an alliance with his cousin. The banker objected, and threatened legal proceedings, but offered to compromise. That he could never recover anything in the way of damages, we were all well aware, but rather than have the affair made public, and our names coupled in the public prints with the notorious names of the two detestable sharpers, we consented to compromise. All the money that Tompkins and I could raise at short notice, together with a large sum borrowed from Booth, satisfied the banker. And if you want to get a clip over the head, just say "heiress," to either Tompkins or myself.

ROUND HILL MOTORPATHIC WATER-CURE.

This institution, located at Northampton, Mass., possesses great attractions in the charming beauty of its scenery and in the loveliness of its extended landscape, as a home for invalids, or a summer retreat for families or parties seeking relaxation and pleasure. Water, in great abundance and of the purest quality, is supplied from living mountain springs; and the bathing facilities embrace every modern improvement for the medical application of it, including Virgnes's electro-chemical bath, for extracting all metallic substances from the human system, whether taken as medicine or otherwise absorbed.

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LOWELL, MASS.

On this and the following page, we present our readers with some interesting sketches made on the spot and expressly for this paper, in the neighboring city of Lowell, by Mr. Warren. They are faithful and pleasing. The first is the depot of the Boston and Lowell Railroad, on Merrimac Street, a fine, substantial building of brick, with offices and halls, and one of the most picturesque station houses in New England. The salient tower with its graceful arched windows and doors gives this structure a peculiar physiognomy. The second point of view is sketched from the banks of the Merrimac River at the point of junction with Concord River. The Merrimac is seen here below the falls, but turbulent from the rocky character of the place, whirling and dashing amidst the boulders that shoot up from the bed of the river. We behold here the source of the power which drives the mills of the Manchester of America. The large buildings on the river's bank with their smoking chimneys attest the activity of the manufacturing business. The covered bridge is that which connects Lowell with Dracut. The foreground—with its tall trees, its grasses and shrubbery, and its sportive figures, has quite a rural aspect. The third engraving of this set is a very accurate view of Merrimac Street, the widest and finest in Lowell. It shows some of the handsomest and largest business structures. In the foreground, on the right, are the remains of the Lowell Museum, destroyed by fire in January last. Next is the fine block called NeSmith's Block, beyond which is the opening of John Street. On the other side is Shaw's spacious structure, one of the largest in Lowell, beyond which is a succession of stores and large buildings, terminating with the portico of the railroad station. The spire in the distance is that of the Congregational church. Our series of sketches closes with a view of the Court House, a very elegant building, designed by A. B. Young, the distinguished architect. It was built in 1850, at a cost of about \$100,000, is fire proof, and stands in a commanding situation. We are very much pleased with this building, because it differs from the stereotyped form of such edifices. There is no reason why the temple of justice should be forbidding and gloomy in its aspect. Mr. Young has designed a building, well proportioned, graceful and elegant. Its airy gables, with their rich ornaments, the lofty flight of steps, the portico, with its graceful arcades, the octagonal clock tower, surmounted by the emblematic scales—all these features unite to form a strongly individualized structure, and one which makes a very strong impression on the beholder. Lowell is situated on the right bank of the Merrimac, where it receives the Concord River, at the termination of five railroads connecting with the seaboard cities and various sections of the interior, and is twenty-five miles north by west from Boston. It was named after Francis C. Lowell, a gentleman of Boston, distinguished for his efforts to introduce the manufacture of cotton into the United States. It was incorporated a town in 1826, and a city in 1836. When the enlargement of the canal was commenced in 1822, the territory included within the limits of Lowell contained less than two hundred inhabitants—its population is now about 40,000. The first purchases with a view to the establishment of manufactures, were made here in 1821. The Merrimac Company was the first incorporated, with a capital of \$1,500,000, and the first cloth was woven in one of their mills in 1823. The township was taken from Chelmsford in 1826, and embraces a territory, including the village of Belvidere, on the opposite side of the Concord River, which has since been an-



BOSTON RAILROAD DEPOT, LOWELL, MASS.

nexed to Lowell from a corner of Tewksbury, of about five square miles. The place where the city stands was known in the early annals of the country as one of the best fishing grounds of the Indians in all New England. The apostle Eliot speaks of one or two excursions he made to "Pawtucket Falls," to establish relations with the Indians of the interior, in furtherance of his plans of Christianizing and civilizing them. The natives continued to assert and to retain their fishing privileges up to a late period, though surrounded by a white population. It is said there still exist traces of a trench which once enclosed a large area about the confluence of the Merrimac and Concord Rivers, which was reserved exclusively for the Indians. The almost unrivalled advantages which Lowell enjoys for manufacturing purposes are derived from a descent of thirty feet in the Merrimac, known as the Pawtucket Falls, which, by the aid of canals and locks, furnishes an immense hydraulic power. "All the principal water privileges at Lowell," says Hayward, "are owned by a company called the 'Proprietors of the Locks and Canals on Merrimac River.' This company was formed in 1792, for the purpose of constructing a canal from the head of Pawtucket Falls, so called, in the Merrimac River, to the Concord River, near to its junction with the Merrimac, for the purpose of affording a passage to boats and rafts navigating the river. This canal is a mile and a half long, sixty feet wide and six or eight feet deep. When the design

was entertained of applying the immense water power thus created to manufacturing purposes, this company, having received the title to a considerable area on the south side of the river, sold out to other companies sites for mills, agreeing to furnish them with a certain amount of water for a stipulated annual rent. They also erected an extensive shop for the manufacture of machinery, from which, in as short a time as three months, they can furnish the machinery complete for a cotton mill of 6000 spindles; and in the same time, if required, they also build the mill itself, to the orders of a new company, and furnish it ready to be operated. The facilities thus afforded contributed rapidly to build up the place, and the energy and foresight of these enterprising capitalists were largely rewarded. The old canal having, of late years, proved in some degree insufficient, a new one was commenced in 1847, of great capacity and superior workmanship, costing \$640,000. This canal is one mile in length, averaging 100 feet wide and 15 feet deep; and for size, solidity, and the completeness of all its arrangements, it is said to exceed anything of the kind in the United States." In 1852, there were 12 manufacturing corporations in Lowell, owning 51 mills, and employing an aggregate capital of \$13,900,000. The number of operatives was 4163 males and 8470 females, making an aggregate of 12,633. Number of spindles in operation, 342,722; looms, 10,606; cotton consumed during the year, 91,650 bales; wool, 5,158,000 pounds; iron in machine shops, 4500 tons; anthracite coal, 30,576 tons; charcoal, 68,350 bushels; wood, 3220 cords; whale and sperm oil, 69,607 gallons; lard, 47,000 gallons; and starch, 1,400,000 pounds. The weekly products of the looms were—cotton cloth, 2,087,000 yards; osenaburgs, 90,000 yards; woolens, 27,000 yards; carpets, 25,000 yards; cotton goods, dyed and printed, 300,000 yards. The medium power of a loom per day is about 45 yards of No. 14 yarn, and 33 yards of No. 30 yarn; average produce of a spindle per day, 1.14 yards. The average wages of males per week, clear of board, are about \$4.80, and of females, \$2.00. Among the 12 corporations the Merrimac Manufacturing Company, with a capital of \$2,500,000, may be mentioned as one of the most extensive. It annually uses 1,000,000 pounds of madder, 38,000 pounds of copperas, 60,000 pounds of alum, 50,000 pounds of sumac, 45,000 pounds of indigo, and 40,000 pounds of soap. The Middlesex Company consumes annually 6,000,000 teasels, 2,000,000 pounds of fine wool, 50,000 pounds of glue, \$30,000 worth of dye stuffs, and \$13,000 worth of soap. Other manufactures, in addition to the above, embracing powder, paper, batting, etc., are annually produced, to the value of about \$1,500,000, employing a capital of \$400,000, and nearly 1500 operatives. Only a small proportion of the adult population of Lowell are natives of the place; about one-third are foreigners, principally Irish. The other two-thirds are nearly all from different New England States. A strenuous and successful effort has been made to prevent the immorality which has generally been thought inseparable from a manufacturing town. The regulations of the corporations are very stringent, and no employee is retained whose character is known to be bad. The result is a highly respectable community. Notwithstanding their severe work, a large proportion of the operatives find time for self-culture, and many opportunities for improvement are found in the institutions of the city. Libraries, periodicals and newspapers are liberally patronized by the operatives, many of whom have, from time to time, distinguished themselves by their literary efforts. The "Lowell Offering," a journal conducted by the young ladies connected with the



JUNCTION OF THE CONCORD AND MERRIMAC RIVERS, LOWELL, MASS.



VIEW OF MERRIMAC STREET, LOWELL, MASS.

THE HIMALAYAN REGIONS.

Dr. Hooker, an English naturalist and traveller, who has explored the province of Nepal, and a part of Sikkim, in Northern India, embracing some of the highest summits of the Himalayan range of mountains, relates some interesting facts in regard to that region, where is found the highest land on the globe. Dorjiling, a British sanitary station in Sikkim, 7000 feet above the sea, is placed on one of the outer spurs of the Himalaya Mountains; although its elevation is moderate, and its distance from the plain trifling, and its latitude only 27° north, it has a peculiar climate, very different from what we are inclined to call tropical. Throughout this temperate region there is hardly one eatable fruit, except the native walnut, and some brambles, of which the yellow and the ground raspberry are the best, some insipid figs, and a very austere crab apple. The European apple will scarcely ripen, and

the pear not at all. Currants and gooseberries show no disposition to thrive, and strawberries are the only fruit that ripen at all, which they do in the greatest abundance. Vines, figs, pomegranates, plums, apricots, will not succeed, even as trees. The temperature hardly ever rises above 70° in the summer months; there is a "boundless contiguity of shade," dense forests covering the hills without break or opening; rain falls every month of the year, and to the extent of one hundred and twenty inches per annum; during the heats of summer, and also in the warmest part of every day, a canopy of cloud obstructs the direct rays of the sun, and produces the singular effect on horticulture just described. This is owing to the fact that the prevailing winds from the Bay of Bengal to the southeast, upon reaching the Himalaya range, are rapidly condensed, causing clouds and copious rains. Dr. Hooker says that some of the Himalaya passes traversed by him were

nearly eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. Yet these passes, although much encumbered by snow, are used by native traders, who cross the mountain into Thibet; and he thinks that the glaciers, which have undoubtedly once descended into the valleys, must in some cases have been forty miles long and five hundred feet in depth. The highest peak of the Himalaya is Kinchinjunga, which has an absolute elevation of 28,178 feet, and is the highest mountain of the known world. There are other peaks which reach an altitude of 24,000 feet.

Col. Markham, in an account of the Ganges of the Himalayas, gives the following interesting description of the celebrated glacier of this great river:—"One fine cold morning, and we started early to accomplish the five miles to the south of the mighty river. The opposite bank being the best for burrell, we were in great hopes that we might find sufficient snow left to enable us to cross the river; but the snow that at times bridges over the stream was gone. The walking was hard, for in all the small tributary streams were stones and rocks incrusting with ice, which made them very difficult to cross. On the opposite side we saw immense flocks of burrell, but there was no getting at them, but at last the great glacier of the Ganges was reached; and never can I forget my first impressions when I beheld it before me in all its savage grandeur. The glacier, thickly studded with enormous loose rocks and earth, is about a mile in width, and extends upwards many miles, towards an immense mountain, covered with perpetual snow down to its base, and its glittering summit piercing the very skies, rising 21,000 feet above the level of the sea. The chasm in the glacier, through which the sacred stream rushes forth into the light of day, is named the 'Cow's Mouth,' and is held in the deepest reverence by all Hindoos; and the regions of eternal frost in its vicinity are the scenes of many of their most sacred mysteries. The Ganges enters the world no puny stream, but bursts forth from its icy womb a river thirty or forty yards in breadth, of great depth, and very rapid. We killed a burrell by a lucky shot across the river just at the mouth; it fell backwards into the torrent, and was no more seen. Extensive as my travels since this day have been through these beautiful mountains, and amidst all the splendid scenery I have looked on, I can recall none so magnificent as the glacier of the Ganges." Mr. Yule, an English traveler, also speaks of the rains upon the Himalayas as being unprecedented any where else; in one single month, there fell 264 inches, or 22 feet.



COURT HOUSE, LOWELL, MASS.

mills has often been cited, both in this country and Europe, as a remarkably interesting production. "It is well known," said Edward Everett, in his Fourth of July oration at Lowell (1830), "that the degraded condition of the operatives in the old world had created a strong prejudice against the introduction of manufactures into this country. We were made acquainted, by sanitary and parliamentary reports, detailing the condition of the great manufacturing cities abroad, with a state of things revolting to humanity. It would seem that the industrial system of Europe required for its administration an amount of suffering, depravity and brutalism, which formed one of the great scandals of the age. No form of serfdom or slavery could be worse. Reflecting persons, on this side of the ocean, contemplated with uneasiness the introduction into this country, of a system which had disclosed such hideous features in Europe; but it must be frankly owned that these apprehensions have proved wholly unfounded. Were I addressing an audience in any other place, I could with truth say more to this effect than I will say on this occasion. But you will all bear me witness that I do not speak the words of adulation when I say, that for physical comfort, moral conduct, general intelligence, and all the qualities of social character which go to make up an enlightened New England community, Lowell might safely enter into a comparison with any town or city in the land. Nowhere, I believe, for the same population, is there a greater number of schools and churches, and nowhere a greater number of persons whose habits and mode of life bear witness that they are influenced by a sense of character. In demonstrating to the world that such a state of things is consistent with the profitable pursuit of manufacturing industry, you have made a discovery more important to humanity than all the wonderful machinery for weaving and spinning—than all the miracles of water and steam. You have rolled off from the sacred cause of labor the mountain reproach of ignorance, vice and suffering under which it lay crushed. You have gained, for the skilled industry required to carry on these mighty establishments, a place of honor in the great dispensation by which Providence governs the world. You have shown that the homebred virtues of the parental roof are not required to be left behind by those who resort for a few years to these crowded marts of social industry; and, in the fruits of your honest and successful labor, you are daily carrying gladness to the firesides where you were reared." From the period of its incorporation, the people of Lowell have distinguished themselves by their zeal for the cause of education. The public schools, liberally provided for at the outset, have increased in number, character and efficiency, with the growth and prosperity of the city. An association of mechanics, incorporated as early as 1825, erected the Mechanics' Hall, in the heart of the city, furnished with a fine library and reading-room, a mineralogical cabinet and philosophical apparatus, arranged for courses of lectures, literary and scientific. Lowell also possesses a fine library, the use of which is obtained by the payment of a small annual subscription. Lowell is indeed a wonderful place. It has sprung up with almost the rapidity of an enchanted palace in an Eastern fairy tale. Nature, capital, genius and industry have made it what it is—a latter day miracle. Strangers from the South and West daily visit it—and it is regarded as a proof of American enterprise and genius.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE NARROW HOUSE.

I know a little narrow house,
By human hands 'twas made;
It boasts no architectural form,
But 'tis secure against the storm,
Although 'tis neither light nor warm—
That house the sexton made,
The sexton with his spade.

I know a little sleeper there,
A little daughter, laid
Beneath its walls both damp and cold,
Where beauty mingles back with mould;
And all around sleep young and old,
In graves the sexton made,
The sexton with his spade.

I know a "house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;"
And through its portal, left ajar,
I see a beautiful, bright star,
Now risen, where the angels are—
And from that starlit sky
That light shall never die!

M. O.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AUNT POLLY'S EXPERIENCE.

BY ANNIE CARLTON.

"O, Aunt Polly, did you ever go to New York?"

"La, yes, child! What made you ask that silly question?"
replied Aunt Polly, looking up from her work with surprise.

"Nothing, aunt—only I was looking at this map, and thinking
it was very far off."

"Did I never tell you of my famous ride to New York in the
cars, on the Hudson River Railroad, that they brag so much about
—going like lightning, and never taking folks in?" And Aunt
Polly thereupon raised her spectacles to her forehead, and began.

"It was in the summer of 1852. I had been to the far West,
and was returning to my home. I had sailed upon the noble lake
Michigan, had passed through the romantic straits of Mackinaw
into the stormy Huron, from thence to the placid waters of St.
Clair, and crossed the blue waves of Erie to Buffalo. Finding I
had arrived too late for the express, I was almost determined to
wait a day; but as it was of a Saturday, and I was anxious to
reach my brother's house in New York that night, I determined
to take the accommodation train, which started at eight o'clock.

"Accordingly I went to the ticket office with the crowd, when
there arose another difficulty. It seemed there were two ways of
going to New York from Albany—one by the boat, and the other
by the River Road. The confusion was so great—each party try-
ing to outdo the other by their vociferations in the recommendation
of *their way*—'The Sir Isaac Newton goes to-night—best boat on
the Hudson, sleep all night soundly, find yourself in New York at
sunrise all safe, wont know you are in a boat, think you are on a
bed of down,' shouts one. 'Hudson River Railroad, through like
lightning, cars easy as a rocking chair, seats provided with a pil-
low for the head, be in New York at eleven to-night. Talk about
that boat!—it shakes like it had a fit of the ague; it shook so hard
the other night that it shook out a woman's false teeth. A young
man's whiskers stand no chance to be saved at all; and I have
seen an old man's pet wig fall at his feet—to say nothing of the
live stock they keep to feed on the unhappy victims who so rashly
confide in their promises,' screams another, so that, what with
keeping my pockets from the hands of thieves, and my purse from
being snatched from my hand, I could scarcely collect my senses
enough to decide. But upon the ticket-master's assuring me I
should certainly be in New York at eleven that night, I unfortu-
nately selected the road, and paid a dollar extra for the privilege.
So with my ticket and checks in my pocket, I took a comfortable
seat in the cars, and gave myself up to pleasing anticipations of
the surprise I was about to give my brother and family."

"And did you not get to Uncle John's that night?" said little
Sue.

"Hush, Susy; do not interrupt me!" replied Aunt Polly, shak-
ing her head. "I'm coming to that part in time. Well, as I
was saying, I was indulging in my fancies, never dreaming of any
trouble ahead—for I had paid my money, and why should not the
bargain be fulfilled!—that is, to be in New York at eleven that
night. The day was fine, and as we hurried on through the lovely
and picturesque valley of the Mohawk, I thought it a pity so
many of the passengers should be indifferent to its beauties, for
transient as was the view, it awakened within me those calm and
holy feelings which inspire true happiness."

"The day wore on, and we made good progress. At half past
eight we reached Albany, where we had been told we could have
supper, and on this anticipation, I had refused to take dinner, but
alas! I found my hopes of a plentiful repast vanish like chaff be-
fore the wind. I was coolly informed there was no supper pre-
pared, and if there had been, there was no time to eat it, for the
ferry-boat crossed the river at quarter to nine, and the cars to leave
at nine; so it was all I could do to get myself and baggage to the
ferry. And cold (for it was in October), hungry and weary, with
a few of my luckless companions, who had like myself been be-
guiled by fair promises, we once more resumed our places in the
cars, which were in apparent readiness to take us onward.

"Already the engine, puffing and blowing like some unearthly
monster, reared its iron head, and, glowing like a heated furnace,
stood before the train. The busy men hurried to and fro, regard-
less of the questions of the now impatient passengers as to the
cause of the delay, for it was a quarter past nine. Time wore on,

and with it our patience wore out, for the train still remained sta-
tionary. Ten o'clock came, and with it 'curses loud and deep,'
for the discontent had fomented into rebellion. Calls for the con-
ductor or engineer to explain the cause of detention were in vain;
not the slightest attention was paid to the reiterated demands.
Many propositions were made to vacate the premises, and take
our chance at the hotels for supper and lodging; but the company
had our money, the next day was Sunday, and thus we were
obliged to submit to our fate.

"Eleven o'clock struck. This was the hour which was to have
found us at our journey's end, and lo! we had not yet moved an
inch from Albany. My only remark was that it was safe, if not
expeditious; though my wrath was waxing warm against these
'tricks upon travellers.' At this moment the locomotive moved
off, groaning and laboring under the weight of forty-two cars filled
with cattle, hogs and sheep; and now the mystery was solved—
we were in a freight train with one passenger car attached."

"And now, Aunt Polly, you were glad to be on your way; I
suppose you went fast enough to get there by four o'clock."

"Ah, Susy, your imagination is too swift for our pace. We
crept along at the rate of eight miles an hour; and had it not been
for the beautiful scenery along the banks of the river, I should
have been too much provoked to be thus served. But it was a
splendid night; the brilliancy of the moon was softened by a thin
veil of mist, which threw a halo around every object it touched.

"The clamor had ceased, and each weary head was bowed in
hopes of snatching a few moments' oblivion from this tiresome
speed, save an old sea captain, noisy and profane, from his fre-
quent potations from a brandy flask he had with him, who could
not sleep himself, and was determined no one else should, when
he found talking would not answer, would get up and walk, or
rather totter from one end of the car to the other, shaking the men
by the shoulders, and swearing at them for their stupidity—then
commencing some of his long sea yarns, soon lulled them to
sleep again.

"After a few hours we picked up another engine, and put it on
behind to push us along, or we might have been on the road sev-
eral days. About daylight we reached Newburg, where we found
a whole band of luckless musicians waiting to take the cars, and
who had been waiting at the station house since eleven o'clock the
preceding night. They were not in the best humor, having passed
the night stretched upon benches, chairs, or the floor, as they could
find them. At seven o'clock we stopped at a station, where they
professed to have refreshments for the wayworn and weary, con-
sisting of villainous coffee and tea, apples, crackers, and pies of
various kinds. And here an amusing incident occurred, which
quite revived the spirits of my companions in affliction.

"At the station, the up train was standing waiting for this down
train to pass. I noticed it when I went into the eating-room. A
large number of us were taking our breakfast, being rather ex-
hausted from the long fast we had been obliged to make. Pres-
ently the signal for departure sounded from the engine; but as I
kept my eye on the conductor and brakeman, who were quietly
taking their lunch, and seeing they did not move, I did not disturb
myself at all. A moment after, some one rushed in to say that
our train had gone. We got to the door just in time to see the
last of the rear car; then followed quite a laughable scene. The
conductor stamped and swore at the stupidity of the engineer.
One woman had her son of three years old by the hand, running
after the cars hoping to overtake them; for she had got out to give
her son some water, leaving a little girl with a babe of six months
in her arms; her agonizing cry was 'O, my children will be killed!
they will be dead! The company shall pay for this, if there is
justice to be had in the city!' I tried to pacify her by telling her
the gentlemen in the cars would take care of them. The men to
whom the freight belonged, said they must and would go on; as
for myself, I had become quite passive—in fact, I rather liked the
idea of remaining in that place till the next morning, my ticket
and checks were safe in my pocket, and they would be obliged to
take me in the train of Monday morning.

"The conductor's invariable answer to the many questions of
'What is to be done now?' was, 'I don't know; wait for the
morning train, I suppose.' It being Sunday, no trains were on
the road. An hour passed by, and we were about disposing of
ourselves for the remainder of the day, when our ears were greeted
by the sound of a distant steam whistle. All were on their feet in
a moment; the engineer had sent the locomotive and tender for
those left behind. It seems he mistook the signal of the other
conductor for his, and did not discover his mistake, till some of
the passengers went forward and informed him. The tender was
open on all sides, with a rim about a foot wide around it, like a
bench, for our accommodation. The conductor called out, 'All
hands aboard!'—'What,' said I, 'am I to ride in this thing?'—
'This, or none,' he replied.

"Climbing up over the wood, I seated myself with the best
grace I could next a western drover, and taking hold of his coat,
explored his protection in this perilous experiment, which he
kindly promised; there we were, sixteen in all, to take this airy
flight. And now we could not complain of the tardy motion of the
engine, for we went like lightning in good earnest. At first I
enjoyed this novel mode of travelling, having always had much
curiosity about arches and tunnels—the inside of them, I mean.
But after a while, my elevated position became rather precarious,
for the fireman was constantly undermining my foundation, by
withdrawing stick by stick the wood which formed its basis. And
now I found the value of the strong arm of my companion."

"But what became of the old captain?"

"Well, there he stood, or rather supported by others, blas-
pheming in the most dreadful manner, till I feared we should be
blown up for being in his company. I can tell you it is no com-

fortable thing to be so near that fiery, hissing machine, which
seems as if alive and ready to burst up, without a moment's warn-
ing. Well, he kept passing round his vile liquor, and I begged
hard for some one to throw the flask into the Hudson, but the
cowards would not do it. I only wished he had passed it to me;
I would have sent it sailing down the river. We found the cars
drawn up at a station waiting for us; we had been fifteen miles in
about as many minutes, and we were all glad to come off so well.
It made me a little more nervous than our slow pace had done.

"After a few jokes by our fellow-travellers who remained in the
car, we settled ourselves with the hope of reaching our destination
by noon. But alas! for human calculation, arrived at West
Point, it seemed impossible ever to round the curve with such an
immense length of train. However, after running backwards and
forwards for an hour, the feat was achieved, and really nothing but
the magnificent scenery and beauty of West Point could have
composed our impatient spirits to bear this long delay.

"As all sublunary things have an end, so at last had this. At
half past three o'clock we approached the city which had so long
mocked our expectations, having been eighteen hours from Al-
bany, instead of the promised three. We now thought ourselves
fortunate in getting to the city before dark; and many a vision of
good cheer passed before our mind's eye, when lo! we were in-
formed that the train could not proceed to the depot until the
cargo was discharged at the Eleventh Avenue. This was putting
the climax to human endurance. The hungry, and consequently
the wrathful portion of the male sex, openly rebelled at this utter
disregard of their rights. A general stampede ensued, and all
those who had no incumbrance, vacated the scene of their trials,
determined to make public their experience as a warning hereafter
to all travellers upon the Hudson River route."

"But, aunt, did you follow those who deserted the cars?"

"No, child; my trunk was in the baggage car, and I could find
no conveyance from that place—neither did I know a foot of the
way; besides, I had paid an extra dollar, and was resolved not
to be cheated out of my bargain. Carry me to the right place
they should, if it was in my power to make them.

"So I was left with the sea captain and the widow's little family
for my companions. My amusement was to watch the motley
group outside, dressed in their Sunday's best, and casting looks of
envy at our apparently comfortable position. The children were
enticed often to the window where the captain sat, in hopes of
being treated to candy, nuts or cakes."

"And did he not give the poor little things some when he
promised?" inquired Susy.

"It was not exactly promises he made, only signs; he might
have thrown them a cent or two to see them scramble for it."

"O, the wicked old man!" exclaimed Sue. "He had better
have treated them with candy, than to have spent all his money
for brandy!"

"I thought so, too, my dear; or he might at least have dis-
pensated with that tumbler of lager beer, for that was the only thing
he could get there. At length the important task of discharging
the quadrupeds was over, and our turn came next. And with a
mixture of anger and delight we heard the conductor announce
his intention of conducting us to the proper station; delighted to
find I was really going, for somehow I mistrusted we should be
left in the lurch, and be obliged to dispose of myself as I might
think proper, and I was angry at the imposition.

"After dark we arrived at Chambers Street station. I very
soon collected my goods and chattels, but at this hour no convey-
ance was in waiting; so after much trouble a hack was obtained,
and I was driven to my brother's, more dead than alive, having
taken but one meal in the two days, and not slept at all. A slight
repast was soon prepared, of which I partook sparingly, and re-
turning to my room with a thankful heart for mercies received,
resolved never to trust man's promises again."

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ILLIAD OF HOMER. Literally Translated, with Explanatory Notes. By
THEODORE ALVIS BUCKLEY, B. A., of Christ Church. New York: Harper &
Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 466.

These translations of Harpers' Classical Library are as valuable to English
readers as to scholars. It is pleasant and instructive to compare this literal
version with the poetical rendition of Cowper and Pope. The notes are copious
and valuable. For sale by Redding & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—George P. Reed & Co., 13 Tremont Street, have published
"The Faro Senz' Euridice," a cavatina, by Gluck, and selections from "Il
Trovatore," for the piano. From Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street, we
have "Woman with her Love," a song, by J. D. Manning; the "Star of
Hope," "Nation's Pride Polka," and "Marie Walitz," for the piano.

THE CATHOLIC. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 293.

This is a series of letters written by E. H. Derby to a kinsman, to deter him
from joining the Roman Catholic persuasion, and which effected the purpose.
The public are now called upon to pronounce on the force of the reasoning.

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE: OF, *Young Humphrey Davy*. By HENRY MAYHEW.
Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 18mo.

This is a truly admirable juvenile work, by the author of that interesting
book, the "London Poor." While recounting the story of Humphrey Davy,
who, from an apothecary's boy, rose to be a light of science and president of
the Royal Society, it at the same time explains some of the most wonderful
phenomena of nature, and the greatest discoveries of science. For sale by
Redding & Co.

THE FIRST AND SECOND MARRIAGES: OR, *The Courtships of Wedded Life*. By
MRS. MADELINE LESLIE. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 428.

This novel belongs to the didactic school, and its title indicates the moral it
seeks to teach. Most novels end with marriage—this begins with it; and the
interest of the story hinges on the vicissitudes of wedded life. It is written
with a good deal of power, and certainly with a healthful purpose.

AN ESSAY ON LIBERTY AND SLAVERY. By ALBERT TAYLOR BLEDSOE, LL.D.
Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1856.

Mr. Bledsoe gives this essay to the public as the fruit of several years' thought-
ful study. A defence of the South and southern institutions is here presented
calmly, and those who have read the other side, should certainly read this.
For sale by Redding & Co.

APPLETON'S CYCLOPEDIA OF BIOGRAPHY. Edited by FRANCIS L. HAWES, D. D.,
LL.D. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 8vo. pp. 1058.

This book is splendidly got up, with fine paper and good sizeable type. The
biographies are necessarily concise, but they are well written, and are perfectly
reliable as to dates. The more prominent characters sketched are given pretty
fully. Every one who has a book, should possess a universal biography; and
this is the best we have yet met with of its dimensions. For sale by Redding
& Co.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LABOR.

BY WILLIAM LEIGHTON.

Up to labor! do not slumber!
Westward comes the god of day—
Sleep disturbing, night destroying,
Comes the god of beam and ray.

Must I labor? may I never
Know the bliss of labor done?
Must I rouse me every morning?—
Rouse me with the morning sun?

Labor, labor! constant, ever—
'Tis the same thing o'er and o'er;
Galley-slaves my lot might envy,
Tugging, toiling at the oar.

I would have a world of pleasure,
Filled with joys, and filled with rest;
Labor be a thing forgotten—
Say, would not my world be best?

Wherefore labor? brute creation,
Instinct led, without a mind,
Labor not by nature's teaching;
Labor's for the human kind.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BRIDE OF THE CARNIVAL.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

"Does she really love me?" said Captain Ernest Von Steinberg, aid-de-camp to King Louis of Bavaria, as he left the presence of the young and beautiful baroness Anna Von Graffenberg, the belle of Munich, and his passionately beloved mistress, "or is she really the heartless coquette which common rumor makes her?"

As he passed down the staircase, he encountered the pretty baroness's pretty French chambermaid, Lisette.

"Lisette, you are looking charmingly to-day—do you know it?"

"My mirror told me so this morning," said the soubrette, looking up boldly into his face.

"What lips! what eyes! and what a figure!" said the soldier. "But do you know I think you would look infinitely prettier in a lavender-colored silk robe, with cherry-colored ribbons?"

"Very possibly, monsieur," answered the waiting-maid. "But that costs money—and how is a poor girl like me to dress like a lady?"

"I have thought of that difficulty," said Ernest, "and have provided a remedy. Will you allow me to present you with a slight token of my gratitude and admiration?"

As he spoke, he drew forth a little net silk purse, through the interstices of which several newly-coined gold pieces showed their pleasant, brilliant countenances. Lisette's eyes reflected their brightness.

"Monsieur is altogether too generous," she said. "But the little white fingers clasped the glittering offering and conveyed it to one of the side pockets of the coquettish black silk apron that she wore.

"Now tell me, Lisette, is your mistress going to the masked ball at the palace to-morrow night?"

"Ah, but that is a great secret, monsieur, which I promised madam not to reveal," replied the Parisian, archly, laying her finger on her lips.

"She is going, then?" said Ernest.

"Monsieur says so," answered the soubrette, smiling.

"And what else did your mistress charge you to keep secret?" asked the officer, smiling in his turn.

"That she was going to wear a rose-colored domino, with a bunch of sky blue ribbons on the right shoulder," replied the waiting-maid hurriedly, and she ran up stairs as if to avoid further catechism, fully satisfied that her indiscretion had been an ample offset to the aid-de-camp's present.

"Very good, Madam Anna," said the young officer to himself. "I have now reconnoitered the ground, and I shall know where to open my trenches. All's fair in love and war. And now to my friend the sculptor's—if his ingenuity aid me, my success will be certain."

On the night of the masked ball the royal palace of Munich was a blaze of light. Every window glowed as if the interior were a mass of fire, and the brilliant rays, streaming forth upon the night, fell on the glittering helmets, breastplates and sabres of the mounted cuirassiers, or were reflected from the bayonets of a detachment of the infantry of the line drawn up as a guard of honor in the square without. Chamberlains stood at the entrance of the palace, and files of lackeys, with wax tapers flaring in the evening air, shed the light of day almost on the grand staircase. Carriage after carriage rolled up in succession with their living freights of beauty and youth, and as light feet fell like snow flakes on the carpeted marble, as graceful forms vanished within the portals, the ears of the bystanders were lulled by the pleasant rustling of silks, while the breeze was perfumed by a thousand delicate odors.

But if such were the external manifestations of the fete, how far more brilliant and bewildering was the interior of the palace of pleasure. How those lofty halls glowed with the dazzling effulgence of thousands of wax tapers! How softly beautiful were the marble statues that graced the niches, lined the corridors, and looked down from their pedestals on the grand ball-room! How oriental in their magnificence were the gorgeous draperies of velvet and satin, with their fringes of gold bullion; but above all, what music streamed on the enchanted air from an orchestra composed

of a hundred of the best instrumentalists in the city. And the life—the animation of the throngs that filled that brilliant saloon—who shall describe it?

Ernest Von Steinberg, who looked but for one person in that brilliant multitude, was so masked and muffled that his disguise was perfectly impenetrable. Therefore, when he found the rose-colored domino at last, he hesitated not to address her.

"Good evening, fair mask."

"Good evening, gallant cavalier. But how know you that I am fair?"

"Were I to pronounce you the fairest in Munich, none would dispute your title."

"Do you know me?"

"The belle of Munich hides her face in vain," answered Ernest. "That inimitable foot and hand are her betrayers."

"You may be mistaken, after all."

"I cannot be, and I claim the hand," said Ernest, "and will find employment for that dainty foot. The music sounds."

"I believe my hand is promised already," answered the fair one; "so take it quick, before some one disputes the prize with you."

The next moment they were whirling round the vast saloon to a music that might keep dancers on their feet for life. Anna leaned upon the shoulder of her partner, and he breathed in her ear words that she could not listen to without a thrill of pleasure. At the conclusion of the dance, Ernest led her into a side room, in which they found themselves quite alone.

"You persist, then," said the lady, "in calling me the Baroness Von Graffenberg."

"If I had doubted before, your dancing would have convinced me. The leader of the sylphides is known by her step."

"I am a perfect Taglioni, then!" said the baroness, laughing. "Well, mein herr, you have guessed right. And now, in return for my confidence, may I request you to raise your mask?"

"I can refuse you nothing," said Ernest Von Steinberg.

He raised his mask as he spoke, and disclosed to the astonished eyes of the baroness the well known features of King Louis of Bavaria.

"But I thought you assured us that the cavalier was Captain Ernest Von Steinberg!" exclaims the reader. Let us explain.

To give additional zest and pleasure, and complicate the mysteries of a masquerade, the courtiers of Louis XIV. of France had invented the following expedient. They procured fine wax likenesses of their friends, of eminent persons, and wore them under their masks. When requested to declare their identity, they would raise the outer mask, and the inner wax one, seen for a moment, in most cases completely deceived the spectator. It is easy to imagine what an infinite field for mystification this contrivance afforded. Captain Ernest had a friend, a sculptor, who had modelled a bust of the king. And from him he had procured a wax mask, beautifully colored, and so well executed as to deceive the eyes of the baroness for the moment they rested on it. Ernest, satisfied with his success, replaced his black velvet vizard, and continued the interview.

"Yes, baroness," whispered the disguised aid-de-camp. "It is Louis who stands before you—not as your king—but as your subject, your slave—the thrall of your beauty."

"Ah, sire!" sighed the belle of Munich, "you are sporting with the sensibilities of a weak woman."

"No, by heaven!" replied the false king. "I am incapable of that. Behold me at your feet, and hear me swear eternal allegiance to your charms."

"Rise, rise, sire," said the baroness, very much agitated. "We may be seen or overheard."

"Long have I thought," continued the false king, "that beauties such as yours should grace a throne."

"A throne!" echoed the baroness.

"But you are right," he continued, hurriedly. "This is no time or place for confidence like ours. Hark, the clock is striking twelve. Will you trust my honor, and meet me at this hour to-morrow night?"

"Where, sire?"

"In the Chinese pavilion in the garden of the palace. The wicket of the postern gate that leads to the door of the pavilion shall be left open for you."

The baroness gave him her hand. "To-morrow night at twelve!" said she, and glided from the room.

"O, woman! woman! woman!" said Ernest, when left alone—"false as fair! Is it for this we rank you with the angels? But tremble, faithless one—your punishment shall be as bitter as the agony I suffer." And he followed the baroness into the dancing saloon. He had no sooner left the room, than a masked figure stole forth from beneath a mass of crimson drapery.

"The Chinese pavilion—to-morrow night at twelve!" said the stranger. "Bravo! bravo! Captain Von Steinberg!"

And he, too, vanished.

A few minutes before twelve o'clock on the following night Captain Von Steinberg, wearing his wax mask, unlocked and entered the Chinese pavilion in the royal garden. The inside shutters of the windows were closed, so that he ventured to produce a match and light a wax taper, taking care to place a shade over it so that the room should be very dimly lighted. After completing these arrangements, he glanced round, and started on seeing the figure of a man near the table. The stranger was dressed in the uniform of an aid-de-camp, and wore a mask upon his face.

"Who are you?" demanded Ernest, advancing to the intruder. "You have anticipated a similar question," replied the mask.

"But I have a right to know," said Ernest.

"So have I," was the quiet answer.

"Sir—" said Ernest, placing his hand on the hilt of his sabre,

"So do I," replied the mask; "but I reserve it for the enemies of my country."

"Who are you? I implore you to tell me," said Ernest.

"Ah, now you speak in a different manner. I, sir, am Captain Von Steinberg, at your service, aid-de-camp to his majesty, King of Bavaria."

"The deuce you are!" thought Ernest.

"But confidence for confidence," said the impostor. "Now you must tell me who you are, and by what right I find you in the royal pavilion at this hour."

"By the very best right in the world," replied Ernest, boldly. "I, sir, am King Louis of Bavaria;" and he raised his outward mask, displaying the features of the king.

"Pardon me, sire," said the stranger, falling on his knee. "But making my rounds in the garden, I found the postern gate unlocked, and fearing treachery to your royal person, deemed it my duty to keep watch in the pavilion of which, as your majesty is aware, I have a duplicate key."

"Zounds! man! you haven't locked the postern, have you?" asked the pretended king.

"No, sire, it remains as I found it."

"Then, my good fellow, there is no harm done," said Ernest. "And I'll tell you a secret; I expect a lady here every instant, who has accorded me a private interview. The best service you can render me—is to leave me to myself."

"A hint from your royal lips is a command," said the pretended Ernest. "That your majesty's suit may prosper, is the warmest wish of your most devoted subject."

And the stranger vanished. Before Ernest had an opportunity to frame any hypothesis with regard to this mysterious being, the door opened cautiously and admitted the baroness. She threw herself at once at the feet of Ernest.

"Rise, lady," said the pretended monarch. "I should rather be at your feet—rise!"

"Not," said the baroness, "till your majesty pledges his royal word to pardon me in advance for whatever I may confess."

"I freely pledge you that," said Ernest, aiding the lady to rise.

"Know, then," said the baroness, "that I am an ungrateful woman. Your majesty distinguished me last night, and held out hopes so brilliant that a subject might well be dazzled by their promise. I was dazzled, and I heard you with pleasure. But it was only a momentary weakness. In the delirium of the dance you told me that you loved me—my consent to meet you here seemed a confession of reciprocal affection. But in truth my heart is given to another. I love—and love with all the fervor of my being, not a monarch—but a subject."

"A rival!" said the pretended king, sternly. "His name?"

"Promise that you will not harm him, sire."

"I make no promises in such a case as this."

"Then I shall keep my secret," said the baroness, firmly.

"And you would love this man—even if I commanded you to tear his image from your heart?"

"I love him, and him only," said the baroness. "In good report, and evil report—in sorrow and sickness—in shame and in honor. Truly I pledged him my hand—my heart went with it. I am his forever."

"And he is thine, dear Anna," said Ernest, tearing off his disguise. "Will you forgive the trial I have subjected you to?"

"Will you forgive the weakness of a moment that made me listen to temptation?"

"Freely and fully," said Ernest, folding the baroness in his arms. "And now—when shall we be married?"

"To-night!" said a voice beside them. And there stood the King of Bavaria, but still in the uniform of an aid-de-camp in which he had entered the pavilion that evening and first encountered Ernest. He it was who had overheard the appointment at the masquerade. "To-night!" he repeated, smiling on his astonished auditors. "The chapel is lighted up—the priest is in waiting—the wedding guests are bidden, and the wedding feast prepared. Louis of Bavaria awaits to conduct you to the altar, and to give away the bride! And may the pleasures of this carnival be but the precursors of a life of joy!"

The delight of the lovers—the joy of Lisette—the surprise and pleasure of all their family must be left to the imagination. There are episodes in life whose brightness baffles pen and pencil both.

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N. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,
Corner of Tremont and Broadfield Streets, Boston.



LAURA BRIDGMAN.

LAURA BRIDGMAN.

Every one has heard of Laura Bridgman, one of the most interesting pupils at the Perkins Institution for the Blind, and whose portrait accompanies this sketch. Afflicted to a degree which would seem to doom her to a totally darkened existence—deaf, dumb and blind—she has yet been raised by the unremitting efforts of her friend and benefactor, Dr. Howe, to a perception of moral and scientific truths, to a sense of religion, and to a rational enjoyment of life. She was born in Hanover, New Hampshire, December 21, 1829, and was sickly from her birth. At two years of age she lost the senses of sight and hearing, and at four, when her health was restored, it was found that the senses of smell and taste were also nearly obliterated. In this condition Dr. Howe first saw her, and conceiving hopes of developing her intellect, induced her parents to entrust her to his care. For the first few months, her progress was slow, but at the expiration of that period she discovered signs of an awakened intellect, and thenceforth began to acquire knowledge with truly remarkable rapidity. From each new acquisition she seemed to derive exquisite pleasure; her attention to her lessons was not painful—as light dawned upon her mind, it lit up every feature of her face, and clothed it with grateful and intelligent smiles. In 1838, when she had been a year under the care of Dr. Howe, he wrote of her, "Of beautiful sights, and sweet sounds, and pleasant odors, she has no conception; nevertheless she seems as happy and playful as a bird or a lamb. She never seems to repine, but has all the buoyancy and playfulness of childhood. She is fond of fun and frolic, and when playing with the children, her shrill laugh sounds the loudest among the group." "It is beautiful," Dr. Howe wrote of her at a recent

date, "to behold her continual gladness—her keen enjoyment of existence—her expansive love—her unhesitating confidence—her sympathy with suffering—her conscientiousness, truthfulness and hopefulness." Laura has a most insatiable craving after knowledge. Her acquisitions are readily made, and are retained and digested thoroughly. The success of Dr. Howe with this pupil—whose condition promised so little, who was so deplorably afflicted, awakens our warmest admiration. Such an achievement is among the noblest that man can accomplish. And what an impressive lesson does the life of this poor girl convey to those who are in the enjoyment of all their faculties. An exhibition of the pupils of the Perkins Institution must be a reproach to many of their auditors. Groping after knowledge darkling and blindfold, guided only by the senses of touch and hearing, they yet exhibit a proficiency which the pupils of other schools, endowed with every faculty, might envy.

MRS. ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

The fidelity of the accompanying portrait of this gifted lady will be attested by thousands, who remember her as the brightest ornament of the American stage, which she has abandoned at last to grace the quiet walks of private life. The career of Mrs. Ritchie has been a truly brilliant one—as a poetess and prose writer, as a novelist, and dramatist, and as an actress, success has attended all her efforts. Her recent works, "Autobiography of an Actress," and "Mimic Life," both published by Ticknor & Fields, of this city, have met with a prodigious sale, and are still very popular. They are characterized by talent of a high order, by a certain feminine grace, which adorns whatever it touches. Although Mrs. Ritchie has met the various trials of life (and a large share was allotted to her) with indomitable spirit, though for years she moved before the public in a perilous and trying position—that of an actress, still, the feminine delicacy of her mind was never blunted; she is as far removed from the vulgar "strong-minded" of her sex, as daylight from darkness. The ladylike character of her histrionic impersonations was ever to us their most attractive character. A stranger to her story could not see her in any of her performances without feeling that she was a refined lady in character and feeling. Our readers are familiar with the story of Mrs. Ritchie's life. Her father, Mr. Ogden, a merchant of New York, meeting with heavy losses, removed to France for a few years, and while in that country Mrs. Ritchie was born. Returning to New York, she was married when very young to Mr. Mowatt, an opulent lawyer, who lost both his fortune and his health shortly afterwards. Thenceforth the talents of Mrs. Mowatt, which had been the charm of the society she moved in, became a reliable resource. She gave public dramatic readings—she wrote for the press, for the booksellers, for the stage, and finally became an actress, winning a brilliant American and European reputation by her efforts. During a professional visit to England, in 1851, Mr. Mowatt died, and after a lapse of time, she married Wm. F. Ritchie, Esq., of Virginia, in which State she now resides, in the enjoyment of a society that appreciates her worth. Her father, Mr. Ogden, after undergoing many vicissitudes of fortune, has again come into possession of a very large property. The retirement of private life has not impaired the activity of Mrs. Ritchie's mind; and as an especial favorite of the reading public, we may hope, from her literary ability, a series of works that will add to her established reputation. Mrs. Ritchie is certainly the most gifted and versatile American lady who ever, for a series of years, adopted the stage as a profession. We have seen many brilliant stars in our day, but they were specialties—they were unfitted to shine out of the theatrical firmament. The retirement of Mrs. Ritchie was a severe disappointment to the public, for she was an established favorite; but they must console themselves with the reflection, that she is now delighting larger numbers through the press.



MRS. ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

THE CITY OF KARS.

The view of this interesting place is sketched at the moment when Gen. Williams and his heroic band, forced to capitulate, are marching out under the escort of the Russian officers and the Cossacks as prisoners of war. In the distance lies the city of Kars, with its mosques and minarets, and long, low rows of houses, frowned over by the citadel. In front a group of bearded Orientals are gazing on the solemn military spectacle with their usual imperturbability. The uniforms of the English staff officers contrast with those of the Russians, who are easily distinguished by their curiously pointed helmets. The long lances of the Cossacks form a conspicuous feature in the column of march. The fall of Kars is still the theme of indignant comment in England, and has formed the subject of parliamentary investigation. Gen. Williams, the commander, who, by the way, is a native of North America, held out heroically until his troops were nearly starved, imploring in vain relief from the British commander-in-chief. The reinforcements he asked for were refused because Louis Napoleon objected to any troops being withdrawn for the purpose to operate in Asia, as he was not unwilling that a disaster should befall the arms of his ally. We have alluded elsewhere to his policy. Kars is not a very attractive place, as it is, for the most part, in a ruinous condition. It is not thoroughly fortified, and the citadel is far from being a stronghold. It contains eight mosques, and several small Armenian churches and convents. It is about 105 miles northeast of Erzeroum, and contains a population of 12,000. The present war in the East has made it famous, as it has many other places whose names were almost unknown, except to travellers, before the commencement of hostilities.



CITY OF KARS—RUSSIANS TRIUMPHANTLY ENTERING THE CITY.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

FICKLE APRIL.

We are about bidding adieu to this capricious month, and we are not sorry. The name is derived from the Latin verb "to open," because April is supposed to open the buds, a feat reserved for May in this hyperborean climate. April, with us, bears a strong resemblance to Mr. Job Trotter in the Pickwick papers, who could always conjure up a flood of tears at the very shortest notice. One moment it smiles radiantly, the next it is weeping bitterly. April is loved of hatters and umbrella vendors. These sudden showers of tears spoil new beavers, and necessitate the purchase of umbrellas. Malice-loving youths make fools of the credulous on the first day of this delightful month, but April herself keeps it up to the very last. A genial sunshine tempts you forth in French shoes, and a new coat and hat, if you are of the masculine gender, or in lilac silk and *bottines*, and a "love of a bonnet," if of the feminine, and you stray away from the region of omnibusses, umbrellas, cabs and hacks, in a state of the most verdant confidence, when lo! of a sudden—instantly indeed—the sky is overcast, and down pours the blinding rain in another deluge. Just when you are dripping wet—when your paraphernalia is throughout saturated, away whisk the clouds, and the sun laughs out in your face again. It is no consolation to you to reflect that

"April showers
Bring forth May flowers."

You do not wish to sacrifice broadcloth and beaver, silk and satin—expensive articles—to their development. You could put up with a few flowers less for a dry walk. But such is the nature of the month, and your only remedy is to "smile and sustain it."

PRESENCE OF MIND.—When Lieutenant O'Brien, of the British navy, was blown up in the "Edgar," he came aboard the flagship, all black and wet, and said to the admiral: "I hope, sir, you'll excuse my dirty appearance, but I left my ship in such a hurry that I didn't have time to change my dress."

GENIUS.—Samuel Rogers being asked what the word "genius" meant, replied: "If you had it in you, you would never ask the question—but as you have not, you will never know what it means."

FIDDLE-DE-DEE.—A woman's heart is like a violin—it requires a beau to play on it.

SPLINTERS.

.... Macaulay has been burned in effigy by the Highlanders of Glenmore, on account of a passage in his history.

.... The French emperor has pardoned some of the students engaged in political demonstrations at Paris.

.... Simon Draper, president of the New York Board of Ten Governors, has resigned his office.

.... A large deputation of learned Europeans will attend the meeting of our Scientific Association at Albany.

.... There has been a misunderstanding at Vienna between the government and our minister, Col. Jackson.

.... Mr. T. F. Meagher has started a newspaper in New York, called "The Irish News." He'll be a good editor.

.... Punch says the rook is brought down from the blue empyrean by *caterpillars* attraction.

.... Bourciant has been succeeded in the management of the New Orleans Gaieties Theatre by W. H. Crisp.

.... It is said that Mrs. Fitzherbert's papers show that she was actually married to George IV.

.... A lady in Paris has discovered a mode of liquifying ivory so as to cast statuettes of it.

.... The lecture season has come to a close. Rest for the wearied enlighteners of the million!

.... An English paper has just found out that Mrs. Sigourney is a charming poetess. We've known that for years.

.... Forgeries for several thousand dollars on the Branch Colonial Bank, Trinidad (W. I.), have been discovered.

.... Railroad travellers have forgotten all about the snow—and the roads are in fine running order.

.... Emigration continues to pour into Texas in a steady stream. Room enough left there for more.

.... The gamblers of New York have been thoroughly frightened off the track. "Monto" and "faro" are below par.

.... Capt. Campbell, of Knoxville, Tenn., has produced 1200 gallons of wine from one hundred and fifty Catawba vines.

.... The man who was unexpectedly overtaken by a train—of thought, is in a critical condition.

.... When Mark Anthony asked the Romans to "lend him their ears," did he expect to pay a bonus for them?

.... Several assassinations have taken place recently in Cuba. Yet the papers talk of atrocities in America.

.... Mr. Van Oekelen has been exhibiting here an automaton clarinet player that beats Maelzel's trumpeter.

.... The first salmon of the season was caught near Bangor, and sold in New York for a fabulous price.

.... The ice gathered by the five great ice companies of New York this year amounts to 363,000 tons.

.... At one time lately there were over 600,000 bushels of wheat and 60,000 barrels of flour at Buffalo.

ABOUT TOWN.

We do love Washington Street—we are willing to confess to that "amiable weakness." We are not ashamed to own that we turn from descriptions of the splendid streets of St. Petersburg, of Paris, of Berlin, of the cities of the East, to the enjoyment of the reality at our own door; and while we feel admiration for the far off, thrill with affection for the near and familiar. We do love to stroll in Washington Street of a pleasant day; to become for a half hour a Boston *flaneur*—a genteel street lounge is the nearest interpretation of that untranslatable substantive; to enjoy the sights and sounds, like a veritable cockney, and to wander from the classic purlieus of Cornhill to the *Ultima Thule* of the Roxbury line. We like Washington Street because it is like itself alone. It is not a copy of any other thoroughfare in existence. It is not laid out on any plan—but runs, like Wordsworth's river, "at its own sweet will." It has its river-like meanderings, too. The definition of a straight line—the nearest course from one point to another—is not applicable to any part of it.

Neither is there any such thing as uniformity in its architecture, or its width. Here is a palatial block worthy of Venice; there a crazy old building that would not appear out of place in the Five Points. The past and present are curiously jumbled together. Here the Old South rears its venerable spire into the air, speaking of past times; half a mile further on we come to a church edifice redolent of newness. All sorts of trades here find a home, and live in socialistic companionship. Here is Parnassus Corner—which Ticknor & Fields have rendered classic ground; on the opposite corner you can buy crockery and learn bookkeeping, or you can cross over and buy paper-hangings and drugs, if you like. From Cornhill to School Street, however, the aspect is on the whole Athenian. This is the arena of the book trade; and here, any day of the year, you may encounter the literary notabilities of the metropolis and its environs. From School Street to Boylston Street there is rather a commercial atmosphere, and a very heavy amount of capital is invested in the various establishments. This is the grand lounging ground for the *flaneur*. Daguerreotypists abound, and show-cases arrest your attention at every step. Here you can have your portrait taken, and neatly framed and glazed, for twenty-five cents; there, for five or six dollars, at Masury, Silsbee & Case's, you can get a splendid photograph, which will be worth keeping, likeness apart, as a work of art merely. The jewellers' windows dazzle you with gewgaws that Aladdin never dreamed of. And here is a fashionable milliner's, where are displayed the most secret mysteries of the feminine toilet with a sort of cynical effrontery; crinolines, and corsages, and hooped skirts, render patent to the world the art of manufacturing the human form divine. Near by is a wig-maker, who deals in raven and flaxen ringlets. In close proximity is a perfumer, who displays pearl powder and rouge, and beside a dentist with his stock of "orient pearls." Really, this is a very suspicious neighborhood, and rather puts you on the *nil admirari* principle, amidst the rustle of silks, and the patter of dainty French boots on the pavement.

But away strolls the *flaneur*, and leaving the busy haunts of trade behind him, breathes the fresh air of Blackstone Square. It is like emerging into a bay after navigating the narrows of a river. The up town Washington Street will be the court end of Boston after all; it is very New Yorky already, and in time will be very Parisian. It is unlike old Boston as possible, and is laid out in the most liberal style. And here our promenading must end for the present.

FIENDISH GRATULATION.—A late number of the London Times, speaking of the issue of the contest with Russia, holds the following language: "The British people ought to feel a positive pride in the extent of their contributions to a noble cause. It is their part in the warfare, and a very light part. Not only have hundreds of thousands perished in this war, and many more suffered mutilation and permanent injury to their health and strength, but we compute with pride and security the exhaustion and desolation of Russia—her fields deserted, her trade stopped, her communication interrupted, and misery brought home to every serf in the empire."

A CALF WORTH RAISING.—Mr. A. E. Dietz, of Addison, Mich., has a calf of his own raising, which weighed, at a year old, 1002 pounds. The length of this monstrous "cow-baby," is seven feet four inches; girth, six feet four inches; height, four feet three inches. Beat this who can.

LEAP YEAR.—The young ladies of Aurora, Illinois, having signified that they were in the market matrimonial, the senior class of Williams College have agreed to take the lot. If their offer is accepted, as soon as they become Bachelors of Arts, they will be Masters of Hearts.

PHILADELPHIA.—The veteran machinist, Mr. Jacob A. Johnson, of the Boston Theatre, has been engaged to superintend the construction of the stage and machinery of the new opera house at Philadelphia. Mr. Barry has kindly assented to the acceptance of this honorable appointment.

MATRIMONIAL.—Mile. Rachel is going to marry an ex-tax-collector. M. Delahaute, the happy man, is advanced in years, but then he is worth about \$600,000, and Rachel herself, in the elegant language of Shakspeare, is "no chicken."

THE "MILES GREENWOOD."—The steam fire engine may be able to "play," but it certainly doesn't "work," though capable of it. It is snugly stowed away somewhere in the city.

BINDING.—Binding in all its varieties, and at the lowest prices, neatly executed at this office.

THE POLICY OF NAPOLEON.

The English correspondent of the Boston Daily Advertiser, who appears to be thoroughly posted on European affairs, states in substance that the French emperor hates Prussia, and the Prussian king, that he hates the United States, and cherishes the English alliance as a check to our naval supremacy, which, in his opinion, threatens the downfall of European monarchy, that he is friendly to Austria, but would shake hands with Russia, if she bid high enough, and that he considers it his mission to put down constitutionalism and republicanism. It is curious to hear an English writer admitting, "not as a mere probability, but an actual fact, that the war now waging was provoked deliberately by the Emperor Napoleon for his own purposes; that any show of concession about the holy places was necessitated by the tone adopted by England, Austria and Prussia; that he never waged this war for European or for human interests, or for the balance of power, but for the sake of his own dynasty, to make the importance of his enmity or his alliance felt, and thereby to obtain for himself a recognition, placing him at once on the same pedestal with the most legitimate monarchs." Our readers will remember that we have always insisted on this view of Napoleon's policy and motives. The English people are beginning to open their eyes with respect to the selfishness of their ally, and the recent revelations respecting the affair of Kars have furnished "confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ" of this view. Napoleon has succeeded, under the guise of friendship, in making the English alliance a means of his own personal aggrandizement.

NO HARM DONE.—At a fashionable restaurant lately, a waiter spilled some soup on a gentleman's coat. "You awkward booby!" said the gentleman. "Don't be afraid, sir," returned the waiter, "our soup never leaves a stain." No wonder—it was so weak.

HABITS MAKE THE MAN.—The boy who "don't like school," seldom likes business; the young man who don't like business, generally likes the grog-shops, and finally winds up with the state prison, or takes a "drop too much" from the gallows.

NEVER TOO LATE.—Rev. Ebenezer Cobb, of Braintree, Mass., began to set out an orchard at the age of seventy years, for which he was much ridiculed; but he lived to be 107 years old, and enjoyed the fruit of his orchard for several years.

PRO-DIGITS.—We read in one of our exchanges: "To let, an airy bedroom for a gentleman twenty-two feet long by fourteen wide." It ought to be airy to accommodate a gentleman of such latitude and longitude.

SCIENTIFIC.—A "Down East" Yankee says that the light supposed to be a comet's tail, is nothing more than a streak of lightning friz up.

OUR DOLLAR MONTHLY.—Six hundred and twelve new subscribers added to our list during the past week!

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. Hiram A. Sherman, of Newton, to Miss Clara A. Bradley; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Daniel Burrows to Miss Eunice E. Whitney; by Rev. Mr. Cilley, Mr. John M. Clark to Miss Anna Hodgkins; by Rev. Mr. Wells, Mr. Edward Thomas, of Newton, to Miss Mary Jane Nowlan;—At East Boston, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Frederick J. Keller to Mrs. Susan F. Robinson;—At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Pope, Mr. Oliver J. Davis to Miss Susan Pray, of Sanborn, Me.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Brooks, Mr. George W. Timson to Miss Elizabeth B. Hart.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Bailey, Mr. H. White to Miss Adina Baker.—At South Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Hodgman, Mr. George Webber to Miss Mary U. Brown.—At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Fletcher, Mr. John M. Putnam to Miss Martha A. Brown.—At Ipswich, by Rev. Mr. Fitz, Capt. Charles A. Homans, of Gloucester, to Miss Lydia A. Kinsman.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Mr. Tomlinson, Mr. William Nickerson to Mrs. Joanna Bradford.—At Scituate, by Rev. Mr. Wight, Mr. William V. Hayward to Miss Ann Elizabeth Litchfield.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Waite, Mr. Asa Pierce to Miss Elizabeth M. Church, both of New Bedford.—At Springfield, by Rev. Mr. Hascall, Mr. Robinson Clapp to Miss Mary E. Estes.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Martha Brown, 86; Miss Charlotte Lynch, 66; Mr. Ebenezer Robbins, 82; Mrs. Hannah White, 83.—At Roxbury, Mr. Robert C. Campbell, 46; Mr. Lot Young, 74.—At Charlestown, Miss Roxana Jones, 19.—At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Susan Mason, 80.—At Cambridge, Mrs. Grace Warren, 56.—At Brookline, Widow Lucy White, 81.—At Quincy, Mr. James Williams, 50.—At Canton, Mrs. Betsey Crane, 71.—At Bedford, Mr. Samuel W. Lane, 35.—At Salem, Widow Ruth Mudgett, 85; Widow Sarah Webb, 77.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Caroline Louisa Davis, 28.—At Danvers, Widow Sarah Mudge, 74.—At Haverhill, Mrs. Lucy L., wife of Hon. E. J. M. Hale, 40.—At Lunenburg, Mr. Solomon Tarbell, 93.—At Fitchburg, Miss Helen M. Sheldon, 24; Mrs. Elizabeth Goodnow, 39.—At Westminister, Mr. Asaph Wood, 72; Widow Martha Carr, 82.—At Holyoke, Mr. William McDonnell, 48.—At Yarmouth, Dr. James Hedge, 83.—At Rochester, Mrs. Lydia Chandler, 94; Mrs. Sally H. Crapo, 61.—At Fairhaven, Widow Mary Stevens, 80.—At Nantucket, Mr. James Ross, 80.—At Newport, Stephen T. Northam, Esq., 87.—At New York, Dr. Thomas Boyd, 84.—At Chicago, Ill., Mr. Edwin Norcross, formerly of Monson, Mass.—At Flushing, N. Y., Mrs. Hannah Bangs, formerly of Cambridge, 84.

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DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

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Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO H. M.

BY WILL.

I had known and loved thee well, Hattie,
Long years before we met,—
Long ere that radiance burst on me,
Whose glory lingers yet.

Then I loved a child of air, Hattie,
An ideal of my dreams;
I had seen her form in shadowy clouds,
Had heard her voice in streams.

For her voice was soft and low, Hattie,
Her form was passing bright,
And her locks were prisoned darkness,
And her eyes were prisoned light.

But those orbs can ne'er again, Hattie,
Come 'twixt me and the skies;
For I gaze upon thy face, Hattie,
And heaven is in thine eyes.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE WHITE LIE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"SARAH, were you not in the little back parlor last evening?" asked Mrs. Bisbee of her daughter.

"Yes, ma'am, I was," returned Sarah, a handsome, bright-eyed girl of seventeen.

"And did you see anything of a ten-dollar bill that lay upon the mantel-shelf?"

"A ten-dollar bill?" repeated Sarah, in well assumed surprise; but yet without looking her mother so steadily in the face as she usually did when answering her.

"Yes. I left one there—folded up and laid on the shelf."

"I'm sure I don't know where it is. I didn't see any ten-dollar bill."

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Bisbee, as she turned to leave the room.

"But ten dollars aint much, mother," cried Sarah.

"It is a good deal these times, my child." And thus speaking, Mrs. Bisbee left the room.

"Why, Sarah, how could you tell your mother that you knew nothing about that bill?"

The speaker was Emma Lee, a cousin of Sarah's, who was spending a few weeks with the family; she was a year younger than her cousin.

"I didn't tell her I knew nothing about it, Emma. I said that I did not know where it had gone to."

"But you told her you did not see it."

"A ten-dollar bill, I said I did not see; and no more I didn't. I didn't know what kind of a bill it was."

"But how could you tell her so, when you know all about it? You told me, after we had gone to bed, that you got up to take down a lamp, and that in doing so you knocked a piece of paper from the shelf, and that as it was falling, the draught of the fire drew it in."

"Yes, and 'twas too late then to get it out," explained Sarah.

"But you saw what it was," said Emma.

"Why, just as it fell upon the coals, Charles cried out that it was a bank-note; but the thin paper was all in a blaze in a moment."

"Of course, Sarah, you were not to blame for what you did; but not for worlds would I have spoken a falsehood about it. Now, do not blame me, coz, for though I am younger than you, yet I have seen more of the world; and let me assure you, that the only safe way is, to always speak the truth—if you must speak,—let the consequences be what they may."

"Why, Emma," uttered Sarah, with a slight fluttering of voice, "it was only a little white lie. I'm sure there could be no harm in that! If I had told mother all about it, she'd have scolded me for being careless; and you know there was no carelessness in that."

"Well, as for that, Sarah, you know best. You know your mother had occasion only the night before to caution you against removing anything from the shelf without first looking to see what was in the way. But there are some rules of life which must be without exceptions, and this is one of them. No good can ever come of deception; but, on the contrary, evil must be the result. Now, don't you think you would feel better if you had told your mother the whole truth?"

"Why, no, Emma, for she would have scolded me, and then I should have had a crying spell. Surely there can be no harm in these little white lies!"

"But there must be harm in them, Sarah; it cannot be otherwise. Wrong is surer, sooner or later, to bring suffering with it. If I were in your place, I would go now to my mother, and tell her the whole truth."

"Why, Emma, I would not do it for anything; she would scold me for a week."

The entrance of Sarah's little brother put an end to the conversation, and here the matter was dropped for a time. Sarah had long been in the habit of telling "little tuffers," as she called them, for the purpose of hiding her faults, and she did not fully realize the evil of such a course. She had heard a great deal said about liars, but she never for a moment entertained the idea that she belonged to that class. In fact, she didn't think much about it at all; if she had, she might have been different.

A few days after this, Mr. Bisbee called in at Mr. Appleton's

store. Charles Rowland was one of the clerks there. He was a young man only twenty years of age, but had been admitted as the lover of Sarah Bisbee, with the understanding that he might take her for his wife as soon as he was able to establish business for himself. Mr. Bisbee called Mr. Appleton into the small private counting-room, and saw the door closed.

"Mr. Appleton," he said, with evident embarrassment, "did you ever see anything out of the way in Charles Rowland?"

"Never," was Appleton's reply. "Why do you ask me that?"

"And you never had occasion to suspect him of dishonesty?"

"Never, sir," returned the trader, in amazement.

"Well, sir," resumed Bisbee, taking a ten-dollar bill from his pocket, "don't you remember paying me this bill last Saturday?"

It was a bill on the Merchants' Bank, of Boston, and nearly new. Appleton took it and looked at it, and then said:

"I did pay you such a bill."

"I know you did, sir," returned Bisbee. "And that bill was taken from my house, I think, on Sunday evening. It was left on the shelf in our back parlor; Charles spent the evening there with Sarah; on the next morning it was missing; Sarah knew nothing of it, and this bill I found at Brown's, where Charles got it changed. What think you of it, now?"

"Why, I cannot think that Charles Rowland would do such a thing; yet I will call him in. Let us be open and frank about it."

"Certainly, sir, by all means. Call him in."

So the young man was called in, Mr. Bisbee remarking before he came, that of course he had much interest in this matter.

"Charles," said Mr. Appleton, holding out the note he had received from Bisbee, "did you ever see this before?"

The youth took the bill and looked at it, and then replied:

"I think I have, sir. I took ten of them of Mr. Childs last Saturday. He had just received them from the bank."

"And have you spent any of them yourself?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Bisbee shook his head at this.

"Didn't you spend one at Mr. Brown's?"

"Ah, I remember. No, sir, I did not spend it; I had occasion for some small bills in making change, and ran in there and obtained small bills for a ten."

Mr. Appleton here nodded to Bisbee, and the latter gentleman then spoke:

"Charles," he said, in a very solemn tone, "you were at my house last Sunday evening?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you not see a ten-dollar bill lying on the shelf in the back parlor?"

"No, sir," Charles answered, but it was with palpable hesitation.

"Then you didn't see it there?—you didn't see the bill?"

"Perhaps Sarah may know something of it," the youth said, tremulously.

"No, sir, she knows nothing of it at all. We have asked her, but she did not see it. Now I know it was there five minutes before you entered that room, and that it was gone when you were gone. I am sorry, Charles, but I wish to know the truth of this matter. But why do you tremble so?"

"Me tremble, sir?" uttered the youth, in a hushed tone. He was very pale and agitated.

"Charles," spoke Mr. Appleton, in a tone of grief that went at once to the young man's soul, "how is this? I hope—"

"Stop," cried Charles, in agony. "Do not accuse me yet."

"But you can quickly explain the matter. Did you see the bill on that evening?"

But the youth bowed his head, and would not answer.

"That is enough," said Mr. Bisbee, significantly; and thus speaking, he turned and left the store.

"O, Charles, why have you done this?" uttered Appleton, when they were alone.

"Done what, sir? O, I have done nothing."

"Ah, do not add falsehood. If you did not see that money, why did you not say so?"

"Because—because—but let it rest now, sir; some time I will explain."

"But that will not do, Charles. I'm afraid—"

Mr. Appleton was cut short by the entrance of a customer, and the matter had to be dropped. The youth returned to his place of business in a bewildered state of mind. He saw the truth; or at least he thought he did. To save severe reproof, Sarah had denied all knowledge of the bill; and now, to tell the truth, he must expose her in her falsehood. He could not resolve to do this at once. But that was not the worst. That she whom he loved should be guilty of falsehood was painful in the extreme. But he resolved to see her at once—or as soon as possible—and have the matter understood, for he was resolved that nothing should tempt him to expose her. On that evening after supper, Charles Rowland knocked at Mr. Bisbee's door, and the host himself answered the summons.

"Can I speak with Sarah a few moments?" he asked.

"No, sir, you cannot."

"But only one moment."

"No, sir, not an instant. Never put your foot into my house again!"

With these words Mr. Bisbee shut the door and left the applicant standing there alone. He was a quick, passionate man—Bisbee was, and allowed his pride to rule his passions. He was naturally kind and indulgent, but very stern and inflexible when once set. He was sure that Charles had done the wrong, else why should he have been so excited and nervous, and unable to speak.

"He simply hoped to gain time—see my daughter, and get her to agree to some story of his planning," said Bisbee, at a subsequent meeting with Mr. Appleton.

"I fear you are right," was that gentleman's answer.

And so Appleton was fully persuaded of his clerk's guilt. The more Charles plead, the more sure he was that he only wished for time to fix up some plea of defence.

* * * * *

Sarah Bisbee sat alone in her chamber, and she wondered why her lover had not been to see her; he had promised to come, but he had not. She was thinking of this when her cousin entered the room; she looked up, and saw that Emma was pale and agitated.

"What is it?" she quickly asked. "What has happened, Emma?"

"O, Sarah," uttered the fair cousin, sinking into a seat, "this comes of a simple white lie!"

"But what is it, coz?"

"Charles Rowland is branded as a thief, and must be turned out as such upon the world!"

"Charles!—thief! Mercy, Emma, what do you mean?" gasped the frightened girl, starting forward.

"Listen, Sarah, and I will explain. Your father has told me all, and asked me to break the news to you. He thinks your poor lover is a thief, and that the fact will shock you."

"Charles a thief?" cried Sarah, with sudden, forgetful energy. "Never!"

"Of course he is not, Sarah; but rather than expose you in your falsehood, he would suffer all that odium. Your father knew that that ten-dollar bill was on the shelf when Charles went into the room, and that it was gone when he went away. He remembered the bill, and on the very next day he happened to find a bill just like it at Brown's store; upon that he feared that Charles had stolen the money. He went to Mr. Appleton, and explained the matter to him. Charles was then called in, and they asked him about the bill which had been upon the shelf. He told them that perhaps you would know something about it; but your father told him you knew nothing of it—that you had been asked, and that you did not see it. After this Charles refused to answer any more questions; and so they felt sure he was guilty. He came here on Thursday evening to see you, but your father would not let him in. And now he is turned away from his place, and his character blasted forever!"

"O, Heaven help me!" groaned the stricken girl, clasping her hands and bowing her head. In a moment more she looked up, and reaching her hands towards her cousin, she cried: "O, Emma, go and tell my father all!"

"No, Sarah," returned the other, kindly, but firmly, "that would detract too much from your own merit in this case. If you love Charles—if you love and respect yourself—go at once to your father, and tell him all. Do not hesitate. You know how noble your father is; see how nobly he has suffered for you."

"But he will despise me forever."

"He will most surely, if you allow him to suffer on after you know all. But go now—and when you have told your father all, then tell Charles; and if he does not love you still, then I know him not."

Sarah Bisbee hesitated but a moment more; she was at heart a noble girl, and as soon as her mind was made up she was firm. She arose and left the room; she found her father in the parlor, but he was not alone. Mr. Appleton was with him; she would have turned away, but her father called her back.

"I would not weep, my child; he is not worthy of your tears. Her cousin has just made her acquainted with the facts, sir." This last was spoken to Appleton.

"Ah, he is a bad youth," the latter returned; "and yet I never thought it before! I always thought him a noble—"

Thus far Sarah had stood in the centre of the room, looking her father in the face; but now she sprang forward, and catching him by the knees, as she sank down, she uttered:

"And he is noble now. O, my father, it is I who have done all this! It is I who destroyed the bill—I accidentally burned it up—I threw it off with the lamp, and ere we could save it the fire had destroyed it. I lied about it to save the reprimand! And Charles has suffered all this because he would not expose me. O, forgive me now—and never—never—"

She could go no further, but with her head upon her father's knees, she sobbed as though her heart would break.

"I'll—I'll—step around and see Charles," said Mr. Appleton, wiping the tears from his eyes as he arose. He departed without speaking further, for Mr. Bisbee was too deeply moved to speak.

* * * * *

On the next evening Charles Rowland called. Emma told him he would find Sarah in the little back parlor. He went in, but Emma did not stop to listen; she heard one deep sob—that was all. In an hour more, the lovers came out. Charles was smiling through his tears, and Sarah looked very happy, though she could not yet smile. Emma knew that all was forgiven, and she sought to know no more.

Charles and Sarah had been married three years, when cousin Emma went to see them in their happy home. One evening, when the two cousins were alone, and the two children had been lulled to sleep, Sarah placed her hand upon Emma's shoulder, and while a tear glistened in her eye, she said:

"O, coz, you don't know how many times I have blessed God for the hour that brought you to my side five years ago. I can hardly realize, even now, how dangerous was the precipice upon which I then stood. But I know it—I know it now. O, never from that dreadful hour has a falsehood dropped from my lips; and if there is one sentence which, more than another, makes me start with an old dread, that sentence is 'The White Lie'! O, they are white—white like a shroud—white with pallor, even unto death!"

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

It is mentioned as an interesting fact, that the Mosque of Omar, which has hitherto been religiously closed against all but faithful Mosulmen, is now thrown open to people of all nations and creeds. — One of the beautiful swans on Gosfield Lake, Essex, in England, belonging to Samuel Courtauld, Esq., was seen floating dead. On being drawn to the shore, it was found that it had been engaged in mortal conflict with a monster pike. The pike had swallowed the head and neck of the swan, and being unable to disgorge it, both had died, and were found thus linked together. — British soldiers, who have lost a limb, are in future to be provided with an artificial arm or leg of the best construction, at the public expense. — M. Cohen, a young Prussian engineer, and a nephew of the Russian engineer, Gen. Todleben, quarrelled at a party in Berlin, and called each other a vile Frenchman and a vile Cossack; they met on the next morning, when Cohen had his right arm badly broken, and Todleben was shot through the heart. — From Austin, Texas, it is reported that land in North Texas, which was sold in 1853 or 1854 for thirty cents an acre, is now selling for two and three dollars an acre. — In old times, the bills of lading commenced as follows:—"Shipped, by the grace of God, in good condition," etc. Dr. Franklin used to sign and sell bills of lading, and some pious persons objecting to the grace of God, he advertised that he sold bills of lading "with the grace of God." — It is stated that the corn stored at various points along the Illinois River amounts to about 1,300,000 bushels, and that it will be greatly increased. — Some burglars raised the window of the sleeping room of a butcher named Freitz, in Lawrenceville, Pa., lately, and put a cloth saturated with chloroform, attached to a long pole, to the nostrils of the butcher and wife. When the chloroform had taken effect, they entered the room, took \$500 from a bureau, and then left. — M. Leverrier states that he is firmly persuaded that a great number of comets are situated between Mars and Jupiter, and that between 100 nearly one hundred will be discovered. — There is now a good prospect for peaches next autumn, in New Jersey. The cold weather has not hurt the buds any, except in those portions situated in low, wet grounds. There the buds are somewhat injured, though not so badly as they are some years. — It is stated that Dickens did not receive an invitation to the Washington birthday ball in Paris, in consequence of the publication of his "American Notes." — Mr. Barnum having stated in his examination, that he holds claims of various kinds against individuals and companies, amounting in the aggregate to between \$20,000 and \$30,000, Judge Roosevelt has appointed James S. Libbey to examine the monies that might be realized from these claims. — A project is on foot to establish a line of steamers between Baltimore and Havana and Greytown, to touch at Norfolk, Va. Capital stock, \$200,000. — An elegant engine and tender, designed for the viceroy of Egypt, has been completed by order of the British government. The railway upon which they are to be used is open from Alexandria to Cairo, and is to be extended to Suix. — The theological seminary in Newton, Mass., is said to be in a more satisfactory condition than at any former period of its existence. — Commodore David Connor, who died in Philadelphia recently, during the Mexican war was in command of the gulf squadron, and was last at sea in March, 1847. He was at the time of his death on leave. He was born January 16, 1809, had been in the service 27 years; total sea service, 15 years. — William Howitt, in his Australian tour, says he lived for three weeks upon nothing but fricaseed kangaroo. — The aurora borealis occurs at an elevation, it is calculated, of about seventy miles above the earth's surface, at which elevation the air is rarified to a degree far above that afforded by our best modern air pumps.

☞ We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the article named below. Here in Boston, where the *Bronchial Troches* are known, they are household words, and need no testimony to recommend them; but to our readers in Canada, the West, and indeed everywhere, we cheerfully bear testimony from personal knowledge, to their efficacy.

COUGHS, COLDS, ETC.—As a preventive, or remedial agent we know of nothing of such wonderful efficacy as "Brown's Bronchial Troches, or Lozenges," which come as messengers of peace to the noisy cough, and relief to the afflicted who suffer from bronchitis, asthma, and all affections of the lungs. To public speakers this will prove invaluable as a cure for hoarseness, while its action upon the throat is salutary in the highest degree. We have experienced the benefit derived from the use of these troches, and feel pleased to endorse the thousand encomiums already passed upon their eminent qualities.—*Intelligencer*.

They are to be had of all respectable druggists.

PHILANTHROPIC.—The London Times correspondent speaking of the fine condition of the British troops in the Crimea, thinks "it's a pity they should be balked of another campaign." Perhaps the allies will consent to deluge the East in blood, and reduce their subjects to slavery, so that these fine fellows may show in what capital condition they are.

THE PRESS IN NICARAGUA.—Gen. Walker compelled the editor of the "Nicaraguere" to issue his paper at the point of the bayonet. We have heard of the military stopping a journal, but never before of "sogers" being used to compel publication. Can't the files of the Nicaraguere be completed without files of soldiers?

HIAWATHA.—This poem is brilliantly successful in spite of the remonstrances of certain snarling critics. Here and in Europe it is the rage, and almost everybody is learning to "talk Ingen." Ugh! hugh! wah!

IN A BAD WAY.—There is only one editor in the New Hampshire legislature this year. The profession ought certainly to have a more numerous representation.

Wayside Gatherings.

Springfield, Illinois, has 5204 school children. The Alabama and Florida Railroad has been put under contract. Barney Williams recently gave \$176 to the "Can't Get Away Club," of Mobile. The St. Nicholas Hotel, New York city, is to be greatly enlarged.

Henry Townsend, a veteran of the war of 1812, died recently in New York, in a state of abject poverty.

The story that the Cuban sugar crop will be short is supposed to be a device of the speculators.

Forty-six prisoners were received into the Wisconsin State prison in 1855, and forty pardoned out by the governor.

The Minnesota people are agitating the question of dividing that territory, with the view of ultimately forming two States.

Martin Kozta, the Hungarian, has purchased a farm on the Median River, Texas, for which he paid \$9000.

Prof. Hoyt, of Exeter, N. H., is to deliver the oration at the society anniversaries, at the next commencement in Bowdoin College.

J. B. Kertland and others, have been convicted of illegal banking at Memphis, Tenn. The fine is \$1000 and one month's imprisonment.

For pulling the nose and slapping the face of Jenny Lind's husband, a speculator in concerts has been fined five shillings in London.

Peter Walker, a German, beat his wife to death at St. Louis, recently, because she would not give up to him some money she had inherited.

One man in Philadelphia holds a million of dollars of the Texan bonds, soon to be paid, which he bought from the U. S. Bank, at the rate of fifteen cents on the dollar.

The population of Pittsburg and the seven or eight boroughs which surround it, is set down at the present time at 123,620, being an increase of 55 per cent. in less than six years.

Cyfax, of the Hartford Times, the other day had the curiosity to examine the contents of a plump partridge's crop, and counted seven hundred and forty apple tree seeds.

Tobacco packed in lead is poisonous, as the moisture contained in tobacco will oxydize the lead with which it remains long in contact, forming a peculiar poisonous salt.

The senate of Mississippi has passed a bill authorizing parties to contract for the payment of any rate of interest, not exceeding ten per cent., on the renewal of any debt after maturity.

Since the commencement of the Ladies' Five Points Mission House, New York city, over four hundred destitute children have been sent out West, to Illinois and Wisconsin, where excellent homes have been provided for them.

The average cost of a year's treatment at several insane asylums, is as follows: Concord, N. H., \$437; Worcester, Mass., \$525; Hartford, Ct., \$525; Rhode Island, \$757; Pennsylvania, \$1410; Maryland, \$1643.

Mr. Earle, of the Worcester Spy, says, in a limited examination of the flowering buds of the peach trees, we find about one-half of the buds are destroyed. This will leave a sufficient number for a full crop, with a favorable season.

It is said that Mons. De Belveze, who made an official visit to Canada last summer, is to be appointed consul-general for France for the British North American provinces, and will reside at Montreal.

The *Algemeine Zeitung* states that William Makepeace Thackeray has realized by his writings and lectures, \$500,000, a sum that would enrich half a dozen German satirists and change them from literary vagabonds into steady citizens.

Vestrali has created such a sensation in Mexico that she can't get away. A benefit a short time since yielded \$5500. She has been liberally provided with funds to manage the Grand National theatre, and has accepted the trust.

Top boots are all the spasm in New York, now, the cream of Broadway wear tassels to them, and a sporting whip thrust out from the side pocket completes the tableaux. Next thing we shall hear of will be gilt edged shirt collars.

A Paris correspondent says: "Skirts have become so voluminous as to be both disfiguring and ridiculous. An unfortunate lady was saluted on the boulevards by one of the *gamins de Paris*, as *le balon de M. Godard* (the famous acrobat).

Capt. H. Whittaker has made a successful experiment on Lake Erie, in the propulsion of vessels, and which is looked upon as a matter of special interest. The plan consists simply in the application of the common propeller to the sides of the vessel.

The total number of publishers in the United States, comprising, however, only those who publish books, not periodicals, is in round numbers, three hundred. About three-fourths of them are to be found in the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

The long-pending suit, under which some \$250,000 were claimed by Samuel G. Ogden of Wm. B. Astor, on an unsettled account of partnership transactions between the plaintiff and the late John Jacob Astor, has been terminated by the payment of \$125,000 to Mr. Ogden. Mr. Ogden is the father of Mrs. Anna Cora Ritchie.

A rich old spinster who died at Newton, N. H., lately, left \$38,414. She was all her life getting ready to be married, and had stored up 182 sheets, 53 coverlids, 50 blankets, 27 beds with 1120 pounds of feathers, 54 towels, 24 table covers, 43 handkerchiefs, while the whole amount of her wearing apparel did not exceed ten dollars in value.

The Sonora (Cal.) Herald says that a new substance has been discovered in Table Mountain, which very much resembles alum in taste, and bears a very close resemblance to that article when burnt. It is a substance that exudes from the rock, in a partially liquid state, and then by exposure to the atmosphere, becomes hardened to the consistency of alum.

A refreshing lotion, possessing cleansing and clearing qualities, may be made thus: Take a pint of orange flower water and a pint of rain water, with a sprig of rosemary; add to this four ounces of Castile soap, scraped finely; boil it all together and bottle for use. This is called pearl water; it is easily prepared, and is, at the same time, innocent and efficacious.

The work of demolishing the old Mississippi is progressing at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. She is to be rebuilt, and have new engines placed in her of iron, and not copper as before. Many of the soldiers who served in the war with Mexico, entertain a great affection for this steamer, as it was from her that General Scott, with the New York volunteers and other troops, landed near Vera Cruz, in 1847.

Foreign Items.

A private letter received from St. Petersburg states that the retirement of Count Nesselrode is at length absolutely decided on.

The Milan Gazette announces that Princess Belgioioso has returned to Lombardy, and taken up her residence at her villa of Locate.

It is rumored that Prince Gortschakoff is likely to be raised to the rank of marshal, as a reward for his services on the Danube and in the Crimea.

The pension of £25 per annum which was granted to the late Joseph Haydn, previously to his death, has been bestowed upon his unfortunate widow.

The French emperor, at the personal request of Professor Nisard, has pardoned five of the students who were lately sentenced to imprisonment for the disturbances at the Sorbonne.

The world counts one emperor more. Kasa, brother-in-law of one of the petty kings of Abyssinia, after dethroning his relative, has assumed the imperial crown, under the name of Theodore I.

Mademoiselle Rachel arrived at Havre completely recovered from her American illness, though not altogether from its cause, which is stated as the loss of \$60,000 by the venture. One of her followers proposes to write a cutting-up book on America, by way of revenge.

Six first class screw steamships and others are being fitted up in England for colonial service. It is rumored in Southampton, that these ships are being prepared for the embarkation and immediate transportation of a large number of troops and 6000 horses to the Canadas.

Sands of Gold.

.... Nobleness is the preferring honor to interest, and baseness preferring interest to honor.—*Nauvengurges*.

.... Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them.—*Bacon*.

.... Modesty is a sweet song bird no open cage door can tempt to flight.—*Eastern Saying*.

.... Goods acquired by industry prove commonly more lasting than lands by descent.—*Thomas Fuller*.

.... Truth was not made for the benefit of infidels, who are its foes, but for willing apprehensions.—*Barry Cornwall*.

.... No very great man ever reached the standard of his greatness in the crowd of his contemporaries.—*Landor*.

.... He that can only be useful on great occasions may die without exercising his abilities.—*Dr. Johnson*.

.... Men in whom the imagination predominates are apt to convert facts into fictions, and live in a world of their own creation.—*Wigglesworth*.

.... Perhaps at no time will there be written, by the most accurate and faithful historian, so much of truth as untruth.—*Landor*.

.... If you don't wish a man to do a thing, you had better get him to talk about it; for the more men talk, the more likely they are to do nothing else.—*Carlyle*.

.... At every step we take to gain the approbation of the wise, we lose something in the estimation of the vulgar. Look within: cannot we afford it?—*Landor*.

.... A man who lives beyond the usual term of life is like a boy who stays beyond the usual age at school. He becomes solitary, and the routine is tedious to him.—*Wigglesworth*.

Joker's Budget.

A Yankee doctor has recently got up a remedy for hard times. It consists of ten hours' hard labor, well worked in.

Why is an address pronounced on board a ship like a finger ring? Because it is a decoration (deck oration).

Famous literary dishes—Bacon, Lamb and Hogg.—*Phil. Mer. Ay*, or Herring, Crabbe and *Chau-sir*!

A pert little girl boasted to one of her little friends that "her father kept a carriage." "Ah, but," was the triumphant reply, "my father drives an omnibus."

An honest dame in the town of —, standing beside the corpse of her deceased husband, bewailing in piteous tones his untimely departure, observed: "It's a pity he's dead, for his teeth are as good as ever they were."

Scared individual dodging infuriated bull behind a tree—You ungrateful beast you, you wouldn't toss a consistent vegetarian, who never ate beef in his life, would you? Is that the return you make?

With what colors would you paint a storm at sea? The waves rose and the winds blew. How should a secret be painted? In violet. How would you paint an absent-minded friend? In a brown study.

"Now, papa, tell me what is humbug?" "It is," replied papa, "when mama pretends to be very fond of me, and puts no buttons on my shirt till reminded of it a dozen times." Queer definition that, still there's some truth in it.

A quaint preacher in Alabama was accustomed to distinguish the I. and II. epistles of St. John by giving out—"John with one eye," and "John with two eyes." It was some time before the people got the hang of it, but when they did, the distinction answered very well.

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CITY OF NAPLES, AND ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

NAPLES AND VESUVIUS.—REVEL.

Naples and Vesuvius! What thrilling associations! What memories of the mingled loveliness and terror of Italian nature do not these words conjure up? The artist's sketch places us in imagination within the charmed circle of those magic influences which one of earth's fairest scenes exerts on the least impressible mind. We gaze upon the unrivalled bay, which is twenty-two miles in length from Cape Miseno on the northwest to Cape Campanella on the southeast, having on its shores Pozzuolo, Portici, Castel-a-mare, Vico, Sorrento, and other storied places. Vesuvius bounds the prospect on the east, villages are scattered on its base, and vineyards are planted there regardless of the threat of the ominous vapor that pours incessantly from its reeking summit. Across the foreground of the picture float the light craft with their lateen sails, while in the distance the cloud strata stretch across the mountain peaks. The city of Naples is situated at the bottom of the glorious bay that bears its name. Its white walls extend partly along the shore, and partly up the spurs of the adjacent mountains. Nature and art have combined to render Naples and its environs one of the most attractive regions on earth. It is impossible for language to exaggerate the grandeur and beauty of the scenery. The best distant view of it is that obtained in the approach from the sea, and in passing the lovely islands that guard the entrance of the bay. On the first view of it, the traveller is ready to echo the Italian saying, "See Naples and die!" Speaking of the Bay of Naples, an American traveller writes, "Much as we had heard and read of this magnificent expanse of water, and of the gorgeous city upon its shore, its beauty exceeded all the expectations we had ever formed. The bay is a

vast semicircle, ten or fifteen miles across, and along its edge the city rises, exposing to full view its ten thousand palaces, churches, towers, walls and pinnacles, all having a wildness of appearance, and yet a harmony of relation, that fills the mind with sensations of exquisite pleasure. The more distant mountains enveloped in smoke, or exposing their peaks, which have once been tinged with fiery floods, awaken emotions of the sublime, that mingle with those of the beautiful, which the softer features of the scene have inspired. In front of us is the bay, with its shipping and its islands, lying like gems upon the bosom of this lovely water." The ascent of Vesuvius is an incident of travel not easily forgotten. The ascent commences with an easy path that brings you to the table-land, where there is a house of refreshment called the "Hermitage." You pass vast strata of lava, beside which the vine flourishes in great luxuriance. The view, as you mount higher and higher, is enchanting. After leaving the "Hermitage," you cross immense tracts of lava. At the foot of the cone you stand between Monte Sonoma and Vesuvius. They were united in the olden time, until the great eruption of A. D. 79 left this valley after the mountain had sunk down in the plain and the sea, and buried the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. When you reach the rim of the crater, you perceive that the soil you stand upon is seamed and cracked in every direction; smoke pours continually from these fissures, and the distant roaring of subterranean fires is distinctly heard. You easily descend into the crater, and look down into the sulphurous depths, whence, in periods of eruption, red hot stones and scoræ are vomited forth in fatal and overwhelming masses. The view upon the summit of Vesuvius is entrancing. You look down over a wide landscape dotted with

innumerable villages; Naples and its suburbs, the islands of Ischia and Capri are mirrored in the waters of the bay. The descent of the mountain is easily accomplished. The ashes make a soft footing, and you plunge downwards in bounds of ten or fifteen feet, and are at the foot of the mountain in ten minutes from starting.—REVEL, a Russian seaport in the government of Esthonia, on a small bay on the south side of the Gulf of Finland, and 200 miles west-southwest of St. Petersburg, is, as our engraving shows, quite a picturesque place, particularly when seen from the water, the point of view chosen for our sketch. The architecture has that half-oriental character which so strongly characterizes the Russian cities. The numerous spires that point upward all along the shore give a peculiar airiness to the profile of the town. In about the centre of the picture a strong battery is noticeable. Beneath the bluffs, on which a portion of the town stands, is seen a man-of-war barge, with an officer in the stern-sheets, pulling swiftly through the chop sea. The city proper is enclosed by old bastions, and defended by a strong citadel; it is of limited extent, and very irregularly built; but the suburbs stretch for a great distance along the shore, in the manner indicated in our illustration. The town and castle were founded by Valdemar II., king of Denmark, in 1218, but afterwards sold to the Teutonic knights. It was captured by the Russians from the Swedes, in 1710. It was formerly the great emporium of the Hanseatic league for trade with Novgorod. It has an excellent and well sheltered harbor. There are a number of fine buildings in the place, among which may be mentioned, the imperial palace, the admiralty, the town hall, numerous churches, a neat theatre, club-houses, etc. The population is about 25,000.



CITY AND BAY OF REVEL.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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TEMPLE OF A THOUSAND IMAGES.

The accompanying picture, drawn by Mr. Hill, is from a very choice production of a Dutch artist, procured for us by an officer of the U. S. Japanese expedition, who has already enriched our pages with his own designs. It represents the interior of one of the most remarkable temples in the world, and its perfect uniqueness will commend it to our subscribers, and serve to show, also, that we are ready to ransack the uttermost ends of the globe for material to enrich our pictorial enterprise. The temple thus delineated is near Miako, and is dedicated to Quanwon, the son of Amida. It is a Buddhist temple, Miako being the residence of the Xako, or high priest of the Buddhist hierarchy. Buddha, or the sage (a name changed by the Chinese into Fuh-li, Fuh or Fo), was a title of honor bestowed on the first preacher of the religion of the Buddhists after he had attained popularity. Asiatic tradition makes him the son of a king of Central India, Suddo-dana,

in Sanscrit, king or eater of pure food. His original name was Lehta; after he became a priest he was called Sakia mouni, that is, devotee of the race of Sakia, whence the appellation Siaka, and the name of Xako applied to the head of the Buddhist church. The Buddhist mythology includes several Buddhas who preceded Sakia-mouni, and the first of whom, Adi-Buddha, or the first Buddha, was believed to be the origin of all things. This first Buddha is worshipped in Japan under the name of Amida, and his temples and priests are the most numerous. The interior of the temple shown in our engraving is certainly without a parallel in its appointments. A Dutch traveller thus quaintly delineates its characteristic features:—"There is a most famous Chappel about a League from Meaco, erected by some of their antient Emperors, and since by the Modern enlarged and beautified, being 420 Foot long, having two great Porches, with Portcullises in the middle: where entering you may first see a large Seat, on which

sits an Image, bigger than the Life, resembling a Giant, with Holes in his Ears, Bald headed and shaven after the manner of the *Indian Brachmans*; over this huge figure hang several Cups, on both sides divers shapes of Armed Soldiers, Morisco Dancers, Exotick Wizards, and other dreadful Figures, with antic Gestures: their Wind and Thunder also are personated in terrible Figures. Then they enter the Chappel, ascending on Seven steps, having five hundred Idols on each side fixed to the wall, all representing Canon (Quanwon), the son of Amida, with amiable Looks, each having thirty Arms, two of which are of ordinary size, but all the other very small, and in every Hand two Arrows, on their breasts are engraven seven little Faces, on the Heads Golden Crowns with strings of Diamonds. Moreover, not only the Chains, Bells and other things belonging to these Images, but also the Statues themselves are all Massie Gold, wrought by the Goldsmith, inso-much that the Beholders Eyes dazzle at the glory and splendor."



TEMPLE OF A THOUSAND IMAGES NEAR MIAKO, JAPAN.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TEXAN CRUISER: —OR— CALYPSO, THE WANDERER. A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

BY T. BURLINGAME ROSS.

CHAPTER I.

THE LONE STAR AND HER COMMANDER.

WITHIN one of the southern lagoons upon the coast of Texas, is the small bay of Golind. It is not far from the mouth of the Nueces, and, like most of the lagoons which abound upon the shores of the Gulf, affords a most excellent harbor. In the early part of August, 1846, a small schooner lay at anchor within this bay. I say a small schooner. She was a small vessel, and at a short distance appeared much smaller than she really was; but yet, for a schooner, she was large enough—as large as the peculiar rig of that class of vessels would warrant. She was a pretty craft; built after the model of our Baltimore clippers, and carrying a wide spread of canvass for such a hull. She carried a square topsail and topgallant-sail upon the fore, and a gaff-topsail upon the main. She was called the *LONE STAR*, and had for some years belonged to the Texan navy, having been employed in cruising after those Mexican vessels that had been fitted out for the especial purpose of committing depredations upon the seaport settlements of the infant republic. And even now that Texas had been united with its gigantic sister, it was found necessary to keep the *Lone Star* in service, for manifold were the robberies still committed by the Mexican crafts, and none knew their haunts so well as did the commander of the gallant schooner. He seemed to have an intuitive perception of the approach of one of these villanous freebooters, and he seldom missed them when once upon their track.

The schooner lay close in to the bold shore, and it was but a few moments' work to pull on board. A person not acquainted with the form and features of a schooner-of-war would have been surprised upon his visit to the deck of the *Lone Star*. That width of beam was not discovered from the shore, nor was the length, even, clearly made out, for the graceful bends at the bows and run were calculated to deceive the unpractised eye. However, on reaching the deck we find her to be a noble craft, and everything that meets the gaze betrays the most thorough order and regularity.

She carried six brass guns—twelve-pounders—and the pikes that stood in their beekets about the masts were bright and sharp. Upon the quarter-deck, on the starboard side, with one hand ahold of a back-stay, stood a young man, not over five-and-twenty, whose uniform marked him as the captain of the vessel. He was a tall, stout man, with brown hair, and a rich, dark gray eye, and possessing one of those peculiar conformations of form and feature which at once mark out the commander. Put such a man anywhere, even if it be in a chain-gang, and he will naturally assume a control over his companions, not more from his own natural effort than from the instinctive bowing of other minds to his will. His face was one of more than ordinary manly beauty, and its tone of nobleness and authority was well sustained by the physical power which was at once apparent in the muscular massiveness and compactness of his frame. His name was Clarence Howard. He was a Virginian by birth, and having lost his parents when quite young, he adopted the sea as the field of his labor. He was but a boy in years when the struggles of Texas to free herself from the Mexican yoke attracted his attention, and in company with a party of his friends he started for the scene of action; and from that time he did his part well and truly toward establishing the republic.

Close by the captain stood a small boy. He was not over fifteen, and even small at that. In frame he was very slight, yet a passing observer could not fail to be attracted by his appearance, for there was something in his face that told of more than ordinary intellect and intelligence. His light flaxen hair was very thin and wavy, and seemed to leave his high, projecting brow almost with the appearance of baldness upon the top. His eyes, which were light gray in color, were different from most eyes. The pupils were long and cone-like, square at the base, and reaching to a point at their upper termination—about in the form of a sugar-loaf. The base of the pupil reached entirely to the white of the eye, while its apex was not far from the centre of the ball. In addition to this, the eyes were bright, sometimes sparkling like stars, and then at others, burning like fire; and, moreover, they seemed to possess a phosphorescent power, for in the dark they would often burn, or glow, with a brightness which rendered them visible when the face could not be seen. This boy's name was Peter Sythe. Clarence Howard had found him, ten years before, when he first came out to Texas, on a wreck which had been cast up on the Isle de Bagin, just north of the Rio Grande, and since that time he had clung to his noble protector, with all the affection of a child for its parent. He had given his name as Pierre when first found, but the sailors changed it to the more democratic form of Peter. Of his early history he could give no account. He only knew that he had always been on ship-board, and that his father was Captain Sythe, and furthermore, that when he was cast away, all the crew were lost save himself. He was a handsome boy, and but for the strange formation of the eye, he would have been without a single detractor from perfect beauty.

The two lieutenants were pacing the quarter-deck upon the lar-

board side. The first was Karl Lofton, a stout, powerfully built man, some thirty years of age, with light hair and blue eyes; a native of New York, though of German descent. The second was Martin Hart—another stout, robust man, with black hair and black eyes, and some four or five years older than Lofton.

"Peter," spoke the captain, turning to his boy, "go and tell the coxswain to have my gig manned."

"Going ashore, captain?" asked Lofton, stepping over.

"Yes," returned Howard.

"Have you made up your mind yet when you'll sail?"

"Not quite, Lofton. But I shall sail for the first thing that turns up. We are doing no good here. Taylor and Worth have about all the supplies they can afford to wait for, and I understand that they are soon to start up into the country further. They mean to make their next attack upon Monterey. Such being the case, I think we'll poke along down to the southward, and we may get upon the track of that villain, Tudel—Jilok Tudel—the most notorious pirate Mexico ever produced. By the cross, Karl, I'd like to meet that chap."

"So would we all," returned the lieutenant, enthusiastically.

"And then there's more work, too," resumed the captain.

"The Mexican government has given out a lot of letters of marque; so you see, the Gulf'll be swarming with privateers. They'll be only pirates, and that too, of the worst kind."

"But wont the United States grant any such letters?"

"No—I guess not."

"But why? Good gracious, if Mexico sends out her privateers, why shouldn't we have some to offset them?"

"I don't know, Karl. It isn't a very honorable mode of warfare, at all events; but you see, Mexico's got no navy at all, and so she's obliged to do this. She's got one or two little scows, but they're good for nothing. Why, I should not be afraid to engage their whole naval force with this schooner and its present crew."

"Then they need privateers?"

"To be sure they do; and if they'd only raise their own men, I wouldn't care; but they've sent a lot of letters of marque to Havana, in hopes that the Cubans will fit out privateers against us; and we have the best of reasons for believing that privateers are being fitted out in England to cruise under the Mexican flag. It is a sure thing that two of them have left Liverpool for that purpose. What d'ye think of that?"

"Why—I'll tell ye, captain. I'm very glad we hold our commission regularly; and I only hope we may meet an Englishman cruising under the Mexican flag. It kind o' strikes me now, that I should rather let a real Mexican pirate go free, than to let off them as ought to be in better business. However, we may find one of 'em, eh?"

"I hope so," was Howard's reply, as he turned toward his cabin.

He then went below, and when he returned to the deck, he was all ready for going on shore. His heavy sword was buckled on, and a brace of six-barrelled pistols graced his belt. Even the shore of Texas, along the banks of the Nueces, was not without danger to the American.

The boat was alongside and manned, and having sent Peter over first, the captain followed him, and then gave the order for pushing off. There were some dozen huts scattered about upon the shore, one of which, larger than the rest, was occupied by a man named Gould, who was an old trapper and hunter, and who had made much money at his business. Howard left his boat and crew at the shore, and with Peter as a companion, he went up to Gould's hut, and found the owner within.

"Ah, captain—still here, eh?" uttered the old trapper, as he grasped Howard by the hand.

"Yes, my old friend," returned the young man. "I'm here for a while. But I came up now to see if you had heard from the west'rd."

"Yes, captain—I'm just from Santa Fe. The brave Fremont has joined Commodore Sloat, and just as I was startin' the news came in by an Indian runner a horseback, that Montgomery had taken San Francisco."

"Do you think it's true?"

"Of course 'tis. And now what's been done here? Where's old Zachary?"

"O, he's right side up, you may rest assured. He has captured everything that came in his way thus far, and now he's bound for Monterey—he and Worth together."

"That's the talk. Why, I tell ye, cap'n, 'tain't no sort o' use for them 'tarnal Mexicans to think o' beatin' our boys. Just as sure as I'm alive now, three thousand true blue Yankees with old Zachary at their head 'u'd march right through the very heart o' Mexico. By gimeni! folks says as how't the Yankees could fight well enough on their own dirt, but take them anywhere else, and they'd be down. But look at this ere—what do ye think now, eh? Guess they'll begin to think 'at all a'n't fightin' men that looks like sich. Give me old Zachary yet."

If Jim Gould had a weakness beyond his hatred of the Mexicans, it was his ardent respect for General Taylor; and he had often been heard to remark that there wa'n't but one Zachary Taylor, 'cause there wa'n't room but for one. Howard smiled at the old trapper's earnestness, and having learned all that he had come to learn, he arose to take his leave. He had already put on his cap and turned toward the door, when the old man stopped him.

"Look here, cap'n," he cried, in an earnest tone. "Have ye been to Vera Cruz since I've been gone?"

"No. I've been cruising about the Gulf some, but haven't stopped there. But why do you ask?"

"Why—p'r'aps ye'll say it's none o' my business—but I guess I'll run the risk. Ye know one Antonio St. Marc?"

"Of course," uttered Clarence, changing color. "And what of him?"

"Ye know that gal o' his'n too, I take it?"

"Don't bother me, Gould. You mean Donna Irene."

"Yes, I do. And ha'n't ye heard nothin' from her?"

"No—not a word. But what is it?"

"Well—to tell ye the truth, cap'n," returned the old man, with some show of embarrassment, "I don't exactly know myself. There was an old woman came with us from Bexar, and left us this mornin'. She was inquiren' for you, and said she had come from Vera Cruz. She seemed to be—ch—look there—right down the hill; that's the woman now, as sure as fate. Don't you see her?"

"Is that the one?—that old, bent-up woman?"

"Yes. Just as likely as not she's huntin' for ye now."

"You say she's come from Vera Cruz?"

"So she said. But see—she's goin' down to your boat."

Without speaking further the captain beckoned to his boy, and then started from the trapper's hut.

CHAPTER II.

CALYPSO, AND HER MESSAGE.

THE sun had already sunk beneath the nearest tree-tops when Clarence Howard left the trapper's cot. He hastened down to the water's edge, and arrived there just as the old woman, whom he had seen from the hut, was inquiring for the captain of the schooner. She appeared to be somewhere between fifty and sixty years of age; quite small in frame, and much bent by age and care—or it may have been by some injury—for her back was bent more than such age as her's could ordinarily have done. She seemed to be an Indian woman, though she spoke both Spanish and English very well. Her hair was long and matted, and very black, with here and there a silvery line; her eyes were black and large, and burned with a strange fire. Her garb was very simple, consisting of the colored blanket and skirt usually worn by those Indians who had lived in the neighborhood of civilization, the only protection for the head being the folds of the blanket, which she could draw up at will. Her legs were shielded by leather leggings, while upon her feet she wore the light boots of buffalo hide usual among the Mexican Indians. Take her all in all, she was a curiosity in the *genus* of humanity. As she stood, with her back bent, she looked like a dwarf with a huge hump upon the back, and it only required the tall, conical red cap, with its bobbing tassel, to finish the picture of just such a sprite as we read of in old legends of the Rhine.

"Have you been searching for me, my good woman?" asked Clarence, as he came up.

The woman started when she heard the voice, and having made sure who it was that had spoken to her, she asked:

"Are you the captain?"

"Of this schooner—yes."

"And is your name Clarence Howard?"

"It is."

She looked him steadily in the eye for some moments, and then slowly allowed her eye to wander over his person, as though she would read him all through by his looks. The young man did not feel at all uneasy beneath this scrutiny, though it must be confessed that he experienced some curious emotions.

"I would like to speak with you a moment, good sir," she said, after she had finished her examination.

"For what?" asked Howard.

"Come with me a short distance away, and I'll tel you."

"But why not speak here?"

"I would speak with you concerning Donna Irene St. Marc," the woman whispered, in a tone so low that only Howard could hear it, and at the same time gazing sharply in his face.

"Lead on," returned Clarence, quickly. "Lead on."

Slowly the woman walked, or hobbled, away towards the nearest hut, and as soon as she was beyond the hearing of the boatmen, she turned and motioned for her companion to stop.

"Now, senor capitan, you must listen. You say you know Donna Irene St. Marc; and she has told me that she knows you."

"She? Irene?—then you have seen her?" cried Clarence.

"Yes—I have seen her within these two weeks; and she tells me that you are her best friend."

"Did she tell thee that?"

"Yes. Did she not tell me truly?"

"Tell you truly?" uttered the young captain, ardently. "O, she has no truer friend—none truer than I."

"And I think the maiden loves thee, Senor Americano."

"Did she tell thee so?" asked Clarence, in a quick, breathless whisper.

"Not in so many words, but then there be other languages than the one the mouth speaks. She called thy name, senor; and while she spoke that name with her lips, she told me her love with her eyes."

"Ah, you may have read unwarranted by—"

"Hold, senor. Thou hast not told me in so many words that thou didst love the Lady Irene. And more—thy lips might have asserted the fact an hundred times, and I would not have been one half so sure as I am now that I have read the tale in thine eye and in thy looks. Be sure Irene loves thee most truly; and well she may."

"I hoped I had her gratitude, but her love was more than I had dared to hope for."

"Ah, thine own eye gives the denial of that, senor."

"No, no, woman. I may have prayed that she might love me, but hope would imply more than was mine. So fair—so lovely—so wealthy—so noble! Ah, I had not soared so high."

"Never mind. I'll give thee all the belief in my power. And now to my business. In all Vera Cruz poor Irene has not a friend. A terrible fate awaits her, and there is none nigh to avert the blow."

"How! A blow? a fate—a terrible fate? Speak, woman. What is it you mean?"

"Listen, señor. You have heard of one Jilok Tudel?"

"I know but one of that name."

"And he?"

"Is a pirate."

"Yes—the very one. And now St. Marc swears his child shall marry with that dreadful man!"

For some moments Howard gazed into the woman's face without speaking. The sun had sunk from sight, and the twilight was creeping on. Those dark, swarthy features were now indistinct beneath the long, matted hair, but those two large black eyes gleamed out with undimmed power, for she seemed deeply moved.

"Did I understand you?" the young man asked, at length.

"I think you did, señor."

"But you did not mean, then, what you said?"

"I did mean it, señor capitán. Antonio St. Marc would marry his child to the pirate Tudel!"

"Ah—he does not know who this Jilok Tudel is."

"He knows him far better than you can, señor."

"And knowing him to be the wicked, bloody pirate, would he still—"

"Force his sweet child to marry him, señor. You may as well speak it out, for so the truth is."

"But St. Marc is a monster!"

"He is, señor."

Again Clarence Howard hesitated, and gazed fixedly in the woman's face. There was truth in her tone, and a stern purpose of honest intent in her look. But he could not let the fatal belief in without an effort. True, he knew but little of St. Marc. Four years before, while cruising off the northern coast of Yucatan, he had fallen in with a Cuban pirate. It was his first cruise as master of a vessel. Houston had early discovered his ripe and noble qualities, and forwarded his claim to the post of commander of the Lone Star, which vessel was then fresh from the builder's hands. The youthful commander had given chase to a Mexican freebooter, but lost him in the night, and on the following morning he found the Cuban on his lee quarter. He knew the craft in a moment, for he had had positive information concerning her from the authorities at Villa del Rio, and he at once gave chase. The pirate tried to run round Cape Catoche, but the Lone Star cut her out, and captured her—carrying her by the board after a smart engagement of fifteen minutes. On board this pirate the young captain found a wealthy Mexican and his daughter. The former introduced himself as a Castilian gentleman, of Vera Cruz, and had been captured by the pirates while on his way, with his child, to visit some friends in Havana, where he had meant to spend the season.

His child was then fifteen years of age, and so beautiful that even then Clarence almost wished he had never seen her. The story of their preservation was this: They had taken passage in a brig, St. Marc taking only about two thousand dollars with him for incidental expenses. Only two days before the coming of the Lone Star, the brig was overhauled by the pirate, all her valuables taken out, and then the villains proceeded to lash the crew to various parts of the vessel previous to scuttling her, they having planned to save only the youthful maiden! But St. Marc promised them, if they would spare him, to pay them one thousand gold doubloons, and as soon as he could convince them that he would do this, they agreed to spare him; but they destroyed all the rest.

Clarence delivered the pirates up to justice, and conveyed St. Marc and his child back to Vera Cruz, whither they chose to go. Surely it was a terrible fate from which the young captain had saved the maiden, and both she and her father seemed very grateful. He remained with them two days at that time, at their sumptuous dwelling in Vera Cruz, and he had visited them since. He knew that St. Marc had been rather cool and distant at his last visit, and he attributed it to the fact that the wealthy hidalgo wanted him not for a son-in-law. He had regarded the man as a dark, stern parent, and an unflinching aristocrat, but he had not thought him capable of such blackness of heart as this intelligence would seem to indicate.

"Woman," he said, slowly and sternly, "mark me. Jilok Tudel is a blood-stained pirate. Do you know of another Jilok Tudel?"

"I do not, señor," the woman answered, just as slowly and sternly as her interlocutor had spoken.

"But do you know this one—the pirate?"

"I do, señor—very well."

"Ha—then you know him! You know, then, of what you speak?"

"I do know very well. Antonio St. Marc has sworn that his child shall marry this wretched man. Now go you there, but be sure St. Marc sees you not. No—hold! the pirate is at sea—"

"Yes, madam, and I was waiting orders to go in pursuit of him. I expect news from the outlaw this week."

"Then if you capture him, so much will be gained. But you must see Donna Irene."

"I should like to see her, but I cannot enter Vera Cruz openly now. You must remember that our country is at war with Mexico."

"I know," returned the woman. "But that must not prevent you now. I tell thee Irene is in danger, and she looks to thee to save her. She loves thee with a woman's heart and soul. From the moment when first she knew you she has loved you. She

dreams not that I would tell thee this—and yet she wished for me to send thee to her if I could find thee. See her, and she will tell thee more. In disguise thou canst enter the city. None need know that you are of the enemy. Speak, now, and tell me—wilt thou go?"

"First tell me who and what thou art?" Clarence said, after some moments' hesitation.

"I am called Calypso. Some call me Calypso, the Wanderer; and they are not far out of the way, for surely none wander more than I do. That I am an Indian, I doubt not my face already tells you, eh?"

"Most assuredly it does," was Howard's reply.

"And furthermore I can only tell you that I am what my sobriquet indicates. I am the Homeless—the Wanderer—and almost—Friendless. But that is all."

"But what is Donna Irene to you?"

"What is she to you?" Calypso asked, with a smile.

"I understand what you mean," the captain answered. "But I knew not but that she might be some—some—"

"Perhaps you were going to say, relative."

"I will not say that the thought did not enter my mind, for under the excitement of your story I forgot the color of your skin. However, you must be something to her, or you would not have come so far."

"Ah, señor, it matters little to me which way I go. I may as well wander hither as to wander thither—as well to Texas as to California."

"And have you ever wandered off so far?"

"As California?"

"Yes."

"Yes, señor. I move hither and thither continually. But enough of this. Thou wilt not fail to visit Vera Cruz, and see Donna Irene. Once more I tell thee, thou alone canst help her."

"But—pardon me—that is very strange. Are there not in Mexico those who love her?"

"Yes, many. But, alas, not one upon whom fear of the father does not operate more powerfully than does the love of the child."

"And will Donna Irene expect me?"

"She will hope for your coming, for she bade me tell thee so."

"Then most assuredly I shall go."

"But remember—let your disguise be perfect, for be sure that Antonio St. Marc will not spare thee, if he detects thee."

"I will be careful of that, madam."

"One thing more," resumed the woman, moving nearer to the captain, for the boy Peter was approaching the spot, "she bade me tell you, if you came, that she would recognize you by your whistling the first bar of '*Paciencia y barajar*,' then passing on to the third, and from that to the fifth bar. One half the lepers of the city are continually humming and whistling the tune, but of course no one would think of performing it in that way. She said you knew it."

"Yes," returned Clarence, "I know it very well."

"Then you have all the instructions you need. She will give you the rest when you see her."

"If I see her. But did she tell you what answer she would return to my signal?"

"O, yes. I had forgotten, señor. Yes, she said she would sing the second, fourth and sixth strains of the same tune."

"One thing more, good woman. Fear not for the boy; he is my *confidante* in everything, and if I go to Vera Cruz, he will go with me. What I wish to ask is, if Jilok Tudel is now in Vera Cruz—or if he was when you were there?"

"No, señor; he was at sea, and they knew not when he would return. Only St. Marc has assured Irene that she must be his wife when he returns. She despises the man, even now that she thinks him an honest merchant; but if she knew him for what he really is, she would go crazy with the thought of such a union. I think you will go as I have asked, and if you free the maiden from the snares that now beset her, you will find your reward—be sure of that. And now, farewell. We shall meet again if we both live."

With these words the woman turned away, and was soon lost to sight in the gloom; and long after she was gone did Howard stand and gaze after her.

"Captain," spoke the boy, laying his hand lightly upon his commander's arm, "there's a boat just come up from Matamoras, with a message for you."

CHAPTER III.

BATTLE WITH THE PIRATE.

WHEN Captain Howard reached the shore where his boat was, he found a second boat there, in which there were four men, the fifth one of her men being upon the beach. This latter man Howard recognized as a sergeant of one of the companies stationed at Matamoras, whose name was Beecher.

"Come," cried the captain, jumping into his gig, "let us go on board and have some supper, and then we'll do our business."

Beecher followed Howard's example, and in a few minutes more the party were on the schooner's deck. Supper was ready, and the captain invited Beecher to his cabin, while the other men, who were privates in the "army of occupation," went forward with the crew.

"Now," said Howard, after they had taken their seats around the table, "what news do you bring from Matamoras?"

"The colonel sent me up, sir," returned the sergeant, "to inform you that that notorious Mexican pirate was in our waters."

"Ha!" uttered Howard, dropping his knife, "do you mean Tudel?"

"Yes, sir. It must have been him. He gave chase to a brig

that came from New Orleans to bring us stores. Once he came so near that the Americans could see the guns upon the pirate's deck, but night shut in, and on the next morning the brig ran into Matamoras. That was only night before last. There is another brig due from New Orleans with provisions and clothing for our forts on the Rio Grande, and we have feared that the pirate may overhail her. The colonel said he believed you had full power to go in pursuit."

"Of course I have. I have a right to take any Mexican vessel I can find—just as much right as any other vessel of war in the United States service."

"It would be a blessing to our people," resumed Beecher, "if you could capture that villain. He has been a pirate for several years; but now that he has a letter of marque from his government, his boldness and assurance exceed all bounds. But mind you—he is not a privateer—not by any means; he is a pirate of the blackest dye."

"I know him," returned the captain, "and I have had my attention turned to him more than once before. I'll hunt him up if possible, you may be assured."

Nothing more was said upon the subject until after supper was ended, and then Howard gained all the information the sergeant had to impart. The latter was invited to remain over night, but he had orders from his superior to return immediately, and having given all the instructions committed to his keeping he called his men to the boat, and set off; the moon was up, and with a fair wind the little cutter started through the water with the promise of reaching Matamoras before midnight.

On the following morning all hands were called as soon as the day broke, and having informed them of the purpose he had in hand, the captain ordered the anchors up and sail made; and ere the boatswain piped to breakfast, the Lone Star had cleared the lagoon and entered the broad gulf. The wind was moderate from the southward, and Howard laid his course to the eastward, intending for a while to keep the track of vessels from New Orleans to Matamoras. Thus he stood on until near night, and just as the sun was going down, a sail was discovered to the eastward, which at length proved to be a brig standing in toward the coast. Just at dark Howard spoke her, and found her to be the store brig which was expected at Matamoras.

"Have you seen anything of a Mexican brig?" Clarence asked, as he came up under the brig's quarter and hove to.

"Don't know," returned the commander of the merchantman. "Bout three hours ago one o' the men in the top saw a sail away to the south'rd and east'rd; but we lost sight of it, and ha'n't seen it since."

"Could you make out which way it was standing?"

"I should think from the way it went out o' sight, that she was standin' to the east'rd, and per'aps to the north'rd of that."

By this time the vessels had fallen so far apart that it was difficult to understand more, and Howard squared away and stood on. During the night a strict watch was kept up, but nothing was seen. On the next morning, however, just as the men were getting up from their breakfast, the lookout at the foretopmast cross-trees reported a sail right ahead. In half an hour more it was made out to be a brig standing to the southward. All sail was put upon the schooner, and at the end of an hour the stranger was found to be a vessel-of-war of some description, as her ports could be plainly seen.

"She's a Mexican. There's no mistake about that," said Lofton, who had been examining the stranger through his glass.

"And if she's a Mexican, she must be the pirate," added Howard, who was also using his glass. "Look ye, Lofton, we'll stand on to the east'rd a few minutes, just to see what she'll do. They haven't surely had a chance yet to tell that we've changed our course."

Accordingly the schooner was kept on, and in fifteen minutes more the brig wore about and stood directly for her. The wind was now but very little south of west, and the brig had been standing upon the starboard tack before she wore. The guns of the schooner were masked by sliding ports, though they were all ready to run out at a moment's notice.

"She don't take, I guess," remarked Lofton, as he noticed the movement of the Mexican.

"But she *hopes* to take us, without doubt," returned Howard, with a smile. "However, let her work awhile; we'll be sure who she is before we make any decided movement."

The schooner was now standing due east, and the brig was nearly abreast of her and standing on a course across her forefoot. Thus matters rested for half an hour more, and then the brig was not over a mile distant. She now hoisted the Mexican flag and fired a gun.

"Isn't that rather cool?" said Hart.

"Rather," returned Howard. "But if he knew who he'd fallen afoul of I'm thinking he'd feel not quite so cool. He takes us for one of the small transports on our way home. But we'll soon show him his mistake. Mr. French, you may open the arm-chest and distribute the ammunition, and then open the magazine. Mr. Lofton, have all hands called, and prepare for action. Work with a will, now."

Thus speaking, the captain took his glass and examined the brig once more; and as he turned again to his officers, his face wore an eager, gratified expression.

"It is Tudel's vessel!" he said, closing his glass and placing it beneath his arm. "Mind you—there's no mistake about this. And now if he's not our's before the sun sets, then I am very much mistaken as to our power. Stand by now!"

By this time the brig was within half a mile, and had fallen upon the schooner's quarter; all the men of the latter vessel had aimed themselves, and were by the guns, ready for the command



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of the moment. Howard ordered the flag to be run up, and in a moment after the stars and stripes fluttered out to the breeze, the brig fired another gun, this time sending a round shot plunging up the water under the schooner's stern.

"Stand by!" ordered Howard, whose nether lip was now set, and whose step had become stern and emphatic, as though he stood on impregnable ground. "All ready to take in the fore-topsail," he cried. "Aloft and stand by to furl the sail. We shan't want to run to-day."

By the time the topsail and topgallant-sail were furled the brig fired again, and this time her ball struck the water under the schooner's bow.

"I think our shot will reach her well now," said Howard, turning towards French, the gunner.

"Yes, sir—you may swear to that afore a justice," returned the old salt.

"Then stand by. We'll give 'em a taste of our starboard battery first. Sheets, there, fore and aft. Stand by. Out with the guns!"

This order was quickly obeyed, and as soon as the guns were run out and levelled, and the priming applied, the matches were brought up, and the captain was informed that all was ready.

"Then stand by, and aim as quickly as possible. Helm a-port—easy. Round in on the sheets. So—steady. Stand by!"

This movement brought the schooner directly across the brig's bows, and the three brass guns upon the starboard side, which were loaded with round shot and a stand of grape, were quickly aimed, the gunner having orders to fire as soon as he could get loaded. It was but a moment's work to level the guns, and then the matches were applied. Without waiting to see the effects, the schooner was kept on into the wind and put about in fine style; and in two minutes more the larboard broadside was presented. By this time the brig had begun to round in for luffing, but ere she could turn her head away, the Yankees gave their second broadside. As soon as the smoke lifted, it could be seen that the brig's foreyard was carried away in the slings; some of the starboard fore rigging carried away, and the maintopsail well cut up.

"By the mass, boys!" cried Howard, as he saw this, "she's ours, and no mistake. Ha! there goes her fore yard—and around she goes into the wind! Be ready with that starboard broadside. In with the grape—let her come."

By this time the schooner was again around with her head to the southward, but she had not the same chance to rake as before, for the brig had come up nearer to the wind, and now presented her quarter to the Lone Star's guns. However, Howard bade his gunner to fire as quickly as possible, and he did so; and almost at the same moment the brig did the same thing. There was a

crashing sound on board the schooner, for a round shot had struck the starboard cathead, and had knocked it to splinters. And there was a deep groan, too—for a man lay upon the fore-castle weltering in his blood, and dying. The men



THE PAULINEN-BRUNNEN, LANGEN SWALBACH.

gazed upon him—he was a brave and true man—while one of his comrades held his head up.

"Never mind me," the noble fellow cried. "I know you will avenge my death, so I leave you con—"

"Content, he would have said," shouted the boatswain, as he let the dead man's head back upon the deck, and then started to his feet. "Lay us alongside the villain now, sir. Lay us along side, capt'n, and we'll make quick work of the blood-thirsty dogs!"

Clarence Howard cast his gaze around upon his crew, and he saw that his men were nerved up now to the work. Every eye flashed with eager defiance, and every lip was set with an iron vengeance.

"Shall we carry him by the board?" the captain asked, in quick, thrilling tones.

One simultaneous "yes" from the lips of the crew burst upon the air, and on the next moment the order was given for bringing the schooner to the wind. The brig now lay stern-to, and consequently could bring no guns to bear as the Yankees came up. Howard brought his vessel handsomely up under the pirate's quarter, and the grapplings were thrown with such exact precision that the schooner's bows were stopped directly beneath the brig's main chains.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



EMS, FROM THE MOSS-HOUSE, ON THE BAEDERLY.

GERMAN WATERING PLACES.

Of course no one thinks of travelling in Germany in summer, without visiting the famous Brunnens of Nassau, so admirably sketched by Sir Francis Head, in that most amusing book, "Bubbles from the Brunnens." On this and the preceding page we give authentic representations of the most striking features of the German Spas. The first represents the Kur-Saal, at Wiesbaden, with a portion of the pretty Kur-Saal gardens. The Kur-Saal is the range of buildings on the right, and answers the purpose of banquet-hall, assembly and gambling room, and it forms the centre of attraction and gaiety. It consists of a very splendid saloon of large dimensions, surrounded by pillars of Limburg marble. The garden is a delightful place, to which, as soon as dinner is over, all visitors betake themselves to sip coffee or ices. Tables are placed out in the open air, within hearing of a band of music, which always plays on these occasions; and while the gentlemen indulge in smoking, the ladies, in the homely and industrious fashion of Germany, generally occupy themselves with knitting while they chat. The principal spring at Wiesbaden, is the Koch-Brunnen (boiling spring), which is approached by a promenade lined with acacias. The temperature of the spring is 56 Reaumer, and there is so abundant a supply, that the surplus water rushes through the gutters of the streets, smoking hot. The spring itself looks like a cauldron in violent ebullition. Our second engraving depicts the scene of the Paulinen-Brunnen, Langen Swalbach, with the pretty enclosure of the spring, and a neat handmaiden filling the tumblers for the ladies and gentlemen. The spring is surrounded by trees, and seats placed beneath form agreeable lounging places. The Paulinen-Brunnen is so called in honor of the Duchess of Nassau. Our third engraving gives a general view of Ems from the Moss House on the Baederly. Ems is pleasantly situated on the River Lahn, hemmed in between it and the cliffs of Baederly, which recede from the water's edge only just far enough to admit of the row of houses on which we look down in our picture. The place is very hot in summer, it is so environed by hills. The woods, however, form an agreeable shelter from the noonday heats. To return for a moment to Wiesbaden—let us glance at the horse-bath which forms the subject of our fourth illustration. This bath is surrounded by quaint old buildings, and is well arranged for the purpose.



THE HORSE BATH, WEISBADEN.

pose. One horse is already immersed, and is glancing round to his companions who are about to enjoy the same luxury. To explain the reluctance of the animal who is holding back against the strength of his groom, we must remark that the water is very hot. The next picture exhibits the amusing spectacle of the donkey-review which takes place at the Four Towers, Ems, once

a week. The animals are drawn up in line, mounted by their owners, each carrying a little flag. The donkeys are kept for the use of ladies and gentlemen, who use them to visit the scenes in the neighborhood; there are about a hundred of them, and they have plenty to do in the fine weather. It is a picturesque sight to witness a group of gaily dressed ladies on these useful and surefooted creatures, descending one of the hills. The saddles are covered with coarse scarlet or bright blue cloth, and the donkey always wears a fine red band on his forehead. Our last engraving represents the interior of the Brunnen Neider Seltzer, where the Seltzer water is put up which circulates all over the world, and supplies an immense revenue to the duke who is the proprietor of the spring. We see here the various processes of washing, bottling etc. No one has described this scene more fully than Sir Francis Head. He says: "On approaching a large circular shed, covered with a slated roof supported by posts, but open on all sides, I found the single brunnen, or well, from which this celebrated water is forwarded to almost every quarter of the globe. The hole, which was about five feet square, was bounded by a framework of four strong beams, mortised together.

A small crane with three arms, to each of which was suspended a square iron crate or basket, a little smaller than the brunnen, stood about ten feet off; and while peasant girls with a stone bottle (holding three pints) dangling on every finger of each hand, were rapidly filling two of these crates, which contained seventy bottles, a man turned the third by a winch, until it hung immediately over the brunnen, into which it rapidly descended. The air in these seventy bottles being immediately displaced by the water, a great bubbling, of course, ensued; but in about twenty seconds, this having subsided, the crate was raised, and while seventy more bottles descended from another arm of the crane, a fresh set of girls curiously carried off these full bottles, one on each finger of each hand, ranging them in several long rows upon a large table or dresser, also beneath the shed. No sooner were they there, than two men with surprising activity put a cork into each, while two drummers, with a long stick in each of their hands, hammering them down, appeared as if they were playing upon musical glasses. Another set of young women instantly carried them off, four or five in each hand at a time, thus conveying them to the warehouse."



THE REVUE DES ANES, AT EMS.



INTERIOR OF THE BRUNNEN NEIDER SELTZER.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FLOWERS.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

Sweet letters of the angel tongue,
I've loved ye long and well,
And never have failed in your fragrance sweet
To find some secret spell,—
A charm that has bound me with witching power,
For mine is the old belief,
That midst your sweets, and midst your bloom,
There's a soul in every leaf!

Illumed words from God's own hand,
How fast my pulses beat,
As each quick sense in rapture comes,
Your varied sweets to greet.
Alone and in silence, I love you best,
For mine is the old belief,
That midst your sweets, and midst your bloom,
There's a soul in every leaf!

Ye are prophets sent to this heedless world,
The skeptic's heart to teach—
And 'tis well to read your lore aright,
And mark the creed ye preach.
I never could pass ye careless by,
For mine is the old belief,
That midst your sweets, and midst your bloom,
There's a soul in every leaf!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BRIDAL VEIL.

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed the passing traveller, as his eye rested on a fine old mansion, embowered in a cluster of venerable elms, whose graceful boughs swept the moss-covered roof, and as they waved in the breeze, threw upon the verdant carpet beneath flowers of sunshine more beautiful than those of art. It was a spot of rare beauty, a home to love, as it stood on a gentle eminence, with the broad ocean, with its dancing waves, and island gems, stretching far away to the right, a dense woodland in the rear, with many a monarch of the primeval forest still lifting its venerable head toward the sky, a heaven-wrought pillar, as it were, in the grand old Gothic temple of nature. And then to the left were spread rich waving fields of grain, verdant meadows, and every diversity of hill and valley, and added to all was the magnificent garden in the immediate vicinity of the house, with its winding paths, flower-gemmed borders, and vine-covered arbors, making in all a scene of surpassing beauty. Hither Arthur Melville brought his young bride on the eve of their marriage, and as year after year rolled by, it only found them more attached to the spot. One only daughter had been given them, now a sweet maiden of fifteen, who beamed like a ray of sunlight in her beautiful home. Fortune had been lavish in her favors to Mr. Melville since he embarked in mercantile pursuits, and now a score of ships spread their white canvass to the breeze in obedience to his order, bearing him rich treasures on each returning voyage.

It was toward the close of a lovely day in early autumn when Emma Melville seated herself in her favorite arbor, which faced the west, and commanded a fine view of the open sea. She sat watching the sun with intense delight, as he sought his watery bed, pavilioned with clouds, whose gorgeous coloring was worthy of the hand that painted them.

"How glorious you are, my own dear home!" exclaimed Emma, as she chanced to turn her eyes toward the house, and saw it, with all the scenery around, bathed in a flood of crimson glory. "How I love you, and how hard it would be to leave you! I have been so happy here, running at will through the delightful grounds, with dear parents to love me and anticipate my every wish. I hope I shall always live here. I wonder why some people call this world a vale of tears? I am sure it has been a flowery vale to me—a perfect Eden of delight."

"I am glad to find Emma so happy," said a voice at her elbow, which caused her to start in surprise, while a deep blush mantled her cheek.

"Why, Herbert—is it you? I suppose you thought my brain was getting turned—didn't you, to find me chattering away to myself in such a manner?"

"No, Emma. But I thought it rather strange that your thoughts and mine should have been just the same this evening. I, too, have been thinking how hard it will be to part from home scenes; and to-day I have been roaming about, visiting every favorite spot, and striving to so impress it on my memory that I can live here again in imagination when far away."

"When far away, Herbert? What mean you?"

"Have you not heard that my father has decided to send me to the East Indies?—thinking that as I have chosen to follow mercantile pursuits, and that there is an excellent chance opened for me, that I had better improve it; and so he has decided that I shall go."

"I have not heard a word of all this before; I did not even imagine such a thing would happen. It will be very lonely here, Herbert, when you are gone. Your sister Ellen and I will have no gallant in our walks by the seashore."

"There will be plenty who would be glad of that office among your young friends. There is Thornton Allen, for instance. Do you know I heard him say he was going to storm the castle of your heart by-and-by?"

"Don't mention him, Herbert. You know I detest him. Those black eyes of his make me shudder as though a serpent's gaze was fastened on me."

"Emma, it will be many a long year before we meet again, and when I return, I suppose I shall find a peerless beauty, with a score of admirers at her feet, and her boy companion almost if not quite forgotten."

"You know better, Herbert. Haven't we been the dearest playmates in the world?" And here a stifled sob, that had been choking in her throat, burst forth, and she hid her face in her hands, when the pent-up grief that fell upon her young heart—when the first word of Herbert's departure was breathed, found vent in a flood of tears.

"Dear Emma, forgive me if I have wounded your feelings, although I cannot regret that I have caused those tears to flow, if thereby they show that the love that has caused me to hover near you these many years is returned. Say, is it so, Emma?—and will my memory be dear to you when I am far away in a foreign land?"

"I don't know what you call it, Herbert, but I am always happiest when you are near me. Do you see yonder setting sun just sinking beneath the wave? Well, just as sure as that sun will rise and set each succeeding day during your absence, just so sure shall be my affection for you."

"Bless you, dearest, for those words. My wildest hopes are confirmed, and now I can go forth almost joyfully, for I bear with me a precious secret that shall be enshrined sacredly in my heart. We are both very young, and I do not ask for a betrothal now; 'tis enough to know that your love is all my own. And, Emma, you spoke of the setting sun just now; let us appoint this glorious sunset hour as a sort of trysting time for our thoughts. Wherever we are, whether on land or sea, when that hour arrives, let our hearts hold sweet converse together."

"With all my heart, for I love the sunset hour the best of all the twenty-four. It is such a sublime spectacle to see the King of Day march with stately and majestic step towards his chamber in the west, that seems to be all curtained and canopied with crimson and gold. Yes, Herbert,—henceforth this shall be a sacred hour to us."

"But see, Emma, the sun has already disappeared from view, and the dews are falling. It will not be prudent for you to remain in the chill evening air longer, and we must part, for long years, perhaps, and O, it thrills my heart to say it—perhaps forever! And, Emma, keep this tiny locket as a memento of me, and never forget the face it encloses."

That night Emma sought her couch, with both joy and sorrow weighing upon her heart. He had told her what she so much longed to know. He loved her; there was no doubt now, and this filled her with joy. But then he was going to leave her for an uncertain length of time, and perhaps they never might meet again; the thought of this threw a damper upon her joy, and she lay awake far into the night, thinking of the future.

It was a beautiful morning on which our young adventurer was to have sailed on his East Indian voyage, but the wind not being favorable, their hour of departure was delayed until late in the day. At length all was ready, and Herbert, grasping the hands of a few chosen friends who had accompanied him to the wharf, bade them a tearful adieu. As he took the hand of Emma, who was among the number, he felt it tremble violently, and saw she was very much agitated. A similar tempest was sweeping over his own heart, and he dared not trust himself to speech; a mute pressure of the hand, a meaning glance towards the setting sun, which spoke more eloquently than words, and he was gone.

Mr. Melville attended his daughter to see Herbert sail, for he had always been a favorite with him; and as he saw the emotion of Emma at parting, he for the first time suspected their hearts' secret, and he felt that he could wish nothing better for his darling child than to see her the wife of so noble a husband as he thought Herbert would make.

When Emma reached home, she sought her chamber, to calm her tumultuous feelings, and after a deep, earnest prayer to Heaven for aid to sustain her in all her future way, she felt comforted and strengthened, and even happy. She little knew how much she would need that divine aid in the trials that were yet in store for her.

Scarcely a year had passed since the departure of Herbert ere the angel of death spread his sable wing over the dwelling of Mr. Melville. Emma, one bright morning, was busy in the garden among her flowers, when she was startled by a quick, frightened call from one of the servants to attend her mother in her chamber. Upon reaching there, she was shocked to find her lying in a death-like swoon, and her father and the servants bending over her, and using every exertion to restore her to consciousness. She tried to assist them, but could do little else than pace the room with clasped hands and streaming eyes. All the long day she watched by the bedside of the sufferer, until at length, when the last rays of the setting sun streamed into the room, flooding her pale face with their ruddy light, she opened her eyes, and gazed around at first with a confused, half-dreamy look. At length she brightened, and taking the hand of her husband, who bent tenderly over her, she murmured:

"Arthur, my husband, I have had such a dream. It was glorious beyond description, that beautiful place, where my spirit must have been wandering. It must have been an unearthly splendor that I witnessed, and it only can be a foreshadowing of what is to come. Yes, Arthur, I feel that I am dying. Already the damps of death are gathering on my brow, and I feel its ice about my heart."

"My wife—my darling Annie, I cannot hear you talk so! This must be some sudden attack, not very serious, from which you will soon rally. You need rest and quiet, my love."

"Ah, yes, Arthur; but it will not be an earthly rest. Don't deceive yourself with false hopes. I know the sands of my life

are nearly run. This strange, icy feeling that is creeping nearer and nearer my heart, can be naught but death. My life with you, dearest, has been one long summer day of happiness, and if my dream be true, its close will be as glorious as yonder setting sun. But, Arthur, it is of Emma I would speak, while yet I have strength. You know she has a gifted, sensitive mind, and an almost wild enthusiasm for everything that is beautiful and grand in nature or art. Such an one needs careful training and most judicious, tender management. Your noble mind, I know, can understand and appreciate hers; and this treasure, all the one I have to leave you, I commit to your most tender keeping. And now, Arthur—O the agony that dwells in the word—farewell, till we meet above!"

The stout frame of Mr. Melville shook with the tempest of grief that was rolling over him, and he could only murmur a broken prayer for help to bear his sore trial. The pale lips of the idolized wife and mother again parted, as she murmured:

"Emma, love—my darling child, where are you? I would see you once again ere the last ray of glory shall have faded from the west."

"I am here, mother,—right here!" And, sobbing, she wound her arms about her neck, and nestled close to her bosom, that softest pillow in all the wide world to the throbbing brow of a grief-stricken child.

"My darling, I had hoped to have seen you comfortably and happily settled in life ere I was called away; but our Father has not so ordered it, and we must submit. I know I leave you with the faith of the Christian, and you will find it a deep solace to your heart in this hour of your affliction. And, Emma, you have seen the happy union that has bound together the hearts of your parents; and O remember my dying words, as you value the happiness of a lifetime, make such a choice of a husband as shall ensure that same happiness for yourself. Above all, choose one who can understand and appreciate your thoughts and aspirations—all the deep workings of your heart. I am persuaded this is the true secret of happiness in the wedded life."

"Mother," said Emma, as she placed her lips close to her ear, "my heart has already made its choice. O, tell me, mother, would Herbert be such an one as you would choose for me?"

"Do I hear aright, Emma? God be praised that your choice has fallen upon him. I have always felt a strange yearning of heart towards that noble fellow. He has told you that he loved you—has he not?"

"Yes, mother, before he went away."

"Arthur, does this union meet your approval? and will you make our darling happy some future day by giving her to this playmate of years—this noble son of my dearest female friend?"

"I will, Annie. If Herbert returns to claim our Emma, I shall only be too happy to give her to his heart, that, I know, will ever be true to her."

"Then I can die in peace. You know not what a weight is taken from my heart. It is growing very dark; light the room, that I may see your faces until the last."

"It is lighted, Annie. Don't you see us?"

"Only dimly. It must be the shadows of death that are gathering about me. Let me clasp your hands while I yet remain. There now, I am easy. Once more, dear ones, fare—"

But the words died on her lips, and her gentle spirit winged its heavenward flight, leaving two stricken hearts to mourn in the deep gloom of their home, whose sunshine she had been for so many years.

Slowly dragged the months to Mr. Melville, who never recovered from the shock occasioned by the death of his wife. He had loved her with more than ordinary affection, and not even the daughter she left, a lovely counterpart of herself, could divert his thoughts from the loved one, whose form he had laid in the tomb. His heart seemed to have been buried with her, and the deep grief-lines upon his face, and his whitened hair, told how intense was his mental suffering. Then there came a crisis in commercial affairs, and he lost immense sums by those who were largely indebted to him, and he seemed all at once as though he had become the child of misfortune. Ship after ship was reported lost, or disabled at sea, until scarcely a year had passed since the death of his wife, ere Mr. Melville found that he was almost if not quite bankrupt. These accumulated troubles weighed him to the earth, and he sank into a rapid decline. And Emma, all too soon, was again bereaved, and thrown upon the wide world an orphan. O how she longed to pour into the sympathizing ear of Herbert the story of her sorrows! But this was another bitter dreg in the cup of her affliction. She had heard no tidings from him for many months. She wandered about the deserted house, and through the grounds, a prey to the deep sorrow that had fallen upon her young heart.

One lovely afternoon, towards sunset, she strayed almost mechanically into the dear old arbor by the seaside. She sat long, gazing at the glowing west, and as they had before agreed, she was thinking of the long absent one, when Thornton Allen stood before her.

"Pardon the intrusion, Miss Melville," said he, "but not finding you in the house, my steps were directed hither."

"Your apology is accepted, sir, and allow me to ask what motive induced you to visit me this evening? Surely my late bereavement ought to shield me from your persevering attentions."

"I am come, Miss Melville, on business intimately connected with your late father's affairs. And as much as you have despised me, I hope I shall be able to prove that I can be a true friend in time of need."

"I hope I shall have cause to alter my mind with regard to you. Will you please, sir, to state your business?"

"You are aware, I presume, that your father's affairs, when he

died, were in a very embarrassed condition. I knew of this before his sickness, and managed so as to buy up all the claims of his creditors, thinking in this way I might assist you in the event of his decease. There is very little saved, to be sure, but I presume you will not object to even that little."

"Certainly not; but O, have I got to leave this dear, delightful home, where I have spent so many happy hours?"

"That is entirely at your option. By simply complying with a certain condition, you can still remain mistress here, with a protector to shield you through life."

"What mean you, sir?"

"I mean, Miss Melville, that by becoming my wife you can still remain here in your old home—still move in the same elevated circle, and possess all the luxuries that were yours in your father's most prosperous days. If you refuse this offer—which, I think, you are too wise to do,—I shall not answer for the consequences."

"And this, sir, is the way in which you propose to befriend me? I had thought you capable of almost anything vile, but really this piece of villany shows that you are possessed of a blacker heart than I ever imagined a mortal to own. You have managed to get possession of the little all I should have had, and then compel me to marry you, or go forth houseless and penniless upon the world."

"You make a great ado about it, Miss Melville. I am sure I have made you a good offer. Now will you accept it? I think you cannot do better."

"Never, sir! Sooner would I live on a crust a day, and beg even that, than marry you, base villain that you are, for the sake of a home! No! Ere to-morrow's sun shall set, I will leave the house, and He who has promised to be a 'father to the fatherless,' shall be my protector. And now, sir, leave my presence instantly. I would spend my last evening here alone before I leave you in possession of your ill-gotten wealth. I have no one to do me justice now, but, thank God, there is a tribunal where such as you will have righteous judgment."

"You are getting warm upon the subject, Miss Melville. I will leave you now as you desire, and trust to time to cool your anger. Methinks when I next visit you, you will think better of my offer, and like a contented bird, be content to occupy still the old ancestral nest."

"O, my God, has it come to this!" sobbed Emma, as she sank upon the seat, in the convulsive grief of her bleeding heart. "To be thus insulted by him in the very spot rendered so sacred by the memory of Herbert! He thinks I am not in earnest—that I shall yet accept his hand—not his heart, for he has none. But he knows me not. O, my Father above, guide me by thine unerring wisdom, for thou alone art my refuge now!"

Emma sought the house, and gathered together the few servants that remained. The old gardener, who had lived among the flowers so many years that it seemed as though a portion of their fragrance had penetrated his whole being; the dear old nurse, who had sung to her her cradle hymns, and amused her childish fancy with the wonderful sayings of Mother Goose,—these almost fixtures, as it were, in the home, came into the old sitting-room, at her summons, to hear what Miss Emma had to say. O, there were bitter tears shed by that aged couple as she told them she must leave the home of her childhood and seek her daily bread in the distant city. They offered, in the warm sympathy of their hearts, to take the orphan to their own humble home, which, by prudence and economy, they had been able to rear for themselves. And she was obliged to employ all the eloquence she was mistress of to make them understand, notwithstanding the actual reason, that it was a matter of necessity that she should seek the neighboring city, where she might hope to gain a livelihood.

Before retiring that night, Emma had prepared her trunk, and arranged everything for an early departure on the morrow. But it was in vain she wooed the drowsy god, and she lay awake all that long night, brooding upon the dark future that was opening before her. It seemed shrouded to her in the darkest clouds of adversity, and she could discover no ray of light to illumine the deep gloom. But her faith in Him "who heareth the ravens when they cry" was still unshaken, and this was her only comfort now.

It was a glorious morning when Emma stepped forth from the home of her birth to become a wanderer in the wide world, of which she knew so little. She could almost have wished the sun would have hid himself from view this morning, as if in sympathy with her grief, and not make the loved spot so resplendent with his beams, now that she must depart from it an exile. The old gardener insisted upon driving her to the city and leaving her with a friend of his—a kind, motherly sort of body, as he termed her, who he thought would board her a few weeks.

The last lingering look was taken, and after a ride of a few hours, Emma found herself a boarder in the home of Mrs. Norton, who received the orphan with the utmost kindness, and the tear of sympathy for her loveliness which she saw swimming in her mild blue eyes, won the heart of Emma, and she felt thankful that she had secured so pleasant a retreat. With the aid of Mrs. Norton, she sought to find a situation as teacher, as that seemed an occupation most congenial to her taste. But the weeks flew by, and no chance offered, and finding her scanty purse was getting very much lighter, she felt obliged to seek for something else.

One evening, she chanced to take up the evening paper, and among the wants, she saw an advertisement for a seamstress who understood embroidery. In this department of needlework she excelled, and as she could not think of being dependent on good Mrs. Norton, she resolved to apply for the situation. With a heart filled with strange emotions, she ascended the marble steps of a splendid mansion in A—Street. She was shown into a richly furnished parlor, and soon a haughty, queen-like girl came sweeping into the room.

"I saw an advertisement," said Emma, addressing the lady, "that you wished a seamstress."

"Yes—I inserted one to that effect; but I wished one who could embroider as well as do plain sewing."

"I noticed that you specified that as requisite, and as I understand embroidery of all kinds quite thoroughly, I thought I might suit you."

"Very likely you might, and if you please, I will engage you for a few weeks, and if I think you will do, I will retain you permanently."

And with a stately bow, she dismissed Emma from her presence, who hurried home to inform Mrs. Norton of her success. She felt grateful that she had secured a home for herself without being dependent; but the idea of being a servant to one to whom she felt herself an equal in every way, was a bitter trial to her sensitive mind. She was duly installed in the service of Miss Helen Bertram, and even found herself a slave to all her whims and caprices. This thralldom to one so high spirited was very irksome; but her dependent situation, and the dread of again seeking employment, induced her to bear many a dark frown and many an insulting word from her proud mistress. She, doubtless, might have been greatly assisted by friends in her native village, but she chose to lose, if need be, their good offers and friendship, rather than to let any one in the place know the place of her retreat, lest she might still be subjected to the further persecutions of Thornton Allen.

Notwithstanding what Emma had said, he thought her dependence would place her completely in his power, and when he found that she had fulfilled her threat—that the bird he thought would yet be so contented had actually flown, his rage knew no bounds. The dislike that Emma had always manifested towards him, had fostered a wish for revenge; and now that his plotting to secure that object had failed, he knew not what step to take, for no clue could he find to the hiding-place of Emma.

Mrs. Bertram and Helen were sitting, one morning, in the drawing-room, and the fine face of the latter wore an unusually animated look.

"Mother," she said, at length, "I made the acquaintance of a most splendid gentleman last evening, decidedly the lion of Mrs. Arden's select party. O, he was so handsome, and rumor says that his wealth is almost unbounded. Now, as he showed me more attention than any other lady present, I mean to entrap him, if there is any such thing, and have the honor of bearing off in triumph the greatest prize of the season."

"I hope you may, Helen, if he is really such an acquisition. But pray, what is the name of this paragon?"

"He was introduced to me by the name of Mr. Ashley, and I did not learn his other name. But, mother, I have an idea, and I wish your opinion about it. I chanced to see that Emma had a pair of most elaborately-wrought lace sleeves lying in a box in her room, and was quite astonished that she wrought them herself. I could not have told them from the costliest imported ones. Now I have a mind to set her at work upon a white bridal veil, for if I do not secure Mr. Ashley, I am quite sure I shall never be an old maid, and so, of course, I shall need it some time. In this way I could have a most elegant veil, something not at all common, and only think how cheap!"

"I think it an excellent plan, Helen, and I think you had better go out this morning and purchase the materials. Emma has been so idle of late that she had better commence immediately, or she will never get such a piece of work done."

"I know it, mother. You cannot imagine how I am tried; for when I scold her, she gives me such a look, and turns away as though I had insulted her, or else greets me with a shower of tears. I declare if she were not so superior with her needle, I would dismiss her."

"O, don't do that, by any means. We can curb her spirit, I think; and now you had better go and make your purchases."

Poor Emma received her allotted task, and many a weary day did she bend over the frail fabric, fashioning the delicate flowers, until her eyes ached with such incessant application. She had heard of Mr. Ashley being at the house quite often lately, and from what she had heard said, she supposed he had become an accepted lover, and the demands she had received to hurry in her work confirmed her suspicions. Two long years of service were nearly completed, and during all this time, no tidings had reached her of Herbert, and the dreadful thought that he had forgotten her, or, perhaps, had perished, was gradually becoming a belief. What wonder that hope was almost crushed, and that the tyranny of her employer should so wound her almost breaking heart?

She had been unusually busy upon the veil, and the evening of this day, in the absence of other sewing, she hoped to have exclusively to herself. But she had not but a few moments in the dim twilight, ere she was summoned to the drawing-room, and requested to bring her work for inspection.

"Mercy on me!" exclaimed Helen Bertram, as she snatched the delicate embroidery, much to its peril, from the hand of Emma; "is this all you have done to-day?"

"It is, Miss Bertram, and I have spent my whole time upon it."

"That is quite likely indeed! All your time, and only this accomplished! How do you expect I am to believe that?"

"I scorn to tell you a falsehood, Miss Bertram."

"I care very little for your scorn; but I tell you now that I shall need that veil much sooner than you can possibly get it done at the rate you are working now."

"I was not aware that your marriage with Mr. Ashley was approaching so near."

"I am not obliged to inform you of my affairs. I wish you to work this evening upon the veil, and you can take it into yonder ante-room, where there is a strong gas light."

"Indeed, Miss Bertram, I cannot do it. My eyes pain me so already that I couldn't tell one leaf from another in the pattern."

"I will have you know, Emma Melville, that if you choose to waste your time in the day, you will have to work in the evening to redeem it. One would not suppose your eyes ached very badly by the way they are flashing now. Without further words, I leave you to go on with your task."

The pride that had sustained Emma until now gave way, and sinking into a chair, she could restrain the bitter tears no longer.

"Emma," exclaimed a deep voice at her side, "have I found you at last?"

Raising her head with a convulsive start, she could only utter "Herbert!" and in a moment she was clasped to his heart.

"O, Emma, to seek you everywhere, and then to find you here, a servant to Miss Bertram, I can hardly credit my senses! From what a fate have I been saved by this discovery!"

"Then it is true that you were engaged and soon to be married to Miss Bertram?"

"No, Emma,—it is not so. I was astonished at what I heard this evening. When I was first introduced to her, her face resembled yours so much that I was attracted to her, and finding her very agreeable and accomplished, I have visited her quite often. But not one word of love has ever escaped my lips."

"Thank God, you have returned, and are still the same. How the name of Ashley has thrilled through my whole being, when I have heard her mention it! But I never dreamed it could be you."

Then they gave a hasty recital of what had happened to each since they last met, which was soon interrupted by the entrance of Miss Bertram.

"Really, Miss Emma," said she, casting a withering glance upon the two, "you have obeyed my orders finely! How dare such as you presume to seat yourself here and make acquaintance of one of my friends! You have been highly amused, no doubt, Mr. Ashley."

"I have been made deeply glad, Miss Bertram, for I have found my playmate in childhood, and the chosen one of my heart. I called this evening, and was told I should find you in the drawing-room; and not finding you here, I seated myself in the recess of the window to await your coming. As you entered without perceiving me, and immediately began a conversation with this lady, I became an involuntary listener, and thus discovered that she whom you addressed in such an unfeeling manner was my own Emma, whom I had sought until now in vain."

"Indeed, sir! I had heard that you were a disappointed swain, but I did not expect to find your lost treasure in my seamstress."

"Your seamstress, as you call her, Miss Bertram, has moved in as high a circle as yourself, and lived even more luxuriously. In character, she is far your superior, and I need hardly say she sleeps not another night beneath this roof. I am sorry if my attention to you, that was meant only as friendship, has caused you to think I should marry you. I believe I have never intimated such a thing, and I advise you to be sure of your prize again before you prepare the bridal veil."

With cheeks burning with shame, and without a reply, Helen Bertram fled from the room, and the lesson she learned that evening was not soon forgotten.

Herbert bade Emma prepare her trunk, and ordering a carriage, they drove immediately to the house of his sister Ellen, who, since her late marriage, had resided in the city. She gave a cry of delight as the door opened and Herbert presented Emma to her. Drawing her to her side, she was not content till she had given her a full account of her exile from her native village. She was especially indignant at the conduct of Thornton Allen, whom she informed Emma had married a lady after the short acquaintance of a fortnight, and moved to the West. There was deep joy in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edwards that evening.

Again it is sunset in the arbor by the sea. The old gardener has resumed his occupation, and is busy among the flowers, whose thousand blossoms are freighting the air with their fragrance. Again Emma sits there, with the arm of Herbert encircling her. But it is a wedded pair that now gaze, as of old, on the sunset glory of the west, that bathes hill and valley, and above the old homestead, now purchased by Herbert, in its mellow radiance. The clouds that brooded darkly on their life-path for a space have rolled away, and they move now in the full sunlight of prosperity.

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CALIFORNIA GOLD DIGGERS.—A SCENE FROM ACTUAL LIFE AT THE MINES.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SIGHING FOR THE SWEET SPRING TIME.

BY WILLIE E. PABOA.

All over the earth lay the white, white snow—
But 'twas not more white than the maiden's cheek,
Who lay on her couch, and in murmurs low,
Said, "O, that the winter so wild would go,
So the voice of spring to my heart might speak!"

All over the earth lay the white, white snow,
And still came the sound of the maiden's words—
"I sigh for the sweet spring flowers to blow,
I sigh for the sound of the streamlet's flow,
I sigh for the song of the sweet spring birds."

Away from the earth went the white, white snow,
The icicles dropped from the leafless trees,
Old Winter in haste to his home did go;
Yet still on her couch the maiden lay low,
Nor heard the songs of the birds or the breeze.

Away from the earth went the white, white snow,
And away went the soul of the loving one;
And the breeze was burdened with notes of woe,
And the wail of the weepers long and low,
Went up in the face of the sweet spring sun.

In robes white as snow life's casket they drest—
They closed the lids of her beautiful eyes;
They folded her hands on her stainless breast,
And laid her under the flowers to rest.
While angels welcomed her soul in the skies.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

COQUETRY VERSUS CIGARS.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

RICHARD EVELYN went to see his aunt. Richard's aunt was named Dorothea Millett; and Miss Dorothea lived in—Eden. Now, we wish to speak both of Miss Dorothea and her Eden somewhat more fully than we have just done; and while each, being excessively attractive, demands the first mention, we must, of course, put aside Eden for the present, and introduce Miss Dorothea.

The lady, then, is a very little lady, of an uncertain age, quick, cheery, sprightly, wee, winsome, birdlike; bearing indeed a close, a very close comparison with one of the pretty, spry, brown-coated and bright-eyed sparrows, who daily hop about the door to receive their food from her own white little hands. Moreover, Miss Dorothea has a dear, benevolent face, a warm heart and kindly disposition, that makes her lovable indeed; and altogether, she is quite a sunbeam, only a great deal quicker.

Now for Eden. A gray stone cottage, with diamond-paned casements, and over so much ivy; rose-vines clambering up to the eaves, and around the sides of the windows, and shaking their branches of red and white blossoms in upon the carpet where the sunshine has found a nice resting-place, and gone to sleep. A walled garden filled with bloom, and sunshine, and ripening fruit; where hollyhocks and tiger-lilies vie with each other in old-fashioned splendor, and peaches, and apricots grow fuller, and redder, and duskier, and more luscious every day in their velvet coats. A summer-house, cool, and shady, and deliciously retired, where the drowsy hum of bees mingles dreamily with your reveries; and the breath of roses reaches you, and the swinging convolvulus cast a wavering shadow upon your book, and across the floor, with every sigh of the sweet wandering southern air.

Now for Miss Dorothea, and Eden, and Richard Evelyn, altogether. There are two things which we shall specially remark concerning Miss Dorothea; she loves her nephew, and hates cigars; and so intense, indeed, is her distaste for these latter articles, that she has been known, notwithstanding her affection for her nephew, to say:—"Richard, my dear boy, I am very glad you don't smoke. If I should ever know you guilty of using a cigar, I really don't know but—yes, Richard, I should certainly cut you off with a shilling! Never, never, my dear Dick"—and she said it with impressive solemnity, and a slow shake of the head—"let me know you to be addicted to so detestable a practice!" For Eden has never yet been sullied by a rising cloud of Havana incense.

And handsome, merry-hearted, good-natured Dick Evelyn, who has for a wonder brought from the university a tender conscience, embraces his good aunt, kisses her hand with convulsive devotion, says, in a very blundering fashion, something about his being very sure that she never shall know him guilty of it, and then walks away hastily to cool off, take breath, and try to swallow the big lump that sticks in his throat. O, Dick, Dick!

There is another inmate of Eden. Kitty Mason, an orphan, and a very distant relation of Miss Dorothea, of whom that lady has made a protégé and companion; Kitty, a dear, dark-eyed, merry, fun-loving sprite, with a warm, affectionate heart, deep feelings, and a decided propensity for mischief; Kitty, finally, with whom Dick Evelyn is in love.

Seated around the circular breakfast table, in Miss Dorothea's sitting-room, at half past six, A. M., our little party take their coffee, and enjoy a most comfortable chat. At this moment, Eden is Eden indeed; but the serpent is destined to crawl in, in the form of—well, wait a moment.

The bay window of the sitting-room, opposite which—the window, not the sitting-room—Miss Dorothea sat, looked out upon the garden on the south side; and along the outside of the garden wall, in this direction, ran a narrow lane. Beyond this lane, and bounded by it, was another garden wall, and in the midst of this other garden there was a pretty cottage, which had been lately

taken by a gentleman—a widower, or a bachelor, probably, from appearances—who lived here in solitary comfort, with a valet and a cook for his sole domestics, and not even a dog besides.

Upon this cottage Miss Dorothea could look, as she sipped her coffee and glanced through the casement. Suddenly the cup was arrested half way on its journey to her lips—

"My dear Kitty," she exclaimed, "there is the new tenant under the porch yonder—and such dreadful whiskers! Really, he looks quite ferocious—black as any thunder-cloud; his face is one mass of hair. Dear me! Who knows, Richard, my dear boy, that he isn't some brigand or other, disguised as a gentleman? And then—look! look! Can I believe my own eyes?" And the excitable little lady clasped her hands in horror.

"Dear aunt, what is it?" sympathizingly queried Dick, bending forward to get within range of the window.

"And what is it?" curiously inquired Kitty, bending forward also. "Why, Aunt Dorothea, I see nothing but a very handsome man, with the most beautiful whiskers and mustache in the world, wearing a dressing-gown and slippers."

"And smoking a cigar! Dreadful! Within sight of this very window, and the wind south, too, blowing every breath of that horrible smoke directly this way! Richard, my dear boy, do close the window. I really will not endure it."

"Now, Aunt Dorothea, I protest!" laughingly urged Kitty, staying Richard's arm, as he was about to obey, and turning appealingly to Miss Millett. "It is too bad to shut the window such a warm morning; and I am sure the gentleman is too far off for his cigar to annoy you. There is scarcely a breath of air stirring, either."

"Kitty Mason, don't you say another word. Richard, I must have that window closed! I must say Mr. Quincy is very impolite—if his name is Quincy, which I very much doubt; some dreadful creature or other, I'm sure!"

Richard closed the window, as he was desired to do, and returned to his coffee in silence, and with a countenance whose seriousness was belied by the sparkle in his eyes.

Our innocent, cigar-smoking friend continued to pace tranquilly back and forth in unconscious serenity, sending up occasionally a spiral wreath, curling blue and soft in the morning air, and evidently enjoying a very agreeable reverie. Kitty admired him—figure, whiskers, dressing-gown, slippers and all. Kitty declared him a perfect picture, with just the most wicked little sparkle in the world lurking in his handsome eyes; and Richard groaned inwardly and spilled his coffee.

That day, walking down to the summer-house, Kitty received a graceful bow from the new neighbor, who was standing on a ladder by his garden wall. Of course, Kitty told Aunt Dorothea and Richard. Richard felt an ugly twinge of jealousy; it would have been a source of intense satisfaction to him, if he could have had an opportunity of swallowing Mr. Quincy whole. He grew quite ogreish; and Kitty felt nice.

Aunt Dorothea, on her part, did not thank Mr. Quincy at all, for his notice of her young relative. She had conceived an absolute dread of Mr. Quincy, and this advance towards acquaintance she could not exactly relish—especially an acquaintance with Kitty. What did he want to bow to Kitty for?—that man with the unspeakable whiskers and the everlasting cigar?

But affairs took a decided turn. In a day or two, Aunt Dorothea herself encountered the new neighbor in the lane. Taking so close a view of him as this, she found him a personage entirely different from what she had imagined him to be all along. He was indescribably handsome, and noble looking, and graceful, and indisputably a gentleman in person and address.

Let it be enough to say, that Aunt Dorothea's opinion respecting Mr. Quincy underwent a material alteration; a few words of neighborly courtesy were exchanged, and the good lady's prejudices gave way. But she was as bitter against the cigar as ever. She acquainted her nephew with the interview. Aunt Dorothea had gone over to the enemy's side! Richard shrugged his great shoulders, and felt worse. Kitty looked more wicked than ever.

The next day, Mr. Quincy sent a present of game to Miss Millett. This kindness made another step in the good graces of Aunt Dorothea. After this, Richard went gunning, and beat Mr. Quincy by half a dozen brace. It did Mr. Quincy no harm, but Richard felt decidedly better after it.

Shortly, the gentlemanly neighbor called on Miss Dorothea. This capped the climax. He called not once only, but twice, and again, and made himself welcome. Somehow or other, he must have discovered that his hostess disliked the scent of cigars; accordingly, never a cigar made its appearance with him, and he abandoned the practice of smoking on that side of the garden adjoining the lane. He played chess with Miss Dorothea, held her skein-worsted, read to her the newspapers, which he received daily from the town, and was, in short, excessively agreeable; he taught Kitty the guitar and flower painting. How Richard winced at seeing Mr. Quincy put that blue ribbon so gracefully over her neck, and then sit down by her so nonchalantly, with his fine head resting on his equally fine hand, and those eloquent hazel eyes fixed upon her face as he listened! And as wicked Kitty Mason was not averse to a little quiet amusement at her lover's expense, between the pair of them Richard was, as may be supposed, in a state of feeling not the most good natured in the world. So affairs went on for a time.

One night, on retiring, Aunt Dorothea drew aside her curtain, and sat down by the open window to enjoy the beauty of the evening. It was ten o'clock, and the moon was but just risen; down in the garden it was quite dark. Now, Miss Dorothea happened to be looking downwards, when suddenly, amid the gloom that reigned there, she distinctly beheld some moving object in the direction of the summer-house. She was, as a matter of course,

somewhat startled at first; but, drawing back a little, so as not to be observed, she watched this object. Gradually, her eyes becoming accustomed to the darkness, she discovered in this figure the outlines of a man; a man, who entered the summer-house.

Now, who was it? Every soul in the house had retired before she came to her room. Robbers and murderers presented themselves to the good lady's fancy. What should she do? Call somebody?—and if so, whom? After a moment's thought, Miss Dorothea quietly left the room, went to Kitty's door and roused her. Noiselessly she explained her errand, and they went together back to Miss Millett's chamber.

"Now, my dear Kitty," said Aunt Dorothea, "what shall we do? For I am quite sure there is somebody in the garden; and perhaps he means, whoever he is, to rob and murder us all. I don't exactly like to call poor Dick, because you know he went to bed with a headache, and it would be a shame to wake him. Besides, it may possibly, you know, be only some poor fellow who has no shelter, and wishes to sleep there in the summer-house; and in that case, my dear, I should feel excessively mortified at having displayed so much timidity. What would you advise, Kitty?"

Kitty went to the window, and peeped through the drawn curtain. "I don't know what to advise, Aunt Dorothea," she said; "but perhaps we might as well watch here a little while, and see that no mischief is on foot. It would be too bad, as you say, to wake Richard; still, if anything does happen, we must be prepared to arouse him."

So they sat there by the curtain, watching from behind its folds, for some time; an hour fled, and nothing more was seen or heard in the garden. Then a window was heard to open, and soon the faint perfume of a cigar was wafted along on the night air; a light gleamed and vanished in the upper apartment of Mr. Quincy's cottage, and by the light of the now brilliant night, he was seen to lean out upon the sill. More perceptibly than ever, the odor of the offending cigar was borne across the air. Aunt Dorothea drew back, holding her breath.

"That dreadful cigar again, Kitty," she said. "I can't stay here any longer—that is plain. Robbers, or no robbers, we must leave them to themselves. It is likely, too, now, Mr. Quincy is at his window, that he will see if anything wrong is going on, and give the alarm."

"Exactly, aunty; besides, I am half asleep already."

"Well, we'll go to bed, Kitty. Perhaps you had better stay in here to night with me. I don't like the idea of sleeping alone."

Accordingly they retired for the night. Their little excitement had somewhat fatigued them, and both slept soundly till morning, without any further trouble. No trace of any intruder was visible the next day. Whoever had made his appearance upon the premises, had departed as quietly as he came.

"It was only some poor person, who wanted a place to sleep in," said Aunt Dorothea to Kitty, in the morning, "and we won't say anything about it. I don't want to make myself ridiculous for being so alarmed about nothing." So they were silent on the subject.

That morning Dick Evelyn found, lying on the hall table, a note for Kitty, the superscription being in the handwriting of Mr. Quincy. A sharper twinge than ever seized Richard at the sight of that smooth, flowing, graceful chirography. What had Mr. Quincy to say to Kitty—his Kitty? He looked at it for a moment. A marble vase, usually filled with gold fish, stood near the table, filled with water. Holding the missive edgewise between his fingers, he felt that it would be a satisfaction to just dip it in, and let it float about a little while, sail boat fashion! But with a little growl of dissatisfaction, our jealous lover laid the offending object on the table again, and walked off, cherishing all sorts of terrible feelings towards Mr. Quincy.

A merry face had been leaning over the railing of the hall above all this time. Now, as Richard took himself off, Kitty Mason came running down stairs, laughing mischievously.

"So you wanted to drown my poor letter, did you, Master Richard?" she said, taking it up. "Lucky for you you didn't! As it is, you deserve a lesson for meditating evil, and I have a great mind to give it to you. I'll take your case into consideration, sir."

The note was merely a request for the loan of a certain book of Kitty's. But she would on no account have allowed Richard to learn the simplicity of its contents; he deserved a little mystification. So the young lover tormented himself to no purpose, and furnished infinite amusement for the mischief-loving maiden.

That night Aunt Dorothea roused Kitty again. That man, whoever he was, was in the summer-house again! What could it mean? It wasn't at all likely that any person should have taken up with a nightly lodging in the summer-house, merely from want of a shelter, two successive nights! Of course not!

"Now, my dear, I'm going to call John, the coachman," said Miss Millett, "and we will just find out who this person is."

So John was roused, and armed with a horsewhip, took his way down towards the summer-house, followed by Miss Millett, whose courage was stimulated by curiosity, and not a little by indignation against this unknown invader of the premises. But before the two had half traversed the garden-path, a form emerged from the summer-house—a light leap over the garden wall, and the cage was empty.

What was the meaning of this mystery? How was it to be solved? If the night had been cloudless, this person might have been seen more clearly; but there it was—they were baffled. There was nothing to do, but to return unsatisfied to the house. As they were doing so Richard Evelyn's window was thrown up, and his strong, mellow tones called out to know what all the unusual stir was about. But Aunt Dorothea bade him wait till the mor-

ing for an explanation, and return to his pillow for the present, as every one else was about to do. The next morning she told him of the affair, and he requested her to call him on the next occasion of this kind. But there was no hurry about the matter. Whoever this nocturnal visitor was, he had been scared from his haunt; for a time all was quiet.

We may as well mention now, that Kitty, in visiting the summer-house the next morning, found a cigar. She colored with astonishment and confusion, as the thought of Mr. Quincy flashed over her mind. Was he the one?—and why? But nearly a month went by, and there was no other clue to the affair.

One evening, when Aunt Dorothea, with a slight attack of toothache, had retired somewhat earlier than usual, and Richard had gone up to his room to write letters, Kitty was sewing all by herself in the sitting-room. Thinking of one thing and another, she suddenly remembered a book—a late gift of Richard—which she had left on the bench in the summer-house that afternoon. Now Kitty cared for Richard more than she had ever owned, and she treasured his gifts accordingly. She had no idea of leaving the book he had given her to stand a chance of being spoiled, if it should rain that night; for the windows, she remembered, were open. Throwing a scarf over her head, she ran lightly down the garden. But standing within the summer-house-door, she stood mute with wonder; then her mirth came near betraying her presence. There, extended upon a bench in unconscious slumber, was a gentleman, young, handsome, and graceful in his careless attitude of repose, as the flying moonbeams showed. In one hand rested the book she was seeking; the other still retained the half-consumed cigar which he had been enjoying previous to falling asleep. An instant she regarded him, and then silently glided back to the house. The mystery had been solved!

The next evening, after the family had retired for the night, Aunt Dorothea observed again from her window that mysterious form, which she had seen at the same hour on former occasions, gliding through the garden. As much exasperated as it was possible for one so good-natured to be, she was just bending forward to call out to this audacious intruder, and order him off the premises, when a cautious tap at the chamber-door arrested her attention; answering the summons, she found Kitty standing outside fully dressed.

"My dear, what do you want?—are you ill?" asked the good lady, in alarm, forgetting her vexation concerning the stranger.

"No!" answered Kitty, in a low tone, her clear eyes bright with mischief; "only just ready to scream with delight—that's all. Didn't you see the man in the garden? Come with me now, and come alone—that bungling John would spoil all! Come!"

"My dear, are you bereft of your reason?" ejaculated Aunt Dorothea. "You don't mean that you and I are going to encounter this creature alone? You don't mean to go into the garden?"

Kitty pulled her along impatiently. "Come, now that's a good aunt! He won't hurt us—you don't know what I know! Come, I promise you some grand fun!"

"But let us at least speak to Richard, my dear," urged Miss Dorothea, still holding back.

"Not a bit of it! Come!—softly!"

Persuaded much against her will, Aunt Dorothea followed. Down stairs they glided cautiously, and out into the garden through the kitchen door, which, much to Miss Millett's surprise, was unfastened. But she said nothing, and went on in silence and on tiptoe through the moonlit garden. As they neared the summer-house, Kitty stepped to her aunt's side, whispering, quietly, "You must see first, Aunt Dorothea," and she pushed her gently forward. And Miss Dorothea was at the door, and she saw, comfortably reclining on the bench, with one arm resting on the window sill, and the curling smoke-wreath of a fine cigar floating lazily and luxuriously from his lips—Richard!

Kitty had been a traitor—she had punished her jealous lover well; but no great evil resulted from her mischievous *expose*, as she knew would be the case beforehand. The first moment of astonished recognition being past, neither Aunt Dorothea nor Richard could restrain their laughter. The young man acknowledged his passion for smoking, and the little artifice which he had adopted in order to gratify it, without annoying his aunt. It had been his custom every fine night to spend an hour or two here with a cigar; but since the night of his hasty leap over the garden wall, and subsequent flight to his own room, while John was flourishing the horsewhip, he had abandoned the practice until within the last week. What could good Aunt Dorothea do but forgive him? To be sure, she gave him a very proper lecture on the subject, but it ended with what Richard penitently declared was a very undeserved permission to smoke here whenever he pleased, so long as he kept his cigars away from the house. Richard was a good nephew, and her favorite; and since she discovered him to be so fond of smoking, she could not deny him the gratification of doing so with her full and free permission.

As for pretty Kitty Mason, she had had her "fun" out, and now she was quite content. Kitty had an idea that Richard wouldn't want to drown the correspondence another time. And she was quite correct, for now that she had satisfied the spirit of mischief that prompted her, she quieted down; and Richard was never jealous of Mr. Quincy and his mustache any more, for Kitty and Richard were soon one.

Get not your friends by love compliments, but by giving them sensible tokens of your love. It is well worth while to learn how to win the heart of a man the right way. Force is of no use to make or preserve our friends. Excite them by your civilities, and show them that you desire nothing more than their happiness; oblige with all your soul that friend who has made you a present of his own.—*Socrates*.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY FRANK TREELOVE.

I sat by the casement on Valentine's Day,
And gazed on the snowbanks, all melting away;
I wonder if hearts melt as quickly as they,
When love smiles upon them on Valentine's Day!

I sat by the casement, my frame in a tingle
With cold, while I listened the merry bells jingle;
I wonder if Cupid keeps sober away,
While out masquerading on Valentine's Day?

I sat by the casement yet, thinking how many
Mad lovers were spending their very last penny
For filligree paper—attempts to say,
"Vive la bagatelle, Cupid! 'tis Valentine's Day!"

I got by the casement a coup d'un pignon!
I started; before me stood Cupid le mignon!
"Temere jeune stranger! I claim you my prey;
Love empties his quiver on Valentine's Day!"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A TURKISH COURT OF JUSTICE.

BY HORACE N. STANFORD.

I WENT from Jerusalem to Constantinople by land, and on my way I stopped at the small town of Devli, which is situated at the southern slope of Mount Arjish, in the eyalet of Karamania. It is a wild, romantic place, and I remained there several days to examine the bold scenery, and to rest from the fatigue of my journey. I remained one day longer than I had intended, just to be present at a sort of court of common pleas. I had heard much of the wondrous wisdom of the old mollah who was to give judgment, and I determined to be present and test his wisdom and judicial shrewdness by my own observation. The trials were to take place in one of the apartments attached to the common market, and near the middle of the forenoon the court was opened.

By paying one of the tshawooskas a few coppers I obtained a good seat, nearly all the spectators being obliged to stand. The mollah (man of law) was an old man, certainly three-score and ten, and one of the most venerable looking men I ever saw. His hair was white as snow, and his beard, of the same silver hue, waved down over his breast. He had a calm, kind look, though there was a stern dignity about his aged features not to be mistaken.

The first case which came up for trial was a curious one. An elderly man, named Mustapha, a dealer in jewels by profession, laid claim to a female slave that was at present held by another man. This second claimant was a common peasant named Galbec, and he at present had possession of the slave. The female was a Circassian, about twenty years of age, and very handsome. "The girl is mine," said the old jewel-merchant, earnestly. "I bought her of her own father ten years ago, and she has been with me ever since until within the month last past."

"Listen not to the old deceiver, most excellent judge," pleaded the peasant Galbec, who was not over five-and-twenty. "The girl is mine. She has been with me six years. I bought her of her brother for my wife, and such she is. Let judgment be rendered accordingly."

The old mollah then turned to the female herself, and asked her to which of these two men she belonged.

"Galbec is my husband. I have lived with him six years."

"And what have you done during all that time?"

"Attended his flocks and helped him harvest his grapes."

"And what did you do before you lived with him?"

"I remained with my parents in Okop."

"And were they peasants?"

"They were."

"I must reflect upon this for a while," said the mollah; and then he bade the female sit down near him. There were no witnesses to be called, for the parties were strangers in the place, and the old merchant swore that his slave had been stolen from him while he travelled.

It was truly a curious case, and without some further evidence it was impossible to judge of its merits. It seemed reasonable that the girl should prefer Galbec for a master, seeing that he was young and good looking; and then she appeared to love him, too. But yet the old merchant, Mustapha, seemed too earnest and simple for a rogue.

However, the matter rested upon the evidence already given in for the while, and the judge proceeded to call up the next case, which was full as curious as the preceding.

A man named Saladeen, a short, mild-looking, middle-aged Armenian, had come to claim a saddle that was in the possession of another person. The saddle was already in the room; and it was a valuable one, being made of the best of stock, and richly and elaborately ornamented with gold and silver trimmings.

"The saddle is mine," said Saladeen. "I bought it of a Jew at Nigdeh, and I paid four hundred piastres in gold. This villain stole it as I slept by the roadside on the other side of the mountain."

"Believe him not, most noble judge," cried Aboul Muzzafar. "The saddle is mine. My brother in Konieh gave it to me, and when this fellow saw it he wished to buy it. I refused to sell it because it was my brother's gift. He persisted in his demands, and when he found he could not buy it, he tried to force it from me, but I was too strong for him. So he swore vengeance, and has come hither in hopes of obtaining it through your decision."

This Aboul Muzzafar was stouter than Saladeen, but not so old. He told his story very plainly, and with seeming truth. In this

case, as in the other, there were no witnesses. No one knew anything about the affair save the two claimants.

The old mollah took the saddle and examined it.

"It is a valuable saddle," he said, as he turned it over, and pressed his fingers upon its pliant surface; "but I am at a loss which of you to believe."

"Me, me," cried Aboul. "It is mine."

"Justice," uttered Saladeen. "Give me justice."

"Ah!" uttered the mollah, as his fingers worked upon the surface of the enamelled leather near the bow of the saddle, "what have we here? Give me a knife, some one."

A knife was handed him, and then the old judge proceeded to rip open the seam which confined the trimming of the bow, and as he laid the leather back he uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Aha! you make this your treasury, do you?" the mollah resumed, as he took out half a dozen broad pieces of gold, each worth a double rupee. "Aboul Muzzafar, how came this here?"

"I carry it there for safety, most honored judge. It is all I am worth, and I hid it in there so that I might not lose it."

"Saladeen," said the mollah, turning to the older claimant, "what say you now? Did your saddle have money hidden in it?"

"No, sir, not that I know of," the man answered, evidently fearful that he had lost his case because he had never discovered this gold. "It might have been there, but I knew it not."

"Very well," returned the judge, with a quaint expression of countenance. "Saladeen, the saddle is yours; and as for you, Aboul Muzzafar, you shall pay to Saladeen four piastres for the trouble you have put him to, and this evening you shall have a hundred lashes of the bastinado. I caused the gold to be sewed up in the saddle myself while it was in my possession this noon!"

Aboul was led away by two officers, and Saladeen took his saddle and his four piastres, and went on his way rejoicing.

Two cases of mere award were afterwards disposed of, and then came up one of more importance. A man had bought some jewels of a merchant of the town, and they proved to be worthless. They were represented to be diamonds and rubies, but they proved to be nothing but glass. The merchant swore that he bought them of a friend for genuine stones, and he sold them for the same; and, moreover, he still believed them to be what he had represented. The judge took them and looked at them. He held them in his hands some time, and then he took something from his bosom that he compared with them.

"Why," said he, speaking half jocosely, "this is only glass, as any one might tell. Here—this simple girl would know better than to purchase this for a stone. What say you?"

As he spoke he handed the trinket to the girl who had been claimed by the two men. He smiled as he did so, and she quickly took the jewel and looked at it, and weighed it in her hand.

"Is it not glass?" he asked.

"No, sir," the girl confidently replied. "It is a pure ruby, and of great price."

"Ah—is it? But look at these. Are they also pure stones?"

So saying he handed her the jewels in dispute. She looked them over—weighed each one in her hand—and finally said:

"That first stone was pure, but these are all false—they are all glass—and worth so many simple beads."

"So I thought," resumed the judge. "The first I took from my own pocket, and I know it to be a ruby, but these others are only glass, and I decree thus: you who keep a shop here to sell jewels, and who sold for pure stones these pieces of glass, shall pay back in full the price you received, and take your baubles."

"But, I knew not that they were glass," pleaded the merchant.

"So thou hast said before, and in order that people may not be duped by thine ignorance, I order that my officers shall affix over your door this sentence: 'The merchant within cannot tell pure stones from glass. Trade with him accordingly!' If you remove this placard before the expiration of one year your ears shall be split!"

The dishonest merchant took his false stones, and refunded the money he had received for them, and then crawled away from the place. The old mollah then turned again to the Circassian girl.

"Girl," he said, sternly, "you belong to the jewel merchant. Go with him, and beware how you perjure yourself again!"

"But, most noble judge," cried Galbec, "she is mine; she—"

"Stop," interrupted the mollah; "the wife of a simple peasant, and one who has led no other life, could not judge of precious stones with the precision of an experienced jeweller. She belongs to Mustapha, whose calling is in perfect keeping with his slave's remarkable aptness. But you shall not go off bootless. The officers shall take you along with good Aboul Muzzafar, and you shall have a hundred lashes with him."

I saw a number more of that old mollah's trials, and they were all marked by the same shrewd, calculating, unerring precision of just retribution. No jury ever empanelled could have arrived at truth as he did. He had an intuitive perception of the truth from the beginning, and his subsequent plans were more for the purpose of convincing others of the justness of his decisions than for convincing himself.

On the following morning I saw Mustapha set off towards Kaisaria with his Circassian slave, and ere long afterwards I passed the shop of the dishonest jeweller. The placard was firmly fastened over his door, and a crowd of men and boys were collected about the place, hooting and howling in wild, derisive tones, for among all the crimes of the Turk there is none more debasing than that of dishonesty in trade, and none more summarily punished.

I had the good fortune to enjoy the company of the old mollah as far as Kir Shehri—three days' journey—and I found him as kind and affable in conversation as he was wise and prompt in judicial decision. He was literally overrunning with anecdote, and some of the things which he told me ought to be written—and sometime I may do it.

SEARCHING FOR REBELS IN INDIA.

The striking scene presented in the engraving below, is thoroughly of an oriental character. The officers and troops of an Eastern prince are engaged in a search for rebels. A huge elephant in the foreground, at the command of his mahout, is beating down the doorway of a cottage supposed to contain refugees. The driver stands behind superintending his performance. A large howdah is lashed on the back of the huge brute, in which an officer, glass in hand, is watching the cottage from his commanding eminence, in a sharp lookout for fugitives. Another officer is lowering a bottle of wine to a comrade, who is ready to receive it. Pigs, ducks and hens, scattering wildly in alarm from the trampling of the elephant, rush from Scylla to Charybdis, for an eager native, with uplifted stick, stands ready to bring them down. In the distance is a group of elephants, and a detachment of troops. The whole scene is one of animation and excitement. Woe to the poor wretches who fall into the hands of their pursuers, for the native princes of India have little mercy when offended. In the East Indies, the torture is still freely resorted to for the purpose of compelling the payment of taxes even. We have indisputable authority for this statement. The two most common forms of torture appear to be the *Kittee* (in Telooquo called *Cheerata*), and the *Anundal*, which, in the same language, is called the *Gingeri*. The *Kittee* corresponds with the thumbscrew of the European torturer. It is a wooden instrument somewhat like a lemon-squeezer, between the plants of which the hands, the thighs, (in women also the breasts), the ears, and other more sensitive parts of the body, are squeezed to the last points of endurance, often to fainting, and even to permanent disablement. In many places the *kittee* has been superseded by the more simple plan of violently compressing the hands under a flat board, on which a heavy pressure is laid, sometimes even by the peons standing upon it; or of compelling the sufferer to interlace his fingers, and delivering him over to the iron gripe of the peons (or policemen), who sometimes rub their hands with sand, in order to give them a firmer gripe. In other cases the fingers are bent back till the pain becomes unendurable. The *anundal* is a more purely Eastern torture. It consists in tying the victim in a stooping or otherwise painful and unnatural position, generally with the head forcibly bent down to the feet by a rope or cloth passed round the neck and under the toes. The posture, however, is varied at the caprice of the executioner. Sometimes the poor wretch is made to stand on one leg, the other being forcibly tied up to his neck. Sometimes the arms and legs are curiously interlaced, and the frame, thus violently distorted, is kept bound up for hours, in a condition little short of dislocation. Sometimes a heavy stone is laid upon the back, while thus bent; and it often happens that the peons amuse themselves by sitting astride upon the unhappy sufferer who is undergoing *anundal*. More than one of the witnesses depose to the infliction of this torture under the fierce Indian sun, upon a number of defaulters, placed together in rows, for two, three, four, and even six hours; and this in the immediate vicinity of the *cutcherry*, or revenue office, and in the presence of the *tahsildar*, or native collector, and of the assembled villagers. Will it be credited, that it is not uncommon to apply to the most sensitive parts of the body (inclosed in a cloth, or a cocoa nut



JAMES OAKES, ESQ.

shell, or other similar receptacle), a biting insect, or reptile, such as the poolah, or carpenter beetle, and to leave it to gnaw the flesh of the miserable sufferer? That, by a further refinement of cruelty, meant to combine both pain and humiliation, the defaulters are sometimes tied by the hair to the tail of a donkey or buffalo? That they are occasionally hung up with the head downward? And that it is an ordinary practice to put pepper or powdered chillies into the eyes or the nostrils, and to apply these and similar irritating drugs in other ways too revolting to be even hinted at? The condition of the masses in India is indeed deplorable; whether under their native princes, under a British protectorate, or under direct British rule. Poverty in the midst of wealth, severe labor, insufficient food, punishment—if infliction for no crime can be called punishment—is their lot. Yet most of the Indian races are mild and gentle. Foreign and native rulers, however, vie with each other in oppressing them. The rule of the British is more lenient than that of the native princes; yet, judged by the Christian standard, it is unjustifiably severe. The poor excuse that it is an improvement on the normal condition of the natives is a

sophistical argument. We are not to measure our conduct by the standard of barbarians, but by the loftier standard of morality which we possess. There have not been wanting, however, powerful philanthropists to espouse the cause of the poor East Indians. Edmund Burke and his compeers opened this field, and members of the British parliament of to day are pursuing the same track. It is to be hoped that the condition of the East Indians will be finally ameliorated.

JAMES OAKES, ESQ.

One of the best photographic likenesses we ever saw was that by those admirable artists, Messrs. Masary, Silsbee & Case, of this city, from which Mr. Hill executed for us the equally admirable and lifelike sketch which accompanies this article. Mr. Oakes's "troops of friends" in this, his native city, in New York, and at the southwest, where he is equally well known and appreciated, will thank us heartily for this "counterfeit presentment" of one of our most popular men—how he himself will like the liberty we have taken, we haven't inquired. The order of "off with his head!" was the logical consequence of a sight of the photograph. Our apology to Mr. Oakes would be, that when for a long series of years, a gentleman has written for the public journals, acquiring thereby an enviable reputation as a sound and impartial critic, and a sprightly sketcher of men, manners and passing events, particularly in the sporting line, although his literary labors may be non-professional, he becomes public property, and is fair game for the artist and the editor. "We may be wrong—but that's our opinion." To the readers of that admirable sporting and theatrical journal, the New York "Spirit of the Times," so ably edited by William T. Porter, Esq., Mr. Oakes has for a long time been a contributor—chiefly of theatrical criticisms, under the somewhat transparent *nom de plume* of "Acorn," and his lively letters form one of the most attractive features of that journal. The "Post," of this city, also has frequently been enriched with Mr. Oakes's contributions; and the "New Orleans Picayune" has enjoyed the same favor. Indeed, we are confident that the collected writings of "Acorn" for a dozen years past, would fill several volumes. Thoroughly posted on the drama and the turf, he writes on these subjects with the zest of an amateur, the impartiality of a judge, and the spirit of a gentleman. Bell's "Life in London" has frequently copied his articles; and we have seen some of them re-produced in the French "Journal de St. Hubert." These labors have all been labors of love performed at intervals of leisure, Mr. Oakes leading the active life of a Boston merchant. He has ever been distinguished by a fondness for field sports and athletic exercises, and has owned and driven some of the best road nags that ever trotted "low down in the thirties" over the Mill-dam and the "Neck." The performances of his famous mare, "Polly Ogden," years ago, are remembered by many gentlemen of this "ilk." Generous, high-spirited, a warm friend, and a most genial and entertaining companion, Mr. Oakes enjoys an enviable popularity with all who know him. Long may he live to enjoy life, to enliven society, and to gratify the public by his literary efforts! His graceful pen has written the obituaries of many of his contemporaries; but long may it be before another pen shall be summoned to write his in elegiac strains befitting him.



SEARCHING FOR REBELS IN INDIA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

The whole of our last page is occupied by a fine engraving, from a drawing by Champney, prepared expressly for our paper, and illustrating scenes from Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, as produced under Mr. Barry's management at the Boston Theatre. The upper portion of the engraving, amidst beautiful scroll work, represents the little fairy beings who play so conspicuous a part in the exquisitely imaginative drama of the greatest of dramatic poets.

"A vision
Of some gay creatures of the element
That in the colors of the rainbow live
And play 'neath the plighted clouds."

The lower part of the picture is a beautiful view of the environs of Athens, with temples on either hand, columns wreathed with luxuriant parasitic plants, a sculptured balustrade, sail and row galleys sleeping on the tranquil waters, and receding headlands fading away in the delicious atmosphere of the Greek climate. The production of this drama will prove, ere the close of its run, the most signal triumph of Mr. Barry's management, eclipsing in splendor and mounting even the "Tempest," while the performance of the play by the talented dramatic corps leaves nothing to be desired. The dioramas for the "Tempest" cover 20,000 feet of canvass, while those for the "Midsummer Night's Dream," including three moving panoramas, cover 30,000 feet. In the "Midsummer Night's Dream," we have an assemblage of characters so incongruous and apparently discordant, that the wildest imagination can form no conception of the manner in which they can be made to work together; but no sooner does the mighty magician grasp his magic wand, than we see them marshalled into action. Each a principal and yet subordinate, each a portrait and yet but an appendage to the canvass, each a centre with its circling orbs, while all revolve around a common point, the imagination of the poet. It is a triumph of the modern stage to be able to clothe this poetic conception in material forms that satisfy the imagination of Shaksperian readers. To do this required not only all the resources of the Boston Theatre, ample as they are, but a refined and cultivated taste and large dramatic experience, such as Mr. Barry possesses. He may well present this drama to the most critical audiences, without fearing an unfavorable verdict.

SPLINTERS.

.... Readings of "Hiawatha," by ladies in Indian costume, are the latest rage in the way of popular entertainment.
.... It is said that the sale of novels is sensibly declining. Can't somebody open a new vein in literature?
.... The legislature of Kentucky have prohibited games of ten-pins. How about "eleven strikes"?
.... The bridge over the Illinois River at Morris has been completed. It is a great work accomplished.
.... Orr, styled the "Angel Gabriel," at last advices, was in durance vile at Demarara, for exciting riot and bloodshed.
.... Mr. Buchanan has left a most agreeable impression in England, and Mr. Dallas has been handsomely received there.
.... The new iron dome for the Capitol at Washington, recently depicted in our paper, will cost a million dollars.
.... A brother of General Santa Anna is building a saw-mill in Kentucky on the Beargrass River.
.... Madame Anna Bishop is living in Australia with a married daughter, retired from the stage.
.... The secretary of the treasury thinks that fishing bounties should be abolished, and the duty on salt repealed.
.... A negro woman in New York, formerly a slave, has become tired of freedom, and returned to her old master.
.... In the year 1855, there was received from Brazil, coffee to the amount of 135,369,383 pounds, valued at \$11,815,818.
.... The Baltimore American says the business of vending lottery tickets is again started, and will be persisted in.
.... The bishop of Vermont is laboring for the establishment of a theological seminary in his diocese.
.... Over five millions of dead letters were received and opened at the dead letter office, Washington, in 1855.
.... The first herring of the season was sold at Taunton for one dollar and a half. Good for Taunton!
.... The stalks of the artichoke plant are said to make a very excellent quality of paper.
.... Probably no sovereign of modern times was ever more popular with her people than Queen Victoria of England.
.... It is said that a Frenchman is in this country, teaching, "for a consideration," the art of adulterating milk.
.... Governor Wise is determined to protect the oysters of Virginia. Free trade in bivalves is inadmissible.
.... One of our Boston undertakers was formerly a soldier of Napoleon I., who made plenty of work for the trade.
.... Buffalo is claimed to be the greatest grain mart and depot in the world. The receipts last year were 25,022,177 bushels.
.... Love is an expensive article. A "love of a dress" costs about a thousand dollars, as times go.
.... Grisi, who turned so many heads here, is thought to be somewhat used up at Paris—though still a card.
.... An English author has published an account of four thousand persons who have attained the age of 100.

AMERICAN ART.

The first dawn of the struggle for independence in our country displayed such an array of statesmanship, that the old world, dazzled by its magnificence, in spite of its hoary prejudices, admitted that the British colonies in North America possessed a body of legislators, orators and political writers worthy of being ranked with the most illustrious of Europe. The proofs were so potent that bigotry and hatred even could not gainsay their force. But, the political talent of the republic having been admitted—all other talent was denied. It was asserted that the very causes which produced the political greatness of the country, would prove fatal to the development of literature, of painting, of sculpture, music and the drama.

One by one, however, in the course of our national progress, we have proved the falsity of European prophecies, and demonstrated the ability of Americans to succeed in every—the highest branches of art. Simultaneously we produced painters and literary men whose productions extorted the admiration of the world. We have lived to flood the market of that England which sneered at the very idea of American authorship, with American books. Long, long before, we had given a president to the Royal Academy of London, and now the fame of Allston as a painter, and of Powers as a sculptor, is as brilliant in Great Britain as in the United States.

But there were other arts in which we were challenged to produce a representative. We were told that Americans could not sing. Very well—we have furnished in reply, American prima donnas to La Scala. We were told that Americans could never learn to dance—yet American dancers have trodden with applause the European boards. We have even produced operas and oratorios. "But at least," pursued the indefatigable objectors, "you have no drama—and you never will have." Softly—we have produced some excellent dramas; and the names of Dr. Bird, Judge Conrad, Epes Sargent and Willis occur to us as associated with productions destined to keep the high place accorded them in the modern acting drama.

In our city alone, at the Boston Theatre, now only in its second season, there have been produced four admirable plays—each a complete success. "Norina," by Sargeat; "Olympia," by Thaxter; Jones's "Zafari," and "'Tis Ill Playing with Edged Tools,"—the last a piece which the veteran Barry pronounced "the best three act comedy" he had ever read. We firmly believe that this last success inaugurates a new literary era in this country. It is a timely blow aimed at a social vice, with a vigor that reminds us of that of the English dramatists of the Augustan era. It is the first true comedy of American manners which has been written. It is not marred by a single trait of caricature—by a single farcical feature. While the incidents are striking, they are such as might and may have occurred in real life. The characters are strongly individualized, and are original creations. This piece shows, not only what may be done for the American drama, but for the drama itself, irrespective of nationality. In this country we long ago freed the stage from its objectionable features. But that was not enough. It was to be made something more than a mere amusement—it was to be made a powerful means of moral influence. Some steps in the right direction had been taken—but it remained for the author of the new comedy to make a bold and successful advance. He has done so—and we may now hope that his example will find many bold and successful imitators.

A COURT SCANDAL.

Prince "Halbert," consort of Queen Victoria, inventor of the "Halbert 'at," field-marshal, etc., is said to be a perfect martinet. Lately, at an official reception, he decidedly snubbed a veteran colonel, and his toadies imitated his example. The brave colonel was at a loss to account for his treatment, until he was waited on by one of the prince's aides, who informed him that his, the colonel's, coat-flaps were three inches too long! The colonel indignantly retorted, that when fighting the enemies of his country, he had never given them an opportunity to measure his coat-flaps. Moreover, he offered to produce the testimony of the regimental tailor in his favor. The schneider being sent for, demonstrated that for a person of the colonel's height, the coat-flaps were of the regulation length, so that at the next reception, the brave old colonel was less cavalierly treated. If this story be true—and we honestly confess that it looks as if it were cut out of the whole cloth—the affair was rather discreditable to 'is royal 'ighness, Prince Halbert, inventor of the Halbert 'at, etc., etc.

FRANCE.—The birth of an heir to the throne of France is still the theme of rejoicing in Paris. What hopes are built upon this infant life! Similar hopes clustered round the Duke de Reichstadt, the "King of Rome,"—but how deplorably were they blasted!

A BEAR STORY.—A gallant Dutchman in Canada West, lately killed a bear with the stock of his carbine, after a hard tussle. Verdict of the country—"served him right," because the animal had been attempting to appropriate the Dutchman's live pork.

MEDDLING.—Busy-bodies are almost always idlers. The less business a man has, the more he meddles with that of his neighbors. Make a note of this!

BOUND TO RISE.—People who tease short-tailed bulls in fly time. The bull is apt to treat them to a couple of horns, gratis.

POSTAGE.—The postage on Ballou's Pictorial is one half cent per number, when paid three months in advance, at the office of delivery.

CALIFORNIA GOLD DIGGERS.

Occupying the whole of pages 280 and 281, of our present number, is a magnificent picture from the pencil of Billings, and the graver of Andrew, designed and executed expressly for the Pictorial, and, as a work of art, the best of our series of large engravings now in the course of publication. The subject, a strictly national one, and commemorative of one of the most remarkable events in the history of civilization, is handled with great breadth and power. The spectator is transported to a mountain gorge, in which a full supply of water enables the gold diggers to carry on their operations, and stimulates them to the most intense activity. In the near foreground is the camp of a party of miners. The rude canvass tent is supported on rough poles, and round about in picturesque confusion are littered barrels, cradles, axes, picks, pans and guns. A sturdy digger, who has relinquished the pickaxe for a moment's rest, is seated at the mouth of the tent, delivering his oracular sentiments to a comrade, who is leaning on his spade. His faithful dog, the companion of his wild life, is gazing up into his face wistfully, as if he comprehended him, as well as the stalwart man leaning on his rifle, and bearing pick and pan on his shoulder, who stands besides the rude cradle. Delving into the soil, excavated already to a considerable depth, is a sturdy miner with uplifted pick, indifferent to everything except his occupation, into which he is throwing his whole heart and soul. Following the course of the stream, we have a variety of figures—some filling cradles and washing out the "oro;" others counting their golden gains, or engaged in those domestic avocations which the absence of women forces on the men. At one tent a group are collected round a horseman, who brings news from a distant "digging," or perhaps from San Francisco. The flag on the top of the tents indicates a "hotel," or a "store." The scene sweeps away to the distance in clouds and snowy peaks, and the whole is a splendid illustration of the "Land of Gold."

"ELVIE THE FOUNDLING: OR, *The Homicide of Hazlehurst.*"—This is the expressive title of a novelette just commenced in the *Flag of our Union*, from the pen of Mrs. CAROLINE ORNE. With the exception of the "Contrabandist," which we lately published in the Pictorial, this is the best story we have printed for years. It is a story of the present day, and is intensely interesting from the beginning to the end.

A BAR OF GOLD.—At Marysville, California, a bar of gold has been cast, weighing over 378 ounces, worth \$7280 57. Some people feared, when the wealth of California was first developed, that gold would be so plenty that crowbars would be made of it. That time has not yet arrived.

EVERGREENS.—Our friends in the country who are ornamenting their residences, ought to plant evergreens, remembering that the deciduous trees only bear foliage half the year. The Norway fir is the most beautiful of all evergreens, and is a rapid grower.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Blake, Mr. Daniel Fraser to Miss Catharine Hamilton; by Rev. Dr. Wells, Mr. George W. Perrott to Miss Mary A. Goddard; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Charles H. Spear to Miss M. Lizzie Pennock; by Rev. Mr. Porter, Mr. Benjamin Pomphrey to Miss Jane Miller; by Rev. Dr. Kirk, Mr. George J. Harrison to Miss Elizabeth Landisburgh; by Right Rev. Bishop Eastburn, Mr. Charles Hook Appleton to Miss Isabella Mason.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Means, Mr. J. Lowell Parker, of Boston, to Miss Rebecca Gleason Bass.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Briggs, Mr. Charles W. Turner to Miss Elizabeth D. Goodhue.—At Abington, Mr. Angus W. Young to Miss Orinda H. Osborn.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Dr. Kendall, Mr. John Cole to Miss Ellen Cunningham.—At Swampscot, by Rev. Dr. Huntington, Mr. Shelton Barry, of Boston, to Miss Mary F. Putnam.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Wheaton, Mr. Thomas McDonald to Miss Lucy Abby Rust.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Lemon, Mr. John Carigan to Miss Ann Kenney.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dadmun, Mr. George Strout to Miss Lucy A. Gordon.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Adams, Mr. George W. Frost to Miss Mary Ellen Abbott.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. How, Mr. Thomas M. Allen to Miss Mary A. Tripp.—At Barre, by Rev. Mr. Braman, Mr. Frederick W. Thrasher, of New Braintree, to Miss Nancy M. Rice.—At Grafton, Mr. Francis Gleason, of Shrewsbury, to Miss Ellen S. Green.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. William L. Bird, 38; Mrs. Rebecca W. Duff, 42; Mrs. Mary Ford, 71; Mrs. Jane Sullivan, 28; Mr. Bryan J. Watt, 20; Mrs. Ellen J. Larkins, 44; Mr. John Flanagan, 72.—Mrs. Mary Ford, 71.—At Roxbury, Mr. George Read, 67.—At West Roxbury, Dea. Benjamin Farrington, 83.—At Somerville, Mr. Samuel Hudson, 61.—At Malden, Mrs. Abigail Dodge, 67.—At Lynn, Widow Hannah Bruce, 94.—At Salem, Mrs. Joanna Ryan, 60; Mrs. Elizabeth Weymouth, 22; Mrs. Mary Hennessy, 70.—At South Danvers, Mr. William Skidmore, 75.—At Concord, Mr. Joseph Merriam, 89.—At Gloucester, Widow Dorcas Parsons, 85.—At Clinton, Mr. Frederick W. Sawyer, 32.—At South Lancaster, Mr. Silas Sawyer, 62.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Anna Hickey, 93.—At Plymouth, Miss Lydia Delano, 54.—At Worcester, Mrs. Olive A., wife of Mr. Stephen T. Andrews, of Boston, 26; Balch Dean, Esq., 81; Mrs. Lora R. Flagg, 35.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Ellen Daly, 30; Miss Susan A. Besse, 20.—At Taunton, Mr. John F. Hill, 38.—At Fall River, Miss Eliza T. Millard, 46.—At Nantucket, Widow Thakful Davis, 75.—At North Adams, Mrs. Malvina Stewart, 29.—At Portsmouth, N. H., Samuel A. Coburn, 61.—At Windham, Conn., Widow Eunice Tracy, 88.—At East Bridgeport, Conn., Geo. Enoch Foote, 85.—At New Haven, Conn., Dr. Henry Monson, 80.—At Brooklyn, N. Y., Dr. Moses S. Little, 66.

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CORNER OF TREMONT AND BRONFIELD STS., BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"THE SPIRIT LYRE."

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

"Tell us not the heart loves once, and once only. It is a many-stringed lute, and when touched deftly, by a skillful hand, discourseth excellent music; and that tone is most beautiful whose echo is most perfectly reverberated from another."

O madly strike the lyre!
Let boldest accents bound
In thrilling strains of ecstacy,
Filling the soul profound.

Fearlessly strike the lyre!
Let not a note of care
In harsh, discordant accents wake
The tender echo there.

Joyfully sweep the lyre!
In strains of liquid song
Let human life—let fleeting time,
Dance merrily along.

Yet softly touch the lyre!
Bid gentle music flow—
Calm the wild beating, bounding pulse—
And lay the passions low.

O slowly sound the lyre!
For pleasure flies too swift;
Joy soars on fleetest wings—but grief
Is pleasure's dying gift.

Then sadly touch the lyre!
A chastened softness stealing
O'er the rapt spirit, purely blends
Souls in like tone of feeling.

But gently strike the lyre,
Lest with harsh sweep it break!
For tender, fragile are the chords
That wildest echo wake.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

BY M. H. LUCY.

A CHEERFUL, happy group was gathered in old Farmer Wilton's homestead, one autumn night—a beautiful scene the heart loves to dwell upon when the reality is gone forever! A cheerful fire was glowing on the hearth. The bright flames would sweep over the faces of those who sat there, revealing the traces of love, joy and sorrow which time had imprinted there; then, with a softened splendor they would chase over the walls, weaving strange, fantastic figures, and lighting up the darkest corners of the room.

On one side of the fireplace was seated James Wilton; on the other sat the wife and mother; and directly front of the fire, side by side, were seated two young children. One with fair, silken curls, and sunny, blue eyes, you would recognize at once as the counterpart of Mrs. Wilton; but the boy bore upon his features the stamp of a life far removed from the genial atmosphere of that cheerful farmhouse. The mother speaks:

"Remember, James, the promise—'Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.'"

"But does that mean, Olive, that we are to adopt this little fellow?"—laying his large hand on the boy's head.

"It does," replied Mrs. Wilton, earnestly; "and it means more than that; we are to love and cherish him equally with little Nellie. Can you not see?"

"Well, wife, I never thought of the passage before, with reference to making my house an orphan's asylum, I must confess; but we must not expect to understand *all* that is contained in the Scriptures."

"By no means, but we should act upon what we *do* understand."

"Of course, Olive. But now about the child. The burden will all be yours. Have you considered that?"

"Yes, James, I have thought it all over, looked at the subject in 'all its parts,' as Aunt Nancy would say; and I am quite willing to assume the charge, only say we may keep him."

"Well, I don't suppose it will be of any use to say no; and I rather think, if you have decided to keep him, the matter is settled."

And so was the destiny of little Henry Lee fixed. Thus was a fountain opened in that little household, from which should flow waters of unceasing gladness. Mr. Wilton attributed his wife's desire to give a home to the little wanderer entirely to her goodness of heart. Now this was indeed partly true; but down deep in her heart, he might have found a wild yearning after the love of that son who long, weary years ago had left home and friends to struggle with the great world. Their home had been one of undimmed sunshine, until, years before, their noble boy, George, had gone out from their love and watchful tenderness, eager, as he told them in a brief note, to enter into the battle of life, and win fame and a name among men; a shadow fell over their hearts then, a gloominess folded even over the sweet face of the little Nellie, and it had never been lifted; and so when a little wandering one came to beg a crust of bread at their door, they kindly bade him welcome, and when he told them that father and mother were both dead, and his only sister lost to him, that he was even then seeking her, Mrs. Wilton had said, "Heaven sent him to us, let us not despise the gift!" * * * * *

"Yes, James, I think you are quite right, in allowing him to follow the bent of his genius. I have no faith in making lawyers of natural farmers, or *vice versa*, and Harry is so good a scholar, he deserves a college education."

"Well, we will speak to him about it to-night. He has been a good boy, and I shall give him the means to pursue his education right willingly."

"Nellie will be so pleased, too, James. She was saying the other day that she hoped you did not want to tie him to a farm-yard."

"Do you, know, Olive, it is just five years to-night since Harry came here? I think it is rather strange we never have heard anything of his sister, or"—and his voice grew strangely husky—"or of our poor George."

"I shall never give up the hope of seeing him while I live, and if he is alive, I am sure he will come back to us."

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Wilton. "Heaven only knows what trials he has passed through since he left us!"

"God will watch over him," responded the wife, in a low tone.

The sunset arrows were gleaming in every treetop, and the hush of coming night fell softly over the earth. It was the sweet month of blossoms—bright June. From a long ramble in search of flowers with their young schoolmates, Nellie and Harry now entered the house, and Mr. Wilton broached the subject under consideration as they sat down to tea.

"I am going to send you away, Harry."

"Me, sir?" queried Harry; while Nell's blue eyes opened wide.

"Yes. I've been talking of it a little. How would you like to go to college, and in eight or ten years come out a first rate lawyer, or a physician, and wear gold-bowed spectacles, and carry a big cane; with a fair chance of going into partnership with old Dr. Humphries over in Crab Hollow?"

"Mr. Wilton!"

"What! Does the prospect of such glory overpower you? Don't be bashful, Harry! You'll do very well yet; though I suppose you *will* have to study hard."

"Never mind the labor of it, but I do not feel that I have any claim on your bounty; and I have even been thinking of some means to earn my own living," replied Harry.

"All nonsense, Hal! I have quite settled the matter; that is to say, my wife and I have—for you see women are dreadful contrary; and likely enough if I'd told her you were going to college, she would have insisted on your driving oxen all your life. I knew better than to go to work in that way. So you see, I just asked her what she *thought* of the plan, and she liked it at once. Make a note on't, Harry, as Cap'n Cuttle used to, that you can coax a woman, but they won't be scolded into anything."

A hearty laugh, in which Mrs. Wilton joined, applauded the serio-comic speech of her husband.

"When will he have to go?" asked Nellie.

"Week after next, I believe."

"So soon?" And then there was silence.

Much was to be said and done before Harry went away. Never flew the days so swiftly. It was the first time he had been parted from the family since he became an inmate of that home. He was sixteen years old, and Nellie was a year younger.

On the evening before his departure, a short walk gave opportunity for a confidential chat with the fair girl who had grown up in beauty by his side, and had freely offered him a sister's generous and confiding love. Henry Lee had never questioned the nature of the affection he bore her, until now when he was going away. Then he resolved to speak to her on the subject, and know if she could offer him any *practical sympathy*. And so he told her all—his hopes, his bright plans for the future; he pictured in glowing words the course he had marked out, asking only a promise to one day bless his life with a love deeper than that of mother or sister. Perhaps Nellie began at that identical moment to wake up to the fact that Harry Lee was very dear to her; at all events, she listened very quietly—and with appreciation! But with wonderful forethought, considering the circumstances, she very resolutely refused to bind herself by any promises, until Harry should be settled in life. And so they parted, with a mutual assurance of frequent letters.

It was very lonely to Nellie Wilton after the departure of Harry. Their secret, if such it could be called, she decided to keep, thinking it would save her many a merry sally from her fun-loving father. The letters they exchanged were sources of much pleasure and profit. All through the term vacation was looked forward to with a pleasure known only to those who have anticipated similar meetings; and when it *did* come, the time sped on golden wings. Each had a long story to tell, and many questions to ask and answer. There were delightful reunions with old school friends, and above all, long talks with Nellie, who was not one whit less dear for the years that had gone by. And so the time sped on which brought Harry Lee to the close of his collegiate career. He had begun a generous, ardent, high-minded boy; he went forth a noble, ambitious man, scorning from his very soul an act of littleness.

It is the last week at home before Henry Lee enters on the study of his profession. Fortune has smiled on his industry, and in addition to the intellectual wealth he had gained, a snug little sum is bequeathed him by an uncle whom he had long supposed dead. An equal amount was also in reserve for the lost sister Helen; and Harry thenceforth renewed his efforts to discover her with increased assiduity.

Let us look in upon the group in the farmhouse. It is some four years since last we made a call there. Farmer Wilton still bears on his frank features the impress of an honest, genial heart. Henry Lee is all he promised to be years ago. Mrs. Wilton looks hardly a day older; for the young in heart are no favorites with wrinkles and gray hairs. Nellie, from a beautiful girl, has matured into a charming woman, which assertion Henry Lee would have defended to the death.

"So you are going to take my advice about Dr. Humphries, Hal?"

"Yes, sir, I am going to play the devotee to the science of Esculapian; but I hope to make somebody besides a Dr. Humphries."

"To be sure, Dr. Harry Lee! I don't see any chance of your

taking his distinguished name, unless, when he steps out of this mortal sphere, he should make you the heir of his name, fame and pill-boxes."

"A glorious prospect, Harry," laughed Nell.

"Rather *too* glorious for me," replied Harry. "But seriously, I must be about my work, which is to find a cure for every disease which flesh is heir to."

"Hurry up, then," said Mr. Wilton, "for there will be some fine cases of neuralgia and toothache, which you may miss, if you wait long."

"Shall you let your light shine among us, Harry?" asked Mrs. Wilton.

"That important point is undecided. Nellie here can tell you more definitely than myself."

But Nellie was very busy gazing into the fire, and nobody cared to disturb her.

With the sunshine in his heart, and around his way, Henry Lee left again the home of his adoption, to re-establish his converse with books and mental labor. There was much to encounter, if he would rise above mediocrity; but with the love of Nellie Wilton as a star in his path, there was little fear that he would faint by the way. There was little to vary the months of this his last probation. Frequent letters, and occasional visits to the dear old farmhouse, were the white days in the calendar of Henry Lee.

And now the term of his professional study is over, and Henry Lee has set out for the West to prepare a home for his bride. After a day of hard travel, he alighted at sunset before a substantial dwelling, on a fine ample clearing. Everything spoke of thrift and good taste. A hearty welcome was extended to the weary traveller, and on conversing, Harry found that his host was intending to go to the very village where he had spent so many happy years.

"I am going," said he, "to seek a father and mother, whom I have not seen for many years—James Wilton; possibly you know him."

"He is my best friend; my father in affection—by adoption!"

In words prompted by the liveliest gratitude, did Henry Lee rehearse the story of the past years to his attentive hearers. Until now they had not asked his name; and when he gave it, Mrs. Wilton asked, eagerly, "Had you ever a sister?—a sister Helen?"

The brother and sister long parted were met at last!

Swiftly sped the days of that journey to the dear homestead. And when they were once more under its friendly roof, there was such gladness in their hearts as had not been there for ten long years; for the son who had been lost was found. * *

Very fair was Nellie Wilton, with the dress of snowy silk, the airy veil floating about her, and the orange blossoms twined among her sunny braids and hair, as she stood at the altar on her bridal day. And when all was over—when George had gone back to his forest home, and the young physician sought his home also, Mrs. Wilton said to her husband, "Surely, James, we have now learned how true it is, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.'"

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FLORENCE BETRAYED: OR, *The Last Days of the Republic*. From the Italian of D'Azeglio. By a Lady. Boston: Wm. V. Spencer. 1856. 12mo. pp. 629.

Massimo d'Azeglio is a modern Italian author almost entirely unknown to the American public; and we have reason to thank the publisher, and the lady translator, for giving us this glorious specimen of his abilities. The story is a deeply interesting one, and admirably told. It has the magic of an historical romance by Scott.

THE ISLAND OF CUBA. By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. With Notes and a Preliminary Essay, by J. S. THRASHER. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. pp. 397.

The name of Humboldt on a title-page is a sure passport to success. A keen observer, profoundly versed in science, and an elegant writer, he adorns whatever he touches. Mr. Thrasher has given us a charming version of the great German's description of Cuba, while his introductory essay, principally of a political character, as well-written and forcible. Our only regret in reading this work, is that Mr. Thrasher did not give us more of his own personal observations, for his official position and long residence in the island enable him to do so most effectively. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

LIVES OF AMERICAN MERCHANTS. By FREEMAN HUNT, A. M., editor of the Merchants' Magazine. Vol. 1. 8vo. New York: Office of Hunt's Merchants' Magazine. 1856. pp. 576.

This splendid volume contains the biographies of twenty-one eminent American merchants, and steel engraved portraits of nine of them, viz: Thomas H. Perkins, Thomas P. Cope, Peter C. Brooks, James G. King, Samuel Appleton, Samuel Slater, Jonas Chickering, Aaa Clapp and Patrick T. Jackson. The biographies are from some of the most elegant pens in the country—that of Mr. Brooks by the Hon. Edward Everett. We regard this work as a valuable contribution to American literature—one worthy of the most extensive circulation, and destined to add greatly to the brilliant reputation of its accomplished editor and publisher. No American library, public or private, will be considered complete without this work.

NEW MUSIC.—G. P. Reed, 13 Tremont Street, has published "Reuben and Phoebe" and the "Merry Mountaineers," as sung by Whitehouse's New England Bards, and the "Sword of Bunker Hill," as sung by Ossian's Bards.

DREAMS AND REALITIES OF A PASTOR AND TEACHER. By the author of "Rolling Ridge," "Parish Side," etc. New York: J. C. Derby. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 439.

Most stories professedly "founded on fact," are as unreal as possible. But this life story of a man of thought and action is evidently a transcript of actual experience. It is a pleasant as well as deeply interesting work, and cannot fail to find favor with the public.

ELEMENTS OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. By A. W. SPRAGUE, A. M. (With 250 engravings.) Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 363.

One of the clearest and most comprehensive elementary text-books on the science treated of we have yet examined. It cannot but find favor with all engaged in teaching, or in self culture.

THE HUMOROUS POEMS OF THOMAS HOOD. Edited by EPES SARGENT. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 488.

The name of Hood is a synonym for humor—and a collection of his genial writings is a gift that the American public, with their fondness for fun, will know how to prize. The edition is a beautiful one.

THE PANORAMA, AND OTHER POEMS. By J. G. WHITTIER. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 18mo. pp. 141.

This volume contains some of the most exquisite poetry that Whittier has yet written. His fame would be universal had he not preferred to treat so largely of sectional themes, and to be the poet of the North, rather than the nation.

AT HOME AND ABROAD. By MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI. Edited by her brother, ARTHUR B. FULLER. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 466.

These "things and thoughts on America and Europe" from the pen of the most gifted woman America ever produced, will be read with delight and satisfaction. The descriptions of places and scenery are exceedingly graphic, while the portraits of European celebrities are such as only Margaret Fuller could have painted.

Foreign Items.

INDIANS.—The Minnesota Pioneer goes in for granting Indians land to settle on, in order to civilize and keep them quiet.

There are now 1800 Protestant pastors in Holland, of whom 1600 belong to the Reformed Dutch Church. The latter was once and for a long time the established church of Holland, and the only one which had the favor of the State; but now, there are three others—the Lutherans, the Remonstrants, and the Mennonites,—all of whom share that favor. Even the Roman Catholics receive the aid of the government in the maintenance of their churches.

Why are good resolutions like fainting ladies? Because they want "carrying out."

Advice to an editor is like wit to a millionaire, or modesty in a ballet dancer—a little of it goes a great way.

We often hear of a man "being in advance of his age," but who ever heard of a woman being in the same predicament?

Sweddlepipes thinks that instead of giving credit to whom it is due, the cash had better be paid. Rather impertinent, Mr. Sweddle.

A facetious tradesman in Worcester, after having repeatedly announced that he was *selling off*, has now placarded his house with bills stating that he is *selling on*!

Apple-dealer to pilfering youth—"Young man, drop that apple and start!" *Boy*—"Certainly, but I thought you always gave samples to customers."

"I shall be at home next Sunday night," a young lady said, as she followed her beau to the door, who seemed to be wavering in his attachment. "So shall I," was his reply.

A priest once said, in addressing his flock:—"Marry a pint of rum to a lump of sugar, and in less than an hour there will spring from the union a whole family of shillelahs and broken heads."

A Western writer thinks if the proper way of spelling tho' is "though," and ate "eight," and bo "heau," the proper way of spelling potatoes is "poughteighaux." The new way of spelling softly is "psoughtleigh."

When Edward Everett was entertained at a public dinner before leaving Boston, Judge Story gave as a sentiment: "Genius is sure to be rewarded where Everett goes." Mr. Everett responded: "Law, equity and jurisprudence—no efforts can raise them above one Story."

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AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1856.

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6 CENTS SINGLE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

The beautiful emblematic scene below is from a drawing by Billings, designed expressly for our paper. At the top of the sketch are the State arms—a shield with a delineation of a peninsula, on which are a tent, a volunteer soldier and an American flag, surmounted by the American eagle and supported by two stags. The mottoes are "Tuebor" (I will defend), and "Si quæris peninsulam amœnam, circumspice" (If you seek a pleasant peninsula, look around you). Below are two Indian women preparing the land with their wooden picks, for receiving the corn a third is sowing. On one side two Indians are carrying a canoe upon their shoulders—on the other are seen steamboats and sailing vessels, with haymakers at work, thus contrasting the arts of civilization with those of savage life. Michigan was formerly a portion of the "Northwest Territory." It was partially explored by French traders from Canada in 1640, and the first settlement was formed at Detroit, in 1670. In the peace of 1763, Eng-

land obtained possession of it, and ceded it to the United States at the close of our revolutionary war. Michigan proper, by which the larger of the two peninsulas comprised in the State is known, exhibits a great variety of surface. The northern half is still scantily populated, as its soil is considered inferior to the southern. In the settled parts the rich soil yields a large return to agricultural labor. The forests embrace a great many varieties of trees. There are several rivers flowing into the great lakes on which the State borders. The Central and Southern railroads are doing much to develop the wealth of Michigan. Copper, iron and lead exist abundantly in this State. Several millions of capital are employed in manufactures—and there are immense exports of flour from this State. There are still a considerable number of Indians within its borders. The white population is composed of the representatives of various lands and races, like that of the other North-western States—and consequently there are found a number of different religious denominations, the

Methodists being the most numerous. The population is about 400,000. Superficial area of the State, including 36,000 square miles of water surface, is about 92,500 square miles. The seat of government is located permanently at Lansing, Ingham county. The income of the State largely exceeds its current expenditures. There are 3097 school districts in the State, and education is liberally provided for. A State Normal School went into operation at Ypsilanti, in 1853. The Michigan Asylum for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind is at Kalamazoo, and the Michigan Asylum for the Insane at Flint. The State Prison is at Jackson; in 1852, the income of the prison during the year was \$25,487 80; the expenditures, \$25,042 07. Average number of convicts, 210. Solitary confinement at hard labor in the State Prison for life has been substituted for the death penalty for murder, in this State. About \$25,000 are expended annually for the relief of paupers; while at the same time other public charities are well and efficiently sustained.



STATE OF MICHIGAN.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TEXAN CRUISER: —OR— CALYPSO, THE WANDERER. A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

BY T. BURLINGAME ROSS.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

The pirates who stood ready at their guns, now had nothing to do but to drop their matches and seize their cutlasses. Clarence Howard was the first man to gain the pirate's deck, and with the first sweep of his good sword the pirate lieutenant fell. The crew of the Lone Star numbered forty-two souls all told, while the Mexican had sixty; though our Yankee tars found about a dozen of them already killed. It was but the work of a moment for the schooner's crew to gain the deck of the brig, and when once there they went into the work with a power of purpose which was irresistible. The Mexicans were bold men, but they could not withstand the strange, reckless bravery which met them now. There are peculiarities of physical bravery other than the mere brute force and science of arms—there is the power of conscious right, and the knowledge of moral superiority; and then there is much in the prestige of one's nationality. At all events the noble men of the Lone Star seemed almost like warriors inspired. Wherever their blows fell, death was sure to follow, and ere long the enemy began to give way.

From the first of the engagement Howard tried to find Jilok Tudel, and he succeeded at length in doing so; but ere they could cross their swords, some of the Mexicans cried out for quarter.

"Never!" shouted Tudel, in blind rage. "Fight to the death, every man of you. By the cross, the first man who flinches shall fall by my own hand! Now, *senor capitan*, you have found me."

This had the effect of causing the fainting pirates to come up to the work again, but it also had the effect of causing the Yankees to brace up their nerves with new force. As Tudel spoke that last sentence, he crossed swords with Clarence Howard; the pistols had all been fired, and the combat now was with cutlasses alone. At the first stroke Clarence knocked his antagonist's sword down, and would have passed his own weapon through the villain's body, had not one of the Mexican men, who chanced to stand near, knocked it down. That moment would have been the young captain's last but for the faithful Peter. The boy had been ordered to remain on board the schooner, but as the fight progressed, his burning patriotism overcame all other considerations, and seizing a pistol and cutlass, he leaped upon the pirate's deck. He sprang upon the quarter-rail, and was just in time to see his commander's sword knocked down and the point of the enemy's sword at his breast. With a lightning-like motion, but with a steady nerve, the boy raised his pistol and shot the Mexican dead. Howard saw the movement, and with a nod of gratitude to his boy he returned to the conflict. Tudel had regained his guard, and his next blow was a downward cut, aiming at his antagonist's head. Quick as thought Clarence sprang forward and caught the coming blow upon his left arm, reaching far enough in to take the hilt upon his arm instead of the blade. The movement was as unexpected as it was sudden, for the Mexican had never before thought of such a thing as warding a sword blow with the naked arm; the force of the blow staggered him, and with one smart blow of his pommel, Clarence felled him upon the deck.

This was the signal for a renewed cry for quarters, and at the word from the Yankee captain, the combat ceased. Tudel had only been stunned by the effects of the blow, and as soon as he could be secured, Howard turned his attention to the crew; the deck was all covered with blood, and the groans of the wounded and dying were loud and agonizing.

"Take them as they come," said Howard. "To those who suffer most, whether friend or foe, render the first assistance; the battle is ended, and we may find use for mercy now."

CHAPTER IV.

A DIRE MISHAP.

THE conflict on the pirate's deck had been a sharp and severe one. Weapons of death had there been used by those who meant a death for every blow, and the carnage had been extensive in view of the numbers engaged. Out of sixty-one men who had composed the crew of the brig, only twenty-two were now alive, and several of those were severely wounded. The Americans had lost but thirteen men, and only two were seriously wounded. This was a great loss from such a crew, but considering the circumstances, the surprise, if any, should be that there were not more killed.

As soon as the dead could be buried the brig was rendered fit for sailing, and having put a crew on board sufficient to sail her, Captain Howard shaped his course for Galveston. The prisoners were all confined on board the schooner, where most of them spent their time in cursing their captors; and those who could manage to pronounce a few English oaths, entered into a practical use of the language with peculiar zeal. But they did not manage to arouse much anger in the bosoms of their captors, for there was something so supremely foolish and ridiculous in the labored utterance of the oaths in abominable English, that the

brave fellows were more inclined to pity and smile than anything else.

Jilok Tudel was a man not far from forty years of age; tall and stout, and with a complexion almost as dark as an Indian's. He was a leper by birth and education, and after many years of villany upon the land, he betook himself to the waters of the Gulf as a more extended and profitable field of labor. He possessed a face of more internal meaning than generally belongs to the miserable leperos of Mexico, and there was much intelligence in the flash of his large, dark eyes. But the look of brutal excess which marked his face overcame all other expressions, and at once stamped him as a man whose only guide in life was the lowest of human passions. He was confined upon the after part of the berth-deck, and he might have been allowed the freedom of the schooner, had he not made use of the most murderous threats when he was first confined.

Clarence Howard gazed upon this man, and wondered if it was possible that Antonio St. Marc had agreed that his sweet child should marry with such a being. He had begun to doubt the truth of the wandering woman's assertions, when new proof came from the man's own lips.

One afternoon the young captain went down upon the berth-deck to see how his prisoner came on, and after he had gazed awhile upon Tudel, and was upon the point of turning away, the latter spoke.

"*Senor capitan*," he said, "what do you mean to do with me?"

"I mean to deliver you up to the authorities at Galveston," was Howard's reply.

"But there is no military station there."

"There is enough for our purpose."

"But look ye, *senor*—give me my liberty, and I swear to you that three Americans shall be given up to you in exchange."

"But why should I set you at liberty more than the rest of my prisoners?"

"For a very good reason, *senor*. I am rich enough now to live without more labor, so if I give you my promise that I will not trouble your countrymen any more, circumstances will not force me to break my word. And there is another reason, *senor*, which, if you are a reasonable man and possess a kind heart, will move you. In the city of my home there is a fair maiden who is waiting anxiously the return of her lover. She asks even now for the husband whom you would keep from her."

"Ah, *senor*," uttered Clarence, with a strangely fluttering heart, "and are you sure the maiden waits for you?"

"I am, *senor capitan*."

"Is she a young girl, or have your affections fallen upon one near your own age?" asked Clarence, lightly.

"In our land we do not force the cooler matrons of advanced years into the silken bonds. No, *senor*—she is not only a young girl, but one of the most lovely in Vera Cruz. Perhaps you may have heard of the *Senor Antonio St. Marc*?"

"I have heard of him," was Clarence's reply, given in a calm, low tone, for he would not reveal his own feelings in the matter. "He is a very wealthy man, if I mistake not."

"Yes, *senor*—not only wealthy, but of much influence. If you will set me free, you shall have three American prisoners in exchange."

"I don't wish to pry into your secrets, *senor*," returned Howard; "but still it appears to me that the maiden has chosen rather strangely."

"Eh?"

"You cannot fail to understand me," resumed the young captain, unmoved. "Surely your past life has not been one to attract the respect of a virtuous girl."

For the moment Tudel seemed inclined to be angry at this, but he quickly overcame the emotion, and assuming a smile, he said:

"O, you don't understand the nature of our impulsive, warm-hearted girls. If a man is brave and true, they seldom ask whether he stained his sword on the field, in the chapparal, or on the sea. But you will exchange me!"

"Where?"

"Why—you have my word that three prisoners shall be released the moment I reach Vera Cruz."

"I rather guess I shall leave that matter to be decided by our supreme court at Galveston."

"Eh? Your supreme—court? What do you mean by that?"

"Simply that we are not in the habit of reckoning *pirates* exactly in the same light that we do prisoners of war."

"*Pirates*, *senor*!" gasped the wretch, turning pale. "You do not mean that you regard me as such?"

"Upon my soul, Jilok Tudel, I cannot regard you as anything else."

"But—but—I have a regular commission from my government."

"Perhaps you have—and yet you are but a pirate, after all. You have been only a pirate these six or seven years. We will place you in the keeping of the authorities at Galveston, and if you can make them believe that you are an honest man, you are at liberty to do so."

With these words Captain Howard turned away, for at that moment, just as he ceased speaking, one of the lookouts reported land ahead. The captive pirate chieftain uttered some dreadful threats as his captor turned away, but they were not noticed. It proved to be Galveston Island which had thus been reported, and before dark the schooner was safely anchored in the bay, with her prize alongside; and as soon as it became known on shore that the notorious pirate had been captured, the water's edge was lined with enthusiastic men, women, and children, who came down to make known their opinion in the matter, by shouting, and throwing up hats and kerchiefs, and other demonstrations.

Captain Howard went on shore at once and reported his success, but as it was then near night, it was arranged that the prisoners should not be brought off until morning. Clarence remained on shore until nine o'clock, and then returned to his schooner. He went down upon the berth-deck and saw that Tudel was safe, and having been assured that the rest of the prisoners were likewise safe, and having given orders for the keeping up of a strict guard during the night, he retired to his cabin. It was now near ten o'clock, and not feeling very sleepy he sat down to overhaul the budget of newspapers he had received.

The schooner was anchored about half a mile from the shore, and the sentinels had strict orders to keep all boats off during the night. It was near midnight, and yet the young captain sat at his table engaged in reading the newspapers. There was much of exciting news that interested him, and he thought not of his bed. He sat thus, just finishing a long article on the subject of the war, when he thought he heard a dipping sound close under the stern. He arose and went to the after part of the cabin, and opened one of the windows and looked out; the moon was hidden behind a dark mass of clouds, and the water was dark; though an object of any respectable size could have been seen at some distance. He looked carefully about upon the surface of the water, but he could see nothing, so he returned to his table and sat down. But as he finished the article upon which he had been engaged, he began to feel his lids droop, and he put up his papers and prepared to retire.

There was a hanging lamp in the cabin, and having turned this down, so that the flame gave but a faint glimmer, the captain turned in. He had hardly placed his head upon his pillow, when he was startled by hearing another unusual sound in the water under the stern. He knew this could be no ripple of the waves, as he had thought before, and quickly leaping from his berth he sprang to the window and looked out again. The moon was still behind the clouds, but Howard could plainly see a dim object moving away from the vessel. He sprang back to his berth and seized his pistols, but before he could regain the window, the lookout upon the poop hailed the suspicious object. However, the captain hastened to the window and cried out himself; he was sure now, that it was a man swimming away.

"Stop! stop!" he cried. "Stop, or I'll shoot you!"

But the object did not stop. On the contrary, it moved off with increased speed, so that there was no more doubt about its identity. The captain fired both his pistols, but without seeming effect; and in a moment more the man upon the poop fired. Howard now rushed on deck to find what was the matter, and as he reached the poop he found some half-dozen of the watch gazing over the taffrail.

"What is it?" the captain cried, as he came up. "Fire! fire!—down into the cutter and bring it alongside—quick! Mr. Hart, are your prisoners all safe?"

"Yes, sir—every one of them."

"And where is Tudel? Is he, too, safe?"

"Nathans is with him, sir," returned Hart.

"Somebody is leaving the schooner. Man the cutter, sir, at once, and I will go below and see Nathans."

Thus speaking—three muskets having been fired at the departing object—Captain Howard hastened below, going down by way of the main hatch. He had not got more than half way down before he discovered that there was no light upon the deck, the great lantern which usually burned close by the hatchway, having gone out. At the same moment, too, he was run into by some one who was coming up from below.

"Who's this?" asked Howard.

"It's me, sir," uttered a frightened voice.

"And who is *me*?"

"Jackson, sir. The lantern's gone out, and I was coming up to see what was the matter."

"Then jump to the binnacle and get a light at once and bring it down here. *Nathans! Nathans! NATHANS!* Good heavens! where is the man? Make haste with that lantern! Come—bear a hand!"

By this time the crew were all awake, and as soon as the lantern came the captain seized it and hurried down the ladder, and sprang to the place where the pirate chieftain had been confined. But—heavens! what a sight met their gaze! There lay Nathans, the man who had been placed to watch the prisoner, with a short, heavy bowie-knife driven clear through his right temple, the point protruding just below the left ear! For a moment Clarence Howard was struck dumb with horror. The pirate chief was gone, and this was his parting mark! Without a word the captain sprang upon the deck.

"Man the boat!" he gasped, in a hoarse, choking tone.

"All ready, sir," reported Hart. "Did you find—"

"*He's gone!* Go in the boat, Mr. Hart, and be sure you take that man alive if you can. O, do not miss him. Off, now, and buckle to those oars with a will. Where's the boatswain?"

"Here, sir."

"Call away my gig—quick!"

In a few moments more the gig was lowered and manned, and the old gunner was sent in charge of her. Peter Sythe was also sent in the gig, from the fact that the peculiar construction of his eyes enabled him to see at an almost incredible distance in the night.

Shortly after the boats had gone the captain went forward to assure himself that the prisoners were all safe there, and then he went below again. He found a man, whose hammock hung near the spot where Tudel had been confined, standing in his bare frock, and gazing with eagerness on a jacket which he held in his hand.

"What is it, my man?" asked Howard.

CHAPTER V.

ST. MARC.

"Why, sir—look here. I left my own jacket and trowsers here when I turned in, and now they're gone—and these outlandish duds have been left in their place. They look just like that Mexican's traps."

"So they are," returned Howard. "The incarnate fiend has murdered poor Nathans, exchanged clothes with you, and made his escape. But we'll have him yet; the boats are after him."

After this the man hunted up his bag and got out another suit of garments, and then he came back to where his commander was examining the position of the body of Nathans.

"He must have been sitting upon this stool when Tudel struck him," said the captain, "and then he was eased back so that his fall might make no noise."

Upon further examination the irons by which Tudel had been confined were found. Those which had been upon the wrists were whole, the hands having been evidently slipped through them, and after the hands were free it was an easy matter to remove the irons from the feet, as the bar of the hand irons served to turn the key of the others. No one had thought of searching the prisoner for concealed weapons, though Clarence now felt himself much to blame for not having done so. After due consultation it was determined, as the most rational hypothesis, that Tudel must have taken his irons so that he could slip them off instantly, and that he then sat down and pretended to be asleep, for one of the men, whose hammock hung near the place, and who had been awake when six bells was struck (eleven o'clock), said that he turned over just as the bell was striking, and looked out to see how the prisoner was. At that time Tudel sat upon a camp-stool, with his hands folded in his lap beneath the folds of his pointed jacket, and with his head leaning against the casing of the pumps, snoring gently and steadily. Soon after that he went to sleep, and did not awake again until he heard the report of the carbines which were fired from the deck.

With this information it was easy to see how the work had been done. Nathans, feeling sure that the fellow was sound asleep, had seated himself, and in a moment of abstraction he had received the fatal blow—and he had received it, too, from a hand eminently skilled in that mode of warfare.

The captain directed some of the men to remove the body to the deck, and there wash it and put on suitable clothing for interment, and then he went up. Shortly after this the gig returned, the gunner reporting that so far nothing could be found of the escaped prisoner; but the crew of the cutter had gone on shore, and meant to search carefully there, and also watch to see if he landed after them.

"However," resumed Gould, "I am sure the villain got ashore ahead of us; he had the wind and current in his favor, and if he is an expert swimmer, he could easily have gained the beach before we did."

The captain was about to reply, when the sound of oars fell upon his ears, and upon going to the taffrail he could see the outlines of a boat coming towards the schooner.

"It's the first cutter, sir," said Peter, who sprang aft and looked over.

"Perhaps they've found him," uttered Howard, nervously.

"They must have found him, else they wouldn't be coming back," said the gunner. "At any rate they wouldn't be coming now, for they haven't had a chance to hunt any yet. I'll bet a dollar they've caught him coming ashore."

Clarence was all excitement as the cutter came nearer to the vessel, but he did not hail her. He gazed down anxiously into her as she came up under the quarter, but it was too dark for him to see plainly. When the boat reached the gangway, Daniels, the coxswain, was the first one to come over the side.

"Where is Mr. Hart?" asked Howard.

"He's gone around to the town, sir, to start up horses," replied Daniels.

"Then you have not found the prisoner?" asked Howard, nervously.

"No, sir. He's gone off a horse-back. When we went up from the beach we found Tom Slidell flying around in a high passion. He said he had just got out of bed, not more'n fifteen minutes before, and that as he looked out at his window he saw a man come running up from the water. The man passed his house, and, Tom thought, turned up into his yard. As quick as he could he put on his clothes and ran out, and was just in time to see a man in sailor's clothes mount his horse. He sang out with all his might, but the horse galloped away like lightning. We told him it was none of our men, but a pirate whom we had captured. He then offered to accompany Mr. Hart to a place where men and horses could be procured, so he went; and sent us back to report to you."

"How far have they got to go before horses can be obtained?" asked Howard.

"Not a great ways, sir. Only there's one thing bad—Tom says his horse is about the fastest one in Galveston."

Captain Howard pondered a few minutes upon this, and then he resolved to go on shore. He gave the most strict orders concerning the prisoners, and then leaped into his boat and landed at the town. He aroused some of the civil officers as quickly as possible, and ere long, fifty horsemen were in pursuit of the fugitive. But Jilok Tudel was not found. Towards the middle of the forenoon on the following day, most of the pursuers had returned, but with no tidings of the pirate.

It was near night when Clarence Howard returned to his vessel. He had lost his most especial prisoner; but he had resolved to make a more extended pursuit; he had given notice that he had business inland, and that he might be gone even a month. The boy Peter was the only companion whom he planned to take with him.

IN one of the most fashionable parts of the city of Vera Cruz stood the dwelling of Antonio St. Marc. Like most of the other houses, it was of a quadrangular form, with a wide court in the centre. It was late in the afternoon and St. Marc had just returned from his gaming club, where he had been to dinner. He made his way to a sumptuous apartment, where everything which wealth could procure for the comfort of the low sensualist, was spread out. He was a man about five and forty years of age; tall and powerful of frame; with a dark, swarthy face; hair black and straight, like an Indian's; eyes of a jetty hue, and features coarse and heavy. He was not a brutal looking man, but he did look like a villain. There was the cast of the cool, calculating rascal in every line of his features, and the peculiar fire of his eye told of a spirit that brooked no restraint. His dress was gaudy in the extreme, his jacket and trowsers being heavily trimmed with gold lace, and several jewels of much value flashing upon his person and fingers. He sat a few moments after he entered his apartment as though he would thank some one to tell him what to do. His eye chanced to fall upon a guitar at length, and he picked it up and commenced to play one of those airs peculiar to the Mexican fandango. He played with much skill, though not with very refined taste.

St. Marc was thus engaged when some one rapped at his door, and he bade them enter. It was one of his servants who came in to announce that there was a man in the hall who would like to speak with the host.

"Show him in," said St. Marc; and in a few moments more the servant returned followed by Jilok Tudel!

"Ah, Tudel. Back once more. I'm glad."

"Ay—back again, Antonio," returned the pirate, taking his host's proffered hand, "but I've had a narrow chance of it."

"Eh? how's that? But you're tired—touch that bell. Ah, that's it. What'll you have? Wine—brandy?"

"Let's have a little pure old Otard. By San Marco, I'm in for a resting spell now."

The servant answered the bell, and the master ordered him to bring the brandy and glasses. The order was obeyed, and after Tudel had tossed off a stiff glass of the liquor, St. Marc asked him what had happened to him.

"I've been a prisoner to a regular Yankee cruiser—a man-of-war. They took my brig, and took me; but you see I managed to escape; and I did it just in the nick of time, too, for in another twelve hours I should have been in the shade of a Yankee prison at Galveston."

There was a peculiar shade passed over St. Marc's face, but Tudel did notice it. A keen observer would have imagined from that look that the host was not excessively pleased with his visitor's escape. But whatever may have been his feelings in that respect, they were quickly subdued and kept out of sight.

"But what were the circumstances?" he asked, earnestly, for he was anxious to know what adventures the other had had.

"In the first place," commenced Tudel, "we were overhauled by a Yankee brig—one just about twice as heavy as mine, and carrying a hundred and fifty men and eighteen heavy guns. Nearly two-thirds of our crew were shot down, but even then I should not have surrendered; but I was knocked down by two men while I was engaged with the Yankee captain, and as soon as my men saw me fall they surrendered. I was taken on board the scho—the brig, I mean, and put in irons, and thus carried into Galveston Bay. I asked the captain to release me for some American prisoners that were here in Vera Cruz; but he coolly informed me that he meant to give me up as a pirate. What do you think of that?"

"Why," returned St. Marc, with a smile, "I should think that he must have known you."

"Ha, ha, ha—so he did. But never mind. I think he'll hunt some time before he finds me again, for I think I'll just stay at home now—at any rate, while this war continues, for the Gulf is swarming with Yankee men-of-war. However, as I was going to tell you—I was put in double irons and confined on the berth-deck, with a sentinel over me all the time. I soon found that I was never going to make my escape save by my own work, for I could get no communication with any of my men, who were on the spar-deck. I at length managed to twist the iron key of my hand-irons with my teeth, so that I could pull it out. Then at night, while in the cot which was provided for me, I slipped off my hand-irons, and with the bar I straightened the twist of the key in my foot-irons; thus, you see, I had both shackles so that I could remove them at will. I had my Texan bowie-knife with me, for as I carried it hidden away in my bosom, they had not detected it."

Tudel stopped here and poured out another glass of brandy, and having drank it, he proceeded:

"The schoo—bah! I'm thinking about the Yankee schooner-of-war we captured and sunk, with sixty men on board. The Yankee brig ran into Galveston Bay in the afternoon, and it was so near dark when they got her anchor down that they concluded to keep us on board until morning. About ten o'clock, the captain of the watch came to post a new sentinel over me, and he asked me if I didn't want to get into my cot. I told him I could sleep better on the stool, and he left me as I was; he put on the new sentry and then went away. For about an hour the fellow walked up and down close by me, and all that time I pretended to be asleep. When six bells struck I began to snore, for I saw that the sentry was tired and would soon be likely to sit down. And this he did at length. He sat down upon a stool very near me, and for a while he gazed me steadily in the face; by-and-by his

head drooped, and without any noise I slipped the iron from my right hand, and as soon as his head was fairly turned, I drew my knife. Just then some one came clumping along directly over our heads, and beneath the cover of the noise I slipped the irons from my feet. I was already now, and only waited for the sentry to turn his head towards the ladder of the main hatchway; and this he soon did. Quick as thought I leaped up, and with all my might I drove my knife upon his right temple; the blade sank to the hilt, and he dropped without a groan. I eased him back upon the deck, and then seizing the pants and jacket of a man who slept close by me, I threw off my own garments, and put these on. Next I put out the light, and then walked calmly on deck. As fortune would have it, there was no one in the gangway, and I made my way over the side without being detected. I dropped noiselessly into the water, allowed myself to float astern, and was just going to strike out, when one of the cabin windows was opened. But I hid myself beneath the shade of the rudder, and as soon as the window was closed, and I supposed all was safe, I struck carefully out. I was detected after a while, but the darkness favored me, and I swam with all my power; half a dozen shots were fired after me, but none of them touched me. Two boats were sent off as soon as possible; but I got on shore first, stole a horse from the first house I came to, and as he proved to be a fast one I made good my escape, and—here I am."

"Then you must have lost considerable," St. Marc replied.

"Pooh! it don't signify. What I lost in the old brig amounts to nothing compared with what I have stowed away on shore."

"But you have not told me yet who captured you—only that it was a Yankee."

"Ah, yes. Well, it was a Texan craft, called the Lone Star."

"The *Lone Star*?" repeated St. Marc, with a quick start, but one which his companion did not notice. "I thought she was a small schooner."

"Yes—I believe there was a schooner of that name in the Texan navy once; but she must have been lost or condemned, and her name given to a heavier craft."

"What was the Yankee captain's name?"

"Howard—Clarence Howard—they called him. But why do you look so startled, and shake your head so? Do you think I was captured by a contemptible Yankee schooner?"

St. Marc saw the opportunity to evade the real cause of his emotions, and he resolved to profit by it, even at the expense of touching his visitor upon a tender spot; so he replied:

"Well, Tudel—to tell the truth, it did seem to me that you might have been captured by a schooner, for you came so nigh admitting it yourself; and then I knew that there was a schooner of that name bought by the Texan government on purpose for this same—a—what did you say his name was?"

"Howard."

"Ah, yes—Howard."

"Why, confound your stupidity, St. Marc. I tell you it was a brig—and as heavy in every way as a French corvette. There may have been a Yankee schooner of the same name, as I think there was, but she's either lost or condemned, or perhaps sold."

St. Marc knew now that his guest was lying, for his every look and tone showed it, but he chose to take no further notice of it.

"Never mind, Jilok," he said, with a light laugh. "I only meant to tease you a little. Of course you, with your noble crew to back you, would never be captured by a simple Yankee schooner."

Tudel gazed hard into his host's face as this was spoken, but he could find no look of double meaning there, and he passed on to a more important question.

"Well, Antonio," he said, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, "there was one spell that I feared our pretty Irene would lose her husband—by the mass, but I had a narrow pass; however, here I am, as I said before, and now how is the damsel?"

"She is well, Jilok."

"And how about her love for me now, do you think?"

"I'm afraid she don't love you well, my old friend. Yet I suppose you wouldn't give her up."

"Give her up!" repeated the pirate, with some show of surprise. "Goodness of the Virgin—ask me to give up my own life! Give up Irene? throw away the brightest jewel in the republic? Never, Antonio—never."

"O, I didn't suppose you would. I only mentioned the matter so that there should be no misunderstanding on the subject."

"That's all right. I have made up my mind that I'll stay at home awhile now, and I may as well have a home of my own as not. I have a plenty of everything but wife. With what you have in your hands, I have over half a million of dollars, and that is something, you know."

"Certainly; that is a great deal. And now how long before you would like to marry?"

"O, most any time; say sometime next month. I suppose these women like to have notice of these things."

"Yes; and I should think that would be notice enough."

Here Jilok poured out another glass of brandy, and having swallowed it, he arose and commenced to walk about the room, examining the old oil paintings that hung upon the walls. One of the pictures represented "Wealth" and "Poverty." There was the representation of a beautiful female, mounted upon a splendid and richly caparisoned Andalusian charger; and near by, with her dark, shrivelled hand extended, as if for alms, was a miserable looking, back-bent old woman.

"By the mass," uttered the pirate, stopping at this picture and then turning to his host, "this puts me in mind of an old hag who intercepted me as I was on my way to my vessel just before I sailed the last time from this place. She is called Calypso the Wanderer. Have you ever seen such a woman?"

"Yes," returned St. Marc, shuddering in spite of his effort to seem unaffected.

"Ha—have you? And what did she want with you?"

"Why, she seemed to be crazy; and as near as I could make out her meaning, she wanted me to be very careful of my child. But what did she want with you?"

"Why—bless her old back, she told me not to presume to make Donna Irene St. Marc my wife. She even went so far as to threaten me with some dire calamity if I *dared* to disobey her. By the mass, I can't help shuddering now when I think of her. But where did you see her?"

"She came here to my own house—and her errand was the same to me as to you. She swore I should suffer if I gave Irene's hand to you."

"But what and who is she, do you suppose?"

"I'm sure I can't tell."

"But you don't suppose she has any power to carry out her threats, do you, St. Marc?"

"No, I do not. At any rate, I am ready to run my share of the risk. She can only be some crazy old woman, and as my child has bestowed alms upon her several times, I suppose she thought she would stand up for the good of her benefactress."

"What? and do you suppose Irene has told her that she does not wish to marry with me?"

"You can judge of that as well as I. But if she has, what does it amount to? Let the old woman pass."

"Very well, so be it—only that picture is so like her I couldn't help alluding to her."

The conversation now turned upon the war, and for some time the two men discussed the question as they understood it, and they came to the conclusion that it would take but a few weeks longer for Santa Anna to sweep the Yankees from the country. After this conclusion had been satisfactorily arrived at, Tudel arose to take his departure.

"I am not fit for presentation yet," he said, "for I am toil-worn and dusty. I will recruit myself in clothing and cleanliness, and then I'll come and see my bride. You will prepare her for the meeting. Tell her that I love her well, and that I love her alone."

St. Marc promised, and Jilok Tudel took his leave.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PIRATE PLAYS THE LOVER.

ALONE in her chamber sat Irene St. Marc. She was one of the fairest of the fair of Vera Cruz, and many a crown of beauty's winning had been placed upon her brow. She was nineteen years of age, and from her mother she had inherited the pure blood of Castile. She was rather slight in frame, but by no means too much so; to have added one span to her height, or one degree to her size, would have surely abstracted from the perfect symmetry of her form. Her hair was of a rich, dark brown, and her eyes of that dark, soft hazel which possesses all the vivacity of the jetty black, with all the mild persuasiveness of the deep, liquid blue. As she sat now by the open window, gazing vacantly out through the vines that clustered thickly about the casement, her full, fair bosom rose and fell as though the thoughts that moved within were of more than ordinary moment. The sun was just sinking, and as the last shadows of day lengthened out into oblivion, the door of her room was opened and her father entered. He gazed upon her a few moments without speaking, and then he moved to her side and imprinted a kiss upon her cheek. She started as though some small venomous insect had fallen there. Why that quick shudder should have come she could not tell. She did not voluntarily call it up, nor did she strive to repress it; the emotion was an instinctive one—a quick movement of her own soul—and she almost wondered at it herself.

"Irene," spoke St. Marc, taking a seat near his daughter, "were you aware that Tudel had returned?"

"Yes, Cassandra told me he had come."

"And I suppose you will be ready to receive him when he shall call upon you."

"I suppose I shall be obliged to see him, senor."

"Ah, do you still cherish that old hatred?"

"You can call it old or not, just as you please. It is my hatred of all things evil that leads me to despise Jilok Tudel."

"Bah! Why will you go so directly at work to make yourself miserable, my child? You must marry with him, and there should be an end of your hatred; for by hating him longer, you only sow the seeds of your own misery. Do you not understand it?"

"Surely, senor, I am not so blind as not to see that my hatred of the man will cause me misery if he is to be my husband. But you cannot say that the power of banishing the evil lies with me."

"Why not, pray?"

"Go put your hand into the blazing fire, and see if you can withstand the pain by loving the fire."

"But my hand was made to be destroyed by fire."

"Ay—and so was my soul made to be miserable in its forced contact with evil. I can hardly yet believe that Jilok Tudel will be forced upon me."

"Take care, Irene. Do not allow such a feeling to creep into your bosom, for you must be that man's wife. Remember, this is planned beyond all power of redemption."

To this the maiden made no reply, and after a while her father added:

"I simply came to inform you that Tudel had come, and thus prepare you for his reception. For the rest your own judgment will dictate."

With these words St. Marc arose and left the room. Irene had already prayed to him enough; she had been upon her knees often before him in earnest supplication that this fatal marriage might be put away; but he had only maintained a stern refusal, and she would ask him no more. Why she should thus be sacrificed to the lust of a bloody pirate she could not imagine. At times she tried to hope that her father could not mean it, but this did not avail her, for she never knew him to trifle. She could only think that some stern, dark fate had arisen to drag her on, and that her father was but one of its tools. And lately she had thought as little of that father as possible; there was a chilly sensation in her soul whenever she held his name in her thoughts, and a dim, unspeakable dread dwelt with her when she asked herself why this was so. Sometimes when he looked upon her, she thought his eyes burned like a snake's—that they had a deadly light in them. But she tried to banish these thoughts; though her efforts were like those of the timid child in the night, who tries to shut out the images which some terror-laden story had called up.

Two days passed away from the time of the announcement to her of Tudel's return, and on the afternoon of the third, that man called again. As Irene had expected, he came to her apartment alone. He smiled when he came in, and having reached the place where the maiden sat, he extended his hand; she took it, and without a shudder. She gazed calmly upon him. There was in her soul a conscious superiority to the man before her, and yet, as much as she had cause to dread him, her only feeling now in his presence was one of deep, unmitigated disgust. As she looked upon him standing before her, the thought that she was to be his wife was entirely overshadowed by the thought of the vast moral gulf that intervened between them. And there was one other thought, too, that worked in her mind, and it had come there involuntarily; though after it had come, and she had fully realized its import, she dwelt upon it until it was more fully developed. That was the thought that in this world of God's, there must be some power to avert so dreadful a blow. It came to her as comes the struggling beams of the cottage lamp to the benighted traveller, and no sooner had it become fully developed in her mind, than she grasped it to her soul, and commenced to build her hopes upon it. To be a wanderer in the wide world would be a happiness compared with union with such a man.

"Irene," said the visitor, in a tone which he meant should have been very sweet, but which sounded like the grating of hinges when too carefully moved, "you came very nigh losing me."

"Ah, is it possible?" uttered the maiden, in a tone too calm for terror, and yet too sarcastic for joy.

"Yes; I came nigh being a lost man. But God was kind."

"He was kind—very," said Irene.

Tudel looked into her face to see what she meant; but if he could not read her words, he surely could not read her looks, for they were as unchangeable as the marble statuette that stood upon the table at her elbow. Any one who had seen her in her joy and gladness, would have read much from her face now, but to one who never saw her save when a cloud was upon her fair brow, that sternness had no clear meaning.

"I fell into the hands of a prowling Yankee—a Texan cruiser," resumed Tudel.

"Ah!" said Irene, in a very guarded tone.

"Yes; and but for my own wit and bold daring, I should now have been in a Texan prison."

"Ah," said Irene, again, more guarded, even, than before. "Who was it captured you?"

"A fellow named Howard. He commanded a heavy vessel called the Lone Star."

The maiden said nothing to this; she only let her hand drop upon a sheet of music before her, and as soon as her nerves were steady, she picked it up and ran her eyes over the notes.

"But I made my escape," pursued the dark lover, taking no note of his companion's peculiar emotions. "I was put in double irons, stout and strong—but I cast them off. There was a stout man watching over me—but I overcame him—killed him on the spot, and then—"

"Killed him!" uttered Irene, in a quick, terrified whisper.

"Ay; of course I did."

"Killed Captain Howard?" gasped the maiden, letting both her hands drop, and seizing the edge of the table.

"No, not exactly him; though I wish it might have been him. It was the sentinel he posted over me. But why does it move you so? What had it been to you if I had killed the whole Yankee crew?"

"Nothing, nothing," whispered Irene, with a mighty struggle; "only I thought of your hands being red with the blood of one who had spared your own life."

"Bah! He would have given me up to his judges as a pirate, if he could. He would have brought me to the gallows, if it had been in his power. That is sparing my life with a vengeance!"

Irene soon composed herself, and then she said, with the old coldness upon her:

"You were very fortunate in thus escaping, for of course the Texans would have hung you if they had found you in their power long enough."

"Ay, lady, I was most fortunate; and yet, in all the risk I ran, the thought of meeting you once more was all that nerved me on. Fortunate? Ah, am I not fortunate in thus being spared to bask in the sunlight of your smiles once more?"

"Did you ever see me smile, senor?" the maiden asked, in a quaint tone.

"Well—really—I don't know as I ever did. But you will smile; you must smile when you are my wife."

"Perhaps I ought to."

"You ought to, and you must, sweet lady. Why, 'twould be like night all the time to have a sun that would give no light. I think you do smile sometimes."

"When I am happy, senor."

"Then it shall be the work of my every thought to make you happy, Irene."

"You can do so very easily, senor."

"Ah—pray tell me how."

"But will you promise me to do it?"

"I can never make a promise in the dark, lady. I can promise anything in reason, but I cannot bind myself until I know the terms. But your happiness is the highest aim of my life, so tell me how it is to be done."

"Jilok Tudel, leave me, and never think again of making me your wife, and I will not only be very happy, but I will bless you from the very depths of my soul."

"Why couldn't you add, just by way of filling up the pleasant measure, that the cutting off my head would heighten your joy?—because of course I should do it. O, yes—of course."

The man spoke this in a tone half of anger, and half of irony; but he did not allow his passion to manifest itself.

"Do not misunderstand me, senor," Irene returned, very calmly. "I do not wish you harm. I only wish peace for myself."

"So if I should take a fancy for your head, and ask you to let me chop it off, I might swear that I wished you no harm, but only joy to myself. But it won't work, lady. I thought that part of the business was settled. When I reckon up my observation at noon, after I have taken the sun, I don't stop to find if two and two make four, because that was settled way back in the first lesson of mathematics. And so with this sum; that you are to be my wife is one of the solid facts of the past, that must last through all coming time; so now we have only to reckon up from that. I hope you understand."

"Yes, senor—very well."

"I'm glad of that, because you'll know now how to work. But I will just say—just for your present satisfaction and for your information for the future, and for your guidance, too, that nothing on the face of the earth can induce me to give you up. Nothing—not even death itself. So just consider that settled."

"Certainly, senor—if you say so."

"Well, I do say so; and I mean it, too. And now to something more important—now to working out the sum. When shall we be married?"

"As my wishes are not consulted in the other matter, I see not why they should be in this," replied Irene, directly.

"Because I explained to you that the first proposition is an already established fact; so there is no need of consulting any one about that part."

"But I might surely have been consulted before the *fact*, as you are pleased to call it, was substantiated."

The pirate lover shook his head and smiled.

"Ah," he uttered, "when this fact was made, you were not quite sensible enough to discuss the subject understandingly."

"Explain, senor."

"You were an infant—not over two years old—when your father promised me your hand. Now you understand it. And now tell me what you think of the second part? when shall we be married?"

For the first time Irene felt a pang of real fear, but she soon overcame it, though she resolved not to take any steps now calculated to make Tudel angry, for she wished not to arouse his suspicions as to her real hopes. So she said in reply:

"If I must be your wife, senor, let me at least have some little time to prepare. Say—a—month."

"You have hit rightly, lady. Your father and I had set that very time."

After this, Tudel went into a long account of his plans for the future; and also related the story of his capture, though in this latter course he drew about as much upon his fancy as in the former, being careful to magnify the size of the vessel and the number of the men, by which he had been overcome. And after this he took his leave, promising to call again soon.

It was after sun-down when Tudel left, and as the maiden sat there in her room alone and gazed out upon the garden, she soon forgot the man who had just left her, and her mind went away after another—after one who held a deeper seat in her heart, and whose image formed the clustering point of all her earthly hopes. So deeply engaged was she that she noticed not the entrance of another person into her apartment, and it was not until a light hand was laid upon her shoulder, that she realized the presence of an intruder. She looked quickly around, and met the gaze of Cassandra, her maid.

This new comer was a small, black-eyed girl, not over seventeen years of age, with fair and handsome features, and exhibiting a degree of wit and intelligence seldom found in one of her class and station. She was of Creole stock, an orphan, and had been with Irene from early childhood, her father having been a ranchero living upon a small farm belonging to St. Marc.

"Cassandra," said Irene, speaking in that sure manner which would indicate that she was broaching no new thought, "suppose I were to be cast out on the world, a wanderer and beggar?"

"Then I would wander and beg with you," the girl replied, quickly and with a beaming eye.

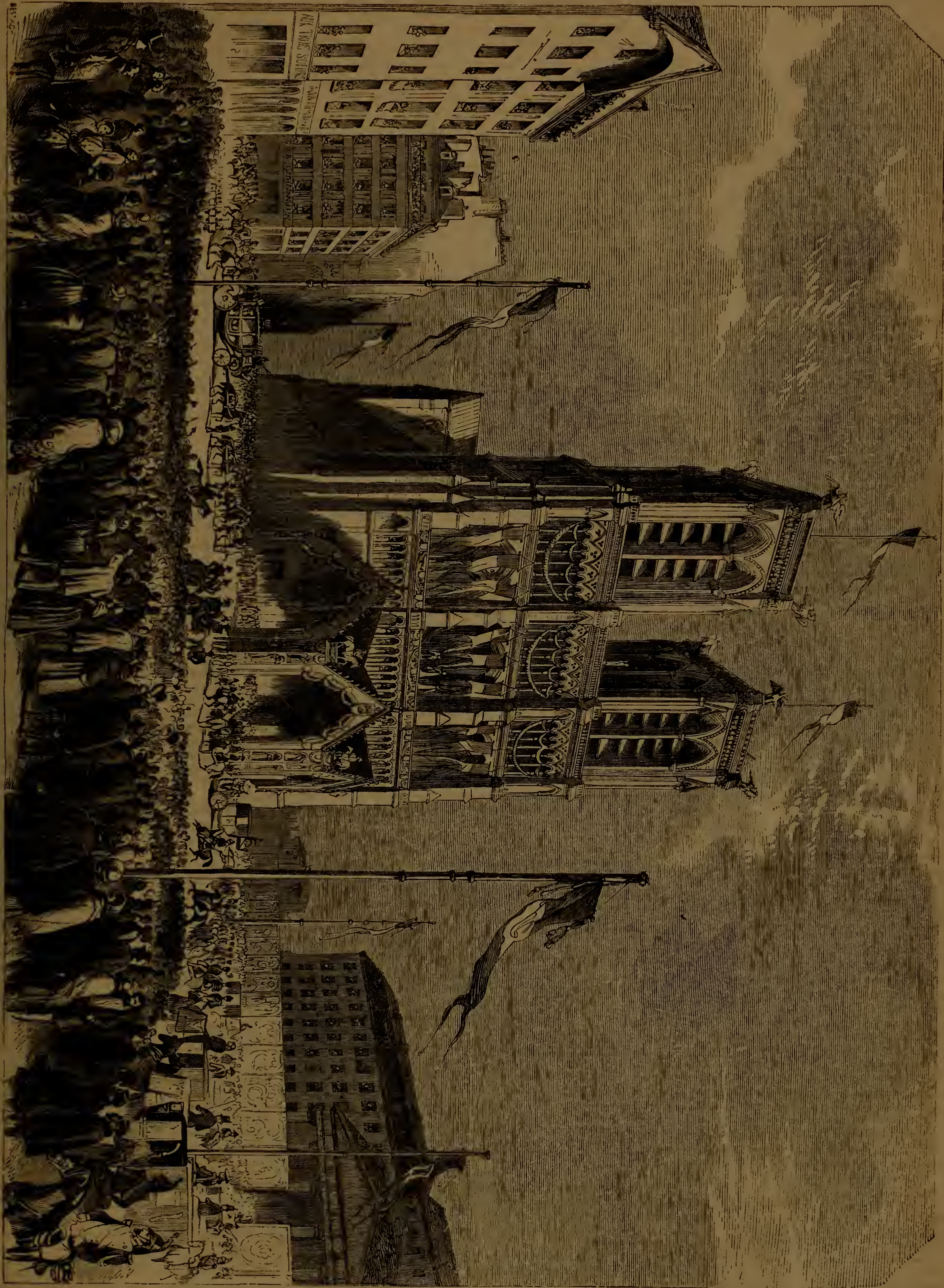
"If I should ask you," said Irene.

"No, no—you should not drive me from you," cried Cassandra, throwing her arms about the neck of her mistress. "I would beg my food from door to door, ere I would take the dark pirate for my husband."

Irene made no reply, but bowed her head and burst into tears.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EXTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME, AT PARIS.



CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME.

The splendid engraving which accompanies our text, presents on a large scale, the famous old cathedral of Notre Dame, or our Lady of Paris, the scene of Victor Hugo's thrilling romance of the same name, and one of the most interesting monuments of ecclesiastical architecture now extant. It is drawn as it appeared when decked with banners, the square in front filled with the military and the people, on the occasion of Louis Napoleon's re-

cent attendance at high mass. The imperial carriage, drawn by six splendidly caparisoned horses, is seen approaching the entrance. A brilliant cortege of staff officers is in attendance, and the whole scene has that theatrical effect so peculiar to the public ceremonies of the French. The precise date of the erection of this edifice is not certainly known. In the time of the Romans a temple existed on this spot, the foundations of which were discovered in 1711. It is said that a church dedicated to St.

Stephen was erected on this site about 365. Childebert the son of Clovis, either enlarged or rebuilt it about the year 522. Robert, son of Hugh Capet, undertook its reconstruction. The church as it stands, was probably actually commenced about the year 1000. Pope Alexander III. laid the first stone. Its interior is paved with black marble. The organ is a remarkably fine one; it is 45 feet high, 36 broad and contains 3484 pipes. Its proportion and elaborate finish render this the finest of Gothic churches.

[Translated from the French of Beranger for Ballou's Pictorial.]

PONIATOWSKI.*

BY FRANCIS A. DUBIVAGE.

[Joseph Poniatowski, nephew of the last king of Poland, born in 1776, served gloriously in the French armies from 1806 to 1813. After the battle of Leipzig, Napoleon raised him to the rank of marshal of the empire, and gave him the command of a corps of Poles and French, at the head of which he performed prodigies of valor. On the 18th of October the bridges over the Elster having been destroyed to cover the retreat of the French, Poniatowski, left behind with the rear guard, and pressed on all hands by the enemy's troops, rejected the propositions their generals made to him. Dangerously wounded, he cried: "God has confided to me the honor of the Poles, and I surrender it to God alone." He tried to force a passage through the river, but swept away by the waves he was engulfed, and his body found upon the banks of the Elster after the lapse of some days.]

I.

In full retreat? you? victors of the world?
At Leipzig did false fortune go astray?
You fly! the shattered bridge, to ruin hurled,
By growling waves is rudely borne away.
Soldiers, arms, horses, and the blackened piers
Wildly in Elster's waves together chafe—
That roll, insensible to prayers and tears—
"Frenchmen! one hand alone—and I am safe."

II.

"Only a hand! wo! wo! he speaks too late.
Pass on—who is it asks us thus to stay?"
'Tis Poniatowski struggling with his fate,
Thrice wounded in the bloody work to-day.
But what of that? Fear hardens every heart—
Not one will listen to yon floating waif.
He from his struggling horse is forced to part—
"Frenchmen! one hand alone—and I am safe!"

III.

He dies. Not yet!—stoutly he stems the wave,
And to the long mane of his courser clings.
"To drown!" he cries—"while near me fight the brave,
While still the volley parts, the sabre rings!
Help, comrades! ye have praised my arm of old—
I loved you, and with you all peril braved:
For France the hope of life still let me hold—
Frenchmen! a single hand, and I am saved."

IV.

No succor comes; and now his falling hand
Forsakes its hold! Poland! a long farewell!
But soft! a vision from a better land
Weaves round his dying soul a magic spell.
"One more the proud white eagle sweeps the sphere—
In Russian blood his snowy plumes are laved—
A song of victory bursts upon my ear—
Frenchmen! a single hand, and I am saved."

V.

No help—the Polish hero is no more—
And by the turbid river's reedy walls
The foe encamps upon the vanquished shore.
Yet still a sad voice from the river calls;
And late (O grant me, Heaven, belief!) that cry
Again was heard—again the echoes gave
From the blue vault the accents back—and why?
"Frenchmen! it only needs one hand to save."

VI.

'Tis Poland and her brave, heroic race,
Whose truth to us has oft been proved in fight—
She drowns in her own flood that flows apart,
Blood shed to keep her sacred honor bright.
Like that dead chief who for our country fell,
Whose poor remains the swollen Elster laved,
A sinking nation, that has served us well,
Cries, "France! a single hand, and we are saved."

* Written by Beranger in 1831.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BRIDE OF THE OCEAN.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

THE ship swept gracefully from her moorings into the beautiful bay, and leaving the Island City to fade in the distance, was soon sailing at so rapid a rate through the Narrows that when the crimson lights of sunset dipped into the west, she was far out at sea, and the last faint outline of the blue shore merged into the yet bluer waves of the mighty deep. As twilight darkened into night, and one after another of the glorious constellations that gem the vault of heaven rose in the east, glistening with unusual size and brilliancy in the pellucid atmosphere, as streaks and sparkles of phosphorescent light trailed after the broad path of the majestic vessel,—a scene of such impressive quiet and solemnity was presented to the few passengers, that every turbulent emotion was lulled into a sweet repose, and even the deep grief that lashed so fearfully one heart was nursed into a tender melancholy, that, at the time, seemed almost too holy a feeling to be exchanged for even the intensest joy.

It was a fair, young girl whose sorrow was thus calmed by the beauty of her first night at sea, the daughter of that proud old general, upon whose arm she leaned, as she paced the deck or rested against the bulwarks, the heiress of one of England's richest and loveliest domains. It was strange that she, so blest with youth and beauty, with a dower so heavy and so golden, with friends so countless and so precious, the jewel, too, of her old father's heart,—that she should bear within her soul a grief so atern; and stranger still that a parent's will should have stricken the sunbeam from her path.

Yet so it was. There lived on earth no prouder heart than that old general's, and disappointed in the single birth that marked his union with the lovely wife who came to his middle age like one of heaven's angels, so beauteous and so true, he centred upon the

infant daughter all the hopes and wishes that he would have joyed to scatter over a long line of heirs, never forgetting, as he spanned her future with its glorious bow, to shed a regretful tear, that she could not, like him, boast of a Briton's nativity. That being a fact of so palpable a character that it could not be dashed out of sight or emily, he endeavored to remedy what might be its attendant evils, by an intense and unceasing strife to indoctrinate her thoroughly with English views, determined that though the accident of birth had made her American, the discipline of life should make her loyalty unquestioned. Their mansion, its grounds, their style of living, their attendants, were all after the pattern of her old British ancestors, while from childhood up she was taught or bade to reverence that mother-home over the sea. From her father's lips as she nestled on his knees, from the daily lessons of her governess, from her books and plays, even, it was brought before her as a glorious land, as one towards whom all nations turned with regard and veneration, whose sons were all heroes, whose daughters all fair, whose soil was like Eden, whose laws were perfect, whose institutions religiously pure, and whose whole history brilliant with the glory that is born of undaunted heroism.

But somehow—we leave it for those better versed in mental philosophy than we to determine why—the old father failed, despite all his efforts, to make an English girl of his little American born daughter. "Merrie England," with all its historic renown, did not fill by far so large a place in her young heart as that fair and beautiful land whose skies had smiled so genially upon her when first she opened her eyes. She liked well enough to read stories of her father's home; but she loved better to sport amid the bright, fresh flowers that crowned her own; its sunshine playing about her brow was a golden crown that rested lighter there, and made her far happier, too, than that ducal coronet he had so often told her would one day sparkle amidst her curls. While under the shelter of the aristocratic old mansion whose walls her father had told her were massive as the turreted towers of his English castle, she would sing the ballads that he joyed to hear her learn, dance to British music, pore over British lore, and act the little English girl quite perfectly; but once out on the broad green meadows that skirted the environs of their park, and she was the veriest little rebel that ever disdained King George. In the humble, moss-roofed cottage of the widow Randolph, one of those peerless women who had herself buckled the sword of freedom to her husband's side, and with her own hands borne his wounded body from the glorious field in which he fell battling for his hearth, his wife and child, in that American home and at that American fireside, Kate Stanley forgot that a drop of English blood flowed in her veins, or remembering it, wished only that she could drain it out. She would sing with a sweetness she never poured into her nurse's songs, the somewhat uncouthly-worded ballads of the patriot army, while the melody of those loftier strains that even then had flowed from American lyres, became almost angelic as they trembled, bird like, upon her lips. With a raptured ear she would listen to the pale mourner's story of the wealth and glory of this western world, with the waves of two grand oceans washing its shores. With a tearful eye she would hear the story of its wrongs, and that eye would burn with a strange brilliancy, as its victorious battles were recounted, and its onward and upward path prophesied, now that as a free and glorious nation it was recognized. And when the hour for her return to her palatial home had come—and it even came too soon,—she would join with Mrs. Randolph and her gallant soldier's boy in a fervent prayer that the God of heaven would bless the young, fair States; and she would say, with a solemnity passing strange in the voice of one so youthful, "My home may be in England, but my heart I'll leave behind me."

Little thought she how fondly those words were cherished by her playmate George, the patriot son; or that they gave to his future life a coloring such as sunset clouds give to the west; that they spurred his ambition with a hope almost too beautiful for earth. Little recked she of the seeds she was sowing in her own and his young heart by communing so often with himself and his mother in their humble home. Seeking for a joy there that was not afforded her under loftier roofs, and finding it, she thought only of its present charm, caring not for the morrow, because absorbed in the beauty of to-day. And matters had sped thus from the time of Kate's seventh to her seventeenth birthday. But when in sailor garb, George Randolph met her beside the sylvan spring whose waters had so often cooled their flushed brows after childhood's romps, met her to say she was bound for a far distant sea, and that months would roll away ere he returned; then the young girl's eyes were opened, and through the tears that shone in them sparkled the rainbow of her life, its colors all woven deftly by the hand of love, its span stretching from heart to heart.

* * * * *

"I will bind you by no promises, my own sweet Kate. Not till as captain of a gallant ship I can stand before your father and ask of him your hand,—not until then will I bind this little trembler." And he lovingly laid his fingers upon the maiden's heart. "I go contented, knowing that the prize has only to be claimed—already won."

Their arms were entwined, their fingers tangled, golden curls mingling with raven locks, lips pressing lips, tears joining tears, heart throbbing to heart, and then the unspoken vow registered in heaven, they parted. Parted and did not meet till time had carried in its flight three summers to its grave. Then captain of as beautiful a ship as ever sailed upon the main, christened by loving memory and glowing hope, "The Bride of the Ocean;" then young Randolph gaily sought his Kate again, and as he clasped her to his heart, his own, his beautiful, life became to him divine, so heavenly was its aspect.

Alas, for those young hearts! Did they not see the darkening frown upon the old general's brow, as, unannounced, he entered the houndoir, within whose alcoved window sat the lovers? Nay, for hope was in their eyes, that hope that transforms wrinkles into smiles. As a frost in June, so fell his angry words upon their ears.

"I would see my daughter a corsair's bride as soon as I would see her wed the son of one who died a rebel to his king. No, young man; you leave my house this moment, and leaving it, leave hope behind you. God alone can change my will, and from her birth that will has been to see my Kate a duchess. Away!" and he stormed in fury,—away!—yes, and I'll away myself from this rebellious land! I'll sacrifice my wealth, if it must be, but I'll abide no longer here. In England, I'll forget all but one spot in this cursed country; but for that grave, I would forget it all!"

There was the pride of English blood in the old general's forehead as he spoke; but there was the pride of a noble soul upon Randolph's as he turned away, answering only:

"I would have made your daughter a happy wife, a *duke* could do no more. I would have been to her a husband, whose heart was all her own, and whose blood six thousand years ago was flowing in old Adam's veins; a *duke* could say no more."

The grass did not grow under his feet, ere he stood again upon the deck of his gallant ship. "Bride of the Ocean," said he, "henceforth you are my bride likewise. My life I will share with you, and your sails shall be my winding sheet."

And true to his words, angry ones though they were, General Stanley, in less than three months after the discovery of his daughter's love, engaged their passage to his ancestral home, pride blinding his eyes to the pallor of her fair young face, and to the sorrow that was crushing out her life.

THE STRANGE SHIP.

They had been a week at sea—old General Stanley and his daughter Kate, the heart of the one growing lighter and happier each day as the distance widened between him and his late American home, and that of the latter heavier and sadder. But one thought cheered her—that the same ocean rolled beneath her and her lover. Somehow she felt nearer to him while on the main, and dreaded to see the white cliffs of Britain rise from the wave; like the gravestones of her heart's happiness, they loomed up in the dim light of her wasted hopes. England was to be the charnel house of her young life, and she sometimes thought it would be bliss to have the blue waves, over which the Sea Bird now carried her so swiftly, bear her down to some coral grove, and leave her there a pale, passionless, human wreck.

It was the eighth day of their passage out, and so far it had been as favorable as the most sanguine could have anticipated. Every night had been as beautiful as the first; the days had been delightful, with their clear, golden skies, while the fair, fresh breezes had swelled the white canvass till, like its namesake, the gallant vessel seemed to fly over the crested waves. But that morning, as the general, at an early hour, ascended to the deck, he marked an anxious look upon the captain's brow. An acquaintanceship of "auld lang syne" warranted him in making inquiry as to the cause. Captain Peters hesitated a moment ere he answered:

"I would not alarm you unnecessarily, but I wish to heaven we were some hundred miles nearer the English coast."

"And why?"

The answer was given in a husky voice:

"The last ship that arrived in port ere we sailed was attacked by pirates somewhere about here. They were worsted in the conflict, and swore vengeance on the next that met them, and, general, a pirate is not likely to break an oath like that. If we meet them, there will be hot work between us. My gallant fellows, I could fear to see them die fighting against noble men, but that pirates should take their blood—ha!" and his eye sparkled fiercely; "they'll take it at a costly price."

"My child—my beautiful Kate!" cried the general, with a blanched face, as the captain turned away; and his heart grew sick as he thought of her fate, should the pirates board them victoriously. Death—ah, worse than death—is the doom of the beautiful then. He wrung his wrinkled hands, he wiped from his forehead drops of agony, he beat his bosom, he even prayed, though for years the true, earnest prayer had not passed his lips.

As day deepened into noon, and no sail hove in sight, he became somewhat reassured, and the cheerfulness which he had assumed the better to mask his fear, became a reality, and he laughed and chatted with his daughter, and bade her string anew her guitar and sing to him the ballads of Old England.

The sweet voice of Kate was warbling a most delicious trill, when suddenly, as though a thunderbolt fell from a cloudless sky, there loomed through the cabin the sullen roar of cannon, and again and again it reverberated, and each time the tones were deeper and nearer. The old man wound his arms about his child, and in breathless anxiety awaited the result, promising the trembling girl that with his own hands he would put out her life ere she should be the pirate's victim.

The afternoon wore on, and still the horrid din above, every moment growing more horrible, continued to rend the ears of the shivering couple; still they clung to each other, never daring to hope, but only fearing and now and then striving to pray. Bravely fought the English crew, though they had not men, but rather fiends or demented brutes to encounter, and were, besides, but few opposed to many. Gloriously did their captain head them on, when, the cannonading over, the pirates poured upon their deck. Though his own blood dyed his hands and spouted over his face from his many wounds, he yet fought on, cheering them till his

voice was hoarse in death, and with the last pulsation of his hand, brandishing aloft his scarlet cutlass. But all in vain. There was a shout, a rush, and trodden under foot were the few who yet had strength to fight, and then rung out the proud huzzas of the pirates, and more fearful than the wail of a tempest, came the piercing sounds to the ears of the captives below.

"Strike, father,—strike!" cried Kate; and she bared her heart to her father's hand. "Death—O, a thousand deaths—before the fate that now awaits me!"

The old man held the uplifted dagger. What thoughts were crowded into that moment—what agonizing thoughts, and worst and most harrowing of all, had not his own reckless pride of birth brought him and her to this dark hour! But for that, and the strong arm of a husband might now have shielded the beautiful one who was beseeching a parent's hand to take her life.

"O God," cried he, with snow-white lips, "verily, thy judgment has fallen heavily upon me! I crushed out the joy of her heart, and now I must dash out its life!" He quivered, the blade fell from his hand, and he sank upon the floor in a swoon that lasted for hours.

"Kill me—kill me!" cried Kate, as, lifting her weeping eyes from his pale face, she beheld one whom she rightly guessed was captain of the pirate crew standing in the doorway. "Kill me and bury us together in the sea!" And rising, she flung herself upon her knees before her captor.

"Calm yourself, gentle lady," said he, in low, earnest tones. "No violence shall meet you or your aged parent. We do not war with the defenceless. The bloodhounds that have hunted us alone shall feel our deadly power. Your cabin shall be as sacred as a sister's. But you must remove from here. The ship is sinking. Gather your valuables ere I return."

In less than an half hour he was again beside her, aiding her to the deck, while three of the least brutish of his crew were bearing thither, also, the still inanimate form of her father. Kate could not repress a scream as the fearful battlefield met her sight, so used to the beautiful only.

"Draw your veil, lady, and close your eyes. It is indeed an unseemly sight for a maiden like yourself. Yield yourself to my arms as to a brother's."

And faint and heartsick, Kate was obliged to do so, and darkened her vision till the pirate's voice assured her she might look up unblushingly. She found herself in a small but elegant room, panelled in oak, and ornamented with richly carved mouldings. Delicate silver lamps were suspended from the ceilings, exquisite pictures in heavily gilded frames lined the sides, curtains of rich damask draped the small windows, whose panes were of lustrous and colored glass, a carpet from Turkish looms softened the foot-fall, luxurious divans, elevated to the floor, invited the weary to repose, and a sort of Oriental elegance pervaded the whole apartment, intoxicating the senses and bewildering and fascinating the mind.

Kate noted none of these things then. She was too intent upon restoring once more to consciousness that father whose life seemed to hang on so slight a thread. But afterwards, in the weary hours of her captivity, she wondered at them all, and studied, too, how one with the exquisite taste here shown could so give up his soul to evil deeds.

As the old general at length sighed himself again into visible communion with the world, the Bold Buccaneer took in its last prizes from the sinking ship, and then pouring a broadside upon her, it sped away, and at the same moment the Sea Bird fluttered to her grave.

THE RESCUE.

Three weeks had glided by since Kate and her father first found themselves in the pirate's ship. The promises made to her had thus far been sacredly fulfilled. Once a day, for a fortnight, had the young captain tapped respectfully at the door, to inquire after their healths and to know if anything were yet needed for their comfort; but then, as he beheld how thin and pale the daughter had grown with her vigils—for her father had lain very sick ever since that fearful swoon,—he gently but firmly insisted upon sharing her watches. And no son could have been kinder than was he to that aged man, whose life-story, it was but too evident, was nearly told.

This last night he had spent entirely at his side, fairly driving Kate to the rest she so sorely needed. At early dawn she had released him from his care, and was just busying herself about those thousand nameless little duties of affection which none but a woman's eye can note, when she was startled to perceive him again at her side, and with a countenance so white that she could scarcely restrain a cry. He motioned her to be silent, and to come to the window opposite. It was a fearful tale he had to tell her. His men had mutinied. In the silence of the night, while their young commander was once again opening his heart to the beautiful and the true, to the angels that had flown out and in, they had perfected their secret plans, and he and his two captives were now under the thrall of the fierce spirits above.

It was long ere he told her what had first caused the dissatisfaction—that it was because he resolutely refused to give up the fair prize to their ruthless hands, telling them he would defend the defenceless with his life.

"O, I have been wicked," said he. "My hands are deeply dyed; but the blood of innocent girlhood has never stained them. The memory of my sainted mother forbade that crime. I was not always what I am. But do not fear," observing that Kate was shivering in every nerve. "Not till my body lies cold will they reach you or your father."

Three days passed on, and the prisoners were left unmolested, why they did not fairly know, only the captain guessed it was be-

cause of disagreements among the mutineers themselves. Each wanted the command, each wanted the beautiful prize, and the blackened hearts of all shuddered at the thoughts of encountering their late commander. True, he was their prisoner, but they knew only by stratagem. In broad daylight not one would have dared make him so, so strong are the truly brave and so indomitable their power over those who are urged on by no higher than mercenary or brutish motives.

Night was just fading into daylight—the daylight of the fourth morning,—when a confused sound was heard above. The listeners were breathless. But the keen ear of the captain soon detected the cause.

"Some ship has hove in sight and commanded them to run up their colors. I wonder"—and he half smiled—"I wonder whose ensign it will be?"

The confusion seemed to increase, the din became noisier, the heavy booming of cannon being added to the terrible sounds. To Kate, it seemed that she was carried back three weeks, and again in the cabin of the Sea Bird. She clung wildly to her parent's hand, that hand whose pulses grew weaker each moment. Their companion strove to calm her:

"It cannot be worse for us than it was. Let us hope it may be better. But I lost all my true-hearted men in that last conflict. They would have torn the heart out of any who had spoken of thus imprisoning me. They—but hush! The vessel is boarded! They are hard at it now! The cowards—the miscreants—I could strike them dead myself! They fly—ah, their meanness to their captain has unnerved them!"

And so it was. They missed the dauntless arm that had led them on for the last two years, and yielded with only half-dealt blows.

"Do not kill them," said the young commander of the vessel who had assailed them; "they who yield so tamely are unworthy to die by brave men's hands. Capture them; put irons on their weak wrists, and let the gallows finish them!" And he descended to the cabins.

"Prisoners! Ah, I wonder whom the fiends have shut up here?" as he marked the chained doors. "But I'll soon learn;" and he shivered them before him. "Wraith of my friend Frederick—and how comes it here?" exclaimed he, as the late captain, pistol in hand, strode bravely before the unknown intruder, determined to defend to the last the sister of his adoption.

"Randolph!—you—is it you? Bless God for the deliverance!"

"But what brings you or keeps you here, my old lieutenant Fred?" And the young men rushed into each other's arms.

"It is too long a story to tell you now. I have had devils—ay, seven of them in me, but the angels have cast them out. Come with me now, and reassure the two that I left half dead in the cabin beyond." And he drew his friend along, and unclosed the door of the small and lovely room which had been so sacred to the captives.

"Kate!"

"Randolph!"

Two voices, but blended as are song and word, and the parted lovers, so strangely met, were folded in a long embrace.

Fred looked on in wonder, and the old general rubbed his dim eyes and muttered to himself, "The match was made in heaven, and evil to him who strives to break it up."

THE BRIDE OF THE OCEAN.

The pirate crew, or the remnant of them, rather, had been duly manœuvred. A portion of Randolph's men, sufficient to navigate the prize, had been put aboard of her, with orders to steer for the nearest home port. The old general, his daughter and Lieutenant Fred had been transferred from the sumptuous cabin of the Bold Buccaneer to the plainer yet still elegant one of the Bride of the Ocean, and both vessels were now under full canvass.

With a noiseless step, Captain Randolph entered the cabin of his passengers, or prizes, as he playfully termed them, and seating himself beside the couch of the general, begged permission to ask a question.

"I am homeward bound," said he, "and cannot, in justice to my owners, tack again, or I would gladly see yourself"—and he hesitated—"and your daughter safe to English shores. Shall I put you aboard the first outward ship we meet, or will you return with me to America and start anew?"

His hand was grasped by the old man.

"George Randolph," whispered he, for he was too weak to speak aloud, "do you yet love my Kate?"

"Love her! Adore her!" answered he, passionately.

"Then she shall be your wife, and now. There is no time for idle ceremony. She has been twice snatched from a peril worse than death. She has need of a husband's care, poor motherless, brotherless, and soon to be fatherless child. I am near unto death, but I cannot die till I have seen her wedded. Call the chaplain."

And then and there, on the broad Atlantic, midway between her ancestral and her birth-home, Kate Stanley was wedded to George Randolph, the playmate of her childhood, the lover of her girl-life, and the abiding hope and joy of her womanhood. And her father, the proud old Briton, blessed, and fervently, too, the union of hands and hearts, for sorrow and the visible presence of the death angel had unsealed the purer fountains of his breast, and their crystal streams had baptized him into nobler views of men and things. And when, an hour later, as, at the earnest request of his gallant men, the young captain ascended to the deck, with his lovely companion, they, to a man, blessed the beautiful and noble couple, and then, with the enthusiasm of "tars," gave three cheers and three times three for Kate—Kate Randolph, the good, the fair and the true—the Bride of the Ocean! * * *

"Keep me alive, if you can, till the shores of America loom in view!" whispered the aged general. "O, do not bury me in the sea! Lay me beside my beautiful dead; lay me where the sunshine can find me—where Kate can weep over me—where prattling children can say, 'It is grandfather's grave!'"

And they tenderly watched him, and strove with love's eagerness to fan the faint life-spark,—they, the son, the daughter and the penitent Fred; while above the still cabin the brave seamen prayed for fair winds.

Heaven heard and answered the wish. Not till the Bride of the Ocean was gracefully sweeping into the glorious bay, the spires of the Island City, all golden with dawn-light, looming up in brilliant array,—not till Kate had whispered in low, earnest tones, "We are home, dear father!"—not till then did God claim the spirit, and the shrouded form sank not beneath the blue waves of the ocean, but went to its grave-rest in the old churchyard beside the beautiful dead.

THE EMPEROR AND THE SULTAN.

The past history of the family of Louis Napoleon and the Sultan of Turkey is full of interesting and marvellous incidents, some of which are probably not generally known to our readers. These two monarchs, now so cordially united in the struggle to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman empire, are both grandsons of American ladies. These ladies were born and raised in the same neighborhood, on the island of Martinique, one of the islands of the West Indies. They were of French origin, and companions and intimate friends in childhood and youth. They were Josephine de Tascher and a Miss S—. The history of Josephine is generally known. She went to France, and was married to M. de Beauharnais, by whom she had one son, Eugene, and a daughter, Hortense. Some time after the death of Beauharnais, Josephine was married to Napoleon Bonaparte, and became Empress of France. Her daughter, Hortense, was married to Louis Bonaparte, then King of Holland, and the present Emperor of France is her son by this marriage. Miss S— quitted the island of Martinique some time before her friend. But the vessel that was carrying her to France was attacked and taken by the Algerine corsairs, and the crew and passengers were made prisoners. But this corsair ship was in turn attacked and pillaged by Tunis pirates, and Miss S— was carried by them to Constantinople, and offered for sale as a slave. Her extraordinary beauty and accomplishments found her a purchaser in the Sultan himself, and she soon became the chief lady of the seraglio and Sultanness of Turkey. Mahomed II. was her son, and the present Sultan, Abdul Medjid, is the son of Mahmoud. Thus the two sovereigns, who now occupy so large a place in the world's eye, are grandsons of American Creole girls.—*Pittsburg Post*.

BIRDS AS INSECT DESTROYERS.

The activity of birds when they have young is most surprising. Dr. Macgillivray records the observations made by a friend on a pair of blue titmice when rearing their young. The parent birds began their labor of love at half-past three o'clock in the morning, and did not leave off till after eight o'clock in the evening, after being almost incessantly engaged for nearly seventeen hours. Mr. Weir counted their various returns to the nest, and found them to be 475. Up to four o'clock, as a breakfast, they were fed twelve times; between five and six, forty times, flying to and from a plantation more than one hundred and fifty yards from their nest; between nine and ten o'clock, they fed them forty-six times, and they continued at their work till the time specified, sometimes bringing in a single large caterpillar, and at times two or three small ones. The number of destructive insects removed by birds when feeding their young must be astonishing, if they are in any degree as active as the two blue titmice so patiently observed by Mr. Weir on the 4th of July, 1837. Great as the number of returns to the nest seems to be, it certainly does not exceed that of the common window swallow.—*Adam White*.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NATIONAL SYSTEM OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By FREDERICK LIST. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott & Co. 1856. 8vo. pp. 497.

The publication of such a valuable work as this is a happy symptom of the healthy condition of the public mind, and the enterprise of our publishers. It is one of the ablest of political writers. The book was translated from the German by G. A. Matile, has Henri Richelot's Notes to the French edition, and a preliminary essay and notes by Stephen Colwell. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN GIRLS. By BLYTHE WHITE, JR. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 406.

A very pleasant Vermont story, with capital pictures of rural life in New England. The plot is ingenious and interesting, and the book is splendidly illustrated by Barry and Orr.

THE SUMMER OF THE PESTILENCE. By GEORGE D. ARMSTRONG, D. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1856. 18mo. pp. 192.

The narrative of the ravages of the yellow fever at Norfolk, Va., during the summer of 1855, is well written, and will be read with a mournful interest. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—G. P. Reed & Co., 13 Tremont Row, has just published the "Fall of Sebastopol," an heroic polka for the piano, by Wm. Dressler.

NOTES OF TRAVEL IN EGYPT, THE HOLY LAND, ETC. By BENJ. DORA, D.D., Rector of Christ Church, Philadelphia. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 396.

Concerning the storied East, much has been written, but not too much. Each traveller's views throw new light on this wondrous region, which Dr. Dorr paints with fascinating colors. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

POEMS. By CHARLES KINOSLEY, author of "Amyas Leigh," "Hypatia," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 18mo. pp. 234.

The greater part of this volume is occupied by a dramatic poem, the "Saint's Tragedy," founded on a story of the Middle Ages, full of capability, and worked up with great power and effect. It is a work of true genius, though not perhaps of a character to command immediate popularity.

MEMOIR OF REGINALD HEBER, BISHOP OF CALCUTTA. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 348.

There have been few nobler lives than that of Bishop Heber—a man of splendid genius, of fine social qualities, and a true Christian. His biography, written by his widow, has been abridged by a clergyman, and makes a most readable volume.

THE ROMAN EXILE. By GUGLIELMO GAJANI. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 450.

The author of this interesting volume is a resident of the United States, but formerly a representative in the Roman Constituent Assembly of 1849, and exiled on account of his political acts. He paints a period of the deepest interest, viewed from a high personal standpoint. As an exponent of the views of the Roman republicans, he will command universal attention.

THE WAR IN KANSAS. By G. DOUGLAS BREWERTON. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1855. 12mo. pp. 400.

Since all the world on this side of the water is talking Kansas night and day, Mr. Brewerton's notes of "a rough trip to the border among new homes and a strange people," with Darley's admirable illustrations, will be sure to sell like hot cakes. The author writes with a great deal of spirit, and expresses his views fearlessly. Many of his sketches of character are admirable. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.



JAPANESE WRESTLERS.

JAPANESE SCENES.

On this and the succeeding page we present our readers with a series of very striking illustrations of the manners, customs and peculiarities of the Japanese, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Hill, from the material collected for the Pictorial by an officer of the United States expedition, some of the results of whose researches have already been presented to our readers, and elicited many urgent requests for their continuance. Our first picture represents a couple of burly Japanese wrestlers, engaged in their rather formidable sport, in the presence of an assembly as much excited by the performance as were the refined Greeks during the Olympic games. Wrestling holds no mean position among the bodily exercises in the opinion of the Japanese. In the encouragement of athletic sports, they doubtless have something more than mere pastime in view; and like the ancient Greeks and Romans, consider these exercises a fitting preparation for the exigencies of war. Hippocrates, the father of physicians, was a strong advocate of wrestling; and Theodorus, Priscianus and Oribasius spoke in favor of it. So that the Japanese have excellent authorities for their practice. The place where the wrestling occurs is surrounded by a railing of about half the height of the spectators. The judge of the field is seated on a hill, under a square roof, supported by four pillars, not very unlike the judge's stand upon our American race-courses. The wrestlers put their hair under a net, made in the form of a cap, which they draw close and fasten to the crown of their heads, from a small string which descends to their backs. They are stripped from the waist upward, but on their sides and backs wear a copper plate engraved with the imperial arms, open on the breast, and made fast about the waist with two cords; their breeches are tied up by strings to the plates. Thus equipped, they enter with ardor into the contest; and the victor, after throwing his antagonist, presents himself to the judge, who awards a prize of silver or gold plates, sometimes bearing the imperial arms. The second picture represents one of those little two-wheeled chariots, in which the maids of honor, according to the Dutch travellers in Japan, are accustomed to take their airings. These are represented as very elegant equipages, according to the Japanese taste; they have gilt and silver plates at the extremities, the spokes of the wheel are of cedar carved and gilded, and the tires are of copper. The seat, which accommodates only one person, is spread with tapestry, which descends between the wheels; the front part, of an oval form, is open, while a stately canopy overhead protects the fair occupant from the sun and rain, and she draws her curtain when she pleases to keep off the wind. The propelling power is a stout man, with poles across his shoulders. The third engraving depicts a couple of itinerant bonzes or priests. These priests generally go about in pairs, as depicted in our illustration, wearing ragged apparel. The never shave their beards, nor cut their hair—the elfish and disordered state of it giving them a singular appearance. On their heads they wear six-cornered caps, wrought like a net, with two points before and two behind. They are always provided with tablets to write on, a cloth, a cala-

bash, and a chain of small horns, by which they tell over their prayers. Their temples stand on the very summit of the mountains, and are reached by precipitate pathways. These saints generally spend their time among the sick, muttering prayers in a language peculiar to their order. Kampfer tells us of an old monk eighty years old, and a native of Nagasaki, who had spent the "greatest part of his life in holy pilgrimages, running up and down the country, and visiting almost all the temples of the Japanese empire. The superstitious vulgar had got such a high notion of his holiness, that even in his lifetime they canonized and revered him as a great saint, to the extent of worshipping his statue, which he caused to be carved of stone, exceeding in this even Alexander the Great, who had no divine honors paid him during his life. Those of his countrymen who were of our retinue did not fail to run thither, and see and pay their respects to that holy man." Kampfer, in speaking of the beggars and begging priests of Japan, adds some particulars respecting a certain remarkable religious order of young girls, called *bikuni*, which is as much as to say, nuns. They live under the protection of the nunneries at Kamakura and Miako, to which they pay a certain sum a year of what they get by begging, as an acknowledgement of their authority. They are, in my opinion, by much the handsomest girls in Japan. The daughters of poor parents, if they be handsome and agreeable, apply for, and easily obtain this privilege of begging in the habit of nuns, knowing that beauty is one of the most persuasive inducements to charity. The *jamabo*, or begging mountain priests (of whom more hereafter), frequently incorporate their own daughters into this religious order, and take their wives among these *bikuni*. "The *jamabo*, or mountain priests, or rather *jamabuo*, or mountain soldiers, at all times go armed. "They do not shave their heads, but follow the rules of the first founder of this order, who mortified his body by climbing up steep, high mountains; at least they conform themselves thereunto, in their dress, apparent behaviour, and some outward ceremonies—for they are fallen short of his rigorous way of life. They have a head or general of their order, residing at Miako, to whom they are obliged to bring a certain sum every year, and who has the distribution of dignities and titles, whereby they are known among themselves. They commonly live in the neighborhood of some famous Kami temple, and accost travellers in the name of that Kami which is worshipped there, making a short discourse of his holiness and miracles with a loud, coarse voice. Meanwhile, to make the noise still louder, they rattle their long staves, loaded at the end with iron rings, to take up the charity money which is given them; and, last of all, they blow a trumpet made of a large shell. They carry their children along with them on the same begging errand, clad like their fathers, but with their heads shaved. These are exceedingly troublesome and importunate with travellers, and commonly take care to light on them as they are going up some hill or mountain, where, because of the difficult ascent, they cannot well escape, nor indeed otherwise get rid of them without giving them something. In some places, they and their fathers accost

travellers in company with a troop of *bikuni*, and, with their rattling, singing, trumpeting, chattering and crying, make such a frightful noise, as would make one almost mad or deaf. These mountain priests are frequently applied to by superstitious people for conjuring, fortune-telling, foretelling future events, recovering lost goods, and the like purposes; they profess themselves to be of the Kami religion, as established of old, and yet they are never suffered to attend, or to take care of, any of the Kami temples." The next engraving in our series represents the idol in the temple of the Golden Amida, in the city of Jeddo. The idol and his surroundings are quaint and original. One of the Dutch writers, to whose observation and experience we are so deeply indebted for much that we know of Japan, thus minutely describes this singular scene. "The temple of the Golden Amida is no small ornament to this city (Jeddo). The idol, which is terrible to behold, is situated on an altar, in the middle of the aisle; the altar is plated all over with silver, on which stand two golden cups, one before and the other behind the idol, who sits himself mounted on a horse with seven heads, every head signifying a hundred thousand of years, his own like that of a dog with long ears; in his hands a golden harp, holding the middle in his mouth betwixt his teeth. But nothing can be more costly than the skirts of his coat, from the middle and downward studded and embossed with pearls, diamonds and other precious stones. At the bottom of the altar are many Japan characters engraved, which are the hieroglyphics or mysterious signification of the several attributes of this their idol, who appears to be esteemed one of the chiefest of all their deities; therefore, they always account it a blessing when they have occasion but to name him. Father Lodowick Frojas relates, in his letter from Canga, an island of Japan, dated Anno Domini 1565, that Cuba, the emperor's royal consort, had built a chapel in her own palace, dedicating it to Amida, in which she daily attended with a great train of ladies, there paying her devotions to his statue representing a comely youth, crowned with gold, that reflected rays like sunbeams. For when the Emperor Cubus was slain by the rebels, Diandono and Mioxindono, and the empress, making her escape, took sanctuary in a monastery near Miako, being discovered, the privilege of the place not protecting her, they sent an executioner to take away her life. She, preparing to obey the hard sentence, called for pen, ink and paper, and wrote to her two daughters, who were imprisoned in the next house, informing them that she was to be unjustly murdered; but she rejoiced, and would be glad to embrace death, because she doubted not but that Amida had found this means to bring her to a better habitation, and the sooner to enjoy that paradise where her dear husband so lately murdered remained, expecting by her company the full accomplishment of both their happiness. When sealing up the letter, she thanked the bonze for his kind entertaining of her in their college, and drawing near to Amida's altar, kneeling, she lifted up her hands, and called twice on the god to forgive her sins. Then the bonze laid his hand on her head, as a token that she had absolution from all her offences. Then going from thence into a



MAID OF HONOR'S CHARIOT.



WILD BONZES.



THE IDOL AMIDA.



TILTING IN JAPAN.

private room, she lifted up her hands again to heaven, and cried, 'Amida! Amida!' which said, she was beheaded. Furthermore, it is to be observed, that there are several images representing this god; for whereas he is sometimes made (as we said before) with a dog's head, riding on a seven-headed horse, another resembling a naked youth, with holes in his ears, sitting on a large rose carved of wood, and in a strange shape, with a fantastic cap on his head slit before, with two large buttons on the top, with a comely and youthful countenance. In his ears hang two rings, one within another; about his neck a scarf; his breast covered with an oval plate curiously engraven; over his shoulders and back hangs a coat of feathers neatly wrought and joined together; in his hands a string of beads, his breast and body exceeding large, sitting on a great cushion. Before him stand several letters engraven on a square stone. They also oftentimes place near their god Amida, another idol with three heads, which are covered with one flat cap or bonnet joined close together, their chins hairy, about the neck a pasteboard band, on each four arms and hands, the breast and arms girded with five strings of pearl; the body appears like the sun darting rays, with several characters in the middle; the walls are all hung with rich and costly Japan garments, and before them many burning lamps." The fifth picture represents a Japanese tournament, or tilting—one of their favorite amusements. The greatest dignitaries of the empire are assembled to witness the bloodless efforts of the ring. In one part of the lists is a carved head, at which some tilt with spears, others assault it with bills, and others display their skill with arrows and guns. From Thunberg's account of the arms of the Japanese, it would seem as if they could render the soldiers very formidable. He mentions bows and arrows, scimitars, halberds and guns; their bows are very large, and their arrows long, like those of the Chinese. Guns were not ordinarily employed. Thunberg saw some, apparently matchlocks, only as articles of curiosity in the dwellings of the imperial officers, displayed upon a stand in the audience chamber. The few cannon at Nagasaki, formerly belonging to the Portuguese, were discharged only once in seven years; the Japanese, knowing little of their proper management, and fixing the match to a long pole, so as to fire them off at a safe distance. Their longer swords are broad-backed, a little curved, a yard long, and of excellent temper, the hilts roundish and flat, with a round and substantial guard. The scabbard is thick and flat, made of wood and sometimes covered with shagreen and lackered. The shorter sword is straight. These swords are costly and are of high value. The sixth engraving is an accurate representation of the Japanese fishermen, a very numerous class in the islands. The men commonly have their heads shaven, leaving a ring of hair, like the tonsure of the Roman Catholic priests. Their drapery is folded over their dress, and confined by a broad girdle, sustaining a sharp knife. Over their shoulders passes a yoke, which sustains a square vessel containing water on each side, wherein their fish are kept alive. The fishermen's wives wear a scarf around their heads, with a tuft falling down on their brows—the bosom

covered by a square cloth interwoven with silken flowers, about their necks a long cotton cloth that falls down their backs, their dress, full and long, descends to the ankles, their sandals are fastened by a strap. The seventh engraving represents a Japanese pleasure boat, or *Fuyfena*, and as will be seen, it is a sumptuous craft, with its banks of oars, and not very dissimilar to pictorial representations of the Egyptian galley in which Cleopatra sailed down the Cydnus to meet Mark Anthony. These barges commonly have forty oars, and are elegantly fitted up, the cabins being supplied with mirrors and tapestries. They move with incredible swiftness and traverse long distances. Kampfer writes: "All the ships and boats we met with on our voyage by sea were built of fir or cedar, both of which grow in great plenty in the country. They are of a different structure, according to the purposes and waters for which they are built. The pleasure boats, made use of only for going up and down rivers, or to cross small bays, are widely different in their structure, according to the possessor's fancy. Commonly they are built for rowing. The first and lowermost deck is flat and low; another, more lofty, with open windows, stands upon it, and this may be divided like their houses, by folding screens, as they please, into several apartments. Several parts are curiously adorned with a variety of flags and other ornaments. The merchant ships that venture out at sea, though not very far from the coasts, and serve for the transport of men and provisions from one island or province to another, deserve a more accurate description. They are commonly eighty-four feet long and twenty-four feet broad, built for sailing as well as rowing. They run tapering from the middle towards the stem, and both ends of the keel stand out of the water considerably. The body of the ship is not built bulging, as our European ones; but that part which stands below the surface of the water runs almost in a straight line towards the keel. The stern is broad and flat, with a wide opening in the middle for the easier management of the rudder, which reaches almost to the bottom of the ship, and lays open all the inside to the eye. The deck, somewhat raised toward the stem, consists only of deal boards laid loose, without anything to fasten them together. It rises but little above the surface of the water when it hath its full lading. The cabin juts beyond the ship about two feet on each side; and there are sliding windows around it which may be opened or shut, as occasion requires. In the furthest parts are the cabins, or rooms for passengers, separate from each other by folding screens or doors, with floors covered with fine, neat mats." Our last engraving represents the chariot of a noble Japanese lady, drawn by oxen and led by a servant. The oxen are sometimes harnessed with golden chains. There are carriages with steps of eight angles to ascend them, each corner adorned with a couchant dragon. The outside is curiously painted and gilded—with several pictures framed in richly carved panels. The Japanese have certainly exalted ideas of luxury, though they may not coincide with us in their notions of taste. But that there is no disputing about tastes is an axiom as old as Horace.



JAPANESE FISHERMEN.

FRICTION MATCHES.

Among articles of demand that have become of importance, nothing is more worthy of notice than the friction or lucifer match. About twenty years ago, chemistry abolished the tinder-box, and the burnt rag which made the tinder went to make paper. Slowly did the invention spread. The use of the match is now so established that machines are invented to prepare the splints. In New York, one match manufactory annually cuts up a large raft of timber for matches. The English matches are generally square, and thus thirty thousand splints are cut in a minute. The American matches are round, and the process of shaping being more elaborate, four thousand five hundred splints are cut in a minute. We will follow a bundle of eighteen hundred thin splints, each four inches long, through its conversion into three thousand six hundred matches. Without being separated, each end of the bundle is first dipped into sulphur. When dry, the splints, adhering to each other by means of the sulphur, must be parted by what is called dusting. A boy, sitting on the floor with a bundle before him, strikes the matches with a sort of mallet on the dipped ends till they become thoroughly loosened. They have now to be plunged into a preparation of phosphorus or chlorate of potash, according to the quality of the matches. The phosphorus produces the pale, noiseless fire; the chlorate of potash the sharp crackling illumination. After this application of the more inflammable substance, the matches are separated, and dried in racks. Thoroughly dried, they are gathered up again into bundles of the same quantity, and are taken to the boys who cut them. There are few things more remarkable in manufactures than the extraordinary rapidity of this cutting process, and that which is connected with it. The boy stands before a bench, the handle on his right hand, a pile of empty boxes on his left. The matches are to be cut, and the empty boxes filled, by this boy. A bundle is opened; he seizes a portion, knowing by long habit the required number with sufficient exactness, puts them rapidly into a sort of frame, knocks the ends evenly together, confines them with a strap which he tightens with his foot, and cuts them in two parts with a knife on a hinge, which he brings down with a strong leverage. The halves lie projecting over each end of the frame; he grasps the left portion and thrusts it into a half-open box, which slides into an outer case, and he repeats the process with the matches on his right hand. This series of movements is performed with a rapidity almost unexampled; for in this way two hundred thousand matches are cut, and two thousand boxes filled in a day, by one boy. The increased summer demand for the matches shows that the great consumption is among the masses—the laboring population—those who make up the vast majority of the contributors to duties of customs and excise. In the houses of the wealthy there is always fire; in the houses of the poor, fire in summer is a needless hourly expense. Then comes the match to supply the want—to light the afternoon fire to boil the kettle. The matches sometimes fail, but they cost but little, and so they are freely used, even by the poorest.—*Knight's Knowledge is Power.*



JAPANESE PLEASURE BARGE.



CHARIOT OF A NOBLE LADY OF JAPAN.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"IN SPHERES OF LIGHT,"

BY FRANK FREELOVE.

My present life is dark and drear—
The past is laid on memory's shrine;
Yet o'er the future hangs a star,
It beameth forth with light divine:
It bids my fainting spirit cheer—
It buoys my soul like ancient wine,
And whisperings float in accents dear,
"In spheres of light thou shalt be mine."

My path lies through a darksome waste—
The rays of hope no longer shine;
My dreams of love and life are passed—
The dreary hours alone are mine.
And yet, anon, at vesper hour,
An angel bids me not repine,
And soothes my soul with magic power—
"In spheres of light thou shalt be mine."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE HEROIC SACRIFICE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

THE morning breeze blew cheerily in its September freshness into the high windows of a lofty chamber. The long white curtains escaped from their loops, and were streaming, with their deep fringes, across a table, where lay books, papers and writing materials. The chamber was at the very top of a high house, almost on the summit of a hill. Here the winds revelled at their will, in the upper branches of the tall trees encircling the house; and all day the birds rocked there securely, or picked the crumbs from the ledges of the windows, which a careful hand had placed there to tempt them into familiarity. The walls of the room were of a light stone color, a subdued tint, which suited well for the hanging of the fine pictures which adorned them.

One entire side of the chamber was filled with books in rare bindings. Excepting the books and pictures, there was nothing that did not present an air of grave simplicity; and yet there was not wanting an appearance of elegance that bespoke a cultivated taste, and ample means in the owner to exercise it.

By the long table which stood in the centre of the room, a young man was sitting in deep abstraction. His forehead was buried in his hands, over which fell long chestnut curls, soft and silken as a child's. He was tall, but of slight figure, and when he moved, there was an unconscious grace in the light, almost boyish limbs. As he raised his head, one could have seen a proud look of determination about the firm mouth, even though the soft gray eyes were suffused with tears.

This was the young physician, Ernest Kenneth; a man of remarkable promise, who had already drawn the attention of the colleges to his clear and lucid expositions of certain branches of medical knowledge, and his rapid rising in his profession in various ways.

Now, the eyes of many older practitioners were looking to him to define a new position in the medical world; a new disease had arisen, which baffled the skill of the oldest physicians. It was said—whispered at first, for men trembled as they spoke—that nothing but a positive and thorough examination after death could give them any clue to the cause, or develop any mode of relief to new sufferers from the terrible disorder; and to this was appended almost a certainty that the examination would prove fatal to the operator.

But where was the heroic spirit that would dare this risk? Talk not of the heroism of him who flies to arms at the sound of the trumpet, with the phantom Glory beckoning him onward. Somewhere for him, in the dim future, there may be honor and power, of which he dreams that he shall be the possessor; and hope whispers that he shall bear a charmed life amidst the smoke and din of the battle. But it bears no analogy to the heroism of him who voluntarily gives up his life to the interests of humanity;—who consents to die that others may live; and makes this sublime sacrifice, not that he may be crowned with glory, but that he may, through suffering death, bind up other broken hearts, and heal other wounded spirits.

The fresh autumn breeze came over the fevered brow of Kenneth, and cooled its burning glow; he knelt down where it kissed his hot forehead, and prayed. He rose up strengthened and refreshed; his resolution, so far as regarded himself, was taken, and he was calmer afterwards than before he had decided.

He went out to attend the appointed meeting of the practitioners of the city. Most of them were old men; a few were in the prime of life, and had wives and children. There were other lives enfolded in their own; and it was terrible to see the struggles which evidently were going on in their hearts. As Kenneth entered, he felt that all eyes were turned upon him. Already, it would seem, that they were ready to baptize him into the suffering from which they shrunk with almost mortal fear.

As they stood round in little groups, there were many expressions that met his ear, which seemed to be suggestive of excuse and exemption for every one but himself. With a brave and manly look, Kenneth walked up to the president, and announced his intention of examining the next case that might occur, if no other physician of longer experience, or higher talent, should wish to take the responsibility. The president looked with undisguised admiration upon this offer of noble self-sacrifice, and a tear stood in his aged eye. Many of the older men gathered around him, and blessed him in the name of humanity.

At that moment a student entered, and making his way to the

chair of the president, informed him of a death which had just taken place. There was a stirring sound, as of persons turning suddenly round to take a look at Kenneth. He alone was calm, while he heard sobs on every hand from hearts that truly bled for the approaching trial.

"I will be ready at ten o'clock this evening, sir," said Kenneth; "and now I only ask to have the few remaining hours to bid adieu to the friends who are yet unaware of my design." Pressing the hands of those nearest to him, he left the room.

The next hour found him again in his chamber, writing rapidly. They were letters to his distant friends; for Ernest was but recently a resident in the city, and his only relative was the good old bishop, who had induced him to settle there. To the bishop's house he made the first call; but the first look at his face showed that the old man was ill and anxious. He forebore to tell him the secret which weighed upon his mind, and proceeded to call at another house in the western part of the city.

It was a pleasant little place to which he directed his footsteps. There was a pretty garden in front, where the autumn flowers were freshly blooming. It was the abode of a widow lady, to whom Ernest had been as a son. Her daughter lived with her, and it had been her sole joy to call him brother; she did not know that there was a love in her heart's lowest depths that is far beyond sisterly affection. They had been Kenneth's first friends in the city, and his affection for them was deep and sincere. There was little of mere personal beauty in the face and figure of Evelyn Mordaunt; but goodness and intelligence beamed from her eyes, and irradiated her otherwise plain and sorrowful countenance.

Almost every morning Ernest had gone to the house of his friends before he commenced his daily professional visits. It was a daily brightening up of the dull life which Evelyn and her mother would have otherwise felt theirs to be, now that their once large family circle had narrowed down to these two solitary ones; and the book which he was sure to bring, beguiled the time until he came again. From Evelyn's beautiful collection of household plants, he always bore away a cluster of richly scented flowers, to refresh his sense of beauty when he visited the chambers of the sick; nor was the offering forgotten on this morning, for as he entered the empty parlor, it lay awaiting him on the table.

Mrs. Mordaunt soon came in, and to her he unfolded his plans, concealing, however, a part of the danger he so justly apprehended. There was something at his heart that forbade his telling Evelyn, and he left the room without seeing her. "If I should live through this trial, dear friend," he said, as he parted from Mrs. Mordaunt, "I will see Evelyn to-morrow; if not, tell her that my last thought shall be of her."

He ran quickly down stairs, with Evelyn's flowers in his hand. Off the landing-place a small room had been built expressly for her own use. Here she had gathered the dearest memorials of her dead father and brother, and the whole room seemed consecrated to memory and affection. From this room he heard the sound of mingled prayer and weeping; and as he pushed the door gently, he saw Evelyn on her knees, and heard her pray for his life. He pressed forward, and laying his hand upon her head, now wet with the dew of agony, he mingled his tears with hers. She had overheard his conversation with her mother, and, unable to suppress her feelings, had flown to her room, to seek consolation where best it may be found for sorrowing hearts.

Shortening this painful meeting as much as possible, Ernest tried to bid her farewell, but she clung to his arm, and entreated him not to leave her. In that mournful hour the state of her affections was first revealed. Death was casting a shadow over her, which made the little concealments and conventionalities of life seem small, and insignificant, and useless; and Evelyn's heart rose against and above them all. With an agony of soul, she poured out her long concealed love for him—a love hitherto unknown to herself; and Ernest could only clasp her in his arms, like one about to part for the last time from a beloved object. There was a shadow over his face, as though death had already swept its wings above him. He tore himself away, and Evelyn sank again upon her knees. When she arose he was far down the street walking slowly and sadly along, with head bent down, and the sunset shadows were across his path. "So near!" he exclaimed, as the sun sunk in the purple and orange clouds of the west.

A few words with the physicians, a parting pressure of the hand from some of his companions, whose student life he had assisted, and his hour had come. Two of his friends, to whom he was more than fraternally attached, accompanied him to the house where he was to pass through the terrible ordeal of the coming night. They parted as friends part on the confines of the spirit-world, and Ernest went up the long stone steps that led to a retired wing of the house.

A young man about Kenneth's own age had died; he was the only son of a man high in the public estimation, and first in all generous impulses. That he had voluntarily entered into the feelings and wishes of the physicians, in regard to an examination of the disease, and had made every preparation of which his exhaustless means were capable to facilitate their purpose, was the best proof of his philanthropy. He hushed the beating heart, which would have naturally shrunk from this sacrifice to others, and offered up his own feelings at the shrine of humanity.

As Ernest entered the large and beautiful room which was appropriated to his use, his eye fell upon the wide marble table, on which the young man lay. How perfect was that still repose! Disease had not marred the spiritual beauty of the face, nor shrunk the lifelike outline of the form, as it lay under the light folds of the ample sheet which fell over it to the floor. There were writing-materials on a table, over which hung a silver lamp, which lighted the centre of the apartment, and the softer beams of a full moon came in at a distant window, making dim shadows

across the tessellated marble floor. He was to write out the result of his observations; and the large alabaster vase, filled with concentrated vinegar, and surrounded by blocks of ice, was to receive the papers, which might otherwise have communicated the disease to others, in coming from his hands. Twice he had opened the window for a breath of the fresh air of approaching morning; and once he fancied that he saw a figure, leaning against the little fountain, in the moonlight. But his brain was almost reeling from the effects of his yet unfinished work, and he returned to the table again.

Of the details of that miserable night there was no record, save those which marked the progress of his research. It is enough to say, that the papers found the next morning in the vase, threw a new light upon the labors of the physicians, and the disease was henceforth stayed.

Exhausted by the intense excitement of the night, Ernest tried feebly to reach the door which opened to the outer air. When he opened it, there was a shadow on the broad stone step, and he saw no more. It was Evelyn. Unable to sleep, she had wandered out into the garden, and from thence to the street. Groups of people were standing at the corners, although it was far into the night; and from each group she heard murmurs of admiration, mingled with regret, at the self-immolation of the young physician.

Evelyn's heart beat high with exultation at one moment, and sunk into agony at the next, as she listened alternately to the praises of his noble courage, and the certainty of its proving fatal. With a feeling of desperation, and with a vague hope, dim and undefined, that she might possibly aid him in some extremity, or at least die with him, she pressed onward until she found herself in the large square before the house, where she knew that her heart's best beloved was almost seeking his death. She tremblingly watched his shadow as it passed and repassed the window, and once she saw him lean from the window. Had her life depended on it, she could not then have spoken or moved. She had suffered so much in the last few hours, that all the agony of a lifetime seemed concentrated in that one scorching, terrible thought of Ernest's voluntary martyrdom.

At length she saw him, while she leaned against the fountain, as he approached the door. She sprung to the steps, and received him in his arms. With a strength borrowed of desperation, she almost carried him to the fountain, and sprinkled his face with the cool water; he gasped once, but did not recognize Evelyn. Again and again she bathed the white brow, which looked like marble under the clear light of the moon, but no answer came to her words.

The gray light of morning was brightening into red in the east, when Ernest opened his dull eye, and the breath quickened at his heart. Moment after moment passed, which seemed ages to Evelyn, before he knew her. Then, it would seem that the wild beating of her heart could be heard by him, and she heard her name murmured by his lips. She opened his vest to give him air, and the spray of beautiful flowers which she had given him the morning before, fell from his breast. She heard him talk of the flowers, too; and her heart told her that it was of those very ones of which he was dreaming. Once he faintly murmured, as if talking to another, "Dear Evelyn, she will mourn for me!" Then followed a few indistinct sentences, in which the names of his student friends were mingled with that of young De Blois, the last victim to the terrible scourge.

Evelyn believed him dying. She had neither heart nor hope to call assistance; all her thought was centered in dying with him; all her duty and affection as a daughter, seemed merged into one thought—that of yielding up her life as he had done. The world seemed receding like a dim cloud from her view, and heaven was already opened; she could believe that she saw the wings of the angels who were to bear Ernest to the skies, and her only cry was, "Take me with ye!"

The morning light was now deepening in the east, and a window in the house was softly opened; some one called to Evelyn, but she did not heed their call. A man passed hastily by, and seemed frightened at his proximity to apparent death. Evelyn knew by his countenance, that he believed them some poor creatures, who were driven out from the houses to die, and she would not ask his aid.

By-and-by one after another wandered through the square, and at length she saw two men approach the house, and look anxiously up at the windows of the room where Ernest had passed the night. They were the friends who accompanied him hither the preceding night, and they recognized his apparel, as he lay beneath the fountain, although all traces of Ernest Kenneth had faded from his countenance. They raised him up, and again they sprinkled him copiously with the pure cold water from the basin of the fountain. It was long before the faintest color came to the cheek, or light to the glazed eye. By this time a couch was brought from the house, and Ernest was laid upon it. Under the shadow of the tall house, and within reach of the sparkling spray from the water, they tended him for hours.

The horrors of that night had done a fearful work upon Ernest Kenneth. It was long before even the quiet and stillness of Evelyn's peaceful home could restore the wonted tone of his shattered spirits. Of the great work which he had done for science he had scarcely any consciousness for many months; but men blessed him, as his feeble steps, guided by Evelyn, were watched and waited for—and his thin, white hand was eagerly pressed by those who felt that he was a benefactor.

The spring time had succeeded to winter, and was fast deepening into summer, when they went abroad for the recovery of his health. They returned the following year, and Ernest was brave and strong again, ready to follow up the work he had so nobly begun. There was an angel, too, in his home, helping, sustaining, blessing him. "Men called her *angel*, but he called her *wife*."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

VIVE LA BAGATELLE!

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

I've drank of the wave of the fountain,
And sipped of the dew of the flower;
I've climbed to the peak of the mountain,
And dreamed in the twilight hour.

I've danced on the strand of the ocean,
And swam through the billowy spray;
I've worshipped the spirit of motion,
And sang when my heart was gay.

I've dashed on the bounding courser,
Through the morning's misty gray,
And clung to his mane the closer,
And laughed as he bounded away.

I've bowed to the storm king's thunder,
In silent and fearful awe;
And dreamed in the firmament's wonder
That the realms of bliss I saw.

And I've danced in the salons of fashion,
Enjoying myself "very well;"
Mais le beau-mond—n'est pas ma passion;
Il n'est—"Vive la bagatelle!"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A SUDDEN CONVERSION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

THE simple story I am about to relate possesses much interest for those who were ever acquainted with the parties concerned, and to others its interest will not only be in its truth, but also in the peculiar soul-touch it develops.

In one of the northern towns of Vermont lived a young man whom I shall call Daniel Bryam. He was a lawyer by profession, and one of the most intellectual men in that section of the country. No one possessed the confidence of his friends more than did he, and no one was better calculated to secure the good will and friendship of all with whom he came in contact. Business poured in upon him, and he failed not to give the utmost satisfaction.

At the age of twenty-seven Bryam took to himself a wife from among the most favored ones of the country. Mary Felton experienced a strange pride when she gave her hand to the young lawyer, and if none envied her, many at least prayed that they might be as fortunate.

But ere long a cloud came over the scene. Conviviality ran high among the members of the bar, and young Bryam possessed one of those peculiar temperaments which at length give the whole body and soul up to the demon of appetite. For three years he followed the social custom of the times without neglecting much of his business, but finally he sank into the lowest pit of degradation. When at the age of five-and-thirty, he had become a confirmed drunkard. He now neglected his clients altogether, for he could not remain sober long enough at any one time to carry any case through court. The only business he had now upon his hands was the collecting of some few small debts.

On the evening of his thirty-fifth birthday he joined the Washingtonians, and once more his bright genius shone out upon the world. But it could not last long; amid the examples of those who were his constant companions he went back to his cups, and down he sank, as rapidly as he had risen. In one short year from that time he was a miserable, degraded thing. People who had left notes and accounts with him to collect called at his house, and upon inquiring of his wife where he was, she would tell them he was away. Poor woman! they could not bear to dispute her, and they would go their way, though they knew full well that the remains of Daniel Bryam were prostrate upon his bed-room floor.

One day a Mr. Vinson called to see him. Vinson had left notes and accounts to the amount of several thousand dollars with Bryam to collect, and he was anxious about them. His poor wife answered him as usual—that her husband had gone away.

"My dear madam," returned Mr. Vinson, "I know your misfortune, and I appreciate your feelings, but I must see your husband. If I can see him for even one minute I can learn all I wish to know."

Mary Bryam spoke not a word, but with a tearful eye she turned away, and Mr. Vinson followed her. He found Bryam in a back room, stretched at full length upon the floor, with a jug of Medford rum by his side! With much effort Vinson aroused the poor man to a state of semi-consciousness, and asked him if he had done anything about the notes and accounts he had left with him.

"Yes," returned the lawyer, in a weak, husky, hiccupping voice. "I've had the money for you over a month. I've deducted my per centage, and you'll find the rest in that trunk. Mary's got the key."

Mrs. Bryam was called in, the key was produced, and Mr. Vinson found his money—four thousand and some odd hundreds of dollars—all right and safe.

In his worst moments Bryam never used for himself a single penny he held in trust. Hundreds there were who labored hard to reclaim the wanderer, but without effect. Year after year went by, and he sank lower and lower—yet his wife left him not. Her brother, a young lawyer, named Moses Felton, often urged her to forsake her husband, at the same time offering her a comfortable home beneath his own roof, but she would not listen.

At length all hope was given up. Week after week would the fallen man lie drunk on the floor, and not a day of real sobriety marked his course. I doubt if such another case was ever known.

He was now too low for conviviality, for those with whom he would have associated would not drink with him. All alone, in his own office and chamber, he drank the accursed poison, and even his very life seemed the offspring of the jug.

In early spring Moses Felton had a call to go to Ohio. Before he set out he visited his sister. He offered to take her with him, but she would not go.

"But why stay here?" urged the brother. "You are all faded away, and disease is upon you. Why should you live with such a brute?"

"Hush, Moses. Speak not so," answered the wife, keeping back the tears. "I will not leave him now. But he will soon leave me. He cannot live much longer."

At that moment Daniel Bryam entered the apartment. Even Moses Felton was startled by his appearance. He looked like a wanderer from the tomb. He had his hat on, and his jug was in his hand.

"Ah—Moses—how are ye?" he gasped, for he could not speak plainly.

The visitor looked at him a few moments in silence. Then, as his features assumed a cold, stern expression, he said, in a calm, but strongly emphasized tone:

"Daniel Bryam, I have been your next best friend but one. My sister is an angel—but mated with a demon. I have loved you, Daniel, as I never loved man before, for you were noble, generous and kind; but I hate you now, for you are a perfect devil incarnate. Look at that woman. She is my sister—the only sister God ever gave me. I wish her to live with me, but she will not while you live; yet when you die she will come to me. Thus do I pray that God will soon give her joys to my keeping. Now, Daniel, I do sincerely pray that the first intelligence which reaches me from my native place, after I shall have reached my new home, may be—that—you—are—dead!"

Bryam gazed upon the speaker some moments without speaking. "Moses," he at length said, "you are not in earnest."

"As true as heaven, Daniel, I am. When I know that you are dead I shall be happy, and not until then—so go on. Fill your jug, and—"

"Stop, stop, Moses. I can reform."

"You cannot. It is beyond your power. You have had inducements enough—enough to have reformed half the sinners of creation—and yet you are now lower than ever before. Go and die, sir, as soon as you can, for the moment that sees you thus shall set mourners free!"

Bryam's eyes flashed, and he drew himself proudly up.

"Go," he said, with a tinge of that old, powerful sarcasm that had often electrified a jury, "go to Ohio, and I'll send you news. Go, sir, and watch the post!"

With these words Daniel Bryam hurled his jug into the fireplace, and while yet its thousand pieces were flying over the floor, he strode from the house. Mary sank fainting to the floor. Moses bore her to a bed, and then having called in a neighbor, he hurried away, for the stage was waiting.

For a month Daniel Bryam hovered over the brink of the grave, but he did not die.

"One gill of brandy will save you," said the doctor, who saw that the abrupt removal of all stimulants from a system that for long years had subsisted almost on nothing else was nearly sure to prove fatal. "You can surely take a gill and not take more."

"Ay," gasped the poor man, "take a gill, and break my oath! Moses Felton shall never learn that brandy or rum killed me! If the want of it can kill me, then let me die! But I won't die! I'll live—live, till Moses Felton shall eat his words!"

He did live: an iron will conquered the messenger death had sent, and Daniel Bryam lived. For one month he could not even walk without help. But he had help—joyful, prayerful help. Mary helped him.

A year passed away, and Moses Felton returned to Vermont. He entered the court-house at Burlington, and Daniel Bryam was upon the floor pleading for a young man who had been indicted for forgery. Felton started with surprise. Never before had Bryam looked so noble and commanding, and never before had such torrents of eloquence poured from his lips. The case was given to the jury, and the youth was acquitted. The successful counsel turned from the court-room, and he met Moses Felton.

They shook hands, but they did not speak. When they reached a spot where none others could hear them, Bryam stopped.

"Moses," he said, "do you remember the words you spoke to me a year ago?"

"I do, Daniel."

"Will you now take them back? Unsay them now and forever?"

"Yes—with all my heart."

"Then I am in part repaid."

"And what must be the remainder of the payment?" asked Moses.

"I must die an honest, unperjured man! The oath that has bound me thus far was made for life!"

That evening Mary Bryam was among the happiest of the happy. No allusion was made in words to that strange scene of one year before, but Moses could read in both the countenances of his sister and her husband the deep gratitude they did not speak.

And Daniel Bryam yet lives, one of the most honored men of Vermont. Five times has he sat in the State legislature; thrice in the senate, and once in the national congress, and he is yet a noble man, and an ornament to society, declining all offers of public office, from the fact that his profession is more lucrative, while plenty of others want the offices which he cares not for.

Many who read this will know the characters whom I have thus used, and will at once recognize the true individuals beneath the fictitious names I have borrowed.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A VISION OF THE PAST.

BY LILLIE LIGHTFOOT.

As beside my casement lovelly,
Brooding sadly o'er the past,
In the gentle, silver moonlight,
When the shadows long are cast;
As I mused, before my vision
Passed the train of days of yore,
And a gentle voice beside me whispered,
"Never, never more."
And I turned to see the speaker, but 'twas fancy—
Nothing more.

First one in the dim procession
Came the ghost of childhood's day,
With her light feet nimbly tripping,
O'er a bright and flower-strewn way—
Swift as light she glided by me,
And the childish vision o'er—
Then again the voice beside me whispered,
"Never, never more."
But 'twas no one—only fancy—
Nothing more.

As this picture faded from me,
Gentle girlhood passed me by,
With her fair young brow unclouded,
Love and joy shone in her eye—
Little thought she of the morrow,
Sunny lay the path before,
While that soft, sad voice beside me whispered,
"Never, never more."
But 'twas fancy—only that—and
Nothing more.

Further on again I saw her,
Kneeling at the altar's rail,
And this time her head was covered
With the snowy bridal veil.
Close beside her knelt her bridegroom,
And those two were twain no more;
And I heard the voice beside me saying,
"Never, never more."
But again I knew 'twas fancy—only fancy—
Nothing more.

Close upon the young bride's footsteps,
Passing onward with the rest,
Came a loving, fond young mother,
With her baby on her breast.
Smiling on her babe she gazes,
As she passed my mind before;
While the same sweet voice beside me whispers,
"Never, never more."
The same fancy—only that—and
Nothing more.

What these dim and shadowy phantoms,
That upon my vision crowd?
These are they whose work is finished,
Who to death's decree have bowed.
Onward moves the sad procession,
Onward to the silent shore,
And that low, sad voice beside me whispers,
"Never, never more."
'Twas sad fancy—only that—and
Nothing more.

Slow before me glides my father,
Two young brothers—sisters three,
And he, who at God's altar
Vowed through life to cherish me—
As they pass, my tears are stealing,
And I'd call them back once more;
But that truthful voice beside me whispers,
"Never, never more."
It is true, though spoke by fancy—it is true—
O, never more.

What this being in white raiment,
Pointing upward to the sky,
With a cross upon her bosom.
That tells of faith that may not die?
As she passes by she whispers,
"Thou'lt join them on the other shore;"
And a joyful voice beside me whispered,
"Ever, ever more."
And it was a heaven-born fancy that did whisper
Ever more.

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular Monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is a MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does, one hundred pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the \$3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year, of six hundred pages each, or twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for nearly fifteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also speeded with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, each number being complete in itself.

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its own sect or clique. This work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with chaste, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother, or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest paper in the world.

Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year; or any person sending us eight subscribers and eight dollars, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

Specimen numbers furnished when desired.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

MRS. JULIA BENNETT BARROW,
OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.

The accompanying portrait of this distinguished actress and amiable lady, the "bright particular star" of the Boston Theatre, was drawn expressly for our paper by Mr. Hill, from a photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case, and may therefore be relied upon as accurate. She was born in London, February 6, 1827. Her father, William Bennett, was long a favorite London actor, and is now secretary of the "Drury Lane Dramatic Fund." She was liberally educated, and exhibited great aptitude in mastering not only the solid branches, but the French and Spanish languages and music. She was strongly urged to appear on the operatic stage, but her *penchant* was for the acted drama. She made her first appearance with complete success at Southampton, (Eng.), in 1841. Since then her career has been one series of triumphs. Eighteen months after her debut, she occupied a leading position on the London boards. During her London engagements, she associated professionally with that coterie of brilliant lady performers that gave such lustre to the metropolitan stage fifteen years ago. It was an excellent school for a novice, and undoubtedly exerted the happiest influence upon the artist development of the young actress. In 1848, the subject of our sketch was married in London to Mr. Jacob Barrow. After this event, she retired from the stage, with no prospect or intention of ever returning to it, and for two years she enjoyed without interruption the tranquillity of private life, her house in Grovesnor Place being the resort of much of the wit and talent of the day. Unfortunate circumstances, however, induced her once more to resume her professional career. Mrs. Barrow arrived in America in February, 1851, preceded by the reputation of being one of the greatest favorites of the London public, and immediately played her first engagement at the Broadway Theatre, opening as Lady Teazle. Having concluded a two weeks engagement, she proceeded to Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for two weeks; returned for another engagement to Broadway Theatre for two weeks; then played at Baltimore and Richmond, and at Philadelphia for a second time, and at the Broadway Theatre for the third time, in almost as many months. Subsequently she has appeared in all the principal cities of the United States with uniform success. Delicate health, however, prevented her, in 1854, from subjecting herself to all the vicissitudes of climate attendant upon starring, and she accepted a liberal offer from Mr. Barry to fill the leading place in his establishment. She was already well known to and appreciated by the Boston public, having, in 1852, played a most brilliant engagement of fifty nights at the Boston Museum, appearing in comparatively few parts: "Twelfth Night," running nine nights; "Satan in Paris," fifteen nights; "As you Like it," five nights; "She would and she would not," five nights; indeed, all her pieces making undeniable *hits*. Mrs. Barrow, having undertaken the management of the People's Theatre, St. Louis, the following spring, was prevented playing another fifty nights according to agreement at the Museum. The admirable productions of "Macbeth," the "Jewess," "Richard the Third," and other pieces, during Mrs. Barrow's season at St. Louis, will long be remembered as being entirely unequalled for correctness and splendor in the west, vying with the representa-



MRS. BARROW.

tions of the same pieces in New York, Boston and London. At the Boston Theatre, she found a splendid stage, magnificent appointments, a liberal management and appreciative audiences. From these audiences, favorable to her at the outset, she has gone on winning applause and favor until she now stands one of the most popular artists that ever appeared in this city. The house, on the occasion of her late benefit, was completely filled, and the applause continuous throughout the performances of the beneficiary. This was an honest tribute rendered to talent of the highest order, which, in this community, never goes unappreciated or unrewarded. So long as Mrs. Barrow continues in this city, she will be sure of success; for if Bostonians are not remarkable for impulsiveness, they are for fidelity to their once established favorites.

THE TRAPPER AND THE INDIANS.

The spirited picture on this page, representing an actual incident of western adventure, was designed for the Pictorial by Billings. The naked figure on the right is John Colter, an American trapper, while the Indians who are advancing upon him in single file, armed and thirsting for his blood, are a party of the Blackfeet. Colter and a man named Potts had been trapping in company on Jefferson's Fork of the Missouri, in 1810, Colter having for this purpose left Lewis & Clark's exploring party. They were suddenly surprised by Indians, and Potts was shot. The Indians then stripped Colter, and their chief gave him the forlorn chance of running for his life, the white man being allowed a start of three or four hundred yards. Though the task seemed hopeless, as there were five or six hundred of the Indians, he started, and ran desperately over a plain six miles in breadth, and covered with the prickly pear, as shown in our engraving. He ran nearly half-way across it before he ventured to look round, when he found his pursuers very much scattered, and that he had gained considerably on the main body of his enemies, though one Indian, who carried a spear, was not more than a hundred yards from him. This sight nerved him to incredible exertion, and he made for the river, though his straining efforts caused the blood to gush from his nostrils in the panting agony of his flight. He seemed to feel the hostile spear in his back, and turning round at last, when the savage was not twenty yards from him, he suddenly stopped and extended his arms. The Indian, surprised by the action, and, perhaps, by the sight of Colter bathed in blood, also attempted to halt, but, reeling with fatigue, fell, and his spear, entering the ground, was broken short off. Colter instantly snatched up the pointed part, with which he pinned the savage to the ground, and then continued his death-race. Gaining the cotton-tree wood, on the borders of the fork, he rushed through the trees and plunged into the stream. Fortunately for him, hard by the point where he took the water, a raft of drift timber had lodged, and under this he dived, and afterward rising, secured a breathing-place, while the Indians, yelling like demons, searched for him in vain. During the day, Colter frequently saw them on the raft, and at night, fearing that they might set fire to it, he dived under the raft, swam down the river, landed a considerable distance off, and travelled through the night. But though his life had been saved, he had still a dreary prospect before him: no covering from the burning sun, his feet lacerated and filled with the thorns of the prickly pear, no means of killing game, and seven days' journey to a friendly settlement. Still he lived through his trial, subsisted on roots, and finally arrived at Lisa Fort, on the Big Horn Branch of the Yellowstone River, to receive a warm welcome and the praises due to such unexampled bravery, spirit and endurance. This hero of the west was fortunate enough to find a biographer, and consequently immortality. The whole world knows his story. But his case is certainly a remarkable one; still there must have been numberless deeds of daring performed by the backwoods and frontiersmen of our settlement worthy to live in song, story and painting, which have been lost to the world. The whole history of the settlement of the northwest and west is a mass of adventures possessing more or less heroic interest.



THE TRAPPER AND THE INDIANS

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

FIGHTING LADIES.

We see that some of the "strong-minded" in different sections of the country have been punishing offenders of the male sex by horsewhipping them. This is rather an improvement on the mode of revenge adopted by some of the fair sex in the good old times, which we find recorded in Millingen's very curious "History of Duelling." The most celebrated female duellist was the actress Maupin, one of the performers at the French opera. Serane, the famous fencing-master, was her teacher in the use of the sword. One evening, at a ball, having behaved rudely to a lady, she was requested to leave the room, which she did, after requiring that those gentlemen who had espoused the offended lady's cause should accompany her. To this proposal they agreed; when, after a hard combat, she killed them all, and quietly returned to the ball-room. Louis XIV. granted her a pardon, and she withdrew to Brussels, but soon after returned to the Parisian opera, and died in 1707, at the age of thirty-seven. Under the regency, a duel with pistols was fought between the Marchioness de Nesle and the Countess Polignac for the love of the Duke of Richelieu; and in more modern times, so late, indeed, as 1827, a lady at St. Rambert received a challenge to fight with pistols; and about the same period, a lady of Chateauroux, whose husband had received a slap in the face without resenting it, called out the offender, and fighting him with the sword, severely wounded him. So it seems the French ladies have not always relied on killing glances—saw-handled pistols and thirty-two inch blades being sometimes found more effective. What darling creatures these fighting beauties must have been! A careless look or word from a gentleman was the precursor of a "bullet in the thorax," or a rapier-thrust in the region of the heart. The cowhide is a safer though not quite so refined a weapon.

WONDERFULLY MADE.—On one occasion, recently, an English clergyman put the following question to one of his parishioners: "John, what are you made of?" The man, not being very ready with his reply, was prompted by one of his neighbors who whispered "Dust and clay." "Curds and whey!" roared Johnny, confidently. "Soft metal—soft metal!" muttered the clergyman.

AMERICAN LADIES ABROAD.—Some cavillers say the American ladies abroad render themselves remarked by over-dressing; but they confess that in any garb they are always beautiful.

A HINT.—Of the twelve passengers killed on the New York railroads in 1855, eleven were standing on the platform of the cars.

SPLINTERS.

.... A law for preventing the adulteration of milk has been enacted by the New York legislature.

.... John R. Scott, the eminent American tragedian, died recently of apoplexy in the city of New York.

.... The New York Bible Society proposes publishing the Bible in newspaper form. An excellent idea.

.... General Lane and Governor Robinson, of Kansas, lately visited Washington, attired in neat bearskin coats.

.... A man in Weimar, Germany, was lately sentenced to imprisonment for forging Schiller manuscripts.

.... The revenue cutter Dobbin lately encountered several gales, and was seriously damaged by them.

.... Mr. Fisher, Hunt's Merchants' Magazine thinks, has invented a practicable steam carriage for highways.

.... A dinner-table wit was disconcerted completely by an order from his hostess to "begin to be funny."

.... Sonora and Coahuila, Mexican States, are anxious to be annexed to the "smartest nation in all creation."

.... A man in Buffalo, playing with a pair of handcuffs, got his wrists fastened, and wore them for two whole days.

.... The boiler of the ill fated ferry boat New Jersey was found to have been wholly unfit for service.

.... The Emperor of France pardoned an immense number of criminals on the birth of the young heir.

.... Jenny Lind has contributed ten thousand dollars to the Nightingale fund. Just like her.

.... There are over thirty-five millions of Catholics in the empire of France; of all other creeds half a million.

.... A black silk handkerchief thrown over the face is said to recover a person in an epileptic fit.

.... A man recently died of glanders from a diseased horse. Look out for Brighton horses.

.... The fern plant, so abundant in the Scotch Highlands, makes a very superior paper.

.... Mr. Augustus W. Fenno, the excellent American light comedian, is to play in England.

.... An attempt was recently made to assassinate Alderman Sylvester Sexton, of Chicago.

.... The figure head of the Minchaha, carved by Mr. Gleason, of this city, is a fine work of art.

.... A new chapel for Harvard College is to be erected with the funds left by Hon. Samuel Appleton.

.... The practice of surprising clergymen by visits of parishioners with presents is very prevalent.

.... B. P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington) has become connected with Clapp's Evening Gazette.

A WORD ABOUT EAGLES.

We never could bear the idea of shooting an eagle. It seems a species of high treason to bring from his soaring height the emblem bird of our banner—the king of the feathered tribe—the proud lord of the upper air. Yet it was only the other day we read in the paper of somebody in this vicinity shooting an eagle that had lighted on the very tree from which his grandfather shot another eagle a good many years ago. There was no charge brought against the bird of sheep-stealing to justify the charge of swan-shot that was poured into him; there was nothing said of any attempt to carry off an infant or two from the neighborhood—only there was that hereditary reputation of marksmanship at stake, and a sort of proud necessity for a bunch of eagle's plumes to grace the cap of the grandfather's grandson.

The first eagle we ever saw was in Essex county, many years ago; and we remember, when he was pointed out to us, being rather disappointed because he did not carry an United States shield, an "E Pluribus Unum" ribbon in his mouth, and a claw full of thunder and lightning, just as the flags and the Fourth of July orators depicted him. We have seen eagles since, and within rifle shot, too; but the idea of cutting a single feather from the broad pens of a single specimen never occurred to us. We consider eaglicide justifiable only in self-defence, or in defence of one's property. We dislike to see an eagle in a cage; it's like the imprisonment of an American citizen. His proper place is soaring aloft in the clouds, or backing liberty on a ten-dollar piece, or helping a patriot out of a dilemma, and filling up a hiatus in an oration.

Christopher North sighed for the "Life of an Eagle written by himself!" and he goes on fancifully to describe such a life from an eagle's—that is, a "bird's eye"—point of view. "He kept himself in constant trainings—taking a flight of a couple of hundred miles before breakfast; paying a forenoon visit to the farthest of the Hebrides isles, and returning to dinner in Glencoe. In one day he has flown to Norway on a visit to an uncle on his mother's side, and returned the next day to comfort his paternal uncle, lying sick by the Cambrian Dee. He soon learned to despise himself for having once yelled for food, when food was none; and to sit or sail, on rock or through ether, athirst and an hungered, but mute."

Then Wilson goes on to describe, in his glowing prose poetry, the wooing of the royal bird, and the process of incubation, concluding: "Through all thy glens, Albin, hadst thou reason to mourn at the bursting of the shells that queen-bird had been cherishing beneath her bosom. Aloft in heaven wheeled the royal pair from rising to setting sun. Among the bright blooming heather they espied the tartaned shepherd, or hunter, creeping like a lizard, and from beneath the vain shadow of a rock watching with his rifle the light he would fain see shorn of its beams. The flocks were thinned, and the bleating of desolate dams among the woolly people heard from many a brace. Poison was strown over the glens for their destruction, but the eagle, like the lion, preys not on carcasses; and the shepherd dogs howled in agony over the carrion in which they devoured death. Ha, was not that a day of triumph to the star-starrers of Cruncheon, when, sky hunting in couples, far down on the greensward before the ruined gateway of Kilchurn castle, they saw, left all to himself in sunshine, the child of the lord of Glenorchy and all its streams? Four talons in an instant were in his heart! Too late were the outcries from all the turrets; for ere the castle gates were flung open, the golden head of the royal babe was lying in gore, in the eyrie, on the iron ramparts of Ben Slarive—his blue eyes dug out, his rosy cheeks torn, and his brain dropping from beaks that yelled revelling within the skull! Such are a few hints for 'Some Passages in the Life of a Golden Eagle, written by Himself!'" There is poetry in the foregoing passage, coupled with a fair, sly bit at the "sensation school" of writers.

IMPROVE THIS CHANCE.

We have a few sets of the first eight volumes of our Pictorial complete, bound strongly in paper covers, which we will send by mail free of postage on the receipt of twelve dollars. These volumes, from the commencement of the work, are of great value, and besides containing some ten thousand original engravings, present a fund of original miscellany, biography, notes of adventures, description of famous localities, records of the times, wit, humor and romance, that can be obtained in no other way at so low a price. We have but a limited number left, and those who send first will be supplied. The great expense attendant upon getting up such a work precludes the possibility of these volumes being ever again reprinted.

A MUSICAL CURIOSITY.—A novel instrument has lately been invented by a gentleman of Spartansburg, Pennsylvania. He calls it the "Father of Fiddles." It is described as consisting of fifty shells, or viols, with strings similar to a violin, the sounds being produced by drawing a hair bow across them. It contains four full octaves, and is played with keys after the manner of a piano, or organ.

A NEW YORK BARBER.—It is stated that Mr. Edward Phalon, the New York barber of the St. Nicholas Hotel, gave a party recently which cost \$5000. There were seven hundred guests, and in the orchestra were some of the best performers in the country.

WATERMELONS IN MARCH.—Our New York friends, during the month of March, were enjoying the luxury of watermelons from Nicaragua.

MANUFACTORIES.—Several capitalists of our city are investing largely in manufacturing business in East Boston and Chelsea.

THE MEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

Once in a while we read in the papers of the departure of some veteran who bore a part in the scenes of our revolutionary drama. Soon—very soon, no more such records will greet the eye; soon the very last survivor of that heroic age will be consigned to the quiet grave. It seems surprising, and indeed providential, that the lives of so many of the revolutionary patriots were preserved to our days, to witness the inception and growth of a republic, whose progress fills one of the most brilliant pages in the history of the world. What a crowded panorama of events passed before their gaze? what a multitude of figures—sages, statesmen, warriors! what wonderful triumphs of civilization! what marvels of science and of art! The age of which the representatives are now being garnered in the grave, is now mellowed by distance, as a picture is mellowed by time. It is ripe for the pencil and the pen. Its minutest records, its most trivial incidents, will now, at the hand of genius, be transmuted into glorious visions, at which the world will stand a-gaze. The revolutionary era! It is an exhaustless mine for the dramatist, the historian, the biographer, the painter, the sculptor and the writer of romance. It will need the accumulated testimony of contemporaries, the weight of documentary evidence, and the existence of monumental records, to convince far distant peoples and generations that its glory was real—and not like the mythic vision of the golden age. The true greatness of our revolutionary men and times shames the visions of the most sanguine believers in the high mission of humanity.

NATIONAL EMBLEM.—Dr. Thornton in a letter to Mr. Jefferson, said: "The rattlesnake, being peculiar to this country, is the finest emblem of the United States that can be found. It never acts but defensively—it never strikes without giving a fair warning—and when it does strike, it is fatal." Paul Jones thought so too, and it was the rattlesnake, with the legend, "Don't tread on me," that floated from his mast-head, when the guns of the renowned Bon Homme Richard ripped the Serapis completely to pieces.

RAILROADS IN MAINE.—There are in the Pine Tree State fifteen railways, whose aggregate length within the State is 406 miles. Their entire cost is \$19,272,495. This includes the entire cost of the Boston and Maine, and the Atlantic and St. Lawrence roads, large portions of which lie in other States.

HORSE RAILROADS.—The Cambridge Horse Railroad works admirably. Before long most of our large suburban towns will be connected with the city by this means of intercommunication.

HYGIENIC.—A lady has been writing against tight lacing and tight shoes in the Boston Courier. It don't do for us men to meddle with such subjects.

ENVY.—Envy is a sin it takes two to make. If you wish to avoid it, throw away your finery, and add to your goodness.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. William Carr to Miss Eliza Robinson; by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. George T. Scott to Miss Matilda H. Lester; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Wm. H. Pierce, of Charlestown, to Miss Sarah W. Rast; by Rev. Dr. Blagden, E. W. Wilder, Esq., of West Newton, to Mrs. S. A. Bradley, of Worcester; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. James Allison to Miss Jane Ramsey; by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Lawrence Leary to Miss Mary Ring. At Charlestown, Mr. George A. Kidder, of East Boston, to Miss Charlotte Lewis, of London, Eng.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Dr. Newell, Lieut. Henry L. Abbott to Miss Mary Susan Everett.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Kibby, Mr. N. D. Freeman to Miss Alpha C. Nickerson, all of Provincetown.—By Rev. Mr. Stubberts, Mr. Ezra W. Brintnall to Miss Frances H. Fogg.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. Benjamin P. Ravel to Mrs. Anna Kimball.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Allen, Mr. Frank Graichen to Miss Margaret Hannah, both of Clinton.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Thayer, Mr. Charles C. Hall to Miss Rebecca Pierce.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Reed, Mr. William H. Greely to Miss Eliza A. Jones.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Adams, Mr. Cutler C. Cleveland to Miss Eliza M. Lovell.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Brigham, Mr. William B. Durfee, of Fall River, to Miss Susan M. Brown.—At Springfield, by Rev. Mr. Seeley, Mr. D. W. Chapin to Miss Emily Hunt, of Northampton.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. John Keene, 40; Widow Lydia Spear; Mrs. Mary A., wife of Mr. Martin Hall; Widow M. Ireland, 72; Mrs. Lucy Nichols, 67; Widow Margaret Elizabeth Kupfer, 77; Miss Fauny Costello, 32; Mr. Joseph Main, 18.—At Charlestown, Miss Jane Elizabeth Rugg, 25; Mrs. Betsey Rockwood, 85.—At Chelsea, Widow Susannah Jenks, 85.—At Jamaica Plain, Mrs. Elizabeth Cowell, 68.—At Brookline, Mr. Samuel Craft, 68.—At Watertown, Mrs. Widow A. Bangs, 61.—At Waltham, Mr. Benjamin T. Lane, Esq., 64.—At Natick, Mr. Curtis Alden, 30.—At Dedham, Mr. Reuben Farrington, 81.—At Abington, Mrs. Susan M. Healy, 25.—At Newburyport, Widow Elizabeth Ladd, 70.—At Lowell, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Mr. William Dearden, 37.—At Worcester, Miss Della M. Preston, 15.—At Monument (Sandwich), Mr. Charles Bourne, 82; also, three days after, his wife, Mrs. Hannah Bourne, 82.—At Clinton, Mrs. Martha A. Freeman, 29.—At Edgartown, Mrs. Chloe, wife of Mr. Samuel S. Daggett, 51.—At West Sutton, Mr. Amos Waters, 92.—At Dartmouth, Mrs. Elizabeth, widow of Mr. Nathaniel Howland, 90.—At Springfield, Mr. Samuel Hammond, 33.—At Hallowell, Me., Mr. William Drew, formerly of Kington, Mass., 89.—At Winoski, Vt., Mr. William B. Brigham, 28.—At Hillsboro', Ill., Mr. Meek A. Paisley, 31; Mr. Abiel H. Abbot, 20.

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[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL]

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Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,

CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROOMFIELD STS., BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

W H Y.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORIAERT.

Down by the lonely shore we strayed,
Down by the shore, when the day was old,
O, the wild dashing waters, what music they made,
And the sorrowful wind, what strange stories it told.

Then the moon wandered up and looked down on the sea,
And a lonely white cloud blew across her sweet face—
O, why comes this memory back to me,
As I sit at the board in a pauper's place?

As I sit at the board, in a pauper's seat,
And gnaw like a wolf at my pauper's fare,
With the thorns of the way in my blood stained feet,
And the dust of the road in my matted hair?

O, why comes this memory back to me,
Through the dismal gloom of a pauper's place?
What brings the wild dash of the sounding sea,
And the cloud blowing over the moon's sweet face?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WHIG AND TORY.

A TRUE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

It was a chilly, dreary afternoon in November, and the winds whistled about the little cottage where the remnant of Colonel Harper's scattered family drew around the hearth, from which the blazing firelogs sent forth unwonted cheerfulness. It was long since Madame Harper and the fair Mary had seen so happy an hour. Never since the news came that the stalwart man to whom they looked for protection, to whom they clung with mingled love and reverence, had been barbarously murdered at the close of a disastrous skirmish with the royalists on the Santee. The family had some time before this sad event removed from their plantation on the river to a small estate in the more remote interior, where they would be less exposed to the malice of their enemies, to whom the name of the Harpers was sufficiently obnoxious. And when their prime stay was thus torn from them, the widow and orphan felt doubly desolate in their solitude.

But young Master Frank was now at home for a short space, recruiting from the effects of a severe wound received in one of the recent battles. He had come with the glad tidings of victory; and a promotion, well deserved, was made more grateful by the special commendation of his general. So the genial spirits of the soldier communicated themselves to all around him; the mother and sister smiled at his camp jests, and were never weary of listening to his stories of martial adventure. Old Cæsar and Dinah also came in for their share of the social enjoyment; and the few sables which the little establishment still retained, participated in the common happiness, now that, to use their own words, "Mass' Frank come home real Congress cap'n." Notwithstanding the outer dreariness of a chill November afternoon, all was pleasant within doors. As a fresh blast made the fastenings of the shutter rattle, Captain Frank would hitch his seat nearer to the fire.

"Ah, my dears," he would say, "would I not like that Marion and his soldiers could be sheltered this night as well as I shall be! But I dare say that the general is, at this very moment, making bivouac at the foot of some oak or hickory—maybe at the edge of a swamp, or impenetrable mountain jungle. Eh, and even our friend Gaston, Miss Mary, may very probably lodge this night on 'the cold, cold ground,' as the roundelay has it."

"And if it be so," replied the black-eyed sister, "it will not have been for the first time; nor will Charles Gaston be the first to complain."

"Ho, ho, my lady," rejoined Frank, laughingly, "pray take no offence at my remark! I meant no insinuation against the young gentleman's hardihood. I am well aware that if he *should* suffer serious injury, there is a certain warm-hearted relative of mine who would be much more ready to complain than he would be himself. But then, don't seek to retaliate! I will give you the honors of the field, and retire from the contest at once—By the way, has anything been heard lately of that rascally neighbor of ours, that once was, Tom Dashwood?"

"Hush, Frank!" exclaimed his mother, with an involuntary uplifting of her finger; while Mary, with evident discomposure, murmured something about affairs in the kitchen, and hurried out.

Frank stared at his mother in surprise.

"What means all this agitation?" he inquired. "I have only asked a simple question, which methinks scarce demands such emotion from either you or Mary. I know that the fellow once pretended some uncouth attentions to her, but what of that?"

"You mistake, Frank," replied his mother. "It must be, then, that you are ignorant of what we have lately heard of this man's villany. You know not, then, that he is thought to have been the cause of your father's death?"

"Good Heaven!—no! It is the first intimation of the sort that I have had! But how?"

"You are doubtless aware," answered his mother, "that the Dashwoods never bore a good reputation for honesty in their dealings. Some years since, this Thomas Dashwood was implicated in a fraudulent conveyance of estate; and your father was employed as a magistrate in ferreting out and punishing the crime. It was just about this time, also, that Dashwood received a rebuff in his rather obtrusive attentions to Mary. In the law business, he succeeded in getting quite clear, as there was not legal evidence sufficient to prove the connection between himself and his princi-

pals. But the odium of fraud clung to him notwithstanding; and this, joined with the absurd disappointment at Mary's treatment of him, are supposed to have filled him with venom against the whole family. Against Gaston, also, he entertains the same spite. I do not know the precise agency which he had in producing our misfortunes, but I am told that he spread the report that your father had treated certain tory families with great cruelty; and also that, having professed allegiance to the British at Charleston, he had, nevertheless, taken up arms against them once more—and that, too, on the very first opportunity. Doubtless he managed as insidiously as possible; but the quarter from which the story reached me, and what I know of the man besides, leaves me little doubt. Nay," she continued, casting a timorous glance at the securities, which now barred both window and door from the outer darkness, "such is the character of Dashwood, that did I suspect him to be within possible reach of this dwelling, I should not feel at ease a single moment."

"The hypocrite!—the satanic scoundrel!" said the captain to himself, as, with clenched hands and close set teeth, he walked the room. "O, that I had but known this before!"

"Frank, Frank! Do not give way to passion, I entreat you! Indeed, I ought not—should not have spoken of this, had it not been—but hark! What noise is that?"

One or two blows, as of a person asking admittance, were heard on the outside of the door. Frank went towards it. "Who goes there?" he asked. A musket was instantly discharged from without; and Frank, receiving a slight wound, stepped quickly back, while the door shivered beneath the axes of the assailants.

"My son! my son!" exclaimed the terrified mother, throwing her arms around the captain. The latter, about to grasp his rifle, paused; he saw the uselessness of attempting defence. Therefore, he would so conduct, that the passions of the unopposed assailants might, at the least, reach no farther than himself.

"Ha, good folk!" cried Dashwood, who the next moment bounded over the threshold. "Good evening to you, Mistress Harper;—and you, captain;—and you, Miss Mary," he added, turning to the poor girl, who stood breathless as marble at the further extremity of the room. "An unexpected meeting, I presume, on your part, but none the less rejoiced to see me. Is it not so, my dear?"

Mary Harper shuddered; and though she attempted to speak, the sounds died away on her lips as she glanced on Dashwood, and those by whom he was surrounded.

"What, so overjoyed that you can't even speak to me, my dear? If you but knew what a long way I have come to meet you. More than that, I have brought the ring, and a parson to see that it is fitted rightly. Of course, you will not refuse me. No, no, that would be impossible. How fortunate, too, that Captain Frank is here to witness the wedding!"

A choking lump was struggling in Frank's throat during this monologue; and it was perhaps as well that in the meanwhile his arms were firmly held by two brawny ruffians, or he might not have been able to restrain his hot southern blood within the bounds of prudence. There was a savage exultation about Dashwood, which, coupled with the recent information received by young Harper, made the blood of the latter fairly seethe in his veins. Nevertheless, he so far controlled himself, as to say:

"Dashwood, if you have any disposition to return a favor, remember the flight at Mountain Creek, and act accordingly. Had it not been for me, you would not have lived to be here. Take our goods, and what little money we have, but spare ourselves."

"By heaven!" retorted Dashwood, with a sullen fury in his face. "I should think some lord was giving us his commands! Look you, Master Frank Harper, I *do* mean to return the favor. I want neither to harm you, nor to take any of your rascally possessions—unless it may be a glass or two of wine, and such odd silver as you may wish to make a present of to my fellows. But there is *one* thing, Master Frank, that I am determined on; and that is, that Miss Mary shall consent to become my wife this very eve, or else there'll be such a muss as was never heard before in this house! I have brought Parson Jones—"

But here Frank's passion overmastered his caution; and shaking off his sinewy guards as though they were children, he threw himself on Dashwood, and bore him to the floor. The latter was quickly relieved by his companions, but not before his swart face had become still darker from the grip which Frank had placed on his throat.

"Seize, seize the scoundrel!" cried Dashwood, as soon as he was able to articulate. "He shall swing for it, as I live! The rope, Oakman!—the rope!"

This was forthwith produced; and regardless of the piteous entreaties of the women, Dashwood knotted the cord with the readiness of an adept, and cast it round the neck of the prisoner, whose arms were now tightly strapped behind him. An end of the rope was thrown over a beam which ran above.

"There, Miss Mary," said Dashwood, coolly, "don't take on so! He isn't dead yet; and for your sake I will let him go, notwithstanding the injury he has done, and the more which he intended to do me—provided, however, you do me the favor of attending me with the parson yonder. Here, Parson Jones, come hither!"

A man of vulgar appearance—whose face betokened the habit of constant potations—now came forward, book in hand, and wearing a faded surplice, which hung in disorder from his shoulders.

"Look at him," exclaimed Dashwood, with an air of ruffianly effrontery. "I call all persons present to witness that this is a true blue parson (Giles Jones by name), whom I have brought with me all the way from Seragg's Creek, believing that I should want his services. So, Parson Jones, spout away; here am I, and here is Miss Mary, who doubtless is willing enough, only a little coy.

Oakman, stand by the ropes. Now then, my dear, you had best be pliable, or your brother will have to swing for it!"

He essayed to take her hand, but though faint and scarce conscious of what she did, she thrust it away with instinctive disgust.

"String him up, Oakman!" exclaimed Dashwood, his face inflamed with rage. "Up to the rafters with him! I'll not be fooled in this way!"

Oakman was in the act of obeying, when the women, with the resolution of despair, threw themselves in his way. While he rudely struggled against their frantic efforts, the door flew open, and a score or more of men rushed into the room, overthrowing Dashwood and his murderous tool, and disarming their mates. Frank was released, and Mary found herself in the arms of Gaston, who, in a few words, told her how he had been apprised by accident of Dashwood's probable designs, which he had thus barely been able to prevent. Dashwood was bound with the rope which he had provided for another, and carried to the camp of General Sumpter, who lay about fifteen miles from the dwelling of the Harpers. Here he was placed before a court-martial, charged with murder in cold blood, and also with deserting from the continental flag, under which he had at one time taken a commission. The accusations were proved, and he was executed forthwith—the country being well rid of a brutal and faithless ruffian. Mary and Gaston were married near the close of the war, and settled on an estate which he had recently purchased near the Harper plantation.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD OAK TREE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Down by the mossy brook-side,
Just under the ferny hill,
Where the birds sang sweetly ever,
And the brook ran deep and still,
There was a gnarled tree olden,
With branches leaning low;
And 'twas there I played at sunset,
In the light of years ago,
When my heart was full of a joyous flow,
And my round cheeks blushed in the rosy glow.

'Twas a tree which bore oak-acorns,
With glossy leaves 'twas crowned,
And I gathered up the acorn-cups
As they fell on the grassy ground;
And with leaves, and shells, and flower-bells,
I spread a gray old stone
With a banquet sweet, that a fairy queen
Might well have supped upon—
And a mossy rock might have been her throne,
And her orchestra the wind's low moan.

And the sunbeams golden yellow
Fell through the leaves aslant,
And the winds and bird-notes sounded
Like a grand, cathedral chant!
Low breathings were in the forest,
Weird sounds in the dark pine trees,
And I listened with awe, for well I loved
Life's guarded mysteries;
And the wind its love tale told the leaves,
And the streamlet's bosom kissed the breeze.

But autumn came, and the shining leaves
Grew brown in the frost king's breath,
And the acorn cups and the glossy fruit
Were laid on the breast of death.
And the streamlet's silver flow was hushed,
The birds sought southern bowers;
The green grass inourned and withered up,
And faded the summer flowers!
And cold winds shrieked the long, dark hours,
And clad in gloom was this world of ours.

But the memory lingers around me yet,
In dreams I play again,
Where the forest dark and the old oak tree
Are chanting that lost refrain!
Those acorn-cups and green-veined leaves
In fancy glad I see,
And again is surging through my eoul
That spirit-minstrelsy!
To the Great Unknown my wild thoughts flee,
And I worship again life's mystery.

A WONDERFUL MIRROR.

Among the curiosities exhibited in the Paris Exhibition, was a huge concave mirror, the instrument of a startling species of optical magic. On standing close to it, it presents nothing but a magnificently monstrous dissection of your physiognomy. On retiring a couple of feet, it gives your own face and figure in true proportion but reversed, the head downwards. But retire still further, standing at the distance of five or six feet from the mirror, and behold, you see yourself not a reflection—it does not strike you as a reflection—but your veritable self, standing in the middle part between you and the mirror. The effect is almost appalling, from the idea that it suggests of something supernatural; so startling, in fact, that men of the strongest nerves will shrink involuntarily at the first view. If you raise your cane to thrust at your other self, you will see it pass clean through the body and appear on the other side, the figure thrusting at you at the same instant. The artist who first succeeded in fashioning a mirror of this description, brought it to one of the French kings—if we recollect aright, it was Louis XV.—placed his majesty on the right spot, and bade him draw his sword, and thrust at the figure he saw. The king did so; but seeing the point of a sword directed to his own breast, threw down his weapon and ran away. The practical joke cost the inventor the king's patronage and favor; his majesty being afterwards so ashamed of his own cowardice that he never again would look at either the mirror or its owner.—*Boston Statesman.*

There is this good in real evils,—they deliver us while they last from the petty despotism of all that were imaginary.—*Lacon.*

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The celebrated banking house of the Rothschilds loaned during the past year \$515,000,000. — There is an unparalleled emigration from New Hampshire to the West, this spring. The N. H. Patriot says, "There is no doubt that more people will leave this State for the West this year than have gone in any three past years." — The population of St. Louis is 120,000, nearly as much as Boston. — In Brooklyn, N. Y., the Church of the Holy Trinity (Episcopalian) became embarrassed, and the structure was about to be sold under the hammer, when a story got afloat that Archbishop Hughes would be the purchaser, a meeting was called, and the \$30,000 necessary to redeem the mortgage was promptly subscribed. — There are sixty German papers published in the United States. — Com. Perry's great work on Japan is in a state of rapid completion, and will be ready for delivery by June. It is a magnificent affair, elegantly illustrated, and full of scientific, historical and geographical interest. It costs the government two hundred thousand dollars. — The garrison at the Brooklyn navy yard consists of only twelve men; rather a small army, but probably as many as are required there at present. — In the reign of Henry V., about the year 1114, a sheep could be bought for four pence, and wheat enough for feeding one hundred men a whole day cost but a single shilling. — A little sugar dissolved in any writing ink changes it to a suitable copying ink. — The exports of oil, bone, and candles from the United States to foreign countries during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1855, amounted to more than three millions of dollars. — It is in contemplation to rebuild, in a handsome style, Tompkins Market, at the junction of the Bowery and Third Avenue, New York. — An old lady in Morristown, N. J., nearly ninety years old, has had a growth of fine black hair on her head for a year past. She is also cutting new teeth, and her sight has come to her the second time. — The Alabama legislature have passed a law, prohibiting gambling on steamboats, under heavy penalties. — Frozen plants if taken at once and thawed out in cold water, will not be injured, but if left to thaw by atmospheric heat, will be destroyed. — It has been calculated by Professor Bache, that the waves of the sea travel at the rate of six and a half miles a minute! — A nursery of five thousand peach trees, cultivated by Mr. Burnet, of Vincennes Ind., have been all destroyed, with the exception of fifty, by the long-continued frost. — One of the little Aztecs, Theodore, aged 14, has just died in Berlin from an attack of fever. — The venerable Rev. Dr. Prime, recently deceased, was well known as a minister of ability, and author of the "History of Long Island." Two of his sons are connected with the New York Observer, and one of them is a lawyer, now travelling in the East. — The number of students at present in Bowdoin College is 188. — Sydney Smith once remarked that you find people ready enough to do the Samaritan, without the oil and two pence. — The animal population of the Jardin des Plantes has just been increased by the birth of a male giraffe, the first of the race, says Galignani, which has ever been born either in France or any part of the continent of Europe. It already measures nearly six feet in height. — The United States has 67 tunnels on canals and railroads, the largest of which is a little over one mile. — Give the roots of any plant a chance to grow downward, and they will go where they will always find moisture, no matter how hot or how long the sun may shine and parch a few inches of the surface. — The female butterfly dies immediately after depositing her eggs, the male having already preceded her. — John Murrell, of Lynnhburg, died recently in New Orleans. He was, perhaps, the wealthiest man in Virginia, being worth, it is supposed, full \$2,000,000. — A project has been started in England, of establishing under the patronage of the government a "gallery of original portraits;" such portraits to consist, as far as possible, of those persons who are most honorably commemorated in British history as warriors or as statesmen, or in arts, in literature, and in science. — The annual value of poultry in the United States is estimated at twenty millions of dollars. The city of New York expends yearly one and a half million dollars in the purchase of eggs alone.

THE GREED OF GOLD.—An inordinate thirst for wealth is one of the besetting sins of the day. Mammon-worshippers should read daily this sentiment of Dr. Channing: "A people that deems the possession of riches its highest source of distinction, admits of one of the most degrading of all influences to preside over its opinions. At no time should money be ranked as more than a means; and he who lives as if the acquisition of property were the sole end of his existence, betrays the dominion of the most sordid, base and grovelling motive that life offers."

COSTLY SCULPTURES.—Lynor Weitkanoff, a Russian gentleman, owner of the marble quarries at Carrara, in Italy, has lately had executed from selected and spotless blocks, a magnificent altar piece for the now nearly completed cathedral of St. Isaacs, at St. Petersburg. The cost of the work, previous to its shipment from Italy, was a million and a half of rubles.

DIET.—Quin said that Mossop, the player, adapted his diet to his duties. If at night he had to play the part of a tyrant, he dined on pork nearly raw, while for the character of a lover, he prepared himself by a milder repast of boiled tripe or a knuckle of veal.

SUNDAYS IN ENGLAND.—The Sunday desecration bill, as it was called by its opponents,—for opening places of amusement on that day,—has been defeated in parliament, by a vote of 376 to 48.

SENTIMENTAL.—"I am indeed very much afraid of lightning," murmured a pretty girl, during a storm. "And well you may be," sighed her despairing lover, "for your heart is made of steel."

Wayside Gatherings.

In twenty-three counties in the western part of New York, there are said to be forty millions of young fruit trees growing.

The remains of Commodore McKeever were recently interred at Norfolk, with military honors. There were two thousand persons in the procession.

The grand aqueduct at Sebastopol, about eight miles in length, width six feet, and mean depth seven feet and a half, has been destroyed by the French.

At Savannah, John Turner, contractor for sweeping chimneys, had his contract revoked, and was fined \$50, for profane language in the presence of ladies.

A fine young lad, eight years old, son of Mr. R. Whitehead, near Cleveland, Ohio, was killed by two savage dogs, recently. One of the dogs was a Cuban bloodhound.

Organ grinders are numerous and popular in Philadelphia. One hundred of these itinerant musicians passed a certain point during a single day, says the Courier.

Three hundred and sixty thousand dollars have already been subscribed to the university to be located at Greensboro' Ala., and its friends say they will start it with \$400,000.

The light-house at Cape Florida has been finished, and is now lighted. The light is a second class Fresnel, elevated 100 feet above sea level, and may be seen fifteen miles.

At St. Peter's church, Rome, a peculiar warmth always prevails and the cause is unknown. The candles about the shrines, and the thickness of the walls, have been erroneously thought the cause.

Three hundred tons of sugar passed over the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad during one week, recently, to Chicago, destined for one house in that city. This was the first invoice from New Orleans this season.

A company is soon to be organized in Milwaukee, under a new charter, to be called the "Milwaukee Transportation Company," with a capital of \$1,000,000, and to go into operation when \$400,000 more shall have been subscribed.

A project is on foot for the construction of a line of telegraph through the different towns along the route from Williamstown to Pittsfield, connecting at the latter place with the various lines to Springfield, New York, Boston, and other places.

It is remarked as a significant coincidence that the number of the Moniteur announcing the birth of an heir to the throne of the Bonapartes, contains a decree that all the money which bears the effigy of liberty shall cease to be current coin.

The young Prince of Prussia, son of the heir of the throne, is on a visit to England, with a view to be betrothed to the princess royal. Last year, when this youth came on the same errand, the British press scouted the alliance, but times have changed since then.

In the interior of Asia Minor and Armenia, the late winter has been one of unusual severity. In the vicinity of Koniah, a caravan of eighty persons was buried by a snow slide. Fifty of them were rescued alive by those who hastened to their assistance; the remainder were beyond recovery.

Mr. J. Brown, of Hart county, Ga., who is described as the father of twenty-nine children, has discovered a rich vein of gold, which yields from a small panful of earth a pennyweight of gold. The old man and his little boys, with their mortars and pans, make from five to six dollars per day.

A deputation of the friends of Poland waited on Lord Palmerston, and presented a memorial begging him to give instructions to the British plenipotentiary at Paris to insist on the restoration of Poland. Palmerston merely replied that the subject should have the consideration of the government.

Not long since a Portuguese officer passed through Lyons, accompanied by an ourang-outang, which he had captured in a forest of the Brazils. The height of this animal is about six English feet, and it walked upright without any appearance of discomfort. It was dressed in nankeen trousers and a straw hat.

The French Count Escayrac de Lanture, member of the central committee of the Geographical Society, who has already gained a world-wide celebrity by his travels in Central Africa, has been entrusted by the Viceroy of Egypt with the command of an expedition for the discovery of the sources of the Nile.

Astronomers, it is said, expect the appearance this year of the comet of 1556, called Charles V., and so named from having, according to some historians, caused that monarch to abdicate and retire to the convent of St. Just. It is the identical wandering star, some say, which appeared in 1264, 995, and in 683.

An iron screw steamer, of 600 tons, recently built at Glasgow, Scotland, has her mainmast, from its step to several feet above her upper deck, of a strong iron tube, into which is fitted the usual wooden mast. By this means, should the mast break or be cut away, a new one can be easily fitted without disturbing the cargo.

There has just been discovered, between St. Valeryen-Caux and Vanles, a new oyster bank, which, according to the French papers, had its origin in the foundering and breaking up of a vessel laden with oysters, bound from St. Vaast to Dieppe, thirty years ago. The quality of these oysters is declared to be exceedingly fine.

Lieut. Maury's agricultural admirers are about to urge upon Congress the establishment of a "Meteorological Bureau," under his able supervision. A committee appointed by the "National Agricultural Society," has the matter in charge, and petitions are pouring in from agricultural and horticultural societies throughout the republic.

One thousand dollars have been given by Erastus Corning, of Albany, N. Y., for the construction of an astronomical clock on a new plan, prepared by Dr. Gould. A meridian circle, which it is expected will be the most perfect instrument of the kind, as well as equal in size to any hitherto constructed, has also been contracted for in Munich, and is now in process of construction.

There is a tolerable prospect that in the mountains of Virginia there will be snow enough to afford good sleighing during the entire summer. The snow in the Alleghany mountains, at this time, averages about three and one-half feet in depth; and it is drifted in some places to the depth of from 100 to 150 feet, so that the topmost branches of the tallest trees barely project above the surface.

A case of great interest was recently tried in the courts of France. Captain Goetschy, of the 88th regiment, was formerly a Roman Catholic. His wife had died, leaving two children. Captain Goetschy became a Protestant, and the relatives of his wife applied to the courts to deprive him of the care of his children, on the ground of his conversion and of his determination to educate them in the Protestant faith. The case was argued by able counsel, but the court, after a deliberate examination, decided in favor of the father and the rights of conscience.

Foreign Items.

Count Orloff, the Russian envoy to the Paris Peace Conference, is 71 years old, and like the late Emperor Nicholas, over 6 feet high.

The Ticinese Gazette announces that the ratifications of the commercial treaty between Great Britain and Switzerland were exchanged at Berne.

The Minister of Finance of Parma has issued a decree allowing the exportation of rice, which had been prohibited two years ago on account of the scarcity of food.

The Emperor of Austria, "desiring to recognize the services which Baron de Rothschild has rendered to the State," has conferred upon him the decoration of the Second Class of the Iron Crown.

Queen Victoria has presented to the London Orphan Asylum, Clapton, three hundred guineas, to purchase for the Prince of Wales the right to keep one child always in the asylum during the lifetime of his royal highness.

There is at Cowthorpe, near Weatherby, one of the largest oak trees in England. It is 20 yards in girth, and one bough is 19 yards long. Its age is five hundred years, and a dozen people can comfortably dine in the hollow trunk.

The merchants of Liverpool are making efforts to adorn St. George's Hall with masterpieces of sculpture. £1750 are provided to be given for the best model of a statue of Archdeacon Brooks, to be sent in by either of twelve of the most eminent English sculptors.

According to Rayer's agricultural statistics, the number of chickens in France is 72,556,862, laying on an average fifty eggs per year each, making a total of 3,772,956,823, worth 178,331,110 francs. Between fifty-two and fifty-five million eggs are annually exported, mainly to England.

Sands of Gold.

.... Imitation is the sincerest of flattery.—*Lacon*.

.... Critics are judges who rely on precedents with the rigor of judges on the bench.—*G. H. Lewes*.

.... Beauty is no local deity, like the Greek and Roman gods, but omnipresent.—*Bartol*.

.... That virtue which depends on opinion, looks to secrecy alone, and could not be trusted in a desert.—*Lacon*.

.... We cannot conquer fate and necessity, yet we can yield to them in such a manner as to be greater than if we could.—*Landon*.

.... The men who jump at conclusions, seldom reach any that are worth having. These must be got by climbing.—*Wigglesworth*.

.... Libraries are as the shrines where all the relics of ancient saints, full of true virtue, and without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed.—*Bacon*.

.... Genius has an orbit of its own; if it moved through the orbit of common-place lives, it would not be genius, but common-place.—*G. H. Lewes*.

.... When fame is regarded as the end, and merit as only the means, men are apt to dispense with the latter, if the former can be had without it.—*Wigglesworth*.

.... The damps of autumn sink into the leaves and prepare them for the necessity of their fall: and thus insensibly are we, as years close round us, detached from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows.—*Landon*.

.... When the worm has eaten of the mulberry leaf, we demand of it silk. So, if one has fed on the beauty of the world, he should render back what is more beautiful and enduring than itself in ideas for the immortal spirit.—*Bartol*.

Joker's Budget.

What do we often drop, yet never stoop to pick up? A hint.

A sick cobbler must be regarded as being well when he begins to mend.

"What blessings children are!" as the parish clerk said when he took the fee for christening them.

Circumstances alter cases. Red paint, which is a great improvement on the looks of old houses, is but an injury to the cheeks of young ladies.

Last year, Lord John postponed his Reform Bill in consequence of the war. This year you will see that he will postpone it in consequence of the peace.—*Punch*.

"They don't make as good mirrors as they used to," remarked an old maid, as she observed a pair of sunken eyes, wrinkled face and livid complexion in a glass that she usually looked into.

Why are the collectors of the customs the most praiseworthy men we have? Because they never neglect to attend to their duties, their whole duties, and nothing but their duties.

A curious typographical error appeared in a country paper recently. In giving an account of an inquest, it was stated "the deceased bore an accidental character, and the jury returned a verdict of excellent health."

A damsel was asked, "When a lady and gentleman have quarrelled, and each considers the other in fault, which of the two ought to be the first to advance towards a reconciliation?" Her reply was, "The best-hearted and wisest of the two."

Paddy said he had a first rate rifle, only it needed mending. Upon being asked what it needed most, replied, "By the wooden leg of old Moses, it only needs a new stock, lock and barrel, and then it would hit a mark five miles upon a bee-line."

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CITY OF PALERMO, ITALY.

CITY OF PALERMO, ITALY.

The accompanying engraving embodies a striking general view of Palermo, the second capital of the Two Sicilies. The group of buildings on the right, the flocks and herds, with their male and female attendants in the foreground, the rich foliage that beautifies the valley, the distant sea and the frowning steep that overlooks it, make up a picture of Italian beauty delightful to the eye. Palermo was founded by the Phenicians, and as Panormus (universal port), a name indicative of its commercial importance, became the capital of the Carthaginian possessions in Sicily. It was taken by the Romans 250 B. C. Afterwards it became the capital of the Saracenic possessions in Sicily. In 1072, it was taken by the Normans. In 1282 it was the scene of the massacre known in history as the "Sicilian Vespers," an event which forms the theme of a striking drama by Casimir Delavigne, and another from the pen of Felicia Hemans. From 1806 to 1815 it was the residence of the court of Naples. During the revolution of 1848, it was bombarded and much injured by the royal forces. It is a fortified city, and the strong fort of Castellamare commands the bay. There are many handsome public buildings, among which is a cathedral of the 10th century, enclosing many interesting and beautiful monuments. The church of St. Peter and the royal palace are fine buildings. The archiepiscopal palace, the mint, custom-house, libraries and theatres are noteworthy buildings.

EXCHANGE BUILDINGS, LIVERPOOL.

This flourishing commercial city is one in which the people of this country feel an immediate interest. Its port is thronged with our shipping, and the stars and stripes are as familiar to the eyes of its inhabitants as the union jack itself. It is the very home of commercial activity, and the traveller from this country, accustomed even to the magnitude of New York, is struck with astonishment at its miles of docks and acres of masts growing as densely as the primeval forests from which they were hewed. We have selected for illustration the Exchange Buildings, which have only been completed a few years—a mass of solid architecture graceful in design and fitted for the purpose of their erection. The locality shown in the engraving is, perhaps, the most important site in this important town; the rapidity of whose rise is exemplified in the fact that, since the beginning of the eighteenth century, Liverpool has increased in population fifty-fold, or from five thousand inhabitants to more than a quarter of a million. The ancient meeting-place of the merchants and traders of Liverpool was at the Market-place, around the High-cross, at the junction of the four principal streets of the town. This cross was removed in 1674, and a public exchange erected upon the spot. This was, after some years, taken down, and a building on a larger scale constructed. In 1795, this edifice was destroyed by fire, and, until 1803, Liverpool was without an exchange. In the latter year, the first stone of

the present extensive buildings was laid. The whole is stated to have been built under the direction of John Foster, Esq., from the designs of James Wyatt, Esq. The material is stone, of reddish hue, from the quarries of the Earl of Sefton, in Toxteth Park. The edifice occupies three sides of a quadrangle, 194 feet by 180 feet, the area being 3492 feet, or twice of the late Royal Exchange, London. The plan has three interior façades, two of which, on the east and west sides, are surrounded by a range of columns with Corinthian capitals, supporting a massy cornice and balustrade, and covering arched piazzas of fifteen feet in width, extending along each of the façades. The north side offers a projected centre, with a portico of duplicated columns, through which the road passes out of the quadrangle into the adjoining street. Surmounting the columns is an entablature, supporting four sculpture figures of the elements, and corresponding with emblematic figures representing the four quarters of the world, placed on the Town Hall, which building forms the south side of the square. In the east wing of the building is a spacious news-room, and a corresponding room immediately above it is appropriated to the use of the underwriters. In the centre of the extensive area formed by these buildings, is placed Lord Nelson's Monument, modelled and cast from the designs of Matthew Charles Wyatt, by the celebrated Westmacott. It was erected in 1812, at an expense of £9000, raised by public subscription.



MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

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MRS. BARROW, AS MINEHAHA.

The beautiful engraving below is from a drawing by Mr. Hill, and represents Mrs. Barrow as she appeared on the occasion of her recent benefit, in the beautiful Indian costume in which she recited passages from Longfellow's "Hiawatha." The surrounding scenery, the lodge, the foliage of the wildwood, are all appropriate to the central figure of the picture. Until this triumphant essay of Indian life, our Indian legendary lore had no place in poetry. In "Yamoyden" the attempt had been made—but the style of that poem was foreign to them. The Indian nomenclature was but sparingly introduced, and that softened and Europeanized. Longfellow dealt with his theme more boldly. If it be objected that the measure of his poem be too regular and monotonous, it may be answered that the original chants—the music, the rhythm of the dances, of the aborigines are so. The flow of the verse affects us like the accompaniment of an Indian dance—it is strange and peculiar, but characteristic. A bolder effort was the liberal introduction of Indian common as well as proper names. The birds of the forest, the fishes of the lakes and rivers are named in the Indian tongue. Sometimes these names are as musical as Italian, and melt into the tide; again they roughen its course, like rocks in the channel of a river. But musical, or dissonant, they aid the purpose of the poet, and carry out the illusion he seeks to create. We confess that on first glancing at the poem, some of the very points which now strike us as beauties, were regarded as defects; and when a second perusal corrected our first impressions, and we saw how highly "Hiawatha" deserved the rank as a work of art, we feared that it would not be generally recognized as having such claims. Its reception by the public soon, however, dissipated those fears. The magic of the poem—not the magic of Longfellow's own name—gave it a passport to all hearts. In England its reception was enthusiastic. The English public more than echoed the plaudits of the poet's countrymen. Of its transatlantic sale we have not received more than a general report as yet; but we have ascertained that Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, the American publishers, have just sold the fortieth thousand, and that orders are still flowing in upon them. And yet this has been called an unpoetic age!—and we Americans have been called an unpoetic people till we half believed the justice of the charge! Yet nowhere is true poetry more highly appreciated than in America, as Mr. Longfellow's continuous success evinces.

In her personation of "Minehaha," Mrs. Barrow looks the Indian maiden to the life. She looks as

"She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,
Young, and tall, and very handsome,
Who, one morning, in the spring-time,
Came to buy her father's arrows—
Sat and rested in the wigwam,
Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back as he departed.
She had heard her father praise him,
Praise his courage and his wisdom—
Would he come again for arrows
To the Falls of Minehaha?"

Mrs. Barrow recited with exquisite effect the passage where Hiawatha comes to the arrow-maker's lodge to woo his daughter—

when he pleads his cause, and receives the old man's consent conditionally on the acceptance of his suit by Minehaha—

"And the ancient arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer very gravely:
'Yes, if Minehaha wishes—
Let your heart speak, Minehaha!'"

The timid air, "neither willing nor reluctant," with which the Indian maiden goes to Hiawatha, and takes her seat beside him, whispering, with blushes, "I will follow you, my husband," was beautifully rendered. On another occasion, Mrs. Barrow recited

with great effect the powerful description of the "Famine." She has recited portions of the poem in different places, and before different societies, with the same effect everywhere. In fact, here she has identified herself in a great measure with the character of Longfellow's heroine; and it was a deserved compliment to place her figure, in Indian costume, on the bows of the noble clipper Donald McKay recently launched at his shipyard, and which is now breasting the waves of the Atlantic on her passage to England. The circumstances attending that launch will long be remembered by those who participated in the festivities of the occasion. In the first place the noble vessel—the *Minehaha*—a structure of more than 1900 tons burthen, went off the ways without an accident, and took her first bath as if born in the element she is destined, we trust, to ride in triumph for many and many a day. After the launch, at the liberal entertainment provided by the builder, a distinguished company was present, including the poet Longfellow and the lady who forms the subject of our sketch. Both of them were complimented by sentiments which elicited the warm applause of the company, and to which Mr. Longfellow replied with the modesty characteristic of true talent, paying a deserved compliment to the genius of McKay. Mrs. Barrow, by request, repeated some of the finest passages. We should like much to hear this lady recite Longfellow's noble poem, the "Building of the Ship." The figure head carved by Mr. Gleason, of this city, for the arching bows of the "Minehaha," representing Mrs. Barrow in the costume we have delineated, is a fine piece of work, evincing much taste, and rising to the dignity of art.



MRS. BARROW, AS MINEHAHA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TEXAN CRUISER: —OR— CALYPSO, THE WANDERER.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR,

BY T. BURLINGAME ROSS.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHASE IN THE GULF.

Born Clarence Howard and the boy Peter had procured disguises, and after much debate with himself, the young captain resolved to go by water as far as Matamoras, and from there to take his way as should then seem best. The next mission of the Lone Star was to go to New Orleans, and as soon as the full complement of men could be made up, Mr. Lofton agreed to take command during his superior's absence. Ere long, Clarence found a small coaster which would take him to the mouth of the Rio Grande, which was distant near three hundred miles. It was an old schooner which had been used for carrying game and produce up and down the rivers, and along the coast, and though by no means much of a sea-boat, yet she would answer every purpose for so short and safe a voyage. The skipper had a lot of beef and vegetables to carry to Grayson, and he was willing for a small consideration, to run on to the Rio Grande.

It was early morning when the old schooner got up her anchor, and as Howard lent a hand at the windlass and at the halliards, he was very quickly on excellent terms with the crew. The skipper's name was Max Winter. If he was ever christened Maxwell, he had no recollection of having ever heard the name, though he never objected to put *his mark* to the name when it was thus lengthened out. He was a short, stumpy fellow, some five-and-forty years of age, and spent about half his time in the woods with his rifle and traps. The second in command was an Arkansas ranger, named Jack Sloan, and about Winter's age. And then there were five men besides who constituted the crew. They were stout, hardy fellows, all hunters, and used to the dark and rough ways of life, following their leader in everything—at one time away at the head waters of the great rivers after game, and at another running their old schooner about the coast, selling the product of their labors.

When the schooner had cleared the southern point of Galveston Island, the wind was found to be so near south that they had to beat their way down the coast. Max knew nothing of the use of the sextant or the quadrant, and it was very seldom that he was willing to trust himself where it could become absolutely necessary that he should be guided by the compass, though he had a good tight binnacle and a good compass in it. The consequence of all this was, that the old skipper seldom let his vessel get him out of sight of land. The day passed away, and the next morning they found that they had gained just about fifty miles on their way, which gave them a log of about two miles an hour on their direct course.

"I guess we'd do better to stand out further," suggested Clarence, as he made out the land upon the starboard bow.

"T don't do, ye know, for hens to ventur arter ducks," replied Max, "but I tell ye what, Capt'in Howard, ef ye'll keep the reek'nin' an' bring us to land agin, why, out 'tis. Eh?"

Of course Clarence assented to this, and as the wind still remained to the south'rd, the old schooner was put upon the starboard tack, and stood out into the Gulf. At nine o'clock the land was out of sight, but Clarence kept her on till noon.

"Aren't it best to be standin' in afore long," said Max, rather suggestively.

"Pretty soon," returned Clarence. "I want to run about half an hour more, and then we shall easily fetch the Padre Lagoon to-night."

"Eh—d'ye think so?"

"I know we shall if the wind don't go down," was Howard's confident reply.

But there were other things beside the winds to be considered, and which Clarence did not think of. He did not consider that vessels had before that time sprung aleak at sea, and gone down. Perhaps that was because he had always been in the habit of sailing in new, staunch crafts, and hence did not allow for the age and infirmities of the one he was now in. And again, before that time venturesome vessels had been captured by Mexican cruisers when too far from shore to make good their escape. But perhaps Clarence, having always before been rather anxious to meet these same cruisers than otherwise, forgot the comparative weakness of the craft he was now in.

However, at one o'clock the schooner's head was put to the south'rd and west'rd, and she behaved herself very well. All went on nicely till about half past one o'clock, and then one of the men at the bows reported a sail.

"Where away?" asked Clarence.

"Right straight ahead," replied the man.

Clarence looked, and he saw a brig not over four miles distant. It might have been seen some time before, had any one been on the lookout, but the man whom Clarence had requested to perform that duty had been attending to something else.

"What d'ye s'pose 'tis?" asked Max.

"Have you a glass?" asked the young man, in return.

"Yes. Spy-glass ye mean?"

"Certainly."

"Got a sort of a one down in the cabin."

And thus speaking he went down and brought it up. The glass proved to be an excellent one, and Clarence was not long in making the stranger out to be a Mexican, and an armed vessel at that.

"And she is standing directly for us, too," concluded he, as he lowered the glass.

"Then what'll we do?" asked Max, somewhat nervously. "By the great bar, ef I was ashore now, I'd know drefful quick what to do; but, ye see, here on the water I don't stan' a fair chance. Ken we run away from the fellow?"

"I'm afraid not," replied Clarence, rather dubiously. "That fellow is directly to the windward of us, and I am sure his best point of sailing is with the wind abaft his beam, while that is our worst. Before the wind we might run off seven knots, while that chap can run nine; so you see he'd overhau' us in two hours at the farthest."

"By the great Moses, then we're as good as trapped, eh?"

"I'm afraid so."

It was quickly arranged that the schooner should be kept away and run for the land; so the sheets were eased off and the helm put up, and as soon as the brig could notice the movement, she turned her course more to the northward.

"Captain Winter," said Clarence, "I am sorry I got you out here, for upon my soul, I did not think of this."

"Don't be sorry on my account," returned Max. "I ha'n't got no blame for ye. Ef I'd a had the knowledge I should 'a' run out here myself, so let that drop. But we're in a bad pickle, though, and no mistake. What ken we do?"

"I know of no way but to surrender," returned Clarence.

"We've got our rifles wi' us. Would them be of any kind o' use?"

"Why not?" uttered Clarence, starting with the thought; "how far can you shoot with any certainty?"

"Almost a mile, with our tight slugs."

"By heavens, Max, let's have them loaded. It's a new mode of naval warfare, but it may work well."

Max immediately ordered his men to get up their rifles—they had two each, and some three—and load them. They were quickly brought up, and Clarence knew, the moment he looked at them, that they would do much execution; they were the heavy, long hunting rifle, made for great range, and faithful to their aim. When one of their balls missed its mark its owner knew that he alone was to blame.

The brig was now a little over two miles distant, and her character could be more plainly made out. She carried sixteen guns, and appeared to have a full complement of men, though Clarence could see that she was not handled with much skill.

"They're a set of lubbers as sure as the world," he said, as he lowered his glass, "and if I am not much mistaken, I can handle the schooner so as to bother them some; they're some squad of rancheros or leperos, who may have smelled salt water some, and have taken advantage of a letter of marque to change the field of their robberies. Let the schooner be put off a little, and when she gets within shooting distance we'll try a new scheme."

Captain Winter had the utmost confidence in the young commander's capacity for handling the schooner, and he fell in with all Clarence proposed.

"And now there is one thing more," resumed our hero, after a moment's thought. "I had started on a peculiar mission, and I took everything I could think of that I might need. Among other things, I have a lot of small, keen files, with edges like saws. Now if we are taken by that fellow we shall be put in irons and huddled together somewhere, and why may we not contrive some plan for escape? By my soul," continued the youth, warming with zeal, as the plan more fully developed itself in his mind, "we may capture the brig, after all. Before she can bring a shot to bear upon us, we can pick off a number of her men; and then, after we are in irons on board their vessel, if we can get the shackles off undiscovered, why may we not overcome them at night, when they think not of it? By the great book, my boys, there's hope yet. We won't fight a moment after our own lives are fully at stake, for that would be madness. As soon as we find they must come alongside, we'll surrender at once."

"But," suggested Sloan, "won't they be likely to butcher us, out of clear revenge?"

"Revenge for what?"

"Why—for shootin' so many of their men, ef we do shoot 'em—an' I think I ken shoot a few on 'em ef my old shootin' iron don't rebel."

"You mistake these fellows," said Clarence, with a pitying look. "The poor wretches will thank us roundly for every one of their number we kill. Your cargo is a pretty valuable one, worth how much?"

"I'r'aps three thousand dollars, besides what money we've got, which is a thousand more," replied Sloan.

"Then I have a little," resumed Clarence; "but call it four thousand dollars. These fellows are bound together by no other ties but those of aid in plunder; and you may be sure they will much prefer to divide that plunder only among ten than among fifty. You understand now?"

"Yes," said Sloan. "And it's jest like 'em, too."

After this, Clarence went down to his chest, and from thence took a bundle of tools which he carried on deck. In the first place he had two curiously constructed saws; the bows were of stout steel wire, covered with cotton cloth, and so shaped that they could be worn about the neck as a part of the shirt binding. Into these frames little saws, made like a watch spring in size could be quickly set. One of these he kept himself, and the other he gave to Max Winter, after having explained to him how to use it. Then

to each of the men and to Peter, he gave two small, sharp files, which they were instructed to conceal in their shirt sleeves, just under the shoulder. After all this had been attended to, and some instructions given about the best method to file off the Mexican shackles, their attention was once more turned to the brig.

She was now about a mile and a half distant, and it was but a little after two o'clock. The wind was very near south, and the schooner was heading a very little north of north-west; the brig was upon the schooner's larboard or weather quarter, and heading about north by east, the direct line of her course striking ahead of the former. And thus they stood on fifteen minutes more, at which time the brig was due south from the schooner, and of course just dead to windward.

"Now," cried Clarence, "we have them in the toils. Up with your helm, and spread your booms wing-and-wing. We will take the wind directly astern, and you see the brig can't help doing the same thing. In this way, and in this alone, can we give them any trouble in overhauling us. But now we can have the wind upon every inch of our canvass, while that chap's forward sails are of no earthly use to him, unless, indeed, he clews up the main. There—steady, so. Now give me the helm and I'll keep her where she is, and you may try your rifles. Ha! that's your salutation, is it?"

This last sentence was elicited by the brig's firing a gun.

"She means for us to heave-to, I s'pose," said Max.

"Exactly," returned Clarence.

"Wal—I reckon we'll heave 'em somethin' else that'll answer every purpose," cried Sloan, as he set the sliding sight of his rifle for its longest range.

"Can you reach them yet?" Clarence asked.

"I'd rather wait a *leettle* while longer," was Winter's answer, as he measured the distance carefully with his eye.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT THE SCHOONER'S CREW DID ON THE CHASE.

It was soon found that the relative speed of the two vessels was much changed by the position the schooner had now assumed. Before, the brig had been gaining rapidly, but now she was not so fleet. She had changed her course when the schooner changed hers, and she must either now follow in the latter's wake or yaw about at a disadvantage. She gained some, but it was almost imperceptible. The Mexicans were crowded about the bows of their vessel, and their motions were anxious. At length the distance between the two was less than a mile—perhaps not over three-quarters.

"Jack," spoke Captain Winter, addressing his mate, "do ye see that chap perched upon the bowsprit there, nhold on the fore-stay?"

"Yes, I do," responded Sloan.

"Think ye can fetch him?"

"Ef he was a bar I'd bet on startlin' him."

"Then try it; your rifle is just a hair the smartest throwin' in the crowd. Draw on him."

Jack Sloan took his rifle and raised the hammer just so as to be sure that the cap was pressed down, and then he moved to the taffrail. His weapon was a beauty, and yet he claimed that it was better than it looked. He raised it to his arm and cocked it; the Mexican still stood upon the brig's bowsprit, with his right hand ahold upon the fore-stay, gazing after the schooner, probably to note how much they gained upon the chase. With a deliberate movement Sloan raised the rifle to his shoulder. His taking aim was but the work of a moment—he knew that his first sight was the sure one. He steadily raised his muzzle until his sight covered the man's left breast, and then he fired. The moment the piece was discharged, he stepped back, cocked the hammer, took off the exploded cap, and then resting the breech upon the deck, gazed off towards the brig. The man's hand was seen to drop suddenly from the stay—then there was one spasmodic movement of that and its mate toward the breast—and then he fell sideways into the water, and in a moment more the brig was rushing over his submerged body.

"I wa'n't sure of that," said Jack, as he saw the man fall; "but I kind o' thought there'd be no harm in tryin'."

"I know'd you could do it," responded Max. "So now I reckon we'll give old *Pick-em-off* a trial."

That was the somewhat characteristic name he had given to his faithful rifle. As the gnarled old trapper-coaster thus spoke, he raised his weapon and stepped to the taffrail. His piece was of the same make and pattern as his mate's, though it had been demonstrated that the latter would shoot a "*leettle*" the farthest. There had been some change in the position of things on the brig's deck, many, or most of the men having left the bows, probably having gone aft to see the fallen man's body come up there. Yet there were some left.

"See that chap with a red shirt on, just turnin' his head to speak to some one behind him," said Max, as he drew the hammer of his piece back. Several acknowledged that they saw him. "Wal," resumed Max, "I am just a goin' to give old *Pick-em-off*'s compliments to him."

As the last word dropped from his lips, his rifle was at his shoulder. The ponderous steel barrel was steadily raised to the true sight, and without the tremor even of a lid, the old man pulled the trigger. He did not stop to remove the exploded cap as Sloan had done, for if he had missed he had failed to do what another had done. But he had not long to remain uneasy, for in a moment more the red frock sank from sight beneath the bulwarks, and many men were to be seen crowding about the spot.

"Take 'em now!" cried Max, turning red in the face from excitement.

Sloan was prepared for another shot, and he quickly drew his piece upon a man who stood back to. He fired—and the man fell. Almost upon the same instant one of the men fired, and he dropped a Mexican from the larboard main rigging.

"Hi!" cried Max, as he drove a slug into his rifle, "see them bloody scamps in the fore-top. Mac, you take him as is on the starboard side, and you, Lascom, pick off that one a leanin' agin the larboard riggin'. Go it! Remember what old Sam Houston told us at San Jacinto!"

This reference to the bloody but glorious field where arose the *LONG STAR* in its power of freedom, and where every one of the present crew of the schooner fought bravely, called forth a quick, noble shout, and then the two sturdy men whom Max had addressed by name, stepped to the taffrail and fired; and in a few moments more one of the Mexicans fell from the fore-top, while the other one was seen to leap up and then settle down with his head bowed between his knees. One was dead, sure; and the other was, in all probability, unfit for duty.

Howard found that the schooner was very easily managed, and having called Peter to come and take the helm, and explained to him the peculiar motions he was to look out for, he took the glass and gazed off upon the brig.

"Well," he said, still keeping the glass to his eye, and watching the movements of the Mexicans the while, "they are beginning to get out o' the way of our shots. Ha—there is one with—"

But before he could finish his sentence, the quick eye of Adams, the oldest man of the crew, had caught the Mexican, and he had fired. The fellow had just raised his head above the rail by the bowsprit. As the old man's rifle was discharged he leaped up—stood for an instant like one in a sudden fright—and then fell over backward.

"You hit him in the head," said Clarence, who kept the glass to his eye. "By the mass, but they have taken the fright—ha! look sharp, some of you. There are two men crouching along after the man last shot; they may raise their heads when they lift the body up."

And so it proved. In a few moments more two heads were seen to pop up above the rail, and on the instant both Max and Sloan fired.

"One of them drops!" cried Clarence; "and perhaps both. I couldn't tell whether the other dodged of his own accord or not."

Some, who know nothing of our western hunters, might think this mode of warfare not quite so likely to prove effective as we must prove it to have been in this instance. But remember that one of these old rangers, who has spent long years in hunting—whose every idea of skill, and whose every thought of eminence and ambition of renown, has been confined to his rifle—is not likely to miss his mark. Those seven men who composed the schooner's crew might fire all day long at a most dubious mark, and you shall find a single miss the theme of shame and regret. Is it a wonder, then, that their bullets were now fatal? Far from it. To have fired and missed his man would have been the exception in the common course of events as connected with the hunter and his faithful rifle.

The schooner was still running off wing-and-wing, and the brig was directly in her wake, and now, at three o'clock, about three-quarters of a mile distant. The latter craft gained but slowly now. Could she have had her course in any other direction, she would have overhauled the schooner ere this; and even now, could she have had studding sails to keep her on, she might increase her speed one quarter, at least. But she had no studding-sails set, and that seemed pretty good evidence that she had none. During the next ten minutes after Max and Sloan had fired together, not a human head was seen above the brig's rail. The man at the brig's helm was hidden by the foot of the foresail.

"Look ye," uttered Max Winter, starting into new life under the influence of a new thought, "we ken never take them chaps from here, but two men on them cross-trees can pick 'em off good. Jack, will you go up with me?"

"Yes, I will," replied Sloan, energetically.

"Capt'n Howard, you ken fix the haulin' lines, and my men ken load the rifles as fast as we ken fire 'em."

"All right," returned Clarence. "Go up at once, and I'll see that you have your rifles as fast as you can want them."

Four lines were procured and taken up to the cross-trees at the main-top, and when the two men reached the place, they made them fast there. Thus they had two lines each, by which means each could have one down after the fresh rifle while he was firing another from the top.

"Aha!" cried Max, as he had perched himself snugly in his place, "I ken see 'em now."

Two rifles were sent up, and as soon as they were fired they were sent down and two others hauled up. They were fired without being cast clear from the hauling lines, so they had only to fire and lower away—pull up and fire again.

"By the great horn spoon," shouted Sloan, "we're a droppin' 'em now!"

"Hi-yi!" returned Max, levelling his rifle as he spoke; "here's another one for the pile."

Thus they had fired five-and-twenty shots, Sloan having fired one the most, when the deck was cleared.

"They've gone below," said Max, who held a loaded rifle in his hands, ready for the first head he might see. "O, I wish I could git jest one peep at their helmsman."

One of the men, named Wilson, stood a moment looking up at his commander, and then he turned his gaze upon the brig. In a moment more he proposed firing some shots at random.

"We know whar her wheel must be," he said, "and who knows but out of half a dozen balls one on 'em might hit him?"

Wilson's proposition was received with favor, and two of the men commenced the work. The slugs for this purpose were sharpened with a knife at the conical end, so that they might go through the foresail without much resistance. They fired six times, and would have fired more had not the report of Winter's rifle interrupted them.

"Look sharp!" the skipper cried, as he sent his rifle down. "They's tryin' to run a gun for'ard!"

The brig was now less than half a mile distant, and could she have brought a gun to bear upon the schooner, it would only have required a good aim to do much damage. The brig's bow-port on the starboard side was thrown open, and in a few moments more the muzzle of a gun was seen protruding therefrom. But they were not destined to make much by the movement, for they could not work the gun without exposing themselves to the eyes of our Yankee marksmen.

Within five minutes from the time the port was thrown open, four men had fallen about the gun under the bullets that sped from the schooner's cross-trees. After this the Mexicans seemed to hold a consultation, and the result must have been that they would risk no more lives, for in a few moments more the gun was left and the men disappeared; not, however, until two more of their number had fallen, for the distance was such now that the men could not have wished for a more safe mark than a man's head.

It was now four o'clock, and for half an hour not another man was seen on board the brig. Some effort had been made by Max and his men to shoot away the running rigging of the enemy, but without much effect. The topsail ties were either of raw hide or of iron chain, so that the bullets had no effect upon them; and the other ropes which were of consequence towards keeping the sails spread, were hidden behind the canvass. By half past four the brig was less than quarter of a mile distant—considerably less—and it was soon evident that she was about to present her side to the chase, for her yards began to swing, and her head turned slowly to the westward.

"Now we are going to catch a broadside," said Clarence, as he noticed the movement.

"Aren't it best to give 'em one more salute as they come around?" queried Max, who had come down from the cross-trees some time before.

"Yes," returned Clarence. "Let all hands of you be prepared and stand by. They can't load their guns without exposing themselves. Stand in a row and pick your men, being sure that no two take the same mark."

There were fifteen rifles, and fourteen of them loaded, and these were placed ready—each man having a spare one to grasp as soon as he had fired the first. The brig soon presented her broadside, and three or four men at each gun went immediately at work to level the pieces and prepare for the shock.

"Steady!" uttered Max, at the same time raising his rifle. "Be sure of your men—take 'em as ye stand."

In a moment more the seven rifles were discharged, and there was a momentary suspension of operations on the brig's deck; but those who remained quickly set to again.

"Now!" cried Max; and as he spoke, they fired again.

Clarence could plainly see that consternation had seized the survivors on board the enemy, but after a few moments' hesitation they went at the work again, and ere long her broadside was fired. The heavy balls came crashing and splashing about the schooner, but not one of her crew was injured. One ball had passed through the low bulwarks at the bows, and another had carried away the extreme end of the main-boom.

"They only fired seven guns," said Max.

But the words were hardly out of his mouth when the eighth gun was discharged, and the schooner's foremast was crashed to splinters about six feet from the deck. Ere many moments the disabled craft began to yaw, for she could be kept before the wind no more. The brig had put her helm hard a-port, and was now coming down swiftly, seeming inclined to pass under the stern of the schooner.

"She means to give us another broadside," said Max.

"And if she does she'll rake us badly," replied Clarence.

"Then why not surrender?"

"I see nothing else for us to do," Clarence said, speaking hurriedly, but clearly. "We have stood bravely out while there was the least opportunity; but it would only be clear madness to do more. We might shoot three or four more of her men, but if she gives us her broadside as she passes under our stern, it may sweep the whole of us. She will be down in five minutes. Let us pull down our flag and await the result. But remember the tools I have given you; keep them safely, and be careful how you use them. Captain Winter, suppose you have two or three rifles fired to leeward as we pull our flag down? that will be more fully expressive of the fact that we have surrendered."

This was agreed to; the flag was immediately lowered, and the three rifles fired to leeward. A minute elapsed.

"Ah," said Clarence, "they will not fire—they are rounding-to."

CHAPTER IX.

STRICKEN I

A WEEK had passed away from the time of Jilok Tudel's first visit to Irene after his return, and he had repeated the visit thrice. On his last visit he had hinted at the idea of having the wedding sooner than had been agreed upon at first. The maiden was surprised at this, for she wondered what could have caused the man to change his mind. Now the truth was, Tudel was more keen

than she gave him credit for; while, on the other hand, she was not so witty as she might have been. A simple conversation between Tudel and St. Marc will solve the mystery. It was on the occasion of the pirate's last visit—on the day previous to the one on which we thus return to the scene—that he stopped to see St. Marc before leaving the house.

"St. Marc," he said, after he had seated himself, "we must have our wedding come off a little sooner than we had planned."

"Ah, how so?" returned the host, elevating his eyebrows with a stare of inquisitiveness.

"Why—I must secure my wife before she runs off."

"You're talking in riddles, senor. I don't comprehend."

"I simply mean that Irene is planning to flee."

"You're crazy, Jilok."

"Perhaps I am; but I have sense enough left by me yet to understand that."

"If you are in earnest, perhaps you'll explain."

"Certainly," returned Tudel, with an expressive nod. "In the first place, I know that Irene hates me, and that she would rather live in a hovel with some one she loved than to live in a palace with me. Perhaps you understand this much of it."

"I cannot dispute you there. But you will remember that I had nothing to do with her love for you."

"Certainly not. I do not hold you accountable for any of it. But to go on—she hates me. Next, she naturally possesses a sensitive mind, and would never be calm while her heart was really being crushed. You understand this?"

"Yes," returned St. Marc, as coolly as though they were discussing the merits of a horse.

"And yet," pursued Tudel, "she is as calm as can be when I am present, and the allusion to our marriage moves her not a jot. Now I simply know that she would never be thus if she really believed she was to become my wife."

"Well?" uttered St. Marc, looking calmly on.

"Then," resumed Tudel, "it appears plain enough to me that she means to escape me. Ay, Antonio St. Marc—as sure as fate, Irene means to run off; there is no mistake about this."

"Well, Tudel, you may be right," said the host, in rather a thoughtful mood. "But I have had no means of seeing this."

"But I have," quickly replied Tudel, who, seeing the nail driven home, thought it best to clinch it. "I have, senor; and more than that, I can tell when the thought first entered her mind. I noticed the change in her bearing, from extreme fear to calm indifference. She just knows that you will not help her, so she will help herself."

"Very well, Jilok; I do not dispute you. You may set the day when you choose, and she shall be ready."

"Very right, Senor Antonio," uttered Tudel, with mock gravity. "By the host, we'll astonish the damsel. Let the day for the ceremony be on Monday; to-day is Thursday. That will give her time enough for preparation. And then there's no need of making such a vast amount of preparation; we can do much of that after the ceremony has been performed."

So it was planned that the ceremony should be performed on the following Monday. It was on Friday evening that St. Marc came to inform his child that the marriage was to take place on Monday. She knew from Tudel's remarks that the time was to be changed, but she dreamed not of so much change. She clasped her hands, and besought her father to save her; but he turned coldly from her.

"I have nothing to do," he said, "only to inform you of the new arrangement that has been made. What odds can it make to you whether the marriage takes place in one week, or in four?"

"Father," cried the unhappy girl, sinking upon her knees, and once more clasping her hands, "O, will you not save me from this terrible doom? What have I ever done that you should thus consign me to shame and misery? How have I ever, by a single word or deed, merited this from you? O, have pity on me. Spare me!"

The dark man stood for a few moments and gazed upon the child in silence. Then he gave her his hand and lifted her to her feet. His frame trembled, and his eye burned strangely; and once more Irene saw that same look that had before made her shudder.

"You would be saved from Jilok Tudel?" he uttered, in a quick, nervous whisper.

"Yes—O, yes!" the maiden replied.

She gazed up into his face as she spoke, but she shrank from the look she met there. It was not a kind look—it was not a threatening one. O, she could not fathom it.

"I have promised Tudel," he whispered. "I have promised him; but—"

He stopped and drew the maiden more close to him. He wound his arm about her, and then he whispered in her ear. It was a quick, impassioned whisper, and was uttered at a single breath. Irene heard it—a moment she stood there, with that arm about her, as though she would be sure she heard aright, and then, with one low, wild groan of misery, she darted away to the farther corner of the apartment. St. Marc approached her.

"Leave me! leave me!" she cried, in thrilling, terror-stricken tones. "O, in God's name, I command you—come not near me again!"

"Irene—"

"O, speak to me no more now!" Leave me here alone—go!"

The man stopped midway in the room—he gazed upon the girl a moment—and then left the place. Irene stood there, crouching away in the corner, until she could hear the steps of her father no more, and then, with one deep groan, she sank down senseless upon the floor.

It was half an hour after this that Cassandra came into the



PALACE OF AHMED BEY, AT TREBIZOND.

room and found her young mistress lying upon the floor. She hastened to her side, and with cold water and salts soon managed to bring her from her swoon.

"What is it, my mistress?" the faithful girl asked, as she held the maiden's head in her lap.

"Cassandra," whispered Irene, gazing eagerly up, "is it you?"

"Yes, dearest mistress."

"Where is my—father?"

"I know not; I have not seen him. Shall I call him?"

"Call him!" repeated the fair girl, starting quickly to her feet. She gazed wildly about her, and finally, bending close to her attendant, she uttered, in a hoarse, frightened whisper:

"O, no—I have no father, Cassandra. Never, never more! On all the wide earth I have no father! Speak not now. Let me think. Never, never more. O, God have mercy!"

Thus speaking, Irene sank into a chair and bowed her head upon her hands. She remained thus full fifteen minutes, and when she raised her head again, it was fairly dark.

"Shall I bring lights?" asked Cassandra.

"Not here—not here. Take them to my own chamber; I will go thither at once, and do you follow quickly with the lights—quickly, Cassandra; O, quickly! Do not leave me alone!"

The fair young attendant was surprised and most deeply moved, but she stopped not now to ask questions. Hastening at once to the steward's department, she procured candles, and then went up to the chamber of her mistress, where she found Irene already seated upon the bed. The waxen tapers were set in the costly sticks, and then Cassandra sat down upon the soft divan which her mistress sometimes used for a footstool. Awhile Irene gazed upon her in silence, and then she went and sat down

near her and drew her head into her lap. This movement startled the young girl. For an instant the thought flashed upon her that her poor mistress might have her mind turned. Yet she allowed her head to rest quietly where it had been placed, and she moved not until she felt a warm tear drop upon her cheek. Another—and another. She turned her gaze upward, and Irene was weeping. Starting quickly up, she threw her arms about her gentle lady's neck, and in a low, eager tone, she cried:

"What is it, Irene? O, trust me, for this heart is all your own, even unto death. Tell me all, and fear not."

The maiden wiped away her tears, and with an effort she was calm.

"Cassandra," she said, in a low, yet distinct tone, "I have no home. O, God! I have no home!"

This last sentence was addressed to that Father whom the orphan owns, for her hands were suddenly clasped and raised heavenwards. But she was quickly calm again, and then she resumed:

"I have no father any more, Cassandra. Never, never more! No father!"

"But he is not dead," whispered the maid.

"Dead to me—worse than dead," returned Irene, with a fearful shudder. "But ask me no more of him. I cannot stay here, Cassandra; it is no more my home; this roof covers a pest-spot—a charnel-house! You will bear me company."

"Yes, yes, my mistress. You will not command me in this, for only bid me stay behind, and on my bended knee will I pray that I may accompany you. But when will you go?"

"As soon as possible. O, to-night if I could."

"Is there need of such haste?"

"Ay—as there is of the condemned man's breaking from pris-

on. They have fixed upon Monday next as the day of my marriage."

"So soon?" uttered Cassandra, forgetting what had passed.

"And will not your father save you from this?"

Irene St. Marc turned pale as death. She pressed her hands hard upon her bosom, and at length she said, in a voice fearfully distinct in its deep, moaning volume:

"He would save me from the pirate—as the ravenous, lustful wolf would save the lost lamb!"

Cassandra gazed fixedly into the speaker's face, and her own cheeks turned ashen, and her own frame shook. Once more she wound her arms about Irene's neck, and drew her head upon her bosom.

"I will ask thee no more," she said, speaking gently and soothingly. "Let us plan for our escape, and make our way off as soon as possible."

Irene made one more powerful effort, and thereby she threw off the terrible load from her mind, so that she could bend her thoughts to the subject in hand.

"O, we must be very careful," she said, "for I feel sure that I know why this move is taken. I have been too bold and assured. I have exposed my thoughts when I knew it not. From my utter coolness when in the bad man's presence, and from the deep contempt which I have allowed to exhibit itself toward him, he has rightly judged that I meant to make my escape. For no other reason would he have made such a change in our arrangements. So, once more, we must be very careful. You are quick of wit, Cassandra; O, help me if you can!"

The young girl gazed her mistress steadily while she spoke, and when she had finished, she bowed her head and remained for some



GULF OF KABAK-MEIDAN, TREBIZOND.

moments in deep thought. At length she raised her eyes, and the very light that beamed therefrom told that she had gained something by her pondering.

"I think I can obtain the garbs of two priests, Irene—I am sure I can. I can do it this very night. You remember my father, lady?"

"Very well, Cassandra."

"Well—Gonzales Rondo was a poor boy once—despised and turned away by the wealthy because he was poor and friendless, and shunned by the lepers because he was of a caste above them. My father, poor as he was, and but a simple ranchero, fed him and clothed him, and by his own influence alone got him into the church. It was in this wise. Belvardo, the bishop, was in a carriage, and his horses were running furiously away with him, having thrown his postilion off. Near to my father's house there was a frightful precipice; towards this the horses were dashing on in all their mad fury, when my father rushed out in front of them and seized them; they dragged him a short way and hurt him much, but he stopped them and saved the bishop's life. The prelate forced a purse upon him, and bade him come for any favor he might want while they both lived. But my father never went but once, and that was to ask that poor Gonzales Rondo might be taken into the holy orders; the good bishop was true to his promise, and he not only gave Gonzales a noble opportunity for advancement, but he also made him understand that he owed it all to my father. So now I know that Gonzales will help me. He is a good priest and of much influence. He was but a boy when he entered the college, and I think he told me he still kept his novice's suit. If we can obtain the garb of priests we can easily escape. From the top of our house we can step directly upon the next, and from thence upon the roof of the chapel; and of course no one will think of questioning two priests coming from that direction."

"O, ten thousand blessings on thee, dear one!" murmured Irene, winding her arms about her companion's neck. "Already I begin to live once more. Let me once be free from this place, and God will keep me—and you, too, Cassandra; when can you see the priest?"

"To-night—now. I will go at once."

"But will they not suspect thee?"

"No, for I have liberty to go and come as I please; the distance is not far."

"Then go at once. But O, be careful. Should I lose you, my last and only stay would be gone."

"And is there not one other?" Cassandra asked.

"Whom do you mean?"

"The young and noble American captain."

Irene St. Marc started, and for a moment the rich blood mounted to her cheeks and temples.

"Alas!" she murmured, "once I might have hoped, but his people are now at war with ours, and his duty now keeps him away. I must not think of him—perhaps he never—never loved me. He will never know how devotedly I have loved him! O, why was it so! why did I ever see him? Clarence—God bless thee ever!"

Words of hope were upon Cassandra's lips, but she did not utter them; she had no ground for them, and she left them unsaid. But she pressed her lips to Irene's fair brow, and then she said:

"Rest you easy here while I go to Father Rondo's house. I will not be gone long."

"Hurry, my good Cassandra. Leave me no longer than you can help."

And when the true-hearted girl was gone, Irene locked her door, and then she sank down upon her bed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



MOSQUE OF MIMARET, TREBIZOND.



QUARANTINE AT TREBIZOND.

EASTERN SCENES.—TREBIZOND.

The series of sketches herewith presented to our readers, illustrating the ancient city of Trebizond and its environs, are not only faithful as views, but interesting as works of art. Our first view is the exterior of the palace of Ahmed Bey. Nothing can be more picturesque than that far projecting roof, with its elaborate ornamental and overhanging snow-white walls—that quaint and rich staircase and gallery. The group of Orientals, with their high caps, seated on a carpet in the foreground, and those seated on the gallery and on the stairs, add to the effect of this scene. Trebizond is situated in Asia Minor, in Anatolia, the country of the rising sun, and nearly at the extremity of the Black Sea. The city rises in the form of an amphitheatre, on the flanks of the Taurus, known by the names of Mounts Zinggana and Karnakan, which begin at Batoum in Georgia, and end at Samsoun; their summits adorn and protect it. About 225 leagues from Constantinople, sailing vessels are frequently occupied a month in the transit. By steam it is about seventy hours. Trebizond is a very ancient city, which, according to the Greek historian, was founded by a colony from Sinope. Xenophon, in his history of the retreat of the "Ten Thousand," speaks of Trapezus, whence comes Trebizond, so named from its form, which represents a trapezium. Taken by the Romans a second time before the Christian era, it was raised to the rank of capital of the province called Pontus Cappadocius. Its power was kept up by the Greek emperors, and when Byzantium fell, in 1202, Alexis Comnenus made it his capital. The two founders of the empire of Trebizond contented themselves with the title of duke. John Comnenus, the grandson of Alexis, was the first who took the title of emperor. Its active commerce supported it, notwithstanding the disturbances in the Greek empire; the luxury of Byzantium was transported thither, and the court was famous for its splendor. Enchanting palaces arose in every direction, and even the wealthy visitors from Persia and Asia were astonished at its magnificence. Mahomet II. laid siege to this city, and David Comnenus, the reigning sovereign, capitulated. Since then it has remained under the Turkish domination. After a long period of prosperity, the intestine wars of the janissaries, and afterwards the barbarous sway of the pachas, reduced it to a deplorable condition. In 1800 it still had 100,000 inhabitants, but in 1830, only 15,000. Now, in consequence of the relations of Europe with Persia, and the introduction of steam navigation in the Mediterranean and as far as Trebizond, the population has gone up to 40,000. It has become the principal entrepot of Asiatic commerce. The population is composed of Turks, Greeks, Jews, Armenians, Circassians, Persians and Italians. Our second engraving represents the gulf and plain of Kabak-Meidan, or the place of tombs—the bold shores, fertile vegetation and picturesque architecture are shown. The third view shows the exterior of the beautiful mosque of Mimaret—it is exquisitely elegant. The general view of Trebizond from the quarantine ground gives an excellent idea of its scenery. We also add a view of a singular coffee house on the water at Samsoun. The different apartments are, for the sake of coolness, built out on piles, beneath which the water circulates freely. It will be seen that they are highly adorned with flowers and certainly have an air of great attractiveness. The Orientals understand out-door luxury, and their summer retreats are all distinguished by good taste. The coffee-house which we have sketched, is, we believe a perfectly unique establishment, and affords a most luxurious resort to those so inclined.



COFFEE-HOUSE ON THE WATER, AT SAMSOON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ETHOL.

BY H. D. L. WEBSTER.

Never faltering—ever struggling,
Ethol labored year by year;
Cheerful as the morning sunbeam,
Free from doubt, full of prayer.
There's a secret worth the telling,
That makes Ethol's life flow on
Strong and even: he, not leaning
On his neighbor, stands alone.

'Tis a secret worth the telling,
That makes Ethol bold and strong:
Stalwart spirit, onward pressing—
Pressing through the world along;
Standing firmly in his manhood,
From his face a light there shone;
Days of honest truth and courage,
Giving strength to stand alone.

Cheek long weather-browned and sallow,
Yet with manly beauty gleams;
Heart as brave as any warrior's,
Yet a woman's love there beams
From each big and warm pulsation:
Poor but honest, he began
Climbing up life's rugged mountain,
But he stood alone—a man.

Ay, he stood alone, and labored;
Year by year his sturdy strokes
Behoed through the dusky forest,
As he felled the towering oaks.
Small his gains, but they were constant;
Now a fortune's all his own:
This he got by self relying,
As he learned to stand alone.

All his fortune's not in silver,
Lands, nor gold, nor glittering ore;
Jewels bright around his hearthstone
Shine upon him more and more,
As he presses to his bosom
Loved ones he can call his own;
Wife and four "wee little birdies"
Bless him as he stands alone.

'Tis a secret worth the telling,
That makes Ethol's life to shine
Beautiful in its own meekness,
With a light almost divine.
You may learn it, O my brother;
'Tis not hard for you to con:
Only rise in your own manhood,
Learn to toil—and stand alone.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

JOHN HARDEW'S LOVE.

BY RICHARD CRANSHAW.

"I AM not a well taught man, Mary, and don't best know in what way I can speak to thee, and gi' thee some idea of what your unkind words are makin' me feel upon this, to me, most unhappy night. Thou hast made up thy mind, Mary, that every tender and loving tie that has bound us two together for these many long years shall be forever parted to-night. That the words of affection which I am uttering, while my pride of manhood strives agin the feeling that forces them from me, shall fall upon listless ears. Well, be it so. If yo' are the happier for what yo' have now done, all as I say is, in God's name, I am willing; for right well you know, that above your happiness and your comfort, I have no thought in life."

He was not, as he himself said, a well-taught man, but his simple words, spoken with the depth of feeling which was shown by his tremulous voice, and by his pale and care-worn face, possessed an eloquence that no teaching could ever bestow. And when he said, "in God's name, I am willing," his arm was raised in an appeal for a true witness, to bear evidence to the deep solemnity of his words. He had uttered them very slowly as he stood inside by the door, and now as he turned the handle and made one step forth from the sill, he spoke even slower yet.

"Don't think, Mary, that I linger to give time for yo' to call me back agin. I could not unsay what I have said this night, nor tak' back my resolution to be no longer a hindrance to your happiness and prosperity. But I canna' pass out forever from the old roof without the thoughts of times past comin' over me with a sort o' rush, and bringin' me down to the days when we two played beneath this same old porch, and gathered posies from this very turf that's now beneath my feet."

She was about to make some reply, when he interrupted her quietly.

"Let me finish, Mary. I won't keep yo', an unwilling listener as yo' must be—I won't keep yo' long. Should the day ever come when you need friendship, or stan' in want of either aid or assistance, protection or pity, don't forget that so long as I can offer them they will be truly yours."

She would have, perhaps, tossed her head slightly at his generous offers, but that the thought shot sharply through her brain that his words might prove prophetic. Might not the feeling of presentiment be upon her at that moment? She listened in silence while he went on.

"Yo' may think, Mary, my words are only the jealousy that a cast-off lover feels for his rival, but I think you know me better, and, I hope, will heed me when I tell yo' that George Vernell is not the man to make you happy. I cannot go from here, loving

you so well, and not tell you that such is my solemn belief. The young squire could tak' his pick from among the wealthy and the highly born, and knowing him as I do, and having been wi' him since I were but a boy, I feel that I am not mistaken in his character. Therefore do I say that it is but your pretty face which ha' struck his fancy, and made him believe himsen that he be deep in love wi' you. All I ask is that yo' pause well before it may be too late. And if that warning, given by one who thinks so much of you as to hand you calmly to another, rather than that the day should come that saw a regret from you that you had chosen as you had,—if that warning be unheeded, I say once more, that whenever you need a friend, I will strive to be that friend, and stan'ing here in the face of Heaven, my promise becomes as holy as if I had sworn to keep it faithfully and true!"

He took off his hat reverently, as he spoke, and stood so for a moment, while his words thrilled strangely through her, as she stood silently regarding him. Then taking her hand in both of his own rough ones, he gazed earnestly upon her downcast face for a moment, murmured forth, scarcely articulately, the words "God bless you!" and was gone.

The place was upon the porch of the little cottage, beneath whose roof dwelt Mary Warden and old Mr. Warden, the village schoolmaster, her uncle. Brightly was the face of nature beaming in the rays of the silver lady of night; and stillness reigned throughout the sleeping village, and couched in the soft air wafted through the gently heaving boughs, and lay out upon the surface of the lake that shone like silver in the moon-rays, beaming silently down upon its placid face. Peace hovered round about on all sides, and mocked the conflict of emotions within her troubled bosom, as she stood, without motion, watching the retreating form of him who had loved her so deeply and so well, whose echoing footsteps sounded like a reproachful voice upon her ear, as she heard them grow fainter in the distance.

John Hardeu's way home lay past the mansion of the young squire, his foster brother, who had but lately returned from the continent, recalled by the intelligence of his father's decease. The old man was scarce laid in the ground, when the new squire began a course of life which gave rise to gloomy forebodings on the part of those who had been his father's steadfast friends and were well inclined to his boy, and to prophecies of evils to come from all sides, neighboring squires and surrounding tenantry.

As he passed close to the house, his ears were saluted by the loud cries and laughter of the kindred spirits whom the squire delighted to gather round him, and he saw that the windows of the mansion were one blaze of light and brilliancy.

"An t'ould squire but just laid to rest in his narrow home! O, Master George, this be not the return for the love he has showed to you ever sin' the day when your eyes first saw the light! Is the sorrowing spirit of the old man lookin' on yo' now? and is he askin' for pardon for his wrong-doing boy, I wonder—I wonder?"

Thus sadly communing to himself, John Hardeu plodded wearily homeward. Onward towards the hearthside which had seemed for a long time past but blank and cheerless, even with the confident anticipation of soon beholding it lighted up with the magic smile of a wife; to be now, O! doubly black and gloomy, doubly blank and cheerless, when he found his hopes crushed, and withered, and blasted, from that time forth forever more. Onward, through the green lanes, and past the rustling trees, whose dark foliage, seen in the moonlight, looked funereal and sad, when he chanced to raise his downcast head to glance towards them. Onward, past the dismantled old mill, once so busy, now silent and ruined, even as his heart was silent and his hopes were ruined. Onward, by the placid village stream, whose bosom might have invited him to repose eternal, but that his good, honest heart knew not how to vibrate with one beat that was fraught with anything like selfishness. By the village graveyard, too: here he paused a moment to undo the rustic gate, which, having softly closed again as though fearful of awaking the slumberers around him, he moved towards a little group of mounds, marking the spot where rested the ashes of his dead kindred. Upon the white surface of a stone placed at the head of one of these, he read, in the clear, solemn light, the words, "Sacred to the memory of Ellen Hardeu," and the simple couplet,

"On earth, a minister of love;
An angel guardian, now, above!"

Kneeling down beside this, for the first time the strong man's heart gave way, and he felt the hot tears upon his cheek as they dropped slowly down upon the grave beneath.

"Yo'll not think the less of me for these tears, mother. To what fitter place should I come to shed them than upon the dust of her whose living breast has been the pillow where they ha' dropped so many, many times before? O, mother, I loved her so true; my whole soul was, as it were, so bound up in her; and now that I find I ha' been so deceived, and that my bright future is all so black and dreary, I canna, canna help them falling; they must come! She has always been my love an' my pride, even sin' I were but a child, and now when she is bound to another, I will not think of what has been my fondest hope and wish; but I will be a protecting brother to her, and unknown and unnoticed, I will mak' her my care an' the object of my life-long guardianship, while she will never know that I am watching over her. Help me, then, mother, in forgetting that I ever loved her but as a brother, and help me, too, from now forward, in actin' towards her as a brother should."

Here then, beside his guardian spirit's grave, the holy shrine of the only saint he ever knew or wished to know; here, with the silent moonlight bathing his prostrate form in a gorgeous flood of silver; here, in the holy temple of the dead, John Hardeu proves the depth and intensity of his unselfish love, and calls upon their kindly spirits to aid him in maintaining it immaculate.

And but a step from there a widely different scene is going on, for Denwood Hall is one blaze of light and brilliancy, and high revel is therein held by the young squire, George Vernell, aided and seconded by his boon companions, a crowd of satellites revolving around the orbit of their, at present, brightly beaming planet.

A right noisy, red-faced, deep-drinking, chorus-singing and loud-talking crowd of satellites they are, too! Some of them—hard-headed ones—are just beginning to shed their rays around, and but add to their brilliance at each bumper drained. Others again are paling visibly, and one or two more communications with the freely passing bottle consign these luminaries underneath the table, being suddenly and totally quenched for the night.

As has been the usual case in these orgies, since the deity of wine was first worshipped, and mankind first became jovial one with another, there are the same peculiarities visible in their conduct as has ever transpired before on similar occasions. As their forefathers and their predecessors, they are even now swearing an eternity of friendship that will last till the morrow's sobriety cancels the past, and consigns all recollection to the very depth of oblivion. In short, as their forefathers have often and often done, time and again, they are all vying, one with the other, in getting indisputably, mellifluously and unquestionably drunk.

And noisiest of the bacchanals, loudest of the revellers, the young squire, George Vernell, appears in the very acme and summit of his glory. There are hard lines about his sensual mouth, and premature crowsfeet upon his face, marking the anniversaries of many more such scenes as these, and frequent debauches have already begun to leave their traces on what would otherwise have been a handsome countenance. He rises unsteadily to his feet.

"I'll give you a toast, gentlemen. Fill up bumpers, and pledge me the enchanting and angelic little Mary Warden!"

"Certainly, with all the honors. The angelic Mary!"

One of the gentlemen is troubled with a slight inaccuracy of speech, and drinks to "'gelic lil' Mary Morton, by all means!"

Somebody begs to be informed who she is.

"Who is she? She's a little divinity that I have found buried in the obscure dwelling of the village schoolmaster, and whom it is my intention to disinter and enshrine in her proper sphere, a fit object for the world of taste to fall down and worship."

"But suppose some fellah should happen to please her fancy and walk off with her some fine day, you'll have the labor of excavation for nothing, me boy!" draws out the fascinating Augustus Puddlenob, a gentleman distinguishable principally for an overwhelming display of hair; so much so that his countenance appears at first sight to be limited to little more than a nose and eyes, and they to be planted in the midst of a boundless waste of hair—a bristling hirsute prairie.

"Why," laughs the squire, "had you some thoughts of laying siege yourself, that you offer such a suggestion?"

"Honah, me boy,—honah!" murmurs the immaculate Augustus; but at the same time settles in his own mind that it would not be so bad an idea after all, if he finds that time hangs heavy on his hands during his visit at Denwood Hall.

"No, no, Gus,—it's of no use; you couldn't come within a mile of her. She had a sort of liking for a certain John Hardeu, a tenant on my place; but though I believe she did at one time encourage him, that's all up now. Poor John, I quite feel for him—I do, upon my word!"

So much so that a brimming glass of champagne is necessary to calm the intensity of his grief. Two of them seem to have that effect, for he volunteers a comic song immediately afterwards, and informs the company generally that a cobbler lived in King Dick's reign, with his ring-tum ping-tum folderiddle lay, who, trudging home through a muddy lane, found his legs to keep was a task in vain, with considerably more to the same interesting effect.

More wine is drunk and more songs are sung. Anecdotes are told which would be excellent without doubt, but that, as a general thing, the relators find, at their conclusion, that they have forgotten the points. Feats of a gymnastic nature (ending usually in a demolition of furniture by the amateurs) are presented; and Babel is, in short, represented with tolerable accuracy and vividness in the great dining-room of Denwood Hall.

More wine is drunk and more songs are sung. Mr. Augustus Puddlenob, having begun a very dolorous ballad, succeeds in reaching the second line, and then, without the slightest apparent cause, subsides suddenly with a hiccup, and goes down with all on board, leaving no trace but his wine glass broken short off at the foot, upon the table, where his place had been but a moment before.

More wine is drunk and more songs are sung. But it now appears to be a general chorus of voices, each singing something suitable to his individual taste, totally regardless of surrounding sounds. Thus, for example, one remarks that he's sitting on the stile, Mary, and the peculiar addition from some distant quarter, "with a bottle and shillelah I'll the boys of Dublin rally," greets his ear. The well-known cherub who is represented to be continually sitting up aloft, seems all at once to have shifted his position, and now finds agreeable quarters in full fathom five. Mr. Peter Snout was invited out—that fact has been long established; but tradition said nothing of the banks of the blue Moselle being the scene of hilarious gathering, which he was entreated to attend.

Thus pass the hours away, and the revellers sink, one by one, to slumber; some with their heads placidly reclining upon the floor, while their feet rest easily on the chairs they have just occupied, and others having apparently sought the same balmy comfort, among the burnt-out ashes of the grate.

And as the candles disappear in their sockets, the rays of the pale moon shine softly through the huge windows, and light up the faces of the drunken sleepers in a grotesque, ghastly manner,

as though a troop of clowns and mountebanks had been by some magician's hand turned suddenly to stone, while in the very act of insane contortion and grimace.

She peeps in and sees all this, and sees, too, the favored lover of Mary Warden as he lays wallowing in his debauchery, surrounded by the same heartless, useless and abandoned beings as himself, and as she gazes with her great wondering face, shedding her lustrous beauty on the slumbering world, her beams are cast down upon a drooping figure kneeling by a mound of grass-grown earth, and a halo seems to form itself around about it, as it kneels there in the dead and solemn silence of the moonlit night.

The chimes hanging in the little belfry of the moss-grown church are mournfully swinging to and fro, and tell to the ears of the sober-visaged neighbors that one soul has gone out from among them, and to the village children that there will be one more tombstone for them to spell reverently over, as they pass through the ancient graveyard, on their way homeward from the church.

Mr. Warden is dead, and Mary Warden is now without her good old uncle to advise and counsel her, or to warn her kindly, as he had always done before, from the dangers that surrounds the path of inexperienced youth.

The humble funeral is over, and she sits at the trellised window, thinking with a heavy heart of her lonely position, with not one relative now living to whom she can look for protection. The tears arise upon her sight as she thinks sadly of the dead old man who lavished all his love upon her, and of the honest heart which she had cast from her, who would, in such a strait, have been so true a friend to her. She has seen nothing of him since that night when he took his leave of her for the last time, and she reproaches herself for the coldness she had shown to him. Then again her thoughts wander to him who fills so deep a place within her bosom, and she struggles against the doubts which the solemn words of John Hardew have given rise to.

"He is—he must be true; I wrong him to think otherwise."

She had spoken aloud, without hearing that a step had crossed the threshold, and that a figure stood silently beside her.

"Of whom does Mary Warden speak?"

It was the subject of her thoughts that asked the question, though the tell-tale blush that lit her pale cheek, as she turned and saw him, was sufficient answer to it.

"True, Mary," said he, in a reproachful tone. "Is it needful to ask it? Have you, then, so little confidence in me?"

"Forgive me, George, if I doubt you for one moment. But O, without you I have no one in the world to whom I can now look for a friend. He who has befriended and cherished me for so many long years lies cold and silent beneath the churchyard's mound. No—no; you could not do a wrong to one so desolate as I."

She laid her head upon his shoulder, and as she wept, revealed to him the confidence she placed in his honor and love, and felt assured that in him she had found one who would be all in all to her, a comforter and friend. Woe betide the man who would betray such confidence! Anathema and maranatha be his portion and his lot forever!

He suffered her to weep in silence for some moments before he spoke.

"This is not a time, Mary, to speak of marrying and giving in marriage, with death so lately in the house, but the living must be cared for; repining at the will of fate will neither bring those back whom we have loved, nor will it provide for the necessities of the mourning ones left helpless by their loss. Therefore I must speak the words which will both provide for you, and at the same time render me happy in the possession of a loving and beloved wife. Will you suffer me to call you by that dear title, Mary?"

Her silently clinging still closer to him was her only answer. It was enough. To her fears as to the displeasure of his family in uniting himself so far beneath the station which he filled, he replied that to their displeasure or their satisfaction he was alike indifferent, but that for some weighty reasons it would, for the time, be necessary to conceal his marriage, and that, after it had taken place, he would provide comfortably for her, until such time as he could openly and before the world give her the rightful position that she was entitled to.

No doubt crossed her mind as she submitted to him in everything. The marriage was to take place at an early day, and should be solemnized at the hall, in the presence of a few friends in whom he could place his confidence, fearlessly and entirely.

So time wore on, and the hour approached that was to see Mary Warden bid farewell to the days of maidenhood, and take the vows of eternal fidelity and love. And seldom would they be spoken with more of reverence and truth than when they should be uttered by her lips, for her love had grown to be her religion, and she thought of George Vernell as of a something better than general humanity, so much was his devotion to her in her sorrowful helplessness magnified by the confiding girl.

Black and heavy were the clouds that filled the autumn sky upon the morning that ushered in the wedding-day. Sombre faces seemed looking down upon it from the gloomy vault above. The birds, whose cheerful notes were wont to hail the rising morn, sat cowering upon the tossing boughs, in ominous silence. To and fro waved the branches of the barren trees, having the appearance of hands wringing wildly in the extremity of woe, and their falling leaves might well be likened to the tears that were shed in the abandonment of their deep grief and agony.

A covered carriage stopped at the gate of the cottage, and Mary Warden, stepping forth, was received in the arms of George Vernell. Quickly the door was clapped to, and the vehicle driven rapidly towards the hall. Arrived there, the steps were let down, and pale and trembling, she stood within the mansion whose mis-

stress she was from thence to be, though she felt that it was more like a culprit than a happy bride that she was entering it.

A young woman came forward to assist her. She could not tell why it was, but the girl's face did not exactly please her. There was a downcast expression of the eye, and a smooth, unpleasant voice, although the face itself was rather a handsome one. She tried to banish such feelings as childish, but they would return each time she caught her glance fixed upon her, with a strange expression, from time to time.

Through a lofty corridor, lined on each side with the family pictures, she was led in silence by the girl into whose care the squire had given her, to prepare herself for the bridal ceremony. Grimly these faces looked down upon her, and sternly they seemed to follow her with their eyes, as she looked back, half terrified, behind her. She felt as though she were running the gauntlet among the threatening ghosts of deceased Vernells, and breathed a deep sigh of relief when she found herself within a snug apartment, lighted cheerfully up with a ruddy fire that burned within the grate.

In almost perfect silence was she dressed by her attendant, who expended no undue amount of words, even in replying to the few questions asked her. Mary was busy with her thoughts, and the silence was rather agreeable than otherwise. Yet when she did chance to recall herself back from the realm of dreams, she was sure to find that peculiar look fixed steadily upon her. Why it should make her uncomfortable she knew not, but she could not help the feeling each time she met that strangely gazing eye. She at length made an effort to banish the embarrassment that she felt coming over her, knowing that that eye was fixed upon her whenever she chanced to look away, and asked her kindly was she unhappy. Unhappy! O no!—she was not unhappy. In fact, she was quite merry at times—quite merry; and she laughed with such a strange, wild sound, that Mary shuddered to hear it, and began to think that the strange being must be somewhat disordered in her intellect. She did not dare to ask any more questions, and finished her toilet in silence.

And now George comes for her, and kisses her, and tells her how well the simple but rich white silk becomes her, and that a ducal coronet could not enhance the love he feels for her. He tells her this as they pass together through the gloomy corridor, where the ghosts of the dead Vernells are keeping watch and ward, and as he speaks, she could almost swear that some one laughed close to her. She turns and finds that her attendant has noiselessly followed them, and walks quietly behind, with her eyes cast down upon the ground. She sees no expression in her face, however, and sets it down as but the vagaries of her own excited imagination.

"You must not mind her, Mary dear. She is not altogether right in her mind," George whispers to her as he, too, looks back with something of trepidation in his face towards that singular figure following them with its stealthy step and down-bowed head. "I have brought down a clergyman from London, for, of course, it would be unsafe to trust our secret with the village pastor," said he, as they reached an oaken door leading from the gallery.

She knew not why, but this startled her. No time, however, was given her for thought, before the door opened, and she found herself within a handsome, old-fashioned apartment, in the presence of three gentlemen besides the minister. A glance towards this latter personage served somewhat to re-assure her, for she saw that his hair was of snowy hue, and his appearance in his white robes and surplice perfectly correct and well-ordered.

No time was lost, and they stood up before him, while he began the solemn marriage service of the Church of England. He had proceeded about half-way through, when a loud scuffling was heard in the hall, and while they stood irresolute, the door was dashed fiercely in, and John Hardew stood before them!

It might have been a group of statuary rather than a living one that stood in various astonished attitudes at this abrupt invasion, so motionless were they. John Hardew broke the silence, fixing his gaze sternly upon the face of the young squire, whose eyes were glaring fiercely upon him.

"George Vernell, I did not think that thou wert so black-hearted a man!"

"What means the fellow? Where are my servants? Am I to be insulted and outraged thus in my own house with impunity?"

"Is it you who dares to use the words insult and outrage, while insult and outrage of the deepest kind are being acted underneath a roof which, till now, has been the home of good and honorable men? Insult and outrage will you innocent face before you! Insult and outrage, while your very soul be filled with them to overflowing!"

O, the withering and crushing effect of his impetuous words! Before them his face blanched, and he leaned for support against a chair, while Mary, sick at heart and reeling, would have sunk to the ground, but that the strong arm of John Hardew was around her in an instant, and he was supporting her with the tenderness of a mother. He seated her gently before he proceeded:

"Well for you, squire of Denwood Hall, that this wickedness be gone no farther. If you had injured one hair of her head, although we have been boys together—although we two drew life from the same bosom—although I have loved you, bad as I knew you were,—if you had injured her, I should have killed you—I should have killed you!"

He spoke with terrible earnestness, and one glance at his dilating eye would have shown how much of dreadful truth there was in what he said. He would have killed him—crushed him with as little compunction as he would have placed his foot upon a viper, and ended its hideous powers of doing further mischief.

"Come, Mary, let me lead you from this place. You are in the midst of wickedness and wrong. This man, who bears upon his

shoulders the covering of the lamb, is but a wolf in disguise. See!—did I not say so?"

And before that individual was aware of his intention, he lifted the gray wig from the monster's head, and discovered the wolf in the person of Mr. Augustus Puddlenob, who had kindly volunteered for this occasion only, having, though grievously against his own wishes, been divested of his magnificent whiskers and moustache for the purpose. That gentleman conceiving his holy cloth deeply insulted, made a rapid exit from the room, and shortly afterwards from the house itself.

"These men are blacklegs and scoundrels," continued he, pointing to the others who had stood, by no means unmoved, spectators of this singular scene.

To this charge they made a movement of virtuous indignation, as though to advance towards their libeller.

"Yes, do! I'll crack your crowns with as much ease as if they were so many filberts!"

John held in his hand a stout cudgel, which he evidently could wield with a masterly grasp,—at least these injured gentlemen seemed so to consider, for they disdained any further reply, and followed in the footsteps of the departed Puddlenob.

"Nun, I say it! there be one o' thy own sex here, and she had so little feelin' for her helpless sister that she was helpin' and aidin' the guilty wrong that was about to be committed."

He looked towards the girl who had helped Mary in her toilet, and who sprang forward fiercely as he spoke.

"Why should I warn her from the path which I myself have trodden—trodden with agony and tears for so many long and weary years? What is she better than me that I should spare her? If the raising of a finger of mine would have done it, I would not have lifted it. I am sorry she is saved. I would have her loathsome and infectious as I am, for I was once as pure as she. Take her from here—quickly! The sight of her is poison to me!"

Forth from this contaminated house they went, Mary clinging to him closely—convulsively. She knew that in him only was safety. In him she had implicit trust. Blind no longer, the scales had fallen from her eyes. Forth from that contaminated house.

Hear them—only listen to them!—the chimes hanging in the little belfry of the moss-grown church. "Ding-dong-dell—ding-dong-dell! Let's be joyful, ding-dong-dell! Aint it jolly? Little louder! Ding-dong-dell—ding-dong-dell!" They work themselves up into a perfect mania of jollity and joyfulness, and little loudness, and ding-dong-dellness. One would think they must grow exhausted with the intensity of their mirth, but not a bit of it; louder and clearer on the morning air comes the refrain "Ding-dong-dell!"

The farm-yard dogs begin to conceive themselves insulted, and commence a chorus expressive of defiance and derision. They retire, however, from the combat, perfectly used up, and silent from very hoarseness, and can only express themselves by the means of a feeble and imbecile growl for the remainder of the day. Louder and clearer on the morning air comes the refrain "Ding-dong-dell!"

All the lads and lasses collect together for a dance upon the green, and the fiddler essays almost in despair the task of tuning his well-worn instrument, so much does the melody of the bells interfere with the successful accomplishment of his object. Still, they keep it up with untiring vigor: "Ding-dong-dell—ding-dong-dell!"

John Hardew leads his newly-wedded wife from beneath the porch of the moss-grown church, and as he steps forth, a proud and happy man, the bells reach the climax of their joy, and the echoes of their cheerful voices may be heard far and near from valley to hill, and back again from hill to valley, for miles around. High and clear upon the morning air the never-tiring "ding-dong-dell—ding-dong-dell!"

UNIVERSALITY.—Short-sighted people—I mean such who have but narrow conceptions, never extended beyond their own little sphere—cannot comprehend that universality of talents which is sometimes observable in one person. They allow no solidity in whatever is agreeable; or when they see in any one the graces of the body—activity, suppleness, and dexterity, they conclude he wants the endowments of the mind—judgment, prudence, and perspicacity. Let history say what it will, they will not believe that Socrates ever danced.—*La Bruyere*.

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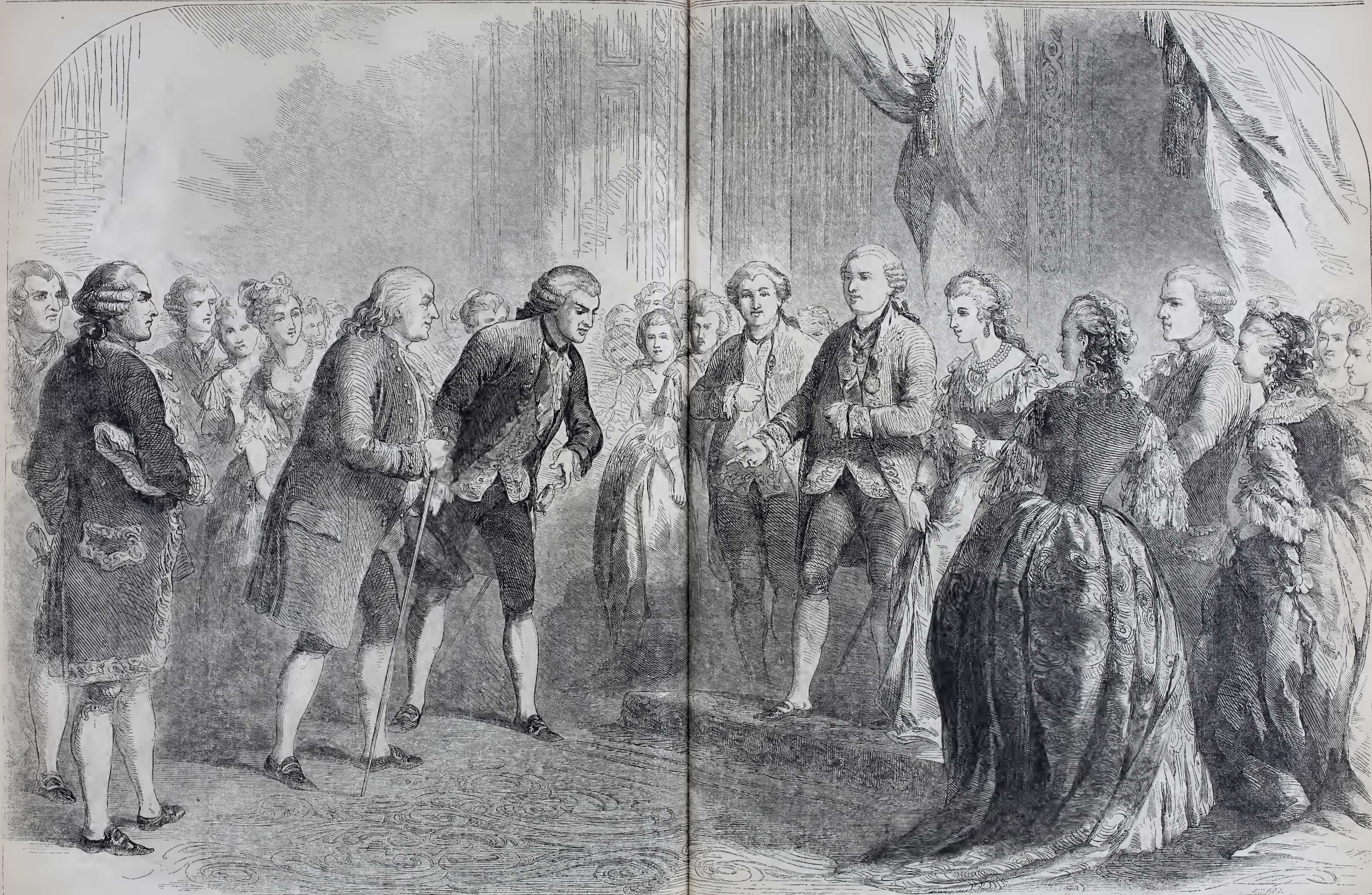
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FRANKLIN PRESENTED AT THE FRENCH COURT.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CHILDHOOD.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

Give, O give me back the days of my childhood,
 When my heart beat to hope's high thrill;
 O give me back the days of my childhood,
 Ere my life-path was crossed with ill;
 When the star of my youth shone gaily—
 When the bright sun lit my path daily—
 When life glided away—O merrily—
 When love lit my life path cheerily.
 Give, O give me back the days of my childhood,
 When the sun never set on my fears;
 O give me back the days of my childhood.
 When my cheek was not deluged with tears.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

It was Thanksgiving week in Farmer's Hollow—that grand old festival to which so many of the unfortunate feathered tribe have fallen yearly sacrifices ever since the institution became one of general observance—a period considerably in advance of my remembrance, good reader; and on the occasion to which we refer, there was no lack of the customary provision among the good people of the Hollow—and a great many populous roosts were perceptibly thinned; a great many fingers were blistered in the process of scalding defunct fowls; a great deal of merriment prevailed, and a great many sly jokes and teasing allusions to anticipated feather-beds, that caused rosy cheeks to tingle with rosier blushes, were made by roguish younger sisters, as the glossy covering of chanticleer was stripped from his yellow sides and spread somewhere in the sun to dry; a great many staid fathers run up long bills for spices, raisins, and other necessary trifles, at the village store; and a great many good things sprang into existence, which delighted juvenile eyes, and caused juvenile palates to water in anticipation of the promised feast.

But with the young people—that is, the self-styled young ladies and gentlemen, ranging from the age of fourteen upwards—these items of home festivity were of secondary moment. How could the girls confine their interest to the probable lightness or whiteness of the pastry they moulded?—or the probable figure it would make on the family board, when, in reality, they felt a much greater degree of anxiety with regard to their own appearance on a certain evening not far distant? And how could the beaux dispose their minds to the sober contemplation of a quiet fireside gathering, when another, of a much more brilliant character, kept saucily intruding itself upon their imagination?

But this abstracted state of feeling was at once made plain, when it became known that extraordinary preparations were going forward for a grand union ball, to take place the night preceding the customary Thursday appointed by his excellency the governor, as a day of public thanksgiving and praise.

What a flutter of excitement did this give rise to! What a tumbling of ribbons in the seven by nine shop of the little milliner! What a putting on and off, experimentally, of fancy slippers, both masculine and feminine, at the sign of the golden boot opposite! In what mysterious knots the young men collected in the tavern-porch, wearing very anxious, business-like face, talking very rapidly and in very loud whispers; and then suddenly dispersing, and betaking themselves in various directions, with as much consequential haste and bustle as though bent on an official embassy of vital importance to the state.

O, what an eventful epoch in the annals of Farmer's Hollow! What a fever of doubt prevailed as to who would invite who, and who would accept who's escort; and what a universal feeling of pleasure succeeded, as all these doubts were happily resolved, and the temporary partnerships satisfactorily adjusted. All, indeed, but one! One still remained unmated, although not uninvited—and she the prettiest girl, and quite the belle of the Hollow. Many an aspiring gallant had dashed over the intervening mile between the village and her sunny hillside home, to solicit the honor of her company at the ball; but each was forced to return with the same success, or rather the same disappointment, to meet the laugh of his companions, and join in the general wonder as to whether pretty Helen Smith was really going to do so silly a thing as to stay at home on the night of the ball, or whether she had been previously secured by some manœuvring rival, of whom they were yet ignorant, but upon whose imaginary head they vowed tremendous vengeance!

Meanwhile the charming object of all this bootless speculation maintained a provoking silence as regarded her intentions for the momentous evening, and continued to assist her mother in the customary household duties much in the same way as if there had been no ball in contemplation; save that she now and then paused in her work, and shading the faint November sunlight from her eyes, looked inquiringly down the long pleasant road leading to the village, wondering secretly why a certain somebody need be so very remiss in paying her the compliments of the occasion, and presenting the important invitation—which she half resolved to refuse, in punishment for his neglect!

Extreme curiosity prevailed in the family circle of the Smiths, as to what disposition the eldest daughter of the house would probably make of herself on the night in question; and a great many doubts, and a great many conflicting opinions were expressed. But when it fell out that a trio of the young Smiths (determined spirits!) having assumed the liberty of inspecting the young lady's

wardrobe, bounced down stairs with a shout, and announced the important discovery that "Nelly's white gown was spread out on the spare bed in the north chamber," it became at once the general conviction that Nelly designed going—but how, or with whom, was a mystery which defied the research of even the indefatigable juvenile trio.

As might be conjectured, Helen herself felt intensely uncomfortable under the fire of so many inquiring eyes—and the more so, as day after day wore away, and she was still looking vainly down the long road in the direction of the village.

At last, as the eventful time waxed near at hand, she ceased her unrewarded watch, and mounting the broad worn stairs to the chamber above, sadly surveyed the simple yet tasteful preparations, which she had been so happy in making, now wasted! Of what use now was the pretty dotted muslin, so white and so nicely smoothed;—or the new light boots, with their shiny tips;—or the delicate satin ribbon, glossy and rustling, and terminating at either end in the slightest perceptible curl, betokening its recent release from the block, and which she held for a moment over her hand, and saw it ripple down, like a stream of light, to her feet. This was *his* gift, which she would have worn for *his* sake—alas! and a bright round tear, looking like a liquid diamond, glanced down its glistening length as she folded the cherished trifle away, and then quickly withdrew it, and placed it again in contrast with the snowy muslin skirt. "Yes, it would be very pretty," she said, with a half sad smile, "no one need know it was not so intended at first."

She had suddenly decided that Sarah—who was two and a half years younger than herself, just turned fifteen, and was now going wild with delight at the anticipation of her first coming out—could be very becomingly arrayed in the toilet designed for herself. It suited her fresh complexion perfectly, and with the assistance of a few sprays of scented oak plant in her brown hair, she would look charmingly for her first appearance.

Pleasing herself with this plan, and the anticipation of Sarah's surprise, she tried to forget her own disappointment, and believe that the neglect of the favored expected arose from some unavoidable cause; but a thousand miserable suspicions would keep whispering that nothing stronger than his own will had detained him, and cruelly hinted that possibly his attentions were more agreeably bestowed elsewhere. All this served still more to torment and distract her; and when, on the following morning, a messenger came at foaming speed from a neighboring town, to announce the violent illness of a distant family relation, which resulted in the immediate setting off of the respective heads of the family for the scene of distress, she watched their welcome departure with a sensation of relief, and a feeling that there were now four eyes less to detect the slightest variation of countenance, and a corresponding deficit of two distinct minds to draw their own inferences therefrom. And she set about her daily duties, satisfied that she could indulge in the luxury of wretchedness to a much greater degree, unembarrassed by parental scrutiny.

But this indulgence was speedily rendered unnecessary. A sudden sunbeam burst upon her from an unexpected quarter; no less a comforter than little Dick, busy in a corner with a miniature kite, rose up to apply the balm of healing.

"Nelly," he commenced smartly, forsaking his play and sidling up to the table at which she was busy, "you can't guess what Tommy Fields told me about you, when I see him down to the village yesterday!" Here he paused, with a wise look, savoring of defiance; but finding Nelly manifested no inclination to "guess," he proceeded with annoying good nature to unfold Tommy Field's remark, to the effect that "everybody" (meaning his big brother, who was somewhat moved by the spirit of pique in consequence of Miss Smith's having declined his gallantry) "said that nothin' kep' her from goin' to the ball, only cause Phil Rider didn't happen to be at home to ask her."

"Where is he gone?" asked Nelly, quickly, without any regard to the scandalous charge, and in a tone, which, though meant to be indifferent, betrayed her surprise and anxiety to even the inexperienced ears of Dick.

"What makes you blush so, Nelly?" demanded that observing young gentleman, with a great deal of juvenile archness; and being sufficiently penetrating to perceive that the information of which he stood possessed was of some importance, bravely refused to be entreated, until persuasion, in the shape of a very large lump of sugar prevailed, and Helen learned to her happy amazement that the tardy gallant, whose non-appearance had resulted in so much waste of feeling, had been absent nearly three weeks on business in a distant part of the State.

How light seemed the burden of Helen's labor that day; and what a flood of sunshine filled the room, and rested on the air without. How soon the night shut down, and so busy had the whole day been, that Helen's short, soft curls had not once felt the smoothing influence of comb or brush, but clung in tangled masses around her Hebe forehead; and the faded bombazine and long white work-apron had not as usual given place to the neat afternoon print and becoming collar—and as she stole a peep into her unflattering glass, she felt that, above all other things, she should dislike to have the handsome eyes of a certain Phil behold her unpromising appearance! But resolving soon to find time for improvement, she resumed her work, and had become well absorbed in the preparation of a delicious turkey dressing, when she caught the sound of a slight bustle in the yard, and shortly after, as in the case of Zekiel's Huld,

"She heard a foot, and knewed it, tu,
 A-raspin' on the scraper;
 All ways tu once her feelings flew,
 Like sparks in burnt up paper!"

In another moment she would stand confronted by the very one of all others she would have wished to avoid!

But was there no means of retreat? She could not fly to her

chamber; for to gain the staircase, she must cross the identical entry that even now contained the enemy! In this extremity she fled for shelter to the only attainable covert, the door of the cellar, and had just time to close it after her, when she heard the pleasant exchange of good evenings that followed the entrance of the visitor.

"Ah," was the internal thought of her wicked brother Nathan, as he saw her vanish into voluntary exile, "I'll pay you off a great many unsettled scores before you escape from that trap, Miss Nelly!" And the memory of several occasions when he had found himself mysteriously fastened out on the coldest of the midwinter nights; the thought of the intruding chairs purposely set as stumbling blocks in his way up stairs when obliged to grope in the dark, because somebody had maliciously misplaced the candle-box—together with the stinging recollection of sundry pins cunningly introduced into his coat-tails, causing him for a while to suppose the sofa of the lady on whom he called was stuffed with needles, and that every unlucky chair on which he essayed to sit concealed a minute but terribly effective instrument of torture, thereby making himself very ridiculous in the lady's estimation, by suddenly bouncing up, as if in obedience to unseen wires, *a la puppet*, at each successive sitting down. All these indignities, passing in review before the mind of the injured Nathan, detracted nothing from the zest of his determination; and accordingly, meditating profoundly that a fire in the parlor could only be produced by immense backlogs and foresticks, which only *he* could split and prepare, he resolved to be deaf to Sarah's beseeching looks, glances in the direction of the cellar door, and final verbal statement of her desire, and to declare, in a vastly good-natured way, that "there was no need of another fire—Phil was very comfortable as he was," which would, of course, be warmly seconded by their courteous guest, who would consequently remain in the kitchen, and Nelly, as an inevitable result, down cellar!

Meanwhile, Nelly was seized with horror, when, in reply to an inquiry for Miss Helen, she heard her brother's polite rejoinder that she was "somewhere about the house, and would probably be in soon—she knows of your coming, I believe; doesn't she, Sarah?" elevating his eyebrows interrogatively upon that young lady! Thus appealed to, poor Sarah could only gasp a faint "yes," and wonder within herself what Nathan proposed to do next; something was in contemplation—she could see it in his eyes.

Nathan himself was at no such loss; he carried forward his determination to the very letter! There was no fire in the parlor, in spite of Sarah's despair, and he addressed himself immediately to the entertainment of his visitor, forcing him to talk upon a great variety of subjects, which it was apparent possessed no interest in his eyes, but which it pleased his amiable host not to observe. Mr. Philip evidently sat upon figurative pins of quite as excruciating a nature as the real ones of Nathan's memory! His growing impatience manifested itself in frequent fidgetings of his watch-chain, and his reflections certainly were not the pleasantest.

If Helen was really at home, and knew of his presence, why didn't she appear? It seemed to him nothing less than a case of intended slight; he felt that it was folly to remain longer, and was a dozen times on the point of rising, but Nathan contrived to detain him, without appearing to notice the movement—and at last, not wishing to appear disconcerted by this singular treatment of the lady's, he determined to "make an evening of it," which he *did*, to Helen's intense agony, who was in a state of mind that passeth conception—vexation, regret, alarm and mortification predominating by turns. Indignation for her graceless brother stood decidedly in the ascendant, however; and what dire plans of retaliation were concocted and matured in that shiny, unkempt head of hers, no one knew better than herself, as shivering with the damp atmosphere, she muffled herself partially in a dilapidated garment which hung near at hand, and crouched down by the door.

Meantime the fire in the old-fashioned chimney waxed fiercer and higher, and radiating powerfully in the direction of the tortured visitor, rendered him externally as uncomfortable as he was already miserable in mind. Successive backward movements of his chair contributed sparingly to his relief! His face became very red, and he applied his handkerchief nervously to his reeking brow.

"Warm, Phil?" demanded the incorrigible Nathan, concluding a very funny story, and abandoning the poker, with which he had been accompanying himself upon the blazing logs; "might open the door—that perhaps," pointing to the fatal cellar door, near which the victim, in his violent retrograde movements, had arrived. Phil clutched at this merciful suggestion as his only chance of escape from suffocation, and sprang upon the indicated door, but immediately staggered back aghast, as a spectral figure in dirty white tumbled forward into his arms! Poor Nelly, tired and chilled, had fallen asleep on the topmost stair, with her head against the treacherous door, and awoke in the embrace of her lover.

There was one suppressed exclamation from the convulsed circle of Smiths, among whom, however, there appeared to exist great unanimity with regard to the time of retiring, for, on the instant, the room was deserted by all but the solitary pair by the cellar door; but a close observer might have detected a row of faces ranged up and down a very narrow aperture of the door which assisted their retreat, and a quick ear might have caught a sound of a great many smothered whispers and snickers in a great variety of intonations!

It may be superfluous to add, that Sarah did *not* make her first appearance in the dotted muslin and silver ribbon, as had been contemplated; or that pretty Helen Smith did no such silly thing as to stay at home on the night of the ball. But we know it will be gratifying to all our sentimental friends to learn that the next time St. Nicholas perched on the great chimney-top of the hillside home, his happy old ears were greeted by the merry sound of a gay wedding-party below—but who Hymen the sportsman wooed that night, we leave our acute reader to guess!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO ANGIE.

BY WILLIE E. FAVOR.

Sing who may, of gold or glory,
Miser's meed or warrior's dream;
I will weave a fairer story,
I will choose a purer theme.

Pen who may, a soundlog sonnet,
Heavy in its stateliness,
Laying rules of rhyme upon it
Till it lose its loveliness;

I will wake a random measure,
I will touch a truer string;
And perhaps a purer pleasure
To the pleading spirit bring.

Angie! laughing, blue-eyed maiden,
Fills the tenor of my song;
May her years with bliss be laden,
As they swiftly glide along.

In the flush of woman's promise,
Angel could not be more fair;
And the praise she winneth from us
Rises incense-like in air.

All that's pure and all that's holy,
Cluster round one loving shrine;
Those who worship, there bend low,—
To their worship I add mine.

Youth is fair, yet youth is fleeting,
Time is now surnamed the Bold;
But I send her this sweet greeting:
True hearts never can grow old.

Change may come and bitter trial,
But life's gold is thus refined,
And the stream from sorrow's vial
Falls upon a chastened mind.

As we tread the path of duty,
Thoughts of dear ones fill the soul,
And a form of grace and beauty
Points us to life's distant goal.

Then we fancy angel plasons
Flutter round us as we go;
Coming from those fair dominions,
In their robes as white as snow.

Angie! take this simple token,
Poor, perhaps, to give to thee;
But, when names beloved are spoken,
Angie, then—remember me.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MONOMANIAC.

A SCRAP FROM A PHYSICIAN'S DIARY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

DURING the summer of 1849 I was in the western country, whither I had gone merely for recreation and to escape for a season the wearying duties of my profession. I reached Louisville, Ky., towards the latter part of July, and there I meant to remain some time.

I was sitting in my room one morning, enjoying my newspaper and cigar, when one of the servants of the hotel informed me that there was a gentleman in the office who wished to see me very much. I asked his name, and then the fellow remembered that he had the visitor's card. I took it and read, in a neat, copper-plate impression, "PHILIP SEVERNS, M.D." I directed the messenger to see the doctor up; and ere long afterwards the gentleman entered. He was a stout, good-looking man, past forty, and looked "every inch the doctor."

"This is Doctor Belknap, I believe," he said, bowing with a warm smile upon his face.

"It is," said I; and in a few moments more we were engaged in just such conversation as might be holden between friends of years standing.

"Doctor," he said, after we had rattled away for some fifteen minutes or so, "I have come to obtain your professional assistance. You have probably had some cases of insanity to deal with in the course of your practice?"

"A very few," I told him.

"But you are willing to help me if you can?"

"Certainly," I answered.

"Well, the case is here: just in the edge of the adjoining county lives a wealthy planter by the name of Landear. He is one of our first men, and much respected by all who know him. But lately he has met with a strange and sad misfortune. He presents one of the most curious cases of monomania that I ever heard of. For many years he has been in the habit of going off at certain seasons for the purpose of hunting bears. Last spring he went, and during one of his hunting excursions he was attacked by an old she bear, that got him down, and would have killed him had not timely assistance arrived. The bear was killed, and Landear was picked up insensible and carried to the camp. When he revived he seemed sad and melancholy, and expressed the opinion that he should not live long, and begged that he might be carried home at once. This request was complied with, and when he reached home I was sent for. I found him with a very slight fever, and a contusion upon the side of the head. But the skull was not injured at all, and I soon made up my mind that he was suffering more from the effects of the shock upon his mind than from any

physical effect. I found that he shuddered fearfully when the subject of the bear was mentioned. He had given himself up as a dead man before the succor arrived, and his mind seemed to dwell upon that one moment when the mad beast stood over him ready to devour him. I gave such medicine as I knew would very soon relieve him of all physical difficulty, and then took my leave, having, among other directions, cautioned the family against speaking about the bear in his presence.

"When I next heard from him his son came to my office—it was about a week after my visit—and informed me that his father was crazy as could be—that he tried to kill everybody that came near him; and that with the assistance of the negroes they had got him bound. I hastened off at once, and found Landear in the most confirmed state of monomania. He begged of me not to come near him, for he assured me he should eat me if I did. He swore that he was a bear! I conversed with him a long time, and found him perfectly rational on all other points. He conversed freely, but that one idea clung to him. He would growl and glare, and ask me to look at his claws, imagining that his fingers were real claws.

"Since then I have done all that lay in my power. I have resorted to all kinds of pleasant stratagems that I could think of, but to no purpose. The poor man still suffered, and he seemed to grow weak and faint in body, but savage and ungovernable in disposition. He will have raw meat to eat, and he tries to scratch and bite every one who approaches him. Now what can be done?"

"Does he state any cause for his having been turned into a bear?" I asked.

"Why," returned Severns, "he imagines he was killed in the forest, and that they made a mistake and brought the bear home."

I pondered a while, and then informed my visitor that I could think of but one plan; and that was to kill him.

"Kill him?"

"Yes—just enough so that he shall think so."

"Ah, yes—now I see."

I threw aside my paper, and entered at once into a consideration of the subject; and in the course of half an hour we had the plan all laid. I asked Severns if there was a stuffed bear-skin in the place, and he informed me that he had one himself—one that Landear had stuffed and given him.

We went at once to Severns's dwelling, and there I found a bear as natural as life. We put the effigy into a covered wagon, and then started for Bullitt county, the residence of Landear being about fifteen miles distant. I found the estate to be a noble one, and everything around betokened wealth and refinement. We called such members of the family as we wished to assist us, and explained to them what we desired to do. They entered into the arrangement with much zeal, and I soon found that Severns had been telling them that I was something extra in the way of attending to such cases.

We had the representative bear taken into the house, where it would be handy, and then Landear's son—a young man about one-and-twenty—went around so as to enter his father's room by a door directly back of the place where the ill-fated man sat. I then took a gun loaded with a heavy charge of powder and wadding only, and after this we started for the room where the patient was confined.

I found George Landear to be a stout, noble-looking man, not far from fifty years old, but pale and haggard now. He was sitting in a great, stout arm-chair, with straps passing around his legs, breast, arms and head, and thus confined.

"Mercy!" I cried, assuming as frightened a tone and look as possible, "why do you keep this bear here? He'll bite somebody!"

Upon this the monomaniac began to growl and gnash his teeth.

"Hold!" I cried, coming nearer to the poor man, and holding up my hands in astonishment. "This ferocious beast has killed a man. If we kill him now, the man he slew will be restored. Stand back! Let me kill him! I'll shoot him through the head!"

With these words I raised my gun and aimed it at the man's face. He glared at me furiously, and seemed anxious to reach me. He growled louder than ever before, and his teeth gnashed in rage. With a quick, slight movement, I raised the muzzle of the gun and fired. The report was deafening, and the room was filled with smoke. The young man, who had stood prepared, immediately hurled his father's chair over backwards, and then threw a thick quilt over him. While one party brought in the stuffed bear, and poured a lot of dark red fluid, prepared for the purpose, over the floor, Severns and myself cut the straps that bound the monomaniac, and dragging him away, we put the bear in his place.

Landear was now lifted to another chair, but it was some moments ere he came to himself. When the return of perfect consciousness was apparent, Severns was ready for him.

"My dear Landear," he cried, starting forward and grasping the planter's hand with every appearance of astonishment and delight, "where have you been? What has been the matter with you? Just look there, sir! Look and see what we found in your chair. For mercy's sake, look!"

Landear turned his gaze in the direction pointed out, and there he saw the big chair overturned, a huge bear bound to it all bloody and dead, and the purple tide of brute life standing in pools upon the floor.

"Wasn't I in that chair?" he whispered, shuddering fearfully.

"I don't know where you were," returned Severns. "We were determined to shoot the bear, for we knew that some wicked spirit held you away from us while that bear was here."

Then the doctor turned to those who stood around, and ordered them to drag the bear away. The order was quickly obeyed. Two men seized the animal by the hind legs and dragged him off, and Landear gazed fixedly upon the wide trail of blood that was left behind.

"There!" shouted Severns, as soon as the door was closed, "you are safe now, my dear friend. The accursed beast can hold power over you no more. Thank God, he is killed at last!"

Slowly Landear seemed to awake to a sense of things about him. He raised his eyes from the trail of seeming blood, and gazed into the face of his physician.

"Doctor Severns," he said, in a hoarse, whispering tone, "are you sure the bear is dead?"

"Most certainly, sir," Severns replied; "the ball went directly through the heart. You have no more to fear."

Landear placed his hand to his brow, and after remaining so for some moments, he attempted to rise; but his strength failed him, and he would have sunk to the floor had not Severns caught him. I advised that he should be conducted to his bed at once, and the advice was followed. We prescribed such restoratives as we thought his system would bear, and then took our leave, promising to call again on the next day.

It was a week before I went out again, though Severns had been nearly every day. At that time I found Landear up and dressed, and looking very well. The tears ran down his cheeks in copious streams as he blessed me for the service I had rendered him. Of course I dared not then undeceive him, so I professed to have done a real service to him by really shooting the bear.

Before I left Louisville I received a handsome sum of gold from the younger Landear, and as I knew they were amply able I kept it.

Six years afterwards I visited Louisville again. I found Dr. Severns, and together we went out to see Mr. Landear. He was now stout and strong once more, and the stern power of intellect was his again. He thanked me again—this time earnestly and frankly—and then we sat down to a social chat.

Even now Landear could hardly realize that he had not once been a bear, and suffered all that he then imagined. The whole scene of his monomania was fixed in his memory; he could remember every feeling he then experienced, even to the moment when I aimed the gun at him.

"It is very strange," he explained to me, "very strange; but yet of course I understand it all. When I trust to my memory, it really seems as though all those things were realities—just as a vivid dream seems to you. I remember when you came in with the gun, and when you cried out in affright about the bear. Then I was a bear! Even now I cannot force my mind to a single idea of anything connected with my person at that time but the body—hair, claws, appetite, and all—of a huge bear. I remember your aiming at me—and your firing. Then I fell over, and I thought I was dead. When I came to, and saw the bloody floor and the dead bear, and remembered what you had said before you fired, I knew I was a man. My mind was changed as if by magic. I believed then that I had been in that bear—that my soul had animated him; but that the moment he was shot, and his animal life gone, my soul came out from its confinement, and my body had returned to me."

"And does it appear the same to you now?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied. "Let me explain: When you wake up out of a sleep, and remember a very vivid dream you may have had, it is just as plain to you as though it was real."

"Of course," said I.

"Well," he added, "the scenes of that season of monomania are not only fixed as a dream, but they have all the accompaniments of reality. Of course my reason tells me that 'twas all imaginary, but my memory will hold all the horrors of those dark hours; and though I know I have never been anything but a human being, yet I feel, in every respect of experience, that for long, long weeks I was a mad, raving bear. I have tried very hard—even to hours of study—to remember some incident, or moment of thought, during that monomania which had some connection with myself as a human being, but I never can do it. I can only see a huge beast, confined in a chair, eager to eat men, women and children."

I remained a week with the noble-hearted planter, and then I went my way. I hear from him often now. He is well, and firm in mind, and has no fears of any more monomania. But be sure he has not been bear-hunting since that eventful season.

DIAMONDS.

During a recent lecture on mineralogy, at the Truro institution, Captain Mahmond, as an instance of the practical importance of being able to ascertain the scale of hardness of minerals, related a circumstance that occurred to a gold digger. This man, when working at the diggings, found a rock crystal, and thinking it was a large diamond, he immediately left his work and went home. He invited a friend to take tea with him, and produced the supposed diamond on the tea-table; his friend offered \$1000 for it, which the digger refused to take. He made his voyage to England, and on arriving in London went to a mineral dealer, and offered him the precious stone for sale. The dealer, however, on trying its hardness, found that it was only common quartz; and after convincing the digger of his mistake, he gave him a few shillings for it, on account of its beauty.—*New York Tribune*.

RIGID NOTIONS OF DUTY.

A soldier on duty at the palace of the emperor, at St. Petersburg, which was burnt a few years ago, was stationed and had been forgotten in one suite of apartments that was in flames. A Greek priest was the last person to rush through the burning rooms, at the imminent risk of his life, to save a crucifix in a chapel; and returning, he was hailed by the sentry, who must in a few minutes more have been suffocated. "What do you want?" cried the priest; "save yourself, or you will be lost."—"I can't leave," replied the sentry, "because I am unrelieved; but I called to you to give me your blessing before I die." The priest blessed him, and the soldier died at his post.—*Court and Camp*.

If fashion gives the word, every distinction of beauty, complexion or stature ceases.—*Goldsmith*.

THOMAS BLANCHARD, THE INVENTOR.

The gentleman whose portrait, drawn for us by Mr. Hill, from a photograph by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case, accompanies this sketch, has achieved fame and fortune by a series of useful inventions which fairly entitle him to take rank among the benefactors of mankind. Though Mr. Blanchard is a modest and retiring man, quite content to let his works speak for him, we have deemed it a duty, as it certainly is a pleasure, to present our readers with a slight sketch of his career. Thomas Blanchard was born in Sutton, Worcester County, Mass., June 24, 1788. The origin of the family is French; an ancestor of Mr. Blanchard, having left Normandy, removed to England, and thence to Massachusetts, where he settled in Charlestown, in the year 1639. The father of the subject of our sketch was a farmer, and the father of a large family. At an early age, Thomas exhibited a fondness for mechanical pursuits, and was noted among his companions for his ingenuity and dexterity in contriving mechanical toys, such as water-wheels, windmills, etc., with no other tools than a knife and gimlet. His occasional visits to the blacksmith's shop, fired him with the desire of constructing a little establishment of his own, and with the kitchen bellows, an iron wedge for an anvil, and such other substitutes as his ingenuity suggested, he contrived a miniature forge, which actually performed his work respectably. His first practical invention was a machine for paring apples, which he contrived and put in operation when only thirteen years of age. By this machine, still in extensive use, he could accomplish more work than half a dozen girls by their unaided labor. His next undertaking, commenced when he was eighteen, though the idea had occupied his mind long before that, was a machine for making tacks, the process then being performed by hand, and tedious and not entirely satisfactory. He encountered various obstacles and discouragements, the want of means being the most serious, but finally he triumphed. His success was so complete that he was able to manufacture five hundred tacks per minute, with more finished heads and points than manual labor had ever succeeded in making. He sold the patent for this invention to a company for five thousand dollars—a sum far below its value, but which enabled the inventor not only to relieve himself from all pecuniary embarrassments, but gave him a small capital which enabled him to study the science of mechanics more thoroughly, and to devote himself to the development of his inventive genius. His next great invention was a machine for turning musket barrels with an external finish. The lathe which he produced not only turned the cylindrical part of the barrel, but the flat and oval sides of the breech, by the combination of one single, self-directing operation. He almost immediately secured a contract for erecting one of his machines at the Springfield Armory. "While the workmen," says Mr. Howe, "were gathered around to witness its operation, an incident occurred which finally led to the truly wonderful invention for turning irregular forms. One of the men, addressing himself to a companion, says, 'Well, John, he has spoiled your job.' 'I care not for that,' was the reply, 'as long as I can get a better.' One of the musket-stockers, with a confident shake of the head, then boastfully exclaimed, 'that he (Blanchard) could not spoil his, for he could not turn a gun-stock!' This remark struck Blanchard very forcibly, and in answer he observed, 'I am not so sure of that, but will think of it awhile.' The idea of turning by machinery such a long irregular form as the stock of a musket seemed absurd, but he could not banish the subject from his mind. After remaining a few days longer at Springfield, he left for his residence in Millbury, Worcester County. While passing in a one-horse vehicle, in a state of deep meditation, through the old town of Brimfield, the whole principle of turning irregular forms from a pattern at once burst upon his mind. The idea was so pleasing and forcible that, like Archimedes of old, he exclaimed aloud, 'I have got it! I have got it!' Two countrymen, overhearing this, suddenly started up from the wayside, with countenances expressive of wonder; when one of them, addressing his companion, said, 'I guess that man's crazy!' In a short time, Blanchard built a model of this machine, and so exact were its operations that it would perfectly turn a miniature stock." The



THOMAS BLANCHARD, THE INVENTOR.

date of this great invention is 1818. One of its most useful and universal applications is in the turning of boot and shoe lasts. The application of the principle to making copies of busts and statues and to cutting cameos was subsequently made by Mr. Blanchard, and it was these applications which excited such admiration at the recent Paris exposition, and obtained for the inventor a first-class medal. It would be impossible without diagrams and drawings to convey an intelligible idea of Mr. Blanchard's machine for cutting busts of equal dimensions to the model, or on an enlarged or reduced scale. Suffice it to say that its operation is perfect, and that the copy, whether equal in size, reduced or enlarged, is mathematically accurate, and requires for its finish only a little polishing of the surface. We have seen a reduced bust in marble of Napoleon III. and one of the Empress Eugenie, executed in Paris, in the presence of their majesties, most elaborately finished in the minutest and most delicate details. The importance of this application of Mr. Blanchard's invention must be obvious to every amateur of the arts. "By means of these admirable machines," says M. Boquillon, "a reproduction may now have the value of an original. With them will disappear the mere approximations executed by doubtful artists, or those copies which true talent reluctantly undertakes, because, after all, it can only make a fatally inaccurate translation. They reconcile industry with art, which they place henceforth beyond the reach of the attacks of the spirit of traffic, by giving to commerce its finest creations, by popularizing them, and placing within the reach of

all those masterpieces which have hitherto been the possession of the smallest number. By these machines, the modern artist feels himself relieved of the irksome task of copying himself; under his hands, unfatigued by the labor of marble, stone, or steel, the clay will yield more readily and oftener. The distinction between the bronzes of art and the bronzes of commerce will disappear, for one will be no dearer than the other. The masses will be brought back to the admiration of the beautiful and true, and the general taste will be purified." But we are anticipating somewhat. Mr. Blanchard's turning machines were introduced into the national armories at Harper's Ferry and at Springfield, and in 1833 his patent, having expired, was renewed by Congress, on the ground that it was "an original machine, standing among the first American inventions, for which the inventor had not been compensated according to its utility." In 1825, when public attention was engaged on the subject of railroads and locomotive power, Mr. Blanchard built a steam-carriage for traveling on common roads, which is believed to have been the first locomotive ever put in operation in this country. It performed to the satisfaction of the inventor, turned corners, went backward and forward, and ascended grades. He also built models of railroad turn-outs, and other improvements, now in general use. He submitted to Gov. Clinton, of New York, a plan for building a railroad from Albany to Schenectady, which had received the approval of heavy capitalists, but yielding to the opinion that the time had not arrived for their adoption, abandoned his project. In 1826, he built a light draft steamer, with the wheel astern, which ascended the falls between Hartford and Springfield with perfect ease, thus commencing a new era in the history of Springfield, steam navigation having previously ended at Hartford. In 1828, the inventor, with a party of friends, made an excursion up the river to a distance of 150 miles. He was everywhere received by the inhabitants with enthusiasm. His boat, the "Vermont," was succeeded by another, the "Massachusetts," of larger tonnage, but drawing only eighteen inches of water. In 1830, he was employed to build a boat to ply between Pittsburg and Olean Point, on the Alleghany, a distance of 300 miles, the fall amounting in the whole to 600 feet, and the river in many places having a very rapid current. The boat was named the "Alleghany," and made her trial trip with 30 passengers and 25 tons of freight on board, penetrating solitudes in which the smoke of a steamer had never before been seen. Mr. Blanchard was on board, and by his invitation, the celebrated Indian chief, Cornplanter, came on board, when the boat reached his village, with his whole family, and made an excursion up the river to his infinite delight, exclaiming, "Great! great! great! great power!" The success of the "Alleghany" demonstrated the practicability of navigating small and rapid rivers by steam, and this kind of boat is now in general use. But the most important of Mr. Blanchard's inventions is now to be noticed, viz., his machine for bending wood. By the operation of this machine, ship timber of the largest size can be bent into any desired curve, without breaking its longitudinal fibres, while the pressure to which it is subjected increases its solidity. The timber is first steamed or softened in a chemical bath. It was this machine which had received the unqualified approbation of the United States' government inspectors, which created an unparalleled sensation at Paris, obtained the unanimous approval of the jury, the first-class silver medal, and the sale of the patent right for France for a very large sum. It was particularly appreciated in France, because there the natural ship-knees furnished by the forests had become entirely exhausted. The machine also has its important uses in manufacturing felloes of wheels, plough handles, picture frames, curved furniture, etc. It has been truly said that the advantages of this invention are beyond the powers of conception, and that it inaugurates a new era in shipbuilding. We have thus rapidly passed in review Mr. Blanchard's principal claims to honor and emolument, reserving no room for noting the various honorable testimonials he has received, or the various trials in the way of violations of his patents and plagiarisms from his inventions to which, in common with all distinguished inventors, he has been subjected. He is now in the enjoyment of an ample fortune, secured by his own genius.



CITY OF TIFLIS, IN GEORGIA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

GOLD IN AFRICA.

According to a newspaper published in Algiers, France will be henceforth richer in gold mines than any other country in the world, for while the spirit of adventure seeks this precious metal at a distance, in California, Australia and Guiana, it neglects the inexhaustible resources of this mineral offered by the whole of Sahara. The Touaregs, who inhabit this country, which, by the way, is far less a desert and far more easily approached than it is generally supposed to be, in the month of January last offered the French government the friendship and services of the tribe for the protection of caravans coming to trade with or to pass into Soudan. They offered in exchange for French products, ivory, peltry, perfumes, wax and gold dust. Mr. Herbruger quotes the following passage from the Berber historian Ebn-Khaldoun: "A trustworthy man of Sedjelmesa, states that in the country of Kaskas, among the blacks, the Sultan Djata, the successor of Monsa-Moussa, sold the celebrated block regarded as one of the rarest treasures of the sovereign of Mailli. It weighed 20 quintals just as it was taken from the mines." Something of a nugget! Now we really hope that the colonists of Algeria will not go mad about gold-digging. The cultivation of the soil, particularly a soil as fertile as that of Algeria is represented to be, will prove far more remunerative than digging and delving after gold. Many a New England husbandman has bitterly lamented his abandonment of the old homestead in pursuit of the yellow mirage of California. If gold were as easily obtained as the sanguine expect, it would be a drug in the market. It is purchased at the sacrifice of health, happiness and life. Nothing is more delirious and mad than the gold fever. California lies at our doors. Each man has a gold mine in his profession or his trade, if he choose to work it; and the same resolution, energy, toil and self-denial which extract the precious metal from the bowels of the earth, would yield the equivalent of gold, if directed in other channels. It is not the desire of wealth, but the fatal haste to be rich, that works so much woe in our age and generation.

ORGAN GRINDERS.—These peripatetic nuisances are again painfully prevalent. They have been hibernating, but are now coming out remarkably strong, in company with cracked fiddles, tamborines, hurdy-gurdies, and ridiculous little monkeys with dingy red frocks and Kossuth hats. *Viva la musica!*

COOKING WITHOUT FIRE.—The Scientific American tells us about a way of cooking without fire by means of quicklime and water. The next improvement will be eating without food.

SPLINTERS.

.... John Pintard, Esq., of New York, has three chairs which belonged to the first United States Congress.

.... The National Intelligencer says Everett's Washington oration is already a part of the literature of the country.

.... Milo Vestvali has returned to the United States after a most triumphant campaign in Mexico.

.... The Princess Royal of England will be married to Prince Frederick of Prussia some time in the coming year.

.... Miss Frederica Bremer is living in the neighborhood of Stockholm very quietly, engaged in writing a new work.

.... Bayard Taylor will leave this country in July for a tour in the northern part of Europe.

.... They are going to erect a great hotel in London on the site lately occupied by Covent Garden Theatre.

.... Madame de Sevigne tells us of a holy man who cheated at cards for the benefit of his favorite charity.

.... The Chinese say that every man is the architect of his own fortune, because character is fate.

.... The ball of the waiters of the Metropolitan Hotel, N. Y., is described in England among the fashionable doings here.

.... The amount of precious metals received at the United States mint during the last year was \$56,151,902.

.... A "new charter for the city of New York" has come to be an annual occurrence in the Albany legislature.

.... A Frenchman says in 200 years America will be on a par with some European States. Patronizing!

.... Some "confounded foreigner," says, "look on each railway as a loaded pistol aimed at your head."

.... James says Rumor ought to be painted not only with a hundred tongues but with a huge magnifying glass.

.... A whale sixty feet long, worth \$250, lately went ashore off Currituck, N. C., and Abraham Baum secured him.

.... Alpheus J. Lyman, a Hartford schoolmaster, was lately fined \$29 70 for brutally whipping a pupil.

.... Barnum told the court in New York that he had been squeezed perfectly dry, but invited another turn of the screws.

.... The shipping of Coolies from China is a new form of the slave-trade. How coolly it is done!

.... Sarah Haycraft, who murdered a man in St. Louis, is to be imprisoned for twenty-five years—not hanged.

.... The French have not got over the excitement consequent on the birth of "that blessed baby" yet.

.... To be obliged to wear an overcoat in the "merrie month of May," is particularly pleasant and refreshing.

.... It is n't too late yet to set out trees by the roadside, and thus earn the thanks of posterity.

THE MISERIES OF NEW YORK.

The legislature of New York has been making inquiries into the condition of the poorer classes of the city of New York, and the report already presented comprises details sufficiently painful to every philanthropic heart. It is stated that in 22 districts there are not less than 1200 tenements, the smallest of which contains ten families. In one house there were 112 families, the greater part having eight or ten members each. In a building in the 13th ward, there is a house with 96 separate rooms, occupied by 146 families, the whole forming a mass of 577 individuals. The inmates are crowded together without distinction of age or sex, mnlady or health, if health can be maintained in a pestilential atmosphere, deprived of sun and air. Of course, such places are the abodes of the most abject misery, the hot-beds of disease and vice.

It is not our intention, however, to enlarge upon the revolting details of this misery, but to remark upon the commentary of the New York "Courrier des Etats Unis," a French paper. That journal says:—"Such is the picture. However repulsive it may appear, however exaggerated it may be thought, the colors are unhappily far from being overloaded. The mysteries of European capitals are nothing, in fact, compared with those comprised in certain quarters of the haughty and superb New York. Nowhere does misery wear a more ignoble or repulsive aspect; nowhere is the descent, down which it glides from misfortune to abjection, more irresistible. Nowhere, also, we assert, are the disinherited classes abandoned to such an extent to their fate."

Can it be possible that the French editor asserts that the miseries of his own capital are surpassed by those of New York? Has he forgotten those villainous faubourgs of Paris, where the most hideous destitution and the most hideous crime reproduce each other constantly? Or is there no faith in statistics—no reliability in journalists—no truth in travellers who have described scenes that we dare not even sketch? That there are wretchedness, squalid destitution, vice and disease, accumulated in certain localities of New York, we cannot deny—such things are incidental to the life of every great city; but that these evils surpass those of the great European capitals—of Paris and of London, for instance,—we can never be made to believe.

But when the writer speaks of the abandonment of the wretched to their fate, and intimates that society is indifferent to it, and inactive with regard to it, he palpably consults his prejudices rather than his convictions, or his knowledge of facts. Can it be possible that he is ignorant of the strenuous and constant efforts made to ameliorate the condition of the depraved and destitute? Has he never heard of the Five Points' mission and its success? Has he never noted the action of the various charitable societies with which New York abounds?

New York deserves the name of "imperial" for nothing more than for the munificence of her charities. In no city of the world is the golden law of Christianity—"love thy neighbor as thyself"—more steadfastly acted up to. The public and private charity of New Yorkers, as well as their boundless hospitality, is proverbial. The peculiar position of the city, its commercial character, its vast extent, attract to it naturally a larger amount of the waifs of humanity than any other city in the United States. Hence it has its full share of human misery as well as human prosperity. But that this misery is suffered to multiply itself, unchecked, is untrue—as untrue as the assertion that the distress and destitution exceed that of the great European capitals. Possibly, legislative wisdom may devise some plan for a general reform and improvement of the destitute classes; but that they receive no care and no thought, is a loose and random assertion, unworthy of an intelligent journalist.

IMPROVEMENTS IN ARMS.—The War Department at Washington has been manufacturing, at the different armories, a rifle musket far superior to any of the small arms now in use. The barrel of this new weapon is but 40 inches in length, with a calibre of 0 48 of an inch, and has three decreasing grooves cut in it, with sights graduated from 100 to 1000 yards. The locks are adapted to the use of Maynard's patent primers, which are regarded as greatly superior to the old percussion priming. The ball, on the Minié plan, weighs 497 grains. The new piece is one quarter of a pound lighter than the old one, and requires but one-half the charge.

TROUBLE FROM FRANCE.—The Richmond Dispatch says: "It is believed that the emperor of France would willingly turn his victorious arms to this hemisphere, and attempt to humble America as well as Russia." We cannot believe it—and for this simple reason. Louis Napoleon has lived in America, and if he has not learned to love, he has at least learned to fear it. He knows our resources and our spirit, and that the starred and striped flag of our Union never has been, and never can be humbled in the dust.

HARD TO CREDIT.—A story is going the rounds, that a gentleman in Iberville parish, Louisiana, shot a strange bird as large as a turkey, in the craw of which he found nine hundred diamonds, worth over \$15,000. "Evidently a foreign fowl," says the story. Wasn't it a French canard?

THEORY AND PRACTICE.—A preacher in London says that the world will come to an end in 1865. Yet this gentleman has just signed a lease for nineteen years for the house he occupies. Comment is superfluous.

AN ODD NOTION.—At a French ball lately, a man came in dressed as a bottle of champagne! We should say that the individual was disguised in liquor.

FRANKLIN PRESENTED AT THE FRENCH COURT.

Another of our series of large national pictures, designed expressly for our "Pictorial" by Billings, and engraved by Andrew, occupies the whole of pages 312 and 313, of the present number. It depicts an event well worthy of commemoration by art, the presentation of Benjamin Franklin at the Court of France—the first American minister accredited to a European government.

The artist has entered fully into the spirit of the scene—he has given us accurate portraits of the good-natured and unfortunate Louis XVI., with his lovely queen, Maria Antoinette, surrounded by a court dazzling in attire, and refined to the highest degree in manners. He has indicated also the splendid appointments of the royal saloon—its rich tapestries and gorgeous drapery and gilded pannel work. But the eye turns from the courteous monarch, from the beauty of his queen, from the splendor of the court—to gaze upon that venerable figure advancing, attired in the humble dress of the citizen of a republic. Near the queen, a maid of honor turns away, shocked at the disregard of etiquette manifested by the strange plenipotentiary—while the courtiers are gazing curiously on the novel spectacle. Yet the character and genius of Franklin were then so well known that he inspired respect even in the artificial atmosphere of a court. His unshaken fidelity to his country, his scientific discoveries, his statesmanship, his age, his wit, his humor, his genuine manhood commanded universal respect.

Lord Chatham had characterized him as "One whom all Europe held in high estimation for his knowledge and wisdom; who was an honor, not to the English nation, but to humanity." He had been in France since 1776, but not at first in an official capacity. He had been everywhere received in private with every demonstration of respect and admiration. The loveliest ladies in France had gathered round him whenever he appeared in society. At the French Academy, Voltaire received him in his arms. In 1778 he had the happiness of concluding the first treaty of these United States with a foreign power. As soon as he had received his credentials as minister, he was presented at court, and the event caused a sensation throughout Europe. Little perhaps, did even Franklin dream that the star of those sovereigns who accorded him so generous a welcome as the representative of his countrymen, would so soon set in blood. The wisest cannot foresee the vicissitudes of empires.

TIFLIS, GEORGIA.

On page 316, we give a view of the city of Tiflis, the capital of Georgia, in Asiatic Russia. The river which is seen flowing past it darkened here and there by a boat or raft, and spanned by an adjacent bridge, is the Koor. In the foreground is a group of Tartars with their horses. Along the river side are many noble buildings of a semi-oriental character, while spires and pinnacles are artistically combined in the architectural mass in the middle portion of the picture. Beyond, the land rises in a bold slope, the crest and sides of which are covered with heavy military works of defence. The whole scene has a strong individual character. The population of Tiflis is estimated at about 50,000. It stands in a narrow valley, and is strongly defended by admirably planned fortifications. On the river bank, in the old quarter of the town, are numerous Armenian churches and large caravanseries; this quarter is chiefly occupied by the Armenians, who almost monopolize the trade of the place. Contrasting strongly with this quarter, which typifies the past, is the Russian quarter, in the upper part of the city, which illustrates the present. Here all the improvements incidental to modern civilization are noticeable. The streets are broad and airy, and lined with noble buildings—there are broad squares tastefully laid out, and the government offices and military quarters are built on a liberal plan. The Russians have also established schools, and in fact, in every way improved the place since it fell into their hands. It is the capital city of all Russian Trans-Caucasia. It contains several mosques, a German Protestant chapel, a French and German hotel, and a flourishing establishment for hot bathing, which yields a large revenue to the Russian government.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. James G. Thompson to Miss Phila A. Baxter; by Rev. Dr. Vinton, Henry V. Ward, Esq., of Baltimore, to Miss Caroline M. Reynolds; by Rev. Dr. Vinton, Mr. Le Prelet Drake to Miss Mary L. Moyes; by Rev. Mr. King, Mr. William T. Cottle to Miss Rebecca M. C. Smith; by Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Almon Ainsworth to Miss Fanny M. Flagg.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Dr. Putnam, Mr. Richards Bradley, of Brattleboro', Vt., to Miss Sarah A. W. Merly.—At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Rice, Mr. Isaiah White, Jr. to Miss Mary Josselyn.—At Dedham, by Rev. Mr. Clark, of Canton, Mr. Wm. H. Mason to Miss Mary L. Gardner, of Boston.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Patch, Mr. Thomas Chadwick to Miss Ruth Woodfin.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dudson, Mr. Henry L. Wetherbee, of Kirby, Vt., to Miss Emily S. Wright.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Fiske, Mr. Enoch C. Tappan to Miss Sarah E. Hunt.—At Holden, Mr. L. C. Drury to Miss Maria Stratton.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Tisdale Harlow, Jr., 22; Mrs. Eliza Smith, wife of B. Porter Chamberlain, Esq., of Salem, 51; Mrs. Mary L. Carruth, 37; Mrs. Sarah Edes, 93; Mr. Marcus Howe, 68; Miss Martha T. Watkins, 22; Mr. Daniel G. Sullivan, 27; Mr. Samuel B. Manning, 60; Mrs. Charlotte A. Cutter Morse, 67.—At Chelsea, Mr. Daniel Powars, 57; Mrs. Abby W. Conner, 28.—At Malden, Mr. William Nichols, 64.—At West Cambridge, Widow Nancy Hill, 90.—At Woburn, Mr. William Winn, 72.—At Quincy, Mr. Charles Francis Savil, 39.—At Salem, Widow Nehitable Kne, 81; Capt. John Hovey, 77; Widow Sally Bott, 76; Miss Priscilla Glover, 71; Widow Mary Moore, 71; Mr. Paul K. Brown, 72.—At Milton, Mrs. Martha Stanley, 77.—At South Danvers, Mrs. Abigail C. King, 70; Miss Eunice Symonds, of Salem, 57.—At Gloucester, Miss Ellen McGwire, 28; Mrs. Charlotte P. Hodgkins, 64.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Emily A. Amber, 38.—At New Bedford, Mr. James Tripp, 48.—At North Fairhaven, Mr. Nathan Wilcox, 85.—At Lanesboro', Mr. Laban Lassell, 86.

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HARVEST-TIME.

BY MRS. ROBERT B. CROMBIE.

Full sheaved on the harvest-field
Stand the golden shocks of grain;
Full numbered in pride and strength,
Are the reapers on the plain;
For summer has gone to rest,
And autumn has come again.

And many the harvest-meids stand,
With lips all pouting red,—
With winning smiles that lead you
As a little child is led,
And beating hearts, whose sinlessness
To sinlessness is wed.

Soft flutter their snow white vests,
In the bracing autumn air,
Disclosing forms of beauty
Than a sculptor's dream more fair,
And bands of the golden wheat
Are wreathed in their flowing hair.

And what though their matchless hands
Be browed in the harvest sun?
What though their tender limbs
Toll on till the work be done?
Think you those reapers strong
Care less for the hearts they have won?

And matrons staid with age are there,
And silver-haired old men,
Boasting the days of old,
The untiring strength of limb, when
They were foremost in the field,
Who never shall reap again.

No more shall the summer sun kiss
Those sheaves of beaded gold;
No more in their pride and strength
Shall the stalks stand manifold;
No more shall the wild wind's love
To their beaded heads be told.

For full many the reapers stand,
And their sickles are keen;
Low shall the yellow grain lie,
And the flowers that blush between,
For autumn has come again,
And withered the summer green.

Carefully 'neath the brown, brown roof,
Whose eaves drip down in spring,
Shall the laden wain and sturdy ox
The golden harvest bring;
And over it in peace
Shall the twittering swallows sing.

And then at the close of day,
When the harvest work is done,
And fleecy clouds are wreathed
In the smile of the setting sun,
Shall the flush and glowing reapers,
And the blooming maidens come:

And unto God, the highest,
Shall the voice be raised in prayer,
In blessings manifold,
For his mercies and his care,—
For his watchful guidance,
Which extendeth everywhere!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GOVERNESS.

BY JOHN I. DASLBY.

We read stories of the ill-treatment governesses meet with in England, and virtuously shudder, and feel proud that we are not so hard-hearted. It would be well if, before censuring our neighbors, we looked a little closer at our own faults.

In a tenement lodging in C— Street, New York, I first saw Ellen Bird. She was watering a little rose-bush that was making ineffectual attempts to grow in the hot atmosphere of June. I afterwards became acquainted with her and learnt her history. Her father had had an immense fortune, and lost it all by speculating. Worn out by disappointment and anxiety, he died, leaving his wife and daughter nothing. A rich relation placed Ellen at a boarding-school to educate her for a teacher. It was all he could do, he said. To be sure, he had a great house, and many servants, and a country-seat, but it was, at least, all he *would* do. She returned to her mother, after two years, to support both by her exertions.

"O what a life a governess leads! A servant's is felicity compared to it. Do you know, my dear madam, that if you get angry with your cook and give her a "good scolding," she will leave you, especially if she is a good cook? But who ever heard of a governess giving warning? They are "too happy" to get employment on any terms, for there are scores of young women who will be glad to take her place if she gives herself airs.

Well, at this time, there was not in all the neighborhood a better girl, a prettier girl, a more loving, dutiful daughter than Ellen Bird. She would often nurse her mother the greater part of the night, and then be up early to take her long walk to the very other end of the city. One morning, when it had been raining hard, she wet her feet badly in a little pool in front of a grocer's shop. The shopkeeper happened to be standing at the door, and invited her in to dry her shoes. Thus sprang up a little intimacy between them, and she would often step into the store for the same purpose, for, to tell a homely truth, her shoes, well nigh worn out,

were far from waterproof, and where was a poor governess to get new ones? The grocer was the only acquaintance, besides myself, that Ellen had. He always had a kind word for her. Nor did Ellen fail to ask him after the child that had broken its arm, or how his wife was, and other little queries.

"A hard life hers," the man would say to some customer, as Ellen left the store.

"Not hard at all," answered Mrs. Flanagan, the washerwoman. "Put her over a wash-tub for five or six hours, and see how she would bear it."

"You don't know all," he replied. And he was right.

Mrs. Henshaw, to whose house Ellen was going that morning, was a little out of spirits, and ready to take offence at anything Ellen might do. The very dress of the governess displeased her—it was too plain.

"I really wish you would dress better," she began in a querulous tone. "Are you ready with those quadrilles for Lucy to practise?"

"I am very sorry, ma'am, but I have been so much engaged; I have so little time to spare."

"Well, Miss Bird, if you have such pressing engagements, I suppose I shall have to engage a new—"

"O, ma'am," faltered Ellen, "I am too happy to be employed by you. I—I certainly will have them ready by to-morrow."

Poor thing! She spoke the truth. She was too happy to be employed by Mrs. Henshaw.

"Well, I will excuse you this time. Ah, I think you said, when we engaged you, that you could teach Italian."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Ellen, looking more cheerful.

"Lucy is to learn. I shall expect you to teach her without any increase of pay. I cannot afford to give any more."

Poor Ellen's face fell. She had anticipated that the increased employment would bring increased salary.

"If you object, of course I must find some other teacher, who will include Italian, at no more than your present salary," said Mrs. Henshaw.

What could Ellen do? Her mother was very sick, and needed all the comforts she could give her. Of course, she was "too happy" to teach Italian without further remuneration, as Mrs. Henshaw said she could not give her any more. I happen to know that on that very day Mrs. Henshaw discharged a coachman, who was not handsome enough to suit her, and hired another at an increase of wages which would have supported Ellen and her mother for a month.

When Ellen returned home that night—she had been to five or six houses first, and walked at least twenty miles,—she found her mother very weak, and a doctor, who was called in, could give her no hope. Her mother, he said, could live but a few days. She had to practise the quadrille that night, as she had promised Mrs. Henshaw. But could she play that gay music in the house of death, and disturb the slumber—perhaps the last *earthly* sleep—of her mother? The very thought shocked her.

There was no alteration in her parent when, with a heart, O! so sad and heavy, she set forth upon her morning walk. The grocer saw how sad she was as she passed his door. He had heard, during the night, of her mother's sickness. He, too, was sad, for the child that had broken its arm was dead. "Better not tell her now," he thought; "she has her own sadness."

"You are full ten minutes behind your time," said Mrs. Henshaw, pettishly.

"I am very sorry, but my mother is very sick—dying, the doctor says," replied Ellen, bursting into tears.

"Dying?—that is unfortunate. But you should remember the value of punctuality. Well, do not wait any longer. Lucy is dying to begin her quadrille."

"I am very sorry, ma'am, but I could not run through them last night when my mother was so ill."

"Of course, I consider that, but you promised me. A young lady of your occupation ought to keep her promises at any sacrifice."

"I could not disturb my mother," said Ellen, appealingly.

"I excuse you this once, since your mother is dying, but don't let it happen again. You are, at least, ready to commence Lucy's Italian this morning?"

"Unluckily I forgot to bring my grammar. I suppose Lucy has one."

"Mr. Henshaw says he can't be at the expense of buying books for you to teach Lucy with. He expects you to furnish them."

Ellen, of course, had to say that her books were at Lucy's service. Thus her life was passed. All the ladies whose daughters she taught were not so unfeeling as Mrs. Henshaw, but none of them had any sympathy with her situation, and every one was fully as exacting.

That evening her mother was much worse. The neighbors said that, during the day, she had been delirious. Was it her duty to disturb her with the gay notes? She thought not. It would be better to lose the situation than forget her duty as a daughter. The next day, Mrs. Henshaw heard of a governess who not only taught Italian for the same terms as Ellen, but included German also. Ellen was, therefore, dismissed. She did not care much, for she could now stay longer in the morning with her mother. She spent now all her time at home in soothing the death-bed of her mother, hardly allowing herself any time for sleep. So worn out was she by continual watching, and so occupied with the dread anxiety about her parent's health, that she did not notice the departure of the kind grocer, and that another man, gruff and repulsive, had taken his place.

Her mother died in about a week, and Ellen began to feel the loss of her friend. She was all alone in the world. A letter sent to her rich relation had brought back a cool response recom-

mending her to work hard and keep a good character. Work hard! In a few days she was delirious with a fever, brought on by exhaustion and grief. When she recovered, all her pupils had procured new teachers. Then there was all the work of procuring new pupils to be gone through. Advertising took away all her slender funds. The only place she obtained was soon lost, for her employer made dishonorable proposals to her.

One cold November evening, an east wind was making every one feel uncomfortable, and most of all Ellen, who sat shivering in her desolate room, bending over the place where the fire ought to have been, and trying to fancy herself warmer for it. She was thinking sadly that she had no money to buy coals or food—that the next day her landlord would turn her out of the room. She was wondering what she should do then—whether it would be best to apply again to the rich relation. Best!—it was the only thing she could do. She had made many vain attempts to get employment, but had failed everywhere.

Tramp, tramp, tramp! A heavy step was mounting the lower stairs. Ellen did not heed it. It came higher. She wondered drearily whether it was her landlord come a day too soon. Higher and higher came the feet, and paused at her door. Rat, tat! sounded the door, hit, it would seem, by sturdy, vigorous knuckles. Ellen started, and said, "Come in!"

In came the grocer, her friend. Not in mealy clothes, with the great white apron and paper hat he used to wear. No; he was dressed like a gentleman. A great pity he had not fine manners as well as fine clothes, for he had the *heart* of a gentleman—of a true gentleman, that is.

"I am come," said he, bashfully, "to get you to teach my children."

Ellen did not understand him, she thought.

"To teach your children?"

"Yes, miss. I have now some property; a rich relation left me all his fortune, and my wife thinks we ought to have our children educated."

"Yes," said Ellen, as if in a dream.

"And if you will come and live with us and take care of them, and be one of the family like, we shall take it very kindly of you."

"Do you mean," asked Ellen, "that I am to be your children's governess, and to live with you?"

"Yes, miss, if you will; and if five hundred dollars will satisfy you, wife told me to tell you she would heartily welcome you, and that is all about it."

While delivering this speech, the grocer had been rolling his hat over and over in his hands, and in his satisfaction at having safely delivered his message, he crushed the hat entirely. His confusion at this misfortune restored Ellen to her senses. She joyfully accepted his offer. Then they had a short conversation, in which he explained how his good fortune had come to him. A distant relation of whom he had never heard before had died intestate, and there were no other heirs. As soon as the estate was settled, and he was sure that he was so rich, the thought of the poor governess came into his head. He had heard of her misfortunes, and determined to make her happy. If you had seen Ellen six months afterwards, you would have seen that he had performed his intentions. Truly the pleasure that his goodness to her gave him, was greater than he felt when he heard the news of his great fortune.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

COURTESHIP AND MARRIAGE: OR, *The Joys and Sorrows of American Life*. By Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ. Phila.: T. B. Peterson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 522. This volume comprises some of the lamented Mrs. Hentz's best stories, including the famous "Mob Cap" and the "Pedler." A most readable book, and one that will have a vast circulation. For sale by Petridge & Co.

LETTERS OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE. Edited by Mrs. SARAH J. HALE. New York: Mason Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 409.

Though Lady Montague enjoys a reputation as a letter-writer as great as that of Madame de Sevigne, her letters have not hitherto been accessible to the mass of readers. They are now presented in a neat and commodious form, and their wit, pleasantness and elegance of style will be enjoyed by thousands. For sale by Petridge & Co.

SCETCHES AND ADVENTURES IN MADEIRA, PORTUGAL, AND THE ANDALUSIAS OF SPAIN. By the author of "Daniel Webster and his Contemporaries." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 445.

A very pleasant account of scenes rather out of the line of the ordinary tourist. The sketches of Madeira, and of the Alhambra, are particularly interesting. The whole book is excellently done. For sale by Redding & Co.

PHYSIOLOGY AND CALISTHENICS. For Schools and Families. By CATHERINE E. BRECHER. New York: Harper & Brother. 1856. 18mo. pp. 251.

A handsome and liberally illustrated little volume, explaining, in the first place, the structure of the human system and the laws of health, and then presenting a system of calisthenic exercises, so simple and well described, that no teacher is required. A book that will do, in humble phrase, a world of good. For sale by Redding & Co.

A LADY'S SECOND JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD. By IDA PFEIFFER. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 600.

Those who have read the "Lady's Journal Round the World" from the same pen, will need no urging to induce them to purchase the present volume. It is admirably written, and even the scenes are rendered interesting by being presented from a new point of view. Much of the book is occupied by descriptions of American localities. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE TEACHER. By JACOB ABBOTT. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 353.

This book is intended to set forth a system of arrangements for the organization and management of a school based on the agency of moral influence. The views of the author are sound and convincing, and expressed with great purity of language. Every one entering on the task of teaching and governing the young should have a copy. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE WEATHER, AND A GUIDE TO ITS CHANGES. By T. B. BURLIN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 401.

Everybody talks about the weather, but few understandingly. We advise all who desire to have some sound knowledge of its variations, and their rules as far as deduced, to purchase this very interesting treatise. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC. A History. By JOHN LOthrop MOTLEY. 8 vols. 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856.

It is with sincere pleasure that we welcome this noble history, destined to take a high rank among the solid productions of American literature. The rise and grandeur of the Batavian republic form an historical phenomenon worthy of being studied from every point of view. From that republic, with its triumphs and its glories, flowed influences of which all modern civilization is sensible. Mr. Motley has written his story in beautiful language; while the elevation of his philosophical views, the evidences of research and impartiality which meet us on every page, are worthy of the highest commendation. The author made his debut as a writer of romance; but his early productions, though creditable, gave no evidence of that power and brilliancy which his matured genius has here presented. This valuable work may be obtained of Redding & Co.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

There are over 2000 newspapers in the United States, or twice as many as in all the world beside. — Rev. Mr. Mason, at the Isle of Shoals, has to pull teeth, file saws, repair clocks, and do his own bell-ringing. He is a Presbyterian, but is sustained by that good old society for "propagating the gospel among the Indians," which is under Unitarian auspices. — The New York Freeman's Journal is convinced that the Catholic Bishop O'Reilly, of Hartford, took passage on board the missing steamer Pacific. — John Gilpin, celebrated by Cowper, had a personality, as an individual once lived who performed the feats of horsemanship attributed to the hero in the poet's tale. — A grant of \$1000 per annum has been made to the Wisconsin Historical Society by the State. — A shoemaker at Lowestoft suddenly dropped down dead from excitement at unexpectedly meeting his son in the streets after his return from the Crimea. He had known of his return, but came upon him suddenly, and for a while did not know him. — At latest dates from St. Paul, Minnesota, land warrants were selling at from \$1 10 to \$1 15 per acre. Warrants of one hundred and sixty acres were scarce, and commanded the highest price. — Artificial teeth are now made with a gutta percha base. The strength, elasticity and lightness of this material, together with the ease and comfort with which it is said it may be worn, as well as the life-like feeling it must impart to the tongue, would seem to render it an admirable article for dental structures. — The City Council of Savannah has voted an appropriation of \$25,000 for the removal of obstructions in the passage of vessels up to that city, known as the "Knoll." — There are to be three daily steamboat lines between the cities of New York and Albany this season, and one between New York and Troy. — In the time of Ovid, the Euxine was frozen over every winter. The Tiber was often frozen over, and snow once lay in Rome for forty days. — Mrs. Juliet Fisk was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary, in the Oneida Circuit Court, at Rome, New York, for writing threatening letters demanding large sums of money from a widowed lady, Mrs. Ferguson, residing at Watervleit, N. Y. — Grace Greenwood—Mrs. Lippincott, of Philadelphia,—is at "The Cleveland Water Cure" (Dr. Seeley's), for the benefit of her health. — If a piece of white paper be moistened with pure otto of roses, the oil will evaporate, leaving no trace, but a marked perfume. If, however, it is a mixture, a stain will be left on the paper, without odor. This is the scientific mode of testing the quality of this article. — The lighthouse authorized by Congress to be built on St. Joseph's Island, Lake Borgne, cannot be commenced until the government receives a title to the land required for its erection. — The first minister who preached a sermon in the English language in any Reformed Dutch Church in this country, was the Rev. Archibald Laidlie. He was born December 4, 1737, at Kelso, Scotland, studied in the University of Edinburgh, and was ordained to the ministry in 1759. — A girl, however fair or beautiful, can walk the streets of Cadiz, alone and unprotected, any hour of the night, and without fear of insult. — In a short time there will be a line of railroad completed from Savannah to Memphis, by which the people of the former city will be within forty-eight hours travel of the Mississippi River. — Milton has wrote upwards of fifteen thousand English verses, Collins and Gray fifteen hundred each, and Lord Byron upwards of seventy thousand verses. — The patrons of the Andover Theological Seminary are making efforts to raise \$150,000, for its better endowment, so as to raise the salaries of its professors, and build a fire-proof building. — An advertiser in the New York Sun advertises for several females to work on vests, and says a good stitcher will be paid \$1 per week. — The memory of the 8th of January still exercises a wholesome influence. It is not at all surprising John Bull omits all mention of New Orleans when he becomes belligerently inclined, in the newspapers. There's always method in John's boastings. — Proud Britain pays £100,000 a year for the pin-money of one woman, and only £30,000 a year for the public education of several million children. — The subject of establishing a reform school for juvenile delinquents is at present engaging the attention of the Ohio legislature.

FRENCH TELESCOPE.—At a recent general reunion of French savans at the house of M. Leverrier, much interest was occasioned by the famous glass, now nearly finished, to complete which, M. Arago obtained from the Chamber of Representatives one hundred thousand francs, and by which, said the illustrious astronomer, "we shall be able, at last, to see the moon as we see Montmartre from the Boulevard Italien."

RENTS IN NEW YORK.—The New York Herald says that rents in that city this year are exorbitantly high, notwithstanding the predictions of last year that they would fall twenty per cent. Houses that let last May for four hundred dollars are now from four hundred and fifty to five hundred; but the rents of stores remain about the same.

FEMALE PICKPOCKET.—At a fire, the other day, Mr. Thaxter, of the Evening Gazette, felt a hand in his outside pocket. It belonged to a pretty young female, who was in search of the editor's wallet. Of course his gallantry permitted the offender to escape.

THE PACIFIC.—Little hopes are now entertained of the safety of the Pacific, or any of her crew and passengers. Into how many homes does this conviction carry agony!

THE WEATHER.—Don't be beguiled into leaving off warm clothes, because summer is at hand. American thermometers play sad tricks.

Wayside Gatherings.

It is said that the peach crop of New Jersey promises to prove large.

The next election for president takes place on the first Tuesday of November, 1856.

In New York it was decided recently that a pedestrian has the right of pathway in preference to vehicles.

The bill to extend the right of suffrage to colored citizens, was lost in the Wisconsin senate, by a vote of 13 to 6.

Epes Sargent's "Priestess" was produced in New Orleans, by Mrs. Hayne.

A box of plate belonging to Queen Victoria was lately stolen from a wagon, while it was on the road from Windsor to Buckingham palace.

It is said that Professor Liebig has been offered five thousand dollars if he will come over to this country and deliver a course of lectures.

A petition for a new tariff, signed by more than three thousand individuals and firms in Montreal, has been presented to the Canadian parliament, and is likely to lead to important results.

The town of Bernardston, Mass., has accepted the donation of \$10,000, by the late E. L. Powers, of Georgia, for educational purposes in the place, and named the legacy "The Powers' School Fund."

Madame de Bodisco has advertised her furniture to be sold at auction in Washington, and intends leaving for Europe. Her two eldest sons are serving the Emperor of Russia as pages of the household.

In the New York District Court, Judge Ingersoll ordered that the schooner Falmouth, seized as a slave, be condemned, together with her cargo. No claim for her was put forward on behalf of any party.

A man in New York State recently failed, and he accounted for it by stating that he was robbed of \$16,000 in small bills that he had in his vest pocket. One creditor inquired the size of a vest pocket that would hold that amount in small bills.

A gentleman who, a few months since, left this vicinity for the west, writes home from St. Louis, Mo., that he finds it almost impossible to obtain a tenement for his family, such is the demand. Rents in that city, he says, are double what they now are in the city of Boston.

New Orleans has three colored Methodist Episcopal churches, and three colored local preachers who are slaves, as are most of the 1200 communicants. One is the driver of a dray, another a carpenter, and the third a porter in a wholesale coffee store. Over all is a white pastor, appointed by the Louisiana Conference.

The geological survey of Missouri shows "that the coal beds of that State can furnish 100,000,000 tons per annum for the next 1300 years; and with regard to iron, that there is ore enough of the very best quality within a few miles of Pilot Knob and Iron Mountains, above the surface of the valleys, to furnish 100,000,000 tons per annum, of manufactured iron, for the next 200 years."

It is stated that 60,000 copies of the Rev. Mr. Caird's sermon, preached before Queen Victoria, on "Religion in Common Life," have been sold; that Mr. Caird has already received the large amount of £700 from the publisher, and that it is his intention to apply the whole sum to the endowment of the Errol Female's Industrial School.

The Princeton Press says that two gentlemen, while crossing the fields near Rocky Hill, N. J., came in contact with an animal which at first they supposed to be a calf. When they approached it closely, it set up a growl that convinced them of danger, and they beat a very hasty retreat. One of the gentlemen, who had seen "bars" in California, is certain this is "one of 'em."

A patent has been issued to Mr. H. H. Fultz, of Lexington, Mississippi, for an improvement in cotton gins—consisting in giving the cotton to be ginned a spiral motion in the feed box, over the saws, so that the cotton is made to pass from one end of the feed box to the other, to present a fresh surface of it to the action of the saws as it passes along; also to prevent the staple from being cut off by the saws.

A recent writer says of Cuchares, the great Spanish *matador*, or bull-fighter: "He was the Edwin Forrest of matadors—and very popular with the *majos*, the proper critics of bull fights. He was about the same height as the American tragedian, but not of such artistically developed proportions. The first time I saw him he reminded me of Forrest in the 'Gladiator'—in manner and look."

Rev. T. B. Thayer, of the First Universalist Society of Lowell, having recently proposed leaving his parish, the society voted to raise his salary from \$1500 to \$2000. When Mr. Thayer was notified of this action, he returned answer, that he would cheerfully renew his engagement, but only on the condition that his salary remain at \$1500. It is needless to say that his offer was gladly accepted.

The time required for a healthy person to digest boiled rice is one hour; sago, an hour and forty-five minutes; tapioca and barley, two hours, new bread, three hours; boiled cabbage, four hours; oysters, two and a half hours; salmon, four hours; venison chops, one and a half hours; mutton, three hours; beef, three hours; roast pork, five and a quarter hours; raw eggs, two hours; soft boiled eggs, eight hours; and contrary to general opinion, hard boiled eggs, three and a half hours.

A pearl of lustrous, rosy tint is sometimes found in the old pearl fisheries at the head of the Persian Gulf; but these rose pearls are so rare and beautiful, that they are sedulously gathered and retained among the jewels of the richest Asiatic princes, and are seldom encountered in Europe. So few and inferior are the rose tinted pearls that find their way to European gem dealers, that the famous pearl, called the "blush of the morning" by the Persian poets, was almost deemed a creation of fancy.

The model of Richardson's atmospheric telegraph, in Washington, attracts crowds of curious spectators, to whom the ingenious inventor never seems weary of describing his plan of transporting mails and merchandise all over the country, at a rate of speed which sets time and space at defiance, and threatens them with utter annihilation. The untiring energy and enthusiasm displayed by Mr. Richardson in his appeals for aid in making a practical trial of his invention, are worthy of all praise.

The Mennonites in this country embrace 400 churches, 250 ministers, and 30,000 members. The Winebreuners have 6 elders, 130 preachers, 193 churches, 415 preaching stations, and 17,500 members. The Orthodox Friends have church accommodations for 287,073 persons. The Unitarians number about 260 congregations, and 33,000 members. The Swedenborgians rate about 3000. The Universalists have 828 churches, 640 ministers, and 50,000 members. Roman Catholics, about 3,000,000. Jewish synagogues, 65.

Foreign Items.

There are indications of bad feeling between Russia and Austria.

A new street in Paris has already been named Rue du Prince Imperial.

Germany is at present almost equally divided between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism.

The epicures of Paris have recently taken to horse-flesh as an article of food, and one can already see signs like this, in the shops in the suburbs of that city—"Good horse-meat for sale."

The citizens of Dublin have presented a silver shield to Sir Edward Blakeney, the gallant general who for so many years filled the responsible and often arduous post of commander of the forces in Ireland.

Edinburgh, with a population of 161,000, only cast 4215 votes at the recent election of a member of Parliament, to fill the seat made vacant by Macaulay. Mr. Black, the great publisher, was returned.

At Middlesborough-on-Tees, England, there exists a singular freak of nature—"a boy with a real tail." He is about four months old, and in good health. He has a perfect caudal appendage, four or five inches in length.

The greatest clothing establishment in the world is that of M. Godillot, in Paris. It employs sixty-six sewing machines, kept in motion by a steam engine of nine horse power, and which sewed all the overcoats for the Crimean army.

A bookseller of Southampton, England, was lately fined five shillings for selling a newspaper on the Sabbath. The magistrate, in pronouncing sentence, remarked that by the terms of the English law (Stat. Charles II. and William III.) nothing could be sold on the Sabbath but milk and mackerels.

Sands of Gold.

.... Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried.—*Shakespeare*.

.... Speaking much is a sign of vanity; for he that is lavish in words, is a niggard in deeds.—*Sir Walter Raleigh*.

.... Let those who would affect singularity with ancess, first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be sure to be very singular.—*Colton*.

.... Such as thy words are, such will thy affections be esteemed; and such will thy deeds as thy affections, and such thy life as thy deeds.—*Socrates*.

.... Things change so rapidly that much of our knowledge and skill soon becomes inapplicable, and is rapidly forgotten.—*Wigglesworth*.

.... Never join with your friend when he abuses his horse or his wife, unless the one is about to be sold, and the other to be buried.—*Colton*.

.... Men's happiness springs mainly from moderate troubles, which afford the mind a healthful stimulus, and are followed by a reaction which produces a cheerful flow of spirits.—*Wigglesworth*.

.... If the show of anything be good for anything, I am sure sincerity is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to?—*Tillotson*.

.... Nature has concealed at the bottom of our minds talents and abilities of which we are not aware. The passions alone have the privilege of bringing them to light, and of giving us sometimes views more certain and more perfect than art could possibly produce.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

Joker's Budget.

What kind of *braces* do ladies prefer? Embraces.

Why can't young ladies abstain from kissing babies frantically before strangers?

Why is a piece of sterile ground like a certain toilet article? Ans.—Because it's bare soil (bear's oil.)

Lodgings are so scarce in Australia that men pay a dollar for lying in the gutter, and fifty cents extra for resting their heads on the curbstone!

Punch notices a wine newly advertised as naked Sherry. It will probably be recommended to those invalids who have no coats to their stomachs.

Dr. Valentine Mott once said to a graduating class, "Young gentlemen, have two pockets made—a large one to hold the insults and a small one for feces."

A very excellent lady sought to instruct her grandchild in relation to the provident care of Heaven. "Who gives you your daily bread?" asked she. "Dad!" replied the child; "but uncle Peter puts the butter and sugar on!"

One of our exchanges, in noticing the presentation of a silver cup to a contemporary, says:—"He needs no cup. He can drink from any vessel that contains liquor—whether the neck of a bottle, the mouth of a demijohn, the spile of a keg, or the bung of a barrel."

Fame is not universal. An Irish waiter behind Mr. Thackeray's chair, in a hotel dining-room at Cincinnati, was overheard to say mysteriously to his fellow: "Bill, that's the great Mr. Thacker" (sic.) The reply was not unnatural: "Who on earth's the great Mr. Thacker?"

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JAPANESE SILVER AND COPPER COIN.

JAPANESE CURIOSITIES.—CASCADE IN ICELAND.

We present herewith engravings representing several Japanese articles which may truly be regarded as curiosities. The first group shows us specimens of the gold, silver and copper coins of the empire. Nos. 1 and 2 are copper coins. All the copper coins are perforated with a square hole in the centre. The silver coin is oblong in shape, about one inch in length, and three quarters of an inch in breadth. It is also stamped with a device and inscription. No. 3 shows the gold coin. The gold coins current in Japan are worth about a dollar each; they are oblong, about half an inch long, and a quarter of an inch wide. Each piece bears upon both sides some curious devices, resembling characters of Chinese writing, and has the appearance of one of the small weights used by druggists in compounding medicine. The smallest figure in our group of coins is a representation of one of these gold pieces. Our third engraving shows a package of forty pieces of silver as it appears when opened. The Japanese compass, shown in our second engraving, is of exceedingly delicate workmanship. It is enclosed in a solid box, and covered over with glass. The edges of the box are marked with symbols and characters, sometimes executed in gold and sometimes in silver leaf. The four cardinal points of the one from which the drawing was made was indicated by similar characters, painted in vermilion. The compass differs from that in general use in having twenty-four points only instead of thirty-two. Each point is marked with the shape of, and named after some animal as goat, dog, cat, rat, etc. The compass is so exceedingly delicate that it is a marvel how it can be used in anything like a rough sea. Many of these specimens of Japanese workmanship that we have examined are finely executed.—The striking scene depicted in the engraving



JAPANESE MARINER'S COMPASS.

below is one of the most romantic in Iceland. Over a huge ledge of rocks, the water comes pouring down with a thundering sound, the spray passing off in cloud-like strata along the edge of the precipice. In the front of the picture is a group of Icelanders, in front of an Icelandic farm-house, preparing to start on a journey. The Icelandic houses, as the picture shows, are of a very primitive form and construction. The walls are of stone, laid up with turf and grass, so that the sides are soon covered with verdure. The roof is made first of rafters, then overlaid with brushwood, and finally neatly finished with green turf, so that in summer these dwellings have a very agreeable aspect. They are usually about twelve feet high. The Icelanders always travel on horseback. Their horses are small, but strong and active. The men use saddles similar to ours, but the ladies' saddle is a sort of arm chair, with a foot board, on which the rider, sitting sideways, rests her feet. As there are no roads or wheeled vehicles, timber, for building purposes, is carried, as shown in the engraving, by fastening one or more pieces to each side of the pack-saddle, while the ends are suffered to drag on the ground. The cascade we have depicted is one of a large number. Pliny Miles says:—"The Jokulls (pronounced Yokull) or mountains covered with perpetual snow,



JAPANESE COIN—FORTY PIECES OF SILVER.

like the glaciers of the Alps, feed numerous rivers and streams of water that rush with great impetuosity down into the sea. The immense mountain near the southeast coast, that goes by the names of the Skaptar Jokull, the Vatnar Jokull, and the Oræfa Jokull, has a base more than 300 miles in circumference, being much larger than Mt. Aetna. Sometimes an eruption will take place sixty or seventy miles from where the previous one had been, and viewed from different sides, instead of one vast volcano as it is, appears like different mountains. It is on this account that different names have been given its different peaks. The point known as the Oræfa Jokull is the loftiest mountain in Iceland, rising seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Seen from a vessel sailing along the coast, and viewing it in the clear atmosphere of Iceland, it is one of the most magnificent sights in the world. The icy peaks glittering in the sunshine contrast strongly with deep yawning caverns and black precipices of dark volcanic rocks where the snow cannot rest. The violent and rapid character of the rivers, and the height and grandeur of the waterfalls, in this part of Iceland, can be partly imagined when it is remembered that on a line of more than a hundred miles of coast, this mountain is no place more than fifteen miles from the sea, and rises up from two to seven thousand feet. Probably in no part of the world, except the west side of the Andes, can as rapid and violent rivers be found as on the south coast of Iceland. The Thiorsa, one of the largest rivers in the country, takes its rise on the glaciers of the western part of Skaptar Jokull, and flows southwest a little north of the Heckla, and empties into the Atlantic. This river is a larger stream than the Hudson, and in its course of a little more than a hundred miles, falls over 2800 feet! There are several large lakes, of which Myvatn Lake, in the northeast, is the largest. This lake is estimated to be about forty miles in circumference, and has upwards of thirty islands composed of lava.



LOFTY CASCADE IN ICELAND.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
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THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

The beautiful scene depicted on this page was drawn for us by Mr. Kilburn, from a point of view selected among the thousand islands which gem the bosom of the St. Lawrence. The group of wooded islets embraced in our engraving vary in size; on one of them is seen a log cabin. The steamers that cleave their way through the swift current do not detract from the picturesque effect of the scenery. In the foreground a boat with three figures adds life to the lovely landscape. The "Thousand Islands" extend from Lake Ontario thirty miles down the river. Many persons who have not sailed through them are inclined to think the number greatly exaggerated, but such is not the case; there are in fact, over fifteen hundred of them, none of them attaining any large size, and many being merely rocks, slightly elevated above the surface of the water. Most of them are covered with foliage, although very few have any available soil. In many places they lie so close to each other that a canoe can barely pass between them. The scenery here and throughout the St. Lawrence is lovely beyond description; no pen or pencil can do justice to the exquisite charms of this vast collection of islands. At some points

as many as eighty can be counted at one time, and the beauty of the foliage, as the light streams in upon them, and the reflections in the water around them, must be seen to be appreciated. The St. Lawrence, forming the outlet to the great chain of lakes or inland seas, lying between the United States and Canada, is one of the most important rivers on the continent. For a part of its course it forms the boundary between the United States and Canada, but after crossing the 46th degree of north latitude, its course is wholly within the Canadian territory. From Lake Ontario to Montreal, it is sometimes called the Iroquois, but it is more generally known as the St. Lawrence from the outlet of Lake Ontario to its mouth. Its width below Montreal varies from half a mile to three miles, and it passes through Lake St. Peter, which is from twelve to fifteen miles wide, at fifty miles below Montreal. Below Quebec the river increases rapidly in width, and its mouth, as it enters the gulf of the same name, is nearly one hundred miles across. Its average descent is about six inches to the mile, though its current is unequal, in some places flowing along calmly and peacefully—in others roaring and rushing among the rocks that fret and break its course. Among its important tributaries are

the Richelieu, which is the outlet of Lake Champlain, entering at the head of Lake St. Peter, and the Saguenay, which flows into it on the north, 140 miles below Quebec. The Ottawa, or Grand River, flows into it a little above Montreal. It is a great commercial artery, and wealth to the extent of millions is entrusted to its bosom. It is navigable for ships of the line to Quebec, 400 miles, and for 600-ton vessels to Montreal, and beyond, by a series of ship canals, constructed for the purpose of passing the falls and rapids, into the lakes. The fleets which navigate its waters add much to the beauty of its scenery—the white sails of the ships and smaller craft contrasting with the black funnels of the puffing steamers, while ever and anon the passage of an enormous timber raft, sometimes propelled by sweeps, and sometimes spreading a sail to the breeze, completes the variety of the moving panorama. These timber rafts have huts upon them for the accommodation of the raftsmen. There is also another sort of craft nowhere else known, with long, low hulls, destined for the transportation of timber, and singularly picturesque in their appearance. At all times this noble river with its magnificent scenery is a favorite resort of the artist and the tourist, who admire its beauties.



THE THOUSAND ISLANDS—RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TEXAN CRUISER: —OR— CALYPSO, THE WANDERER. A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

BY T. DURLINGAME ROSS.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.

THE FLIGHT.

DURING all the time that Irene was left alone she moved not from her bed. She lay there and pondered upon the years that had passed, and upon the days that had passed. She thought of her father—and she wondered if any other child in all the country had a parent like him. She hoped not—she prayed not. Then she thought of the noble youth upon whom she had bestowed the whole of her pure heart's love, and she wondered if he loved her as she loved him. He had never told her of his love, though she had hoped that in his looks she had read the happy assurance.

"It is a strange tale of love," she murmured to herself, as she clasped her hands upon her bosom. "And yet, how could I help it? What to me was his nativity or his tongue? God makes no nations—no tongues—no castes. He makes men, and He fashions human souls. O, Clarence—Clarence—can our Father in heaven have in store for me the protecting love of thy noble heart—the shielding power of thy strong arms?"

And thus, many and many a time, in the dark hours of the past, had Irene St. Marc called upon the name of Clarence Howard. With a heart as pure and true as heaven itself, she had not one thing to love with that strong, holy love which is woman's most potent emotion, save the youth who had so strangely crossed her life-track. Had she possessed such a heart as the common husband hunter possesses, she might have soon forgotten the handsome American; but her love was a truth—her soul was a holy, solemn minister of right—and her heart was an altar where on her own life would have been offered up, could true love have demanded the sacrifice. O, she was a noble-hearted, virtuous girl. Surely, good angels were watching over her then—perhaps dwelling in the very gloom that surrounded her. Who shall say that the worn spirit of earth awakened no sympathy in an angel soul? Who shall say that Heaven has no silent messengers who can see and feel, and who can bear away to God the story of the grief-burdened child of mortality? At all events such thoughts as these passed through Irene's mind, and she derived some consolation from them.

At length the maiden was aroused by hearing a light creaking from the stairs which came down from the roof, and in a few moments more, some one tried her door. She arose and went to ask who was there, and the soft voice of Cassandra was heard in reply.

"Are you alone?" the girl asked, in a very low whisper.

"Yes—no one has been here since you left."

Cassandra turned and picked up a bundle she had dropped by the side of the door, and then came in, and as soon as the door had been re-locked, the two went back to where the candles were. Irene sat down, but she dared not ask a question; she had rested all her hopes upon her maid's success, and she was fearful of eliciting a fatal answer. But she was not kept long in suspense.

"Did you notice which way I came?" Cassandra asked.

"You came down from the roof, did you not?"

"Yes."

"But how?" queried Irene, whose mind had just caught the difficulty of the thing.

"Ah, my mistress, good Father Rondo has been more kind than I had even hoped. Not only has he given me the dresses I sought, but he also gave me a key to the chapel, which I am to return to him."

"Bless you—bless—" murmured Irene, at the same time drawing the good girl's head upon her bosom and kissing her. "We can escape now."

"Yes—easily," returned Cassandra, raising her head. "All we have to do, is simply to put on the dresses I have brought, and then make our escape. But we will not start yet; it will be safer to wait until after midnight, for then all will be safe here in the house. We had better retire now, for there is no knowing who may come to look in upon us. If suspicion is already entertained it will not do to excite more."

Irene saw at once the propriety of the girl's suggestion, and ere long afterwards she prepared to retire. The candles were extinguished after a small night-lamp had been lighted, and then Cassandra lay down with her mistress—which she often did when the latter was unwell or lonesome. It was not far from eleven o'clock when a light footstep was heard near the door, and immediately afterwards some one tried the latch. Upon the instant Cassandra commenced to snore.

"Who's there?" asked Irene, speaking as though she had just been awakened from a sound sleep.

"It's only me—old Bel," returned the applicant. "I thought I'd just stop and see if you wanted anything."

"No, I thank you—I want only sleep."

After this the woman went away. Cassandra listened until she was out of hearing, and then she said:

"Your father sent that old woman up, I am sure. I saw her in conversation with him as I passed his window this evening."

"I thought of that, when I first heard her," returned Irene.

Nothing more was said until the clock struck twelve, though neither of the girls had closed their eyes from drowsiness. All was quiet in the house, and had been since Bel's visit to their door.

"Now," said Cassandra, in a low whisper, "let us up and prepare. I will make sure that there is no one about the hall."

Thus speaking, she arose and walked softly to the door, and having opened it she passed noiselessly out and looked about. But she found nothing in the way. All was still and quiet, and the lights were all out; she returned, and having re-locked the door she raised the wick of the lamp, and then proceeded to open the bundle she had brought with her from the good priest's. First she helped dress Irene. The black silken hose were drawn on; then the buckled shoes; then the close vest; and then the long robe. The latter garment was not an inch too long, and when the girdle was round about the loins and tied, the garb fitted well. Next she put Irene's long, silken tresses snugly up on the top of the head, and having bound them up, she put on the tight skull-cap. It only needed now the great-brimmed hat, and this the girl brought up from her bundle. Irene took the lamp and went to the mirror, and she was well pleased with the disguise, feeling sure that in the night, at least, she should not be detected.

As soon as this was accomplished, Cassandra proceeded to put on her own disguise, which was just like that of her mistress.

"Now," she said, "let us pack up what we shall most need, and then we will be off. We can take one change of dress, and that must suffice in that line."

The bundles were quickly made up, and then they turned their attention to such things as they wished to secure about their persons. Irene had quite a lot of valuable jewelry, besides about five hundred dollars in golden coin. All this she secured about her, and then she sat down upon the bed. The excitement of the occasion was almost overpowering.

"All is ready now," whispered Cassandra, placing her arm about the maiden's neck.

"Do not fear for me," Irene quickly returned; "it is only a momentary weakness—I was only thinking—"

She stopped here and burst into tears. For some moments she wept upon her companion's bosom, and finally she gazed up and brushed the tears away.

"It is past now," she said. "I could not help it, Cassandra; it was my last thought of the place that has been so long my home. But it's over. I am strong now—let us go."

The two girls took up their bundles and passed out from the room. Cassandra locked the door behind her and put the key in her pocket, and then noiselessly led the way to the roof-ladder, and thence to the top of the house. Here she blew out her light, and having set the lamp down where it would not be easily seen, she started on towards the roof of the adjoining building. They walked very quietly here, for some of the servants slept beneath them. There was no moon, but the stars were all out clear and bright, and the fugitives picked their way very easily. Having passed the roof of the second house, they came to the chapel, on the top of which there was a cupola. Upon one side of this cupola there was a door, and this Cassandra opened by means of the key which the priest had given her. She knew the way well, and thus found no difficulty in reaching the porch of the chapel, from which place they made their way to the open court without any obstruction. A few steps further and they were in the street, with the way open before them now to go as they pleased.

"—sh!" uttered Irene, drawing more closely to her companion, "there is a man!"

"Ah, Irene, you must be more careful than that. Let come what may, we must be bold and fearless, else our disguises will avail us nothing. But we have nothing to fear here, for I think this is good Gonzales."

And so it proved. The priest was the first to speak.

"Fear not, lady," he said, as he noticed Irene's tremulousness. "If you have a holy purpose in view—and I believe you have—go boldly on, but carefully. You have the key, Cassandra?"

"Yes, good father. Here it is."

"Now come with me," the man said, as he placed the key in the pocket of his gown. "I will go beyond the gates of the city with you, and beyond there you must trust to your own strength and wit. But within the city I may be of service, for if the sentinels hail us, my identity will be passport enough for you."

And it was fortunate for them that Gonzales went with them, for they were stopped by three different sentries, though no opposition was offered. Arrived at the gate, the real priest readily obtained egress, and in a few moments more they were standing without the walls of the town. There was a sense of dreariness came over Irene's soul as she cast her eyes over the wide expanse of land and marsh which lay spread so darkly and gloomily beneath the night.

"Which way now?" she involuntarily uttered, as the party stopped not far from the gate.

"There is but one way that I could recommend," returned Rondo. "I will go with you a little further, for I have no desire to return too soon; we must take the Jalapa road, for there is none other that would be safe. Among some of the—stop! By the mass, I know a native not far from the road who owes me a debt of gratitude. I saved him from the executioner's hands not two years ago, when a party of them were apprehended for highway robbery; his name is Jacar Xanpa. I will send you to him, and there you shall be safe. But come—I can explain as we go on."

The trio now set forward as swiftly as the priest thought prudent.

"You must not be too eager on this journey," he said, with an

expressive shake of the head, "for the last end must be as important as this. You do not suppose that your escape will be discovered before morning, so you have some hours yet in which to work. Take a measure that you think you can maintain, and then throw your energies into it."

The road from the city ran for nearly a mile and a half over the low, sandy shore of the sea, and then it turned abruptly to the westward, winding along among numerous hills of sand. At the end of three hours they had travelled a little over nine miles, and as they now came to a spot where a small clump of trees had found a standing-place in the sand, they sat down to rest for a while. But they dared not stop too long, and at the end of some fifteen minutes, Irene said she was ready to start on, though Gonzales had informed them that he could go no further.

"And now," he said, as he arose to his feet, but motioning for them to remain sitting, "I must leave you; but I can direct you so that you cannot miss your way. On this road you must travel nearly eight miles further; you will then come to a small framed house, before which is a water-stand. Of course you cannot miss this. About quarter of a mile beyond this you will find a narrow horse-path turning from the main road abruptly to the right hand. You cannot miss this, either. Take that path, and it will lead you around a high hill, beyond which you will come to a fertile spot where trees and grass grow, and where there is a collection of about a dozen small, cane-built huts, inhabited by Indians; find Jacar Xanpa, and tell him I sent you to him. You may be sure he will not only receive you kindly, but do all for you that lays in his power. But you had better retain your disguises while you remain there, for I cannot speak with regard to the characters of the rest of the people there. And you might ask Xanpa to keep your secret for you."

Irene requested him to give the directions once more, and when he had done so, she arose to her feet.

"Of course I must be back by daylight," the good priest said, "for my companions will not expect to miss me. But you have the way direct before you now, and I know not how I should assist you."

"We would not ask you to go," said Irene, "We shall do very well; God will bless you for what you have done."

"Speak not of it, lady. All that I am, or ever hope to be, I owe to Cassandra's father, and for her and her's I am only too happy to do all I can. So much for gratitude—and now I owe something to justice and humanity, and on that score you may command me. But go to Xanpa's, and in three days I will come to you if I can do so without exciting any suspicion that might work against you. But time wanes—God bless and guard you."

As he spoke thus, he turned away and moved back towards the town. Once he stopped and turned his head; the girls had not moved. He raised his finger towards the point they were to pursue, and then lifted it towards heaven. In a few moments more he was on his way again, while the anxious fugitives, with a quickly uttered prayer, moved on further and further from the point where they had separated from their guide.

CHAPTER XI.

IN IRONS.

CLARENCE was right with regard to the intended movement of the brig. She rounded to, and came up alongside the schooner. Her men were at the guns with lighted matches, but they did not fire. As soon as the grapplings could be made fast, the captain of the brig leaped upon the schooner's deck. He was a dark, ignorant-looking fellow, but possessing not only great brute strength, but apparently a good degree of boldness. He was followed by about a dozen men, who looked ragged and dirty enough to have just come from the mines.

"Who's commander here?" the Mexican asked, in no very good humor.

Max looked at Clarence, and Clarence looked at Max; but the younger man replied:

"This man, tenor, is captain of the vessel, but 'twas I that ordered the resistance that has been made."

"Not by a long shot, ole chap," uttered Max, who spoke the language well. "We're both in the mess. I own the craft, and I own all the mischief we've done ye; only I must say that Capt'n Howard's more extended knowledge has been a most tremendous help to us."

"And now wouldn't we be serving you all just right to string ye up in the rigging and sink the old craft with ye still hanging to her?" uttered the Mexican, in rather a threatening tone.

"That depends upon whether you care anything about our cargo, or not," coolly returned Clarence. "I suppose you'll find about four thousand dollars' worth of plunder here; and when we resolved to defend ourselves, the point in our minds was this: we'll escape if we can—and of course you wouldn't blame us for that, for that is the conceded right of even an enemy; then we thought—here: if we don't escape, our enemies won't complain, for four thousand dollars will go further among a few captors than among a great many."

The Mexican's face changed its expression wonderfully.

"Eh?" he uttered. "What's your cargo?"

"Some furs—nice ones; some provisions—beef, pork and venison; and some money."

"And ye surrender now?"

"Of course," returned Clarence, for Max had nodded to him to speak. "We resisted as long as we could, and when we found we must be captured, we concluded to give up."

"Well," resumed the Mexican, in a relenting tone, "it's lucky for you, perhaps, that we are none of us relatives. Those that are gone run their own risk, and they've got it. I guess we'll have

you carried on board our vessel and put in irons, and then we'll overhaul your craft, and see what we can find."

In obedience of an order to this effect, the crew of the schooner were transferred to the brig, and there put in irons. The vessel carried a large long-boat amidships, and into this our men were placed before being ironed. The first impulse of Clarence, upon reaching the brig's deck, was to look about upon the result of his companions' work. At first he could see nothing, but as he cast his eyes forward, upon the larboard side, he saw the dead men gathered there. Of course he could not count them, for they were piled one atop of the other, but he could see that there were a great number of them. At length he had an opportunity to ask, and he was informed that *thirty nine men had been killed!* and that only one man had been bit who survived it! At first the young captain could hardly credit it; but then he quickly remembered how unerringly the old hunters could shoot, and when he came to reflect upon the number of times they had fired he had no more to wonder at.

The brig had, previous to the chase, fifty-eight men. She had sailed from Vera Cruz with sixty, but two of them had been killed in a private fight got up for their amusement and exercise. Consequently she had now but nineteen men left; and under these circumstances they concluded not to allow over three men to man the prize, for as the schooner would sell for something, they wished to save her. Three men were easily found who would take charge of the schooner, and when they were detailed, it left the brig's crew cut down to sixteen men. But they felt sure that would be enough to carry the vessel safely into Vera Cruz, for they could have their prisoners securely ironed, so that no trouble need be apprehended from them.

The sun was down and night almost shut in, when the last load of stuff was brought off from the prize, and then the three men were sent on board to take charge, with instructions to keep as near as possible to the brig through the night, a light being suspended at the main peak as a guide.

"Quite a prize," said the Mexican captain, standing upon the chocks on which the boat stood, and holding his lantern over so that he could see the hands and feet of his prisoners. "Your beef and pork comes quite handy."

Clarence would have spoken, but just then another of the Mexicans came and stood by the captain's side, and took the lantern. The captain's next movement was to get into the boat, and when he had taken the lantern, the second man followed his example. The prisoners were all in the stern-sheets of the boat, where they sat around facing each other—Clarence and Max being upon the extreme after thwart, facing forward; then two more upon each of the side thwarts; and three upon the quarter-thwart, who were facing aft. The captain of the brig stepped over among them, and his first movement was to examine their irons, which he found all secure.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, with a very peculiar smile, "you must pardon me for my suspicions, but I must examine you to see if you have any concealed weapons. Senor—you first; stand, if you please."

This was spoken to Clarence, who arose at once. The captain passed his dingy hands over his pockets and bosom, and the first thing of importance he noticed was Clarence's watch, which he pulled out. It was a gold-cased chronometer.

"Do you call that a weapon?" our hero asked, unable to repress the smile which the fellow's cupidity called up.

"Rather dangerous," the Mexican responded, with a very suggestive wink. "This must be a valuable one."

"I paid two hundred and twenty-five dollars for it, senor."

"It is valuable."

"Which is equivalent to dangerous, I suppose."

"Certainly; for there is hardly a man in my crew who would not cut your throat before morning to procure it."

Clarence did not doubt this at all. But his nether lip quivered a little when the villain run his dirty hand down into his pocket and drew up his purse, though he said nothing.

"Aha—gold here, too," the captain uttered, as the yellow coin gleamed upon his sparkling eyes. "I'll keep it for you until you get out of the Vera Cruz prison."

Having thus gathered all the "weapons" from Howard's person, he turned next to Max.

"Ye wont find much here," the old man said.

"Perhaps not," returned the Mexican, at the same time drawing a heavy silver watch from his fob. "This is something, however."

He found a large clasp-knife, also, upon Max, and then he turned to the next. And in this way he went around. He found no more watches and but little more money, Peter being the only other one who had enough worth taking.

"And now I'll bid you good night," the collector said, as he stepped into the waist of the boat. "If it should happen to rain we'll draw the tarpaulin over you."

Clarence watched the move of things very carefully, and also kept his ears well open. The captain, whose name the prisoners had found to be Migdon, called his men together and set them off into new watches, and having given them particular directions respecting the inhabitants of the long-boat, he directed them to assist him in burying the dead. They did not stop to sew them up in any kind of winding-sheets, but simply lashing a double-headed shot to the feet of each body, they were cast over without ceremony of any sort.

"They might have read a prayer," suggested Max, turning in disgust from the scene.

"Poor wretches!" returned Clarence, "I doubt if they ever heard one. Could some transmigrating power change them into bears, and take away their simple organs of speech, I don't be-

lieve their present souls would be much above their stations. Did you notice them? If they'd found our vessel with nothing of value on board, they'd have cut our throats with all the pleasure imaginable."

"Sartin they would," said Max.

The conversation was here interrupted by the captain's coming to take one more peep at them, and to see if there was anything wanted before the watch was relieved. Nothing was wanted, and he went aft.

The irons with which the Yankees were confined were different from those used on board United States vessels. They were formed thus: two stout iron rings, the bar of the ring being three-quarters of an inch in diameter, were joined together by two small rings, which worked with a swivel like the swivel of a common ox chain. These large rings were of various sizes, to fit different sized limbs, and opened into two equal semi-circles, working on a hinge, or pivot-pin. The other ends were secured, when closed, by a spring and catch, a key being only required to open them. When closed, they looked like solid rings, the only blemish visible being the key-hole, which was very small. The irons for the ankles and wrists were exactly alike, only varying in size. These irons were put on, care being taken to select as small ones as could be comfortably clasped on, and then a moderate sized chain, about two feet long, was noosed upon the wrists, and then confined to the foot-irons by means of a padlock. This formed a pretty sure means of confinement, for no force of mere strength which any number of men could bring to bear on them under the circumstances could injure them.

"How is it?" whispered Max, after Captain Migdon had gone below, "do ye imagine we ken ever git these things off?"

"O, yes—very easily," returned Clarence, in the same low tone; "that is, if we have the least bit of chance to work."

"And they may watch us so snug that we can't do it."

"I guess there's no danger of that, Winter. Let us see—we've got nearly five hundred miles to go to reach Vera Cruz, and I imagine the wind is out here for some days yet; and if that is the case we may be five days running it. But I don't have the least fear that we shall make the run in less than four days, at the inside. If we are pretty quiet to night they may become more easy, and trust to our irons to hold us. The little saw that you have in your possession would cut off one of these rings in its stoutest place in less than a minute, if you could have fair play at it; and even with our hands shackled we can do it quick enough, if we can only get the time. But mind—it wont do to touch them until we are prepared to act the whole play, for they might discover the secret; and then—farewell to life for this world."

By ten o'clock some of the prisoners were asleep, and by midnight even old Max had given up to the somnific influence of drowsiness and fatigue. On the following morning they were freed from their irons, one at a time, and allowed ten minutes liberty, and after this their breakfast was brought to them, a large pan of black tortillas—a kind of corn cake—being set down in their midst, with a pail of water, and a dipper formed of half a cocoa-nut shell with a long wooden handle to it. The prisoners were hungry, and the pan was quickly cleared, there having been two cakes allowed for each man.

This same thing was done again at noon, and again at night. But there was one thing occurred that had not been counted on. Just as the sun went down the wind came out from the east'rd and blew fresh. Migdon came and examined the prisoners, naturally casting his eyes about the boat to see that all else was right, and as he stepped down he was heard to say to one of his men:

"All safe enough. By the cross, they can't get out of that!"

"Perhaps we can't!" whispered Clarence, at the same time giving Max a poke with his elbow. "But I'll tell you what," he added sometime afterwards, "if this wind holds so, we've got to do something to-night, for we're running off ten knots now, sure; and on the true course, too. Keep your eyes open, my men, for our chance may come soon. Don't ye see—the sentry has left us and gone aft. They place the fullest confidence in their irons. Winter—as sure as fate, if this wind holds, we sha'n't spend the whole of another night at sea."

"I believe ye, capt'n."

"Then look ye—sh! Get out your files when I give the signal, and be sure that you make no noise. Each man must work upon his companion's irons, for he cannot work upon his own. Don't sleep, now—only be ready to pretend it if anybody comes. Let the man next to ye get your file out for you. Now keep your eyes open. We wont wait long."

So there they sat all ready for commencing the work that was to set them free—if fortune deserted them not. It is no wonder that their hearts beat rapidly, for surely the stoutest man may find excitement under such circumstances.

CHAPTER XII.

A TURNING OF THE TABLES.

THE first hours of the night passed slowly, heavily away. The bell was not struck at the regular half hours, but only when it was time to call a new watch—yet Clarence judged it was about eleven when he bade Max hold out his hands. He had set the blade of his saw, and only waited for the opportunity to use it. He gazed carefully about the deck, and he was sure there was no one near the boat. Carefully he applied his saw to the swivel of Winter's hand irons, keeping the place moist with spittle so that it might not be heard by the crew. The tiny teeth took hold keenly upon the soft iron, and at the end of a minute the swivel was separated and Max's hands free.

"We'll have to leave the rings on our wrists and ankles," whispered Clarence; "but that will do no harm. Here—now take off mine."

Max placed the saw at the proper place, and though he was somewhat longer at the work than Clarence had been, yet he did it well. The next movement was to saw off the irons from the ankles; or, rather, to saw them apart—and this was done without exciting any suspicion from the watch. The small files that the men had did not work so well as could have been wished, and Clarence at once proposed using the saws for the whole work. He sawed off Peter's shackles himself, while Max was at work upon Sloan's. Sloan next took the saw and freed the man next to him, while the boy did the same for his companion.

At length the work was complete—all the prisoners were free. To be sure the rings were upon their wrists and ankles, but they were no longer connected, and the chains were removed. But this had not been done without anxiety, for the prisoners had been interrupted many times, and once or twice they came near being detected, one of the Mexicans having come to see if the noise he had heard had come from the boat; but all hands appeared to be fast asleep when he came, and he went away satisfied.

"And now," the young captain said, "we must have some weapons when we leave the boat."

"—sh!" uttered Peter. "Perhaps I can get out. There are four iron belaying-pins that I can get, for they are not in use now, and with care I think I could get out."

"Hold on," said the old man, Adams, raising his hand to demand attention. "There's something in the bows of the boat; if Peter could crawl along under the thwarts without making any noise, he'd find 'em only a little ways from where I am."

The boy said he could do it, and he at once set about the work. Slowly and noiselessly he crawled along upon his hands and knees, and when he reached the place designated by the old man, he found a pile of small wooden rollers; they were made of some very hard wood, and were evidently used for moving ponderous bodies about the deck. Peter passed one of them up. It was about two feet long and not over two inches in diameter—surely nothing of the club kind could have been better. The boy handed up eight of them, and there were four left. He wanted none for himself, for his first work was to gather cords of some kind for binding the Mexicans.

The clubs had been passed up, and Peter had nearly regained his seat, when a chance movement caused his foot to slip, and as he came down there was some rattling of irons. One of the watch came to the boat, and looked in.

"Where's the boy?" he asked, with some show of fear.

"Eh?" groaned Clarence, yawning and stretching as if he were just waking up, but being careful to keep his hands clasped. "What is it?"

"Where's the boy?" the man repeated.

"Ah—he's laid down here on the flooring at our feet. Poor fellow—he don't take it very easily. He aint used to such confinement."

The man looked over and saw the boy lying there at the feet of his companions, and having taken one more survey of the party, went off again.

It was now so near midnight that Clarence concluded to wait until the other watch had been called; and it was well he did so, for hardly had their minds been made up to that effect, when the boatswain's mate sounded his shrill whistle. The prisoners all placed their hands and feet together, and then laid their heads back as though asleep. Captain Migdon came on deck, but he did not come to the boat. He simply saw that the brig had the wind still fresh upon the beam, and that she was going through the water at the rate of about ten knots.

In fifteen minutes all was still again; but the prisoners chose to wait until they were sure the off watch would be asleep. So they waited half an hour, and then Clarence asked Max if he would go ahead.

"I'll go ahead quick enough," returned Max; "but I want you to be leader. You know more about this kind o' work than I do."

Clarence Howard was modest, but he would not sacrifice his life to that polite principle, so he took command of the expedition, feeling sure that his experience in maritime warfare would enable him to take advantage of things that might escape Winter's notice.

"Gather up your clubs!" he whispered.

They did so.

"Peter—you will be ready with lines when wanted."

"Yes, sir."

"And now, here—Mae Wayne, you will let yourself over the side of the boat as soon as we have got out, and work it so that they shall think you have fallen. Of course they will hasten to your assistance. Leap to your feet the moment they reach you—and be sure we will be on hand. Come; be careful. Steady now, and the brig is ours!"

With these words Clarence Howard let himself noiselessly down upon the deck on the lee side. Max followed next, and Jack Sloan next. The watch were all on the weather side of the deck, and they saw none of these movements. Ere long Mae Wayne was left alone in the boat, and on the next moment he jumped out on the weather side, and allowed himself to fall over upon the deck. The instant he struck the deck, all hands, save the helmsman, darted towards him. The moment they had passed the mainmast, Clarence started, and the waiting Yankees rushed upon them. Those heavy clubs did the work well, for one blow, fairly dealt upon the head, was sure to level the poor fellow who received it.

At an order from the leader, Sloan hastened to the forward

hatchway, and there he knocked the other watch down as fast as they attempted to come up. The place was not fairly wide enough for two to come up abreast, so that Jack's work was comparatively easy, for the light woolen caps which the Mexicans wore upon their heads offered no resistance to the blows of the heavy club.

The Mexicans labored under disadvantage on all hands. They were wholly unarmed, and the suddenness and strangeness of the attack struck them with a degree of astonishment that nearly upset their powers. Within five minutes from the time that Mac Wayne reached the deck the eight men who were on deck were down and bound. The feat of knocking them down was very easily performed, for when the Yankees first came upon them they had all gathered wonderingly about the fallen man, and thus they began to fall ere they knew any more had left the boat.

The outcries of the man at the helm soon brought Captain Migdon to the deck, but he was knocked down ere he had taken a dozen steps forward, and in a moment more his feet were in a noose formed on the end of the topgallant halliards. His hands were then bound behind him with a piece of marline stuff, and he was then laid away in the waist. The next move was to the wheel, where they took and bound the Mexican, and placed Adams in his place. Then they hastened to the fore-hatch, where they found Sloan just running the risk of being overcome, one of his blows having missed its object, and a man having darted up by him. But the business was quickly settled now. There were two of the men below already stunned by Sloan's blows, and the other six quickly surrendered upon being assured that no harm should come to them further than imprisonment. As soon as the six men were secured, Clarence had the brig's head put to the north'rd and west'd, thus taking the smart wind fair upon the quarter, and peeling through the water faster than before.

The next work was to put the Mexicans in irons. The captain was the last one they came to.

"Well, senor," said Clarence, as he and Max approached the fallen chieftain, "you see the fortunes of war have changed."

It was some moments before Migdon spoke; but finally he opened his lips, and his tone presented a strange mixture of anger, regret and surprise.

"Perdition have thee, thou Yankee villains! But how did you do it? Tell me how."

"Why," answered Clarence, "this is but part of what we had planned long before you thought you'd captured us. This was all arranged when we commenced to shoot your men on the chase."

"But how did you do it? Tell me that. How did you get those irons off?"

"Don't you see—we haven't got them off yet. We have only bitten them in two."

"Pity you couldn't bite your lies off before they drop from your mouth," uttered the captain, showing a feeling of anger.

"Perhaps we might if we had them to practise upon," returned Clarence, with a smile. "But come, we must have you try on some of your own ruffles, for we have concluded to relieve you. The fact is, that we didn't think it hardly right that we should enjoy the sail without doing our share of the work."

Migdon looked as though he would like to show fight, but he probably made up his mind that he should not benefit himself much thereby, so he suffered the irons to be put on.

"Where do you mean to run?" he asked, with some anxiety manifesting itself amid his anger, as soon as the irons were on.

"You will probably be landed somewhere near Galveston," Clarence returned.

Migdon seemed on the point of asking some favor, but he now changed his mind, and remained silent.

"Look here," said Max, after Migdon had been stowed away between two of the guns, "what do ye s'pose has become of the schooner?"

"O, she's probably out of sight to leeward by this time," returned Howard. "When this breeze sprang up, I noticed that the brig left her fast. I don't think it best to pay any attention to her, and for two reasons. In the first place, this brig, which is now your prize—"

"Our prize, capt'n," interrupted Max.

"Yes—your prize. I meant to include your men, of course."

"And you, too."

"No, no, my good sir. Under no circumstances whatever will I accept or claim anything save my own property. I got you into the scrape, and if I have helped get you out, God knows that my own escape is a heavenly reward for my labor."

Upon this there followed quite a little passage of dispute, for old Max seemed determined that his young friend should take a big share of the prize. But finally, when Clarence brought his foot down with such promptness that there could be no more mistaking his real wishes in the matter, the point was conceded.

"And now," the youth resumed, "as I was remarking—the prize will more than repay you, and when I am gone you will not have more than men enough to manage her. And in the second place—if you attempt to wait for the schooner, you may lose all you've gained, for in all probability there are other Mexican cruisers about."

So the brig was kept on her course, and the schooner left to shift for herself. Clarence obtained his watch and money, and the rest of the victors got back their rifles. Jack Sloan swore that sooner than lose his two rifles he'd lose the schooner—that is, if he had to choose between the two; and there is no reason for doubting him.

It was arranged that the brig should touch first at the mouth of the Rio Grande, and then keep on up to Grayson, and from thence to Galveston. On the following morning the schooner was not to be seen, and from that time no more thought was given her. The prisoners were now attended to, one of them having died

during the night—the first one whom Sloan had knocked back on the fore-castle ladder—his skull having been broken. All the attention in their power had been shown him on the previous night, but he could not be helped. The rest of the prisoners were doing very well, only two of them suffering at all, if we except two or three headaches. The wind held fresh and fair through the day, and Clarence knew that they should make the land by the coming midnight. About eleven o'clock the brig was hove-to, and thus she lay until morning, at which time the land was seen only about ten miles distant. Clarence and Peter ate a hearty breakfast, packed up their bundles, and at seven o'clock they were ready to leave, the brig having laid her main-topsail to the mast within half a mile of the shore. The boat was lowered and dropped to the gangway. Clarence shook hands with those he was to leave behind, and then went over the side, Max and Sloan accompanying him.

Finally the young man stood upon the beach, with Peter by his side.

"I hope we shall meet again," he said, extending both his hands—one to Max, and the other to Sloan.

"We shall. I feel it in my bones," exclaimed Max, shaking the hand he held vehemently. "I know we shall. It mayn't be at sea, for I don't go much; but we'll have in sight somewhere. Maybe on the plains of Texas—maybe on the mountains of Mexico; and perhaps away in California. But we'll meet somewhere."

"I sincerely hope so," was Clarence's warm response. "And until that time comes may God bless you and yours. You may say in Galveston that I didn't get you into a scrape without helping you out of it."

"I will. God bless you."

"Adieu."

Ere long after this the boat started back towards the brig, while Clarence Howard, throwing his bundle across his shoulder, and bidding Peter to follow, turned away towards the country. There were gloom and danger ahead, but he flattered not. Hope lightened the former, and he had no fear for the latter.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN UNEXPECTED FRIEND.

SLOWLY and wearily Irene and Cassandra moved on their way. It was a long distance for them, in a strange way, and at a strange work; but they stopped not until they had reached the small house with the watering place before it. A few rods beyond this they walked, and then Cassandra proposed sitting down.

"Let us move on to the turn," said Irene. "I am weak and weary. The dawn of day is close at hand, and we will not stop here. People may come out from this house."

So on they moved. It was only quarter of a mile further, but it seemed a long, long distance to them. Every step now seemed but an expiring effort, and the fainting nerves were busy only in carrying their messages of pain to the brain. But the corner was reached at length. Down the narrow path they turned, and at the distance of a few rods they stopped beneath a large sabino tree, and sunk down upon the light turf. Irene placed her hands to her face and burst into tears.

"Good Irene," murmured Cassandra, drawing her arm about the neck of her mistress, "faint not yet. Cannot you hold out? O, is there not something I can do for you?"

"And are you not weary?" Irene asked, the tears still flowing.

"I will not speak falsely. I am weary, my dear lady, but perhaps not so weary as you. O, it gives me more pain to see you suffer thus than can come from all my fatigue."

"Forgive me! forgive me!" the maiden cried, wiping away her tears. "I am very foolish to do so, Cassandra, I am very foolish; but I will not do so again. I am but a child after all, but I'll be a woman now. There—it's past, my love. I will complain no more."

"No, no," cried Cassandra, in quick, eager tones, at the same time throwing both her arms about her companion's neck. "O, I did not mean to chide you. I did not mean that I would be free from the knowledge of your sufferings. No, no—pour them all out here. I did not mean—!"

"—sh! Cassandra; I understand. I know your heart. O, you are good—you are kind. God bless you, Cassandra."

The earnestness—the deep, soul-sent power of this address affected the faithful girl deeply, and she wept in spite of all her resolves to the contrary. A little while they sat thus, gazing off in silence upon the stars that were twinkling in the dark vault, and then they sank back, and rested their heads upon the small bundles which contained their clothing. They meant not to sleep—they meant only to lie there a little while, just to restore somewhat of their wasted strength. Closely bound in each other's arms they lay, and unconsciously their pained and heavy eyelids drooped. Twice Cassandra strained the reluctant lids apart, and she knew that she was awake, for she saw the stars. She had a faint idea that her companion was breathing more deeply and steadily than before, and she would have opened her eyes to see if she were not asleep already, but the eyes opened not. She saw the bright stars gleam out for an instant, and she saw them reflected as from a huge mirror before her—but she saw all this in the first faint dream of her unconscious slumber.

Irene St. Mare slept very soundly for a while; but at length she began to dream. She dreamed that she had done a murder—that she had struck her father with a dagger and killed him. To avoid apprehension she had fled from her home, and was in a dense wilderness, where the giant trees grew thick, and the under-wood was rank and matted. Anon she found herself in a wide swamp, where venomous reptiles ran from her, and from among

the slimy trees of which huge monsters gazed upon her with glaring, fiery eyes. In her fright she turned to go back, when she was stopped short by finding a gigantic alligator directly before her—his monster jaws opened wide, and his long, sharp teeth gleaming in the strange light that came from his glaring eyes.

With a deep groan Irene started back and turned to flee. But lo! the way was closed up behind her. Where she was sure she had before seen a narrow path she now found a tangled mass of cypress shoots and thorny vines; and wound all in among the dark foliage were innumerable serpents, whose slimy folds gleamed with horrid distinctness, and whose heads were raised as if ready for a blow at the intruder. In her agony the wanderer turned again. The alligator had grown larger in bulk, and flames of fire were issuing from his mouth. Irene sank down, utterly unable to stand longer, and slowly the monster crawled towards her. The flames which came from its mouth enveloped her round about, and she felt that she was burning up. Her face was hot—she was burning—burning—when a low sound seemed to issue from the monster's throat, and it distinctly pronounced her name.

"Irene! Irene!"

The maiden uttered a quick, sharp cry, and started up. She opened her eyes and gazed about. For awhile she was completely blinded by the dazzling brightness that surrounded her; but when she did get her eyes open she found the sun shining down bodily upon her, while Cassandra, who sat by her side, held one of her hands, and was gazing anxiously into her face. But this was not all she saw. Close by, and gazing earnestly upon her, stood a man, and a boy who held a couple of mules by the halters.

"What is it?" asked Cassandra, anxiously. "You are not hurt?"

"No, no—but I had a dream; O, a terrible dream!"

"So did I," returned Cassandra. "I had a dreadful one, and this man was just in time to wake me out of it. We must have slept a long while, for see—the sun is far up in the heavens."

The man still stood, only a few feet distant, gazing upon the two girls. He was a native Indian, towards the middle age of life, and very stout and strong. He was by no means a good-looking man, so far as beauty was concerned, but he had a kind look, and Irene thought he gazed sympathizingly upon her.

"Ladies," he said, speaking in very good Spanish, "you will pardon me for waking you, but I found you here, and I knew the sun was burning you up. I passed this way very early this morning, just before daybreak, and you were here then, fast asleep; so I knew you had slept about long enough. Ah, those robes don't hide your sex by daylight."

"You were very kind, sir," returned Irene, gaining courage from the stranger's kind tone. "We walked all night, nearly, and were very tired when we reached here."

"Perhaps you came from the city?" said the Indian, interrogatively.

Irene hesitated.

"You need not fear me," the man said, for with a perception natural to him, he instantly read what was going on in the mind of the maiden.

"We did come from the city, senor."

"And may I not ask which way you are going?"

"Why not trust him?" whispered Cassandra, in her mistress's ear. "Perhaps he is going the same way we are, and in all probability will know where we go. So we had better trust him, for these people seldom betray one who engages their honor."

"I will," replied Irene; and turning to the stranger, she said: "There is a native settlement beyond here, I think."

"Yes, lady—over beyond the hill."

"We were going there."

"Ah—you know some one there?"

"No, senor. But perhaps you do."

"Yes—I live there."

"Then perhaps you may know one Jacar Xanpa?" Irene said, earnestly.

"Yes," returned the man, with a smile; "though here is a boy who knows him, perhaps, better than I do."

The boy thus alluded to was a bright, intelligent looking lad, about fourteen years of age, and though rather slight in frame, yet muscular and agile. He gazed up with a quaint smile, as the man spoke, and the expression of his countenance wore a puzzled shade.

"However," resumed the man, "though the great book-makers say that a man can't find a more difficult lesson than to learn himself, yet I fancy I have gained a good share of the knowledge. My name is Jacar Xanpa, and this is my son, Zeno."

Irene started to her feet at once, and every shade of doubt left her face.

"Do you know the good priest Father Gonzales Rondo?" she asked.

The smile departed from Xanpa's face, and a look of deep, prayerful gratitude took its place.

"Yes, lady," he returned, in a low key. "I know him well. I am not one who makes long prayers, but I can pray for him."

"Well, senor, he came with us last night to within eight miles of here; and he directed us to seek Jacar Xanpa, assuring us that he would not only give us shelter, but help us otherwise as well as his means would permit."

"Ay—and he told you truly," cried Xanpa, joyously. "Since that man stretched forth his hand and saved me from an ignominious death, this is the first time he has given me a commission to perform. But come—I have been away with a burden this morning, and you will find easy seats upon these broad panniers. Trust yourselves to me, and be assured that I will do all for you in my power."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



ISLAND OF LABUAN, BORNEO.

VIEW OF LABUAN.

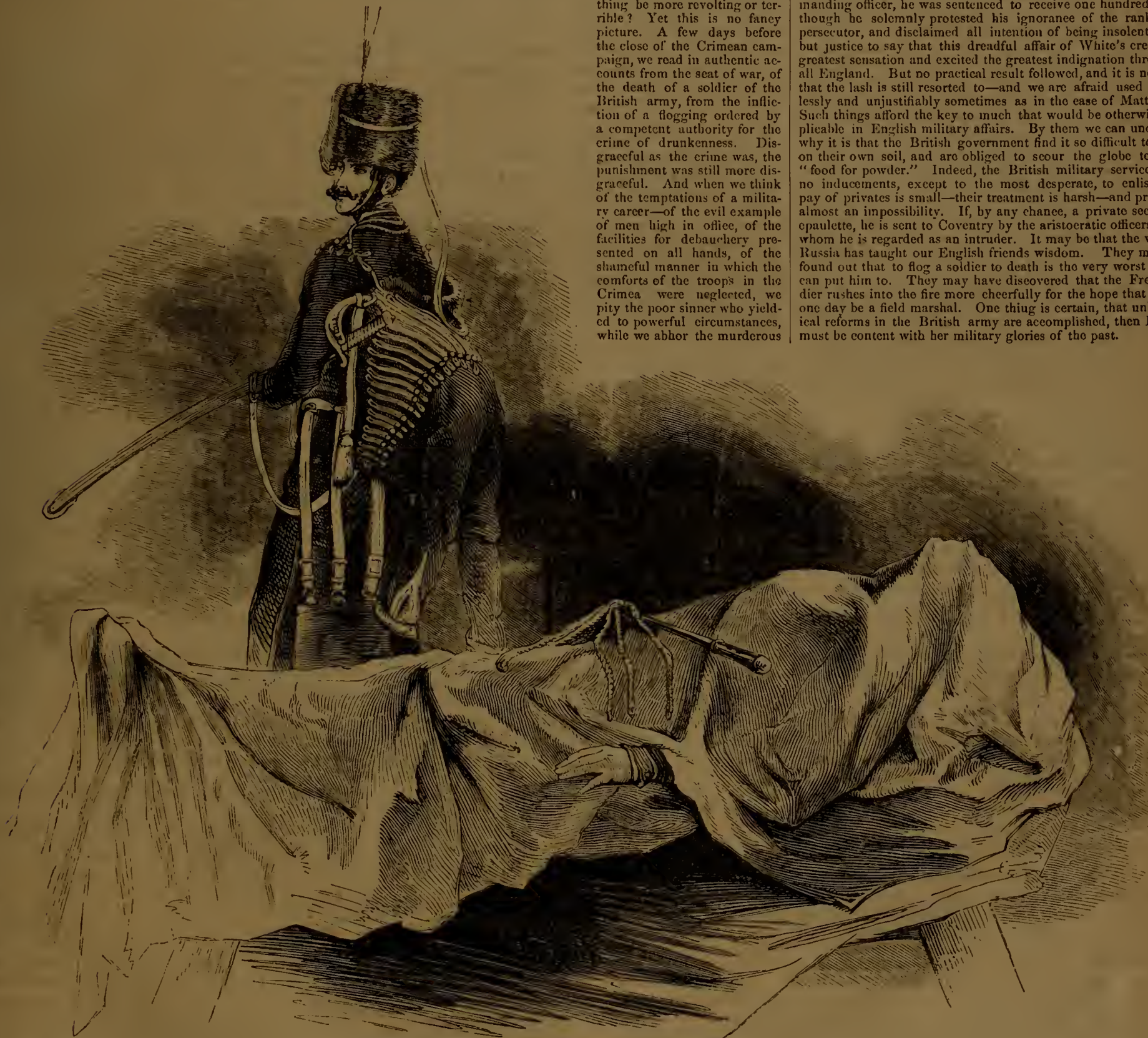
Labuan or Laboan, of which we present a striking view taken from the water, is an island of the Malay archipelago, thirty miles north of Borneo, which was taken possession of by the British in 1846. In the foreground is one of the curious native fishing boats with a group of islanders engaged in drawing a seine. Further off a steamer is towing along a full rigged ship with her courses hauled up. Then rises a bold mountain elevation, wooded at its base, but with a stern and naked crest, round which the clouds are floating. The island is about ten miles long and five miles broad. It possesses a good harbor, and has valuable coal mines, which, by the aid of combined skill and capital, are susceptible of being worked with profit.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

The large picture on this page represents one of those terrible scenes of a military campaign, from a mere contemplation of which, a shuddering sensibility might turn away aghast, but which those who feel it a duty to study all evils afflicting humanity, in order to urge reform, will not be indisposed to examine. The two figures in the picture represent one and the same person. The one, erect, and soldierly, youthful and proud of bearing, and clad in the brilliant trappings of his profession, is a gallant hussar of the British army—the other, stretched upon a pallet and covered with a sheet, motionless and cold as marble, is the same man, murdered by the severity of military punishment. The instrument of torture and death, the *LASH*, is laid across his person.

Whipped to death! Can anything be more revolting or terrible? Yet this is no fancy picture. A few days before the close of the Crimean campaign, we read in authentic accounts from the seat of war, of the death of a soldier of the British army, from the infliction of a flogging ordered by a competent authority for the crime of drunkenness. Disgraceful as the crime was, the punishment was still more disgraceful. And when we think of the temptations of a military career—of the evil example of men high in office, of the facilities for debauchery presented on all hands, of the shameful manner in which the comforts of the troops in the Crimea were neglected, we pity the poor sinner who yielded to powerful circumstances, while we abhor the murderous

cruelty which consigned him to so shameful a death. But let us do justice to our English friends—let us not suppose that the tale of horror found quiet and indifferent hearers in Great Britain—on the contrary, a cry of indignation arose from the British public when the facts came to light. It helped to swell the demand for reform—particularly army reform—which has arisen in England, and which cannot but produce good fruits. We have ever been opposed to the punishment of flogging. It is a relic of barbarous times. It does not produce reform. It is so severe and so revolting to humanity, that those who witness its infliction lose sight entirely of the crime or offence which has produced it, in sympathy for the offender. And this must always be the effect of extreme severity. The recipient of a public flogging is either entirely broken down in spirit by it, or he becomes perfectly hardened. The man who would yield to the temptation of liquor when it came in his way, but who might be weaned from the use of it by persuasion, or by confinement, would—after being flogged for the offence, be ready to shoot his officer the next time he went into action. Its tendency is to change an erring man into a hardened ruffian; and the witnessing of such punishment has the same hardening effect on the spectators. If it be desirable to fill up the ranks with calloused ruffians—then it is well enough to continue the punishment; but if to have reliable and high-souled men, then the sooner it is abolished, the better. We recollect a case of death in consequence of flogging which occurred in England a few years since, and produced so profound a sensation at the time that we thought it would effect the abolition of flogging in the army. The victim was a man named White, a private of the 7th Hussars. He had been guilty of a grave offence—that of striking his sergeant. He was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be flogged. His punishment took place in the regimental riding-school, in the presence of the 7th Hussars. He was tied to a ladder, and the punishment was inflicted by two farriers attached to the regiment. The number of lashes ordered was one hundred and fifty, and the two executioners alternately administered twenty-five each, until the whole complement had been inflicted. After this terrible scene, during which many of the men fainted, he was placed in the hospital; there he complained of severe pains in the chest and side, and finally expired in excessive torment. A private who gave his testimony on the coroner's inquest, said that he himself had been flogged. It appears that he was in a stable, when a sergeant looked through a window and asked, "Who's there?" Matthewson, the witness, exclaimed, "Hulloa!" when the sergeant exclaimed, "Is that the way you speak to a sergeant?" The private replied that he did not know that the other was a sergeant. "Well, if you did not know," replied the sergeant, "I'll teach you better manners." The result was, that after the poor fellow had been locked up a week by orders of the commanding officer, he was sentenced to receive one hundred lashes; though he solemnly protested his ignorance of the rank of his persecutor, and disclaimed all intention of being insolent. It is but justice to say that this dreadful affair of White's created the greatest sensation and excited the greatest indignation throughout all England. But no practical result followed, and it is notorious that the lash is still resorted to—and we are afraid used as recklessly and unjustifiably sometimes as in the case of Matthewson. Such things afford the key to much that would be otherwise inexplicable in English military affairs. By them we can understand why it is that the British government find it so difficult to recruit on their own soil, and are obliged to scour the globe to obtain "food for powder." Indeed, the British military service affords no inducements, except to the most desperate, to enlist. The pay of privates is small—their treatment is harsh—and promotion almost an impossibility. If, by any chance, a private secures the epaulette, he is sent to Coventry by the aristocratic officers among whom he is regarded as an intruder. It may be that the war with Russia has taught our English friends wisdom. They may have found out that to flog a soldier to death is the very worst use you can put him to. They may have discovered that the French soldier rushes into the fire more cheerfully for the hope that he may one day be a field marshal. One thing is certain, that unless radical reforms in the British army are accomplished, then England must be content with her military glories of the past.



BEFORE AND AFTER.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WEARY-HEARTED BY THE WAY.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

O for the hopes of early hours!
Fading as fades the light in wintry afternoon,
Though once as promising as earth in leafy June,
And fair as summer's fairest flowers.

I'm weary-hearted by the way!
A low, sad murmur of complaint is on my tongue;
And sorrow's essence tinctures now my wailing song,
As if my years were in decay.

The blue sky once had charms for me;
And Nature in her changing robes was sweet and fair,
Beauty was round my feet, and odor in the air,
And splendor on the surging sea.

But this was in the by-gone years,
When I, strong-hearted, entered on the race of life
Earnest in fervent faith, and girded for the strife,
With heart unmaned by coward fears.

But now—upon the steps of May
December treads. Her frosty fingers touch my brow,
I sink—all heedless of the bold youth's spoken vow—
Quite weary-hearted by the way.

The solemn midnight bears my cry!
I see love's sunlight sinking in life's clouded west,
And low yet never ceasing murmurs fill my breast,
Yet echo only makes reply.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ROMANCE AND WHISKERS.

BY EMERET H. SEDGE.

THERE never was a young, pretty head more full of sweet romance than was that of Bertha Alstead. With a hearty love of all that was poetic and picturesque in literature, permitted the unlimited use of a large and not in every respect judiciously selected library, and also the mistress of her own time and actions, her enthusiasm and industry had gathered up a medley of incongruous and exaggerated ideas, each, perhaps, well enough in the place where she found it, but all together ill adapted to the clearly-defined realities of every-day modern life. Bertha lived in a stylish house in New York, built fair and square without nooks and corners, finished in every part with not the remotest hint at sliding panels and trap doors, with no chance for Boreas to improvise a preternatural wail or whistle through multitudinous crevices just by way of making a lively impression on the listeners, and with servants going continually from the highest room in the attic to the darkest corner of the coal cellar. There was not a bit of antiquity about the house; the furniture, the pictures, the plate, and even the edifice itself, had scarcely seen a decade of years, and had just as little association and history connected with them as a recently stuck up magician's palace, or, to use a more material comparison, a new steamboat or western hotel.

There was one exception: the library was an old one. It had been collected by her father, who had long since died, and was then carefully preserved by her brother, with whom Bertha found guardianship and a home. Frank Alstead, young and ambitious, lived for his business; Mrs. Alstead, for her household and society, and Bertha, when she was rid of her tedious prosy masters, for the witching story and the feudal ages. And through those wondrous books slid into her brain such dreams as she could very well have done without, and such fancies as were linked in no sort with the actualities of her everyday existence. But with all this she possessed a large share of good sense and exuberant youthful spirits, and not even her most familiar acquaintance suspected to any commensurate extent what a maze of wonders and idealizations hid behind her sparkling eyes and fair forehead.

Bertha was seventeen, and pretty and accomplished, and was to come into the uncontrolled possession of a large fortune in less than a year, and was as popular as all these advantages and an agreeable manner could make her; but though she laughed with the gayest and danced with the merriest, she was ideally very wretched—so miserable that it was a constant source of astonishment to herself that she did not fade and grow thin like the forsaken inmate of a haunted castle; and she sung Miss Landon's most despairing strains, and chanted the hopeless refrain of Tennyson's "Mariana," thereby working herself into a sort of delicious agony, that was, after all, neither very uncomfortable nor destructive; yet Bertha was surely affirmative on both points. The young lady, though a model in her deportment and a stickler for the minutiae of propriety, was very certain that she abhorred conventionalism, and while from mere luxuriousness she avoided exposure and exertion, she sighed for the adventurous life of the unfortunate beautiful Una, and fancied it would be the acme of happiness to wander like her, with a docile lion, through a savage wilderness, ranging her heavy grief by some new deadly fear, or fresh distress, as she made her uncertain way through tangled wilds, fled from grim, decaying towers, and sojourned with rustic hordes. But Bertha was not likely to gratify her predilections in the metropolis of America, where everything ruinous is repulsive, where all monsters are in shocking bad taste, where rural demonstrations are artificial or vulgar, where whatever is concealed is supposed to be vicious, mysterious and criminal, and where singularity is neither pleasant nor profitable.

Bertha found little in the temperament of her nearest friends to accord with her own, and this circumstance was added to the store of her sorrows. Her sister was gay and talkative; Frank was jovial and matter-of-fact; fifty other friends were just like fifty

persons taken anywhere, and Cousin Ben was as bad, if not worse, than any of them. Ben Harnden was Bertha's only cousin, a kind of second cousin, who was just Frank's age, and a dozen years older than herself. Ben had been her brother's classmate, and always a special friend, and though he kept rooms at the Astor House, and professed to board there, he virtually lived with the Alsteads. Bertha could not remember the time when she did not know him. He brought her *bonbons* and books almost daily, and *bijouterie* and costly presents at every festival, because she was his only little cousin, and teased the very life out of her for the same reason, doubtless. She, on her part, professed to detest him for the liberties he took, and never lost an opportunity of pinning him to the cushion, sewing up his gloves, putting peas in his hat, and the like revenges, until she was too old for such undignified reprisals. In fine, there was always a degree of antagonism between the relatives, professedly sportive, to be sure, but appearing very much in earnest sometimes, especially when Bertha, in an access of indignation, would call her cousin detestable; and Ben, to justify the propriety of her qualification, would absolutely refuse to go with her to a concert the same evening because she would wear no other than pale yellow gloves.

But as Bertha grew up into a fine young lady, their disagreement became less tumultuous, and finally calmed down into something like harmony, and our heroine was obliged to confess that Ben would do very well if he was not always so obstinately practical, if he could ever see anything but just the mere outside of the world, if he could ever appreciate what was not palpable and positive. There was not the least use in trying to convert him to her own more ethereal and vague habit of thinking, for he always met romance with reason, and morbid sentiment with a plain, healthful idea; and Bertha, unwilling to provoke merriment or a severe analysis of her opinions, learned to keep them to herself.

Bertha's fortune, with only the incumbrance of her fair self, had many admirers, and not a few positive claimants on the ground of unbounded devotion to its possessor. But she looked with an eye of equal disfavor upon them all. What was a nice young man beside an old-time cavalier? what was a promising lawyer, drudging over the paltry item of a bad case, when compared with a most magnanimous knight? and what a thrifty merchant conducting a close bargain when set against Sir Huon himself? Bertha was so in love with her matchless ideal that she only regarded with coldness and neglect her less marvellous admirers. Indeed she thought very little about them, and almost as little of her cousin Ben, since especially he had left off teasing her, and began to show her as much deference and respect as any lady could claim.

It was a bright, cold winter's morning, with a thoroughly smart everyday atmosphere and sun. The shutters were all open in the back parlor, and it was very light, for Bertha was endeavoring to repair an unlucky rent in a favorite French collar. The attempt proved a protracted labor, but she was determined to persevere to its conclusion before attending to anything else, and she accordingly remained with her hair partially dressed, and in the ugliest chintz morning gown in her wardrobe. To her great disgust, some careless body had left open the doors, and a strong odor of cookery floated into the apartment. That and her close application gave her a headache, and she felt as completely disenchanted as any mortal could.

Just at that time, Ben came in, and sat down to talk. Yet he was unusually grave, and watched Bertha as she plied her intricate stitching. She looked very neat despite her careless attire, and her cheeks, delicately flushed with her labor, gave her unwonted freshness. Her assiduous industry charmed Ben. He had never seen her mending a garment, and there was such a domestic, sensible and snug seeming about the operation that he was really fascinated. It brought him suddenly to the point. He had always known that Bertha was a splendid girl; now she appeared the excellent woman.

Bertha finished her collar, and laid it down with a little sigh of relief. Ben, seated two yards off, then commenced to tell her, with just enough hesitation to make him look somewhat foolish, that he thought it was time for him to settle in life,—that he had always thought very lightly of her, and asked her if she would not consent to be mistress of his house, and promised to make her the best husband in the world.

Bertha raised her eyes in too much astonishment to laugh as was her first impulse, in order to scan her new lover. There he sat with his trim, erect form, his hair rather short, his face closely shaven, his eye clear and sun-seeking, despite his earnestness, and his dress very tidy and snitable. There was not a shade or gleam of romantic fascination about him, and Bertha, without considering his substantial qualities and advantages, which even she had no right to despise, merely remonstrated with him for carrying his jesting too far, and rose to leave the room.

"But I never was more sincere in my life," persisted Ben.

"And I am equally certain you are joking; at any rate, I choose to think so," retorted Bertha, almost crossly, and vanished.

When Ben perceived that the prize, which, for many years, he had supposed was in his grasp whenever he chose to close his hand upon it, had really slipped through his fingers, he awoke to a new sense of its inestimable value. He was so taken aback at first that he could not properly realize his mishap. He, Ben Harnden, who, in all good faith, supposed himself the direct object of at least a score of misses and their attendant manias, who had been nurturing the delightful little conceit a dozen years, that it was only necessary to offer himself to any lady of his acquaintance in order to ensure a companion for life,—he to be jilted at last curtly and harshly by the only one he ever cared a sou for, was—stunning. He sat like a statue the next ten minutes, regretting his loss and careless precipitancy. He was conscious of hav-

ing exhibited very indifferent devotion to his "lady love," while at the same time his penetration had not failed to detect the tendencies of Bertha's habit of thought. He saw his error completely, and striking his hand emphatically upon his knee, exclaimed:

"For a man professing common sense, I have been most egregiously stupid."

"That's just what I was thinking, as I have been watching you the last minute," said Frank, who had entered the apartment unperceived by the pre-engrossed bachelor. "What in the world is the matter? You look as if your sky had fallen. Anybody dead?"

"O nothing—nothing, I assure you!" said Ben, starting up in some confusion, and looking exceedingly forlorn, despite a forced attempt at cheerfulness. He went towards the hall as if to depart.

"Stop!" said Frank. "You are not the man to be distressed for a trifle. I have always been generous enough to permit you to share all my afflictions, and now I demand a reciprocity of the favor. Ben stupid, eh? You haven't let anybody spoil your chestnuts, have you? I never saw you look so puzzled and confounded in my life as you did when I just surprised you. And what is the matter?" persisted he, as Ben endeavored to evade his inquiries with a bad grace. A suspicion flashed upon Frank's mind, and he continued: "Bertha has something to do with this, maybe?"

Ben could not resist the urgent importunity of his old friend, much less could he escape from the hand which held his coat, and he confessed his rejection, at the same time with a magnanimous conceit, which is such a balsam to wounded vanity, exculpating Bertha from all blame, attributing his want of success entirely to his own mismanagement.

Frank was provoked and annoyed.

"The stupidity is wholly on her side. How could she be so foolish? I long to give her a paternal admonition," said he, with sternness.

"Not for the world!" returned Ben. "She must be allowed to make her own uninfluenced decision; but it is settled now, and we will say no more about it."

"I must express my unmingled regret," replied Frank, earnestly. "There is no man into whose care I would so willingly, so securely have confided her welfare and happiness as you. You have education, refinement, ability and wealth. I cannot believe that she dislikes you. Perhaps even now you might win her hand if you only would consent to try again."

"It would be quite useless," replied Ben. "I understand my deficiency perfectly." And with a pensive air he left the house.

Ben did just as many another has done in like circumstances—went from home. In three days after his rejection, his baggage was on board an Atlantic steamer. He did not call to see Bertha, but he dropped in at Frank's office at the last moment, and the two friends walked together to the wharf. Ben was quite himself again, and talked very fast, and Frank listened, and clapped his hands, and laughed, and said "good!" repeatedly, and engaged to look after his business and friends, and make his adieu to his acquaintance. It was a wondrous jolly parting, and Frank stood on the pier laughing until he could no longer distinguish the smiling countenance of his cousin, and then hastened home to gravely tell his family of Ben's sudden departure, and to profoundly speculate on the unaccountable eccentricity of the movement.

Bertha listened with surprise, and as soon as she could escape, she went to her room to shed a few tears of sorrow. She felt not a little compunction when she remembered their last interview, and she could not help confessing that Ben united in himself quite as many excellencies as any other person she could mention. He had also been so kind, and so much attached, and such a real friend—ah, there was the point; he was only friendly, and could she marry one who did not love her passionately—who did not adore her? Better never be led to the altar. And thus Bertha justified her decision and quieted her conscience, and smothered any lurking-loving regret that made her uneasy, and Cousin Ben was laid away on a high shelf in her heart to be taken down whenever she wanted a subject for pensive contemplation. Ben was thus idealized in some sort, and certainly did not lose anything by his absence.

Summer came, and Bertha drew near the most important of the birthdays she had ever celebrated. All the world knew she was an heiress, and also that her fortune was money in hand, and bowed and sued accordingly. But she formed no engagement, and became tired of her popularity. So, as the warm weather grew oppressive, Mrs. Alstead being in ill health, she gladly acquiesced in an arrangement that for the benefit of the invalid was to take the family to a retired watering-place by the seaside. The health of her sister, though impaired, was not such as to occasion serious apprehension, and leaving behind her the artificial life of the town, bearing with her no care or solicitude, she was full of a buoyant exultation and an enthusiasm for freedom and freshness, which did ample justice to her cherished theories of living.

"What, Bertha! are you crazy?" exclaimed Frank, yawning and stretching himself to the full limit of an ungainly wooden rocking-chair, as she bounded into the room with a merry laugh and most disordered toilet. "If you haven't been going like bewitched over those abominable rocks for three mortal hours, shouting to the sea-gulls, then I've not been trying to shut my eyes and ears, and get a wink of sleep to kill time. If I hadn't been in bed something like twelve hours *per night* the last week, I might possibly be deaf to your conversation with the birds."

"I beg your pardon," retorted Bertha. "I haven't spoken to the fowls of heaven this morning. Here's my companion, and a lively one, too." And she called in a handsome little spaniel, still dripping from his last plunge in the ocean.

The dog went up to Frank, and giving a vigorous shake, thoroughly bespattered the weary gentleman, by way of salutation. Bertha's laugh rang out again.

"The pest!" exclaimed Frank, searching for his handkerchief and trying to look severe, but his good nature was too much for him. "Bertha, if we only had some company here, it might be endurable."

"Company!" replied his sister, mischievously. "There are at least a dozen visitors in the house. First, the blind old lady and her two daughters, who can only just find time to bathe, and then the Misses Smith, who dare not go out for fear of freckles, and Mr. Somebody, who has such an asthma, and is killing himself here as fast as he can, and then—"

"Do be quiet, Bertha!" exclaimed her brother. "I have half a mind to write to New York for two or three good fellows to come on, and we'll see what can be done. Why, bless you, there are not even hands enough here for whist, and if I were to play solitaire and smoke cigars for the next week as I have during the last, I should be absolutely exterminated."

"Don't in mercy send for any one!" said the sister, who could not discover the slightest occasion for anxiety in her brother's comfortable appearance. "You remember we planned to be quite alone and independent while we stayed here, and you promised to be quiet, too," she added, playfully.

"Quiet? Am I not quiet as a mummy?" exclaimed he, in mock desperation, and pacing the room with a high tragedy step. "But I am a man of my word, and if I unwittingly pledged myself to stagnation and inactivity, so it shall be; yet I'll petition the propitious gods to send us help, and will not consider myself answerable for the consequences if they drop down a score of rollicking fellows."

"I am content to leave thee to the gods," said Bertha, retiring.

Frank's prayers were not without effect. Their ready answer appeared embodied at the dinner-table in the form of a distinguished looking gentleman, who, it seemed likely, would relieve the unvarying heaviness of the small company. Frank aroused himself at once to enter into conversation with the newly arrived individual; presently recollected him as a person to whom he had some time previously been introduced by a mutual friend, and having recalled the circumstance to the remembrance of the other, they were no longer strangers. Frank presented Mr. Elbridge to the ladies of his party, and afterwards assured them in private that he was a most unexceptionable addition to their society, being an individual of unsullied reputation and large fortune, "and," he added, "his personal qualities you will find out for yourselves if he remains any time, and I have hitherto seen him to be so agreeable that I shall do my best to keep him with us."

Mr. Elbridge was above the medium stature. His complexion was dark, evidently bronzed by sun and wind, for when he put back the long wavy masses of brown hair, a lighter tint was revealed. A heavy silken beard and moustache gave a dignified aspect to a handsome countenance, which was nevertheless disfigured by colored spectacles. These, he took occasion to observe to Frank, were only a temporary inconvenience, a recent injury to one of his eyes making such a protection for awhile indispensable.

"The greater pity," said Frank, to his sister, "since Elbridge has the finest eyes I ever saw."

Elbridge's style of dress was somewhat affected. His cravat was tied loose and low, and his sleeves were very wide; but his linen was elegant and his waistcoat perfect. A single diamond upon his finger, in an old-fashioned setting, conveying the impression that it was worn as a *souvenir* rather than through ostentation, was the only ornament visible about his person.

Bertha, at first decidedly annoyed by the arrival of a visitor who was evidently of the *beau monde*, determined for herself to avoid him to the last possible extent. She remained in her room until tea-time, and directly afterwards stole unattended from the house, to watch from the rocks the soft gloom of night creep up from the great sea, and to wait the expected rising of the moon into the starlit sky. Throwing about her form her large shawl, she reclined against the black rock in an easy attitude, and entranced with the beauty of earth and heaven, listening to the untiring rush of the waves, and absorbed by her busy thoughts which flowed in harmony with the scene around, was lost to everything save the delightful present.

Advancing footsteps did not reach her ear, and not till Elbridge vaulted on to a rock near by, and cut off her prospect of the moon, was she aware of his presence. He apologized for interrupting her meditations in most dulcet tones, hoped he should not intrude if he remained, and sat down at a convenient distance for conversation, without seeming to regard at all her cold and haughty reply. He spoke of the beautiful evening; he had travelled and had watched the sun setting in Norway, in Switzerland, in Italy and in Egypt. He described some peculiar features of these in a terse, graphic manner, that proved him to be a man of cultivated mind and artistic sensibilities.

In half an hour, Bertha had begun to consider him quite endurable, and condescended to talk in her turn. In twice that time she not only respected but admired him very sincerely. His frankness and deference, the justness and vivacity of his expression, and his pleasant voice, gained upon her continually. Then he seemed to understand her so well—and it is no small acquisition when a sentimental young lady finds one thus qualified—and with such a friendly interest dared to prune her exaggerated ideas, and to finish out into clearness and symmetry her dim and helpless thoughts. She experienced a thrill of pleasure in being thus cared for. Few were competent to do it, and those of her friends who might thus minutely have guided her had only laughed at her weaknesses whenever they had betrayed themselves. She could not help remembering how Frank and Cousin Ben had continually

teased her into obstinacy and antagonism, nor wishing that they had managed her like this stranger that she might have loved them better. And then she listened anew to Elbridge, and an unwonted tenderness softened her heart, and she instinctively corrected her posture, and gathered up her shawl in more graceful folds.

Every happiness but positive beatification has an end, and so did this conversation on the rocks, which, to Bertha, afforded increased enjoyment each moment. It was interrupted by Frank, who called to them from a distance; declared he never could reach them; wondered if they flew to their rugged seat; said a great many funny, saucy things to his sister's utter consternation, and finally invited them to come to the parlor, where Mrs. Alstead awaited them with cards. Bertha was not sorry to be helped along the rough pathway, and more than once wondered how she had ever made her way so well alone over the broken rocks. They had a long evening in the parlor. Elbridge was as interesting there as he had been without, and was soon on the most familiar terms with Frank, especially, and they together arranged a fishing excursion for the next day.

Bertha did not again see them until they returned at nightfall, and then came another evening of quiet sociability and enjoyment, the remembrance of which kept her eyelids waking deep—deep in the night. If we may not say that she was fast falling in love, it were in vain to attempt a description of her condition. A busy week passed—busy, at least, for the gentlemen who executed most extraordinary plans for amusement. Sometimes these were modified to include the ladies, but oftener Frank carried the day to play the sportsman in the society of a congenial companion.

One evening, just as they were finishing tea, Elbridge remarked that he should probably be obliged to leave on the next day. Mrs. Alstead cordially and politely expressed her regret. Frank made no concealment of his dissatisfaction, and asserted his determination to soon follow his friend to town. Bertha alone was silent with downcast eyes, while her cheek became paler, and the objects before her blended and whirled in her confused sight. She was terrified at her own emotion. Was the presence of Elbridge so necessary to her happiness that the prospect of his departure should fill her with such disquiet? The movements of no other person ever had a similar power over her. She despised herself for her folly when she considered that probably she was no more to him than any passing acquaintance.

"You will certainly visit us as soon as we are at home?" remarked Frank, to Elbridge.

Mrs. Alstead added her own invitation.

Bertha looked up eagerly to hear his reply, but she only met the glare of those odious spectacles. What would she not have given to have seen his eyes, and read in them a meaning which his words failed to convey? He merely expressed the hope that he should see them all again, with an indifference which approached inevitability.

"He hasn't a look or word for me," commented Bertha, as Elbridge began to play with fork and spoon, and to speak gaily of an unimportant matter, as if his separation from her was not worth a thought. But she also remembered all his kindness to her during their brief association—his more than kindness. She was heartily glad when they rose from the table, and slipping through a side door, she made a hasty retreat to the verandah on the opposite side of the house, and bending over the railing to let the sea-breeze fan her brow, she sought a degree of calmness which would permit her to return with propriety to the parlor. The next moment a hand was laid on hers.

"Will you not walk with me once more?" said Elbridge, in his most persuasive tones.

She could not control her confusion or her blushes, but she suffered him to fold her shawl around her, and took her hat from his hand, and accepted his proffered arm, and they went along the high bank, and descended to the very edge of the water. The sun had not yet gone down, and its beams glistened on the light mists in the eastern horizon, and crested the waves with gold and vermilion. It was very beautiful—so thought Bertha and so said Elbridge.

"I never shall forget this shore, this air, and these heavens," said he. "I have gazed on many a lovely landscape, and watched the tossing waves by many a seaside, but I was always alone, or with those whose company was less desirable than solitude; but to-night—permit me to speak without reserve, my dear Bertha,—your presence is that which makes this simple prospect transcend all that I have elsewhere beheld. If it were not too much to hope for—to ask, that your companionship might henceforward make my life one continual delight—that the charm of your smiles and the music of your voice might be the reward of my unbounded love and untiring devotion—" Elbridge raised her hand to his lips. "May I ask it?" he added.

She most bewitchingly smiled her consent, and placed her free hand with the captive one.

"Bertha," said her lover, "I do not ask you to pledge yourself irrecoverably to me now, unless you can do so without any misgivings. I cannot tell you how happy it would make me to receive your plighted faith at this moment; but I am fully aware that our acquaintance has been short, and that it is possible you may not fully understand your own heart, and also that you might be influenced by a temporary delusion to commit yourself to a keeping from which death alone could release you. On my own part, I have no hesitation, for my love towards you is such as no other person could ever excite within me—immeasurably greater and more tender. I am conscious that it has power over my entire life, that it has my whole future in its control. I fearlessly give myself to you, but do not accept the offering if your love is less than mine."

Bertha was silent when Elbridge paused, awed by the solemn earnestness of his voice and words. She looked upon the wide ocean a moment, and then turning to her companion, said:

"Your love cannot exceed my own. The present is the prophecy of the future."

She could say no more, for her words were smothered in the bosom of her lover. With completed bliss they continued their walk on the shore.

"I wonder if you would appear to have fewer celestial qualities if I ceased to observe you through an azure medium?" And so saying Elbridge tossed his abominable spectacles far out into the water.

Bertha quickly and curiously looked up to his eyes. The first glance confounded her, and she only winked her own very fast. Those eyes, so clear, so merry, so handsome, and so familiar. There was just such another pair in the world—Cousin Ben's. A sudden thought struck her as she looked again, and like a flash she slipped from her lover's arm, and stood observing him a yard or two distant. Her movement evidently distressed him, but he took off his hat, and put back his hair in the old way, and held out his hand to her.

"Well, I am glad to see you, Cousin Ben," said she, with provoking coolness, as she advanced towards him and took his hand in greeting.

"And is that *all*?" inquired he, bending over. "Will my stratagem to win your heart cost me the treasure I sought so earnestly?"

"I wish I could say it would, if only to pay you off, but I should be the chief loser." And her face was again pressed close to him.

And Cousin Ben then told her how much he had loved her, and how he believed it was possible to win her affections even after his first unsuccessful attempt, and how he remained in foreign countries long enough to prepare a disguise, which had been successful beyond his expectations. And Bertha only clung more closely to his arm, and said she was glad to have once rejected him, since thereby he was pleased to reveal his more excellent qualities that might otherwise forever have remained unknown.

At last they returned to the house, and when they entered Frank's private parlor, he looked up, and seeing Ben's spectacles no longer, advanced with comical gravity, and taking his hand, inquired:

"My dear cousin, how did you enjoy your residence at Jericho?"

"Frank could be such a tease!" Bertha always had said that.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S WIG.

Lord Ellenborough was once about to go on the circuit, when Lady Ellenborough said that she should like to accompany him. He replied that he had no objections, provided she did not encumber the carriage with bandboxes, which were his utter abhorrence. They set off. During the first day's journey, Lord Ellenborough, happening to stretch his legs, struck his feet against something below the seat. He discovered that it was a bandbox. His indignation is not to be described. Up went the window, and out went the bandbox. The coachman stopped; and the footman, thinking that the bandbox had tumbled out of the window by some extraordinary chance, was going to pick it up, when Lord Ellenborough furiously called out, "Drive on!" The bandbox accordingly was left by a ditch-side. Having reached the county-town where he was to officiate as judge, Lord Ellenborough proceeded to array himself for his appearance in the court house. "Now," said he, "where's my wig—where is my wig?" "My lord," replied his attendant, "it was thrown out of the carriage-window." —*Rogers's Table Talk.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MARRIED, NOT MATED: OR, *How they lived at Woodside and Throckmorton Hall.* By ALICE CAREY. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 425.

This is quite a piquant story with a good moral. After all, these novels of society are best written by ladies. Alice Carey has the happiest vein as a sketcher of life. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

WILD WESTERN SCENES. By J. B. JONES. New Stereotype and Illustrated Edition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 235.

Very clever and spirited pictures of Western life, which have become standard. This edition is very handsomely got up. For sale by Whittemore, Niles & Hall.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson has just published "The Invitation," a duett, the "Hymn my Mother sung," a sacred song, and a Polacca for the piano, by Eckhardt.

MEMOIRALS, AND OTHER PAPERS. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 2 vols. 18mo.

This beautifully printed volume contains some of the finest essays of the English opium-eater, including, among other things, the whole of the little romance of *Klosterhelm*, which is quite a literary curiosity.

THE HEROES: OR, *Greek Fairy Tales for my Children.* By Rev. C. KINGSLET. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 18mo. pp. 320.

The story of Theseus, the Argonauts, and of Perseus, are told by the author in language exquisitely simple and effective. The book has a charm in the illustrations by the author, which have really artistic merit.

REALITY: OR, *The Millionaire's Daughter.* By Mrs. L. C. TUTHILL. New York: C. Scribner. 1856. 12mo. pp. 310.

A story for young men and young women, by an authoress who has met with great and deserved success. It is interesting without being spasmodic, and conveys a moral that all who run may read. For sale by Petridge & Co.

GARDENING FOR THE SOUTH. By WM. N. WHITE. New York: C. M. Saxton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 402.

A complete manual for the culture of vegetables, fruit trees and flowers in the region south of Pennsylvania. It is clearly written, and thoroughly practical in its character. Any one can garden with this book for a guide. For sale by F. S. Saxton, 81 Washington Street.

NEW MUSIC.—G. P. Reed & Co., 13 Tremont Street, have published the "Return Galop" and "Lorimer Mazurka," for the piano.

THE FLOWER-GARDEN: OR, *Breck's Book of Flowers.* Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 392.

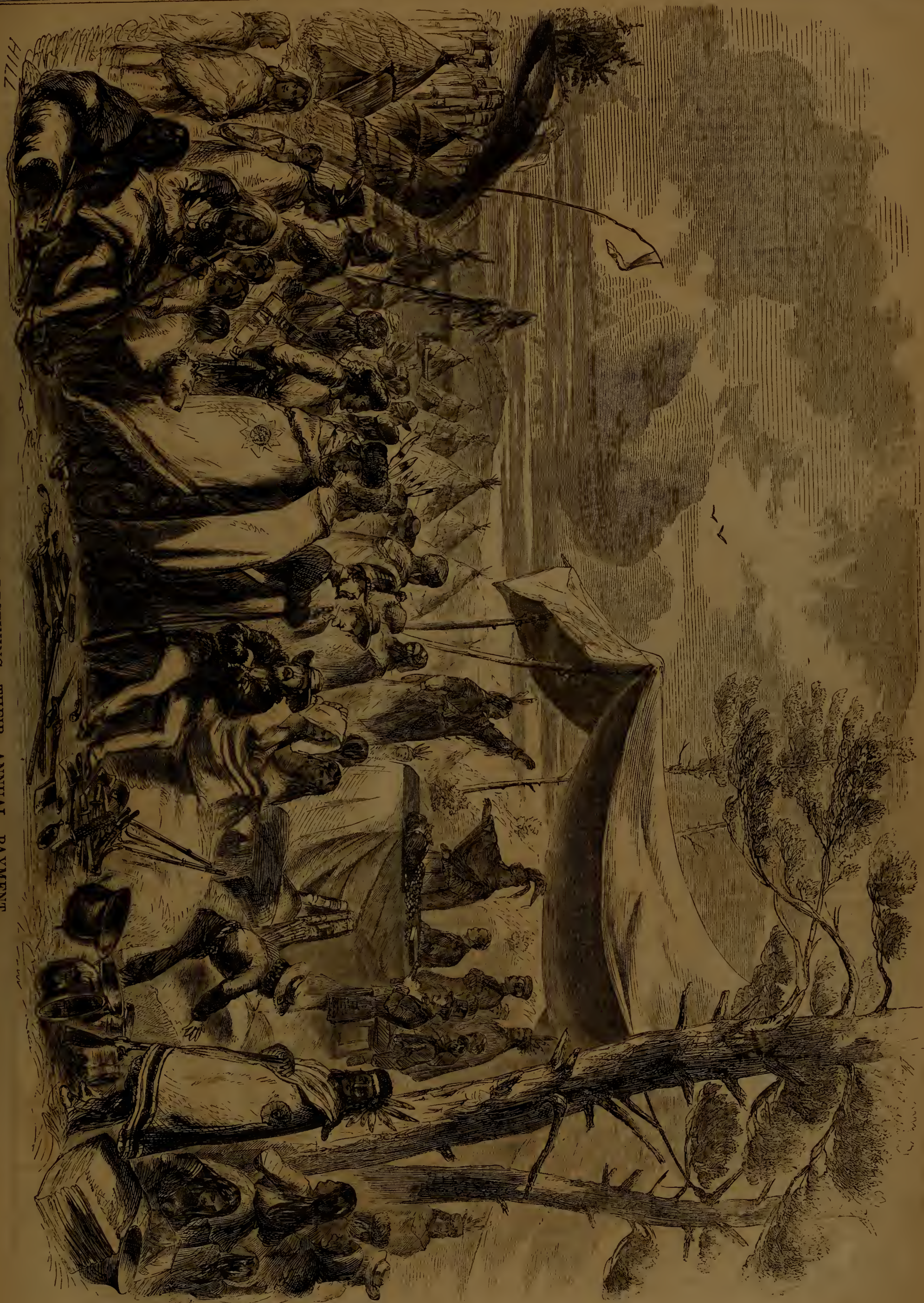
Mr. Joseph Breck, the author of this volume, has had large experience as a seedsman and florist, and has edited both the "New England Farmer," and the "Horticultural Register." His book is a complete manual of gardening, of flower and tree-raising, and the very best with which we are acquainted. No one who has a garden should be without this admirable work.

PETER GOTT, THE CAPE ANN FISHERMAN. By J. RETNOLDS. M. D. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

The author tells us that this story is based on actual life—and we well believe it. It has the true smack of the sea, and brings up before us the hardy and generous sons of the Cape, and their fair daughters, as we have seen them and know them. The book is bound to have a run like a clipper schooner before a spanking breeze.



SCENE IN THE CANADIAN FUR DISTRICT. NORTH AMERICA.



AMERICAN INDIANS RECEIVING THEIR ANNUAL PAYMENT.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LET US LAUGH WHILE WE MAY.

BY CHARLES C. SAWYER.

Let us laugh while we may, for we know not how soon
May sickness or sorrow surround us with gloom;
Though the sun may shine bright, when first seen in the morn,
It by noon may be clouded, be faded, and gone!

Soon enough will our pathway, now happy and light,
Be darkened by trouble—our day turned to night;
Soon enough will the cup of anguish be tasted—
Then why, if so few, should our bright days be wasted?

Our lives—like the ship's on the broad, trackless ocean—
Are often in danger—in fearful commotion;
We may now have fair winds, and the sky bright appear,
But we know not how soon we may tremble with fear!

We well know that our lives are as flowers, that bloom
The brightest in sunshine, the dullest in gloom;
We well know there's a time we should sing, and should pray,
And a time we should laugh;—let us laugh while we may.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TWICE MARRIED.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

"You will accept him, of course, Lina," said Rebecca Barton to her sister, Mrs. Warwick. "Surely you, of all others, need protection; and for one, I should be glad to see you comfortably situated, and these dear children in a home once more."

These words were uttered by a woman past the bloom of youth, and with a face so deeply indented with lines, as to shadow forth many bitter experiences. And so it was, for Rebecca Barton had borne about a wounded spirit so long, and had drifted, a solitary waif, upon the world for so many years, that to her the sound of home conveyed the idea of everything desirable. She did not for the moment reflect how very far a *dwelling*, even with all appliances of comfort, may be from a home in the truest sense. She did not remember how often woman may invest the ideal protector who offers her love and shelter, with attributes which he does not possess; and that she finds, too late, that her hero has degenerated into a very common man!

She was speaking to her sister, a young and beautiful woman, who sat rocking an infant, while another child played at her feet; and whose deep mourning dress showed that she was a widow. The pale, careworn countenance betrayed the sorrow under which she had passed, showing that the cloud still rested upon her; and yet there was a look of thoughtful determination about the mouth, that betokened one who would struggle against trouble, instead of bending beneath it.

"But I do not love this man, Rebecca!" said Lina. "It is too fresh in my mind, that I have loved and lost one who was the impersonation of everything good and noble. How can I replace his image with that of a man who seems to me selfish and sordid, even in his professions of love to me?"

"You are too fastidious, Lina; you must not expect that utter devotion which George gave you. The romance of life ought to be over with you now, and you must come down to sober reality. I cannot bear to think of you floating about the world with no one to protect you, toiling painfully to maintain your children, when here is an opportunity for you to make for yourself a cheerful and happy fireside."

"You forget, Rebecca, that there is still a bare possibility that my husband is living. It seems to me that I can never fully give up the hope that he might have been saved, even if all the rest were drowned. I have heard and read of such cases."

"Ah, do not deceive yourself with such vain hopes. Did not the papers say expressly 'all on board perished?' Besides, is it not more than a year? Was not little Alfred born some months after George went to sea?"

"Yes, it is fifteen months to day since he left me. Perhaps there is not any shadow of hope, and yet sometimes I feel as if there might be. At any rate, I have such feelings about it, as makes the idea of marrying perfectly hateful to me. And this Mr. Rushton! I wish he had never seen me! O, how I wish that he had married you, Rebecca! You would have been just the right one for him. Let me transfer him to you." And Lina smiled for once, with her old love of mischief.

The withered cheek of the spinster lighted up for a moment with a faint blush, which disappeared as suddenly. Alas, for her young dreams! What was Lina's trouble after all to hers? Her sister had at least passed a few happy years with her husband, and had the privilege—a sad one, but still a privilege—of mourning him openly. But far back, in the long past, there was a vision which could not be revealed to other eyes than her own—her own, which had daily wept over its vanishing, until the light and beauty had gone out from them! Even to Lina this dream could not be told, and she left her, to go to her own room, again to struggle against the old misery which had never left her heart.

Rebecca Barton was the eldest, as Lina was the youngest of the Barton family. Thirty years before, the father of these children had left his thriving farm on the Connecticut River, to enter into uncertain trade in Boston. A few years struggle convinced him that he had perilled, not only the interests of his family, but his own happiness and honor. He died heart-broken at his disgrace, for in those days society did not forgive nor overlook deviations from rectitude in business operations so readily as now. Neither had he provided, as some modern defalcators do, for his family;

and step by step, with slow and painful progress, Mrs. Barton brought along her little family.

Rebecca was eighteen when her father died; she had been engaged for a year to one of Mr. Barton's mercantile friends. When the transaction came to light which blasted Mr. Barton's good name, she found herself deserted by her lover. He would not link himself to the disgrace attached to the family; and he left her to marry the daughter of a rich speculator, with whose dishonorable transactions all the Boston world was ringing in less than a year afterwards.

Lina was then a mere infant, and there were several children between the two sisters; but one after another died, leaving the poor mother broken alike in health and spirits. She lingered long in poverty and destitution, supported only by Rebecca's needlework. Their house was a low, one-story building in Leverett Street. They had retired to this immediately after the crash which preceded her husband's death; and here they ate the bitter bread of poverty, steeped in a mother's tears.

From the stately and elegant girl which Rebecca Barton had been, she suddenly drooped, after these terrible misfortunes, into a pale, haggard, dejected woman—grew old before her time, and looked at least fifty before she was past thirty. Her daily life was to "stitch, stitch." By this she managed to take care of her mother while she lived, bury her when she died, and to give Lina the food and clothing which she denied herself.

When George Warwick, a young and handsome sailor, came to their humble home and asked her for Lina's hand, she consented; but she would not leave that home. To all their solicitations she said simply, that Lina might want to come back to it some day. After a few brief years of happiness, in which they strove to include the faded spinster, George's vessel was wrecked, and it was said that all on board had died. Then Rebecca's prophecy was fulfilled; the old "ten-footer" in Leverett Street received Lina and her children, and the two women continued to ply the needle in order to maintain them. One child was three years old; the other, little Alfred, was born after his father's death was announced. He was a frail, feeble child, and drew largely upon the time which Lina wished to devote to her sewing.

Rebecca's reluctance to go out had induced her to entreat her sister to carry home the vests which they made; and for the sake of giving little Mary a walk, Lina often complied. She was still beautiful—as much so as in her early youth; for her pale cheek, set off by her deep mourning dress, made her look even more interesting than she had done when bright and rosy with health and happiness. Her errand was to a large clothing store, and she frequently had to wait some time for her turn to deliver her work, and receive instructions for more.

The proprietor of the store had noticed her often, and narrowly watched her. Once, when tying little Mary's shoe-string, she had thrown back her veil, and he caught a glimpse of a very sweet face. He was a hard, cold, ill-tempered man; but the sight of a face like that seemed to humanize and soften him. He even raised the sordid price which he had before given for his work; and as she raised her eyes to thank him, Mr. Rushton's heart—it was a small one, reader—experienced a sensation which, for once, had not its origin in dollars and cents.

He thought how graceful and pretty such a woman would look presiding over his handsome house in Green Street—a house whose shutters and blinds had never been opened on the front since his wife had died, except to be cleaned. He thought of his old housekeeper—cross, ugly and snuffy—and it seemed pleasant to replace her image with that of this graceful little widow. Even the child he felt almost willing to take, in consideration of the mother. He knew well where Rebecca Barton lived. He had often sent her work, and moreover his own brother was her landlord; and that evening he made an excuse to carry her a vest which must be done the next day, and ventured to walk in for a moment to give her instructions.

It was a small room, in which the paper and paint were dingy with age; but this was atoned for by the perfect neatness and order of its arrangements. A bright fire burned on the hearth; a neat supper-table was spread, although the food upon it was scanty and coarse enough; and, giving life, and spirit, and beauty to the picture, there was Lina, with little Alfred in his night-dress upon her knee, laughing and crowing to his sister with all the unconscious mirth belonging to his age.

Even Mr. Rushton grew almost poetical under the influence of the scene. It was better than the dull, dark parlor at the back of the large Green Street house, with old Mrs. Whiting at the head of the table; and he almost longed to have them ask him to stay and take tea with them. But they would not have thus presumed; and yet their appearance was so ladylike and polished, that he felt intuitively that some time in their life they must have entertained more distinguished gentlemen than William Rushton.

It is not worth while to detail the steps which, one by one, brought Lina to accept a proposition so hateful as this seemed. It was only by looking at the faded cheek of her sister, and by the utter inability of both to work enough to keep them from poverty, and to take care of her children—by looking into the future, and seeing nothing there to help or encourage her, that she passively consented to become his wife.

It was a sad day to her; and only that she was actively employed until evening in her few and simple preparations, she would have sunk under her emotions. Ten times that day she exclaimed, "O, that it had been you, Rebecca, instead of me!"

It was hard that she could not get rid of the old housekeeper, but Mr. Rushton thought best to retain her. Lina would have given anything to banish the vision of her dingy face from the parlor—covered with snuff, as it usually was. She could not bear to have her touch little Alfred, for a long fit of sneezing was the

invariable result; nor could she endure the cooking which the old lady seemed bent upon performing.

All over the house there was an air of indescribable discomfort of dulness and want of taste, that annoyed Lina. The old house in Leverett Street, mean and shabby as it was, was infinitely better than this. These were small things—or rather would have been small to her, had she better loved the owner of the home which she must now call her own, too. O, what poverty or desolation would have made her come here, were she once free again?

The memory of her first experience of married life was so different! The noble-hearted sailor, showering down his gifts into her pleasant home; his own generous and loving nature contrasted with Mr. Rushton's, so mean and sordid; the bright freshness of the rooms, compared with the dinginess and dimness of those from which she now looked out upon a close bricked yard, where no leaf of verdure ever bloomed—no ray of sunshine ever came! The figure of the old housekeeper, perpetually sitting there by the one large window overlooking this *paradise*, with spectacles, knitting-work and snuff-box; the hushed voices and checked sports of her children when the gaunt specter looked at them over her glasses, and the eternal, never-ceasing hum of her nasal voice, talking of what the "first Mrs. Rushton" did and said! It seemed that she was aunt to Mr. Rushton's first wife; and he retained her in his house because she would work for her board, and it saved servants' wages.

Sometimes Lina grew desperate. She could better have borne ill-treatment than this crushing down of nature, such as she had every day to contend with. There was a perpetual series of annoyances and discomforts, growing out of the miserly spirit of Mr. Rushton; there were numberless vexations connected with the meddlesome disposition of the old woman; there was an inexpressible feeling at her heart, when she saw her two frightened children run to a corner and tremble, if they heard Mr. Rushton's step, or saw the ogre eyes of Mrs. Whiting, as she checked their innocent play. She tried to talk it over with Rebecca; but her sister was so self-accused at having encouraged her marriage—so humble in her penitence, that Lina could not have the heart to tell her what she suffered.

One day, in which Lina had been more than usually tried about her children, Mr. Rushton made some ungenerous allusion to the circumstances under which she was suffering when he gave her a home. He did not absolutely call her a beggar, but he implied it; and the old cronie by the window chuckled and laughed when she saw Lina was displeased.

Mr. Rushton did not know the desperate being with whom he had just been dealing. He had often talked in this way to Mrs. Whiting, and not only to her, but to his first wife, and they had feared to resent it. Lina had no such fear. She did not love him either; there was not a particle of love for him in her heart—indeed, there had not been a moment since their marriage that she could not have rejoiced to see him die. And then to feel that she was to pass her life with this lump of soulless clay for the sake of a home—a home, too, where the bread which her children ate was evidently grudged them. Sometimes she could have better borne his rude harshness, but not to-day—her mind had been going back to her early marriage, and George, as he rose to her memory, seemed so noble, and so good, compared with this man!

As I said before, he did not know her. He was not capable of knowing that under that calm and mournful exterior there was a current that could be strongly moved by injustice and oppression. He had dealt with her as he had with the more common beings around him, and had little thought of the volcano over which his feet had been treading rough-shod. High-spirited as Lina was, she could better have borne from him some terrible outbreak of passion—a blow even—than this overflowing of a mean soul. Had he possessed either power or principle of a large nature—even had his passion been directed towards her in the shape of personal cruelty, there was a majesty in her quiet movements that might have awed or restrained him. He did not understand it; so he went on with that "mighty sum of trifles," so irritating to a truthful and earnest nature—trifles which stung her sensitive spirit, as the gnat stings the lion.

The next day Mrs. Whiting went to Cambridge to pass a week. Mr. Rushton came home to dinner more than usually bitter and morose from some out of door affair, in which some one else had got an advantage over him. Little Mary was whispering something to her mother, with one frightened eye on him. He ordered her away—her mother's arms were around her, and she did not obey. He struck her! The child screamed, and he pushed her furiously into the closet and locked her in, and then sat down to dinner; the screams of the child had subsided into low moans, and the frightened Lina implored him to let her come out. He enjoyed her agonies, and left her with the key in his pocket. As soon as he was gone she tried the other keys, but not one would fit. Mary's voice was hushed now, and the excited mother applied an axe to the door. It gave way, and she found the child in a swoon, from fright and the close air of the closet. She revived her, and after a little while she sent the children to her sister.

What her afternoon work consisted in, we may infer from the fact that Mr. Rushton came home and found his house tenantless. It was nearly evening, but there was no fire, and everything looked comfortless and dark. The door at the front of the house had readily yielded to his touch, and he had entered with a loud and ringing footstep; there was no one in the back parlor—no sound of the children; the darkness and stillness almost terrified him, for tyrants are cowardly. What if Lina should be ill up stairs? Visions of prospective nurses and doctors haunted him, as a memory came to him of another wife's sick bed, of which his greatest grief was the load of expense it had entailed upon him. He struck a light, and the battered closet met his eye. "She shall pay for

this dearly," he thought to himself. He looked round the room—everything else was in order. He remembered the look which she had given him when he passed out of the room at noon. It came back to him, but he could not understand it even now; and he searched the house, rang the bells, and even called her name. She was gone—that was the only thought which he could grasp in his low-minded rage. No feeling came to him that he deserved it by his mean-spirited treatment of her; but he gazed round the deserted rooms with a sense of desolation, such as even death had never left there before. It was a sense, not of punishment, nor even was it self-accusing, but it was of bitterness notwithstanding.

Lina, as might be expected, was at Rebecca's. At the moment that Mr. Rushton was searching his deserted house, the two women were sitting together, with locked doors, and the children were safe in bed. Lina's brow was very pale, and her lips were purple from excitement. She had bitten one of them nearly through, while releasing her child from the closet. There was now only one feeling at her heart—the thought of freedom! freedom, as to the slave who escapes the master's lash—freedom, as it is to him who comes out from a great moral tyranny and breathes the air of a new existence without hurt or impediment.

And for the rest—her woman's heart, all the braver for its crushing, strong in maternal love, could look into the future without fear, since she had so freed herself. Now she could go forth, with her hitherto weeping soul, bearing her sheaves with her.

It was long before she could reconcile Rebecca to the share which she had taken in her marriage with one so wholly unworthy of her. She besought her to feel that good might come, even from this trial. "Believe me," she said, "I never knew my strength until now."

Mr. Rushton made one effort to recall her. He wrote to her, entreating her to come back, offering to pay her children's board with Rebecca. She returned him the letter without a single word, and commenced for another store sewing, which Rebecca now brought and carried back herself. Lina seldom left the house. They lived in this way for three years. Lina was calm, and, in her children's society, even happy.

One evening she sat down, after the little ones were asleep, and read a newspaper, which had been wrapped around Rebecca's work. She had gone nearly through with its contents, when she suddenly exclaimed, "Rebecca, hear this! 'One' of the crew of the brig *Curlew*, of this port, which was wrecked on the coast of Africa, six years ago, is said to have arrived in England. He was so much injured that his reason was impaired for several years, and it is only within a few months that he has been able to give any correct account of himself. We did not learn his name."

"If it should be George!" said Rebecca, musingly, "and yet, Lina, how improbable it is. Do not think of it. It will be like losing him again if you should be disappointed."

There was a light, as of hope, in Lina's eye, after this, which pained her sister to see. She never spoke of it; but there was something in her look which told all that she felt. She watched the newspapers daily, and often went without her supper to be able to purchase them.

There were two ships reported in the harbor from Liverpool, and Lina felt that George must be in one of them. The paper stated the number of passengers, but had nothing to say that concerned her. Her hope began to wane, but brightened up with every fresh arrival. She did not expect him to come in the steamer, because she knew he must be poor, and would have to work his passage. The idea that it was really her husband, fastened itself anew on her mind. She turned pale at every knock, and was fast growing nervous and almost unfit to work. Her appetite forsook her, and her strength was evidently failing under the continued excitement of her feelings. Of Mr. Rushton she knew nothing. He had ceased to cross her path, and she wished to forget that passage of her life forever. Rebecca urged her to go out, but she resisted, until her sister was confined to the house with a slight attack of fever; then she was obliged to carry home the work which was promised.

She went reluctantly, and disguised herself as much as possible, wearing her long black veil, for she had put on the garb of mourning again when she left Mr. Rushton. She hurried home, lest she should meet him in the dusk, when he went to supper; and half breathless, she burst into the room. A man sat there by Rebecca's bedside. She thought it was the doctor, for she had sent round for him to call, as she was anxious about her sister. A second look sent her reeling to the floor. When she awoke from her long trance, George himself was leaning over her—not the youthful sailor from whom she had parted, six years before, full of fresh, glad life, but a serene, thoughtful and gentle being, who looked as if he might protect a woman and make her happy too. He had come home, not in an English but a California steamer. After more than five years, passed in a foreign hospital (having been picked up by an outward bound ship and carried to France), he recovered sufficiently to tell his history. He arrived in England in early spring, intending to work his passage in some vessel home. Here he found an old friend, who induced him to accompany him to California. He was the more easily persuaded to do this because he was poor, and his friend told him that in a few months he could make himself independent. The climate suited him—his health was restored, and the injury to the brain was never felt except on exposure to the sun. He was fortunate enough to secure a "pile," and reasonable enough to come away before it was diminished. He had written numberless letters to his wife; one, only a few weeks before his return, stating that he should see her soon; and almost believed her dead, because she did not answer them.

Lina, too, had her history to relate; which she did as briefly as possible. She left the room for a moment, and came down stairs

again with little Alfred, whom she placed on George's knee. He did not dream that such a treasure awaited him. Little Mary had been nestling asleep on his shoulder ever since her mother had recovered from her fainting. If any one is curious to know which husband Lina chose to retain, they can turn to the files of the *Boston Transcript* for 1853, where they can read, if they please, the announcement of the re-marriage between those whom I have called George and Lina Warwick.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

I HAVE MET THEE.

BY MARY F. BARBER.

I have met thee in the spring-time, in the spring-time fresh and bright,
When the pale young buds were waking from the winter's cheerless night,
When the pale young buds were waking, and o'er their teary beds
The spirits of the beautiful bent low their mist-crowned heads—
Bent low their heads in rapture, while the sunlight lingered long,
And the fragrant air was laden with a gush of ceaseless song.

I have met thee in the summer, in the happy summer-time,
When the buds were changed to blossoms on the orange and the lime,
When the buds were changed to blossoms where the south wind wandered free,
And with its dainty fingers twined an incense wreath for thee,
And with its dainty fingers stirred the dark waves on thy brow,
And brought to me thy welcome voice, so musical and low.

I have met thee in autumn, the glad year's golden prime,
When the fragile flowers were fading from the buds of scented thyme,
When the fragile flowers were fading in the forest-arches dim,
And the woodland choir were chanting the old year's requiem;
In the shadow of the maples, where the frost-king rears his throne,
I have met thee in the autumn, my beautiful, my own.

I have met thee in the winter, but thy sunny head was bowed,
Thy graceful form was hidden by the coffin and the shroud;
Thy heart was still forever, thy heart that was the shrine
Of all the mad idolatry now treasured up in mine;
And the pale roses on thy breast were withering in despair,
That death should linger on a brow so gloriously fair.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A TALE OF A DONKEY.

A DRAMA OF REAL LIFE.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

ACT I.

STERNE sentimentalized over a dead donkey, the most brilliant of French writers perpetrated a romance on the same subject, *Titanica* fell in love with one of the long-eared, and why should not we, borrowing our facts from a judicial report in a London journal, weave the tale of a donkey in presentable shape?

Fourteen years ago, then, there dwelt in the neighborhood of Reading, England, a charming little fairy, the daughter of a farmer. As a birthday present, the honest yeoman gave his child an infant donkey. It was reared with tenderness, and its asinine beauty, daily developed, richly rewarded the care of its young mistress. As it grew up, a chaise and harness were purchased for it, and in this equipage Mrs. Lydia Wheatley (the name of the fair owner) used to drive about the country and visit her friends. Miss Mitford, the distinguished authoress, pronounced the animal a "perfect love of a donkey;" and a literary gentleman fell into tears when he saw it, because the creature reminded him so strangely of a departed friend.

Thus loved and celebrated, the animal led an Elysian life, and promised to attain a good old age, envied by its kindred that starved upon common lands, or were the property of brutal pedlars, who walloped them when they wouldn't go. But alas! the fairest hopes are subject to blight in this world of chance and change. Moore's young lady was very unsuccessful in raising gazelles, and Miss Wheatley was equally unsuccessful in the donkey line. One morning the donkey's paddock was empty. There was the grass trampled by its tiny hoofs; there was the board fence which had reverberated its musical matins and serenades, sweet as the summer melody of falling waters—but the donkey had vanished. We cannot paint the agony of the bereaved mistress—it was beyond the reach of art. Breathe mournfully, thou German flute! Draw it mildly, big base-viol!—low, whispering, melancholy music—slowly, slowly, slowly—let the act-drop descend.

ACT II.

"Do you want to buy hany binyuns, to-day, mem?" pleasantly inquired, in a musical tenor, a grim, unwashed costermonger, in the streets of London, of a very pretty housemaid, who stood at the area rails, in a snowy white cap with red ribbons.

"No, we don't," replied the pretty housemaid.

"Don't you want to buy hany binyuns?" savagely repeated the costermonger, in a thundering base.

"No, I tell you!" said the pretty housemaid, who was waiting for policeman X.

"Then, confound yer!" roared the costermonger.

"Who are you speaking to?" exclaimed the pretty housemaid.

"To my donkey," replied the grim costermonger. "I 'opes as 'ow a man may haddress 'is hown hanimal in his hown fashion! Get up, confound yer! doesn't ye 'ere the lady?—ha, ha, don't want hany binyuns!"

The donkey was about moving forward, when a scream was heard upon the sidewalk, and a plump, buxom girl, dropping the arm of a stout countryman, rushed forward, exclaiming:

"Bobby!"

"Do you want hany binyuns, mem?" asked the costermonger, uneasily.

"I wasn't speaking to you. I was speaking to my donkey," retorted the young lady. "I don't wonder at your mistake, however complimentary to the poor beast."

"Your donkey!" retorted the costermonger. "Vell, dash my vig, if I ever 'eard the like!"

"He knows me," said the young lady. "Bobby!" and she offered him a piece of biscuit, which she produced from a reticule. The animal ate it eagerly, and then fondled the fair hand that fed him.

"Haven't I proved property?" said Miss Wheatley, turning to the costermonger.

"Not a bit on't!" said the costermonger. "It's werry seldom he gits hanything to heat; and he'd do the same to hanybody as vas fool enough to feed him. Get up, will ye? The gentlefolks don't want no hinyuns."

"Keep sight of him, Lydia, while I run to Bow Street!" said the lady's companion.

ACT III.

"Your vashup," said the costermonger, now arraigned before the sitting magistrate of Bow Street. "You wouldn't ruin a poor man! It's my hown donkey. I raised him. He supports me, and I support him. I loves him like a brother!" And screwing his dirty knuckles into his eyes, he affected tears.

"But, your worship," said the young lady, "here the farrier has identified the poor animal he has shod so often—he has sworn to the marks."

"All donkeys is alike," said the costermonger, sullenly.

Mr. Clerk, let the animal be brought into court," said his worship.

"No occasion for a subpcena," said the clerk.

His worship condescended to smile. A very fat constable disappeared, choking with laughter. In a few minutes the clattering of hoofs was heard, the crowd parted, and the disputed donkey trotted into court—not the first, however, who had made his appearance at that bar, though the first with four legs, perhaps.

"Ere, Bobby, my love!" said the costermonger, in a tone of whining fondness.

"Silence, fellow!" said the magistrate. "If you utter a word, I will commit you for contempt!"

"Is it contempt of the court to be familiar with a donkey?" asked the costermonger, insolently.

The magistrate deigned no answer. The donkey, rejecting the blandishments of the costermonger, and flinging its heels in his face, went directly to Miss Wheatley, placed its nose in her hands, and uttered a series of most unearthly sounds, testifying the most intense delight.

"Bless my soul!" said the magistrate. "This is surprising!"

"It is affecting, your worship," said the clerk, who was moved to tears. Some of the ladies present also wept profusely.

"Miss Wheatley," said the magistrate, in a voice of great emotion, "the donkey is yours. Take him and be happy!"

The spectators broke into applause, which was instantly checked by the fat constable seizing a dumb image-vender and kicking him severely, by way of example.

"And as for you, you villain!" said his honor to the costermonger, "if you don't look sharp, Botany Bay shall be your dwelling-place hereafter."

The crowd departed in high spirits, and every one but the costermonger agreed his honor was another Daniel come to judgment.

THE NEW LOUVRE, PARIS.

Some idea of its magnificence may be formed from the fact that, during the year 1855, among materials used, besides immense quantities of granite and artificial stone, were upwards of four million cubic feet of brick work! Upon the parapets of the roof have been arranged sixty-three beautiful allegorical groups of children, representing science, industry, art, commerce, etc. Sixty statues of eminent Frenchmen, of all ages, somewhat larger than life, are placed above the colonnades of the ground floor. The various pavilions, doorways, etc., are all richly ornamented with historical and allegorical groups, and in many parts of the building, the entire surface of the walls is covered with the richest and most elaborate carvings. One hundred and fifty-five of the most eminent artists of the day have contributed two hundred and sixty-one pieces of sculpture, more or less important; and have received the sum of \$329,000 for the same. A host of artists of lesser note, have been employed on the decorations of detail, and have been remunerated with proportionate liberality by the government. The total expense of the building will be about ten millions dollars; and it will be, when completed, one of the most magnificent structures in the world.—*Correspondence of Saturday Post.*

WONDERFUL SAGACITY OF A DOG.

One of the most astonishing instances of the sagacity of the dog transpired this morning, which ever came to our knowledge. The Messrs. Staude, tobaccoists, No. 35 Congress Street, closed their store last evening, leaving their favorite Newfoundland inside. This morning, on opening the store, the floor in the back room was found to be on fire, and the dog was laboring with his forefeet and mouth trying to subdue it. A pail of water, which stood in the room, had been poured down the bole. The faithful animal had so successfully combated the fire as to prevent its spreading beyond a spot two or three feet square. How long the noble fellow had stood sentinel and fought down the advancing flames can only be conjectured—it must have been several hours. His feet, legs and mouth were badly burned, and it is feared that he is seriously injured internally by inhaling the hot air. He refuses food, and is apparently in much pain. We trust the sagacious and faithful creature is not dangerously injured. This is the same dog which discovered the man Lally on the ice a few weeks since. He is worth his weight in gold, and may safely be pronounced the noblest of his race.—*Troy Times.*

The happiness of man arises more from inward than his outward condition; and the amount of good in the world cannot be much increased but by increasing the amount of goodness.—*Wigglesworth.*



REV. ELEAZER WILLIAMS, THE REPUTED BOURBON.

REV. ELEAZER WILLIAMS.

The accompanying likeness of Eleazer Williams, an Indian missionary, or of Louis XVII, son of Louis XVI. and of Marie Antoinette—if the late Rev. Mr. Hanson's theory be correct—is a very excellent one. It has not been "cooked up" to suit either the opponents or the advocates of that theory, so that the reader, by comparing it with a portrait of any of the Bourbons, will be able to decide just how much similarity there is between the faces. Up to some fifteen or more years ago, those who knew Mr. Williams, knew him only as a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, of a mild disposition and average intellect, devoted to preaching the gospel to the Indians, and enjoying a most excellent character. The story of his family was as follows: The Rev. John Williams, of Deerfield, Mass., with his family, were captured by the Indians about 1704, and carried into Canada. They all returned, except a daughter Eunice, who married an Indian chief. The offspring of this alliance were two daughters, named Mary and Catherine, and a son named Thomas. Mary married an English surgeon named Ezekiel Williams. They had only one son, Thomas. His father died when Thomas was six months old, and he was taken care of by his mother's sister, Catherine. Thomas was considered an Indian of the Iroquois tribe, and renowned civilized life. He married a full-blooded Indian, and had eleven children besides Eleazer, who was repented to be, and was brought up as his son. Mr. Hanson lays a good deal of stress on the fact that, while the undoubted children of Thomas Williams were strongly marked Indians, notwithstanding the white blood in their veins, they bore not the slightest resemblance to Eleazer. Young Eleazer began education late in life, in consequence of idiocy; and at the breaking out of the war of 1812, was a pupil of the Rev. Mr. Hull, of West Hampton, Mass., and was then 27 years of age. He was induced to enter the government service, and was appointed confidential agent and superintendent-general of the Northern Indian Department. He did good service, and fought at Plattsburg, where he was wounded, and in other affairs. At Plattsburg, he led a heavy column into the fire, and behaved with the greatest gallantry; he afterwards studied divinity, and became a missionary preacher. So much at present for Mr. Williams. A word of the dauphin. Charles Louis, son of Louis XVI. and of Marie Antoinette, was born March 25, 1775. After the death of his mother, in 1793, he was consigned to the care of Simon, a cobbler—a brutal scoundrel, who treated the child with almost incredible severity. He was starved, beaten, abused and

reduced to a condition little short of idiocy. But the fall of Robespierre, and the death of the brutal Simon, produced a change for the better in his circumstances. The convention of 1794 decreed his banishment. On the 9th of June, 1795, his death was reported to the convention, and three surgeons testified to the fact, and attributed it to scrofula. "He was buried," says the *Encyclopedia Americana*, "in the common grave of the cemetery of St. Marguerite, where his remains could not be distinguished in 1815. Several impostors have appeared, pretending to be the prince; among them, Hervagant, a tailor's son, in 1802 (died 1812 in prison), and Bruzeau, a shoemaker, who, in 1818, was condemned to seven years imprisonment." Since then a third impostor appeared in France. Very many persons disbelieved the received story of the death of the dauphin in prison, and supposed that the body examined and reported on by the surgeons, was that of a child substituted for the heir to the throne. Mr. Hanson firmly believed Eleazer Williams to be the real Dauphin of France; and in support of his claims, collected together a mass of facts, published originally in Putnam's Magazine, and afterwards in book form, which carried conviction to the minds of many. One of the most important points stated by Mr. Hanson, was the following, viz., that in 1841, the Prince de Joinville, on his arrival in this country, inquired for Mr. Williams, and sought and obtained an interview with him at Green Bay, in which, after demanding a conditional pledge of secrecy, he required of him a resignation of the crown of France, as its legitimate heir, in favor of Louis Philippe. The Prince de Joinville, however, on being written to, emphatically denied having made any offer, or required any pledges respecting his resignation. Other points in Mr. Hanson's argument were, that the French ambassador, Genet, in the presence of Dr. Francis and others, acknowledged that the dauphin was both alive and in this country, and in the State of New York in 1817—that Le Roy de Chanmont, who, according to Genet's statement, was acquainted with the affair, had much dealing with the Indians in the neighborhood where Mr. Williams was brought up, and once in a conversation with him, made a remote allusion to the dauphin—that the name of Eleazer Williams is not on the baptismal register of Caughnawaga (where he is reputed to have been born)—that he has none of the characteristics of an Indian—that he closely resembles Louis XVIII.—that various marks on his body correspond exactly with those known to have been on the body of the dauphin—that an unknown Frenchman came to see Mr. Williams in youth, and wept over him—that he recognized the portraits of Simon the jailer, and Madame Elizabeth, when unexpectedly placed before him by Professor Day—that Williams was idiotic at the age of 13 or 14—that the dauphin at the age of ten was re-

duced to the same condition by ill-treatment—that since the recovery of his reason, faint, dreamy remembrances of the past have returned to the mind of Mr. Williams, corresponding to known scenes in the dauphin's history, etc. It would be impossible in our space, even were it desirable, to go into a full detail of all Mr. Hanson's facts and arguments. He certainly adduced many curious coincidences, and linked together a chain of evidence with great ingenuity. The denial, *in toto*, by the Prince de Joinville, of the statements made by Mr. Williams with regard to the nature of his interview at Green Bay, however, was a serious blow to the Williams-Dauphin theory. And about the same time that Mr. Hanson's first article entitled "Have we a Bourbon among us?" appeared, a work was published in France, entitled "Louis XVII., his Life, his last Illness and Death," by M. A. D. Beauchesne, a pious legitimist, who had devoted twenty-five years in collecting all the information to be obtained with regard to the imprisonment of Louis XVI. and his unfortunate family, and particularly the poor dauphin. He traced out the origin of facts already known; he sought out all the living persons who casually or officially entered the Temple during the revolution, and became intimately acquainted with Lasne and Gomin, the two last keepers, in whose arms Louis XVII. expired. The story of the boy, as told by this faithful biographer, is a truly harrowing one. Fiction never surpassed the sad realities of his sufferings. In his latter days, as we have before remarked, when drawing near the close of his life, he was better treated. Lasne, who had seen the young prince before his imprisonment, recognized him perfectly when admitted to take charge of him in the Temple. Lasne was not absent from him a single day. The gentleness of his nature shone out in his dying hours. "But the very day before he died, he said to Gomin, who told him of the arrest of a commissary who had often been on duty at the Temple, 'I am very sorry, for you see he is more unhappy than we; he deserves his misfortune.' He died on the 9th of June, at about two o'clock in the afternoon. On the night previous, he said to Gomin, who expressed pity for his sufferings, 'Be consoled, I shall not always suffer.' Some time afterwards Gomin said to him, 'I hope you do not suffer any pain now.'—'O, yes,' was the answer, 'I suffer, but much less; the music is so beautiful.' As no music was audible, Gomin asked, 'From what direction do you hear music?'—'From up yonder.' Presently the child exclaimed, in ecstasy, 'Among all the voices I have recognized that of my mother.' Next day Lasne removed Gomin from his attendance at the bedside. After a time the child moved, and Lasne asked him how he was. To this he answered, 'Do you think my sister could have heard the music? How much good it would have done her.' Presently he

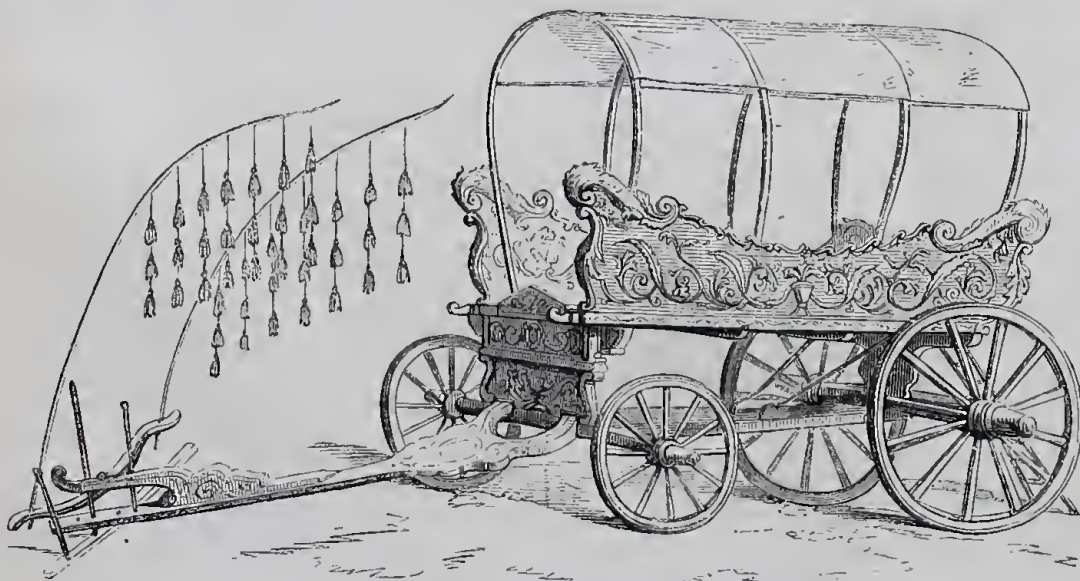


THE NEW ENGLISH THREE-HORSE OMNIBUS.

said, 'I have one thing to tell you.' Lasne bent down to listen, but the boy was dead." There is nothing more affecting than this in any of the death-scenes of fiction. Thus died Louis XVII. of France. More than twenty persons recognized the identity of the little corpse as it lay in the Temple. After a post mortem examination, the body was interred—M. Beauchesne thinks in the cemetery of St. Margaret. M. Beauchesne's book has been accepted as conclusive authority in Paris with regard to the death of the dauphin, and probably not a large number of persons will continue to discredit the story of the death of the dauphin in the Temple. Though there is a world of romance in the idea that the legitimate heir to the throne of France, the son of the unfortunate "Son of St. Louis," and of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, the regal star of Versailles, is a citizen of the United States, and has fought her battles, and preached in her pulpits, still we are constrained, for our own part, to dismiss the story as a dream.

ENGLISH THREE-HORSE OMNIBUS.—TURKISH OMNIBUS.

The first of the accompanying sketches represents a new kind of omnibus just introduced into England, and received with a good deal of favor. It is drawn by three horses harnessed abreast, and carries seventeen inside and twenty-four outside passengers. The raised part of the roof serves as a back to the passengers on the sides, and allows space inside for a good-sized man to walk along the centre of the omnibus. There is no door, the conductor communicating with the driver by means of a bell placed under the seat of the latter. The driver can put the breaks on the wheels to facilitate the stopping, by a treadle on the foot-board. Contrasted with this English vehicle, we present a picture of the omnibus used at Constantinople. The body is raised very high above the perch, and the sides are curiously carved in oriental fashion. Attached to the tongue are two light curved rods, which support a series of tassels, purely ornamental additions to the equipage.



A CONSTANTINOPLE OMNIBUS.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAOE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

AMUSEMENTS IN NEW YORK.

There is certainly no lack of amusements in the city of New York. Our neighbors of Gotham are as devoted to sight-seeing, and as philosophically a pleasure-seeking people, as the gay Parisians. If, as a business people, they are hard workers, they do not give up the whole time to labor, but leave a reasonable margin for recreation. As the spring opens with fine weather, and strangers pour into the imperial city, the places of entertainment are thronged—still a very large proportion of the audiences are natives and to the manor born. When we were in New York a few weeks since, the half a dozen theatres then open were doing an excellent business.

The Academy of Music had good houses, having just been reopened for another season. It is worth a trip to New York to see the interior of this splendid house lighted up and filled with the representatives of the beauty, wealth, fashion and talent of New York. La Grange is as popular as ever, and the new tenor, Balconi, was quite a favorite. At the Broadway, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams were playing a successful engagement. Barnum's Museum had more than one attractive card, and was doing as well as usual. Our Boston comedy, ascribed to a "well-known literary gentleman of this city," was played well and successfully at Burton's. Laura Keane's elegant theatre gave evidence of successful catering for the public. The performances are very amusing and Miss Keane is a host in herself. The Revels seem to be a permanent institution in New York. Mr. Wallack, at his theatre, is still as popular as in the days of Halleck's Fanny—

"Who patronized the theatre and thought
That Wallack looked extremely well in rolls."

The National and Broadway Varieties are in full blast, and music for the million is cheap everywhere. Poetry and music were the fashion at Hope Chapel—the National Academy of Design was well patronized; and in one word, we thought New York surpassed herself in the way of availing resources. And to think we can remember it, not so many years ago, either—with only two theatres—the Park and the Bowery. Verily the times are changed.

SUBLIME.—The mayor of Goton, a country town in France, having died during a visit to Paris, his administrators raised a magnificent monument to him in Goton, with this inscription:—"Here lies Mayor ———, who was buried in Paris!"

AMUSINO BLUNDER.—A soldier in the Crimea wound up a letter to his brother thus: "I will say no more because my feet are so cold I cannot hold a pen."

SPLINTERS.

.... Maine has fifteen railways, with an aggregate length of 406 miles. These roads are well managed.

.... Foster, the author of "New York in Slices," "New York by Gaslight," and other works, is dead.

.... Dr. Robert M. Graham, who killed Mr. Loring a year ago at the St. Nicholas, New York, has been pardoned.

.... The steamship Adriatic of the Collins line, is the largest in tonnage of any steamer afloat.

.... Captain Phineas Bennett, of New York, has invented a hot air locomotive, to move by air and steam.

.... Mr. Storms of New York has invented a gun and cartridge to shoot out fires with. Curious.

.... General Popoff, hetman of the Don Cossacks, has popped off very suddenly, and was buried at Warsaw.

.... Leutze, the American artist, is very pleasantly situated with his family at Dusseldorf, Germany.

.... Ristori, the Italian tragedienne, is said to be still eclipsing Rachel in the city of Paris.

.... Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has sold the use of his copyrights for ten years for \$100,000.

.... Mr. Mitchell, formerly manager of the Olympic Theatre, New York, is ill and in reduced circumstances.

.... The sons of Madame de Bodisco, of Washington, are pages to the emperor of Russia.

.... The establishment of a commercial exchange building half way between Boston and New York has been suggested.

.... The Stevens mansion, corner of Murray Street and College Place, New York, is to be torn down immediately.

.... The Russian bear undertook to devour all Turkey, but had to be satisfied with a peace.

.... The family Bible belonging to Samuel Adams of the Revolution, is now the property of S. G. Drake, Esq.

.... The gallant Texan ranger, Ben. McCulloch, lately made a visit to the city of Washington.

.... Railroad conductors have a right to eject any passenger who refuses to obey the regulations.

.... The cost of a ship canal across the isthmus of Darien would be only \$145,407,142.

.... A young woman in the Newton cars the other day refused to pay her fare, and threatened to fight the passengers.

.... It is estimated that \$10,000 worth of cigars are smoked in this city every day.

.... Cast iron buildings were invented by an American. They are durable and capable of high ornament.

PEACE IN EUROPE.

The news of the conclusion of the treaty of peace in Paris was received in this country with every demonstration of joy, and it is an event of so much importance to the great interests of the world and of humanity, that it must form for a long time the theme of exultant comment. Even a victorious nation must rejoice at the cessation of hostilities, and nowhere was the most brilliant victory ever celebrated with half the zeal of a treaty of peace. And this is creditable to humanity, which is not half so bad as most of the philosophers make it.

A great war like that which is just closed is felt, during its existence, all over the world. A great nation, which keeps out of the vortex of events, as this country has done, still feels the pressure of so convulsive and disorganizing a movement as war waged on a great scale. The poor man's food costs him a third more, while hundreds of thousands of men are changed from producers to consumers, and Agriculture is mourning over wasted or idle fields. The effect of peace on the price of bread stuffs was instantly apparent wherever the electric current conveyed the news. And if this peace be a proof that we have reached a point in history when war has become so destructive that it is suicidal for nations to engage in it, then we shall have a consolation of the very highest importance for the horrors which retrospection presents to our eyes; but we cannot flatter ourselves that we have yet reached that millennial period.

It is easy enough to estimate the cost of the war just closed, and not difficult to approximate the moral gains of the belligerent parties. The English papers hope that "Russia has gained wisdom and learned justice." Now we fancy that she gained by bitter experience, an experience written in tears and blood, a knowledge of her weak points, and that her whole energies, for years to come, will be bent to strengthening those points, and developing her powerful resources as they have never been developed. Whoever fancies that Russia, in consequence of recent events, will abandon the policy that has formed a part of her national existence since her armed hand was first raised in Europe, must be a mere Utopian dreamer. No—she will still be the incarnation of ambitious despotism—and though she may veil her designs for years, when the hour arrives, she will strike again—and strike home with terrible power.

France—or rather Louis Napoleon, has gained in this war all that he desired. He has demonstrated that to will with him was to succeed. He willed war and he willed peace: war, not in the great interests of humanity, but to display and strengthen his power; peace, because he has secured those ends.

England has suffered severely in the war—we do not mean in losses of blood and treasure, but in that prestige which is dear to every Englishman's heart. In the field, with all the bravery of her men, she was completely eclipsed by her brilliant ally. And so completely was she overshadowed by the genius of Napoleon, that though she did not desire peace, she was compelled to aid in making it. We admire the cool audacity with which the London Illustrated News remarks: "No European potentate, great or small, has learned to make light of the name and power of England. The only malecontents are at home; and their name is not Legion, but Affection. Never was England so strong as now."

England never so strong as when she could not raise native Englishmen in force enough to carry on a war respectably, even as an ally? Enlightened Englishmen, and it is to those that the "News" alludes, know better than to sanction such assertions. They see the evils of their system, and demand reform. After the severe lessons of the war, they are thoroughly disgusted with the game of brag, and repudiate its continued indulgence. Let our English friends work and not talk, and they will soon wipe every stain from their national reputation.

A GOOD HINT.—The Post advises ladies who paint a little, to remember that there is such an ophthalmic disease as color-blindness, which disqualifies sufferers from distinguishing green from red, and warns them to avoid the "amiable weakness" of appearing in public with emerald faces. Doubtless Mr. Macbeth, of Scottish memory, had this notion in his eye, when he talked of "making the green one red."

VALUE OF MANUFACTURES IN MASSACHUSETTS.—According to the statistics recently published, the annual manufactures of Boston and its vicinity, and the other principal towns of Massachusetts, reaches the enormous amount of \$300,000,000, or one million for every working day in the year.

THE DIFFERENCE.—When the London papers paid three pence a line for "dreadful accidents," the casualties in the metropolis were alarmingly great. The reduction of the price to a penny has materially lessened the total of calamities.

BENEVOLENCE.—It is astonishing how many dealers in all kinds of goods are constantly selling for less than cost. "Alarming sacrifices!" are posted everywhere—and yet the martyrs are generally well-dressed, smiling and happy-looking.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—What a run that piece had at the Boston! It was got up in a style of absolute perfection, and admirably well played. Mr. Barry cannot be surpassed as a tasteful and liberal manager.

BON MOT.—When some persons were censuring the dancing of Fanny Ellsler, poor Finn exclaimed: "Can there be railing at those steps that lead me to a door?"

LIBELLOUS.—What the man said when he was ringing the doctor's bell—"I am not death's door."

OUR LARGE PICTURES.

On pages 328 and 329 of the present number, will be found two spirited engravings of American scenes, from drawings made expressly for us by Mr. Hill, whose graceful pencil has become so familiar to our subscribers. One of these is a scene in the far Northwest, on the shores of Lake Superior, where noble specimens of the red men are still to be found. It represents the Indians receiving their annual payment from the United States government. The rendezvous is selected, the time generally being the fall of the year. The Indians congregate in large numbers at the appointed spot.

On arriving at their destination, they eat poles and erect their wigwams, and sometimes loaf about months before the agent arrives; very often reduced to extremities, and spending their allowance before they get it, with some of the hard dealing traders who supply them with rum and other goods at exorbitant prices. Others more thrifty would come, perhaps only a day beforehand, and receiving their money, return at once. As a general thing it does not appear to be of much service to them. In our picture, the agent is sitting at a table under an awning, listening to an Indian discoursing on some offence or imaginary wrong. With and behind the agent, are a military officer from some neighboring garrison and other friends and visitors on the occasion. In the foreground are groups of the natives, their dress consisting of various modifications of the Indian and Canadian fashions, with the universal blanket. Among the centre figures, the hard feature of the trader and the honest phiz of the soldier escort, are conspicuous. The man with beard and otter-skin coat to match, assists in the distribution of the blankets and other articles. In the background is the encampment, built under shelter of some of the basaltic rocks which form a feature of the district.

The other picture is taken from the Canadian fur districts, and represents a trading block-house at Presque-Isle River, with the dog mail train passing in the middle distance. These block-houses—built strongly of squared logs, for the purposes of trade and protection to the Hudson Bay Company's dependents, and themselves protected by a system of forts spread over the wilderness—are generally very picturesquely situated on a bend of a river or the arm of a lake, the superintendent reigning supreme over the neighboring country.

Here the Indians and Canadian hunters and trappers resort with the spoils of the forest, to be transferred thence by voyagers, to the settlements. And here the Canadian boatman is seen in all his glory—rollicking, light-hearted, patient and good-humored,—with scarcely a care beyond the tie of his sash, an ornament without which, his picturesque dress of embroidered shirt, trousers and Indian cap and feather, would be incomplete.

The block-house occupies the centre of the picture, backed by the tall, dark pines of this region, sometimes reaching an altitude of two or three hundred feet. To the right, over the river, is one of the characteristic forts of the Fur Company, consisting of a wood or stone wall, enclosing a considerable space, at each angle defended by block built towers, with one or two ports for small pieces of artillery, and loop-holes for musketry. In the enclosure are the buildings of the company, including the governor's house, warehouse, barracks, etc. In the foreground is a trapper who has just "come in" on snow shoes, with a load of beaver skins drawn by his trained dogs. Other hunters preparing to start, an Indian chief smoking, and some of the resident employees, finish the group, behind which is the dog train carrying the mails, and accompanied by the agent and his wild assistants, who join with the dogs in a continuous chorus of yelling and howling—a noise diabolical on a close acquaintance, but quite musical in the distance. The distance they accomplish under favorable circumstances is surprising; on the frozen lakes and rivers, often amounting to forty miles a day. Four or five months in the year, they form almost the only communication with the settlements, running the mail on the American territory as far south as Detroit.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Albert T. Emery to Miss Mary E., daughter of Dea. Nathaniel Andrews, of North Wrentham; by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. George F. Harrison to Miss Helen M. Chisholm; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Samuel Tibbitts to Miss Mary Scannell; by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Samuel H. Reed to Miss Pamela M. Vose; by Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. William Hayden Jr. to Miss Louise Anna Dorr.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Mr. George A. Alden, of Boston, to Miss Hattie J. Hadley; by Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Mr. William J. Baker to Miss Fanny Barry.—At Jamaica Plain, by Rev. Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Nathaniel J. Bradley, of Boston, to Miss Julia K. Weld of West Roxbury.—At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Owen Williams to Miss Margaret Evans.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Worcester, Mr. Charles H. Allen, Jr. to Miss Eleanor M. Mackenzie.—At Cohasset, by Rev. Mr. Reed, Mr. Wm. H. Barnes, of Boston, to Miss Clarissa Grent.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dammun, Mr. Orin M. Shaw to Miss Jane O. Hayes.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Abraham Cobb, 65; Mr. Edward Eugene Cooper, 26; Mrs. Joanna Moore, 57; Miss Sarah L. Ellenwood; Mr. William Henry Glidden, 23; Mrs. Sarah J. Hammond, 34; Mrs. L. C. B. French, 34; Mr. Sarah M. Keizer, 33; Mr. John Rogers, 74.—At East Boston, Widow Mary O'Connor, 70; Sarah J., daughter of Mr. Jason and Mrs. Mary Ann Trask, 6 years and 8 months.—At Dorchester, Mr. James Robinson, 66.—At Cambridgeport, Richard Jennings, 85.—At East Cambridge, Widow Ann Geyer, 78.—At Jamaica Plain, Mr. Amos Holbrook, 75.—At Waltham, Mr. Dana Browne, 23; Mr. Samuel A. Dexter, 82.—At Lynn, Mr. James Pool, 68; Mr. James Ellis, 33; Mrs. Sarah L. Clark, 30; Mr. James E. Barry, 40; Mrs. Dorcas Irwin, 60.—At Salem, Mr. Willis R. Whipple, 27; Widow Mary Putnam, 78; Mr. Daniel Sullivan, 70; Mrs. Eliza Poulson, 31.—At Marblehead, Mrs. Susannah Goodwin, 63.—At Danvers, Mrs. Polly, wife of Mr. Seth Putnam, 73.—At Newburyport, Mr. Joseph Plummer, 74; Mrs. Amanda J. Paddock, 22; Mr. John Rappall, 42.

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M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor.

Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

INTROSPECTION.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

There came from the tomb of the past and the gone,
The wail of a sigh, and the voice of a moan;
My ear caught its strain as it melted away—
It sang of the eve of a past happy day.

A thrill in the voice, and a gleam in the eye!
Speak these of the days that have long gone by?
Or light they as beacons the dark path of time,
With glimmerings of glory not less than divinity!

From whence comes this thrill, and this glance of the eye!
With the flesh does the fount of emotion, too, die?
Will the thrill that now warms up this apathetic frame,
In the regions celestial revive it again?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD CATHEDRAL.

BY RICHARD CRANSHAW.

SCARCELY a happy home, but desolation has marred its happiness forever;—scarcely a roof-tree, but the voice of anguish, of agony and despair arises wailingly from its darkened hearthside;—scarcely a house, upon whose door is not inscribed the terrible appeal of "God have mercy upon us!"

The angel of death has spread his darkened wings, and breathed over the ancient city of Chester a desolation and a curse. The great and terrible plague has seated himself in judgment on the land, and reaches with his sceptre the lofty and the low, withering and blasting all on whom his lightest touch may fall. No footfall echoes through the deserted streets, and their pavements have become grass-grown. The golden summer sun looks down from his glory-capped throne, but sheds no ray of hopeful promise in his flood of yellow light, as it falls upon the city of the plague.

Isaac Chadwicke had been the last to quit his post as rector of the old cathedral, and was struck down while standing—a faithful sentinel, doing his duty without flinching from the bolts that were dealing death on all sides around him. Stella, since the organist had fled in dismay from the doomed city, had each day accompanied her father to the scene of his holy labors, and beneath her touch the great organ pealed forth its cries for mercy, while the pestilence still hovered with its leaden wing above the heads of the few affrighted survivors.

But the great vial of wrath was not yet emptied, and day after day saw the few pallid faces who clustered in terror among the echoing aisles, growing still fewer, until scarce twenty souls now lifted their voices in prayers for mercy to the Great Avenger!

The sun rose bright and beautiful as ever, and gilded with its beams the city spires and desolated pavements, and looked in as usual to frighten off the gloom that settled among the shadowy aisles, and the effigies of marble and of brass—knights and ladies laying in dusty stall, deep down in the dim vaults beneath—and curiously peering into the wasted faces of the few gathered silently there, awaiting the coming of the man of God.

But he arrived not as the minutes flew past and became hours; as the shadows of the sunlight flitted higher up upon the darkened walls, and as the early daylight ripened slowly into the full blaze of noon. A measured tread of feet was heard, as if approaching at sober pace towards the edifice; and as the huge doors swung open, they gave admittance to the one so long expected, come at last. Yes—but no longer the meek and patient suppliant for his sorrow-stricken brethren; no longer the white-haired shepherd, gathering his terrified flock together, and speaking kindly words of consolation and of hope; no longer the faithful soldier, standing unwearied and unshrinking at his duty-chosen post—no longer these. But laying there cold and silent; brought in for the same sad rites which he had murmured so oft before over his dead brethren and his dead sisters, and over their little ones, who had writhed their feeble lives out on the terrible death-couch of the plague.

Isaac Chadwicke rested from his labors. Seated by the couch of the last of her kindred; the last tie that binds Stella Chadwicke to the world of mortality, and watching the feeble breath as it comes and goes from the little sufferer's lips—her dying young sister. Dreadful stillness reigns throughout the deserted house, and fearful the load upon that young heart, as she ponders on her loneliness. Even this last tie is wearing asunder, and she sits counting the minutes that will elapse before she is totally alone in the world. From the cathedral comes the heavy boom of the great bell, tolling a parting knell, and she closes her eyes and beholds her dead parent laid down to rest among the darksome chambers, beneath the marble aisles, whose stones have so often reverberated to his tread, while fulfilling the duties of his peaceful office. She felt the little hot hand, which she held within her own, tighten convulsively, and as she looked in alarm towards the child, she saw too plainly that the throes of mortal agony were upon her, and that the spirit was even then struggling for its freedom from the shroudings of mortality which held it prisoned. A few more painful gasps, and she knew that her terrible doom had come to pass, and that she was now alone—quite alone in the great, wide world of cold-hearted strangers.

The summons to "bring forth your dead" sounded ghostly and echoing beneath the window of the room wherein she sat, as the dull rumble of the death-cart stopped at the door below. It was unheeded; for the living listener had sunk down upon the pallid form of the child, and passing things were alike impalpable unto the breathless dust, as well as to the desolate one who lay so motionless upon it.

When she recovered from her fainting state, it was to press her hands upon her aching brow, and with a glance at the untenanted room, to dash wildly forth from the house which now contained no charm to bind her longer to it. All that made up the substance of home—father, mother and sister; all the loving links in the great chain of love—all, all gone! Would she not, as of old, awake in the wrapt stillness of the night, and feel no longer the warm breath of the sleeping child, who had for years past nestled close beside her? No more would the soft kisses of the prattler arouse her from pleasant wanderings among the sunny land of dreams. The day would be but a wretched lengthening out of an existence fraught with one continued—long continued heartache. O, but all this was very terrible! And who shall wonder at that poor brain, teeming with these fancies, suddenly becoming mad?—or who shall be surprised to see that tottering step, as it wanders forth without a destination?—or behold that blue eye, as it rolls so fearfully in all the awful intensity of insanity?

The old city is surrounded by a huge wall, from whence the eye can wander, and see plainly discernible in the distance the blue mountains of Wales. The beautiful Dee meanders slowly by beneath the fortified heights, and, as the gaze follows it, it becomes a mere silvery thread, rippling merrily on towards the ocean. To these walls the wanderer bent her steps, and from the lofty summit gazed upon the panorama spread out before her in all its beauty. The warder, one of the few who remained faithful to his duty as keeper of the great gate, looked pityingly upon her as she passed him, softly crooning some sad ditty to herself. Taking her gently by the hand, he spoke to her:

"Where is thy home, poor child?"

"Home?" she whispered. "Where is my home? Why, dost thou not know? Come, I'll show thee my gay home afar off. I may not go there now, but anon, anon!"

Repeating slowly "anon, anon," she led the rough warrior a short distance along the walls, until a point of view was reached whence the laughing stream was full upon their sight.

"Look, warder, dost see yon rolling silver-bosomed river? Follow it with thine eye, and there on the blue, cloudy distance, where the river is but a silver thread, and where the sweet, pure sky descends to kiss the ripples as they slowly float along—there, there is my home!"

The rude soldier felt an awe creep over him as he gazed upon her sweet face, and her hair streaming like flecks of gold, as the summer breeze lifted it from above her fair white brow. He knew not why he did it, but as he looked upon her standing there with her hands clasped together, and her eyes fixed upon the pictures drawn with the pencil of her fancy, he reverently uncovered his head before her, as though he stood in the bright presence of a messenger from the far-off land.

"Look, warder, there is my home! Dost not see that palace, whose spires are shining like gold in the rays of the setting sun, and whose stones are of the purest alabaster? They are all there, awaiting my coming. Little Nelly was the last to go; and O, I did feel that it was very, very lonesome when I gazed upon hers,—the last of their dead faces. But it is not to be for long. I shall join them anon, anon."

And still murmuring her ditty to herself, she wandered on; and as she was lost to his view, the warder saw that the sun was just sinking in a flood of crimson glory. The day-god seemed hiding his face in sorrowful compassion for the woes of one so more than earthly pure as she.

Stella found herself, she knew not how, beneath the shadows of the time-stained old cathedral, and listlessly entering, she found there assembled some few who had met in the sacred edifice to unburden their sorrowing hearts in prayer. Mounting the oaken stairs, she found herself before the immense organ, whose tones had so often reverberated through the vast building beneath her own well-skilled touch. The deaf old sexton lent his aid, not noting in the dim light her wild and altered appearance, and as he had been wont to do, quietly filled the huge instrument, expecting her as usual to touch the keys, and awaken with the holy sounds, the chords of hope within the listener's hearts. Tremblingly do her white fingers wander aimlessly over them for a moment, and then, as she recalls her wandering thoughts, a flood of low melody steals through the silence and gloom in which she sits enwrapped, and ascends to the roof of the sacred edifice.

Rare old music! Hark! do you not hear it speak in almost mortal tones: "Thou that takest away the sins of the world! Have mercy upon us! Thou that takest away the sins of the world! Hear our prayer! Thou that sittest at the right hand of the Father! Have mercy upon us!" And it deepens into a plaintive wail of tearful beseeching, as though the sobbing of the overcharged heart had choked all further utterance.

Again it rises, as might a wreathing vapor on a placid sky, till swelling with intensity, it bursts forth into a crash of joyful melody, and the glad Te Deum fills each nook and cranny with its wild, tempestuous beauty, "Holy! Holy! Holy!" It is as plain to the ear as though ten thousand voices were crying it aloud in one triumphant peal of joy.

Gloom and darkness reigned for some time in the old cathedral, and the listeners sat there spell-bound, with their thoughts arisen far beyond the world of sorrow and unhappiness in which they held abiding place. From the midst of the dark curtain of night the beams of the moon ascended, and the spires of the ancient fane were tinted with silver, as it slowly rose in its soft majesty. The tinted windows received its light in subdued and many colored hues, and it fell upon the white garments of the player sitting in a fit of holy entrancement. Her hair streamed down upon her shoulders, and her gaze was fixed upon the heights above her, where sculptured network of oaken beams, and mighty arches of rarely carved work met her view. But she gazed not upon these.

Who shall know of the bright visions seen by that lonely one, who sat enshrined in the midst of melody inferior only to the anthems of the blessed? Does she behold again the flowing river, whose destination is the unfathomable dream of eternity? Is the far-off palace visible again to her spell-bound gaze, with its spires of gold, and its portals of alabaster? Who shall know?

The sounds died away, and the fair head drooped upon the silent keys. The Te Deum ascended to the abodes of the angels, and a human soul winged its willing flight along with the uprising accents. Stella Chadwicke was no longer alone in the great wide world of cold-hearted strangers.

They tell that sometimes of night, when the moon rises and streams in through the huge tinted windows, and when all the world is wrapped in sleep and silence, that strange gushes of spirit melody float through the dim aisles of the old cathedral, and the old sexton shakes his head, and tells anew the tradition of the Great Plague of ancient Chester, which has been handed down from sexton to sexton for the long space of twice an hundred years.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

BY R. B. NEWELL.

Night spread her azure mantle, decked with stars,
Wide o'er the track of light's departed source,
The gentle Luna pierced the fringe of gold,
Gilding the clouds that shadowed o'er her course.

Fierce howled the voice of chill December's blast,
Before his breath the clouds impatient rolled,
Chanting the requiem of departed light,
And wrapping nature in an icy fold.

The deep-toned bell with aullen echoes tolled
The midnight hour upon the raging blast;
Hope, trembling heard, and weeping mercy sighed,
With quivering lips, "Another day hath passed!"

At that dread moment, when the mind of man,
In deep forgetfulness, had shrouded care,
When the dense veil that hides the future state,
Seemed like a vapor, formed of empty air—

A plaintive cry was borne upon the wind,
Dying in echoes desolate and wild,
Breathing a prayer in accents of distress,
Framed by the lips of a despairing child.

The little wanderer walked the silent street,
Like a young lamb far distant from the fold
Shrinking with terror from the piercing gale,
While every fibre trembled with the cold.

No open door invites the traveller in,
No gentle voices fall upon his ear;
The swollen cheek, once bright in healthy bloom,
Now forms a channel for a burning tear.

"O God!" he cried, and sank upon his knees,
"In pity listen to an orphan's cry:
I have no home, no parents, and no friends,
Take me in mercy to a home on high."

"My noble father crossed the raging sea,
And e'en when gazing on his native shore,
The swift-winged tempest struck the gallant ship,
That ploughed the billows to return no more."

"My weeping mother bent beneath the blow,
Her gentle heart grew cold, and ceased to beat,
Leaving her child to poverty and want,
A helpless orphan in the desert street."

Pure as the tones of an æolian harp,
Borne to the ear upon the breeze of even,
The prayer of childhood leaves the guileless heart,
And wafts its incense to the gates of heaven.

A gentle warmth is o'er his frame diffused,
A soothing languor o'er his senses creeps,
He sinks upon the cold, unyielding earth,
Closes his eyes, and innocently sleeps.

Sleep on, poor outcast! ere the morrow's sun
Proclaims the advent of the rosy morn,
Thy parents' arms shall clasp thee to their breasts,
And hail their darling as an angel born.

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

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Encouraged by the unprecedented success which this popular monthly has met with, and the rapidity with which it has increased its circulation, the proprietor has resolved to make it still more worthy of the patronage of the public. That this admirable work is a MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, is admitted by every one, containing, as it does, one hundred pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the \$3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year, of six hundred pages each, or twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum, for ONE DOLLAR!

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NEWS, TALES, POEMS, STORIES OF THE SEA, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries, and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, each number being complete in itself.

No sectarian subjects are admitted into its pages; there are enough controversial publications, each devoted to its peculiar sect or clique. This work is intended for THE MILLION, north or south, east or west, and is filled to the brim each month with choice, popular and graphic miscellany, just such as any father, brother or friend would place in the hands of a family circle. It is in all its departments, fresh and original, and, what it purports to be, the cheapest magazine in the world.

Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year, or any person sending us eight subscribers and eight dollars, at one time, shall receive a copy gratis.

Specimen numbers furnished when desired.
M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The sons of Cape Cod residing in New York city and its vicinity have taken the first step toward forming an association. — It is difficult to induce a Chinaman to take any cold water. They say, "the body is warm, and the water is cold. How can do so fashion? No can. Sposo takee that cold water inside, that inside be all the time flightee. How can? No can." This is not the best of English, but it seems to be pretty good sense. — There were fourteen fires in Fall River last year. Loss, \$19,415; insured for about \$13,000. — An Irish laborer lately called on one of the local registrars to register the birth of a child. After this was completed, he coolly remarked, "The child's very poorly, sir, and I may as well register its death while I am here, to save me the trouble of coming back again." — The application of towels wrung out in hot water to the forehead and temples, is represented to be an efficacious and speedy remedy for headaches arising from neuralgic affections. — Mr. William Gilmore Simms, the novelist, has been lecturing in Savannah on the "Ante-Colonial History of the South." He holds that a race whose origin was to be traced either to the Northmen, Irish, or Welsh, had inhabited Georgia and Carolina several centuries before the advent of Columbus. — Nathan Brown, who has nine living wives, is now in Butler county, O., jail, upon complaint of the seventh. — There is now a bill pending before the Canadian parliament making a change in the patent laws, so that the citizens of the United States can obtain patents on the same terms, and for the same inventions, designs, etc., as can her majesty's subjects resident in the provinces. — A boy fourteen years of age was recently arrested at Roxwell, England, for stealing an egg—value, a half-penny—tried, convicted, and sentenced to four days' hard labor and to be once whipped! — A son of David Huckelbury, of Craig Township, Indiana, in crossing a field, was attacked and killed by a vicious horse. The mother of the boy saw the transaction, swooned, and was carried into the house in a helpless condition, where she remained until death relieved her in a few hours. — St. Louis is becoming civilized. Railroad agents and clerks now pocket money of the corporations there, with the same impunity as in Boston. — The rose of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance; the bird of paradise, the most beautiful of birds, gives no song; the cypress of Greece, the finest of trees, yields no fruit. — Business is represented as being more brisk in Cincinnati, Ohio, at present, than at any former time for fifteen years. — M. Duchesne, one of the most celebrated miniature painters in France, and formerly attached in that capacity to the courts of France, England and Belgium, lately died at the age of eighty-five. — It is a singular fact that nearly one thousand years ago, the Saxon king, Edgar (969 to 978), ordained the following law:—"Let each Sunday be kept as a festival from noontide of Saturn's day until Monday's lighting." — The total number of passengers arrived in the United States for the year 1855 was upwards of 230,000. Over 160,000 of these arrived in New York. Germany furnished 66,000, Ireland 49,000, and England 39,000, in round numbers. — The first iron manufacturer in this country was James Leonard, whose works were established at Raynham, two hundred years ago. — Miss Matilda Heron, the popular actress, had her four diamond rings, valued at \$1500, stolen, recently, at the supper-table of the St. Charles Hotel, in New Orleans. — A story was recently told by Sir Stafford Northcote, a member of Parliament, which is worth repeating: "I recently," he remarked, "heard a woman say of a man, from whom she had received bad treatment, that he used her as bad as a husband!" — It has been aptly said of Coleridge—the intellectual dreamer and opium-eater—that he was a singular mixture of the god and the clod. — The French Minister of War is at present engaged in effecting a complete codification of all the military and naval laws and regulations. — Massachusetts, after Holland, Belgium and England, contains more concentrated wealth within her borders than any equal number of square miles of territory on earth. One ward in the city of Boston is said to be worth more than the whole city of Baltimore. — The census returns of the United States show the total population to be 27,863,664, which is an increase of 18 1-2 per cent. in the last five years. — The Irving Bank, in New York, lately redeemed a counterfeit on its twenty-dollar note, which had been executed with a steel pen, aided by a pencil brush! The fac simile was perfected with such consummate skill that it was a long puzzle even to the engravers of the bank.

Is IT POSSIBLE?—"I see," said a young lady, "that some of the booksellers advertise blank declarations for sale. I so wish I could get one." "Why so?" asked her anxious mama. "Because," replied the fair one, "Mr. G—— is too modest to ask me to marry him, and perhaps if I could fill a blank declaration with the 'question,' he would sign it." Well—well, girls, this is leap year!

NAMES.—Surnames are half the time misnomers. We knew a Mr. Black of a very fair complexion; a Mr. White who might be mistaken for a mulatto; a Mr. Crookstand who has the limbs of Apollo, and to cap the climax, lately a Mr. Dove was arraigned for poisoning his mate. Names are no indications of character.

EXTRAORDINARY NOVELTY.—A showman, who is "preambulating" the rural districts, advertises the "Conflagration of Moscow" as an "extraordinary novelty." Well, we are glad there is something new under the sun.

A WOMAN'S POWER.—Fontenelle said that the most imperious man in the world might be governed by a woman, provided she had much wit, enough beauty, and little love.

Wayside Gatherings.

At the close of this year, Canada will have 2000 miles of fully equipped railways, costing £18,000,000 sterling.

It is said there are more than 30,000 persons engaged in the trade in leaf tobacco, and the manufacture of cigars in this country.

A vitriol scoundrel named Smith has been arrested in Salem, where he had been operating on ladies' dresses.

The sum of \$100,000 has been already pledged for the extension of the New Haven and New London road to Stonington.

A fine little boy, eight years old, was set upon and killed by a couple of fierce dogs near Cleveland, a few days ago.

Hobbs, the locksmith, has picked one of Banquo's gory locks; he did it with a pick-axe. He is now at work on a wed-lock.

Joseph Roach, of St. Louis, has been sentenced to the penitentiary ten years for robbing the United States mail. He is only nineteen years of age.

Fish are quite plenty in our harbor, and the fishermen are supplying the market accordingly. Fresh cod weighing three and four pounds are selling for five cents apiece.

The new flag of Nicaragua has a device of seven volcanoes in full blast, typical of the country and the earthquake energy of the filibuster chief who now controls its destinies.

The great majority of the press in Spain now advocate, though with some restrictions, the cause of religious liberty; the first Protestant paper in Spain is about to be established in Madrid.

They have caught a vitriol thrower in New York—Mrs. Sarah Pierce, of the 9th ward, who damaged the clothes of her neighbor, Mrs. Morris, while hanging in an adjoining yard, to the amount of \$30.

They have some odd sporting in California. The Maysville Inquirer says that a sturgeon weighing about one hundred and eighty pounds was shot lately while attempting to cross "the rifle" in the river opposite that city.

The Memphis Evening News says the subscription to the stock in the new theatre is progressing finely. It is understood that the building will be commenced on the first of June, and will be opened on the first of October.

Punch has recently been seized in France for the first time in several months. Its offence is a picture representing the emperor standing by the cradle of his infant, while a figure of Liberty coming forward says: "May I not be godmother?"

A gentleman near Rochester, N. Y., has lost fifteen hundred dollars worth of trees, another \$2500 worth, by the ravages of field mice, and it is thought that the loss in Monroe county, from this cause, will not fall short of one hundred thousand dollars.

Mike Walsh once said, in the Empire State House of Assembly, that it required more brains for a man to keep from being run over in the streets of New York, than it did to discharge the duties of a justice of the peace in the country!

The Mexican government, having issued an edict confiscating church property, sent a military force to the palace of the bishop of Puebla to take possession of the books containing the lists of said property, and they seized it, in spite of a notice of excommunication posted by the prelate on the gates.

A new pianoforte has been invented, which has two key boards, and is said to have a power greater than two grand pianos. The principle of construction consists in the movement being arranged around a hollow cylinder, which is placed perpendicularly within the body of the instrument.

It is calculated that the number of children born in France on the 16th of March, to all of whom the emperor and empress are godfather and godmother, must be about 2500. Each child is to receive a gift of 3000 francs; all the boys must be named Louis Eugene, and all the girls Eugenie Louise.

A German newspaper says that a Mayence correspondent writes, under date of March 23, that on the preceding day, some well-diggers in that city turned up a part of a printing press which bears the initials J. G. (Johannes Gutenberg), and the year 1441, in Roman characters.

The increase in the registered tonnage of New Haven in 1855 was 761. There were last year 1500 coasting arrivals. Number of vessels entered for the year from foreign countries, 119, an increase of 21 over 1854. The business of this fine city is steadily increasing.

An interest in the literature of Archaeology seems to be spreading on the continent. In Vienna, a new periodical, expressly devoted to the antiquities of Austria, has met with great success; and the French government has given directions for the publication of the archives of the Commission of Historical Monuments.

Madame Giulia Grisi is at the present day the richest prima donna in the world. Malibran, Pasta, Sontag, Frezzoulini, Lagrange, all of them infinitely superior to her in point of art, are far from having been as successful as she is in a pecuniary point of view.

A "returned emigrant" says that the people of Nicaragua, so far from favoring Walker and his government, hate the very name of *Americano*, and look upon every American as a filibuster. He says there is no demand for mechanics, and that the people are in a most miserable condition, and *desire no better!*

Alanson Douglas, deceased, of Troy, left a very large property, variously estimated at from \$800,000 to \$1,000,000. His income from his property during the year 1856 exceeded \$100,000. His whole life, from early manhood to old age, was devoted to money—getting and keeping it.

The East India trade of the United States, including the African and Pacific trade, employs at the present time 400 ships and 150 barques, the greater proportion of which are owned in Boston and New York. Fifty years ago a few 200 ton ships and brigs controlled the East India business.

A young man named Cudworth recently died in the western part of the State of New York, nineteen years old, who swallowed a rye straw, two inches and a half long, when he was one year old. A post mortem examination was held, when the straw was found in a perfect state of preservation, having been lodged in the right lung eighteen years.

James P. Williams, of New Brunswick, N. J., was found in the Philadelphia and Pittsburgh cars with his head hanging out of the window and blood running from it, having probably come in contact with some projecting body. The wife and child of the deceased were sleeping on the same seat with him at the time of the accident.

Some pretty quick time has recently been made between Rochester and Syracuse on the railroad. A few weeks since, H. C. Hosmer drove the locomotive Flying Cloud, with two cars attached, the run between the two cities—eighty-one miles—in one hundred minutes—less than a minute and fifteen seconds per mile. This, perhaps, is the quickest time, for the distance, on record.

Foreign Items.

Accounts from Russia mention that the emperor has permitted a wealthy capitalist at Odessa to establish a new commercial banking-house there.

Mr. Walter Savage Landor, in a letter to the London Times, asks for a public subscription for M. Kossuth, who is, he states, in straitened circumstances.

Senor Enrique, a member of the provincial deputation of the province of Ciudad Real, was carried off, when on a shooting expedition, by three men on horseback, who demand 3000 dollars for his ransom.

The Duke of Modena has pardoned several persons imprisoned many years for political offences. A former colonel of artillery, who took an active part in the events of 1848, has been permitted to reside a year in the duchy.

The Viceroy of Egypt, who is doing everything in his power to introduce civilization into his states, has undertaken to reform the administration of justice, and is about to entrust to his subjects the privilege of electing the cadis or civil judges of the country.

Quartz rocks impregnated with gold have been discovered in Argylshire. In the specimens exhibited, the gold particles are seen most distinctly imbedded in the quartz, and they exactly resemble the auriferous specimens from Australia.

At the Antrim Assizes three men of the Orange party have been convicted of stabbing two persons in some riotous proceedings in Belfast, in which the prisoners formed part of a mob who shouted "To hell with the pope!" One of them was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

Sands of Gold.

.... Men more easily renounce their interests than their tastes. —*La Rochefoucauld.*

.... Intellect, whatever be its dignity, is not so far above matter as it is beneath charity. —*Vinet.*

.... The tongue of a fool is the key of his counsel, which, in a wise man, wisdom hath in keeping. —*Socrates.*

.... It is easy to look down on others; to look down on ourselves is the difficulty. —*Landor.*

.... In the United States, men of thought are judged by men of action, and men of action by men of thought. —*Schmitt.*

.... He who seldom speaks, and with one calm, well-timed word can strike dumb the loquacious, is a genius or a hero. —*Lavater.*

.... Of all the marvellous works of the Deity, perhaps there is nothing that angels behold with such supreme astonishment as a proud man. —*Lacon.*

.... Two evils, of almost equal weight, may befall the man of erudition: never to be listened to, and to be listened to always. —*Landor.*

.... Let those who would affect singularity with success, first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be sure to be very singular. —*Lacon.*

.... Religion finds the love of happiness and the principle of duty separated in us; and its mission, its masterpiece, is to reunite them. —*Vinet.*

.... Truth can hardly be expected to adapt herself to the crooked policy and wily sinuosities of worldly affairs; for truth, like light, travels only in straight lines. —*Colton.*

Joker's Budget.

The following notice was affixed to a shop in Leeds:—"This Ouse 2 Lett.—Inquir Necks Doar."

A live sucker called at an Illinois post-office, lately, and wished for "a dime's worth of post-office kivers, with freedoms on 'em."

"Fast colors"—The colors used by the Mexicans at the battle of Buena Vista. On their retreat, they did three miles in eleven minutes.

A partisan paper says "it is a mistake that the (opposite) party plays upon a harp of a thousand strings. The organ of that party is a *lyre*."

A friend of ours is becoming a philosopher. He sleeps in an alley, and performs his toilet at the pump. The money market has no terrors for such a man.

Wanted—By a maiden lady, "a local habitation and a name." The real estate she is not particular about, so that the title is good. The name she wishes to hand down to posterity.

A little fellow, not more than five years old, hearing some gentlemen at his father's table discussing the familiar line, "An honest man's the noblest work of God," said he knew it wasn't true; his mother was better than any man that was ever made.

A young man was conversing in a public house of his abilities and accomplishments, and boasting a great deal of his mighty performances. When he had finished, a Quaker quietly observed, "There is one thing thou canst not do: thou canst not tell the truth."

A lady made a complaint to Frederick the Great, king of Prussia. "Your majesty," said she, "my husband treats me badly." "That is none of my business," replied the king. "But he speaks ill of you," said the lady. "That," he replied, "is none of your business."

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A STREET SCENE IN TUNIS.

We herewith present another of our oriental sketches, a street scene in Tunis. The streets of this African city, by the way, are far from inviting to one familiar with the cleanliness, width and elegance of American or European capitals. They are narrow, uneven and unpaved, and extremely filthy. The houses are one story in height, of stone or brick, without any exterior windows, presenting a dull, blank wall on either side, through which jostle and throng, at the busy hours of the day, Moor, Arabs, negroes, Christians and Jews. Our view gives a very good idea of the appearance and condition of the streets, while there is much character in the figures. To the left, a porter is bending under his heavy barthen. Following him, a young man is leading along a restive mule ridden by a Moorish lady. In her gratitude for his gallantry, she has permitted her veil—accidentally of course—to float to one side, and the admiring gaze of the youth almost betokens love at first sight. Of course, this little episode is unnoticed by the Nubian who follows the lady, hideous as an Afrite of eastern story, and whose attention is adroitly engaged by the other veiled lady who rides beside him. But the grave-looking scribe, seated under the archway on the right, has seen the whole of it, and, perhaps, will prove a mischief-maker on his capital of knowledge. In the distance a female is poisoning her water-jar with the grace peculiar to Moorish women. The whole scene gives us a vivid idea not only of Tunisian costumes but of Tunisian manners.

AN OLD ENGLISH CHURCHYARD.

There is a peculiar and solemn beauty about an old churchyard in one of the rural districts of England. Such an one we have depicted in the accompanying sketch. The church is a ruin. Only the old tower remains of what was once, probably, an abbey—and that tower is embosomed in trees and overgrown with ivy and other parasitical plants. Here and there are buttresses from which the walls they once supported have long since fallen, and fragments of arches, graceful in their decay. Do not these typify the decay of the races that sleep beneath the green sod of the churchyard? The monuments are various in form and character. Here is the stately tomb that rises above some lord of the land; and there the simple headstone that marks the place of sepulture of one of the "rude forefathers of the hamlet." But all are alike dust now, and that of the crusading baron who carried his banner to the holy land, and the ashes of the humble vassal alike mingle with the common soil. But nature flourishes here amidst the decay of man and his works. The trees, nurtured by the "unctuous soil of graves," flourish over and amid the crumbling ruins. The whole scene is one which, if it possesses a melancholy influence, is not without something soothing in its mournful and tranquil beauty.

BOSTON TRADE.

Boston trade statistics show the industry of that city. Five agricultural warehouses sell two and a half million of dollars worth of agricultural tools. The booksellers' and publishers' sales last year amounted to five and a half millions of dollars. The boot and shoe trade of Massachusetts, of which Boston is the outlet, is set down at \$37,468,555. The sales of clothing are given at \$12,000,000 annually; wholesale furniture, \$4,500,000; India rubber goods, \$2,200,000; wholesale groceries, \$25,000,000; drugs, paints and dyestuffs, \$14,000,000; domestic dry goods and woolsens, \$68,700,000. The distilleries manufactured last year 8,638,500 gallons of spirits, principally New England rum. Large quantities of alcohol were also manufactured for chemical and medicinal purposes, and \$600,000 worth of burning fluid. In 1855, 2,028,860 gallons of domestic rum and whiskey were exported from Boston. The shipbuilding statistics show that 44 vessels, whose aggregate was 45,988 tons, were launched last year in the Boston waters, and that 22 vessels, aggregating 27,877 tons, were on the stocks at the close of the year. The capital invested in ships belonging to the district of Boston and Charlestown is estimated at twenty-five million dollars. These statistics are furnished by the Board of Trade, and they present valuable information respecting the growth of trade and business in that city. No city in the Union can show better array of figures.—*N. Y. Express.*



STREET SCENE IN TUNIS.

ARABIAN AND OTHER HORSES.

For years there has been a challenge, on the part of the Pasha of Egypt, to match an Arabian from his stud, in a race across the desert, against the best English horse that could be brought against it. For a while, however, no one took the gauntlet up. It was said in England that although the English racer would beat the Arabian at Derby and on the turf, he might be so reduced by a voyage to Egypt, so debilitated by the climate, and so worried by the stony surface of the desert, as to yield an easy conquest to the pasha's horses. But officers who had been in India, and who had seen the best performances of the best Arabians there, urged the trial, asserting that, even with all these disadvantages, the English thorough-bred would prove victorious. At last the challenge was accepted, the terms of the race being slightly modified. Instead of the distance to be run being fixed at twenty miles or more, as the pasha originally desired, it was reduced to eight. The result has just transpired. The English racer beat the Arabian, and beat him so badly that, on a race-course, he would have been regarded as distanced. Yet we are not surprised at this. The race confirms our own impressions respecting the differences between the Arabian and the English thorough-bred, and the points in which the first is inferior to the last. The popular notion that the Arabian excels any other horse, in all particulars, is opposed to the testimony of every traveller who has personally tried the best Arabians, and opposed also to well-known physical laws. That in which the Arabian is superior to all other horses in the world is endurance combined with docility and speed. No others are so gentle, are so hardy, require so little food, or can travel such vast distances at a comparatively high rate of speed. Layard tells a story, for the accuracy of which he vouches, of an Arabian mare that carried two men, in chain armor, safely off from some Arrazaya pursuers, though the chase was maintained all day. We

doubt if there is a thorough-bred, in England or America, that would not have died under half the strain. But we doubt, on the other hand, if there is an Arabian, even of the famous K. breed, that could run a mile in a minute, as Flying Childers did over the New Market course. The reasons for this difference are plain. The Arabian is trained for one kind of work, the thorough-bred for another. Each has been bred, moreover, to his peculiar vocation, through long generations. We know, in America, by our fast trotters, what effect such training and breeding produces. Originally, the best trotting horses here were of a blood almost unknown to the stud-book; mere accidents of blood, born founders of a new line of famous horses, like the Godolphin Arabian, or the first Koraish of the desert. But careful breeding, and more careful training, persisted in for three generations, and made the American trotting horse unrivalled in swiftness. Our fastest trotters, like the best English racers, are celebrated for speed at short distances rather than for bottom. What the English thorough-bred is to the pure Arabian, that a first-rate American trotter is to the English trotter. It is an ordinary thing to find a good specimen of the latter, or for a pair, to trot distances which would break down most American fast trotters. Yet no thorough-bred horse in England, probably, can trot a mile in two twenty seconds, or even in two thirty-five. So the English horse, which beat the pasha's Arabian, in the eight-mile race, would be foundered in a chase across the desert, if the Arabian had sufficient start to win the struggle over an hour or two.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

THE IMAM OF MUSCAT.

This noted sovereign is said to be quite a character in his acquisitiveness and unscrupulousness being his most prominent characteristics. "Among the various costly presents sent to the Sultan of Muscat from England was a splendid yacht, called the Prince Regent. It was built and fitted by order of George IV. The basso-relievo work in the cabin was not to suit his highness, and he took umbrage at it. The king offered to repair or alter it in any manner that the sultan might suggest. Syed Syed, however, would not accept it under any other terms than that he should be allowed to dispose of it as he pleased. Permission being granted him, he sold the yacht, and, while standing in his sleeve at the simplicity of his English friend, deposited the gold in his coffers. A magnificent set of silver plate was also sent out from England to the highness. After keeping them a sufficient time to elude suspicion, the sultan disposed of them to his neighbors and officers. Some who were able to purchase got the silver spoons—others the plate; and the old Arab, in Muscat, was fortunate enough to come into possession of one of the immense head dishes, which he now uses for his paddee. Queen Victoria sent a splendid carriage, and with it a letter, stating that as his highness would perceive, it was a very valuable article, constructed precisely on the model of the carriage of state, and she had no doubt his highness would appreciate it all the better, when she informed him it was constructed by her own artisan, and was peculiarly adapted, in case of motion, to the rough and beautiful roads of Zanzibar. She hoped his highness's footmen and drivers would display it to the greatest advantage, and she enjoyed the belief that he would ride out often in his delightful parks. The whips, harness, cushions, trimmings, etc., were of the finest workmanship and most costly materials. The whole affair was built at the expense of £2000. When the sultan received this present, he was in raptures; but he very soon had the richest of the officers taken off, to convert into money. Her majesty's knowledge of the dominions of his highness being altogether drawn from works of an imaginative character, she was, of course, quite excusable for not knowing that there was no such thing as a carriage-road in the jungles of Zanzibar, or on the sun-burnt heights of Muscat. The idea of presenting a splendid carriage to the sultan, when he could make no earthly use of it, as it was designed to be used, was about as ridiculous as addressing him in verse. This carriage is now boxed up, after having been defaced by the natives, the beautiful ornamental work all destroyed, and the whole affair rendered unfit for use."—*English paper.*



AN ENGLISH CHURCHYARD.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
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6 CENTS SINGLE.

STATE OF MARYLAND.

The emblematic picture on this page was designed expressly for us by Mr. Billings. In the upper part of the engraving are the State arms, a female figure holding the scale of justice, at her feet the fasces, wheat sheaf and bales of goods, with ships in the distance. The motto is, "Industry the means: Prosperity the result." On the right is a female figure with a sickle and wheat sheaf; on the left, a figure with a spy-glass, and also on the same side a globe, compass, quadrant and ship—these supporters typifying agriculture and commerce. Below, we are carried back to the days of the aborigines, by the group of Indians engaged in scooping and burning out a canoe. This landscape scene is pretty and appropriate. Maryland was one of the "old thirteen." It was originally comprised in the grant to the Virginia Company prior to 1632, but in June of that year it was conveyed by patent from Charles I. to George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, who, out of compliment to the queen, Henrietta Maria, named the region Maryland. The earliest settlement was made on the north side of the

Potomac by a colony of two hundred Catholics under Leonard Calvert, son of the original grantee. Liberal grants of land to actual settlers, and the establishment of the principle of religious toleration, soon attracted hither numbers of emigrants. In 1652, Parliament forcibly interfered, and undertook to manage the colony by means of commissioners; but within ten years thereafter, the government reverted to the successors of Lord Baltimore. In the war of the Revolution, the men of this colony took an active part, and the Maryland line is well remembered for its deeds of valor. The eastern shore of Maryland is low, but produces good wheat, Indian corn, tobacco, sweet potatoes, etc. The land rises towards the west and northwest, where it is crossed by a part of the Alleghany chain. The intervalle land between the hills is highly productive, and there are few richer agricultural tracts in the States. The principal rivers are the Potomac, Susquehanna, Patuxent and Patuxent. The most important public works originating with Maryland are the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Several railroads traverse the

State. Among the minerals are copperas and chrome ores, red and yellow ochres, sulphuret of copper, alum earth, porcelain clay, iron ore and bituminous coal. In Alleghany County, there are vast veins of this latter mineral, the most valuable in the State. There are various manufactures, and a large amount of money is invested in that of wheat flour. The total population is about 600,000. The school fund, September 30, 1853, amounted to \$60,542 66. For the year ending as above, the total means of the State were \$1,170,505 47. Total expenditures for the same period, \$825,147 67. Balance in the treasury, October 1, 1853, \$345,357 80; applicable to future demands, \$342,650 93. The State penitentiary for the same year exhibited an excess of earnings over expenditures of \$4538 28—a remarkable instance of good management. Maryland, though small in extent, is an important member of the Federal Republic, and has a history to which her sons can point with pride. Both in the Revolution and the second war with Great Britain, she greatly distinguished herself; and her sons were always found in the front ranks of the nation's defenders.



STATE OF MARYLAND.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TEXAN CRUISER: —OR,— CALYPSO, THE WANDERER. A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

BY T. BURLINGAME ROSS.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII.—[CONTINUED.]

The girls needed no further urging. One of the mules had the regular basket pannier upon his back—a wide basket of cane hanging down upon either side—and into these the fair travellers were assisted by the kind-hearted mulatto. They could sit quite comfortably in the baskets, and the mule seemed to take no heed of the new load his master had unexpectedly picked up. The boy leaped upon the back of the other mule and went on ahead, and his father followed, leading the loaded one.

"You left the city last night," said Xanpa, after they had started on.

"Yes, señor—about midnight," answered Irene.

"Perhaps you have reasons for keeping your name to yourself."

"No, no, señor. I must trust you if I would prove worthy of your friendship. My name is Irene St. Marc; and this is Cassandra Carillo, my companion."

"And is Antonio St. Marc your father?"

"Yes, señor. Do you know him?"

"I have seen him," the man replied; but he turned away his head to conceal the peculiar emotion that was manifest there.

He soon turned his gaze upon Irene again, and in a low, modest tone, he said:

"I suppose you know Jilok Tudel?"

"Yes, señor," answered the fair girl, shuddering.

"Pardon me," Xanpa resumed, speaking more openly than before; "but if I knew all I might be the better able to serve you. Perhaps you have escaped from the pirate's accursed power."

"You are right, good señor," Irene quickly said. "It is for that purpose I am here. It had been planned that I should be married to Tudel on Monday. You know all now."

"Yes, lady; and if they find you here I am mistaken. Let your mind be easy."

The rest of the journey was performed without much conversation, Xanpa simply speaking now and then to explain some point of nature that presented itself on the road.

At length the village was in sight. It was a collection of small cane huts, located close by a small stream that came winding down from the distant mountains. It was a pleasant place, shielded from the hardest winds by high hills, and ornamented by a variety of handsome forest trees. Xanpa's hut was close by the stream, and one of the most comfortable looking ones in the place. When they reached the door, the girls were assisted from their seats, and having given his son charge of the mules, the host conducted his fair companions into his dwelling, where he introduced them to his wife. She was a bright-eyed, pleasant looking woman, not over five-and-thirty, and seemed much pleased with the presence of the new comers.

The hut had but one apartment, yet it was tight and clean, everything about the premises betokening the care of a neat and tidy housewife. As soon as the girls were seated, the host called his wife outside, where they remained in conversation some minutes, and in the meantime Irene managed to call a little, copper-colored urchin of some three years, to her side, and she was engaged in playing with the child when the parents returned.

"You are at home," the woman said, speaking not so plainly as her husband, but yet very well. "You shan't want for anything we've got."

She looked upon the girls with moistened eyes as she spoke, for her thoughts had been called to the time when her lost husband was given back to her. And from that moment Irene felt at ease in the humble cot.

CHAPTER XIV.

A RUPTURE.

On the morning following the flight of Irene and Cassandra, Antonio St. Marc ate his breakfast alone, and then went out. He did not return until near night, and just as he reached his house he found Jilok Tudel there ready to enter. They shook hands quite cordially and then went in, going at once to the host's private room.

"My dear St. Marc," said Tudel, after they had taken seats, "I have got to go to Alvarado. I must start in the morning, early; and shall be back Sunday evening. I thought I would just call and see Irene before I went."

"Certainly," returned St. Marc.

"Though I don't suppose she will be anxious to see me, eh?" added Tudel, with a heartless smile.

"Why—to speak the truth, I don't think she will," said St. Marc. "She is not very happy, and perhaps, on the whole, it would be full as well if you let her remain in peace until you return."

"Ah—but I wish to see her; if you have no objections, I'll go and hunt her up."

"O, certainly, if you wish. You will probably find her in her room."

So Tudel started out. He was gone some ten or fifteen minutes, and then he returned.

"Did you not find her?" asked St. Marc.

"Find her? No! Where is she?"

"Where is she?" repeated the host, in surprise. "What do you mean? Did you search for her?"

"Ay—I searched for her, and I inquired for her; and she has not been seen in the house to-day!"

"Not seen—eh?" uttered St. Marc, starting to his feet.

"O, don't attempt that," retorted Tudel, in a tone rather heavily spiced with suspicious sarcasm. "But tell me where she is."

"Tell you where she is? Why—if she is not in the house, then I know nothing of her."

"Why did you try to prevent me from going to see her?" Tudel asked, with a dubious look. "By the holy host, St. Marc, you must not think to fool me."

"But, my dear man, will you not listen one moment? Who told you that Irene had gone?"

"I don't know what her name is—she's one of your servants."

"I'll call them hither at once and question them. By my soul, I do not think she can have gone off."

As St. Marc thus spoke, he pulled the bell-cord, and ere long one of his servants came to the door.

"Send every soul in the house up here at once," he ordered.

The man disappeared, and soon afterwards the servants began to file in. When they were all in, to the number of seven, St. Marc spoke.

"Look ye," he said, rather sternly, "which of you can tell me where my daughter is?"

It was some time before any one replied; but old Bel at length spoke.

"She hasn't been in the house to-day, señor, I think," the old woman said. "I went up to her room this morning and called to her, but she did not reply, so I thought she was asleep and left her. But when it came ten o'clock and she did not come, I began to fear. I went up again, and this time I called as loud as I could, but got no answer. Her door was locked, and I forced it open—but I found no one in there. I went to her cabinet and dressing-case, and I found her jewels all gone. I then went into Cassandra's room, and found her gone, too."

"But did you go up last night, as I told you to?" asked the host, turning pale.

"Yes, señor. She was there in her room then, and that's the last I've heard of her."

For some moments Antonio St. Marc gazed upon his servants in silence.

"Haven't any of the rest of you seen anything of her?" he asked.

But they all shook their heads.

"Nor you haven't heard from her? You heard no movements in the night?"

They all shook their heads again.

"Antonio St. Marc," said Tudel, at this juncture, "since these people fail us, perhaps you might tell what you know about it."

This was spoken in a half threatening tone, and before St. Marc answered, he directed the servants to withdraw. As soon as they were gone he turned to Tudel, and in a low, decided tone he said:

"Señor, you seem to hint that I have had some hand in getting Irene away from here."

"Upon my soul, you hit the mark most wondrous well," returned the pirate, deridingly.

"I should think I might hit that part of it, since you have given me so good directions which way to look. But let this at once be settled. I know nothing of the girl's whereabouts, and as true as there is a God in heaven, I am as much surprised to find her gone as you can be."

Tudel looked his host in the face for some moments, and the expression which rested there plainly told what his feelings were.

"St. Marc," he said, at length, with a positive shake of the head, "you made not the least inquiry for Irene this morning."

"I did not, for I went out as soon as I had eaten my breakfast."

"But you have always been in the habit of doing so. Until this morning, as I can prove by your servants, you have never gone out without first inquiring for Irene. You saw her last night?"

"Yes—I did."

"Aha—you change color, Antonio St. Marc. You change color! Now what occurred at your meeting with her last evening?"

"Nothing more than usual," returned St. Marc, overcoming, with a powerful effort, the emotion which had manifested itself upon his face.

He could not forget the visit he had made to Irene, and for the instant the fear came to him that she might have told some one of the servants what he had proposed to her; but as soon as he remembered that none of them had seen her since that time, he banished his fear, though not, as we have seen, until Tudel had detected therefrom that there was something out of the way.

"But," continued the host, "I did go with the purpose of assuring myself that she should not escape."

"By my soul, St. Marc, I believe you are lying to me."

"Ha! Be careful, Jilok Tudel. I am not to be insulted in my own house," said the host, for the first time showing his anger.

"Bah! Do you think to bluff me off in that way?" retorted the pirate, warmly. "By the holy host and all the saints, you can't smooth this thing over so. You have planned Irene's escape. Stop! I have marked your manner ever since I came back from the Yankees, and I have doubted you. Just remember, Antonio St. Marc, that you are in my power. Our mutual pledge, made years ago, has been most sacredly kept by me. Now give me the girl—give her to me!"

So Tudel started out. He was gone some ten or fifteen minutes, and then he returned.

"Did you not find her?" asked St. Marc.

"Find her? No! Where is she?"

"Where is she?" repeated the host, in surprise. "What do you mean? Did you search for her?"

"Ay—I searched for her, and I inquired for her; and she has not been seen in the house to-day!"

"Not seen—eh?" uttered St. Marc, starting to his feet.

"O, don't attempt that," retorted Tudel, in a tone rather heavily spiced with suspicious sarcasm. "But tell me where she is."

"Tell you where she is? Why—if she is not in the house, then I know nothing of her."

"Why did you try to prevent me from going to see her?" Tudel asked, with a dubious look. "By the holy host, St. Marc, you must not think to fool me."

"But, my dear man, will you not listen one moment? Who told you that Irene had gone?"

"I don't know what her name is—she's one of your servants."

"I'll call them hither at once and question them. By my soul, I do not think she can have gone off."

"I say, I know no more where she is than you do."

"Give me the girl!"

"Fool! Will you not—"

"Hold, St. Marc. I know you."

"So do I know you; and though I know nothing of the girl, yet, for her sake, I am almost glad she is gone."

"You are, are you?" hissed Tudel, starting from his seat with his hands clenched.

"I am."

"Then, by Heaven, you've played me false! You have, you lying traitor!"

"Jilok Tudel, leave my house! Leave it before I strike you!"

The pirate's eyes flashed fire. Naturally reckless and impetuous, this provocation startled the last lingering passion into action; the loss of Irene had irritated him enough to make him angry; and now, believing as he did that the man before him had used some effort to get the girl away, he could contain himself no longer. And he was not very far out of the way in most of his suspicions. St. Marc had hoped that Tudel might never get the maiden's hand, and he had shown his feelings so plainly, that a man with less wit than the pirate possessed might have read them. A few moments Tudel gazed his companion steadily in the face. He was very pale, and his lip quivered with passion.

"Antonio St. Marc," he said, in a low, hoarse whisper, "mark me—since I have been in the city this last time, you have shown plainly that you hoped I should not gain possession of Irene's hand; you were sorry that the Yankees did not hang me; you cannot deny this."

"I shall not deny it," interposed St. Marc.

"And," resumed Tudel, seeming not to have noticed the remark, "last night you went in to see her, and this morning you arose and ate your breakfast, and went out without inquiring for her as you had always done before. And you had a good reason for so doing. You knew she was gone, and you meant that pursuit should be instituted too soon. Now, señor—where is she?"

St. Marc's only reply was an oath of defiance.

"That's your game, eh?" uttered Tudel, advancing a step. "Miserable traitor, try that and see—"

The concluding part of the sentence was swallowed up in a fierce gasp of rage. St. Marc raised his arm, but he could not defend his face from the blow. The pirate's clenched fist came down upon his temple and felled him to the floor.

"There, St. Marc—that's but a beginning of what you'll get if you don't bring Irene back!"

And with these words Jilok Tudel strode from the apartment. It was some moments after the pirate had gone before St. Marc arose to his feet—and then his first impulse was to rush after the man who had struck him; but he checked himself, and paced to and down the apartment. His head felt dizzy, and a dull pain followed a full return of consciousness. He had just concluded to go to his chamber and lie down for awhile, when one of his servants announced that a man wished to see him, at the same time handing him a card.

"Show him in," said the host, after he had held the card towards the window, and looked at it, "show him in, and talk lights with you."

It was nearly dark now, and St. Marc drew the curtain before the servant came back. He had just returned to his room when the door was opened. The new comer was a goodly dressed man, in the middle age of life, and bore himself with easy grace.

"Ah, St. Marc—found you at home, eh?"

"Ay, my dear San Benito; and I'm glad to see you, too."

"Thank you. I was down this way, and I thought I'd drop in. I've got a proposition for you."

San Benito cast his eyes furtively about him as he spoke, his every look showed that he had something of importance to communicate.

"I'm open to a proposition from you, San Ben., at any time so out with it."

"But this must be as secret as the grave," returned the visitor, gazing around again as before.

"You may trust me, I think," said St. Marc, curiously.

"O, I know I may; only I wanted it understood."

Here the man hesitated for some moments, and he had made his lips up for a speech, when he discovered the livid appearance of his host's right temple, and he asked what had caused it.

"O—nothing—nothing but a mere accident. But I'll explain it after you have stated your case. Come, go on."

"Well, St. Marc—in the first place, I think you have no very great love for Jilok Tudel."

The host started, and his hands were involuntarily clenched. "Go on," he uttered. "I'll tell you about that villain and his ways."

"Well," resumed San Benito, rather nervously, "I must speak plainly; and so I'll come to the point at once. I have seen Tudel, and I love her. I have gone crazy with the very thought of her. Give me the promise of her hand, and I'll put Tudel out of your way. Mind you—I am serious in this. I'll have her under the lap of his mother earth before another sun can rise and set, if you'll but give me the occasion."

Antonio St. Marc started to his feet; twice he attempted to speak, but both times he stopped and thought. At length, however, he said:

"San Benito, you asked me what made that mark upon your temple. It was Jilok Tudel did it! Irene has fled, and he charmed me with aiding her off. He struck me when I was unprepared, and then left. Where Irene has gone, I know not, but she may be found. I shall have a shot at Tudel—stand as my second!"

I shoot him, come to me again, and we will talk of this. Will you take a note to him?"

"A challenge?"

"Yes."

"With pleasure."

St. Marc sat down at once and wrote the challenge—brief, pointed and fiery—and having sealed it he gave it to San Benito, who promised to deliver it that very evening.

"Wait, wait," said the host, as his visitor attempted to speak of Irene again. "Let this affair come off first. I am not apt to miss my mark!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE DUEL, AND ITS STRANGE ACCOMPANIMENT.

It was early morning, and Antonio St. Marc sat alone in his large private room. He had been examining the old Spanish paintings that adorned the walls, and he had spent some time at the window gazing around upon the luxurious exotics that flourished in his small garden. This latter had been his last occupation, and as he turned away, he could not help thinking of the fair gardener who had trained those vines and flowers. She was gone now, and he knew not whither. He sunk into a seat, and with his head bowed he pondered upon the incidents of his last interview with Irene. He was far from being a happy man; and yet there was no contriteness in his soul. There was disappointment there, and much anger. Thus he sat when the door of his apartment was suddenly thrown open, and Jilok Tudel entered. St. Marc started up and faced him. Both the men were pale, and both stood for a few moments like fixed statues. Tudel was the first to speak. He drew a note from his pocket, and showing it to the host, he said: "Did you write that, senor?"

"I did," returned St. Marc, without moving a muscle, save such as were necessary to the formation of speech.

"And you sent it?"

"I did."

"And you mean to fight me?"

"If you dare."

"Dare? Dare to stand before you? You—Antonio St. Marc! I only wondered if you were not out of your senses when you wrote it. I doubted your courage to face me in such a work."

"Say you *hoped* I would not meet you, and I shall believe you."

"Ah—you can use your tongue. But we are to have no more of that. Come, senor. If you are ready, let us be on our way, for I have business to attend to, and should like to get through with this affair as soon as possible."

"I am at your service immediately. We will meet on the marsh at the angle of the great road. I will be there as soon as you."

"San Benito is below," said Tudel, and with these words he turned away.

As soon as the pirate was gone San Benito came up, and St. Marc ordered two horses to be brought to the court.

"I have engaged a surgeon," said the second.

"That is proper," returned St. Marc.

"I thought so," resumed San Benito. "You are both good shots, and it will hardly happen that both, if either, can escape untouched."

"You are right," answered the host, thoughtfully; and as he thus spoke he bowed his head and leaned his brow upon his hand.

"Senor," spoke the second, after a few moments of silence, "have you not some directions you would like to leave?"

"My dear friend," uttered St. Marc, starting up, "that is just what I have been thinking of. I cannot hide from myself the simple fact that Tudel is a good shot. He may get his first fire. If he does—but never mind. There is one thing of which I would write. I may detain Tudel longer than I promised; but I must write it now. Sit you down here, and I will write all I have to write as quickly as possible."

St. Marc opened a small escritoire and sat down before it; and having rung for a servant, and ordered a lighted candle, he drew out a sheet of paper and commenced to write. He wrote very rapidly, but he was longer at it than he anticipated. However, it was finished at length, and having reviewed it he folded it carefully, and then sealed it with wax. Then he superscribed it as follows: "FOR MARTIN SAN BENITO—if I fall." He then placed it in the inner pocket of his velvet doublet, and turning to his companion, he said:

"If I fall—if I die—you will take this packet from my bosom. But be sure that I am dead before you open it. Will you be faithful in this?"

"I will," returned San Benito. "But," he added, anxiously, "suppose you fall, and in time to come I should fall in with Irene—"

"I have written all there," St. Marc returned. "It is all concerning Irene. And now let us go; we have no more time to spare. Tudel is on the ground even now, waiting for us, and I promised to be there as soon as he."

St. Marc went to his cabinet and took out a richly ornamented case in which he kept his pistols, and having secured these he went down to the court where the horses were in waiting, and where they found the surgeon ready to accompany them. St. Marc's horses were fleet ones, and they were not many minutes in reaching the ground, which was only a mile and a half distant from the city.

"How now, senor?" cried Tudel, in a half mocking tone, "were you doubtful about coming?"

"Never mind about that," was St. Marc's reply.

"He had business to keep him, senor," interposed San Benito.

"Aha—been preparing for his death, eh?"

These words grated harshly upon Antonio's ears, but he made no reply. At this moment two priests were seen approaching the spot—they were coming towards the city.

"Shall we wait until they have passed?" asked San Benito.

"No," returned Miguel, who had come out with Tudel, "let them come, for there may be some shriving to do. Their coming is most opportune."

In a few minutes the priests came up. Their features were dark from apparent exposure. One of them seemed quite young, though not younger than many others who have friends of influence in the church.

"How now, my children?" spoke the elder of the priests, gazing around upon the party.

"We are about to settle a difficulty, good father," returned St. Marc, "and in case either of us fall, you may give us consolation."

"Perhaps, if I did my duty," answered the priest, "I should try to stop this work, for there is a better and more noble method of settling—"

"Peace, good father," interrupted Tudel. "We must fight; and you can stop if you please, but you must not interfere."

Then turning to San Benito, he added:

"Come, senor—we wait your motions."

St. Marc opened his case and took out his pistols, and asked his antagonist if he would like one of them. But Tudel had his own weapons, and he chose to use them; so the other carefully loaded his pistol, and then announced that he was ready. The seconds proposed that lots should be drawn for the fire, and that the distance should be fifteen paces. These propositions were agreed to; so two blades of coarse grass were obtained, one longer than the other, and the lower ends hidden in the surgeon's pocket-book—the one who drew the longest piece was to fire first. St. Marc had the first draw—and he drew the shortest piece.

"Will you continue?" asked Tudel.

"Take your place!" thundered the other, made mad by the taunt thus thrown out.

Jilok Tudel took his stand without further remark, and his antagonist boldly faced him, with his arms by his side.

"Are you ready?" asked Miguel.

"I am."

"So am I."

"Then—ready! One—two—three!"

Tudel fired—but St. Marc moved not. There was a perceptible tremor of frame for a single instant, and a twitching of the nether lip; but that was all.

"Are you hit?" asked Benito, hurrying to his side.

"Never mind. Count—quick!"

"One—two—three!"

As the last word sounded upon the air St. Marc fired. Tudel uttered a quick, low groan, and instinctively placed his hands to his left breast.

"You are hit!" Miguel cried, springing towards him.

"Back! back!" the pirate cried, furiously. "Give me the other pistol! Stand, St. Marc! I have one more shot!"

He caught the second pistol as he spoke, and without a word St. Marc took his place.

"Quick—quick! count!"

"One—two—"

But ere the other word could be spoken the pirate's right arm sunk, and the pistol exploded, sending the ball into the ground close by his feet. His second sprang to his side, and almost at the same instant Antonio St. Marc staggered back and would have fallen, had not the younger of the two priests caught him and eased him back upon the greensward.

"Here," murmured St. Marc, placing his hand upon his right breast. "It struck me here."

The young priest tore open the doublet, and as he did so a sealed packet fell out. His eye caught the superscription, and picking it up he placed it in his own bosom. In a moment more San Benito came up. Jilok Tudel had also been laid upon the grass, and the elder priest had been called to his side.

"Are you fatally wounded, my son?" the holy man asked, at the same time taking the pirate's hand.

Tudel opened his eyes and gazed into the face of the man who knelt by his side. He was upon the point of speaking, but suddenly a strange light shot across his pallid features. With a spasmodic movement he caught the priest by the neck, and started up to a sitting posture.

"Ha!" he gasped. "By the saints, thou Yankee dog, I know thee! Hi! Here is Clarence Howard!—the Yankee captain! Seize him!"

In a moment Clarence was upon his feet, and a pistol was drawn from his bosom; but Miguel was too quick for him. The latter had heard all about the young captain's exploits, and with a quick movement he knocked the pistol from his grasp, and then seized and held him until the surgeon came up. Clarence—for he it was—was thus taken at a disadvantage, and ere he could shake off the surgeon's grip Miguel dealt him a blow upon the head that felled him to the ground.

"The other one! the other one!" cried Tudel. "He belongs to the same—"

Though he could speak no more, yet he had spoken enough. San Benito caught the boy Peter and held him fast, and as soon as Clarence was bound they came and secured the youngster. All present had heard much of the *Texan Cruiser*, and they knew him only as the bitter enemy of their country, and hence they felt it a patriotic duty to secure him.

After this the surgeon went to examine Tudel's wound. He found that the ball had entered at the lower part of the left breast; there was a dark, livid spot where the ball struck, and a single drop of blood had oozed out.

"He doesn't bleed," said Miguel, hopefully.

"Not externally," said the surgeon, shaking his head; "but he must bleed within. Tudel—Tudel—do you know me?"

The wounded man opened his eyes and groaned, but he could not speak.

"Can he live?" asked Miguel.

"I fear not," was the surgeon's reply.

This seemed to arouse the pirate's powers once more. He started up, and with an expiring effort he gasped:

"St. Marc—he—is wounded! Can—live?"

"I don't know. You wounded him badly."

"Where?"

"In the breast."

The pirate muttered something, but it could not be understood, and on the next moment he sunk back upon the grass.

"He may live till night," said the surgeon, in answer to a question from San Benito; "but I think not longer than that."

In the meantime St. Marc had been raised up, and his wound examined. It bled freely, and as soon as the surgeon could leave Tudel he came to the other. He introduced his probe, and found the ball lodged against one of the ribs near the side. It was an easy job to extract it, and the operator was sure no vital part was touched. By the time the ball was extracted and the wound dressed, some twenty people had gathered about the spot, and among them were three officers from the city.

"What have we here?" cried one of the latter, as he came upon the spot.

"See," answered Martin San Benito, who knew that if they chose, the officers might bring them to punishment for the part they had played in the tragedy just concluded; "look ye at these two priests—they are Yankee privateers in disguise."

"Ha!" uttered the officer, starting as though he had received an electric shock.

"Yes, senor," resumed San Benito, "one of them is Captain Howard, of the *Lone Star*!"

"No, no—it cannot be!"

"By my hopes of salvation," uttered St. Marc, raising himself upon his elbow, "it is! it is!"

"It is who?" asked the officer.

"Clarence Howard," returned St. Marc, faintly.

"How is it? Who are you?" asked the officer, approaching Clarence.

The young man had at first thought of denying the fact, but he knew that it would be of no use, for many in the city would recognize him, so he frankly said:

"I am Clarence Howard, senor; and was once commander of the *Lone Star*."

"Aha—and now you are come as a spy!"

"No, senor. Never such a thought entered my mind. I came on business of my own, entirely."

"We shall see about that."

"Let me speak one moment with St. Marc."

Before the officer could make any reply the youth had darted to the wounded man's side, in spite of his bonds, and kneeled down.

"Where is Irene?" he asked, hurriedly and anxiously.

"She has fled, I know not whither," St. Marc returned. "All this duel is on her account. She fled from Jilok Tudel, and he accused me of getting her away. But I know nothing of her—she has gone."

At this juncture those whom the surgeon had procured to carry the wounded men back to the city came forward, and the two Americans were taken by the officers. That night Antonio St. Marc lay racked upon a bed of pain, just at the same moment when Jilok Tudel was breathing his last. The pirate had only prayed for one thing—he had begged of God that he might hear of Antonio St. Marc's death before he died; but the boon was not granted. He received the messenger whom he had last sent, and the message was:

"St. Marc still lives!"

In five minutes more Jilok Tudel was dead!

CHAPTER XVI.

IN PRISON, AND ON THE ROAD.

"DEAR Peter," said Clarence, as they entered the strong city in charge of a squad of soldiers who had come out, "let your heart be strong. If we are treated as prisoners of war, we shall have nothing to fear, for just as sure as fate our country's arms will conquer here, and then we shall be released; and we may be exchanged before that time, for I can surely get some word to our army."

"Think not of me," returned the boy. "I fear nothing for myself."

Clarence would have spoken further, but the officer interfered, and separated them. Ere long afterwards they were led into the presence of General Landero, who held command in the city. He was a dark, stern-looking man, and his first expressions were by no means calculated to inspire the prisoners with hope.

"You are spies, eh?" he uttered, after having scowled upon them for some moments in silence.

"Excellency," spoke Clarence, in reply, assuming a calm, frank tone; "I am well acquainted in Vera Cruz, and have, within this month past, taken several prisoners direct from here. From this you might perceive that for no purpose of a spy could I have come."

"But wherefore do I find you here in disguise?" asked the general.

"I will tell you, senor. Some years ago I saved one of your most wealthy citizens from the hands of a pirate—I allude to Antonio St. Marc. His daughter was with him. I saw her, and

loved her. I spent some time beneath her roof and loved her more. But circumstances called me away. A short time since, an old woman, called Calypso, and sometimes 'the Wanderer,' came to me and informed me that Donna Irene St. Marc wished to see me. Her father was about to force her into a marriage with Jilok Tudel, a bold, bad man, of whom your excellency must have heard."

The commandant nodded his head, and Clarence went on:

"Only a few days after that I captured Jilok Tudel and his vessel; and he informed me that he wished his liberty so that he might return and claim his wife. I took him to Galveston, and he made his escape. Of course I knew he would return here at once, and I determined to follow him. I only hoped to rescue the being whom I loved better than life itself. I obtained leave—left a competent man in my place, and then set out with this boy as my only companion."

"But how happened you to shoot two of our best men?" asked the general, sternly.

"Me?" uttered Clarence, in surprise.

"Do you make strange of it? Did you not shoot Tudel and St. Marc?"

"Your excellency has been misinformed. When I reached the ground this morning, I found Tudel and St. Marc just preparing to fight a duel."

"And did the duel take place?"

"It did, senor."

Landro turned to the officer who had brought the prisoners in. "Did you not say these prisoners had shot those men down?"

"Ay, excellency, for so I thought it was," returned the officer. "When I reached the spot, these prisoners were bound, and I was given to understand that there had been some difficulty in apprehending them."

"Whom did you find there?"

The officer named those whom he had found on the ground, and the general ordered that the surgeon should be sent for. It was nearly half an hour before the messenger returned with the surgeon, and when the latter came he related all the circumstances just as they had transpired. This seemed to put a new face upon the matter, for the commandant's features relaxed considerably, and he looked more kindly upon the prisoners.

"Senor capitan," he said, addressing Clarence, "you have done much harm to our interests, and your vessel has long been known as a scourge upon our coast; but you have proved yourself a brave man, and we can only consider you as a prisoner of war. We are too thankful to have got you safe within our power to feel much ill will against you, for we would much rather have you here than to have you cruising about the Gulf upon our coast."

After this Clarence and Peter were led away to the prison, and, much to their own joy, they were both put in one cell. Their money was taken from them, and they were required to give up their priestly robes.

"And now we'll take those shoes," said the jailor, after the prisoners had exchanged the rest of their garbs.

"But why need you take these?" asked Clarence.

"Because such were my orders. They're priest's shoes, and you mustn't keep them."

"Priest's shoes? No, no, good senor—they are some that we have worn for a long while. They are easy to our feet, and you will surely allow us to keep them."

"Don't fear on that account," persisted the jailor. "You shall have shoes that will be as easy to your feet as these. Come—I must have them."

The jailor had been ordered to make the prisoners change their garbs throughout, and he was determined to have their shoes. As a last resort, Clarence asked that he might be allowed to wear them until his feet had got rested from the fatigues of his journey.

"No, no," said the stubborn man. "Your feet can't be very sore, for you have ridden a good part of the way. I will keep them for you, so that you can have them when you come out."

At length Clarence found that it would be of no use to argue the matter any longer, and he gave up his shoes. Peter was obliged to follow his example. Thus were they deprived of the means they had adopted for cutting their way from prison. They had feared that other garments would be taken from them, but they had hoped they would be allowed to retain their shoes—so all their files and saws had been secured between the soles. But they were gone now, and all hopes of escape were cut off.

Irene and Cassandra had renounced their priestly disguises, for they were worse than useless in the daytime. Their fair faces could not be changed by the dark robes, and the first glance, even by a child, at those two countenances, could not but reveal the female. Xanpa assured them that they had nothing to fear from his neighbors, and they soon became free from the uneasiness which at first troubled them.

On the third day of their residence with the good native, just before noon, they were startled by hearing their names pronounced without the hut; but their fear was soon banished when they saw the face of Gonzales Rondo at the door. But he was not alone. He was followed by a female—an aged woman, bent and bowed with age—whom Irene quickly knew as Calypso the Wanderer.

"You see I have brought you an old acquaintance," said the good priest, after he had saluted the maidens.

"And one whom I am glad to see," returned Irene, extending her hand to the old woman.

"Are ye glad to see me?" asked Calypso, eagerly, as she returned the maiden's grasp.

"Most assuredly I am," Irene replied, warmly.

"But why? What makes you glad?" the old woman pursued, gazing admiringly into the fair girl's face.

"Because you have been kind to me."

"But I never helped you any."

"You have helped me, perhaps, when you knew it not," returned Irene. "You have spoken cheering words to me; and you, more than all others, even during the very few visits you have paid me, have opened my thoughts and feelings to those nobler aspirations which can lift the soul above the pangs of earth. Hence I love thee."

"Do you?"

"As God knows my soul, I do."

This reply was fervent, and a bright tear glistened upon the old woman's lids as she heard it.

"And now," said Irene, after these things had passed, "what has passed in the city?"

She spoke eagerly and lowly. Rondo pondered a few moments, and then commenced to relate the circumstances as they had occurred. He told her of the dispute that had occurred between her father and Jilok Tudel, and of its results. A beam of relief passed across her face as she heard of Tudel's death; but her countenance changed when she learned of Clarence's apprehension and imprisonment. She started up and clasped her hands.

"O! He came for my sake!" she cried.

"He did," returned Calypso. "I saw him in Texas, and I told him all you wished him to know, and he promised me that he would come here and assist you if he could."

"And he has fallen a victim to his own generous work," uttered Irene, sadly. "O, I must see him. Perhaps we can help him—perhaps save him from the power that holds him."

"No, no," returned the priest, decidedly. "You could do no good. He is a prisoner of war only, and will not suffer more than all prisoners must suffer. It is proper that your sympathies should be excited, but you must be governed by your own necessities now. You cannot return to the city."

"But to see Clarence once more. If it were but for a moment."

"He shall know where you are, my child; and he shall know, too, how joyfully you would have risked your own liberty to see him."

"And yet," murmured Irene, sinking back in her seat, "I might see him. He has sacrificed much to see me, and why should I now take only self into consideration when he is to be—"

"Stop," interrupted Father Rondo, kindly. "You look upon this question in a wrong light. You are the cause of the noble youth's visit to Vera Cruz. You know why he came, and how he must have hoped to find you. Could he find you the wife of another, his hopes would be crushed and his joys all gone. As sure as you venture into the city, just so sure will you be apprehended, for your father has had every sentinel instructed to watch for you."

"But Tudel is dead," said Irene, persuasively.

"I know it; but there is one living more dangerous than he was. Do you remember Martin San Benito?"

"Yes. He gambles with my father."

"You are right. Now mind you—I had this from a brother priest who visited St. Marc when he thought himself dying. San Benito has received a pledge that he shall have your hand if you are found; and I know your father will keep this pledge. Now you can see that your venturing back into the city would be dangerous to the very happiness of the man you love. When peace is concluded between the two nations, Clarence Howard will be released, and he shall know where to find you. Now, what say you?"

After a few moments of thought Irene replied:

"You are right, good father. I will do as you say. But you will see Clarence?"

"I will—and I will tell him all."

"O—you may think me weak and childish, but I cannot help my feelings in this. Why I love Clarence so much, I cannot tell. But I do love him—with my whole soul—and I cannot hide it."

"There is no need that you should hide it, my child. The love is a noble one, and I know its object is worthy. I not only hope, but I believe that the future will bring you together. But now listen: you must not remain here—your father may soon recover, and then he will institute a most rigorous search for you. I am aware of a fact that perhaps was never yet in your knowledge. Not only has he much self-interest in having you wed with San Benito, but he fears to have you at liberty."

"Fears to have me at liberty?" repeated Irene, with surprise.

"Yes," returned the priest. "He fears to have you away from his control. I know this, but I cannot tell you the reason why. He thinks you are in the city at present, but it will not take him long to discover the truth as far as that is concerned, after he gets out. Calypso is going to the west, and you can go with her. Fear not to place yourself wholly under her care and guidance."

"Of course I shall have no fear of that," said the maiden. "I have been aware that I could not remain here long, and I know of no one who can go with me whom I would rather trust."

"Bless you, Irene," uttered the old woman, fervently. "I can guide you clear of all danger, and conduct you to a home where you shall be safe. It must be far from here; but we have plenty of time for the journey."

It was near night when the good priest started to return to the city. He blessed his friends, and having urged them to place their highest trust in God, he assured them that they might depend upon him for all he could do. Then he took up his staff and turned his steps back towards the city.

On the following morning Irene and Cassandra washed their hands and faces in a dark, brownish liquid which Xanpa had prepared from some roots, and then assumed the garbs of the common mestizo peasants. After this they mounted the horses which they had bought of the Indians, and bidding farewell to Xanpa and his family, the trio were upon the great road leading to the capital.

CHAPTER XVII.

LIGHT IN THE PRISON HOUSE.

SLOWLY and drearily dragged the days away to Clarence and his boy companion. The dungeon in which they were confined was in the stout castle of San Juan de Ulloa. It was not damp as most of the cells were, but very strong and dark, there being barely sufficient light to read by at noonday. It was about a month after his confinement that Clarence was informed that a priest wished to see him. It was in the afternoon, and the day had been very bright and clear.

"What does he want?" the prisoner asked.

"It is one of our good priests who knows of your heresy, and who would save your soul," replied the jailor.

Clarence at first thought of refusing to see him, and he was on the point of doing so when Peter touched him on the arm.

"No priest would care enough for our souls to wish to see them. Some one may wish to see you for something better."

Clarence took the hint, and bade the jailor to let the priest come in. In a few minutes afterwards the keeper returned, and a Catholic priest followed him in. The former simply nodded an introduction, and then withdrew.

"Well, my son," commenced Father Rondo—it was Gonzales—"how does your confinement agree with you?"

"As well as the same would agree with any man who preferred his liberty," answered the youth, rather shortly.

"But I suppose you find some consolation in your loneliness."

"Yes, senor," returned Clarence. "I am consoled by the belief that the arms of my countrymen will ere long open the prison door."

"But have you no trust in One higher than the arms of earth?" asked the priest.

"Yes—I have."

"I am glad to hear you say so."

"Perhaps my faith in God is as strong as your own," said the youth, rather equivocally.

"I do not doubt it, my son. I do not doubt it at all," the priest replied, kindly.

"I had supposed that your people were in the habit of looking upon Protestants as no better than infidels," said Clarence.

"I know the mass of them do," resumed the other; "but I have seen just enough of this world to know that God never made a creed. He has made laws, and every honest, intelligent man is happy just so far as he obeys those laws. We may have different methods of inculcating the great lessons of religion, but I am not willing to claim infallibility for a system which many honest people may conscientiously differ from."

"You talk with reason, senor—more reason than most of our sectarians are willing to use."

"Thank you," returned the visitor, with a smile. "And now, he resumed, "may I not contribute somewhat towards establishing a stronger hope in your soul?"

"I think not," said Clarence, with a dubious shake of the head. "I am pretty firm in my religious faith, and my Bible gives me all the hope I can ask for."

"Ay—but your Bible does not speak of everything that influences man. Is there not something unmentioned there which occupies your thoughts at times?"

"Senor!" spoke the youth, starting to his feet, "you speak plainly."

"I will. Would you like to hear from Irene St. Marc?"

"More than from any other living soul!" answered Clarence quickly and eagerly.

"Well—I have a message from her to you. I have had her keeping for a month, and this is the first opportunity I have had to see you. I saw her one month ago, and then I told her you had been put in prison. She would have come to you then if I would have permitted. No consideration of self could deter her, but when I made her understand that you would suffer everything with her if she fell into her father's hands again, she consented to be governed by my advice. You have seen the old woman, Calypso?"

"Yes, senor," the youth replied, anxiously.

"Well—the maiden went away with her. I promised that I would see you, and tell you all. Donna Irene loves you very much too well. At all events, her whole undivided heart is yours; and not until I had promised her that I would see you, would she consent to leave the vicinity of this city."

"O!" cried Clarence, clasping his hands, and raising his eyes to heaven, "God bless and protect her! But have you heard from her since?"

"Yes—this very morning. She was in the city of Mexico a week ago, and was going from there to Valladolid."

"And was she well?"

"Yes—perfectly so."

"God be praised! O, I bless you, good senor, for this. I trust my bondage will be light in comparison with the past. Of course I shall know where she is when I am free!"

"Yes. You shall see me. If I do not find you, you must seek me. But I may see you now occasionally. If you will let me make the officers of the prison think that I am your confessor, I can gain access here often."

"I will. O, I'd confess a thousand sins for one word from Irene. But you will come as often as you hear from her?"

"If I can, of course; for I only hear for you. She sends a word for me alone, save the warm friendship she feels for all who have been kind to her."

Awhile longer they communed upon the subject of Irene and her father, and then the good priest took his leave.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



MODERN EGYPTIAN PLOUGHING.

SKETCHES IN EUROPE AND THE EAST.

MODERN EGYPTIAN PLOUGHING.—Our engraving illustrates the manner of ploughing in Egypt, the whole plough being a rude implement of wood and drawn by zebu, a peculiar breed of oxen. Whether the zebu breed of oxen be, as some contend, derived from a distinct origin from that of the ordinary ox, we will not attempt to determine—suffice it to say, that it presents marked peculiarities which clearly characterize it. Narrow, high withers, surmounted by a large, fatty hump, an arched back rising at the haunches and suddenly falling to the tail, slender limbs, a large, pendulous dewlap falling in folds, long, pendant ears, and a peculiarly wild expression of the eye, proclaim the zebu race—a race varying in size from that of our largest cattle to that of a young calf. This breed is spread over India, China and the Indian islands; it is also found in Madagascar and on the eastern coast of Africa, in the interior regions and part of the western coast, and it is used for the ordinary purposes of draught and burden. India appears to be its parent country, and we may readily believe that in remote ages, when an extensive commerce existed between that country and Egypt, it was introduced into the land of the Pharaohs. In Upper Egypt, Abyssinia and Ethiopia it is now almost exclusively prevalent; but in Lower Egypt, as we learn from Burekhardt, the zebu or humped ox is unknown. It is the zebu ox which is sculptured in the cave temples of Ellora, and the seven pagodas, as they are commonly called, at Mahabalipur on the Coromandel coast. We have thus proofs of the extreme antiquity of this breed, and of its distinctness at a remote era, from the common ox, and that its peculiar characters are what we now see. The plough was anciently a very simple instrument, and, as our engraving shows, still continues so in the East. It is rather formed for turning up superficially a light soil, than for making deep furrows in heavy lands. It appears that the ploughman, to work it effectively, was obliged to guide it with great care, bending over it, and loading it as far as possible with his own weight, otherwise the share would only glide over the surface without making a furrow, and the slightest inattention or cessation of his labor would be followed by the dragging out of the share from the earth, or by irregularity in the depth and direction of the furrow.—The MODERN SYRIAN CART, shown in the next engraving of our series, is a very cumbersome concern, with solid wooden wheels, and bearing pretty heavily upon the oxen that draw it. The yoke is of formidable dimensions, and were not the cattle very hardy and

strong, they would sink under the burden placed on them.—The GLEANERS OF THE PONTINE MARSHES, our third engraving, affords a lively picture of Italian manners. The cart carries two men, a woman and a child. It is drawn by buffaloes, and on one of these a man is perched, while a peasant is standing between the cattle, leaning on the heavy yoke. On the left a group of male and female reapers is advancing. On the right of the picture a bagpiper is striking up a merry dance, capering to the air, like the Roman peasant, who is dancing beside him. Buffaloes are used in every part of Italy, but particularly in the south, as beasts

of burthen. They have long been domesticated in India, where their services render them extremely valuable, and have thence spread to Egypt, Greece, Italy and Spain. The buffalo differs materially in its form and general appearance from the ox, being a heavier and more clumsy animal, as well as more powerful. Though lower in stature than the bull, it is more massive in the body, which is supported on short, thick, solid limbs; the hide is coarse and dense, covered rather sparingly with black, wiry hair. The head is large and carried with the muzzle projecting; the



MODERN SYRIAN CART.

torrents; they are almost the only occupants of the plains of Pæstum, and the still wilder and more extensive flats of Apulia. The Pontine marshes offer them a various retreat, and in the pestilential Maremma, both of Rome and Tuscany, scarcely any other animals, except wild boars are ever seen. Domesticated, they are faithful servants to man. In some of the marshy plains of Calabria communication would be almost impracticable were it not for the buffalo. There are not only morasses, swamps and bogs in every direction, but rivers suddenly swollen to torrents in

rainy weather and unprovided with bridges of any sort, frequently occur. Here horses and oxen are useless, but a pair of good buffaloes, working chest-deep in the mud, will, slowly indeed, but surely, drag a huge carro, with its goods and passengers, safely through them. On the great plain of Apulia, the buffalo is the ordinary beast of draught, and at the annual fair held at Foggia at the end of May, immense droves of almost wild buffaloes are brought to the town for sale. Fearful accidents occasionally happen, enraged animals breaking from the dense mass in spite of all the exertions of the buffalari, and rushing upon some object of their vengeance, whom they strike down and trample to death. The buffalo as well as the bull is baited in the amphitheatres of Italy.—Our next engraving shows an encampment of nomadic Tartars, with a group of Tartar children playing, with a bullock cart in the foreground. There is nothing very peculiar in the construction of these carts, and they are not very unlike to our Boston trucks. In the distance a bullock is seen harnessed into one of these vehicles, with a Tartar riding upon his back.—Our last engraving shows a BULLOCK CARAVAN winding its way through Moldavia. In these wild regions the bullocks are indispensable. Wearily and slowly, yet unflinching, they transport agricultural products heaped up in tall vehicles of peculiar construction, better understood from our pictorial delineation than from a written description. It is by these caravans that the trade and commerce of Moldavia are carried on. One of these long trains, winding its way over a steppe, as represented in our engraving, is a most curious spectacle. The rate of progress is very slow but uniform. There is no such thing as hurrying the bullocks. They will take their own time. "Slow but sure," seems to be the motto they have adopted to guide them upon their long and weary journeys. No ordinary obstacle impedes their progress, and their arrival at a given point at a given time may be relied upon with the utmost confidence and certainty.



GLEANERS OF THE PONTINE MARSHES.

forehead is convex, the muzzle large; the horns are compressed and lie back, turning up laterally and often attaining a large size, but the direction seldom allows the points to be used for goring; the ears are large and pendulous; the dewlap is small; the eyes are wild, savage and malicious in expression; the tail is long and slender. In Italy they do good service when oxen or horses would fail. They thrive in places where the malaria abounds. In a wild state they range the provinces of the Calabrias, where most of the plains and valleys are partially swamped by the Laino, the Chratis, the Amato, and numerous other rivers and

description. It is by these caravans that the trade and commerce of Moldavia are carried on. One of these long trains, winding its way over a steppe, as represented in our engraving, is a most curious spectacle. The rate of progress is very slow but uniform. There is no such thing as hurrying the bullocks. They will take their own time. "Slow but sure," seems to be the motto they have adopted to guide them upon their long and weary journeys. No ordinary obstacle impedes their progress, and their arrival at a given point at a given time may be relied upon with the utmost confidence and certainty.



BULLOCK CARTS OF THE NOMADIC TARTARS.



BULLOCK CARAVAN IN MOLDAVIA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CARRIE'S TOMB.

BY ALVIN HOSMER.

Like the fairest rose of summer,
Carrie bloomed and Carrie died;
O, how lone the world without her,
For she was my joy and pride:
Long I loved her, loved her dearly—
Soon she was my own to be;
But she's sleeping, sweetly sleeping,
'Neath the dark magnolia tree.

Yonder see it in the valley,
See its branches waving gay,
See that streamlet dancing by it,
Singing sweetly all the day:
Sing thou on, thou ne'er wilt wake her,
Who so often sang with thee;
No, she's sleeping, calmly sleeping,
'Neath the dark magnolia tree.

What is home, my angel Carrie,
To a stricken heart like mine?
What is earth with all its treasures,
When compared with worth of thine?
It is nothing, nothing, nothing!
All is nothing now to me;
O, alas, thou'rt sleeping, sleeping
'Neath the dark magnolia tree.

Carrie, yes my gentle Carrie,
Dwells among the angels now:
One more harp is heard in heaven,
One more heart is wrecked below.
But I'm coming, yes I'm coming,
For where thou art I would be;
Soon, yes, soon I shall be sleeping
'Neath the dark magnolia tree.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE INDIAN CAPTIVE.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

ST. LOUIS is the centre of the great traffic in furs of the United States. The Indians carry them thither, and exchange them for various articles, especially for spirits, of which they are very fond, tobacco, etc. The fur being really the source of their wealth in this primitive commerce, the Indians have organized a particular system to secure it to themselves against the pale faces, who might also hunt animals, and consequently provide themselves with the merchandize directly. This system consists in pitilessly murdering those who encroach on the privileges with which the red-skins consider themselves alone and sovereignly invested. Whatever may be the risks to be incurred in these perilous enterprises, a large number of bold hunters are still to be met with who venture them.

Such was the case with two friends, Daniel and Davidson, who for a week had located themselves on the banks of the Kansas River, one of the numerous streams which empty into the Missouri, after having watered the whole Indian territory west of the State of Missouri.

One morning they were tranquilly descending the river in a pirogue to examine the snares which they had laid the night before. The embankments of the river in the spot where they found themselves were high, and each side covered with tall grass and gigantic trees, might conceal an army of Indians without the possibility of the human eye discovering anything behind these fortresses of verdure, trunks and brushwood. Even the practised ear of the hunters was necessary to distinguish, among the various sounds of the two shores, the voices of men or of animals.

During more than three quarters of an hour that they had followed the current of the river, they had heard nothing which could make them uneasy, and had approached the termination of their voyage near enough to conceive the hope of having escaped the vigilance of the Indians, when Daniel, suddenly suspending the motion of his oars, leaned over the edge of the pirogue, and listened attentively.

"What is the matter?" asked Davidson.

"There," said Daniel, pointing to one of the most dense thickets situated on the left shore; "I heard steps, and saw the grass agitated." And immediately plying the oars, he pushed the pirogue into the stream.

"Come," said Davidson; "you are too new to the business to be sure of what you say. I will wager it is some elk who wishes to make acquaintance with our guns."

As he said this, Davidson picked up his gun which lay in the bottom of the canoe.

"It is the Indians, I tell you!" replied Daniel, rowing towards the middle of the river.

At the same instant, frightful yells resounded in the direction which Daniel had indicated, and forty Indians sprang from the thickets, with bows bent and arrows aimed at our two hunters.

"What did I tell you?" exclaimed Daniel, pale and trembling. "What shall we do?"

"Approach the shore," replied Davidson. "If we attempt to fly they will fire upon us, and in two minutes we shall have as many arrows in our bodies as there are pins in the cushion of a housekeeper."

"If we land they will massacre us," returned Daniel, "and between these two kinds of death—"

"They are probably Blackfeet, returning from St. Louis," replied Davidson. "I speak their language; I will make them hear reason. It is one chance, and the only one left us."

While the two men were exchanging these few words, the Indians beckoned to them to land, and as, notwithstanding the counsels of Davidson, Daniel persisted in attempting to flee, an arrow whistled past his ear and another struck him on the shoulder. Daniel uttered a cry and fell. Davidson then seized the oars, and directed the boat towards the shore.

The Indians immediately seized him, and tied his hand and foot, notwithstanding the protestations of friendliness which he lavished upon them. As for the unfortunate Daniel, whose bleeding form lay at the bottom of the canoe, they seized him and threw him into the river, where he soon found death, after a few ineffectual efforts to reach the shore. Davidson, a witness of this act of barbarity, was left to infer the fate which awaited him.

Meanwhile it had not escaped him that the Indians, before riding themselves of Daniel, in a manner so expeditious, had attentively examined the state of his wound; he therefore thought that they had adopted this extreme measure with regard to his unfortunate companion, in the fear that he would become a burden during the long march necessary to regain their village, situated further north, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

Two of the Indians placed Davidson on their shoulders, and transported him two or three hundred paces further into the interior of the woods, where they had encamped around a vast clearing. The unfortunate prisoner was deposited at the feet of the chief, Buffalo Hump, carelessly seated before his wigwam, and smoking his pipe with the placidity of an oriental.

After having listened to the recital of the capture of Davidson, Buffalo Hump reflected a moment, then rose and fixed a scrutinizing glance on the prisoner, who felt an icy shudder run through his whole body. Davidson, familiar with the customs of the red skins, conceived some hope from this reception of the chief, who certainly might have taken his tomahawk and broken his head without any form of law. "My fate is, perhaps, only postponed," thought the hunter; "but it is time gained for me. In my position, I could wish for nothing better."

Then without manifesting the least emotion, and with a very firm voice, Davidson again assured Buffalo Hump of his friendly intentions. The chief regarded him anew attentively, then re-entered his wigwam, whither he was followed by a dozen Indian warriors. The rest of the little band crouched on the ground, and made a circle around the prisoner.

At the expiration of about a quarter of an hour, Buffalo Hump emerged from his wigwam. The chief had passed this time in putting on his costume of parade and ceremony. This costume was composed of a tunic made of two deerskins sewed together, and the seams were covered with embroidered guloon. Along this guloon, and by way of fringe, hung a garniture of black hair from the enemies whom Buffalo Hump had killed in his divers combats. These trophies are far from being repugnant to the Indians; on the contrary, they attach to them great value. Above this tunic he wore a sort of mantle of buffalo skin, on which were coarsely embroidered all the actions of his life. His moccasins were also of deerskin, and ornamented, like his tunic, with the hair of his enemies. On his head he wore a cap of ermine, surmounted with two buffalo horns, a privilege exclusively reserved for the warriors who have merited the surname of *bravest of the braves*. Besides the locks of hair which literally covered his whole costume, Buffalo Hump wore around his waist half a dozen scalps; these also were trophies of his enemies.

In his right hand he carried a lance, ten or twelve feet long, at the end of which floated two sacks formed of the skins of animals; these were his *medicine-bags*, which play an important part in Indian life. All their superstitions are associated with them; for the mystery (or medicine) is the point of their existence; it is also the key to their religion. Every Indian, therefore, carries his medicine-bag with him. It is the skin of any beast, quadruped, bird or reptile, ornamented with a thousand grotesque and fantastic designs. Such is the respect they profess for this piece of skin that they have instituted festivals in its honor, and even impose upon themselves the most severe mortifications when they think they have offended it.

The assuming of the medicine-bag is an important act in the life of the Indian. As soon as they have attained the age of thirteen years, the children quit the paternal wigwam for several days, and seclude themselves in some solitary place, where they invoke the Great Spirit. They fast during the whole time of this species of retreat, which is prolonged until they see in a dream an animal, reptile or bird, no matter which. This is destined to be the guardian of their days, the spirit which is to give them strength and courage in combat, and to conduct them safe and sound, after death, to the great hunting-grounds of the other world. At his awakening, the child takes his arms, goes on a hunting expedition, and does not return till he has secured the desired object.

The taking of the medicine-bag can be done but once in a lifetime. So, in war, an Indian defends it with desperate fury, as our soldiers defend their flag; for if he leaves it in the hands of the enemy, however bravely he may have fought, he has lost his reputation, and the withering designation of *man without a medicine-bag* pursues him until he has recovered it from the enemy.

In his right hand, therefore, Buffalo Hump carried his lance with two bags, one of which was a trophy conquered from the chief of another tribe. In his left hand he held a long pipe, the stem of which was at least five feet in length. All around it were rolled silks of various colors, and the feathers of birds. The bowl of this pipe was of red clay, representing a man crouching, whose scalped head received the tobacco. This pipe was the work of Buffalo Hump himself. The stone of it had been extracted from the *Sacred Quarry*, a place whither the Indians go on pilgrimages, and where, according to the law of the Great Spirit, enemies are obliged to treat each other as friends.

On seeing Buffalo Hump appear in this garb, and accompanied by the warriors who had followed him into the wigwam, Davidson comprehended that his fate was about to be decided in one of the councils where the decisions are generally prompt enough. The chief seated himself on a stump at the entrance of the wigwam, and lighted his pipe. He inhaled a whiff of tobacco, the smoke of which he emitted towards the sky; then a second, which he breathed towards his feet, and at last turned his head towards the four cardinal points, addressing to each of them an equal puff of smoke.

The first part of this ceremony was a homage rendered to the Great Spirit, in the person of the sun, whose rising Buffalo Hump had just saluted by sending the smoke towards heaven, and whose setting by directing it towards the earth. His salutation to the four cardinal points had no other object but to manifest his respect for the Great Spirit, in whatever direction he caused the wind to blow. After this prayer, addressed through the bowl of his pipe, the chief caused Davidson to be rolled to his feet, and the council of warriors commenced their deliberations.

The poor hunter comprehended very well that the point to be discussed was his extermination; it remained to learn what kind of execution would be inflicted upon him.

Buffalo Hump suffered them all to speak; then advanced towards Davidson, and loosened the cords by which he was bound.

"Thy life is in my power," said he; "nevertheless, as thou didst obey the orders of the warriors in landing when they commanded, I will allow thee one chance of escape."

"Thanks," said Davidson; "the Great Spirit will reward you."

"According to the custom of the tribe," continued the chief, "you will be proposed for the adoption of a family. If thou art one willing to take you, or if any of our women consents to adopt you for a husband, you will live; if not—"

"So be it," replied Davidson.

"Here," resumed Buffalo Hump, "is only a small number of our tribe; it is at the village that the trial must take place, and must accompany us thither."

"I will," replied the hunter, delighted to be let off so easily in the present, and full of hope for the future.

An hour afterwards the wigwams were raised, and the Indians who composed the little company were on their march. Dogs, horses and women, each had its load. As for the warriors, they carried none, except arms. They had fastened to the horse-sides, like litters, the longest poles which supported the tents, and their extremities drag upon the ground; then, across these poles were placed other poles on which the tent itself was rolled, and all these, clung a few children and a dozen women, who formed the part of this expedition. The horses were led by women, whose business it is; they relieved each other from time to time. On the flanks of this caravan ran a pack of dogs harnessed to the litters, dragging them like the horses.

Davidson had been placed in the middle of the troop, and his shoulders so heavily laden that it was impossible for him to escape flight. In the evening his limbs were again fettered for the night.

The little company marched thus several days, now crossing the plains, now travelling along the banks of the Missouri, when it approached immediately when it reached the tomb of *The Blackbird*. Davidson, who had not yet penetrated so far into the famous far west, passed from admiration to admiration, and for the prospect of the fate which awaited him on his arrival at the village of the Blackfeet, would have enjoyed the journey. He could not suppress an exclamation of surprise when he found himself at the top of the mound of *The Blackbird*. All travellers, white or red skins, never fail to pause there, the former to enjoy the magnificent view in every direction; the latter to pay the tribute of respect to the remains of the mortal who reposes there.

On the summit of this mound, in fact, was interred a famous chief of the Omahaws, called *The Blackbird*, and from whom the burial-place derives its name. His tomb, which still exists, has been built more than thirty years. This chief, on his return from Washington, was attacked in this place by the small pox, and though the village of the Omahaws was sixty miles beyond, he was buried here at his own request. According to his instructions, they placed in his tomb his favorite war-horse, to whose bridle he suspended all the scalps of his enemies. He was clad in his richest clothes, his eagle-plumed cap placed on his head, his bow in his hand, and his quiver and shield on his back, not forgetting his pipe or his medicine-bag, according to the established usage of the dead. This tomb, which may be perceived at a distance of fifteen miles, serves as a landmark to travellers.

Davidson was almost tempted to thank Buffalo Hump for procuring him this pleasure. But that very evening he was destined to pay dearly for his presence in the company; and the chief must have had, as he afterward thought, very singular intentions in his behalf, not to have delivered him up to the fury of the warriors.

The company had travelled about an hour across one of the prairies where the grass is taller than a man's head, even when mounted on horseback. The little caravan pursued the crooked paths, made, through these vast, shadowy and mysterious desert, by hordes of buffaloes and elks. Suddenly, five or six Indians, who were marching forward as scouts, stopped, then facing about, came on a run to rejoin the chief, and spoke to him with vivacity. Buffalo Hump descended from his horse, and placed his feet on the ground; then rose, saying: "The sound of our horses' hoofs has awakened the spirit of fire."

The eyes of all the company, at once angry and uneasy, turned towards Davidson, and one of the warriors, laying his hand upon his tomahawk, exclaimed in a threatening tone: "Miserable pale face, it is thou who hast aroused the spirit!"

The presence of Davidson in the midst of the little band was evidently not entirely satisfactory, and the clemency exercised by the chief in his behalf had not been taken wholly in good part. The words of the warrior sufficed to awaken the ferocious instincts of the Indians, and the energetic interference of Buffalo Hump was necessary to rescue him from the fate to which the Indians would have subjected him.

"Stop!" exclaimed the chief; "we shall have time to administer punishment, if the fire strikes us; but I hope the spirit of the brave will protect us."

Then he remounted his horse, and, following his example, the caravan put their horses upon the gallop, and crossing thus the whole breadth of the prairie, reached the summit of a high mound. While the Indians were ascending it, Buffalo Hump had stopped alone with Davidson at its foot. He put aside the tall grass of the prairie, and again lay down as if to listen for a distant sound.

"White man," said he, to Davidson, "it is doubtless thou who hast awakened the spirit of fire; the wind blows through his nostrils. See that little cloud which is rising above the plain! But we shall be sheltered from it. Fortunately for thee, for thou wouldst have paid with thy life for the least harm which had happened to us. The spirit loves not the men of thy race, and it was for having spared the life of one of them that, twelve moons ago, the son of Wahchuton and his brave warriors were destroyed in this very spot."

After having said these words, Buffalo Hump rejoined his troop at the top of the mound. At the same time, a sound, like that of a catarrh, was heard afar off, and approached by degrees. The wind continued to increase; the heath-cocks flew above their heads, and the affrighted antelope fled swiftly across the plain. Soon, in the midst of the profound darkness, Davidson perceived as it were waves of fire coming towards him; and above them, an immense cloud of black smoke, which extended from one extremity of the plain to the other, rolled majestically on, bearing a torrent of liquid fire.

For the first time, Davidson could contemplate that terrific and imposing spectacle called a burning prairie, described by Cooper. These events have various causes. They are either accidental or the result of design on the part of the Indians or whites. When they are voluntary, on the part of the Indians, they are ordinarily at the commencement of spring, with the double object of procuring fresh pasturage for the horses and of clearing paths more commodious than we have just described.

The flame, urged by the wind, sweeps these prairies with so great rapidity that it sometimes overtakes the Indians fleeing on their most vigorous coursers; not that the flame is really swifter than a horse upon the gallop, but because the rider is impeded in his course by the height and density of the grass. If he is unfortunately surprised on the way by the dense column of smoke which always rolls in front of the fire, the affrighted horse suddenly stops, and is quickly enveloped by the flame itself, which kindles around him a thousand furnaces.

After having witnessed these formidable conflagrations, ask the Indian if it is the Great Spirit who, combining all these elements of destruction, launches against him this storm of fire. Ask him who has hurled the thunderbolt, which has aroused this formidable enemy, swifter than his swiftness, more powerful than his strength, before which his heart and courage fail. The Indian will reply, *it is a mystery!* This mystery or this particular deity is represented in the mind of the Indian by a fantastic giant bearing a formidable bow which he stretches across the road, and from which he throws thousands of sparks which communicate the fire.

Having escaped this peril, the troop of the Blackfeet again started; and after a long and toilsome journey, Davidson entered the capital of his enemies. This village was situated in an immense plain, on a rock forty or fifty feet in height, backed by a river which, by its circuits, made an admirable moat of defence. This girdle of water environed the city on three sides, and the fourth was protected by a strong palisade.

The village presented a singular aspect: the huts, grouped very near each other, and built of earth and mud walls, were roofed with a sort of dome, which, in pleasant days, was the habitual spot for family reunions. Above the door of each wigwam were exposed the scalps of enemies killed in battle: and beside it, suspended to long transverse poles, buffalo skins, pieces of cloth or stuff. These were sacrifices offered to the Great Spirit. They were carefully replaced whenever they became decayed or were rent by the wind. The interior of the wigwams announced a certain ease and comfort; all the beds were curtained, and beside each bed was a porch, on which were arms, pipes and medicine-bags, all arranged with much symmetry. The habitations of all tribes are not alike; nevertheless, almost all are of similar architecture.

The kind of cabins Davidson had just seen differed entirely from those which he had visited among the tribes with whom he had previously had friendly relations. These habitations were in the form of tents, made of buffalo skins sewn together, and supported by poles twenty-five feet high, with an opening at the extremity, through which the smoke escaped and light was admitted. The Crows build the finest wigwams. They choose for this purpose very white skins, which they ornament with silks and feathers of all colors, and daub with paintings which give a picturesque effect. These wigwams are large enough to contain forty persons; the pillars which support them, to the number of thirty, are cut in the Rocky Mountains, of venerable trees. They are twenty-five feet high. On one of their exterior faces is always painted the *Good Spirit*, and on the other the *Evil Spirit*.

On his arrival in the village, Davidson was present at a singular jugglery, the denouement of which had nearly cost him dear, as we shall see by-and-by.

For a long time a great drought had reigned throughout the country, and threatened to destroy all the harvest of maize and wheat. The doctors assembled in council, and decided that it was necessary to invoke the rain. All the young people who aspired to the coveted and important title of doctor were commissioned to try their influence. It was a fine opportunity to test their capacity. Each of the aspirants ascended in his turn to the top of a wigwam, and summoned by gesture, voice, prayers and threats, whatever method he pleased, the cloud from which the beneficent rain was to fall. This he did for twenty-four hours; and if his intervention produced no effect, it almost ruined his reputation. Another succeeded him, and so on, until at last the rain came.

The entrance of the chief and Davidson for a moment interrupted this jugglery, which the Indians practised with conscientious gravity. The subject now to be brought before them was the fate of the prisoner.

Davidson was a handsome young man, and it was probable he would readily be accepted by the first young squaw to whom he should be introduced. It may even be said that Davidson had his choice of several. He chose a young woman named Rastinava (a girl whose hair has been caressed by the sun). The prisoner accepted the novel condition imposed upon him. Only his liberty was not promised until the day of the celebration of his marriage, which was postponed until the arrival of the rain. Consequently, he was fastened to the stake of a wigwam.

Five minutes afterwards, the ceremony of invocation to the rain commenced. The heavens had persisted for a week in remaining of the most hopeless blue, when at last Wakadahahu (White Buffalo Man) took possession of the post above the sacred wigwam, and, in a discourse full of arrogance, affirmed to the crowd that he was the only one capable of vanquishing the charm, and he launched in the direction of the west arrows which he said were enchanted.

Wakadahahu seemed to have obtained a complete victory, for during the night an abundant rain fell; but unfortunately this rain was accompanied by a terrific storm, and the lightning struck the young betrothed of Davidson, Rastinava. Wakadahahu was at first publicly accused of being the cause of this accident, and he was already about to expiate this crime by giving to the father of the young girl three magnificent horses, when it seemed to him more simple to throw the blame upon Davidson.

"I," said he, "succeeded in bringing the rain, therefore, I am favored by the Great Spirit; now, since the Great Spirit has given me this mark of his protection, he could not have intended to destroy its effects by making me the cause of so great a misfortune."

This logic was satisfactory to his simple auditors, since they had been witnesses of his power over the clouds and his mysterious relations with the Great Spirit.

"The true culprit," resumed he, "is the pale-face whom you have brought hither. His presence among us has already aroused the Fire Spirit in the prairies, and it is his betrothed whom the lightning has just struck, as if to prove that he was not made to live among us."

The peroration of Wakadahahu appeared to be as logical as his exordium; and, while all eyes were turned threateningly towards Davidson, Wakadahahu went away, proud of the oratorical success he had just obtained, and happy to have saved his three horses.

A cry of malediction escaped from every mouth. Davidson turned pale. He had comprehended that he had no longer mercy to expect from any one, not even from the chief, Buffalo Hump, who immediately assembled his council to deliberate on the kind of death to which the white prisoner should be subjected. Even the women, who, at the moment of his choosing a betrothed among them, had smiled upon him, now shunned him. The man whose choice brought death, was no longer, in their eyes, worthy of pity.

Davidson, extended on the ground, was present at the deliberation of the council. Some thought it best to murder him on the spot by a blow with the tomahawk; others proposed to place him at a certain distance, as a mark on which to exercise their skill. This kind of diversion, frequently enough employed by the Indians, was unanimously approved. But the chief, who had seemed to be reflecting for a moment, approached Davidson without pronouncing a word, and cut the bonds which retained him.

"Rise," said he.

Davidson obeyed. The chief then examined his whole body with scrupulous care, felt of his muscles, and when he had terminated, waved his head in token of satisfaction and smiled.

"You must be a good runner," said he, to Davidson.

The latter divined the idea of the chief. He was sufficiently acquainted with the customs of the Indians to comprehend that he was destined to procure for his enemies the pleasure of chasing a man. Davidson had natural courage, and besides, the intelligence which an emergency usually brings. He did not hesitate a second, and to the question of the chief, replied:

"You are mistaken; I run very badly."

"Yet you are strong," replied the other; "your chest is broad, your limbs supple."

"That is possible," returned Davidson; "but this," added he, pointing to a hole made by a ball in his left calf,—"this has for a long time deprived me of all the advantages you have named."

"So be it," replied the chief; "then we will give you the start. If you succeed in escaping, so much the better for you."

And, taking Davidson by the shoulder, he led him about five hundred paces from the group of Indians. As soon as he found himself free, Davidson began to run with all the ardor which the desire of saving one's life can inspire. By the terrific yell uttered by the whole pack, he did not doubt that they were in pursuit.

Davidson flew rather than ran. He was himself astonished at his vigor. He had nearly a league of the plain to traverse before arriving at the fork of the Missouri; he hoped to be able to swim across it, and thus to place between himself and his enemies an obstacle which would necessarily stop a great number of them. But was it probable that he could reach it? Such a feat seemed beyond human strength. To complete his misfortunes, the prairie was covered with prickly pears, which tore his feet and limbs. At every instant he thought he heard the twanging of a bow, and felt an arrow penetrate his flesh. He dared not turn his head, lest he should lose, even by a second, the advance which he had so adroitly gained upon his enemies, and on which his life depended.

Meanwhile, the yells of the Indians seeming more and more distant, he conceived some hope, and, after much hesitation, ventured to cast a glance behind him. Most of his pursuers were at a considerable distance. A few more practised runners were in advance, and, at a hundred paces nearer him, the chief, more agile than the rest, was following him, armed with a long pike, which he held ready to launch.

The unfortunate Davidson felt his courage revive. He redoubled his efforts, which were so violent that the blood streamed from his nose and mouth. In proportion as he approached the river, he heard the chief's steps nearer. A second glance backward showed him this indefatigable enemy at fifty paces from him. Davidson stopped short, and hastily turned, resolved to defend his life dearly against this single adversary.

The Indian, astonished at this unexpected movement, stopped suddenly to throw his weapon; but his limbs became embarrassed in some bushes, and he fell. Davidson summoned new strength and energy; precipitated himself like a lion upon his enemy before he had time to rise, and, picking up the pike, nailed the savage to the ground, and resumed his race.

On arriving beside their expiring chief, the Indians stopped a few moments to utter around the corpse yells of vengeance. Davidson, as will be imagined, profited by this time; he gained the forest which bordered the river, crossed it and threw himself into the water. He reached a little island, at the extremity of which the trunks of trees brought down by the current were lodged in great numbers, in such a manner as to form a sort of raft beneath interlacing branches; the grass and brush which had gathered around it formed a refuge impenetrable to the human eye, and in which the unfortunate Davidson succeeded in concealing himself.

Hardly had he recovered breath when he heard the Indians on the shore uttering cries of rage. Through the interstices of the branches which sheltered him, he saw some leap into the water, and direct themselves towards the island. But after a few minutes of vain research, they relinquished it, and encamped on the shore, where they passed the rest of the day in lamentations around the body of their chief, which had been borne hither.

What a day of anguish for the unhappy Davidson! I leave you to divine it. But his safety was certain, and this made him forget his fatigues and bodily wounds.

When night had come, and after the Indians had extinguished their fires in order to sleep, he emerged from his hiding-place, gained the middle of the river, and descended to a considerable distance, until he thought himself sufficiently secure to dare to land. Davidson marched all night with precipitate steps, in order to leave far behind a place which had so nearly been fatal to him. The next morning, exhausted with fatigue, cold and hunger, he arrived at an encampment of hunters, where he received the attentions his condition required.

From that day, Davidson renounced the hunting for furs. He was encountered in the streets of St. Louis by the Blackfeet, who recognized him, but who dared not revenge on him the death of their chief.

PRESENT AND FUTURE.

Could the veil which now separates us from futurity be drawn aside, and those regions of everlasting happiness and sorrow, which strike so faintly on the imagination, be presented fully to our eyes, it would occasion, I doubt not, a sudden and strange revolution in our estimate of things. Many are the distresses, for which we now weep in suffering or sympathy, that would awaken us to songs of thanksgiving; many the dispensations, which now seem dreary and inexplicable, that would fill our adoring hearts with thanksgiving and joy.—*John Bowdler.*

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TOWN OF LEVUKA, OVALAU.

U. S. EXPEDITION TO THE FEJEE ISLANDS

We present to our readers, on this and the following page, a series of four views, beautifully drawn by Mr. Hill, from sketches made on the spot expressly for us by an officer of the United States' navy. These are all striking scenes, and are, 1st, Town of Levuka, Ovalau; 2d, The Burning of Namula; 3d, The Burning of Navua; 4th, The Harbor of Apia, Island of Upolu. These localities are themselves interesting from their natural grandeur and picturesqueness, but derive a peculiar interest from their connection with the expedition, a spirited account of which, from the narrative of one of the officers of the navy engaged in this important affair, we give to our readers. In July, 1855, the John Adams sloop-of-war, Commander Boutwell, sailed for the Feejee Islands, with orders to investigate the outrages offered by these islanders to American citizens, and settle all disputed claims. She stopped a short time at the Samoan Islands for wood and water, and proceeding thence to the Feejees, anchored first in Rewa Roads. The house of the U. S. commercial agent, Mr. J. B. Williams, at Rewa, had been burned by the inhabitants of that place. The settling of this matter and several other affairs detained the ship a couple of weeks, after which she sailed for Levuka, on the island of Ovalau, where the white men who live in the group had congregated for mutual protection. The whites, about sixty in number, live in two rudely fortified towns, subject to or rather in alliance with Levuka, chief of Ovalau, who not long since revolted against the king of Bau, and seems able to maintain his independence. The Adams remained at Ovalau about a month, to strip and refit, during which time, Captain Boutwell investigated all the difficulties which were brought to his notice. He sent to Bau, the principal place in the Feejee Islands, for Thakomban, chief of Bau, a powerful prince, who has assumed and for a long time supported the title of Tui Viti, or king of Feejee. This chief was absent, making war, in conjunction with his ally, George, king of Truga, upon a revolted district in the northern part of the group, and a messenger was sent to recall him home. When his return was ascertained, the captain sent an armed party to Bau, which succeeded in inducing him to visit the ship. Satisfactory arrangements were made with Tui Viti, and the chiefs subordinate to him, for the settlement of the claims of Americans against

them, and they bound themselves to protect white men as far as their power extended. From Ovalau, the Adams sailed for Sava, a harbor of Viti Levu, to leeward of Rewa (*Raywa*) Roads. The chief of Sava, who is a Christian and a vassal of Bau, came on board the ship as soon as he was sent for, and though he had been guilty of no crime, he seemed much frightened at the mere presence of a man-of-war. He was kindly treated, and the idea that the Turanga Manawar, or captain, was his friend, induced many of the neighboring chiefs to seek his protection and alliance, and profess Christianity. From Sava, boat expeditions were sent to chastise the cannibal chiefs who had refused to come on board the ship, or make any atonement for the murders and robberies they had been guilty of. Ti Sulear, the chief of Namula and Lassalassa, in conjunction with his uncle, Korandua, chief of Navua, robbed and clubbed nearly to death two citizens of the United States—McComber and America Shattuck, who had been left upon a small island, in charge of a stone house, to trade for *beche de mer*. After clubbing these men and a half cast boy who was with them, he carried them to Namula, where they were shown the ovens ready heated to prepare them for a cannibal feast. But avarice got the better of the cannibal appetite of the savages, and the maimed captives were ransomed. Ti Sulear lately made a meal of an unfortunate Englishman, who had trusted himself in his power; and among other things related of him, he is said to have sold a woman to a white man for a wife, and when she was returned as not suiting the purchaser, he coolly remarked, "She's good to eat, anyhow!" and ordered her to be baked forthwith. The cannibal chiefs of Feejee regard the kaisi or poor women of their tribes pretty much as a farmer does the inmates of a well-filled sty. On the arrival of the John Adams at Sava, a canoe came alongside from Ti Sulear to know what she wanted. The captain sent to invite him to come on board; but he, conscious of his guilt, as soon as he found she was a man-of-war, retired to his stronghold Namula, which is an inland town, and from its position almost unapproachable. Captain Boutwell determined therefore to punish him, and by striking a severe blow, convince these savages that the retributive arm of justice could reach them even in their mountain fastnesses. On the evening of the 28th of October, Lieutenant Shattuck, assisted by Purser Myers, Passed-mid-

shipman Eggleston and Mr. Chatard, left the ship, in command of the second and third cutters, containing thirty-six well armed sailors and marines, with orders to seize the chief, or failing to secure his person, burn his town. About dusk, the expedition arrived at the mouth of the river Naikoronoro, a narrow stream about four miles distant from the ship. The boats ascended this a mile and a half, being compelled in many places, by the mangrove trees which grew into and around the channel, to lay in oars and pole along. The party was then landed and formed, and advanced to the town, guided by a native sent by the chief of Sava, who, as soon as he had shown the way, begged permission to go back to the boats to be out of harm's way, which he was permitted to do, thus obviating any danger of his giving the alarm. After marching a mile through a thicket by a narrow, muddy path, and fording the river twice, the party came to the foot of a steep hill, which they quickly ascended, scrambling and crawling, and rushing upon the town, effected a complete surprise. The chief escaped, and the commanding officer, having sent a captive to order him to surrender himself within half an hour, occupied the town, which contained upwards of sixty houses, and waited the prescribed time. The chief not coming in, Lieutenant Shattuck ordered the houses to be fired, having held the town an hour, and returned to his boats without the loss of a man. The expedition returned to the ship about midnight, having, on the way back, left a message for the Lassalassa people that if Ti Sulear did not repair on board and (*soro soro*) beg pardon for his offences, their town would be burned also. At the same time the expedition was sent against Namula, the launch containing a twelve-pound howitzer and twenty men, under the command of Acting-Master Badger, assisted by Passed-Midshipman Baker, and Gunner W. S. Hatch, was sent to Vutia, near Rewa, to demand two men who had threatened the life of the American consul, and attempted to kill a man in his employment. The next day, about nine o'clock, A. M., the launch was anchored in the river before Vutia, and the men demanded; they were not delivered up, and the natives showed they were ready to oppose any attempt to land. A few rounds of grape and shrapnell soon drove them out of the town, and Passed-Midshipman Baker was ordered to land with a party and burn the town, which he did, the natives all the time firing



BURNING OF NAMULA.



BURNING OF NAVUA.

from the thickets on the boats and burning party. Mr. Badger then landed his party and the field piece, and proceeded to attack and burn an adjoining and allied town. But the Fejee men, who had never seen *wheels*, though several hundreds in number, were so terrified at a cannon "putting on legs and coming ashore after them," that they sent forward a man with a palm branch to demand a truce, and immediately came to terms, promising future good conduct and reparation for past offences. The morning after Namula was burned, a subordinate chief came on board to beg pardon from Ti Sulear; but no notice was taken by the captain, and Ti Sulear was informed again that if he did not come on board in person, Lassalassa would be destroyed. He failing to do so, at nine o'clock, A. M., October 30, the captain sent a party of forty men in two boats, commanded by Lieutenant Lambert, Passed-Midshipman Eggleston and Sailmaker Mahoney, to attack and burn Lassalassa. It was situated on a hill, and the only path to it from the seashore was defended by a stone wall surmounted by a reed fence. The inhabitants had sent away the women and children, and were armed and ready, with the entrance to the town barricaded. The party ascended the hill, and after firing a volley, charged the barricade with a shout. The natives fled, and the town was seized and burned, with the loss of only one man severely wounded. In the meantime, a reinforcement was sent under the command of Acting-Master Badger, on information from Suva that 300 men from Lamalama and other towns was marching to the assistance of Lassalassa. The reinforcement arrived, and formed to the right of the landing to head this party off; but the Fejeeans not showing themselves, all hands returned on board without further loss. At daybreak, on the morning of the 30th, the same day Lassalassa was destroyed, the launch and first cutter, containing the boat howitzer and sixty sailors and marines, left the ship, under the command of Lieutenant Sartori, assisted by Purser Myers, Passed-Midshipman Baker, Mr. Chatard, Boatswain Leeck and Gunner Hatch, to seize Korandua, the uncle of the chief of Namula, who had been a party to the clabbing and robbery of McComber and Shattuck. His principal town, Navua, was situated about four miles up the river Indinibi, the mouth of which was about fifteen miles from the ship. The boats ascended the river, passing four towns on the way, and

arrived at Navua about twelve o'clock. The party was landed, formed and took possession of the town. A messenger was sent for the chief, who happened to be in the fields outside the town. He did not appear, and the natives endeavored to gain time by saying he was coming, and making other excuses. In the meantime they beat the "lali," or war drum, to call their neighbors to their assistance, and finally commenced firing on the party. The officer in command ordered the town to be burned, firing the chief's house, which contained one hundred stand of fire-arms, powder, lead, cutlasses, etc., first. When the town was on fire, the party re-embarked and pushed off. When the leading boat arrived opposite the mouth of the small stream below the town, a heavy fire was opened on it from the thicket, which was returned, until the launch came up and drove the natives back with grape shot. The party then kept down the river, under a fire from both banks, until they came to the second town. This would not have been burned, but a fire was opened on the boats from it, and Passed-Midshipman Baker was ordered to land with a party and burn it, which he did, driving the natives back into the thicket. The other towns were deserted, and as the boats were not fired at from them, they were spared. One man was killed and two wounded in the first cutter by the fire from the banks, and a number of balls passed through the sides and sails of the boats. Many of the Fejeeans must have been killed, as a brisk fire was kept up on them whenever they showed themselves. The party did not get back to the ship until two o'clock, P. M., the next day. The effect of these affairs was immediately felt in all directions, several towns where white men had been robbed making restitution immediately, and sending to tell the "chief of the man-of-war" that they would never injure Americans again. From Suva, the ship sailed for Kautavu. The chief of Natheba on that island had robbed an American, and sent the captain a message "to come and fight him, as he wanted some muskets." But the fame of the gun "that put on legs" had preceded the ship, and as soon as she arrived, the chief paid up and "begged pardon," offering to "lotu," or profess Christianity. Nothing further remaining to be done, the John Adams sailed for Valparaiso from Natheba Bay, which is the finest in Fejee, and had never been visited by a ship before the John Adams.

SMUGGLED BOOTS AND LACE.

In the days when high-heeled French boots were the pride of fashion, there was a shoemaker in London who made a fortune by the sale of the best Paris boots at a price which all his fellow-tradesmen declared ruinous. He undersold the trade, and obtained troops of customers. "These boots must be stolen," said his rivals, but there was no evidence that they were: certainly they were not smuggled boots—for any one could satisfy himself that the full duty was paid upon them at the custom-house. The shoemaker retired from business with a fortune. Afterwards his secret was accidentally discovered:—although he had paid duty for the boots, he had not paid for everything that was in them. There was a heavy duty payable on foreign watches; and every boot consigned to him from Paris had contained in its high heel a cavity exactly large enough to hold a watch. The great profit obtained by the trade in smuggled watches made it possible for this tradesman, when he had filled up their heels, to sell his boots under prime cost. This was worth while again, because, of course, by the extension of his boot trade, he increased his power of importing watches duty free.—Some years later, an elderly lady and a lap-dog travelled a good deal between Dover and Ostend. It came to be generally considered at the custom-house that her travels were for the sole purpose of smuggling Brussels lace, then subject to exceedingly high duty; but neither the examiners of her luggage, nor the female searchers at the custom-house, who had charge of her person, could, by the narrowest scrutiny, find matter for a single accusation. At last she accepted a bribe from a custom-house officer to make him master of her secret. Calling to her side the lap-dog, who was to all strangers a very snappish little cur, she asked the officer to fetch a knife and rip the little creature open. Like a few of the dogs (which have sometimes even proved to be rats) sold in the streets of London, it gloried outwardly in a false skin; and between the false skin and the true skin was space enough to provide a thin cur with the comfortable fatness proper to a lady's pet, by means of a warm padding of the finest lace. In the reign of Louis XVIII., fierce dogs were trained to carry valuable articles under false skins across the frontier. They were taught to know and avoid the uniform of a custom-house officer, and were never to be taken alive.—*Home Journal*.



HARBOR OF APLA, ISLAND OF UPOLA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A DREAM.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDREDGE.

'Twas evening's rosy hour!
And through my lattice swept a cooling breeze,
That wafted fragrance from the flowers and trees,
And from the woodland bower;
June's blushing roses opened with the day,
Warm sunbeams kissed the dew-gems all away.

It was my hour of prayer!
It hushed each thought of care within my breast,
As the fond mother lulls her babe to rest,
And earth seemed bright and fair.
In such an hour the loneliest heart may feel
A joy ecstatic through the bosom steal.

"Father, thy will be done!"
It trembled on my lip in accents low,
Sweet peace the worldling's heart can never know,
Until his heart be wrung,
Thrilled every nerve: my weary eyeballs closed,
And soon I slumbered in calm, sweet repose.

I stood beside a stream
Whose crystal waves danced 'neath the sun's warm light,
And nature's peerless charms seemed fair and bright—
It was a sweet, sad dream.
Around its banks young children were at play,
Whilst in their midst a beauteous sleeper lay.

I asked them why he slept!
They whispered softly in my listening ear,
"This is the 'fount of life' that ripples here,"
Its waters o'er him crept:
He fell asleep to wake on earth no more,
A bright-winged seraph bore him from earth's shore.

But soon the scene was changed!
Young children round the stream no longer played,
Tall youths and maidens at a distance strayed,
And further from it ranged;
Some with a careless tread sought pleasure's hall,
But care was stamped upon the brow of all.

I turned my eyes above,
And, lightly floating through the white clouds there,
My eyes beheld a seraph bright and fair,
A thing of light and love!
One pitying glance on that bright face I read,
Ere back to heaven on angel wings it sped!

A prayer was in my heart!
My eyes unclosed and I grew sad again,
The vacant crib caused one wild throb of pain,
One trembling tear to start;
And then I cried, although my heart seemed riven,
"Father, I thank thee—mine are safe in heaven!"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MIRZA THE HAKEM.

BY DR. JEROME V. C. SMITH.

NOR many years ago there appeared at Scutari, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, a Turk of a singularly grave aspect, who rarely raised his eyes from the ground without exclaiming, "*Allah Kerim!*" which in plain English means, God is great. He had a heavy black beard, that fell gracefully some inches below the chin where it grew. His eyes were full and lustrous, and black, too, as the wing of a raven. When he deigned to speak, there was a solemnity of manner, and dignity of expression, that made people feel uncomfortably in his presence. In person he was large, but the loose habiliments of the country immensely increased his already apparent magnitude. Without multiplying words, he was a fine, noble-looking specimen of a discreet, well fed, well-to-do follower of the Prophet.

In Turkey, as in Christian regions of the world, there are multitudes who have more regard for the condition of their bodies, than fears in relation to their souls, although they are continually harping upon the latter, by way of showing an utter contempt for the former.

Mirza was a doctor. Translated from the English language into Arabic or Turkish, *doctor* becomes *hakem*. Throughout the East physicians are held in high estimation. Everybody is in favor of taking medicine, and particularly so while in good health, because they are better able to bear up under its effects than when prostrated by disease. Thus a system of national thinking has grown up, which a hundred treatises on the absurdity of the custom could not change in the least. Their confidence in the utility of a drug is increased or diminished according to its offensiveness, taste and smell. If terrible to swallow, then it must, of course, be excellent. An emetic that vomits them to the verge of the grave, at once has a reputation. It carries with it an irresistible evidence of potency. Negative qualities have no admirers among Mussulmen. Whatever is to be done in medicine, must be like the wars of their ancestors, who showed no quarters.

Another phase in the character of the Turks, who are such capital patients for swallowing doses without wry faces, is no less extraordinary. They never pay a para to the hakem, if it is possible to avoid it, which they usually do, however ingeniously the man of pulse and powders may lay his plans for securing a fee.

After diligent inquiry, no one could ascertain from whence Mirza the Hakem came. The first that was known of him in a way to excite an interest, he was seen sitting cross-legged on a Persian rug on the steps of the mosque. At the first call of the muezzin for prayers, Mirza was promptly at the water tank. There he rinsed his mouth, rubbed a monstrous row of white teeth with

the forefinger of the right hand, according to the most orthodox direction of the mollahs, and then went through the prescribed genuflexions, bowing towards Mecca, with a precision that commanded the admiration of lookers on, who not unfrequently whispered to each other, "He must be a hadji from the holy tomb." When these early morning exercises were through, Mirza seated himself on the mat, filled the bowl of a magnificent narghila, and commenced smoking, as a man of consequence invariably smokes in Turkey.

As the veiled female slaves passed by in advance of their beautiful Circassian mistresses, enveloped in cashmere shawls and face protectors against the impudent gaze of the vulgar curious, or the evil eye of infidel Ghouars, Mirza would bow his head, and exclaim, "O, that you were willing to be healed!" By his side there was a display of porcelain pots, labelled in gold. One was marked, "A Cure for the Heart-Ache;" another, "A Salve for making the Eyes see through the Harem Walls;" "Physic for making aged Men young;" "Powders that penetrate Secrets;" "Rouge for renovating decayed Beauties;" "Madjoums for making quarrelsome Women love their Husbands;" and "Pills that make the Miserable Happy." These are but a few of the essential remedies the pious Hakem Mirza displayed thus openly to the public.

By-and-by the ladies were prompted by a desire peculiar to the sex, to stop in their promenades and ask a few questions. Scarcely one failed to discover a panacea for her own ease, which was a profound secret in her own breast. Even the sly slaves perceived in the elegant pots something that had a direct bearing on their own individual condition. Nor was the influence of the holy hakem circumscribed to idle women and slaves. Their proprietors, through both sources, heard of the wonderful medicines exhibited at Scutari.

Wherever human beings have been found, women have established an unflinching reputation for being expert newsmongers. What is a daily paper to the activity of these messengers of mercy—if they are mercifully inclined? "Who," asks Sidi the poet, "who can number the motions of a woman's tongue?"

Presses under any circumstances are of no account in Turkey with those who cannot read. Many learned mufti, unlike attorneys in America, cannot pick out a sentence, but they have a nice appreciation of articulate language. Of this subject, illustrative of the actual state of the masses, other writers have the field before them. It would embarrass the narrative, if the attempt were made to particularize all the ignorance, prejudice, fanaticism, and other peculiarities, characteristic of modern Turks.

Suffice it—Hakem Mirza's wonderful pots were the town talk, without obliging him to open his lips beyond that almost perpetual ejaculation, *Allah Kerim*, when the right kind of impressible specimens of humanity were within hearing.

Kafayli, the favorite wife of Stamboul Effendi, the prefect of police, was permitted to take frequent airings on account of the debilitated state of her body. Without positive disease, she had been slowly but perceptibly wasting away, till her once transcendently beautiful features had become thin and pale; while eyes that formerly sparkled with the brilliancy of the jewels in her rich bracelets, seemed to have been drawn back in their sockets. Daily was the gem of the effendi's harem waning in health, with the moral certainty of soon becoming a tenant of the graveyard at the base of the Bergalo Hill, if no remedy could be procured to meet the threatening emergency.

Independently of the laceration of the effendi's warm affections, the death of Kafayli would prove a severe pecuniary loss. He had purchased her from Ben Abraham, a Circassian slave merchant, as will be seen in the sequel, of renowned skill in the selection of beautiful girls for the Constantinople market. Most of the great officers of state, and even the Sultan himself, were indebted to the exquisite taste of Ben Abraham for many of the choicest specimens of female loveliness in the centre of Mahommedan power.

Had there been a suspicion that Kafayli's disease would have produced in the end the sad effects now visible, Stamboul Effendi, who was a prudent, economical manager, might have passed her off, through some slave dealer of his acquaintance, for a fresh arrival from the mountains of Circassia, suffering temporarily by the short voyage down the Euxine to the gates of felicity—Stamboul. When his misfortune was known among gentlemen, they commiserated him. It was a prospective loss of an ass load of piasters. No remedy in any point of view seemed to present, either for her restoration, or his salvation in the matter of her original cost.

Now the real cause of the misfortune thus threatening the purse of the effendi, in the ill-health of the poor prisoner Kafayli, the Pearl of Paradise, had never been suspected. Neither the freshness of the morning, the balmy fragrance of the flowers, the sweet singing of uncaged birds in the boughs, nor the witching dances of the Bayaderes, either cheered her subdued spirit, or removed the canker that was gnawing at her vitals.

No one of the many sickly looking, feeble, disconsolate ladies in yellow slippers, who heard Mirza say *Allah Kerim*, scrutinized the hakem's little wonder pots with stronger yearnings of heart than Kafayli. By repetitions of visits, a constitutional timidity gave way to courage enough to ask a few questions of the great doctor, touching the cost of the costly remedies; this was always through her attendants. Had she been in health, her husband would as soon have trusted a lamb in the lion's jaws, as the Pearl of Paradise without a eunuch to watch her very breathings.

Mirza was no idle observer. He saw the gazelle nibble at the foliage of the shrub placed in the path, and in ecstasy he said louder than ever, *Allah Kerim! Allah Kerim!* On one occasion, Kafayli inquired about the properties of the medicine marked, "A Cure for the Heart-Ache." "Aha," muttered the hakem to himself, "who that hath a heart hath escaped the malady!"

Turks of high and low estate, but especially the former class, in the meanwhile, had become extensive patrons. For after pot had been drained to the bottom to meet the urgent demands of those broken down old hadjis, who were determined to see for themselves what transpired in the harem during their own supposed absence. The fact is, jealousy is not confined to any particular section of the habitable globe; it is rife in civilized Europe and America. The burning sands of Africa and the Arctic snows produce alike the same food for the green-eyed monster.

Hakem Mirza could scarcely keep a supply of the pills for making the miserable happy. Several who had exhausted their entire money means, felt no sensible relief, and besought him, therefore, in mercy for their suffering condition, to bestow a few more gratuitously, with a full conviction they merely needed another dose to complete the cure. He invariably assured customers there was something to be done by themselves in connection with the boluses, which he suspected must have been neglected, as a perfect compliance with the requisitions certainly would bring about the desired results.

Notwithstanding the firmness of the Mahommedan faith in the decrees of heaven, that whatever has been ordained to occur must and will take place, without the possibility of averting a calamity, or changing, in the remotest degree, the fiat of Allah, it was quite amazing to count the numbers of white-bearded, stooping old sinners, supported on a staff, who purchased the physic for making the aged young again, despite the unalterable laws of Allah.

Nor is there much that is surprising in that, when the philosopher surveys the actions of men of a purer faith, under the divine guidance of a perfect revelation. As in Turkey, the teeth decay; the vision is indistinct; the muscles are unsteady in their action; the functions of digestion and respiration are impaired by the friction of the organic machinery for threescore and ten years; yet a kind of thoughtless, instinctive love of life, when the flame of vitality flickers at the movement of a zephyr, prompts us to take in and rub on the thousand and one things which imagination invests with recuperative powers.

Less call was heard for madjoums—the medicine for making quarrelsome women love their husbands—than could have been anticipated. The fact is, no discovery has thus far met this desideratum. No woman quarrels with the husband of her choice, unless she is a lunatic. At Stamboul they give themselves no anxiety on that score. It is cheaper to buy a new wife than to undertake the reclamation of a fretful, peevish old one.

Business was increasing, and even the patients began to perceive Hakem Mirza was accumulating the money very rapidly. Still, no reports were circulating of cures, although the talk about the number of applicants was the great absorbing topic of conversation.

On one marked occasion, Kafayli made an actual purchase of a pot of "Cure for the Heart-Ache." As she timidly drew it under the fold of her ample cashmere, on taking it from the hand of the attendant negress, Mirza rolled up his full black eyes to the zenith, stroked his beard, and in a subdued tone, repeated that everlasting declaration of the true believers, *Allah Kerim*.

Some days passed by before the weather allowed the fair invalid to resume her accustomed walk, which appeared to be the only pleasure within the reach of her social tether. So common was her appearance, that the sight had lost its novelty even to Ghouars, and even the inflammable Turk smoked on without interruption, as he tottered by. When she arrived at the first step of the mosque, which had now become the centre of a rising trade, it was with extreme difficulty she could support herself. Weak from the encroachments of apparent disease, and panting from exhaustion produced by the exertion of attempting to gain that point before resting, came near terminating life. Mirza saw the danger, and springing to his feet, with much more energy than a Turk is accustomed to move, even at the sight of an enemy, he profanely caught the almost falling Pearl of Paradise in his brawny arms. Spreading out one of those shaggy overcoats worn throughout the Levant both by natives and travellers, she was gently seated upon it. In doing it, the yashmak fell to one side, just far enough to give him an imperfect glimpse of her face. It perfectly electrified the hakem, who drew a long inspiration, and, as on a thousand former times, said aloud, *Allah Kerim!*

All this while no one but the hakem himself knew who he really was, or from whence he came. His story is quickly related, by omitting manifold exciting incidents, which a bold spirit would probably encounter in a series of extensive travels in pursuit of a treasure, on the possession of which the entire volume of his earthly happiness was staked.

Hakem Mirza was a fictitious name. He was neither a hakem, nor a Turk. His true name was Gitastro Vleikos, and his place of nativity in the rocky cleft village of Sprahlitz, in one of the interior mountain districts of Circassia, where he was the acknowledged heir to the chieftainship of the region. A noble, daring, liberty-loving father early inspired the young Gitastro with eternal hatred of the Turks, and next to them, the most odious of men were the Russians. A neighboring village was under the political superintendency of a friend of his father's, which gave occasion for continual official intercourse of the two families. They possessed the highest social advantages, and presented, in their wild habitations, picturesque independence and happy contentment.

During one of those silent invasions common in Circassia and Georgia, when the disciplined soldiers of the czar carry terror and destruction in their marauding excursions, by a series of unaccountable mishaps, Kafayli, the only child and darling of the village chief, was missing. When the enemy had been driven into the ravines below, and fragments of massive rocks were sent rolling down upon them on a revengeful mission of destruction, the bugles sounded an alarm. The Pearl of Paradise was missing, and never found by those who were searching.

Gitastro loved her with a fervency which language cannot express. She, too, returned his warmth of affection, as an honest-hearted, un-sophisticated child of nature should. She had taken no lessons in coquetry, nor was it the custom of her countrymen to deny the feelings of the heart. Whatever was right, could not be wrong; and hence, with a confiding expression of attachment, was as distinctly portrayed by the innocent, beautiful Kafayli, as by the manly, guileless Gitastro. They were betrothed.

A catastrophe thus afflicting did not subside like a nine days' wonder. But efforts proved abortive. The Pearl of Paradise could not be traced, nor was it ever known in what manner she had been stolen, till she herself returned to explain the mystery. All were finally convinced that the assault on her father's domain was solely on her account.

Every preliminary circumstance being accomplished preparatory to a pilgrimage over the world in search of his lost Kafayli being concluded, Gitastro bid a farewell to home and its former endearments. How extensively he travelled, and the number of kingdoms he visited, intent upon ascertaining, if within the limits of human possibility, the whereabouts of his only pearl, should she be living, may be known by a careful study of the original chronicle.

Finally, after tedious, and of course unsuccessful wanderings, under the assumed name of Mirza, and a hakem by profession, he arrived at the door of a mosque in Scutari, where the scene of this history commences.

It was rather with a view to raising the means for further research, that Gitastro availed himself of the national weakness in favor of medicine taking, that he assumed a favorite character. A mock show of piety for a religion he abominated, gave an odor of sanctity to all his successful after movements, which could not have been otherwise so eminently successful.

When the fainting beauty first passed by his stand, he little thought her the object of his own intense adoration. He, by some incidental word, uttered to himself in the way of a soliloquy, roused her suspicions that he might have a knowledge of her native language. She had therefore kept hoping to hear more, with a mere shadow of a possibility of finding some clue to intelligence from Circassia. This was the real secret of her promenades. Nor was she half as sick as she craftily appeared. Even the slave on whose arm she leaned, reported to her master the failing, drooping tendency of her lovely mistress.

In a word, the whole plan of the assault upon the village was for capturing the chief's daughter, whose matchless beauty had been heralded by the annual beauty buyers, in the ears of the luxurious residents of Stamboul. The Stamboul Effendi had gold, and he offered so magnificently to those who went yearly in pursuit of materials for replenishing the harems of the opulent in Constantinople, that an expedition was fitted out by them on purpose to secure the prize. They succeeded.

Immediately on being delivered to her rich captor—for Effendi was in truth the guilty kidnapper—Kafayli feigned the worst forms of several maladies. By taking barely food enough to sustain life, and that of the poorest and least nutritious quality, the beauty he valued beyond diamonds, faded to a sickly hue. She daily chewed disgustingly offensive gums, the odor of which gave to her breath an unbearable fetor. Practising arts of deception, of that kind which a woman only could successfully carry through, she had saved herself from the pollution of that unfeeling wretch—the chief of police, who claimed to own her.

Accustomed to see the sick lady, taken in connection with the holy reputation of Mirza, and the simple fact of resting on the step of the mosque with the hakem, who might be preparing something to relieve her supposed suffering, produced no disturbance.

Gitastro murmured "Kafayli" unconsciously, while musing by her side. She started with convulsive surprise at the sound of her name from the hakem's lips.

"Has my slave given you my name, O, hakem?" hastily inquired the trembling prisoner.

"No, fairest of the houris," replied Gitastro. "It was the name of the Pearl of Paradise, in the wilds of the far-off mountains."

"Gitastro"—she whispered it—"I am the wretched remains of the Pearl!"

Instantly they mutually recognized each other in the completest manner. Their discretion saved them both; and that very day they journeyed homeward on the pretext of visiting the tomb of a Mahomedan saint, by direction of the hakem, and with the full approbation of the Stamboul Effendi, who, believing she would die on the route, laughed in his sleeve at the pleasant idea of thus saving himself the expense of a burial. Thirty-five days after they were at their mountain homes in Circassia, the happiest husband and wife in existence.

ARABIAN HOSPITALITY.

The Arab is generous and hospitable. His guest honors him by accepting his hospitality, and greatly mortifies him by refusing it. It is an old saying with him, that there are four things for which we are to be grateful—the birth of a son, the birth of a foal from some favorite mare, the arrival of a guest, and the rise of a new poet in the tribe. A story is told of three chiefs, Abdallah, Mustapha and Hassan, all famous for their generosity, and respecting whom a wager was made to determine which was the most hospitable. An Arab, disguised as a beggar, went first to Abdallah, who was setting out on a journey. The beggar told a pitiful tale, and asked for help. Abdallah dismounted from his dromedary, and gave it to him, with all its load. Mustapha, when applied to, was asleep, but his master's generosity gave the beggar a bag containing 4000 pieces of gold. When Mustapha awoke he was angry, and said, "Why did you not call me? I would have given him much more." Hassan was old and blind, and when the beggar met him, was on his way to the mosque, leaning upon two slaves. In reply to the beggar's petition he said, "I have nothing but these two slaves—take them," and thereupon began feeling his way along by the wall. The palm was awarded to Hassan.—*Saturday Gazette.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY UNCLE NATHANIEL.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

I was called down from a pleasant book, which I was reading, to see some one who inquired for me. I was just in the most interesting part of the volume, too, when the heroine was going, for aught that I knew, to "expire in a blissful shiver;" and my vexation at being interrupted was correspondingly great. I fumed and fretted, but to no purpose.

I had been so interested in the book, that I had not noticed the appearance of my room, or of myself. As I went out at the door, a backward glance showed me such confusion of tables, chairs and playthings, as only three children between the ages of two and five could possibly have accomplished. It could be only rivalled by the confusion in M——'s head, when he endeavors to illustrate his position! In the hall, I chanced to look in the glass over the hat-stand. What a spectacle I presented then! My lace cap was all awry, my collar unpinned, and the false curls which I had worn in front (serenely imagining that no one could detect the cheat), were dangling over the back of my dress, pinned there by Susie, or Tommy, or little Lu, who had all taken turns in beautifying my head, while I was reading.

Hastily adjusting my dress, I opened the parlor door, where I was seized by my great uncle, Mr. Nathaniel Slingsby, who had just arrived from the West Indies, where he had lived ever since I could remember. Twice before I had seen him—once when I was ten years old, and again at fifteen, when he had made a visit at the very sultriest season. My other remembrances of him came in the shape of sundry jars and bottles of delicious sweetmeats, which he sent every year regularly to my mother, who was his niece.

I knew him instantly. He was a large, tall, strong man, with an eye like an eagle's, and a nose that looked forth like the tower of Lebanon! That nose betrayed him at once. There never was such another; and as if the size was not enough to mark its identity, there was an awful wart on one side of it, which I remember well. On his first visit, my mother had put me to bed in disgrace, for making a drawing thereof, and showing it to my little brother—making him laugh under the very shadow of that mighty nose.

"Well, the nose was there in undiminished greatness, and so was its owner; but what, or who was that behind his immensely broad figure? I could see the end of a plume at one of his elbows, and just behind his large, gouty-looking shoes, a black silk founcee was hanging gracefully. I dodged every way to find out why he wore these queer appendages.

My uncle dodged, too, and seemed to enjoy my perplexity; so I ran fairly round him—and it was pretty good exercise for a hot day, too—and saw that the plume, which after all was only a straw one, and the founcee were a part and parcel of a very nice looking young lady, who curtsied, smiled, and held out her hand to me.

Now, is it possible, thought I, that this old bachelor of sixty-five has committed matrimony at last, and that, too, with this little fairy thing of seventeen? Perhaps my look showed my horror of such a proceeding; for, as if to reply to my thought, Mr. Slingsby said, "This is not my wife, niece, but my daughter." Daughter; well, that was queer! I am afraid, that I was very inhospitable at that moment. "My adopted daughter, Juliana Dallas," said my uncle, "let me beg you to consider her as a cousin."

That set us all right again; and looking kindly upon her—for my heart always warms to orphans, and I knew she must be one, though how my uncle, bachelor and miser as he was said to be, should have happened to take her, was more than I could understand—I saw her, as she truly was, a beautiful and interesting girl. The next half hour made her as well acquainted with us all, as though she had lived next door all her life, and borrowed our newspaper every day. Susie and Tommy were both on her lap at once, and little Lu's fat arms were round her neck, and she was calling my husband, "Cousin William."

She had made the tour of the New England States already, for Uncle Nathaniel had nearer relatives than we were, and had shown his "daughter" to them all; and she had abundant stories to relate to us of the true-hearted Yankee hospitality she had experienced. How she made us love her! She was born to love and be loved. Old and young, married and single, children, servants, work-people, all bowed at the very feet of Juliana Dallas.

"But how came you to be taken by our queer old uncle?" said my husband to her one day, when she had pinned a white ribbon on his hat, and emptied his shot-bag into his boots. "Sit down, if you can keep out of mischief awhile, and I tell you all about it."

She did tell us, amidst tears that rained fast over her beautiful face, and laughter that was delicious to listen to—so deep seemed the flow of gaiety in that light and changeful spirit. Tears that streamed naturally, at the loss of her own parents, and laughter, rich and musical as the flow of a mountain stream, at the odd substitute who supplied their place. And yet her manner to him was so tender and respectful!

The mother of Juliana was an orphan girl, who went out to the West Indies twenty years ago, with some relations about to settle there. She was a beautiful French girl, with all the grace and accomplishments which they usually possess.

My uncle, then past forty, saw and admired her. She knew and acknowledged his worth, but her heart was already given to her cousin, Alexandre Dallas, with whose family she had emigrated. She was kind, gentle and considerate of his feelings in her refusal, and made him her friend for life. When the terrible West India fever depopulated the plantations, it did not spare the

Dallas family; and this child, then only eight years of age, was the only survivor.

My uncle stayed by the sick bed of the husband until he died, and poor Sophia died in his arms, imploring my uncle to take charge of her child. He promised, and she died with a blessing on her lips. It was rather embarrassing to the poor old gentleman to know what to do with a child of eight years old, and at first, he felt quite unequal to the task he had pledged himself to perform; but a lady friend very kindly relieved him from the charge, in a great measure. Juliana grew up lovely, intellectual, spirituelle. No study too abstruse for her to overcome, no wit so keen that she could not parry, no art that she could not appreciate. For every sorrow she had a tear; for every note of mirth she gave back delicious laughter, ringing like music on the listener's ear.

She had finished her education, and was now seventeen. Uncle Nathaniel wanted to see how Young America was likely to affect his protegee; and he took her over the water, to exhibit her to his nieces and nephews. She laughed with them, and at them to her heart's content—shed a torrent of tears as she parted successively with each—and departed to her West Indian home again, with a heart ungratefully insensible to the attractions of cousin Jonathan!

It was some time before I heard from my beautiful friend. When I did so, it was to find that she was married to one, who, as she expressed it, had "showed her a whole heartful of affection at her feet." She added, "I should like, dear friend, to lift the curtain of the past, and expose to your sympathizing vision all the 'ups and downs' of my life since I saw you; recount the vicissitudes through which I have passed; dwell with rapturous delight on the flowers that have bloomed in my way, and gaze for awhile upon the kindly stars that have illumined the horizon of my earthly joys, hopes and cares. And I should pause, with abashed and chastened feelings, beneath the tearful clouds of sorrow and grief that once rested upon my home, and received from my sight an angel to the skies! I would tell you of the time when my child departed to that 'life elysian, whose portal we call death!'"

"Yes, I am a sadder, perhaps a wiser, woman than when I saw you. And yet the natural vivacity of temperament, which I inherit from my French ancestry, will, I presume, tinge my character as long as I live; nor do I wish it otherwise. And I could tell you, too, of wasting sickness, of a mind brought to the very verge of insanity, of dark temptations, which I now shrink to think of, and which I bless God for preserving me from. I still weep and smile by turns, as I dwell on life's grave or gay mood."

I was glad to hear that this romantic, impulsive creature was well married; for there had been people wicked enough to say, that poor old Uncle Nathaniel was bringing her up to be his wife!

The last news that I heard was, that the nose, with the owner attached to it, had become the property of the wealthy widow of a West Indian planter, whose own nose was of the genus pug, and was said to possess an irresistibly upward tendency. My uncle's was perfect, by comparison; and the widow gladly exchanged her riches for a nose, of which she felt the full value. Her only thought of happiness was to sit under the shadow of that mighty nose; and my uncle, grateful for her strong admiration for the crowning ornament of his face, laid the nose and its proprietor at her feet!

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THREE DAYS ON THE WHITE MOUNTAINS, ETC. By Dr. B. L. BALL. Boston: Nathaniel Noyes. 1856. 18mo. pp. 65.

This is a narrative of Dr. Ball's thrilling adventures on the White Mountains last October, when he lost his way, and came near losing his life. It has all the charm of romance, with the interest of reality. Having heard the doctor's narrative from his own lips, we feel more than ordinary interest in this little publication.

BERENICE. A Novel. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 322.

A sad story of woman's trials and temptations, hinging on an unfortunate marriage, and written with great power. It is a book which will give rise, perhaps, to severe criticism, but will be universally read.

COLOMBA. From the French of Prosper Merimee. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 310.

Merimee is one of the most brilliant of French writers, yet utterly unknown to those ignorant of the French language. "Colomba" is a delightful story, the scene of which lies in the unhaunted island of Corsica, and the publishers deserve great credit in bringing it in a classical English dress before the reading public.

THE SECOND MARRIAGE: OR, A Daughter's Trials. A Domestic Tale of New York. By CHARLES BURDITT. New York: Charles Scribner. 1856. 18mo. pp. 238.

The author of this book is no novice, and tells his story of domestic troubles and trials with much dramatic effect. The curtain falls on a happy denouement, the *sine qua non* of a popular novel. For sale by Feltz & Co.

HOME STUDIES. By REBECCA A. UPTON. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1856. 18mo. pp. 240.

This is a miscellaneous alphabetically arranged, embracing much information relating to cooking, housekeeping, and other matters, that cannot but prove valuable in every family.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street, has just published "The Lost Birdling Cavatina," by H. A. W. Bus, music by Pietro Castellan; "Finnish Quatre," by Jullien, and "My Darling Adelaide," a ballad by Joseph W. Turner.

THE SPANISH CONQUEST IN AMERICA, AND ITS RELATION TO THE HISTORY OF SLAVERY, AND TO THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES. By ARTHUR HALLS. 2 vols. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856.

This history embraces a vast array of facts, and is illustrated by numerous maps and diagrams. It is a work of great research, and will doubtless meet with a large sale. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE TRAGEDY OF ESCHYLUS. Literally Translated. New York: Leavitt & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 304.

One of the most valuable of the series embraced in Harper's "Classical Library." The translation is from the pen of that admirable scholar Theodore Aldrich Buckley. B. A. For sale by Redding & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—G. P. Reed & Co., 10 Tremont Street, has just published "Departed Days," an instrumental Nocturne, and "A Tanto Amor," an aria from "The Favorite."

SIGHT AND HEARING—HOW PRESERVED, AND HOW LOST. By Dr. J. HENRY CLARK. New York: C. Scribner. 1856. 12mo. pp. 351.

An excellent treatise on the organs of seeing and hearing, their uses, abuses, diseases and remedies—written in a plain, intelligent style, with a table of quackery in the whole book. For sale by Feltz & Co.

THE YOUTH OF THE OLD DOMINION. By SAMUEL LOPKINS. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 473.

This story is written with great spirit, and embraces many of those stirring historical scenes which cast the light of romance over the early history of the Old Dominion. We are glad that our writers are working American soil instead of seeking for the golden ore of literature in foreign lands.

HON. GEORGE M. DALLAS,

UNITED STATES MINISTER TO ENGLAND.

We present herewith a very fine and striking likeness of our present minister to England, whose head is such a one as an artist loves to delineate, full of character and strongly individualized. George Mifflin Dallas is one of our most distinguished public men, and one well fitted by his antecedents as well as by his personal character, to represent the republic in a European court. Though a zealous party man, he is one of those high-minded statesmen who are above mere party considerations on all questions where the relations of our country with foreign powers are involved. At once cool and courteous, thoroughly trained in the best of diplomatic schools, and with large experience of public affairs, and a profound knowledge of international law, we feel very confident that he will adroitly, ably and manfully manage those questions which are entrusted to his guidance. As ambassador to the Court of St. James, he holds a post of honor—filled recently by such men as Buchanan, Lawrence and Everett. His reception in London has been very cordial, and he has responded to the advances made to him, in a spirit entirely free from sycophancy while characterized by frankness and courtesy. At the recent dinner given him in London, the Lord Mayor complimented Mr. Dallas and the republic he represented in the warmest terms, and our minister, in reply, expressed sentiments to which every true American will readily respond. We sincerely trust that he will have the pleasure and honor of being the agent for the pacific solution of the vexed questions which have produced a partial estrangement between this country and Great Britain. Mr. Dallas is the son of Alexander J. Dallas, who held the offices of district attorney of Pennsylvania under Jefferson, and secretary of state under Madison, and was born in the city of Philadelphia, July 10, 1792. He is consequently now sixty four years of age, but enjoys good health and is an active, vigorous man. After receiving his preliminary education in Philadelphia, he was sent to Princeton College, whence he graduated with high honor in 1810. Having made choice of his father's profession, he commenced the study of the law in his father's office, and was admitted to the bar in 1813. During that year he was invited by Mr. Gallatin to accompany him to Russia, where that gentleman was appointed a commissioner to negotiate a peace under the mediation of the Emperor Alexander. He readily accepted the offer, and went abroad as Mr. Gallatin's private secretary. Though he was not a great while absent from this country, he made good use of his time, and besides travelling in Russia, he visited France, England, Holland and the Netherlands, seeing whatever was worthy of observation in those countries, studying on the spot the memorials of those historical events with which he was already familiar, and taking such notes of men and things as contributed to enlarge and establish his knowledge of human nature. He returned to the United States in 1814. For awhile he assisted his father in the discharge of his duties as secretary of the treasury, but it was not long before he commenced the practice of the law in his native city. In 1817 he was appointed deputy to the attorney general of Philadelphia, and soon acquired a high reputation as a criminal lawyer. His knowledge of the law, the perfect reliability of his memory, his knowledge of human nature, his promptness, acuteness and fertility of resource, his oratorical readiness and zeal, enabled him to make a brilliant figure at the bar. Unable to keep aloof from the vortex of politics, he embarked in them with zeal, and immediately became a leading man with the democracy of the Keystone State. In 1825 he was elected mayor of Philadelphia, after a spirited canvass. In 1829, on the incoming of the Jackson administration, he was appointed to the district-attorneyship, an office which, it will be remembered, his father had occupied before him. He held this post two years, when in 1831, a vacancy having occurred in the representation from Pennsylvania in the United States Senate, he was chosen to fill it. During the stormy session of 1832—33, he took an active part, showing a readiness of attack and defence which proved his fitness for the position he occupied. On the expiration of his term of office, in 1833, he declined a re-election and resumed the duties of his profession, to which he always appears to have been zealously attached. In 1837 he accepted from Mr. Van Buren the appointment of minister to Russia, and in an official capacity renewed his acquaintance with that interesting country, which he had first visited in 1813. In October, 1839, he returned home and once more resumed his professional duties. He continued to practise law till 1845, when, having been the previous fall elected to the vice-presidency of the United States, he went to Washington in March, to share the honors and duties of the incoming administration. His term of office expired March 4, 1849, when he was succeeded by Millard Fillmore, whom the unexpected death of General Taylor soon placed in the presidential chair. We believe that since that period, Mr. Dallas has held no public office, until President Pierce, on the resignation of the Hon. James Buchanan, tendered him the highly honorable appointment of minister to London. It is only a few weeks since he arriv-



HON. GEORGE M. DALLAS.

ed out and assumed the duties of his post. But he has found time already to make many warm friends on the other side of the Atlantic. And although his personal qualities have undoubtedly much to do with the reception accorded him, still we must credit a good portion of its warmth to the good feeling entertained by our friends on the other side of the Atlantic to this country, and their anxiety to manifest as distinctly as possible how little sympathy they have for those of their rulers who have evinced hostility to this republic. Mr. Dallas's reception by the British people shows conclusively that they are our friends, and that if any ill feeling to this country exists abroad, it is confined to members of the government, and those not representative members—that is, not men with whom the people cordially sympathize. But we trust, as we before said in substance, that every cloud will pass away, and that none but the most cordial relations will continue to exist between two countries connected by ties of blood, by a common language, and by common interests. Mr. Dallas's speech on his first public reception in England, to which we have alluded in the beginning of this article, has, we find, created an impression in his favor, which subsequent acquaintance has tended to strengthen. He has been very extensively "lionized" in the British capital, and has borne his honors with great modesty and good taste.

THE CATHEDRAL OF LINCOLN.

The noble edifice, of which we herewith present an accurate view, with its three towers, its rose window, and its rich ornamentation, is one of the finest specimens of old Gothic architecture extant in England. It ranks next to York cathedral in beauty and interest. Situated on a hill, it overlooks the upper and lower towns of Lincoln, and affords a view of vast extent, comprising portions of five or six counties adjoining Lincolnshire. Its length, from east to west, is 530 feet, and its breadth, 227 feet. Its portal and two of its three towers, date back to the 11th century, and justify the opinion of antiquarians who attribute its foundation, some to William the Conqueror, and others, to his son, William Rufus. At a later period it was rebuilt and dedicated to the Virgin Mary by Henry II. The most remarkable parts of the church are the choir and the chapel of the Virgin. Much has been said, also, of the bell—"Tom of Lincoln"—whose deep tones and ringing peals, joining with the clamorous chimes of the numerous monasteries of Lincolnshire and those of the fourteen churches of the capital, perhaps gave rise to the erroneous supposition that England was the "ringing island" of Rabelais. This bell, cracked in 1827, and broken in 1834, was recast and placed in the central tower in 1835. It is now eighteen feet in diameter at its opening, and of ponderous weight far exceeding that of the original bell. The difficulty of swinging so enormous a mass causes it to be rung only upon great occasions. Before the Reformation, the Lincoln church was supposed to be the wealthiest in the kingdom. Henry VIII. appropriated the greater part of its treasures, and during the religious wars under Charles I., its sumptuous tombs were mutilated and ravaged, and like most of the splendid religious edifices of that period, it served for barracks to the iron-clad warriors of Cromwell. The cathedral is not the only remarkable monument of Lincoln; but travellers are much struck with the ruins of the strong castle built by William the Conqueror, and the Newport gate, which attest the ancient origin of the city. This vast arch is an imposing relic of the Roman architecture. When the whole country fell into the power of the Romans, this portion of it was inhabited by the *Coritani*, savage and warlike tribes, dressed in sheepskins, tattooed with blue, their arms and waists loaded with heavy iron rings, their shoulders covered by their long, flowing blonde hair, and who, disgorged by the Scarpe and the Seine, the muddy waters of which were cloyed by their light canoes, were swept by the sea upon the eastern coasts of Great Britain. Their towns were only heaps of huts defended by ramparts of earth and the trunks of fallen trees. They fought with the Gallic arms—the long sabre, the war chariot, which they drove with great skill, the club, the buckler, the bow and arrow, the adroit management of which latter weapon they transmitted to their posterity. Having mastered the rude villages of these barbarous hordes, the Romans surrounded the city with walls, fortified it, and forming the Foss Dyke, an artificial lake four miles long, united the waters of the Wilham, which runs, in the south, into the Wash, with those of the Trent, which flows, in the north, into the Humber. All this part of the country was thus surrounded by a network of navigable waters, the primary source of its present commercial prosperity. At a later date, the Norman invasion renewed the activity of the inhabitants, opened new sources of industry, introduced new arts, a purer religion and loftier aspirations. The struggle with the former possessors and invaders of the soil developed in them energy, abnegation and heroism—the principles of great deeds. Now a long and tranquil away has ripened the germs sown by the stormy past. Peace and security have developed by degrees the agricultural resources of a soil once ravaged by hostile bands and intersected by unhealthy fens. Drainage has worked wonders in the whole of this region. The vast marshes which procured for a third of Lincolnshire the

name of *Holland* (low land), and which were so long the refuge at once of the defenders of the country and of the marauders who ravaged it, are now smiling with the fruits of liberal culture. Now the long wool of the numerous flocks raised in Lincolnshire (they amount to about 3,000,000), and the oxen, which weigh from 12 to 14 cwt., are transported over the roads, the bases of which were laid by the Romans eighteen centuries ago. The forests which surround the country have expanded their paths, those old flourishing woods, where, in the gay and reckless days of Robin Hood, there were no enemies but winter and storm, where jollity reigned the live-long day, and good humor was as buoyant as the leaf on the tree, no longer hide, within their deep recesses, the Saxon archer, clad in Lincoln green, concealed in the masses of verdure, and revealed only by the sharp whistle of his unerring arrow. The roads are open to the farmer's carts, and the echoes, instead of repeating shouts of defiance, or cries of terror, awake to the morning song of the young country maiden, who, trotting along on her gray nag, only reminds us of her ancestors by her flowing flaxen tresses, at the same time singing the traditional ballads in which the ever popular Robin Hood, the bold archer and woodman, the fearless yeoman, figures as a hero.



LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

POSTAL REFORM.

We again urge the attention of our readers to the subject of postal reform, which is now one of the most important before the public. The Postal Reform Committees of New York and Boston are circulating petitions for signatures, and they must not be classed with the thousand petitions floating about, which have merely local and personal interests for a basis. The reforms solicited interest directly or indirectly every man, woman and child in this country. The petitions to congress ask for the following:

1. A uniform postage of two cents on all letters not exceeding half an ounce in weight, throughout the United States.
2. Receiving houses and letter carriers in all cities and principal towns.
3. Money orders from one post office to another, for sums not exceeding twenty-five dollars.
4. A uniform and low rate of ocean postage.
5. The postage on franked matter to be paid out of the treasury.
6. The abolition of compulsory pre-payment.
7. The return of all dead letters to the writers.

The several points enumerated above have been ably and thoroughly discussed in the various public meetings which have been held in this city and elsewhere. They have all, with the exception of cheap ocean postage, been adopted in Great Britain for years, and have there worked to a charm, both as regards the government and the public. It is not fitting that a great republic like ours should be behind Great Britain in a matter of such vital importance. It remains for us now to follow where we should have taken the initiative, and that with the utmost promptness. We must urge this matter upon congress, and with the force attendant upon public opinion in a free country, there is no reason to despair of success. We most cordially commend the movement, and shall do all in our power to help urge it onward.

AN EXCELLENT CHOICE.—Mr. William F. Poole, the popular librarian of the Mercantile Library Association, has been chosen librarian of the Boston Athenæum, in place of Dr. Charles Folsom, resigned. Mr. Poole is one of the best librarians in the whole country—large as it is.

THE PERSIA.—This fine steamship of the Cunard line has crossed the ocean in 9 days 10 hours and 15 minutes—and this without crowding, but owing to her excellent qualities, and the way she was handled. She means to do better yet next summer.

COSTA RICA—NICARAGUA.—Smart times these—Minié rifles—skirmishes—battles—Col. Schlessinger—fight or die—glory—fine fun for the newsboys, but death to many of the belligerents.

SPLINTERS.

.... The Czar of Russia will, it is rumored, visit Paris and London in the month of June.

.... The Duc de Broglie in Paris has been lashing Louis Napoleon while pretending to sketch Cardinal Mazarin.

.... A Minnesota writer says a friend of his raised a squash weighing 221 1-4 pounds. That fraction is superb!

.... The life-boat placed in Gloucester by the Humane Society eleven years ago, has drifted away and been lost.

.... At a meeting in Philadelphia it was resolved to raise \$5000 towards erecting an American chapel in Paris.

.... The Cape de Verd islanders are again in a starving condition. Assistance is implored by the governor.

.... The Michigan Central Railroad has erected a telegraph from Detroit to Chicago to communicate railroad news.

.... Provincetown, the jumping off place at Cape Cod, is the richest town in Massachusetts, of its size.

.... The French have just got hold of Washington Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." They call it "Le Val Dormant."

.... Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne is about to visit Australia, California and England. She has engaged Mr. Pope, the actor.

.... The Fitchburg railroad corporation pays the city of Charlestown a tax of \$4797 dollars per annum.

.... A cemetery for Mohammedans dying in Paris, together with a mosque, has been established in that city.

.... The friends of Italian liberty begin to hope again that something will be accomplished for that country.

.... It is said that the New York Academy of Music will be turned into a hospital. Forbid it, Max Maretzek!

.... A German opera troupe has been organized in New York, to give German masterpieces in grand style.

.... Two children came near being poisoned by eating the roots of water hemlock, which they mistook for artichokes.

.... There is due the United States from its defaulting officers the enormous sum of \$132,512,704.67.

.... It is utterly impossible for the best of men to please all the world. We should strive only to satisfy our consciences.

.... Mr. Fry, of New York, said lately, "a shot from the type battery goes round the whole world."

.... The French government have been insulting the English by seizing copies of Punch on account of its harmless jokes.

.... It is recollected that Queen Victoria refused to receive Eugenie till after her marriage to the emperor.

.... If Gen. Comonfort confiscates all the church property in Mexico, he will be able to raise 400 millions of dollars.

.... Flashes of lightning that embrace the whole horizon do not last a thousandth part of a second!

.... The first pianoforte was made in 1767. It has proved prolific and has been the parent of millions.

THE MANIA OF AVARICE.

Avarice is less the love of money than the dread of poverty. This fear is a horrible malady—it is one of the most debasing and corrupting of human weaknesses. A man who would face death with a smile, and might, on occasion, become the hero of a battlefield, trembles like the vilest of the vile before the shadow of misery, or only of embarrassment; and, for a little money, sells shamelessly, to whoever will purchase, his dignity and liberty. It is this "yellow slave that knits and breeds corruptions" that peoples the area of courts with sycophants.

This shows us why, in Greece, where liberty and dignity were so highly appreciated, the philosophers insisted with so much energy on the virtue of a contempt of riches. In the present age, we have reversed the opinion, and hold that whoever maintains that independence is preferable to fortune is a blockhead.

Byron said, half satirically, half seriously,

"—for a good old gentlemanly vice,
I think I will take up with avarice."

And a single word may be said in its favor—it may be defended relatively. The miser does the most injury to himself; the prodigal is almost always a corrupter. He buys consciences, and makes them the slave of his passions; his life is a perpetual inculcation of vice and contempt of labor. His example would be more contagious than that of the miser, if it were less difficult to acquire wealth; and as we say, "A miserly father—a spendthrift son," we might say as frequently, "A prodigal father—a miserly son"—if prodigal fathers only left anything to spend.

What an example—equal to that of Moliere's *Avare*—was that of Daniel Dancer, of Middlesex county, England, born about 1716. As a young man, he exhibited no traits of an unbalanced mind; on the contrary, he was frank and open, ready to meet danger, and bold to surmount difficulties. But this unaccountable fear of coming to want came over him like a dark shadow, and clouded his mind forever. Though he came into possession of a considerable fortune, though he was unmarried, still this dream of want haunted him night and day like a ghost. We may fancy him cowering in that lonely country-house, shared only by his sister, infected by the same lunacy, the unfortunate couple clad in rags, and living upon food a London beggar would have spurned. Daniel reduced his allowance to the value of two pence per diem; but, strange to say, he expended as much for milk to keep life in a favorite dog. His dog, his "halved heart—his Pythias," one day killed a lamb, and Daniel was damned for the value of the animal. Of course he wouldn't pay; but he took his dog to a smith's, and had his teeth filed off so that a similar accident should not happen a second time. Daniel washed his face and hands in a pond; and to save linen, dried them in the sun. The hat he wore when a young man covered his head in old age. Once he made up his mind to buy a second-hand hat of a Jew for a shilling; but an old drudge, who lived with Dancer, offering sixpence more, the miser yielded his bargain rather than submit to the advance. Poor Daniel! he died wealthy. Poor, poor rich man! the wayside beggar was wealthier than he. We call the victim of avarice *miser* (from the Latin word, signifying *wretched*), but we should call him *miserrimus*.

BIG GUN.

The English tell some large stories, and justly, too, about their heavy ordnance. An American gentleman, who was listening, in a London coffee-house, to a description of one of these monsters, said abruptly:

"Pooh! gentlemen. I won't deny that's a fair sized cannon; but you are leetle mistaken in supposing it to be the largest in the world. It's not to be named in the same minute with one of our Yankee cannon that I saw in Charlestown last year. Jupiter! that was a cannon! Why, gentlemen, it was so large that the sailors were obliged to employ two yoke of oxen to draw in the ball."

"The deuce they were!" exclaimed one of his hearers, with a smile of triumph. "Pray, can you tell me how they got the oxen out again?"

"Why, my dear sir," said the Yankee, "they unyoked 'em and drove 'em through the vent hole!"

PATRONIZING.—A Connecticut critic concedes that "Boston is beginning to be celebrated for its literary men." We feel encouraged and grateful—just as we did when we read in the British newspapers, that "Her Majesty and Prince Albert were pleased to express their approval of a block of ice from Wenhain Pond." Where's our hat? Nutmeg can take it.

QUAINT PUN.—Old Fuller, author of "English Worthies," tells a quaint story of himself and Justice Woodcock. "I was out in the fields," said Fuller, "when we did hear an owl. 'What bird is that?' said he. 'A woodcock,' said I. 'No,' said he, 'it is fuller in the head, fuller in the body, and fuller all over.'"

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL appears weekly abounding in engravings of a superior order, some of mammoth size, fully equal to those published in the English papers. It seems impossible for so much valuable matter to be afforded at the low price it is; but the immense circulation enables the publisher to improve each week. There is no excuse for not taking an illustrated paper, when it can be had at such a small price. Ballou's Pictorial now circulates over the whole State of California and Oregon.—*California Farmer, Sacramento.*

VERY CONSIDERATE.—An Irish paper, in referring to a fire, said, "We regret to state that our reporter was deceived as to the amount of loss occasioned by the fire. We are now informed that the damage was trifling."

A MODEST NAME.—The brutal and now nearly obsolete practice of "gouging" used to be termed "operating for strabismus on the Kentucky principle."

INTERIOR OF THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE LIBRARY.

In No. 17 of the present volume of the Pictorial we published an exterior view of the enlargement of the State House. We now present, occupying the whole of our last page, a fine view of the interior of the State Library, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Champney. It is a noble room, and makes a striking picture. One of the principal objects proposed to be obtained by the enlargement of the State House, was the provision of suitable accommodations for the already voluminous archives of this ancient Commonwealth, and for the library of the State, which, though inconsiderable at present, for many years past has imperatively demanded a more adequate accommodation than could be afforded in the crowded stories of the original building. This result has been effected by the construction of a commodious, fire-proof hall, included in the design of the enlargement, which is at once light, airy, pleasant, and conveniently adapted to the purposes for which it was intended. It is 88 feet in length, 37 feet in width, and 40 feet in height, and is capable of containing at least sixty thousand volumes, which is probably as large a number as will accumulate, even with liberal legislative provision, for many years to come.

The hall is finished throughout with cast iron, in a simple, permanent and neat manner, and is designed with regard more to utility than ornamentation, though the latter prevails to a degree sufficient to render the room attractive and not unworthy of the important place it holds in the capitol. The general arrangement is regulated upon the principle of the Congressional Library Hall in the capitol at Washington,—there are two ranges of alcoves and one of wall shelves, extending the entire length of the hall on either side. At one end of the hall are three ranges of wall shelves, corresponding with the alcoves and shelves of the sides, and at the other, ample staircases for access to the galleries. The front of the second range of alcoves and of the tier of wall shelves, on each side, recede respectively from that of the range below, forming galleries in front of them, which are protected by balustrades. The ceiling of the room is supported by large foliated consoles, and is divided into deep-moulded panels, the central ones being filled with glass for the better lighting of the library from a large skylight in the roof. The hall is accessible from the other portions of the edifice by staircases and doorways, conveniently located in the principal corridors. The construction of the entire room, including its ceiling, is wholly of iron, excepting only the portions of the shelving upon which the books are to rest, which are of wood.

The design of the whole is by Mr. Gridley I. F. Bryant, the architect of the enlargement of the State House; it was adopted after a most thorough and careful examination of the principal library rooms of the United States by the first board of commissioners appointed to superintend the erection of this most important structure. To the sound wisdom of Messrs. C. H. Warren, A. W. Thaxter, Jr. and S. K. Hutchinson the Commonwealth is indebted for a thoroughly fire-proof room. The commissioners who succeeded these gentlemen—Messrs. Joseph R. Richards, George M. Thatcher and S. K. Hutchinson—have most faithfully and fairly completed what their predecessors had commenced.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Rogers, Mr. T. J. Lusk, of St. Johns, N.Y., to Miss Elizabeth Roche; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Benjamin C. Hale to Miss Frances Kirby; by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. George F. Harris to Miss Elizabeth J. Calvert; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Capt. Francis O. Pitman to Miss Isadora Herrek; by Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. William Smith to Miss Mary P. Johnson.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Lambert, Mr. George Black, of Cambridge, to Miss Mary E. Nichols.—At Lexington, by Rev. Mr. Swasey, Mr. Asa Burbank, of Brighton, to Miss Emily J. Childs.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Mills, Mr. Asa B. Task, of Danvers, to Miss Mary A. Farrington.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Davis, Mr. Paul D. Small to Miss Judith M. Carey.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. Daniel E. Haines to Miss Isabella King.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Rice, Mr. Matthew Blakey to Miss Rachel M. Brown.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Mr. Tomlinson, Mr. Thomas Nye Eldridge to Miss Eunice Pope.—At Belfast, Me., Mr. Wales Miller to Miss Anne G. Lewis, of Thorndike.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Louisa Wright, 26; Mr. Henry M. Hill, 34; Mr. Robert Andrews, 51; Mr. Eben Henry Putnam, 23; Mr. Isaac W. Mott, 22.—At Roxbury, Mr. James Walker Hunt, 22.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Ann Savage, 66.—At Dorchester, Mr. Edward Robinson, 62.—At Reading, Widow Luella Temple, 77.—At Lynn, Mrs. Hannah B. Smith, 22; Mrs. Nancy Jane Munroe, 39.—At Salem, Mr. James Ryan, 29; Widow Abigail Buffington, 86.—At Beverly, Mrs. Harriet L. Foster, 63.—At West Danvers, Mrs. Sarah Russell, 65.—At Danvers, Miss Elizabeth M. Nickerson, 19.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Catherine Morse, 87; Mrs. Judith Jewell, 81; Mrs. Sarah Wheelwright, 36.—At Worcester, Miss Eliza A. Pratt, 21; Mr. Lovens McFarland, 52.—At New Bedford, Mr. George Fox Southwick, 38; Mrs. Grace Gardner, 99.—At Nantucket, Miss Rebecca C. Brown, 18.—At Plymouth, Mr. Lot Stetson, 71.—At Edgartown, Daniel Fellows, Esq., 77.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD MOUNTAIN TREE.

BY MARY F. BARBER.

Rearing high its leafy branches 'gainst the amber sky,
Stands it now upon the mountain, as it stood in days gone by,
With the shadowy hills around it and the misty plains below,
Where the river ever singeth sweetest ballads in its flow.
Where the loud winds calm their voices and improvise a prayer,
When the vesper bells are chiming on the hallowed evening air.

Phantom forms are ever round it, in the stillness of the night,
Clasping hands within its shadows, with their faces pale and white;
And I see among the number many forms that long ago
Passed beside the mystic river, and were buried in its flow.
And their voices chanting slowly, I have heard them all before,
When I met beneath its branches in the happy days of yore.

One is standing still and lonely with a look and tone forlorn,
For her golden harp is shattered, and her robe is soiled and torn.
She has wandered through the valley mid the mist and dross of earth,
Till her crown has lost its brightness and her heart its gladsome mirth.
And she sadly sighs for heaven, yet is lingering still below,
For the voices, and the faces, and the smiles of "long ago."

Wintry skies are gazing lightly on the green old mountain tree,
And I think me of the faces and the tones so glad and free;
Of the lips that now are chilling, and the forms that found a grave
In the valley, on the hillside, and beneath the crested wave;
And I shrink from death's dark shadows, putting up an earnest prayer,
For the wine of life is sparkling, and the earth is very fair.

Wintry snows are resting coldly where they laid them when they died,
With their spotless robes about them and their pale hands by their side,
And the winds are chanting dirges where they found the young and fair,
When we left them to the grave-rest with a sadly murmured prayer;
And the green old tree is mourning for the beautiful and gay,
Who passed out from its shadow in the brightness of their day.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FEMALE PILOT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

AN English brig-of-war lay to off the southern shore of the Island of Firee, which is one of the Inner Hebrides, on the western coast of Scotland. And the brig had just captured a prize. She had been sent up after smugglers, and had taken one of the most notorious of the smuggling crew—a stout, bold, reckless man, named Donald Kenmore. He was commander of a smuggling vessel, and the chief spirit among the contrabandists of that section. When Kenmore knew that his vessel must be taken if she remained above water, he deliberately knocked a big hole in her bottom, and sunk her where she lay. His crew were sent off before he did this, and they made their escape. He retained a light skiff, hoping to make his escape also. His daughter was with him, she having refused to leave the vessel before him. They had entered the skiff, and while they stopped to see the old vessel go down, a boat came from the war-brig and cut them off. It was too late now to escape, and Kenmore saw that resistance would be useless, so he gave himself up with as good grace as possible.

Flora Kenmore was eighteen years of age, and possessed all the rugged beauty of her Highland countrywomen. Her eye was large, and its glance could be as soft as the whispers of love, or as piercing as the glare of the enraged lion. She was not large in frame—far from it—but she was stout and strong, and her very step was the language of pride and self-control. A noble man could have loved her most dearly, but a coward would have trembled with conscious littleness before her. She was taken with her father, and carried on board the brig-of-war.

"Ah, Donald Kenmore," uttered the commander of the brig, as the smuggler was led to the quarter-deck, "you and I have met before."

"Ay, Captain Thornhill, we have," returned the smuggler, in a calm, proud tone. "Twice I have captured; but now your turn has come."

"And I think the people will thank me for it," the Englishman said.

"The people!" uttered Kenmore, indignantly. "Say the people's rulers! No, sir! the people have been blessed by me too much for that. Go ask the poor men upon whose tables I have placed the luxuries of life at a cost which they could afford, if they will thank thee for taking away their benefactor! No, John Thornhill! They cannot pay what the British lords would force from them to help in sustaining an army of noblemen in luxurious indolence and uselessness! Go now, and ask the people—the producers of England and Scotland—the workers—which has befriended them,—Donald Kenmore, or your sharp-nosed cruisers!"

"By my soul, sir smuggler, you are eloquent."

"Because I am honest. But say, Captain Thornhill, what is now to be my fate?"

"I should suppose you might judge," was Thornhill's reply.

"I may guess, but I suppose you might know."

"Well, sir, I can assure you that you will meet one of two fates: you will either be transported for life, or be hung!"

"So I supposed," said the smuggler, without the movement of a muscle.

The commander was now called to attend to making sail, and Donald Kenmore was led away forward and put in chains. Flora requested that she might be allowed to accompany her father, and her request was granted. She was offered a berth in the cabin, but she chose to remain by her father's side.

About an hour after the brig had made sail, the first lieutenant, a stout, coarse fellow, named Wooler, came up to where Flora stood, and placing his hand upon her fair neck, he asked her for a

kiss. She started back, and while her eyes flashed fire, she drew a small pistol from her bosom and cocked it.

"Miserable dog!" she uttered, in a low, firm tone, "dare to place your foul touch upon me again and you shall die!"

"Tut, tut, my pretty bird," cried Wooler, "you wouldn't be so cruel." But his voice trembled, and his frame shook with the mortification he tried to hide.

"I think you will not tempt me, at all events," the maiden returned, with biting irony.

The lieutenant bit his lips, and his fists were clenched; but he had not the daring to go further, so he turned away and walked aft. From that moment the crew looked upon the maiden with admiration. They did not like Wooler.

It was afternoon when the brig squared away, and as the wind was light and baffling she made but little headway. It was past four o'clock when she passed Eraid, and by that time the wind had died almost to a calm, but not a pleasing calm. The heavens had grown dark, the air cold and puffing, and night seemed coming on with the sun yet up. Captain Thornhill gave orders for taking off the sail, and ere long the brig lay under close-reefed topsails and fore-staysail.

At sundown the wind came in from the southward and westward; and by the time night had fairly settled down it blew a gale. The captain tried awhile to keep to the wind under the three sails he had left on, but the wind was too strong. It blew a perfect hurricane, and the sea began to rise and break over the deck; and ere long it became evident that one of the topsails must be taken off.

It was a bad place in which to be caught thus. Thornhill knew that he must be near the mouth of the Sound of Mull, and if he lay to, the gale would tend to drive him up into it. He was not acquainted with the place, and though he had good charts yet he did not feel safe.

Higher and higher grew the furious wind, until the very sea seemed dancing over the frail bark. The masts groaned and creaked, the rigging grated and strained, and every crack and seam gaped beneath the fearful strain. The wind howled and roared, and the mad sea surged and boiled, until the whole scene appeared but the result of a furious war of the frantic elements.

At midnight Captain Thornhill began to be frightened. The wind was not only unabated, but the rain had begun to drive down, and the night was as black as one solid mass of ink.

"Wooler," he said, as he drew his oiled jacket up over his face to protect it from the driving rain, "can you not hear the roar of breakers?"

"I have thought I heard them for some time," returned the lieutenant, holding firmly by the life-line to prevent being washed away by the breaking seas.

"And yet we can do nothing," the captain resumed, being obliged to cry out with all his strength to make his voice sound above the roar of the elements. "To veer an atom would be sure destruction. But we cannot live so much longer. Every rope and stick is strained now to its utmost. O, if we had room to run off before it."

"But we haven't," was Wooler's response.

Yet the brig lived through the night, and when the morning dawned, the wind seemed to increase rather than diminish. It was near the autumnal equinox, and there was every prospect that the storm would be a long one. The rain still fell in torrents, and the heavens were black, and the air dark. Thornhill had no idea of his whereabouts, for how far the brig had been driven by the fury of the night he could not tell; yet he supposed he must be somewhere near the chops of the Sound of Mull.

It was a few minutes past six when the captain was startled by a loud cry forward, and on working his way thither he found that the foremast was sprung just above the pike-rack. He had hardly discovered the danger, when another shout from the poop called him aft, and hurrying back again, a sight met his gaze that made his heart leap with horror. Directly under the lee-quarter, and not over a quarter of a mile distant, was a bold, rocky coast, over which the sea was dashing fearfully! And all along, too, to the northward, the same horrid scene extended.

"Good God!" cried Wooler, at this moment pointing over the weather bow, "there are more rocks there! See! see! We are surrounded!"

The men were called, but not one of them knew the shores.

"Bring up Donald Kenmore!" cried Wooler.

"Ha! We will," answered the captain. And the smuggler was sent for.

The old man came on deck—he had been carried below when the storm reached its fury—but he could not tell where the brig was.

"But," he added, "my child has been a pilot in these waters for over four years, and there's not a rock nor shoal in the Sound of Mull she don't know."

"Ha, Donald Kenmore, do you speak truly now?"

"I do. Until within a month she has been with her brother, and has almost lived among the rocks of the Sound."

Flora Kenmore was sent for at once. She came up, and taking her station near the wheel, where she could hold on upon one of the life-lines for support, she gazed carefully around. It was truly a terrific scene. On all hands now, save on the weather quarter alone, the huge breakers were piled up and stretched along. Not a muscle of the maiden's body quivered, nor did her cheek blanch; but boldly she stood there, and her gaze was calm and assured.

"Lady," spoke the captain, whose brightened look was in strange contrast with the expression that rested upon Flora Kenmore's fair features, "do you know where you are?"

"I do, sir—exactly!" was the sure reply.

"Ha! and can the brig be saved?"

"Ay, sir. In less than two hours this brig can be run into a

harbor where this storm would be but as a summer shower!"

"And can you do it?"

"If I try."

"By heavens! then do it! Do it, and any sum you name shall be yours!"

"Hold," said the noble girl. "I want not your gold; but you have a thing which, if you will give it back to me, shall secure your salvation."

"What?"

"My father! Give me my father, and you shall be saved."

"But he is a State's prisoner. I have no right to give him up."

"But you have the power, sir. You took him, and you can give him up."

"But consider, my girl. Your own life is at stake. If we go you must go with us."

"I know it, sir, and I am prepared for it. What's my life worth to me if my father must be—but you may depend upon this: I can save you. Give me back my father—swear to me that we may both go away free and unmolested when your anchors are safely down, and you shall be saved. If you will not do this, then your hours are numbered. I know where you are, and without the aid of one who knows these rocks, this vessel cannot ride one hour longer!"

"Give him up!" cried Wooler, whose face was pale as death. "Be sure you won't bend her an atom."

The captain dared hesitate no longer. The rest of the officers seconded Wooler's request, and he gave in.

"Save us," he said, turning to the maiden once more; "save us, and your father shall be free!"

"Do you swear this?"

"I do—most solemnly; and I call on all present to witness that when this vessel is safe if your father and yourself go not whither you will, I am a perjured wretch! Now the helm is yours."

On the instant Flora started into new life.

"Lay the yards square!" she cried, at the top of her voice.

"Ease up the helm. Let two faithful men take the wheel!"

These orders were obeyed, and ere long the brig was dashing off before the wind. An opening was made in the rocky coast ahead.

"That is Lunga on the quarter," the maiden said, "and ahead we have a dozen small islands. Here comes the Devil's Rock on the starboard bow, and that on the aft is McDonald's Crown. Port a little! Steady—so!"

The hearts of the men leaped up, and there seemed to hang for some moments. But on went the flying vessel—the heavy spray actually dashing over the deck from the towering rocks—now on this hand, now on that—and yet she went safely on. If she had gone through such a dubious channel, then why should she not pass the rest?

The men became more easy, even though the horrors were as palpable as ever. The course of the brig lay through a hissing, rushing, tumbling surge, with rocks still on every hand. And there stood the fair pilot, her keen eye flashing, her finely chiselled nostrils dilated, and her noble form drawn proudly up. Her orders were prompt and assured, and confidence was in every look and tone.

At length the vessel entered a narrow strait, not over a mile wide, and the course was direct. It was the mainland of Argylo upon the right, and the Island of Seil upon the left. In half an hour more the strait was passed—another group of rocks was cleared—and yet the gallant bark flew safely on over the storm-mad sea.

"Stand by the braces!" cried Flora, now showing a little excitement. "'Mind your helm! Round in carefully on the larboard braces! Keep the others taut! Helm a-port! easy—easy!"

The brig bowed to the wind most fearfully now that her side was presented to it, and the masts bent like reeds—but she failed not. A high promontory was passed—and in a few moments more the deep labor ceased. The brig righted, the masts grew straight, and the sails had done straining. The water moved only in long swells, and as the men looked ahead through the falling rain, they saw the smooth haven stretching away up into the land—a haven into which the southern storm-demon could not come, and where the weary bark could be at rest. It was the long, narrow inlet of Kilmore.

At length the sail was taken off, the anchors dropped, and then the men crowded about their fair pilot to bless her for the service she had done them. But she asked not their thanks, though she could not refuse their gratitude.

"I have saved my father," she said, "and that is all in all to me. Let us go on shore now."

"But not in this storm," urged the captain.

"Yes," persisted Flora. "We are not at home here, but on shore I shall find a sheltering roof, and open arms to receive us."

Captain Thornhill felt too grateful to make any objections, and he had a boat lowered at once.

"God bless you!" he said, as he grasped Flora by the hand;

"and when, in time to come, we call each other to mind, I trust you may feel something of the friendliness towards me which I must ever cherish for you." Then he turned to Donald. "And to you, Donald Kenmore, let me say, God grant I may never meet you again when the duty of my station could make you my enemy. Farewell!"

And in a few moments more the smuggler and his child were on their way to the shore. A sheltering roof soon spread its protection over them, and warm friends welcomed them to the fireside.

Donald Kenmore and John Thornhill never met again, for the old man had money enough, and when his noble daughter, shortly after the startling adventure we have recorded, gave her hand and heart to the man who had loved her long and truly, he found a home with them.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

It is a singular fact that duels and suicides are unknown among the Turks. — The residents of Worcester are making efforts to call back, on the approaching national festival, all the sons and daughters of their ancient town, and probably Hon. George Bancroft, a native, will join in this family festival, and deliver an oration. — According to the received chronology, Adam lived to be 930 years of age. — The venerable Stuyvesant pear-tree on the corner of 3d Avenue and 13th Street, New York, has budded out vigorously this spring, and gives promise of its wonted crop of fruit. The veteran tree, though now entering upon the third century of its existence, is hale and hearty, and bids fair to weather the storms of another century. — Keokuk is now a city of 10,000 inhabitants, and has a theatre of respectable size, which is to be completed in this month. — Gymnastics strengthen the intellectual faculties. Says a distinguished writer:—"If you wish to develop the mind of a pupil, exercise his body; make him healthy and strong, that you may make him prudent and reasonable."—F. N. Ripley, a young doctor from New York, was frozen to death in Minnesota, last winter, and devoured by wolves! — The Austrian Lloyd's Company, on the first of March last, owned 59 steamers, with 10,000 horse power, and a measurement of 29,955 tons. Of these 59 vessels, six are steam clippers, thirteen screw steamers, and nine river steamers. — Fast young men smoke a great deal, for it is the nature of a rake to have a quantity of weeds about him. — At a meeting in Philadelphia, lately, it was resolved to endeavor to raise \$5000 in that city towards the establishment of an American chapel in Paris. A committee was appointed to collect the money. — Lord Peterborough remarked that if an English lawyer is in danger of starving in a market town or village, he invites another, and both thrive! — On one occasion, while Bochsá (just deceased) and Madame Bishop were in Mexico, some brigands arrested their carriage, and learning who they were, obliged the madame to sing for them. She did so, and they were so much pleased that they allowed her to pass on the way without molestation. — In a recent experimental trial trip of a hot-air locomotive, at Patterson, N. J., a rate of eighty miles per hour was reached. — All the accounts from Paris agree in praising Biscaccianti's performance at Les Italiens, and even the London Athenæum concedes her debut in *La Sonnambula* to have been a real success. *La France Musicale* dwells upon her voice as a soprano *sfogato* of rare extent, purity and expression. — The whey of mare's milk is the favorite drink of the people of Tartary, and smoked horse hams their chief delicacy. — Capt. Berse, of the schooner *Ann Steele*, at Norfolk, saw the "sea serpent" at Great Egg Harbor, while on his way to Norfolk. The "critter" was forty feet in length and big round as a hogshead, with very large sparkling eyes, surmounted by a huge bunch. — A clerk at Stewart's (New York) lately committed suicide by stabbing himself with the points of his shirt collars. — A citizen of New Haven complains that with a population of 30,000 inhabitants, there is not such a luxury as a bathing establishment in that city. — Campbell says the word "daisy" is a thousand times pronounced without adverting to the beauty of its etymology—the *eye of day*. — A mine, containing thirteen different colors of paints, has recently been discovered in Montgomery county, Ga. The deposits yield 60 per cent. — The submarine telegraph which is to connect Friedrichshafen with Romanshorn on the Swiss side, has been successfully laid down across the bottom of the Lake of Constance. — A new factory at Columbus, O., is to convert 600 bushels of corn per day into starch. Rather a *stiff* business we should say. — The *Syracuse Standard* says that Asa Eastwood, Esq., has received his land warrant for 160 acres, for services rendered to the United States navy (on board the *Constellation*), fifty-five years ago, at the time we were in hostilities with France. This is an important decision to many now living. — It was a maxim of General Jackson:—"Take time to deliberate, but when the time for action arrives, stop thinking."—There is a silk manufactory in full operation in the village of Yonkers, which gives steady employment to from fifty to sixty boys and girls, ten years of age and upwards, and the manufacture of silk amounts weekly to about three hundred pounds.

A BRAWNY ARM.—The *Journal of Commerce* says that a large bronze arm, made by Mr. Brown, of Chicopee, Mass., has been elevated to its position above the entrance to the Mechanics' Bank building, in Wall Street, New York. It is five feet and a half in length, grasping a large hammer, and weighs about 200 pounds. Every muscle, vein and sinew is as distinctly delineated as in the natural arm.

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION IN ENGLAND.—Liberal sentiments are rapidly gaining ground all over the world. The slow and bigoted Englishman even is getting wide awake on the subject of religious freedom. Lord Brougham has introduced a bill in Parliament for the further relief of the subject from penalties and disabilities touching religion and religious worship.

NUMBERING THE PAGES.—The pages of the U. S. House of Representatives now wear a brass plate on the left breast, with a number engraved upon it. They also wear a neat uniform—blue jacket and pantaloons, with United States buttons.

THE TROJANS VS. THE ALBANIANS.—The Trojans are particularly down on the idea of a bridge across the Hudson at Albany. They are determined to patronize the lawyers.

THE NEW MARINE HOSPITAL, in Chelsea, has risen as high as the second story, and is now going up rapidly.

Wayside Gatherings.

The new Ohio State Auditor has forbidden his clerks the use of ardent spirits, on pain of losing their places.

Toronto has been permanently established as the new capital of Canada.

Upwards of forty-seven thousand persons are interred in Greenwood Cemetery.

The foreign commodities imported into New York are more than one-half the imports of the entire Union.

Melbourne, Australia, is supplied with Boston ice at sixpence per pound, by Cobb & Co., an American firm established there.

There are now not less than 35,000 miles of telegraphic wire intersecting the United States—more than enough to "belt the earth."

The American Geographical and Statistical Society have made arrangements to explore the western section of the broad central belt of the African continent.

The government have now lodged in Richmond (Va.) jail, a man charged with forging papers on the Pension Office, thereby securing large sums of money. He is highly connected.

Sixty boats, loaded with 226 bushels of corn each, only a tenth part of what is in the Illinois valley, started from La Salle, lately, for Chicago, on the opening of the Illinois and Michigan Canal.

A poor white man in Hardy county, Va., thinking his sick child was bewitched, lately made a large fire and burned up his only hog alive, to conciliate the evil demon.

The Germans of New York have purchased four lots on Crosby and Prince Streets, upon which to erect a grand opera house and music hall, like those of Milan and Paris.

The news from Fort Laramie states that General Harney has made peace with the Sioux Indians, excepting one band of the Sanetonas, numbering eighty lodges.

The emigration to Iowa is very great. From twelve to fifteen hundred persons landed at Keokuk during four days. The multitude cannot find houses enough to live in.

The Ohio papers are saying hard things about an old sinner who had nine wives living. That is but a trifle. There is a man in the New Jersey penitentiary who had twenty-three wives, two of whom he married within two hours of each other!

A fleet of vessels lately left Dunkirk and Gravelines for the cod-fishery on the coast of Iceland, amounting to 110, measuring together 8779 tons, and having on board 1540 men, or an average of 14 for each vessel.

The French emperor has conceived the magnificent project of cutting a ship canal from Havre to Paris, which will be navigable by vessels of a large size. This would give to the latter city an important commercial character.

The Maryland Senate has ordered a painting, to represent the incident which occurred in the senate chamber on the 23d of December, 1783, when George Washington delivered his farewell address and took his final leave of public life.

The consumption of coffee in the United States is surprisingly large, when we take into the account the great quantity of other articles mixed with the pure article. The import last year was 191,478,657 pounds, valued at \$16,940,460.

Some gold hunters in North California have discovered a mountain which appears to be hollow. One man, when about four feet below the surface, struck his crow-bar down, and it fell through, bringing his face down to the earth. On further search, they found an immense cavern.

A project has been started in England of establishing under the patronage of the government a gallery of original portraits, to consist, as far as possible, of those persons who are most honorably commemorated in British history as warriors or as statesmen, or in arts, in literature and in science.

As a proof of the very valuable services rendered by swallows, it is estimated that one of these birds will destroy, at a low calculation, 900 insects per day; and when it is considered that some insects produce as many as nine generations in a summer, the state of things, but for these birds, may be readily conceived.

The "Scotch pebble" is said to excel all other articles for making spectacle glasses. It is perfectly clear and transparent, and free from even the slightest color to interrupt the rays of light. It is also very hard, presenting a perfect safeguard from scratching or defacing, even by the roughest usage and the longest wear.

Stephen H. Luther, a few days ago, killed an otter in Warwick, R. I., which was five feet long, weighed twenty-five pounds, and the skin is worth \$15. These animals are rarely seen in New England. This one fought some like a tiger, and the man and his dog with difficulty conquered him.

Mr. Thomas Rogers, the celebrated locomotive builder, died at Patterson, N. J., lately. He began life in New York as a carpenter, in poverty. At the time of his death, he had in his employ 750 men, working one of the largest locomotive manufactories in the world. He was 65 years of age.

A grand buffalo hunt and expedition to the salt springs of Minnesota, to be absent about four weeks, has been projected at St. Anthony, and is expected to leave directly after the adjournment of the Democratic National Convention at Cincinnati, many of the delegates to which are desirous of joining it.

The Pennsylvania legislature is about adopting the New York Anti-Label Law, viz., the truth to be given as defence—malice not to be presumed, etc. It costs centuries almost to be rid of British hereditary restrictions upon the freedom of the press, but American sense triumphs over them.

There are more than eight thousand miles of railway in Great Britain, costing some two hundred and eighty-six millions of pounds. The tunnels are more than fifty miles in extent, and the earth-works measure fifty-five millions of cubic yards. The number of miles of telegraph wires is thirty-six thousand—an increase of fifty-fold in a period of only seven years.

During the last year, there were 5688 marriages in the State of Kentucky. The majority of matrimonial alliances were formed during the winter months, December taking the lead. Most of the brides were between 16 and 20 years of age, and most of the grooms between 20 and 25. Two ladies married at 70 years, one girl at 12, and several under 15. Three hundred and forty-six boys under 20 years of age were married during the year.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science is to meet in Albany next August. Invitations to attend and take part in the discussions have been extended to many of the most distinguished scientific men of Europe, some of whom have accepted. Hon. J. S. Wadsworth, of Genesee, has subscribed \$500 towards defraying the expenses of the distinguished chemist, Liebig; and it is thought that Mr. Airy, the astronomer royal of Greenwich, Le Verrier of France, Argelander of Germany, and others, will be present.

Foreign Items.

More than 1500 arrests have been made in Paris within a month, but none of the public journals are allowed to allude to the fact.

Captain Brown, of Glasgow, has applied for and obtained a patent for the manufacture of paper from the fern known throughout the Highlands generally as the brekan.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria has offered to head a subscription list for the rebuilding of Covent Garden Theatre with a contribution of £1000.

Not only was the well-known chestnut-tree in the garden of the Tuileries in leaf this year on the 20th March, but a number of other trees, principally cherry, peach and apricot, were in flower.

Advices by the Arabia state that the dreadful famine existing in some districts of Silesia has been concealed as long as possible. The German journals (not Prussian) are at last speaking of it. Child murder has become common from sheer starvation.

The city of Cairo, the capital of Egypt, and one of the richest cities of the East, contains 400 mosques, 140 schools, 300 public cisterns, 46 squares, 240 streets, from 500 to 600 alleys, 1265 houses of refreshment, and 65 baths.

The largest church in Europe is at St. Petersburg. It was begun in 1771, and in twenty years, two thousand men had not finished its walls. It is of polished marble, both inside and out; the pillars are of one piece, fifty feet high; the base and capitals of solid silver.

A small keg, bound with brass hoops, filled with gold pieces to the amount of 1,000,000 (probably francs), believed to have been a French military chest, buried there in the year 1813, to hide it from the Russian Cossacks, has been found by a peasant boy near Schwez, on the Vistula.

Sands of Gold.

.... Truth is simple, requiring neither study nor art.—*Ammian.*

.... To how many is the death of the beloved the parent of faith!—*Bulwer.*

.... Poetry is the attempt which man makes to render his existence harmonious.—*Carlyle.*

.... Is there no way to bring home a wandering sheep but by worrying him to death?—*Thomas Fuller.*

.... There is a latent antagonism between domesticity and genius which sometimes rises into terrible warfare.—*G. H. Lewes.*

.... In literature, our taste will be discovered by that which we give, and our judgment by that which we withhold.—*Lacon.*

.... Death is the only monastery; the tomb is the only cell, and the grave that adjoins the convent is the bitterest mock of its futility.—*Bulwer.*

.... I have found by experience that they who have spent all their lives in cities, contract not only an effeminacy of habit, but of thinking.—*Goldsmith.*

.... Michael Angelo carved the Moses and painted the Last Judgment, but did he not also lend his master-hand to the cutting of graceful cameos?—*G. H. Lewes.*

.... Words must be fitted to a man's mouth: 'twas well said of the fellow that was to make a speech for my lord mayor, when he desired to take measure of his lordship's mouth.—*Selden.*

.... May not taste be compared to that exquisite sense of the bee, which instantly discovers and extracts the quintessence of every flower, and disregards all the rest of it?—*Greville.*

Joker's Budget.

Why are jokes like nuts? Because the dryer they are, the better they crack.

A dandy acquaintance of ours was refused admission to a gun-powder magazine by the sentinel, on the ground that he was a spark.

Brown says that the greatest match-making machine he ever saw is a widow with four marriageable daughters. It beats the match factory at Harlem all to pieces.

Lady (in a fashionable hooped dress)—"Little boy, can I go through this gate to the river?" *Boy*—"Perhaps. A load of hay went through this morning."

Some men are like cats. You may stroke the fur the right way for years, and hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on the tail, and all memory of former kindness is obliterated.

Punch says, last week, when the east wind was at its sharpest, a nursery maid, walking with her charge in the Regent's Park, had a remarkably fine baby cut into twins.

An afflicted husband was returning from the funeral of his wife, when a friend asked him how he was. "Well," said he, pathetically, "I think I feel the better for that little walk."

To an indigent person who was perpetually boasting of his ancestry, an industrious, successful tradesman of humble origin observed, "You, my friend, are proud of your descent; I am proud of my ascent."

A boarder at one of the hotels was recently observed to shed tears when the cheese was passed. Upon being asked the cause of this agitation, he replied that "the cheese was a very moving sight."

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THE CAMBRIDGE HORSE RAILROAD.

We present our readers on this page with an accurate view from the pencil of Mr. Hill, taken in Bowdoin Square, in front of the Revere House, depicting that admirable hotel, with some of the adjacent buildings and stores, and exhibiting prominently, in the foreground, the cars of the Cambridge Horse Railroad, just at present an interesting locomotive novelty. The tracks are now laid as far as Mount Auburn, between four and five miles from this city, with a branch extending to Porter's Hotel in Old Cambridge, and over these fifteen cars, drawn each by two horses, make their regular trips during the day and evening. The receipts of each car are stated to be about forty dollars a day. Mr. Stiles, the superintendent, has proved himself an admirable manager, being always on hand and personally attending to the comfort of passengers and the interest of the road. The road cost, we are informed, about three hundred thousand dollars, and is built in a substantial manner. The establishment of this road is another proof of the progressive spirit of the day. Only a few years ago, there was no regular public communication between the city proper and its suburbs. If a man wished to go to Roxbury, for instance, he had either to hire a private vehicle at a heavy expense,

or to perform the journey—for it is quite a journey—on foot. Then came the Roxbury Hourly—an insane scheme, the old fogies deemed it. These worthy and venerable gentlemen shook their sage heads, and predicted all sorts of uncomfortable consequences from the lightning speed of the rising generation. But the speculation succeeded; the coaches were multiplied; patronage poured in, and Roxbury began to fill up with people, who felt crowded in our little city, and desired elbow room and air for their residences. Now all the suburbs are connected with the city, either by railroad, by steam cars, or by omnibusses. The whole aspect of our surroundings is changed. In the place of barren and unproductive hills, covered with rocks and pines, we have beautiful tracts of cultivated land, parcelled out into gardens and lawns, and beautified with tasteful and neat residences, from the costly villa of the semi-millionaire, to the snug little cottage of the mechanic or laboring man. This change has been the result of improved means of intercommunication between the city and the environs. Omnibus life is quite a feature in our social system. The omnibusses are commodious and elegant, with fine horses, and driven by accomplished "whips." They radiate in all directions. Horse railroads are an advance on omnibusses. For some years they

have been in successful operation in New York city, and also in Brooklyn and Williamsburg, where the generous width of the streets permits their employment without detriment to any interest. They can never be introduced to a similar extent in Boston, because the founders of this village, never dreaming of its possible magnitude, were excessively economical in laying out the town thoroughfares. Our widest avenue within the limits of the city proper is too contracted for the vehicular tide which flows through it already. Washington Street must be relieved of the pressure on it, and before long, Tremont Street will suffer from the crowd. Still, there is no reason why several of the surrounding towns should not be connected with the city by horse railroads. There can be no doubt that they would do a lucrative business. The success of the Cambridge road may be considered as a fixed fact. Besides those whose business compels them to ride in them to and fro, thousands of citizens weekly will avail themselves of this cheap and comfortable means of transport, to go forth and breathe the fresh air, and enjoy the beautiful scenery of the environs. Mount Auburn itself, with its quiet shades and soothing influences, is an attraction; while beyond it and around it are scenes of exquisite rural beauty, which amply repay an occasional visit.



THE BOSTON AND CAMBRIDGE NEW HORSE RAILROAD.

[From Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TEXAN CRUISER: —OR— CALYPSO, THE WANDERER.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

BY T. DURLINGAME ROSS.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVII.—[CONTINUED.]

From that time forth Father Rondo visited the prison as often as convenient. In another month he brought further word from Irene. She was in Valladolid, and there she meant to stop through the winter, as she had found a comfortable home and was safe from danger.

Thus the months wore away, and Clarence began to wonder if he should ever be free. A strong hope had thus far sustained him, but he began now to falter. He often asked of his jailors how the war was progressing, but they lied to him. He knew this from the statements of the priest. March came, with its winds and storms, and yet the prison doors were not opened. But in a few days from that time the officers who sometimes visited the cells wore strange expressions upon their countenances. Clarence kept a calendar upon the wall of his dungeon with an old nail which he had begged of his jailor for that purpose. One morning, after eating his breakfast, he went to the wall to make his mark for that day. It was the ninth mark for March.

"Hark," uttered Peter, as his master turned from the wall. "What is that?"

"Perhaps the troops are turning out for drill," answered Clarence.

"No, no. Do you not hear that distant sound? That hum, as though a vast concourse of people were shouting?"

"Ay—I do," said the captain, bowing his head and listening.

"And did you not notice how pale and agitated the soldier looked who brought in our breakfast?"

"I did not look at him."

"But I did—and I noticed that he was much moved, too."

After this the two prisoners listened attentively, and while they were thus listening Gonzales Rondo was admitted to their cell.

"Have you heard anything?" the priest asked, after the jailor had withdrawn.

"Yes, good father; and we were listening as you came in. What is it?"

"A large army of United States troops is landing opposite the city, and a heavy fleet of war ships is moored here."

"Ho!" cried the youth, leaping up and clasping his hands. "My deliverance is nigh at hand."

"Do not found too much hope upon that, my son," returned the priest, with a dubious shake of the head. "When peace is declared, then you may come forth from your prison, but I fancy this investment will not bring such an event about, unless after defeat here the Americans choose to capitulate."

"Who commands the American forces?"

"General Winfield Scott, so I have heard."

"Then your city is gone," pronounced Clarence, in a calm, positive tone. "I know Vera Cruz is a strong place—strong when compared with other Mexican places—but it cannot withstand the power of your enemy. Mark me—I know this."

"I cannot agree with you, senor," the priest replied, full as confidently. "Why—even this castle is invulnerable to such a force. No, no—your hope lies not in that direction."

"Very well," returned Clarence, with a smile, "we will not dispute this point now. Only let me say—and I say it with a full knowledge of all the circumstances—if Landero is wise, he will capitulate. If he does not—he will not only lose his city, but a most dreadful carnage must be the result. You know what dreadful scenes must necessarily accompany the besieging of a large and densely populated city."

"I know—I know," said the priest, solemnly. "But 'tis the fate of war. O, why will men in their national capacity do that for which they would hang each other as individuals!"

A long silence followed this utterance. Clarence felt that as a principle his friend's proposition was correct, but an argument on the subject would bring on a consideration of the circumstances under which the war was commenced, and then only national prejudices would be stirred up. However, he at length said:

"Of course all wars must be evil; but yet there may be cases where nothing else will settle the difficulty. Few men are yet so far advanced in the science of peace that they will not appeal to physical force as a last resort to maintain their rights. Nations, you know, have no courts above themselves to decide these things."

"True—true—no courts of their own making," returned Rondo, with a quiet movement of the head. "But they cannot say there is no court where all these things might be fairly adjusted—only they will not acknowledge its efficiency. They forget God's laws."

Clarence merely nodded in reply to this, and then asked if anything more had been heard from Irene.

"Yes," answered the priest. "I heard from her yesterday. She was still in Valladolid, and there she will remain through the spring. She is well, and lives in the hope of seeing you once more."

"Angel!" ejaculated the youth, with his hands clasped. "O, I tell thee, Gonzales Rondo, I shall see her ere many more weeks are past. As sure as fate the American army leave not this place

until the flag of our glorious Union waves from this old castle."

"It may be so, senor. For your sake I could even hope it; but I cannot now."

When the prisoners were left alone again they passed the time in listening to the hum of the distant army. When noon came, Clarence noticed the appearance of the man who brought his dinner. He was pale and trembling.

"What is all this noise we hear in the distance?" asked Clarence, as the soldier was upon the point of turning away.

The man turned and looked the speaker in the face, but he was not used to the dim light, and he could not see the prisoner's face plainly.

"It is an army come to be cut up and driven into the sea," he at length replied, blusteringly.

"Have the Americans come?" the captain asked, honestly.

"Yes. They're fools—or else they're blind."

"They must be," rejoined Clarence, "if they imagine the people here will surrender without fighting. I suppose you are prepared to fight to the death."

"Yes," answered the Mexican, with a ghastly effort to appear bold and determined.

And in a moment more he was gone. And so the day wore away, and when Clarence laid his head upon his hard pillow at night, he could still hear the busy hum that came up from the camp of his countrymen.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DOOR IS UNBARRED.

NIGHT followed day, and day came again, until Clarence had made seventeen marks for the days that had dawned in March. On the morning of the eighteenth he arose as usual, and when the soldier came with the breakfast, he noticed that he was more tremulous than usual, but no questions were asked. At length there came a strange stillness over the city. It seemed an oppressive, deathly silence. But it lasted not long. Soon there came a thunder-crash, and the old castle trembled to its very foundations. Anon the thundering commenced in the city, and ere long the air of the dungeon held the odor of exploding powder.

"The bombardment has commenced," shouted Clarence, clapping his hands. "Ho, my noble boy, our people have opened the ball. As sure as fate this place must fall."

"I hope so," returned Peter.

"But I know it. If the Mexicans are stubborn, they may hold out sometime, but they must come to it after a while."

And now the booming of the heavy artillery was incessant. One continuous roar filled the air, and the old castle shook like a reed hut in a gale. And there came the sound of that sharper, harsher crashing, as the huge shells burst about the place. So passed the long day away, and even into the night the earth shook with the bursting of the shells and rockets.

Thus passed six days, during which the roar of cannon and mortars was almost incessant. On the morning of the seventh day Father Rondo made his appearance. He was pale and wan, and his step was tremulous. He extended his hand, but the salutation was performed in silence.

"Good father," said our hero, "I am glad you have come, for now I can know what is going on. How goes the siege?"

"Alas, my son, it is a fearful work that is being done!" the priest replied, with a shudder. "I have read of wars, and I knew they were dreadful, but I never dreamed of such scenes of horror as have presented themselves to my gaze during the past few days."

"Then the execution in the city is considerable?"

"O! dreadful—dreadful!"

"But how goes it now?" asked Clarence, who had more interest in the probable result, than in the mere work that was going on.

"Our city is one vast slaughter house!" uttered Rondo, with his hands clasped upon his bosom. "Houses are torn in pieces; the ground ploughed up by bursting shells, and the whole city running with the blood of its people! In every street the dead and dying are lying helpless and hopeless, and the agonizing groans sound above the roar of the cannon. One moment I beheld a family—a father and mother, whose heads were white with years, and some half dozen of children who clung to them for safety. On the next moment, I saw a huge shell fall directly in their midst, and in a second of time, the poor creatures were torn in pieces as if by the fangs and claws of some ravenous monster! O, it is too dreadful, even for thought."

"But will not the city surrender?" asked Clarence.

"They must—they must," the priest replied. "Day before yesterday, many of the most wealthy citizens waited upon Landero, and begged of him to capitulate; but he refused. And again, last night, the general was waited upon by many people; but he would not listen. Yet he must come to it. O, he is much to blame now, for if he has sense he must see that he cannot hold out many days more. Some have told me that they can hold out four days; but this morning, one who ought to know told me that two days after this would be the longest. Our people are not only falling fast, but our means are failing; while the besiegers seem as fresh and strong as ever."

Clarence Howard did not say that he was pleased with this prospect, but his countenance told it for him; and if the priest noticed it, of course he could not marvel at it.

"But I cannot remain here long," resumed the visitor, "for the dying sinners are being brought to our church by dozens, and I must be there to help shrive them. I came to speak of Irene. We may never meet again, for under such circumstances as now stand in the way of life here, there is no telling what may transpire ere another sun shall rise. I may fall or I may not be able

to find you after the enemy have entered our city. Irene is in Valladolid, and there she will await your coming. Last evening there came a courier from the capital, and he brought word from Irene. She had heard from me, and sent a reply. And now, if we meet no more, you will make at once for Valladolid as soon as you conveniently can. There you will inquire for Carlos Mendrid. Irene is stopping with him."

After some further remarks upon the events of the siege, the priest took his leave. Hope was now a fixed fact in the young man's soul. He listened to the roar of the guns, and he forgot that people were dying—he only thought of the coming of the hour when his prison door should be thrown open.

Night and day came again—and Clarence placed another mark upon his calendar. It was the twenty-sixth one for March. He had hardly fixed his mark when the firing ceased, and ere long a death-like stillness reigned over the place.

"Hark!" whispered Peter.

"Ay—hark!" shouted Howard, springing back and clasping his hands. "Isn't that a glorious sound?"

It was a shout—a prolonged, thundering shout of victory, that saluted the ears of the prisoners; and it came from the distant army, where the Americans were.

Now the youthful captain was nervous and anxious. Each hour seemed an age, and he longed to greet his brave companions. But time was not moved aside at his prayer, nor could his longings expedite the transactions that were going on without. But the time came at length. When the dungeon had become dark and drear once more, and just as the prisoners had made up their minds that they were to spend another night in the prison, the tramp of heavy feet was heard in the long, arched corridor, and shortly afterwards the heavy door was opened.

"Number one hundred and seven, 'prisoner of war,'" read an officer, who held an open book in his hand. "Now whom have we here?"

"Great God, I thank thee!" ejaculated Clarence, raising his clasped hands towards heaven. "Charley—don't you know me?"

"Eh? What? Whose voice is that?"

"Clarence Howard owned it once."

"Clar—what? Clarence Howard? God bless you, my dear fellow!"

Half a dozen American officers crowded about the spot, and when they knew that the prisoner was in reality the noble commander of the Lone Star, their joy knew no bounds.

The sun was just sinking when Howard emerged into the wide court of the castle, and for a moment a sensation of horror pervaded his soul, for the ghastly evidences of the death-work that had been going on were to be seen upon all sides.

"Suppose you go at once to the general's quarters," said the infantry captain who had released him.

"I should like it," returned Howard.

"Then here—here are some of our boys just bound that way."

Howard was introduced to the new-comers, and they received him with a joy which could not be assumed; and ere long afterwards he was on his way, with Peter by his side. It was nearly dark when he reached the general's quarters, and the old commander-in-chief was too busy to receive him then, so he retired with his new-found friends, and an evening of social enjoyment was passed.

About nine o'clock they started out for a stroll. American sentinels were posted over the city, and order seemed to prevail; but the scene was a sad one. Against the starry sky the jagged walls of battered buildings arose in gloomy rebuke to the invaders, and ever and anon a deep groan would sound forth to tell that some of the poor victims still lived and suffered. The party remained out nearly two hours, and then returned to their quarters for the night.

On the following morning Clarence received a visit from one of the general's orderlies, who bade him wait upon the commander-in-chief at once. Our hero had eaten his breakfast, so he was ready to set out, and he accompanied the messenger back. He found the stout old general with numbers of his staff about him. He arose as the young captain was introduced, and extended his hand.

"Am I right, sir, in looking upon you as the commander of the Texan schooner-of-war which has done so much execution against the enemy?" asked Scott, gazing admiringly into the handsome face of the visitor.

"I am the man, general," replied Clarence, modestly.

"And how came you here?" the old commander asked.

The youth told his story in as few words as possible.

"And besides all this," he added, after he had told of the message he had received from Irene, "I knew that I should gain from the maiden some information of the privateers that had fitted out at this port, as her father knew them all, and had some interest in one or more of them. But I gained nothing, as you already know, save pretty snug winter quarters."

"Well," returned Scott, "you haven't lost much, for there's been nothing of much consequence going on since you were imprisoned until we commenced this bombardment. And now what do you wish to do?"

"I should like to work, but—what are to be your movements?"

"I am for the Mexican capital, captain."

"Then let me go with you. Give me a musket, and let me go."

"We'll do better than that," said the general, with a look of pleasure. "You shall keep me company, and we'll find a commission and a pair of epaulettes for you; by the powers, my dear air, we need such good heads and arms as yours."

It was soon settled that the young officer should go with the army, and take his station near the commander-in-chief, until some

vacancy should occur where his presence should be more needed. During the remainder of the time that the army remained at Vera Cruz, Clarence spent the time very pleasantly with his brother officers. Scott opened the port to the commerce which had been languishing under the blockade, established a moderate tariff, and placed the gallant Worth in command of the city.

Clarence saw Father Rondo several times, but he learned nothing more concerning Irene. One day the youth was in the church to which Rondo was attached, and had been conversing some time upon the subject of Irene and the peculiar circumstances under which she was placed, when his attention was arrested by two men who had been hidden behind one of the massive pillars. They seemed to be natives—Indians; but their movements were suspicious. Clarence was sure that he had seen them several times before, and though he had taken previous notice of them, yet until the present moment he had not thought of their dogging him.

"Do you not see them?" he whispered. "Ah—be careful and make no motion by which they can suspect that we see them."

"I do see them," returned the priest. "They are Indians."

"Or appear to be," suggested the youth.

"But may they not be some who have been engaged to watch you? They appear to be Totonagues—the same as those where Irene and Cassandra stopped. Antonio St. Marc is missing—or, at least, I have not seen him—and may he not have got these fellows to dog your steps?"

"But why should he have done it?" asked Clarence. "I hardly think he would have gone to any such trouble, for surely he can hope to gain nothing by watching me."

"O, I do not say that it is so, only I hinted at the subject so that you might be on your guard. There may be some hope of revenge. At any rate, you had better keep your eyes open. See—they are moving away now, but they cast a very sharp glance at you before they turned away. You had better watch them."

"I will," returned Clarence; and shortly after this he took his leave.

The young officer had not gone a dozen rods from the church, before he saw the two Indians upon the opposite side of the street. He spoke to Peter, who was by his side, and asked him if he saw them.

"Do not stare at them so that they can know that we mistrust them," he said.

"I see them," the boy answered.

"Be sure that you get a good view of them. Examine them so that you will know them again wherever you may see them."

"I have," said the boy. "I shall know them, sir, anywhere, and at any time."

"Very well—we must watch them. If ever you see them, hereafter, about us, let me know."

Peter promised obedience; and in a few moments more the two Indians turned into a narrow alley. As Clarence passed the entrance he saw that they had stopped, and were gazing after him.

CHAPTER XIX.

VICTORY.—A STARTLING DEVELOPMENT.

At length, as April opened with its warmer breath, Scott sent forth the order for which the brave troops had been so impatiently waiting, and the city was alive with the tramp of armed men and the notes of martial music. The American army, not much over ten thousand strong, were starting for the very centre of a great nation. They were to meet and encounter one of the most bold and experienced generals of the age, at the head of troops nearly double their own number, but they quailed not. The very spirit that animated them was as a double self to each particular man, and they went boldly, confidently upon their way. In their leader they saw a man in whose skill and judgment they could fully rely, and while he looked dauntlessly on they feared not to follow. Young Howard had his place in the immediate neighborhood of the commander-in-chief, and he was not long in winning the respect and esteem of all his companions.

Of course there is no need that we should here set down a minute account of the brilliant victories of our army during that march. It is a matter of history so recent that all who care for it must have read it.

First on the way came the stern and rugged pass of Cerro Gordo, where the Mexican army, under Santa Anna in person, was drawn up to dispute the passage of our troops. Nature had fortified it. On one hand dashed a torrent down through a deep ravine, and upon the other arose the abrupt and seemingly impassable mountains. But the stout place fell before the iron crash of Yankee steel, and the doughty Mexican fled like a frightened child. The Cerro was passed, and with souls burning for another meeting, our troops pushed on.

General Worth moved on in advance towards Puebla, and met the enemy at Amozuque. After a sharp conflict he routed them completely, and when he reached Puebla that city surrendered without resistance, and shortly afterwards Scott joined him there. The heart of Clarence sank when he learned that the army were likely to remain at Puebla for some time. Negotiations were to be opened between the two countries, and hence active hostilities ceased for the while. At first the impatient youth held the thought of pushing on alone, but it was a wild, fugitive thought, and he quickly came back to reason.

One day, while Clarence was sitting alone in one of the apartments of the house where he had taken up his quarters, his boy Peter entered with a look of more than ordinary import upon his countenance.

"What is it?" asked our hero, as he noticed Peter looking around as though to assure himself that no one else was present.

"Don't you remember those two Indians that you pointed out to me at Vera Cruz?" the boy returned.

"Ay—certainly," replied Clarence, eagerly.

"Well, they are here in Puebla. I have seen them to-day."

"May you not have been mistaken?"

"No, sir," uttered Peter, confidently. "I know what I have seen. I have seen those same two Indians."

"Then be on the lookout for them. I wish—but it may not be too late now. You can lead me to the spot where you saw them?"

"Yes, sir. It was not far from here."

"Then come!" cried Clarence, seizing his hat and sword, and slipping his revolver into his bosom. "By my soul, I'll arrest them if I see them; and then we'll find out who they are."

So Clarence and his boy went out—but though they searched for a long while, yet they could see nothing of the two Indians. The captain felt very sure that his boy was mistaken, but Peter was so prompt and energetic in his assurance that he could not dispute him. However, he felt sure of one thing; if the two Totonagues had come thus far, they would be likely to show themselves again; and he was determined to apprehend them on the first opportunity.

At last the heart of our hero was made glad by the announcement, on the seventh of August, that the army was to move on. The bugle sounded once more, and again the impatient men commenced the tramp. Who, that has ever heard the account, can forget the brilliant passage at Contreras on the twentieth of August? History does not record a more wondrous victory than the one our noble soldiers gained here. The American eagle soared aloft over the hordes of Mexico, and the day was won against such odds as would have made many a stout general quail and falter.

Immediately afterwards followed the battle of Churubusco, where Santa Anna commanded in person, and where he had opportunity to employ his whole force. The American army had many natural difficulties to encounter; but with a confident impetuosity that was irresistible, they swept into the valley, and after a sharp engagement the day was won. The Mexicans fled in wild dismay, and sought shelter in the strongly fortified places in and about their capital.

And now followed another armistice. Scott gave the Mexican general another opportunity for peace. But ere long it was evident that Santa Anna was playing the traitor; and when it was fully proved that he was employing the time of the armistice only in treachery, Scott gave the order for the capture of the great city.

Then followed the brilliant feats at the Molino del Rey, and at the Casta Mata. These strongholds were captured, and then our army swept on to the hill and castle of Chapultepec. This was on the twelfth and thirteenth of September; and though here, at the last stand-point, the Mexicans fought with all the bravery and recklessness of despair, and though they outnumbered our forces two to one, yet they were routed—horse, foot, and all; and the most valuable of all the munitions of the nation were left in the hands of the victors.

On swept the noble army to the city. During the night Santa Anna fled in the carriage of a friend to Guadalupe Hidalgo, and at midnight the rest of the officers and troops commenced their flight to the north. On the following morning the American army marched into the city, and over the ancient halls of the Montezumas waved the stars and stripes of our glorious republic. It was a strange hour for the victors, and no wonder that they should feel a proud emotion as they reflected upon the work they had performed, and beheld the consummation of their patriotic endeavors.

On the sixth day after entering the Mexican capital, Peter hastened to his master's presence and informed him that he had seen the two Indians who had been pointed out to him in Vera Cruz. Clarence hastened out with him, but nothing more of the Indians could be seen.

"My dear boy," said Clarence, after they had wandered through two or three squares, "I do not like to dispute you, but are you sure you saw those men?"

"Just as sure as I am that I'm alive," was the boy's confident answer. "I saw them pass our quarters this morning, though at that time I was not sure. But I followed them as quickly as possible, and when I got near enough I knew them. I was not deceived, sir; you may rest assured of that. They were watching your house very narrowly when I first saw them."

"It is strange," murmured Clarence, to himself. "I cannot imagine what they are up to."

"Of course I cannot," returned Peter, "unless—"

"Unless what?" inquired Clarence, as the boy hesitated.

"Why—I have thought that some one might have sent them to follow you, thinking that you would find Irene at the end of your journey."

The young man started at this. The thought had not before entered his mind.

"There are some who would gladly know where the maiden is, I suppose," the boy added, as his master did not speak.

"Certainly there are," answered Clarence.

"And I suppose these two Indians to be chief among them."

"The Indians?" uttered Clarence, in surprise. "Why—what should they want with Irene, unless they have been hired to find her?"

Peter gazed into his master's face with a look of wonderment.

"Why did you bid me watch those two Indians?" he asked, at length, in a strange tone.

"Because I wanted to find out, if possible, why they followed me."

"But don't you remember, at Vera Cruz, you bade me look at them so as to be sure that I might know them again?"

"Certainly," answered Clarence.

"Well—what did you mean?" the boy asked, in the same peculiar tone.

"What did I mean? Was not my meaning evident?"

"I thought it was at the time, but I am led now to think I was mistaken."

"What do you mean, Peter?"

"Why—when you first told me to look at those men, so that I might know them again, did you not know who they were?"

Clarence gazed into the face of his boy, and a strange gleaming was visible upon his countenance.

"I saw two Indians, Peter; and from their manner I was led to fear that they had been employed to dog me. I knew they looked like those whom the priest had pointed out as Totonagues, and I also knew that those were the ones with whom Irene had stopped awhile near Vera Cruz. Now what more did you see?"

"Why, sir—I simply saw that Antonio St. Marc and Martin San Benito had assumed the disguises of Indians, and were watching your movements."

"Peter—"

"Did you not know them, sir?"

"Know them? By my soul, no!"

"Why—I knew them the moment I put my eyes upon them, and I thought, from the way you spoke, that you knew them, too."

"By all the powers of heaven!" uttered Clarence, his face showing that light was breaking in upon him, "I do remember now those features. As sure as fate, you are right."

"Of course I am; and I felt sure that you knew them, and that 'twas for that reason you called my attention to them."

"And now," said the captain, after some moments of thought, "of course their meaning is plain. They have discovered that I know where Irene is, and they mean to follow me. But I'll give them the slip here. By my soul, if they find out when I leave this city they must have keener wit than I am willing to give them credit for. But keep your eyes open. We will have them arrested if possible."

Peter promised once more to be faithful in this, and then the subject was dropped for awhile. Our hero had now but one fear; and that was, that St. Marc might mistrust where Irene was, and thus steal the march on him. After all was quiet in the captured city, Clarence went to General Scott and obtained his discharge from further service. He then took leave of those officers with whom he had held the most friendly intercourse, and after this he prepared for his departure. He obtained the dress of a Mexican haciendado, and a common attendant's garb for Peter, and having got all the necessary trappings for his horse, he was prepared to start.

It was on the midnight of Sunday that Clarence Howard and his boy started. They had gone to a house at some distance from their usual quarters, and thither their horses were taken by two of their friends. It was a bright, starlight night, and the air was cool and balmy. They had procured two noble horses, and with high hopes they passed out through the city gate and struck off to the westward. The road was wide and plain, and the way direct.

"I think we have given them the slip now," said Peter, as they rode along over the even road.

"I hope so," returned Clarence.

But he spoke dubiously, for the old fear was upon him. He knew that St. Marc was acquainted in Valladolid, and he felt that 'twould be nothing strange for the unnatural father to push on for that city, even though it was only for a visit. But he feared that by this time that evil man might have gained some clue to his child's whereabouts. The thought gave him pain, and he put his horse swiftly over the road.

CHAPTER XX.

THE VEIL IS LIFTED FROM THE TOTONAQUES.

In a small mansion, in the western part of the city of Valladolid, Irene St. Marc had found a home. The owner was a merchant named Carlos Mendrid, an elderly man, in independent circumstances, and possessed of a kind and generous heart. Calypso had introduced the maiden there, and there she had found a warm welcome.

It was at the close of a warm and pleasant day that Irene and Cassandra sat together in their chamber. Irene looked beautiful now. Her health was unimpaired, and a pensive, thoughtful expression dwelt upon her handsome features. She was not sad, for a strong hope gave her courage. Only the day before she had learned that the American army had taken the capital, and that Clarence Howard was among the officers who accompanied the victorious general. This piece of intelligence had been brought by Calypso, who had been very near the capital, and who had received her information from some officer whom she saw at one of the haciendas not many miles distant from the city.

"I should think he would come soon," Irene said, gazing hopefully into her companion's face.

"Of course he will," returned Cassandra. "I suppose he has some duties to perform before he can leave the army."

"But you think there is no doubt that he is with the army."

"Why—Calypso says he is; and I suppose her information was direct."

"And yet," said Irene, with a shudder, "he had many dangers to pass through."

"Yes," replied Cassandra.

"I hope Calypso's information was correct."

"I am sure it was, my mistress."

"And I do not think Calypso would deceive me."

"I think not."

Thus had Irene spoken many times since she had received the intelligence of her lover's arrival at the capital. Even the slightest assurance from her companion seemed to give her comfort, and she thus introduced the subject that those assurances might be given. Her highest hope of earth was to see Clarence Howard. Every thought of joy in the future was centered in him, and the holiest love of her soul was his. The long days of gloom that had passed threw all her joys into the future, and thus her very lifetime of peace hung upon the hopes she now cherished. If she had a doubt it was of the real intent of Calypso. That strange woman had seemingly been very kind, and of course Irene was very grateful, but still she felt at times a secret fear that all was not right.

"I'm sure," said Cassandra, as her mistress hinted at some of her doubts, "you have no reason to doubt so noble a being. See what she has done for you; she has led you from danger to safety, and she has procured for you a home from which you could not find a better."

"I know it—I know it all," returned Irene, "but yet I cannot help these feelings. Why will she not let me love her? Something draws me towards her—my deep gratitude, it is—and yet she repulses me. And then why will she not tell me who and what she is?"

"Ah, my dear mistress, when people are doing so much for us, it is hardly generous to blame them for what they do not do. O, as sure as you live, that strange woman loves you dearly."

"Do you think so?" Irene asked, earnestly.

"I am sure of it."

"Well—I think she does. At any rate, I love her."

At this juncture a woman entered the room and informed Irene that there were two Indians below who wished to see her.

"Of what people are they?" the maiden asked.

"The Totonagues, I think," the woman answered. "One of them says he knows you, and that you stopped awhile beneath his roof last summer."

"It must be good Jacar Xanpa," cried Irene, starting to her feet. "Don't you think so, Cassandra?"

"I don't see who else it can be," was the girl's reply.

"It must be. Come, Cassandra, you shall go down with me."

So the two girls followed their hostess down stairs, and in the front room they found the two Indians. Irene gazed into the face of the man nearest to her, and at first she thought she had never seen the swarthy features before; but in a moment more she detected something natural in the countenance.

"Did you seek me?" she asked, timidly, wondering if they had not come to bring her some word of Clarence.

"Ay, Irene—we have sought you for a long while," the man replied.

The maiden started at the sound of that voice, and upon the next moment she could see beneath the artificial darkness of the skin. She staggered back and grasped the back of a chair for support, and her face had turned as pale as marble. Cassandra seemed to have discovered the truth at the same time, for she uttered a low, quick cry, and started back.

"You know me, eh?" spoke the visitor, in a sarcastic tone.

"O, God have mercy!" gasped Irene, now sinking into the chair, and covering her face with her hands.

"And I have found you at last, have I? You did very wrong to run away from your father."

As the man thus spoke, he advanced and placed his hand upon Irene's head. But she shrank from him as though he had been a serpent.

"Don't touch me!" she groaned, in bitter agony. "O, leave me, and let me be alone."

"No, no," returned St. Marc—for he it was—"I have not come all this way for you, only to give you up again. I have a purpose in this visit which must be answered; so you must not ask me to leave you again."

"O, what evil spirit led you hither to curse me more?" the poor girl uttered, clasping her hands and looking into the man's face.

"Perhaps you wonder how I found you," returned St. Marc; "but it was a very easy matter. I knew that a priest in Vera Cruz received word from you, and that it was conveyed to Captain Howard, in prison. So I knew this same Howard would seek you. I followed him as far as the Mexican capital, and my own instincts led me the rest of the way. And it seems I was not mistaken. You see our mutual friend, San Benito, has come with me."

Irene looked up, and she recognized the man, and as she did so the last ray of hope left her soul, for she knew of no power in Mexico which could take a child from its parent.

"Come," said St. Marc, again advancing and placing his hand upon her shoulder, "you will go with me now. I have engaged good quarters for you."

"No! no!" shrieked the maiden, darting away to Cassandra's side. "O, you shall not take me! Help! help! O, help!"

Ere St. Marc could place his hand upon the girl again, the door of the room was thrown open, and Mendrid rushed in.

"What is all this?" he cried, as he stopped and gazed around upon those present. "Why are you here?" he added, looking into the face of him whom he supposed to be an Indian.

"Easy, señor—easy," returned St. Marc. "I found my purpose better answered by assuming this disguise when I set out in search of my daughter. Perhaps you don't recognize Antonio St. Marc in this disguise?"

"St. Marc!" uttered the old man, in surprise.

"You know me now, I trust," said the visitor, removing his cap, and taking the wig of long, coarse hair from his head.

"I do," the merchant returned, in a sad, disappointed tone.

"And I suppose now you will offer no resistance to my taking my child with me?"

At this moment Irene rushed forward and knelt at Mendrid's feet.

"Save me! save me!" she cried, in frantic tones.

"Sénor," spoke St. Marc, ere the old man could answer the maiden, "my child left me about a year ago, and from that time to the present I have searched for her without ceasing. Now I have found her, and under the laws, and in the name, of my country, I claim her. Of course you will not force me to extreme measures."

"O, save me—save!" groaned Irene.

"Arise, my child," spoke the old man, at the same time lifting the maiden from the ground; he spoke tremulously, and there were tears in his eyes. "You know I would help you if I could, but in this I can do nothing. Your father claims you, and against his claim no power in the nation can avail you."

"Now, Irene," said St. Marc, advancing to her side once more, "you see how the matter stands, and I trust you will be wise. At all events," he added, bending upon her a look of savage import, "you will not find it for your interest to break from me again."

"Thus fades hope away!" the poor girl uttered, and as the words left her lips she would have sunk down had not her father held her up.

"Come," St. Marc said, addressing Cassandra, "you had better follow your mistress." And then turning to San Benito, he added: "Come—we'll take her before she knows enough to parley with me any more here. Hurry out and find a carriage of some sort as soon as possible."

San Benito hurried out and had the good fortune to find a carriage just passing. He hailed the driver, and in a few moments more the insensible form of Irene was lifted in. When our heroine came to herself she found Cassandra bending over her.

"Have I dreamed?" she whispered, shuddering fearfully as she spoke.

"Look up—look up," Cassandra returned. "Alas! I cannot even weep for you!"

Irene started up and gazed around. She found herself in a well furnished apartment, but differently furnished from any she was ever in before. In a few moments the whole dread truth came back to her mind; and as soon as she remembered all, she sunk back upon the sofa and groaned in bitterest anguish.

In a few moments more St. Marc came in. He had probably heard the voices, and knew that Irene had recovered. She sat up as he entered, and would have fallen at his feet, but he detected the symptoms of her movement, and waved her back.

"My child," he said, "you know all that has passed, so I shall have only to tell you of the future. You know Martin San Benito. You know he has long been one of my warmest friends, and that, but for my solemn pledge to Jilok Tudel, I should have given him your hand ere this. But I am now released from all pledges to Tudel, and can hence bestow this mark of my esteem upon San Benito. You will become his wife ere we leave this place. Now mark me; this is fixed, and it cannot be altered."

A few moments Irene sat and gazed her father in the face, and then she clasped her hands.

"In the name of God all just and merciful," she cried, "I beseech you to spare me. Look upon me, my father, and see me here weak and defenceless. How have I ever harmed you, or how wronged you, that you should thus curse the morn of my life? O, spare me! Spare me this dread blow, and I'll bless thee while life lasts!"

"Irene," returned the man, very coolly and calmly—like the breath of a still morning in winter—"you have plead all you need to plead. You have escaped me once, and thereby threw me into a scrape from which I narrowly escaped with my life; but you cannot escape me again. I am determined now. Ay—were all the prayers of all the saints at this moment presented to me in behalf of your request they would not move me an atom. You will be married to San Benito to-morrow. I am determined not to hold you long; and if you escape again it must be from the hands of your husband, and not mine."

"And must it be to-morrow?" the maiden murmured.

"As sure as to-morrow comes, it shall."

"No hope! no mercy!"

"Yes—both. If you will be wise, as I am, and take the things of earth as they come, you'll have hope and mercy enough."

"I would die now! O, great God of endless life, let me die now!"

So the poor girl murmured, with head bowed and her hands clasped. She did not speak it for the man before her, but only for her God.

"I won't disturb you more now, my child. It is growing late, and you may like to be alone. But remember—you become a wife to-morrow, just as sure as the sun rises again!"

And with these words, Antonio St. Marc left the room. When he was gone Irene threw herself upon Cassandra's bosom and groaned aloud. She could not weep now. The shock was too deep—too dreadful. And what could her faithful companion say to comfort her? She could only point to Heaven.

"O, Clarence! Clarence!" murmured the stricken one, "where art thou now? O, God! shall I not see thee once more ere the frail and brittle cup of life passes from me?"

A few moments after this the maiden remained quiet, and then looking up into Cassandra's face, she said:

"And Calypso—where is she?"

"I think she went out to meet Captain Howard," returned the girl. "She did not say so, exactly, when she went away, but I

thought from what she did say that she feared he might not know exactly which way to turn, so she went out to meet him."

"O, I wish she were here; I think even she might help me."

"Then let us hope that she may come. Ay—that they both may come."

"But to-morrow, Cassandra—O, to-morrow!"

"I know; but between now and then a smart horse might easily travel from here to the capital. Ay—Buonevedeo came from the capital to this place in ten hours upon only one horse—leaving there at midnight, and reaching here at ten o'clock on the next day."

"O, if I dared to hope! But alas! what can they do if they come?"

This was a question Cassandra could not answer; so her foundation for hope was blown to the winds.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

A SHROUD OF GOLD.

Hon. Thomas Ewbank, of Washington, late commissioner of patents, communicates to the National Intelligencer, some interesting information in regard to recent discoveries in the excavation of Peruvian tumuli. The information was received by Mr. Ewbank from W. W. Evans, Esq., engineer of the Arica and Tacna Railroad in Peru. Mr. Evans states that in making excavations for the railroad at Arica, hundreds of graves are demolished, in which are numerous Indian relics. The excavations are seventy feet deep, and as the soil is loose sand, as the work proceeds, everything from the top comes sliding down—dead Indians, pots, kettles, arrow heads, etc. Among other interesting mortuary relics, an Indian was started out of his resting place, *rolled up in a shroud of gold*. Before Mr. Evans had knowledge of the incident, the workmen had cut up this magnificent winding sheet and divided it among themselves. With some difficulty Mr. Evans obtained a fragment and despatched it to Mr. Ewbank. Mr. Evans notices, as a remarkable fact, that in hundreds of Indian skulls which he has examined, not one has contained a decayed tooth. Mr. Ewbank thinks the weight of the entire shroud must have been eight or nine pounds, and had it been preserved, would have been the finest specimen of sheet gold that we have heard of since the times of the Spanish conquest.

In some eloquent remarks upon the preservation of souvenirs of the departed, and the futility of attempting to secure the great dead from contact with their native earth, Mr. Ewbank says it is the form or features, and not the body or substance, of the dead, that should be preserved, and adds: "The mummies of Egypt are quarried for fuel, and whether those of the Pharaohs, their wives, their priests, or their slaves, are chopped open and split up with the same indifference as so many pine logs. The gums and balsams used for embalming them have made them a good substitute for bituminous coal; and thus the very means employed to preserve them have become the active agents of their dissipation. So it is when the materials of coffins have a high marked value; they are then seized as concealed treasures, and their contents cast out as rubbish. Like heroes in the Eastern hemisphere, the descendants of Manco Capac were sometimes, if not always, entombed in such, and with considerable treasure besides in vessels of gold and silver; hence we learn how the Spanish conquerors sought for, often found, and as often plundered rich Incan sepulchres.—*Christian Freeman*."

SUPERSTITION ABOUT STORMS.

Caverns were supposed by the Romans to be secure places of refuge during thunder storms, and they believed that lightning never penetrated more than two yards into the earth. Acting on this superstition, the Emperor Augustus used to withdraw into some deep vault of the palace, whenever a tempest was feared, and it is recorded by Suetonius, that he always wore a skin of seal around his body, against lightning. That both precautions were equally unavailing, needs scarcely to be mentioned. Lightning has been known to strike ten feet into the earth; but not even the marvellous accuracy of modern science can determine at what distance from the surface a safe retreat may be found from the descending fluid; and even were this ascertained, the dangers from ascending electric currents remain the same. With regard to seal skins, we find that the Romans attached so much faith to them as non-conductors, that tents were made of them, beneath which the timid used to take refuge. It is a somewhat curious fact, that in the neighborhood of Mount Cevennes, in the Languedoc, where anciently some Roman colonies were known to have existed, the shepherds cherish a similar superstition respecting the skins of serpents. These they carefully collect, and having covered their hats withal, believe themselves secure against the dangers of the storm. M. Labossiere is disposed to see a link of interesting analogy between the legend which yet lingers in the mind of the peasant of Cevennes and the more costly superstition held in reverence by his Latin ancestors. The emperors of Japan retire into a deep grotto during the tempests which rage in such severity in their latitude; but, not satisfied with the profundity of the excavation, or the strength of the stones of which it is built, they complete their precautions by having a reservoir of water sunk in their retreat. The water is intended to extinguish the lightning—a measure equally futile, since many instances have been preserved in which the fluid has fallen upon the water with the same destructive effect as upon land.—*Scientific Annals*.

MAGNETIC MASKS.

Among the various useful purposes to which magnetism has been applied, the following is not the least serviceable or singular. In needle factories, the workmen who point the needles are constantly exposed to excessively minute particles of steel, which fly from the grindstone and mix, though imperceptible to the eye, as the finest dust in the air, and are imbibed with the breath. The effect is scarcely noticed on a short exposure, but being constantly repeated every day, it produces a constitutional irritation, dependent on the tonic properties of the steel, which is sure to terminate in pulmonary consumption. Persons employed in this business used scarcely ever to attain the age of forty years. In vain was it attempted to purify the air before its entry to the lungs, by gauze or linen guards; but the dust was too fine and penetrating to be obstructed by such coarse expedients. At length some ingenious person bethought him of that wonderful power which every child who has reached for its mother's needle with a magnet, is well acquainted with. Masks of magnetized steel wire are now constructed and adapted to the faces of the workmen. By these, the air is not merely strained, but searched in its passage through them, and each obnoxious atom arrested and removed.—*Baltimore Clipper*.

ORIENTAL AND EUROPEAN ARCHITECTURE

The first of the series of pretty sketches on this page exhibits an interesting street scene in Benares, Hindustan. It is a square surrounded by mosques and other buildings, whose peculiar architecture—pointed arches, spires and domes produce a singular effect. In the centre is a large circular platform. A procession of Orientals in their picturesque costume, is entering upon the square. The curious observer will note, in the features of this scene, how close a relationship the Mohammedan bears to the Byzantine style of architecture. The remarkable position occupied by Constantinople, being at the extreme southeast corner of Europe, has for ages made it a sort of transition spot between Europe and Asia. From the time it was founded by Constantine, this city has always exerted a good deal of influence on surrounding countries, and this influence was still greater when the Byzantine empire was at its height. Persia is one of the countries that felt this influence. Even before the time of Mohammed, when the Persians were fire-worshippers, they still looked up to Christian Constantinople for much of their literature and art. Greek industry, science and even education were sought for in Persia; and among other things, the architecture of the Byzantine capital did not fail to exert an influence. It is believed, on the other hand, that some of the minor details of Persian architecture were adopted at Constantinople, and that the Byzantine style was in part made up of it. When Persia became a Mohammedan country, it borrowed from Constantinople many of the architectural features of its mosques. There is at Ispahan a mosque, supposed to have been built two or three centuries after the time of Mohammed, in which there is a central dome more than a hundred feet in diameter, and other domes of smaller

proceeded to promulgate their religion by the edge of the sword, the Arabians or Saracens, were brought into contact with nations more polished than themselves; and this intercourse showed its consequences in architecture and other things. When the sovereignty of the caliphs was established, they sought the aid of all the science and art which Constantinople—still a Christian city—could afford. Astronomers, mathematicians, linguists, grammarians, physicians, architects—all were invited from Constantinople to settle in the Saracenic cities, and all seem to have been received in a very liberal spirit. Even when a Mohammedan dynasty had been established in Spain, so far from the central seat of empire, a Byzantine architect was employed in the construction of some of the buildings of Cordova. Mr. Hope has traced and pointed out the characters in Mohammedan architecture as following those previously adopted at Constantinople. After alluding to the wide extent of kingdoms and countries between India and Spain, he says: "While in some of the various and distant countries here named we observe, previous to the adoption of Islamism, the slightest approach to those inventions, the pride and stay of architecture—the arch and the cupola—in all of them alike, in the very first settling in them of Mohammedans, we see these noble features immediately appearing, from the application of Greek skill, in the full maturity of form they had attained among themselves. Indeed, in every Moslem dominion which continued to flourish during a sufficient period, we ever see the arch and the vault keep pace in their further developments and changes with those which they experienced at the fountain-head; as the pointed, the depressed, the scalloped, nay, the horse-shoe arch, successively gained favor at Constantinople and the rest of the Greek em-



STREET SCENE IN HINDOSTAN.



RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL AT MOSCOW.

size—all presenting that low, spreading form which distinguished the domes of Santa Sophia. The later buildings of Ispahan exhibit in like manner the later Byzantine features of pointed arcades and elongated cupolas. When we go further east, and examine the Mohammedan buildings of India, we see that they also present those marked features which had their origin in Constantinople; altered, indeed, in many points, so as to lose a good deal of their resemblance, but still fundamentally the same. The Moguls carried the Mohammedan faith into India, and with it the established mode of building mosques and other structures, in which arches and cupolas of most varied form were adopted. It is impossible to look at a representation of Indian buildings without appreciating this general resemblance. The Hindoo inhabitants of India have in some cases adopted a few of these features as our engraving of the street conclusively shows. With regard to China, the fantastic roofs of their buildings may, at a first glance, deceive the eye into the belief that the same model has been copied. In Arabia, the birthplace of Mohammedanism, until the time of the prophet, the Arabs had made but small progress in civilization; so much of their country is occupied by desert, that the tents of a roving tribe have been always the chief homes among them; while the inhabitants of towns, in the more hospitable regions, contented themselves with a very humble and even mean sort of structure. When, however, Mohammed and his successors took arms and

pire; and thence, also, in the cities of Italy connected with that empire by trade or vassalage, each successively prevailed. In like manner, in the various regions under Mohammedan rule, and throughout India, Persia, Syria, Egypt, Africa and Spain; at Agra, at Ispahan, at Damascus, at Cairo, at Tripoli, at Tunis, at Fez and at Grenada; in mosques and in medrasses, in palaces and pavilions, in bazaars and in bridges, in the sepulchre of Mohammed at Mecca, as in the tomb of the Holy Virgin at Jerusalem, or the Hall of Saladin in Cairo, we already find the arch, not only with the double curve forming the ogive sharpness in the centre, but the low spreading at the sides, which we consider in the north of Europe as the last modification of the pointed style. This ogive arch seems very early to have become, and lately to have remained, with the Mohammedans of India an almost exclusive favorite. In Spain, on the other hand, the horse-shoe arch became the universal favorite, was employed in all the later Moorish buildings, and from thence became imitated still later, by the Christians in their neighborhood." The RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL at Moscow, delineated in the second engraving on this page, is an example of the extent of the influence of the Byzantine architecture. It is a curious mass of domes and spires, elaborately ornamented, and notwithstanding its quaintness, produces a striking effect. It stands in a very conspicuous position, and everything has been done to enhance its impressiveness. It is certainly one of the most

remarkable buildings in Moscow. It is known by the names of the Cathedral of Basil, the Cathedral of the Virgin Mary, and the Pokrovsky Cathedral; the two latter names being nearly equivalent. In every respect it is a singular structure, both from the fantastic group of bulbous domes it presents, and the arrangements of the chapels within it. It was built in the year 1554, repaired at sundry times afterwards, greatly injured by the fire of Moscow, in 1812, and completely restored a few years afterwards. The foundation of this building is an oblong square, from the centre of which rises a lofty, octagonal tower, surmounted by a small dome, a gilt ball and a cross. Around this central tower arise eight others, all decorated profusely with domes, balls and crosses; and all exhibiting a singular arrangement of chains hanging down to the dome beneath it. At the northeast corner is a large, low dome; and at one of the other corners a small pyramidal belfry or steeple stands detached. Two entrances to the building are placed at the north and the south, by covered staircases having small spires. All the domes are painted the brightest and most vivid colors, each one differing from all the others; some with a network of green upon a yellow ground—some with alternate red and white stripes, and some gilt. It is customary for pious individuals to bequeath sums of money for the repainting of this building so that it is always kept up in a gorgeous and showy state. The interior is arranged in a very curious way. It consists of or contains twenty-one small chapels, which the Russians dignify with the name of

churches, or even cathedrals. Eleven of these chapels are on the ground floor, and the remaining ten are on a floor above them, on a level with the bases of all the towers; the hollow base of each one of the ten towers forming a chapel. Light is admitted to these upper chapels through long, narrow windows in the towers themselves. The interior of the central and largest tower forms the "cathedral church," ridiculously small when compared with those buildings which we are in the habit of designating cathedrals. The RUSSO-GREEK CHURCH at Bucharest, Wallachia, the subject of our last engraving, is a somewhat peculiar structure. It is comparatively modern, is appropriated to the Greek form of Christian worship, and is to that extent, Byzantine. The building itself exhibits some remarkable features, especially that of three steeples, which have a very Oriental character about them; but the church, taken as a whole, is not a uniform example of any one style. The bell in the foreground is of very large dimensions. Down to the fifteenth century, when the Byzantine empire was finally extinguished, all the Russian churches were built by architects from Constantinople, but after this, the Italian and other architects engrafted other features on the Byzantine, still retaining, however, the general character of the latter. The Greek cross, with the square centre, the cupola over this centre, the smaller cupolas over the side recesses, the tall minarets—these were retained; but the semi-circular form of the cupola gave way to a bulbous form, such as we have noted as peculiarly characterizing Mohammedan mosques.



RUSSO-GREEK CHURCH AT BUCHAREST, WALLACHIA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MINSTREL'S REPLY

TO BYRON'S "MY SOUL IS DARK."

BY CHARLES W. STEVENS.

O, cheer thee now. My harp I'll string,
Till every chord shall dance, and thrill
Responsive to thy tearful spring.
Its "melting murmurs" soon shall still
The storm of passions surging o'er
Thy clouded brain. Its witching spell
With fairy forms thy hopes shall store,
Till thou shalt whisper: "All is well."

But weird and plaintive shall ring out
Elegiac strains for sorrow's dead;
The gay and jocund I will rout—
They'll blush at their light, wanton tread.
Like April showers, thou now may'st weep,
Till clouds disperse—till dimpled beams
Adown the haze of gloom shall creep—
Thy spirit cheer with joyous streams.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MRS. LITTLE'S PIANO.

BY M. E. ROBINSON.

MRS. LITTLE had a home, a husband and a baby,—a pleasant home, a good husband and a pretty baby. But Mrs. Little was not happy. "What more would she have?" queries a contented matron, with four small daguerreotypes of herself, and only one room, and that a hired one, to put them in. "She doesn't appreciate her husband—poor man!" sighs a forlorn-looking single lady of thirty-five, with no matrimonial prospects. "A baby, and not happy!" exclaimed a young wife, in a tone of extreme surprise. "What *did* she need to complete her happiness?" asks an acid old bachelor, rather impatiently. "A new French hat, a *moire antique*, a velvet Talma, a gold watch, a set of cameos, a tapestry carpet, some lace curtains, or a trip to Saratoga this summer, I'll warrant. Women are very much like children: give them plenty of fine things to look at, and they are satisfied till they think of something else they need." My dear sir, you are at fault this time; Mrs. Little wanted—a piano!—not a diminutive, wheezy, slender-legged piece of mechanism, but a large, substantial-looking, nicely-carved, fine-toned, seven-octaved instrument—one capable of producing an impression at first sight.

In her working hours, Mrs. Little heard (in imagination) majestic marches, ravishing waltzes, inspiring polkas, enchanting quicksteps and exquisite operas, whose notes died away in her ears like heavenly echoes. In her dreams, she saw immense quantities of beautifully-polished rosewood and numberless squares of black and white ivory, which danced fantastically up and down before her like things of life. Music was her theme by day and her meditation by night, until she fell asleep. The science of harmony had, in her case, she was sure, been shamefully neglected, the art of combining sweet sounds not having made a part of her education. Yet the efforts of the present might atone for the defects of the past; and so she told Mr. Little, who had the temerity to smile at the remark.

"You don't believe it?" she interrogated.

"Pardon me, my dear; I was thinking at the moment that you made a mistake in not marrying one of those hirsute individuals with bald heads and spectacles, who preside over fiddles, flutes and *furors*, in concert-rooms."

"Please don't laugh at me, Ralph. I am really in earnest about having a piano. You can afford it, I know; and then I so seldom ask for anything new," pursued the fair solicitor.

"I know it, Jenny; your wishes are usually very reasonable, but in this instance they seem to have suddenly taken such a high flight that I fear my purse will be left far in the rear."

"Nonsense! Husbands always plead poverty when they expect a draft on their pockets. Now I happen to know that you have money laid by which is doing no one any good. Put it into a good piano, and then we shall have a handsome piece of furniture, as well as something to amuse me when you are gone on those long journeys."

"The four hundred dollars you speak of I have put by to invest in a project, which, if successful (and I do not doubt its success), will more than double my money in a few months. Come, Jenny; be frank, and own that will be much better than the purchase of wire, rosewood and ivory, with an indefinite amount of noise."

"I haven't any faith in projects," pouted Mrs. Little. "They always fail. I would as soon trust soap bubbles!"

Ralph commenced whistling "Pop goes the Weasel."

"There! I could soon learn to play that, and wouldn't it be grand to have an accompaniment when you sing!" she exclaimed, brightening.

Ralph stopped whistling.

"But you have no ear, Jenny—"

"No ears, Mr. Little!"

"No correct idea of harmony, I mean," he explained, in a voice quivering with suppressed mirth. "Forgive the supposition, but I do not believe you could play the simplest air, properly, after six months practice."

Jenny pouted again. Her musical abilities were not rated high, certainly. That husband of hers was not inclined to be complimentary.

"But I could learn—couldn't I? What prevents me from developing the little talent I have?" she added, a moment after.

"Don't be absurd, my dear. You dance like an Ellsler, paint like a Raphael, can make reasonable rhyme, and are as handsome as you could possibly be. If you had any more accomplishments and graces, you would be so far above me that affinity between us would be quite out of the question. Think better of it, Jenny."

Mrs. Little's gaitered foot started off in an *allegro* movement, while her fingers slipped a gold circlet round and round. Ralph's jesting was harder to conquer than decided opposition.

"If we had a grown-up daughter now," resumed Ralph, "why, there might be some reason in—"

"But we've got one growing up—haven't we? In six or seven years she'll be old enough to take lessons, and long before that time, I shall be competent to instruct her myself. So we shall actually save all her tuition—two or three hundred dollars, perhaps,—by purchasing an instrument now. *That*, you can't deny, will be an object," concluded Mrs. Little, with revived courage.

Though this last view of the case provoked something more than a smile from the owner of the four hundred dollars, he did not think proper to argue it; and when his pretty wife received his parting kiss, she was as sure of having a piano, eventually, as though she had seen it coming in through the front door.

The powers that be, however, were not easily won over, though Mrs. Little carried on the siege of persuasion with unflagging perseverance. She beset the enemy at all points, in every practicable way—crying, coaxing and caressing by turns. Ralph was not made of adamant, nor proof against such importunity. He was a good-natured, obliging man, and wanted to see his young wife happy; but he did not think the possession of a piano would make her so, for the simple reason that she had not sufficient musical ability to enable her to become a proficient, or even a passable performer. He knew that we have not all the same gifts, and that it is idle to attempt to force nature against her inclinations. Of this philosophy his wife was lamentably ignorant; its workings were to her a mystery—to be solved only by experience.

Mrs. Little would not listen to a compromise of the matter by hiring. No—she must own an instrument; feel that she was sole proprietor of an elegant piano, or else didn't want any. Nobody hired that could afford to buy; it was expensive, too, and had the appearance of trying to make a figure on a very small capital. She instanced Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Black, who rented battered, shattered, jangling, jarring, squeaking, creaking affairs, which seemed to remonstrate against being made the servants of the public every time they were touched. And then who respected a hired piano? Who was ever caught praising it? Who ever approached it with pleasure and left it with regret after a charming practice of half an hour? Nobody. Elevated noses, curled lips and disdainful expressions said as plainly as such significant signs could say, "A hired piano—a poor, abused, brow-beaten, shame-faced, mutilated, maltreated piano!"

Fearing another influx of adjectives (though inclined to believe that pianos were rather to be pitied), Mr. Little made a hurried visit to his desk, and started down street as though one of the ill-fated instruments, described by his wife, was after him. Two minutes later, Mrs. Little's curious eyes found their way into the same desk, quickly remarking the absence of several bills—a discovery that induced her to locate herself at one of the front windows to watch for the realization of her newly-born expectations. Coaches, chaises, stages, omnibusses, gigs, carts, trucks, cabs—everything of the vehicle description went by, *except* job wagons; but, at last, after a cold sitting of an hour, one of the latter came in sight, drew up to the sidewalk, and—stopped. Could it be? Yes, undoubtedly, for two men jumped to the ground and began to unwrap something that could not be anything but a piano.

Without waiting for the bell to ring, she hastened to the door to give them admittance. But the transportation of their burden proved a work of some difficulty, inasmuch as the hall was narrow, and the process of turning involved some nice management. Mrs. Little ran backwards and forwards, her heart palpitating with joy, and her fingers aching to help. After considerable profanity and perspiration, the bulky body was safely deposited in the front parlor, in a standing position. It was as large as a moderate-sized omnibus on carved legs, with seats for twelve on the top. It was ornamented with buds, roses, leaves, vines, and other floral devices—being, in fine, one consolidated mass of carving. Such a rack! Why, at the most reasonable calculation, six months' time would be insufficient to produce another such specimen of handiwork. Mrs. Little brushed off the dust, and stood back to take an artistic view of this master-piece of mechanism. It was perfect—absolutely perfect, a model of workmanship, a gem of art.

Judgment on the case having been passed, she seated herself on the velvet-cushioned stool, and touched the keys. They gave forth tones quite like other pianos, but whether they were superior she could not tell; she was a better judge of the casket than the diamonds within it. She must wait for the opinion of others.

The next thing to be done was to assign her new acquirement to its proper place. The parlors were small, and divided by folding doors. There were only two wide spaces for large articles: one was occupied by a sofa, the other had been dedicated to a piano since her desires tended in that direction. Chairs were pushed away, tables received a sudden impetus, and all was ready for the grand *tableau*. Two or three vigorous pushes sent it to the wall, where it was to find its legitimate resting-place. But alas—alas! the space was too short and the piano too long. Eight inches of rosewood interposed rather a tangible obstacle to the opening and closing of the door. Was it not provoking? Why did they make pianos so large and houses so small? Here was a puzzle. She could not close up the unfortunate door, because there was no other entrance, save through the dining-room, which communicated with the hall; so that was impossible. To be brief, she could not dispose of it in any way to suit her really good

taste for arrangement. Mrs. Little had an eye to effect in the disposal of furniture; but it must be confessed that the very thing she had counted so much upon for the furtherance of this laudable design, troubled her the most to locate to her mind.

"That unlucky door!" she exclaimed, every five minutes. "What shall I do? Ralph will be home soon, and find his beautiful purchase standing just in the middle of the room, looking excessively out of place. It is too bad, for I have said so often that that corner was made for a piano. O that unfortunate door!"

"Drawbacks already, Jenny?" said a merry voice at her elbow. "Why, I didn't expect to see a cloud on your face for months to come!"

"O, Ralph, there's no place for the piano, now we have one! If I put it *there*, it obstructs both windows; and if I put it *here*, the door can neither be opened nor closed," replied the troubled woman.

"Let it stand where it is—in the centre of the room. We shall never tire, certainly, of revolving around a grand piano. I think of another advantage: we can have front, rear and side views of performers," said Mr. Little, taking a circuit around his afternoon's purchase, knocking over a chair and a pile of books in the attempt.

"Don't, Ralph! If I am in trouble and need advice, you invariably amuse yourself at my expense."

"But I don't know what advice to give," protested Ralph. "I might have got a smaller one, it is true; but as you have always insisted on having an instrument of magnitude, I thought this couldn't fail to suit. It will weigh as much as an elephant—won't it?"

"Nonsense! It is none too large or too heavy; it suits me completely. The only trouble is where to put it. You see it can't remain here, because—because when we have company, there won't be any room for company," pursued Mrs. Little, with an air of concern.

"I acknowledge that it would be a matter of some difficulty for a befouled and behooped lady to safely navigate this apartment; but as for us males, I think we might manage to avoid breaking our necks in the day-time, if we heed our steps, and not think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think."

"You know better, Ralph!" laughed Mrs. Little. "You men are noted for tumbling over everything larger than a marble, and putting your boots in contact with choice pieces of furniture."

"A woman's retort! But why not put our piano in the hall, my dear? There's plenty of room under the staircase, where it would be out of the way of our dreadful boots and our unhappy tumbles."

If Ralph Little had proposed patting that grand piano down cellar, up attic, or into the back yard, his wife Jenny could not have been more thoroughly astonished. Consign all that beautiful carving to an entry! Hide it away under a staircase! The man must be little short of crazy to suggest such a procedure. And she followed her husband to the table, to pour the tea, and think over this unlooked-for contingency.

That night, when Mrs. Little retired, it was not to sleep, but to plan. And when Mr. Little, in the morning, stretched himself, yawned, and gave other indications of waking, she had a scheme all ready for his consideration, which we submit to the reader. It was nothing, more or less, than the pulling down of the partition that divided the parlors, to make a niche between the chimneys for the grand piano. When we say that Mr. Little, in his turn, was astonished, we make use of a very moderate word; for a moment he was actually dumb with surprise at the presumption of the proposition. But he lived through it (as we all have through similar scenes), and after the necessary amount of logic and persuasion had been brought to bear upon his obdurate nature, he gave a reluctant assent that the carpenters might go in and the partition come out.

Carpets were up and curtains were down. Dirt, disorder, noise and plaster got a firm footing—the plaster in particular, inasmuch as it was trodden into every room in the house, the smaller particles flying about in all directions, entering closets, invading storerooms, and settling, with provoking pertinacity, on black clothes. Everybody (including Catherine in the kitchen) was cross and miserable. A term of weather that would not throw discredit on the polar regions, slackened the operations of the carpenter (who had already taken time enough to frame a house), introduced the croup to the baby by the medium of air-currents and open doors, frozen the mortar and lime that an ambitious workman placed upon the walls, besides inflicting coughs and colds on both master and mistress of the mansion, as a penalty for giving up the comfortable back parlor, where saucy winds never took any liberties, and the bright sunshine was a guest all the day long. But these petty trials (except the croup, which persisted in tormenting the baby,) were absorbed, swallowed up in the one engrossing thought that there was a long parlor in prospective, with a grand piano in the centre. This was ample compensation—at least for Mrs. Little—for splashed floors, spotted windows, spattered walls and general wretchedness. She should soon be settled again, and take an immense amount of comfort in her new arrangements. She was not proud—O no! but not to be blamed if her neighbors envied her when she gave her first party in her remodeled parlor, for the dedication of the grand piano. Wouldn't it be delightful?

Contrary to expectation, the wall-paper could not be matched, and Mrs. Little was of the opinion that the purchasing of an elegant French pattern would be the best course to take, as, eventually, the highest priced articles proved the cheapest. Ralph demurred at the extortionate price demanded; but Jenny, as usual, finally came off victorious, whispering, for consolation, "How charmingly that will look beside our piano!" Paste now

monopolized the place of plaster, small strips of paper lying in wait to fasten to unwary boots, while one clasped door-knobs only to get a sticky welcome.

When Mrs. Little's carpets found their place again, they did not make a satisfactory appearance. Each individual spot seemed to enlarge frightfully, the thin places to grow thinner, and every thread to say, "Look at my faded hue and worn appearance. Am I not past service? and cannot every observing person see that that majestic piano will place its carved feet upon me with the very climax of contempt, and chant an everlasting song of superiority?"

The carpets were not in reality bad ones, but in contrast to the seven-octaved innovator, it must be confessed they had a prestige of shabbiness that no rejuvenating would remove. The breadths were too short, and, as if to settle the matter in favor of their removal, utterly refused to match when they were brought together by vigorous stretching. To have a yawning, bungling, unripped seam directly in front of her piano, was an alternative too dreadful for Mrs. Little to think of. The very figures in the fabric appeared to laugh at the idea, and exult in her discomfiture.

Ralph was prepared to hear that a new carpet was absolutely necessary for the long parlor. He had lived long enough to know that one want begets another as surely as a seed produces a score. That agglomeration of rosewood threatened to become a nuisance. Had he anticipated but half the vexations it had given rise to, he would have brought home a braying jack sooner. It had already deprived him of a comfortable sitting room, given him a cold that might end in a galloping consumption, made the baby a miracle of crossness, inflicted the sulks upon the domestic by means of the paste and plaster, driven contentment out of his wife's head, forced him to patronize the paper-hanger, and now insisted on a new carpet to stand upon. Verily, he believed the grand piano would ultimately turn him out of doors.

The handsome Brussels, the satin-surfaced wall-paper, the tastefully disposed furniture, together with the splendid instrument which was now filling its appropriate place (giving a look of equilibrium to the whole apartment, and an air of gentility which it otherwise lacked), greatly helped to fill the cup of Mrs. Little's happiness. The few drops wanting were chiefly made up of the consciousness that the innate powers of what she had most coveted and gained were dead to her; that every key had a language of its own, but was dumb in her presence, or gave forth dissonant and disconnected responses, and that music was like a book of problems to which she had no key.

Ralph's pleasantries on this subject were so pointed and unacceptable that she hastened to secure the services of Monsieur Besste, a man with hair on his head, cheeks, chin and lips, rings in his ears, spectacles on his nose, studs in his shirt-bosom, and a cane in his hand. He looked Frenchy, and claimed Paris as his birth-place; but a great many persons declared his accent unmistakably English.

The initiatory lesson came off. Monsieur praised the piano and his pupil; marvelled at her quickness of apprehension, and confidently affirmed that her fingers must have been designed for piano-forte playing, they were so light and nimble. This was all vastly agreeable to Mrs. Little, who, like most of her sex, was not averse to flattery now and then. She straightway located herself before the keys, resolved to do justice to herself and her instructor. Patiently she studied the black and white characters on the page beside her, and with one hand strove to apply them to the ivory. When Ralph came in to dinner, one hour after, she had mastered precisely three notes.

"Progressing, Jenny?" he queried, inserting part of his head into the room.

"O, finely!" replied the amateur musician.

"Play me 'The Battle of Pragne,' can't you?"

"Not quite yet, I fear; but I shall be able to do so very soon, doubtless, for Monsieur Besste declares that I have an aptness of comprehension that is uncommon with beginners. He says I have genius which only needs development, and talent which will enable me to become an ornament to musical science."

"Of which he is a leading star, I suppose? The puppy!"

"Why, Ralph!" exclaimed Jenny, with expanded visuals.

"I mean that exactly. I saw him on the street this morning, and he quite disgusted me with his dandyism and pretension. I am sorry he is to come to the house, or be brought into contact with you in any way. Why did you not engage Mrs. Edmond's daughter to give you lessons? She is competent to do so, I am sure."

"Because gentlemen are more popular than ladies for teachers, generally better qualified, and—and—" Mrs. Little hesitated.

"Better fitted to dupe silly women," added Ralph, taking liberty to finish the sentence, at the risk of transforming the pleasant face before him into a frowning one.

"Men are one-sided, prejudiced beings!" retorted Mrs. Little.

"Which we won't stop to debate now. I'm not inclined to run the risk of a cold dinner in order to discuss the merits or demerits of Monsieur Beast or Besste. But I don't like him, nevertheless."

Mrs. Little's mind had been so preoccupied with her piano that she had quite forgotten to attend to the dessert—a duty which she always performed herself. Catherine was not particularly pleased with the musical symptoms that her mistress manifested. She was vexed because to her other labors was added the care of the child—a circumstance that materially interfered with her progress. Hence she did not feel inclined to remind anybody of the deficiency, though fully aware that Mr. Little's dinner depended more on pudding or pie than meat.

As it happened, the loss of dessert (which regularly occurred two or three times a week) was not the greatest trial that Ralph had to encounter. His wife's incessant attacks at the piano, her

frantic endeavors to induce the quavers, semiquavers and demi-semiquavers to roll off the ends of her fingers, her sharp attempts to flat and her flat attempts to sharp, the bad chords and horrible discords he was forced to listen to whenever in the house, nearly drove him distracted.

It was a luckless thing for Mr. Little that the organ of concentrativeness was so largely developed in his wife's cranium. He trusted her musical fervor would have a short run, and then turn to their mutual advantage; but no favorable signs were apparent. She adhered to her practising with a surprising pertinacity. Ralph saw her occasionally, but her society was divided between Monsieur Besste, the piano, and two or three musical neighbors, who spent most of their evenings in his remodelled parlor, playing operas, which he thought should be denominated *uproars*, and overtures that might very aptly be termed *overtuns*. Mr. Little, unlike his wife, had a critical ear and a cultivated taste; he could appreciate good music in whatever garb it was presented. But the slam-bang performances, so common in our day, were not to his mind; he never accepted noise for music.

One morning, directly after receiving one of Monsieur Besste's semi-weekly visits, Mrs. Little missed a valuable cameo pin from her person. She had made a hurried toilet, and probably fastened it insecurely; it would soon be found, doubtless. A search, however, did not justify this opinion; it was not discovered. Where was it? She had not left the room for a moment, and Catherine, to her certain knowledge, had not been up stairs. Monsieur Besste was exempt from suspicion, because, how could he purloin the pin without her knowing it? The girl was more likely to be the guilty party, as Mrs. Little recollected, on second thought, that she had passed through the hall once or twice to answer the bell.

Catherine had an advocate in Ralph. He declared his firm conviction that she was far more trustworthy than the would-be Frenchman. Mrs. Little smiled pityingly on her prejudiced husband, and took the first opportunity to search the girl's room and clothes, but without finding confirmation of her suspicions.

"How much I miss the clock!" said Mrs. Little, a few days after the loss of her pin.

"It is being repaired, and will probably be sent home to-day. By-the-by, as you will not need my watch this evening, I will take it with me. But where is it?" added Ralph, wonderingly, looking at the nail on which it had hung.

"Sure enough!" exclaimed his wife. "I have not moved it."

"That scamp of a music-teacher has stolen it!"

"That dishonest Catherine, more likely!" replied Mrs. Little, indignantly.

"If I was accustomed to betting," said Ralph, quietly, "I would wager fifty dollars against five that your Monsieur Besste is the thief, and not Catherine. Has he not been here to-day?"

"Yes; I took my last lesson on the quarter," she replied.

"Did you leave him alone?" he continued.

"I think not. Ah—yes, I remember I left him about two minutes to get my porte-monnaie to pay him. But he had not time to leave the room," she rejoined.

"Time enough—time enough! These practised thieves and pickpockets are nimble of foot and light of finger."

"But why do you persist in charging him with the theft, when Catherine is quite as likely to be the guilty one?" asked Mrs. Little, annoyed that the offence should be so summarily fastened upon her favorite.

"For this reason: the girl has had ample opportunity, had she been so disposed, to purloin jewelry, silver, clothing, and even this same watch, many times before now. She has been with us some three years, and we have heretofore considered her trustworthy; I do not believe she would begin to abuse our confidence at this late day. If I had the least particle of evidence against him, I would have him arrested before he eats another breakfast. As it is, I will get a search-warrant."

"Do nothing hastily, husband. I will question Catherine, and perhaps we may get some clue. Besides, Monsieur Besste is to call in the morning and leave me some exercises; if he does not keep his appointment, I will admit that the chances between him and Catherine are about equal," replied Mrs. Little, sure that a cross-examination and threats of exposure would make the girl confess the theft.

He promised to comply with her desire, on the condition of her silence on the subject until such time as he should name.

On the ensuing day, Mrs. Little awaited in vain the coming of her instructor. She felt some anxiety lest she might be obliged to change her opinion of him, and it was not lessened when Ralph assured her two police officers had been searching for him, without avail, for two hours, and that, undoubtedly, he had left the city to avoid arrest.

A week passed away, bringing no tidings of Monsieur Besste. The grand piano was neglected, and music was at a discount. Mrs. Little was really distressed. Was it possible that that elegant and accomplished gentleman could so degrade himself, and cast such obloquy on the profession he adorned? It wasn't likely, and she didn't believe it. He would come out right yet, and put his enemies to the blush; while Catherine—hardened in guilt, as she no doubt was,—would be forced to hide her head in very shame, after acknowledging her misdeeds, which, in justice, would consign her to a prison. She was even displeased with Mr. Little because he would not allow her to charge the girl with the crime, or, at least, turn her out of doors.

But Ralph was not idle; he kept his own counsel. Satisfying himself that the whereabouts of the delectable monsieur could not readily be ascertained, he visited, successively, all the pawn-brokers in the city. He was beginning to despair of success, when, in a low shop, in an obscure locality, in a dirty window, he

found—not Monsieur Besste, not his chronometer,—but his wife's cameo pin! And the present owner of the pin made matters quite lucid to Mr. Little's perceptions. It seems the ornament had been offered for sale by a person who was described as a tall, well-dressed, mustached, ear-ringed individual, with manners resembling those of a foppish foreigner.

"But he vash not French," said the Jew proprietor, confidently,—"no, he vash not French; he not speak von leetle word!"

Here was testimony not to be doubted. But although Ralph could gain no information of the watch (which the amiable monsieur had, doubtless, carried away with him as a souvenir), yet he felt amply rewarded for his trouble, as the recovery of the pin fully established Catherine's innocence of the first theft, and afforded presumptive evidence that she had no connection with the second.

Redeeming the ornament, he hastened home to confound his wife. Mrs. Little was considerably disconcerted that such a stain should attach itself to the monsieur of imposing presence and fascinating address, and rather reluctantly admitted that she had gained nothing by employing a male teacher. Ralph importuned her to give him a specimen of her progress in the divine art—something calculated to make him forget his loss and the odious Monsieur Besste. Jenny looked at him inquiringly, as if half doubting his sincerity, but finally took the stool, and blundered through—not a waltz, not a polka—but a simple exercise.

"Is that the best you can do, my dear?" he queried, playfully.

"Why, yes. Don't you like it? Mon—that is, *he* says I execute it wonderfully well," rejoined Mrs. Little, stopping short, whirling round on her seat, and gazing at the speaker in genuine wonder.

"Execute it? Well, yes, I should say so," continued Ralph. "Your elegant instructor possessed the gift of flattery, if not the virtue of honesty. My simple-minded wife, you have been shamefully imposed upon. That coxcomb has made you the instrument of gaining him a large bill of tuition, as well as sundry perquisites which I will not name, by exaggerating your progress and flattering your self-esteem."

Poor Mrs. Little! It was even so. She had been duped by the attractions of a grand piano, and the flatteries of an expert rogue, whose forte was not so much in playing *piano* and *forte* as in skillfully picking up cameo breast-pins and expertly appropriating gold watches.

While we are indulging in observations at the expense of Mrs. Little's experience, Mr. Little is employed with pencil and paper. Curious to know what may be occupying his mind, we look over his shoulder and read the following:

One grand pianoforte,.....	\$400 00
Wall-paper for parlor,.....	21 50
Remodelling of parlor,.....	15 00
Carpet for parlor,.....	54 60
Paid music teacher,.....	30 00
Redeemed cameo-pin,.....	6 75
One gold watch,.....	125 00
Total,.....	\$651 85

"What are you doing, Ralph?" asked the lady in the rocking-chair, looking up for the first time since he ceased speaking.

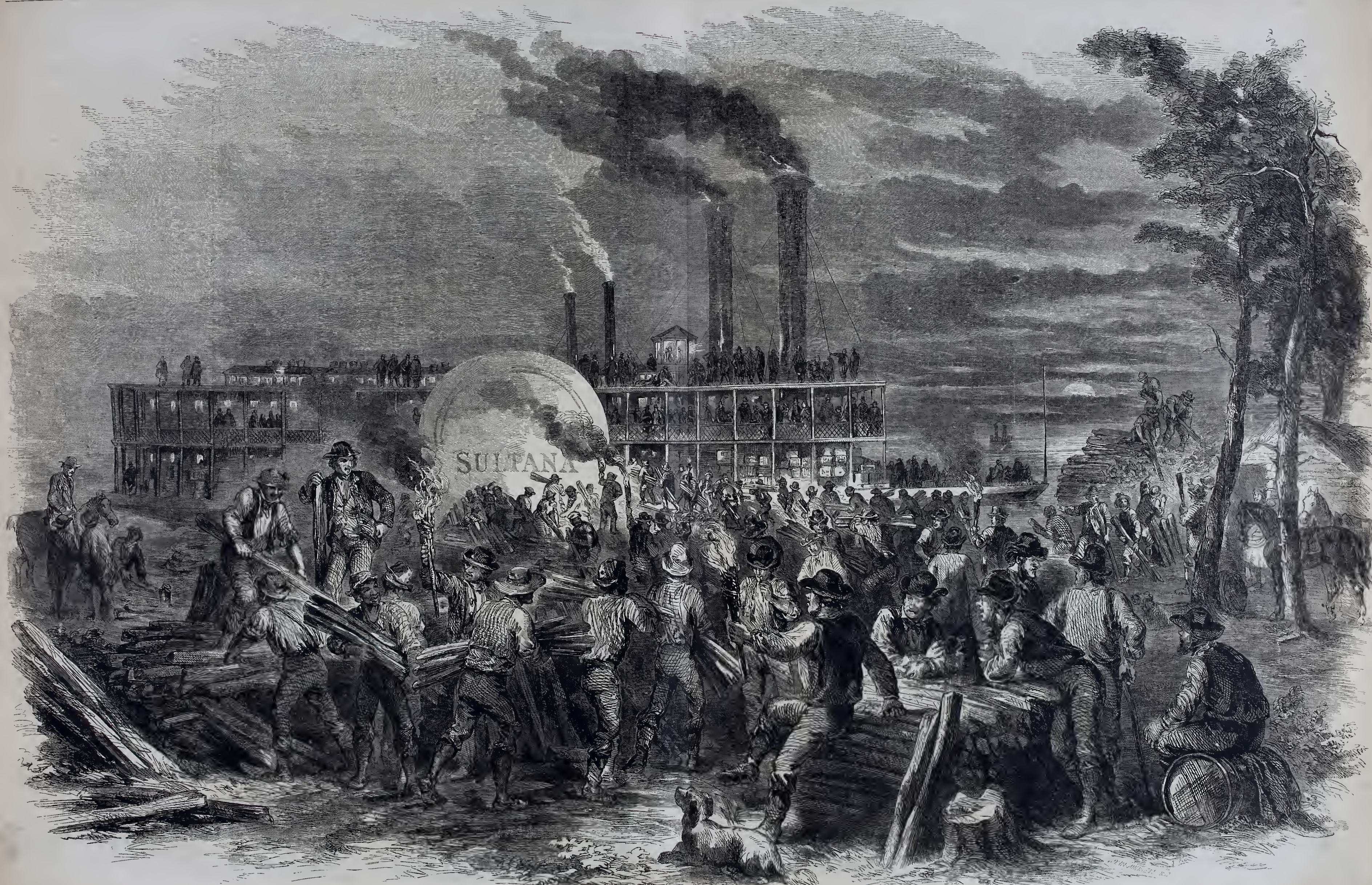
"Finding the product of a column of figures."

"In relation to what?"

"Our piano. I had a fancy to know the amount of the money I have paid out in behalf of that noble instrument since its advent into our dwelling, including the value of the keepsake your accomplished teacher was thoughtful enough to take at parting. I find it to be a trifling matter of two hundred and fifty-one dollars and eighty-five cents, which, with the first investment, gives me the ridiculously small sum of six hundred and fifty dollars. What a godsend that piano has proved! Here is a run of luck utterly unparalleled! And I haven't added the stock of patience which I have so assiduously cultivated of late, nor the pile of contentment that our baby has amused herself with in her solitary hours, nor the immense advantage she will derive from having a mother accomplished in making sweet sounds, nor the intense satisfaction Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. experience in laughing at the musical efforts of the neighbor between them, who, I am bound to say, is their superior in everything except playing grand pianos. Indeed, you have so many good qualities that I think you can well afford to be deficient in musical abilities and to abandon all pretensions of that kind. The truth is, my dear, the music must be in one, or it cannot come out. Your efforts thus far have, I must confess, been attended with peculiar difficulties. But I will not grumble about that, nor will I urge you to desist. Assault the rosewood as often as you wish, if you feel so disposed, after taking all things in connection with it into careful account. I will only add—not by way of fault-finding at all—that the venture which I thought of making has proved completely successful, and the friend that invited me to share the speculation has doubled his money; I might have done the same."

Mrs. Little thought there was some truth in her husband's plain dealing, and after a more critical analysis of her musical abilities than she had ever before deemed it worth while to make, felt that she never could learn to perform with sufficient taste and elegance to satisfy herself or entertain company. At the best, she would, after many weary quarters of instruction, be but a poor player, much inferior in execution to the little miss of ten years across the way.

Mrs. Little threw into the scale with these considerations the various losses and expenses thus far, and the consequence was that the grand piano was seen to leave the premises very early one cloudy morning. The neighbors were much relieved, and all agreed in saying that "Mrs. Little was too old to begin to study music, and what was more, she had no more idea of time than a baby."



STEAMER WOODING UP ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO AN ARTIST.

BY J. L. PATTERSON.

Artist! fired with just ambition,
While the flame of genius glows,
What though weary thy condition,
And thou sigh'st for sweet repose!
Follow still thy high endeavor,
Make the living canvas shine!
Bright thy fame shall stand forever,
Limmer of an art divine!

Catch the tints that Nature weareth,
Mingle well her light and shade;
Paint each radiant charm she beareth—
Silver stream and green arcade.
Paint the flowers in beauty blooming—
Forest deep and verdant lawn;
Paint the light the sky illuming,
At the rosy blush of dawn.

Paint the birds with plumage shining
Brighter than the rainbow-dyes;
Paint the snowy flocks reclining,
Where the sleeping shepherd lies.
Paint the smiling village maiden,
Flushed with health and beauty's glow,
With the spoils of Flora laden,
Roaming in the vale below.

Artist! well thy work is ended;
Skillful is the limner's hand;
All the hues are sweetly blended,
As by some enchanter's wand.
Think of him with adoration,
Who, with universal skill,
Paints the wonders of creation,
By the effort of his will.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY SCHOOLMASTER.

BY MYRA C. GREENLEAF.

My home was in a beautiful valley in Vermont. A plain, nearly circular, smooth and level as the prairies of the West, but not more than a mile across, is bounded on three sides, by lofty and abrupt hills; while a beautiful lake stretches away to the more distant hills on the remaining, or eastern side. The stream, which forms the outlet of this lake, flows towards the west, and in the centre of the village is met by another stream from the north.

There are many beautiful elm trees scattered about; and beneath their shade many small, neat, comfortable houses, while two or three more stately mansions seem to assert their superior claims to notice by standing boldly out, unshaded by a tree. An old weather-stained church—it had once been painted white, of which painting only a few feeble, gray traces remained, and a more plentiful supply of the first coat of yellow—stood in the centre of a little common. The spire was handsomer than the picture of any one I had ever seen; and the weather-vane, a lusty cockerel (why will people put such images on churches?), was the greatest achievement of genius, in my childish eyes. I ought perhaps to make an exception in favor of the lightning-rod. There was but one, and that was not quite long enough to reach to the utmost height of that wondrous spire—another proof of the superiority of the dear old steeple—so it was fastened to an accommodating ledge just below the belfry; and though it certainly did not seem likely to prove a very efficient protector to the church, it is very certain that the edifice never has been struck by lightning. For one purpose the lightning-rod was admirable; and it was this which won for it my childish regard. Its deficiency in length only favored its being put to this use. The belfry formed a stable support for any weight that might be suspended upon it. There are no gymnasiums in the country—so far back in the country as my home was—but this lightning rod was better than all gymnasiums. Could it not accommodate itself to the strength and agility of every boy in school, from the little fellow toiling at his alphabet upon the front seat close by the great stove, up to the prince of all school boys, Alfred Murray, who always took his choice in seats every winter, and who could do the hardest sum in the arithmetic with no trouble at all; beat all the boys in a race or game of ball, and, crowning exploit of all, and which won him the everlasting love and admiration of every girl of nine years in the school, myself included, climb to the very top of this same lightning-rod, go into the belfry, and astonish the people by giving a merry jingle upon the bell, and descend again before the clumsy old sexton had started up from his pipe and almanac, taken down the church key, preparatory to finding who was the intruder upon the sacred edifice? Ah, that lightning-rod! It was the bane of my schoolmaster.

The church was flanked by a range of horse-sheds and one little red school house. The school house is calculated to contain forty-eight scholars, but sixty of us used to find plenty of room under the reign of my schoolmaster. Times have changed since then.

My father was a new comer in the place. It was my first winter in school. Half the enjoyment of my Thanksgiving pies and puddings had been taken away by a mixture of fears and hopes in regard to this school and schoolmaster.

Could I leave off my roguery, for which I was often in disgrace at home? Mother said I should get whipped the first day; but I maintained that a man never should whip me. I knew I could learn my lessons, and finally became quite bright and cheerful. I started off on Monday morning for the school house. Just as I was turning a corner which shrouded our little brown house from my sight, I turned for a last look, and almost wished I was safely back again. I thought I saw mother throw a kiss after me, and all fear left my heart.

The school house was full to overflowing or every child was running about, choosing seats and seat-mates, driving up nails for the accommodation of bonnets and cloaks, coats and caps, rearranging the master's table and chair, or putting another stick of wood in the huge box which delighted in the name of stove, already so full that the door would not shut. Nobody asked the little stranger to choose a seat-mate; but I did not care for that, for I knew the master would give me a seat when he came.

Presently a boy rushed in, and shouted at the top of his voice, "Master's coming!" A hush followed, which was broken by Alfred Murray.

"Take your seats, boys; and when the master comes in, be sure that you stand up and make him a bow, every one of you!"

Alfred Murray did not tell the girls to take their seats; but some seconds before the last boy had complied with the command so promptly given, each demure girlish face was turned in silent expectation from its own bench to the open door. All except the little stranger. I stood still by the door, and my position seemed to annoy the commander of the company not a little. But I could not find a place. There was no vacant seat, except the extra chair behind the master's table.

In stepped the master. One stride seemed to place him behind his table, when his eye was greeted by a "standing army" composed of old veterans, half-drilled militia, and poor little me to represent the raw recruits. I don't think I was noticed until the "salute" had been accomplished, and the ranks had fallen into place again. How hot the blood was in my face, when I saw those two gray eyes look down upon me, and then turn slowly to every seat in the schoolroom, as if meditating upon the possibility of bestowing me somewhere. The search seemed to be vain; not a single vacant seat appeared.

"Little girl, you may come and sit in this chair here by me, if you will be a very good girl all winter." And he placed the extra chair at one end of his own table.

Was it possible for me to walk across the room under the weight of this great honor? I did accomplish the feat, but had only one shy look for that lofty pedagogue. While he made his opening speech (quite as difficult an affair, I can assure any one, as a politician has to undertake when he comes before his constituents), I stared straight at him, but I did not hear much of it. I was speculating upon the reason why he had put me there by his side, instead of that tall, handsome Mary Brown, who wore such a splendid delaine dress, while I had only a plain green flannel one. It was beyond my conception, and I thought I would be very good, so as to be sure and keep the place all winter. How we all learned to love that man. Alfred Murray set us the pattern, and we all followed in his steps.

Not many days passed before I was chosen by the tall master for his constant companion in his walks from school. At first I dreaded to hear him say, "Come, little Nelly, it is time to go home." I would have liked the walk with some of my mates better. For several days I did not dare talk to him. I would now and then think I had gained courage enough to speak, and give one look up in that face to assure myself, but I always stopped at their intention. I had always talked at home without fear. I suppose I was rather a spoiled child; in those days I never could perceive any reason why I should remain silent that older people might talk. Perhaps a natural want of reverence helped to bring about this state of mind; but such it was, and now it would rise above the great fear I had of displeasing the master, and thus being disgraced by losing my place of honor at his right hand. At length, with a choking in my throat, I called out:

"Mr.—Mr. Schoolmaster!" I could not think of the name.

"What do you wish?"

"I want to know why you let me sit by your table instead of Mary Brown? She is so large, and—and she wears—O, such a beautiful dress! I should think you'd want to have her sit there."

"She is too large," said Mr. Schoolmaster.

"Too large! Can anybody be too large, sir?" And my eyes opened to their largest extent, and looked the tall man full in the face. Unfortunately just then I stepped upon a piece of ice, and down I fell into the snow. Mr. Schoolmaster picked me up, and shook the snow off my cloak and hood, and then answered:

"O, yes, it is very common for people to be too large. If you had been large, I could not have picked you up just now."

"But if I had been larger, sir, I should not have fallen down while I was looking at you."

"Don't look at me again, then, or you will fall again."

"But I shall look at you. I shall look at you now, and when I am—O, ever so much larger, too!"

There it was—that spirit; and the moment I said the words I was sorry, for he looked down on me, and I thought he looked very sad, but I could not say another word.

Here our paths separated. Not long after, as school was dismissed at night, I ran out with the other girls to see Alfred Murray climb the lightning-rod, instead of waiting for Mr. Schoolmaster. Alfred was higher than our heads—higher than the first windows—higher than the door—the roof; he was midway between the ground where we stood, and the belfry. The master appeared.

"Come, Nell, ready to go?"

"No, sir, I cannot go yet. I want to see Alfred Murray come down. He will go home with me."

The master turned away. He never asked me to go home with him again. I was glad, for I could join a group of a dozen or more children as full of fun and frolic as I was; and merry snow-balling matches we had night after night on our homeward way. The winter closed. I never had another walk and talk with the master.

The schoolmaster never returned to our school. Years passed

on. One after another of the pupils left the old school. I had become one of the large girls. Alfred Murray was just ready to make his first voyage at sea. We were walking home from school together.

"Nell, do you remember Mr. Schoolmaster?"

"To be sure I do. I loved him too well to forget him—though I think he was foolish to be angry with a little girl because she would not leave her sport to walk home from school with him."

"So do I. But Nell, I should be almost angry, if you should refuse to walk home with me."

"You are different, you know, and I am a large girl now. I remember telling the master I would look at him when I was large, whether he wished it or not. I did not think that he might go away before I was large. I wish he would come and see us. It is a long time since he was here. I would look at him then."

"Look at me, Nell. I love you. I want you to be my wife some day."

I did look at Alfred; and he looked so honestly at me, and I loved him so well, that I said I would be his wife some day—and so we pledged ourselves walking home from school that winter's afternoon, and shook hands at the gate in token of it.

The next day he started upon the voyage which was to separate the two young lovers. They never met again. Before the hills were covered again with pure snow, his bones were resting in some valley deep under the sea. What bitter tears I shed when the tidings came. I told my mother of my pledge then, and she folded me in her arms and wept warm tears with me.

Two years after I wept alone over the graves of my father and mother. 'Tis too sad a task to recall those bitter hours. In the midst of my grief came an imperative question. What shall I do to earn a living? Very imperfectly educated, I dared not think of teaching. I was sickened by the thought of any other employment. Many of my schoolmates had found pleasant homes, they told me, in Lowell; they could earn money there—they wished I would join them.

Alone in the world, I knew not what else to do. I thought I would go for one year, work hard, be very economical, and save money enough to go to school for six months, and so on, until I had acquired an education that would fit me to teach.

The labor of the factory sickened me in a few short months. I shall never forget the kind physician and nurse who attended me through that illness. They cheered the gloomy wards of the hospital by their presence; and when I was ready to wish their care had been unavailing, always took some means to encourage my drooping spirits. I was convalescent—was well enough to leave the hospital;—but where should I go? There was no home for me, therefore I remained.

It was the morning of a beautiful Sabbath. The church bells had been ringing, but they only carried my thoughts back to the bell which had tolled for my lost parents, or the hateful sound which, with weary limbs, I had obeyed morning, noon and night, during three dreary months. While I was giving play to these thoughts, my nurse entered.

"I told you some friend would come—something would happen," said she; "and he is here now to see you."

A tall man entered my room. The schoolmaster's gray eyes looked at me.

"May Mr. Schoolmaster shake hands with Nell?"

It carried me back to the time when I had told him I would look at him when I was large.

"Yes," I answered, "and now that Nell is large, she will look at Mr. Schoolmaster." And we shook hands, and looked at each other.

"I am very glad to see you so nearly recovered. I feared that you were dangerously ill yet, until I entered your room."

I could not reply. He went on:

"Nelly, I did not know of your loneliness till last week. I met a gentleman, who casually spoke of the death of your parents. I dismissed my school—for I am Mr. Schoolmaster still—and went to your home. I learned that you were here. I started at once, and arrived late last night. This morning I went to your boarding-place; they told me of your illness, and that you were in the hospital. I am glad to find you so well." He paused, but I was unable to speak.

"I have a proposition to make. They told me at your old home, that your object in coming here was to prepare yourself for a teacher. I need a teacher in my own school. If you will come and take the place, I will teach you as well as I can, and will pay you \$300 a year. Will not this be as pleasant and profitable as working in the factory and catching the fever, Nelly?"

Tears of surprise and gratitude flowed freely now.

"You are too kind. But I fear you do not know what a dunce I am. I do not think I know much more than I did when I went to school to you."

"I do not know how little you know. The less the better. I shall have an opportunity to teach you as I wish my pupils taught."

The next day I left Lowell for my new home, and a few weeks after entered my school room; and again my schoolmaster gave me a seat at his right hand, saying, as he placed my chair:

"I think you are a little larger than Mary Brown; but you are none too large for this table. It is larger than the old pine one we used to occupy."

Dear reader, it is seven years since I took that place. Faithfully my schoolmaster fulfilled his promise to teach me. For five years we studied every evening together. Then we laid aside school books, but still he came to see me every evening. We read together, or sang, for we had both learned to do that; and before the next year closed, he had taught me to love him so well, that I went with him into church one day, and vowed he should be my schoolmaster as long as I lived.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LIFE.

BY MARY F. BARBER.

Wearily, wearily drifting on,
Drifting by death's river,
Drearly, drearily sounds a moan,
In our ears forever;
Tearfully, tearfully faces pale,
Oleam beneath the wave;
Fearfully, fearfully comes a wall,
From their opening grave.

Wearily, wearily drifting on,
The joyous and the sabbat;
Wearily drifting side by side,
The living and the dying.
Hopelessly weak hands clasped in woe,
Fearfully stern hearts bowed,
Carefully dim eyes vainly strive
To pierce the wrathful cloud.

Wearily, wearily drifting on,
Darkness all around;
Drearly, drearily souls forlorn,
Fearfully, fearfully bound;
Dashing and wailing, surging and leaping,
Waters wildly foaming,
Mourning and sighing, bitterly crying,
Restless spirits roaming.

Wearily, wearily drifting on,
Drifting by death's river,
Drearly many a love is lost
In its waves forever;
Mournfully, mournfully lips are chilling,
Brows are gathering mould;
Wearily, wearily hearts are bending,
Hearts are growing old.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TRIBUTE MONEY.

AN EPISODE OF THE LAST WAR.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

SOME weeks since, there was furnished to this paper an account of some incidents concerning the capture, by the inhabitants of Eastham, of a small vessel with some dozen or more of British officers and sailors, which prize was secured by the good management of a certain Skipper Noyes, who had been freed by the enemy to act as their pilot. The author of the following narrative has thought it might not be amiss to relate certain things which took place in consequence of the above-named capture, and which, in more respects than one, proved very inconvenient to the people of the Cape generally.

Referring briefly to the former paper, we will recount certain incidents therein given. The above-mentioned Noyes, with a younger man named Holmes, went in a whale-boat from Eastham to Boston, for the purpose of procuring flour and other articles for family use. In Boston they bought a half-decked boat that was offered them on sale, and set out on their return, intending to leave the former owner of the boat at Scituate. On the way, however, they were captured by the English. Afterward, Holmes was permitted, on parole, to return to Boston with the boat, in order to procure the means of ransoming her. But on his arrival, his craft was seized, as having been engaged in supplying the enemy, and he was obliged to make his way home by land. In the meantime, Noyes, acting as pilot on board of the schooner, had contrived to run her ashore on Eastham flats, where she was taken, as above stated.

The English authorities, fired with indignation at the disgrace put upon the British arms by the capture of an officer and more than a dozen men, through the sole agency of the aforesaid Skipper Noyes, resolved to visit with condign punishment, not only the offending individual, but also each and all of "the sneaking Yankees of Cape Cod, whose chief delight on earth was to get a sixpence, and whose greatest fear was the losing it." Entertaining this rather low estimate of the patriots of the Cape, the senior of the fleet issued a proclamation, enjoining on the various peninsular towns bordering on the bay the payment of a certain amount of tribute money in such proportions as were set down against the name of each township. The inhabitants of Eastham, foreseeing the gathering storm, and aware of their inability to resist its approach, had in the meantime sent back the prize and its crew, with all their obtainable effects, to Provincetown, where the English fleet then lay in harbor. Of course, this partial atonement had its effect in procuring a less weighty judgment than would otherwise have fallen on the devoted villages; but it by no means forestalled the penalty. Eastham was fined two thousand dollars, and the money having been procured, it was forwarded to the Shirley, seventy-four, in a small vessel manned by some three or four men, one of whom was a cousin of Holmes.

Having found their way to the cabin of the Shirley, and into the presence of Captain Sir George Collier, a rough old sea dog, whose voice was as gruff as that of Boreas himself, the bearers of the money commenced counting it out. As they were thus employed, the cousin of Holmes accidentally dropped a half dollar, which, rolling about the cabin floor, presently trundled up to an old trunk that stood in one corner, against which it reposed itself, leaning back face outward, with the most nonchalant air possible. Trifling as was the incident, Sir George sprang to his feet with a face as red as a piece of "old mahogany," and striking his clenched fist on the table at which he had been sitting—

"I'll be—shot!" he said; "if that rusty pistareen has not gone

and cocked itself up against the trunk of that scoundrelly Noyes. One would think that the impish thing had done it on purpose. I verily believe it came out of the rascal's own pocket."

Holmes's cousin recognized the trunk as one belonging to his relative, and made a statement of its proper ownership, requesting the privilege of taking it away. Sir George assented with an air of surly complaisance.

"But pray pick up the coin," he added; "I declare it fairly grins at me with its ugly phiz."

The deputies having finished counting out the money, Sir George ordered a servant to bring wines, to which the guests were courteously requested to help themselves. Having no particular objection to best old Oporto, they did so, and prepared to take leave.

"Gentlemen," said Sir George, as they made their parting bows, "I presume the voyage hither has not been a very pleasant one to you; but I think you'll not deny that you found a good port at the end of it!"

When they got back to Eastham, they found that Holmes had arrived. He was somewhat troubled with the idea that he was bound to deliver himself up to the enemy, in fulfilment of parole. His friends laughed at the proposition.

"The matter is all settled," they replied. "In the first place, you lost the boat by a circumstance that no one was able to foresee, and it was therefore out of your power to return in the manner agreed upon. And finally, the whole concern has been wound up by the payment of a certain sum of money in full of all back account."

Noyes remonstrated as follows: "You can't be such a confounded ninny, Holmes, as to be at the trouble of going clean over to Provincetown, merely to be called a fool for your pains, and sent packing back again. I'll tell you something worth two of that. I've got a couple of brass guns that were on board that schooner, stowed away snug in a hole near my house. I don't want it known though, for like as not, the selectmen would be for taking them away and sending them back to the British. I want you to help me dig them up to-night, and get them to Orleans. The people there have had a meeting and voted not to pay. So I expect there'll be a scrimmage there by-and-by, and it will be a good chance to sell the guns. What say; will you go?"

"Why, I'll help you dig up the guns," Holmes replied; "but as for taking hold in the fighting, I don't exactly see my way clear, as yet. I cannot help feeling as though I were under some obligation not to fight against those Englishmen just now."

"Well, I feel under some obligation to 'em too, and I mean to pay it off as soon as I can."

On the following morn, Noyes had the pleasure of seeing his guns safely deposited in Orleans on a hillside overlooking the harbor. Having accomplished this undertaking, he went to a neighboring house to get his dinner. While thus engaged, a boy came running in with the news that a boat was nearing in shore, bearing a white flag. Noyes and his host bolted the morsel that had just entered the mouth, and hastened out to observe what was going on. The boat struck the beach, an officer stepped forth, and, after ordering his men to lay off a few rods from the shore, made his weary way to the mansion of Squire Atkins, as he was called, one of the town authorities. The errand on which he came was readily interpreted as having connection with the demanded tribute. Noyes, having borrowed a black coat, in order, as he said, to appear a little "professional," waylaid the officer as the latter was returning to his boat, and accosted him with a face expressive of the deepest anxiety.

"Wal, captin'," he exclaimed, "I hope those 'tarnal se-lek-men have 'bout concluded to pay up, and hev no more disturbance?"

The Englishman replied with a look of haughty disdain, and strode on. But the legs of the Yankee were quite as long as those of the stranger, and enabled their owner to keep up a very equal pace.

"I du declare," he continued, "it is tu bad, tu bad. I told the pesky critters over and over again, jest how it would be. If you don't pay the money, says I, the British will come and knock you all on the head. Arter that, they'll burn up the housen and barns, and then the gals will be so bewitched arter the red coats, that they'll be up and off with 'em, the whole bilin' on 'em; and there wont be anybody left to poperlate the place. You know how it is, captin'; there aint no duin' nothin' with them gals; they will have a notion to you soldiers, any way it can be fixed."

The Englishman could not help smiling at the speaker's apparent earnestness. Furthermore, he had a spice of the coxcomb in his composition, which disposed him to be somewhat mollified by the flattery thus broadly laid on.

"Their taste is not very blamable," he said. "His majesty's officers are reported to be, generally, a very good looking set of men. However, sir, I must correct you in one point. I am not captain, but lieutenant in his majesty's service."

"Beg pardon, square. But we're all captins here, and I didn't want to speak as though you was anything less, that's all. But look here, square, p'r'aps you've noticed a little red house jest to the eastward of the meeting-house—that's my place where I live. Now, sposen' you go to firin' off cannons and such like, couldn't you fire a *leetle* one side of there? I'd be much obleeged if you would. You see, I wouldn't have no manner of objection to handing over a dollar or two for my share, but the plaguy folks would like as not, tuck me in jail, if I paid anything. Good-by, square. Don't forget the little house jest to the eastward of the meeting-house, you know."

A fortnight passed after the lieutenant's visit, and nothing was heard from the enemy. It began to be suspected that the latter, satisfied with what they had already obtained, had given up the intention of prosecuting their threats against the contumacious inhabitants of Orleans. Noyes was of a very different opinion, and

kept a constant lookout from his observatory, as he termed it, otherwise, the garret window of his house in Eastham, which commanded a good view of the Orleans harbor and its approaches. The event proved that he was perfectly right in taking the enemy at their word. For, early one morning as John Williamson went out of doors to fill his water-pail at the well, he cast his eyes toward the harbor, and was surprised to perceive an unusual bustle on board a schooner that lay anchored near the edge of the flats which extend quite a long distance from the shore. He rubbed his eyes, and gave another look; then dropped the pail and ran to get his musket.

"The British! the British!"

The sleepy sentinel waked up, and joined the cry which he should have been the first to give. In a few minutes men were hurrying in all directions toward the hill where was stationed the miniature battery. Skipper Noyes had snuffed the fight from his attic window, before even the first alarm had been given in Orleans, and was, by this time, on a good staunch nag, riding in hot haste toward the scene of action. Arrived on the ground, he was appointed to take charge of the single iron cannon which, having hitherto officiated only on fourths of July and similar occasions, was now elevated to the dignity of a veritable minister of war. Three barges, well manned, were speeding toward the shore, leaving behind the burning schooner. Noyes pointed the gun, and as it was discharged, eagerly watched the effect of the shot. It struck the water just beyond the nearer barge.

"Lower a little from the sight, skipper," said Father Jones, a venerable white-haired "revolutioner," who stood at hand. "Fire a little forward of your mark, for, you see, when you fire over a hollow, the ball is lifted by the air underneath."

The moment was critical, for the foremost boat was rapidly approaching the shore. Nevertheless, Noyes, heedful of the advice given, took his aim with deliberation. Bang! went the piece, and almost simultaneously a shout went up from the crowd assembled on the hill. The nearer boat was shattered and sinking, while the remnant of her crew were being picked up by the other boats. While these were thus delayed, the two brass pieces opened fire with such effect, that one of the barges fairly turned tail and sought safety in flight. The other was beached to prevent her from going down with her crowded occupants. The crew hoisted a white handkerchief in token of surrender, and the townsmen ceased firing. Among the foremost of those who hurried to meet the captured Englishmen was Noyes, who, on coming up, recognized in the leader of the opposite party, a well known face. Walking up to him, and stretching out his hand,

"Hew de du, square," he exclaimed. "I am right glad to see you; sartin' I am."

The Englishman changed countenance.

"I have seen you before, I think," was the rather reluctant answer.

"You've hit it, square. I'm the man that lives in the little red house."

A consultation was held by the villagers, and it was determined to furnish the Englishmen with a boat, and send them back to their ships. After a sufficient delay for the purpose of rest and the procuring of refreshment, the lieutenant and his party entered the boat that had been provided them. The men laid their hands on their oars, when Noyes stepped forward with a low bow.

"Lieutenant, will you allow me to request of you a small favor?"

"What is it, sir?"

"Only that you would inform Captain Sir George Collier, when you meet him, that, judging from your experience, his majesty's officers are likely to find a much better port on board of his ship than anywhere in the bounds of Cape Cod. Furthermore, please to give him the best respects of Skipper John Noyes, and say that that gentleman would humbly request the return of that half dollar of his, provided Captain Collier has no further use for it."

The lieutenant had the good sense to take this waggery in the manner in which it was intended. He expressed his willingness to fulfil the commission with which he had been entrusted, and, motioning his men to their oars, bade the people of Orleans a final adieu.

With regard to certain incidents in the foregoing, we would say that we have woven them in a woof of our own. We need only add that our story is founded on the facts.

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M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

BENJAMIN P. SHILLABER, ESQ.,

ALIAS MRS. RUTH PARTINGTON.

The accompanying portrait may be relied upon as a correct likeness of Mr. Benjamin P. Shillaber, the poet and humorist, now an assistant editor on the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette, a gentleman everywhere appreciated for his talent, and best esteemed where best known, for his private character. The drawing was made for us by Mr. Hill, and engraved by Pierce, from an ambrotype by Messrs. Cutting & Bowdoin, 49 Tremont Street, and is a perfectly reliable portrait. It wears that expression of goodness which characterizes the countenance of the original. To gratify the probable desire of our readers to know something respecting Mr. Shillaber, we have gathered from various sources a number of items respecting his career. Mr. Shillaber was born and still lives—two important facts to be mentioned in his biography. His birth occurred in 1814, in Portsmouth, N. H., at the close of what is popularly known as the "last war." Educated at the "old north" and west schools in that rare old town, he graduated at the latter, in 1829, with distinguished honor. During his period of tuition, he enjoyed the fullest confidence of his master, which was exhibited in an unlimited credit for paper and pens. In 1829, he commenced his career as a printer, by entering, as office boy (or imp), the office of the N. H. Palladium, in Dover, N. H. He completed his apprenticeship in Boston, in 1835. At this time he made a voyage to Demarara for his health, having had an attack of bleeding at the lungs. Here he worked on the Royal Gazette for twenty months, returning home in 1837. He now married and became settled, as a journeyman printer, for life, as he thought, working for a year or two in a book office. At the expiration of his engagement, he became connected with the Morning Post, in the winter of 1840. Here he worked upon the case till the year 1847, when he accidentally discovered that he had a pleasant knack at writing—a fact which it was left for him to find out at that late day. At this time he first produced the Partington sayings, which have been and still are the most successful humorous writings that have ever appeared. Their popularity knows no abatement, and their weekly appearance in Clapp's Evening Gazette is looked for with eagerness by the thousands of readers of that admirably-conducted journal, to which Mr. Clapp, the editor in chief, Mr. Thaxter and Mr. Shillaber devote their entire time and ability, producing one of the best weekly sheets published in this country. Mr. Shillaber commenced his poetical career about this time (1847), with great success. He has published a book of poems, which met with a considerable sale, while of the volume of his collected sayings and other pieces, an edition of 20,000 was disposed of in a few weeks after the date of publication. In 1850, Mr. Shillaber left the Post, and in conjunction with Messrs. Wilder & Pickard, started the Carpet Bag—a quarto humorous paper of great merit, which enjoyed a brief existence of two years, and was then withdrawn to make room for more successful journals.



BENJ. P. SHILLABER.—MRS. PARTINGTON.

This paper was very popular with humorous people, but its ill success, as well as that of some others of the same stamp, seems to show the impossibility of sustaining a publication of which humor is the staple. Through this paper, Mr. Shillaber made the acquaintance of some of the best writers in the country, with whom he is still in correspondence. He returned to the Post in 1852, and became known as the local reporter of that able and popular paper. In this position he figured as "Mrs. Partington" and "Professor Widesworth," and attracted much attention. The duties of his position becoming too arduous, he accepted a proposition to connect himself with the Saturday Evening Gazette, as we have before mentioned, and commenced his engagement in April last. During the last winter, Mr. Shillaber was induced, by

the persuasion of his friends, to mount the rostrum as a lecturer, and made his debut in character in the Music Hall, where he was warmly welcomed by a brilliant audience, who listened with delight to his recitation of a humorous and vigorous poem on the "Press"—a subject with which, as the preceding sketch has shown, he could boast of a thorough acquaintance. He delivered this poem in many of the suburban towns, during the lecture season, and everywhere, to the satisfaction of his audiences. Mr. Shillaber's poetry is not of the "sensation" school. His tone of thought is quiet and subdued, and his verse correct, musical and flowing. As a humorous paragraphist, a terse and pointed commentator on the follies and peculiarities of the day, he stands almost without a rival. Mr. Shillaber is eminently a family man, though not a rich one, save in those jewels that the Roman matron vaunted, of which he has a casket full. There are six children who call him father, with two in heaven. His countenance, as may be seen, is at once kindly, thoughtful and prepossessing. There is here and there a thread or two of silver in his hair, but there is no winter in his heart, which beats with warm and youthful feeling, animating his breast with a desire to make the world merrier, at least, if not wiser.

OLD FOLKS' CONCERT, WALTHAM, MASS

Our artist, Mr. Warren, of Waltham, has here depicted expressly for us the interior of Rumford Hall, Waltham, as it appeared on the occasion of one of those old folks' concerts which filled it to overflowing during the past winter. The stage is occupied by a large number of performers, ladies and gentlemen, attired in antique costumes, such as our grandfathers and grandmothers, and even our great-great-grandfathers and grandmothers wore, in the good old times. It was surprising that so rare a collection of dresses could have been accumulated. Here was a handsome uniform that had figured in the "old French war," there a dress that had been worn with distinction in the days of the "Republican Court." To the young, these singular costumes were the theme of special wonderment, while they awakened many a genial reminiscence in the minds of the aged. Let it not be imagined, however, that the dresses formed the sole attraction of these concerts; on the contrary, the music, both vocal and instrumental, was admirable, for Waltham embraces a large amount of musical talent and culture, and it requires really good music to make a concert go off with success. The director of those entertainments, Mr. Leonard Jewell, deserves great credit for his exertions to contribute to the amusement of the public; while the ladies and gentlemen who co-operated with him have earned the thanks of the community. We believe that the idea of these antiquated dress concerts first originated in Reading, but we are not certain as to its origin. At Chelsea, also, the "old folks" have come out remarkably strong. The old folks' concerts in Boston, last winter, were remarkably successful, attracting very great audiences.



OLD FOLKS' CONCERT AT WALTHAM

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

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Agents should send in their orders at once for the extra number desired.

FORTHCOMING.—We have sent several of our artists through the South and West, and shall soon commence to illustrate in detail the various localities in those parts of our growing country. We are resolved to make Ballou's Pictorial worthy in all respects of the extended popularity it enjoys.

YANKEEDOM IN ITALY.—Some of the American residents in Florence have been getting up old fashioned pumpkin pies. If that don't revolutionize Italy, we don't know what will. Where's Mazzini?

HORSE-EATING.—Just think of it—walk into a restaurant and order a horse steak! But horse-eating is growing more and more general all over Europe, and especially in Paris and London. Those who have tried it declare this dish very palatable.

RELIGIOUS.—All of the venerable Dr. Beecher's sons—seven in number—are now engaged in preaching the gospel.

SPLINTERS.

.... A marble Masonic Temple is to be erected in New York city, at a cost of four hundred thousand dollars.

.... The application of a plate of copper to the bite of a mad dog is said to prevent hydrophobia.

.... John Bull felt more ratification than gratification at the peace—says Punch.

.... The Paris Charivari has received orders to stop caricaturing the czar and the Russians.

.... The body of a man who died nine years ago at Middlesex, Vermont, has changed into stone.

.... Dr. South said a tale-bearer should be hung up by the tongue, and a tale-hearer by the ear.

.... The favorite dishes among the Tartars are mare's milk with the cream on, and horse steak.

.... We have heard that Mrs. Barrow will not play at the Boston Theatre next season. How is this?

.... The story that Lamartine is coming to this country to reside has been again revived.

.... One of the nicest riding schools in the United States, is Disbrow's, in New York city.

.... In Vienna, all places of public amusements are henceforth to be closed on Sundays.

.... The French have destroyed the great aqueduct at Sebastopol, which was eight miles long.

.... Listz, the famous pianist, is about marrying a baroness, ugly and old, but with plenty of money.

.... The silent population of that city or the dead—Greenwood Cemetery—is estimated at 47,000.

.... The new five cent postage stamps for foreign letters are very neatly executed.

.... An exchange says the ladies' bonnets have a kiss-me-if-you-dare expression.

.... It is highly absurd to attempt to negotiate a money loan on the score of poverty.

.... In Paris, the telegraph wires are laid in the ground. Melted bitumen isolates them completely.

.... Francis F. Lloyd, of Concord, N. H., gave \$500 for the great Durham mixed cow that weighs 2760 pounds.

.... The treaty of peace was signed in Paris on Sunday; Waterloo was fought on Sunday, too.

.... The Newburyport Herald states that spiritualism is making great progress in Essex County.

.... They have been fining hackmen in New York for importing passengers to "take a kerridge!"

.... The next nuisance to a trombone-player who performs after is one who does it before breakfast.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

We were very much gratified on reading, in one of our English exchanges, a sketch of the speech of Mr. Baxter, member of parliament for Montrose, on the opening of a new exchange at Dundee, Scotland. He had been asked to propose the health of "the President and People of the United States of America," and he embraced the opportunity to speak of our country, not in terms of fulsome eulogy, but with energy, justice and sound sense. He said he was not surprised that there were faults in our society, and many desperate characters within the great republic who occasionally wrought a deal of mischief, but what *did* excite his wonder was: "that, in the short space of sixty years, by the unaided energy and enterprise of their own people, the United States should have risen to the rank of a first rate Power, developed their agricultural, mineral and commercial resources with a rapidity unexampled in history, and without a monarch, an army, or an aristocracy, afforded an instance of self-government and obedience to law which cannot fail, whatever be our political sentiments, to command our respect. But America, it may be said, shows an inordinate desire for territorial aggrandizement. True; but if this be meant for a railing accusation, does it come with a good grace from a Power on whose dominions the sun never sets—a Power which has appropriated South Africa, Australia and New Zealand—a Power which, step by step, has possessed herself of India from the Himalaya Mountains to Cape Comorin? John Bull, however, uses more gentlemanly expressions; while Jonathan talks vulgarly of annexing Cuba, he, with a marvellously quiet dignity, sequesters Oude."

He deprecated the "unnatural jealousy of the United States," exhibited in certain quarters. "I care nothing," said he, "about what is called the Monroe doctrine. America for the Americans is no cherished maxim of mine; but this I do say, nothing is more likely, nothing more natural, nothing is more desirable, than that a people so industrious and so well fitted for self-government as our trans-atlantic cousins should gradually extend their institutions over the entire continent of North America; and that, no matter what we do, or think, or say—whether Lord Palmerston for the nonce stands by his friend, the King of the Mosquitoes, or, like a wise man, abandons that mighty potentate to his fate, both Mexico and Central America will sooner or later be peopled and civilized by the American branch of the Anglo-Saxon race. We, at all events, have irons enough in the fire, without multiplying them in a quarter where we cannot, in the nature of things, maintain a footing long, and I, for one, hope that the people of both countries, tired of this diplomatic finessing and blundering, will take the matter into their own hands, and give their respective governments distinctly to understand that war as to the terms of an apology, or the protectorate over a few savages, would be a fratricidal and sinful war—that they wish an end put to this squabbling about mere trifles, when tremendous interests are at stake—and that the only contest which they will tolerate between Great Britain and America is as to which can do the most for the civilization and evangelization of the world."

We respect Mr. Baxter's sentiments and his frankness in expressing them. There is nothing like "talking for Buncombe" in his speech—not a particle of clap-trap. He has scanned the capabilities and destinies of this country with a steady eye, and he is neither indignant nor jealous at the foreshadowings his sagacity has detected. The enlightened men of Great Britain know that the interests of their country and of ours are almost identical—and that their prosperity increases proportionally with ours. One of the heaviest misfortunes that could have befallen England would have been success in their attempt to put down the revolt of the North American colonies. These States, as colonial dependencies, would have been a burthen to England; independent, they have poured wealth into her coffers and prolonged the commercial greatness of the parent stock. Let us hear more of such frank declarations of sentiments on the part of the people of Great Britain, and we shall have no trouble from their rulers.

MECHANICAL CURIOSITY.—M. Roby, of Paris, has a time-piece made entirely of clay. All the works, plates, cogs, and wheels, are made of aluminium; and M. Roby believes that it is much better for these purposes than the metals generally employed. It is much lighter, does not require so much power to conduct the wheels, and therefore, with a heavy balance, will obtain a better result for regularity. It is very hard and smooth when hammered, and the friction will be reduced to almost nothing.

PLAYING WITH FIRE-ARMS.—This is never child's play. Several young men in Ligonter, Westmoreland county, Pa., got up a sham duel, but in loading the weapons, one of the seconds carelessly discharged a pistol, the ramrod of which was driven through his hand, causing a wound, which, the doctors having amputated, is likely to prove fatal.

DR. JOHN C. WARREN.—By the death of this eminent man, Boston has lost one of her most valuable citizens. As a surgeon he stood at the head of his profession—while he was a friend and patron of science, and a man whose private reputation was without a blemish.

Should any of our readers desire a *first class* literary paper, one that will never call up a blush to the cheeks of purity, one whose stories are of the highest order, and whose illustrations can always be relied upon as being correct as well as beautiful, subscribe at once for *Ballou's Pictorial*—*Musical Harp*, Cleveland, Ohio.

THE OUTRAGE AT PANAMA.—The murder and robbery of our citizens at Panama will not soon be forgotten. Great events may flow from that sanguinary episode.

WOODING UP ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

On pages 360 and 361 of this paper, we add another large picture to our gallery of American art, designed expressly for us by Mr. Billings, and engraved by John Andrew in his best style. These pictures have elicited unqualified commendation from the press and the public. Framed and glazed—and they are well worthy of it—they make highly ornamental parlor pictures. But we prefer to let their merit speak for themselves. The present picture will be recognized as highly truthful and characteristic by all who have voyaged on the "Father of Waters." It is a night scene. One of the large Mississippi high pressure steamers, full of freight and passengers, has rounded to, to "wood up." The steam is rushing from the escape pipes, and the red light of fires and lanterns streaming athwart the volumed vapor, the lurid sky, the rushing waters, the impatient spectators, the busy hands, tramping round in a circle from shore to deck and back again, until their task is accomplished, altogether make up a weird and dramatic picture, which "Salvator Rosa" would have delighted in. These river boats are obliged, by their long voyages and the head of steam they carry, to take in a frequent supply of wood. As soon as the fireman has reported wood short, the captain is on the look out for a station where he can obtain a supply. If in the night time, a signal lantern is hoisted, which is answered from the shore. The boat rounds to. A brief colloquy takes place between the captain and the owner of the pile. If a bargain is struck, the boat is made fast by bow and stern lines, and the "wooding up" begins with the activity characteristic of Yankees. The owner of the pile always requires his pay in hard dollars, having a praiseworthy horror of "wild cat" and other "inventions of the enemy." Seated on his pile, perhaps smoking an old pipe, with the gravity of a sachem, he surveys the operation of "wooding up," which is performed by the hands of the steamer, black, white and gray—for a most amusing variety of the human species is always found in the crews of these river boats. The operation concluded, the lines are cast off, and away goes the smoking, snorting monster, like a race-horse starting for the goal. The constant recurrence of these scenes varies the monotony of a long voyage on the great waters of the West.

LIBERTY OF SPEECH.—In 1764 a New York butcher was disfranchised for saying he would sell beef at four and a half pence per pound, "in spite of the wiseheads." The boys that "kill for Keyser" say worse things now-a-days.

"THE TEXAN CRUISER."—This is the title of an admirable nautical tale, now publishing in *Ballou's Pictorial*. It is from the pen of T. Burlingame Ross, and is the best sea story ever published in newspaper form.—*Saturday Evening Gazette*.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Albert G. Twombly to Miss Emma A. Powell; by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. John A. C. Randall to Miss Mary A. Skelton; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Adolphus H. Bates to Miss Mary F. Mumler; by Rev. Mr. King, Mr. George W. Powers to Miss Joanna M. Hich; by Rev. Mr. Burlingame, Mr. Amos M. Mower to Miss Margery A. Kennebec; by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Weston Gray to Miss Harriet Brown.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Hooper, Mr. Samuel D. Sawin to Miss Caroline E. Simonds; by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Samuel M. David, of Boston, to Miss Maria J. Edmonds.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Dr. Putnam, Mr. A. G. Chamberlain to Miss Mary Ann Hickox.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Langworthy, Mr. J. R. Campbell to Miss Mary J. Wilder.—At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Richard G. Elliott to Miss Ellen M. Damon.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Conway, Mr. James Harding to Miss Frances O'Brien.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Edgar A. Bailey to Miss Lydia Maria Blood.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Blanchard, Mr. Royal T. Smith to Miss Susan M. Ripley.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Reed, Mr. Jeffrey Hollingsdale to Miss Emma I. Gillett.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Dr. Kendall, Mr. Isaac Norton, Jr. to Miss Harriet M. Peterson.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. Joseph Francis to Miss Mary J. George.—At Conwayboro', S. C., by Rev. Mr. Mahony, Mr. W. H. Buck to Miss Angie Beatty.

DEATHS.

In this city, Dr. John Collins Warren, 78; Mr. James Kelt, Jr., 37; Mrs. Della Morin Snow; Mrs. Susanah F. Armstrong, 29; Mrs. Abby B. Wharton, 33; Mrs. S. Augusta Spaulding, 33; Mrs. Nancy P. Magoun, 40; Widow Catherine C. M. Edes, 73; Miss Mary Elizabeth Fowle, 25.—At Dorchester, William L. Carlton, Esq., 72; Widow Rebecca Stetson, 76.—At East Cambridge, Mr. Amasa Davies, 73.—At Watertown, Mr. Rufus Cox, 61.—At Somerville, Mrs. Louise C. Woodwell, 27.—At Medford, Mrs. Abigail Simonds, a government pensioner, 96.—At Salem, Mrs. Mary Troffiter, 87; Mrs. Elizabeth D. Turner, 24; Mr. George Thomas Sanders, 61; Capt. Joseph Felt, 79; Mrs. Mary Redman, 26.—At South Danvers, Mrs. Ruth Stevens, 63; Mr. Wood Fornis, 68.—At Lynn, Mr. Nathaniel Fry, 60; Mr. Nathaniel Ireson, 63; Mr. John Jessup, 71.—At Plymouth, Mr. Joseph Wilson, 41; Widow Betsey Raymond, 73.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Hon. Henry W. Kinsman, 48; Miss Susan Jones, 66.—At Provincetown, Capt. Reuben C. Case, 37.—At Amesbury, Mr. Moses Lane, 71.—At Nantucket, Capt. Joseph Allen, 83.—At Chatham, Mrs. Charlotte M. Howe, 22.—At Springfield, Miss Isabella Keyes, 19.—At Richmond, Widow Hepziba Leadbetter, 90; Mr. Selah Andrews, 87.—At Portsmouth, N. H., George J. Jeffries, Esq., 67.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

OPIUM.

BY SMITH ELY, JR.

In sorrow's night, my prostrate heart
Besought thee, called thee friend, and felt thy power.
In memories of that transforming hour,
I know thee, what thou art.
A potent spirit, in whose presence bright,
All nature blooms with garments of delight—
The shadows flee, the pulse revives, the nerveless sight
Resumes its pristine lustre—the glad soul
So long despairing, gains the sunlit goal—
Dilates into a god—yet owns thy might,
Thou angel! robed with light.

But glowing visions, and expanding views,
The lustrous radiance of heavenly hues,
The star-crowned seraphs with angelic mien,
The golden atmosphere which bathes the scene,
Are all a pictured curtain, shutting out
The spectre-haunted gloom that reigns without.
Down from supernal heights,
From dying cadences, and fading charms,
Plunged into depths profound, where shapeless forms
Practise infernal rites.
Here workest thou, O demon! mystic, dread,
Mid hungry hosts of thine own ghastly dead,
Whose eyes still turn to thee their frozen sight,
Thou spectre! black as night:
Akin to death—that pale
And grisly janitor, at whose dark door
The trembling exiles from Time's stormy shore,
Suspensive wait, while ghostly hands unveil
Heaven's gates immortal, or hades' portal!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MRS. BRADFORD'S MADONNA.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

It is a mean-looking street, on the corner of which that old house stands. You would not believe it was once a handsome and fashionable house, and the street also a fashionable street. But it was really so; and the people who lived there were at the very top of the upper-tendom of that day, and wore damask silk gowns, and hoops, and point lace—and those who wore them, danced minuets with gentlemen who wore velvet coats, and cambric ruffles, and long swords, and long queues also.

It is a large old wooden house, of a dull, dingy yellow color; and the door and window casings are of a shabby green. Dim, dingy and smoky-looking enough it is inside, too; but if you go in, you will see, here and there, a fragment of the rare old splendor of former days.

Just look at the delicate tracery of the exquisite carving on that old chimney-piece! Look closer at the faces of the cherubim and scraphim, and think if anything could be more beautifully chiselled, even in marble. Now, see this mouldy fragment of wall paper that peeps out from the torn strip of thin, mean fabric which has replaced it. It was imported from Europe at an immense cost, and is the real, original, artistic execution of the history of Telemachus—not the miserable factory daubs that were copied after it; but you can only see the merest bit of it now.

Tear off the outside strip? Not for the world! Mrs. Bradford would consider it an outrage upon her "decent striped paper." And if you did, it would only disappoint and tantalize you—just as it does to see Allston's unfinished productions. But go up the broad carved staircase, and in the farthest corner you will see part of a wreath—only part, for everything here is fragmentary—of flowers, painted, not on paper, but on the broad, smooth panel. Busy, housewifely hands have scoured and rubbed most of it out; but a rose with a bud or two, and a cluster of purple jasmines, and two or three immortelles, are yet distinguishable.

Coming back to the room again, you may seat yourself in this antiquated chair, which was brought over in the Mayflower, and gaze on the opposite wall, where stands a large clock with an ebony case, and near it hangs a picture. Surely, the old lady, who sits knitting in the corner, does not know the value of that picture. I mean she does not know its value as a work of art; for that she values it as an heir-loom, the fact that she cannot be prevailed on to part with it is sufficient evidence. When a picture dealer came from New York to hunt up the pictures in old Boston houses, he fixed his calculating eye upon this Madonna. It was like opening up a golden fountain to him; for he had been expressly charged to obtain this very one, if it could be had for money.

"Would you like to part with this, ma'am? It is an old thing enough! but I will give you a price—a good price, ma'am; would not ask you to sell it, ma'am, only it looks so much like my daughter! Would ten dollars—indeed! Well, twenty, then? Really, you do set a price upon that piece of antiquity! Well, now, I suppose if I offer you fifty dollars, you will think me a great fool—but just because it looks like my daughter, as I said before, I would really give you fifty dollars."

No, indeed! Mrs. Bradford does not know anything about paintings, nor old masters, nor Madonnas—she doesn't even know that it is a Madonna, nor what a Madonna is—but she knows that she remembers her dear old grandfather showing it to General Washington, and that the general said it was a "perfect gem;" and on account of those two she would not give up the picture—not even if she should not have money enough to buy her breakfast with. So the New Yorker goes away very much baffled by the old lady's simplicity, and doesn't get the picture that looks so much like his Dutch-built daughter!

Yes, the old house is left to Mrs. Bradford, because she has a

life rent in it, and cannot be displaced; but the heir-at-law looks on with a fierce and bitter feeling because she does not die and let him put up a large brick block of stores there. It would pay capitally; and he feels, much as the New York picture dealer does, that the old lady is outliving her usefulness, and that the best thing she can do, is to have "her countenance changed, and be sent away." Then the house can be pulled down, and the Madonna will go into an auction room; and Leonard has his orders to buy it at any price, and charge any rate of commission. The picture dealer's daughter will perhaps help her father to soften the cracked varnish, and bring out the faded tints, and put it in a new frame—taking care, however, that it shall not look new; and then it will be transferred, "for a consideration," to the picture gallery up town, where Ignoramus Wealthy talks learnedly of "the old masters."

Mrs. Bradford allows me to go in and gaze at the picture as much as I will; and since the spring days have come, the old lady goes out to see her neighbors, and leaves me to come and go as I list. A few days ago she left me thus. So I took her easy chair, and leaning back, I looked at the Madonna. A sort of indistinctness began to come over me. When I looked at the Madonna, the old clock would come right into its place, and the picture would be no longer visible. Soon I heard the warning click which it makes before striking, and then I remember to have heard peal out nine, and then another. It was ten o'clock then.

In a few minutes the clock changed places again with the Madonna, and then its regular beating changed also to a soft, low, human voice! For some time I could not distinguish any words, but presently I heard distinctly; and the first intelligible sounds were something about Thomas Brockway and Elizabeth Frothingham, and then they shaped themselves into distinct sentences, thus:

"—and the father of Elizabeth refused that his daughter should marry Thomas Brockway, because he had been so long away in foreign parts, and there was no means of knowing what his reputation there might have been. Many times," said the clock, "have I stood guard over this unfortunate young couple, pointing faithfully to the hour when Mr. Frothingham would probably come from the great house, where the colonial governor held his levees, and to which Mr. Frothingham was a constant and welcome visitor. At eleven he always rose to go; and at that moment also, I gave the lovers the signal to part. I have seen the girl's face bathed in tears, when she would look earnestly in mine, as if asking me to delay the moment of striking."

"A few minutes after Thomas Brockway departed, Mr. Frothingham would enter, scold his daughter affectionately for sitting up for him, and hurry her off to bed, with a good night kiss. For my own part, not having the gift of speech, I was obliged to keep profound silence; but could I have made myself intelligible, I would have represented to Mr. Frothingham that he was making his daughter unhappy for no purpose—for as sure as fate, they would be married, either with or without his consent, and that he had better bring his mind to it at once. I should have told him also that Thomas Brockway was a good and true man, and loved Elizabeth with a manly and generous love; and that the good little maiden would assuredly die and leave the father childless, unless he relented in his present determination."

"Frequently Mr. Frothingham would sit up long after he had sent Elizabeth to bed, and then I could see that his heart was set upon a certain Charles Aspinwall—a great favorite of Governor Dudley—for his daughter's husband. I could not speak, but I gave a deep sigh—it was a few minutes before twelve—and he looked up, almost startled by the sound."

"It is so still here that the clock-beats sound loud to-night," he said, as he gathered up his hat and gloves, and retired.

"I was witness to these scenes almost every night in the week. No one knew of them but Pompey and myself. Pompey was a large black man, whose face exactly resembled my framework in color. In fact, he and I were very intimate. It was his hand that wound up my weights every morning as soon as prayers were over. It was he, too, who watched for Thomas Brockway, who generally came in as soon as Pompey's master turned the corner."

"One night I heard Thomas Brockway ask Elizabeth if she would marry him secretly, and trust to time to reconcile her father. At first she was shocked to think he would propose such a thing; then she began to talk it over with him, and finally she consented to go with him to some place in Europe, where he said that he had an estate. I could not lift a finger to warn them, for I truly sympathized with their misery; and I thought the father a very stern and a very foolish old man—although he was my master—to peril his child's happiness in this way. Indeed, Pompey often made the same observation, while winding me up."

"I shall never forget the night that this dear young girl went forth from her father's house, to bind herself and her fortunes to Thomas Brockway. Tears had swollen her beautiful eyes; but when she came down from her chamber, they were hot and tearless. She had managed to send Pompey out of the way, for she would not implicate the faithful old black man, who had carried her in his arms when a babe."

"Well, I watched her with an unwinking eye, as she went round the room kissing the furniture, laying her head down upon the old dog, as he reposed on the rug before the bright fire, taking up her father's glove that lay on the table, and putting it in her bosom, and not shedding a tear all the while. Then she came to me. I thought the leaden heart within me would have dropped to the floor. I gave a quivering sort of start when she pressed herself up to my black framework. 'Poor old clock,' she said, 'when next you strike, I shall be gone, perhaps never to return! Then she went and stood before the Madonna! The look which she saw in those sweet eyes melted her at once. She fell on her knees before the picture, and the tears poured from her eyes. I

hoped she would give up the wild scheme when I saw those tears; but just then Thomas Brockway came in, and put his arm tenderly around her, as one would a weeping child. I heard low whispers, but could not distinguish what they said, for there was a great sound of carriage wheels on the gravel walk; and before I could count out a minute they were gone!

"When Pompey came in, he looked earnestly in my face, but I could not tell him what he wanted to know. He was wondering where Miss Elizabeth had gone. If I could but have told him! If I could but have sent the faithful creature after her, to implore her to come back, and not to break her old father's heart—but I was speechless."

"At eleven, Mr. Frothingham came in. Pompey, who had been stumping backward and forward for a full hour in the hall, now followed him in, and tremblingly told him what he feared. Then there was a scene! I saw Pompey suddenly extending his arms, only in time to save the master from falling. I was thankful then, that I could not even shriek out!

"It was a painful night. Old Doctor Thatcher was here all night, and a bed was brought into this room for Mr. Frothingham, and Pompey stretched himself on the broad rug with Carlo. At first the doctor feared paralysis, but it proved otherwise. Mr. Frothingham recovered gradually, but looked very pale and thin. At length, after some days, Pompey brought him a letter. The fugitives were about sailing for England, and wrote to implore his pardon, which they could not leave America without receiving. Mr. Frothingham drew his writing-table before him, and as I glanced upon the paper I saw the words, 'I forgive you both for what you have made me suffer!' It was the triumph of nature."

"Two years went by. Mr. Frothingham was lonely and dull; and even Dr. Thatcher's afternoon visits, nor the stately calls of Governor Dudley (in which he talked chiefly of the perfections of his unmarried sister), seemed not to cheer him in any degree. But one day I saw Mr. Frothingham, in full dress, entering a carriage at the door. I noticed that the horses were white. What did that mean? His own were beautiful bays. In a few hours the carriage returned, and Mr. Frothingham handed out a beautiful and stately lady, in a white satin dress and lace veil! They did not come in here, but I heard Pompey telling the new waiter, that master was married to Madame Pickman."

"After this I saw little of the family. They sat chiefly in a room up stairs, hung with blue damask. Often the shutters here were not opened until Pompey came in to see if I thought it was time for dinner. How I languished for the old times! I heard some of the servants say that madame was proud and haughty; and I could easily believe it, because she did not like this dear old room, which always seemed so homelike."

"One day Mr. Frothingham came in; he looked grave, if not positively unhappy. He sat down in his old arm-chair, put his hands before his eyes, and I could see the tears trickling through his fingers. I knew he was thinking of Elizabeth. He sat there until dusk, for madame had gone out on a visit to Cambridge, and would be absent all night."

"I heard a loud knock at the door; but he did not seem to heed it, for he was musing over the past. The wood fire blazed up cheerily, and threw great shadows on the walls. The door opened, and another shadow glided in, sunk on its knees before the easy chair, and laid its head on Mr. Frothingham's arm. In its own arms was an infant shadow, which it laid on his lap."

"I could not look any longer. My heart beat so loud that I could hear nothing but a sound of mingled weeping and kisses; and then Thomas Brockway came in, with a large shadow, and clasped his wife and child in his arms, as he sunk down beside them on his knees before Mr. Frothingham."

"Thus it was that my sweet Elizabeth came back. To this room, so endeared to her by every remembrance of loving trust, or more loving error, she returned as to a haven of rest. Hither she brought her child's cradle; and here her stately stepmother learned to love her, when she saw how beautifully she made her life atone for her one fault."

"They have all passed away now, and I stand almost alone; and as shadow after shadow disappears upon the wall, I think of that land where I can never join them, because Time shall be no more!"

* * * * *

I started up aghast, as the clock rung out a merry peal of eleven long, musical chimes. The Madonna was looking down upon me, with her soft, angelic eyes—so sweet in their spiritual depths, so starlike in their serene beauty! I had been dreaming, perhaps, for I had a faint memory of looking up into a noble arch, under which was a long gallery, where a full choir was performing around an organ, and a single sweet voice singing, "*Ora pro nobis, Mater!*" There was such a tender sweetness in that voice! I felt it rather than heard it."

Mrs. Bradford came in with her usual slow step and whining voice, and said:

"Why, for the land's sake, Miss Lowell! Have you been settin' here all this time without a mite of sowin' in your hands? Only see what a long bit I've gone and knit! What have you been doin' on? What did you say? Lookin' at the Medony? Well, you are the queerest woman! I guess I don't spend time to look at the Medony; only I vally it, because General Washington—"

"Yes, yes, Mrs. Bradford, I know. I only wish that the Madonna was mine."

"Yeourn? Well, I guess, when I die, I'll give it tew you! Only you must promise to write one of your stories about it arter I'm dead—and be sure to put in General Washington and my gran'ther."

If that picture dealer ever sees the Madonna, he will have to get up over night!

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

It is said that 15,000 Germans have recently left Hamburg for Texas, and that no less than 25,000 more were expected to follow. — The whole number of schools under the jurisdiction of the Board of Education, in the city of New York, is 271, with an aggregate of 152,874 pupils. The average attendance is 54,903. The expense of tuition is \$3 70 each, or \$10 66 on the average attendance. The outlay for schools the last year was \$917,853. The number of female teachers is increasing. — The Chinese use orange flowers to scent their tea, as well as rose leaves, jasmynes, and the blossom of the sweet plum-tree. — The sword worn by Napoleon Bonaparte at the battle of Marengo, in 1800, was purchased by the Emperor Nicholas in 1850, just half a century after that eventful and bloody battle, for the sum of thirty-two thousand dollars. French swords, since then, have cost the Emperor of Russia much more than that sum, large as it is. — It is said that the bride of Major Raines, U. S. A., who was married in Newburgh, the other day, received from her mother a bridal present in the shape of a ferry property worth \$300,000. — The rush westward is unprecedented. The Tribune says that for the past three weeks the arrivals over each of the Michigan roads—the Central and Southern—have been not less than fifteen hundred, and often they have averaged two thousand daily! The climax of the emigration will not be reached until June. — The Vienna correspondent of the London Times states that the Austrian officials assert that England cares but little for the Italian question, but desires to aggrandize Sardinia. — A German named Henry Dineart, who was committed on a charge of pocket-picking at the late fire in Philadelphia, hung himself in the Moyamensing prison. The large amount of funds found upon his person led to the discovery that he possessed ample means, and that the charge was evidently a mistake. — The Empress Eugenie is entertained every day in her chamber by a concert of the choicest description. — Captain Whipple, a submarine operator, has removed from Pensacola harbor a sunk caisson, which was constructed thirty years ago for a permanent wharf, at a cost of nearly three hundred thousand dollars. Two tons of gunpowder were burnt in the destruction of this submarine structure, and the harbor is now entirely free from every obstruction. — The total number of land warrants issued under the law of March, 1855, is 227,000, requiring upwards of 15,000,000 acres. The number of claims received is 245,700. Upwards of 14,000 warrants, covering one million seven hundred thousand acres, were issued in April. — A curious rencontre happened to Douglas Jerrold on the first night of "The Rent Day." When he was a midshipman on board a man of war, he met in the same capacity, a lad named Clarkson Stanfield. Sixteen years afterwards, these two sailor boys met on the boards of a London theatre; one the great scene-painter, and the other a successful dramatist. — The Dental News Letter reports a case of St. Vitus's dance cured by the extraction of eight stumps of decayed teeth. — Erasistratus, having cured the son of the King of Syria, of a dangerous complaint, received one hundred thousand dollars as a gift. He is the same, of whom it is said, he dissected criminals alive in his inhuman zeal for anatomical research. — They are suggesting, in Paris, the project of a railroad from that city to Constantinople, passing through Switzerland, Illyria, and Herzegovina. It would connect with the French roads at Troyes. — A little boy died in Bangor, lately, from the effects of using an old tobacco pipe to blow soap bubbles with. His little sister, who used it with him, was also taken dangerously ill. It is supposed they were poisoned with the essential oil of tobacco, imbibed from the pipe they were using. — The City Council of Philadelphia have prohibited the erection of wooden awning posts hereafter. — An old hunter residing on Broad Top Mountain, Pa., says that in the last fifty years he has killed 200 deer, 30 wolves, 20 bears, 100 foxes, and 30 wild cats. Among other exploits, he killed six wild turkeys at three single shots, and two deer at one shot with a bullet. — The iron mines in this country will furnish one hundred thousand tons a year for two centuries at least. — A project is on foot for bridging the Boulevards of Paris. Pedestrians will then be restricted to the sidewalks, and carriages alone will circulate in the streets. The additional trouble of walking up one pair of stairs and down another, will be amply compensated by the increased security of life and limb.

AFFECTIONATE.—When Dobbs was dying, his wife, who had led him a terrible life, was afraid that he would either cut her off with a shilling, or prevent her marrying again; she was young and handsome, if she was a Tartar. But Dobbs left her all his money, on condition of her marrying again, "for then," said he, "I shall be certain that somebody else will be as wretched as I've been."

TURKEY.—Twenty-five years ago, the Bible depot in Constantinople was a single small room in an obscure warehouse, without a sign, and opened only once a week. Now it occupies three rooms in the busiest street, and a sign in six languages announces to the passers-by the nature of its divine treasures.

NOISY CARRIER'S BOOK AND STATIONERY CO., No. 77 LONG WHARF, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Incorporated according to an act of the Legislature of California, January 1, 1855. CHARLES P. KIMBALL, President.—TRUSTEES—Charles P. Kimball, Thomas N. Hibbes, G. B. Haywood.—CHARLES GALACAR, Agent, NEW YORK. 3—8m

FOURTH OF JULY ORATOR.—We learn that Edward G. Parker, Esq., has received and accepted an invitation to deliver the usual oration before our city authorities on the coming 4th of July.

HIAWATHA.—Some people say Hiawatha is a "Finnish" production. Don't they mean "finished"?

Wayside Gatherings.

The Free Masons of New York are about to erect, at a cost of \$400,000, a magnificent marble temple.

The skeleton of a mastodon has been exhumed from the bed of a marsh in Christ Church Parish, S. C., by Dr. Klipstein.

The Military College at Norwich, Vt., has elected John G. Saxe, Esq., as poet for the commencement in August next.

It is proposed by a party to supply Brooklyn with water for \$3,500,000, and to deliver 20,000,000 gallons per day. To be completed in two years.

The limb of a peach tree which had been buried all winter in snow, in Northampton, was found full of fruit buds, while the rest of the tree, having been exposed to the weather, has none.

Oregon is taking measures to be admitted into the Union; the population amounts to fifty thousand, and with more wealth than any other community of fifty thousand people on the globe.

The steamboat men on the Mississippi show much animosity to the new railroad bridge at Rock Island, and represent that it occasions frequent detentions to their boats.

Capt. Nathaniel Smith, of Newburyport, has donated to the Association for the Relief of Aged and Indigent Females, the sum of \$1000 in trust, the income annually to go into the treasury of that association.

A silver medal has been received from the Emperor Napoleon's Palace of Industry at Paris, as an award to General Stuart, late engineer-in-chief of U. S. navy, for his contribution of a model of the dry dock at New York.

Notwithstanding the prospect of an abundant harvest and the ample stocks of breadstuffs, it is said that a heavy combination has been formed at the West to sustain the present prices of breadstuffs. This is outrageous.

The receipts of the American Home Missionary Society for the financial year ending April 1st, were \$193,548 37—exceeding the receipts of the previous year by \$13,411 68. The receipts of this society have been more than doubled since 1842.

Alexander Vattermare, of Paris, has forwarded for the N. Y. State Agricultural Museum, 600 bags of grain and seeds, procured from the contributions of the European nations, represented at the World's Fair, 1855.

The capital stock of the company to build the bridge over the Hudson at Albany is half a million; it is to be 20 feet high, and is to have a draw 200 feet high, which is to open constantly, save when cars are crossing.

Egan Toothy was taken prisoner at Santa Rosa by the Costa Ricans, and condemned at the same time, but his punishment was changed to imprisonment because he was the correspondent of the New Orleans Crescent.

The new suspension bridge over the Falls of Montmorency gave way, lately, and the whole structure, with a man, woman, horse and cart, was carried over the Falls. The bodies of the man and woman have not yet been found.

The state of Italy is more and more attracting attention, and is becoming more and more complicated. It is stated that the Austrians are about to take military possession of the frontier of Parma, on the side of Piedmont.

The Paris correspondent of the Brussels paper *L'Emancipation* states that a despatch had been received which announced that the Danish government had consented to the arrangements which had been offered by foreign governments for the regulation of the Sound Dues.

Nathan Chandler, Esq., for many years a resident of Boston, has been admitted a partner in the well-known and highly respectable banking house of John Munroe & Co., at Paris, and will be the resident and managing partner of the branch house in New York.

During the month of April, there occurred thirty-two fires in the United States where the loss exceeded \$10,000 in each instance, and the aggregate loss reached the enormous sum of \$1,847,000. Galena, Ill., Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, and Nashville, Tenn., were the principal sufferers.

It appears that Zuazua, the Mexican commander who surprised and took 150 Lipan Indians, had to shoot them all before he got to Monterey—the squaws killing their children every chance they could get, and the men, whose limbs were bound, trying to escape. Thus the whole Lipan tribe is nearly exterminated.

One hundred Polish families, mostly farmers, have settled in Kames County, Texas, near the San Antonio river. The Texan says:—"They are quiet but energetic people; they are acquiring our language fast, and have already built up quite a city, including a large and beautiful church that is now finished."

An institution called "The Fuel Savings Society" has been started in Baltimore. The object of the association is to receive deposits in limited sums during the summer, to be returned during the winter in coal or oak wood, at the lowest prices at which these articles can be procured at wholesale during the warm season. It is under the control of well-known benevolent gentlemen.

Paris employs annually for the manufacture of perfumery 80,000 pounds of orange flowers, 60,000 pounds of cassia flowers, 54,000 pounds of rose leaves, 32,000 pounds of jasmine flowers, 32,000 pounds of violets, 20,000 pounds of tuberose, 18,000 pounds of lilac, besides rosemary, mint, lemon, citron, thyme, and other odorous plants in larger proportion.

A coal bank a short distance from Zanesville, Ohio, caved in, lately, and shut in four men. An immense number of people at last accounts were engaged, amid much excitement, in trying to dig them out. The prisoners had a basket of provisions, and it was supposed would hold out until rescued, although they were nearly a fourth of a mile from the mouth of the pit.

Alphens J. Lyman, a school teacher in Hartford, was lately fined \$20 and costs in the police court for whipping a boy who trespassed on the school grounds and grossly insulted the girls of the school; but he has been thoroughly sustained by the people of the district, who endorse his conduct and pay all the bills incurred by the prosecution.

Under the head of "Not quite pleasant," a London paper observes:—"Our brother Jonathan continues to show his teeth. An American squadron cruising off Gibraltar, and showing us how they can close the nine-mile channel from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean between Spain and Africa, is an agreeable incident at the conclusion of a war with Russia. Yet such is the fact, nevertheless."

The London Times lately addressed itself to the French ministry of war, to obtain the biographies of some of the principal French generals, the history of the campaigns of some of the African regiments, and some general information about the principal military institutions in France, with a view to a reform of the military system of Great Britain. This application was, it is said, supported by the English cabinet.

Foreign Items.

The British government is employing a large force of laborers to repair and strengthen the fortification of the heights and castle of Dover.

The journals of Warsaw announce the death of a celebrated Polish poet, Cajetan Kozmain, who died at the age of seventy-three years, on the 15th of March.

Among the new companies announced in London are a Milk and Butter Company, a Photographic Association, and an Unadulterated Bread League.

The railway from Sydney to Paramatta has succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations; and it has been resolved to continue the line on to Liverpool without delay.

The Louvre Museum has just purchased, for 35,000 francs, a folio volume filled with sketches and drawings by Leonardo da Vinci.

Count de Sartiges, late Minister of France at Washington, is said to be named French Ambassador to the Court of Turin; Viscount Serrurier will soon be sent to Washington in his place.

M. Carrel, the father of the well-known Armand Carrel, the chief editor of the National during the first years of the reign of Louis Philippe, recently died at Rouen, at the age of 85.

The famous Russian helmets are to make way for the French kepi; the long gray coat will be retained, but the ordinary coat will be "a sort of frock imitated from the French."

The Berlin papers begin to talk openly of the marriage of Prince Frederick William with the Princess Royal of England. The prince will visit England at the conclusion of the spring reviews, and it is expected that he will return an accepted suitor.

Sands of Gold.

.... The worst men often give the best advice.—*Bailey*.

.... Truth is violated by falsehood, and it may be equally outraged by silence.—*Ammian*.

.... A forced match between a man and his religion sours his temper and leaves a barren bed.—*Landor*.

.... What you keep by you may change and mend, but words once spoken, you can never recall.—*Roscommon*.

.... The most lovable heart is that which loves the most readily; but that which easily loves also easily forgets.—*Goethe*.

.... Life runs not smoothly at all seasons, even with the happiest; but after a long course, the rocks subside, the views widen, and it flows on more equably at the end.—*Landor*.

.... As frost to the bud and blight to the blossom, even such is self-interest to friendship; for confidence cannot dwell where selfishness is porter at the gate.—*Tupper*.

.... He that falls into sin is a man, that grieves at it is a saint that boasteth of it is a devil; yet some glory in that shame, counting the stains of sin the best complexion of their souls.—*Thomas Fuller*.

.... Men often escape lightly from the first imprudence, and suffer terribly from its repetition; for folly repeated becomes sin, and sin is always punished. There is no variableness in the government of God.—*Wigglesworth*.

.... If any man think it a small matter, or of mean concernment, to bridle his tongue, he is much mistaken; for it is a point to be silent, when occasion requires; and better than to speak, though never so well.—*Plutarch*.

Joker's Budget.

The boy who was kicked by a Shanghai rooster is recovering. The fracture is not so great as would justify amputation.

A censorious critic says that when an editor's scissors become dull, his journal may be expected to partake of the same quality.

If you wish to cure a scolding wife, never fail to laugh at her with all your might until she ceases—then kiss her. Sure cure, and no quack medicine!

"Where there is enough for six, there's enough for eight," said a gentleman. "Yes," replied Alexander Dumas, "if you are speaking of candles."

The man who first introduced the fanning-mill into Scotland was denounced as an atheist; he was getting up gales of wind when Providence willed a calm!

Théophile Gautier predicts the time when the forces of the soul shall be reduced to chemical formulas, and apothecaries will sell wit in bottles, generosity in pills, and poetic genius in powders.

A newspaper article recently informed the public that the hands at Mr. Jones's machine-shop had struck. Mr. Jones came out the next day denying it, as they had not struck a stroke for a week.

It has at length been discovered that the long-talked-of individual in the "brass coat and blue buttons" is brother to the man who wears a weed with a white hat round it.

A would-be gentleman, the other day, called at the post-office, Loughborough, and displayed his ignorance of natural history or the French language, or both, by requesting to be supplied with a stamped *antelope*!

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WARWICK CASTLE, ENGLAND, IN THE OLDEN TIME.

WARWICK CASTLE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

We present on this page a large and spirited representation of Warwick Castle, England, now the residence of the Grevilles, as it appeared in the feudal times. The huge many-sided towers that flank the gateway, the heavy walls and battlements, the massive

pile that rises from the inner court, all convey an idea of impregnable strength. A train of vassals and men-at-arms are filing through the archway. Behind the mounted knight, who heads his steel-clad cavaliers, a prisoner, with his arms bound behind him, appears mounted on a white horse. To the left, a band of cava-

liers are watching in the procession, while in the foreground a group of serfs gaze in the same direction. The present approach to the castle is through an embattled gateway, called the Porter's Lodge, on the eastern side of the town of Warwick, and fronting the road leading to Leamington.

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VIEW OF CHELSEA FROM EAST BOSTON.

The accompanying sketch of the pleasant town of Chelsea, as seen from East Boston, was drawn for us by Mr. Hill, and the different localities, the churches and public buildings, will be readily recognized by those familiar with them. On the left is seen a portion of the bridge to Charlestown, near which are the United States Hospital and grounds; along the water's edge to the right are the ship yards, the ferry ways, etc. On the right is the most densely populated part of the town, with its different churches, and the buildings of the Marine Hospital. The groups of houses and trees are correctly delineated. A steam ferry boat is seen crossing the water. The figures in the foreground are drawn and grouped with great spirit and effect. This pretty town was formerly a part of Boston, and the subject of re-annexation has recently been brought up before the people of Chelsea and Boston. Formerly, and for more than a century, the communication with the city was tedious and difficult. It is one of the pleasantest of our suburban towns, the streets being broad and bordered with shade trees, well lighted by gas and lined with tasteful residences. Among the public buildings in the town are the Naval Hospital and the United States Marine Hospital; the latter, now in the course of construction, will be a noble and substantial building, affording that accommodation to patients which the present hospital establishment is inadequate to supply. The town house is a fine

large building of brick. The surface of Chelsea is quite undulating, rising in parts to a considerable elevation. The most considerable of these eminences is Powder Horn Hill, about two miles from the ferry, from the summit of which magnificent views may be obtained of Boston, Charlestown, Bunker Hill, Medford, Lynn, Nahant and Boston Harbor. Mt. Bellingham is a lofty hill, commanding an extensive prospect, and is already nearly covered with elegant private residences. The attractions of the place are so great that numbers of gentlemen doing business in Boston and elsewhere make their homes in Chelsea. But though quiet, yet "dead as Chelsea" has come to be an unmeaning proverbial expression, for it is brisk and active in business, in politics, in religion, and in all the movements of the day. There is more individuality among the people here than in any other town in the State. A town meeting in Chelsea is quite a lively affair, for it is always attended by spicy and eloquent speakers, representing various shades of opinion and not afraid to express and to defend them. The fire department is effective, wide awake and always on hand. The military spirit is well represented by the Chelsea Light Infantry, a well drilled corps, ably commanded by Capt. J. F. Fellows. The Chelsea Library Association is a well organized body, and their lectures and debates are well attended and well conducted. Among the notabilities of the town we may mention that venerable old lady, Mrs. Ruth Partington, who has

here pitched her tent. Nor is our friend the "Antiquarian," one of the least worthy citizens of the place. Perhaps we should not omit to state, among the important statistics of Chelsea, that it is the birthplace of Daniel Pratt, Jr., the "great American Traveller," and nobody in particular's candidate for the presidency of these United States. Ship-building is an important branch of the business of this town, and since 1850, has become one of the principal occupations of the people. Many of our finest clipper ships were built here. John Taylor has launched 17 vessels, with a tonnage of 17,030 tons, and Jotham Stetson 6 vessels, measuring 6752 tons. Messrs. Winde & Clinkard have built some of our fleetest yachts and pilot boats. More than 100 new buildings are going up the present season. The Cary Improvement Company have extensive lands, on which many fine houses have been already erected. Ten acres in the centre of the village, now occupied by the present Marine Hospital, will soon come into the market. For the accommodation of those who are fond of riding and driving, there is a fine livery stable kept by Mr. S. Green. The population of Chelsea has doubled within six years, and is now about 11,000. Access to Boston is now had by means of a fine steam ferry running three first class boats every fifteen minutes; 5000 passengers and 500 vehicles are conveyed daily. Besides the bridge to Charlestown and one to East Boston, a new free bridge is building to connect with East Boston near the ferry.



VIEW OF CHELSEA, MASS, FROM EAST BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TEXAN CRUISER: —OR— CALYPSO, THE WANDERER.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

BY T. BURLINGAME ROSS.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XXI.

AT THE ALTAR.

A DREARY, sleepless night was passed, and when the morning broke Irene arose pale and weak. She performed her usual ablutions, but the water could not cool the fever of her heated brow. At an early hour a black woman brought up some breakfast. Irene drank a little coffee, but she could eat nothing. At about ten o'clock Antonio St. Marc made his appearance. The stain was all washed from his face, and his garb was rich and showy. He approached Irene and took her hand and kissed it. He did not look cross nor ugly, but kind he could not look to her.

"Well, my child," he said, "how do you find yourself this morning?"

Irene looked up, but she could not speak.

"Will you not answer?" he added, after waiting awhile.

"O, what can I answer?" she gasped, clasping her hands upon her bosom.

"Why—you can tell me how you feel."

"Alas, you should know that already."

"And so I do," he returned with a sudden energy. "You have for the past year been feeding yourself with strange hopes and fancies, and now that you are brought back to filial duty you feel disappointed. Now let me assure you that you can overcome this as soon as you have a mind to. Let your mind be settled upon the performance of the duty which every child owes to its parent, and you will be well enough."

"O, you know not the heart that beats with my life," uttered the fair girl, painfully.

"Nor should I wish to, if it can take the fated issues of life no better than it appears to," was St. Marc's unfeeling response. "But we will let that part of the subject drop. I have come to tell you now that San Benito waits for you. We have made all necessary arrangements, and the marriage will come off at noon, in the church close by here. The warden has promised to have it clear of all interlopers at that hour."

"So soon!" groaned Irene.

"Ay—so soon. Why, bless my soul, what would you have? here is a fact fixed upon—as firmly fixed as the mountains—and we are anxious to return to Vera Cruz. Now what would you have? Would you procrastinate for the mere sake of procrastination?—or would you only gain time for another escape?"

This was spoken tauntingly, and the maiden made no reply.

"I shall send our friend up," said St. Marc, as he now turned towards the door, "and I hope you will receive him kindly—or courteously, at least."

Irene now bowed her head and wept. But the tears were few. The fount was hot and parched, and the flood was soon spent, and an aching sensation followed. She heard the door opened again, and on looking up she saw Martin San Benito. The last ray of hope rested upon her soul now. A moment she gazed into his face—it was by no means an ill-looking one—and then she sunk upon her knees.

"Martin San Benito," she uttered, with her clasped hands raised towards him, "by all the hopes we hold of joy—by all the faith we hold of God—by all the sacred memories of your youth and by all your longings for salvation hereafter, I pray you release me from this fatal contract! O, do it, and God and all good angels shall bless you. I will pray for you, and I'll speak your name to God with my prayer. O, say you will spare me! You will—you will!"

"Upon my soul, my sweet lady, you move me almost too much," San Benito returned, with a comical expression of countenance, for he was trying to appear deeply touched, whereas he was only perplexed. "But yet that very emotion should assure you that I can be kind; and so kind do I mean to be that I'll waste none of it now, but keep it until after we are married. Bah—don't speak so any more. Here—let me help you up. There, now be reasonable. Why, our marriage is all arranged, and it would be too bad to put it off now. No—we'll be married first, my love, and then you may tax my kindness as much as you please; but not now—not now."

"Then you ask not for the love of your wife?"

"Ah, my sweet one, I'll make you love me. You can't dream of the great things I'll do for you. Why, I mean to make you the happiest little wife in Mexico. So don't say another word—only give me one kiss as a pledge of our future felicity."

"Back, señor!" uttered the maiden, rising proudly to her feet. "Touch me not now. I might have held some slight respect for you, but you have swept—"

What more Irene would have said we cannot tell, but she was stopped by Cassandra, who caught her by the arm and whispered into her ear:

"Make him not angry. O, for your own sake, do it not."

Irene stopped, and having gazed a moment into the face of her attendant, she sunk back upon her chair, and covered her face with her hands.

"There," said San Benito, with a spice of vengeance in his tone, "I see you understand the art of using all the privileges of your sex to the discomfort of ours. But let me assure you that you will gain nothing by it. Though I may promise you that I will overlook this if you will behave better in future. I had hoped to find you more cheerful; but never mind—we may make up for this. You will be ready at noon."

With one last effort of expiring hope, Irene started to her feet.

"Spare me! O, spare!"

"Lady," the man returned, speaking quickly and sternly, "you do not know me, nor my love, if you think I could give you up now. From the moment when first I saw you to the present time I have not only loved you, but have hoped that some day I might call you mine for life. The hour so long hoped for has come, and sooner than give up the prize now I'd see the very earth, with all that live and move thereon, swept at once into annihilation! Now you have my answer!"

Irene spoke not. She only sunk back once more upon her seat, and bowed her head.

"You will be ready," the suitor said; and with these words he left the apartment.

"O, Clarence! Clarence!"

"—sh!" whispered Cassandra, drawing her arm about her companion's neck. "Let not your soul faint yet. Keep up until the last moment. O, as sure as God is, it does seem to me that this terrible blow may be averted."

"Alas, how?" groaned the unhappy girl, looking up into her attendant's face. "What is there left now? Suppose a thousand Clarences came, what could they do against the will of my father?"

Cassandra had once before been stopped here, and she had no more power to overcome the difficulty now.

The hours passed on, and the clock ticked—ticked—ticked—each vibration of the pendulum seeming a death-knell to the sorrow-laden soul. Fearfully Irene gazed upon the dial, and she saw that only a few minutes more must pass away ere the fatal hour would be at hand. The black woman came up and announced that all was ready below, and that the carriage was coming. She had been gone but a few moments when the sound of wheels came rumbling up from the paved street.

"Come," said Cassandra, "let us be prepared. They will soon be here after us."

"I cannot."

"But you must."

"No, no—let them come. O, they shall not find me so ready for the sacrifice."

But there was not much opportunity for further remark, for even as Irene spoke, the tread of feet was heard upon the stairs, and in a moment more St. Marc entered the apartment.

"What?" he cried. "Not ready yet? This won't answer. Come—on with your dress. Hold! Not a word of that. You know what is to be done. Your fate is fixed, and as sure as the sun shines you shall be San Benito's wife ere another hour has passed!"

Irene arose to her feet, and clasping her hands she raised them towards heaven. Her lips moved, but no audible sound came forth; yet she prayed deeply and fervently. Then she went to her table and threw her light mantilla over her head.

"Now I am ready to obey you, señor," she said.

She spoke hoarsely and tremulously. St. Marc uttered not a word; but he took her by the hand and led her from the room, at the same time motioning for Cassandra to follow. At the street door they found a carriage in waiting. Irene was handed in, and as soon as the attendant had taken a seat by her side, St. Marc followed.

"The groom has gone on in advance," said St. Marc, as he noticed that Irene was gazing eagerly around.

Nothing further was said until they reached the church. Here the maiden was handed out, and conducted into the sacred house. Martin San Benito stood by the altar, and the priest was all dressed for the ceremony.

* * * * *

"O, great God! I cannot!" gasped Irene, as she stood before the altar and received the usual question—her hand lay in San Benito's grasp, and it trembled fearfully.

"Go on," cried St. Marc. "I can answer for her. I have told you all."

The priest moved forward, but ere he could speak another word the great doors of the church were burst open, and an armed man rushed in.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONCLUSION.

"What ho, there!" cried the priest, as soon as he could recover from the first shock of this unwonted event.

"Stop this unholy marriage!" the intruder shouted, moving towards the altar.

Irene heard that voice. She turned—and with one wild cry of frantic hope she broke from the man who held her, and on the next moment she was upon the new comer's bosom.

"Clarence! Clarence!" she cried, with all the energy of her soul. "Save me! save me from this fate!"

"O, great God, I thank thee!" the youth murmured. "Irene—blessed one—they have not yet made you a wife!"

"No! no! no!"

"Then thou art safe! Fear no more, for—"

"Out! thou Yankee villain!" shouted St. Marc, starting forward towards the spot where our hero stood.

"Back!" Clarence uttered, first putting Irene behind him, and

then raising his revolving pistol. "By the heavens above me, Antonio St. Marc, if you lay a hand upon this girl, your life shall be the forfeit!"

"How now, señor?" demanded the priest, stepping down from the altar. "Art thou mad, that thou dost presume to enter God's sacred house and seize a child from her very parent?"

"Hold, most reverend señor," returned Clarence—his face deeply flushed, and his eyes flashing fire. "I would save your church from a foul blot, and yourself from a most unholy deed. Antonio St. Marc is no father to this fair girl! She is not his child, nor is she of his blood! He is but a miserable leper—she is pure Castilian, from father and from mother!"

"Lying knave!" hissed St. Marc, moving a step towards the youth, "who helped thee conjure up that monstrous lie?"

"Here she comes," Clarence returned. "She is not so fleet of foot as I, and hence comes late; but she comes in time."

As the youth thus spoke, the old woman, Calypso, came moving on towards the altar. Antonio St. Marc turned as pale as ashes.

"What does the hag here?" he gasped, between his clenched teeth.

"Look ye, my children," here spoke the priest, as he noticed that the scene before him promised to be one of more than ordinary importance; "I would know what is the meaning of all this. I see, also, more armed men at the door of our holy church. What do they there?"

At the mention of more armed men, St. Marc seemed paralyzed. He started, but spoke not.

"Most reverend father," spoke Calypso, advancing slowly to the altar, "I have come to forbid the unholy banns that you, unknowingly, were about to consummate."

"Get thee hence, accursed hag!" fiercely exclaimed St. Marc, turning upon her. "Have you, too, come with the lie in your mouth?"

"Senors," resumed Calypso, tremulously, "I have come to stop a most unrighteous thing. Holy father, you are an old man, and for many years have officiated in this very place. Do you not remember the wealthy *haciendado* of Valladolid, Ferdinand San Gaspar?"

"Ferdinand San Gaspar?" repeated the priest, while St. Marc started as though a thunderbolt had burst at his feet. "To be sure I remember him. San Gaspar?—why, he was one of our most noble sons."

"And do you remember the Donna Isabella?"

"His wife? Ay, most excellently well do I remember her."

"And do you remember what became of them?"

"Ay," returned the priest, with a shudder. "They were murdered. O, I remember it too well!"

"Were they?" whispered St. Marc, trembling while he spoke.

"Yes, yes," answered the priest.

"Did they belong about here?" added St. Marc.

"They owned the most sumptuous and valuable hacienda in Valladolid."

"How long since the dreadful deed was done?" St. Marc pursued, striving with all his might to appear calm.

"Hold!" cried Calypso, ere the priest could answer. "Let the black villain ask no more. Look, holy father! Do you not remember 'twas said the Lady Isabella was killed with her husband?"

"Ay."

"Then know 'twas false. The lady lived. On that fatal night the Lady Idora San Gaspar was at the hacienda. She was Ferdinand's sister, and had only come there the day before. The murderers asked her if she was the Lady San Gaspar, and she answered them yes. So they killed her, while Isabella escaped. The murderers not only robbed the house, carrying off four hundred thousand dollars in gold and diamonds, but they took away the infant daughter of the house."

"Accursed liar!" hissed St. Marc.

"Hold, señor," said Calypso, fixing her large, dark eyes full upon him. "Who has charged you?"

"But speak on," urged the priest, who was now all excitement. "What of the Lady Isabella?"

Calypso made a slight movement upon one side. Then she threw off the long, coarse robe that had enveloped her person—tore away the matted hair that had hidden her open brow, and then stood erect, while her flashing eyes swept proudly about upon the company present. She stood now, a noble looking woman, not over forty years of age, and dressed in a rich and handsome garb.

"By the saints!" cried the old priest, starting forward and extending his hands, "I know you now. You are the Lady Isabella herself! You are—you are! Ay—every feature is the same. It is—before God and man I'd take my solemn oath of it, even though you swore to the contrary!"

Antonio St. Marc cast his eyes towards the door, and he saw that the vestibule was occupied by armed officers of the city. He turned to San Benito and whispered; and in a moment more he started to move towards the small door that opened into the court back of the church. At a motion from Clarence the boy Peter leaped to the door and presented a pistol.

"You pass not here!" he uttered.

On the next moment the officers rushed in, and ere many minutes Antonio St. Marc and Martin San Benito were prisoners.

"Have you further use for them here?" asked the chief of the guard.

The woman, whom we must now know as Isabella San Gaspar, shook her head, and the priest replied that they might be taken away at once. When the dark men were gone, Irene turned to her mother and sunk upon her bosom.

"O," she uttered, as she clung fondly to the noble woman, "did not nature tell me that you were something to me? O, when you even repulsed me I loved you more fondly than I dared to own."

"And how could I help repulsing you?" the happy mother returned. "O, my heart was breaking then with its load of love, and I knew if I allowed one caress I should fail—I could have held out no longer."

"But why should you hold out?" asked Irene.

"Because I had taken a most solemn oath, and sealed it upon the lips of the Blessed Virgin of Guadalupe, that while Antonio St. Marc lived he should be the first to know me; or, at least, that I would not claim you until I had confronted him. But when I made that vow I supposed he would come here sooner. I believed he would come here as soon as he thought the excitement consequent upon the murder had passed off. But he did not come. He settled down in Vera Cruz, and there he remained. O, how my heart yearned towards you—and how I longed to bring the villain to justice. But what could I do? In Vera Cruz he could do as he pleased. His money was potent. To have revealed myself there would only have been to seal my own doom, for he could have crushed me in a moment. But the time came at length. When I went to the capital a week ago, I saw Antonio St. Marc. I knew him in a moment. I returned here and told to the captain of our city guard my whole story. I assured him that the murderer would be here, and he promised to be ready at a moment's warning. Again I started for the capital, and early this morning I met Captain Howard. I took a horse and returned with him. We went first to Mendrid's house. There we learned what had transpired, and while I went to the guard-house, Clarence sought for my child. We met here—O, what a meeting!"

"But, my dear child," said the priest, after some time had been spent in the interchange of those marks of affection which could not be restrained, "will you not explain to me more of the circumstances of the murder and robbery? You know that was never fully understood here?"

"Certainly," returned Isabella San Gaspar. "Antonio St. Marc, whose real name I do not know, and Jilok Tudel, then two young men, who were leperos of the capital, came out here to Valladolid and offered to work for my husband at putting up some new buildings which he contemplated. They professed to be architects, and as they offered themselves so cheap, he engaged them. And on the very night after the engagement had been entered into, they did the fatal work. They had found out where the money vault was, and they meant to possess themselves of it. They murdered my husband first—then my husband's sister—then the domestics who slept in the main house—and then they robbed the vault. All this while I lay like one dead in the very room where my husband had been murdered. I heard them coming, and I had fled to the closet. When I saw the fatal blow struck, I tried to cry out, but horror had made me dumb. Senseless in all but a mad, frantic consciousness of what was going on, I remained there and saw my husband and his sister struck down. I heard the murderers leave the room, and then my consciousness left me."

"When I came to consciousness again, I found myself away up among the mountains north of the city of Mexico, and some Indians had me in charge. They informed me that they had found me not far from there, with my clothes torn, and my flesh all cut and bruised, and that all they could gain from my speech was, that some one was trying to murder me. They were very kind to me, and with them I remained until I was wholly recovered, one of them having gone to Valladolid and found out for me how things were there. When I did go away, I went in the disguise of an Indian. I went to my former home, but I could not stop there. Not for all the wealth of all the world would I have spent a night beneath that roof. I found one man in whom I dared to trust. I was but a woman, and my nerves were so unstrung that I feared if I made myself known, I might be hunted out and killed. I found one man to whom I told all. He took the property and kept it—and he holds it now."

"After this I went to Vera Cruz, and there I found the two murderers; and—I found my child. Many and many a day I watched to steal her away, but I could not do it. I found that St. Marc was a man of influence, and that he had bribed the authorities. I dared not show myself—and I wandered away. Long suffering had made me cold and cheerless, and ere long life was nothing to me. Only the one bright-eyed cherub at Vera Cruz tied me to earth. By-and-by I resolved to let St. Marc bring my child up, but I meant to overlook her as much as possible, so as to shield her from harm if I could. Then it was that I swore that I would never reveal myself, while St. Marc lived, save in his presence. I hoped—ay, I thought—that he would soon visit Valladolid, and I meant to be there and expose him. But years passed on, and he went not. I saw my child grow up to a beautiful maiden, and I saw the young American officer in her company. I knew he was an honorable man, and I was content. Of Old Castile myself, I had come to distrust everything Mexican. I hoped Irene would gain the noble American for her life companion. Now you know all."

Once more Irene rested upon her mother's bosom, and then she turned to her noble lover. Her lovely face was lighted up with joyous smiles, and over all beamed a halo of holy gratitude.

"God's ways are wonderful, and past finding out," uttered the priest. "Let us not lose this noble opportunity to offer up our hearts anew to God."

So they all knelt there around the consecrated altar, and in fervent tones the holy man offered up a prayer of thanksgiving and praise to the One Living God. Then the party made their way to the dwelling of Carlos Mendrid. The old merchant was

overjoyed to see them, and the big tears rolled down his cheeks as he heard the strange story which Isabella San Gaspar had to tell him.

O, it was a glorious evening! The old priest came, and he and the Lady Isabella talked of times long ago. Clarence and Irene were almost too happy. They wept and smiled by turns, and then smiled while they wept. And away in one corner sat Peter and Cassandra. They were together of necessity, and they soon became communicative and then happy.

* * * * *

One lowery, dark day, the court was opened for the trial of Antonio St. Marc. Martin San Benito was accused of nothing, and he was set at liberty. St. Marc was calm and collected now, and he swore that Irene was his own child.

"Let her not lay the flattering unction to her soul that she has not aided in the destruction of her own father," he said, bending a keen glance upon her; "for she is my own child—bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh!"

"It cannot be!" gasped the maiden.

"Hold," cried the boy Peter, advancing towards the judge. "Here is a letter, most honorable senor, that I found upon this very man. I was present when he fought the duel with Jilok Tudel, and when he lay wounded upon the ground, I went to his assistance. As I tore open his doublet this packet fell out. I saw that it was addressed to San Benito, whom I knew to be a man of St. Marc's own kidney. Here it is—and it tells its own story."

St. Marc turned pale as death, and his very look told the whole truth. The judge opened the missive and read as follows:

"DEAR MARTIN SAN BENITO:—If I fall in the duel I am now about to fight, this letter will be yours. You have asked me for Irene's hand. You may have it. But if I do not kill Tudel you will have to do it before you can obtain the prize. He has an equal claim upon her with me. She is not my child, but Tudel and I found her when she was an infant, and it was arranged that I should keep her for my child until she was nineteen, and then he would claim her for a wife. Her birth was pure and honorable, and her parentage more than respectable. If you can put Tudel out of the way, do so—and when Irene is your wife you will be kind to her, for she is a good girl. But don't tell her of this. Never let her know that I was not her father. Of course, if I fall, my property is Irene's."

"[Signed]"

ST. MARC."

Little other evidence was needed. Antonio St. Marc was condemned and sentenced to the gallows.

"But why did you never let me see that letter?" Clarence inquired of his boy, after they had left the court.

"Because I knew you had as much on your mind as would do you any good," was the commencement of the boy's reply. "I knew you worried as it was, and I would not add this. It was safe with me, and I knew I could use it when it could be of use."

"My noble boy, you were right," Clarence responded.

And now our story is nearly told. In Valladolid Clarence led the lovely Castilian maiden to the altar, and having gathered up their property there, in company with the happy mother and Peter and Cassandra, they went to Vera Cruz. There Irene obtained all the property St. Marc had left, the good priest, Gonzales Rondo, assisting them greatly in obtaining it.

"And now," said Clarence, "shall we remain in Mexico?"

"No, no," returned Irene, earnestly. "I like it not. My love has made for me a new home. My mother, what say you?"

"Wherever you find a home, my children, I must go with you; and in some respects all places would be alike to me where my love was turned. And yet I will say—the glorious country that you so proudly call your home we shall be equally proud to call ours."

"Bless you," ejaculated Clarence, with tears in his eyes. "O, God knows, if we live, we will be happy—very, very happy. Peace and love are ours henceforth, and we will be happy all our days."

And Clarence spoke not idly. In a few short weeks they found a home within the youthful State of the Lone Star, and there they gathered about them all the healthy, noble sources of pleasure and joy; and their social circle grew wider and wider day by day, for as they became known they became loved, and their souls expanded, and grew warm and hopeful beneath the genial influences of the republican institutions by which they were surrounded.

Among the first to welcome the noble young captain and his beautiful wife back to the land of his nativity, were the brave trapper-crew of the little schooner. Old Max Winter and his hardy followers seemed as happy as the happy husband himself, and as Irene kissed them each in turn, they swore she was an angel. She saw them rough and hard without, but well she knew that within those rough bosoms beat hearts as pure and noble as hearts can be. She loved them, for they loved her husband.

Not long since, a Texan paper came on this way by the "due course of mail," and in it was a notice which assured us that Peter Sythe and Cassandra Carillo had been made man and wife. Happy, happy Peter! And why not—happy, happy Cassandra!

Charity is a paradox to the covetous. The doctrine that teaches alms, and the person that needs them, are by such equally set at naught. Tell a miser of bounty to a friend or mercy to the poor, and point him out his duty, with an evidence as bright and piercing as the light, yet he will not understand it. He shuts his eyes as close as his hands. In both cases, there is an incurable blindness, caused by a resolution not to see; and, to all intents and purposes, he who will not open his eyes, is for the present as blind as he who cannot.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FLOWERS.*

BY SARAH A. NOWELL.

By thy beautiful faith in the sweet old thought,
That a spirit dwells in each leaf,
I know that thy soul must be deeply fraught
With high and holy belief.

I know that for God, and man, and truth,
Thou wouldst wear the armor long—
In thy noble manhood, as in thy youth,
Wouldst battle against all wrong.

Like the angel within the leaf, a part
Of the life which its odor tells,
I know that, within thy noble heart,
An angel forever dwells.

And as the soul from within the rose
Sends out its perfume to bless;
So the generous spirit within thee glows
At another's happiness.

May the beautiful soul that dwells in the flower,
Still keep its perfume in the leaf,
And thine!—O, far be the mournful hour
When it loses its holy belief!

* In answer to a poem by the editor, in No. 18 of the Pictorial.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

STRAY LEAVES

FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A "SHIFTLESS WOMAN."

ONE of the greatest trials that fall to the lot of those unfortunate persons whom nature has constituted life-members of the great fraternity of shiftless women, is that we must constantly incur the contempt of our own sex. I think I shall be justified in saying, that we who are bound together by the great law of sympathy and suffering, oftentimes despise each other for those very weaknesses that degrade us in the eyes of the world.

Not to be *practical*, implies an absence of all those feminine accomplishments that make up the sum of all excellence in woman. It means that the unfortunate individual indulges in undarned stockings and untidy gloves; that she sports curl-papers at the breakfast table, and forgets to unroll them for dinner; that she is so lost to the charm of outward adorning as to promenade the streets hoopless and plumeless. But let me strive to conquer this mood of bitterness that will fly from the tip of my pen, and give you, dear reader, another event drawn forth from the variegated patchwork of my life.

I am now a prisoner within the four walls of my parlor, reclining upon the lounge, that seems to my heated imagination to be stuck full of cambric needles of torture. Suffering the result of another instance of want of tact and practicality; and this is my retribution, to be forced to sit here, and admit to my presence all my *practical* friends, who, in crowds, hasten to condole with and pity me, on this new accident. Let me tell you how it all came about.

Thanksgiving was coming on with rapid strides. With vigilant care I had stood firm and unwavering at my post of household duty. For a whole month previous, I never once let the great object of existence slip from my mind. During the day I sat and meditated on the three distinct rows of pastry that should grace my board on the approaching festival. My dreams at night were flavored with most delicate spices, intermixed with huge mountains of pumpkins, upon whose summits sat winged fowls of every variety and plumage.

I spent a whole morning in depositing my favorite poets into the darkest niche of a very gloomy garret, and laid upon my parlor table sundry cook books, works on "Family Economy," "Hints to Young Housekeepers," and the "Way to be Useful." My servant girl had excellent health, and was freshly imported from foreign lands. What could I expect but perfect success and a glorious victory?

When all was arranged in my brain, laid out like men on the chess board, with order and precision, I fancied I could see the moving of the machinery of this admirably contrived household. "It was a pity," I sighed, "that I alone should enjoy the triumph." The thought struck me that Aunt Tamar and Sophia could now be invited to visit me without any risk to myself or to them. An epistle was forthwith despatched. In my bright anticipations, I related to James, my husband, all my glowing visions. He shook his head ominously, but this, I thought, was from mere force of habit. He pleaded and entreated me to keep out of danger, to rush into no new discomfiture.

"Let Biddy do the cooking," said he, "and be content with this."

Biddy was fresh from "Old Ireland," and "could wash very nicely, marm—could sweep and dust, marm—but ooh, never did I the like of the thing as to roll the pastry, marm."

Putting aside my husband's advice, I arrayed myself in a new and extremely pretty morning wrapper and descended to the kitchen, taking along with me an armful of cook-books, as a passport to that mysterious domain. Not to enter into detail, I will say that I, that day, experienced the satisfaction of complete victory. The cook-book did not desert or mislead me, as so many "ignis fatuus" illusions had done before. At length I had the inexpressible delight of leading James into the pantry, and displaying to him the result of my skill.

"Marie, did you indeed make these pies?" he asked, with the old gleam of satisfaction lighting up his face.

"Yes, yes, I did, James—that is—I read the receipt from the cook book, and Biddy kneaded the flour and put them in shape."

"Well done, Marie!"

James stooped down and imprinted a kiss upon my hot and burning forehead as a token of restored confidence. O, was not I a happy woman that night? Alas, too happy to be of long continuance. The next morning rose in clouds that threatened to shroud the sky of my domestic life in murky darkness. While I was yet preparing my morning toilet, I heard loud voices in the kitchen; not angry sounds, but tones of good-natured hilarity and mirth. I stopped to listen. Biddy had been but a month in the country, and had no friend or kindred with whom to exchange greetings. What meant then these loud, jovial voices? I repaired to the dining-room with all possible haste, and there I found three goodly specimens of Erin's fair and portly daughters, in brisk conversation with Biddy.

"And sure it's my own friends that have followed me to this land of liberty, and it's not the like of me that refuses to give them a welcome."

I stood still a moment striving to divine the purport of the half-suspicious observation of Biddy. The truth at length flashed upon me.

"You are not going away, Biddy—just at this important time to leave me without help?"

"And to be sure I am, marm. It's to the city we are going, to be jolly over the good luck that brought us to this land of liberty."

An hour hence, with a sad heart I saw Biddy and her newly arrived friends leave for the city, to get a taste of American liberty by celebrating together the approaching festival. What was now to be done? The week's washing had not yet been done. Biddy had placed the boilers over the stove, and was making preparation to perform this duty when she received the unexpected call from her acquaintances. Then again rushed upon me the degrading sensation of my own inability to labor in an emergency. I pondered upon it until I grew desperate. In my dependent state, I was but the tool of all the smart Irish servants in America. One insignificant person had it in her power to stop the whole machinery of my household arrangements. I was completely in the power of any ignorant and whimsical emigrant who chose to torture me.

At breakfast, James, seeing my stern, unbending face, asked if anything had gone amiss. I was ashamed to relate this new discomfiture, and so swallowed my coffee and turned the conversation into another channel. The moment the door closed upon my husband I summoned all my fortitude of will and just said to myself:

"I will do the washing myself to-day. I will not yield to this unpardonable shiftlessness. I am just on the verge of losing all my self-respect, and perhaps this circumstance has occurred to arouse me to determined action. Other women wash—I will wash. My mother, my grandmother, all my aunts, all my relatives showed a peculiar talent for labor. I belong to a practical family; there is nothing like perseverance and resolution. Yes, I will wash, myself, to-day."

After putting aside my breakfast table, I resorted to the parlor, took up my cook-book and began assiduously to turn over the pages, hoping that this friend, to whom I was indebted for one good turn, would not forsake me now. I was right. The cook-book was as true as steel. Toward the close of the volume, were all sorts of odd scraps and directions, and among them I found out the process of washing. I found instructions for washing with soda and without soda, with washing powder, and with soft soap. I selected the washing with soda, as the easier mode, being attended with the least physical labor.

With a relieved heart I descended to the kitchen. I added the dose of soda to the boiling water, and commenced throwing in the clothes. I flourished the clothes stick most dexterously, and felt as proud as though it were a sceptre, and I a queen to wield it. As I continued to throw in one garment after another, I was surprised to see the boiling water spout up in little fanciful columns, raising the clothes up with it, giving them the appearance of inflated bellows, then flowing back, the garments would assume their natural shape. As the fire waxed hotter, the water spouted higher and took more beautiful forms. Now it would seem like a sparkling fountain, then, like the waves on the beach. I became quite engrossed with watching this new phenomenon in the practical world. Surely, thought I, there is beauty in every department of life's employments. This boiling water, sparkling and rolling, expresses the beauty of motion and form to a rare extent. I forgot, dear reader, the ostensible purpose for which I stood by that huge boiler, plunging into its heated receptacle my clothes-stick—the washerwoman's wand. I stood moralizing to myself, and my mind went wandering off into the region of laws—material and spiritual laws, those that govern matter and mind; when, as if to show me some still greater manifestation of the power and beauty of those scalding waves, out rolled an immense boulder, that overleaped the confines of the vessel, and dashed over my foot.

O, dreadful awakening from the mystical dreams of philosophy, to the reality of a scalded limb! Shriek after shriek resounded through the rooms of my dwelling. Sinking upon the floor I groaned aloud:

"O, why should I have striven to reach the topmost round of practicality at one leap? Why could I not have been content with yesterday's success, and not been ambitious to become cook and washerwoman both in the same breath? O, fatal, fatal ambition!"

My neighbor, Mrs. Smith, passing my dining-room door, heard my harangue, and stopped, as she said, to hear me recite from Shakespeare, for, added she:

"There never was anybody that could read up so smart and minister-like from those great poets, as you, Mrs. Marie."

My poor deluded neighbor believed me reciting from my own tragedy that the whole neighborhood said I was writing for the press. Yes, yes, she was right; I was indeed rehearsing one of my most successful tragedies. My shrieks only convinced my neighbor outside how wonderfully well I was acting my own production, and she said to herself:

"Lor bless me, why don't the crazy thing go upon the stage at once? I am not over tender-hearted, but bless me if I can endure those shrieks without being affected."

Following the sound of my voice, Mrs. Smith came bowing herself politely into the kitchen, and found me, half delirious, bending over my scalded foot, that, by this time, was in a terrible state.

"Now, bless me, Mrs. Marie, how well you do act that play of yours. Heart alive! what is this? Scalded! scalded! Marie, Marie, what upon earth have you been doing? O, this all comes of departing from woman's sphere."

"For mercy sake, stop your preaching," screamed I, "and put into effect some of your abominable practical talent, that promises to be the death of me yet. I see now that I have departed from my sphere. I was not made for a shirt-maker nor a washerwoman, and this is what I get by it. Help me, I say, Mrs. Smith, or I shall go mad."

"Poor, poor misguided woman, you are now reaping the fruits of your wrong doings—"

So much of the soliloquy of my compassionate neighbor I heard—and the remainder was lost in a fainting fit that took away my entire consciousness. When I recovered, I found myself lying upon my parlor sofa, and half of the inhabitants of the village of L—— about me. O painful, degrading fall! Mrs. Smith had told everybody her version of the accident. I had attempted to do my washing, and in a fit of absence of mind, had fallen to reciting tragedy, and thus got scalded.

"How could you do it? How did you do it? How did you possibly contrive to do it?" were the first words that fell upon my ears as I came back to life again. Around me stood this jury of practical women, convened to hold inquest on the mangled body of one poor, unfortunate, shiftless sister. To my inexpressible relief, I now heard my husband's step on the stair. He came home with a light, happy heart. His business had been good, and he had ordered home a nice, fat turkey and a pair of chickens for Thanksgiving. Poor James! It was a woeful sight for him. In my heart I pitied him more than myself at that moment. The ladies shrunk back as he approached to learn the history of my accident.

During this time nothing had been done to alleviate my sufferings. The women had been quarrelling among themselves as to the remedy. One said "cold water"—another, "alcohol"—the third declared that nothing but a "scraped potato" would effect the cure, and a fourth protested loudly in favor of "Russia Salve." James at once took effectual means of clearing the room and of dismissing the jury, and sent immediately for a surgeon. When the wound was dressed, I said in a despairing voice:

"James, sit down at once and write Aunt Tamar and Sophia not to come to visit us. You must dine out on Thanksgiving day, and I will content myself here on the lounge, and sip Mrs. Smith's weak broth."

The long and painful experiences that my James had passed through since the day of our marriage, had not been without its softening influences upon him. At first he had rebelled, but soon he learned to accept the discipline, and as a recompense will doubtless be a better man for his shiftless wife. Now he seemed quite inclined to cheer me, and said:

"No, Marie, it will take one week to dispose of the three rows of pies in the pantry. The poultry will keep until Biddy returns, and we'll have thanksgiving yet."

Mrs. Smith, in honor of her high office in the society of practical women, a league that comprises among its members all the smart ladies of our village, took it upon herself to bring up this striking example of shiftlessness at their annual meeting which occurred soon after my accident. Mrs. Smith related on this occasion, the plan and plot of the tragedy it was believed I was writing for the public eye.

"This, ladies, as far as I have been able to learn, is the story: A French countess falls in love with a German exile, and makes desperate and most ineffectual attempts to unite her destiny with that of her lover. The German takes the disguise of a troubadour, and sings love ditties under her window. This plan is discovered by the ogre husband, and a company of soldiers are sent in hot pursuit of the love-stricken exile. The countess now tears her beautiful black hair and scatters it to the four winds of heaven, stamps on her jewels, and strips up all her best dresses, and ends by letting herself down from her chamber window by means of a bed-cord. She orders her servant to drive with furious speed to an old castle in the 'south of France,' where previously, when arranging an elopement, she and her lover had agreed to repair. They ride night and day, without food and sleep, and reach the castle just as poor, jaded Germany throws himself from his steed at the entrance gate to the castle.

"The lover, finding the countess's beauty gone, her jewels destroyed, and in possession of no wealth aside from the count, refuses to wed the lady. His affections wane at once. The countess immediately becomes delirious and rushes to a precipice overhanging a river, and throws herself over the rocks. Her servant follows after, but reaches her too late to rescue her from her frightful death. Howling and screaming, the faithful domestic returns to the count to relate the terrible tragedy; while Germany packs up his books and his flute, and sails for America. Here he supports himself by giving music lessons and by flirting with the ladies, by whom he is universally admired."

The club became quite excited in the story of the poor countess. Many of the ladies, particularly the young ones, declared they would speak for a copy of the play before the first edition was exhausted.

"My sisters," spoke the presidentess, "my sisters, let the fate of our poor, shiftless sister be a warning to us all. Deal not with dreams and visions. Stick to the matter-of-fact road! I repeat it, sisters—stick to the plain path of practical duty."

"Amen—amen," responded the two vice-presidentesses—and the meeting broke up.

Reader, do not think I am wholly desolate in my prison life. It is only when my practical friends come to visit me that I feel the full shock of degradation. They would fain tear out of me the *how*, the *where* and the *when*, of the unlucky event. Nothing short of a minute, written, accurate account of the accident, narrating faithfully the "rise and progress" of each bubble, from the time the water in the cauldron first began to boil and sputter, to the climax of "spouting fire and hail," will, or can, satisfy the rational part of community. Therefore, in all compassion and in good faith, I dedicate this chapter to those of my practical friends, who, amid the flourish of trumpets and waving of banners, have reached the topmost round of practicality—in fact, to those who can make their husbands' shirts fit about the neck without hanging them, and go through a family washing without scalding themselves in the complicated and yet to me mysterious process.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FIRST STATE PRISONER.

BY GRANT THORBURN.

I LANDED in New York, June, 1784, by trade a rough nail-maker, in the 22d year of my age. In October following, I went up to the Park to see a man hung, (at that time the Park was out of town, and only 50,000 inhabitants). With ten thousand fools, some bigger and some smaller than myself, we stood watching the vibrations of the rope and the iron hook, during two long hours. Then the sheriff stood on the scaffold and read a reprieve. I confess I was very much disappointed; I expected to see a hanging, but no hanging was there.

The man was Noah Gardner. He kept a large shoe store in New York. He committed forgery, which, at that time, was death by the laws of these United States. The state prison in New York was building at this time: this was the first prison erected in the world for reform, instead of hanging. The Society of Friends were the chief promoters of this humane system. One room in the prison was now ready to receive criminals. The Friends procured from the governor a commutation from death to the state prison for life.

Being a shoemaker by trade, they gave him a stool, wax, last and awls, and here commenced the state prison shoe manufactory. Next court, six vagabonds were sent to keep him company, then he learned to make shoes. I visited the prison three years after this. In one large room sat three hundred shoemakers. Noah was provost marshal, walking through the ranks with cane in hand, punishing evil-doers and praising them that did well. Seven years having passed over him, the Friends waited on the governor. "Friend," said they, "seven years ago you would have hung this man; now here is a reformed member saved to society."

He received an unconditional pardon, and came out. The Friends found him a store in Pearl Street, lent him money, endorsed his notes, and gave him their custom. Immediately he was in a very thriving way. He joined the Society of Friends, and said thee and thou with the best of them. He had a wife, and children arrived at maturity.

His journeymen were chiefly men of families, and wrought in their own houses. One day he gave a man a pair of boots. "Now, friend," says he, "thee must bring home these boots on fourth day evening." Says the man, "You shall have them." The boots did not come home till fifth day evening. Noah was wroth. He gave the man a long lecture on the evils of disappointment and want of punctuality. When he drew up to breathe, the man replied:

"Sir, I am a poor man; I have a wife and three children, the youngest only forty-eight hours old. I had to attend on my wife and cook for my children. It was not in my power to finish the boots sooner." Noah still continued to magnify the horrors of disappointment. The man grew angry; his Scotch blood boiled in his veins; he struck the counter with his fist like a sledge-hammer. "I know," says he, "it's a terrible thing to be disappointed. I remember going up to the Park to see you hung, and I never was so disappointed in my life when I saw the reprieve!"

Now this was a knock-down argument, as an Irishman would say. It was a case in point, as they say in court; and a fact beyond all controversy, as they say in Congress. Noah was dumb; he opened not his mouth. He gave the man another pair to make, kept him in employment, treated him kindly, but, as the man said, he never heard the word *disappoint* drop from his lips thereafter.

Noah went on prospering and to prosper. One day he borrowed various sums of money, and obtained a number of endorsements. The bills he changed for gold; the endorsements he got shaved in Wall Street. That night he was off for parts unknown, taking with him a dear sister, the wife of a young friend, to cheer him on the way. This story is true to the letter, and being the first subject of state prison reform, the day dreamers of the present time may settle the question whether hanging or state prison reform is the surest mode of curing a consummate villain. His family and friends never heard from him.



MADAME EMILE DE GIRARDIN.

MADAME EMILE DE GIRARDIN.

The accompanying portrait is a faithful likeness of the beautiful and accomplished Madame de Girardin, wife of the brilliant editor of "La Presse," and one of the most distinguished literary women of France, whose recent death threw a gloom over that society of which she was an ornament. Delphine Gay (her maiden name), daughter of Marie-Françoise Nichaut de Lavalette and of M. Gay, receiver-general of finances, was born under the first empire, January 26, 1804, at Aix-la-Chapelle, and was baptized, it is said, on the tomb of Charlemagne. "Do you not already see here," says M. Saint Beuve, in allusion to this incident, "the century in perspective, with its lofty pretensions on one side, and on the other its positive vocation; the tomb of Charlemagne as a decoration of the stage, and the cash-box of a collector beside it?" However this may be, this majestic baptism conferred happiness on the young girl. When she entered the world of society and letters, towards the middle of the restoration, when the breath of the ideal, long repressed, was beginning to revivify men's minds, she was all at once a prodigy, the muse of the nation at about the same period when Victor Hugo was a sublime child. Both were welcomed on the threshold of literary life by Chateaubriand, who became the god-father of the young poet and the young muse. Beautiful, inspired, courted by the best society, Mlle. Delphine Gay saw herself surrounded by such men as Soumet, De Vigny, Victor Hugo, Guirard and Lamartine. The first strophes of Delphine Gay were consecrated to the glories of her country. She sang the death of General Foy. She sang, like Beranger, like Lamartine, like Victor Hugo, like Casimir Delavigne—the insurrection, the name of Greece, that religion of the imagination with the nations of the East. At sixteen years, she was celebrated, a very rare privilege—since, from the beginning of this century, only three poets have been allowed to see glory shine upon them in that undecided dawn which is not yet youth: Victor Hugo, Delphine Gay and Alfred de Musset. The aurora of Madame de Girardin's literary career was illuminated by elegies, stanzas and poems which are still remembered. "Ourika" made mothers weep; "He loved me" set young girls to dreaming. These simple verses, these artless inspirations of the "Essais poetiques," mark the calm and serene hour which preceded the tempest of literary strife, and re-read to day, they exhale a special perfume because they bear the stamp of no particular school. The first productions of Delphine Gay reflected in a measure the tone of sentiment of Madame de Stael and Chateau-

briand, of whom she was passionately fond. Her publication of "Napoline," marks the hour when she learned to "look in her heart and write." This poem is full of felicitous lines of delicate raillery, of skillfully-drawn portraits, and of masculine thought. Mademoiselle Gay was united to Emile de Girardin June 1, 1831. The literary labor performed by Madame de Girardin was considerable. Besides her poems, collected in 1842, and forming a large volume, we have from her the "Opera Glass," "Stories of an Old Maid to her Nephews," the "Marquis de Pontanges," "M. de Balzac's Cane," "Marguerite, or Two Loves," "We should not sport with Sorrow," and the "Parisian Letters," that is to say, her correspondence with the public, the work in which she shows herself in all the plenitude of her talent, in all the freedom of her spirit. There she speaks of everything, of literature, art, politics, of the drawing-room and the garret—of the lady and her lover, or, seizing the first excuse, sketches a portrait, or cuts a silhouette, or delineates, in twenty dashing lines, a striking picture of that society she knew so well. Her dramatic pieces are the "School of Journalists," a comedy in five acts, unanimously accepted by the committee of the Theatre-Francaise in 1839, but never acted; "Judith," a tragedy in three acts; the "Husband's Fault," a comedy in five acts; "Lady Tartuffe," a brilliantly successful comedy, in which Rachel played, and still plays the heroine; "Joy causes Fear," a piece which had over one hundred representations; the "Clockmaker's Hat," a most amusing farce, and "A Woman who hates her Husband." She left also an unfinished comedy at the time of her death. She contributed largely to the success of her husband's journal, "La Presse," by the brilliant articles she published therein, under the name of "Vicomte Delaunay." Many of these essays and sketches remind us of Willis, who is more Parisian—in the best sense of the word—in his newspaper style, than any writer with whom we are acquainted. Madame de Girardin discussed everything with the same abandon, the same charm, the same facility, the same delicacy of perception. She was not a mere sketcher of external appearances, but a philosopher with a deep insight into the mysteries of life. So much for the authoress—for the character of the woman, we have the testimony of M. Saint-Beuve, who knew her well. "No one has more wit than Madame de Girardin. At a soirée, a dinner, or in a small circle, no one can be livelier, more amusing, or richer in smart and sparkling sayings. No one could charitably desire more confidence, ease, or dexterity in attack and repartee. If, when conversation commences, she seems to utter some premeditated pleasantries, which are like a part of her toilet, she has others, uttered

every moment on the spur of the occasion, quite as good. We see that she is amused both by what she says and what she hears, provided the latter is witty. She plays a fair game and her whole soul is in it." In spite of the epigrammatic turn of her wit, Madame de Girardin was adored by all those who lived in the circle of which she was the centre. Devoted to her friends, she was also constantly dispensing anonymous charities. Of her literary performances, it may be said, as Moore says of Sheridan:

"She ran
Through each mode of the lyre and was mistress of all."

The Parisians lament that with Madame de Girardin they have lost one of the last, if not the last of their literary drawing-rooms—a *salon* where the tact of the hostess harmonized the brilliant talent her reputation convoked, and where artists and men of letters enjoyed the happiest intercourse. The salons, where the very best society assembled, used to be numerous in Paris before and after the revolution, but they are now few and far between, to the regret of citizens and strangers.



ENTRANCE TO THE ARSENAL AT VENICE.

ENTRANCE TO THE ARSENAL AT VENICE.

The rich and massive sculptured pile of which we herewith offer a representation, is one of the most imposing monuments of the Queen of the Adriatic. The spectator will notice the fine effect produced by the huge lions, the rows of statues, the massive archway and its flanking columns. The arsenal of Venice dates back to the year 1304, and the republic, during its centuries of glory and prosperity, successively embellished and adorned it. It is surrounded by strong walls and towers. Its circumference is estimated at two miles. The entrance shown in our engraving is the most picturesque part of the building. The sculptures of the archway were executed at the close of the 16th century, by the disciples of Sansovino. The four marble columns are attributed to the year 1460. The winged lion of St. Mark could not fail to be placed above the archway as the guardian and protector of the marine. The statue on the summit is that of St. Justine, sculptured by Girolamo Campagna; it is a souvenir of the victory won by the Venetians over the Turks on St. Justine's day in 1571. The other statues, on the pilasters which separate the iron railing, Victory, Wisdom, Strength, and other allegories, recall the same event. The four lions in Pentelic marble, placed, one on the right, and the three others on the left of the gateway, are not the least remarkable ornaments of this façade. They were brought from Greece by Francesco Morosini, surnamed the Peloponnesiac, in 1687. The nearest one decorated the celebrated port of Athens, the Piræus, also called the Lion's Port.

MEXICAN WOMEN PREPARING TORTILLAS.

Our engraving represents the interior of a Mexican hut built of canes, in which are two men in the costume of the country, and two women engaged in preparing *tortillas*, the staple food of the laboring classes. Although wheat is successfully cultivated in many parts of Mexico, the rich alone use wheaten bread, which is very dear. The people employ Indian corn, which is prepared in the following manner: a woman kneeling on the ground, and having before her a *metate*, a sort of granite table supported by four legs, places the grain upon it and crushes it with a granite roller, which she manages with both hands very dexterously. As soon as the corn, which has been previously soaked in water, is sufficiently manipulated, the tortillera lets it fall into a vessel placed before and below the *metate*. This operation terminated, the cook makes up the dough into cakes which are cooked immediately on a flat, earthen griddle laid upon live coals. The *tortillas*, not unlike our *hoo-cakes*, are very good eating when prepared by Mexican women who are adepts in the business.



MEXICAN FEMALES PREPARING TORTILLAS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO MADAME —.

BY "GAY HUMBOLDT."

Ellen, Spring has come again—
The same fair Spring that traced our sky,
When blushing flowers wreathed her brow,
And love-lit smiles danced in her eye.

Days are growing longer now,—
The same fair April days, I weat,
That used to climb old Mansfield's towers
With radiant eye and crimson feet.

Birds are singing too, how well!
High with joy, with love how deep!
Twilight's lingering heavens still tell
Nights too glorious for sleep.

Ellen, you were kind. Indeed.—
I know me well that cosy room,
Where sunbeams ever love to stay,
And night ne'er brings her sable gloom.

And yet, dear Nell, it may not be,
I may not meet thee there to night,
And though I pray that life for thee
Shall be all happiness and light:

Still, madame, do not wish me joy,
And do not bid me "call again;"
Thy beauty beams no more for me,
Thy smiles would pierce my heart in vain.

And didst thou think I could forget?
Thou shouldst have known this truth before—
The heart that's loved as mine has loved,
Still loves, and must forever more.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SACRIFICE.

BY MRS. N. T. MUNROE.

RICH old Squire Morton and his only son lived in the large, handsome house on the hill, and good Farmer Crosby and his wife and only daughter lived in the brown farm-house just at its foot. Squire Morton looked on his broad acres, and smiled grimly as he thought of his vast possessions, for money had been his idol, and his whole life had been an offering on its altar. He had married a wife who, besides being young and beautiful, was also wealthy. She had been brought up delicately, and in the cold atmosphere of his home, she pined and sickened, and in process of time, fell a victim to the insatiable idol of the place. She died, leaving an only son, heir to his father's wealth and to her own soft and delicate nature.

It may have been that Squire Morton's cold heart felt a little remorse concerning the early death of his young wife, but it is certain that his conduct towards his child was wholly inconsistent with his general character. He gave him a good education, for the boy liked books and learning. As he grew older, he seemed to expect no work from him; he let him do just what he pleased; found him in money, and asked nothing in return, but that he should live at home.

Farmer Crosby, living in the brown farm-house, was a hard-working man, and well to do in the world. But Farmer Crosby could never say "no," and unfortunately he put his name on a note, just to oblige a friend, and one day found himself obliged, for this one act of friendship, to mortgage his hard-earned farm. It was a hard stroke for the good farmer; it had been such a pride and joy to him to look round on his little place and feel that it was all his own, and that he had earned it by the sweat of his brow. It was a hard stroke, too, for Mrs. Crosby. She had worked diligently to assist her husband, and now to think that what they had looked upon so long as their own was not wholly theirs, but might pass into other hands, was indeed a bitter stroke.

Hard work had failed to bow the straight form of Farmer Crosby, but it bent before the stroke of this great trouble. Mrs. Crosby had ever, in saddest times, wore a smile, but now the tears often dropped upon her work.

But there was no help for it. The evening of their days must be spent like the morning, in incessant labor; the mortgage must be paid off; the place must not be sold. Had they but a son to assist them—but Heaven had vouchsafed them no son; Emma was their only child, and was just verging into womanhood. But Emma Crosby was a girl of great decision and energy; she could not be idle and see her parents toiling, and her mind was soon made up as to what she should do.

Now Emma had a lover, no less a person than Henry Morton, the squire's son, and it was but the very next evening after her father's misfortune that she stood waiting for him to join her according to appointment. Her step was firm and decided as she passed out at the door and down the garden-walk. She stopped to put a trailing vine in its place and to pull a rose as she passed along, and when she looked up, the light came to her eye and the smile to her lip as a young man of slight figure and delicate features came forward to meet her.

"You are late," said she. "I feared you had forgotten your promise."

"I sat over my book longer than I was aware," said he, looking up into her face with a timid air. "I hope you are not weary with waiting."

There was no displeasure in her frank, open countenance as she smilingly replied:

"It is of no consequence. I concluded you were dreaming over our books. But where shall we walk, Henry?"

"Anywhere, Emma, that it pleases you."

"Let us follow the path by the wood, and then down to the brook."

One would not certainly have supposed they were lovers: she did not take his arm; he did not assist her over rough places in their walk; indeed, her quick, nervous foot cleared the obstacles before his dreamy eyes saw them; she, strong, healthy, active, needed no protector; he, abstracted, delicate, pale, could not certainly have been looked up to as one.

So they walked on, she often getting far beyond him, and then turning round and waiting for him to overtake her, till they came to the brook, where they seated themselves beneath the far-spreading branches of an oak. The sun had just set, and rich golden clouds hung around the west; far up the sky was of a deep dark blue; calm and quiet lay the far off hills, with the soft light shining upon them; opposite was a grove of pines, waving their soft shadowy arms, and close beside them the brook murmured and rippled along. So they sat there—he, with his dreamy eyes fixed on the western sky; she, with her restless gaze first upon the clouds, then upon the pines, and finally upon her companion. He was quiet and still, as befitted the scene; she, restless and uneasy.

"See, Emma," he said, "how beautiful are the clouds, and how pretty the light falls upon the pines! How pleasant it is to sit here, after poring over books all day! It is such a rest—such a calm, quiet delight. But I think you said you had something particular to say. I hope it is nothing to disturb this quiet."

"I wanted to tell you that I was going away, Henry."

"Going away, Emma? What do you mean?"

"Why, Henry, father has been unfortunate: he endorsed a note for a friend, and has been obliged to mortgage his farm. I am going to work in a factory at L—, to help pay off the mortgage."

"O, Emma, that is a wild dream!"

"Not so wild as some of your dreams, Henry."

"But, Emma, how can I get along without you?"

A shade of disappointment and an expression, half-chagrin and half-vexation, passed over the girl's face for one moment ere she answered:

"I did not consult my pleasure nor my comfort in coming to this decision, only my duty. I can earn more money at the factory than anywhere else, and it would kill my father and mother to be obliged to leave their home; they shall not do it while I have strength to work. If you have any objection to urge against my doing this thing, I hope you will speak candidly: this is why I wished to speak to you to-night."

"It is all very noble and dutiful in you, I know, but I was thinking how lonely I should be without you. When my brain is tired and weary, it is such a rest to come to you. You are always fresh and unwearied; indeed, I fear I am very selfish."

The girl's eyes grew soft and liquid, but her voice was firm as she answered:

"I knew all this, Henry, and thought of it all before I decided. I knew you would miss me, and I had much rather stay than go, but duty and love to my parents urge me to my present course."

"You are right, Emma,—always right," said he, still gazing with his dreamy eyes upon the west.

Dreamy, unpractical man, he did not half comprehend nor appreciate the sacrifice the noble girl was making. He thought only of himself—of how he should miss her. He did not see how she was devoting herself to a life of toil, beginning at earliest dawn and continuing till after the light of day had vanished; he did not think of her as leaving her father's home, where she was so loved, for a residence among cold and unfeeling strangers; he did not think, even once, how dreadful the close, hot air of the factory must be to her, who was accustomed to the free air of her own hills; he did not think how weary and monotonous that life must be,—how, perhaps, she might pine and sicken in the close, stifled atmosphere,—how her healthy, active frame might grow thin and bowed with toil,—her fresh cheek pale, and her free step slow and languid; no—he only thought how he should miss her.

Emma felt all this, and her woman's love tried to excuse it to herself; "he is so dreamy—so unpractical." She, in her stronger nature, had not thought of coming to him in her trouble and abiding by his decision; no—she first settled the matter fairly in her own mind, and then gave the result to him as gently as she could, and he received it as she had expected he would. She was learning the hardest and most bitter of all woman's experience—the making a great sacrifice, and not having it appreciated or understood. She was having her eyes opened to a truth which it is painful to see, the selfishness of a heart we love.

Yet she was prepared for this. Wrapt up in books, planning great deeds which he might never execute, an ardent lover of the beautiful in nature and in art, yet often blind to the noblest developments of moral beauty, enraptured with the beauty of a sunset and the murmur of a brook, yet blind and deaf to the beauty of the sacrifice the human heart beside him was silently making. Such was Henry Morton.

Emma's factory life began dull and monotonously enough to outward appearance, but cheered by her holy resolution and strong determination. She never repented of her course, and if she ever tired, she had but to think of that dear home, of her father's gray hairs, and her mother's gentle smile, and grow strong again.

She had letters from home very often. Her lover wrote her long epistles, full of the great deeds he was to accomplish, glowing with beautiful thoughts and pleasant fancies, saying how he missed her, and longed for her return. When Emma read these, a pleasant smile would pass over her face, as when one listens to the dreams and fancies of a beloved child. But they contained no words of encouragement or strength; she never went to her work with a lighter heart after reading them; if she had depended for strength upon such a course, weak and frail would her spirit have

become. But she leaned upon no such unsubstantial support: his love was to her but as a beautiful morning, not the strong pillar,—a pleasant summer retreat, but affording no shelter from the storms of life.

There seemed to be something in Emma's strong, active temperament to attract weak and clinging natures to her. Her roommate was a small, delicate, very beautiful girl. Nora Dalton had been brought up in luxury, and then suddenly left in want and penury, with scarcely a friend in the world.

Nora sought the factory for a means of earning a livelihood. Hard was its daily routine, its tedious confinement. Like an automaton, she went through her tasks, she walked with her companions to the factory, she sat at meals with them, but she was not of them. When Emma came, Nora instantly felt that she was superior to those around her, and Emma instantly knew that Nora was one who needed her love and friendship, and she willingly gave them.

Strong in her purpose, Emma toiled on, and a few years found that purpose accomplished. Her father's farm was his own again; she was in her old home, and things went on much as before. Yet not exactly as before, for Emma had taken Nora under her protection, procured a school for her, and her home was Nora's also. And in her new home, Nora seemed like another being. Gentle, beautiful and affectionate, she was one to be loved and petted. Good Farmer Crosby and his wife loved her almost as if she were their own child, and the whole village wondered at her exquisite beauty. The rustic beaux stood afar off and admired her, but scarcely dared approach her; she seemed to them such a vision of loveliness, and Emma enjoyed their round-eyed wonder. And to Henry Morton, she was the embodiment of a glorious dream. They were much alike—these two, given to dreaming and to poetry, to wandering in the woods, to listening to the song of the brooks and the murmur of the pines.

"Nora," said Emma, one evening, as she came in late, her hair wet with the dew, and her dress the worse for a long walk,—
"Nora, where have you been? You are very imprudent."

"Walking with Henry down to the brook. We sat there longer than we were aware, and you know it is a long way home."

"But why did he not come in?" said Emma.

"I don't know; yes—he said he had some writing to finish, and wished me to ask you to excuse him."

Emma said nothing.

They were like two children—Nora and Henry. How long they would have sat by the brookside, or read love ditties beneath the shade of the trees, it were hard to tell; but just now there came a sudden awakening, for Squire Morton died, leaving Henry heir to his vast estate. He died and was buried, and Henry was left in his lonely home—lonely even in his father's life, still lonelier now. A few days after his father's burial, as he sat there, dull and gloomy, he heard a rap at the door, and Farmer Bird entered.

"Mr. Morton," said he, entering directly upon the business which brought him, "I come to speak to you about that pasture land of yours joining mine; you know—just beyond the meadow. I want to buy it of you. I have tried to trade with the squire, your father, but never could make out; you know he always held on dreadful tight to every rod of land he got—no offence, sir; but I thought that now, perhaps, you and I might strike a bargain. I am willing to give you what it is worth."

"What is the market-price of land like that now?" said Henry, trying to assume a business-like air.

"I offered your father, the squire, eight cents a foot, which was a high price as land goes here. I'll give you that for it."

"I'll think of it, Mr. Bird, and let you know; but I had rather not give a decided answer now."

"Very well; but I may conclude that I have the refusal of it."

Henry bowed; but the farmer still sat there, twirling his hat in his hand.

"You must miss your father very much, sir," said he.

"I do, indeed," was the reply.

"I suppose," the farmer continued, "you will be getting married soon. It is very lonesome-like here for you, and you want somebody to take care of things. A good wife is a good thing, and I am right glad that you have so good a one in view. There isn't a smarter or better girl in town than Emma Crosby."

Henry made no audible answer—not that he was dreaming now, for the farmer's words had thoroughly awakened him.

Mr. Bird rose to take his leave. "A mighty strange fellow," said he, as he left the house; "no more fit to fill his father's place than I am to be president!"

"Married!" thought Henry Morton, to himself, when he was alone. "Yes; what hinders? Married to whom? To Emma Crosby, to be sure. Is she not my affianced wife? Is not the whole village expecting our marriage?"

So he sat there, in the dull old library, buried in thought. They called him to dinner, but he heeded not. The afternoon passed, and the setting sun was sending his last rays into the apartment, when he rose, and putting on his hat, walked out.

The old housekeeper looked at him as he passed down the garden-walk. "The death of his father hangs heavy upon him, poor fellow!" said she, shaking her head and wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron.

He took the direct road to Farmer Crosby's house, but ere he reached it, his purpose failed him. He struck into the path leading through the woods down to the brook.

With a slow, heavy step he passed along, looking neither to the right nor left. He hears a sweet voice—it is Nora's voice. He looks up; he sees the flutter of a light garment through the trees—it is Nora's dress. Just then the singer turned, and her sweet face beamed full upon him. For a moment he put up his hands to his eyes, as if to shut out her presence. She turned to meet him.

"Ah, Henry, how glad I am to see you! I was just thinking of you." She laid her hand upon his arm, and looked up in his face.

She had such sweet, winning ways, it was impossible to resist her. Emma never clung to him in that way; never had any of those little charming ways which made Nora so bewitching. So thought Henry as they walked along. By-and-by they came to the rustic seat by the brook.

"Emma is coming by-and-by," said Nora.

"Emma?" said Henry, starting.

"Yes—Emma. What makes you start so? Do you know I think Emma is sad, lately? I don't know what has come over her. Dear Emma, I can't bear to see her unhappy."

"Do you indeed think she is unhappy, Nora?"

"I do. I fear something worries her."

"Have you any idea what it can be?"

"I have not,—dear Emma!" said she.

"Dear Emma!" echoed Henry. "I suppose you know," said he, turning to Nora, "that Emma is my plighted wife?"

"O yes," said Nora, archly; "I am aware of that fact."

"There is nothing now to hinder our union. I am rich, and in need of a wife; and yet how is it, Nora, the thought that I can now take her, who is so good and true, to be mine forever, brings no rapture to my heart? How is it, Nora? Tell me if you can."

Nora's cheek was pale, and she turned her face away from him, and gently put away the hand which had been resting on his arm.

"What shall I do, Nora? Emma has been everything to me. She has encouraged me; she has been my strength when I have been weak, and I thought I loved her, till—till you came, Nora; then," and he went on impetuously,—“then I found that we were not congenial. She did not enter fully into all my tastes and feelings; she did not live in my atmosphere; she was too practical—too matter-of-fact. She does not enter into my high aspirations when I talk of the fame which I am to earn for myself; she smiles upon me, it is true, but I see that she is incredulous. She has not the faith and confidence in me that you have, Nora. Now feeling thus, is it not a sin to marry her? Speak to me, Nora. Tell me what shall I do—what ought I to do?"

But Nora did not answer; she only sat there, with a look of fixed sorrow upon her sweet face.

"I don't love her, Nora; I love only you," he said, in a low voice.

Nora spoke at last:

"Don't speak so, Henry. You don't know how wretched your wild words have made me. Pray take them back; say you were but in jest. And I have caused all this—I, miserable wretch, whom she took to her home and her heart,—I, whom she has cherished as a sister. Had it not been for me, you would still have loved her; she would have been your wife; you would have been happy together. Emma, Emma, you have nourished a viper in your bosom!" She bowed her head upon her knees, and heavy sobs shook her slight frame.

Henry knew not what to say. In a few moments Nora lifted up her head.

"You ask me what you shall do? Conquer this foolish passion. I will go away; you will love Emma then. Take her for your wife, and she will make you happy."

"Nora, that is vain. I cannot marry Emma. I shall tell her my feelings. She is noble and good; she will understand me; she will not ask me to make so great a sacrifice. Nora, you must not—shall not go. What shall I do without you?"

Still the same selfish man; still thinking of himself.

"You don't know, Henry, what you are saying. Do not tell her. Marry her, as you are bound to do; keep your secret, and Heaven will reward you. When I am gone, you will cease to think of me."

He did not seem to hear what she said, but taking her hand, he said, passionately:

"Tell me, Nora, that I am not indifferent to you—that if I were not bound by honor to Emma you would be mine."

But Nora did not speak; she only bowed her head upon her lap, and withdrew her hand from his.

Henry grew desperate.

"Nora," said he, "I know you love me. Something tells me that I am dear to you. We are congenial, Nora; our wishes, our tastes are similar. Nora, we are made for each other; let us not, then, make our lives miserable for the sake of a mere point of honor."

Nora lifted her pale, sad face to his.

"A point of honor, Henry? Do you call Emma's happiness, your plighted word, a mere point of honor? I do not reproach you; the blame is all mine. I have been blind and thoughtless, but I see it all now. Heaven knows I would not make the humblest creature miserable; how, then, can I bear to think I am the cause of wretchedness to her who has been my best friend?" She rose to go, and he tried to detain her. "Let me go, Henry. My brain is almost wild. I cannot think while you hold me thus. I would go home." There was such a look of passionate entreaty in her pale, sad face that he let go her hand, and she darted from him.

She was gone. He was alone—alone with the murmur of the pines, and the ripple of the brook, but for once they were unheeded. He had not sat there long when he felt a light touch on his shoulder, and looking up, he saw Emma standing beside him.

"Where is Nora? I expected to find her here."

"She has been here, but is gone."

Emma looked at his disturbed face, and her woman's instinct told her that something was amiss.

"Henry," said she, and she seated herself just where Nora had been sitting, "I see by your looks that you have something to

say, but first listen to me: I have not been blind for the last few months, and I am convinced that you do not love me,—that you wish to be free of your promises to me. You love Nora; you think she is more suited to you, and loving her, of course you ought not to marry another. You are free; your feelings have changed; I blame you not. Go to Nora; tell her that if she loves you, you can be happy."

He sat and heard her through; then taking her cold, passive hand, exclaimed:

"I knew it would be so, Emma. I told her you were too good—too noble to do otherwise than you have done. Thank you, Emma. We will love you very much—Nora and I!"

The old look of disappointment and chagrin passed over Emma's face. She pressed her hand upon her heart; she shut her eyes to keep the tears from falling; but with the same seemingly cold manner, she went on:

"I have seen all along, Henry, how it would be. I saw your love was passing from me. Nora is worthy of you; only love her as she deserves to be loved, and I will bless you." And she rose to leave him.

And so without once thinking of the sacrifice she was making, never dreaming how many hopes nor how much of love were crushed by the few words she had spoken, Henry Morton took back the vows he had spoken, heard the words that he was free to marry Nora, and blessed her for them, for they ensured his own happiness.

"Let me walk home with you, Emma. I wish to speak to Nora."

She had turned to go, but when he spoke, she waved him back with her hand. He saw her pale face, and for the first time, a faint idea of the sacrifice she had made crossed his mind; but he dared not speak to her; the pale face, the wave of the hand awed him. He waited till she had gone, and then rose and followed her.

When Emma reached home, she went directly to her chamber. She would have spoken to Nora, but she thought Henry would save her that trial. In the morning, she seemed the same as ever. Breakfast hour came, but Nora did not make her appearance. Emma went to her chamber; she was not there; she had not been in bed all night. Where could she be? A note lay upon the table; Emma opened it and read:

"DEAREST EMMA:—I must leave you. Do not ask me to tell you the cause of my departure. For all the good you have done me—for all you would still do for me, I bless you. But still I must leave you. Do not look for me; and when you are happy, think of me as one who would lay down her life for you."

"Your own NORA."

The tears fell fast from Emma's eyes as she read. "Poor Nora! where can she be? She has no friends. Alone in the world, what will become of her?"

"Nora—where is Nora?" said a voice at her side. It was Henry.

"Nora is not here," said Emma, in a husky tone. She passed him the note.

"What can this mean?" said he.

"You should know, if any one, Henry. Did you not see her after I left you?"

"No. I came here; but she sent me word she could not see me. Where can she be?"

"I know not."

"And she left no message for me?"

"This is all."

"Why should she leave us thus when we might have been so happy? What is to be done, Emma?"

Emma's lips curled almost scornfully.

"Done?" echoed she. "Go after her, of course,—not stand here idle. She cannot be far from here. She must have taken the early coach, or, perhaps, walked to the nearest railroad station. It is of no use to stand here and say poor Nora." And she turned round and left him standing there.

A little ashamed of his indecision, he went out, mounted his horse, which stood at the door, and rode to the station-house. But the cars were gone; it would be half an hour before the next train came along. Before he had fairly made up his mind as to the best course to pursue, the train came rushing by. He hesitated; after all, he might not reach the city in season to see if Nora were in the first train; he might miss her. At this moment a female figure rushed by him, and darted into the cars. It was Emma. A shrill whistle, the train was off, and he was left behind. Emma had gone in search of Nora. "It is just as well," said he; "she can persuade her to come back better than I could do." So satisfied that all would turn out well, he rode homeward.

It was the express train which Emma had taken, and it would reach the city as soon as that in which Nora had started. With her veil over her face, her mind full of sad and anxious thoughts, she paid no attention to anything about her, till suddenly she was aroused by a shrill whistle, and the sudden stopping of the train. There was hurry and confusion; every one rushed to the car door. What had happened? She, too, followed the crowd. There had been an accident; the morning train had been thrown from the track. Had any one been injured? Yes—nearly all, more or less. It had been a fearful accident; many lives were lost.

Emma grew sick and dizzy, and her heart stopped its beating for a few minutes. Then she grew strong again, and with steady steps went to look for Nora. A sad sight met her eyes. Dead and wounded were lying together; there were mangled forms—there were groans and cries—a mother sat with her dead infant in her lap—some were lying there with limbs crushed to atoms and fearful bruises. It was a sight that no mortal could look upon and forget. And Emma's straining, eager gaze took in all this

suffering humanity, and then she breathed again. "Thank God, Nora is not here!" But another thought, they may not all be here. She turned to a bystander:

"Are these all the injured?"

"No," said he. "They have carried one young lady into the next house. Perhaps," said the man, seeing her change color, "you are in search of a friend. Shall I go with you?"

Emma bowed, and the man went on:

"She was senseless when I saw her, but the doctor thought she might come to."

He ushered Emma into a neat, comfortable apartment, and there upon a bed lay the insensible form of Nora. The physician stood by, and one or two women, who made room for Emma as she came in. She turned to the physician:

"Do you think she still lives?"

"Well, madam, I trust she will revive. I see no external injury sufficient to cause death. You are a friend, or sister? Perhaps the sound of your voice might rouse her."

Emma went close up to her.

"Nora, Nora!" said she, with a shudder through her whole frame.

Her eyes opened, but her gaze was wild and strange. She revived somewhat, but reason seemed gone.

"Do not carry me home!" she shrieked; "anywhere but there!"

"A singular case," said the physician. "The wound upon the head is not sufficient to bring about such a result. Was your friend perfectly sound in mind when she left home?"

Emma replied in the affirmative.

"Perhaps of a nervous, excitable temperament, and the shock was too much for her."

Emma sent word to her parents of Nora's sad state, and that afternoon, her father came to take her home, as the physician said the journey would not injure her. They brought her home, and laid her upon her own bed, and for weeks she struggled with a severe brain fever, but at length she was pronounced out of danger.

A few weeks more passed. She grew stronger every day; but she never inquired for Henry,—never said anything about her leaving home, and Emma was afraid to introduce the subject. At length, taking pity upon Henry, who haunted the house like a ghost, she ventured to say to her, one day, when she seemed pretty strong:

"Nora, a very dear friend has been waiting at your door for weeks; shall I admit him?"

"Emma, I know who you mean; but how can I see him? Do you know—"

"Yes, Nora; I know all."

"All, Emma?—you don't know all; you can't know how we have both injured you—our best friend."

"Nora," said she, in her calm, quiet manner, "I know all. Henry is nothing to me now but a friend. The matter is all settled. He does not love me, Nora. If you love him, tell him so. All I wish is your happiness."

"And you have given him up to me? Emma, Emma, this must not be! You have suffered—you suffer now. I will not see him."

"Nora, have I not said he does not love me? God keep me from marrying one who loves me not. It matters little whom he prefers, so that he does not love me. I would give him up to my deadliest enemy. Don't make the deed more meritorious than it really is," said she, with a bitter smile. "I have loved him; I expected to marry him: all this is past. He loves you, Nora. Shall I call him?"

She covered her face with her hands. Emma went out, and soon after, Henry entered alone.

The sacrifice was accepted. Nora and Henry were married, and the two dreamers led a dreamy life. No doubt they were very happy in their own way—the child-husband and the child-wife. Being rich, they could afford to dream and lead an easy, idle life. But was there any difficulty, straight went a messenger down to Farmer Crosby for advice.

In course of time, Nora had a little brood of children about her. She petted them—played with them; but if any of them were sick, Emma must be sent for to nurse and prescribe for them; and when they were well, they were oftener to be found at the farm than in their own home.

Henry dreamed on, but the great deeds he was to accomplish lay still in the far-off future. The book he was going to write, the poem which was to make him immortal, lay still in the unworked quarry of his brain. His children, sad disturbers of day-dreams, grew up around him, and the old house, which had been so lonely in his boyhood, was gay with their ringing laughter. Then sports broke in upon his meditations; then wants, as they grew older, called for something more substantial than day-dreams. So he was forced to turn his attention to the cultivation of the rich lands left him, as promising to be a more profitable investment of his time than novels or poems, which, at best, are uncertain property to their owners. In time he became quite a respectable farmer, though the neighbors said that Farmer Crosby always had to tell him when it was time to do his planting, his mowing, and his harvesting.

By-and-by there came up a subject of wonder to the townspeople, in the fact that every week a gentleman of fine appearance and elegant manners was seen to pay regular visits at the home of Farmer Crosby. The visits, of course, were for Miss Emma Crosby. The gentleman was a wealthy and distinguished merchant from the neighboring city. In due time they were married, and a good wife she made him, and the neighbors said she had done as well as if she had married the squire's son; and she was good enough for anybody, no matter how rich or great.

TAUNTON, MASS.

The engravings on this and the succeeding page are from prominent and picturesque points in the pleasant and prosperous town of Taunton, and were from drawings made expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, whose faithful pencil is so well known to our readers. The first engraving represents the Episcopal Church, on Church Street, a very graceful building of the Gothic order, standing upon a terraced platform ornamented with graceful shade trees. The clergyman is the Rev. Edward Anthon. The second sketch is a view of Church Square. The building on the extreme left, partly hidden by trees, is the Bristol Academy, situated on Academy Street. The next building is the Unitarian Church, a fine stone structure; Rev. Charles H. Brigham, pastor. On the right is the town-house, quite an imposing building. The upper part of this building is occupied as a school-house. Church Square, from the number of fine buildings by which it is surrounded, and the shade trees with which it is liberally adorned, is a very attractive portion of the town. The pedestrians, carriages, haycocks, etc., in the foreground, give us a lively idea of a thriving New England town. Next in order comes a view of Taunton Green, a truly charming place. The noble elms that surround it are now in their fullest foliage and verdure, as represented in the picture, while the figures and carriages introduced by our artist are quite characteristic. The building on the left is the Court House, a very neat structure. The small building in the centre with pillars in front is the Taunton Social Library, while beyond, and almost obscured by the embowering trees, is a noble building—the Taunton Hotel, kept by A. J. Pease. The last view in the series is the residence of Mr. William Mason, the proprietor of extensive locomotive works. It is a very fine building, and stands at the junction of Clinton and High Streets. Taunton is the semi-capital of Bristol, and is situated at the head of navigation on the Taunton River, and on the New Bedford and Taunton Railroad, 35 miles south of Boston. Our engravings have shown the character of its architecture, and the manner in which it is laid out and ornamented. The town contains a large number of elegant private residences with tasteful grounds and gardens. The second State Lunatic Asylum, a fine structure with three domes, stands about a mile north by west of Taunton Green. The manufactures of Taunton are extensive and various, consisting of locomotives, steam engines, cotton and other machinery, nails, cotton goods, etc. The Taunton Locomotive Company is an old and prosperous establishment. Messrs. Mason & Co. manufacture locomotives and cotton machinery extensively. Messrs. Field & Son manufacture tacks and nails to the amount of \$1,000,000 annually. The Old Colony Iron Company has a large capital, and does a corresponding business. Large quantities of brick are manufactured in this town. Ship-building has also resumed its former importance here. Taunton has a large coasting trade, and in the importation of breadstuffs, ranks third among the New England towns. Among its literary institutions are a high school and academy, which enjoy high repute. The Social Library, to which we alluded above, contains a large number of well-selected books. The name given by the Indians to Taunton was Cohannet, and Edward Winslow and Stephen Hopkins, who came hither in July, 1621, are supposed to have been the first Englishmen who visited it. At that time, the great plague, which had committed such ravages among the aboriginal tribes of New England, had left its traces in the forlorn and desolate condition of Cohannet. The proprietorship was then claimed by the sachem of Tetiquet. At the head of the list of purchasers of Taunton stands the name of Henry Uxley,



EPISCOPAL CHURCH, TAUNTON, MASS.

who sold out his house and real estate to Richard Williams (possibly a relative of Roger Williams), who may, therefore, be considered as the founder of Taunton, though Miss Elizabeth Pool, a lady of family and fortune, from Taunton, Somersetshire, England, generally has the credit of the settlement. "An ardent desire of planting another church in the American wilderness induced this pious Puritan lady to encounter all the dangers and hardships of forming a settlement in the midst of the Indians. She died in 1654, and her kinsman placed over her grave a stone with an inscription which commemorates her virtues." At the entrance of the Mount Pleasant Cemetery, which is laid out on a plan similar to that of Mount Auburn, stands a monument to the memory of this lady, with the following inscription:—"The Females of Taunton have erected this monument in honor of Elizabeth Pool, foundress of the town of Taunton in 1637. Born, before the settlement of America, in England, 1589, and died at Taunton, May 21, 1654." The inscription on the original gravestone, in the old burial ground, reads:—"Here rest the remains of Mrs. Elizabeth Pool, a native of old England, of good Family, Friends and prospects, all of which she left in the prime of her life to enjoy the Religion of her Conscience in this distant wilderness. A great proprietor of the township of Taunton, a chief promoter of its settlement and its incorporation, A. D., 1639, about which time she settled near this spot, and having employed the opportunity of her virgin state in Piety, Liberality of manners, died May 21, A. D. 1654, aged 65, to whose memory this monument is gratefully erected by her next of kin, John Borland, Esq., A. D. 1771." The first pastor of the first church in Taunton was born about 1660. He married a sister of Edward Whalley, a major-general

in the Parliamentary army, and one of the regicide judges. Mr. Hooke changed his residence to New Haven, Ct., in 1640, returned to England in 1656, and became a chaplain in the family of Oliver Cromwell, lord-protector of the Commonwealth of England. After the restoration of Charles II., he was silenced for non-conformity, and died in London in 1677. In a pamphlet entitled "Plain Dealing or Newes from New England," written by Thomas Lechford of Clement's Inn, January 17, 1641, and published in London, 1642, reference is made to the first church in Taunton. "Cohannet, alias Taunton, is in Plymouth patent. There is a church gathered of late: Master Hooke, pastor; Master Street, teacher. Master Hooke received ordination from the hands of one Master Bishop, a schoolmaster, and one Parker, a husbandman, and then Master Hooke joined in ordaining Master Street. One Master Doughty, a minister, opposed the gathering of the church there, alledging that according to the covenant of Abraham, all men's children that were of baptized parents, and so Abraham's children, ought to be baptized; and spoke so in publique, or to that effect, which was held a disturbance, and the ministers spake to the magistrate to order him; the magistrate commanded the constable, who dragged Master Doughty out of the assembly. He was forced to go away from thence with his wife and children."

A CAPTAIN OF ZOUAVES.

The captain of Zouaves could scarcely have exceeded five-and-twenty years of age. Handsome in person, manly, frank, and courteous in manners, he was by nature, as evidently by choice, a true soldier of the tented field. In fact, almost a child of the wild Arabs, from having served in Algiers since his beard had commenced its growth—his home the camp, his resting-place not seldom under the vault of heaven. In the course of conversation, he informed me, without the slightest assumption of manner or bravado, that he had been five times wounded—four times in Algeria, and again at Inkermann. On the last occasion, General Canrobert had sent to him to say that his wound should be bandaged with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. "I ask for nothing more," he replied. "This, however, is the third time it has been promised, but, as yet, I have never received it." "Be satisfied," said Canrobert, "the emperor will never neglect a brave soldier." "I obtained the wished-for prize," he continued, "and now, though scarcely recovered from my wounds, I am again returning, after a brief visit to my home, to the side of my brave comrades." In truth, he gave sufficient evidence of not having recovered from his wound; nevertheless, he was all anxiety to be once more in the battle-field, and full of energy and manly spirit. Indeed, the day subsequent to our arrival at Constantinople, I met him in the bazaar. He appeared so cast down—I really feared he had some great cause of sorrow; and so had he. His brave Zouaves, as he called them, had suffered severely in a recent sortie. Of this he had just been informed, and he took the fact of his not having been present to share their dangers as much to heart as if he individually had been the cause of those disasters. I asked him if he frequently visited his home. "Rarely," he replied, "save when I have been wounded, and then I seek rest." Nevertheless, his family were alike wealthy and of high birth.—*Sayah: or, the Courier to the East.*

The humor of exploding many things under names of trifles, fopperies, and only imaginary goods, is a very false proof either of wisdom or magnanimity, and a great check to virtuous actions.—*Swift.*



CHURCH SQUARE, IN TAUNTON, MASS.



VIEW OF THE GREEN, TAUNTON, MASS.

A FLOATING CITY.

The "Mistress of the Seas," as the London papers name the monster steamship, now building of iron, near London, is in the shape of plates, securely rivetted together. Her dimensions, etc., are thus described:—She has a double side fore and aft, all the way up to within a few feet of the taffrail. She has also double decks. By this means great buoyancy and strength are imparted to the vessel, as the space between the decks and sides is filled with air. She is built in eight compartments, all air and water tight. Her registered tonnage is 23,000 tons, with capacity for coal in addition of from 12,000 to 14,000 tons. Her draft of water when loaded will be 28 feet, and when unloaded 18 feet. Her average speed is computed at 23 knots or miles per hour. She will be propelled by a gigantic screw, 23 feet in diameter, four paddles, and by sails. Her number of masts will be seven, three of which will be crossed with yards, and square-rigged, as in a line-of-battle ship, and the other masts will have fore and aft sails. Her number of boilers will be ten, five on each side, and each having ten furnaces. She will carry, in addition to a sufficient complement of small boats, no less than eight small screw-steamers, each 110 feet in length, placed four on each side of the vessel. These steamers will land and embark both passengers and cargo. The passengers' berths are placed on both sides the entire length of the ship. The number of decks is four, and the height of the principal saloons, which are in the centre, is 15 feet. The number of passengers she will be able to carry is 600 first class, 1800 second class, and 10,000 troops with field equipments. Her length is 680 feet, her breadth of beam, 83 feet, depth from deck to keel, 58 feet, aggregate length of saloon, 400 feet. Her commander will be Captain Harrison, with a crew in all, including seamen, engineers, stokers, etc., of from 850 to 900 men, consequently, with all on board, she will comprise within herself a population of a large town, or even city, say 13,000 persons. Nearly 1000 men are employed in her construction. The contract price for her building is £320,000. There are then the expenses of her engines and the fittings, victualing, etc. The mere expense of launching her into the water, when completed, will be no less than £40,000, as hydraulic power will have to be used for the purpose, and the machinery employed of a peculiar construction. She will enter the water broadside on. Her deck is to be flush, except for cabin entrances and similar purposes, so that a promenade more than twice the length of the Great Britain's deck will be available for the passengers. The floor of the ship is perfectly flat, the keel being turned inward and rivetted to the inner ship's keel. These several skins are joined to each other by longitudinal webs or girders, formed of plate and angled iron. There are 17 of these webs on each side of the ship, which run the entire length, and are placed at such distances as to extend upward, at intervals of about three feet from the keel to the main deck, and again closed up in length varying from 20 to 60 feet. The main deck is treated in the same manner for 20 feet on each side, and iron girders bind one side to the other, so that the entire vessel may be denominated a web of woven iron, the rivets forming the fastenings, and the webbed or honey-comb cells becoming an indissoluble structure. The compartments between the outer and inner skin will hold 3000 tons of water ballast. The web plates are of inch iron, and the outer and inner skins are of three-quarter inch iron. The vessel will have 20 ports on the lower deck, each five feet square, to receive railway wagons. She has also 60 ports on each side for ventilation, and an abundance of dead lights. The lower ports are 10 feet above the water when the ship is loaded.—*Halifax News*.

SMOKING IN GERMANY.

The propensity of smoking is declared by the physicians to be actually one of the most efficient causes of the German tendency to diseases of the lungs. In point of expense, its waste is enormous. In Hamburg alone, fifty thousand boxes of cigars have been consumed in a year, each box costing about three pounds sterling; one hundred and fifty thousand pounds puffed into the air! And it is to be remembered that even this is but a part of the expense; the cigar adorning the lip only of the better order, and even among those, only of the young; the mature generally abjuring this small vanity, and blowing away with the mighty meerschaum of their ancestors. This plague, like the Egyptian plague of frogs, is felt everywhere and in everything. It poisons the streets, the clubs, and the coffee-houses; furniture, clothes, equipage, person, are redolent of the abomination. It makes even the dullness of the newspaper doubly narcotic; the napkin on the table tells instantly that native hands have been over it; every eatable and drinkable, all that can be seen, felt, heard, or understood, is saturated with tobacco; the very air we breathe is but a conveyance for this poison into the lungs; and every man, woman and child rapidly acquires the complexion of a boiled chicken. From the hour of their waking, if nine-tenths of the population can ever be said to wake at all, to the hour of their lying down, which in innumerable instances the peasantry do in their clothes, the pipe is never out of their mouths; one mighty fumigation reigns, and human nature is smoke-dried by tens of thousands of square miles. But if it be a crime to shorten life, or extinguish faculties, the authority of the chief German physiologists charges this custom with effecting both in a very remarkable degree. They compute, that of twenty deaths of men between 18 and 35, ten originate in the waste of the constitution by smoking. Tobacco burns out their blood, their teeth, their eyes, and their brains; turns their flesh into mummy, and their mind into metaphysics.—*Hamburg Journal*.

RICHNESS OF RUSSIA.

The fisheries of Russia are most extensive and valuable. It is stated that 500,000 individuals are employed about them in the lower Wolga and Northern Caspian. The sea-coast fisheries in the Black Sea, Sea of Azoff, the Baltic and the White Sea, are great and productive. All her noble rivers everywhere abound with fish, and owing to the numerous fasts in the Greek Church, the consumption of fish in Russia is very great. There are in the Russian empire 542,177,248 acres of land in forests. These are of immense value, and as communications are opened up throughout the country, they will become still more valuable. There has been immense wastage in times past, but of late years the government has appointed special officers to look after them, to preserve them from unnecessary destruction. Russia is one of the best wooded countries in the world. The quantity of timber yearly consumed must be immense, when we recollect that nearly all the houses throughout the Russian empire are built of wood. The number of horses in Russia exceeds by 7,000,000 the total numbers in France, Austria, Prussia, the United States, and the United Kingdom, together about 14,000,000. The value of the whole must be very great. Saddle horses sell from 300 to 1000 silver roubles each; and with the exception of the numbers that roam the eastern provinces, say 4,000,000—a peculiar and hardy and valuable breed,—the Russian horses are of an excellent quality. Their cavalry horses are equal to the English, and superior to any other in Europe. The number in Russia present to our view a force equal to 129,000,000 effective men. Taking them at half the average value (£32 10s.) of horses in the United Kingdom, or £16 5s. each, the total value will be £354,750,000. The number of cattle in the Russian empire exceeds by nearly 6,000,000 the total number in France, Austria and Prussia (24,823,394), and their value is also very great. At half the average value of those in the United Kingdom, the amount, at seven pounds each, will be £217,000,000. Minerals of the most valuable and useful kinds abound in Russia. Salt is found in various places; but there is a district of country on her southern frontier, extending nearly in a line parallel with the northern coast of the Sea of Aral and the Caspian, and to the north of the line mentioned, between both, where salt is found of the finest quality in such abundance that it is sufficient to supply the whole world for millions of years! Immense beds of sulphur have lately been discovered about Secamura, on the banks of the Wolga; and vast gold fields, richer than those in California and Australia, have lately been discovered around the sources of the Lena. Silver is most abundant at Nartshinsk, on the Chinese boundary. There is good reason to believe that all Siberia abounds with the precious metals. Very large fields of coals have been found in different parts of Russia, especially in the iron districts. To the westward of the Ural Mountains and the Don, in the government of Ekaterinoslay, a vast field of the very finest anthracite coal has been found, and is now working to a great extent. The gold produced in the Ural Mountains was, in 1851, £3,500,000. Sometimes it is much more and nearly double. Besides gold and silver, Russia has a vast extent of iron mines, yielding that metal of the very finest quality. There are also large mines of platina, copper, lead and zinc. Copper especially is found in the government of Olonetz, and in the Oural and Altai Mountains. It is produced to the extent of about a million pounds a year. Large quantities of lead are obtained from the mines of Nerislink and Kholivano. The iron works in the Oural Mountains employ above fifty thousand laborers.—*National Intelligencer*.



WILLIAM MASON'S RESIDENCE, TAUNTON, MASS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A PRAYER OF AFFECTION.

BY GERTRUDE M. BUNN.

Blessings be on thee! may the God of heaven
Send down to cheer thee through thy future life
The richest blessings e'er to mortals given,
So may each hour with happiness be rife!
May friendship, love, and all those tender ties
Unto the human heart most truly dear,
Cheer with their sweet and kindly sympathies
The rugged pathway of thy life while here!

There is on earth a bright, angelic band
Of sisters—a blest gift to mortals given—
When nature faints, strengthening the weary hand,
And pointing still the languid eye to heaven.
O, may these angel guides, Faith, Hope, and Love,
Shed o'er thy future life a radiance blest,
Leading thee onward to the world above,
Where storms are o'er and where the weary rest!

May all that's bright around thy path be thrown,
And heaven's own sunshine cheer life's gloomy way;
And when around thee death's dark night is thrown,
May it but usher thee to endless day!
O, may this prayer bring down the choicest blessings
Which by our Father's hand are ever shed;
And may its influence be with thee resting,
When she who offers it is with the dead!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE HOUSE IN SHADOW.

BY FRANCES M. CHESEBRO'.

IN that part of the city of Boston denominated the "South End," stood, twenty years ago, a large, old-fashioned building, painted a sombre brown color, and so surrounded by high brick walls as to shut out the soft sunshine that played upon the opposite roofs, and lighted up with brightness the otherwise gloomy dwellings. For many years had this quaint old building sat in the shadow, cold and stern in its appearance, and forbidding in its surroundings. The front windows were dressed in heavy folds of rich but faded damask, and heavily carved inside shutters excluded all light and air from the apartments.

No happy, smiling faces of children were seen at the windows, looking out into the quiet street, no merry little voices were heard at their noisy games. People passed and re-passed the stern old house, and wondered who was shut up within its cloistered walls. Children never played on the sidewalk in front of the mansion; lovers never lingered beneath the heavy shadow that enveloped the dwelling like a black cloud; even beggars passed on and sought the sunshine on the opposite side; only now and then, a lonely wanderer, houseless and weary, stopped in the fast thickening darkness to screen himself from the vigilant eye of the watchman, in the deep gloom that mocked the starlight darkness of the night.

A heavy brass knocker at the door admitted you to the interior of the building. The people who lived opposite, sat and watched the forlorn appearance of the old house, and marvelled as day followed day, and weeks and months went by, why so few persons passed into the door of that mysterious dwelling. There it stood, frowning upon you, never relaxing its stern features, cold, cold, even with the heat of a summer's sun shining upon it.

Was it that the exterior of this mansion had caught the gloom and sternness of the occupant who dwelt within? Had the shadow that had fallen upon the life of the still beautiful woman who lived within, fallen like a curse upon the mansion? The busy, curious neighbors told strange legends concerning it, but whether they drew them from their excited imagination, and wove them out of their fertile fancies, or founded them on authentic facts, it was impossible to tell.

No old families lived in the vicinity. The houses were all occupied by new inmates, and no one of them could look back eighteen years and compare the appearance of this particular place with its present gloomy aspect. It stood there defying curiosity, and indifferent to the noisy life about it.

Just so indifferent was the occupant, who through the weary days and nights of each succeeding year lived within these walls. She was still a beautiful woman, but stern and immovable in feature as the face of the mansion itself. She was a woman of thirty-six years, though to young eyes she might seem ten years older. Let us pass in at the door, through the dark halls, and penetrate into the very heart of this solitude, and there seek for some knowledge of the history of this person.

More than eighteen years before, James Howard brought into this elegant mansion his young and lovely bride. There was much gossip at the time of his marriage. The young heir had married, without the consent of his parents, a young girl below his position in life. He was of age, and in possession of a fortune by inheritance (of which this old mansion was a small part), and could, as he thought, well afford to incense his parents by marrying as his fancy dictated. Edith, his young bride, was very beautiful, and he gloried in her charms. She was brilliant and fascinating, and easily won the heart of the rich young profligate.

There was gossip too among her circle of friends. It was rumored that she had broken a plighted troth, to marry her wealthy suitor. She had torn from her heart the image of one who had won it in very childhood, to gratify an ambition to rise above her then humble state. It was told how the young student, plodding his way through poverty to achieve a name, was suddenly crushed by the blow given by her gentle hand. He was hopeless, reckless,

forgot his God, and his own great aims that had hitherto urged him on to action, and for a time lay sunk in dissipation, with ruin hovering over his head.

Faint rumors afterwards reached the ear of the young bride that her lover had sprung up from his infamy, and with mad enthusiasm was rushing on again to reach the goal that had glistened before his boyish eyes. Then all knowledge of him ceased, or at least no further tidings penetrated those thick walls to cheer the lonely heart that pined in the midst of its splendors, and was starving by the side of a plentiful feast.

Edith was a gay but not a happy bride. She swept through those spacious rooms in her queenly beauty, the admired of all eyes, and the pride of her worldly husband, but with the ghost of an old sorrow ever by her side, unseen but felt, and its stealthy footsteps followed upon her soft tread, and mocked her in her day dreams of gilded happiness. Pride rose in her soul, and with gigantic will she strove to thrust out the spectre; but in vain, for ever glided by her that same dark presence, sometimes slipping into shadow and secreting itself from her gaze to raise false hopes, then suddenly starting up, and with more mocking features beckoning her on to the extreme verge of mental misery.

Edith did not love her husband, but she bore children that she did love, and now she felt that the old sorrow would be allayed, but ever in the quiet of her happiness came the spectred memories, and hovered about the cradle of her dear ones, and watched over their sleep, and jeered upon their smiles. This was the worst of all trials. She almost maddened under it, and even her children's happy faces and their merry, sweet voices could not bring peace to her heart.

Years passed on. James Howard lived an extravagant and reckless life, but his large fortune was not wasted, nor his good name tarnished in the eyes of the world. Death arrested him in early manhood, and he passed from his splendors here into eternity almost without a warning. His two sons grew up to boyhood, but inherited his diseased constitution, so that at an early age they too were taken from their mother's side. One daughter, fragile and beautiful as a lily, was left a little time to cheer the mother's heart. She lived to unfold her rare beauty, then sickened and died.

Edith now sat down amid the ghostly shadows of her palace home and turned her grief inwardly, keeping her eye dry and her brow placid, but nursed the sorrow with her very life blood. Unlike many of her sex, she did not grow gentle and tender by her grief. Better she might have been, if fasting and prayer, and nightly vigils, and silent watchings could make her so, but in aspect she seemed to be slowly turning to stone. She gave up society and friends, and kept about her only one faithful attendant, who had known her in happier days. The other servants seldom saw the face of their mistress.

Thus was Edith at thirty-six years of age. A few old friends still clung to her, and refused to be shaken off, who sometimes would penetrate into the solitude of her life. It was one of these faithful ones that on one occasion presented herself before Edith, and submitted to her hearing a request.

"I have come on a strange errand," she said, "but I pray that it may not be a bootless one."

The cold face of Edith grew colder, as the soft, womanly voice of the friend went on in its gentle pleadings.

"Why will you shut out all life from your soul? Why will you rebel against the good God, by this state of indifference and selfishness?"

Edith choked down the tenderness that stirred her soul, and with a stern, almost unkind, voice, said:

"Because it pleaseth me so to do; pass on to your request."

"It is this. I have in my house a young girl, perhaps ten years old, who is motherless and fatherless, as far as any love and care are concerned, who needs a home, who needs your kindly care and assistance. Will you take this child as your own, and bring her up to fill the place which your own beautiful daughter has left vacant?"

Tears sprang up in the heart of Edith, but she stopped the fountain, and turned it back before it reached her eyes.

"Why do you ask such a request? Who could live in these cold shadows, and in the gloomy atmosphere of this house? All my own children sickened and died for want of sunshine without and cheerful tenderness within. Do not ask me to change my lot; I accept it, but feel no joy in life."

The visitor went away, sad and discouraged. Edith sat down in her lonely room, buried her face in her hands, and groaned aloud. The cry of her poor heart was for the love that only once had blest her life. The years that had passed seemed to have vanished from her memory, and the thought of that last scene with her lover seemed as an occurrence of yesterday. The fine face of the student beaming with manly love was before her. She felt the presence of the loved one.

Ah, how bitterly did she weep and call upon the past to give back its lost happiness! She started and grew scared by the mocking spectres of buried joys that went stalking through her memory. Then recalling all her pride, she seized her tenderness, and with a desperate will she thrust it into the most secret niche of her soul, and turned a heavy bolt upon it, and then again she was the cold, forbidding woman.

The day following, Edith's seclusion was again interrupted by the entrance of the visitor of yesterday, and this time she came not alone. She led by the hand the child for whom she had solicited kindness and care. Their presence seemed to awaken Edith from a reverie, for she looked up suddenly, and her eye fell upon the pretty face of the little stranger. Instinctively she held out her hand to bid the child approach. There was something in the soft eye, and the wavy hair upon the temples, that recalled some old familiar face. She started, and almost gave a cry of pain as the

little one opened her lips to speak. What was the magic of that little face?

"Come to me, child," said Edith, striving to regain her usual calm and cold exterior.

"I do not wish to go," whispered the little one, clinging to the arm of her more genial friend.

"Go, my child, there is nothing to fear." This command was received by a burst of tears and sobs from the sensitive child.

One look of reproach from the faithful friend changed the tone of the stern woman, and in a more tender voice she again bade the child approach her.

The little girl, striving to check her tears, went forward at the lady's bidding.

"What is your name, pretty one?"

"Edith, ma'am."

"Edith! why were you named Edith?"

"Mother told me that father named me Edith because he thought it a pretty name."

"Is your father dead? Tell me what you remember of him."

"I do not know anything of father now. Mother is dead, and now I never hear any one talk of him."

"Explain to me what you know of this child's parentage," said Edith, addressing her old friend.

"There is little I can tell you. Her mother was a young and quiet woman, who married a man twice her years—a lawyer by profession. After a few years of married life, he was unsuccessful in business, lost all he had accumulated, and left the country to seek a better fortune elsewhere. For a time his wife heard from him, and occasionally received money for her subsistence; but for six years no tidings have been heard of him, excepting a report that he had taken to reckless, dissipated habits."

"How old are you, Edith?"

"Ten years, ma'am."

"Will you come and live with me, Edith?"

"Will you love me if I come?" said the child, looking up timidly.

"Yes, dear little one; come and be my Edith. I will love you, and bestow all care and kindness upon you."

The visitor wept tears of joy, and departed, leaving her little charge with her friend.

There was something about the little child that aroused all the old girlish tenderness in the soul of the stern woman. Her little voice awoke memories that would not be silenced. Edith felt from the first moment that she looked on the child, that God had sent it to her to repay her for the wasted love of her youth. The sorrow was over, and the links of her childhood were to be joined to her woman's life, and she was to live and be better and happier for the discipline.

The child grew and was very beautiful. Her dainty feet chased the shadows away that had hovered over the gray gloom of the dwelling; the sunlight was let in, and the fresh breath of heaven penetrated into apartments musty and damp from long neglect.

At the end of a year there came a man, middle-aged but careworn, to the mansion, and he knocked for admittance. He passed through the hall door and it closed upon him, shutting out from busy life without all further knowledge of an arrival that was to bring a risen joy into that household. The woman of maturity and the careworn man, pilgrims on life's rugged road, had met at one of the last mile stones, covered with the dust and bruises of their thorny journey, and recognized each other at a glance.

The father had come to claim his child, little thinking whom he was to thank for the care of his little neglected one. He brought no fortune with him, only the wealth of reformed habits and a freight of fresh hopes. It was not yet too late to begin a new, active life. He came to find his child, calling by the sweet name of mother one who had well nigh wrecked his life's happiness. Should she not retain that sweet title? Youth and passion had passed, manhood was in all its prime, but even with the charm and romance of youth gone, why not walk hand-in-hand through the remaining journey, supporting each other's steps, and cheering by each other's smiles!

Again the old mansion witnessed a bridal scene. Then the sunlight fell softly upon the old roof, yet brown and sombre, but the happiness within had penetrated the very bricks of the walls, and the shadows seemed less heavy; indeed they stalked off in their pomp and gloominess, and a genial light played without and within.

DINNERS BEFORE THEY ARE COOKED.

Striking is the aspect in which our London supply presents itself to view, when we consider the question—how many animals are alive and growing at once, destined for the London cattle-market? It is supposed that, taking the average age of bullocks and sheep when brought to market at four years and two years respectively, the numbers cannot be far short of 1,000,000 bullocks and 4,000,000 sheep, thus marked out for the metropolitan dinner-tables. Some are on the wild moors of northern Scotland; some are on their way to trysts at Falkirk and Galloway; some are under the charge of railway companies, for transport to the richer soil of Suffolk and Norfolk; some are fattening in those two counties, or in the midland districts; some may be growing in Flanders, Holland, or Holstein, and some in Ireland; the short-wooled sheep may be luxuriating on the Downs of Sussex; the long-wooled may be grazing in Leicestershire; some are suckling, and some are fattening.—*London Times*.

A VENERABLE CLERGYMAN.

The U. S. House of Representatives have as their chaplain, the venerable Daniel Wadsworth, of Syracuse. He was nominated for the office by Gen. Granger, who stated that he was in his 94th year, and has been a Congregational minister for more than 70 years. He is yet erect, cheerful and active, and quite gifted in his profession. Mr. Wadsworth was taken prisoner by the British on York Island, and confined with several hundred more in the far-famed and fatal Sugar-house Prison, in New York, where he endured sufferings and cruelties equalled only by those on board the Jersey prison ship.—*Washington Globe*.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GIPSEY CHANT

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

Cheaps' grand pyramid sinking 'neath sandy waves—
Plains over which the wild simoon blows;
Tracks wild with agues, where vultures all gory rave,
Eclat the queen comes of all Zingaroos.

Mounts where the torrent foams headlong and thundering—
Jungle the wild lions hardly pierce through;
All the wide world over Romany's wandering,
Nought can escape from the wild Zingaroo.

Statues the rising sun gilds in his gorgeousness—
Eye of the universe—piercing all through!
Sparks of his glory light Zingari's loneliness—
Beared is the eye of the seers of Zingaroo.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CAPE ANN WRECK.

A TRUE SKETCH OF OUR OWN SEASHORE.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

The dull gray clouds had been gathering all day in the sky. It was too cold to have a downright, hearty rain, or even snow; but in a while there came sharp, spiteful flocks of half-ice, half-snow, that cut against the cheek and lips like steel. At the north-east there were huge masses of dense clouds, of which each seemed to embody a young whirlwind; and at the south there was a cold, but fine above the sea, stretching the entire length of the coast, and telling of approaching storms and the fierce battle of the wind and wave.

Down in the fisherman's cottage, near the beach, and scarcely protected from the fury of the waves by a long shelving rock, the fisherman's wife sat in mute but unmistakable anxiety. All day she had watched and waited for the welcome sight of the little frail bark, to which all her treasures were entrusted, save one. Her two sons—one fifteen, the other nineteen years old—were out in the same boat with their father. Her daughter, now eleven, sat by her side with an unusual expression of sorrow on her childish face.

One after another the rough fishermen would come in, to ask if their husband had come, although they well knew that he had not—for they had begun some hours before to have fears of his safety. And no one knew better than Margaret Beaman herself, that unless he should have time to get in sight before dark, the chances were all against him. A dweller by the sea from her childhood, the daughter and sister of fishermen, and now for twenty years the wife of another, she would be likely to feel and calculate the peril to which she was certain her husband was exposed. Mechanically her fingers kept on working, but with a nervousness and absence of interest, painful to see. And there were those who, before the dull afternoon had begun to deepen its shadows, were sitting by her in the quiet room, and talking of the probabilities which now seemed so faint.

"If he can but round yonder point afore dark," said Thomas Hallock, an old and experienced seaman, "he will get in safe enough, for the boat goes over the wave like a bird—but I am afraid it will be night afore he makes the point."

Margaret kept on her work, but little Jenny could not imitate her. The child went sadly and put away her playthings in the closet, and sat down again by the fire with clasped hands, and a thoughtful look on her little brown face that was pitiful to see. Her little heart was yearning for her father and brothers, and she noted every word that Thomas Hallock had uttered.

There was a portentous lull in the atmosphere now. It grew darker and blacker without, and in the low room they could hardly distinguish each other's faces. Could they have done so, Margaret would have seen that the brave old seaman turned pale, and that there was no hope in his countenance. Lower, darker grew the blackness, and then the winds were let loose. Down came the blinding storm of hail, rain and snow mingled together, and above all, and over all, the fierce wind triumphed. Not a living thing could have walked the beach for an instant without being swept into the sea; and the inhabitants of the few scattered huts trembled as they heard clapboards and shingles torn off and carried hundreds of yards, up into the town itself.

Above the beach a few stunted and crooked trees had grown for years, slowly indeed, but with some progress towards mature size. These were lifted like feathers from the ground, and borne violently over the tops of the low houses. Windows were blown out, fences scattered, and gate posts uprooted; and in the little barns attached to almost all the dwellings, the solitary cows were kicking and plunging furiously. The houses themselves rocked like so many cradles; and men who had braved the terrors of the sea for years in vessels like egg-shells, now quivered and trembled in their wind-shaken habitations on the land.

Margaret sat speechless and faint in the dark room, unperceived by her neighbors, who chatted on in the lulls of the storm, in a low, monotonous tone, which almost distracted her, while yet she could make no effort to hush them into silence. There was a slight pause in the storm, while it seemed gathering itself up into new fury, and the sky was, for a moment, less dark. No one came in—for no one could have stood against the fierce wind long enough to have passed from one cottage to another; and even the monotone of Thomas Hallock ceased to be heeded by the ear of Margaret. Her work had dropped from her hands when the increased darkness came on, and she sat clasping little Jenny's hand, as if to feel that she had at least one left.

O, that treacherous sky of the morning, which had tempted the fisherman and his sons to take out the boat, which was nearly past using! But the morning sun had risen so gloriously, and the winds slept so tranquilly on the bosom of the waters, scarce rippling their glassy surface, that Ansel and William had prevailed on their father to go out. He went at their earnest pleading, but told Margaret they should be in long before supper time.

In the midst of the temporary lull which succeeded a long and loud clashing of the elements, the door was opened, and Agnes Blair, who was William Beaman's betrothed wife, came in. How the poor girl had weathered the storm sufficiently to arrive there in safety, it was impossible to say. Her hair and clothes were drenched in wet, and her face gleamed up like a white lily, as she entered. Thomas Hallock took her hand, and almost reverently, as if fearing to touch one under so great sorrow, he led her to a seat by the fire, and took off her wet shawl. No word was spoken, but she had sat there but a few moments, when a gun was heard. Another and another!—fast and loud they came, and the old sailor sprang to his feet, and ran out into the blinding storm.

Poor Margaret knew that the signals were not for her. It must be some large vessel, that was now coming fast onward to its destruction; and down in the depths of her troubled spirit she felt, for a moment, that there was some comfort in the thought, that there she would not be the only bereaved one.

But it was a thought born of her present distraction, and not a real sentiment—for she was too kind-hearted to cherish it. The firelight shone upon the faces of her companions, and she looked mournfully towards Agnes Blair, as if to ask her sympathy; but the girl sat with closed eyes, and saw nothing but the sinking boat, as it was pictured on her mind.

On leaving the house, Thomas Hallock had called to two stout fishermen, John and George Swift, to come out and reconnoitre the beach, if possible, and try if they could see or hear anything of the vessel which was in such evident nearness to the shore.

The storm-king had spent the greater part of his fury, and as the clouds thinned a little, the three men thought they could perceive the tall masts of a ship rocking to and fro, at a very slight distance from the beach—so slight as to appear in the greatest possible danger. It was the work of only a very few minutes to roll down to the water's edge, and to set on fire, a number of barrels smeared thickly with tar and pitch; and almost beyond their expectations, they blazed fiercely, and threw a broad gleam upon the waves. Still the ship came on pitching and rolling, now deep in the trough of the sea, now mountains high, and threatening each moment to be thrown, a shattered wreck, upon the shore. She was now so near, that in the lulls of the storm, they could distinctly hear the shouts of those on board.

It was a terrible moment to those three brave seamen. They did not forget that Dennis Beaman and his sons were probably, if alive, exposed to the merciless elements; nor could they conceal from themselves the fact, that any attempts to succor those who were already in sight, would involve almost certain death to him who should make it. And yet, how could they stand there inactive, and see that noble ship, as they now found it to be, go down to the deep without an effort to save the precious lives with which she was freighted?

A crash from the ship, which struck at that moment, decided them. A small boat, which lay between two rocks so tightly wedged that even the wind had not lifted it out of its place, was turned upwards, and two pairs of stout oars were found underneath. They dragged it to the water's edge and embarked. It floated over the waves like an egg-shell, and, in spite of the storm, the two young oarsmen managed, with Hallock's assistance, to get her near to the spot where they supposed the ship to have struck. There were one or two white faces gleaming up under the light of the tar barrels, as the bodies floated inward; and the fishermen saw that they were strong and able swimmers, and they rowed still more swiftly to the ship. Overhead, the storm had abated; but the surf ran mountains high, and the billows foamed and boiled in their mad rage, and threatened destruction to the frail thing that danced over them, with its precious freight of human life.

They had nearly reached the spot where the ship was stranded, when they heard a cry that almost froze their blood. She had parted amidships, and the people were throwing themselves into the sea.

"—and then all was hushed,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there rushed,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek—the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

They reached at length the bare and shapeless rock on which the ship had struck. There were perhaps a dozen persons standing on it, and a few who had not yet left the creaking timbers of the ship, and Hallock, the experienced and more daring seaman, called to the sufferers to descend carefully into the little boat. Not a boat had yet been taken out from the ship. Hallock and George Smith, with incredible difficulty, managed to get out the long boat, and to take out the remaining persons who still clung to the wreck; while John Swift was left to take care of their little shallop.

But while John was wondering how his single arm could possibly aid them to the shore, the pair of oars next his own were seized by a strong arm, and even in the darkness he recognized Dennis Beaman! John uttered a loud shout, and Dennis knew his voice.

"John, my good fellow, did you know we were here?" said he, eagerly.

"No, but we shall be thankful enough to take you home, too!"

It was all that either could say, for the boat was now full, and their strength and skill were all needed. Both boats were now within range of the beach fires; and before they could land, they

saw figures in the bright light, apparently bending over the dead and dying.

The storm had ceased, though the waves kept up their wailing monotone, and the boats were safely brought to land. As the exhausted people touched the shore, a cry of deep gladness, in which the voice of woman was heard, greeted them. On the beach lay two or three bodies, from which the life seemed wholly gone out; but the sailors carried them to the nearest houses, one of which was Dennis Beaman's cottage. Margaret was bending over the pale face of a boy nearly the age of her youngest son, Ansel, and trying by every means to restore him. A faint motion had just encouraged her to hope, when in rushed her two sons, followed by her husband! Margaret did not faint, and only for a moment did she slacken her exertions. She thought of the boy's mother, and renewed her efforts. Her husband's more practised skill soon availed, and wrapping the youth in warm blankets, they laid him tenderly down upon little Jenny's bed.

From one of the seamen, who happened to be brought to Beaman's house, they learned that he was a passenger; that his father had committed him to the care of the captain of the ship, which was bound to New York from London. This was all that the man knew, except to testify to the boy's generous and affectionate disposition, that had charmed all on board, and made him a universal favorite; and that when the danger was at its height, there were several of the passengers and crew who were calling loudly for Howard Stanton.

Beside him, on the low bed, lay Agnes Blair, stricken down with sudden blight at the first entrance of the men with the apparently lifeless body of the boy; nor had all their efforts availed to rouse her from that deathlike swoon. Her sweet face was paler even than that of Howard Stanton. And it was not until the boy was fully restored, and the present anxiety for his life was past, that she opened her eyes to see William Beaman kneeling by her side; and at a little distance his father and Ansel were heating blankets, and wrapping them around the slight figure that lay near her.

Margaret was gliding round, with her face all wet with the tears which she could not shed before; and little Jenny was flitting hither and thither, doing everything, and handing everything, just in the right time, while Thomas Hallock was trying to hide his real sympathy under a rough voice, which, nevertheless, sometimes trembled, in spite of his efforts to restrain it.

Morning came—the clear, cold, wintry morning, with a sky as purely blue and cloudless, as if no storms had ever reigned triumphant over those now laughing, dancing, sparkling waves. The sea was sublime in its beauty on that morning, as if it had forgotten its "heathenish and fearful dealing with human life" of the previous night. The beach was strewn with wrecks from the ship, and afar off, the little fishing-boat, from which Dennis and his sons had been taken into the ship, was floating over the waves unhurt!—while the nobler vessel was broken into fragments. A few had perished, and their bodies were floating inward towards the beach; but the greater part were saved by the matchless bravery of the three seamen. We build monuments to heroes who peril their lives for glory; but for such as these, we have no visible tribute! But there is a better monument in human hearts; and the prayer of those whose beloved ones were saved on that fearful night will not fail to ascend for the brave men who rescued them from an ocean-grave.

How fondly did Margaret hang over the beautiful boy whose life she had so tried to save! It was long before he fully recovered; but when he did, there was a world of gratitude in that young heart, which in after years blossomed out into love for sweet Jenny Beaman, and turned the fisherman's cottage into a lovely and pleasant home, still standing in that "kingdom by the sea."

A MAGAZINE OF DEATH.

The grounds belonging to the United States Arsenal, at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, embrace an area of 27 miles. In the three magazines there are 30,000 pounds of powder, and 9,000,000 rounds of cartridges for small arms and cannon. The storehouses contain 35,000 muskets, rifles, pistols and carbines, 2500 sabres, 100 cannons, 600,000 cannon-balls and shells, 30,000 pounds canister, and accoutrements for 10,000 men. The total value of the land and buildings, with their contents, is over \$1,000,000.—*New York Express*.

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Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

THE MISSES FOX.

Our readers, believers and non-believers in Spiritualism, will thank us for presenting them portraits of the "original rappers," the Misses Fox, of Rochester, who have made so much noise in the world. The likenesses are from a daguerreotype by Meade Brothers, of New York, and are therefore reliable. Since the origin of the rapping excitement in Rochester, in 1849, mysterious demonstrations of the nature of those of which the Misses Fox were the media have been signalized all over the world; they have given rise to books, pamphlets and newspapers without number, and the believers in their spiritual origin are numbered now by hundreds of thousands. The phenomena exhibited by the media are so curious, that learned and scientific men have felt it their duty to investigate them, and various are the theories by which they are sought to be accounted for. One of the most elaborate works on the subject is that by Professor Mahan. Prof. Faraday, of England, has also given the subject his attention, and honored it with his theory. Congress has been memorialized to appoint a committee of investigation; but as yet our legislators have not seen fit to devote their time to spiritualism. Of the ladies, whose portraits we present, it may be sufficient to remark, that no imposture has been found upon them; and that committees composed of the cutest Yankees, both male and female, have failed to discover any secret machinery or fixtures, by which the sounds heard from and about them might have been produced.

WRECK OF THE CAZADOR, CHILIAN STEAMER.

Last winter, with its unusually wild and stormy weather, was sadly prolific of disasters on the coast and ocean. The details of the wreck delineated in our engraving are doubtless so familiar to our readers, that it would be useless to recapitulate the painful particulars. It is enough to remind them, that the Chilian government steamer, Cazador, a fine vessel, on her voyage from Tal-

THE SISTERS FOX, THE ORIGINAL SPIRIT RAPPERS.

cahuano to Valparaiso, with three hundred and fifty-eight persons on board, was driven on a reef off Point Carranza, near Maule, on the thirtieth of January, 1856, and nearly all perished. Our engraving is from a drawing made by an eye-witness, and delineates the terrible occurrence with fidelity. The scene is startling and terrific. The wild waves are breaking over the bows, and are fast engulfing the gallant fabric, sweeping off the unfortunate crew and passengers, men, women and children, by scores. Their struggling forms are seen contending with the furious billows that whirl them on the jagged rocks. Some are ascending the rigging; some throwing themselves overboard; others, incapable of exertion, are lifting their hands in an agony of despair. The steersman still clings to the wheel, faithful to the last. Two boats are in the foreground seeking to save a few of the sufferers from earthly annihilation. In the foreground are seen floating spars, to one

knew touching the petrified city, situated seventeen days' journey from Tripoli, by a caravan, to the southeast, and two days' journey from Onguela, I told him what I had heard from different persons, and particularly from the mouth of one man of credit, who had been on the spot; that it was a spacious city, of a round form, having great and small trees, furnished with shops, with a large castle magnificently built. That he has seen there several sorts of trees, all of stone. That he saw also figures of men in different postures; some holding in their hands staves, others bread; every one doing something; even women suckling their children—all of stone. That he went into the castle by three different gates, though there were many more; guards were at these gates, with pikes and javelins in their hands. In short, that he saw in this wonderful city many sorts of animals, as camels, horses, asses, sheep, and various birds, all of stone.—*Corning Gazette*.

of which two persons have attached themselves. The whole scene is one that cannot be contemplated without emotion, while it is one that will dwell on the memory of eye-witnesses forever. An attempt was made after she struck, to make the shore and land passengers, but she filled too rapidly. The boats left with all they could carry, and reached Constitution, a seaport of Chili, 18 miles off. The disaster occurred at 8 in the evening. At 4 A. M., the next day, there were no traces of the vessel, and out of the large number on board a great majority perished. Of how many tragedies like that we have delineated has the ocean been the theatre! How many gallant vessels have gone down in the storm and gloom, with no record of their fate! Yet still the hardy mariner treads the deck fearlessly—for he knows that death meets us everywhere, on shore as afloat, in the ship-of-battle and in the calm pursuits of peaceful life, and that an overruling Providence orders all things for the best.

PETRIFIED CITY.

Mr. Ritchie, who proceeded, some years ago, with an expedition from Tripoli, to explore the interior of Africa, says: "As one of my friends desired me to give him an account of what I



WRECK OF THE CHILIAN STEAMER CAZADOR.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DUNIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

JUNE.

Spring, in our New England climate, is a period of strife between sun and rain, cold and heat, wind and calm, frost and warmth—a protracted struggle, enlivened by very frequent visitations of that most agreeable morning and evening caller, that “unbidden guest,” the east wind. We do not fairly realize that winter is gone till June—glorious June, with its wealth of foliage, its glory of grass and flower, and its prodigality of sunshine, bursts upon us. Then, we are ready to sing with Solomon, “Lo! the winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.” These genial sunbeams, that greet us so early and leave us so late, give promise of nature's choicest delicacies. Strawberries and cream! “Think of that, Master Brook.” They are among the gifts of open-handed June. Says good old, kind-hearted, genial, pious Izaak Walton, “Doubtless God could make a better fruit than the strawberry, but doubtless God never did.” But those know not the strawberry who have eaten it only in a confectioner's saloon, gathered over night and partaken of amidst the dust and din and whirl of the city. Fresh from the vines, with the dew of morning glittering on them, with cream unconscious of adulteration, and sugar white as the December snow upon Mount Washington, then strawberries are a “dainty dish to set before a king.” So June comes to us, first month of the summer, with her fairy fingers full of first-fruit offerings, to herald the advent of a season of geniality and delight. Forgotten are winter's coldness and winter's disports—the freezing blast, the deep snow, the flying cutter, the musical sleigh-bells. But we have snow-white blossoms, and birds more musical than bells, and rambles “under the greenwood trees,” and moonlight and music out of doors, and picnics and a thousand pleasant things to make summer pass like a dream.

TRAVEL.—It has become fashionable of late to make up a party to visit Europe and charter the whole cabin of a vessel. Rev. Dr. Thompson, of New York, and twenty of his parishioners tried this scheme.

MASONIC HALL.—It is proposed that the contemplated Masonic Hall in New York shall be located on Broadway, be built of brown sandstone or marble, to be five stories high, 100 feet front and 125 feet deep.

EUROPE.—The travel to Europe is immense this season. Berths on board steamships are engaged as far ahead as September. This looks as if money were plenty and business brisk.

SPLINTERS.

.... In 1643, the houses in New York were mostly of one story, with straw roofs and wooden chimneys.

.... The first printing press was established in New York city in 1693, who published the first paper in 1725.

.... A captain of a New York barque was charged by a Chinese sailor with amputating his queue.

.... The works of Edgar A. Poe have been published in Paris, and received there with enthusiasm.

.... Madame Biscaccianti, formerly Miss Ostinelli, of this city, has satisfied even the critical Parisians.

.... Robert S. Rantoul, son of the late R. Rantoul, Jr., has been admitted to practise in the Supreme Court, Salem.

.... Professor Anderson, the neeromancer, well known in this country, is quite popular as an actor in London.

.... It is now proposed to bridge over the Mississippi River at St. Paul's, Minnesota.

.... The various telegraph lines have transacted more business than ever during the present season.

.... The seed of the sweet potato seems to be entirely lost in the greater part of Virginia.

.... Lady Franklin is still determined to send out more expeditions to the Polar regions. It would be useless.

.... John G. Saxo is the poet for the next Commencement of the Military College, Norwich, Vt.

.... See “Flag of our Union” for Lieutenant Murray's great story, “The Greek Adventurer: or, The Soldier and the Spy.”

.... It has been said that a milkman is like a sailor—both get their living by water.

.... Barnum has been brought into court so often, lately, that he says his occupation is “tending bar.”

.... Flounces are immensely popular this season with ladies. You see little dainty figures immersed in billows of silk.

.... The weather is growing delightful. The birds are presenting their little bills and renewing their notes.

.... The number of hats annually sold in New York city is 7,000,000. The hatters are not caught napping.

.... There is a town at the head of Lake Superior called Hiawatha. Is the water higher there?

.... It is said that a Yankee baby will invent an improvement on his cradle before he is six months old.

.... A cravat worn by Washington was lately put up at auction in New York, and brought five dollars.

.... A lump of gold weighing sixteen pounds and worth \$3300 was lately found by a Chinaman in California.

.... J. G. Percival, the poet, who died lately at the age of 60, wrote some of our finest lyrics.

THE GULF STREAM.

The offices performed by this wonderful current of water in the ocean, show how admirable are the provisions of Providence in the mechanism of the world. Starting from the Gulf of Mexico it passes through the Bahama passage into the Atlantic Ocean, where its waters retain both their elevated temperature and their northerly direction for many thousands of leagues. Lieutenant Maury's recent observations, which possess so much scientific interest and practical value, have brought to light very many facts respecting this remarkable current.

England and the whole of western Europe owe a portion of their fertility, and the mild temperature they enjoy in the same latitudes where stern winter reigns during five months on the American continent, to the Gulf Stream, which Lieutenant Maury aptly calls the conducting pipe of an immense heating apparatus of which the torrid zone is the focus, and the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea the reservoirs. During the past winter, many of our captains off the banks, whose vessels were sheeted with ice, found no other way of “thawing themselves out,” than by running into this beneficent Gulf Stream.

The maximum temperature of the waters of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico is from 23 to 24 degrees (Centigrade); that of the Gulf Stream at the moment it plunges into the Atlantic, is from 21 to 22 degrees, or about six or seven degrees higher than that of the ocean in the same latitude. Ten degrees further north the Gulf Stream loses only two degrees of its heat, and at three thousand miles north of its mouth, it preserves in mid-winter the temperature of summer. At 40 degrees north latitude it spreads over many thousand square leagues, covering this portion of the ocean with a mantle of heat—if we may use a sufficiently descriptive expression. Encountering the Grand Banks it deviates towards the east, and continues to flow on with less impetuosity, but still dispensing its genial influences, until it reaches the British Isles, where it divides into two columns, one of which penetrates to the polar basin of Spitzbergen, while the other, turning back on the English coast, flows into the Gulf of Gascony, both columns retaining a much more elevated temperature than that of the ocean.

This volume of warm water produces the happiest effects on the climate of that portion of the globe it treasures. The “Emerald Isle” owes its verdure to the warmth of the stream, and its influence is seen on the smiling shores of England. The climate of the northerly islands of Scotland is tempered by the warmth of the Gulf Stream, so that, even in mid-winter, the ponds are very rarely frozen. While Liverpool enjoys a mild temperature, Labrador, in the same parallel on the American continent, is a cold and inhospitable region. “The cold and pitiless Labrador,” as Moore calls it in one of his songs.

But not only is it the office of the Gulf Stream to dispense warmth to countries in a high latitude, it also serves to draw off the surplus heat from Central America and Mexico, which, but for this gigantic escape-valve, would be the hottest and most pestilential regions of the globe. But the Gulf Stream is charged with producing the fogs on the coast of Newfoundland, the tornadoes in some parts of the Atlantic, and indeed a variety of atmospheric phenomena, based on the collision of cold and hot currents.

The following is the most plausible explanation we have yet seen of this phenomenon: “Many causes produce the phenomenon of the Gulf Stream. The principal is the tendency of tropical waters towards the pole, their high temperature rendering them lighter than moderately warm water, and very much lighter than cold. As for the direction of the current, it belongs in part to the rotation of the globe which causes northerly winds and currents to deviate towards the east, and southerly ones to the west.” Be that as it may, the Gulf Stream is one of the most curious of natural phenomena, and we have felt bound to give it a “first-rate notice,” because, as the toper said of water, “it has done so much for navigation!”

INCIDENT IN COURT.—Miss Matilda Heron lately gave evidence in court at New Orleans, respecting the robbery of some diamonds. As she was leaving the witness stand, she dropped a rose, which a gentleman picked up, but was politely requested by the lady to retain it, whereupon he dashed off a very complimentary impromptu stanza which has found its way into print. There is some poetry even in the atmosphere of a court room.

HIAWATHA.—The picture we lately gave of Mrs. Barrow in the character of Minnehaha, in Longfellow's Hiawatha, was from an admirable picture in photograph by Masury, Silsbee & Case. We are so often indebted to these gentlemen, that their names are as household words among our subscribers.

QUEBEC.—Ship-building is carried on largely at Quebec. Some very fine vessels are launched there. Among those which have made excellent time in their passages may be mentioned the Boomerang, the Shooting Star and the Arthur the Great.

ART ITEM.—The New Orleans Picayune talks about a “Colt stake” to be made up on the Union Course, on Long Island. “Horse steaks” are said to be a daily occurrence at the restaurants in Paris.

GEN. SCOTT.—This gallant gentleman continues to enjoy excellent health. His robust and martial figure attracts attention wherever it is seen.

ON DIT.—That Fanny Kemble is coming to this country again. She is a highly gifted woman, but erratic, like most great geniuses.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

Solomon said that there was nothing new under the sun, and there are always people enough readily to challenge the novelty of every new invention. These people will tell you that Colt's revolver is an old affair, and that the steam engine ought to be credited to a past century. Of course they will discover a hint for the electric telegraph in an old book, entitled “Mathematical Recreations,” and published in Paris in 1626. In that work, which is a miscellany of arithmetical and mathematical puzzles, curious experiments in optic and mechanics, there occurs the following passage in reference to “the magnet and needles which have been rubbed on it:”

“Some have asserted that, by means of the loadstone, or a similar stone, absent persons can communicate with each other. For instance, Claude being at Paris, and John at Rome, if each of them had a needle rubbed on some stone, the virtue of which was such that in proportion as one needle should move at Paris, the other would move the same at Rome, it might be arranged that Claude and John should have the same alphabet, and that they should agree to converse from a distance every day at six o'clock in the evening. The needle, having made three turns and a half to signify that it is Claude and no other, wishing to speak to John, then Claude, wishing to tell him that the king is in Paris, he would move and stop his needle on L, then on E, then on R, O, Y, and so on with the others; now, at the same time, the needle of John, corresponding on the same letters and throughout, he could easily write or learn what the other wished to signify to him. The invention is fine, but I do not think there is to be found in the world a magnet having such virtue; also it is not expedient, otherwise treasons would be too frequent and too secret.”

We do not think, however, that there is enough practical information in the above hint to warrant us in the attempt to tear the laurel from the brow of Professor Morse. Let us continue to cherish, rather, the belief that there is something new under the sun, or at least some entirely new combinations of old elements.

GRANT THORBURN.—In the present number we publish a very interesting reminiscence of New York in the olden time, from the pen of Grant Thorburn, who, in spite of his advanced age, writes with the spirit and vigor of youth. Mr. Thorburn's reminiscences are of great value: few men possess at once a memory and a facility for writing like his.

BREVITY.—If brevity is the soul of wit, it certainly is not the essence of a name recently bestowed on a child in South Carolina, who rejoices in the following appellations: “Frances Cornelia Amarinthia Olivia Sarah Rebecca Sophronia Julia Josephine Victoria.”

Will some one smart at figures tell us how Mr. Ballou can afford to give one hundred pages of reading matter (all of which he pays for), in each number of his Dollar Magazine, or twelve hundred pages of excellent and entertaining miscellany for one dollar per annum? There is but one other magazine in the country which equals Ballou's Dollar Monthly in circulation, nor is this to be wondered at while it is afforded at so low a price.—*Machias Democrat.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Bishop Eastburn, Amelius C. Hammond, Esq., of London, C. W. to Miss Bessie Neill, of Dublin, Ireland; by Rev. Dr. Robbins, Mr. Henry C. Wood to Miss Ellen Thayer; by Rev. Mr. King, Mr. Harrison Ellis to Miss Susan E. Smith; by Rev. Mr. Ciley, Mr. Wilkins A. Verge to Miss Lois M. Whittier; by Rev. Dr. Lothrop, Dr. Charles D. Homans to Miss Eliza, daughter of the officiating clergyman.—At Brookline, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. William D. Coolidge to Miss Rebecca H. Tilden.—At West Cambridge, Mr. J. E. Smith to Miss Lucy B. Russell.—At Melrose, by W. J. Farnsworth, Esq., Mr. Caleb G. Howard to Miss Sarah S. Kimball.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Eddy, Rev. Willard W. Ames to Miss Marcia M. Felton.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Parmenter, Mr. Henry Clark to Miss Charlotte P. Powers.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Barnaby, Mr. Thomas S. Drown to Miss Jane E. Woodbury.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Tillotson, Mr. James Leland to Miss Emily M. Johnson.—At Fitchburg, by Rev. Mr. Tilden, Mr. Oliver B. Burgess to Miss Frances G. Wait.—At Ware, Mr. James L. Pierce, of Warren, to Miss Mary E. Ellis.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Thomas Emmons, 62; Gardiner G. Hubbard, Esq., late of Needham, 43; Mr. Jonathan A. Palmer, 42; Miss Mary Ann Dyer, 44; Mr. Horace C. Lane, 34—At Roxbury, Dea. William C. Hunneman, 87.—At Charlestown Mr. Richard Watts, 35.—At Dorchester, Mrs. Hannah K. Foster, 56.—At Cambridgeport, Miss Rebecca W. West, 29.—At Melrose, Mr. George Howard, 30.—At Salem, Mr. Robert Walsh, 70.—At Beverly, Widow Nancy Standley, 86.—At Milton, Mrs. Jane Ford, 48.—At Somerville, Mr. Hugh Moore, 64.—At East Lexington, Mr. Peter Blodgett, 58.—At Hingham, Miss Margaret Cushing, 70.—At Gloucester, Mr. Abraham Sawyer, 86.—At Rowley, Miss Martha J. Shepard, 25.—At Plymouth, Miss Elizabeth B. Russell, 27.—At East Abington, Mrs. Achsah Baker, 43.—At Worcester, Mr. Troniam Martin, 54; Mr. Madison M. Aldrich, 44.—At Auburn, Mr. William E. Rice, 22.—At Northboro, Mr. Oliver Adams, 85.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Margaret Spencer, 35; Mrs. Martha Church, 77; Mrs. Deborah Elzimore, 43.—At Concordia Parish, La., Mr. William Austin, of Boston, 79.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SONG OF THE HEART.

BY IRENE MONTAGUE.

O the heart sings that life
Is a dark, dreary road;
And at best 'tis but sad,
Though it leads us to God.

It is dark with the light
Even Love fitly lends,
As he leads us astray
From our long journey's end.

But there's one laurel leaf
On a brow I'd entwine,
Mid the damp raven locks
That are waving round mine.

Then I'll dash swiftly on—
Then I'll plod boldly on
To the goal that will swiftly
Be lost or be won.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WHO WAS THE LADY?

BY F. WOOLLEY OILLETT.

MAY EVELYN and Isadore Devaux were children together, brought up in the same flourishing village, and school-girls in the same great white academy. True, Isadore's father was a *retired merchant*, and May's only a village lawyer, a lawyer of great talent, possessing the confidence of good men everywhere, and rising to eminence in his profession. Isadore's home was a large, white mansion, with the softest and brightest Persian carpets, the richest of velvet hangings, the heaviest of mirrors, the costliest of sofas, and the most beautiful of painting or statuary. May Evelyn's home—ah, gentle reader!—that small, white house, so like a dove-nest, on the brow of the hill, just south of the village—that was the dear little place where May was taught her evening prayer and her morning song of praise. That beautiful cottage, surrounded with its heavy maples, shaded by its hanging vines, beautified with its clustering roses and its modest snow-drops, sung to by the winged singers, that made their spring-nests and reared their fledgelings upon the low roof, or amid the green tree leaves. Not Old England, with its wealth of "merry homes," or France, with her vine-wreathed cottages, could boast a fairer dwelling-place. There Isadore Devaux went to frolic amid sunshine and shadow with innocent May Evelyn, and May went to the Devaux mansion to visit her little friend, and admire the beauty that wealth and taste had gathered.

When the girls were eighteen, they left the village seminary. Isadore went to the city "to finish her education," and May retired to her home to aid her mother in household duties and cheer her father's heart when he returned at twilight, toil-worn and weary with the cares of the office, and also to pursue her studies as leisure would permit. Although Isadore possessed all the inherent scornfulness of her proud ancestors, circumstances and daily life had not yet developed it, and she remained true to her child-formed attachment to May. She had thought of her, in years past, as holding a nearer relation—even that of her sister, for she knew that her eldest brother cherished in his heart a hope that May Evelyn would yet be his wife. Therefore, when a year had passed away, and Isadore and her brother were ready to make a European tour, and pass months in the Parisian home of an uncle, Isadore's last thought turned towards her friend; and when the last visit was made, and May stood in the doorway to whisper "good-night," she took her hand and led her out to the gate, then she turned and threw her arms about her neck, as she exclaimed: "Good-by, dear May!" When the gate was shut behind them, May clasped her white hands over it, and bending her head forward, said, in a voice full of tenderness: "Don't forget your old friends amid your brilliant eastern life."

There was a step backward, a pair of manly hands were folded over hers, soft, dark eyes looked tenderly down upon her fair face, and from full, red lips came the low words: "I never shall forget you, May!"

A glow brighter than the moonlight which encircled her, crept over May's neck and brow; and when William Devaux saw the heart smile that bounded to her fresh lips, he knew there was one heart in which his memory would be eternal.

Two years brought gaiety and dissipation enough, combined with the influence of her new found relative, to call forth all the pride of Isadore's nature. She was *feted*, and fondled, and flattered, and followed, and adored; she was told the proud station of her fathers, and the kingly greatness that surrounded them, till she came to believe that blood-royal coursed through her veins, and her only fit companions were the titled and the rich. Time and polished society and lavish wealth had added greatly to her personal beauty, and developed charmingly her grace of manner and her wonderful conversational abilities; but it had also awoke the bitter fountain in her breast that marmored always "contempt and pride." And when she returned to America, after two years absence, her fair hand plighted to a French lord, she considered herself upon the very pinnacle of happiness.

The years that brought such glory to Isadore, wrought change and sorrow in the dear home of May Evelyn. Her father had signed papers to a heavy amount for a friend who had failed in business, and the whole weight of payment came upon him. His health failed at the same time, rendering him unable to pursue his profession, and the combined afflictions prostrated his energy, and

almost shattered his excellent judgment. But he was not left alone in his despair. Mrs. Evelyn and May begged of him to apply the sum then treasured in the banks for the payment of the debts, and when that was found not to suffice, May's fine piano and the beautiful furniture of the cottage parlor were sold to accomplish it. Then the dining-room carpet and chairs, and other articles, were removed to the parlor, and the simple chamber furniture was carried down to the dining-room. When they sat down to their first evening meal, after the great debt had been cancelled and the change made in the arrangement of the rooms, May's face was as bright as a sunbeam, as she said:

"I don't see but our old home is very pleasant yet, father."

"Ah, yes, my child!—very pleasant to you, for youth and hope are great beautifiers. But what are we to do now? I have no money, and worse yet, no health. I had an offer to-day for our home, and though I dislike to sell it, I fear there is no other way."

"O no—don't sell it! We have lived here ever since our marriage," said Mrs. Evelyn. "I could not live and leave it."

"What!—sell this home, father? This dear old spot—where I was born? Not till I am ready for the lunatic asylum, please. I have thought of it all—mother and I, and we have concluded, if you consent, that I ask Mr. Frink for an apartment in the seminary. The salary will support us comfortably, until you are able to pursue your profession."

"God bless you, May! You always see a clear way through the dark."

"Well, then, you just make yourself happy here with mother. I shall dare to trust you with her," May laughed, "and shall be one of the happiest, wisest, cleverest little 'school-marms' in all the world! I should not wonder if I made you very rich, yet."

"Your warm, loving heart has made us rich already, May," said her mother, while the tears glistened in her brown eyes.

May had been two years in the seminary, and one clear September afternoon she had lingered longer than usual over her desk after the scholars departed; and when she drew on her straw bonnet and hung her satchel on her arm, the sunbeams were playing "hide and seek" with the twilight shadows, and the mist that began to gather about the door admonished her that the supper-hour was approaching. In such haste was she stepping over the pavement that she did not notice the sound of coming footsteps, till she heard her name pronounced in tones that sent the heart-blood tingling through her veins. Looking up, she saw Isadore Devaux and her brother. Isadore brushed hastily by, so near that her rich, satin robe rustled against May's shilling muslin. But William held out his hand and said:

"Ah, May, you see we are home once more. Isadore is in great haste; so good-by till we see you again!"

May's step grew slower, and the tears fell in a miniature shower over her face, for she had learned another lesson in the cold, hard school of adversity. She knew that her dear old friend *meant* to forget her, and that wherever they might meet, there would be only haughtiness and derision with the one, only sorrow and regret with the other. May was just beginning to understand the *inestimable worth* of dollars and dimes. What marvel that her bright eyes dimmed—that her fair cheek paled—that her warm heart ached? What marvel? The young and the pure shrink from that lesson, as the bounding roe hides from the arrow of the hunter.

"What does that mean?" said Isadore Devaux, to her brother, as they rode past May's home, on a clear morning, early in the next winter. "There is the carriage of the C—s at Mr. Evelyn's. What can it mean?"

"Is there anything surprising in that?" asked William.

"Surprising? Certainly. I would as soon think of being seen there myself. There are no greater aristocrats in the land than the C—s."

"I have seen the carriage there frequently since our return, and I am told that May is a great favorite with the C—s."

Isadore tossed her head with disdain, and exclaimed:

"Favorite! Fa-vor-ite!"

Notwithstanding her contempt, it was true, and she considered Mrs. C—a very foolish woman, when she met May Evelyn in the beautiful parlors of the former, a few evenings after the above conversation.

"How sweet May looks to-night!" said a lady-guest, to Mrs. C—. "As pure as a lily, and as fresh as a rose-bud."

"Yes; May is beautiful—spiritually beautiful; take her all-in-all, I think I never saw her equal," was the reply. "Yet, I see, Isadore Devaux treats her very scornfully."

"And all, forsooth, because she is not burdened with sickly, foreign airs, and has no troops of waiters dangling at her heels, and cannot glisten in satin and diamonds. In every accomplishment she is Isadore's equal, and she possesses personal beauty, and a grace and dignity of demeanor that Isadore Devaux, with all her pride, might well desire."

These words fell upon the ears of William Devaux, and when he saw May gliding about, with such perfect gracefulness, in her pure white muslin dress, with the brown curls, that had escaped from the wreath of fresh geranium buds, falling over her fresh cheeks and snowy neck; when he saw with what ease and gentleness of manner she received the attentions lavished upon her, he queried whether, if he were to offer it, she would accept his name, even with all its honors.

The winter-days wore on, and found May at her desk in the old school room, and May found, as often as she stepped down upon the sidewalk at twilight, a hand reached forth for her satchel, and a friend to enjoy her homeward walk; for, in defiance of his sister's scorn and his own pride, William Devaux learned that, whether he would or no, May Evelyn's fair face kept ward and watch in the holy places of his heart; and when he saw how faith-

ful she was to every duty—how she lightened her mother's cares by aiding in the household labor—how she brought the last paper, and trimmed the lamp, and read to her invalid father, or sung his favorite songs, to lead his mind away from his great sorrows, and that, too, when she was weary with the wear and tear of a teacher's life; when he saw how sweet her smile was—how patient her words were—how happy she *was* and *would* be—how she put away the sorrow that hung around her own way, to bring gladness, and contentment, and support, and comfort to those who had given her life, he could only say, there in that lowly home:

"May—May Evelyn, will you—can I hope you will—be my own sweet, happy, cherished wife?"

May drew the little hand away from her blue-veined temples, and laid it in his, as she said:

"Yes, you *may* hope that I will."

He folded his strong arm about her, and pillowed her curl-covered head upon his breast, and asked:

"Have you ever thought, May, how much—how entirely I love you?"

"I have thought," she replied; "I have known it many a year."

"How could you know it, May? I thought to be so guarded, until within the last few months, that no one could suspect it."

"You were very cautious and very proud. But I knew it by my own heart."

"Well, May, you have taught me the utter folly of the pride-spirit, and I believe 'I have unlearned contempt.' Anyway, I hope you will not allow your own sweet nature to become tainted with it, soon enough to deprive me of a 'bonny wee wife.'"

"No danger of that. I warn you to a wilfulness in *another* direction. I never give up my friends."

As they sat there, in the happy consciousness of first affection, May told him *when* she would be his wife, when her father regained his health, and went again to his old labor, when she had aided him in bringing back comfort and luxury to his precious home, when both of her parents could bestow upon her a bridal blessing, *then* would she stand with him before the altar. He might have urged, but he felt how sensitive her parents would be in receiving aid from May's husband, and he loved her the more, for so sacredly regarding their desires.

Health had come back to Mr. Evelyn. Plenty smiled at his board, and the goddess of good gifts sat at his fireside. May had fulfilled her promise, and gone to be mistress of the Devaux mansion, and all who saw her, of high or low, averred that she wore her honors very gracefully, and made the lonely old place all alive with sunshine and joy. But May thought only of the great love that made the new home, if possible, more of a paradise than the old, and she asked only for its continuance through her life-journey. Sitting by her husband's side, one bright summer evening, she said, turning her blue eyes to his:

"I have been thinking all day of Isadore. Why does she not write? Her sunny home in *la belle France* cannot have driven you from her memory."

"Why, May," said Devaux, "you do not suppose she would write to you? *You are not a lady!*"

May laughed—her happy, soul-full laugh, and replied:

"It follows, then, that, not having married a *lady*, you are *no more a gentleman!* That deprives you of a letter, too. Ah, me!"

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE SPARROWHAWK PAPERS: OR, *Living in the Country*. By FREDERICK B. COZZENS. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 328.

The enterprising publishers have made a bit in bringing out these admirable humorous essays in book form. Every railroad and steamboat traveller who buys any book, must buy this. It is not surpassed in quiet humor by any production of the present century. For sale by Scribner, Carter & Babin.

FRENCH AMERICAN DRAMA. SAMUEL FRENCH, 121 Nassau St., New York.

Among the late numbers of this excellent edition of acting plays, to which we have frequently called attention, we find "Ireland and America," one of Barney Williams's pieces; the "Irish Tiger," a farce by Morton; the "Swiss Cottage," by Bailey; and "Camille; or, The Fate of a Coquette," by Alexander Dumas, Jr.

NEW MUSIC.—G. P. Reed & Co., 13 Tremont Street, have issued "Les Vepres Siciliennes," by Henry Rosselen, and "On the Blooming Mead," by Spindler, both for the piano.

YANKEE TRAVELS THROUGH THE ISLAND OF CUBA. By DEMOTICUS PHILALETHES. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 412.

Yet another on Cuba—and a well written one, too. There is a little of everything in this work (history, scenery, manners, etc.) sketched with spirit in a series of familiar letters. For sale by Redding & Co.

SELECT ORATIONS OF CICERO. By C. D. YONGE. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 580.

Another acceptable volume of the "Classical Library." The translation is well done. The student need hardly be told that one well acquainted with Cicero's orations, necessarily acquires a knowledge of logic and rhetoric. For sale by Ftridge & Co.

GLEANINGS. SOME WHEAT—SOME CHAFF. By Miss A. A. GODDARD. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 311.

A modest title ushers in a series of very pleasant and clever sketches, which cannot fail to be read with pleasure and profit. For sale by Redding & Co.

A TREATISE ON ARITHMETIC—THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL. By ELLAS LOOMIS, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. 1856. pp. 311.

Professor Loomis's work is very favorably spoken of by teachers, and is certainly a clear and comprehensive treatise on a science of the first importance. For sale by Ftridge & Co.

VAGABOND LIFE IN MEXICO. By GABRIEL FERRI. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 344.

We are told that the author of this clever and readable book was long a resident in Mexico, and no one can read his brilliant pictures without being convinced that he is intimately acquainted with the people and the country he portrays. For sale by Ftridge & Co.

HISTORY OF EUROPE FROM THE FALL OF NAPOLEON TO THE ACCESSION OF LOUIS NAPOLEON. By SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 2 volumes, 8vo.

Alison is an indefatigable collector of facts, and a forcible though occasionally faulty writer. The present history is a valuable one, for the mass of material it presents, though the author's views are those of a rabid English Tory. For sale by Ftridge & Co.

PLU-RI-BUS-TAN. A Song that's by no Author. Perpetrated by PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B. New York: Livermore & Rudd. 1856. 12mo. pp. 264.

A humorous poem in the metre of *Hinnawatha*—but less a parody on that, than a series of hits at the social peculiarities of the day. The volume is illustrated by "Punchy" sketches and vignettes. For sale by Redding & Co.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The city of Worcester will have a grand celebration of the approaching Fourth of July. — The largest water wheel in the world is at Troy, New York. Its power is equal to 1000 horses. It drives machinery which works up annually 10,000 tons of iron into horse-shoes, spikes, nails, etc. — G. P. R. James, Esq., British consul for Virginia, has determined to make Richmond his future residence. — In Norway, eagles destroy oxen by the following contrivances—they dive into the sea, and then roll themselves in the sand, and afterwards, by flapping their wings and shaking their feathers into the eyes of an ox, they blind and overcome it. — The most perfect telescope instruments in the world are made at Munich. That for Harvard College, one of the largest refractors yet seen, was made there. Its focal system is about twenty-two feet, and diameter of the object-glass fourteen inches—cost \$18,000. — Half the failures in life arise from pulling in one's horse as he is leaping. — The practice and principle of insurance is of great antiquity, and was well known in the time of Claudius Cæsar, A. D., 43. It is certain that assurance of ships at sea was practised as early as the year 45, A. D. — William Mitchell, who for many years was manager of the Olympic Theatre, in Broadway, died, lately, in the 57th year of his age. — Silliman's Journal says: "The city of Marseilles has undertaken to establish a complete system of electric clocks. The arrangements require the laying of 40,000 metres of conducting wires. The clocks will be placed in the street gas lamps, so that the hour may be read at night as well as by day. The whole will cost only twenty two thousand francs, and the care and supply of them for one year. — More than 1000 barrels of eggs are daily received at New York. — A very extensive cave has been discovered near Caledonia, Minnesota. Several large rooms have been visited, and the Brownsville Herald says that it will probably rival in attraction the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. — The statistics of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington, show that the product of the honey bee is 16,000,000 pounds of wax and honey, valued at \$2,400,000. — The Washington Star says that a delegation is shortly expected from Salt Lake city, bringing a State constitution for Utah, in which they will ask the admission of that State into the Union. — Enormous quantities of apples have perished this spring after reaching the New York market—the growers having held back for better prices until too late; and the case was then aggravated by an excess of supply. — John Mitchell, the Irishman, is residing on a small farm of fifty acres in East Tennessee, and is said to be in very straitened circumstances. The plantation and slaves which he sighed for does not seem to have proved a profitable investment. — Two brothers in Salisbury, Herkimer county, New York, recently got into altercation, when the younger killed the other with an axe. — A member of the House of Representatives from one of the Western States was once so poor, that he paid for his tuition by ringing the college bell at the session hours. He literally "rung himself in." What a forcible illustration of the sentiment, "Honor and fame from no condition rise." — The prospect for crops in the coming season is represented as good in almost all parts of the country. — There are, according to medical writers, the large number of seven million pores in the body of a man of ordinary size; and if these were joined lengthwise, a table would be formed twenty-eight miles long! — Mr. Everett's address at Charlestown, Massachusetts, yielded \$500 profit, which sum has been sent to the ladies of Virginia. — The new mayor of Philadelphia is an active member of the "Fire Department," president of one of the fire companies, and runs with the "machine." — A box has been received at the office of the American and European Express Company, in New York, which contains a portion, and perhaps all, of the relics of the unfortunate expedition of Sir John Franklin. There are nine articles; among them a piece of a boat, with the word Erebus cut into it.

TURKEY.—The Turks are very delighted to get rid of their very good friends the allies. "Save us from our friends!" is now as common an expression at Stamboul as "Allah Kerim!" "Long live our friends, the enemies!" shouted Talleyrand, when the allies entered Paris in 1815.

COST OF WAR.—The London Times figures it up that the Eastern war has cost England one hundred and seventy millions of dollars—rather an expensive amusement!

RUSHIN ON THE VENUS.—Rushin, the critic, ridicules the ideality of the Venus de Medicis. He says the "figure has got handsome calves to its legs and a straight nose."

THE YOUNG PRINCE.—A soldier mounts guard every day over the cradle of Louis Napoleon's baby- heir, when that young gentleman is not "in arms" himself.

THE ART OF ARTS.—A fragment of Gutenberg's printing-press has been discovered. It had been lying at the bottom of a well for four centuries.

HOPEFUL.—History teaches us, according to Madame de Staël, that all principal events tend to the same end—namely, the civilization of the world.

TRUE.—A newspaper writer says, the less money you leave your children when you die, the more they will have twenty years afterwards.

EARLY RISING.—Lord Chatham said, "If you do not rise early, you can make progress in nothing."

Wayside Gatherings.

Mr. Everett will continue to lecture with a view to the ultimate purchase of Mount Vernon.

Carrigan, for the murder of his wife in Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, is to be hung July 25th.

John D. Murrell, the wealthiest man in Virginia, died at New Orleans, lately, leaving effects amounting to \$2,000,000.

The annual catch of salmon on the Penobscot is worth \$20,000. The Revere House, in Boston, alone has ordered 300 per week.

The Boston street-smokers are clamoring for the repeal of the most salutary ordinance that prohibits that pestiferous nuisance.

The salary of the mayor of New York has been raised to \$6000, and those of the comptroller and street commissioner to \$5000.

The Bahama Herald says that about 16,000 bushels of salt have been raked at Crooked Island, and that Rum Cay bids fair to yield a plentiful harvest.

The Zanesville Courier says it is reported that very great losses of sheep have occurred in Ohio this winter, and predicts that it will affect the wool crop.

One of the duties of the aldermen of Dubuque is to go around and look up boarding-houses for strangers, when they arrive in that city to remain some time.

Within a brief period, the State of Georgia has lost three of her most eminent statesmen and ex-senators—Judge Berrien, Governor Troupe and William C. Dawson.

Commodore Kearney, of the navy, has started a subscription for the relief of the suffering families of the employees on the lost Pacific, with a contribution of twenty dollars.

The descendants of the mutineers of the English ship *Bounty*, at Pitcairn's Island, having increased beyond the resources of that island to maintain them, are about to remove to Norfolk Island.

We understand that Hugh Miller is expected soon in this country, for the purpose of lecturing. The advent of this distinguished geologist and self-made man will be looked for with much interest.

A phoca or seal was recently caught in the marshes of the Roanoke River, in North Carolina, which yielded three gallons of oil. It is said to be the first seal ever seen in the waters south of New York.

A bill has passed the New Brunswick House of Assembly, granting \$50,000 for the construction of railroads in that province during the present year, and thereafter one million dollars a year for the next three years.

A lady was married at 7 o'clock in the evening, at New Orleans, recently, and died before 9 o'clock same night. She had been slightly unwell a few days before the ceremony, but the matter was not thought serious.

The London correspondent of the Toronto Globe states, that a report is quite current in England, to the effect that the queen has some thought of paying a visit, during the coming summer, to her loyal province of Canada.

Savannah papers announce the death of the Rev. Willard Preston, D. D., an old and distinguished Presbyterian clergyman of that city. He was a resident of St. Albans, Vermont, during the late war with Great Britain.

There are twenty women in the employment of the United States, at various points, as keepers of lighthouses, beacon-lights, etc. Three or four have the prefix of "Miss" before their names, in their reports to government.

Mr. James, the British consul at Norfolk, has received directions from Lord Clarendon to distribute \$1000 among the benevolent institutions having charge of the widows and orphans of those who died during the epidemic of last summer.

The St. Louis Intelligencer charges that there has been an expenditure of a million dollars over and above the estimates of fifty miles on the Pacific Railroad, and says that it is ready to show that the estimates were above the actual cost of the work done.

The celebrated running mare, "Fashion," died near Lexington, Kentucky, a few days since. She was raised and owned for many years, by William Gibbons, Esq., of New Jersey, and won more races than any other animal ever known in the sporting world.

We learn that as soon as flour recedes two or three dollars more on a barrel, our bakers, with a magnanimity rarely equalled, have resolved to increase the size of their loaves two ounces. We hope our citizens will appreciate this liberality on the part of the bakers.

Grieving the death of his wife, with whom he had lived in uninterrupted happiness for more than fifty years, Mr. John Shedd, of Globe Village, Mass., drowned himself in the river at that place. He was 81 years old, and had been universally respected.

The statistical returns of Providence, R. I., show that patent medicines are manufactured there by the thousand barrels. Two establishments of this description in that city render the enormous product of 1000 barrels and 423,000 bottles of medicine, amounting to \$700,000.

In reference to the great religious awakening, a writer from Stockholm, Sweden, says: "Never before in the history of the country has there been such a day of the Redeemer's power—such a season of excitement about matters of vital religion among all classes of the people."

At a sale of unclaimed baggage, at Cleveland, Ohio, a trunk and contents, worth \$100, were bought for \$25; a chest of tools worth \$75, for \$7 50; and a satchel, containing a suit of clothes and a \$175 watch, for \$4 55. All the purchasers did not make such good bargains as these, however.

It is now stated that the immense quantities of wheat purchased at Chicago, Milwaukee, and other points at the West, last fall, said at the time to be on account of the French government, were in reality bought for parties in Boston, New York, etc., who will "realize" a loss of something near a million of dollars!

A "self-loading hay cart" has been patented by D. H. Thompson, of Fitchburg. It consists in the employment of rakes applied to a cart or wagon, in connection with an inclined frame, operating in such a way that the hay will be raked up and loaded into the cart or wagon, by merely drawing the vehicle over the meadow.

In a recent letter, Gen. Shields, late United States senator from Illinois, but now farming it in Minnesota, remarks: "I am in good health, and have been employed all winter in hauling rails; this is hard but healthy work." Full as hard, probably, as making speeches in the United States senate. Gen. Shields was shot through the lungs in the Mexican war.

The Detroit Tribune states that a commission merchant of Hamilton recovered in court, lately, \$3000 of the Montreal Telegraph Company, for a failure to deliver a telegraphic message, which he sent to his correspondent in New York, within a reasonable time, whereby he lost, in the decline of flour, the amount of damages returned him. The despatch was three days on the way.

Foreign Items.

The advertising columns of the London Times are estimated to yield the enormous sum of \$3,000,000 per annum.

The Neapolitan government has forbidden not only the taking of relics from Pompeii and Herculaneum, but photographs, even.

The emperor of the French, on Count Orloff's introduction to him, asked if he "brought peace," which elicited the courteous reply, "Sire, I come to ask it!"

The Museum of the Louvre, in Paris, has purchased, at an enormous price, a manuscript volume written by Leonardo de Vinci, and illustrated with pen and ink drawings by the same author.

The north of Syria is in a very disturbed state. In and about the mountains there are 30,000 men, all carrying arms, and the Turkish government would be powerless against any rising of the people.

Mr. Warren, the author of "The Diary of a late Physician," "Ten Thousand a Year," and other works favorably known in America, has made a successful debut in the British House of Commons on the question of education.

A monument to William Roscoe, the historian, has been erected in the Unitarian Chapel, Renshaw Street, Liverpool, where all that was mortal of Roscoe was interred. It consists of a fine bust of the historian placed in a niche of gray marble.

Mr. Francis, of New York, has recently exhibited before the French emperor a military wagon, which can be turned at will into a ferry boat for crossing rivers, thus sparing the inconvenience of carrying and constructing pontoon bridges. His majesty expressed his approbation of it to the inventor in the most flattering terms.

Sands of Gold.

.... Truth is simple, requiring neither study nor art.—*Ammian.*

.... There is no less danger from great fame than from infamy.—*Tacitus.*

.... To be poor, and to seem poor, is a certain method never to rise.—*Goldsmith.*

.... Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of virtue.—*Thomas Fuller.*

.... For each nation, the true classical spirit must be found in the genius of its own romance.—*Bulwer.*

.... When a man delineates himself, he always shrinks from a complete confession. Our moral nature has its modesty.—*G. H. Lewes.*

.... It occasionally happens, that he who is always in search of something beyond the great, lights on something which is really great.—*Quintilian.*

.... A smile is ever the most bright and beautiful with a tear upon it. What is the dawn without its dew? The tear is rendered by the smile precious above the smile itself.—*Landon.*

.... Those who excel in strength are not most likely to show contempt of weakness. A man does not despise the weakness of a child.—*Wigglesworth.*

.... If thou art wiser than the many, do that which thou thyself approvest, rather than what they may look for; and be assured that, when they admire thee most, thou hast done something wrong.—*Landon.*

.... Though men may impose upon themselves what they please, by their corrupt imagination, truth will ever keep its station; and as glory is nothing else but the shadow of virtue, it will certainly disappear at the departure of virtue.—*Steele.*

Joker's Budget.

It is said that no man who has paid regularly for his newspaper, has ever been known to be bitten by a mad dog.

Why is a lover eloping with his lady-love, like a vessel sailing to a certain port in France? Because he is bound to have her (Havre).

A saucy debtor was recently cautioned by a creditor to *be-ware*. He didn't take heed, and the next time we heard of him, he was turned into a "stone jug."

A western editor, in speaking of a contemporary, says, all he wants is a fair chance, and he will make the meanest man outside of Connecticut. Complimentary, that.

Enamored Writing-Master to a Young Lady Pupil.—I can teach you nothing; your hand is already a very desirable one, and your P's (eyes) are the most beautiful I ever saw.

"Rogers," said Cook one day to the wit, "how do you contrive to infuse so much irony into your epistolary compositions?"—"I find not the least difficulty in that," replied Sam, "for I always write with a steel pen."

Emery has just invented a new kind of drill. It is adapted to military purposes. By means of cog-wheels and steel springs, eight companies of militia can be drilled in twenty-three minutes. Who says this is not a progressive age?

Fishing Conundrums.—What fish may be said to be out of place? A perch in a bird's cage; a skate in a cutler's shop; a plaice on the top of an omnibus; a sole at the bottom of your foot; whiting cleaning plate; and a mussel in a lady's neck.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically a PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of the STANDARD SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. Authorized corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an original paper, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

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10 " "..... 15 00

Any person sending us sixteen subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the seventeenth copy gratis.

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, \$4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. S. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

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THE IMPERIAL CRADLE.

The birth of an heir to the throne of France, now the leading power in the European family of nations, is an event of historical importance, so that we do not hesitate to lay before our readers an authentic photographic portrait of him in the very elegant and costly cradle presented to him by the city of Paris. The cradle is in the form of a vessel, a ship being the principal figure in the arms of the capital city of France. It is elaborately carved and gilded, canopied with velvet, and draped with the richest point lace. The caps and robes of the imperial infant are of the finest material and choicest workmanship, and he is now, unconscious as he is, surrounded by every luxury that a limitless command of money can procure. It is said that a soldier mounts guard, night and day, over the cradle, so that the gleam of the bayonet will be the first object that will arrest his eyes as soon as they are capable of taking cognizance of what is passing before them. This young gentleman commenced his career on the 16th of March, 1856, and the thunders of the cannon at the Hotel des Invalides, fired by the old soldiers of that institution, announced his birth. Thousands who heard the reports, remembered how the same guns, forty-five years before, in the same month of March, announced the birth of a son and heir to the founder of the imperial dynasty of France. The old Parisian flaneur might relate an amusing anecdote touching the announcement of the birth of the King of Rome. When the news was expected, all Paris crowded through the various avenues leading to the Invalides, and stood in masses together on the ground that lies between the ditches and the esplanade. Twenty guns were to announce the birth of a princess and twenty-one a prince. A given space was to intervene between each discharge. "Room! room for the emperor's page who brings the news!" And the page spurred into the court-yard of the hotel at full gallop. Some minutes afterwards a lighted match traced a semi-circle to the right of a gun-carriage and gave a kiss of fire to lips of bronze. The first explosion rung out on the air, and upon that noisy multitude, chattering like a gossiping woman, fell one of those impressive, solemn intervals of silence which sometimes petrify vast congregations. Only, at each detonation, there was a light rustling murmur, a faint echo of the bronze which had begun to speak. They were counting in a low tone: one—two—three—four—up to twenty, a fatal number, for at that number the doubt as to the sex of the infant had not ceased. One more cartridge burned, and Napoleon had an heir male, a direct successor to the imperial throne. The invalide who was to fire the twenty-first gun had formerly been the wag of his regiment. Seeing the multitude hanging on the end of the cord that burned in his hand, he brought it near the piece, and then, as if the match had nearly given out, approached it to his lips to revive it with his breath. During these



CRADLE OF THE YOUNG FRENCH IMPERIAL PRINCE

well calculated evolutions, the interval agreed upon between every two detonations had more than elapsed, so that all Paris, with ears on the alert, were in consternation. "Twenty! only twenty! It's all over! only a girl!" were exclamations uttered everywhere. The waggish veteran, satisfied with having "sold" all Paris, cut these commentaries short. The twenty-first cannon thundered on the air, and from one end to the other of the esplanade burst forth the cry, "Long live the emperor!" "Long live the emperor!" replied the mutilated veterans of the empire from the other side of the ditch. "Long live the emperor!" shouted the wounded of the Sambre and the Meuse; and old soldiers of Fontenoy gave forth the cry, "Long live France! glorious and re-

spected!" Alas! what a blight fell on those hopes that clustered round the cradle of the King of Rome. The star of his father's destiny soon paled. A few months saw him march forth at the head of the most powerful army that ever took the field in modern days. A few months saw him returned foiled, from the Russian campaign, shorn of the proud array with which he vainly wooed the smiles of victory. The adieu at Fontainebleau—the exile to Elba—the landing at Cannes—the hundred days—Waterloo—St. Helena, "last scene of all," followed hard upon each other. The King of Rome is torn from his father's arms, and, as Duke de Reichstadt, dies at Vienna, the victim of a system of state policy as atrocious as any that ever disgraced the Machiavellism of Rome or Italy. Who can say that the fate of the second emperor's heir will be brighter than was that of the first? "Shadows, clouds and darkness," rest upon the destiny of one born to a crown in the latter days—and the royal children of France seem to be peculiarly unfortunate.

THE CITY OF VAN, ARMENIA.

The picture herewith presented delineates one of the most striking cities in the East. Van, or Wan, is the capital of a pachalic of that name, a territory of Turkish Armenia, and is built on the eastern shore of the Lake of Van, in latitude 30 degrees 30 minutes north, longitude 43 degrees 40 minutes east. It stands enclosed by a double line of ramparts, and is a citadel, as will be seen by our engraving, crowns a line of isolated rock, the sides of which are nearly perpendicular. It would seem impossible that such a stronghold could be ever stormed—and yet military science has accomplished even more difficult achievements than would be the capture of such a Gibraltar as even this eastern fortress seems to be. The city that stretches along the base of the hill, presents the usual appearance of Oriental places—low houses, domes and minarets being confusedly, but picturesquely, grouped together. Our picture is enlivened by the introduction, in the foreground, of bands of Armenian cavaliers, in the picturesque attire of their country, with flowing robes, high caps and long lances, and mounted on spirited horses. The estimates of the population of the city range from 10,000 to 40,000. The city is not well built, but it has many baths, caravanseries, Armenian churches and mosques. In its vicinity are some curious ruins which have been supposed to date back as far as the days of Semiramis. The chief exports are the produce of the district, and cotton fabrics which are woven from the raw material imported from Persia. The pachalic of which this city is the capital, consists chiefly of a lofty basin surrounded by steep mountains, and the centre of which is occupied by the Lake of Van, the estimated area of which is about two thousand square miles. Its population consists of Armenians, Christians, Turks and Koords.



CITY OF VAN, IN ARMENIA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1856.

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6 CENTS SINGLE. }

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The beautiful design on this page is from the pencil of Billings. The centre of the picture is occupied by the State arms. The shield on the left displays the palmetto tree, with fasces at its base, surrounded by the motto, "Animis opibusque parati" (prepared in heart and deed). The other shield has a female figure, holding a bunch of flowers encircled by the motto, "Dum spiro spero" (while I breathe I hope). The supporters are a Continentaller in the Revolutionary uniform, a figure of Liberty, with the Phrygian cap and laurel wreath. Above is a figure of Fame blowing her trumpet. Conspicuous over the State arms is the far-famed palmetto tree. A military parade is delineated in the distance. To the left of the arms is an Indian squaw, who, having stretched the hide of a deer upon a rustic frame, is dressing it in a peculiar manner, in order to make moccasins or leggings. On the right is a negro laborer engaged in picking cotton. The armorial bearings of the "Palmetto State" denote her determination to carry out the hopes of her chivalric sons, as she ever has done since she

joined the "old thirteen." Prompt to assert her State rights, and ready to defend them, she has nevertheless never been backward in pouring out blood or treasure when the national good demanded them. Cotton picking, as represented in our picture, is the employment of many in South Carolina, and the "staple" is exported to every manufacturing community, forming a prominent source of our national wealth. The rice crop in 1850 was 60,590,861 pounds, nearly three quarters of the whole product of the Union. The population is 668,245, of whom 384,720 are slaves, and the area 18,048,000 acres. The State legislature meets annually; the senators are chosen for four years—representatives for two. The militia of South Carolina is in a high state of discipline; and at the annual encampments much military information is acquired. In the Mexican war, the members of the "Palmetto Regiment" proved themselves no holiday soldiers. Their gallant deeds in the field entitled them to the gratitude of every patriotic heart. South Carolina has 1182 churches; many of them are rude structures, but frequented by devout worshippers: 484 are Methodist, 413

Baptist, 136 Presbyterian, and 50 Episcopal. Large numbers of French Huguenots found an asylum in South Carolina when exiled from France; and it was also a haven of refuge for many Puritans, who fled from the licentious court of Charles II. Although the Spaniards at first guarded the coast of Carolina, and the French attempted to settle there, Charleston was founded by the English, under William Sayle, in 1672. It is a city of refinement and devotion to educational institutions. The Yemassee, who were the original inhabitants of South Carolina, were a bold race, and after the treaty of Utrecht they nearly succeeded in a plot for the extermination of the whites. There was a deadly struggle, in which the Indians fought like demons, but were at last compelled to retire. No State is richer in historical legends than South Carolina; and luckily she has a son—the gifted Simms—who has gleaned them with care, and clothed them in his own vivid style. Years hence they will be read with more interest than at present, while the works of authors, now more popular, will have passed from the public recollection.



SOUTH CAROLINA

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TRIBUNAL OF WITCHCRAFT.

A TALE OF OLDEN TIME.

BY ELIZA J. EVERETT.

TOWARDS the close of an April day that had been unusually soft and balmy, more than a century and a half ago, Mistress Sarah Wright, wife of one of the principal men of the town of Salem, sat by an upper window of her spacious dwelling, looking forth with a somewhat abstracted gaze upon the street below. She was a woman of a stately carriage and of rare and commanding beauty; and as she sat in a heavy antique chair of dimensions ample enough for a modern throne, her presence was more that of a sovereign of the realm than of a staid Puritan matron. But now there was an expression of despondent sadness upon her countenance, which seemed at variance with its stamp of pride; and the usually calm and even swell of that haughty bosom was interrupted by an occasional heavy sigh. Now and then, her eyes would mechanically follow some passing figure till it was lost to view, or pursue for a while the fantastic gambolings of a party of children who were congregated at their sports in front of the house—but evidently her mind was elsewhere.

At length her attention was arrested by a smiling salutation from a modest-looking young woman who was walking by on the opposite side of the street. She recognized Ruth Sherwood, from childhood her most intimate, almost her only, friend, and with an air most cordial, responded to her greeting; but as she watched Ruth's receding form, the smile faded from her lips, and her bright and kindly aspect changed to one cold and unfriendly. A few moments after Ruth had passed the house, Captain Richard Adams, a young military commander who was rapidly rising in public notice and esteem, and who, on business at the town, was then temporarily absent from his post at a frontier fort, went quickly by in the same direction that Ruth had taken.

A burning blush overspread Mistress Wright's fair countenance when she first beheld him—a blush which was instantly succeeded by a deathlike paleness and a quick, convulsed breathing, while she instinctively, and without any consciousness wherefore, drew back to avoid passing any token of recognition. But this precaution was unnecessary, for the young man, in his haste for the one object, did not even glance towards her. And that one object, as Mistress Wright correctly surmised, and as her eager watching soon convinced her, was to overtake the slender maiden who had just preceded him.

When his pace slackened on reaching Ruth's side, the pale face of the earnest watcher became a shade whiter still; but she remained silent and moveless, nor did her eyes withdraw their absorbed gaze from those two figures while they continued within the range of their vision. When they were gone from her sight, with a groan which seemed wrung from the heart's agony, she bowed her face upon her clasped hands, and in that attitude, with an air of one utterly crushed, she had remained some minutes, when, as if roused to sudden desperation, she arose and paced rapidly up and down the apartment.

"Fool, fool that I was!" she exclaimed passionately, clutching at the folds of her rich, though sombre-tinted velvet dress, with a contemptuous, convulsive grasp to which a slighter fabric would have yielded, "fool—with my human heart, to fancy that gauds like these, or that honors as vain and valueless, would compensate for what that heart craved!"

And then, in a burst of despairing anguish, she threw herself on her knees beside her bed, and burying her face in the coverlet, wept a shower of hot tears. But tears were foreign to her nature, and soon she re-commenced her wild walk of the room's ample length. Pausing before her mirror, she gazed long, with a mournful, pitying expression, upon the wondrously beautiful image it gave to her view.

"And that I," she murmured, at length, half aloud, "so fitted to command love, should so vainly pine for it!"

But her reflections went not much further ere a dark scowl and look of bitter hatred came over those perfect features, and she turned quickly from the glass, exclaiming: "And for such a pale, waxen-faced chit as that too! How dare she stand in my way—how dare she claim a love which was mine—which belongs to me?" And she stamped her foot, and drew up her superb form with the air of an empress asserting her right.

But, seemingly, this frantic mood lasted not much longer, and as if wearied by her own violence, she sunk into a large arm-chair, and resting her forehead upon one hand, remained long as still and motionless as a statue. At length she slowly arose, saying, as she did so, in a voice very low but singularly distinct and determined:

"I will! She shall never reign over my desolation."

Her countenance, though so pale, was perfectly calm; but there was a slight compression of the lips, and a something, almost lurid, in the light of the eyes, which told that the storm had not wholly passed; yet, with a manner quiet and self-possessed, she re-arranged her disordered dress, and joined her husband below stairs in answer to his summons.

Six years before, Mistress Sarah Wright, then the maiden Sarah Linsley, was the supremely admired of the youths, and envied of the damsels, of the straight-laced settlement in which she dwelt. Human nature will assert its rights, will develop itself, despite the iron bands of custom or of law wherewith foolish humanity may vainly seek to bind it—and Sarah Linsley's beauty prompted many a poetic, boyish vision, many an emotion of envious maidenly spite, in the grim and godly town of Salem—and even in the sacred meeting time, many thoughts and eyes, which should

have been engaged in business more holy, were stealthily occupied by her resplendent charms or the manifestations of their influence.

Gifted with considerable penetration, she saw the effects of her power, but saw with apparent indifference. Overtures of female intimacy, and in common with many a modern belle she had many, she quietly and civilly put aside; and a few solemn and formal proposals of marriage which had been made to her through her brother, who was her guardian, had been declined with equal seriousness and ceremony, and then, by her at least, to all appearance, forgotten.

Ruth Sherwood, her friend from early childhood, was her only intimate associate, and it would seem that the attraction of contrast, not of congeniality, was the bond which so closely united them. With her queenly beauty, Sarah had a proud, ambitious spirit, and a clear intellect. There was little of the religious element in her nature, and in regard to the minor superstitions of the day, she was a decided skeptic. Ruth, who was then about seventeen, and some three years the junior of her friend, was slight and childlike in figure, with a very pale face, and an air and aspect of extreme delicacy and gentleness, which made her appearance interesting, though she possessed no claim to beauty of person. Her mind was intelligent, though her judgment was often unduly swayed by her warm, feeling heart; and her disposition and entire cast of thought were moulded by her deep religious feeling. Yet was she as free from the credulous fears of the age (for the reign of demon-terror in New England had now begun), as her more self-reliant friend; for strong religious faith and trust as effectually protected her from the infection of those apprehensive misgivings, as did cold, material reasoning and constitutional lack of spirituality, the other.

Of these two young women, each seemed a fitting type of her lineage. Sarah was descended from a younger branch of a noble and haughty English family, which had been chiefly noted for its bold, warlike deeds and arrogant bearing. Her emigrant ancestors were possessed of a considerable amount of worldly goods when they landed on the American shore, but sickness and the various disastrous vicissitudes of the early colonial life had soon dissipated their property and reduced them to poverty. The family, however, struggled on through adversity, and as younger members grew up to assist its fortunes, by dint of persevering efforts, of gradually enlarging mercantile enterprise, and new and influential connections, it had attained to an easy competence for all its various members; and with that competence, to a respectable social position in that community wherein, despite its theoretically spiritual organization, worldly wealth and rank were not wholly unrecognized and unhonored.

Ruth was the youngest of a respectable and pious line which had given several ministers to the Presbyterian church. Intelligence and refinement were her family heritage, but neither rank nor fortune was added to those desirable gifts, and Ruth's exquisite skill and taste in embroidery, for which, even in that rigid society, she found ample employment among a certain class and for ceremonial occasions, were constantly occupied in order to aid the scanty income of the widowed aunt with whom she lived.

Notwithstanding the difference in their worldly circumstances, their inward being and outward seeming, the two girls were warmly attached to each other, and were together as much as they well could be, to the exclusion of all other intimacies, and considerably to the annoyance of many of the young maidens who came within their sphere.

Ruth, in her reverential love of the beautiful, regarded her peerless friend with pride and admiration, untainted by the slightest shade of envy: perhaps she felt that their paths, their spheres of influence, were too distinct for the possibility of disagreeable contact; but however that might have been, so pure and warm was her affectionate friendship, that its occasional unconscious, but unmistakable manifestation had awakened in the bosom of its object a response of deeper tenderness than that proud girl had before supposed herself capable of.

Among the many, who, though the undeclared admirers of Sarah Linsley, had, by her keen perception long been recognized as such, was Richard Adams, a young man of about her own age. He was agreeable and rather handsome in appearance, of frank, gentlemanly manners, and was generally regarded as a youth of talents and promise; though his parents being in very moderate circumstances, and he still so young, he had not yet attained to any decided position, nor were his prospects very brilliant. Yet he had approached nearer to the heart of his reserved mistress than any other who had done homage to her charms; and she occasionally extended to him some mark of preference, slight indeed—very slight—yet sufficient to keep alive a youthful lover's hopes. But when the worshipful and wealthy Master Wright, one of the councillors of the colony, paid his formal devoirs to the fair Sarah, those hopes were speedily doomed to death, and that, without one after shade of relenting in the heart of the beautiful but merciless judge.

True, during the twenty-four hours which she took to consider of Master Wright's proposal of marriage, she did assume to scrutinize her sentiments toward Richard Adams, and, in imagination, placing a plain Goodwife Adams beside a stately Mistress Wright, conspicuously in view of the town, the comparison resulted so disadvantageously to the former, that, with a slight, disdainful smile upon her bright lip, and a sudden closing of the hand as if in the act of crushing some frail toy, she dispelled the airy love-dream, and speedily signified to her brother her assent to become the councillor's bride—a decision which received his cordial fraternal approbation.

She did not see Richard Adams again until the day after the first publication of the banns of her approaching marriage, when,

while abroad upon some errand connected with her bridal preparations, she encountered him in the street. Apparently absorbed in despondent reflections, he did not observe her, concealed as were her features and much of her person by a thick veil; but she recognized him, and marked his ashy face and lustreless eye, so different from the bright and buoyant countenance he had been wont to bear—and she knew well what had caused the change; but she closed her heart and mind against the thoughts which arose within her, and soon they and their subject were forgotten, and the business on which she had gone forth reigned supreme over her faculties.

Years had gone by, and her husband, a councillor no longer, but a wealthy and honored citizen still, had proved but a dull, uncongenial companion to a nature like hers. One of her two children she had seen laid in the grave after a short and violent illness; the other was now feeble and slightly distorted in figure in consequence of a fever from which she had nearly died; but over the death of the one or the sickness of the other, she had not sorrowed as most mothers would have sorrowed. The deep, quiet tenderness which ordinarily characterizes maternal affection, was not in her nature; and besides, the chill which was over her regard for her husband seemed to have communicated itself to her feelings for his children also. Indeed, her friend, the pale, gentle Ruth, who had been constantly by the sick bed of both the little invalids, and in whose arms the one had died, seemed to have more of a mother's sympathy with their sufferings, more of a mother's anguish of bereavement over the lifeless one, than she who had given them birth.

Yet was Mistress Wright an honored and decorous wife and mother even in the sanctuary of domestic privacy; for her husband, who loved and confided in her fully, was part and parcel of that undemonstrative period and place, and amid the peacefully and punctiliously observed proprieties of home, he felt not the chill, he did not miss the tenderness—and well content with his dignified and courteous helpmate, he felt that, on the whole, his lines had fallen in pleasant places.

And how was it with his stately partner? Ah, human nature is apt to be dissatisfied at the best, and she had ventured a fearful risk—a risk, the import of which, ere long, she keenly felt. For when her worldly pride and ambition were satisfied, when they had no more to ask, they seemed to die, and her woman's heart to arouse to active life, and importunately crave what she had, it might be, forever denied it. In terror, she sternly strove to stifle its movements, to shut her soul's eyes and consciousness to the image which continually arose before it—the image of her youthful and abandoned lover. He had left the town a few days before her marriage, to join a military force which was assembled on the frontier to repel an expected attack of the Indians, and it was more than two years before he returned.

Meanwhile, he had distinguished himself by deeds of warlike daring and many a keen-witted stratagem, in the continual border skirmishes with the savage foe—skirmishes which, though fierce and deadly, and frequently characterized by intricate and subtle manoeuvring, have not been deemed of sufficient importance to fill much space on the page of history, or to awaken a single note of the trump of after-fame. When, at length, business recalled him temporarily to his former home, the cheek that she had last seen so deadly white, was bronzed by exposure; the form, before somewhat slight, though symmetrical, had expanded into fuller and more manly proportions—but his manner and bearing, more sedate and dignified than of old, though not as much so as his stern military experience might well have occasioned, retained most of their former characteristics.

Earnestly, despite herself, and vainly, did Mistress Wright seek to discover in the young soldier any trace of her former power—any evidence of its continued existence. He neither sought nor avoided her presence in the frequent visits which his business required him to make to her husband's house; and his manner to her was always friendly and kind, but perfectly calm and unmolested. She shuddered at, but did not question, the feeling of desolation which came over her heart at the idea of his indifference, but her confidence in her beauty's spell was strong, and with a vague trust that that spell was not yet broken, she sustained herself—against what? She did not ask—indeed, all of her fears and hopes were as if in a dream, nor had she any vivid consciousness of her sentiments and emotions.

But when the young soldier had returned to his troops, and Mistress Wright to the dreariness of her daily life, the effect of these conflicts began to manifest itself. The fancies and feelings which had laid dormant before, they had roused into active life and a tangible shape; and, unable wholly to cope with her busy tempters, she sought to soothe them into quiet—to solace her heart-loneliness with imaginary pictures of what might have been, had not her own hand interposed an immovable barrier. Surely, she reasoned, there could be no great harm in that—it was so slight a comfort, though the only one left to her—those few, faint moonbeams might be permitted to a life from which the sunlight seemed forever excluded. Ah, though she saw it not, those pictures' faded tints would yet burn as with fire in her very soul.

At length, whatever doubts she felt in regard to her former lover's sentiments toward herself were set at rest, when, about a year afterwards, he was again in Salem. He had called on business upon her husband, who was not at home, though momentarily expected there; and in compliance with her invitation, he sat down to await Master Wright's return. The two entered into conversation, and after a while, there was a brief pause in their discourse, which was finally broken by Mistress Wright, who made some observation in continuation of what they had been speaking of before, but in a tone which, without her intending or foreseeing it, sounded like the echo of her heart's deepest, most

secret emotions—a tone so expressive and peculiar, as to take the ear and attention at once, and wholly to the exclusion of the words into which it was shaped.

Adams started, and looked up in her face with an air of honest surprise—and of surprise, only—as if a strange voice had suddenly sounded in his ears. O, the agony and humiliation which thrilled through that proud woman's soul as she met that look, and stooped, as if to pick up the handkerchief which had not fallen, in order to hide the confusion which sent a burning blush over her face, her neck, and even her hands. Fortunately for her, her husband at that moment entered, and with little of her accustomed ceremonious grace, she hurried from the apartment.

During the remainder of the young man's stay in the place, she sedulously avoided meeting him. That one wondering glance had convinced her that she was loved no longer, and she was too much crushed and humbled—the pain and the shame were too fresh, for her to summon the cold, haughty serenity with which only she would have braved and repelled a regard of pity or contempt.

Many months afterwards, a temporary cessation of hostilities on the part of the dusky borderers, enabled Captain Adams to pay rather a lengthened visit to his paternal home. It was not long before town gossip began to intimate that an attraction more powerful than his love for his honored parents or his natal soil had much to do with his unusual stay in the place; and whenever these whispers met Ruth Sherwood's ear, her pale cheeks glowed in a manner very suspicious, and highly confirmatory of the rumor. Mistress Wright, though she said the least of the matter, was the first person, after the young man himself, who was thoroughly convinced of the truth of this report; and when Ruth and Adams met, as occasionally they did, at her house, beneath the calm courteous friendliness of her manner, she writhed in anguish at observing many quiet marks of preference for her gentle friend—tokens which now seemed to her priceless in their value, but which once, in her over-ruling pride, she had contemptuously cast from her.

Shortly after Adams had returned once more to his post of duty, Ruth informed her friend Sarah, confidentially, that she was betrothed to him. A sudden, livid pallor, which Ruth, in her timid agitation did not note, was the only visible token of the mortal agony with which that proud woman's wild hopes died; and in a manner feeling and cordial, she congratulated her unconscious rival, and expressed great satisfaction at the contemplated union. The subject was not again mentioned between them, and Ruth, always nervously shy and sensitive where her deepest feelings were concerned, thought not to marvel at her friend's silence in the relief it afforded her.

Her lover was again in Salem for a few days, on hurried business, at the time my story opens; and on the morning that Mistress Wright was first introduced to the reader, that matron's worshipful husband, to whom she had not confided Ruth's secret, had expressed to her his high opinion of the young man, and his gratification in the prospect that "that discreet and kind-hearted maiden, Ruth Sherwood," had won a preference so desirable as that of the brave and popular young officer.

One bright morning of the ensuing midsummer, there was an unusual excitement in the town of Salem—and Salem was already accustomed to agitating scenes, for it was the year which furnished that dark and humiliating page of colonial history, on which is recorded the trials and executions for witchcraft. It was one of those days of clear blue sky and glad some sunlight, which, where human sorrow and suffering exist beneath their brightness, prompt the feeling that Heaven has no sympathy with earth. Yet no shade of that despairing sentiment was upon the spirit of Ruth Sherwood, as she stood before her grim inquisitors on that smiling morn, to answer to the charge of unlawful dealings with the Evil One.

Ruth Sherwood—hitherto to all appearance the gentlest, the most retiring and kind-hearted of the daughters of the settlement—no wonder that a commotion, even greater than had been usual of late—was in the town when that dark accusation fell upon her name. The cheeks of thoughtful matrons and of grave, white-haired men grew pale, and their hearts sunk heavy and sorrowful within them, as they thought of the fearfully waxing power of Satan, when thus boldly and successfully he wove his meshes around the child of a race so eminently pious—a race which had given so many exemplary ministers to the congregation of the elect.

To those seriously-judging persons, as well as the less reflecting and more youthful portion of the community, not a little was added to the dramatic interest of the day, by the fact that first and chief among Ruth's accusers, was Mistress Wright, so long her most intimate and attached friend—though much true-hearted sympathy was felt for the honored complainant in her painful position, thus compelled, as a Christian and a mother, to come forth against one who had been so near and dear to her the greater part of her lifetime. Yes—as a mother—for it had become plain to her, as soon it became plain to the magistrates and other less active auditors of the examination, that Ruth, by diabolic arts, had occasioned the fearful convulsions that had terminated in the death of the laughing, fair-haired child she had laid in the grave some two years before.

The little Alice—over whose angelic looking corpse Ruth had shed such a flood of bitter tears—could it be? Yes—for not only Mistress Wright's trustworthy statement, but the confirmatory testimony of her servants, proved that when by long and patient ministering they had succeeded in bringing the child to a state of comparative ease and quiet after the first attack, Ruth had entered the sick room, and at sight of her, all the little sufferer's agitation and agonies had been renewed; and it was only when, af-

ter the others present had spent some time in fruitless efforts, Ruth had taken the child into her own arms and care, that it breathed calm again and fell into a quiet sleep, from which, when it awoke, to behold Ruth bending over it, the spasms returned with terrible violence and speedily closed its life. What clearer proof was needed of an evil eye, and the power to break its spell?

Ruth remembered when the child's strong love for her and her own judicious ministry had been the received solution of the mighty riddle now so differently and so darkly expounded. She was a true Calvinist, and, theoretically, had no faith in the invocation of saints and angels; but now, her brief asseveration of innocence unheeded by the mortals around her, she bent down her head, and with a simple natural impulse of her religious heart, she besought the angel-spirit of her darling to aid her in this, her need.

But Mistress Wright had another, and in the view of most persons, a far more serious charge to bring against her perfidious friend; the deformed and sickly condition of her remaining child, a boy about five years of age. The young Saul had been, for his age, one of the healthiest and most active children in the town, and bade fair to inherit much of his mother's stately beauty; but a little more than a year previous to that time, he had been stricken by a fever of a dangerous and infectious character. From this illness he recovered so as to leave his couch, and to be pronounced convalescent by the physician; but, after a while, instead of regaining his vigor and sprightliness, he seemed to droop more and more, and at length spent most of his time in lying down, with his body drawn almost into a ball, and declaring his inability to rise, or change his position to any extent. Yet, when "Aunt Ruth," as he called his mother's friend, who had been with him during his illness almost constantly, would take his hand and invite him to walk with her, he would contrive to get off the couch and accompany her. And still, at that late day, though he walked about a little, his body was constantly distorted, and any exertion was painful to him.

It was further averred that the physician, though skilful, knew neither cause nor remedy for the child's ailment, and therefore it was undoubtedly the result of witchcraft. Ruth's constant intercourse with the child, and her peculiar influence over him, in addition to the many suspicious indications in relation to her subsequently disclosed, induced Mistress Wright, and afterwards the magistrates and most of the other auditors of the investigation, reasonably to conclude that she was the agent of the evil influence under which the child seemed to be suffering.

When the evidence in relation to this portion of the accusations against Ruth was nearly concluded, the woman who had the child in charge, changed her position in a way to bring him in full view of the prisoner. Her aspect beneath that fearful ordeal, and her surroundings, were so unwonted and so strange to him, and when her gaze for a few moments rested upon his face, its expression was so wild and unnatural that the child cried aloud in terror, and clung to his nurse. Lo—another proof, a confirmatory seal, as it were, to the belief the previous evidence had induced.

When, in answer to the examiner's demand, Ruth had briefly and in vain asserted her innocence of these later charges, she turned her eyes for the first time since the inquisition had begun, upon the countenance of her former friend, there was nothing of fear, or of anger, or of vengeance, in her look; but it thrilled through every nerve of its object. It was earnestly appealing—inquiringly reproachful—and through and over it all there was a mournfully compassionate expression, as if of the pity of some superior and supernatural being. Beneath that earnest regard, the lofty accuser paled, and her eyes sank; and then, with a faint, irrepressible scream and an involuntary shudder, she covered her face with her hands.

But the sentiment of that court had a bias irresistible, and its judgment of that incident was directly the reverse of what we of modern times would be apt to form in regard to it; so it served as another link in the chain of evidence which was dragging the poor prisoner to an awful doom.

And then was brought forward and duly testified to, the fact that Ruth had been the frequent visitor, the benefactress, and defender of the fame, of an infirm old woman, who had dwelt alone in a miserable cottage in the outskirts of the town, and who, a short time previous, had been incontestably proved a witch, and, as was fitting in a Christian community, soon after hanged therefor. And to this foul charge was added a respectable list of the customary ones of sick cows, of spoiled milk and addled eggs, which, with a few additional items as uncertain and as trivial, served to destroy the fame and life of more than one victim of the prevalent superstition; and the guilt of all these last accusations was readily and satisfactorily proved upon the culprit.

Ruth saw that her fate was decided, and for a few moments a despairing emotion crept over her heart. And again, more vividly than before, despite her repeated efforts to banish it, came the thought of her absent lover. But even though he knew of her situation, he was powerless to aid her; and not for worlds would she have had his honored name linked with the infamy which then rested upon hers. And if he should believe her guilty!—Ruth grew bewildered—it seemed to her that she should go mad with the thick-coming fancies which rushed upon her mind, standing there as she did, with the gaze of that curious crowd riveted upon her face.

In a desperate effort to repel the wild thoughts within, she endeavored to fix her attention upon the faces about her; but all were alike cold and unfriendly, all alike scorned or rebuked her glance—and chilled to the very soul, she was about withdrawing her eyes from the assemblage, when they fell upon a dusky countenance which was just behind the foremost spectators, and upon

that dark face they lingered, as if there at last they found the warmth and the hope they had elsewhere sought in vain. And truly, when Ruth beheld Wenochin, she felt a little consolation, for she knew that there beat one heart friendly to her in that room of terror.

Wenochin was a young Indian, about twenty-five years of age, and the son of a widowed, infirm woman, whom Ruth had befriended and converted to the Christian faith during the latter years of her life; and through the long, suffering illness which terminated in the death of the poor Indian woman, Ruth had been unremitting in her care and attention. Wenochin was of a feeble constitution, and a gentle, affectionate, almost womanish disposition. His mother, his last surviving relative, he had tenderly loved; and for her young, pale-faced benefactress, since Ruth's earliest kindness to that dear relative, he had cherished an attachment and devotion almost oriental in manifestation.

Though Ruth's coming always filled his eyes with light and his heart with pleasure, he yet seemed to regard her with the distance and reverence due to a being hallowed and sacred. He seldom addressed her save when it was of absolute necessity, and never, under any circumstances would touch her hand, or approach her person so nearly as to brush even a fold of her garment; yet often, though Ruth saw it not, when she had departed from his mother's cabin, he would throw himself on the earth and press his lips passionately upon the print of her retreating footsteps.

Since his mother's death he had seen Ruth less frequently, but she had ever met him with a kindly greeting, and had done for him several little acts of friendship which happened to be in her power—which he had requited with numberless trifling services and many curious presents, all tendered with the same deferential regard as of old. And, as we have said, when Ruth beheld him in that stern-faced group, she knew that one kindly, pitying spirit was near her—and it was strange, too, she thought, that she, a white and Christian woman, must look to the dusky heathen alone, of all assembled there, for human sympathy in her fearful trial.

But this thought had hardly shaped itself in her mind before she and all others in the court-room, were startled by a sudden, piercing cry from the Indian, instantly followed by violent contortions of his countenance and of his whole body, which seemed as if caused by some excruciating torture. One of the magistrates, and many in the room, had observed the prisoner's steadfast regard of him a few moments before, and the whisper of the "evil eye" went round. The purport of that whisper was soon confirmed by the sufferer, in his reply to the interrogatories of the court, pointing his finger wildly again and again toward the accused. Poor Ruth! as her last hope faded, she bowed her head in real despair.

Her aunt, a cold-hearted, superstitious, self-righteous woman, had early joined the ranks of the suspecting against her; and now, she felt that in all her native town, no human heart had pity or mercy for her. O, why had that last, faint consolation been taken away? That final accusation was not needed to assure her doom—it only served to increase its bitterness. It seemed, too, as if her every good deed was rising up in enmity against her—and now, despite herself, her trust in Heaven, as well as her hope in man, for a moment sunk. But for a moment only; and then, her strong religious nature repelled the temptation.

Had Ruth's mind been of a more superstitious cast, or had her faith been less clear and rational, she, as did other harassed and tortured sufferers of those troublous times, might have persuaded herself that she was really all that she was accused of being; but instead, the inspiring idea that possibly she was chosen a martyr by Heaven, presented itself to her mind, and with the thought, her faith and her courage grew strong. And when the magistrate solemnly adjured her to give a final and a truthful answer to the accusations brought against her, it was with the feeling that her cause had no relation to any earthly tribunal, that she replied, as she raised her eyes appealingly above: "My Father in heaven knoweth my innocence of these foul charges, and before his judgment seat I leave my cause."

As Ruth stood at that moment, with her white, delicate hands clasped in prayerful attitude before her bosom, her pale, spiritual face raised heavenward, beaming with celestial trust, and a single ray of sunlight which streamed through a small aperture in a partially closed shutter resting like a glory upon her head, and lighting her fair tresses with a golden gleam, she looked a very type of Purity and Faith. And that dark-haired, stately woman, with her brow of gloom, the bitter determination in her lip of perfect curve, and the unholy pride pervading her exquisitely moulded features—the dusky, writhing Indian—the stern, hard-featured Puritan magistrates—and the mixture of cold, of curious, and of vindictive countenances around—contrasting with the ethereal aspect of the accused, gave to her rather the appearance of a holy martyr in the midst of her persecutors, than of an agent of the Evil One beneath the judgment of the righteous.

Strangely enough, this idea presented itself vividly to the mind of one of the magistrates as he looked upon the scene; but he knew it to be a delusion of the enemy, and piously closing his mind and heart to the Satanic wile, he proceeded with increased bitterness to denounce and exhort the criminal. But notwithstanding his great zeal and urgency, the prisoner refused to confess.

"I will not pollute my soul or my lips with falsehood," was her sole reply to the worthy man's vigorous appeals, "nor may I cast unmerited dishonor upon a lineage which, though humble, has been ever of unspotted fame."

And, charitable counsel and Christian command alike failing to overcome Ruth's stubborn purpose, she was formally committed for trial.

Two weeks had passed since the day of Ruth's examination, and she had been duly tried, convicted and sentenced to death for the crime alleged against her. She was confined in the Salem jail, awaiting the execution of her sentence.

Improbable as it may seem, that human life should be deliberately destroyed by grave and thoughtful men upon pretexts light and trivial as Ruth's trial afforded, the records of that period will bear out the assertion that upon evidence even more frivolous and doubtful, many hapless beings were adjudged guilty of the capital offence of witchcraft, and suffered the penalty allotted to that crime. Indeed, in perusing the details of the examinations of the accused before these solemn old Puritan magistrates, the reader of the present day finds his sense of the ludicrous almost as forcibly appealed to as are his feelings of justice and humanity. Yet is there little ground for the half disdainful, half pitying consciousness of superiority with which we are apt to regard that so-considered "dark age" of our history.

It befits not us, of this enlightened era of mesmerism and psychology, of spirit-moving chairs and tables, of spirit edited and spirit-contributed-to newspapers, of revelations direct from the world to come—revelations, how humiliating in their character, how pitiful in aspect beside the dimmest imaginings of a faith-tinctured mind—and of innumerable new and fantastic theories of metaphysical bewilderment—all claiming to roam over, to dwell upon, the most ethereal heights of spirituality, and all alike descending to the common level of modern mysticism—the acquisition of material cash—it befits not us to deal so contemptuously with the sombre delusion of our forefathers. If their judgments beneath its influence were bitter and erroneous, they were sincere as well; and if the consequences of their spirit manifestations were often dark and tragical, there was something of dignity in the gloom; for it was the evidence of an honest, though mistaken purpose; while the glittering results of spirit-presences in our day are open to a less favorable interpretation.

But this digression is becoming too lengthy—let us return to our narrative. Ruth, as we have said, had been condemned to death, and she was to meet her fate at the end of two weeks from the day of sentence. During the first few days after Ruth's doom had been pronounced, and while the poor victim, in the solitude of her prison, was struggling in the combat between the flesh and the spirit—while with life, and youth, and health strong in every heart pulse, she was striving to nerve herself to turn from them and from the bright and cherished prospects which had been around her earthly path, to a dishonored grave—and endeavoring to fix her soul's gaze steadily upon the bright future of heaven, unheeded of the darkness which had fallen upon her earthly present—Miss Wright, in her free and honored home, was vainly striving to banish the memory of Ruth's look on the day of the examination; the look which had so powerfully affected her at the time, and the only one the poor girl had turned upon her during all her ignominious ordeal. It was constantly before her waking vision, it was interwoven with all her sleeping fancies—and at length, in mercy to her own brain, she resolved, if it could be done consistently with her deeper determination, to prevent that image being stamped upon it forever—for so it would be, she felt, if Ruth met her appointed doom.

Her husband was then absent, having sailed for England, on some private business several weeks previous to Ruth's accusation, and his return was not expected before the early winter; but his temporary absence did not diminish his wife's influence, and accordingly, when she applied to the magistrates for permission for an interview with the prisoner, alleging as a reason for the request, that from her early and long friendship for the condemned, she was naturally very desirous that she should repent and confess her great sin, and also, on account of the intimate association of so many years, hoped that she might have influence to effect that most desirable result, her petition was very readily acceded to.

It was near the hour beyond which no one except those connected with the prison was admitted or suffered to remain within its walls, when Miss Wright crossed the threshold on her proposed visit; but her secret design admitted of no delay, and the brief interview then permitted her, better suited it than would a longer and later one on the morrow.

Ruth was engaged in earnest prayer when the jailer opened the door of the apartment in which she was confined, to admit her former friend—in prayer for that best-beloved one with whom her thoughts had been intently occupied for sometime before she bent her knee. She turned her head at the sound of the opening door, and at sight of that face so familiar and once so loved, she sprung up with a first impulse of the feeling of former times, but quickly came the thought of the stern and chilling experience of the past few weeks, and the realization of the fearful present—and cold and distrustful, she stood for some moments looking upon her visitor, who, remaining near the door, seemed to be intently listening to the sound of the jailer's retreating footsteps.

"What would you with me, Sarah?" asked Ruth, at length, in a voice as kind and friendly as she could command—for, though she had summoned to her aid all her Christian and religious feeling which had seemed so strong before, it could not instantaneously conquer the sudden uprising of humanity within her.

Miss Wright did not immediately reply, and continued occupied as before; in a few moments, however, as if satisfied that Mr. Hopkins's somewhat ponderous person had reached a safe distance, she approached Ruth, and said, in a low tone:

"I would give you liberty and life, Ruth—will you accept the boon?"

Ruth looked at her doubtfully for a moment, and then, pressing her hand to her forehead with a bewildered air, she said, slowly.

"Is it all a dream—or do you come to add to my misery by a bitter mockery?"

"Nay, Ruth, I mock you not. I come in very truth, to free you, if so you will, from this gloomy prison and the shameful and fearful gallows which is beyond it. What do you say to the offer?"

"Sarah," after a brief pause, Ruth answered, with an air of mingled doubt and wonder, and yet a faint gleam of her old childlike reliance upon the ability of her early friend arising within her—a very faint gleam though, for since Ruth's late gloomy experience, all her faith in humanity, save her hoping trust in one single mortal, seemed dead, and there appeared to her to be an immeasurable distance between her and her kind—"Sarah, is it indeed so? Can you undo your own work? or have you influence over those stern judges to reverse their decree—to retract the sentence they have pronounced?"

"No, hardly that," she replied with a derisive smile to the last query, passing by unanswered, though not unnoticed, the well-merited accusation which Ruth's words had implied; "I should need to sign and seal a compact with the 'Black Man' before accomplishing so wondrous a task. But," she continued, in a lower tone, "there have been escapes from prison before now, where there have been cunning heads and bold hearts to devise and accomplish them; and there may be another, Ruth—it will be my care that there shall be, if you say but the word."

Ruth hardly dared trust this new and unexpected brightness in her prospects. It had burst upon her so suddenly, and she had dwelt so long beneath the fear and the gloom, that the darkness had become a reality too stern to be destroyed by that instant of radiance—and with a dim apprehension at her heart that some fearful shadow yet lay between her and the attainment of the good so freely proffered, she said:

"If, without taking sin upon my conscience thereby, I may be free and live, I will gladly fly. But," she added, in a moment after, as with something of that apprehensive ingenuity with which we are apt to frame causes for distrust in any seeming blessing which startles by its unexpectedness, the idea rose in her mind, "if I should live to know that Richard credited this dark story?"

"Be not concerned on that score," interrupted her companion, in a low, bitter tone, and with a smile almost fiendish in its malice, "it will only be another surprise for him."

While she spoke, the memory of Adams's wondering glance on that unforgotten occasion stung her proud soul to the quick, as it had done innumerable times before, and nerved her anew for her present purpose. Ruth looked at her wonderingly for a moment, for she knew nothing of the subject of her allusion, and consequently neither understood the meaning of her words nor the emotion by which they were accompanied. She would not pause to question them then, however, but was about to ask for another and more needed explanation from the incomprehensible woman before her, when she was prevented by her continuing:

"But our time, which was short at best, will soon expire, and I must now inform you of the condition on which I will obtain your freedom—for there is a condition, an inexorable condition, attached to my action in the matter."

The load which had lifted such a little way from Ruth's heart before, sunk back with its accustomed weight at these words and the tone in which they were spoken. Miss Wright continued:

"It is this. You must swear to me a solemn oath that you will renounce Richard Adams and his love forever, and that you will never, in any way, directly or indirectly, seek to exculpate yourself to him from the charge now resting upon you."

Ruth had involuntarily recoiled a pace or two in horror and amazement as this proposition fell upon her ear—this proposition, which gave a revelation so unlooked-for, and which conveyed a sufficient explanation of the strange hostility which had pursued the poor prisoner to her present state—the explanation she had been about to seek—and she now remained silent, regarding her companion with an expression of mingled feeling, in which a sorrowful surprise predominated. Irritated by her silence, Miss Wright spoke:

"Choose—and your choice must be quickly made—between me and the common hangman!"

Ruth's moral and religious sensibilities, always acute, had been rendered peculiarly so by the ordeal through which she had so recently passed—and forgetful for a while of herself, of all, in grief at the fearful sinfulness of the woman who had once been so dear to her, she said, mournfully:

"Sarah, has Satan gained the mastery over you wholly?" Then falling on her knees before her, and looking imploringly in her face, she continued: "O, my friend, once so loved and honored, cast off this dreadful delusion—kneel, pray with me that this fiendish spirit may be taken from you, and that you may be your true self once more—yourself, so noble, of whom this dark deforming sin is so unworthy."

"Ruth," said Miss Wright, in a cold, contemptuous tone, which plainly indicated the hopelessness of any further appeals of the kind, "I pray you waste no more of these silly antics on me. Reserve them for the councils of the godly, who may appreciate and admire them. I would choose, instead, to hear an intelligible answer to my proposed condition."

Ruth rose from her knees, and fixed upon her a brief and sorrowful gaze; and then, as her own position recurred to her mind, a momentary expression of anguish passed over her face, and she replied in a distinct voice, which was yet tremulous with suppressed emotion:

"You proffer a condition which it is impossible for me to accept. Life, with forever upon it the separation and the shadow which are for me the bitterness of death, would be a torture, not

a blessing—and if even thus I would accept it for myself, I would not be justified in voluntarily bringing such misery upon that truly noble heart, which loves me so well—upon the only friend I have left on earth," she added, as with a feeling of hopeless desolation she clasped her hands over her face, and burst into tears.

Miss Wright sat in stern silence for some time, while Ruth's tears flowed fast, and at length she said, in a cold, unrelenting tone:

"Hasten your decision, Ruth—time flies fast."

The love of life had risen anew in Ruth's heart during this interview, and she now raised her tearful eyes beseechingly to her persecutor.

"Sarah," said she, "be merciful, as you hope for mercy, even in this world. Bethink you, neither wit nor high station preserved Miss Hibbins from the fate which impends over me," and she shuddered at the fearful picture which arose before her mind. "If I am slain, the retributive justice of Providence may yet visit upon my accusers the doom which they bring upon my innocent head."

The only reply was a smile of indifference. Soon after, the footsteps of the jailer were heard approaching, and Miss Wright arose, saying, in a determined voice:

"Farewell, Ruth—your fate be on your own head."

"Sarah!" cried Ruth, in desperation, springing to her feet, "there is nothing to bind me to secrecy. I will proclaim what has passed between us, and on the admissions your own words have implied, I will demand justice for myself."

Miss Wright turned and confronted her, drawing up her majestic figure to its full height.

"And who, think you, will credit the tale?" she asked, in a tone absolutely derisive in its cold, unmoved deliberateness—a tone which seemed to breathe the very spirit of the stern, unbending necessity which from all sides was pressing upon the guiltless victim.

Ruth felt the force of that voice and the words it uttered, and sinking upon her seat again, she bowed her head despairingly upon her hands; nor did she raise it, when, in obedience to the jailer's summons, her visitor withdrew from the apartment.

It was perhaps the same spirit of reverence with which Wenochin had ever regarded Ruth, beneath a different coloring, which now rendered him the most timorous and horror-stricken of her imputed victims. Though duly present in the court-room on the day of her trial, he took a position as remote as possible from the prisoner, and assumed in it a crouching attitude, in which he was effectually screened from even a casual glance of her eye; and when the purposes of justice required that he should present himself to her view, so great was his fear and reluctance that it was almost by force that he was brought to the designated place.

When Ruth's look turned upon him, his distress seemed so acute, and his contortions were so violent, that for a little while she forgot her own painful position in surprise, and in a brief after-speculation as to whether these extraordinary appearances were the effect of a powerful imagination upon a feeble frame, or of the strong spell of Miss Wright's gold upon a weak moral nature—for Miss Wright, who was plainly the originator of Ruth's present troubles, Ruth knew too well to believe for a moment that she had any faith in her own allegations.

But Ruth pondered not long over these thoughts—for when the friend of her childhood, of her whole life, had been so false and treacherous, when her only relative had doubted and forsaken her, the failure of the Indian was hardly to be wondered at.

Wenochin, who from his boyhood, had been in the habit of visiting the town almost daily, was a favorite of Mr. Hopkins, the portly jailer, who, notwithstanding his grim office, possessed a kindly, genial disposition, upon which the young Indian's delicate constitution and gentle, feminine manners had first won, and the good feeling had been confirmed and strengthened by Wenochin's patient, intelligent interest in Mr. Hopkins's long tales of his early experience as a settler, and by his willing recital of his keen-witted observations in his daily tour through the town, until Wenochin was now always welcome to a place by the jailer's summer-afternoon seat beneath the heavy portal of the building of which he had charge, or beside his winter fire within its gloomy walls.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

VISIT TO THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

A letter from W. C. Prime, Esq., dated Jerusalem, Feb. 21st, and published in the New York Observer, says: "No better evidence of the change of Mohammedanism is needed, than the fact that the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem, which has been so long guarded from Christian intrusion, is now opened to them, and that yesterday, a party of twelve American gentlemen and three ladies went through its sacred enclosures. It was not accomplished without some difficulty, but the money of travellers has found its way into the hearts of the Moslems, and has vastly relaxed their religious severity. The pasha has granted several orders recently, admitting English and French travellers into the mosque, but England and France rule here now, and America is unknown. Hence, in the pasha's absence, his agent here would not take the responsibility of admitting us to the great harem; but the chief of the soldiery, Hasham-Aga, volunteered (in consideration of sundry gold pieces) to open the gates for us. The fanaticism of the servants of the mosque is unabated, and without a proper order or guard it is dangerous for a Christian to approach and impossible for him to enter. Hasham-Aga gave us a guard of thirty soldiers, who accompanied us, and we entered the grand court at one o'clock, and remained in the mosque and in the great crypts under it, for two or three hours, examining everything; and, as you remember that this is the site of the Temple of Solomon, and the enclosure of the court is considered identical in size and shape with the court or inclosure of the temple, and the crypts antedate the Christian era, you may imagine the interest with which I went over this hitherto unexplored ground."

BRIDAL PROCESSION IN CEYLON.

The picture given below represents a bridal procession in Ceylon; which presents many interesting features. The bride and bridegroom, hand in hand, and readily distinguished by the sumptuousness of their attire, which contrasts strongly with the remarkably economical apparel of some of their attendants, are advancing over a cloth spread before them, and constantly renewed as they proceed, while four of their friends hold a canopy above their heads. A sort of rude guitar, a native drum and a fiddle played by a gentleman who rejoices in the possession of a European hat, furnish forth the music of the "wedding march." Beautiful young girls strew flowers in the pathway of the happy pair; floral wishes for a roscate journey through life! After the union of a young couple has been determined on in Ceylon, the wedding day is fixed by an astrologer. At the hour which the stars have designated, the young man goes forth with his parents, allies and friends, on the way to the house of his future wife. He is followed by men loaded with provisions, and particularly by four men carrying a huge *pingo*, containing, not only eatables of all kinds and choice dainties, but a piece of white cloth, a vest with blue and red stripes, and jewels and ornaments, the number and richness of which vary with the fortune of the family. When the husband is poor he hawks these articles just to make a show at the festival. The procession arrives towards evening. A *maduwa*, or temporary building, is prepared to receive them, and the friends of the bride are assembled there. In the middle of the *maduwa*, the floor of which is covered with mats, the men of both companies seat themselves round a heap of rice and palm leaves covered with delicacies of all kinds; the ladies do the same in the interior of the house. After the repast, the bridegroom enters the house, approaches the bride, exchanges with her balls made of rice and cocoanut milk, and presents her with the piece of white cloth, the jewels and the ornaments. This ceremony is performed in silence. The company pass the night in conversation and story-telling. The next morning the bride, escorted by the bridegroom and by their friends, is conducted to the paternal mansion, where the sacramental ceremonies of the marriage take place. One of the special circumstances of these solemnities is that, while they are going on, the bride always precedes the bridegroom, a custom founded, it is said, on the history of a husband, who having walked alone and too far in advance, suffered his wife to be killed behind his back without noticing it. A strange custom, related by some travellers, but which appears unlikely, is that of permitting a woman to have as many as seven husbands, provided they are brothers. It seems, however, certain that the manners of the Cingalese tend rather to polyandry than to polygamy. Ceylon, the scene of the ceremonies we have depicted, is an island in the Indian Ocean, close to the south-eastern extremity of the Coromandel coast, and containing 19,469 square miles. The capital is Colombo. Its coasts are flat and covered with rice fields, interspersed with forests of cocoa trees. The interior of the country is traversed by a chain of steep mountains covered with wood, which divides the island into two almost equal parts, and the highest point of which is the famous Adam's Peak, or Hamaleel, 6680 feet high, on which the Cingalese and all the Hindoos worship the colossal footsteps of Adam, who, according to their belief, was created there, and according to the religion of Buddha, is Buddha himself. This mountain can be seen in clear weather at sea at a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. The chief river of the island, Mahavillaganga, the mouth of which forms, at Trincomalee, the best harbor in all India, has its source in this mountain. It is considered sacred by the followers of Buddha, as we have remarked. The betel leaf is exchanged by the pilgrims who visit it, as a sign of peace, for the purpose of strengthening the bands of kindred, of confirming friendships and reconciling enmities. A priest then blesses them on the summit, and enjoins them to live virtuously at home. According to Davy, the road which leads to the summit is, with all its windings, eight miles long, and in some places very steep. The summit, where the priests show the pretended footsteps of Buddha, is surrounded by venerable old trees, particularly rhododendra. The island seems to consist of primitive rock. It has many rivers, few of which, however, are navigable, as they are, for the most part, too shallow in the dry season, and too dangerous in the rainy season. The climate is, on the whole, mild and healthy. Although near the equator, the heat is more moderate than on the continent, on account of the sea breezes. The monsoons give variety to the climate. The difference between the longest and shortest days is not more than fifteen minutes. The island produces gold, silver, lead, tin, iron, quicksilver and salt; besides these, about twenty different



NATIVES AND THEIR DWELLING-PLACE, NOOTKA SOUND

kinds of precious stones, among them the amethyst, rock crystal, topaz, garnet, ruby, sapphire, hyacinth, turquoise, etc., are brought down by the rivers after heavy showers in the rainy season. The rich soil produces nearly every plant peculiar to India and the tropical countries. All the tropical fruits grow wild. Rice, tobacco, pepper, sugar, coffee, pinyon, tamarinds, several species of palm, the palmyra tree, chony, talipot or talpat trees, with enormous leaves, of which a single one would cover from fifteen to twenty people, are found here. The chief production, the cinnamon tree, is peculiar to the island. About 340,000 pounds of cinnamon are annually sent to England. The best and most prolific cinnamon woods, generally called "cinnamon-gardens," are situated on the coasts. The annual product is about 400,000 pounds. The thick forests, which are but seldom visited by men, contain numerous wild beasts—herds of elephants, ferocious wild boars, leopards, monkeys and jackalls. The island is also rich in tame animals, poultry, etc., and the shores abound in fish. The pearl fishery on the western coast, in the Bay of Conachy, was formerly very prolific. The inhabitants, estimated by some at 2,000,000 (exclusive of strangers settled in Ceylon), are divided into two distinct nations, the Weddas, a rude people, living in the interior forests, without any social order, who neither attend to agriculture nor the breeding of cattle, but depend on the produce of their hunting for support—and the Cingalese, who have attained a certain degree of civilization, practise agriculture, work in iron and gold, weave cotton, and possess a written language. They are divided into certain castes, like the Hindoos, each of which has its separate laws, customs and dress, and are of the religion of Buddha, which is distinguished for its wild spirit and

lands in the island, and the arrogance and severity of their sway soon excited in the hearts of the islanders an animosity deep as that which the Portuguese had provoked. Bloody wars ensued—with numerous sanguinary battles, in which the ordinary fortune of savage tribes when contending with civilized people attended the arms of the Cingalese. Beaten at all points by the Dutch, they fled into the interior recesses of the island, and there retained their independence at least, if they had been deprived of their possessions. After Holland had been erected into the Batavian republic by the French in 1795, the English took possession of this island, and at the peace of Amiens, in 1802, it was formally ceded to them. In 1815, they subjected the whole of it, by the capture of the Cingalese king of Candy, and the conquest of his principal town. The British have possessed themselves of the most valuable parts of Asia by force of arms. Their last act of aggrandizement was the "sequestration," as they mildly term it, of the kingdom of Oude. Yet our British friends are always ready to read us a lecture on our grasping national propensities. Of course, they presume our statesmen and people to be utterly ignorant of the history of British India. It is much to be regretted that our British friends are tinctured with such a propensity for intermeddling with the affairs of other people. We must fear that the will to regulate the affairs of the world will long survive the power to accomplish it. The spirit would be much more excusable if the domestic affairs of Great Britain were managed better, but, unfortunately, they are in as disordered a state as those of Mrs. Jellyby, whose household was at odds and ends while she devoted all her time to the affairs of Borrioboolagha. Great Britain has for so many years made it a part of her legitimate business to give the law to the world, that perhaps it is expecting too much of her to relinquish it in a hurry.

NOOTKA SOUND.

The picture at the head of this page, shows the interior of a hut of islanders at Nootka Sound, with a group of natives engaged in smoking fish, while some are reposing on the mats which serve them for ottomans. Their costume is neither expensive nor picturesque. The pots of herring in the corner, and the strings which decorate the rafters overhead, give the cabin an "ancient and fish like" appearance. The fine arts are represented by the hideous faces on the walls. Captain Cook, who discovered Nootka Sound in 1778, said that the roe of fishes was the "bread" of the natives, and formed their winter diet. The climate of the islands and shores of Nootka Sound is mild, considering the latitude, 49 degrees 35 minutes north. Nootka Sound, the locality where the interesting natives of whom we have given a specimen abide, is an inlet of British America, on the west coast of Vancouver Island. The harbor is ten miles across. The inhabitants are very simple and primitive in their habits and manners, as our sketch sufficiently indicates, and present few points of interest for the study of the traveller. Contented with their rude dwellings, simple attire and monotonous food, they are worried by no aspirations for a condition more physically comfortable or refined.



MARRIAGE PROCESSION IN CEYLON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DIRGE.

To the memory of ———, Captain of the ——— Regiment of Cavalry, who died on duty at Fort Leavenworth, 1855.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

"Sound anew a strain funeral—
Sound anew, O spirit lyre!
Doomed to mourn a soldier's burial,
Theme requiring loftier fire."

Dirges peal along the fortress,
Where he died in glorious prime;
Dirges rise o'er mountain gorges;
Dirges wail in sunny elime;
Dirges float o'er orange bowers—
Echoing, float through lordly hall;
Drooping, fade the smiling flowers—
Joyous songsters cease their call.

Muffled drums and pealing anthems
Wait his fate among his band;
Chilling heavens and withering flowerets
Wait it in his native land:
Blighted hopes and withering tear-drops,
Funeral weeds and pageant gay,
Florida's son is marching tombwards;
Death—the "captain"—all obey.

Memory, rousing at the anthem,
Mourns in attributes combined,
Honor, truth, majestic bearing—
Lofty thought and glorious mind.
'Tis no sin to whisper gravewards
All the pent up love of years;
There's no Lethe where we live us,
Equals sorrow's gushing tears.

We have known him in his childhood—
Watched him soar to manly prime;
And his soul was fraught with glory,
Noble thought and deed sublime:
But our life-path wide diverged;
Still the chains time could not sever:
Chants our heart his funeral dirge—
Honored, loved, remembered ever!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

GUELPH AND Ghibelline.

A LEAF FROM THE ANNALS OF BOLOGNA.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

THE history of Italy is written in blood. For two thousand years, with little cessation, she has been assailed by foreign force, or torn by civil war and intestine dissension. The seats of arts and science have been profaned by tumult and massacre, which only ended to commence again. The favored land of beauty and poetic achievement has been for ages disgraced by intrigue, treachery, and wholesale assassination. Those who have most contributed to their country's honorable fame, have been repaid with insult, deprivation and death, and Dante's scorching verse and Tasso's dying lament are but the tithe of the still enduring monuments which testify their own and their country's disgrace. But with all this, the fame of Italy lives in the hearts of all men. She is the fount from which men of every clime and nation have drawn the fire of inspiration, and her annals are the examples of patriotism, virtue and self-sacrifice, even more than of ingratitude, cruelty and cowardly treason. Though her glory has faded, yet its works of genius remain, and these are still a glory which other lands continue without equalling to emulate. Rome and Florence still remain, and lesser cities which it needs not to name, but which have each contributed to Italy's worthiest deeds.

Foremost among these stood, in the fourteenth century, the city of Bologna. Her university, founded centuries before, drew crowds of students from far and near. She was famed in all countries as the seat of learning and the arts. But adorned as she was with such enviable advantages, she was torn with the strife of civil factions, which threatened in time to destroy her liberty and prosperity. The contentions of the Guelphs and Ghibellines were ceaseless and implacable, and Bologna was, like many other Italian communities of the age, a city ever divided against itself and bent on its own downfall. It may well be imagined that where neighbor was thus set against neighbor, and citizen against fellow-citizen, even the family circle did not escape the dire dissension.

Imelda Lambertazzi was a daughter of the house of Bonifazio Lambertazzi, which at the time stood at the head of the Ghibelline party in Bologna. She was just turned of eighteen, and though not possessing perfect regularity of feature, was universally acknowledged the most beautiful of the fair. She had an ardent temperament, an accomplished mind, and a disposition which endeared her to every acquaintance. But educated and surrounded as she was, it was but a natural consequence that she should regard the partisans who opposed themselves to her family and kindred, as men cruel and devoid of patriotism; blood-thirsty traitors, who ought to be detested by all lovers of their country. Nor did these ideas undergo a change till after her first meeting with Guido Geremei, the son of a Guelphic noble.

Guido was a handsome, gallant young cavalier, brave and generous, whose countenance was formed to belie base arts and deeds of treachery. These youths, of houses set in opposition, met, it matters little when or where. It might have been in the cathedral's cloistered aisle, or by some unthought-of encounter, such as may happen in lands the most unpicturesque, and to personages the most unromantic. They met, and their fates decreed that they should meet again. They loved; how could it be otherwise,

when each discovered that the one truly worthy of affection was precisely the one whom arbitrary circumstance forbade to love? Partizan enmity cannot bar the course of natural feeling, which is but the more powerful for the very difficulties which restrain it. It is true that, in Imelda, the growth of attachment was at first but gradual. With her, the name of Guelph had been synonymous with that of traitor. She saw Guido Geremei, and asked herself how it could be that base intentions should inspire an appearance so noble, a bearing so lofty and generous. She doubted, and reproached herself for doubting. When they met again, she would have shunned him, and would have been disappointed had her efforts found too great success. She strove to forget, but could not be willing to be forgotten.

The youthful lover, on the other hand, well knew the danger which would threaten him in his pursuit of the object of his love. He, therefore, put a curb on himself, and mingled wariness and secrecy with boldness and perseverance. He found means to gain to his interest a female relative of Signora Imelda, who, being about the same age with the signora, was the latter's favored confidant. To Laura Balorena, Guido applied himself, beseeching her good offices in his suit, using all the eloquence of words and harmless lady-bribes to engage her warmly in his behalf. Laura was naturally of a gay, coquettish disposition, and pleased with the attractive manners and generous hand of the cavalier, lent herself heartily to his cause. She discovered a woman's natural sympathy for the difficulties of the lovers, and consoled and counselled each by turn, bidding them hope on and persevere till they should arrive at the happy termination of their troubles. Guido and Imelda bestowed scarcely more regard upon each other than they did upon her whom they believed their truest and staunchest friend.

But there came another actor in the scene, whose agency was at first unfelt and unsuspected. This was the dwarf who attended on Signora Imelda in the capacity of page, according to a fashion prevalent in noble families in that age. Dominic was not ill-formed, nor was he ill-tempered, although somewhat capricious to others than his mistress. Toward her, he always manifested strict respect and attention. He seemed by some intuitive power ever able to interpret aright her slightest look and gesture. She was sometimes startled by the sudden flashes of intelligence which contradicted his usually silent and seemingly unobservant demeanor. Toward the Signora Laura, Dominic manifested an aversion so marked as to draw on him the reproof of his mistress.

"I do her no wrong—I do her no wrong," he replied, his eyes gleaming and his whole frame agitated with the emotion which he felt. "She is not worthy of the signora's friendship."

"My poor Dominic, you are surely beside yourself. The lady Laura is the truest friend whom I possess. You know not what she has done for me. Half of my life, I might say, would be taken from me were I deprived of her. But she is sometimes thoughtless in her ways, and I have noticed her amusing herself with my little page in a manner which I fear has provoked his enmity. Is it not so, Dominic? Do not be unjust even where you have reason to complain."

"I hate her!" cried Dominic, with a fiery earnestness which caused his mistress to shrink from him with a fear entirely new. "She has a bad heart, I say, and cannot be worthy of your friendship. She may flatter, and smile, and play the hypocrite, but will she ever, like your faithful Dominic, be ready to yield life itself to promote your welfare? No—not she. Mark me when I say it, my lady: she will betray your confidence, if you ever lend her any which she deems worth betraying."

Surprised at the excited manner of the dwarf, Imelda regarded him more attentively, as it seemed to her, than she had ever done before. Her imagination, for a moment, invested him with certain of those mysterious attributes which popular legends were wont to ascribe to beings peculiarly diminutive in stature. She likened Dominic to the wizard dwarfs of northern caverns, whose beneficent or whose malignant influence is so frequently felt by their superstitious neighbors. Or she made him akin to the gnomes, who pierce the bowels of the earth for untold gold, and silver, and wealth of precious stones. Gazing on his swart face, she smiled at the fancies which she had conjured up. Dominic saw the change in her expression, and attributed it to a cause foreign from the right. His features immediately became agitated afresh, and his eyes filled with moisture.

"You laugh at me and my words," he said. "But do not imagine that I am the puny, brainless being whom you think me to be. I can think, and see, and do, and dare, better than many of those who look on me with scorn. Dominic can at least say with truth that he has well served her whom he is proud to own as his mistress."

Imelda was affected, even to tears, by the pain inflicted on his morbidly sensitive disposition, and by the allusion to the faithful and assiduous service which the dwarf had ever rendered to her.

"You wrong me, my poor Dominic," she said. "You have indeed served your mistress faithfully, and do not, I pray you, think her unmindful of it, or that she judges your capacity merely. Neither suppose that she had the slightest thought of making you a subject of ridicule and laughter. You believe me, Dominic?"

The dwarf darted forward and dropped on his knee before her. To seize her hand and bear it to his lips, to spring to his feet and fly from the room, was only the motion of an instant.

"Singular being!" so thought Imelda to herself. "Can it be possible, that his mind has in it a tinge of madness? He has moments in which he appears so overcome by sudden impulses that I hardly know what to think of him. And Laura, too,—a traitress, false to friendship and honor! The thing is impossible. It were a shame even to entertain the thought. Some thoughtless jest of hers at Dominic has jaundiced the poor fellow's eyes, and given to his vision of her an entirely false color."

Notwithstanding her confidence in Laura, which she persuaded herself to be complete and undisturbed, Imelda was conscious of a depression which she could not entirely overcome. There was a vague sense of impending evil, uniting with the denunciation of the dwarf to shake that implicit faith in her chosen friend, which it was according to her nature to entertain. In a great degree however, her feeling had its origin in the fact that she was about to decide regarding a step, whose consequences, if taken, she was totally unable to foresee. The crisis of her attachment to Guido had come. He besought her to unite her fate indissolubly with his own, secretly though it must need be for the present. But there would come an opportunity by-and-by when party spirit might be persuaded from its rancor, and when their union might be openly and happily proclaimed. But if the future should disappoint this expectation, they would fly their native land, taking refuge in some region where they would live undisturbed, happy even in the most obscure condition. Such was the pleading of Guido; and his words found sufficient aid in her own heart as well as in the encouragement which Laura offered in behalf of his suit. Yet she shrank at the thought of the consequences which might ensue, in some measure to herself, but much more to her lover, through the premature discovery of such a marriage. Her brothers had repeatedly vowed vengeance on the family of the Geremei, who had often thwarted them in their schemes of petty power. Let them but entertain a suspicion of Guido's designs on their sister, and his life would be in immediate danger. While such fears made her doubly apprehensive, the warning of the dwarf fastened itself more strongly on her mind. An incident, long since forgotten, returned fully to recollection, giving form and significance to a suspicion which she was not willing to own, but of which she was unable to divest herself.

About three years before, a suitor of Laura, Ugolo Foscare by name, had been concerned in a street quarrel between certain of the Guelph and Ghibelline partisans. In the affray, several were killed on each side. Among the Ghibellines fell Foscare, who died in less than half an hour after receiving the fatal wound. Rumor assigned to Guido Geremei the dealing of the blow, but not with evidence sufficient to substantiate the charge. Imelda knew not that her friend had had any decided attachment to young Foscare; but there might have been something of the kind, and if so, what fearful significance might not rest in that invective of Dominic's, which, at first, bore in her mind so absurd a character. Could it be possible that his words were founded on a keen perception of passions which, to common eyes, were invisible? Had she not been amazed, more than once, with the wonderful acuteness which the dwarf displayed on occasions when his mental powers had fully asserted themselves? Could it be possible that, underneath the guise of earnest friendship, the companion so trusted was putting in effect a scheme of deliberate revenge? and that the unsuspecting Guido was to be led on, till, at the very moment when about to seize the full cup of happiness, it should be dashed from his lips by the hand of blood? Could such refinement of cruelty exist in the heart of one so given to gaiety, almost levity of disposition? Yet such instances had been, and such might again be, in the sunny clime where the deeper passions of time rage beneath a smiling surface. Circumstances utterly trivial before, now assumed an ominous import. Laura's demeanor had not, of late, been so evenly cheerful as it was wont to be. Lines such as painful thoughts are wont to form, marred her usually clear and lustrous countenance. Could such as these be indications of a meditated treachery?

In these torturing suggestions she sat so deeply absorbed, as to be unaware that the person whom they most directly concerned had, in the meantime, entered her apartments, and was now standing by her side. Aroused by the sound of her friend's voice, Imelda upturned a countenance so pallid that Laura drew back in alarm.

"What is the matter, my dear lady?" she exclaimed.

Imelda looked steadfastly in her face before she answered:

"I cannot—no, I cannot believe that there is treachery in one who wears a countenance so frank and beaming."

"What do you mean, Imelda?" inquired the other, changing color, yet steadily meeting the gaze of her friend.

"Laura, you shall hear what is in my mind, for I will not entertain even the shadow of a doubt against you, unless there be cause for it."

Imelda then recounted the words of the dwarf. She also spoke of Foscare's death, and of Guido's supposed agency therein, and of the feelings which she had imagined might be induced in Laura by the violent death of a lover to whom she was attached.

"I know you will not blame me," she continued, "for these thoughts, however baseless they may be. You see how naturally they have risen. It is not, dear Laura, that I am forgetful, ungrateful, unmindful of your kindnesses, but, pardon me, I could not help the thoughts. You know that a word, a look, even, from you, would be sufficient to betray a secret every day more dangerous. Guido's life and mine are at your mercy."

The mention of Foscare's name produced on Laura a very visible effect. She bent her eyes on the floor, and did not lift them until her companion had ceased to speak. And even when she gave answer, they remained half averted from her companion.

"I did not really love him," she replied. "But he was well born, and brave, and I certainly did not dislike him. When he died, I wept for him, for he was worthy of it, and I felt shocked at the manner of his fate. It was but the other day that I learned the sure fact that it was Geremei's hand which dealt the death-blow. The thing had never been told me before, or if I had heard of such a thing, it had been forgotten as an idle, untrustworthy rumor. I will own that, when I knew the truth, my feelings underwent a change toward Geremei. I could not think of him as

I had done before, for I looked on him as the destroyer of one for whom I had much regard. Yet I reflected that he was, doubtless, not much to be blamed, for Ugolo, at the time, refused to name the author of his death, saying that it was a fair meeting, and that his death had been brought on by his own doing."

She paused, leaning her head on her hand. Imelda regarded her with anxious eyes. Such deliberation and gravity of speech she had never met in Laura before, and they showed that she might, perhaps, feel more deeply than she was willing to avow.

"Laura, you will not turn against us on this account? Surely, in these evil times, such things may take place without criminal design on either hand. You cannot believe Guido to be a blood-thirsty bravo? Let it pass, then, dear Laura; as far as may be, let it pass. Do not withdraw yourself from us now, when most we need your friendship."

"No!" replied Laura, throwing her arms around her friend. "I will not. The past is past, and though its remembrance may give me pain, I do not wish to make it more painful by seeking to revenge it. And if I should desire ill against your lover, I know that it cannot reach him without reaching you also. There, love, do not be alarmed when you find that your Laura is not altogether such a harmless, frivolous creature as you and others have thought her. I am capable of things you little dreamed of, dear Imelda, but I am not going to harm either yourself or your handsome cavalier. I will take good care of him, I assure you."

Imelda looked inquiringly into the eyes of her friend. She was inclined to not half like the malicious smile which then met her gaze. But when Laura, with a tenderer regard, embraced her closely, and bade her no longer harass herself with baseless doubts, Imelda hesitated not to give again the complete confidence of her heart. Near an hour had passed, and the two were still together, when a light step was heard, and Lorenzo (as she understood it to be), her younger brother, stole softly into her apartment. She turned toward her visitor with a look of questioning surprise. He, however, answered only by putting his finger to his lips in token of silence, and approaching, threw himself before her, removing, at the same time, a velvet cap whose visor had partly concealed his face. As he did so, Imelda uttered a half stifled cry.

"Guido! Can this be you? How dare you, and in such a guise, too? How can you be so venturesome?"

"I dare anything," said Guido, seizing her hand, "to obtain you. Now mark you, Imelda: you have three times put me off from the hour which should make me the happiest of men. You say that I shall encounter danger, death, and all that, the moment that you become wholly mine. Let it come. Peril I fear not—that I encounter every day. If you are willing to undergo an inconvenience which, I trust, cannot be very great as far as merely yourself is concerned, there is no impediment which should restrain your consent to our immediate union. You have trifled with me, Imelda,—trifled with me in dallying thus. See! I come into the very jaws of death to meet you; to show you how useless it is to make the pretext of my danger a bar against what you own you would otherwise consent to. Nay, look not so reproachfully on me; I mean not altogether what I say. But to-morrow, just after the vesper hour, the good Father Paolo, whom you well know, will be in waiting at the palace entrance next adjoining the convent of Santa Rosa, and opening from the covered way through which you sometimes pass in going to and from the cathedral. You doubtless remember the mansion, for I have often told you that it should be my dwelling and yours, when better days arrived. To-morrow, then, with Laura for your companion, meet me there. Before Father Paolo, change with me the vows which shall make you my bride. A trusty friend shall keep the door meanwhile, and then, as the streets grow dark, we will take the road for Rome. By to-morrow morn, we will be far away, I warrant you, from all who wish us harm. Will you come, love? Ah, that downcast countenance! I have asked too much. I have asked too severe a proof of your affection—too great to bestow."

Imelda took his hand gently within her own, and touched her lips to his brow.

"I will come," she replied, in a low, soft whisper. "My fate is yours, Guido. Now, obey me, and hasten away. They will kill you, if they find you here."

Guido pressed her hand once more to his lips, and departed. As he passed along the street, thanking the stars that he had not encountered any of the household, a diminutive figure watched him from an upper window of the Lambertazzi palace. It was Dominic. The next moment, Guido vanished in the darkness, and the dwarf, with a passionate gesture, slid noiselessly from his perch, and hurried down the stone steps to the little chamber where he slept. Here he threw himself on his bed, and, burying his face in its covering, sought to stifle the cries he could not restrain.

"I heard it all!" he moaned. "To-morrow, then, she forsakes poor Dominic. Not a word—not a thought for him. Ah, she little knows whither it is that she goes! Would she but heed my warning! but no—she will not. Why should I give it? She is doomed to be deceived—betrayed."

Through all the night he lay there, moaning with pain, twisting and writhing like a wounded snake. Morn came, and still there, prostrate on the bed, and fevered with ... continued the puny form. Nor was Dominic missed till near ... when a servant came to his room.

"Ho! Dominic, idler as thou art, out with thee, and attend thy mistress. Here have we been, trudging up and down stairs, for I know not how long, in search of thee. Dost hear?"

The dwarf bounded on the floor, turning on the servant a gaze so malignant that the latter stepped back fairly abashed.

"Go," said the dwarf,—"go, or else I will spit venom in your eyes! Go; say I will come when I choose, and not till then!"

The servant made no reply, but went away, muttering to him-

self something about "demons" and "exorcising the imp." He repeated to his mistress the answer which he had received. Imelda, surprised at the insolent rejoinder, recalled the domestic, and inquired if he had informed her rightly.

"Even so, my lady," was the answer. "And though he often has his fits of rage among us, yet I think no one ever saw him wear so furious a countenance before. He raved at me as though the foam were ready to fly from his mouth."

"Very well; you need remain no longer. I will visit him myself. Poor fellow," continued Imelda, discoursing with herself; "he and his similars are subject to those distempered moods. Yet his frenzy always calms at my approach. Poor Dominic! He is faithful as a very dog. I fear I shall miss him sadly."

The dwarf knew her approach, although her light footfall could scarce have been heard by a fairy's ear. His mistress found him sitting on his low couch, his thick, brown hair hanging in disorder about his face. This last was inflamed as it would have been with fever. His eyes were strained and bloodshot.

"How is this, Dominic?" asked the lady, in a reproving voice. "Are you in pain? Are you sick? Surely you cannot be yourself, to return such an answer to my message."

"They flout me," he answered, sullenly turning his head. "They endeavor to irritate me constantly. But let them beware! I can revenge, if I am but a dwarf!"

"Dominic, Dominic, beware of yourself! It is yourself that is at fault. You are jealous, capricious, and too often unreasonable with every one except myself. I command you—entreat you to crush the temper which makes you so disagreeable. Even those who visit me you do not spare. The Signora Laura has been forced to complain of your demeanor."

"Ay, ay!" retorted the dwarf, gasping with a new accession of rage. "She whom you deem so good—so angelic! I say she is a hypocrite, a Jezebel, fit only for the hangman!"

"Hold, sirrah!" exclaimed his mistress, her eyes sparkling with indignation. "Since when is it that I have permitted you to take such liberty of speech in my presence? Remain, then, where you are, till you are able to restrain your tongue more effectually."

So saying, she went away. The dwarf sat motionless for an instant, stunned, as it were, by that severity of manner which he had never before observed in his mistress. Then covering his face, he threw himself back in his former posture.

At the vesper hour, Imelda and Laura issued forth on their way to the cathedral; but soon, retracing their steps, entered the palace which Guido had pointed out. There they found the young cavalier anxiously awaiting them. With him was a venerable, white-haired priest whom Guido addressed as Father Paolo.

"My children," said the old priest, regarding the lovers with a kindly countenance, "you venture much in this matter. But if your motives are right and well considered (and I understand it so to be), then let us hope that this marriage may be an earnest of good to yourselves, and even to those relatives who oppose it. Heaven save our city from the discord which now distracts it, and bring together its people in bonds of unity and peace. Come, then, my children, I now begin to read the service."

The ceremony having been concluded, Father Paolo took them each by the hand, added a few words of paternal advice, and gave them his benediction. Then he bade them farewell, and departed. Laura, also, having embraced her friend, now took leave. The tears sprang to Imelda's eyes as she saw herself thus separated from all save him who had now become more than ever her chiefest friend. But he, approaching her, kissed away the sparkling drops.

"Courage, my love—my wife!" he said. "Our good steeds even now stand harnessed in the court below. And, with such a brave rider like thyself, we will soon be among scenes more prosperous to our fates. See, from the window here, how my good Gandolfo tosses his head, and sends his mane streaming on the air like the pennon of a knight banneret. He knows the fair burden which he is to bear this eve, and right truly will he do his duty, I warrant me."

The young bride glanced eagerly at the gallant courser, and so doing, the infectious spirit which burned in the bosom of her new-made lord, seemed, in that instant, communicated to herself. She placed her arm around the manly form of her husband, and laying her cheek against his own, whispered in his ear the following words from her favorite Petrarch:

"With thee, I gladly tempt the untried earth,
And in thy noble being find a second birth."

"O thou most delicate flatterer!" exclaimed Guido. "But see! the shadows grow more dusk; the hour arrives which summons—"

"Thee to death!" said a hoarse voice behind them. Turning quickly at the sound, the brothers Nicolo and Lorenzo Lambertazzi stood before them. Men gaunt of aspect, dark featured, and with eyes fired by inextinguishable hatred.

"Spare him—spare him!" cried Imelda, throwing herself as a shield between Guido and those who were advancing on him. "Spare him, brothers! He now belongs to me—to you. He is my husband!"

"De jure, sed non de facto," answered Nicolo, with a low, mocking laugh. "And if he were so in very deed, our good steel would not bate a tittle of its due. Stand forth, then, young whelp! Out rapier, and meet thy fate like a man, if such thou claimest to be!"

"Do your work," answered Guido, eyeing them with a stern countenance. "You see that I am armored with a silken doublet, while you are encased in plates of solid metal. Your daggers are pointed against a brother; but what is a brother's claim when valued by a murderer's heart. Strike!"

"Thou must strike through me, then!" exclaimed Imelda. "Nay, I will not be removed hence. It is vain to attempt it!"

"O girl! The daggers are poisoned!"

She answered her brothers with one pale, flashing look, which, for a second's space, held paralyzed the assassin's stroke. Then roused to shame at the weakness of a moment, they flung themselves on Guido, striking at him with their daggers. Their blows were at first warded off by his own address, and by the devotion of his wife, who persisted in her self-exposure in spite of every effort to prevent her. The brothers, exasperated at length by her obstinacy, struck furiously at their victim, regardless of any impediment. Guido fell, lifeless and pierced with wounds. Imelda, regardless of the injuries which she herself had suffered, threw her arms around the body of her lord.

"He is dead!" she said, with the calmness of concentrated despair. "Go!"

Nicolo and Lorenzo gazed on her with a troubled countenance. The storm of rage had swept by, and was succeeded by the lull of gloomy remorse.

"Are you hurt?" they asked

"No—I am not hurt. Go!"

"She will be out of her frenzy, presently," said Nicolo, to his brother. "Come, let us look up Messer Castro, the burial undertaker. We will see that what lies there, has, at least, a decent bestowal."

"Let us go, then," said the other. "In faith, I could almost wish, now, that the thing were not done."

They were gone. But now, from a recess which had been shadowed by the door, there stole forth a distorted, ghastly form. Crouching, crawling, as though under the oppression of some horrid weight, he crept to the side of Imelda. The latter, made conscious of another presence, glanced toward it.

"My poor dwarf—my poor Dominic!" she exclaimed. "They have killed him and me!"

The dwarf made no answer, but shrinking from her gaze, trembled with agitation. His mistress was deeply touched by this proof of sympathy.

"My poor Dominic!" she said, once more. "Thou, at least, and Laura will compassionate me. I have no longer any friends but you. Ah, they have killed him—my life—my all!"

"It is false!" exclaimed Dominic, springing to his feet with a convulsive cry. "I killed him—I killed him! I led them higher. It was I. See, mistress—there lies his sword, all bloody! Strike me to the heart with it, mistress! Strike—so my breath may pass into the dead, and he may live again!"

His hearer answered him, with a countenance whose tearless rigidity was scarce disturbed by the dwarf's delirious speech.

"Dominic," she said, "your brain is turned. It cannot bear like mine. Go, call Father Paolo. Tell him what has happened. Tell him that I wish this dear body borne to the convent, where I may, perchance, be permitted to watch by its side. Fly, Dominic, if you have care or sympathy for me."

The dwarf obeyed. Imelda still held the lifeless form in her embrace. Quickly stripping the vestments from Guido's shape, with eager tenderness she pressed her lips to his wounds. She hesitated not to draw the tide of death from his veins to her own. Closer and more eagerly to finish the hopeful work. Lo! there is yet hope. Above the heart, a hardly perceptible warmth holds conflict with the gathering chill. It glows apace. He breathes—he lives!

"Ora pro nobis, O Mater! Ora pro nobis!"

Looking up, Imelda beheld Father Paolo, whose moistened cheek attested the sincerity of the emotion almost unheeded by his fair companion. Instantly she was once more watching the unclosed eyes of her beloved charge. Without turning her face, she pointed to a bier which two monks had just set down by the side of the aged priest.

"She is right," said the latter. "Ignatius, Lucius, help us to place the wounded man on the bier."

Guido was borne to the convent, within whose walls he and Imelda were, for some time, kept concealed. For weeks he was unable to rise from his bed. After that, however, he gained strength rapidly, and within two months from the time of their entrance, Guido and his wife were secretly conveyed beyond the city gates, and made their escape undisturbed to Rome. Here they remained in contented obscurity, till the death of the brothers Lambertazzi and the subsidence of political feud allowed them to return to Bologna.

The dwarf never saw the lady Imelda after the moment when he left her by the body of her husband to execute the message to Father Paolo. Nor did he ever quit the walls of the convent which he then for the first time entered. He steadily refused again to see his mistress, who received with mingled pity and horror the confession which he caused the venerable priest to deliver to her. It appeared that the dwarf had conceived such an attachment to his mistress as to cause him to become insanely jealous of all whom his mistress regarded with favor. The discovery of the love of Imelda and Guido, and their approaching marriage, brought the morbid passion to its culminating point. For a space he struggled against himself, till after the departure of Imelda and Laura from the Lambertazzi palace. Then, aware of the errand on which they went, and overwhelmed by a guilty infatuation, he hastened to the brothers of his mistress, and informed them of the marriage about to be concluded. Thus he became the agent of a catastrophe which had very nearly cost the life of the lady whom he idolized, as well as that of her husband. Though he never again saw those to whom he had caused so much injury, yet he had the satisfaction of receiving their full forgiveness.

As for Guido and Imelda, their lives, happily themselves, were the cause of much happiness to others. The mingling of two families, who for years had been leaders of opposing factions, annihilated the strife which had existed between the parties of Guelph and Ghibelline.

EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN FISHERIES.

We present our readers on this and the succeeding page with authentic sketches representing various modes of fishery pursued in Europe. The first of these delineates a very picturesque scene on the banks of Lake Sostrand in Norway; the bold shores, the fisher's cot, the clustering trees, and the peculiar apparatus which we are about to describe, afford a singular combination of striking features. The Norwegian salmon, which are very large and of excellent quality, are caught in various ways. The method we have depicted appears to be very effective. A traveller who witnessed it says that, in descending the Sostrand *fjord*, he noticed a number of small barrels floating on the surface of the water. "These barrels, at a short distance from each other, were secured each by a thin cord or rope, and all these cords were joined together at the end of a high scaffolding that projected over the *fjord*. It was a sort of platform, long and narrow, one end of which rested on the bank, while the other, at a slight angle of elevation, was supported on long poles on the edge of the rock that advanced into the water. It was not long before I saw the head and arm of a man, whose body was concealed behind a sort of screen made of planks, at the end of the platform. Although he did not make the least motion, he appeared very much occupied, and was evidently not perched on that frail observatory for motives of mere curiosity. My boatman explained the enigma by telling me he was fishing for salmon. A large net is suspended horizontally under the barrels, and the extreme transparency of the waters of the *fjord* permits the fisherman to see all the fish that swim in it. When a shoal of salmon passes over his net, he rapidly draws up in one clue all the cords attached to the different barrels; the barrels thus close together at one point, the net is shut and all the fish in it are taken. Although the *fjords* abound with fish, as also the mountain streams that discharge themselves into them, it appears that these men often lie in ambush the best part of a day without taking anything; but one fortunate capture is an ample reward." The dwellers on the borders of many rivers and streams resort to another and very simple method of taking salmon. They either make artificial embankments, or avail themselves of the rocky ledges that divide the stream into several narrow passages, and on each of these they place two sluices, one above and the other below, which they can open and shut at pleasure. The fish, having once entered these locks, are prevented from proceeding or returning, and are then taken easily by hand. The salmon is of unrivalled excellence among fishes as an article of food, and it is of great commercial importance. There is much that is peculiar about its habits. It is a migratory fish, existing for a portion of the year in fresh water, and for the remainder in the sea. It is a native of fresh water, and shoals of salmon annually work their way up the rivers, ascending even considerable falls of water to deposit their spawn. They will clear rapids or falls which are eight or ten feet in height, and, though at first



SALMON-SPEARING BY TORCHLIGHT.



SALMON-FISHING IN NORWAY.

baffled in their efforts, resume the attempt with surprising vigor. Sometimes they overshoot or mistake their mark, and throw themselves upon dry land. Though they seldom spring more than ten feet out of water, they have been known to descend a fall of thirty feet, and to leap over a dry rock of considerable height and drop into the water on the other side. At the fall of Kilmorac, on the Beaulieu, at Inverness-shire, Scotland, a kettle was once placed upon the flat rock on the south side of the fall, close by the edge of the water, and kept full and boiling, until a suicidal salmon leaped into the kettle, and was cooked on the spot. This was one of the wonders of which the Frasers of Lovat, lords of the manor, were particularly proud. Our next engraving represents a highly exciting and picturesque scene—that of salmon-spearing by torchlight. The sport, always presenting striking features, is here heightened by the accessories. To the crowded boats with the busy spearmen and glaring lights, is added a background of stern ledge and tumbling water dimly lighted by the full moon set in the misty sky. The spearing of salmon requires great skill and dexterity. Nets are placed in various directions in pools of deep clear water. The disturbance of the water by the boats, and the glare of the lights, terrify the fish, which rush into the nets, and those passing within reach are dexterously speared. In "Guy Mannering," Sir Walter Scott describes very vividly a scene of salmon-hunting by torchlight. Our next picture represents a group of English fishing-boats at Hastings, with the fishermen mending their nets. These craft are broad enough in the beam to ensure their safety. Hastings is one of the Cinque Ports, Sussex County, on the English Channel, at the eastern termination of the south coast railway. Fisheries and boat-building employ a great number of hands here. The next picture represents the method of fishing in Canada. A Canadian stands balanced at each end of the canoe with his spear. An Indian woman, with a papoose on her back, is drying fish by a fire, while a hunter in the foreground is loading his rifle. This manner of fishing requires dexterity in its management which only an Indian or a Canadian voyageur is capable of. Two men occupy a canoe in the centre of the stream: one poises himself on each edge of the vessel in front, the other in a similar way behind; each has a spear. The canoe, though in the centre of the rapid stream, amid rocks and shoals or eddies, is kept perfectly steady, and in a straight course, by occasional thrusts and shoves at any object which presents itself—an overhanging or sunken rock, or the broken trunk of a fallen tree. The labor of keeping the canoe steady does not interfere with the spearing of the fish, which is carried on in silence and with unceasing attention. The fish, as they are caught, are jerked off the spear into the boat; they are afterwards handed over to the women, who clean them and dry them by suspending them from a stick over a smoky fire. Our next engraving shows a Russian fishing-boat off St. Petersburg, a regular Noah's ark in appearance, built over on deck, and looking like a block of floating ten-footers. Boats lay

alongside, and up the gangway a Russian, with his four-sided cap and long frock, is passing gravely. The structure is certainly a very curious one. Our last engraving shows a party of French fishermen angling for mackerel with stout poles in a heavy sea, a mode of catching fish at which our Gloucester fishermen will be, perhaps, inclined to smile. The method is certainly not the most expeditious that might be adopted. The mackerel is one of the most delicious table-fish there, while in beauty of appearance it is unsurpassed by few. They are abundant on the French and English coasts as they are on ours. The mackerel fishery affords employment to numbers of French and English. The mackerel approaches the coast of England in large shoals, and it was formerly considered that its annual movements were from northern to southern, and from southern to northern latitudes; but this fish is found in the British seas at all seasons of the year, though in winter they are not numerous. When the fishermen commence fishing early, they are obliged to proceed a considerable distance out to sea, approaching the coast as the season advances. The first catch of the season commands a very high price. There are three modes of fishing pursued in Europe—with drift nets, with seines and with the line. By the latter, a couple of men will take from five hundred to one thousand a day, if it be favorable. The fishermen prefer a smart breeze, which they call a "mackerel gale." The French boats go out frequently with six or eight people on board, all of whom fish with the line, some hands tending two lines. The fish bite voraciously; frequently a rag attached to the hook is sufficient bait. The seine fishing requires two boats. The drift-net fishing is thus described by Mr. Yarrell:—"The drift net is twenty feet deep by one hundred and twenty feet long, well corked at the top, but without lead at the bottom. They are made of small fine twine, which is tanned of a reddish-brown color, to preserve it from the action of the sea-water, and it is thereby rendered much more durable. The size of the mesh is about two inches and a half, or rather larger. Twelve, fifteen and sometimes eighteen of these nets are attached lengthwise, by tying along a thick rope, called a drift rope, and, at the ends of each net, to each other. When arranged for depositing in the sea, a large buoy attached to the end of the drift-rope is thrown overboard, the vessel is put before the wind, and, as she sails along, the rope with the nets thus attached is passed over the stern into the water till the whole of the nets are run out. The net thus deposited hangs suspended in the water perpendicularly twenty feet from the drift-rope, and extending from three-quarters of a mile to a mile, or even a mile and a half, depending on the number of nets belonging to the party or company engaged in fishing together. When the whole of the nets are thus handed out, the drift-rope is shifted from the stern to the bow of the vessel, and she rides by it as if at anchor. The benefit gained by the boats hanging at the end of the drift-rope is, that the net is kept strained in a straight line, which, without this pull upon it, would not be the case." The nets are set in the evening, and sometimes hauled once during the night; at others,



ENGLISH FISHING-BOATS AT HASTINGS.



CANADIANS SPEARING FISH IN THE RAPIDS.

allowed to remain in the water all night. The drift-rope is hauled in by means of a capstan. The boats employed are generally about thirty feet long, built of oak or ash, copper-fastened, with great depth of waist and breadth of beam, and are considered both fast and safe. The seasons of the mackerel fishery fluctuate greatly, an abundant being succeeded by an unproductive one; or, several plentiful seasons may occur together, and be followed by as many of scarcity. On some nights two or three thousand fish will be caught by one boat, and another, not more than a mile distant, may not take one hundred. This uncertainty contributes to render the fishery a precarious source of subsistence to those who can only embark capital in it on a small scale, and cannot stand against the unforeseen reverses which may occur in a short period, but are counterbalanced on an average of years. As instances of the great variation of price experienced in the mackerel fishery, some examples, cited by Mr. Yarrel, may be quoted:—"In May, 1807, the first Brighton boat load of mackerel sold at Billingsgate for forty guineas per hundred—seven shillings each, reckoning six score to the hundred. The next boat-load produced but thirteen guineas per hundred. At Dover, in 1808, mackerel were sold at sixty for a shilling. In 1834, they were cried through the streets of London at three for a shilling (twenty-three cents.)" Mr. Yarrel mentions several instances of great success in this fishery. The value of the catch of sixteen boats from Lowestoft, on the 30th of June, 1831, amounted to £5252. In March, 1833, on a Sunday, four Hastings boats brought on shore 10,800 fish, and the next day two boats brought 7000 fish. Early in the month of February, 1834, one boat's crew from Hastings cleared £100 (500 dollars) by the fish caught in a single night. The fish are sold by auction on the beach; and at Billingsgate, the dealers sell them in quantities above fifteen, which is the lowest number disposed of by wholesale; some dealers will not sell less than a hundred of six score. During the season, about 100,000 mackerel are brought to Billingsgate in the course of one week. The uncertainty with regard to the commencement of the season extends to prices, and to the success of each boat, and resembles a lottery in which there are some high prizes and many scarcely worth striving for; but the hope of obtaining the former is the great stimulus to exertion. The competition and excitement attending the fishery business is admirably described in Charles Reade's powerful novel, "Christie Johnstone," published by Ticknor & Fields of this city. May and June are the busiest months for mackerel fishing in England. The mackerel may be considered as frequenting nearly every part of the coasts of the United Kingdom, but it is most abundant on the southern portion of Great Britain, on the coasts of Sussex, Kent, Hampshire and the western counties, and on those of Suffolk and Norfolk. They do not make their appearance on the Scotch coast

until late in the summer. Whatever may be the fact as to their migration to the Arctic seas, the following statement, taken from the Edinburgh Journal of Science, shows that they are found in those latitudes under singular circumstances:—"Admiral Pleville Lepley, who had had his home on the ocean for half a century, assured M. Lacepede that, in Greenland, in the smaller bays, surrounded with rock, so common on this coast, where the water is always calm, and the bottom generally soft mud and juice, he had seen, in the beginning of spring, myriads of mackerel, with their heads sunk some inches in the mud, their tails elevated vertically above its level; and that this mass of fish was such that, at a distance, it might be taken for a reef of rocks. The admiral supposed that the mackerel had passed the winter torpid under the ice and snow, and added that, for fifteen or twenty days after their arrival, these fishes were affected with a kind of blindness, and that then many were taken with the net; but as they received their sight, the nets would not answer, and hooks and lines were used." The study of fishes or ichthyology (from the Greek *ikthus*, a fish, and *logos*, a discourse or treatise,) is not only very interesting, but very important. Of all classes of vertebrate animals, there is not one which affords so great a number of species useful as food to man. Nor is the supply scanty: they are drawn by millions from the deep; the work of fisheries gives employment to thousands, and the amount of capital employed is enormous. The fisheries have been considered as an excellent school for seamen, and the best sailors and commanders in the mercantile and naval marine of this country have served an apprenticeship at the fishing business. Tenants of the waters of our globe, the organization of these animals expressly fits them for their liquid element. They are clothed neither with hair nor feathers, but with smooth scales, often beautifully bright and delicate, giving uniformity of service to a compact contour, admirably adapted for progress through the waters. Some, it is true, have a hard osseous envelope, like the Ostraceans; and others are arranged in a panoply of spines, as the Tetraodons and Diodons, which remind us of the hedgehog. There are some, also, as the eel, the codfish, shark, etc., which have the skin naked, smooth and slippery. As is the case with terrestrial animals, they vary in their habits and powers of locomotion. Some move slowly along, others cleave the waves with the velocity of an arrow, bear up the rapids and clear the falls with wonderful energy. Many persons regard the fins as the principal organs of locomotion in fishes, but these, in fact, are principally used as balancers of the body, as agents in turning the direction of the animal's course, or of guiding it as it swims along. It is the tail or elongated muscular extremity of the fish, tipped with a broad extended web or fin, which constitutes the efficient organ of locomotion. The fish sculls itself along by rapid strokes from side to side, as may be seen by disturbing one of these animals while at rest and watching its motions. It is by the movements of the same organ, only more violently exerted, that the fish leaps out of the water, springs at insects, or clears the water-



COMMON FISHING-BOAT OF ST. PETERSBURG.

fall; and we may further observe that it is only in such fishes as have the tail muscular and powerful and the body compactly shaped, that this faculty of leaping exists. The large-headed, slender-tailed codfish cannot leap, but the salmon and trout will spring several feet above the surface of the water. The use of the fins as balancers was proved by the experiments of Boullé, who observed that when both the ventral and pectoral fins of fishes were cut off, all their motions were unsteady, and they reeled from right to left, and down, in a very irregular manner. An internal sac, usually termed the swimming bladder, a reservoir of air placed beneath the spine, and varying in form and size in different species, by the inhalation or expulsion of its contents, enables it to sink or rise. The sight of fishes is ordinarily very acute, and there is no longer a doubt that fishes hear. They have, however, no external auditory apparatus. But a full description of the organization and structure of these interesting animals would require volumes. In this connection, we may introduce an account of a curious fish recently brought to light in New Mexico. The description is given in the Rochester, N. Y., Union of April 17, the fish being styled a "fish with four legs."—"We saw, yesterday, a queer creature for this part of the country, viz., a fish having four distinct and useful legs. Near Fort Defiance, New Mexico, there is a stream of water which comes down from a canon in the mountains, and just before meeting the fort, suddenly sinks into the earth, and is entirely lost to view. It does not communicate with any other stream on the surface. In this brook, those legged creatures abound. The only mention of these fish was made by Captain Howard Stanfield, some years ago, but these that we saw were the only specimens ever brought to this country. They were obtained by Dr. Langworthy of this city, who had them in his possession but a short time before Prof. Agassiz became aware of it, and wrote to Dr. Langworthy expressing his great desire of obtaining them. He says, 'I can hardly tell you how very important the specimens would be to me, in the study of our natural history,' etc. They were sent to him by express yesterday. For a short description of the fish: In the first place, they look almost exactly like a miniature codfish, about six or seven inches long. On the back there is a membranous fin running from the shoulder to the tip of the tail, and a like fin underneath, except that it commences back of the hind legs. Projecting from the gills on each side, are five or six pendulous bodies, somewhat resembling small branches of the fir-tree, about an inch in length, appearing as though they were intended to take the place of the gills while the fish was in the air, that the blood, in circulating through them, might become decarbonized. This is all that is striking about the fish, except the four legs, placed precisely as the legs of the alligator, and very much resembling them in form. They are not useless excrescences, but real legs, used to advantage in procuring flies on the edge of the stream. They are a great curiosity on the whole. They were procured by Dr. Langworthy for the express purpose of sending to Agassiz, but he heard of it through Prof. Baird, and immediately wrote to ascertain if there was really a specimen of them in this city."



FRENCH FISHING-BOATS OFF THE COAST.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]
THE NEW PICTURE.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

C'est un tableau nouveau et vivant; il ne deviendra jamais vieux, il ne mourra jamais; car il vit dans mon cœur.

There's a picture new in memory's halls,
Upon it the earnest lovelight falls,
And never a dearer can grace the walls
Where oft I am fondly busy;
My eye goes glancing with scarce an aim,
But lingers before the golden frame
Of the picture new, that bears the name—
"A day with Jennie and Lizzie."

The scene is winter; earth's mantle gray;
Her rivulet veins have no more play;
The birds from her bosom have flown away,
Like hope from a lovelorn maiden:
The wooer sun is afar and cold;
His billet-doux rays to the frozen world
Are all intercept by Aquilon bold,
With only bitterness laden.

The frost-king ruleth o'er vast domains;
He's stealthily curtailing window panes,
That they within may not see the chains
He fast for his captives forges.
Atlantic even hath an icy gird,
And huddle his waves like a frightened herd,
Or a charger host by their riders spurred
Over height, through valley and gorges.

Such to a stranger eye the scene;
Desert and dread you say, I ween,
But lo! the secret—this is a queen
Disguised as a suffering peasant:
I view her over as on her throne;
Myself her subject delight to own;
To me is this never a frigid zone,
But tropic, and passing pleasant.

I see two forms of a mould to please;
Ivory fingers on ivory keys,
Lips sweet dowy with music—these
Are scenes wherewith I am busy.
Beauty I see; and I feel, the same,
Hearts bright glowing with friendship's flame,
As to mine I press the picture's name—
"A day with Jennie and Lizzie."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RUSSIAN SLAVE.

BY E. S. SMITH.

It was the epoch of the Congress of Vienna, when the fate of all Europe was decided amidst pomps and festivities without a rival in modern history. Tournaments, carousals, masked balls, theatres and operas, horse-racing and gambling, regattas, illuminations, fireworks, everything that the imagination could devise, was employed for the amusement of kings and their subjects.

Among the festivities prepared by the imperial committee, there figured a stag-hunt, and the woods in the neighborhood of Tchoenbron were gay with the crowd assembled to witness or participate in the sport. One person alone, splendidly dressed, and mounted on a high-bred horse, took no part in the amusement of the day. His eyes were intently fixed on Sir Richard Haight, an Englishman, noted for his great wealth, eccentricities, and his passion for gaming; he followed him wherever he went, and appeared desirous to attract his attention.

"What can this mean?" said Sir Richard to himself. "Twice have my eyes encountered this young man, and each time he has made the same mysterious gesture. I cannot be mistaken; it is intended for me." And he turned his horse's head towards the stranger, which the latter observing, advanced to meet him.

"Sir," said he, bowing, "I have had the honor to meet you before."

"Yes," replied the Englishman, vainly interrogating his memory; "yes, your face is a familiar one, but I cannot satisfy myself by pronouncing the name of its owner."

"You have never known my name. We met at Moscow."

"In society?"

"No; at the Hotel d'Angleterre, and other public places. Pardon me, if, with only this title to your notice, I have ventured to address you on this occasion. The importance of the motive will, I hope, be some excuse to a mind as generous as yours."

"What can I do for you?" said Haight, in a tone of great courtesy; yielding to the sympathetic interest which the pleasing face of the young man had already inspired.

"I have come to ask for liberty."

"For me?"

"For you."

"Are you not mistaken?" said Sir Richard, with some hesitation, not knowing exactly what to make of this strange request. "I am, Sir Richard Haight, an Englishman by birth, remarkable for nothing but a love of play—"

"And for success in it," cried the young man. "It is my only hope. If I should tell you, sir, that it is perhaps reserved for you to rescue a fellow-man from an opprobrious condition; to efface from his brow a mark that devotes him to scorn and humiliation, what would you reply?"

"You amaze me; for I cannot see what such an hypothesis can have to do with a gentleman like yourself!"

"A gentleman!—yes, by elevation of soul, perhaps, also, by education; but not by the accident of birth. I am a Russian slave, sir!"

"You!" said Haight, with astonishment.

"My name is Neston Chlestakoff, and the estate on which I was born belongs to Prince Osmanzoff."

"How can I serve you?" asked Haight, extending his hand frankly to the young man. "I would gladly do something more than pity you. But let us go this way," he added, turning into a path that led away from the throng. "It is to be more prudent. You know, perhaps, that the prince is here."

"Yes, but I could not choose the moment to speak to you. The prince gives an entertainment this evening, I believe, at his country-seat?"

"Yes."

"You will not return to Vienna, for after the fete you are to go to the chateau of the Baron Pushkine?"

"Yes."

"To play there?"

"The whole night; and the prince will be there."

"I was well informed." He hesitated a moment, and a deep shadow passed over his countenance.

"Is not that the livery of the prince that I see near us?" asked Sir Richard.

"It is."

"He cannot be far off. Shall we not endeavor to avoid him?"

"With all my heart! Not that I am afraid of being immediately recognized—many years have passed since we last met; but I could not exchange ten words with him without exciting remembrances, and then all would be lost."

"Let us follow this path, then." And putting spurs to their horses, they soon found themselves out of sight and hearing of the chase.

"Here," said Sir Richard, "we are safe from observation."

"Before going further," resumed the young Russian, "I must ask you to take charge of this," handing him a pocket-book. "Within it are bank notes to the amount of a million of roubles."

"A million!" exclaimed Haight, surprised out of his usual calm by the amount.

"Take it sir, I beg of you, and condescend to listen to me. My father and I were born on a small estate near the Volga; the estate belonged to Prince Osmanzoff, the father of the prince now in Vienna. My father was attached to his person for a long time, and served him with such zeal and devotion, that at his death he bequeathed him a considerable sum; but unfortunately for our family, he forgot his enfranchisement. My father traded in furs with Southern Russia, and being intelligent and energetic, he grew rapidly rich. My education was entrusted to a French emigrant; and to his care I owe all my subsequent success—for when I grew up, I joined my efforts to those of my father, and extending our operations to the East, I doubled his fortune in a few years. Our position as serfs excited the solicitude of my friend, the Frenchman, and he urged me to seek an adopted country in the western world; but though I ardently desired to withdraw my neck from the yoke of bondage, I could not fly without leaving my poor old father a prey to my master's vengeance. If I left Russia finally, the smallest punishment for him would be the loss of his property, and a return to the rude labors of slavery. I could not do it. Besides I nourished a hope that enabled me each day to await the morrow. I thought that Alexander, who, it was said, was ambitious of the title of regenerator of his country, would associate his name with the abolition of servitude. But all the philanthropy of the emperor, restrained as it was by the overbearing and pitiless nobles, produced only the ukase, that forbade the individual sale of the serfs; they could only be sold with the estate. I had waited in vain."

"Why did you not try to purchase yourself?"

"It would have been useless. The great Muscovite lords have made a horrible compact, binding themselves not to accept the ransom of a slave. Are you ignorant that a serf of Count Naroumoff offered two millions of roubles for his liberty, and was scornfully refused? Yet the count receives but a small annual tribute from this man—only a few roubles; but these great lords find a cruel pleasure in counting among their vassals, and absolutely dependent upon their caprice, millionaires, whose fortunes they can ruin in an instant. I have borne my hard lot with the fortitude of a Christian. I have endeavored to forget it in business, and travel, and deeds of charity; but now my courage fails, for I love—and the woman who accepts me for a husband, must accept the chain of slavery."

After a moment's pause, the young Russian resumed:

"Prince Osmanzoff, I have said, possesses an estate on the borders of the Volga. It contains only fifty houses, yet he will not sell it at any price. But the prince plays; and play is with him an unbridled passion, for which he will sacrifice everything. In the feverish excitement of this passion, he may be led to risk this estate. If he does so, he may lose. In this village I was born; my father was born there; my family are still there. Gain this village for me—man, Englishman, Christian; with this triple title I put my fate in your hands. You have an unlimited credit over my purse—stake everything—triumph at any price. If fate should be against you—if I must lose everything, and yet remain a slave, I will bless you for having tried to break my chains."

"I accept the task," said Sir Richard, gravely.

"This night?"

"No, this night circumstances will not permit; they will play lansquenets. Besides I have an engagement with another gentleman. But the day after, I think, a favorable occasion will naturally offer between Osmanzoff and myself. He will not hesitate, I think, from the tenacity he showed yesterday. I will profit by it."

"Thanks, Sir Richard!" said Chlestakoff. "And now we must separate. Your friends will seek you. I wish to avoid meeting them."

Four days after this conference, a dense crowd was collected in one of the gambling-halls, around a small table under the chandelier, at which were seated two players. They were Sir Richard Haight and Prince Osmanzoff. For two days these two had been contending for victory—now at lansquenets, now at faro, and now at ecarte; and the losses of Haight amounted to two hundred thousand roubles. The game at present was ecarte, and had been four against four; but the betters, becoming alarmed, thought it prudent to resume their stakes. They were renewed by the prince and Haight, and the stake now amounted in round numbers to fifty thousand florins.

The cards were shuffled and distributed, the trump card was hearts; they were to be renewed twice. Fire sparkled in the eyes of the prince, but those of Haight were impenetrable. It was not a man, but a statue; the expression never changed.

"Hearts!" said the prince.

"I have it."

"Hearts!" he replied.

"Here it is."

"Hearts again!"

"Here!"

"Hearts!"

Haight leaned back in his chair, looking with indifference on the table at the heap of gold, towards which the hands of the prince were eagerly extended. The joy of Osmanzoff amounted to intoxication.

"You will not stop playing, I hope, Sir Richard?" said he. "An Englishman never abandons the field of battle?"

"Never! prince!—nor a Russian either. Is it not so?"

"It is a national prejudice with us. But perhaps you would like to change the game. Will faro for two suit you?"

"Faro let it be."

The two adversaries entered the lists again. The prince held the bank, and gained twenty thousand roubles. His good fortune seemed fatality itself. Yet the perfect calmness of the Englishman was not less astonishing. He pursued his object with the impassibility of his compatriots before the French battalions at Waterloo, when Wellington, seeing his soldiers fall one after another, took out his watch, and said: "They die so many a minute. I yet have such a number of men. It will be an hour before the last one falls. Blucher will have time to arrive. The victory is mine!"

Haight dealt in his turn. This time fortune passed over to his side. He had just gathered up twenty thousand roubles, when he announced that he had tripled his stake. The prince was too good a player to refuse. Haight still gained. Osmanzoff still played on, till he had exhausted all the gold and notes at his disposal. He then proposed to play on credit, chalking the stakes upon the table. Haight accepted, and gained three times in succession.

"By St. George!" he cried, "I have gained three hundred thousand roubles!"

"I congratulate you," said the prince, with a nervous contraction of the countenance. He began to suffer.

"You will not quit playing, I hope, prince? A Russian never abandons the field of battle?"

"Never, Sir Richard, as I told you. But shall we change the game? The air is stifling here. Let us go into the garden. You have reputation as a marksman, suppose we try a shot?"

Haight, who saw the feverish agitation of his companion, readily accepted. Besides custom required that he should be at the disposal of his adversary. In a moment the hall was empty.

"What shall be the stake, Sir Richard?"

"Two hundred thousand roubles."

Agreed! But I have no more gold, and I must not exhaust my credit at the bank of Vienna, which is quite indispensable to me."

"Then I will wager two hundred thousand roubles against one of your estates."

"Do you wish to become a Muscovite proprietor?"

"It is a mere whim, like any other."

"And one that I am not disposed to thwart. I have something of that value near Novgorod. It is on the declivity of a hill, from which you have a most extensive and beautiful view. I have also, two miles from Moscow—"

Haight shrugged his shoulders. "It is too cold!" said he.

"Ah, then, I have something else which may suit you—a charming little village near the Volga."

"Here goes for the Volga, then. And you estimate this property at—"

"At something more than two hundred thousand roubles."

"Then I add fifty thousand to my stake."

"Agreed; but then I have not the title deeds here."

"Pen, ink and paper can supply them."

Writing materials were brought, and the prince engaged in writing to transfer to Sir Richard, if he were the winner, the title of his estate upon the Volga. The bet was to be decided by ten shots. They drew lots for the first fire, and the prince won, and took his place. About seventy feet in front of him were placed, in a circular line, five small cages, twelve feet apart, and each containing a pigeon. Cords were attached to the trap-doors which closed the cages, and were sufficiently long to reach the spot where the marksmen stood, which was called the post.

These cords, by the rule of the game, were to be placed in the hands of the adverse party, who always stood behind the marksman; and while the latter had his eyes intently fixed upon the cords, his antagonist was permitted to agitate them, and to feign to pull before doing so. Thus it was impossible to foresee on which side the shot was to be directed; yet it was necessary to aim quickly, for the bird, from its love of liberty, departs instantly, and with an energetic wing.

You might have heard a pin fall upon the turf when Haight and the prince had taken their respective positions, and the signal was given. The cords were agitated, and a door fell on the left. The prince turned his weapon in that direction, and fired.

"Down!" cried distinctly the voice of the official.

The same stillness prevailed, when it was Sir Richard's turn to fire. The trap fell; the shot followed instantly.

"Down!" exclaimed the voice again.

"Did you say, prince, that this estate bordered on the Volga?"

"From the balcony of the house you can see the course of the river."

An explosion was heard.

"Down!" said the same voice.

"There are magnificent plantations of young trees grouped together with infinite art—delicious fruits—fine peaches."

"That is my favorite fruit."

"Down!"

The strife continued with success on both sides till the sixth shot, when Haight failed.

"Missed!" said the crier.

At the eighth trial, the prince having failed and Haight succeeded, they were again equal, and the two sportsmen took a moment for repose. The prince again took his place, fired, and missed. Haight was more fortunate. The bet was approaching its solution.

What now passed in the souls of the prince and Sir Richard? It was a mystery beyond human intuition. To some the approach of an important event is announced by low, inward voices; to others presentiments seem mere follies and chimeras. But it was remarked, that when the prince took his carbine again, it was without a word—without display—without the haughty look that was natural to him. He fired. The bird, which had flown in a straight line, suddenly turned.

"Wounded!" said some.

"Dead!" said others.

"No, no!" cried several voices.

Every eye was fixed upon it; but it mounted, its flight became stronger, and it disappeared, while Haight whistled "God save the king!"

Haight having killed the ninth bird, the bet was decided by a single shot, for the prince failed again.

The two adversaries were superb at this moment, each in his own fashion; the prince, by his courage, which raised him above his loss, and Haight, by the deep, concentrated joy which he felt in thinking of the serious consequences of his success. They extended their hands to each other, and separated the best friends in the world. It was but an incident of sporting life, that might have its counterpart to-morrow.

Fifteen days passed. The act of cession, first made out in the name of Haight, then transferred to that of Chlestakoff, was fully authenticated, and Sir Richard quitted Vienna.

He attempted to restore the million of roubles that had been entrusted to him, not wishing to receive a price for an action whose only merit, he said, was success; but he could not resist the entreaty of the ransomed serf. Chlestakoff forced him to accept, inscribing upon the pocket-book these words, "To the free man who has made me free."

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE BUNSBY PAPERS. 2d Series—Irish Echoes. By JOHN BROUGHAM. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 298.

A volume of rich Irish stories, told as only John Brougham can tell them. They are highly humorous, without the slightest spice of vulgarity; and do credit to their accomplished author—a gentleman, a scholar, a dramatist, actor and poet, with a dash of the artist. Like Lafontaine's hero, "Variety is his device," and he succeeds well in all he undertakes. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

ABRIS NOTT, AND OTHER KNOTS. By "KATINKA." Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 342.

A collection of very cleverly written sketches and essays, bearing the stamp of original thought and playful fancy. It will prove a delightful book for summer reading. For sale by Crosby, Nichols & Co.

LADY'S GUIDE TO PERFECT GENTILITY. By EMILY THORNWELL. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 12mo. pp. 226.

Dress, manners, letter-writing, accomplishments—a thousand things, in short, are touched on in this little work. It cannot but prove useful to the readers for whom it is especially addressed. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

BROUGHAM'S DRAMATIC WORKS. New York: Samuel French, 121 Nassau Street. 18mo.

This handsome volume contains the "Game of Life," "Love and Murder," "David Copperfield," "Temptations," "Game of Love," "and "Romance and Reality," all clever and popular acting pieces. A fine steel portrait, and a biographical sketch of Dr. Mackenzie add to the value of the volume. For sale by Federhen & Co.

FRENCH'S AMERICAN DRAMA. Vol. I. New York: Samuel French, 121 Nassau Street. 18mo.

This volume is embellished by a fine portrait and a biography of Edwin Forrest. It contains eight plays, all popular pieces, with costume, stage directions, etc. The work is finely printed and neatly bound. For sale by Burnham, Federhen & Co.

WADSWORTH, THE "EARLY DAY" IN THE NORTHWEST. By Mrs. JOHN H. KINZIE. Illustrated. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1856. 8vo. pp. 493.

A very well written volume, deeply interesting, detailing the story of a frontier settlement, with the perils and hardships of the early settlers. Mrs. Kinzie writes well because she writes from actual experience. She was a participant in many thrilling scenes, and her narrative has all the charm of romance with the reliability of history. Her sketches of Indian character and life are truly admirable. The illustrations of the book are fine lithographs executed in the best style of art. For sale by Whittemore, Niles & Hall.

HOMOEOPATHY SIMPLIFIED: OR, Domestic Practice made Easy. By JOHN A. TARBELL, A.M., M.D. Boston: Sanborn, Carter & Bazin. 1856. 12mo. pp. 353.

This work contains explicit directions for the treatment of disease, the management of accidents, and the preservation of health—the formulae being based on homoeopathic principles. The book is well written, and well arranged, and will find great favor with the numerous advocates of the medical system of which it is the result.

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER. By JOHN TODD, D.D. Northampton, Mass.: Hopkins, Bridgman & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 396.

Dr. Todd is one of the best theological writers in the country. These essays, designed to aid in elevating and perfecting the Sabbath school system, will be found to possess great practical value. The classical, mild and benevolent head of the author forms an appropriate frontispiece. For sale by John P. Jewett & Co.

TACTS MADE SIMPLE, ETC. By JOHN TODD, D.D.

From the same publishers and booksellers of the above book, we have received this first volume of a "System of Theology for Children." The subject is the "Character of God."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE STRANGER'S EPITAPH.

BY J. H. WALKER.

Be silent, prating mortal!
Ask not whose ashes lie
Within this drear abode of death,
For thou, like him, must die;
Gaze on the slab before thee,
A record thou wilt see,
Of that which is an emblem, now,
Of what thou art to be.

Think not what hath befallen
The dead ere yet he died:
It is not thine to contemplate
The ways of human pride,
Fame, glory, honor, greatness,
Adversity or crime,—
Enough to know another's left
The stormy waves of time.

Muse not on what awaits him;
Eternal woe or weal
Was stamped upon his destiny,
When Fate affixed his seal:
Go ponder thou the problem,
"Have I a soul to save?"
Consult thine inner being on
Its hopes beyond the grave.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PRIDE OF PINEVILLE.

BY ALICE C. HENTON.

"ONE word more, Augusta! Your father has this day pointedly insulted me, by commanding me never again to enter his house—and even my love for you will not go beyond the point of self-respect. We part then; and as it is always best to look an evil directly in the face, than to tamper with it sideways, I must tell you it will probably be forever."

These words were spoken by Walter Langdon; and cruel words as they seemed, they were not so cruel as the hard and stern father of Augusta Wellman had that morning uttered to the proud and sensitive young man. Irritated beyond measure at the cool and contemptuous expressions Mr. Wellman had used with regard to the attachment of his daughter for a "poor painter," and his repeated assurances that he had other prospects for Augusta, he had left him, half mad with rage, at the imputations cast upon him and his poverty. Nor had he forbore to tell Mr. Wellman, what was really true, that the family of Wellmans had been paupers on the charity of the Langdons years ago; and recalling the thousand anecdotes, which every country town can furnish, of families suddenly grown rich and haughty, he had selected a few of the most stinging and racy for the ear of his unwilling listener.

Under Langdon's sarcasm, Mr. Wellman could not but wince a little. But he did not repent of what he had said to him, for he was bent on uniting Augusta to the son of General Everett, the only one whom he deemed worthy of the fortune he expected to bestow on his daughter.

Augusta tried in vain to call her pride to her aid. She could not thus calmly give up the hope which had been hers so long. She wished, in the sincerity of her heart, to become the loving and happy wife of Walter Langdon; to share his fortunes, be they ever so humble; to prove her love to him, by giving up all others; to live and die with him.

But it required a higher kind of heroism to give him up. That had not entered into her actual expectation yet—although she sometimes had a dim, haunting fear of her father's growing pride, and of its working her some such woe. But now that the die was cast, and Walter was not only commanded to leave her, but had himself signed the death-warrant of her hopes, she became stupified with the weight of her grief. She had suffered Langdon to depart with those wild words on his lips, and she had made no effort to retain his presence. How, indeed, could she, consistent with the maidenly delicacy of her nature? She had scarcely even a hope that he would seek her again; for she knew his impetuous spirit, and how tauntingly he had given back her father's contempt of the morning.

And now she was to meet him no more! How should she bear it, was her first and only thought. Should she voluntarily shut herself up, and pine away her life, because she had lost her lover? Indeed, no! She would show the world—she would show her proud father—she would show Walter Langdon himself, that she was a girl of spirit, and not a weak, pining child, crying for the toy which a harsh nurse had torn from her grasp.

The Christmas festivities had commenced at Pineville. There was to be a grand ball in the town hall; Miss Somebody or other was going to be married in the week, and a great levee was expected to come off. All the young men who had left Pineville to find business in the neighboring city, were coming back to spend the holidays; and Augusta herself had made great preparations for the approaching gaieties of the season.

It required some heroism in Augusta to face the destiny which had thus been carved out for her without her own will; but she put on a brave will, and threw herself into the preparations for Christmas with such spirit, as came very near making her suspected, by overdoing the matter. Her mother and sisters had some dim suspicion of the fact; but she would not allow herself to talk the matter over with them, lest she might yield to softer feelings than she wished.

"Did you ever see Miss Wellman look so perfectly resplendent

before?" was said twenty different times at the Christmas ball. "I thought her an ordinary looking girl when I was here last year," said another, "but in my opinion, she is the belle of the night."

Walter Langdon thought so too, as he leaned, weary and wretched, against the farthest pillar of the gay ball-room. He watched her as she went gaily, and with a flush, as he thought, of gratified vanity on her cheek, through each successive dance. Her spirits were seemingly at their wildest height; and when she accepted an invitation to waltz, Langdon turned away, inwardly congratulating himself that he had lost her, "such a heartless flirt." Then she well knew what his opinion of waltzing had always been. There was little difference after all in their degrees of wretchedness, only Augusta was the bravest of the two. She had been stung to the quick by his words at parting. She felt that she would not have so parted from him, even at the risk of her father's bitterest displeasure; and it galled her to think that he could give her up.

So she sped round and round in the gay dance, laughing and smiling to keep from crying, and with an unnatural color on her cheek, that told of some wild excitement laboring within. She had caught sight of Langdon, whose haggard face, presented suddenly to her gaze, nearly made her faint—and yet she bore up even under that. In a few moments he had rallied and joined the dancers. His partner was a very young girl—scarcely more than a child—but he paid her the most marked attention, which was not lost upon the watchful Augusta.

In less than a week she heard it confidently reported that he was engaged to this very Miss Huntington, who was an heiress in expectancy of a large fortune. Rumor in this case proved true; for in a very short time the marriage was recorded in the newspapers. Augusta read it with a pang, which even her father must have pitied her for had he known it; but that evening she again joined one of the gayest parties of the season, and her spirits seemed so genuine, that no one doubted their reality. It was about an hour after her own entrance, that she saw him come in with his bride. Augusta was convinced that he had sought a wife who should be the very opposite of herself, and she rejoiced at this. The bride was simple, childish and untutored. He paid very little attention to her, and seemed absorbed in thought. Augusta kept away from that part of the room, and avoided them without appearing to design it. But she had strained the cord somewhat too tightly. She could bear it no longer. Her indisposition was supposed to arise from the heat of the room, and she was carried out for the air. That evening was the last time that she ventured to sport with the misery she endured.

She became gloomy and ill. Her father saw his error when it was too late. Now that he saw her in this state, he would have recalled Langdon, had not Langdon himself set the seal to their parting forever.

Mr. Harley, a widower, old, disagreeable, but rich, wished to marry Augusta. She consented passively. Her acceptance almost shocked even her father. He had no idea that she would marry him, but as she chose it, he could not of course deny her right to do so. It was a melancholy wedding, in which the bride neither blushed nor smiled. She gave her hand mechanically, and her heart was not in it. There were some there who thought it a very sad scene—much more like a funeral than a marriage.

She went away with her husband, glad to leave the place where she had suffered so much. They visited Europe, and spent nearly four years abroad. While on their return, Mr. Harley was taken ill and died. His wife had never loved him, but she felt his loss, and she missed the constant attentions he had bestowed on her. He had never suspected that she had a previous attachment, and died unconscious of her indifference.

She returned to find her father broken down in health, spirits and fortune. Everything had gone wrong with him; he was literally a beggar. She never asked for Langdon, and no one named him to her. She could not bear the remembrances that crowded upon her; and after placing the family in better circumstances, she went to Washington to pass the winter with a friend whom she knew abroad.

One night they went to a lecture before some literary society; and when the first word of the speaker fell upon the ear, Augusta started and turned pale. It was a voice that she had never forgotten—the voice of Walter Langdon. For two hours he kept the audience at the highest point of interest, and ceased amidst the strongest demonstrations of applause. As he bowed to the assembly, his gaze encountered Mrs. Harley's face. He knew her, even in her mourning dress; and for a moment his confusion was apparent, but he soon recovered himself. He, too, was in deep mourning. As they passed out, he spoke to the lady who was with her, and asked permission to call on her the next day. She knew his whole history—not from Mrs. Harley, who had never mentioned him, but from himself—and she knew how her guest would be mixed up with his life.

Mrs. Harley had not heard his request. She had been talking with some one else, and she was in her own room when he called the next day. He learned everything from her friend respecting her, and then begged her to let him see her. Unconscious of the presence of any one in the parlor, Mrs. Harley entered the room at one door, as her friend went out at the other. As she advanced, he rose and came towards her.

It was a long and painful explanation. Neither knew that the other was free until that meeting; but when Mrs. Harley's friend returned to the parlor, she found that "over the faults of former years they had wept, and were forgiven."

Power will intoxicate the best hearts, as wine the strongest heads. No man is wise enough or good enough to be trusted with unlimited power.—*Lamon*.

COMMODORE GREGORY.

The many friends of this distinguished officer will, we think, acknowledge, without hesitation, the fidelity of the accompanying portrait, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Hill, from an admirable daguerreotype by Messrs. Masury, Silsbee & Case, of this city. Francis H. Gregory was born in the State of Connecticut about the year 1791. An early inclination for the sea service of his country led to his procuring a midshipman's warrant and his entrance into the United States navy at the age of 18—January 16, 1809. He soon evinced not only a warm attachment to his profession, but a peculiar aptitude for the discharge of its duties, a promptness and energy, which gained him the good-will of his superiors and his associates in rank. He had scarcely passed his noviciate, when the breaking out of the war of 1812 afforded our gallant little navy an opportunity of distinguishing itself, and of humbling that "meteor flag" which, borne by a "thousand ships," was destined, the vaunting Britons predicted, to sweep the stars and stripes from the ocean. Young Gregory shared in the honors and vicissitudes attendant on the unequal combat which terminated so gloriously for our flag. While serving under Commodore Chauncey, on the lakes, executing a reconnoissance, while on boat duty, he was captured by the enemy and sent to England, where he was retained a prisoner of war for eighteen months. On his return in company with the commissioners who negotiated the treaty of peace, the vessel in which he had taken passage fell in with the "Congress" frigate, bound for the Mediterranean, and Gregory, with that high spirit which had ever characterized him, volunteered for duty on board of her, preferring service under the flag to returning to the comforts of home, though he had been absent therefrom five years. He served under Commodore Shaw, whose daughter he subsequently married, for three years in the Mediterranean. He was made post-captain, January 18, 1838. His last active service was in command of the squadron on the coast of Africa. As commandant of the navy yard at Charlestown, he became personally known to large numbers of our citizens, previously well acquainted with his reputation as a spirited and gallant officer. In private life he has secured the warm attachment of a large circle of valuable friends, who cherish him for the frankness and manliness of his character and his social qualities.



COMMODORE FRANCIS H. GREGORY, U. S. N.

FRIEND STREET, BOSTON.

Mr. Champney has drawn for us an accurate view of the eastern extremity of Friend Street, as it appears now, while the progress of grading is going on. On either side are the buildings which have been excised to make way for this new avenue. Soon the traces of violence will have disappeared, and handsome fronts, new buildings and new stores inaugurate and complete this great city improvement. Already a very handsome block of freestone is going up at the corner of Hanover and Friend Streets. The portion of the street now added was formed by running the line through the buildings intervening between Hanover and Union Streets, so that Friend Street now forms nearly a straight line from Causeway Street, opposite the Eastern Railroad depot to Dock Square at the head of North Street. The opening gives us in our picture, as in fact, a glimpse of the old "Flat Iron House," so called, at the head of North Street, a venerable architectural relic of the past century, which we could ill spare, even if its site were occupied by an elegant modern edifice, and of the old cradle of Liberty, Faneuil Hall, whose proud and glorious memories will ever shield it from the hand of innovation. How many stirring scenes has that old pile looked down upon. It beheld the tumultuous gathering of the excited people on that March evening, 1770, when they went to the baptism of blood in King Street. Its walls re-echoed the crash of the British volley on that memorable occasion, and around its base surged the reflux tide of human beings who carried to their graves the memory of that night. To the accents of how many orators have its lofty halls echoed again and again. Adams—Otis—Webster—Everett—have there roused the fire of patriotism in the hearts of their hearers in times of popular danger or popular excitement. Old Faneuil Hall has witnessed the trials and the distresses of the people—never their humiliation and defeat. The opening of Friend Street to Dock Square is one of the most important improvements that has been made for years in our goodly city. It was one imperatively called for by the necessity of traffic, and the street must infallibly become one of the busiest thoroughfares in Boston. The work of grading and building up is now going on very rapidly, and the extension before long will be in apple-pie order. Still other avenues of business and convenience are demanded.



THE OPENING OF FRIEND STREET, BOSTON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE NEW VOLUME.

Week after next, we shall commence a new volume of "Ballou's Pictorial," when we shall come before our readers in an entire new dress from top to toe, from headline to imprint. The immense edition of our paper renders two and often three suits of type necessary each year. The one on which we shall commence volume eleven of our Pictorial is now casting, and is of the latest pattern and best material. We shall also commence in number one of the new volume an admirable novelette by the favorite author of the "Contrabandist," one of the most pleasing tales we have ever published. We have also added several new and popular names to our list of regular contributors, and shall still aim at steady improvement in our widely circulated journal. In our illustrated department we shall still improve, and have already in hand some of the finest sets of American engravings, taken expressly for us, which have ever been attempted, embracing complete and accurate representations of western and southern cities, with important portraits, and delineations of current events, etc., making volume eleven superior to all of its predecessors. Subscribe early; now is the time, and thus secure the numbers complete for the entire volume.

HAIL.—There was a smart hailstorm in Hookset, New Hampshire, recently. By the way, speaking of hail, we remember how poor Finn once addressed an individual by the name of Snow. "Hail, Mr. Snow, if it rains, you'll be mist." That's what we call atmospheric punning.

A WIFE BY ADVERTISEMENT.—A lady in Westboro' answered the advertisement of a gentleman for a wife, published in one of the New York papers. The applicant came on to see her, liked her, and married her.

THE FAIR SEX.—Dean Swift, who treated the fair sex shamefully, thus libelled them into the bargain:—"Women are like riddles in this, that it is difficult to understand them; and that when we know them, they please us no longer." The old wretch!

FORREST.—It is said that Forrest, after playing a round of engagements in the United States and Canada, will retire into private life, and never again abandon the shades of Fonthill.

BINDING.—Binding in all its varieties neatly done at this office, at the lowest rates, and in the shortest period of time.

E. L. DAVENPORT.—This favorite young American tragedian plays an engagement in Chicago next month.

SPLINTERS.

.... A gymnasium, to cost between \$8000 and \$10,000, is to be erected for the students of Yale College—just the thing for them.

.... At the present time Kansas, Minnesota, Utah and Oregon are seeking admission into the Union.

.... The mare "Fashion" is not, as was reported, dead. What a race that was between her and Peytona!

.... It is said that Thackeray is to receive \$35,000 for a novel written during his stay in America.

.... Spalding Rogers's "Railroad circus" is one of the most ingenious and attractive establishments ever got up.

.... The London Times speaks jauntily of the Eastern war as a "little freak" of the Emperor Nicholas.

.... The smallest bank in the United States is that of Cayuga Lake, which has a capital of \$10,000. Perhaps it is all the safer.

.... The death of Mrs. Rossiter, wife of T. P. Rossiter, the American artist, now in Paris, is extensively mourned.

.... Peaches have been sold lately in this city for \$1 50 each. Rather expensive eating!

.... It is in contemplation to erect a large house in this city, to be let in floors, on the French plan.

.... Queen Victoria cannot possibly visit the United States, and the rooms at the Revere have been countermanded.

.... The warm weather has directed all thoughts to the watering places, and the delights of bathing and fishing.

.... Gov. Wise advises the ladies of Virginia to apply to Congress and the States for funds to buy Mount Vernon.

.... Rufus Porter, of Washington, D. C., has invented a signal for shoals, which emits a scream as the waves strike.

.... An Englishman, in one of our eating-houses, was astounded at hearing so many demands for "baked Indian."

.... One General O. K. Knapp, in England and Germany, flourishes as the inventor of our Terry pavement.

.... The money value of the skins of animals manufactured in France, is estimated at \$7,000,000.

.... Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne is in California. Thence she goes to Australia and to England—an extensive tour.

.... They are going to have a new theatre at Mobile. W. H. Crisp, the manager, has made many friends there.

.... The far-famed Stuyvesant pear-tree, now in its third century, stands at the corner of 3d Avenue and 13th St., New York.

.... Mr. Walsh's experience of French affairs leads him to think despotism better than freedom for France.

THE ART OF WAR.

In America, where we improvise everything, undertake and actually perform the most difficult achievements off hand, every man who ever handled a musket or sabre fancies it easy enough to command a great army. Pat said it was "aisy enough to build a chimney—fust you held up one brick, and then you sthuck another under it." But masons are of a different opinion, just as wise, grave authorities agree that high military command requires a rare combination of lofty qualities.

"The man," says the statesman and historian Thiers, "summoned to command others on fields of battle, has, first, as in all liberal professions, a scientific education to acquire. He must possess the exact sciences, the graphic arts, and the theory of fortifications. An engineer, an artilleryman, and a good officer of troops, he must become, moreover, a geographer, and not a vulgar geographer, who knows under what rock the Rhine or the Danube rises, and into what basin they empty, but a profound geographer, who is full of the map, of its designs, its lines, their relation and their value. He must then have exact knowledge of the strength, the interests and the character of nations; he must know their political, and particularly their military history. Above all, he must know mankind, for men of war are not machines; on the contrary, in war they become more sensitive, more irritable, than elsewhere, and the art of governing them with a delicate and firm hand, was always an important part of the art of great captains. To all these superior acquirements, the warrior must add the more common, but not less necessary, executive knowledge. He must have a clerk's spirit of order and detail; for it is not everything to make men fight; they must be nurtured, clothed, armed and cured.

"All this vast knowledge must be displayed at the same time and in the midst of the most extraordinary circumstances. At each movement, the commander-in-chief must think of the morrow, of the day after that, of his flanks and rear. Everything must move with him—ammunition, provisions, hospitals. He must calculate at once the weather and the moral of his men. And all these elements, so widely different, so changeable and so incessantly complicated, must be combined in the midst of cold, heat, famine and balls. While you are thinking of so many things, the cannon is growling and your head is menaced; but, what is worse, thousands of men are looking at you, and searching your features for their hope of safety; more remote, behind them, is your country, with her wreaths of laurel and cypress; and all these images must be banished—you must think, and think quickly, for a minute more, and the finest combination has lost its opportunity, and, instead of glory, shame awaits you."

What an appalling catalogue of lessons to be learned and qualities to be possessed! Napoleon I. alone in modern times united them in the highest degree of perfection. Does it not deter you, ambitious reader of the Pictorial, from aspiring to the chief command of the armies of these United States? *Audi alteram partem*—listen to the other side. Victor Hugo says:—"For my own part, I distrust these perfect definitions which would comprehend only the exceptions of human nature. It is quite alarming to see the catalogue of studies marked out for the apprenticeship of the general; but how many excellent generals there have been who could not even read! It would seem the first condition, the *sine qua non* of every man destined for the wars, that he should have good eyes, or, at least, that he should be stout and active. Sure enough! But a crowd of great generals have been one-eyed, or crippled. Philip was one-eyed, lame and maimed of one hand; Hannibal was one-eyed; Bajazet and Tamerlane—the two thunderbolts of war, in their age,—were the one lame, the other half-blind; Luxembourg was hunchbacked. It seems even that nature, in ridicule of all our calculations, had wished to show us the phenomenon of a general, totally blind, guiding an army, marshalling his troops for battle, and carrying off victories. Such a man was Ziska, chief of the Hussites."

BINDING THE LARGE PICTURES.

Several of our subscribers have expressed a fear that, in binding up the large and elegant series of engravings, of which we have lately given so many, covering two entire pages of the paper, we should have to injure them, and spoil their general effect. This is not so. We shall bind these engravings, *each one with a guard, so that they will lay open perfect, and without being stitched or soiled in the least*—thus rendering the present volume by far the most elegant and valuable one we have yet issued. There will be no extra charge for this, as we are determined to meet the extended patronage and growing popularity of our paper with the public, by a corresponding liberality on our part. We shall also ornament the outside covers of the volume with a new and elegant design in gilt, representing a fine view of the city of Boston.

OUR DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—For some time the State of Iowa took the lead on the subscription list of *Ballou's Dollar Monthly*, but Michigan has now the largest list in the west, numbering upon our books thirty-seven hundred names. "And still they come!"

A NEW OCCUPATION.—General Shields, the hero of Cerro Gordo and Contreras, writes that he has been employed all winter in hauling rails. He is farming in Minnesota, like another Cincinnatus.

FOURTH OF JULY.—Pyrotechnics have begun to appear in shop-windows, and now and then you hear of some juvenile projector of rockets "hoist with his own petard," like Knowles's engineer.

YEA AND NEIGH.—The charger ridden by Colonel Yea in the Crimea has been used as a hunter in Cornwall.

THE ARAB HORSE.

Young gentlemen and ladies, who, during its popularity were accustomed to warble, "O, give me but my Arab steed!" are, of course, aware of the value attached by the wearer of the turban and the caftan to this quadruped. One of them, named Abou Taleb had a mare which he refused to part with, though offered fabulous sums. A certain sheik was among the discomfited bidders for the "Pearl of the desert." One day when Abou Taleb was riding his incomparable mare along a lonely pathway, he heard a lamentable voice imploring help, and turning his eyes, beheld a man, scantily covered with rags, and seemingly exhausted with fatigue. Abou Taleb drew his rein, and asked what he could do for the stranger. "Brother," replied the latter, "I thought I could reach the city before nightfall: but fatigue and illness have exhausted my strength—take me on your horse and thus save me from the jaws of the wild beasts—I implore you in the name of God." "Come," replied Abou Taleb, "mount behind me, and I will carry you to my house." "Alas!" replied the other, "my limbs can hardly support me. How then can I, without your assistance, raise myself to the saddle?" Abou Taleb immediately dismounted, and taking the stranger round the waist, seated him gently in the saddle, placed his feet in the stirrups and the bridle in his hand. Instantly the pretended invalid, striking the mare with his heel, dashed off like an arrow, and, halting a few hundred paces from the astounded Arab, called out in a jeering tone: "Ho! Abou Taleb, son of Amrou, know me! I am he who sent three times to thy dwelling to purchase thy mare. Thou didst refuse to sell her—I have taken her—a pleasant walk to you!" At hearing these words, Abou Taleb heaved a deep sigh. Then, addressing the plunderer, he said mildly: "Pause thou, and listen to a prayer. When thou shalt have returned to thy people, speak not to them of my misfortune, lest the rumor of thy action, spreading abroad, deter other men from charity and prevent their doing good to one another. I ask this in the name of Allah." Then the sheik dismounted, and leading the mare to Abou Taleb, said: "I listened only to my passion, and it hid from me that light which God has placed in the heart of every man to guide him. No—I ought not to persist in my action, since it would have such consequences for the poor human race." So spake the sheik to Abou Taleb, and the chronicle records that, from that moment, they were united in a changeless friendship.

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MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPS.—This talented young lady, who has now a world-wide reputation as a prima donna, lately gave a concert in this city, the success of which showed how highly she is appreciated here.

HARRISON MILLARD.—This distinguished American vocalist is now in Europe. His farewell concert in this city was attended by troops of friends.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Stockbridge, Rev. Joseph Pavaud, of New York, to Mrs. Laura B. Severance; by Rev. Mr. Barry, Mr. George W. Bowker to Miss Abby J. Lombard; by Rev. Mr. Cilley, Mr. Rufus C. Green to Miss Josephine Unruh, both of Malden; by Rev. Mr. Randall, Mr. Samuel Huse, Jr., of New York, to Miss Lucy D. Osborn, of South Danvers.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Joshua W. Fernald, of Boston, to Miss Mary E. Simmonds.—At West Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Hill, Mr. C. H. Nason to Miss Margaret Healy.—At Sherborn, by Rev. Mr. Dowse, Mr. William A. Travis, of Holliston, to Miss S. Augusta Holbrook.—At North Berwick, by Rev. Mr. Stevens, Mr. W. B. Davis to Miss Fanny Hobbs; also, Mr. H. S. Kidder, of Alfred, Me., to Miss Mary Jane Davis, of North Shapleigh, Me.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Rees Jones, 65; Mrs. Mary Thompson, 37; Mrs. Lucy A., wife of Joshua C. Bates, Esq., 38; Widow Margaret K. Ryder, 82; Mr. Edward Bescher Knight, 32; Widow Elizabeth Jones, 55; Widow La Fayette Stodder, 74; Mrs. A. Amanda Tilden, 29; Mrs. Harriet Norris, 31.—At Charlestown, Mr. Abner Gale, 78.—At Chelsea, Mr. Freeman B. Baine, of Brewster, 20; Mrs. Sarah P. W. Crocker, 48.—At Roxbury, Mr. George W. Hewins, 32.—At Lynn, Mr. Joseph Parrott, 61.—At Marblehead, Mr. Thomas P. Brown, 29.—At Danversport, Capt. Benjamin Porter, 70.—At South Danvers, Mr. Wm. W. Little, 78.—At Stockbridge, Rev. Noah Sheldon, 66.—At Portland, Mr. Charles Hosack, 31.—At North Danville, Vt., Mr. Eli Bickford, 101.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ALL IS WELL.

BY J. M. FLATCHER.

My heart bends lightly to the breeze,
Escaping from each rougher blast—
By bowing low at fate's decrees,
In meekness till the storm is past;
And lifting then a radiant eye,
Where late the raging tempest fell,
It sees the rifted clouds on high,
And duly whispers, "all is well."

The ills that o'er my spirit sweep,
Like winds that o'er the waters blow,
But mar the surface of the deep,
And leave it calm and still below;
The eye of faith serenely sees
The troubled waves in anger swell,
And bending lightly to the breeze,
It only whispers, "all is well."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE NULLIFIER'S WARD.

A STORY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

"WHAT news in the Charleston papers, Mariquita?"

"Not a word, uncle, except that large sleeves are going out of fashion."

"Pshaw! The idea of talking about fashions at this crisis of our State independence!"

"Indeed, uncle, I don't care a straw about politics."

"Don't care? Ah, Mariquita, this comes of your Cuban blood! But were your poor father alive, you would find him in the front rank of our glorious phalanx of true South Carolinians."

"And what, my dear uncle, are you going to do?"

"Do? Why, carry out the golden maxim of Jefferson: 'Where powers are assumed which have not been delegated, nullification is the rightful remedy.' How often must I repeat—"

"Never mind, my dear uncle; I have been a good listener. 'Where powers are assumed which have not been delegated, nullification is the rightful remedy.' That's the doctrine; and as I see young Cato whipping my spaniel yonder, I shall at once go and nullify his self-delegated authority."

Making a low courtesy as she finished her remarks, Miss Mariquita Tomlinson threw up a window sash, and was soon tripping across the lawn to rescue her favorite. She was a beautiful creature, having inherited the Castilian grace of her mother, with the Saxon beauty of her father, who had gone from South Carolina to reside for years at Havana as United States consul. When Mariquita was an infant, both of her parents fell victims to the prevalent epidemic, and she thus became the ward of her uncle.

Now Colonel Tomlinson was a bachelor, who had gradually settled down from a wild patron of horse-races and chicken-fights into a steady, double-chinned justice of the quorum. At the time whereof we write (it was in 1831), he was greatly excited on the subject of nullification, which then agitated the "Palmetto State." What they considered an unauthorized interference with their State rights, was galling to her chivalric sons, whose spirit was wounded and roused. Yet since then, when the same general government called for troops, no State sent such a gallant quota to the field, and the "nullifiers" in the conquest of Mexico equalled the patriotic devotion of their revolutionary sires, who lavished their blood and their treasure as things of no value, compared with national independence.

"The Islet," where Colonel Tomlinson resided, was one of those large seashore plantations bordering the lagoons between Charleston and Savannah, unequalled in the wide world for beauty and for fertility. The house was an old brick mansion, with many a room added since it was first erected, and extensive ranges of outbuildings, kitchens, smoke-houses and stables. A smooth grass lawn, dotted with flower-beds, extended from the main front to the water's edge, and on either side was a grove of those giants of the forest peculiar to the "sea islands" of the South. Huge live oaks, emblems of strength and immortality, cast a cathedral shade beneath their arched, moss-covered branches; graceful palmettos stood in clusters, with tall, straight trunks, like the pillars of a classic temple; there were laurels, each one able to supply crowns for all the living poets; orange-trees bent to the ground beneath their burdens of golden fruit, and shrubs, of many varieties, perfumed the air. The gardens of the Hesperides were not more lovely, nor had they a more vigilant guardian than was Colonel Tomlinson.

So jealously did he watch his ward, whose inheritances he had so managed that she was a wealthy heiress, that he would neither permit her to pass the gay season at Charleston, nor tolerate visitors at "The Islet," where he had brought her up in strict seclusion. It was not to be wondered at, then, that Miss Mariquita was a fearless rider, a good shot, and an excellent housewife, although unversed in what are called "polite accomplishments." A city chaperon would have pronounced her hoydenish, for she never omitted a chance to gratify her keen perceptions of the ludicrous; but she, nevertheless, was not deficient in maidenly reserve, and beneath her store of merriment was a fund of deep, quiet rectitude.

One visitor alone, among single gentlemen, was tolerated at "The Islet," and as he entered the house just as Mariquita left it,

a description of him may not be amiss. George Hobbs, then (or, as he was universally called, Bachelor Hobbs), was a commission merchant in Charleston, who had for many years been the "factor," or agent, of Colonel Tomlinson. He was a good-looking, well-preserved man, who stuck closely to his flourishing business as a pastime, and was the beau of half of the Charleston belles, though no one thought of him as a lover. There were cases on record where a visiting damsel had flirted desperately in the hope of enticing the gay rover into a matrimonial snare; but Bachelor Hobbs was not to be caught. It was agreeable to him to play the part of a knight-errant, not of a nursery-maid. So he roved like a bee from flower to flower; and of the damsels whom he liked and who liked him, Mariquita Tomlinson was foremost.

When Bachelor Hobbs had been welcomed by the colonel, they, of course, began at once to discuss the all-important question of nullification, upon which they agreed to a charm, and so the conversation soon flagged.

"By the way," asked the colonel, "have you ever found out who it was that rescued us from a watery grave? I would give half of my rice-crop to ascertain the brave young man's name, and should know him again were I to see him, I am sure, although it was dark when our boat capsized."

"It was a narrow escape," sentimentally replied Hobbs.

"Narrow? Why, it was a miracle! Pompey was tipsey, and to be capsized at midnight, with a young girl whose life is dearer to you than your own, is no small affair. The half-hour or so that we clung to the overturned boat seemed an age."

"It was lucky that this stranger passed."

"Lucky? That was another miracle! What a young white man was doing, alone in a boat so near 'The Islet,' I cannot imagine. The boat, too, was of a novel pattern. At any rate, I shall never forget that he saved our lives, though I was so bent on getting Mariquita to the house that I never asked him up, and when I sent down, he was gone."

Little did the colonel dream that, at that time, almost within rifle-shot of where he sat, his niece was chatting cosily with a young man, with joy-smiles chasing each other over her sunny face as he described to her his northern home. Yes; Lieutenant Hazen, a handsome, daring-looking young man, whose features denoted a daring character and a true heart, was by Mariquita's side, and she listened to him as her preserver—her lover. Ordered to cruise in the immediate vicinity of Charleston, he had, one morning, gone on shore to amuse himself with his gun, and had accidentally encountered the heiress of "The Islet," who roamed about, fearless and free, on the estate. Untutored in the restraints of civilization, she entered into conversation with the young officer, and ere they separated, the hearts of each seemed to open to the other as if by magic. Nay—she expressed her regret that her uncle would not receive him at the mansion-house, and even intimated that she would be at an inlet in the woods near the house at the hour, the next day, when the old gentleman devoted himself to newspaper politics. When she retired that night, it appeared that a thousand pleasant remembrances had hallowed that impromptu interview, while the lieutenant felt that he stood at the portals of a new existence of which he had never dreamed.

It was an easy task to row himself up the inlet in the small gig of the cutter, and thus, day after day, did the young officer bask in the bright sunlight of Mariquita's smiles, with nothing but fears of her uncle to cloud the horizon of his hopes. One day she came not, and as he, impatient to learn the cause of her absence, went around in front of the mansion-house as night came on, he had the satisfaction of rescuing his idol and her uncle from a perilous position. The colonel had taken his niece with him to visit a neighbor, in a small skiff, the management of which was entrusted to a negro boatman. Pompey's fondness for whiskey had destroyed his capability, and a gust of wind overturned the skiff just as Hazen approached. To rescue them was an easy task; nor was he sorry when the colonel, in his anxiety about his niece, hurried her away. Springing into his boat, he was away before the delighted uncle thought of the thanks due their deliverer.

The next day, Mariquita was at the place of rendezvous, and from that meeting dated their acknowledgment of reciprocated love. Happy epoch in young hearts! The very face of nature seems brighter and fairer, while hope, drawing a bright veil of happiness from the storehouse of imagination, casts it over the future. So time had elapsed; and now the lovers again sat side by side, while he described to her his northern home.

"But when," he inquired, "will your uncle permit you to visit these scenes?"

"Alas!" replied Mariquita, "these politics have turned his head, and I know not when he will be in a mood to look upon you with impartiality."

"I suppose, dearest, that I must resign my commission. My father has ever wished me to, and your uncle may look with more favor upon a merchant than a naval officer in the revenue service."

"That," said a gruff voice, "depends upon who the merchant is!"

The lovers started, and a bright flush stole over Mariquita's face as Bachelor Hobbs stood before them, looking from one to the other in astonishment.

"Lieutenant Hazen, Mr. Hobbs," said Mariquita, with the ready tact of her sex, for she saw by her lover's clouded brow that he did not fancy the intrusion.

"Hazen!" echoed Bachelor Hobbs, holding out his hand; "pray, are you the son of my old mercantile correspondent in New York?"

"My father is a New York merchant," replied the lieutenant, grasping the offered hand, but still somewhat embarrassed.

"I see it all. You are here in command of the revenue-cutter, and I have been hoping for a week that you would put in at

Charleston, for I have your discharge from service at my counting-room."

"My discharge?"

"Yes. Your father wrote me that his partner had left the firm, and that he had procured your discharge, hoping you would take his place. It looks, however, as though you had some idea of another partnership, sir. Eh, Mariquita?"

Now a confidant was what the young people had often wished for, and then it was not long before Bachelor Hobbs, seated between them on a fallen cypress, heard their story.

"Quite a romance, I declare!" he said, when he had heard all. "Now you ask my aid, and you shall have it, even though I encounter the ire of my old friend the colonel. You had better bring the cutter up to Charleston to-morrow, and turn over your command; then call at my counting-room. Now, Mariquita, come back to the house, or your uncle will miss you. He is a fine fellow, I am sure," continued Hobbs, as the lieutenant rowed away after a leave-taking less affectionate than it would have been had there not been a third person present. "But what can be done to render him acceptable to the colonel?"

"Indeed I don't know," answered Mariquita; "but surely you will befriend us?"

"That I will, at all hazards," said Bachelor Hobbs. And he kept his word, for, finding it impossible to even allude to the subject of his niece's marriage before the colonel, he aided the young couple in certain preliminary arrangements, which were all successfully carried out.

Within a week after the visit of Bachelor Hobbs to "The Islet," the colonel sat down to breakfast, one fine day, in a surly mood. After having waited half an hour for his niece, he had gone to her chamber, but she was not there, nor had any of the servants seen her since the night previous. Not a suspicion crossed his mind that she was not somewhere on the plantation, riding or shooting ortolans, when a servant entered with a note. He recognized the handwriting of his niece, and tearing open the envelope, read:

"MY DEAR UNCLE:—When you can find leisure, come to New York, and thank the young officer who rescued us when we were overset in the skiff. His name is Hazen. Bachelor Hobbs will inform you concerning his family, and I hope you will not be angry when I inform you that I was married to him last night, and that we leave for New York this morning. Don't be displeased, my kind guardian, if I have not acted as you might have elected, but you taught me 'that when powers are assumed which have not been delegated, nullification is the rightful remedy.'"

MARIQUITA."

We shall not record the first outbreaks of the colonel's anger, or the subsequent explosion which greeted the appearance of Bachelor Hobbs. But when the latter gave assurances of the bridegroom's good family and wealth, the baffled guardian consoled himself with the idea that it might have been a good deal worse. Generous and confiding, he not only went to New York to visit his niece, but brought her and her happy husband back to "The Islet."

"You have not only to learn how to manage her property, but mine. So come and be initiated in sea-island planting," said the colonel.

Now, Mariquita was happy indeed.

It was about six years later that I first visited "The Islet," and heard the romantic story of my friend Hazen's love, in a beautiful summer-house, built where it was first told. The narrative was interrupted by the occasional attempts of a toddling youngster to get to the muddy water of the inlet, in which he evidently desired to paddle. This nautical propensity the old colonel rather encouraged, and, at last, Mrs. Hazen, then a buxom matron, rather scolded at him for it, saying that she intended to keep him out of the navy, if possible.

"And I," said her husband, who was the image of a successful planter, "mean to get him a midshipman's warrant. I should have been a commodore by this time if I had not cut off my anchor-buttons to please this lady. Now, she wishes to put our boy into the counting-room of his godfather Hobbs ere he is a dozen years old, and fulminates her edicts against the navy."

"That indeed," remarked Colonel Tomlinson; "but Mariquita will not deny that 'when powers are assumed which have not been delegated, nullification is the rightful remedy.'"

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EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Ex-Governor Briggs has been elected president of the American Temperance Society. — The word *chuk*, used in calling swine, is the original name of that animal in Persia, where it is still in use. The word is retained, says Webster, in our popular name of *woodchuck*, or *wood hog*. — As late as the middle of the seventeenth century, catgut was used in watches instead of the chain of modern times. — It is a singular fact, that while in the United States the birthday of Robert Burns has been observed for many years, in London, the first dinner ever given on the return of the day was recently celebrated. — Clocks that struck the hours were known in Italy as early as the thirteenth century. A clock of this description is mentioned by Dante. — Utopia, in Ethiopia, is now said to be in that part of Central Africa where, immediately before it rains, it *umbrellas*! A shower of the latter must be of great advantage to the naked natives. — "Eothen," "Jane Eyre" and "Vanity Fair" were declined by the publishers to whom they were first offered. — The city of Lawrence, founded by Samuel Lawrence, has the largest and most comprehensive mill in the world. The floor surface of the Pacific Mill is an immense structure, covering sixteen acres; the largest mill in England covers 11 1-2 acres. — The ruling rates for money on good security, in Nebraska territory, are from 3 to 7 per cent. per month. — When the annexation of Oude was announced, most of the troops gave in their allegiance to England. In one instance the Mahomedan troops held back. The reason was asked, and the native officers respectfully urged their reluctance to part with their beards. They were allowed to retain them, and to a man swore fidelity to their new colors. — Boston has six thousand more females than males, while Chicago has about fifteen thousand more males than females. — The Genoa correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser says, that the Submarine Telegraph Company is about to resume and complete its line from the island of Sardinia to Cape Bon, so that Paris will soon be placed in telegraph communication with the colony of Algiers. — Daniel Webster's large library at Marshfield, it is said, did not contain a single infidel book. — It appears by a statement in the San Francisco Herald, that the total shipment of treasure for the first quarter of 1856, amounted to \$10,579,349. — The best cosmetics are three cents' worth of fresh air mixed with sixpence worth of industry. The latter animates your countenance; the former supplies it with vermilion. People who believe in rouge will please notice. — At Sheffield, New York, a boy twelve years old drowned himself because his father had chastised him. — Mlle. Augustine Brohan, a pretty French actress, recently felt aggrieved at a pen picture of herself in *Figaro*, and resorted to law. Justice decided that *Figaro* had done no harm. — It is said that every room in the Burnet House, Cincinnati, has already been engaged in anticipation of the National Democratic Convention. — Rev. T. Starr King recently remarked, in a sermon upon the true observance of the Sabbath day, that some people regarded Sunday as merely a wedge which was put into the week to keep Saturday night from joining Monday morning. — Mrs. Hough, of Burton's Theatre, announces prizes of \$200 each for the best "Yankee Gal" farce, and \$100 for the best chambermaid farce. — Late accounts from Bermuda state that the potato crop, which was then being dug, would be an unusually short one. The cause of the failure was the inclemency of the past winter. — The first daily newspaper printed in Virginia was in 1780; the subscription was fifty dollars per annum for one copy. — Every story with love in it is popular. The popularity might be put in another form—there is no story without love in it. It is the only ingredient that enters into every dish. In the composition of the novel it answers to the garlic of the Spanish *cuisinier*, whatever else may vary the flavor, love is indispensable. — Bunting, as good and beautiful at least as any of foreign fabric, is made in Massachusetts, if not elsewhere. — Of the sixty-nine words which make up the Lord's prayer, only five are not Saxon. In our most classical writers, as Milton and Addison, the words of Saxon derivation greatly predominate. — Postage stamps have just been introduced into Sweden, and the cost of letter carriage is now the same to all parts of the country. — Liberty Hall is the name of a new and elegant structure at New Bedford, a portion of which has been finished and furnished for a theatre. — An exchange paper makes a good hit when it says: "We saw Gabriel Ravel put a lady's dress out once which had caught on fire! Why not Ravel for the next president?" — One of the features by which the model husband is known is willingness to carry the baby.

RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF GERMANY.—A well informed writer, reviewing the past and present of religion in Germany, says the infidel philosophical systems have fallen; rationalism has shared their fate, and a return to evangelical theology is becoming general; the political reaction from 1848 has ceased upon evangelical Christianity as the only hope of the state; the clergy have returned to pastoral duties with new life; religious literature, missions, etc., are commanding enlarged interest, and the popular mind has largely returned to spiritual piety.

A BLOODLESS VICTORY.—By the annexation of Oude, one of the most valuable provinces of Hindostan, to British India, England acquires a territory of 25,000 square miles, inhabited by 5,000,000 people, capable of yielding a surplus revenue of about £3,000,000 (\$15,000,000). More robbery, but a bloodless victory.

DEATH OF JUDGE FAY.—The venerable Hon. Samuel Phillips Prescott Fay, of Cambridge, died in that city, lately. The deceased was Judge of Probate for Middlesex county for a long term of years, and was a man universally respected and esteemed.

Wayside Gatherings.

Huelves, a Dominican friar of Guauabacoa, in Cuba, died at the advanced age of 117, recently.

By the news from Utah it is plain that the system of polygamy is tending towards the grossest corruption.

While the bark *Afton*, Capt. Archer, of New Bedford, was cruising on the African coast, he was offered \$125,000 for his vessel for a slave trader.

Sarah Felix has taken a lease of Niblo's Garden for six months from next November. Laura Keane has taken a lease of the Metropolitan for six years.

Peoria, in Illinois, and Hannibal, in Missouri, have been constituted ports of entry, with the same regulations and restrictions as are applied to other ports of delivery.

A woman lately died in Boston, who sold apples by the pennyworth at the corner of the public streets, and who left behind her the snug sum of \$1400 in the Savings Bank.

An original lease of a lot of land in Newcastle, New Hampshire, to Elizabeth Beck, of Great Island, by Robert Tufson Mason, dated 1686, has just been discovered at that place.

A child, says the *Buffalo Courier*, about two and a half years old, belonging to Mr. Young, of Black Rock, died lately, in consequence of eating the tips of a quantity of friction matches.

Padre Vijil, the newly recognized minister of Nicaragua, probably does not pronounce himself *Pay-dur Vidy-il*, as our luminous orthography might lead some to think, but rather *Pah-dray Vee-heel*.

The orphan asylum in New York city is \$14,000 in debt. The receipts last year were \$36,876 42; expenses, \$36,832 25. The expenditures of the New York Magdalen Society last year were \$4928 45.

Lady Morgan, whose age may be stated as "between eighty and ninety," is engaged in writing her life and times. About sixty-five years ago she first attracted public attention by her ballad of "Kate Kearney."

Joseph B. Sheffield, of New Haven, has presented to Trinity College, Hartford, for the use of the college library, fifty shares of stock in the New Haven and Northampton Railroad. Their par value is \$100 per share.

In Memphis, in a quarrel about a parrot, which a young man had given away and wished to get back, a man named Connor shot two others, Williams and Mathias, both of whom are dead. The murderer was arrested.

The printers of New Hampshire propose the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the press in New Hampshire in October next, when the New Hampshire Gazette will be one hundred years old.

Two boys living in the town of Rochester, Ulster county, New York, being sent by their father to get a jug of rum, one of them on their way home drank freely of the liquor, and died in consequence soon after reaching home.

Hall's Journal of Health says that people should wear red flannels instead of white; and wear them loose, because red flannel does not mill up, and if loose, its titillation will keep the blood at the surface. It recommends a thinner article for summer.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert will, it is said, pay a short visit to Paris in the course of the summer. The object of the prince consort's visit will be to represent her majesty at the baptism of the imperial infant son of the emperor and empress of France.

The "Calcutta Englishman," of February 20th, says: "Those who relish extra tropical fruit, will be pleased to learn that a consignment of fresh and very fine American apples has just arrived at the ice-house, where they may now be had nearly as cold as the ice itself."

The *Deseret News* (Mormon) is "down on" a practice of the young men to have a piece of looking-glass fixed on the inside of their hat, and while pretending to be praying with their face in their hat, are quietly and slyly looking at the faces of the girls behind them reflected in the glass.

A baker in Montpelier, in France, who had his loaves seized for short weight, was sentenced to one month's imprisonment, and to pay the expense of putting the proceedings of the court about town and on the door of his own bakery, and of advertising them to the extent of half a column in the newspapers.

Jedediah H. Wentworth, aged 28 years, deliberately took his life at Farmington, Maine, by stabbing himself with a dirk. He was a very good young man, but had suffered a good deal with a disease in the head; and left a letter stating that and his fear of becoming an idiot as the reasons for suicide.

The number of births in Providence, in 1855, was 1600, which is 231 more than in 1854; there were twelve cases of twin births. The number of deaths was 1237. There were 636 couples made happy (perhaps) by marriage. In one case a man between 60 and 70 years of age was united to a girl under 20.

Within the last thirty years the compass has varied so much along the coast of Sweden, that the government have published a new chart corrected to 1855. At Gothland, in 1834, the variation was 15 degrees; it is now only 10 deg. 30 min. On the coast between Bjaro Klubb and Malorem, it was 16 degrees, in 1833, but is now only 8 degrees.

According to statistic returns published in the St. Petersburg newspapers, the besieged in Sebastopol discharged, from the 17th of October, 1854, to the 8th of September, 1855, projectiles to the number of 1,386,608, and weighing 1,405,249 pounds (each equal to 40 pounds). In addition to the above, 205,810 pounds of powder, and 25,000,000 cartridges were consumed.

Queen Victoria recently visited the encampment at Aldeshot, and reviewed the troops on a splendid charger. One account says she looked charmingly, attired in a dark green riding habit, with a round hat, from which fell a red and white feather of exceeding grace. Over her shoulder her majesty wore a belt of gold and tissue work, which added greatly to the effect of a most elegant costume.

A moose was recently killed at Groton, Vermont, which measured fourteen feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his hind feet; seven feet around the body; was seven feet high, and his hair was seven and a half inches in length. He had been followed for several days by men with their dogs; but he tired them all out, save one Carleton, who remained steadfast till the monster game fell, after receiving seven balls.

A boy 10 years of age, named Girolama de Mayo, and a native of Palermo, has lately been creating a sensation at Naples by a public display of intellectual abilities of a high order. He possesses an inexhaustible fund of historical knowledge, and translates at sight and with the utmost ease from the Greek, Latin, French, Spanish and English languages. The king has granted him a pension of 450 Neapolitan ducats till the age of 21, to assist him in completing his studies.

Foreign Items.

None of the copper money of France stamped with the head of Liberty, will be a legal tender after the 1st of October.

The Court Journal says Mr. Dallas, United States minister, attends the queen's levees and drawing-room in plain dress.

The States of the Duchy of Meiningen have just decided that no Jew can be an elector, a juryman, a public functionary, an advocate or attorney.

By a late decision of the French government, professorships of agriculture are to be founded in all the principal educational establishments of France.

The Emperor Alexander II. will be crowned Czar of Russia at Moscow, on the 31st of August, being the fete of his patron saint. The expense will be about \$2,500,000.

Omar Pasha, notwithstanding his threescore years, has just married a young lady fifteen years of age, the daughter of the unlucky General Nafiz Pasha. The bride and her family were strongly opposed to the match, and only yielded a reluctant assent.

The widow of Emperor Nicholas is shortly to visit Italy; and the Russian grand master of the ceremonies has already furnished a suite of apartments for her in Venice. This lends an air of probability to the rumor that the Emperor Alexander will himself shortly pay a visit to Rome.

The Emperor Napoleon has just purchased 18,000 square metres of land in the city of Paris, and divided it off into lots, on which he intends immediately building a large number of houses for the accommodation of the poorer classes of his subjects. Each house, as soon as it is built, will be sold at public auction, and the proceeds applied to building another.

Sands of Gold.

.... All that the wisdom of the prond can teach, is to be stubborn and sullen under misfortunes.—*Goldsmith*.

.... Love, which is only an episode in the life of man, is the entire history of woman's life.—*Madame de Staël*.

.... There are two kinds of men who please the women: those who love them, and those who detest them.—*Louis Desnoyers*.

.... All women are, in some degree, poets in imagination, angels in hearts, and diplomatists in mind.—*Emanuel Gonzales*.

.... On all occasions it is well to be a little more than tolerant; especially when a wiser and better man than ourselves thinks differently from us.—*Landor*.

.... In Athens, the whole nation co-operated with the artists, and this is one cause why Athenian art rose into unsurpassed splendor.—*G. H. Lewes*.

.... What is companionship where nothing that improves the intellect is communicated, and where the larger heart contracts itself to the model and dimension of the smaller?—*Landor*.

.... Talent, taste, wit, good sense, are very different things, but by no means incompatible. Between good sense and good taste there exists the same difference as between cause and effect; and between wit and talent there is the same proportion as between a whole and its part.—*La Bruyere*.

.... Those orators who give us much noise and many words, but little argument and less wit, and who are most loud when they are least lucid, should take a lesson from the great volume of nature; she often gives us lightning without thunder, but never thunder without lightning.—*Lacon*.

Joker's Budget.

The producers of poultry should postpone the census of the juvenile fowls till the period of incubation is fully accomplished!

Lord Chesterfield remarked of two persons dancing a minuet, that "they looked as if they were hired to do it, and were doubtful of being paid."

The editor of the New York Dutchman, speaking of a drink he once had occasion to indulge in, says he couldn't tell whether it was brandy or a torchlight procession going down his throat.

"Julius, was you ever in business?"—"Of course I was."—"What business?"—"A sugar planter."—"When was that, my colored friend?"—"Der day I buried dat old sweetheart of mine."

The young married couple who thought they could live on love and moonlight, find there is some virtue in baked beans. For taking the romance out of young folks, marriage is nearly as bad as a lawsuit.

Voltaire carried the art of sarcastic sneering to its perfection. The following is a specimen of his pithy bitterness: "I never was ruined but twice—once when I gained a lawsuit, and once when I lost it."

A Hartford paper gives the following "signs of the times" to be found in that city:—"Washing and going out to days works done here;" "Breakfast, dinner and supper at all hours;" and "Saws filed, and set up stairs."

"Mama, Lucy says this is my birthday," said a sunny-faced little boy a few mornings since. "Yes, Dicky, you are seven years old," replied the mother. "Will the stores keep open to-day, mama?"—"Yes, my son, but school don't!"

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SPANISH GUACHOS CATCHING WILD HORSES IN THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

SCENES IN THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

The first engraving on this page is a spirited representation of the chase of wild horses by the Spanish-American Guachos, in the Falkland Islands. A huntsman is dashing on the terrified drove, swinging around his head the lasso, weighted with a couple of stone or lead balls, which these Centaurs handle with much dex-

terity. One horse—a fine, powerful black fellow—is down; the balls, revolving by their centrifugal force, having effectually pinioned both his hind legs together. The second cavalier has dismounted, and is approaching to secure a prize. Our second picture is a representation of Stanley Harbor, Port William, on the extreme easterly point of the east island of the Falkland group,

which embraces nearly two hundred in all. The Falkland Islands were incorporated in 1845 as a British colony. The picturesque outline of the hills, and the peculiar conical shape of some of them, cannot fail to attract attention. These islands lie between 51° and 52° 25' south latitude, and 57° 42' and 61° 30' west longitude. The climate is mild, and the soil promises well for agriculture.



STANLEY HARBOR, PORT WILLIAM, FALKLAND ISLANDS.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
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SCENE IN FULTON MARKET, NEW YORK CITY.

The beautiful and spirited design on this page will be instantly recognized by every New-Yorker who has ever catered for himself in the market, and by every stranger who has sojourned in Gotham and had the curiosity to see the source of a portion of the immenso amount of "provant," as Dugald Dalgetty calls it, which daily disappears within the capacious maw, more ravenous than that of the "Dragon of Wantley," of the greatest and hungriest of American cities. The sketch was drawn expressly for us on the spot, by a genuine artist, who has given us not merely the literal features of the scene, but its life, its spirit, its character. It is Fulton Market all over, and nothing else. Hard by the Fulton Ferry house, and at the foot of Fulton Street, stands this bazaar of good things of life—this resort of buyers and sellers—of hucksters and consumers. Let us enter beneath the shadow of the pent-house roof. Look at that philosophic individual in the

corner, reading a newspaper, surrounded by greens, but with nothing green about him, personally, we dare affirm. And see the muscular action of that fine, sturdy fellow who is lifting a full basket of esculents. Further along you have a Chinaman, a new feature added to New York life, offering his wares to a couple of tars, one of whom is a mere looker-on, while the other is evidently engaged in the laudable amusement of "chaffing" John Chinaman. Two or three more of the natives of the "Central Flowery Land," in their quaint costume, are embraced within the scope of our picture. And lo! a vision of loveliness and neatness, beaming on the scene of confusion and disarray, appears in the shape of two exquisitely dressed ladies—visitors from Brooklyn, perhaps. They have attracted the attention of a type of the "b'hoy," who, with his invariable cigar in his mouth, and his hat set on at that peculiar angle which "Mose" has rendered famous, and which distinguishes the individual who "runs wid der

masheen," lounges on the railing of the steps: his expression indicates the admiration which his respect for its object forbids any other manifestation of. On the right of the picture is also another characteristic feature of a New York market—a counter supplied with a coffee urn, hot rolls and other delicacies, where, or a moderate sum, you can obtain an excellent stand-up breakfast—a very great convenience to many, whose time is precious and who must snatch a morsel when and where they can in the midst of the whirl and drive and rush of the great imperial city. The vessels' masts and the smoke-pipes introduced in the distance indicate the proximity of the market to the river. The whole scene—with its buyers and sellers, its idlers and loafers, its heaps of provisions, its crowd and bustle, is a fair transcript of actual life; and no one can have an adequate conception of New York as it is, without visiting the locality which we have so faithfully illustrated, both in spirit and in detail.



SCENE IN FULTON MARKET, NEW YORK CITY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LAMENT FOR PERCIVAL.

BY H. WARD.

How sadly sighs the western gale,
As o'er the prairie plains it sweeps!
It brings a softly plaintive wail,
And pensive Nature hears and weeps.

She mourns her dear-loved bard who lies,
In death, beneath the grass-green sod;
Where, wet with dew, the spring-flowers rise,
To dress with wreaths each hallowed clod.

And O, heavenly muse, descends,
At twilight's hushed and solemn hour,
And o'er his tomb, in silence bends,
With grief beyond expression's power.

Who now shall wake th' enchanting lyre,
Since he, Columbia's bard, is dead;
And pour from each impassioned wire,
The soul of melody—now fled?

Ah! who shall scale the mountain steep,
Or wander o'er the wide-spread plain,
To search the hidden mysteries deep
Of Nature's universal reign?

Thou, of the pure and lofty mind,
What was the world's applause to thee?
Should Fame her brightest chaplet bind,
Thou wouldst the dazzling pageant flee.

Amid the shades of Solitude,
Where Contemplation sits enthroned,
Thou lov'dst to dwell, when wild and rude
The autumn blasts around thee moaned.

Long as the murmuring streams shall flow,
In liquid music to the sea,
Thy spotless name, dear bard, shall glow,
In yon bright temple of the free.

Long as the dark green pines shall wave,
O'er breezy plain, or towering steep,
The pilgrim oft shall seek thy grave,
And o'er the shrine of genius weep.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TRIBUNAL OF WITCHCRAFT.

A TALE OF OLDEN TIME.

BY ELIZA J. EVERETT.

[CONCLUDED.]

But from the day on which Ruth entered the prison until the one succeeding her final condemnation, Wenochin did not once visit his friend the keeper. He seemed to avoid the immediate neighborhood of the jail, and on the one or two occasions when Mr. Hopkins saw him pass by, it was hurriedly, and with a cowering, apprehensive manner, that induced the worthy man to suspect that he feared the proximity of his persecutor. But to his surprise, the day after Ruth's fate was decided, Wenochin took again his familiar place on the prison steps.

"Ah, poor fellow," was the jailer's prompt after thought, as he remarked compassionately the altered aspect of the young red man, now so spiritless and feeble, "he feels safe now. He knows she will not be free to trouble him again."

Wenochin seemed abstracted and despondent, and much less conversable than was his wont, but he staid long, and until the keeper, somewhat wearied by his dullness, prepared to make, a little earlier than his accustomed time, his final round of visits for the day to those under his charge, a list which the evil tendency of the times had lengthened to an unprecedented measure. He invited Wenochin to accompany him on a tour of the building.

"Who is there?" asked the Indian, as the keeper, after making his first visit, locked the door of the room he had just quitted.

"Goody Parker," was the reply.

The next visit was made without any comment from Mr. Hopkins or his companion. But when the massive key was being turned upon the third prisoner, the jailer remarked: "This is Ruth Sherwood's door." Wenochin instantly shrunk back, and no persuasion would induce him to pass the door in question, or to accompany the keeper further, and he returned to the prison steps. He waited by the outer door until the keeper rejoined him, and then, with a prompt "good night," departed at a quick pace. For more than a week he was not again seen at the jail or in the town, but in those busy and exciting times, his absence was scarcely noted, even by his friend, Mr. Hopkins.

At length, one afternoon, two or three days prior to the one appointed for Ruth to meet her doom, he re-appeared in the place, his countenance sunken, and his whole person emaciated to a very shadow of his former self; and as he was passing the prison, observing the keeper sitting in a large arm-chair just within the door, he walked up and saluted him. The court had not been sitting that day, nor had any fresh arrest been made, so the jailer was undisturbed and at his ease at the time.

His attention was immediately attracted by the change in the Indian's appearance, while at the same time he became conscious of the unusual period which had elapsed since Wenochin's last visit. To his inquiries, Wenochin replied that he had been sick, and glancing apprehensively toward the quarter in which Ruth was confined, muttered something further about "the witch woman," which, upon a little reflection, the keeper concluded to imply a belief that Ruth had cast some evil spell or some mischief-working glance through her momentarily opened door upon him,

while he stood without awaiting the termination of the official visit.

"Perhaps he isn't far wrong," thought the worthy man, as he kindly urged the poor invalid to await the cooler part of the afternoon for further travelling.

Soon after, Mr. Hopkins began to show signs of impatience for the appearance of his very moderate afternoon draught of ale, which was customarily brought to him so swiftly that the froth had not time to sink, by some domestic messenger from his dwelling, which, though near at hand, was yet at what was deemed a safe distance from the prison, by his worthy helpmate; who, though a woman of unquestionable and unquestioned courage for dangers of a mortal, material character, had yet an exceeding dread of unearthly mischiefs; and not to be the governor's lady would she have dwelt, even for one night, beneath the same roof with any subject of the "Black Man."

Wenochin, observing the jailer's annoyance, offered to go for the ale, and his offer having been accepted, he was soon on his errand's returning way.

There was one place in his course where he was for a moment hidden from view either from the prison or the house, and here, casting first a lightning-like glance around to assure himself that he was unobserved, he drew forth a small phial which had been concealed about his person, and poured its contents into Mr. Hopkins's foaming draught and then replaced the phial beneath his mantle. All this was performed with such speed and adroitness that a looker-on would hardly have perceived the action; and Mr. Hopkins, who was keeping watch for his messenger, did not observe that he loitered in the sheltered portion of his path.

That evening, Ruth was beginning to wonder at Mr. Hopkins's delay in making his accustomed visit, when her attention was attracted by a faint sound at her door. She looked toward the direction whence the sound appeared to come, and listened earnestly for a moment, hearing nothing. The door then opened slowly and noiselessly, and a dark figure entered the apartment, gently closing the door behind it.

Surprise and terror kept Ruth quiet for a few moments, and then she perceived that the intruder was Wenochin. He advanced toward her in the same stealthy manner, and with his finger on his lips to enjoin silence on her part, and then said, in a low tone: "Let the White Lily have courage for a little time and she will be free."

He then drew from beneath his loose mantle a dress belonging to Mistress Hopkins, which was in the state termed by laundresses "rough dry," and a large summer hood and shawl, the property of the same good lady, and which she was accustomed to wear in all her peregrinations abroad—these things he had concealed so skilfully that there was no peculiarity outwardly visible in his appearance.

Ruth, in compliance with his briefly worded directions, and stretching the unprepared garment into comparative seamliness, drew Mistress Hopkins's dress over her own—the dress and disguise fitting better by that arrangement, as Mistress Hopkins, though of the same height as Ruth, was considerably stouter—and then further arrayed herself in the shawl and hood.

A few words from Wenochin sufficed to make Ruth comprehend the course she was to take to reach a certain tree in the outskirts of the neighboring forest, at which point Wenochin was to meet her; and then, the Indian first going out to ascertain that the way was clear, the two soon stood in the outer hall. Wenochin closed and secured the door as noiselessly as he had opened it, and then went forward, while Ruth awaited the low sound that was to be the signal for her advance.

The Indian proceeded noiselessly on his way, reconnoitering as he went, until he had restored the keys to the ample breast-pocket of Mr. Hopkins, who was in a strangely sound slumber, and then, stepping forth a little beyond the door, he looked leisurely around. No official was near at hand at the time in any direction, and as Wenochin sunk indolently on the door step, Ruth heard the sound for which she had been listening.

Whence, except in answer to the brief prayer she had breathed in those waiting moments, came the courage she felt within her now, she knew not, nor did she seek another explanation; but as she passed her slumbering jailer and the Indian seated near his feet, and stepped forth into the free and open air, her heart beat as calmly and as slowly as when her life's course had been most tranquil; nor did a glimpse of the stern constable who stood quietly paring his nails a short distance from her, quicken its pulses.

Ruth walked at a rapid pace, for the twilight was deepening, and it was fast becoming unseemly for a respectable woman to be abroad. An old goodwife whom she encountered, saluted her with a "Good even, Mistress Hopkins," but fortunately passed on without heeding whether she was answered. A little while after, William Oscrift, a thriftless, well-known lounge of the town, accosted her with "Good even, Mistress Hopkins—you are late abroad,"—only a brief nod, and an indistinct reply from the depths of the good lady's ample hood responded, and with a murmured "The goodwife seems in mighty haste to-night," William Oscrift went on his way.

This greeting made Ruth's heart leap and confused her brain for a moment, but her composure speedily returned, and steadily and unerringly, and to her great relief, without being again addressed, she pursued her devious way to the appointed meeting-place. There she was soon joined by Wenochin. He had retained his position on the prison steps until he had seen her pass safely the precincts of the jail and the range of the observation of all connected with it.

The constable, in regard to whom he felt some apprehension, had merely glanced toward her, and supposing her to be the jail-

er's wife, who frequently went to and from the jail, took no further note of her; and satisfied that there was no present danger from him, Wenochin slowly arose, and stealthily closing the door of the prison, that its unfastened condition and slumbering master might not attract untimely attention, he quietly departed in a different direction from that taken by the seeming Mistress Hopkins. In a different direction at the outset, but on a course, which, as we have seen, led, and not much later, to the same point.

From that point they walked swiftly and silently forward through the depths of the forest, the Indian guiding their course, Ruth knew not whither. Nor did she care to ask, for her trust in Wenochin had returned, and seemed stronger than ever; and she felt as if danger were too close behind them for her to risk a loud breath, or even the delay of questioning.

They had proceeded in this manner for about a mile and a half, when hearing the sound of a horse's hoof and perceiving the dark outline of a human figure a little way before her, Ruth started, and timidly drew nearer to her companion. He stepped a pace or two in advance of her, and seemed to be intently scanning the pathway and the figure before them, and then, turning toward Ruth and saying in a low, but distinct and re-assuring voice: "Fear not—it is Captain Adams," he stepped aside as if to suffer her to pass on to the one to whose guardianship he resigned her.

But another ear besides Ruth's had caught the Indian's words, and before she had time fully to realize their purport, she was clasped to a manly breast, and "Ruth, my own Ruth!" was softly uttered by a voice whose tones were to her ear and heart the world's sweetest music.

Brief time had they for mutual explanation and congratulation—and then, turning to their dark-skinned benefactor, they thanked him in few, but heart-born words, for the priceless service he had rendered them, and endeavored earnestly, but in vain, to prevail upon him to accompany them in their flight.

At last, in compliance with Wenochin's request, Ruth divested herself of Mistress Hopkins's attire, and returned it to the unlicensed borrower—her lover substituting for her use a lighter mantle and more graceful head-gear which he had provided for this expected emergency.

Again Ruth besought her deliverer to remain with them, and not return to where danger almost certainly awaited him. Wenochin fixed upon her for a few moments a sad, earnest gaze, and then, pointing to the southwest—the birthplace of the warm and welcome breezes—the home of the Great Spirit of his tribe—he said, mournfully:

"Wenochin is soon going on a long journey—he must not leave the burial place of his people."

Ruth's eyes filled with tears, for she understood the Indian's meaning, which his feeble constitution and debilitated state too well justified, but she replied, as cheerfully as she could:

"I hope we shall meet again, and often, Wenochin, in this world, dark and gloomy as it is; but until we do, is there nothing, my true, my generous friend, by which I can testify my gratitude and affection for you?"

Wenochin was silent for a brief space, and then he said:

"Will the White Lily give me her hand for one moment?"

Ruth answered by placing her hand in his. As he received it, the Indian sunk upon one knee, and pressed a long and fervent yet reverential kiss upon its white surface—then gently resigning it he arose and without a word quickly departed on his returning way. He was speedily lost to view in the gloom of the night and of the forest, and the lovers knew that his farewell had been taken.

Did Ruth know—did she suspect—that she was leaving behind a love as true and tender as that which went with her?

* * * * *

Great was the surprise and annoyance of the worthy jailer, when, late in the evening, he awoke from that deep and untimely slumber. He cast an uneasy glance upon the empty tankard by his side, and then, with knitted brows, seemed lost for a while in perplexed thought. The tankard was capacious, it was true—it had belonged to his grandfather, and he always had a sort of pride in taking his daily draught from it—but he never suffered it for those occasions to be more than one-third filled.

But at length light and peace came to the worthy man's mind with the memory, clear and unmistakable, that the foam of his afternoon's beverage had not risen above his own mark in the inside of the tankard—he had noticed the fact particularly. It was strange!

He arose and went around to see how matters had gone on during his unconscious state. The door of the prison was closed, but not fastened—but all else seemed as usual. The few pair of eyes whose duty it was to be open at night were drowsily staring, or peacefully closed at their posts—and the whole place was in profound stillness.

There was a strange, heavy, dizzy sensation in Mr. Hopkins's head—just such a sensation as would have induced him, but for his entire confidence in his own orthodox and temperate habits, to suspect that he had been guilty of an excess not permitted by the morality of the criminal code and of public opinion. It was very strange! And Mr. Hopkins tried in vain to remember having performed his customary evening duties—and wondered whether his slumbers had not been observed and marvelled at by others as well as himself, and he grew red and pale at the thought.

But the amazement and consternation of the worthy man were hardly to be exceeded, when, on going as usual to Ruth Sherwood's cell in the morning, he found that the prisoner was gone. Gone—but how? He examined the bars of the one small window—they were firm as ever. He scrutinized the back of the heavy door, which had been secured as usual when he came to it that morning—it was uninjured; and then he wondered at his

own folly in supposing that she, so weak and frail that irons had been dispensed with in her case as an unnecessary cruelty, could do aught against those substantial fastenings. Treachery in the case he did not suspect. With the exception of a single visit from Mistress Wright, another from Mistress Osgood, Ruth's aunt, and a third from the minister under whose pastoral care Ruth had been, and between whom and the unedifyingly contumacious prisoner a mutual disgust arose on that occasion, no one but himself had had access to the culprit—nor, besides, had he the slightest reason to believe that any one under his authority had any interest in her, or any disaffection to the cause of righteousness and the public weal. No—it was plain that the agency of the Evil One had aided his bond-servant, and had had a part, Mr. Hopkins felt perfectly confident, in his own somnolence the previous evening.

The grave officials, to whom the escape of the prisoner was duly communicated, adopted at once the jailer's views in the case, excepting the last-named, which he considered, as well as the fact to which it referred, had no bearing upon the point at issue, and so he very properly refrained from presenting either for their consideration.

The formal investigation which ensued upon the announcement of Ruth's marvellous disappearance elicited nothing to change the opinion of magistrates and jailer. All the persons connected with the jail testified to having been on duty as usual on the previous day. True, though they said it not, the prisoners being mostly helpless women, trebly guarded by the prison walls, the superstitious fear and hatred of the town, and the dangers of the heathen wilderness beyond it, their vigilance was not unceasingly minute in its operation; and to there having been no unusual visitor or appearance about the building.

One or two of the persons had seen Mistress Hopkins leave the jail near night-fall, but she was in the habit of coming and going to and from the prison—and one had seen the Indian Wenochin leave a short time after, walking slowly and feebly in a different and opposite direction from the one Mistress Hopkins had taken. No one else had been seen or known to leave the building, from the noon of the preceding day until the time of Ruth's escape being discovered.

Several witnesses testified to having met Mistress Hopkins at about the hour named for her departure from jail, and two had spoken to her. One or two of these persons spoke positively of the striped gown, and all, with varying degrees of certainty, but mostly with a sufficient degree of confidence, of the well-known brown hood and purple shawl.

On the other hand, Mistress Hopkins and others of her household stated that she had been confined to her room by a nervous headache all the previous day, and that, on that morning, the striped dress was still hanging with other clothes on the line upon which it had been placed the evening before, and had been taken down by her sister and prepared for the ironing-table, and, as further proof of the accuracy of this statement, the dampened garment was exhibited. The hood and shawl which Mistress Hopkins then wore, the same so positively identified by former witnesses as having been aired in the streets of Salem on the evening of the previous day, Mistress Hopkins declared she had found hanging upon the nail beneath the porch at the back entrance of her house—a nail upon which she frequently placed them—and she had no reason to suppose that they had at any time departed from her custody.

It was clear to all minds that it was only by supernatural means Ruth's escape had been effected, and many solemn looks and grievous fears arose upon the conviction, for Satan had not before been known to break jail.

Upon the Indian, strange as it may seem, no shadow of suspicion seemed to rest. Superstition, which ruled the hour, threw a veil over the eyes of sagacity. Two or three persons saw, and noting his feeble aspect, compassionated him for the evil spirit on him, on the evening of Ruth Sherwood's disappearance—but he was in an entirely different quarter of the town from that in which the seeming Mrs. Hopkins manifested herself, and no one thought of connecting their movements.

From this time Wenochin sunk rapidly, and when, in little more than a month after, he was committed to the grave, the whole community pitied the "witch's victim." Innocently on her part, if so, though it was otherwise in repute.

But Wenochin's evil genius, it would seem, had chosen another—a brighter and shining mark. A few days after Ruth's condemnation, Richard Adams, the promising young officer, had asked and obtained a leave of absence from his regiment. The vicinity of his post was then peaceful, and seemed likely to be so for some time, so that his presence could be dispensed with for a while without much difficulty. From the day of his departure from the frontier station he was not again seen by the army, or by his towns-people.

Some little time after his disappearance, and before any uneasiness was felt in regard to him, a letter containing his resignation of his command was received by the proper authority. The reply, an acceptance of his resignation, with many expressions of regret and of desire that he should retain his position, was transmitted to the quarter which he had designated, but its reception was never acknowledged, and when information in regard to the missing one was sought for, a little beyond that stated quarter, the clue to his movements was lost. It was remembered that during the day or two previous to his leaving the fort, he had twice been seen in a narrow wood-path, in close converse with a low, dark figure, apparently an Indian, and that he seemed abstracted and uninterested in all about him. At the time, these matters were scarcely heeded, but when they were recalled, they brought with them a fearful import. Ruth's sin seemed to spread its withering blight

upon all who had been most nearly connected with her in her days of innocent fame!

Many rumors in relation to the vanished witch floated for a while upon the haunted atmosphere of Salem, and then were dispersed by fresh tales of newer wonders of the "Black Man's" power. Among those vague stories was one, which, however, obtained but little currency, of two of the prison subordinates having seen, on the evening before Ruth Sherwood's flight was discovered, the appearance of the respected keeper sitting in his arm-chair and apparently asleep, at a time when he was in the habit of superintending the night arrangements of the building under his charge. The few who heard this strange tale, did not fail to note the diabolic malice which prompted the Satanic illusion, and so strove to deprive the worthy Mr. Hopkins of his well-earned repute for vigilance and trustworthiness, whilst his stern watch and ward were supernaturally eluded.

Ten years afterward, on a fine afternoon early in November, Mistress Wright walked up the main street of Salem, towards her own residence. Clad in widow's weeds, her once proud, firm step become feeble and uncertain, her once majestic form bowed and attenuated, her former radiant beauty dimmed—how sadly! Few who had known her but in the queenly glory of her earlier years would have recognized her then.

As she went slowly on her way, a blooming young mother, who was guiding the tottering steps of her first-born in a direction toward her, turned pale at the sight of her well-known figure, and hastily entered a friend's house which she had just passed—involuntarily clasping her child with a protecting air at the same time.

A little further on, a maiden, whose marriage banns had been twice read, sat near a window of her father's house. At the first glimpse of the tall form with its black robe, she drew the protecting curtain between herself and the passer-by. One or two persons whom Mistress Wright encountered, went on seemingly unaffected by her vicinity; but the others looked at her askance and doubtingly, and a youth against whom her garment nearly brushed as she drew near her own dwelling, started aside in terror, and trembled to such a degree that his limbs would hardly support him.

Mistress Wright went calmly on, apparently without the slightest consciousness of the effect her presence produced; but every, even the least, token of fear and suspicion she saw, and every one was as a dagger in her proud, lonely, fainting heart.

When she reached her own door, she paused for a few minutes at the threshold, while, with a strange, mournful gaze, she surveyed the street, above—below—and all within the range of her vision—and then, with a heavy sigh, she slowly entered the house. Was there within her heart a prophetic whisper that she was taking a last farewell of that familiar scene?

Mistress Wright had been long a widow. Her husband had died in England, a few weeks after the time of Ruth's disappearance, and in less than a year after she had received the tidings of his death, she had buried her only child. She had not mourned for either, nor had any one supposed that she did—and when her dazzling beauty began to fade—when she grew more and more reserved and unsocial, until at length she lived in almost utter solitude—when fits of troubled abstraction by day, and vigils, lasting whole nights, became frequent with her—when her servants were often aroused at dead of night by strange, unearthly voices proceeding from their mistress's apartment, and occasionally heard low, muttered sounds when they passed it during the day—when a wild light was frequent in her large, dark eyes, and when it was whispered round that she had turned shudderingly from the good minister who had sought to induce her to open her heart, and had ever after avoided his presence—suspicions, vague and hardly expressed, but daily strengthening in influence, had arisen in regard to her—suspicions of fiendish companionship—of secret dealing with the Enemy.

The time had gone by, however, when suspicions endangered life or liberty, and rank and wealth commanded respect even in Puritan eyes—and Mistress Wright's name was never openly linked with aught discreditable or sinful. Yet she saw and understood, and keenly felt the shadow which had fallen upon her. A proud, intellectual woman, Mistress Wright had avoided rather than sought, the narrow-minded companionship her native town presented to her; but when, from being an object of admiration and almost of reverence, she became one of distrust and of a kind of contemptuous fear—when she felt herself excluded, otherwise than by her own will, from the society she despised, a sense of desolation, a sort of outcast consciousness, came over her—which seemed to complete her misery.

Two weeks after the day on which Mistress Wright was abroad, as we have mentioned, a funeral concourse was gathered within her mansion—the mistress of the household was about to be borne to the grave. There were some in that assemblage, with solemn faces and in sable garb, near relatives of the deceased, who took the part of mourners in the ceremonial of the occasion, but there was little of grief in their countenances, and none in their hearts, for Mistress Wright's strangely reserved habits and cold, haughty bearing of later years, had estranged from her the affection of her kindred. And though most of the towns-people had come to do honor to the burial, none sorrowed over the departed.

One there was, a staid, respectable father of a family, whose face and heart for a while were sad as he looked upon the wan and altered face of the dead. Some years of his youth had been shadowed by a secret and unhappy love for the brilliant Sarah Linsley—a love which lived until long after she became the wife of another—and memories of the past, with softening influence,

were busy within him as he stood beside her coffin. But, raising his eyes, they met the blooming face of his unconscious wife, and with a start almost of terror at his involuntary faithlessness, he turned from the lifeless one and dispersed those memories, and their tender spell forever—the dark suspicion which of late had attached to the idol of his earlier years resuming its place within his heart.

With all the respect and observance due to her high social position, Mistress Wright was committed to the earth—and abandoned by humanity forever. The wild grass and weeds grew thick and rank upon her grave—there was no loving heart and gentle hand to care for it—and the memory of the beautiful and gifted one who mouldered beneath, was ever dark and unlovely.

While Mistress Wright stood at her threshold taking her long, last look upon the familiar street of Salem, the sun was resting warm and golden upon a rural dwelling in New Jersey. The house was constructed with great simplicity, and exteriorly was fashioned in a manner plain almost to rudeness—but that mattered little—indeed, it was better so, for the luxuriant vines which almost covered the building clung the more firmly for the roughness and inequality of its surface. The fences and outbuildings, and everything about the land attached to this dwelling betokened the care of a skilful and prosperous farmer. And wherever there had been an opportunity for the exercise of taste without pretension, it had been properly availed of.

The neighboring forests were then decked in the brilliant hues of autumn, and the whole landscape wore an aspect of softened beauty beneath the hazy veil of the Indian summer—that dreamy, poetic season, which, like the people whose name it bears—like all that is dreamy and poetical—is fading away before the advancing Anglo-American race—the race of "progress" and of "improvements."

Beneath the rustic porch of the dwelling of which we have spoken, stood a lady, who, judging from her aspect, might have been in her twenty-fifth autumn; though had her family record been examined, she would have been found guilty of many more years than her appearance confessed to. She was not beautiful, but there was a delicacy in the bloom, and a gentleness in the expression of her countenance, which made it very fair and interesting to look upon—and the loving smile and look of maternal interest and affection which dwelt upon her face, as, attracted by the sound of her children's voices, she watched their approach, gave it a peculiar charm.

And with pride, as well as love, might the mother look upon those two children, so graceful and so beautiful, as, fast as their burden permitted, they hastened toward her. They carried between them a large basket heaped with clusters of the wild grape, which they had gathered in the wood; and, following them with a somewhat slower and calmer movement than theirs, was a young, slender Indian girl, who had accompanied them on their excursion, and who also bore upon her arm a basket filled with the purple spoil of the forest vines.

When the group had reached the lady, the children, as loudly and rapidly as their panting condition permitted, told the prominent particulars of their afternoon's expedition, and called upon their mother to admire and marvel at their rich booty, while the Indian girl stood by, listening with a quiet smile; and when their breath fairly failed them, she availed herself of the pause to step forward and with a timid, graceful manner, present to the lady a necklace of remarkably beautiful wampum, asking at the same time, the privilege of placing it upon her neck—a privilege which was readily accorded.

Just after, the husband of the lady joined the group. He was accompanied by his dog, a large, noble animal, and the favorite playmate of the children, who at once bounded off for a romp with him—and the young Indian, briefly saluting the gentleman, now departed for her home.

After a few minutes' conversation with her husband, the lady said:

"You do not observe my necklace, Richard—a gift from Arcyta. See—is it not exquisitely wrought?"

And she removed it from her neck, and handed it to him for his closer examination.

"It is, indeed. I have never seen any so fine," he answered, as he returned the ornament.

"'Tis a somewhat fairer necklace than our kind friends of Salem would have forced upon my acceptance," said the lady, with a smile. "I may well love the aborigines," she added, thoughtfully.

The smile, as it faded, grew sad, and tears rose to her eyes, for a host of sorrowful and of bitter memories were thronging upon her mind. But her husband, who had been watching her changing countenance, now encircled her tenderly with his arm, and pressing a kiss upon her brow, said:

"Ruth, my own dear wife, let us forget the past, nor suffer its gloom to obscure our bright and happy present—shall we recall the cold and storms of January to chill and shadow this glorious Indian-summer time?"

Ruth buried her face in her husband's bosom for a little while, and when she raised it, the cloud had passed away, and a bright yet tender smile greeted his loving eye.

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.

A Russian soldier, so far as I have seen, differs widely from the type imputed to them in our prints and pictures. Their skin is as white as a woman's, but cold and bloodless, their eyes blue and singularly soft and placid; the forehead low and unintelligent, the cheek bones high and prominent, the lower part of the face beardless and angular. Their hair is cropped short, and they wear a forage cap, and the everlasting drab bed gown of a great coat down to the heels—*Too Cruises with the Baltic Fl. et.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BE NOT CAST DOWN.

BY WM. RODERICK LAWRENCE.

Be not cast down, although life's brightest dreams
Deceive thee; for life is not what it seems;
Bright visions of the future fire the breast,
But this fair world is not our place of rest.

Be not cast down, if clouds hang o'er your way,
They soon will burst, and swiftly pass away;
The sun again upon your path will shine,
And blooming roses with the myrtle twine.

All have their trials, and we too must bear
The lot of ill that falleth to our share;
But trials oft are blessings in disguise,
To wean from earth and draw us to the skies.

Be not cast down, although life's brightest dreams
Deceive thee, for life is not what it seems;
Though visions bright should haunt the youthful breast,
Remember, this is not our place of rest.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DEATH AT JENA.

BY A. T. PARSONS.

In the beginning of January, 1807, and on one of the coldest nights of that winter, which was very severe, Monsieur Moreau knocked at the door of his wife's chamber—M. Moreau was a broker, lately married, who had passed *forty* some years ago, but whose age, however, had not prevented him from soliciting with eagerness the only daughter of M. Durand, his intimate friend; he had looked upon this marriage as a sort of business affair, and had spared no pains nor left any artifice or ruse unemployed to accomplish his ends. The affair once settled, that is to say, the young girl married, the sole object of his life seemed attained, and his *fortune made*. Unoccupied as he now was, M. Moreau began to love his wife—he had coveted the fortune of Mademoiselle Eugenie Durand; he possessed it; love was now the only thing left him to think of—a subject which, until the day of his marriage had but little occupied his attention. Madame Moreau, however, was worth his pains; she was a beautiful brunette—hair of a jet black—large, brilliant eyes and a graceful and slender figure. She was but twenty-two years of age, her features regular—and piquant at the same time, having that half-disdainful, half-proud air which never fails to please men whose self-love is flattered by conquering this disdain, and softening this proud spirit.

On this evening M. Moreau came home to his wife filled with two sentiments equally strong—love and jealousy. He knocks at the door—no one replies—and he, with his ear at the key-hole eagerly listening, curses the carpet which deadens, without doubt, the sound of footsteps within. He knocks a second time—his wife opens it.

"Are you alone, madame?" he asked, with that hesitation of a man at the same time jealous and amorous, who has suspicions and yet fears to displease.

"Do you not see for yourself?" replies the young wife.

"Madame, pardon me—you have—"

"What, monsieur?"

"My porter told me—excuse me, madame—that this evening a young man came here, and that he had not yet gone out."

"Be seated, if you please, monsieur," said Madame Moreau, pointing to a chair placed near the fire opposite her own.

"Good gracious, Eugenie! I do not understand the cause of your anger."

"My anger? I am very calm, monsieur—you will soon understand the sentiments which agitate me—will you then be seated?"

"But, my dear friend, there is nothing in my demand to irritate you. The porter told me that a young man *had* been here. I have visited every part of the house and seen no one—the porter may have been mistaken, no one may have come in, or if indeed, so he must have gone out without his observing it."

"Then you do not wish to sit down, monsieur?" she repeated to her husband, who had remained standing all this time.

A bitter smile prevented M. Moreau from continuing—he sat down, drew his snuff-box from his pocket and played with it in his fingers.

"You well know, monsieur," said his wife to him, "the circumstances which preceded and accompanied our marriage."

"O, my dear Eugenie! can you believe that I should ever forget so happy a day? My whole life—"

"Permit me, nevertheless, monsieur, to recall to your mind facts which probably we look at in a different manner. A year ago, I was asked in marriage by Monsieur Edward de la Salle, then lieutenant of hussars. M. de la Salle did not stop to consider that I was an only daughter, that I should have a large dowry, and that I should be a rich heiress. He had loved me since our earliest childhood—you know that this sentiment was shared by me, and that with age it became a mutual passion."

"Yes, my dear Eugenie, I know all that. M. de la Salle loved you first because he knew you first, and you are so beautiful that you could only be loved for yourself alone—in that respect the history of M. de la Salle is like mine—"

"That is what I do not precisely believe, monsieur. But let me continue—my father did not refuse M. de la Salle; he only told him that he was very young and not far advanced in his career—he said still more; he promised him not to dispose of me without first warning him of it. Some time after, monsieur, you learned

that it would be advantageous to marry me, and, with that tenacity which has served in making your fortune, you had the art of incessantly surrounding my father with persons who spoke to him advantageously of you, and made him regard this alliance with a flattering aspect. They did not conceal from you the demand of M. de la Salle, or my passion for him; but an old merchant like my father would naturally prefer a man of his profession to a lieutenant of hussars—you skilfully profited by this disposition, and fortune favored you also, for on one side M. de la Salle set out for the army, and on the other his father died and left him whom I loved—and whom I love still—"

"Whom you love still, madame?" exclaimed M. Moreau.

"Yes," continued his wife, "whom I love still—left him I say, not so rich as he was supposed to be; then, my father wrote a polite refusal to M. de la Salle, gave you his word, and you were presented to me. I did not conceal from you my aversion—"

"Your aversion, madame!" repeated M. Moreau, whose pale complexion reddened at this word.

"It is as well to call things by their right names, and why not acknowledge now what passed six months ago. You let this first storm pass over, and sure of the assent of my father, you did everything to persuade the public that your suit was accepted. At last, one day, my father called me to him; he had a letter in his hand from Jena—from Jena itself—from the field of battle; it was from one of the comrades of M. de la Salle. He whom I loved had fallen on the field of honor, had died the death of a hero, shot in the breast by a Prussian ball. 'This promising young officer was lying (so it was written), surrounded by enemies whom he had killed.' That letter my father received from you, who had prudently desired that I should not be informed of that circumstance. After my deep grief was in a measure subdued, then they represented that my marriage with you was nearly public, and that it was time for me to marry. My father at first ordered me—he afterwards entreated me—he was old, sick, he said, and did not wish to die without seeing me established; without being able to overcome my repugnance, I yielded—"

"Ah, well, madame, I became your husband, and in spite of your continued coldness, in spite of that repugnance which attests only too much the present bitterness of your words, of what can you complain? Which of us is wanting in love, may I ask you?"

"Of what do I complain? You have deceived me, monsieur!"

"I, madame?"

"Yes—you—M. de la Salle is *not dead*, no Prussian ball ever entered his breast, this brave officer did not remain on the battle field of Jena; on the contrary, he entered Berlin with his emperor."

"Madame, it is true that 'twas I who gave your father the letter announcing the death of M. de la Salle; I had it from a friend, a relation of the officer who wrote it, and I affirm to you upon the honor—"

"You have imposed upon me," exclaimed Eugenie, with violence, "you knew that M. de la Salle was living. That letter which deceived me is false—there is no officer of the name by which it is signed in the regiment of M. de la Salle; your porter has not deceived you—in fact, a young man did come in here this evening. You have not searched well, monsieur; you have yet to examine my apartment; enter this closet, monsieur, and you will see who was the person with me when you knocked at my door; enter then, it is M. de la Salle, who died at Jena!"

The door of the closet opened, and a young officer advanced slowly towards M. Moreau; his naturally pleasant face was stern; the elegant uniform which he wore, instead of giving him that easy and graceful appearance which distinguishes the arms under which he served, appeared in the eyes of M. Moreau of a sombre brilliancy which made him shudder. M. Moreau rose from his chair and drew back involuntarily. The young officer advanced with the accusing letter in his hand, and, holding it under the eyes of his rival, said to him:

"Well, monsieur, will you deny your treason?"

There was in his accent, in his look, the bitter hatred of a generous man, whose dearest objects on earth have been torn from him by treachery and deceit—whose heart had been wilfully broken and his life embittered. His dark and indignant eyes wandered from this woman whom he loved so much, to this man, who, by an odious lie, had robbed him of her. He was on the point of giving vent to his rage, when Eugenie, who, immovable in her chair, had not changed her position, began:

"You have basely deceived us both," said she, to her husband, "and this evening, when M. de la Salle suddenly appeared before me, when he whom I love extended to me his arms full of life, love and youth, we might have rendered you deceit for deceit, treason for treason; but we have too much love and too much loyalty for such a revenge. No, monsieur, you have not in your turn been deceived by us. M. de la Salle does not wish to be the lover of your wife—he claims your wife."

"How! madame!" exclaimed M. Moreau, who had somewhat recovered from his fright and astonishment. "What means this language? Do you think I will support—"

"You will have nothing to support, monsieur, but you must prepare to renounce me."

"Never, madame, never," exclaimed M. Moreau.

Eugenie made no reply—she rung for her *femme de chambre*.

"Justine, wake up the coachman, let him harness the horses and prepare to follow me."

This order was received with so little astonishment, and the carriage so quickly ready, that M. Moreau judged that the plan had been previously agreed upon, and that Justine and the coachman had been forewarned. He tried to speak—they would not listen to him; he tried to leave the apartment—M. de la Salle prevented him. When Madame Moreau was ready, when she

had tied on her bonnet and was enveloped in her cloak, she held extended her hand to the young officer, and turned away her head in passing by her husband. The two rivals were alone. M. de la Salle began to speak:

"At last we are alone together—the offender and the offended. Do you hear the noise of the carriage wheels which bear away Eugenie—your wife? She departs, alas! with a hope which may never be realized; she leaves to me a mission that I cannot accomplish precisely as she expects."

"What do you mean, monsieur?"

"Your wife will live no longer with you; she will not be the eternal victim of the treachery which has united you—you must sign a bill of divorce."

"Never, monsieur!" said M. Moreau, who had no idea of resigning a woman whom he loved or a long coveted fortune.

"Permit me," continued the officer, "I desire still more—what your wife desires will not suffice for me. For me your life is necessary—yes, the law might disunite you; it would permit me to marry her whom I love; but you will none the less have been her husband—you will none the less have robbed me of my first love. I wish to be able to forget this fatal event. I wish to see you no more; I cannot submit to meeting you in my walks, at the assembly, at the theatre. I cannot have the world say, when seeing you—'There goes the broker Moreau, the first husband of Madame de la Salle,'—no, we cannot both live; monsieur, do you understand? and I shall not leave you until death parts us."

There was so much decision in the words of the lieutenant, that Moreau, who was not wanting in courage, saw plainly that a duel was the only part left for him to take—his wife would necessarily insist upon a divorce or a separation, and who knew what change a duel might effect in the heart of Eugenie! Moreau might be happier than his adversary; he might be wounded, and a woman never refuses a little esteem for one who exposes his life for her.

He accepted then, and both silent and too proud to speak more, awaited the daybreak with impatience. As soon as daylight dawned, and a dim, grayish ray stole through the curtains of the apartment, the lieutenant abruptly broke the silence with the question:

"What are your arms, monsieur?"

"The sword," replied Moreau.

"Have you any affairs to settle?"

"None; I have no children, and my affairs are all regulated."

"Your witness?"

"My *valet de chambre* will follow me."

"If it pleases you, monsieur," said the officer, "we will stop at the house of a friend of mine, who will accompany me."

"Willingly."

And they set out. Having arrived at the wood where affairs of this sort are terminated (then more common than at the present day), they drew their swords, and after a brief struggle M. de la Salle was slightly wounded in the arm, but he thrust his sword deeply into the breast of his adversary, who fell dying at his feet.

"I do not regret life," said he to the officer. "I feel that I merit no better fate. Go to Eugenie—forget that she was ever mine; make her your wife and be happy. Had you fallen in this combat I could not have braved the disdainful look of Eugenie, and she never could have forgiven the fraud by which I possessed her."

Something within revealed the horror with which he would inspire his wife, and even if the fortune of the duel had had an opposite result, he never could have prevailed with her on his right as a husband, and that the lie to which he owed the possession of her would now serve as a sufficient excuse for his rival.

Soon after this, M. de la Salle was promoted by the emperor; and laden with honors, he married Eugenie, who was happy to abandon a name which had so long been odious to her, and she mourned no more for the death at Jena.

ABOUT DE QUINCEY.

It is related, as an instance of De Quincey's carelessness in money matters, that, having been once arrested for a debt of twenty pounds in Edinburgh, he was dragged to jail, where he remained for two weeks. During his incarceration, his daughter frequently visited him, and one day brought him a new waistcoat, the other he then wore being somewhat shabby. After he had taken off his old vest, his daughter examining the pockets, discovered a bank note for thirty pounds, of the existence of which her father had no knowledge whatever, with which, of course, the twenty-pound debt was instantly discharged. For a long time De Quincey's nervousness from opium was so great that he was obliged to walk fourteen miles a day, in order to procure two hours sleep at night. The way in which this was accomplished was curious. The dreamer had a mile measured on a neighboring road, and at one extremity placed a heap of seven stones. When the journey was about to commence, he took up a stone and carried it to the other end of the mile, then returned for another, until the pile was exhausted. This necessity of carrying the stones prevented him from forgetting the number of miles he had walked, which would otherwise be highly probable. De Quincey, when he writes, flings each sheet as soon as finished, over his shoulder, and never sees them again. His daughters gather up the scattered leaves, arrange and correct them, and hawk them among the magazine editors for sale.—*N. Y. Times.*

A LESSON.

"Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day," is an excellent maxim for corporations and governments, as well as individuals. In the Alabama River there has been, for years, an old, forked oak snag, upon which, every few months, a steamer is destroyed. It has already occasioned the loss of four steamers and the partial loss of a fifth. A few dollars would suffice to remove this formidable obstacle to navigation, by which \$150,000 worth of property has been sacrificed; and yet it is still allowed to remain in its bed, in all the majesty of sovereign supremacy, demanding and receiving royal tributes of cotton and tobacco and noble steamboats from the careless navigators of this stream.—*Portfolio.*



NEST OF THE REED BUNTING.

BIRD ARCHITECTURE.

Nothing in nature is more curious than the habitations of the feathered tribes, constructed with the aid of their bills alone, in a style of neatness which it is difficult to imagine is not

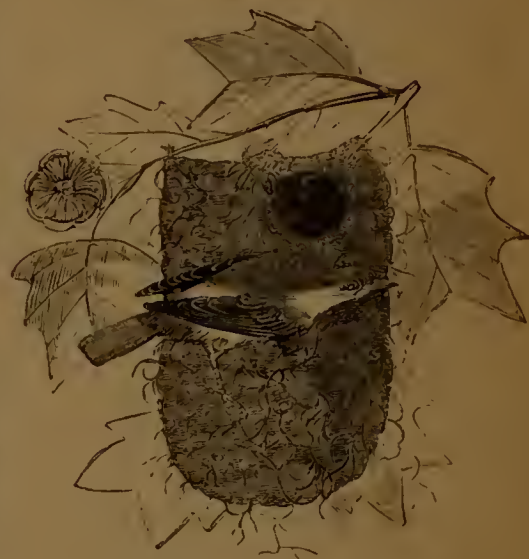
perfect neatness. We have seen one composed of the finest silky down or cotton, of a delicate straw color, soft, light and compact, attached to the end of a twig and artfully concealed by leaves. Sometimes the little creatures use the down of plants, cotton, and even spiders' webs. The female usually lays two eggs, the color of which is white. The Humming Birds are among the smallest and most brilliant of the feathered race—little winged gems; and they are natives of America. They are most numerous in the tropics, and only two species have been found far to the north of our continent. The Ruby-throated, or Northern Humming Bird has been known to reach the 57th parallel of north latitude. The next engraving depicts the hanging nest of the Baltimore Oriole (or Baltimore bird and Baltimore Starling), a well known summer visitant, which derives its name from its colors, brilliant orange and black, being those of the arms or livery of Lord Baltimore. In our engraving one of these birds is seen on the outside of the nest. The Oriole exhibits extraordinary instinct in the construction of its habitation. "He generally," Wilson tells us, "fixes on the high bending extremities of the branches, fastening long strings of hemp or flax round two forked twigs, corresponding with the intended width of the nest; with the same ma-



HUMMING BIRD'S NEST.

terials, mixed with quantities of loose tow, he interweaves or fabricates a strong, firm kind of cloth, not unlike the substance of a hat in its raw state, forming it into a pouch of six or seven inches in depth, lining it substantially with various soft substances, well interwoven with the outward netting, and lastly finished with a layer of horsehair, the whole being shaded from the sun and rain by a natural canopy of leaves." The position of the nest affords security against the attacks of the bird's enemies, among whom the black snake is foremost. The nest of the European Jay, also depicted on this page, is a cap-shaped basket of matted roots, externally defended by an outer case of intertwined twigs, which also form a sort of platform, secured to the fork of the branch on which the structure rests. The next pictures show the nest of the Fly Catcher and that of the House Sparrow. The nest of the Fly Catcher is delineated after Le Vaillant's design in his "Birds of Africa." It is remarkable for its peculiar form, which resembles a small horn suspended with the point downwards. It is composed of slender threads obtained from the bark of certain shrubs, and laboriously woven together. The cavity for the eggs is about three inches in depth, and beyond this is a conical mass of felt. The nests of the House Sparrow are built of

and is a bright plumed and remarkably sagacious bird. Our last engraving represents the nests of the Pensile Weaver Birds. These nests usually overhang a river, or pool of water, and are shaped like a chemist's re-



BALTIMORE ORIOLE AND NEST.

tort, with a body and long neck, at the end of which is the aperture, close to the surface of the water. The neck leads to a snug chamber, in which the young are reared. The structure is composed of interwoven grass. Col. Sykes observes that the Weaver Bird is



NEST OF EUROPEAN JAY.



NEST OF FLY-CATCHER.



NEST OF HOUSE SPARROW.

the result of manual dexterity. We have collected on this page authentic drawings of some of the most noteworthy and pretty specimens of the architecture of birds. The first is the nest attributed to the Reed Bunting, which is woven so securely round the reeds that form the framework of its nest, that the little family sit within their bower, swinging securely in the midst of the strongest breeze. The material employed for this dainty habitation is long grass. The next picture is a delineation of the nest of the Humming Bird. The nests of Humming Birds are most beautifully compact structures, exquisitely finished and arranged with

hay, straw, feathers and other materials, in snug crevices, often under the eaves of houses, and are loosely put together, the shape varying according to the locality. The nest we have depicted is built in a tree. The House Sparrows build also in the fissures and crevices of masonry, and in vines trained against a house. The Mahali Weaver Birds' nests are next depicted. These birds feed on insects and seeds. They allow the ends of the stout grass which they weave into the texture of their houses to protrude, like "quills upon the fretful porcupine," so as to present an obstacle to the advance of snakes towards their eggs and young. Sometimes thirty nests are seen suspended on a tree. These birds abound in Africa. The nest of the Baya Sparrow, shown in our engraving, is pendent, and formed in a very ingenious manner, by long grass woven together in the form of a bottle, and suspended by the smaller end to the extremity of a flexible branch, the more effectually to secure the eggs and young brood from serpents, squirrels and birds of prey. The nests contain several apartments, appropriated to different purposes. In one the female performs the office of incubation; in another, consisting of a little vault, covering a perch without a bottom, sits the male, who cheers his companion with his notes. The Baya Sparrow is found in Hindostan,

very common in Dukhun, Africa, and there are few wells overhung by a tree where their nests are not seen pendent; they live in small communities, and are very noisy in their labors. Pringle describes the nest as woven of a kind of tough grass, the cylindrical passage between 12 and 15 inches in length.



NEST OF MAHALI WEAVER BIRDS.



NEST OF THE BAYA-SPARROW.



NEST OF PENSILE WEAVER BIRD.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO STELLA.

BY JUNIUS M. STEVENS.

No sorrow rests upon thy face,
Unclouded is thy deep blue eye;
Thy beauteous features wear no trace
Of love's bright dreams gone by,
As thou with thee thus disappears,
Leaving its smiles undimmed with tears.

Is there no vision to recall
The faded light of by-gone hours?
Shall Love thus ever vainly call,
And Fancy, in its touching powers,
Paint those bright scenes of early days,
Now silvered o'er with memory's rays?

Ah, it is well we can forget
Those airy visions of the past,
And bid sad memory's star to set
In sorrow's cloud that riseth fast
Upon this dreary vale of tears,—
This scene of strife, of pain and fears.

Our brightest hopes—youth's golden hours,
We ne'er shall know again;
Our trusting love, whose blissful powers
Threw pleasure o'er our saddest pain,
Hath now been blighted, chilled and cold—
We love not as we loved of old.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BIANCA THE ACTRESS.

BY OPHELIA M. CLOUTMAN.

NIGHT lay upon the Eternal City. The narrow streets, so lately thronged with the *élite* of fashion and the children of poverty, seemed now deserted—silent. No sound broke the death-like stillness of the night, save the occasional footstep of some lonely traveller, as, alone, he pursued his solitary way, or the hilarious shout of some midnight debauchee returning from his revels. The moon, that imagery of heavenly purity, poured forth upon palace and dome a flood of silver light, imparting to that ancient and glorious city a degree of beauty and grandeur which even an Italian sunset, all lovely as it is, fails to produce.

In a luxurious apartment of one of the many beautiful palaces which look down so frowningly upon the humbler dwellings of Rome, sat Bianca the actress. Arrayed in her stage-ropes, with her fair cheek resting upon her small and delicate hand, her eyes downcast, she is scarcely less beautiful to the eye of a beholder than when, a few hours previous, she stood before the vast audience at the theatre, with her flashing eye and raven tresses shading her olive complexion, on which naught but the rose-tint of health ever bloomed. Even her very jewels were outvalued in lustre by those starry orbs, so full of expression and intensity of light, and flashed back upon themselves with but a reflected brilliance.

But why is she sitting thus alone, at such an hour of the night, undivested of her rich and cumbersome robes, which oftentimes press so heavily upon her graceful and slender form? Dear reader, know you not that but one night more shall elapse ere Bianca Montani quits forevermore the stage?

Hastening home from the theatre, she did not even think of exchanging her garments, so absorbed was she in her own thoughts; but hastily dismissing her French dressing-maid, she threw herself upon a chair, from which, though two long hours have passed, she has not risen. She is thinking, perchance, of the past—its toils, its struggles for fame and greatness, which, at last gained, are to be sacrificed in two short days, for the calm and quiet of domestic life.

And now the future rises before her, with its brilliant prospects of earthly happiness, and a smile irradiates for a moment her sad and pensive face. Slowly she raises her eyes, and sees before her, on the table, a mass of unopened notes and letters, together with the fairest flowers of the land; but quickly has her eye sought out one particular bouquet, composed entirely of moss-rose buds, which, night after night, her betrothed—Edgar Stanley—has sent to her. Seizing it, she fervently pressed it to her lips, and tearing from its flowery nest a note, she hastily read as follows:

"DEAREST BIANCA:—If you will but consummate my present happiness by consenting to a speedy union, wear, then, in thy bosom but one of these buds on to-morrow eve, your farewell night, as a pledge of your faith and constancy. On that flower I shall base all my hopes. Should I fail to see it worn upon thy breast, God only knows to what a rash and dreadful act my passion might lead me to. Yours till death. EDGAR STANLEY."

Closing the note, Bianca softly murmured, "Yes, dearest,—I will be thine." Then tearing from the bouquet a half-closed bud, she rose and threw it into a marble basin, filled with crystal water, that its freshness might be preserved for the coming night.

And now, as dawn begins faintly to streak the horizon, she throws herself upon her couch to seek a few hours' rest; and while yet a prayer for him who is dearest on earth to her heart, still lingers on her lips, she sinks gently and quietly into the arms of Morpheus.

The morn was far spent when Bianca opened again her eyes. Starting from her pillow and drawing aside the drapery of her couch, she said to her faithful maid:

"Why have you thus allowed me to slumber so long beyond my usual hour, Marie?"

"You were sleeping so beautifully, madam, that I could not bear to waken you," said the girl, respectfully, as she assisted in dressing her mistress.

"All very kind in you, my little pet," said Bianca, patting Marie upon the cheek; "but do you not know that Bianca has much to do and think of this day? for to-morrow's setting sun will behold me no longer Bianca Montani the actress, but," she added, "the wife of the proud and haughty English nobleman, Edgar Stanley."

Marie made an effort to speak, but tears choked her words. Gently folding the affectionate girl to her bosom, Bianca whispered in her ear:

"But ere I leave sunny Italy forever, I will repay thee well, devoted and tender girl."

"Let me but follow you, dear mistress," said the weeping girl, "and I shall be content. Alone and unprotected, I have none to love on earth but thee."

"Well, we will see what Lord Stanley says," said Bianca, cheerfully; "for henceforth my will must be subservient to that of my husband."

Night came at last. The theatre was thronged from parterre to dome, with the nobility and distinguished citizens of Rome. The busy hum of the expectant multitude gave evidence of some unusual excitement in the theatrical line. It was indeed the farewell night of Bianca Montani—the idol of the public. But see, the curtain rises, and slowly yet majestically the actress appears upon the stage. Her dress of rich black velvet seems in beautiful contrast to the brilliancy of her complexion, while the long black veil, which falls from the back of her raven tresses, but partially conceals the snowy bosom. Around her finely-rounded arms are clasped bracelets of rich jet. No other ornament is there, save the beautiful moss bud, the gift of Stanley, which now reposes upon her breast.

The moment the actress set foot upon the stage, there burst forth upon the ear the most deafening peals of applause, shaking the very foundation of the spacious theatre. This burst of genuine enthusiasm and feeling was too much for the heart of the young actress; and as she bent low to the stage, in answer to the welcome greeting, the features, which a moment before had seemed frozen into marble—so cold and stone-like was their expression,—became moved and agitated, while the tear-drops, like glistening pearls, streamed down her pale cheeks.

Lifting her eyes, their first glance fell upon the countenance of Lord Stanley, her betrothed husband. His look of half-reproach and tenderness at the emotion thus betrayed by her seemed to recall her at once to her former self. With a strong effort, Bianca dashed back the tears from her cheeks, and drawing herself up to her full height, commenced the recitation of her part with as much composure as if nothing unusual had occurred. Throughout the entire play, Bianca Montani looked and moved a perfect tragic queen.

At the close of the last act, Bianca was called before the curtain, and suddenly, as if by magic, there fell around her a perfect shower of bouquets, with notes of snowy whiteness attached, expressive of the deep regret with which the public parted with its favorite. To this high compliment, Bianca responded in an eloquent and heartfelt speech, with apparent self-control, although a keen eye might have seen the finely-drawn mouth quiver and tremble, at times, with emotion.

As she was about retiring from the stage, a wreath of orange-blossoms fell and rested directly upon the head of the young actress. This unexpected tribute but added fresh interest to the exciting scene, and the audience, with quick perception, catching at once its meaning, in shouts of bravo, bravissimo, manifested their delight.

The eagle eye of Stanley had not failed to discover at a glance the moss rose-bud which Bianca had worn upon her breast. It was him, then, the English lord, that had crowned the already laurel-wreathed actress his bride.

In a few days after the union of Bianca and Lord Stanley, the happy pair sailed for England, which was henceforth to be their future home, not forgetting to take with them the devoted little French maid, Marie.

As yet, I have said nothing concerning the birth and parentage of the youthful actress, or the occasion which led the aristocratic Englishman to make her his bride. But little was known in Italy of the early childhood of Bianca, save that her father, Alfonso Montani, had, long years previous to the opening of our story, been exiled from his native land, Italy, on account of some political intrigue, or conspiracy, in which he had been engaged.

His wife, a frail and delicate being, died heart-stricken by the blow in less than a year after his banishment, leaving her only child, of some seven summers, to the care of her only surviving relative, a sister. With her aunt, Bianca lived until the time of her death, which took place just as Bianca was entering upon her sixteenth year.

Thrown entirely upon her own resources, devoid of friends and fortune, Bianca, child as she was, turned her attention to the theatrical profession. Her great beauty, together with the rare promises of talent evinced by her at so early an age, at once procured her a situation, from which, though a subordinate one, she had gradually risen, step by step, to the highest round of the ladder of fame.

It was at the time when Bianca's star was already in its zenith, that Edgar Stanley, while making a tour of Europe, chanced to meet with the actress. It was at a small and select party that he first beheld her, and I need not tell you that her strong and powerful charms at once captivated the heart of the young Englishman. Night after night he resorted to the theatre, always occupying a near stage-box, and ever betraying, in looks and actions, so much of soul-felt interest and devotion that a less susceptible heart than Bianca's could not have failed to notice it. And the actress, lone and orphanly, felt daily the increasing ardor of Stanley's attach-

ment, and with the whole strength of her passionate and Italian nature, Bianca returned his love.

Edgar Stanley, in engaging his betrothed to a speedy union, had not stopped to consider the difference which existed between the social position of himself and his wife. He forgot, in the all-absorbing passion—love, that his wealthy and aristocratic parents might despise and perhaps reject her whom he had solemnly sworn to cherish and protect as his wife. It is true, he had written them of his intended marriage with the actress Bianca, and of his intention to return with her to England; but he had not as yet received any answer from his parents, which circumstance he innocently attributed to some delay or accident on the road, instead of intentional anger and scorn.

With a light heart and cheerful step, Edgar Stanley directed his steps homeward, with his newly-found prize, apparently with as much pride and ease of heart as if he were bearing home an empress to the paternal roof, instead of an actress. You may judge of Bianca's great surprise and disappointment, when, on entering the old homestead with her husband, she was met by the proud and haughty Lady Stanley, who, with a look of withering scorn, bade them both leave the house, nor ever cross its threshold more. Her loud and angry tones of voice called the old lord to the scene of unlooked-for excitement. Edgar advanced to embrace his much loved sire, but he, too, shrank from his grasp as from a viper, heaping a torrent of curses upon his child's head.

Bianca, half-frantic with despair, threw herself at the old man's feet, imploring him to forgive and pardon her husband, if not herself. But the mention of that name only served to exasperate the cruel parent still more, and with great strength he rudely threw the devoted wife from him. Finding that entreaties and tears failed to move his cruel parents, Edgar prepared to leave with his wife his once happy home, from which he was now rejected and cast off.

Edgar Stanley and his beautiful wife were soon established in one of the finest hotels of the city of London, for, although the haughty father of Stanley had disinherited him, and cut him off from his usual supplies of money, still Bianca's purse was well filled with the hard earnings of years of study and labor in her profession.

To all outward appearances, the newly-wedded pair seemed happy and content with their lot. But the tongue of scandal had already reached them in their new home, and the reproaches, sneers and bitter taunts of the world fell heavily upon Edgar's heart. This fact Bianca's keen eye readily discerned, and the cold and altered manner of her husband, together with his frequent absence from home, if such it might be called, only served to teach her heart that Stanley no longer loved the wife who had sacrificed friends, native land—all, for him, that he had long since repented his choice in marrying Bianca the actress.

Letter after letter was sent to her husband from his parents, who, realizing their child's loss, would only yield to the fact on certain conditions, which were that Edgar should separate from his wife, who was so unworthy to bear their family name, and provide for her a separate maintenance. If, their letters said, he would consent to such a plan of conduct, then they, his parents, would most gladly reinstate their prodigal son in his former place in their affections.

Of the contents of these letters Edgar never spoke, but as he frequently left them loosely about, Bianca could not fail to learn their words of cruel import. Stung to the heart with pride and disappointment, she resolved no longer to burden her husband with a love so unrequited, and a name which had so blemished and disgraced his family title. Surely, she thought, Italy's sunny skies will welcome the worn and weary child home, if not its children. To Marie she alone entrusted her secret, which was to leave her husband, and return once again to her native land and old profession.

Having made all the necessary preparations for their departure at a certain time, Bianca sat down and hastily penned a note to her husband, releasing him from all further interest in her future welfare and happiness. "Seek not to find me out," she said, "for I am willing to sacrifice life, happiness, all that a woman's heart holds most dear, to know that those parental arms, from which you have so long been estranged, again receive and enfold you."

Having finished and folded the note, Bianca and Marie both sought their pillows, to obtain, if possible, a few hours' rest before setting out upon their long journey. At a late hour of the night, Stanley returned home, and beheld his wife sleeping apparently most soundly. When at last Bianca was sure of her husband's deep slumber, she cautiously arose, and dressing herself, quickly awakened Marie, who, weary with her labors, had in reality slept.

Placing the note upon the pillow from which she had but just risen, Bianca turned to take one last, lingering look of her heart's best idol. Quickly placing one fervent kiss upon her sleeping husband's brow, she hastily left the apartment, fearful lest by her heart's deep emotions she should betray herself.

With a beating heart and trembling step, the youthful wife, accompanied by Marie, entered the carriage, which was awaiting them at the door, and was soon far away from her deserted home.

Ten months from the time that Bianca Montani left Italy, she again beheld its glowing beauties. Again the papers announced the re-appearance of Bianca Montani, for she had laid aside a name which she had worn but in grief and sorrow, and assumed again her maiden name, ever so spotless and pure. Most cordial was the welcome which awaited the public's lost favorite, now regained.

Time had wrought changes both in looks and appearance of the actress. She excluded herself entirely from society, and wrapped about her such a mantle of reserve that even the most

curious forbore questioning her upon the subject of her married life.

One day, as Bianca was on her way to rehearsal at the theatre, her attention was attracted to the person of an old man whose bowed form and silvery locks gave evidence of time's wondrous hand. As the old man passed the actress, he bent upon her a look of intense scrutiny, and uttering a cry, fell prostrate upon the ground. Bianca turned and assisted him to rise, comforting him all the while with words of kindness.

Supporting him with her arm, they entered the theatre, to which they were already near; and after dressing with her own hands the wound which he had received in the forehead from his fall, she arranged for him a soft bed upon the couch in her own dressing-room.

As soon as he had quite recovered himself, the old man proceeded to give to the kind-hearted actress somewhat of his life's history, adding that Bianca's great resemblance to his lost wife had caused him such a shock.

"Have you no kindred or friend living?" asked the sympathetic woman.

"Alas! I had a child, but O, they tell me that she has left for parts unknown."

"She still lives, then?" said the actress.

"God grant that it is so!" said the weeping man.

"Her name!" cried the now excited woman.

"Bianca Montani!"

"I—I am that child! My father!" said the actress. And father and child were soon clasped in a long embrace.

Two years have passed since Bianca separated herself from her husband, and during that time, no word of intelligence has ever been received by her of her still-loved Stanley. With her newly-found father and Marie, Bianca is again happy, winning nightly in her profession new laurels and new friends.

One evening, as the actress was passing from the stage to her dressing room, a waiter handed her a letter, whose superscription caused her cheek to pale as her eye recognized the oft-familiar hand-writing. Hastily opening it, she read as follows:

"DEAREST, BUT INJURED BIANCA:—I beseech you to come to me, in this my dying hour, that my eyes may be closed in peace, with the assurance of your forgiveness. How shall I make atonement to you, my poor yet loved wife, for the wrongs which your spirit has suffered? But my sight fails me. Bianca, come—come quickly to the Hotel L'Italian. Adieu, dearest. EDGAR."

Bianca, overcome with grief, knew not how or where to turn. See him she must, for he was very ill—perhaps even then he was dying.

The audience were impatient at her delay. Something must be done, and that quickly. It required but a single moment for the actress to decide upon the course to pursue. Placing the note which she had just received in the hand of the manager, she quickly ordered her carriage, and in a few moments was at the hotel.

Tapping gently at the door, the haughty Lady Stanley, her mother-in-law, received her once rejected child with open arms.

"Does he still live?" gasped the grief-stricken wife.

At that moment, a deep groan escaped from the lips of the invalid. Hastening to the bedside, Bianca threw her arms about the neck of her sick and enfeebled husband, and passionately kissed again and again his marble brow.

At the sight of Bianca, Edgar seemed to revive, and gaining new strength, he raised his head from his pillow, supported all the while by the tender arm of his wife.

"Can you forgive him and they, Bianca, who have caused thee so much suffering?" said the weeping husband.

"All—all is forgiven and buried with the past!" said the noble-hearted woman. "God grant that you may still live to gladden and comfort my weary heart!" And pressing the hand of Stanley, Bianca left the apartment.

The next day, the young wife came early to the bedside of her husband, bringing with her the aged Montani, her father. Here was, then, a new source of surprise to the family of her husband.

Tenderly and untiringly, the loving wife watched beside the couch of her suffering husband, until the glow of health once more returned to his cheek. From him, Bianca learned the particulars of his life since she left him. His parents had indeed taken him home to their bosom, but there was still unrest and disquietude in his breast. Remorse for his cold and altered love to his wife so worked upon his mind and feelings that a settled melancholy grew upon him, which so impaired his bodily health that his physician recommended change of scene and climate.

To Italy—bright and sunny Italy, they had borne the invalid. By accident, his eye fell upon the name of the actress in one of the daily journals, which circumstance had given him the long-desired clue of his wife's whereabouts, which ended in the reunion of the estranged couple.

In two or three months, a happy party of six persons embarked for England's shores. And in the old homestead, all is peace and happiness, for Edgar Stanley is there, with his lovely bride, Bianca Montani, no longer the public's favorite, but the pride and cherished idol of the home-circle. And dear, good Marie is still with her much loved mistress—the beautiful Bianca Stanley—the devoted wife and daughter.

CURIOUS SUPERSTITIONS.

In Malta, whenever a violent storm occurs, the bishop commands all the church bells to be rung for the purpose of calming it. In the interior of France, the bells are rung during a storm for the purpose of averting danger from the crops. Herodotus tells us that the Thracians, more bold, used to menace the thunder-cloud with arrows, and combated even the dread artillery of Heaven.—*Notes and Queries.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CLOUDED LIFE AND A SUNNY ONE.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

"It is a long lane which has no turn," remarked neighbor Fairwell, to Mrs. Gadsby; "your good days will come by-and-by. I never knew a person that worked on in patient trust, but God sent them some token for good before they died. So I have brought you a brown loaf, smoking hot from my oven, and here's a bit of pork and a few eggs; and as I was picking over my last barrel of apples, I thought to myself it may be Mrs. Gadsby would relish a few of them. And I beg you will take these little neighborly gifts without wasting too much time in expressing your thanks; for when we meet for a little cozy chat, I dislike to have a person always freeing their mind by talking about obligations. My rule is to impart to others, if I have anything to spare; it makes me happier than you are to receive—so I get my pay beforehand. But now let us change the subject. I noticed you looked very downcast, yesterday, at church. What has happened? You may as well communicate to me your trials. Who knows but I can relieve you?"

Mrs. Gadsby was moved by the warm, sympathetic, sunny appeal and countenance of her friend, and as she had been brooding all the morning and for several days over her uncomfortable mode of living, she gladly availed herself of this opportunity of narrating her grievances.

"Neighbor Fairwell," said Mrs. Gadsby, "it's a dreadful vexatious thing to be surrounded by disagreeable circumstances. Nobody but the poor understand this. Here you are, full of contentment, because you are well off; no matter whether you earn a shilling in your lifetime, you have enough,—while I am here without one, save I work for it, and then it all has to be spent for rent, or fuel, or food. To tell the truth, I'm about tired of delving. Nobody in this block works half as hard as I do. There's my next door neighbor: why, they are in bed by nine o'clock, and all the evening they are laughing, and chatting, and telling stories. It makes no difference whether she finishes her jobs or not; she has a man that brings in enough,—while I sit here alone, and with my tallow candle burnt into its socket, and nobody to speak to me, I can tell you it makes a mighty difference between us."

"And so you are a little envious of Mrs. Bliss because she has a husband to chat with. If that is the case, I can provide for you any day," remarked Neighbor Fairwell, facetiously. "You need not be a solitary widow but from choice. Mike Hardy, the shoemaker, would tell you stories every evening, if you would but take his name. Is that all that grieves you, Mrs. Gadsby?"

The gloomy visage of our friend began to shorten. She knew she wouldn't marry the best man living. She had married once, and that was enough. No—but it was hard to see everybody happy around one, and all the while to feel your own lot is so different. "There's old Katy Folsom—she has a pet dog, and she spends hours in talking to him, and then she leads him out with a string to the grocer's or baker's, and acts so like a fool with her 'spot.' I really wish there never was a dog in the world, barking—snarling creatures, subject to hydrophobia, and liable to bite women and children!"

"Well," replied Neighbor Fairwell, "if old Katy can take any pleasure in her pet dog, do let her. She is a harmless creature, and, perhaps, has no human being that cares for her."

"La—well, she's happy enough if she hasn't. I never knew her fret in my life; she always goes round her room singing. How I do hate to hear humming! it makes me nervous. If she had as much to think of as I have, it would soon stop her mouth."

"But, really, Mrs. Gadsby, what are your troubles? I know you work hard, but, after all, industrious people are the happiest."

"I don't know about that. See that girl over the way tossing her sunshade, while that little fellow beside her is talking so incessantly. What does she know about trouble in getting a living?"

"Very true; but it don't follow she is happy. That is Nettie Day, and she has stolen an interview, I'll warrant you, with that young clerk, whom her parents have forbidden her to marry. Don't call her happy, Mrs. Gadsby,—only be thankful you have no such disobedient children to trouble you."

"Mrs. Fairwell, you make fair weather out of everything, but I should like for you just to step into my shoes for one week; you wouldn't be quite so smooth-faced and cheery at the end as at the beginning of it. To be cooped up in a small room and obliged to work, and see everybody else thriving about you, while you are dragged down by poverty, is not very comforting."

"But it might be worse, neighbor. You have good health, and plenty of work, which yields you a good price, and I am sure you have one neighbor in me who will relieve you in any strait, if it is possible. Now, what would make you happy?"

"Well, as you ask the question, I should be perfectly happy if I had only a hundred dollars at my disposal, in case of any emergency. I am sure that would make me happy—not for you to give it to me, though."

"Well, neighbor, keep up a cheerful trust. You will never want; but don't be querulous. Look with a pleasant countenance upon your neighbors; go in and chat with the respectable ones. You will find they have trials as well as you; and by a cheerful intercourse, you will forget your troubles, and becoming interested in them, life will soon wear a new aspect. Now, I'll just take the napkin off my bread, and when I come in again, shall hope to find you thinking over your blessings instead of your trials."

And the sunshiny neighbor left her cloudy-faced one with a hearty "God bless ye!"

"I wonder," said Mr. Fairwell, to his wife, "if Mrs. Gadsby isn't entitled to a land warrant? It appears to me John Gadsby

served a fortnight or more in expectancy of a skirmish in the war of 1812. If so, his widow, by an act of Congress, is entitled to one hundred and sixty acres of land at government prices. Do you know about it, wife?"

"I know John Gadsby went to Portsmouth when he was a young man, in Captain Piper's company. I remember it as well as if it were but yesterday. My brother Isaac went, too."

"Well, then, they are both entitled to a land warrant."

"I never did see how things work together for good, husband. It was only a few days ago I told Mrs. Gadsby good luck always attended the hopeful. She will think me a true prophetess. Do let me take the act and read it to her. Poor Isaac's widow, too,—how pleased she will be!" And Mrs. Fairwell's benevolent heart overflowed with joy at the very thought of being the bearer of such good news to the poor widows.

Mrs. Gadsby answered her knock by a "come in!" from a deep-toned, coarse voice, and remarking she was glad to find other people could get time to visit her if she couldn't return their calls, kindly passed a chair to Mrs. Fairwell, and observed what a disagreeable day it was.

"I don't think so," replied Mrs. Fairwell; "the sun shines pleasantly, and the birds are singing, and the crocuses are coming up, and spring will be here presently."

"But we shall encounter a good many east winds first. There will be snow-squalls yet. For my part, I think it the most cheerless season we have. We are obliged to keep a fire nearly all the time, and it's about as expensive as winter time." Mrs. Gadsby had not thawed out yet.

"Well, well," continued Neighbor Fairwell. "I've got a bit of good news to tell you. What do you think it is?"

"You've got me a profitable job of work, I suppose."

"Yes, and it's one that don't require stitching, either. My husband finds by the newspaper that, as the widow of John Gadsby, you are entitled to a land warrant of one hundred and sixty acres of government land, in pay of his services in the war of 1812."

"Well," replied Mrs. Gadsby, very coolly replacing her spectacles, "I'm glad to get something besides poverty for his services."

"Now, don't answer me so, neighbor. Come, cheer up, and put on fresh courage. This will give you more than the hundred dollars you told me the other day would make you so happy."

"All this sounds well, but I shall have to wait for it till doomsday; it will never do me any good, it will be so long coming; besides, government land isn't worth much." But Mrs. Gadsby did lay down her work and run over the act.

"And my husband will call on Esquire Plummer, and see that a suitable certificate is made out, of how long and with whom John served, and send it to Washington, and in due time you will receive your warrant. Isn't that a good bit of news, Mrs. Gadsby?"

"Yes," slowly muttered the widow, "if it proves true."

"And now I'm going over to Isaac's widow, to tell her," said Mrs. Fairwell. "It will make her so happy."

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," replied Mrs. Gadsby. "I shan't place any dependence on receiving my pension till it is fairly in my hand."

Mrs. Gadsby would not see a bright side to anything. Far different was it with the widow Isaac: for when her sister told her of her unexpected good luck, tears of grateful joy coursed down her cheeks, and expressions of thankfulness were on her tongue; her load of care was lightened, and the world was all sunshine.

Mrs. Gadsby so resolutely persisted that she should never live to realize any advantage from obtaining her land warrant that Mr. Fairwell offered to advance her the money, taking the land at its present valuation; so that she received one hundred and seventy-five dollars in cash, which he safely invested at eight per cent., and when it was all done, and her interest even paid in advance, and Mrs. Gadsby was removed to a comfortable home beside pleasant neighbors, instead of being grateful for what she had received, she said she thought it real mean that Congress did not allow twice as much land to poor widows, for then it would have done them some good. Now it was only a mere trifle; it would take five hundred dollars to put her in a comfortable way of living.

Mrs. Gadsby would not be happy in a palace, nor Mrs. Fairwell unhappy in a wigwag; and yet with all our different hereditary temperaments, we can make clouds or sunshine by the manner in which we train ourselves.

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M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston.



REPRESENTATION OF BRIGHTON MARKET, NEAR BOSTON, ON MARKET DAY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HOME.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

'Tis the place round which our fondest feelings linger,
The very name brings thoughts of joy and love;
The happiness found round the fireside circle,
Must be the nearest to the joys above.

In after days we look with fond affection,
Back to the home where passed our youthful years;
Again at eve we're seated round the table,
Again pass through our childish hopes and fears.

Home is the place to which our holiest thoughts
Cling like the ivy to the old oak tree;
And though as years pass on, we're from it severed,
It lives forever—in our memory.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE GALLEY-SLAVE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

UPON an early summer morn, a young man, poorly clad, was furtively and rapidly traversing hill and dale, avoiding the public road, as if to baffle some expected pursuit. He was tall and muscular, and his countenance, though evincing the lines of deep passion, yet bore the tokens of beauty and goodness.

"I must have refreshment straightway," the traveller said, in his native language of France, suppressing his panting, and exerting himself for manly utterance, as much as though critical ears were in hearing. "I could do little more were all Toulouse in close pursuit."

Leaning his shoulder exhaustedly against one of a clump of trees, he sat behind from the elevation he had gained a groping, protracted gaze through the waning shadows, meantime listening with intenseness which must have caught up the farthest untoward sound. His first movement was a start upright, but it was in triumph rather than terror; for with clasped hands and lifted eyes he exclaimed, fervently:

"Great God! am I really escaped from the degrading servitude to which I was so rigorously subjected? Shall I see again my mother, and feel her warm embrace? Praise be to Thee! Ha," he added, when eyes and hands had been gradually lowered, "yonder do I see a dwelling—or is it but a huge rock in the midst of the campagne?"

Crouching so as to exalt the object, he saw traced distinctly against the brightening sky the outline of gables and a chimney. Thus assured, the stranger struggled forward to reach the cottage, and ask its hospitalities.

"I like not to alarm the sleepers by loud knocking," the wayfarer said to himself, with his knuckles touching the panel; "better I sit down here and wait—they will soon be astir."

He sank noiselessly upon the stone step, and leaned his head aside against the door-post. Overcome by fatigue, and soothed by the chattering of swallows under the eaves, and the perfume exhaling from neat flower-beds of the little yard, he fell almost immediately into partial slumber. Some consciousness of his situation remained; the ghost of the terrors he had slain rose before him, scoffing at the incautiousness which had led him hither, to weigh a stranger's benevolence against the cupidity natural to the race—to stake the freedom of the whole body against the cravings of the stomach and repose of the eyelids.

Alarmed by this view of the imagination, its subject would have withdrawn himself from the danger, and flying to the fields, have sought out some place of concealment for the day; but to his utter dismay, on attempting to rise, he discovered his limbs divided at every joint, and his spine twice severed in its length. Helpless as one dead, he could but await the consequences of his rashness, if such it was. A few moments, and the hideous incubus was banished by a woman's wail within the hitherto silent cottage. His eyes unclosed, turning involuntarily to meet the sound; while his mind awoke but slowly. Through a clink between the hinges of the door, appeared the centre-point of a picture, all the residue being closed in by the narrowness of the perspective.

At a window a young girl of surpassing loveliness bent, pruning with tenderest care a moss rose, growing from a pot of green-painted wood placed on the sill. The delicacy and regularity of her features, and graceful proportions of her form, were clearly defined against the hue of sunrise pressing in at the casement—the one from which alone the shutter had been folded back for its admission. It was evident that some association mingled bitter with the native sweetness of her task; for her tears were softly falling, and the rare wealth of leaf, bud and blossom was wet with the hallowed dew.

"Rosine," said the wailing voice—and there was something of querulousness in its tone—"why idle away the hour binding to your heart those stems, when presently all that can remain to you of them will be the laceration of their thorns?"

"The breakfast waits, my mother—has some time waited," replied the flower-girl, in accents of faltering music. "Are you ready now to partake it?"

"No, no. Who of us can breakfast, not knowing when or where the next can be eaten? Even these little ones have lost their appetite with the thought. Your spreading the cloth, Rosine, was as idle as is your care of the plant."

"Perchance," resumed the girl, after a slight pause—"I have been thinking, that M. Séthier may allow me to take away with us this one little rose-shrub, since it is we who have cultivated it from the merest slip."

"Do not so delude yourself," rejoined her mother, quickly and bitterly. "Our landlord is not the man to grant indulgences, be they never so insignificant. Depend on it, we shall be permitted to take hence nothing beyond the dust which may cleave to our feet—and *that* I shall desire to shake from mine as a testimony against him. Besides, silly child, whither would you convey your treasure? You forget that we are to go forth as shelterless wanderers!"

"Josephie, wife," spoke a third and masculine voice, in a tender, subdued key, "forbear upbraiding the poor lamb. Let her have what pleasure she may. And neither yourself, I pray, lay our misfortune so deeply to heart. Be comforted; we will trust in the Lord and do good, and we shall dwell in the land, and verily we shall be fed."

The only answer was the renewal of the wailings; and childish voices blending, swelled it to an expression of the most abject grief. It was only now that the inadvertent listener at the threshold fully recovered himself. He rose to his feet, and knocked lightly, saying in his heart, as he did so:

"Fellow suffering begets confidence; here I shall not claim sympathy in vain. Who knows, alas! but even in my extremity, I may be able to impart some consolation?"

The door was opened by an undersized, sinewless-looking man, who had the air of grass that has fallen under the mower's scythe. Nevertheless, on seeing before him the worn stranger, the man civilly accosted him, opening wider the door with instinctive hospitality. The other accepted the silent invitation. Pausing when he had crossed the threshold, without making known his name or whence he was, he said that he was a traveller, who greatly needed food and a place of concealment where to repose a little.

"The first, bless God, we can give you!" responded the farmer, scanning interestedly, but with no unwelcome curiosity, the young man's handsome face and noble figure, "and the last you should have as freely were it ours to give. But this same morning we are to be turned out from the cottage for the rent. Rosine," added the father—he struggled for a cheerful tone—addressing the young girl by the window, who had dried her tears, and was looking timidly toward the stranger, "take the *bavaroise* to the table; we have now a guest who will help us to enjoy the meal."

The mother of the beautiful Rosine was sitting in a corner near a tiny, earthen stove, over which the breakfast had been prepared. She had silenced her ebullition of sorrow, but did not lift her face from her lap, where it lay buried. Her long hair, which she had torn in her agony, was flung in wild disorder about her shoulders. Three little boys clung to her knees, and by whispering in her ears, sweetly endeavored to divert her from her woe.

"Mother," pleaded one, "only look, what a tall gentleman it is that's come—father isn't up to his shoulder!"

"His eyes are just as black as Rosine's; and see, mother, see! she's looking at his moustache—Rosie is," said his elder brother.

"Somebody's here—somebody be," lisped the youngest; and he tried to make up for his limited acquirements in speech, by plucking at his mother's sleeve, and insinuating his baby fingers beneath her forehead.

But their united persuasions were for a time unavailing. She continued motionless while her husband brought their guest a basin of refreshing water, in which to bathe his face and hands, with a white, freshly-ironed towel, which he unfolded ready for wiping. Rosine had come forward and arranged the dishes upon the table, her eldest little brother ran and drew the stools around, and all was in waiting. There was a moment's hesitation, father and daughter glanced at each other, and then at the bowed one by the stove; the former took a step nearer her, but dropped his resolution, and passing over to the stranger's side, said in his ear:

"I am sure you will excuse my wife; she is not strong, and our calamity quite drives her to despair."

He placed himself at the foot of the board, Rosine sat at its head; and the guest, at a sign from the master, occupied a place on the young girl's right. Two of the three boys climbed to stools on either side their father, while the smaller was received on his knee. To the unexpected delight of the household, just when grace had been said, the disconsolate woman rose up, smoothed back her loosened hair, and quietly joined them at the breakfast. Rosine would have resigned her station, but her mother bade otherwise, and took herself the daughter's customary place opposite the guest.

The father helped around the fresh butter, and eggs, and barley cakes, and Rosine poured the *bavaroise*—blushing crimson the while, to observe that the young stranger grew careless of the calls of appetite, in resting his eyes admiringly upon her face.

The meal proceeded in silence, the children being under different discipline from those who concentrate bedlam over their plates; Rosine and her father keeping silence from embarrassment and consideration of her mother; and as to the other, he had grown absorbed in a plan of his own—albeit one, as we shall presently see, having special reference to the family so kindly ministering to his wants.

At length Josephie herself took the word; and what could be the theme of any, aside from the trial which awaited them? Now, however, she was far calmer. It was evident that her disclosures were prompted by shame because of the situation in which so well-bred a stranger had surprised them, and a pardonable vanity to modify the impressions he would naturally have received.

"None else ever saw us as you have seen," she began addressing him; "we are commonly as happy a family as the sun anywhere shines upon. But six months ago sickness came in at our door, and by that all our prosperity is blasted. My good man was the first seized, next our daughter, and lastly myself. In consequence of this, we have been unable to raise the rent, which falls

due to-day; and the landlord is a hard-hearted man and inexorable."

Only a tremulous voice betrayed the emotions of her soul while she thus explained. The stranger listened to the tale with tears of sympathy, but turning to the host, said respectfully:

"If I may be bold enough to speak so, you've a well spread board for a household so reduced; also, I saw kine and plenty of fowls at the yard."

"They are M. Séthier's," was the reply; "everything here is his, being the appliances of the farm. While we stay, we have the ample maintenance you see; now we must go, my wife and children will be without food and shelter, and I without the means to provide them with any."

"I thank you for this frankness to me a stranger, and one who, as he has actually acknowledged to you, is denied the right to pass through the country like an honest citizen."

"We have nothing to conceal; and as to yourself, young sir, if yours is a false heart, the face is likewise false, since that speaks only in your favor."

"Thank you again. Neither will I make any reserve longer. My name is Roderique Dubois, and I have near Nice as good a mother as even these children can have. But this much helps you not—to what does your rent amount?"

"Forty francs."

"I will give you the means to pay it. I have just escaped from the galleys; whoever secures and takes back an escaped prisoner, is entitled to a reward of fifty francs. Put a cord around my body; I will follow you to the city: they will recognize me, and you will receive the money."

"Never!" exclaimed the astonished father. "My children should starve before I could do so base a thing!"

The generous young man insisted; and at last declared that he would go and deliver himself up, if his host would not consent to take him. After a long struggle the latter yielded, and took his preserver by the arm to lead him away.

"I have one request to make," said the convict, looking expressively at Rosine, and for the first time addressing a word to her. "It is that you will visit my mother (I will write down her residence with this pencil on a blank leaf of this good book upon the shelf—there, there it is), and comfort her concerning me. Tell her nothing of what has here occurred; but tell her that you have seen her son, that he still is brave of spirit, and still—" He paused suddenly, unable to repress his filial emotions, and only trusted himself further with, "You quite understand all I would convey." With a hasty wave of the hand, he quitted the cottage.

"Paul, Paul!" cried Josephie to her husband, half-reproachfully, and throwing herself into a chair, she wept louder than before. Rosine, sharing her mother's revolution of feeling, fell on her bosom, clasping her neck, and mingled silent tears; while her brothers watched from a perch on the yard gate the two retreating forms, mutely wondering over the scene they were too young to understand.

They arrived at the city—at the mayor's office. Twice since they set out had Paul Arsene urged liberty upon his prisoner, with tears on his cheeks; but it was firmly rejected, and he was delivered up. Everybody was surprised that a little man like Paul Arsene had been able to capture a strong, young fellow, such as was Roderique Dubois; but that this had been done, the proof was before them. The fifty francs were paid, and the prisoner sent back to the galleys.

Paul saw him depart under guard, without even the privilege of showing any recognition of his boundless generosity. But after he was gone, the poor man was so much overcome by the thought of Roderique's unhappy state, and of the anguish which the mother of such a son must be enduring on his account, that he resolved to seek again the mayor's office, determined to render back the money which he felt to be the price of others' wretchedness.

Nearing the place, he observed a veiled female figure glide past and enter before him. On opening the door, he saw this female upon her knees before the mayor, who inquired, as having allusion to some petition from her:

"How know you this young man's offence is so light, since you assert yourself a stranger, who never met him before this morning?"

"Does not his face give surety that he is no reckless violator of his country's laws?" stammered the fair pleader, adding: "I can tell your honor that which will prove him the noblest of beings!"

Listening to the familiar voice, Paul sprang forward and knelt beside his blushing daughter. Together they told all the truth; and his honor was so much affected, that he wrote immediately to the minister of justice, begging the prisoner's release. This letter Rosine presented in person; while the father, with another fifty francs, which the mayor had given him from his own purse, hastened to relieve his waiting family.

The minister examined into the affair, and finding that young Dubois had been convicted only of uttering a word which was construed as treasonable, he ordered his release.

"You can now comfort your mother with your own presence," said Rosine, interrupting his outpouring of amazed gratitude to her as his benefactress.

"And you, dearest Rose, will you not go with me and receive my mother's blessing as her future daughter?" returned Roderique, with impassioned earnestness.

The nuptials of Roderique and Rosine, which occurred not many months later, were honored with the presence of the prime minister, who, after the ceremony, presented the bride, as her dowry, with a deed of the farm so long occupied by her family, having privately made the purchase of M. Séthier with that intent. Thus, with a competency, and a bride who was the blessing of her home circle, to which her excellent stepmother was now added, was recompensed the disinterested goodness of the galley-slave.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SPIRIT STORMS.

BY FRANK FREELOVE.

Dost thou ask why my spirit is fearfully moved,
When thine sleepeth calmly while dreaming of bliss?
Go! ask of the storm-spirit tearing the wood,
"O why, wrothy monster, a vision like this?"
And the spirit will bid thee, "Flee, mortal, away!
Go! dream in the peaceful vale yet while ye may."

I know thy mild eye glanceth softly with love,
And thy bosom is ever a sanctum of peace;
For gazing on high at the mansions above,
Thy heart but reflects the bright glory it sees;
And thy life a bright, unruffled vision appears,
Of calm, heavenly beauty, unsullied by tears.

Thou askest, "O why do these storms vex thy soul?
O why not in peacefulness dream out thy life?
Is the swift race too tedious that leads to the goal,
That with fearful emotions the path must be rife?
Is it not enough to be happy while here,
And leave these fierce storms for the element's sphere?"

I know thy lip whispers, "Be gentle! be good!"
But, mortal, my heart is not tuned like thine own;
Go thou! bid the raging storm spare the bright wood—
Away! bid the avalanche stay on its throne:
The tempest may stay for that low voice of thine—
Not emotions that torture a bosom like mine.

Wouldst thou have all thy life long a beautiful hour?
No tempests to vex the calm, unruffled lake?
O mortal, these storms rage terrific in power,
But gentle peace crowedeth and creeps in their wake;
And like nature, when fiercer emotions are spent,
In showers of soft teardrops my sorrows find vent.

Still thou askest, "O why thus let storms vex thy soul?"
Ask nature why tempests ride loose o'er the earth:
Emotion will vex till the heart reach the goal,
While the demon of storms peals the wild anthem forth;
For my heart springs up fiercely to meet the wild sky—
Divest it of thrilling emotion, 'twill die.

When the wrath of the tempest is spent, all is still,
And after emotion I'm fearfully calm;
Most soothingly nature with tremulous trill
Pours o'er the torn spirit her kindest balm;
Then nature, life, love and kind friendship I own,
And my spirit quails down to its own earthly home.

Then, mortal, I long for thy sweet, heavenly smile;
I can dream of the good, in those soft, gentle eyes;
But come not when tempests are raging the while,
And the demon of storms rides the troublous skies;
For my wild, reckless spirit I fear could not trace
The soft glance that speaks from thy pitying face.

Thou knowest naught, mortal, of these fierce storms
That torture and rack my keen spirit with woe;
And thankful be thou these maddening alarms
May ne'er scatter lines on thy calm, placid brow;
But—when storms are blown over—the sun bursts forth,
His glory enhanced by the tempest's fierce wrath!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CHEATED OF A WHOLE YEAR.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

THERE were lights flashing quickly before the windows of Farmer Sidney; and as the shutters were all wide open, they revealed the large, low rooms all hung with Christmas wreaths, and filled in every corner with evergreen shrubs. A wood fire, on which were piled logs of maple, and hickory, and the highly-prized knot walnut, would have almost rivalled the Yule fires of "merrie England;" while the innumerable candles, hung up before shining sconces on the low walls, threw over the scene a brightness almost as warm in its rich light as the modern gas light. The floors, guiltless of covering, were scoured almost to marble whiteness. In the largest room, the chairs had been displaced by board seats running entirely round the room, and covered for the occasion with white cloth. In the long back room, the same fashion was adopted, except that here the seats surrounded tables, covered also, and set out in true country style; the rich, wholesome and abundant food making up for the lack of silver and cut-glass.

In a smaller room, sat the farmer and his wife. The former was clad in a new suit of homespun cloth, with immense brass buttons, a checked neckcloth, high-heeled brogans, and a scarlet vest. His wife appeared in the glory of a new cap, and a smart calico gown, with figures as large as a dinner-plate on its white ground. Both sported immense bandannas, but the lady's was blue and the gentleman's red. This room had a carpet, and there were two or three large chairs, in which were placed as many elderly ladies, who beguiled the time by taking snuff. All this preparation was made, partly because it was Christmas, and partly because the farmer's two daughters were to be married. There were nearly a hundred people invited, including the connections of the Sidneys, and those of the two bridegrooms, Joseph Holly and Samuel Low. The latter gentleman brought five cousins with him, all tall, perpendicular and elderly. The former brought them almost by dozens.

It was to be a very merry time; but, somehow, premeditated joy never comes quite up to the mark. The two only daughters were about leaving the paternal home, and one of them seemed, to all their acquaintance, to be "throwing herself away," in popular phrase, upon one who was little likely to appreciate the sacrifice. Samuel Low was a good, quiet, inoffensive man, well suited

in character and manners to his bride, Mary Sidney, who was known all over the neighborhood as the gentlest and most amiable creature living. Sophia was so different! There was a wild dash of recklessness about her that startled and pained her friends, and distressed and puzzled her sister. They could not know the deep and poetical nature of the girl, or they would have soothed instead of irritating her reckless disposition. How could they indeed, when there was not a spark of it in any of the beings round her?

She turned a deaf ear to the Downville farmers, who had almost all, at one time or another, admired her, for Sophia was handsome, and when she was not up in the clouds, she was very companionable. Not one of them came up to her ideal by many degrees. She wanted companionship, and she could not find it. She had a soul, and to her view, the people around her were mere clods.

Where the culture had come from, that distinguished Sophia Sidney from others of her kind, no one knew; but all knew that her outward advantages had been few and small,—that intellect and genius were words unknown in the vocabulary of Downville, and that her life had apparently no aim or object beyond her sister's similar one, and yet they could not help seeing, if they did not understand, the difference between Sophia and Mary.

But the liking for the sisters was in proportion to circumstances. If an idle, inefficient girl in the neighborhood wanted a bonnet or a dress altered, she would take it to Mary; but if death or sorrow of any kind entered a family, it was Sophia who was always sent for. For the rest, the reader must choose between them, and determine which was most worthy of being liked.

A humdrum sort of courtship had been Mary Sidney's. Mr. Low had come every evening, and the quiet girl had sat sewing or knitting, seldom lifting her gentle eyes from her work, while he talked with her father about crops. Sophia's had been more stormy. For days together, she had kept herself apart in her chamber, and would not come down to speak to her lover; usually for some trifling difference of opinion, or at worst, a fancied rebuke on his part. As he was passionate, too, these troubles could not but cast a shade over their coming life, and it was with some solicitude that Mary thought of her sister's stormy future, which seemed so different from her own. But she reasoned from no appreciation of Sophia's real character any more than others did, only that her amiability was hurt by the frequent jars that occurred. And yet Joseph was not deservng of the censure passed on him. The wedding night had now come, and the farmer and his wife sat awaiting the arrival of the minister. The girls were yet in their own room, and the people who were invited flocked into the little side-room, where the ceremony was to be performed. There was an awkward silence which the company could not fill, for the farms and the season had been fully discussed.

Now the minister and his wife arrived, and the hour appointed for the wedding had also come. The younger part of the guests were impatient for the dance, and cast long and lingering glances into the large room, in which already Old Bob the fiddler was seated on an empty hogshead, draped round with white cloth, and half hidden by huge evergreens. Every one was ready, except that one of the bridegrooms had not arrived. Samuel Low was there, with his quiet face, and was waiting patiently for Mr. Holly to make his appearance. The hour passed off, and he did not come; and Sophia was in a state of high and angry excitement, which, however, she allowed no one but Mary to witness. "Go down," said Sophia; "even if he comes to-night, he shall be no husband for me." And she turned away to hide a passionate tear. Mary was unwilling to obey her, but finding that the people below were expecting her, she consented, and in a short half hour, Sophia heard the dancers' feet on the old oak floor. No inducement could persuade her to go down, until at a pause in the dance she heard Holly's well-known footstep on the gravel-walk. Then she rushed down and mingled with the gay groups.

"Dance with me, Willie," she said, to young William Elton, who had liked Sophia before she knew Holly.

"Dance with you?—yes, through life, if it were not for Joseph's jealousy," said the youth. In a moment they were within the set, and as Holly came up the steep bank before the door, he saw them distinctly, for she had chosen her place before the window.

It had not been his fault that he was not there in season, and when he came up the lane, he felt prepared to tell why he had not, for he expected to find Sophia sad and anxious in her chamber, and now to find her gay and merry, dancing with William Elton, it was too much. He had set out very early, intending to arrive long before dusk. On his way he had to pass a bridge which spanned a little stream, so boisterous in its wild flow that it seldom or ever had been frozen over. A part of the bridge had been displaced by the heavy ice, and an unguarded step had thrown him headlong into the rapid brook. A countryman, passing at the time with a sled, succeeded in helping him out without injury, but thoroughly drenched as he was, he would not proceed, and, unfortunately, the man was not going on the road to Mr. Sidney's, and he could find no one to take a message there.

With the clothes rapidly stiffening around him, he made his way to the nearest house, where his garments were dried as quickly as possible by the roaring kitchen fire. From this house, all had gone to the wedding, except the farm hands and the dairy girls. The men put him to bed; the girls gave him hot drinks, and O, traitor as thou wert, Joseph Holly, he went to sleep. When he awoke, it was hours past the appointed hour of his marriage. Putting on his scarcely dried clothes, and kneading his hat into something like shape, he set out again to walk, for the people had taken every horse in the stable to attend his marriage, while he, poor fellow, was far behind. Weak from his struggle in the water, and scarcely recovered from the sound sleep he had taken, he was some time in arriving, and when he did, it was to

find Sophia, not desponding and anxious, but apparently perfectly happy.

He did not reflect that she, of course, could not know that his tardiness was the result of accident. It was terribly trying to his proud heart to go in at all, but that bright wood-fire in the kitchen—he must try that remedy for his deathly chill, and he opened the door softly and went in. Through the open door, he saw Mary's kind face, and beckoned her to his side. She learned all, and went for Sophia, but the proud fit was on her, and she would not see him.

Her refusal, joined to his other causes of excitement, in trying to walk after his fall, and the too sudden changes from cold to heat, brought on a violent illness, and by the time that the other guests had departed, he was unable to be removed. Weeks, months passed away, and the sickness continued. He was still in the farmer's house, but Sophia had never seen him. All the rest had watched him by turns. She, proud girl, had never entered his room, although Mary had told her, and the countryman had confirmed his discovery of Holly in the water. It was so strange, Mary thought, and she carried her grief to Samuel, whose calm mind could not understand such high-flown ideas as Sophia exhibited.

But it came out—the whole truth, and the author of the mischief was William Elton. He it was who bade Sophia believe that Holly was intoxicated when he fell; he it was who continually worked upon her sensitive nature, adducing instances of Holly's dissipation, and urging her to give him up. Chance brought the whole mischief to the ears of Samuel Low, who for once roused up a passion worthy of Sophia herself, so indignant was he at the mean author of a falsehood towards a helpless man like Holly. In fact, it was he who had roused the first prejudice against him. It was a trying scene when Sophia went into the sick room, and the proud girl's lip quivered with emotion, as she saw the pallid cheek of the invalid, who did not reproach her for her belief in his wrong doing, and only sought to comfort her by loving words. He, too, had lost some of his pride, and in both, the qualities which made friends fear for their happiness, were softened down and subdued.

Again it was Christmas, and the people who were at Farmer Sidney's last year, were present again. Each person had a private invitation, and William Elton was asked, too. He came unwittingly, and saw no one of the family except Mr. Sidney and his wife. He supposed it only a Christmas party, and joined it with alacrity. Again Old Bob mounted his hogshead, and William was helping him, when all at once there was a dead hush in the other room. He crossed the entry to see what was the matter, and there stood the bridal party, waiting the ceremony which the minister had just commenced.

No stormy rebuke of his falsehood could so have unmanned him as this sight. He left the house, unable to bear the hundred pairs of eyes that turned involuntarily upon him; for it had all been explained to each individual, by Mary and her husband, in a quiet whisper to every one. "Cheated out of a year," said Samuel Low, to his now happy Mary, "by that vile Elton."

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MONALDI. A Tale. By WASHINGTON ALLSTON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 12mo. pp. 278.

The publishers deserve well of the reading world for bringing out, in their best style, this exquisite production. As a mere narrative, it is fraught with great dramatic interest; but it derives its greatest value from its subtle analysis of the passions and emotions of the human heart. Many passages in it remind us of Godwin and Beckford—not in style, indeed, but in the development of mental power. A limited edition of "Monaldi" was published many years ago; and the possessors of those copies treasured them so highly, that it was next to impossible to beg, borrow, or steal one. We shall now be able to return the well-worn copy we surreptitiously obtained—by means 'twere pain to hint on.

BOSTON BOARD OF TRADE.—We acknowledge the receipt of the Second Annual Report of this Board, which is filled with valuable statistics, and handsomely printed by Messrs. Moore & Crosby, No. 1 Water Street.

FOREST AND SORE: or, *Legends of the Pine-Tree State*. By CHARLES P. ILSLEY. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 426.

Here are seven stories illustrative of the history, manners and traditions of the State of Maine—all exceedingly well written, and all interesting. As waifs on the ocean of newspaper literature, these tales have met with brilliant success. In their present shape, they cannot fail to be eagerly sought after.

THE NEW AGE OF GOLD: or, *The Life and Adventures of Robert Dexter Romaine*. Written by Himself. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 403.

A series of thrilling adventures, reminding one of Defoe's *Crusoe*, without being amenable to the charge of imitation. It is a startling, brilliant and picturesque narrative, abounding in the wild, the wonderful, and the pathetic.

THE EARNEST MAN. A Sketch of the Character and Labors of Adoniram Judson. By Mrs. H. C. CONANT. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 493.

Mrs. Conant's book is well-written and deeply interesting. It supplies the many readers anxious to obtain a memorial of Dr. Judson, but unable to purchase Dr. Wayland's larger work, with exactly what they want. The book is published for the benefit of Dr. Judson's orphan children.

VASSAL MORTON. A Novel. By FRANCIS PARKMAN. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 411.

Mr. Parkman is known by his admirable "Conspiracy of Pontiac," and "Prairie and Mountain Life." He has here attempted a new line, and with signal success. The range of the hero's adventures covers a broad field, and affords an opportunity for fine descriptions of social varieties, scenery and manners.

PLEASANT MEMORIES OF PLEASANT LANDS. By Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 395.

This third edition of Mrs. Sigourney's charming volume of reminiscences of travel will be warmly welcomed by the public. It contains no guide-book echoes, but the impressions made upon a pure and cultivated mind and heart, by the most interesting scenes, persons and objects in Europe.

THE SNOOKER'S DAUGHTERS. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1856. 18mo.

A delightful narrative, illustrating the beneficent effect of pure religion and sound morality on the characters and career of the suffering poor.

A STUDY FOR YOUNG MEN: or, *A Sketch of the Life of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton*. By Rev. THOMAS BINNEY. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1856. 18mo. pp. 149.

A reprint of a lecture delivered before the "Young Men's Christian Association," of London. It holds up an illustrious example for emulation, and inculcates admirable moral and religious principles.

SERMONS FOR THE PEOPLE. By F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 408.

These discourses are worthy of the high reputation for eloquence, learning and original thought enjoyed by their distinguished author. The sphere of their usefulness will undoubtedly be a large one.

LORD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

The accompanying engraving of this distinguished member of the British cabinet is from a drawing recently made, and is confidently presented as an accurate sketch. The face, it will be seen, wears an expression of assurance and intelligence, in neither of which qualities is the original lacking. Henry Temple, Viscount Palmerston, was born October 20, 1784. He succeeded to the title in 1802. Educated at Cambridge, he made his entrance into public life as a member of Parliament from the borough of Horsham, in the year 1806. He rose very rapidly after his debut, for he supported the ministry on every occasion, and exerted all his ability and influence on behalf of the government. In the next parliament, he represented Newport, in the Isle of Wight. In 1807, having joined the Portland administration, he was made one of the lords of the admiralty. In 1809, he succeeded Sir James Murray Pulteney as secretary-at-war—an office which he held for nineteen successive years, at the expiration of which time he gave way to Sir Henry Hardinge, in consequence of the breaking up of Lord Goderich's cabinet. The length of time during which Palmerston retained the office of secretary-at-war, notwithstanding the party revolutions which occurred, the rise and fall of cabinets, and the constant changes made in other offices, is a pretty sure indication that he possessed a remarkable aptitude for discharging the duties of the important post he occupied. During a large portion of this time, he undoubtedly professed tory politics, though he latterly embraced, to a certain extent, the liberal ideas of Canning, Lord Goderich and Huskisson. Indeed he resigned office under the Wellington ministry, in consequence of his dissatisfaction with the conduct of the Iron Duke, on account of the fracas occasioned by Mr. Huskisson's vote on the East Retford question. He aided the Peel and Wellington cabinet in the removal of the Catholics' disabilities—a measure which he advocated from the outset with great zeal and ability. In 1831, Lord John Russell introduced the first reform bill into the House of Commons, and found a strenuous and powerful supporter of the measure in Lord Palmerston. "Palmerston," wrote Christopher North, about this time, in *Blackwood*, "was considered as a mere outworn, fashionable voluptuary, cold, careless *blasé* all over; behold the spur is clapt to him, and he turns out both a declaimer and a debater of the most laudable acerbity—a very thorn in poor Peel's withers." "As a speaker," writes Mackenzie, "he rarely rises into eloquence, but has plain good sense, lively wit and sarcastic hadinage completely at his control." These weapons he used effectively in support of the reform bill, and shared in the honors of its success. His action on this great question cost him



LORD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

his seat for the University of Cambridge, which he had held since 1809, but he was returned for Bletchingley in 1831. In 1832, he sat for South Hants, but was defeated in the general election of 1834. In 1835, he was returned member for Tiverton. He was foreign secretary from 1830 until the dissolution of the Whig cabinet in 1834. In 1846, when the Whigs returned to power, he was reinstated in the same office, resigning it Dec. 22, 1851. He became home secretary in 1852, and has retained office ever since.

finely-arched forehead; and I thought I could read in it clear indications of that cheerful, social disposition by which he was as much characterized among his contemporaries as by the vastness of his genius. The inscription mentions his age at the time of his decease—fifty-three years, an untimely death for the world; for what fruit might not have been expected from the golden autumn of such a mind, sheltered as it was from the stormy vicissitudes of life, and flourishing in the sunshine of popular and royal favor!"

CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY,
AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, ENGLAND.

This beautiful and ancient structure appears to great advantage as seen from the opposite shore of the "soft-flowing Avon," the point of view selected in our engraving. Its square tower and soaring spire, with the beautiful elms, limes and poplars that surround it, are mirrored in the tranquil tide. Beneath the trees we have a glimpse of the old tombstones in the churchyard. The meadows on the hither side of the stream are dotted with cattle browsing the luxuriant herbage. The church is of great antiquity—the precise period of its erection being unknown. Camden, in his "*Britannia*," affirms that it was erected by Archbishop de Stratford; but Dugdale credits its building to the era of the Norman conquest. It is a cruciform structure, with the tower rising from the centre of the cross. It is visited by literary pilgrims from all quarters of the globe, for it is indissolubly associated with the memory of Shakspeare. Irving says:—"We approached the church through the avenue of limes, and entered by a Gothic porch, highly ornamented, with carved doors of massive oak. The interior is spacious, and the architecture and embellishments superior to those of most country churches. There are several ancient monuments of nobility and gentry, over some of which hang funeral escutcheons, and banners drooping piece-meal from the walls. The tomb of Shakspeare is in the chancel. The place is solemn and sepulchral. Tall elms wave before the pointed windows, and the Avon, which runs at a short distance from the walls, keeps up a low, perpetual murmur. A flat stone marks the spot where the bard is buried. There are four lines inscribed on it, said to have been written by himself, and which have in them something extremely awful. If they are indeed his own, they show that solitude about the quiet of the grave which seems natural to fine sensibilities and thoughtful minds.

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blessed be he that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

Just over the grave, in a niche of the wall, is a bust of Shakspeare, put up shortly after his death, and considered a resemblance.

The aspect is pleasant and serene, with a finely-arched forehead; and I thought I could read in it clear indications of that cheerful, social disposition by which he was as much characterized among his contemporaries as by the vastness of his genius. The inscription mentions his age at the time of his decease—fifty-three years, an untimely death for the world; for what fruit might not have been expected from the golden autumn of such a mind, sheltered as it was from the stormy vicissitudes of life, and flourishing in the sunshine of popular and royal favor!"



CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

OUR PLACE OF BUSINESS.

The constantly increasing business of our publications has for a considerable time demanded of us increased facilities for the proper transaction of the same. This it was impossible for us to consummate in an old building like the one we have so long occupied; and consequently the proprietor has purchased a large and convenient site in one of the principal thoroughfares of Boston, No. 22 Winter Street, where he has erected a large, convenient, and especially adapted edifice, solely for the publishing of his papers and Magazine, and the various branches of business immediately connected with the same. The new publishing hall is now nearly completed, and due notice of removal will be given to our readers and the public. The building has been arranged and erected upon an entirely novel plan, peculiarly adapted to our purposes, under the supervision of John R. Hall, architect, Anthony Hanson, master carpenter, and D. H. Jacobs, master mason—three faithful and competent builders.

The entire basement, 132 feet deep by 28 feet in width, will be occupied by our twelve Adams presses, paper-room, engine and boiler-room, etc. The first floor, of the same large dimensions, and 14 feet in height, will be exclusively occupied as our business and publishing room, where will be found the cashier's office, chief bookkeeper, mailing clerks, assorters, folders and packers' departments, and our own business office. On the second floor will be the editor's private room, proof-reading room, and composing, or type-setting room. On the third floor, are the apartments devoted to our corps of engravers, and the boxwood blocks, and the machinery and material for the engravers' use. On the fourth floor will be the designers' and gilders' rooms, with that of other finishers in various departments. On the fifth floor will be carried on the extensive business of our bindery—in the folding, pressing, trimming, sewing and embossing departments; while above all comes a large hall for the classification and storage of our bound volumes, and back numbers of the Pictorial, Flag and Magazine.

With all these arrangements completed, we believe nothing is ventured in saying, that our establishment is the most extensive one devoted to the newspaper business, not alone in the United States, but in the world.

Mlle. Gabrielle De Lamotte.—This accomplished young pianiste has met with extraordinary success as a teacher of the piano in this city. She has now a large number of pupils, who make rapid progress under her skillful tuition. Her success is the more gratifying, since it is the result of her merit alone working its way steadily into public favor.

BINDING.—We are now prepared to bind Vol. X. of the Pictorial, in our illumined style, in a substantial manner, and at the shortest possible notice.

SPLINTERS.

.... The reason why provisions are so high in New England is because there is so much consumption here—thinks the Post.

.... Five Englishmen in a row boat of their own are exploring the inland navigable rivers of France.

.... June 4th was observed in Canada as a general thanksgiving for peace. Let England look out and keep the peace.

.... The Russian bear is not exactly satisfied with the treaty, and emits an occasional growl at it.

.... In Maryland a man was lately sentenced for four years for burning a fence—that was his of—fence.

.... Queen Victoria is thirty-seven years old. She is still tolerably good looking—for a queen.

.... Adolph Adam, who recently died at Paris, was one of the cleverest of modern musical composers.

.... The recent concerts of Miss Adelaide Phillips in this city and its vicinity, have yielded her handsome returns.

.... An English paper tells of the adulteration of butter by pounded flint stones. This beats wooden nutmegs.

.... Miss Sarah Felix is going to bring over from France a first rate French company for Niblo's Theatre.

.... Rio Janeiro and Buenos Ayres are both lighted by gas—or science will work its way even in South America.

.... Capt. Gordon, of the 17th Lancers, lately broke his neck in a steeple chase at Balaklava in the Crimea.

.... The N. Y. Sunday Times says the firm of Coleman & Stetson of the Astor has been our Cheeryble Bro's. So it has.

.... The man who "couldn't stand it any longer," has taken a seat, and now feels quite comfortable.

.... The Chinese have a strange antipathy to milk—but an amiable fondness for cats and mice, well cooked.

.... A wretch who stole a newspaper in Memphis was justly sentenced to ten days' labor in the chain-gang.

.... The Baltimore city council was lately petitioned to widen the sidewalks to accommodate ladies with full skirts.

.... Mr. Chesley, treasurer of the St. Charles, New Orleans, spends his summers at his farm in New Hampshire.

.... Mrs. Kemble Butler is coming to this country to settle down at Stockbridge, Mass.—a favorite place for celebrities.

.... The late Dr. Choncles's books, sold recently in New York, brought large prices. The collection was a choice one.

.... Our steam fire engine is now in working order, and will do good service whenever needed.

A GLIMPSE AT THE GALLERY.

The annual opening of the Athenæum gallery of fine arts is no ordinary event, for it is the only medium by which the public of our modern Athens can make an acquaintance with the efforts of the pencil and the chisel. As yet we have only glanced at the interior of the gallery, and noted some of the novelties that struck us particularly. Among the paintings, the "Fortune Teller," by Grant, is a fine specimen of English art in design, character and color. The contrast between the two beautiful girls and the wrinkled crone who is telling the fortune of one of them, the arch expression of the listener, are most felicitously conceived and executed. "Silenus teaching Love music," by Rubens, is an undoubted original. It has his breadth and boldness, his splendid but meretricious coloring, and the masculine muscularity of the female figure which he acquired from having Dutch Venuses for models. The "Scene from Kenilworth," by Drummond, carries us back to Old London in the days of the Virgin Queen, and is like an illuminated page of Scott. Compare the "Stable Interior," by Herring (No. 125), with Rosa Bonheur's masterly portraits of horses, and you will see how far the French girl exceeds the Englishman in correctness of drawing, knowledge of animal anatomy, and fidelity to the spirit of nature. In color, judging from the two specimens in the gallery, Rosa falls far short of Herring. The color in these two portraits is muddy and unnatural, but the handling is that of an accomplished mistress of the pencil. G. L. Brown has a fine Italian landscape (No. 140). But perhaps the most attractive thing in the gallery is a series of fine water color drawings, the property of C. C. Perkins, Esq., and copied from Raphael's famous "Stanze" frescoes in the Vatican. From the famous "School of Athens," so familiar through the medium of engraving, we obtain a good idea of Raphael's color. There is also an original drawing by Michael Angelo (159) Allston's pictures still adorn the walls, furnishing the young artist with a clue to his process of painting, as there are specimens of every stage of the work, from the first monochromatic design up to the completed and Titianesque work. That there are not many modern portraits in the present exhibition is a subject of congratulation. Portrait painters of excellence are so rare, and the majority are so apt to paint down to the taste of their sitters, instead of up to their own conception, that it is quite as well to keep these "pot-boilers" out of a gallery of art.

Among the attractions of the sculpture gallery are the fine bas-reliefs from Nineveh, the celebrated capital of the Assyrian empire, curious and valuable memorials of the condition of art far back in a remote period of the history of the human race. "Hebe and Ganymede," by Crawford, is a pleasing specimen of modern art. Brackett's "Shipwrecked Mother and Child" fully justifies the encomiums which have been passed upon it. The Athenæum gallery is a delightful resort. No one can step out of the hot and dusty streets and pass an hour in the contemplation of the paintings and statues, without feeling improved by his temporary estrangement from the cares and struggles of the world.

THE NEW VOLUME.

The present number completes Volume X., and next week we shall commence a new volume of "Ballou's Pictorial," when we shall come before our readers in an entire new dress from top to toe, from headline to imprint. The immense edition of our paper renders two and often three suits of type necessary each year. The one on which we shall commence volume eleven of our Pictorial is now casting, and is of the latest pattern and best material. We shall also commence in number one of the new volume an admirable novelette by the favorite author of the "Contrabandist," one of the most pleasing stories we have ever published. We have also added several new and popular names to our list of regular contributors, and shall still aim at steady improvement in our widely circulated journal. In our illustrated department we shall still improve, and have already in hand some of the finest sets of American engravings, taken expressly for us, which have ever been attempted, embracing complete and accurate representations of western and southern cities, with important portraits, and delineations of current events, etc., making volume eleven superior to all its predecessors. Subscribe early; now is the time, and thus secure the numbers complete for the entire volume.

NOVEL RACE.—In the Surry Canal, England, two clowns, Herring and Garrett, or a wager of five pounds, lately had a race in wash tubs, each drawn by five live geese. One of the tubs upset, and the geese set up a huge cackling at the discomfort of their human fellow. Herring was fished up, and has not since attempted anything in that line. Of course, he lost the shiners, and came near being a sinker. He is sorry he ever embarked on the Surry.

FASHIONABLE.—A lady, dressed in the prevalent style, lately attempted to secure a seat in church, but couldn't get through the pew-door—*Proh! pudor!* As there was no cooper on hand, she was obliged to retire and re-attire herself.

A HINT.—If our contributors would consider that we are obliged to read from two to three hundred pages of manuscript per week, they would consider our eyesight, and write plainly and distinctly.

THE USE OF COAL.—Cumberland coal has for some time been successfully used on the furnace of one of the locomotives on the New Bedford and Taunton Railroad.

LITERARY FACT.—Punch says that Her Majesty the Queen has proved herself the most distinguished reviewer and extensive proprietor of magazines in her dominions.

CATTLE FAIR, BRIGHTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

The spirited engraving which occupies the whole of pages 408 and 409, of this number, was drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Billings, and engraved by Andrew, and is a highly creditable specimen of American art. Indeed this series of large national pictures, which forms one of the distinguishing features of the present volume, and will be continued hereafter in a style of increasing excellence and interest, has been noticed with surprise in London and Paris, where it was not believed, until the proof was shown, that an American newspaper establishment could turn out such work. We have seen many of these pictures framed, glazed, and hung up as parlor ornaments. Our patrons will bear in mind that we have contrived a method of binding these large engravings without injury. The subject of our picture is a peculiar one. Brighton Cattle Fair is almost as renowned on this side of the water as Smithfield was on the other. Here, every Thursday, congregate buyers and sellers of stock in vast numbers; for this is the source of the supply of meat for the Boston market and its environs. A conspicuous feature in the picture is the hotel; one of the largest and finest establishments in the country, and admirably kept. Its architecture is neat and appropriate. In the rear of the hotel are seen portions of the extensive cattle-pens, and the stand which commands a view of the whole. To the left of the hotel is a glimpse of the main street of the town. The numerous figures of men and animals which fill up the foreground are highly characteristic and natural. They will repay a careful study, and will afford a fund of amusement. Men come hither from all parts of the country; and horses from Canada, and hogs from Kentucky, are exposed here side by side. You can find animals of all prices, from the thousand dollars, that can trot his mile "low down in the thirties," to the "old pelter," who is dear at the lowest asking price—75 cents. It is needless to remark that a verdant gentleman who visits Brighton for the purpose of procuring a bit of horseflesh, is almost certain to suffer. Here in front is a countryman with a pair of steers; in the corner is a woman with a donkey cart, selling plants. Cows and calves there are in abundance, swine on foot and in wagons, sheep, dogs—everything, in short, in the live stock line. Peddlers swarm, too, in Brighton—jewelry, boots, patent medicines, halters, harnesses, ox-yokes, porte-monnaies, whips, and a vast variety of miscellaneous articles here find purchasers. Brighton Fair is certainly an "institution."

METROPOLITAN RAILROAD.—Some people are so strongly in favor of this project that they would grant the company a right of way all through Washington street, if they desired it.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Stone, Mr. J. Edward Welch, of New York, to Miss Anna L. Eustis; by Rev. Mr. Boyden, Mr. Horace B. Butler to Miss Sarah Hamilton; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. John L. Brown to Miss Marriette F. Goodwin; by Rev. Mr. Cilley, Mr. Andrew Salomonson to Miss Maria Peterson; by Rev. Mr. Burlingame, Mr. Isaac Turner to Miss Margaret Sweeney.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Dr. Putnam, Mr. Franklin Curtis to Miss Emily F. Dove.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Leonard, Mr. Henry Salisbury, of Townsend, Vt., to Miss Alice Harrington.—At Brighton, by Dr. John Pryor, Mr. Geo. H. Stowe, of New York, to Miss Maria M. Gouch.—At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. Charles H. Colligan to Miss Mary L. Blodgett.—At Newtonville, by Rev. Mr. Worcester, Mr. John M. Washburn to Miss Elizabeth Fitzpatrick.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Allen, Mr. John H. Knight to Miss Lucy Ann Tucker.—At Framingham, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Charles Merriam, Jr. to Miss Helen Jaques.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. Solomon W. Hayes to Miss Abby Van Amburgh.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Huntton, Mr. Samuel Giles to Miss Lydia O. Graves.—At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Mellen, Mr. Wm. B. Haskins, Jr., of Rockport, to Miss Charlotte Saunders.—At Nantucket, by Rev. Mr. Hephworth, Mr. Richard B. Everett, of Boston, to Miss Lydia Coffin.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Henry Hawkes, 39; Mrs. Elizabeth J. Wesson, 62; Mrs. Olivia S. Macomber, 58; Mr. Alexander Stewart, 82; Mr. Samuel B. Wilder, 39; Mrs. Abby Hammett, 78; Mr. George Johnson, 77; Mrs. Marion D. Kingsbury, 23.—At Roxbury, Mr. George W. Brown, 22.—At Cambridge, Judge Samuel P. P. Fay, 78.—At Jamaica Plain, Miss Elizabeth Bacon, 86.—At Somerville, Mr. Abel Fitz, 61.—At Medford, Mrs. Esther, wife of Mr. Eleazer Davis, 60.—At South Malden, Miss Mary C. Hosmer, 48.—At Lexington, Widow Mary Harrington, 88.—At Salem, Mr. Benjamin Daland, 72; Widow Tammy Brown, 69; Mrs. Elizabeth S. Sluman, 40.—At Lowell, Mrs. Mary Ann Baker, 28.—At Newburyport, Widow Sarah Pike, 80, Benjamin W. Hale, Esq., 71.—At West Newbury, Mr. Elias Moulton, 90.—At Abington, Mrs. Mary F. Torrey, 24.—At Northboro', Widow Alice Williams, 88.—At Sterling, Mrs. Elizabeth Sawyer, 84.—At Worcester, Mrs. Elizabeth Bullard, 21; Mrs. Eunice Taylor, 64.—At Taunton, Miss Fanny Y. Cahoon, 20; Mr. Joseph Elliot, 75.—At Nantucket, Mrs. Rhoda Boston, 76; Mrs. Elizabeth Upham, 68.—At Springfield, Mrs. Jerusha Hopkins, 47.—At Great Barrington, Mr. Abraham Van Dusen, 83.—At New Haven, Conn., Major Beebe Hine, 86.—At Laurel Village, Md., Miss Maria T. Jackson, of Boston, 52.—At Lansingburgh, N. Y., after a short but severe illness, Mr. Adam Seiwright, a native of Kennay, Aberdeenshire, Scotland.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

This paper presents in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is beautifully illustrated with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LEGEND OF SPRING FLOWERS.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

Off to the woodland—away, away!
The sunlight speaks of a pleasant day;
Search mid the leaves for the flowers of spring—
Hasten, and hither a garland bring.

Off to the woodland—away, away!
Dancingly tripping, and wildly gay;
Quick in the warm sunshiny dell
I found the bright flowers I loved so well.

I breathed in the gentle floweret's eyes,
That tremblingly gazed in the clear blue skies,
A wish that the invalid soon might come,
Here in the green dell again to roam.

I know 'tis a legend when spring flowers come,
And your eye first greets their azure bloom—
Low if you breathe there a wish and sigh,
The recording angel stands listening by.

I breathed in the gentle floweret's cup
The prayer my spirit was offering up:
The invalid smiles as she smiled of yore,
And paces the velvet turf once more.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FARMER BROWN'S SURPRISE PARTY.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

"AND what kind of a party is a 'surprise party,' Miss Polly?" asked Farmer Brown, as he sat by the kitchen fire quietly smoking his pipe, and listening to an animated account which his daughter Mary was giving of a party she had attended the previous evening.

Mary drew up her slight form somewhat resentfully, and gave the least possible toss of her pretty head, as she replied:

"If you would only remember not to call me 'Miss Polly,' father. You know how much I dislike it."

"You were named for your grandmother," returned the farmer, "and she was never called anything but Polly to the day of her death. However, we will change it to Molly, if that suits you any better. So answer my question about the surprise party, Molly."

"Why, father, I thought every one knew what they were. They are all the fashion, I assure you. A party of young folks, or young and old, as the case may be, unite together in providing music, a supper, and everything necessary for an evening's entertainment, and agree to meet at a certain time at the house of some mutual acquaintance, who is kept in ignorance of their intentions. They take possession of the house—dance, frolic, and enjoy their music and refreshments, just as if they were invited guests. The family, finding there is no help for it, take it all in good part, and join in the amusements of the evening. Last night the party was at Mr. Lawton's. I wish you could have seen their look of consternation, as one guest after another appeared, until their small rooms were quite crowded. Jane and Margaret made their escape as soon as possible, and dressed themselves for the occasion."

"More fools they," ejaculated the farmer. "Better have gone to bed. A pretty pass things have got to, if a man's own house is no longer to be his castle. That has been the rule ever since I can remember."

"But there is no harm in these parties, father," urged Mary. "Everything is provided, so that the family thus visited are at no trouble or expense."

"That may be, daughter, and yet there may be a thousand reasons why they would prefer not having the company. It is, in my opinion, an unwarrantable intrusion, and should not be countenanced by sensible people."

"But you would treat them civilly, if they should ever come here, father?"

Mary made this inquiry in rather an anxious tone, for more than once she had heard it hinted that "Farmer Brown's old kitchen would be just the place for a dance."

"Civilly? To be sure!" replied the farmer. "Did you ever know me to be uncivil to any one? But I should tell them my mind pretty plainly, I am thinking."

So saying, the good farmer rose from his chair, knocked the ashes from his pipe and carefully replaced it in its usual nook, and then walked briskly away to the performance of some of his outdoor duties.

"Never mind, Mary," said Mrs. Brown, consolingly, as she observed the look of uneasiness on her daughter's countenance, "I dare say father will not object to your having a party, if you wish."

"But I do not wish to give a party, mother. I want to let them come, if they like, and find that they cannot take me by surprise."

"Well, let them come, then," returned the accommodating mother. "I'll warrant father will be civil. If he does not like the fun, he can go to bed." And with this comforting suggestion, the busy old lady again turned to her spinning-wheel, the buzzing of which put an end to all further conversation.

Several weeks passed away, and the cool breezes of autumn had given place to the more piercing and decided blasts of early winter. Once more the farmer sat in his customary place at the fireside. It was near the hour when he usually retired; but as a kind of preparation for his nightly slumbers, he was indulging in a light doze—or perhaps a deep reverie, in which visions of his well-filled barns and granaries, and all the abundance of the recent harvest floated before him in blissful succession.

An attentive observer might have noticed that the fire blazed with an uncommonly cheerful light, considering that the old clock had already struck the hour of eight, and that the farmer rigidly adhered to the maxim of "Early to bed and early to rise."

There was an uncommonly careful arrangement of every article in the spacious apartment, and also an unwonted attention to her own toilet, which, added to a certain restlessness in Miss Mary's demeanor, showed that with her, at least, "coming events cast their shadows before." At length came a loud, and, it must be confessed, somewhat anxiously expected rap at the door.

"Who is here at this time of night?" exclaimed the farmer, as he started from his chair, rubbed his eyes, and looked at the clock. "Some traveller, I suppose, who wants a night's lodging. Let him in, Mary."

But Mary had anticipated the command, and now ushered into the room a worthy farmer and his family, all in their best attire, and apparently intending to make an evening call.

"Glad to see you, neighbor Jenkins. Met with any accident on the road?" was the blunt but kindly salutation of Farmer Brown.

"None at all, neighbor Brown. We have just dropped in for a little chat this fine winter's evening."

"Glad to see you," repeated the farmer. "Thought it rather late, that's all. But no matter for that. Stir up the fire, Molly, and help the girls off with their things."

But now another thundering rap at the door, and the arrival of a new party of guests excited still more wonder in the mind of the perplexed farmer; while Mary, although she endeavored to appear at ease, cast many an anxious glance toward her father.

Still more arrivals; the old kitchen was rapidly filling with guests. Mrs. Brown was by her husband's side, and whispered an encouraging word in his ear.

"Never mind, husband. It must be one of those surprise parties. We will make the best of it. I can warm up the parlor in an instant."

"You will do no such thing, wife. I will manage this affair myself." And the farmer planted his foot on the floor in that determined manner, which long experience had taught his good wife not to oppose.

"I can do nothing with him," she whispered to her daughter. "But do not be discouraged; perhaps he will take it quietly enough."

And quiet enough the farmer seemed, to be sure; for he had re-lighted his pipe, reseated himself in his arm-chair, and was puffing away with an air of the utmost indifference. Meanwhile fresh guests arrived, and the preparations for the evening's entertainment went on. At length the fiddler, who was seated in an obscure corner of the room, commenced tuning his instrument for the occasion. The sound seemed to rouse the farmer to action. Taking the pipe from his mouth, he said, in a voice loud enough to ensure the attention of his auditors:

"You are heartily welcome, good neighbors. I suppose you have been on some sleigh-riding frolic, and have given us a call on your return. Draw up to the fire, as many of you as can find room, and warm yourselves before you go home. And stop that scraping, Simon," he continued, turning to the fiddler. "Your services are over for the evening, I presume."

"By no means, my good neighbors," replied one of the boldest of the guests. "On the contrary they have but just begun. You must know this is no sleigh-riding frolic, but simply a merry party to be held at your house, with your permission."

"But my permission has not been given," was the blunt reply, "and to my knowledge you are not invited guests. I have no objection to a party when I choose to give one, but every man's house is his own castle. That is my motto, neighbors. No offence, I hope."

There was a general silence. Many a merry party had been held in the village without the consent of those upon whom they thus intruded, but none against their openly expressed wishes. In vain Mrs. Brown and Mary uttered their whispered remonstrances. The farmer was immovable, and at length by general consent another place of assembly was decided upon, and the company vacated the inhospitable mansion.

The farmer's dream was undisturbed, in spite of sundry expressions of chagrin from his wife, and a burst of tears from the mortified daughter; and for many days no allusion was made to the intended surprise party.

Christmas had passed, with all its happy and its mournful memories, and the last day of the year was rapidly approaching, when Mrs. Brown and Mary were startled by a sudden announcement from the farmer, that if they liked to go to a surprise party of his getting up, they might hold themselves in readiness the following evening.

"A surprise party of your getting up! Why, husband!" was the involuntary exclamation of the astonished wife, while Mary, though silent, looked at him in equal wonder.

"Certainly; what is there remarkable in that? Cannot I get up a party as well as any other person?"

"No doubt you can, father; but you call it a surprise party. That is what astonishes us."

"I call it by its right name, Polly, or Molly, if you like it better. It is none of your new fangled surprises, where people take possession of your house and all it contains, but a real old fashioned, pleasant way of doing a kindly turn to a neighbor. It is a sort of donation visit (none of your beggarly ones) to poor William Jones and his family. They have been under a cloud for the last few months, and it is high time that their neighbors tried to help them to a ray of sunshine. What with their loss by the fire, and Jones's long sickness and inability to work, they must be poorly provided for this winter."

"But the party, husband, tell us about the party," interrupted Mrs. Brown, who though heartily sympathizing with the sorrows of her poor neighbors, had a little womanly curiosity to hear more of the proposed entertainment.

"Ay, the party. That is all arranged. I have seen all the neighbors, and they all enter into it heart and hand. A cordial reception I met with wherever I went, in spite of your prognostications, good wife, concerning the dire offence which I must have given the other evening. Twelve well loaded sleighs will start at our door at seven o'clock on the evening of the last day of the year, ready to take up their line of march for William Jones's, and it will not be our fault if his cellar is not filled with an ample stock of fruit and vegetables, his shed with wood, and himself and his family well provided with winter clothing before the new year dawns. But on second thoughts, wife," continued the farmer, "I believe you cannot join in our frolic. Molly may go, but you—a word in your ear." And the farmer drew the good dame aside and communicated something in a whisper, which called from her several hearty expressions of gratification and applause.

A dark cloud had indeed hung for many months over the household of William Jones. One misfortune had brought another in its train, until the desponding husband and father had almost ceased to hope for a ray of sunshine, and on the last evening of the unhappy year, feeble in body, and dispirited in mind, he sat gazing upon his helpless little family, while the heavy sighs which burst occasionally from his oppressed heart, plainly told of the anguish within. With affectionate sympathy his wife bent over him.

"Do you suffer more pain than usual, this evening, dear William?" she asked. "I had hoped that you were really better."

"And so I am better in bodily health, my dear wife," was the reply, "but on this last night of the year sad thoughts will crowd upon my mind. How brightly dawned the last new year's morning, but alas, the clouds soon gathered thickly around us, and now what have we to look forward to? The little that we have remaining will be insufficient to furnish food for ourselves and our poor babes, and many long weeks must yet elapse before I can resume my old employment."

"But what a blessing to think that health is surely though slowly returning, William. Ah, we cannot be too thankful. What are poverty and suffering while you are spared to us?"

The husband's reply was prevented by the merry jingling of the bells, as the first sleigh drove to their door, and a moment after came the kindly greeting of Farmer Jones.

"Good evening, neighbor. Glad to see you looking a little better. A party of us have called to wish you a happy new year. Rather before the time to be sure, but you must excuse that, as it is kindly meant."

By the time the farmer had finished his speech, a long line of sleighs had drawn up in the little yard, and guest after guest appeared with cheerful and sympathizing words, which fell like music on the ear of the sick man and his hopeful wife.

The most sensitive pride could hardly have taken offence at the quiet, unostentatious manner in which shed and cellar were filled by one busy party appointed for the purpose, while another deposited in the neat little kitchen its appropriate share of winter stores, together with many a useful package of dry goods suitable for both parents and children.

Few words of gratitude were spoken, but the light which shone on the desponding countenance of William Jones, and the tears in the eyes of his wife, showed that deep feelings were at work within, and as the happy party drove from the door, every heart responded to the farmer's exclamation:

"That's the right kind of surprise party, my good friends! The year has been an abundant one to us, and now that it is about to close, it is well to obey the command, '*Freely ye have received, freely give.*'"

Once more the farmer's sleigh took the lead. As his own dwelling came in sight he stopped, and looking back upon the merry train, gave them a cordial invitation to dance out the old year in his capacious kitchen. And now the secret of Mrs. Brown's absence was explained; for, dressed in her best, the good lady appeared at the door to welcome her guests, while as they entered the squeaking of old Simon's fiddle as it sent forth its preliminary notes, might be distinctly heard. An excellent supper in due season appeared, and merrily was the old year danced out.

A little past the midnight hour the sleigh bells were again jingling on their way, while the woods re-echoed with three hearty cheers for Farmer Brown's Surprise Party.

BLASTING UPON A LARGE SCALE.

Probably the greatest rock blast ever known was the one which took place at the Rounddown Cliff, in Dover, England, a few years since. Eighteen thousand five hundred tons of powder were used. The account published in the papers of the day says that, on the signal being given, the miners communicated the electric spark to the gunpowder by their connecting wires; the earth trembled to half a mile distant, a stifled report, not loud, but deep, was heard, and the base of the cliff, extending on either hand to upwards of five hundred feet, was shot as from a cannon from under the superincumbent mass of chalk seaward, and in a few seconds, not less, it is said, than a million tons being dislodged by the fearful shock, settled itself gently down into the sea below, frothing and boiling as it displaced the liquid element, till it occupied the expanse of many acres, and extended outward on its ocean bed to a distance of perhaps two or three thousand feet. Tremendous cheers followed the blast, and a royal salute was fired.—*Scientific American*.

POISONING BY STRYCHNINE.

It is unfortunate for the purpose of the murderer, but favorable to the ends of justice, that strychnine should be selected for the diabolical object of taking life. There is, perhaps, no poison which produces such characteristic symptoms in the victim while he yet lives, or which affords more decisive evidence of its presence after death. A minute fraction of a grain, lying on the animal membranes after death, will exhibit, under appropriate tests, a series of resplendent and iridescent rings of color to the chemist's view; and a portion of fluid from the intestines introduced into the tissues of a living animal, will excite the same convulsions as the poison.—*Medical Times*.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

German emigration to this country, it is thought, is soon to revive.—"Blessings on the man," quoth Sancho Panza, "who first invented sleep." Let us add another "blessing" that he didn't prevent the general use of his invention by taking out a patent for it.—Mr. Gustave Satter, the pianist, challenges the world of pianists to play against him.—Richard W. Anderson, of Huntsville, Alabama, has addressed a printed circular to the sovereigns of France, England, Russia and Turkey, inviting them gradually to relinquish their regal power, "that the people may return to their primitive Ruler."—One house in Boston has 45,000 bushels of oysters on their beds in the Mystic River.—Mr. Calvin Dean, of Lincolnville, Me., having burnt a school-house which had been placed on his road, without sufficient pay for it, cut his throat.—Ladies command more delicacy of treatment than men, but never more politeness. In the matter of politeness we should forget sex.—The Empress Josephine's statue in white marble, rather larger than life, has just been placed in the nave of the Palace of Industry, in the Champs Elysées in Paris.—Now lawns before the dew is off the grass, unless you have a machine which cuts it best when dry.—Mr. Wallace, of Rome, N. Y., while spreading manure, killed his little daughter, three years of age, by hitting her in the head with the fork. She came up behind him without his knowledge.—Over \$1,700,000 are annually spent in New Orleans for lottery tickets.—The Chinese in San Francisco worship wooden gods; the Americans there worship golden ones. That's all the difference!—The reported death of one of the little Aztecs is authoritatively contradicted. They are now alive and well at Vienna.—There is some talk of an intended visit of Queen Victoria to Berlin. It is said that Prince Frederick William will bring a pressing invitation to her majesty to be present at the marriage of the Princess Louisa with the Prince Regent of Baden in September next.—"How long," asked Napoleon, of David, "will a painting last?" "Seven hundred years, perhaps." "And you call that fame?"—The consumption of copper in the United States is put down at between eight thousand and nine thousand tons annually, of which only about eighteen hundred tons are produced in this country.—The Spanish Cortes has adopted, by an immense majority, the basis of the organic law on the press. The signature of the writer is required to all articles, and the proprietors will have to put in securities.—Dr. Kane sums up the benefit of his expedition as being the survey of Greenland, the survey of the glacier, the survey of the North American coast, the discovery of the open Polar Sea, and the corroborations of the investigations of the best British expeditions.—It was wine that ruined Lamartine—not the drinking it—there is not a more temperate man in the world—but selling it. He reckoned upon the duty being lowered for the English market, bought up all the Macon he could lay his hands on, trusted, and was undone.—Capt. Hansen, of the Mexican navy, well known in New York from his guano speculations, was killed by two sailors on board his man-of-war schooner Suerte, recently, a few leagues off the port of Acapulco.—A gentleman in California has invented a "pneumatic connection," by which motive power can be conveyed to great distances and around all kinds of corners. The invention is particularly suited for machine tunnelling and pumping water from deep shafts, where other sources of power are distant from the work.—Two negro princes, seven and eight years old, sons of ex-King Pepple of Bouny, "now in honorable captivity to the British at the island of Ascension," have reached England.

WHAT IT COST.—The expense of "adjusting the balance of power in Europe"—a balance that is not like Fairbanks's scales, but requires constant tinkering—cost England and France about \$740,000,000, and 82,457 lives at the lowest estimate. Add the loss of life of the Sardinians, and Turks, and Russians, and you have a total of about a million of men sacrificed to what the London Times calls a "little freak" of the Emperor Nicholas. If we are to believe the government organs of the countries engaged in the strife, they are all satisfied with the result, and have all come off winners—a very happy conclusion, certainly. What the taxpayers say is another thing, of course.

"GRAPES OF ESHCOL."—It is said that the vineyard of the Duke of Portland, at Walbeck, once produced the largest bunch of grapes ever grown in England. A bunch of the Syrian weighed nineteen and a half pounds, and was sent by his grace as a present to the Marquis of Rockingham, and was carried to Wentworth House, a distance of twenty miles, by four laborers, two of whom carried it on a staff by turns, just in the same way as the cluster of grapes was carried from the brook of Eshcol to the camp of the Israelites.

A SPACIOUS HALL.—The ball and concert-room of Buckingham Palace is 112 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 48 feet high. The roof of this apartment rests on a wide cove enriched with stuccoes; double beams of considerable projection, running parallel and transverse, divide the whole roof into twenty-one compartments, each of which is shaped into a deep octagon recess, from which descends a glass lustre for gaslights.

AN EXPERIMENT.—The American Colonization Society intend to despatch a colony into the interior of Africa, with a view to a permanent settlement. Africa may become in time the paradise of the colored races and a powerful empire.

A LARGE WATER-WHEEL.—The largest water-wheel in the world is at the Albany Nail Works. It is computed at 1000 horse power.

Wayside Gatherings.

There are twenty paper mills in Lee, Massachusetts, with seventy-five engines.

Experiments in producing gas from wood have been successfully made at the Philadelphia Gas Works.

The advices from nearly all parts of the country in relation to the growing crops are unusually satisfactory.

Some of the business men of Salem are endeavoring to establish a steam flour mill company, with a capital of \$100,000, in that city.

Mr. Duganne, the poet legislator, of New York, deserves a monument for his efforts to prevent frauds, adulteration and poisonous ingredients in milk.

A paint mine, containing thirteen different colors of paints, has recently been discovered in Montgomery county, Georgia. The deposits yield sixty per cent.

Mr. Thrasher estimates the population of Cuba at the close of the year 1855, as follows: Whites, 564,693; free colored, 219,170; slaves, 662,599; total, 1,446,462.

Mr. McDonald, of Baltimore, has purchased for \$4000 the celebrated horse "Buzz," which contested the late race with "Lantern," over the Union Course, Long Island.

The Trenton (N. J.) Gazette says, that one day lately, at the fishery on Bagger's Island, below Bristol, 11,000 herring, 280 shad, and two sturgeons were taken at one haul.

A boy and girl, respectively six and eight years of age, who had been lost for upwards of ten days at Altona, Pennsylvania, were recently found in the woods, dead, lying side by side.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company, out of their earnings the past year, has paid off the whole of their indebtedness, \$300,000, and will make a dividend of 10 per cent on the stock beside.

The Philadelphia Ledger speaks of a large propeller now building in that city, 15 feet in diameter, and weighing ten tons, which is to be sent to Boston, being designed for a yacht of 1500 tons, building there for the Bashaw of Egypt.

At one of the presentations that took place at the Tuileries on the birth of the prince, one of those who were admitted to that honor, carried away by his enthusiasm, indulged in the singularly anticipatory cry of "Vive Napoleon IV!"

Direct steam communication is about to be established between Liverpool and the West Coast of Africa, and the Liverpool African Association have petitioned government to allow a portion of the African mails to be sent from Liverpool.

At Canandaigua, New York, lately, a beautiful young lady, a pupil at the female seminary, and "cousin Charlie," a young gentleman from Philadelphia, contracted a secret marriage unsuspected, while the other pupils were preparing for dinner, and then fled to northern Ohio.

Advices from British Guiana inform us of the trial and conviction of Orr, known as the "Angel Gabriel," for sedition against the crown, in having excited the anti-Creole and anti-Catholic riots of the 19th of February. He was sentenced to hard labor in prison for three years.

There are 750 paper mills, with two thousand engines constantly in operation, in this country. These mills produced last year 270,000,000 pounds of paper; and, as a pound and a quarter of rags are required for one pound of paper, 400,000,000 pounds were consumed in this way last year.

Recently, in Kentucky, a woman was arrested for barbarity to her step-daughter. The child, aged 13, vomited up 33 pins and 5 needles. She said that her mother, assisted by another woman, had at different intervals thrown her down and compelled her to swallow pins and needles.

At the opera in New Orleans, lately, Madame Colson, after going through her role in "Lucie di Lammermoor," had presented to her a magnificent diamond bracelet and brooch, valued at upwards of one thousand dollars; and the stage was literally carpeted with flowers by the enthusiastic audience.

The city of Paris has been paying for three years an indemnity to the bakers in order to keep the price of bread at a certain fixed rate. The amount thus paid by the city to the bakers during this period is 51,510,611 francs—a little more than ten millions of dollars. Thus the poor have been kept from grumbling.

By rough estimate, forty thousand tons of earth are washed away from the mines in California every week by the rivers. It is filling up the rivers, not only by their banks, but also their main channels. The Sacramento River is not navigable now at low tide by the steamers now on the line, and every year it is growing worse.

In the city of Genoa there are three Protestant Italian congregations, with regular pastors, besides a French Protestant church, and a Protestant Episcopal English church. Penny papers are cried in the streets, and Bibles are sold in the bookstores. Though the masses are yet in darkness of error and superstition, yet the light is breaking, and all Italy will yet be free.

Drunthead law has been re published in the Hungarian comitats of Veszprim and Barany, and rewards offered for information which shall lead to the capture of robbers, incendiaries and murderers. One thousand pounds are offered for the capture of Rosa Sandor, the most renowned of Hungarian bandits, who was one of Kossuth's right hand men during the revolution.

A Philadelphian has invented a new steam engine consisting of four cylinders, each three feet six inches long, ten inches in diameter, and each containing a piston weighing two hundred and fifty pounds. The two opposite pistons connect with rods. No cross heads, piston rods, cranks or slides are required, but merely a pulley for the band, which is placed at the end of the shaft.

Peter Glass, of Leominster, who delights in the manufacture of curiously wrought and inlaid furniture, has just completed a couple of centre tables, inlaid with 45,000 pieces of colored wood, so arranged as to represent bouquets and vases of flowers, birds, insects, etc., and on one table are representations of Washington, Jackson, Napoleon, Frederick the Great, and Robert Bruce.

The revised code of North Carolina declares that if a person fight a duel, and either of the parties shall be killed, the survivor, on conviction, shall suffer death, and the aiders and abettors shall be considered accessories before the fact. If no death shall ensue, all the parties shall be deemed guilty of misdemeanor, and on conviction be punished accordingly, and moreover be ineligible to any office in the State.

It is a singular fact that there are more Lutheran churches in the United States than there are of the Roman Catholic faith. The Lutheran ministers, in point of numbers, come up to within two hundred of that of the priests of the Catholic church in this country; and yet there is but one Lutheran church in New England. The single preacher of that faith in this section of the country resides in Boston, and the church is on Shawmut Avenue.

Foreign Items.

The city of Venice is to take \$5,000,000 worth of stock in the canal across the Isthmus of Suez.

The London Times, that contained the Song for the Students, attributed to Beranger, was seized at the Paris post-office.

The disarming of the national militia at Valencia has been effected quietly. Fifteen hundred muskets were obtained.

The European Times says of Mr. Dallas, that no minister from the United States has won such general admiration in so short a time.

Galway papers complain that emigration to the United States is reviving to such an extent, as seemingly to threaten the agricultural interests of the country.

The Swedish decree, permitting the importation into Sweden of breadstuffs and other articles of food, has been extended by special decree until the first of January, 1857.

The total number of visitors to the Paris Industrial Exhibition was 4,553,464; or about a million and a half less than the number that visited the English exhibition, in 1851.

A company is being established in Munich, with the object of insuring farmers against hail storms; or, as the Germans express it in a single word, a "Hagelversicherungsgesellschaft."

Constantinople advices state that alarming reports were prevalent there. Amongst other things, it was said that the life of the Sultan was threatened, and that certain fanatical Turks had entered into a conspiracy to murder the Christians as soon as the foreign troops were out of the country.

Sands of Gold.

.... He who indulges in liberty of speech, will hear things in return which he will not like.—*Terence.*

.... Those who have few affairs to attend to, are great speakers. The less men think, the more they talk.—*Montesquieu.*

.... The man who is the most successful in the pursuit of happiness, is not he who proposes it to himself as the great object of his pursuit.—*Stewart.*

.... The chiefest properties of wisdom are, to be mindful of things past, careful of things present, and provident of things to come.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

.... Nothing is so embarrassing as the first tete-a-tete, when everything must be said—unless it is the last, when everything has been said.—*La Charavari.*

.... The sweetest music is not in the oratorio, but in the human voice, when it speaks from its instant life tones of tenderness, truth and courage.—*Emerson.*

.... The ideas that we form upon the sources and certainty of knowledge determine us in the choice of the methods by which we examine other subjects.—*De Gerando.*

.... He is the most mischievous of incendiaries who inflames the heart against the judgment; and he is the most ferocious of schismatics who divides the judgment from the heart.—*Landon.*

.... If you light upon an impertinent talker, that sticks to you like a bur, to the disappointment of your important occasions, deal freely with him, break off the discourse, and pursue your business.—*Plutarch.*

.... Wisdom consisteth not in knowing many things, nor even in knowing them thoroughly; but in choosing and in following what conduces the most certainly to our lasting happiness and true glory.—*Landon.*

Joker's Budget.

There is a great deal of *waist* to the *corset* business, Quilp thinks.

A country dentist advertises that he "spares no pains" to render his operations satisfactory.

To Emerson's remark that "every Englishman is an island," some one suggests it cannot be so with those who are in continent!

"I've left my bed, and bored," as the damsel said, when she got up from her sick couch to pierce her ears for a new set of ear-drops promised her.

A London alderman was heard to remark, that he didn't so much mind living upon hushes during Lent, but that as for the sackcloth, he'd only take the first half of it.

"Why did Joseph's brethren cast him into the pit?" asked a Sabbath-school teacher of his class. "Because," replied one young lady, "they thought it a *good opening* for the young man."

A young lady was accosted by a clergyman in a lane when going to the church, who asked her why she did not go across the fields: upon which she replied, "They are too *stille-ish* for me."

An actor with a very homely phiz was acting "Mithridates," when a beautiful captive said to him: "Ay, my lord, you change countenance." A man in the pit exclaimed: "For heaven's sake let him."

Two Irishmen were travelling to Portland, a few months since, when they stopped to examine a guide board. "Twelve miles to Portland," exclaimed one. "Sax miles apace, jist," said the other. And they trudged on, apparently much gratified at their sudden proximity to the forest city.

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GRANDFATHER'S WATCH.

It is a humble scene, a very plainly furnished room, old oaken furniture of the rudest description, bare rafters overhead, the abode of humble, honest, hard-working people. It were hard to tell what distant day witnessed the laying of those walls, the placing of those rafters. Grandfather, a gray old man, but rejoicing in an old age "frosty but kindly," with benevolence stamped upon his venerable features, has produced his old silver watch, and holding it to the ear of his wondering and listening grand-child—a child "pleased with a rattle," tickled with a straw," and of course marveling beyond expression at the operation of that mysterious machinery which counterfeits life in its expression of vitality. The mother, a fine, buxom young woman, is leaning on the back of her father's chair, deeply interested in the scene. The old silver watch is not a marvel of mechanical skill—but, like its owner, it has been useful in its day. Probably, by coaxing, by setting it "back'rds" and "for'rds," at stated intervals, like Capt'n Cuttle's, it manages to keep within hailing distance of Time. So, too, the wheels and springs of life within the old man's breast, require watchfulness and nursing, to keep them from failing altogether. A few short years, perhaps months, and they will cease to perform their functions on this earth. The balance wheel will no longer vibrate—the hands no longer move—worn out, but not rusted out, the human machine will be laid in its resting-place, to be disturbed no more. But unlike that cunning work of human hands, its vital principle will survive, to animate in that world, where Time is not, but Eternity—a more beauteous, an imperishable form at the will of its Creator. Sometimes notions may be passing through the mind of the old grandfather, as he gratifies the curiosity of the child. The ticking that sounds so loud in the boy's ear, faintly thrills on his dull senses. But yet he hears it, and it chords with the pulsations of his heart, forever beating "funeral



THE GRANDFATHER'S WATCH.

marches to the grave." Each year the ticking seems faster—for the closing years of life move rapidly—ay, more rapidly than the dance of the hours when the footstep of Time is scarcely heard upon the flowers of the ballroom. But let us turn from the old gentleman to the young one. The ticking of the watch will linger in his ears for a long time, but he will not be satisfied with that phenomenon. He must see "where the noise comes from." It will be of no kind of use in grandfather to endeavor now to "bluff him" by telling that the inside is a "congeries of springs and wheels." The young urchin must see for himself, and then he will have food for long pondering on the problem the mechanism will present. Perhaps, when his infant legs get a little longer, and his infant brain a little more developed, he may, like another Ferguson, astonish his wondering parents by constructing a watch that "will go." The self-taught astronomer referred to did so after merely a single examination of a watch which a passing traveler showed him. Early genius is often developed by a single incident, as trivial in itself, apparently, as the ticking of grandfather's watch. But, whether prompted to attempt the construction of a watch or not, it is very certain that from this hour, that young gentleman of tender years will bound his aspirations to the final possession of one. These wishes will be gratified partially by the present of a pewter watch at the enormous outlay of a penny. The pewter watch will last a little while, and then be hammered into a shapeless mass, used as a sinker to a fishing line, or melted upon the kitchen shovel out of pure wantonness. We have known that feat accomplished by a wanton young gentleman of only half a dozen summers. "Pretty vicious that in a boy of six," as Mr. Squeers says. To the pewter watch will succeed one with a gilt face and hands that will move as long as the key is turned. But very soon this impudent imposition will be discarded, and then the first earnings will be invested in a silver and then a gold watch.

END OF VOLUME X.



